In this issue:
Hussey Memorial Library
David Hoover's Mother
Samuel M. Ralston
The Frogs of Boone
Zionsville Remembered
Advance Eulogized

Allison Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Brown II, Zionsville, comforts an antique doll once owned by Lora Hussey.

The Antiques Room of the Hussey Memorial Library, Zionsville (Story - Page 14)
DEAR READER:

A year has gone by since we began publication of BOONE, Your County Magazine. We know you have enjoyed the magazine in 1974 and we are pleased with the response to the publication.

We appreciate all the letters and cards our readers sent this year and look forward to receiving more in the future. We feel BOONE, Your County Magazine, offers a different perspective for leisure-time reading. We don’t claim to be a news magazine and we don’t claim to print everything of interest to everybody.

We do claim to be interesting, readable, enjoyable, and entertaining. We feel the historical articles; the human-interest features; and the other insights printed each month in BOONE, Your County Magazine are as much educational as anything else, too.

It pleases us to know both the elderly senior citizens and young school children derive stimulation of thought from our magazine.

Already, several hundred readers have signed up to receive each issue of BOONE, Your County Magazine through the mail. For just $2 a year, they know they will not miss an issue.

Virtually all of the copies we leave around the county are gone a day or two after distribution is completed. Many people call each month wondering when the magazine is “coming out” only to learn it is already “out” and they have missed another issue. We have limited our production to 5,000 copies due to the high expense of preparing this publication.

You can thank the advertisers for making it possible to distribute such a fine magazine free and you can easily see that a $2 annual subscription rate is just about enough to cover distribution costs, which include addressing, transportation, and record-keeping costs, as well as the high cost of 3rd class postage.

We would like to have as many subscribers to BOONE, Your County Magazine as possible. We encourage you to subscribe. You will be assured of receiving all of the issues, because by chance fail to get an issue in our regular mailing, we immediately mail another one out by first class mail.

You will be very happy you decided to subscribe to the magazine. To do so is very simple. Just send a check for $2 along with you name and address of the name and address you wish the magazine sent to. We will take care of the rest. We cannot accept phone orders since we do not mail bills for the BOONE subscriptions.

We thank you for your support in 1974 and look forward to serving you, the reader in 1975.

SEND YOUR CHECK FOR $2 TO BOONE AT 76½ S. Main St. ZIONSVILLE, INDIANA 46077 or call 873-4455 for further information.
# Table of Contents

4 LETTERS FROM OUR READERS  
6 CLAIBORNE ADDISON YOUNG, BOONE COUNTY POET by Ralph W. Stark  
7 THE FROGS OF BOONE by Claiborne Addison Young  
8 THE IDENTITY AND STORY OF DAVID HOOVER'S MOTHER by  
   Dr. John Scott Davenport  
11 BOONE COUNTY BOY "BOUND" TO LEARN FARMING IN 1849  
12 SAMUEL M. RALSTON, INDIANA'S 27th GOVERNOR by Ralph W. Stark  
14 THE HUSSEY MEMORIAL LIBRARY OF ZIONSVILLE by Helen Mills  
18 BUG TUSSEL BEAT by Em Pitical  
20 HISTORICAL MARKERS IN BOONE COUNTY by Johanna Mohringer  
22 SOME OLD BOONE COUNTY PHOTOS Courtesy of our readers  
25 "I REMEMBER ZIONSVILLE" by Eunice V. Whitmore  
31 ADVANCE EULOGIZED IN RHYME IN 1899 by H.F. Potts  
32 BITS OF WIT FROM DAYS OF YORE  
33 A READER REMEMBRS by Violet Hill  
33 PIRATE CAKE DELIGHTS YOUNGSTERS by Johanna Mohringer

**EDITOR - PAT HEIDENREICH**  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR - RALPH W. STARK  
Member Boone County Chamber of Commerce  
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If you would like BOONE, Your County Magazine, to be mailed to your home for one year, please send name and address to our office, with $2.00 to cover postage and handling. Back issues are not available. Sorry.

76 1/2 SOUTH MAIN STREET  
ZIONSVILLE, INDIANA 46077  
873-4455
From Our Readers

Dear Editor:
I am a Johnny-come-lately to Boone County, having moved here in 1902 at the age of five from the state of Illinois.

However, I know of most of the people you write about in Boone and I get a great deal of enjoyment in reading your magazine.

Thanks,
Charles W. Burner
Lebanon

Please send Boone Magazine to my sister a Boone native, who has been enjoying the copies I have sent to her. Sincerely,
Mrs. Allan Woody
Thornwood

Dear Sir:
Enclosed find check for $2.00 for 1 yr. subscription to Boone Magazine a fine magazine for readers of our county and former residents.

Thank you,
Harley A. Sherrill
Lebanon

Dear Sir:
Recently was in Lebanon on business and picked up a copy of the Boone Magazine and enjoyed it very much.

I was in business in Lebanon for over 25 years and enjoy getting back occasionally. We have moved to Anderson, Indiana, but would like BOONE sent to us for a year. Enclosed is the $2.00 for postage and handling.

Sincerely,
James G. Greene
Anderson, IN

Dear Sir:
We surely have enjoyed Boone, Your County Magazine. Would you please send a subscription to Mr. & Mrs. Verlyn M. Hine, Monticello and to myself.

Sincerely,
Miss Marian Dewitt
Lebanon

Dear Sir:
Enclosed please find a check for $2.00 for 1 year's subscription to your magazine. I have enjoyed two copies as a very dear friend, Allan Woody, sent them to me knowing I was interested in Boone County, having lived there most of my life.

I was born close to Thornwood on the Wolf Creek Hill, as we called it, so I'm interested in anything about or pertaining to the county. I was born in 1883 to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Clawson.

I will be pleased to receive the magazine.

Mrs. Ethel J. Jaques
Kokomo

Dear Mr. Stark:
I have read your article in BOONE Magazine on John Wesley Leap. Am so glad you are interested and have done the research. Have been wanting this very thing for several years. Am delighted to have it. We have a reunion of our immediate family next August, and will arrange to have copies made for our nieces and nephews.

Very truly yours,
Mary L. Saylor
Zionsville

Dear Mr. Stark:
I read your article in BOONE Magazine on John Wesley Leap. Am so glad you are interested and have done the research. Have been wanting this very thing for several years. Am delighted to have it. We have a reunion of our immediate family next August, and will arrange to have copies made for our nieces and nephews.

Sincerely,
Miss Marian Dewitt
Lebanon

Dear Mr. Stark:
Do you know where I can get a small picture of the sanctuary inside the old Methodist Church in Lebanon? Your BOONE Magazine just seems to keep on outing itself. I've read the ads; they are so interestingly set up. Normalia is the word; we fall head over heels for it.

Sincerely,
Margaret Orcutt
Newberry Springs, CA

Dear Mr. Heidenreich:
I was visiting my Aunt and Uncle in Boone County and they showed me your magazine about Boone County. I would like very much to receive the magazine, I am enclosing my check for $2.00 which is what they said the charge is. If this isn't just right let me know, as I am very interested in history of Boone County and our families. I am tracing the Mace family history now. Thanks in advance.

Yours truly,
Jeannetta L. Mundy
Tipton, IN

Gentlemen:
On a recent visit to Lebanon, a friend saw the latest issue of your magazine and indicated an interest in receiving future copies. Enclosed please find $2.00 and mail the next twelve issues to: Mr. Donald E. Stewart, Sr., North Palm Beach, Florida.

Thank you very much.
Eugene B. Burns
Lebanon

More letters on page 33
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Page 5
Claiborne Addison Young

was a Boone County Poet

by Ralph W. Stark

Until he recently found in an antiques shop a now rare book of verse entitled "In the Red Man's Land," this writer was unaware that Boone County produced a poet of considerable talent in the person of Claiborne Addison Young.

Young was born at Thornstown, May 29, 1843, the son of the Rev. Claiborne and Mary (Russell) Young, natives of Tennessee, who settled in Thornstown in early 1831. Rev. Young was known as "the father of churches," having founded the Presbyterian church in Thornstown in 1833, a short lived church in Lebanon in or around 1836, Bethel at Shannahdale in 1831, and one between Dover and Shannahdale called New Bethel in or around 1833.

Claiborne Addison Young got his middle name from an uncle, Addison Russell Young, who, for many years, was a prominent judge at Fort Madison, Iowa. When the Civil War broke out, Claiborne enlisted in the Eleventh Indiana Volunteer Infantry under the command of Gen. Lew Wallace. He was later commissioned a captain in the Forty-fifth Colored Infantry which he was instrumental in organizing, serving in that capacity with credit and distinction until the close of the war.

Upon receiving his discharge from the Army, Young entered Wabash College from which he was graduated in 1869 with a Bachelor of Arts degree. He then matriculated in the Union Theological Seminary in New York, intending to become a Presbyterian minister. Switching his religious beliefs to Unitarianism, he enrolled in the Harvard Divinity School, which he called "The Minister Mill." While attending the Harvard School, he took some time off to engage in missionary work among the lumbermen in the forests of the state of Maine. Later, he became a Unitarian minister, and served as pastor of churches in Boston, and other places in the East and the Middle West.

Young suffered greatly in the loss of his wife and son, a bereavement from which he never fully recovered. He was living in the Indiana Soldiers and Sailors' Home near Lafayette when he died on November 3, 1912. He is buried in the cemetery at the Home. He was a 3X-great uncle of Mrs. Homer (Helen L.) Woody, of Thornstown, who celebrated her 90th birthday last October.

In 1897, Young published his first volume of poetry under the title "Way Songs and Wanderings." His second book, "In the Red Man's Land," now in this writer's possession, was published posthumously in 1915 by The Hollenback Press, of Indianapolis. It contained several of the "Way Songs," in addition to a number of poems dealing with Indian topics not previously published.

One of the poems in the second book is entitled "The Frogs of Boone," which Young wrote as a letter in verse to his younger brother, Cornelius M. "Neal" Young. This particular poem was one that Young had the privilege of reciting to Ralph Waldo Emerson who much enjoyed hearing it, resulting in the elder poet and philosopher praising and encouraging the Boone County bard.

Because it was written by a Boone County poet, and because it deals with Boone County's famous denizens of the early bogs and swamps, we deem "The Frogs of Boone" worthy of publication in BOONE Magazine. We believe you will like it.
Zigzag from the South came sailing,
Wild geese, a jolly crew;
One lone frog was hailing,
Hailing young Spring’s debut.

But it wasn’t Aurora’s shimmering,
It wasn’t the moon’s pale glimmering
That held my heart in thrall;
No, nor the zigzag sailing,
But it was the frog’s weird hailing
That moved me most of all.

Perhaps in rules pathetic,
Perhaps in rules poetic
I have may make mistake;
But the heart, the heart is stronger,
Her rules for eye last longer;
Though old, they’re ever younger
Than critic or cynic make.

And I tell you, Neal, no joking—
That this poor lone frog’s croaking
Cheats time of a score of years.
And you and I together.

In Spring’s first sunny weather,
Paddle in the pond,
And now we pause and listen
While gleeful eyes glisten
To hear what the old frogs say.

"Jug o’ rum, jug o’ rum;"
From the other shore the sound doth come,
And away to the other side we dash;
And down he goes with a clank and a splash
And we have abolished the toper.

"Old Hodge got drunk, got drunk,"
And at him you hurl a rotten chunk;
And in he goes ku klunk, ku klunk,
And laughing we roll over and over.

But now again the pond is still,
And I am back to the Minister Mill,
The Mill where I’ve brought my grist.
But I tell you, Neal, no earthly grinding
Shall dim my eyes to the silver lining
Of the clouds the sun has kissed.

But were old Boone swamp all over,
For her swamps and her frogs I still
would love her.
The Identity and Story of

DAVID HOOVER'S MOTHER

discovered after being forgotten 130 years

Story by Dr. John Scott Davenport

In the old Baptist Cemetery about a half-mile north of Zionsville are two old tombstones side-by-side, on the south edge of the lot, about in the middle. They are of David Hoover, Boone County's first Clerk of Courts, and his mother, Elizabeth Hoover. David's story has been told many times, but, until a few months ago, little or nothing was known concerning his mother, including her identity.

Her maiden name was Elizabeth Stutzman. She was one of the elder daughters of Jacob Stutzman, minister of the Dunker Uwanee Congregation in Randolph and Rowan (now Davidson) Counties, North Carolina. She was born either in Conventy Twp., Chester Co., Pa., or on Pipe Creek waters in present-day Carroll Co., Md., emigrating to North Carolina with her family in 1783-84 as a child.

Sometime in the mid-1770's, Elizabeth married Jacob Hoover, second eldest son of Andrew Hoover, Sr., the emigrant ancestor of President Herbert C. Hoover. Contrary to a multiplicity of claims and despite a Historical Marker of the State of Maryland, Andrew Hoover, Sr., was not a Quaker. He was a Separate Baptist, an English-language fundamental church which practiced the same religious ordinances as did the German-language Dunkers. The Separate Baptists were pacifists. The Sect was largely destroyed during The Revolution, for while the State of North Carolina gave special exemptions to Moravians, Mennonites, and Dunkers, pacifistic German pietistic sects, and to Quakers, no such relief was afforded the Separate Baptists. During the latter part of The Revolution, which continued until 1783 in North Carolina, some of the Hoovers joined the Quakers.

There are no records that Jacob and Elizabeth Hoover were either Separate Baptists or Quakers. In 1785, Jacob obtained the land entry for the ground occupied by Mast's Old Meeting House, which was continued for many years as Tabernacle Meeting House, and was deeded to the Methodists in the 1840's by Jacob's son, Joseph. An active Methodist church still exists at the site in Randolph Co., N.C.

Strangely, principally because he was not a Quaker and remained in North Carolina, little has heretofore been published concerning Jacob Hoover. Yet he was the most powerful and the richest of all his sons of Andrew Hoover, Sr. He succeeded his father in the ownership and operation of Hoover's Mill, which combined the functions of grinding grain and sawing logs, at the Fork of Uwharrie.

By the time that Jacob died in Randolph County in the spring of 1821, his sons had traveled into Tennessee and into Ohio and Indiana, but only his son, Daniel, had permanently located out of North Carolina, in Miami Co., Ohio, and he had died in 1914. Jacob's Estate was immense, including more than 1400 acres of land, the mill and manor, and debts against practically everyone in Western Randolph County.

A Jury set off 127 acres "including the Mansion and all buildings" and a percentage of the Mill profits as Elizabeth Hoover's Widow's Dower in 1822. However, within four years, Elizabeth and most of her children had emigrated to Indiana. The mansion and lands left by Elizabeth in North Carolina were picked up by her son, Joseph, for 82 cents in Delinquent Taxes.

Photos by Ralph W. Stark

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Old Jacob Hoover could not have died at a worse time. Insofar as Randolph Co., N.C., economic life was concerned, emigration to Indiana and Tennessee was at its height, (North Carolina had a net loss of 30 per cent in population, 1800-1830), land was being abandoned, cash was non-existent. When Jacob died, all bills, notes, and accounts owned him became due and payable in cash. The collection of the Estate bankrupted a number of Randolph County men. When son Joseph, Administrator of the Estate and who remained here, tried to ease off, son Sam, who lived in Indiana, hit him with a law suit for not properly administering.

Whether the climate generated by the collection of the Estate induced Elizabeth to prefer the wilds of the Indiana Frontier to her Carolina mansion is a matter of conjecture, but the Jacob Hoovers were not slaveholders and there is no indication of estrangement or material luxury in the inventory of Jacob's Estate, in all likelihood, Elizabeth merely traded a decaying atmosphere in North Carolina for a thriving, dynamic life in Indiana with the effort needed to survive no less and the work no harder.

In the Census of 1830, Austin Davenport, Elizabeth's son-in-law, as Assistant Marshal of the Indiana Census for Boone County, enumerated Elizabeth as a member of her son David's household and being of Age 76-to-80. The tombstone says that she was 75 years old when she died in 1840, but there was no one left who really knew her age. Sons David and Andrew and son-in-law Austin Davenport were dead. Daughter Elizabeth Davenport was on her own death bed. Daniel and Nancy were long in their graves. Sam and John were in Tippecanoe County. Jacob was in Wayne County. Joseph and Mary were far away in North Carolina.

Of the personality and character of Elizabeth Stoutzeman Hoover, we know nothing. We can deduce from Old Jacob's character and the achievements of her various children that she played a major role as a wife and mother. These Hoovers were not Quakers, for both of the wives of sons Jacob and David were disowned by their Quaker Meetings for marrying them. Nor were they Dunkers, for Old Jacob answered jury calls, took oaths, and used all the Courts of North Carolina, at some time or another, to collect debts and prosecute miscreants—actions contrary to the Dunker creed. Most likely, and the burial place of David and Elizabeth provides corroboration, these Hoovers were Baptists of the variety that merged into the Christian Church in 1823.

Of Jacob and Elizabeth Hoover's children, it should be noted that—

Jacob, Jr., their eldest, served long and actively as Justice of the Peace in Wayne Co., Indiana.

Daniel built the first grist mill in Miami Co., Ohio, which was destroyed by a flash flood, shortly before his death in 1814.

John served as a Justice of the Peace in Tippecanoe Co., Indiana.

David was the first Clerk of Courts of Boone Co., Indiana.

Joseph was Justice of the Peace and a presiding Judge in the Court of Pleas and Quarter Session in Randolph Co., N.C., for 25 years.

Elizabeth married Austin Davenport, who was a Justice of the Peace and a Presiding Justice of the Marion Co., In-

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David Hoover's Mother con't.

Diana Court, 1827-30; organizer of Boone Co., Indiana, by Governor's commission, 1830; enumerator for the First Census (1830) of Boone Co.; First Sheriff of Boone Co., 1830-31; a member of the Indiana Legislature, representing Boone and Hamilton Co., 1831-33. Davenport also served in the War of 1812 (N.C.) and The Blackhawk Indian War (Ind.).

Nancy, who died in Randolph Co., N.C., in 1826, was married to Chesley Ray. Ray served as a Justice of the Peace in both North Carolina and Indiana. (Nancy and Elizabeth were twins).

Samuel was the family gadfly, promoter, campaign manager for Austin Davenport, who traveled regularly between Indiana and North Carolina, finally settling down in Tippecanoe Co., Indiana, where he was Clerk of Courts and served in that office for many years.

Mary was married to Wood Arnold, a Justice of the Peace and also a presiding judge of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions in Randolph Co., N.C.

Andrew, the youngest, was 24 years younger than his brother, Jacob, had just become active in Marion Co., Indiana, politics when he died at age 37 in 1829. Andrew lived in Tennessee for 12 years before emigrating to Indiana after 1830.

In terms of motherhood that stretched over two-and-one-half decades, of presiding over a home which obviously prepared the children therein for public service and responsibility; in being the wife of a powerful, rich man who could and did control the destiny of others; and in forsaking her North Carolina home of more than 60 years for the wilds and rigors of the Indiana Frontier, Elizabeth Hoover had to have been a remarkable woman—in character as well as constitution.

And that's the lady buried next to David Hoover on the hill above Eagle Creek about a half-mile north of Zionsville.

It might be noted in passing, for this is the story of the Daughter and not the Father, that Jacob Stutzman may have been the first ordained minister of any Protestant sect to establish residence in Indiana. Jacob, with sons Jacob, Jr., Samuel, and David, settled in The Illinois Grant, Clark Co., Indiana Territory in March, 1802. He was joined shortly thereafter by sons John and Daniel, and sons-in-law Thomas Hutchinson, Andrew Sheets, and John Sheets. Son-in-law Christian Sears, who insisted on holding slaves, settled on the Kentucky shore of the Ohio River, within two miles of Jacob, Sr. All came from North Carolina, although Jacob, Jr., Samuel, and David resided for a period in Somerset Co., Pa., and Henry Co., Ky., before emigrating to The Illinois Grant with their father. The sons of Jacob Stutzman and the sons of Jacob and Elizabeth Hoover were named identically and in almost the same order: Jacob, John, Daniel, David, Joseph, and Samuel. The Hoovers' seventh son was obviously named for his grandfather, Andrew Hoover, Sr.
BOONE COUNTY BOY "BOUND" TO LEARN FARMING IN 1840

Editor's Note: In colonial times and continuing into the early decades of the 1800's, parents often bound by indenture or legal agreement, a son, sometimes a daughter, to serve another person for a certain length of time for the purpose of learning an art or trade.

The younger so bound was known as an apprentice, and the person he served was called the master. Generally, the apprentice lived in the master's home with the latter providing the former's board and keep, including clothing and some more or less formal education.

An indenture made in the year 1840 whereby a Boone County father bound his young son to a Clinton County farmer to learn "the art of farming," is a matter of record in the Clinton County recorder's office. We are publishing the interesting old document as it was written.) R.W.S.

INDENTURE

This Indenture, made the 14th day of April in the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and forty, between Daniel Jones, of Boone County, State of Indiana, of the one part, and William Perrin, of the County of Clinton, and State aforesaid of the other part, Witnesseth:

That the said Daniel Jones hath placed, and by these presents, doth place his son, Henry W. Jones, a minor aged 11 years, as an apprentice to the said William Perrin to learn the art, trade and mystery of a farmer which he, the said William Perrin, now useth:

And the said Daniel Jones doth covenant and agree to and with the said William Perrin that Henry W. Jones, his son, shall dwell with and serve the said William Perrin from the date hereof until the 25th day of May, which will be in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-seven, at which time the said apprentice, if living, will be eighteen years of age, during all which time the said apprentice shall faithfully serve his said master, keep his secrets, obey all his lawful commands, and shall do no damage to his said master, nor suffer any to be done by others which it is in his power to prevent;

He shall not play at any unlawful game or frequent tipping houses or places of gaming, nor at any time absent himself from the service of his said master without his consent; but shall in all things behave himself as a good and faithful apprentice during the whole term aforesaid.

And the said William Perrin on his part doth covenant and agree to and with the said Daniel Jones, that he will teach and instruct his son, Henry W., or cause him to be taught and instructed in the art of farming in the best manner he can; that he will teach and instruct him or cause him to be taught and instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic, if the said apprentice be able to learn.

And also, that he will find and provide for said apprentice good and sufficient food, lodging and apparel during the said term, and shall at the expiration thereof, give to the said apprentice one entire new suit of apparel.

In Witness of the said agreement by and between the said Daniel Jones and the said William Perrin, we have set hereunto our hands and seal on the day and year first above written.

Daniel Jones (Seal) William Perrin (Seal)
Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of
Text: John Sharp.
Recorded August 4th, 1840, by me, I.D. Armstrong,
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by Ralph W. Stark

Samuel M. Ralston, a Lebanon lawyer who was elected
to Indiana's highest office in November of 1912, was not only
the state's 27th chief executive but was also the biggest of
all governors from the beginning of statehood in 1816 down
to and including Governor Otis R. Bowen.

With Ralston tipping the scales at a hefty 236 pounds, it
was necessary to construct a special office chair for him
prior to his being sworn in as governor on January 13, 1913,
to serve for the four years ending January 8, 1917. Since all
of Ralston's predecessors had been men who were rather
spare of frame, there was no chair then in the Statehouse
large enough to seat the new governor comfortably.

Strange N. Cragun, editor of the then published Lebanon
Patriot, in describing Ralston's physical appearance, wrote:
"He is tall and proportionately well-built, and while he has
a large physique, he is well-rounded and is as big as he
looks from his head to his feet. He is by far the largest man
ever elected governor of Indiana. Most of Indiana's former
governors have been either tall and angular, or small in
stature,"

Cragun further noted that Thomas R. Marshall, whom
Ralston succeeded, was the smallest man in stature of all
the governors of Indiana in the preceding fifty years. Both
Marshall and Ralston were Democrats.

Marshall, it will be remembered, became vice-president
of the United States on March 4, 1913, serving two terms
under President Woodrow Wilson. He was succeeded as
vice-president by Calvin Coolidge, a Republican, on March
4, 1921.

The editor of "Indiana," a book of biographies of In-
diana governors and other important state officials, publish-
ed by the state in 1930, said this of Ralston: "Large of
frame, simple in manner, direct in utterance, and generous
in disposition, he was popular not only in his own party but
among men of all political faiths. As an official, his great-
est insistence was upon enforcement of the law. As an
attorney, he enjoyed a wide reputation for effectiveness in
court. He took special interest in cases involving questions
of constitutionality.

"Among the accomplishments of his administration were
the inheritance tax law, vocational training law, working-
men's compensation act, primary election law, and the
creation of the Public Service Commission. The celebration of the centennial of Indiana’s admission as the nineteenth state of the Union on December 11, 1816, fell within his administration. He also supported the movement by which the state acquired its first park, Turkey Run.

Born in New Cumberland, Ohio, on December 4, 1857, Samuel Moffett Ralston went with his parents in 1865 to live in Owen County, Indiana, where he later taught school for seven years. He attended Valparaiso Normal and Central Normal at Danville, graduating from the latter in August, 1884. He studied law in the office of Robinson & Fowler, in Spencer, and was admitted to the bar on January 1, 1886. He settled in Lebanon in June of that year to begin his long and successful practice of law.

Ralston was twice married. His first marriage was to Miss Mary J. Backous, in Connersville, in 1881. She died in the following year, 1882. His second marriage was in 1889 to Miss Jennie Craven, of Hendricks County, whom he had met while attending the normal school in Danville.

Ralston and his new bride began housekeeping in Lebanon in a modest little cottage at 520 North West Street. In 1889, they moved into their newly built two-story frame residence at 502 North Meridian Street, in Lebanon. On several occasions they entertained Nebraska’s noted lawyer and political leader, William Jennings Bryan, in their Meridian street home. The two houses the Raistons once occupied still stand, their exteriors appearing much the same as they did when they were first completed many years ago.

Upon taking office in 1913, Ralston moved his family to Indianapolis, living at 2102 North Delaware street while serving his term as governor. Later, the Raistons went to live on a small country estate which they named “Hoosier Home,” located at 51st street and what is now Knollton Road, west of State Road 49, and immediately northwest of the capital city. Knollton Road was formerly known as Ralston Road.

The Raistons were the parents of three children, Julian, Emmett, and Ruth, all born in Lebanon. Ruth, married W. Stewart LaRue, lived for many years in Indianapolis, and now resides with her husband in Clearwater, Florida. The two sons are deceased.

During their residency in Lebanon, the Raistons were members of the First Presbyterian church with Mr. Ralston serving in several official capacities including those of deacon and elder. For a number of years he was a member of the Lebanon School Board, and was president of that body from August 1, 1908, to July 31, 1911.

After completing his term as governor, Ralston again took up the practice of law, this time in Indianapolis as the senior member of the firm of Ralston, Gates, LaRue, Van-Nuys & Barnard. In 1922, he received the Democratic nomination for U.S. Senator from Indiana, and was elected in November of that year, defeating his Republican opponent, ex-Senator Albert J. Beveridge.

Ralston was still wearing the senatorial toga when his death occurred at “Hoosier Home,” on October 14, 1925, following a several months’ illness of kidney and heart disease. His funeral was conducted in the First Presbyterian church of Lebanon on the following Saturday afternoon, October 17th, with burial in Lebanon’s Oak Hill cemetery. Mrs. Ralston, at the age of 92 years, died in her Indianapolis home on June 25, 1954, and was laid to rest by her husband’s side in Oak Hill.

Neither the city of Lebanon nor Boone county has ever taken steps to memorialize the proud fact that one of its citizens once served the people of the state of Indiana as their governor. In a rather minor gesture, Lebanon officials last year named a thoroughfare in a new residential addition on the west side of town as Sam Ralston Road.

And on the wall of a small room just off the auditor’s office in the Boone county courthouse, hangs a large picture of Ralston which was used in his 1912 campaign. The excellent likeness is bordered with a cheap wooden frame without benefit of a glass cover. Just below the photograph, printed in heavy black letters, is the wording, "Ralston for Governor."
The Hussey Memorial Library of Zionsville

Article by Helen Mills

Every spring, when first-graders from the local elementary school visit Hussey Memorial Library, Zionsville, they are told the story of Lora Hussey and her home, which is now filled with books for people to enjoy. They are taken up the open stairway to the antiques room to see the Hussey family heirlooms, including some of Lora's toys, then into a carpeted upstairs room where they sit on the floor and listen to a picture-book story.

Photos by Pat Heidenreich

This scene would please Miss Lora Hussey, who like to give a new children's book to each youngster who visited her. Lora, only child of Milton and Ella Hoffman Hussey, was a career teacher of English who taught in several colleges and spent the last 20 years before retirement in the New York City school system. A graduate of Zionsville High School, Butler University, and Columbus University Teacher's College, she loved all the arts, but books were such a large part of
her life that she dreamed of someday providing an adequate library for the Zionsville community.

The Hussey family moved to Zionsville from their Hamilton County farm home when Lora was twelve years old. As a child, she was a 'tomboy' who loved to run and be outdoors. Lora outgrew her tomboy stage but not her love of the soil, and in later years often was seen with a blue bandana handkerchief around her head, busily tending her vegetables and flowers. Friends and neighbors received the generous overflow from her garden and kitchen. Tapioca pudding was sent to the sick, while her cookie jar always held enough homemade cookies to serve afternoon callers, along with hot tea and lemon.

After her retirement from teaching in 1944, Miss Hussey returned to Zionsville to live at 255 W. Hawthorne Street. Sometime following the death of her father, Lora and her
The Davis sisters, of Zionsville, enjoy Hussey Memorial Library on a regular basis.

mother planned the provisions of the will that would establish the Hussey Memorial Library. Lora died on April 27, 1957, three years after her mother’s death, and five years later, on August 5, 1962, the library opened its doors.

Mrs. Esther Sheburne, first library board president; Mrs. Madge Hightshue, first librarian; and Miss Olive Hoffman, Lora’s cousin and executrix of the Hussey estate, are three women whose talents and hard work were largely responsible for the physical aspects of the new library. On opening day, there were 5150 books on the shelves – the Hussey books, the late Bernard Clayton’s books, and the collection from the old Pitzer-Eagle Twp. Library.

At the present time, Hussey Memorial Library, one of the very few privately endowed libraries in the state, has an unusually fine collection, although of necessity it is a small one. Because of its facilities, the library must limit itself to approximately 10,000 books. To offset its in-depth limitations, it uses the services of State Library, Indianapolis. All but the very latest non-fiction may be ordered by telephone. Some 200 to 300 books are requested per year by Hussey patrons, on subjects ranging from “making corn husk dolls” to “the life of Noah Webster”. INDIRS, the Indiana Information Retrieval System, is also used to obtain any needed statistic about Indiana.

A book lending service provides one hundred of the very newest books. This enables Hussey Library to have most of the best-sellers as soon as they are on the market. The Psi Iota Xi Sorority gives generous support to the children’s room,
and many gift donations are received to purchase memorial books. The library, which serves Eagle Twp. and school children from Union Twp., circulates around 20,000 books per year. Lora's concern about the appreciation and use of the library has been answered in the affirmative.

The remodeling of the Hussey residence into a library facility was so skillfully done that the warm charm of the house remained. On the historical site once owned by

Patrick Sullivan, first Boone Co. settler, the relaxed library atmosphere encourages children to feel free to talk and adults to linger to exchange news of the day. Florence Berry, a patron who walks to the library regularly, is 89 years old and was a high school friend of Lora Hussey. While she waits to have her three books stamped, she often recalls their friendship. Her eyes twinkle as she tells that she sometimes helped Lora with a school assignment.

The history of Hussey Memorial Library would not be complete without an acknowledgement of those who have given assistance, from serving on the board to repairing and shelving books. Records were not kept of the volunteers but they are a real part of the community spirit of the library.

Present Library Board

Mrs. Lawrence Bailey
Mr. Louis Mills
Mrs. Lawrence Finley
Mr. Edward Karraker
Mr. Jesse Phillips
Mrs. William Harvey
with Mrs. Patricia Kramer, librarian

Former Board Members

Mrs. John Shelburne
Mr. Virgil Dome
Mr. Joseph Gregory
Mrs. Raleigh Kouns
Mrs. Dwight Renner
Mrs. Joseph Salamito
Mr. George Shubat
Mrs. Foster Wharry

Story hour for pre-school children is a regular feature of the Hussey Memorial Library.
Most folks here in Bugtussle are working real hard at getting back to normal after the Christmas holidays! I'm afraid that some of us are too many of the good things our wives fixed and will carry some extra pounds with us to remind us of Christmas for some time! I'm pleased to report that Santa treated us all very well this year! He delivered our young folks safe and healthy and with arms laden with gifts. As you can imagine, everybody is talking tales about their youngsters' exploits and successes! Why from all the bragging I've been hearing I can only conclude that our children leave town to become successes without exceptions! And the Grandchildren! Every one is either a better than average student or a superb athlete! But then exporting talented youngsters has been Bugtussle's major industry for some time now. Lately, however, with the rapid expansion of Indianapolis' economy a good many of our youngsters are seeking their fortunes a little closer to home. In fact some of them are staying on and driving to the city every day!

Well, I surely got the surprise of my life when we opened our gifts Christmas mornings! As a matter of fact I'm still not sure what the final outcome will be! I fear my life will never be the same!

It didn't happen until after the other gifts had been opened and the youngsters had gone off to try out their new toys. We older folks were sitting around the tree visiting when my wife Polly discovered a tiny package behind the tree! "Why looky here!" she exclaimed, "We've missed one! And it's for Em!"

Well sir, I want you to know, I opened that package without suspecting a thing! In it I found a piece of cedar that had been turned into a circle about the size of a half-a-dollar with the letters T-U-I-T on either side!

"What in tarnation is this?" I asked. "The thing had been so carefully worked I could tell it was meant to be something; but I just couldn't figure out what!"

"Why," said Polly just as sweet and innocent as could be, "That's a round tuft!"

Polly's answer didn't help me one bit! But I want you to know that I was beginning to get just a little bit suspicious! Probably because everybody was sitting around looking like the cat that has just swallowed the canary! Especially Polly! I had the feeling I was about to become the victim of a joke; but as is usually the case my curiosity got the better of me and I blundered right on!

"I can see that! But what in the name of creation is it good for?"

"Why," Polly replied still just as sweet and innocent as could be, "I figured you knew! Why you've been talking about round tufts ever since we got married!"

"I-I'm always talking about round tufts?"

"That's right. You're always saying, I'm going to do this, that or the other thing just as soon as I get around to it!" Now you've got one and the first thing I want you to get around to is your desk!"

Now I want to warn you! Don't come to Bugtussle asking to see my round tuft! Some way or other the story about it spread through town like wildfire! Why, there for awhile I couldn't stick my nose out of the house without some smart aleck asking about it! It stopped
when I began threatening to get a case of the things and hand them out to every lady in town!
I must confess that I’m tempted to send some to our Boone County Legislators to see if they can’t get around to passing some decent laws this session!

Anyway, a couple of days after Christmas I began cleaning up my desk! I could tell Polly meant business! I really don’t know why, but my desk has been worrying her for some time now. She claims it’s the worst mess she has ever seen! I keep insisting that it’s just democracy in action! Everything is treated equally! Stacked on the top! Finished columns are treated just like unfinished ones! To make matters worse I seldom hear a good story when I have a notebook handy so I’ll write it down on whatever is handy-cancels checks, envelopes and a time or two on a bit of an old grocery bag. These many sized bits of papers are then placed top of the desk where they begin tunneling their way to the bottom! Last summer I thought I had found a way to keep everything in order! I took a large manila envelope and wrote, “If you can’t find it anywhere else look in here,” across the front. That worked for a while but it soon found its way to the bottom! Well sir, when I was cleaning up I found it and since I had a column due I thought I would kill two birds with one stone- meet my deadline and help clean up my desk! Here’s what I found in the “If you can’t find it anywhere else look in here” envelope:

I really got a big chuckle out of this remark by Widow Winter about the topsy turvy world we live in today:

A young couple bought the house next to the Widow’s last summer and immediately began remodeling. During one week the workmen were putting in a new bathroom while others were building a patio complete with grill. This caused the Widow to exclaim in dismay, “Land sakes what’s this world a comin’ to? Us to be they were doin’ dooty outside and eat in the house; now they eat outside and do they dooty inside!” But the widow isn’t the only one confused by today’s life styles! Emma Nutt, the Town Clerk, was overheard lamenting, “A body just can’t tell the difference between boys and girls anymore,” by John Farmer’s youngest boy.

“Why Miss Nutt,” he asked, “Don’t you know how to tell the difference between a boy and a girl?”

Emma’s reluctance to answer was obvious. I must confess that I waited anxiously for the younger to answer. We all breathed a sigh of relief when the youngster replied seriously, “By their voice!”

This young fellow is really sharp! You never know what he is going to say, or ask. For example, John claims that a bee flew into his room last summer causing the youngster quite a bit of concern. “It’s all right, son, just turn off your light and the bee will fly into one of the lighted rooms. A silence followed, then-

“Daddy?”

“What, son?”

“Are bees afraid of the dark?”

“I’m afraid I must agree with Emma and the Widow, change is everywhere! Seems like we all want everything to be modern! Why, there’s a story going around that the young folks want the new Town Board to change the town’s stop light from the traditional red, green, yellow to “No Way! Right On! And Cool It Man!”

There are some things, however, that can be modernized and be all the better for it. Such as the way Poke Jones claims his grandchild tells the old “Three Little Pigs” fairy tale. His version goes this way: “The Big Bad Woof say I’m gonna huff and puff and blow your house down! And the free wittle piggys say, NO WAY!”

Who ever heard of a, “Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin,” anyhow? But I guess the one thing that never will change is people. We just seem to keep right on looking for molehills that we can make mountains of! Which reminds me of a sign I saw last summer- Be Kind to People—They Need All The Help They Can Get! Which probably be about as good a New Year’s resolution as we could find!

A happy and prosperous New Year to all of you from all the folk in Bagusme!
Historical Markers in Boone County

by Johanna Mohringer

Part Three

As one approaches the southwest stairs rising from the first floor rotunda of the Boone County Courthouse, and to one's immediate left, is a five foot high marble pedestal surmounted by bronze bust which is inscribed on its base as follows:

STEPHEN NEAL
BORN 1816—DIED 1904
AUTHOR OF ORIGINAL DRAFT
FOURTEENTH AMENDMENT TO
CONSTITUTION OF UNITED STATES,
JUDGE BOONE CIRCUIT COURT
1888-1894.

Stephen Neal was born in Pittsylvania County, Virginia, but most of his youth was spent in Kentucky. Since his parents had built their farm in the wilderness they were living too isolated for Stephen to attend school, despite his yearning for learning.

His father, John Neal, however was well educated and it was he who taught young Stephen not only the tricks and trade of farming, but also his ABC's.

He had mastered the art of reading by age eight. Even though the supply of books at home was only limited to some elementary books, biographies and a Bible, he was not discouraged. The desire for study stayed with him the rest of his life. He never received a college education, but was more or less self-taught.

He studied law in Madison, Indiana, under Hon. Joseph G. Marshall. In 1841, he was admitted to the bar in Carlisle, Kentucky, where he practiced law.

In 1843, he moved to Lebanon, and lived on a 100 acre farm, one half mile east of the town. At that time, Lebanon was but a small settlement, surrounded by swamps.
and wilderness. There was not much legal business for him in Lebanon itself, but together with the farm, he managed to support his family.

He was an outstanding lawyer who loved his work. His opinions were widely sought after and were respected not only here in Lebanon, but over the whole county. All of this resulted in his election as a Representative to the State Legislature in 1846, and his re-election in 1847, at which time he was known as a Jeffersonian Democrat. During his second term he introduced a joint resolution which was passed, forbidding the granting of legislative divorce, and the substance of this resolution was inserted in the State Constitution, adopted in 1851.

After his term expired he continued to take active interest in national questions. He was open minded and in 1856 we see him co-operate with the Republican party, while thirty-two years later he is back in the picture as a Democrat.

Neal's real fame however is based on his writing of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States in 1866, which was accepted and has since become a permanent part of the Constitution.

It guarantees that all persons born in the United States as well as naturalized citizens, regardless of race or creed have a right to vote and to receive equal protection under the law. This had far-reaching results, as this included the negro as well as the Indian (as long as the taxes were paid) and also foreign born citizens.

In 1890 he was elected Boone Circuit Judge according to The Bench and Bar of Indiana book. However the bronze bust he served one term, from 1888 till 1894.

According to the obituary which appeared in the Indianapolis News in 1905, Neal was the oldest judge in the State of Indiana.

After his term expired he lived a comparatively retired life, yet he kept his keen interests. Despite ailments of old age, very poor eye-sight, he wrote several articles for different magazines and shortly before his death he completed a book on theology, titled "The Real and the Unreal".

He has known many hardships and griefs during his life. Two times he became a widower. At the time of his death, he was survived by seven children and his third wife, the former Mrs. Laura Kernodle, widow of George Kernodle, of Lebanon.

He was buried in Oak Hill Cemetery where another bust of Neal is on top of a columnar monument. Neal's son donated a bronze bust of his father to the state of Indiana. This bust has been placed in a niche in the southwest corner of the Statehouse rotunda in Indianapolis.

It is good to see that we have given a place of honor to this early pioneer, a great man with a large vision. The bust in the Boone County Courthouse was completed in 1907 by Clara Barth Leonard, an Indianapolis sculptress.
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Twin sisters, Mrs. Ernest Richardson, now deceased, and
Mrs. Dwight Crayton, now of Lebanon.
This photo was taken 70 years ago.

ORVAL AND GEORGE RANDOLPH in 1907,
1 mile east and 1 mile north of Dover.

Photo courtesy of
Mrs. Harold Walters, New Ross
from Our Past

Courtesy of our BOONE readers

ROSSTON, INDIANA
Photo courtesy of Lloyd Riley, Zionsville

CLYDE JENKS AND WILLIAM HOMINY BILL WHITE
at 10 N. Main St., Zionsville
Photo courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Clampitt, Westfield

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EAST SIDE OF SQUARE LEBANON

Page 23
Zion Park
and
Lake Como

(Photos courtesy Lloyd Riley)

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"I remember Zionsville"

by Eunice V. Whitmore

(Editor's Note: Mrs. Arthur (Eunice V.) Whitmore, for many years a resident of Zionsville, and now living in good health at the age of 83 years in the Methodist Home at Franklin, Indiana, submitted her well written and most interesting "Memories of Zionsville at the Turn of the Century," to Boone Magazine through the medium of her third eldest son, Warren T. Whitmore, now living a few miles from Franklin.

In a letter accompanying the manuscript, Mr. Whitmore commented: "My mother is active in many of the activities involving her present residency, and has excellent memories of the past, critical analysis of the present, and hopes for the future. She reads from four to six books a week, keeps up with the state, national and world situation through the many news publications, and will offer her candid advice on any subject pertaining to politics, religion, education, past and present generations, and her fellow residents of the Methodist Home.

"She is deeply grateful to have been presented with a subscription to Boone Magazine, and also receives the weekly issues of the Zionsville Main Street and the Zionsville Times.

There are only four residents here at the Methodist Home at Franklin from Boone County. Mrs. Martha Pulham, Miss Ada Huber, and Miss Lucille Edwards are all from Lebanon, and Miss Marie White, who has been here for several years as a member of the staff and is now director of Food Services, is from Thornton.

I lived in Zionsville forty-five years, moving there when I was six years old. By the time I was ten, I knew everyone in town, where they lived, and their line of work, from the year 1896 and on into the early 1900's. I may be wrong about some of these memories, but those I mention were then grown people, most of whom are now deceased.

Around the turn of the century, Zionsville was just a neat

A beautiful array of lampshades to fit every decor!

Antiques & Accessories for pleasure and appreciation
also Turco Paint

The shop of
Helen Kogan
Main St. Zionsville 873-4208
"I remember Zionsville" continued

little village. There were no electric lights or telephones. In 1900, John Doan wired the houses for electricity, and Sam Essex installed telephones. The business and professional people at that time were Cal Gault, editor; Dr. W. Y. McNutt, physician; Dr. J. Brendel, physician; Drs. Lee and J. Hurst, dentists; Cyrus (Cy) Beamer, lawyer; James Rickey, lumber; Frank Alford, monuments; Bill Alford, banker; Taylor Harmon, postmaster; Perry Lumpkin, barber; J. Pendergrass, photographs; Jim Lutz, watches and clocks; Professor Gallimore, school principal; Sam Shelburne and Bud Mills, drug stores; and M. J. Huskey, hardware.

Also, Henry Speer and Smith Brothers, grocers; Silas Anderson, wagon factory; Mills and Croppe, dry goods and undertakers; Smith Brothers, dry goods; George Stultz, coal; Harry McDaniel, railroad depot; J. Rosensthi, butcher shop; Clay Hardy, livery stable; B. Davidson, drayman; Jennie Dye, milliner; Yoh Brothers, tailors; and Mrs. William Klingler, boarding house. The last three named were on opposite sides of Main street.

Henry Sullivan was the Eagle Township trustee. His office was also the Pitzer Public Library. His daughter, Miss Iva Sullivan, worked there as a librarian during her vacations. The first librarian was a German named Englehart, who committed suicide by drowning.

Other people of Zionsville in those days were Effie Johnson, dressmaker; Ada Russe and Mamie Breedlove, piano teachers; and Eloise Essex, violin teacher. Reverend Striker was the Methodist minister, and Reverend Higgins was minister of the Campbellite Church (now called Christian.) For three or four years, once-a-month services were held in the old Presbyterian Church. Dr. MacKintire came from Indianapolis to preach. He also brought singers.

Some of the citizens of Zionsville bore colorful nicknames such as "Lollipop" Wagner, "Tough" Sluder, "Sleepy" Shelburne, "Skinny" Brinley, "Lumpy" Bill Alford, "Babe" Mills, "Jake" Hurst, "Happy" Harmon, "Brass Monkey" Imbler, Hon. "Pork Hash" Brock, "Skid" Leibhardt, "Angel" Speers, "Erie the Red" Wolfe, and "Big Pops" and "Little Pops" (Possum) the Denoon brothers. Nicknames were given to some of the teachers. Mr. Stonecipher became "Mr. Pebblemouth;" Miss Bogart became "Miss Gocart;" and a music teacher, because he wore thick glasses, became "Frogg-ey-Fearsome."

"Colonel" Newly and Dave Fouts were the Civil War veterans in town. "Whiskey Jake" lived in Royalton. He would come into town riding bareback on a large horse he called Red, get gloriously drunk, and then ride out of town singing, shouting, and sometimes firing his pistol. He was said to be a veteran of the Crimean War. The Byres twins, Edwin and Edward, were the "Beau Brummels" of the town.

The first automobile was owned by Cy Beamer. It had a stick for a steering wheel. Cy couldn't drive it, so he hired a young man named George Berry to start and stop it, and make it run. Frank Hemenway, Sr., bought a bright red Ford. It had a back door and steps to the back seat.
The wits of the town named it "Forty Acres," for the ob-
vious reason that Mr. H. had sold forty acres of land to get
the money with which to buy it.

Much has been written about the old bandstand and
band. Zionville also had a good orchestra back in those
days. It played for dances held in the old town hall and
for amateur theatrical performances. Sam Essex was leader
and played the cornet. Jean Essex played piano, and
Everett Hurst and Eloise Essex played 1st violin. Fern
Brendel and Bennie Booker played 2nd violin.

Art Peters played the base horn; Jim Hemen-
way, clarinet; Frank Hemenway, drums; and George
Miller, saxophone. George Miller, (better known as
"Chumps", ) was a young colored man; he was a real
musician. He also did housecleaning and other odd jobs
for the ladies of the town.

George's father, Joshua Miller, had been a slave. He
had two sisters and a brother also living in Zionville. The
sisters were named Venus and Jessie, and the brother,
Major (better known as "Major"), was a wonderful baseball
player. Major and Venus went to school with the other
children, but both dropped out of school in the fifth grade.
Jessie died young. Venus was always jolly and good-natured.
She was a faithful member of the Methodist Church, as
was her mother, who would shout and clap her hands.

Venus Miller took part in all the Christmas programs
and Children's Day exercises. She knew the exact ages of
all her girl friends. She had a cousin, Violet, from Indiana-
polis, who often visited her. George was playing in an
Indianapolis orchestra when he died. Surely, it would be
interesting to know why Joshua Miller settled in Zionville.

Now back to the Town Hall. The second floor was the
loge room for the Knights of Pythias while the first floor
was a large auditorium with a stage. The auditorium was
used for dances, church bazaars, and finally a movie
theater. The stage functioned for school plays, lectures
on various subjects, and for the use of performers which
Sert Swan brought from Indianapolis. May Gregory usually
played the auditorium piano, but whoever played for the
movies, sooner or later, would play "The Maple Leaf
Rag."

The amateur all-stars who performed were always
roundly applauded. Haliee Smith, (mother of Irene Mark-
land, who sometimes played children's parts,) was always
a leading lady. Nina Leibhardt was a beautiful blood,
and always played the heroine. Harry McDaniel was the
villain. He wore a fierce black mustache. His wife, a
cute little black-eyed girl, was always the ingemce. Esta
Stultz was always the hero.

One of the plays was "East Lynn," and McDaniel made
a machine which produced thunder to roar and lightning to
flash as well as any professional stage technician could have
done. Bill McGuire always played an Irishman's role, and
Ferry Lumpkin, the comic. Bill McGuire later owned a
grocery in Zionville.

Several years later, another amateur company was
formed. Grace Newby, Opal Cotton, Ruth Mills, and Clara
Swergain were some of the female stars. Herbert Smith,
"I remember Zionsville" continued

Art Whitmore, Gene Beamer, Harry Pock, and Dr. Onias Brendel performed in all sorts of plays. A comedy called "The Dreadful Twins," was once staged with Esta Shultz and Onas Brendel as the twins. They could both sing and dance very well. The orchestra played for all these amateur performances.

The Big Four Railroad trains ran through Zionsville from Cincinnati to Chicago and vice versa, making two or three trips daily with passengers, and a special from Indianapolis at 11:00 p.m., to accommodate the theater crowds. Freight trains were always puffing on the siding as they filled their boiler from a large water tower.

In 1908, the tracks of the interurban line ran up the middle of Main street. Cars came and went from Indianapolis every hour during the day and until around midnight. Many people from Zionsville worked in Indianapolis stores and offices. Several people rode the interurban to the Metropolitan School of Music, located on North Street, in Indianapolis. Lessons in piano, violin, voice, brass instruments, etc., were given, and other courses in music could be taken.

Other young people rode the interurban to take part in an amateur performance of "Professor Napoleon," given on the stage of the English Opera House, located on the Circle in Indianapolis. They were all in the chorus and were dressed as sailors, both boys and girls, and danced the sailor's hornpipe.

Zion Park has been gone for many years. Its site is now filled with modern school buildings. Once the park had a small lake named "Lake Como." Boats were rented for rides, and off-shore was located a bandstand where concerts were held. Across the lake was a trolley, very popular to ride, but not one safe. Every summer, the park was rented to a trainload of colored people from Indianapolis, who held a picnic there. One of these visitors was killed on this trolley. Another time, two people fell out of a boat and were drowned in Lake Como. This lake was too deep to freeze enough to be safe for ice skating.

In the front of the park grounds was a large wooden building, opened on three sides to the weather. The floor was covered with sawdust. The seats were long wooden benches with narrow backs; very uncomfortable. All across the front was a large raised platform used as a stage where all sorts of entertainment was held in daytime and at night. Two aisles led up to the stage.

The building described was called "The Tabernacle," and functioned through the month of August when "Camp Meeting" was held. Always called "Camp Meeting," never "Chautauqua." The word "Chautauqua" was never heard in Zionsville, although some of the entertainment came from the Redpath Bureau. All around the front of the park were pitched a semi-circle of tents, facing the Tabernacle. People of Zionsville owned these tents, and every August twenty-five or more families would move furniture into these tents and make the park their temporary home. There were some tents that outsiders could rent.

Across the drive as the "eating stand," where ladies of both churches served meals. A smaller stand sold candy, chewing gum, popcorn, lemonade, and ice cream. The last two were served in glasses and saucers which were washed after each customer with good cold water. An old pump crested up and down pumping water into tin cups for the thirsty. Many farmers and country folks came to the park, especially on Sunday. They brought baskets of food, spread their tablecloths on the green grass, and enjoyed picnics. Ropes were hung from limbs of large trees for the swings that were greatly enjoyed by the children. Below the hill, in a remote hollow, were some neatly built "out houses."

Zacharias Sweeney, a noted evangelist, was one speaker. Albert J. Beveridge, a U.S. senator from Indiana, was another. William Jennings Bryan, who was a candidate for president, once spoke to a record breaking crowd. Mr. Ben Booher, an influential citizen of Zionsville, met the train with an open carriage, hitched to a team of matched black horses. Mr. Bryan was driven through town to the beautiful home of Mr. Booher. There he ate dinner being driven back to the park to make his speech.

Once, there was a terrible wind and rain storm. Buggies were upset, horses ran away, and country people were stranded. The Hiawatha Indians were to perform that night, and a large crowd was in the Tabernacle.

Another time, a large number of soldiers came from Fort Snelling, Minn., to camp in the park overnight. They were on their way to a Southern encampment. Half or more of the townpeople called upon the boys in khaki. Ladies
brought cookies and cakes for their enjoyment.

One summer, a religious revival was held in the Tabernacle. Mrs. Daisy Douglass Barr, and her two comedy assistants, seemed to hypnotize the congregation. The collections were very large. Later on, Mrs. Barr became the Kleagle of the Women of the Ku Klux Klan. The Zionsville Klan met in the park. They rode horses, wore long white robes, and carried lighted torches. Later, they met in Sam Sanders' woods.

Reunions were also held in the park. The two largest were the Dooly-Shelburne and Harvey-Stutz, and Bredel reunions. At the back of the park were tennis courts and baseball diamonds. Wooden bleachers were there for the baseball fans.

One winter, there was an extremely heavy snow. In the spring, the melting snow caused floods, and the dam that held back Lake Como was washed away. Mr. Gregory built a heavy concrete dam across the lower end of the lake. He also built a foot bridge with a hand railing.

The park was deserted for several years; then, Mr. Fred Gresh bought the land. He built all the old buildings torn down, and built a beautiful home in the center of the park. His famous Dahlias Gardens grew on a large part of the ground, and once more the old park seemed to bloom. Now it has become the seat of learning for most of the young people of the community.

The old yellow brick school building consisted of two stories. The first floor contained four classrooms and a center hall. At the end of the hall were two rooms where the janitor lived. Upstairs was a large room called the "Assembly Hall." All four grades, Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, and Senior, used this room as a place to study when not in classes. Two classrooms were across the middle hall, and at the end of the hall was the principal's office. All pupils spent the day from 8:00 a.m., until 3:30 p.m., at school.

The janitor's name was Bill Rburg, and the high school boys made his life miserable. Bill burned waste paper in two large furnaces when no fire was needed. Many times, when he opened the furnace doors, mice or cats would jump out; once it was a skunk. One Halloween, a goat was put in the assembly hall overnight.

Football was played on the ball diamond in the park before basketball took over as an indoor sport. Zionsville had a good football team and played Carmel, Westfield, and Lebanon. In one game, a Zionsville player was severely hurt. He was taken to the hospital where he died. Football was not played again for several years. Basketball was now the big game.

The high school needed pennants to wave at football games. Two high school girls took the interurban to Indianapolis, where they walked to Kipp Brothers wholesale house on South Meridian Street. There, they purchased enough green and brown felt to make twenty-five pennants. They also bought twenty-five small bamboo canes.

For the next week, some of the girls and boys were busy making pennants. The boys cut out the brown felt using a pattern from another school. They also cut out green "ZHS" letters. The girls basted these green letters on the brown triangles, and then sewed them on sewing machines. They made small loops to hold the pennants on the bamboo canes. These waving pennants most assuredly helped Z.H.S win football games.

Walnut Hill was the name of the old school. Many beautiful walnut trees grew in the big yard. The hill was very steep. A sled could fly on the snow down to the bottom and then far down the road. The playground had a boys' side and a girls' side, and woe to the girl who trespassed on the boys' side. She was jeered unmercifully.

The school was enclosed on three sides with a board fence. In the middle of each side were steps going to the top and down the other side, like a stair. An iron pump in back of the building had a long wire on which hung a number of tin cups. Most of the pupils used these cups for drinking the water. Some of the more cautious used collapsible drinking cups. Needless to say, there was no indoor plumbing.

The old high school song was composed by Madge Ricker, and the music by Homer Cotton:

With joyful hearts, we sing aloud the praises,
Of our dear alma mater,
May our song elate her, her banner fair, we always
bear above us;
All hail to our jolly high school!
Onward and upward! lo, see her stride,
Knowledge and honor be side by side;
Always so glorious;
O'er all victorious;
All hail our jolly high school!
A common sense guide to stereo

THIS MONTH: AIR MOTION TRANSFORMER AMT

A year ago January this almost obscure company introduced a new principle in sound reproduction. It is called the AIR MOTION TRANSFORMER (AMT) and it is designed by Dr. Oskar Heil, Inventor of the Field Effect Transistor (FET).

The AIR MOTION TRANSFORMER is a whole new way of reproducing sound, and different from any other ever developed.

Everything about the AMT is unique from the way it works to how well it works.

The AMT-1 is the only transducing device that transforms the majority of energy directly into moving air, and 2 accelerates the air faster than the diaphragm itself moves. Most speakers use 5% of the amplifier's energy to move the diaphragm (usually the cone) and only 5% or less of the energy actually translates into moving air.

Since energy cannot be destroyed, the energy absorbed by the cone and not instantly translated into moving air becomes unwanted distortion. The HEIL AMT translates over 90% of its energy directly into moving air which proportionally reduces the distortion.

To more vividly explain this, we again refer to Dr. Heil's famous cherry pit analogy used in our newsletter last March.

Imagine trying to set a cherry pit, a low mass object (air) into motion with the flat of your hand (cone and voice coil).

This is obviously a technique of low effectiveness because of the great mass of your arm and hand relative to the small mass of the cherry pit.

Moreover, in such an arrangement, the pit can never move faster than your hand pushes it. Then try to accelerate your hand rapidly and stop it suddenly.

The result: sluggish starts and overhanging stops.

Now imagine placing the cherry pit between your fingers and squeezing.

The result: high effectiveness in the transfer of kinetic energy, great movement of the cherry pit with a small but powerfully effective lever-like movement of only the tips of your fingers.

This is the principle of the ESS Heil Air Motion Transformer loudspeaker. Sound is squeezed out instead of pushed forward.

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ADVANCE EULOGIZED IN RHYME IN 1899

by H. F. Potts

(Editor's Note: H. F. Potts, a farmer and writer of jingles living in the Max community around the turn of the century, once wrote a poem extolling the glories, virtues, and advantages of the Jackson Township town of Advance. His rhymes were published in the Advance hustler on November 24, 1899. A copy of Potts' eulogy was submitted by Buren E. Alles, of R.R. 4, Lebanon, for publication in this issue of Boone Magazine.) R.W.S.

Good morning, Mr. Editor:
I just dropped in a spell,
To see you on some business
Which I'll now proceed to tell.

Now I wish to tell the public,
In a modest kind of way,
'bout our city and its people,
And my business here today

Is to ask you for a favor,
And that favor is some room
In the columns of your paper,
And I'll give our town a boom.

And you say you grant the favor,
Then I'll tell about our town,
And all about our people,
And you may write it down.

Then print it in your paper,
Which so many people read,
And 'twill advertise our city
Most extensively indeed.

First, I want to say our city,
Most beautiful and grand,
Is located just exactly
In the center of the land.

And its goodly reputation
Is extended far and wide,
And 'tis bounded and surrounded
By good land on every side.

And our city's population,
(As reported late this fall)
Is near about five hundred,
Counting children large and small.

And our people never idle,
But they labor day by day;
They're intelligent and honest,
And good looking, by the way,

And our businessmen are clever,
Which fact is plain and clear,
For the people come here trading
From a distance far and near.

We're well supplied with churches,
As every town should be;
The Baptist Church, the Disciples' Church,
And the Christian Church makes three.

Our school house is a building
With two good rooms below,
And in the upper story
Are two rooms more you know.

And of course we have a railroad,
Which runs through the town,
But the track is rough and rocky,
And the trains bob up and down.

And we have two boarding houses,
Where the public may be fed,
And if you are tired and weary
They will furnish you a bed.

First among our men in business
Are Sullivan and Leap;
They sell all kinds of dry goods
And groceries very cheap.

But the firm of Smith & Melton
Sell just as cheap, you'll find;
They also run a dry goods store
And grocery store combined.

And then one grocery store alone
Is owned by Charles McClure,
He, too, sells cheap and will be glad
Your patronage to gain.

And one stock of implements,
And hardware tools and nails
Is owned and run by brothers
Roy and Samuel Alles.

And Yager and Mat Martin
Have a hardware stock complete;
Farming implements and buggies,
And their prices can't be beat.

And they own the elevator,
And would like to get the trade.
They will sell you meal and flour
Of the very highest grade.

John Sublette and Bill Joseph
Handle drugs of every kind,
And they insure their drugs to cure
The sick and heal the blind.

Tom Shera and Jim Bowman
Will buy your cows and hogs,
John Weldon makes dairies tilling,
And will also saw your logs.

We have men who buy good horses,
And if such you have to sell,
Please call upon Jim Darmwood
And "Windy" John Caldwell.

We have some good physicians,
You can trust them one and all;
Dr. Burke, Dr. Hamilton,
Dr. Finch and Dr. Hall.

We have feed and livery stables,
With splendid rigs for hire;
We've smiths to shoe your horses,
And shrink your wagon tire.

One house that handles furniture,
Two restaurants complete,
Three barber shops, one butcher shop
To furnish us our meat.

And a firm to buy tomatoes,
If tomatoes you will raise--
And parties who have tried it
Say tomato raising pays.

And we have got mechanics
Representing every trade;
All their work they fully warrant,
Up to date, and highest grade.

We have got secret orders,
And a hall both large and grand,
And in the way of music
We have got a splendid band.

And our town is full of business
Of most every class and kind;
In everything we've got to date;
We will not be behind.

We've a town of hustling hustlers,
For we all the Hustler read;
All other towns may follow,
But Advance takes the lead.

Then, surely, my good people,
You can all see at a glance,
It will pay to do your trading
With the people of Advance.

And our merchants will remember,
If intelligent and wise,
To patronize the Hustler,
And always advertise.
"Unlike your fair daughters, the Player Piano never marries or leaves home when once established; it becomes a fixture." - J.E. Stevens Music House.
(Ad in 1905 Lebanon City Directory.)

"New process of embalming. Satisfaction guaranteed." Bechtell & Son, leading undertakers.
(Ad in Lebanon Patriot, December 17, 1891.)

"There was a manifestation on Saturday morning of considerable bad blood, four fights occurring inside the city limits within a few hours, two of them being between men, one between two women, and the fourth a dog fight." (Lebanon Pioneer, July 7, 1887.)

"A lady having the misfortune to have her husband hang himself on an apple tree, the wife of a neighbor immediately came to beg a branch of the tree to have it grafted on one in her orchard, "for who knows," she said, "but it may bear the same kind of fruit."
(Lebanon Pioneer, August 25, 1904.)

"The city council ought to take some action to abolish the custom of people taking baby carriages on the streets on big days when there is a jam."
(Lebanon Pioneer, June 16, 1887.)

"A young man who was caught straining his sweetheart to his bosom the other night justifies himself on the ground that he has a right to strain his own honey."
(Lebanon Pioneer, June 16, 1871.)

"F.M. Busby's Jersey cow, 'Tulip,' died last Thursday evening. He had refused an offer of $150.00 for her."
(Lebanon Patriot, March 11, 1886.)

"The case of the Logansport woman, seven times married at the age of thirty, who has just killed herself, should serve as a warning. Matrimony in moderation is to be commended, but the marriage habit is almost as stunting to moral growth as the cigarette habit."
(Lebanon Patriot, December 27, 1906.)

"The Pioneer says that twenty-two families have recently moved into Center Township, bringing forty-six dogs, and adds that thirty-nine are Republicans. Glad to learn that respectable dogs are coming into the township."
(Lebanon Patriot, a staunch Republican newspaper, February 10, 1870.)

"If you want a hot-house, let your wife catch you kissing the hired girl."
(Boone County Pioneer, March 20, 1869.)

Compiled by Ralph W. Stark
Dear Folks,
I and my husband were both born in Boone Co. I like your Boone magazine very much. Please send the following people a subscription. Mr. & Mrs. Russell Bean, Wingate, and Mr. & Mrs. Preston Lee Jett, Huntsville, and Mr. & Mrs. Preston R. Jett Sr., El Toro, California.
Thank you,
Mrs. Sara Ethel Jett
Thorton

Dear Editor,
We have been reading your magazine this summer and find it very interesting. We both are proud of our Boone heritage, which dates back to its earliest days.
I am a great-granddaughter of Anderson Trotter, who settled north of Jamestown, and Floyd is a great great grandson of James Hill.
We are enclosing a check for $4.00 and would like the magazine sent to us and also to Don and Effene Stewart, N. Palm Beach, Florida in appreciation of the nice visit we had with them recently.
Effene is also a great-great-granddaughter of James Hill.
Sincerely yours,
Floyd & Roene Williams
Lebanon

Pat Heidenreich, Editor
Good Morning!
This note is to let you know how much I enjoyed being a part of your November publication. Please convey to Penny Blake Rulik my thanks for the informative and concise way in which she presented my work.
Thank you, also, for the supply of magazines. What I had left after distributing them to the family I took with me for people I knew would be interested. Every where I go there’s always somebody from Lebanon or the surrounding county!...
To those it is like getting news from home through your publication.
Thanks again for including me in "Boone, Your County Magazine!"...
Yours truly,
Esther Kem Thomas
Lebanon

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A READER REMEMBERS
Those Good Old Days??

I can't decide if it's a poor memory, or really true that the weather has changed. I can remember it being cold all winter long. I used to think it would never get warm.

I only lived 2 blocks from school but I remember huge snows. I'd sink down in the snow almost to my shoulders. Of course I was short, so that may be the reason it seemed so deep. I also remember snow over the top of the fences. Sometimes the snow would get a hard crust on it and you could walk on top of it.

We used to hunt for a nice clean patch of snow, take it in and make snow ice cream. Just added sugar, cream and vanilla. Boy it was delicious. Now you can't find any snow clean enough to eat.

Then in the summer, the days seemed to last longer. Long, warm summer days - sometimes I thought too long.

Especially when my Aunt Mandy decided to make Sunshine Strawberry preserves. They would set up long tables out in the back yard. We would stem and wash the strawberries and put a single layer of them on large meat platters. We had big pieces of mosquito netting to put over the whole thing. Each morning we would carry them out to the table and each evening bring them back in. The sun cooked them. It took days and days, I thought then it was a big bother, but now I'd like to taste them again.

We also dried corn and apples the same way. Years later, a neighbor, Mrs. Peters, dried corn in the oven with canned cream and sugar. Wish I had put down her recipe. Now no one remembers.

We had two cherry trees. How I hated to see cherries, I could think of dozens of better things to do.

We had an old apple tree that had pale green apples with freckles all over them. Haven't seen one of them for years.

I don't remember ever spraying those trees but they were always loaded.

Used to have gentle rains. You could play out the whole time. I suppose we did have tornadoes but I don't remember them.

Violet Hill,
Westfield

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frplc., crptd. Total electric. Call
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Western Boone district. Call
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6L41

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disposal, fenced yard, 1 car gar.
Call Kay Anderson. 16B04

6 rm. mobile home for sale.
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range, fenced yard, Western Boone
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chased separately. Call Darrel
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New Listing, nice business location,
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2L03

Another real nice 3 bdrm. home,
all bdrms. are crptd., gas heat,
disposal, 2 car gar. For more
details call Ken Magee.
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