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WELCOME BACK, TEACHERS

It's been a long, hot summer and once again we're delighted to turn our youngsters over to your competent hands.

If there is any banking service we can perform that will help to lighten the load, we hope you will give us the opportunity to be helpful. Stop in soon.

The Boone County State Bank
ON THE SQUARE & NORTHFIELD CENTER IN LEBANON
ADVANCE AND JAMESTOWN
EAGLE VILLAGE, ZIONSVILLE
Member FDIC
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BOONE YOUR COUNTY MAGAZINE
From Our Readers

We recently saw a March, 1977 - Vol. 4 No. 5 - issue of your magazine that had an article about the Boone kitchen cabinets made by the Campbell Smith, Ritchie Co. The article was written by Ralph W. Stark. Would it be possible for us to obtain a copy of that magazine?

We have a Boone cabinet with a zinc top that we are trying to date. Do you have any information on those models?

Recently, we saw a cabinet of the "Helen Boone" design in perfect condition and now, of course, want one of our own. Does your magazine carry want ads?

If any of your readers have any information about these cabinets, I would appreciate hearing from them.

Sincerely,
Evelyn Zeis, 639 E. Walnut Street, Green Castle, IN 46135

**********

Your May, 1980 issue with the picture of Ralph W. Stark on the cover, and your item on page 5 about the honor Boone County awarded him, was very informative. An honor he deserves for his dedication to Boone County research. May I add my congratulations. We enjoy your magazine.

Sincerely,
Evelyn Guymon Seaman
Decatur, Illinois

**********

My wife and I really enjoy Boone Magazine especially any articles about Thorntown or Mechanicsburg. I have all the copies in file since Vol. 1, No. 1 and hope to continue to do so. We wish you and your publication much success so keep up your good work.

Most sincerely,
Snyder M. Campbell, Thorntown

**********

Time has arrived for another Tale. This one I awakened at four in the morning and it came to my mind so I arose and got out my trusty typewriter and started writing. I hope that this one will get some chuckles from the readers. It is now six in the evening and I finished rewriting, and still found a couple of mistakes, but I hope the editor corrects them for me.

I guess the old home town had quite a shindig for their 150th celebration. Fay made a sand painting of Father Sky and Mother Earth, which is a Navajo sand painting they use in healing. It was made out of natural colored sands from different places on earth. We sent it back in time for the dedication of the museum in town.

I remain,
Bob Smith, Whittier, California

**********

Need to apologize to my sister, Mrs. Max Edwards. I thought we had sent her the Boone magazine for Christmas, but just found out, we goofed.

Mrs. Walter Copper, Valparaiso, Indiana
P.S. Sorry, Doris.

**********

I lived in Whitestown for many years prior to 1956. It was a nice small town, many friends, many memories.

Keep up the good work. We have used Rev. Hackley's articles in our church and on broadcast.

William Huddleston, Sr., Dayton, Ohio

**********

More Letters From Readers
On Page 35
He soaped them down, and soaped them up,
Then put the brush back in the cup,
Their whiskers then began to fly,
He shaved them up close to their eye,
But when their done they look so fine
And cost them then about a dime.
Then everybody began to know
It wasn't the town for whiskers to grow.
They stood around and tried to meet
To find a place to grind their wheat.
They settled down upon a hill
And there they built a little mill.
They then began to make their flour
And run it by some water power.
The news began to spread around
And every farmer came to town
And brought some corn put up in sacks
And said they'd like to have it cracked.

It wasn't long until they found
The people come for miles around.
A doctor came and looked at the hills
It was just the place to sell his pills.
He stood around and saw the creek
Where kids fall in and then get sick.
He moved to town one rainy day
In the finest house where he could stay
And with the folks he tried to mingle
He built an office and put up his shingle.
He advertised to cure their ills
With lots of quinine and plenty of pills.
The town got full, there was no room
to try to start another boom,
so they started another town across the way
and thought our town couldn't pay.
They built their houses along the gravel
Where most of the folks used to travel,
And later on built a store
After while built some more.
Built a big garage and then a bank,
And in that place their money sank.
They failed in everything they tried
So the new town most surely died.
The only thing between old town and new
Is a stream of water running through.

The old town and new could never agree
So they stopped running the T.H., I.&E.
They said they didn't care a cuss
They'd just as soon ride in a bus.
There are lots of things you never heard
That happens in this little burg
And lots of thing you never knew
And things were told was never true.
And things that happen we don't approve
But that's no sign we all shall move,
There's one thing certain, we must agree,
The town is good enough for you and me.
The thing to do is pull together
And sit in the stores in rainy weather,
And talk about the good old times
And always work when the sun shines,
And never stay out late at night,
Get up in the morning when it comes daylight.
If you happen to have a sister or brother
Always try to help one another.

Be as it may, I think it be nice
to listen to mamma and take her advice.
We told you the story, in which you heard
Of things that happen down in the old Burg,
Where folks went to meetin for many long years
And told of their sorrow, and shed many tears.
But times have changed with a sudden stroke
The town's on the bum, the folks all broke.
We've lived through luxury, lived too fast
Will spend what we have, live while it lasts.
It all seems crazy when we hear folks talk
Have to stay home or get out and walk,
To have no mobiles or plenty of gas
And take it a foot to see folks we pass.
We've all learned a lesson no doubt you can see
Wonder how it all happen such a thing could be.

We rode in chariots and flew through the air
If we keep on going will be in despair.
We turn on the radio and try to tune in
to hear Amos and Andy tell where they've been,
As soon as come dark, we turn on the light
We set there and listen thru most of the night.
To those that have none and just as soon
Ring up the phone and talk to the moon,
There's nothing to do, no place to shirk
Money is scarce and not any work.
We better get together and see what to do
And try to figure how to pull through.
The Story of

The Old Town And New

Written By Charles Lucas  About 1931 - 32
Submitted by Veda Blubaugh

CHARLES C. LUCAS
Mechanicsburg Telephone Office  1907-1937

This good old town around about was first owned by Bonom Stout, Mechanicsburg is where we go how it happen nobody know. They built it up and down the hill decided to call it Reese's Mill. They settled down began to figure, how to make the town grow bigger. The folks who lived outside of town Didn't want the thing around, They wouldn't sell or give away Anything to help it pay. They settled down to do no more, But decided to put in a little store, And when this store first begin Everybody began coming in. They then said they wouldn't stop Until they put in a Blacksmith shop, And meetin' houses thick as fleas Was built around among the trees.

Others tried to do some more, And put in another little store. They saved some money to buy some land Instead of that they bought a Band, Out in the streets they began to play, And beat the drums night and day, And such old tunes you never heard Were played down in this little burg. The people then was satisfied only two now left, the others died. One of them we praise so highly They call him Uncle T.J. Riley, The other one to make it rhyme They call him now Jersey Ryan. The only one the town still harbors They told him he could be a barber. So he sits them down in a chair And told them he could cut their hair. He said it would be no disgrace To put some soap upon their face.

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J. Stewart Home - Built by Charles Lucas

These folks are posed in front of the N. Buntin House, built by Charles Lucas in 1900.
Keeping in memory of the old Brick Church
and the dedication of the new
From 1883 To 1932

Dedicated to
Kinder Baptist Church,
Thorntown

New White Church
On The Corner

by Charles Lucas
Submitted by Veda Blubaugh

It was on one Sunday morning
the old church caught on fire,
The wind was strong and it wasn’t
long, until the flames went higher.

It stood upon this corner
You remember it very well,
The place you used to worship
You never more will dwell.

The people they were worried
While it was burning down,
They stood and watched it falling
As it crumbled to the ground.

They then went home in sorrow
While their tears began to fall.
They said they’d wait ’till tomorrow
And then they’d know it all.

The members were called together
It was on one Monday night
They decided to spend and build again
And then they’d be all right.

So you see now what has happened
You know it very well,
This little white church on the corner
Once more you people dwell.

It was one Sunday morning
The dedication day,
The people came for miles around
They surely found the way.

They had a lovely dinner
And plenty for all to eat.
They placed it on the table
And then they took their seat.

The waiters they were busy
In helping every one.
To see that they were eating
Until they were surely done.

They then went up the stairway
Into the Assembly room,
And when they got seated
They saw it was afternoon.
First Christian (Disciples) Church

Mechanicsburg

They then began the service
And then they sang a little song,
I don't remember what it was
But it wasn't very long.

The preacher said as he murmured
They didn't know what he meant
For he told them they were out of
debt and did not owe a cent.

They decided to take up a collection
That very very day,
For the people came from far and near
And said they wanted to pay.

They passed the hat among them
in which they tried to fill.
They reached down in their pocket
and they gave a dollar bill.

Now friends you must remember
it don't seem strange to me,
This little white church on the corner,
Is a beautiful place to be.

Oh! this little white church on
the corner was built not long ago,
Where the old church burned one morning,
You remember it well, I know.

And in this place you may worship
And walk the narrow way,
And hope to meet your loved ones
And you will gain the day.

Keep up courage here on earth
Wherever you may be found,
And when life is ended here below
You may have a star in your crown.

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Almost 100 years ago these arithmetic problems appeared in arithmetic textbooks for the pupils to work without the help of a teacher. Can you work them?

1. If 12 horses eat up 30 bushels of oats in a week, how many bushels will serve 45 horses the same time?

2. Two farmers bartered: A had 120 bushels of wheat, at $1.50 per bushel, for which B gave him 100 bushels of barley, worth .65 per bushel, and the balance in oats at .40 per bushel. What quantity of oats did A receive from B?

3. Three partners, A, B, and C shipped 108 mules from the West Indies; of which A owned 48; B, 36; and C, 24. But in stress of weather, the mariners were obliged to throw 45 of them overboard. I demand how much of the loss each owner must sustain?

4. The metric system was legalized in France in 1795; its use was enforced by law in 1845. If half as much time shall elapse between the time it was legalized in this country (1866) and the time it shall be enforced, in what year will its use be enforced here?

5. At 60 cents per hundred, what will be the cost of ice for a family that takes 40 pounds 3 times a week, from April 1 to October 7?

6. Can you divide 25 apples between two persons, so as to give one 7 more than the other?

7. Jane checked the change in her purse and said, "This is strange. I have 60 cents all in nickels and dimes and there are twice as many nickels as dimes." How many nickels and dimes did Jane have?

8. If it costs 75 cents a cord to saw wood, so as to make each stick into 3 parts, what will it cost to saw it so as to make each stick into 4 parts?

Phillips introduces the new Trop-Artic 6-Pak!

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LEBANON MECHANICSBURG AFTER 5 P.M.
Thorntown - Now And Then

By Snyder M. Campbell

Many preparations were made in the planning and operational stages for well over the past year and many hours of work had been spent by a lot of dedicated people in an attempt to make Thorntown's Sesquicentennial Celebration a huge success. Being somewhat of a history buff and always a Thorntown booster, and thoroughly fascinated by people, places and events, as related to our community, I did some research and reading along this line. I found many items of interest and a huge amount of material contained in rare books and old newspapers in the Thorntown Public Library. Mary Ann Mathews, librarian, who is most efficient and very helpful, helped make my search an easy one.

In looking back as I became engrossed with mounds of material at hand, I suddenly remembered that I took part in the Centennial in Thorntown in September, 1930, and likewise I can well remember taking part in the Centennial Celebration of the State of Indiana as Thorntown celebrated that event in 1916. In 1916 I was a first grader at Thorntown Elementary School (at that time Thorntown was a city school and remained that way until in the 1930's). Our grade and high school students joined the rest of the community in helping our State celebrate its 100th birthday. I remember that in our first grade class, with Miss Gertrude Proctor as our teacher, our mothers and other ladies made Colonial and Puritan costumes with lace on our shirt fronts and sleeves - and we had to wear powdered wigs like those early Colonial Americans wore. I was rather young but I remember our dance routines and songs well.

The Thorntown Centennial in September, 1930, was a highlight of my young life as I'm sure it was to many others. Now a young man - it became my good fortune to, among other things, play the part of Tonawah, a young Miami Chief. George Russell played a Shawnee chieftain and we had wonderful costumes of simulated fringed deerskin and beaded moccasins. Our Eagle feather war bonnets were things of beauty. It was also our good fortune to have two spotted Indian ponies to ride in the two parades and in each night's performance of the Historical Pageant.

So along in my research I found myself reliving in my mind those days of Thorntown history, and I wondered, "Would these events be of interest to others as they are to me?" Well, I am being hopeful that somewhere someone does enjoy at least a bit of it.

Thorntown has always been home to me and I know that there are several hundred others who feel the same way. In the beginning, in 1830, when Cornelius Westfall laid out and platted the town, it consisted of 94 lots. Mr. Westfall had purchased the land from the U.S. Government Land Office in 1829 and paid the sum of $4.00 per acre. Prior to that Thorntown had been mentioned many times as a French and Indian trading post. It is believed to have been visited in 1671 by Robert Cavelier de LaSalle - a most daring and intrepid French explorer. LaSalle was a brave man and was very well respected, and he was mentioned frequently in connection with early American history. There are records in Canadian files to prove that LaSalle was in this location in 1671. He was very friendly with the Miami Indians and traded with them. He induced the Miami to form a mutual alliance for protection against the unfriendly Iroquis.

Thorntown, an original trading post for the Indians and French trappers and traders, grew and prospered quite early because of its location. The Eel River tribe of the Miami nation had established a village on the South bank of Sugar Creek - near the mouth of Prairie Creek in 1795. They called their village Kiwiakungi - which in the English language meant literally, "Place of Thorn trees." Later the white man simply translated Kiwiakungi into the English version Thorntown.

Kiwiakungi became Thorntown and after 1830 soon prospered and grew rapidly as settlers from the East came to this location. Fur traders were replaced by merchants, who established stores selling food, clothing and supplies to the new arrivals. Soon came blacksmiths, carpenters, weavers, masons, wheelwrights, millers, etc. and Thorntown grew at a rapid rate. Churches and schools were built and finally in 1852 came the railroad. More churches and schools and log houses were replaced by substantial brick, stone and wood sided houses and stores. Suddenly, Thorntown was a growing town of about 1,000.

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persons. Later our little French-Indiana trading post had become a thriving, growing and busy town of active people preparing to celebrate and mark a full century of growth in 1930.

This is when my recollection of Thorntown really came to mean more to me. Now I have grown up thru the years of kindergarten, elementary and high school. Past the celebration of the aforementioned State Centennial in 1916 - past the Thorntown State Basketball Championship in 1915 and a near miss in 1919. On to bigger and better days and events.

September 24-25-26, 1930, was the culmination of many months of planning and hard work by a lot of good people - and their dream was about to unfold. I can see the festive and decorative red, white and blue bunting and flags on the store fronts. The strings of flags and decorations from roof top to roof top across the downtown streets. Store windows were filled with pictures and Indian artifacts, antiques, etc. There were rows of doll stands, mouse games, bingo games and more. Carnival rides such as the ferris wheel, the big dipper, sky ship, carousel with its animals, the whip and the bullet, all brought our shrieks and shouts of laughter and joy.

Oh yes - there were parades with lots of beautiful floats (that mirrored loving care and hard work) decorated cars and bicycles, horses and bands and all that goes to make a good parade. There were kiddie parades with their pets, and there were balloon ascensions, stunt airplanes, barber shop quartets, German band concerts, amateur contests and lots more to keep the people entertained. There was an agriculture show, and a horse show, floriculture exhibition, cow and swine shows, culinary shows and art and craft shows - all with ribbons and cash awards - and most of all there were people - lots of laughing people all enjoying the festival.

There was the crowning of the Centennial Queen and each night there was a magnificent Historical Pageant. The pageant was especially written for Thorntown by the John B. Rogers Co. of Fostoria, Ohio. The Rogers Company also furnished many of the fancy costumes and scenery along with special lighting effects. The Pageant, a two hour production with a cast of about 500 men, women and children, was given each night and always to a full house.

This pageant was given at Neptune Field, which was the T.H.S. football field, and is the site of the Thorntown City park today. Altogether there were banner crowds each day and everyone seemed to enjoy their stay in Thorntown. Former residents were given an opportunity to register at the Centennial headquarters and several hundred took advantage. Records show that former Thorntown residents from 27 states, plus the District of Columbia, signed, including 24 from California. People came literally from the four corners of the United States - from New York to Washington and California - also from Montana and Minnesota to Florida and Mississippi. It was a great success.

The Thorntown Sesquicentennial “150” was one and one half centuries of progress and pleasant memories. A close up look at Thorntown, 1980 as compared with 1930 revealed many interesting facts to former residents who had been away for a number of years. For a beginning, one would notice that the Mills Memorial fountains are gone - supposedly because they were considered as a traffic hazard by the Indiana State Traffic Commission. The three-story State Bank building, along with the Times building and the Roberts building, on either side of the bank building, have been razed. The former Cross Building, a three floor brick building on the southeast corner of Main & South Pearl St. was the site for one of the locations of the Thorntown Opera House - and home court of the “Thorntown Americans” - an almost unbeatable basketball team who played not only high school teams but college and semi-pro teams and usually won. These games were played there in the late 1890’s and early 1900’s. Also gone are two frame buildings on the southwest side of Main & South Pearl that housed Coulson’s Variety Store and the Patterson Barber Shop. Likewise, the two, one-story frame buildings that housed Perrine’s shoe store, and George Rogers cabinet shop are gone from Main Street. On North Market, the 3rd floor was removed from the Woodman Lodge Building and made into a two-story apartment building. Gone also, is the Coolman Blacksmith Shop and two small one-story buildings housing a garage and a storage building for the hardware. Three buildings most notably missing are the Thorntown Elementary School (1883), the Thorntown High School (1892) and the Thorntown High School Gymnasium (1916).
Many changes are noted in the Thorntown business district on Main Street. There are no businesses in town now that were owned by any family that was located here fifty years ago in 1930. True, the Home National Bank, now 79 years old, and the Sugar Creek Elevator, 54 years old, are the oldest in continuous service - but have different owners or management. However, may I say that few towns near the same size, population wise, can compare with the business places one may find in Thorntown. By and large, one may see a good representation of stores and shops that are attractive and well-stocked with quality merchandise. Thorntown has always been fortunate in possessing business and professional people with great pride and a progressive, forward outlook in the world of today and what lies ahead.

Physical changes, building wise, in Thorntown of 1980 are many and varied. The Thorntown City Building, a two-story brick building erected in 1935, replaces the old State Bank Building and houses the offices of the City Clerk Treasurer, Thorntown City Court, Thorntown Police Department and City Street Department. Thorntown City Utilities (electrical, water and sewer headquarters) occupies the former Thorntown Auto Sales Building. Roger's Restaurant & Pizza King occupy the spot where Perrines and George Rogers Cabinet Shop were located. The corner where the two frame buildings were located now houses Grave's Union 76 station. John Ford's Sunoco station is located where the Opera House stood. J and N Auto Pro is located in the building formerly housing Patterson's Shop. The site where Bob Coolman's blacksmith shop and adjacent buildings were located is at present a downtown parking lot.

The most notable changes the former Thorntowners will notice are located on North Market. The Thorntown Post Office is located in the 2nd block of North Market Street on the site of the old Thorntown Elementary School. North of the Post Office on a semi-circle shaped complex are five attractive homes which are located on ground formerly housing the Thorntown High School and the T.H.S. gymnasium. Just east of the Post Office, on Bow Street, stands the attractive Thorntown Telephone Co., Inc. Building. Also former residents will note the two apartment buildings on West Main Street near the Presbyterian Church. Two attractive apartment buildings are also new at the 300 block of South Pearl Street, location of the former Thorntown Lumber Co. Likewise, a recent brick apartment complex is located at 200 West Washington Street.

A complete new street named Mills Street, in honor of Gen. Anson Mills, Thorntown's most noted citizen, was built between the 600 block of S. Pearl St. and the 600 block of S. West St. At the site on Mills Street, just south of S. Vine St., stands the Thorntown Kindergarten and Elementary School (K-6). This fine school with its gymnasium was opened in 1954 and housed the Thorntown Elementary and High School. For this reason the old abandoned schools and gymnasium on North Market were torn down in 1956. A new residential addition called Westwood has been built in recent years and houses many new attractive homes. This complex is located at the southwest edge of town and can be reached by traveling west on Grant Street or west on W. Main (Road 47) to the west city limits. These are a few of the many changes a resident of several years ago will notice. Of course, they would notice first thing this newest bridges over Sugar Creek from N. Pearl St. and the Prairie Creek bridge at the E. Main St. site. Many other changes that most of us think about only as routine, would come to mind to an older former resident.

In research etc., I read several copies of The Thorntown Times and The Lebanon Reporter and other papers throughout Central Indiana of the August and September dates in 1930. Following are a few choice items - especially some items from stores in Thorntown and Lebanon, plus Frankfort, Crawfordsville and Indianapolis. If you resent my bringing some of these things to your attention - please forgive me - or write me a nasty note. These items were gathered from the Thorntown Times of September, 1930 and came from "ads" for Stall's Grocery, O.F. Taylor Grocery, Kroger Grocery in Thorntown, and from the Reporter of September, 1930, the ads from the following stores; Gregg Bros. Grocery, Jack Edwards, Lewis & Storm and Hopkins' Grocery. Also, Davis Clothing Store and Crooks and Jones' Clothing, From the Thorntown Times, September, 1930, at Hendrickson's Clothing Store, Mills' Home Store and Fred Campbell's Clothing & Shoes.
A Few Grocery Items In 1930

Domino Cane Sugar - 10 lb. 53 cents, 24 lbs. $1.25
Ball Quart Jars, 75 cents dozen, Caps 25 cents dozen,
Jar Rings, 25 cents dozen
Cheddar Cheese 23 cents lb.
Pillsbury or Gold Medal Flour 24 lb. bag 55 cents
Jewell Coffee 3 lbs. 59 cents
French Brand 1 lb. 25 cents
Pork & Beans 3 tall cans 19 cents
Pink Salmon 2 tall cans 29 cents
Kroger Bread 1 lb. loaf 4 cents each
Oleo 9 cents lb., 3 lbs. 25 cents
Oysters 39 cents quart
Sweet Potatoes 1 lb. 10 cents
Cabbage 3 lbs. 10 cents
Fresh Peaches 1 lb. 10 cents
Celery 3 large stalks 10 cents
Bananas 6 lbs. 25 cents
Watermelons Choice 35 cents
Sunkist Oranges 2 dz. 27 cents
Grapefruit Large 5 cents
Peanut Butter 32 oz. jar 19 cents
Frankfurters Large 3 lbs. 25 cents
Sugar Cured Bacon 9 cents lb.
Minute Steak 2 lbs. 25 cents
Nancy Hall Sweet Potatoes 5 lb. 10 cents
Ham-Half or Whole 25 cents lb.

Mens Dress Pants $2.25 to $5.00 pr.
1 pc. underwear 75 cents pr. B’cloth shirts and shorts 50 cents.

1930

Lebanon Clothing
Davis Clothing and Crooks and Jones
Men’s 3 pc. Suits $40.00 Now $23.75 - $37.50 Now $19.75
Mens Dress Shirts $2.00 Value - Now .69
Mens Work Socks 3 pairs .25
Mens Work Shirts .47
Mens Leather Belts .49
Mens Dress Hats Dobbs were $5.00 Now $2.95
Mens Dress Pants Reg. $6.00 Now $3.25 - $5.00 Now $2.75
Mens Hats Up to $5.00 Value - Closeout $1.75
Mens Jockey Underwear - Sale .39 each Shirt or Shorts

“Thorntown Times” 1930

Fred Campbell Shoes & Clothing
200 pairs Women’s Dress Shoes Reg. $5.00 pr. Sale $2.95 Straps or Ties
100 pairs Womens Summer Shoes $1.50 pair
100 pairs Womens Sale Shoes $2.49 pair
400 Pairs Mens and Boys Shoes
  Reg. $2.95 to $5.00 - Now $1.75 to $3.50
350 Pairs Mens Work Shoes
  Reg. $2.95 to $4.95 - Now $1.75 to $3.25
300 Pairs Womens AnnaJetick Shoes
  Reg. $5.00 to $6.00 - Sale $3.75 to $4.50
Ladies Silk Hose .59 2 prs. $1.00
Boys and Girls Anklets 3 prs. .69
Mens Work Shirts Special .69
Mens OshKosh Overalls Special $1.89

Real Estate

RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY
COMMERCIAL PROPERTY

Lebanon Phone 482-4560

Insurance

FARM PROPERTY
BUILDING SITES

Thorntown Office
118 E. Main St.
436-7222
D.K. Mills Home Store
Hope Muslin - 12 yards .85
Cloth of Gold - 10 yards .79
Ladies Housedresses Special $1.98 & $2.75
Ladies Rayon & Silk Dresses Special $5.25
Ironing Board Covers .29
Ladies Handkerchiefs .10 to .50
Conastoga Stripe Ticking Special .22 yard
New Curtains Priced Low .12 to .35 yard
Girls School Blouses 7 to 12, .89 and .99
Girls Corduroy Skirts Special $1.49
Girls Gym Shoes .99 to $2.00 Boys $1.00 to $2.50
Ladies Umbrellas All Colors Special $1.49
Ladies Housecoats Special $2.49

If you shoppers are still with us after that, I found one local restaurant with the following prices listed. Roast Pork, Roast Beef and Baked Ham Sandwiches 10 cents. Homemade soups - bean, vegetable or chili 10 cents a bowl. Homemade pies 10 cents piece, Noon lunch - choice of 3 meat entrees 40 cents, evening dinner 50 cents; meat choice, 2 vegetables, salad, rolls and butter, coffee or tea.

Ho Hum, and if you are still with us, let try the theatres: PRINCESS (Thorntown) Gary Cooper in “Man From Wyoming”.10 -.25 Sat. Matinee 10 -.15. Coming Attractions: Ronald Coleman in “Raffles, Chester Morris in “The Big House.”
OLYMPIC (Lebanon) Buzz Barton, Wally Wales in “Canyon Hawks” Adm.10-.25.
COLONIAL (Lebanon) Raymond Navarro, Renee Adoree in “Call of the Flesh” .10-.35.
CONLEY (Frankfort) Alice White, Lloyd Hughes in “Sweethearts on Parade,” Balcony .10-.25, Main Floor .35.
JOY (Crawfordsville) Jack Holt, Ralph Graves in “Hell’s Island” .10-.25.
STRAND (Crawfordsville) Robert Montgomery, Dorothy Jordan in “Love in the Rough” .10-.15-.25.

We have pursued quite a few roads, streets and alleys, and are now back from our journey through Thorntown history. Actually, we have barely scratched the surface of a most interesting typical American small town's start, and its slow evolvement down through the years. To one who has spent so many years in watching, and sometimes becoming involved in its growing up, one becomes a small part of the entire process and is glad to be. We hear the critics say “What Rubbish,” but perhaps way down deep they might wish for something akin to a love affair with one’s own little town someday. If we are human, we all have our likes and dislikes, our good times and our bad times, and what may be one persons cup of tea could easily make still another person rather ill. Me, well, I have lots of faults, but I can't be made to believe that liking people and places and small towns is one of them - so there!

Quite sincerely, I hope someone, somewhere enjoyed a bit of this, but one thing I am certain - a writer I'm not. I really hope all of you had the opportunity to come and enjoy Thorntown's Sesqui-centennial “150.”

More Than Just A Laundry Man
by Hepsy R. Lobdell

I believe Hop Lee was the first Oriental I ever saw when he came to Thorntown and set up a laundry. My family probably knew more about him because he became almost, a member of the family.

My brother, J. William (Bill), was his first and only employee for some time. In a little red wagon he delivered the finished laundry, collected and picked up laundry for the next week.

Hop used an abacus (the first one I ever saw) for his bookkeeping and it was always a mystery to me how he knew, to a penny, whose account was paid and who was lax in paying.

One customer, who was a real egotist, had a record with most of the merchants for not paying his debts until pressured and with whom Hop had been very patient. Hop was very indignant when he told Bill, when he delivered the laundry, if he didn't pay his account, to bring back the laundry. Hop held to his word and the man paid up.

Every Sunday, with the exception of when he was confined to his quarters with rheumatism (arthritis - Hop called it “Big Lumbite”) or when he went to Indianapolis to visit his brother you would find him at the Presbyterian Church in a pew close to the front.

Whenever there was a call for contributions for some local cause Hop was always a generous contributor.

Hop was a good cook and our family was introduced to Chinese food by him. One thing he prepared which we all liked was very much like Chow Mein. This he prepared mostly on our holidays and his. He also liked many American dishes. With a large family like ours and when wives did all their baking, it always seemed easy to cook or bake a little more beef and noodles, chicken and dumplings, or an extra pie or cake so mother could send some to Hop.
Fourth of July was really a celebration for us because Hop brought all kinds of fireworks from his brother's store and they made quite a display. My father and the older boys did the shooting of those. The younger boys and I could fire the smaller ones and sparklers. We also had some for Chinese New Years.

Once Bill was to sing a solo when there was a special program at church. He wore a complete Mandarin outfit; black suit, small satin cap, and a queue, all furnished by Hop. He also taught Bill to sing, in Chinese, that old, old hymn "Pass Me Not Oh Gentle Savior." Needless to say, Bill stole the show.

One Sunday Bill and I went to Indianapolis to spend the day at Riverside Park. We were highly elated to be taking such a trip on our own. It happened to be a Sunday when Hop was going to visit his brother so he accompanied us. When we arrived in Indianapolis, Hop insisted we go with him to meet his family before going to the park. When we reached the home of his brother we were due for a shocker - the door was opened by a well-educated American lady. That was long before the day of so many mixed marriages. We were very graciously received and met Hop's brother and children, a son and two daughters. They spoke English fluently. The son would soon enter Shortridge High School and the daughters were in elementary school. They insisted we have tea before going to the park. They had a nice home and owned a laundromat and Oriental gift shop. We then knew where Hop had gotten the lovely gifts he had given us; Chinese vases, a beautiful bowl, a peacock feather fan, and I don't know how many of the brightly colored paper parasols I had been given besides a pair of lovely bracelets. It was a rare thing for Hop not to bring us something from Indianapolis. Many times it was nuts and candy made in wafer-like form.

The park was a very busy and interesting place for us. I don't believe we missed any attraction. One thing by which we were fascinated was, what we called "The Funny Mirrors." I have no recollection of what I was wearing that day but I'll never forget Bill. He wore a blue serge suit, a straight brim straw hat and "Oh" the shoes. They were "quite the thing" with the boys that year. Some might have called them tan but they were almost yellow with a big stand-up toe. In the mirror, Bill was really grotesque.

After Bill had outgrown the little red wagon he left Hop and went to work in John O'Rear's Restaurant. My brother Donald took over the job, Hop never changed. He was a good, kind man and treated Donald in the same way he had treated Bill.

The laundry, on a hot summer afternoon, was a good place to drop in. Both when Bill and Donald were there he would send out for what he called "Sodie Water" (carbonated) and sometimes the order was for ice cream. I have forgotten the cause, but I remember there were quite a number there Bill's age. John Niven was there and he and Bill had a good laugh about their "jobs and salaries" when they were boys. John, who was too young to work in the bank, worked in Bert Aldridge's grocery. His busy day was Saturday when he carried in the butter and eggs the farm ladies brought in. John's weekly salary was twenty-five cents and he said that he ran home every Saturday night fearing someone would take it from him. Bill, for his services, received fifty cents. They decided Bill was high man on the totem pole because of the pay and fringe benefits. At the time of the reunion John was part owner of a chain of groceries on the west coast. Some of Aldridge's grocery must have rubbed off on him. Bill had his own business, a Sanitary Supply Co., mostly for State and County institutions, hotels, schools, etc.

Hop's real name was Pang Hun Gey and I don't know why he was called Hop Lee. His brother used Pang as a surname. It seems it is their way - they can switch the surname around.

I left Thorntown for Indianapolis not long after I graduated from high school. and since neither of my brothers are here, I don't know when Thorntown had to do without Hop. They did lose a "Good Citizen."
Thomas Franklin Lane and Nancy Ellen (Moore) Lane

Thomas Franklin and Nancy Ellen (Moore) Lane, taken at their home in Zenos, Jennings County, Indiana. At one time they lived in Fayette and also Whitestown, Indiana.

Nancy, born November 14, 1846, died May 1, 1935, was the daughter of George and Jemima (Roy) Moore. They are also from Fayette and are buried in Mt. Tabor Cemetery.

On December 3, 1873, in Boone County, she married Thomas F. Lane, born October 18, 1848, died November 19, 1920. He was the son of Cornilius McCarty and Perlina (Yates) Lane.

Thomas and Nancy were the parents of two children; Alda Edith and James Howard. Alda was married to James Alexander Rees. James was married to Flora Alice Chambers.

Thomas and Nancy are buried in Mts. Run Cemetery.

Picture courtesy of Mary Yeomen
Boys of Advance High School

- 1920 -

Bottom row, left to right: Lawrence Whitecotton, Donald Airhart, Walter Beck, Clair Dean, C.O. Caplinger, Principal, ?, teacher, Ezra McClaine, Chester Hypes, Howard Lucas, Richard Caldwell.


Fourth Row: Randall Thompson, Earl Threlkeld, Virgil Stump, Lewis Owens, Thomas Emmert, Stanley Rohn, Carl Debard.

Photo courtesy of Earl Reese
Advance Grade School

1922-1923

Bottom row, left to right: Zona Brindle, Freda Kloppenburg McClaine, Mary Jane Yeager, Leola Rohn, ?, Margaret Beaver, Wanda Plunkett, Pauline Butler Ross, Opal Showalter.


Third row: Ruth Burris?, Lucille Canada Bryant, Mary Rohn Michael, Esther Lucas Hendrix, Mary Hinkle Ford, Juanita Clifton Pleasant, ?, Evelyn Proffitt Grater, Opal Mae Bean Hickson.

Fourth row: Herman Jones, Wallace Jarrett, Lowell Plunkett, Donald Sering, Donald Massing, Loyal Cornett, Elbert Hugh Lawler, Frank Pointer, Russell Bean, Miss Rice, teacher.

Photo courtesy of Evelyn Proffit Grater

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Smith School

1916-1917

Jackson Township

Smith School - 1918

Located ½ Mile North of Advance

First row: Orin McClaine, Cyril Hamilton, Russell McClaine, James E. Morrison, Ralph Martin.
Third row: Teacher, Bertha Owens, Roy Kincaid, Rovene Brown, Ezra McClaine, Kenneth Caldwell, Beulah Martin.

Smith School Photos
courtesy of Evelyn Proffit Grater

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Marion Township

Parr School District 1

1915 - 1916

First row, left to right: Morris Perigo, Porter Shey, Owen Richardson, Lamar Timmons, Porter Myers, Eva Fisher, Elizabeth Stephenson.

Second row, left to right: Argyle Paddock, Dorothy Stephenson, Edith Newby, Lowell Jarrett, Eva Timmons, Chester Seeright, Beeson Harvey.

Third row, left to right: Nora Kincaid, teacher; Ethel Newby, Oscar Fisher, Fred Paddock, Harry Paddock.

This was Mr. Kincaid’s first year teaching. When school was dismissed in April, 1916, this brick building was torn down and a new frame building was ready for the opening of school in September, 1916.

Photo courtesy of Owen Richardson
Mechanicsburg

Baseball Team

Sitting left to right: Carl Perkins, ?, Georgia Garrett, son of Frank & Lora Garrett, Fleet Hall, Walter Richey, Frank Aldrich, ?.
Standing left to right: Walter Blubaugh, Joe Mundell, ?, Schyler Lawrence, ?, ?, Wilber Miller.

Photo courtesy of Veda Blubaugh


Photo courtesy of Owen Richardson
LEADING THE BOONE COUNTY
Parade of Festivals -
ADVANCE
The 5th Annual
LABOR DAY FESTIVAL
Monday, September 1st

Contests:
- Marshmallow Stuffing
- Freckle
- Little King & Queen
- Miss Teen
- Watermelon Eating
- Rolling Pin
- Anything Goes

Races:
- Lawn Mower
- Roller Skate
- Big Wheel
- Trike

Other Activities:
- Food Concessions
- Gospel Singing
- Waterball Fight
- Dunking Machine
- Street Dance
- Ham & Bean Dinner
- Country & Western Music

The following merchants invite you to attend.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>McClaine Store</th>
<th>Giant Garage Sale</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Antiques &amp; Collectibles</td>
<td>Labor Day Only</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Closed Sunday and Thursday</td>
<td>at</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>676-6041</td>
<td>HOSKINS AUTO PARTS</td>
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<thead>
<tr>
<th>PORTER INSURANCE AGENCY</th>
<th>PORTER FUNERAL HOME</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>9 North High St.</td>
<td>354 W. Main St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jamestown</td>
<td>Jamestown</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>676-5881</td>
<td>676-6604</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Advance

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27th ANNUAL
ZIONSVILLE FALL FESTIVAL

These merchants invite you and your family to attend

Corner Vise Frame Shop
77 Boone Village
Zionsville 873-2976

First Federal Savings
Boone Village Shopping Center
Zionsville 873-4678

Wink Jagger Chevrolet
300 East Washington
Frankfort 873-5149

Zionsville Grain Corporation
100 N. First Street
Zionsville 873-2559

C & E Rental Service
10222 N. Michigan Road
Carmel 873-5338

A Hair Performance
58 C North Main
Zionsville 873-6688

Carter Van Lines
9750 North Zionsville Road
Zionsville 873-3144

Village Floor Covering
120 South Main Street
115 South First Street
Zionsville
873-2099 873-6053

Farmer’s State Bank
98 South Main St.
Zionsville 873-3377
Boone Village Branch
Zionsville 873-4644
Saturday, September 6

Food Services
Pork Tenderloin
Hamburgers
Catfish Dinner
Flea Market
Parade on Main Street
Children's Games
Commercial Tents
Little Miss Colonial Village
Infantry Band Concert
King & Queen Contest
Disco Dance

Sunday, September 7

Flea Market
Food Services
Ping Pong Drop from Helicopter
Children's Games
Talent Show
Hot Air Balloon Ascension
Beef Raffle Drawing
Vesper Services

Stacy's
Junior's & Misses' Sportswear
125 West Sycamore
Zionsville 873-2087

Jones Meat Shop
165 East Elm
Zionsville 873-2219

Jones Orchards & Greenhouse
4 mi. N. of Whitestown on 650 E
Gadsden 769-3254

Boone County State Bank
Eagle Village Branch
Zionsville 873-4655
Member FDIC

AHM Graves
195 South Main
Zionsville 873-5391

McKamey's Village Pharmacy
10 South Main Street
Zionsville 873-3323

Boone Village Barber Shop
Boone Village Shopping Center
Zionsville 873-2234

The Added Touch
Deck, Patio, and Casual Furniture
255 South Main Street
Zionsville 873-4433

Quik Chek Supermarket
45 South Main Street
Zionsville 873-2778

Village Realty
905 West Oak
Zionsville 873-2759

Land Equipment
9th & Oak
Zionsville 873-4671

Auto-Rite, Inc.
575 South Main
Zionsville 873-5364
★ Square Dance    ★ Historical Display In The Courthouse Rotunda
★ County-Wide Waterball Tournament    ★ Beautiful Baby Contest
★ Ice Cream Social     ★ Wheelbarrow Race    ★ Food Concessions
★ Little Boy Boone Contest    ★ Sunday Morning Church Service

BOONE MUTUAL AGENCY & BOONE FARM MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY
Complete Insurance Service
320 N. East St. Lebanon 482-0640

WINK JAGGER
CHEVROLET
300 E. Washington St.
873-5149 Frankfort 654-5561

MODEL SPORTS CENTER
126 W. Washington
Lebanon, Ind. "On The Square"
120 S. Meridian Lebanon 482-1173

Sporting Goods - Trophies Lettering on Uniforms, etc.
CABIN DAYS
LEBANON
Sunday September 13 & 14

★ Ham & Bean Dinner
★ Model Of Log Cabin
★ Wheelbarrow Queen
★ Booths-Booths-Booths!

Fun for the whole family

Leonard's
BOONE COUNTY'S ONLY COMPLETE SPORTSWEAR STORE FOR LADIES,
Sizes: Missy 8-20 Ladies 38-46
111 W. Main St. 482-1865 Lebanon

During Log Cabin Days
Stop By For A
Fantastic PAN PIZZA!
1707 N. Lebanon St. Lebanon 482-6777

Welcome to Lebanon's Log Cabin Days!

JCPenney
116 Washington St.
Lebanon, IN Phone 482-4210

PYROFAX GAS CORP.
For Home, Farm, Business & Industry. Energy-Saver Gas Appliances
Special Ag Services:
Propane Carburetion,
Crop Dryers, Curers, Brooders, Carbon Dioxide Generators, Infra-Red Heaters
Financing and Free Estimates
PROMPT SERVICE
1329 W. Main Lebanon 482-7580

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Two pioneer crops now disappeared from Boone county farms were flax and tobacco. Flax was raised both for its fiber and its seed, the latter the source of linseed oil. Early Booneites, by a process of retting and hackling, separated the tough long fiber from the rotted plant stem, twisted the fiber into thread, and wove their own linen. Sometimes they combined flax thread and woolen yarn to weave a coarse, scratchy cloth called linsey-woolsey. Tobacco users raised their own “long-green” tobacco for smoking and chewing. They made their own plugs for chewing by boring large holes in the end of a section of sugar maple log into which tobacco leaves, laced with New Orleans molasses, were stuffed and tightly tamped. After a period of “setting up,” the plugs were split out of the block, and cut into proper size discs for biting off a chew.

Back in Boone county’s horse and buggy days, outstanding events such as the winning of an election or the observance of the Fourth of July were celebrated with the firing of anvils at community blacksmith shops. Two anvils were used. One was turned upside down and a hole about an inch square and three inches deep in the base was filled with black powder with a train of the explosive grains leading to the outer edge. The other anvil was placed on top. The glowing tip of a long slender iron rod was then touched to the powder train. The resultant explosion lifted the upper anvil some three or four feet in the air. The blast was earth shaking, producing a reverberating roar much like the boom of a large cannon. The noisemaking was relished by old and young alike, especially the small boys living in the neighborhoods.

Boone county’s Perry township, once often referred to as “bloody Perry,” was a Democrat stronghold from early settlement until recent years. The day after elections when their candidates were victorious, the Democrats celebrated by firing anvils at the blacksmith shop in Fayette. When the first Republican trustee was elected in Perry in 1886, the disconsolate Democrats knew that the Republican owner of the smithy at Shepherdsville and his gleeful compatriots would duly celebrate the victory the next day. To prevent this happening, a little band of Democrats raided the Shepherdsville shop in the dark hours of night, and made off with the two anvils, burying them deep in a nearby field. The secret was well kept. The luckless smith never found or recovered his anvils. To this day, they yet repose deep in the good earth of the Shepherdsville community.

In the last decades of the past century, the Fourth of July was always enthusiastically celebrated in Lebanon with harness races at the fairgrounds, baseball games, patriotic speeches, and fireworks at night. On the eve of the Fourth of July in 1891, five young men were shooting off fireworks from the flat roof of the high tower of the old Boone county courthouse. When about a third over, an abortive mine fell back into the box of yet unexploded rockets, roman candles, pinwheels, mines and red fire, and, as one of the participants later said, “All hell broke loose.” The men clambered over the battlements, and clinging to the rims of the merlons, stood on a narrow ledge until the holocaust was over. Fortunately, no one was hurt, but it did turn out to be Lebanon’s most exciting and spectacular pyrotechnics display.
a waist-deep pool of nearby Mounts Run creek. Those being baptized wore old clothing for the occasion, the women in long gingham dresses, and the men in faded blue work shirts and tattered denim overalls. As the preacher pressed one man below the surface, a half-pint whiskey flask came loose from the old sinner's hip pocket. As the bottle rose to go bobbing down-stream, the congregation lining the banks began singing the old hymn, “On Jordan’s Stormy Banks I Stand, and Cast a Wistful Eye.”

From 1844 until 1904, Lebanon’s Methodist church was on the southwest corner of Lebanon and South streets. Just south of it was a frame house, the home of Captain and Mrs. James Bragg. The Braggs were Methodists. He was a saloonkeeper, and she was a milliner and dressmaker. Back in the 1880’s, Mrs. Bragg fashioned a beautiful hat to wear to church on Easter Sunday. When Easter dawned, Bragg took off right after breakfast, not to return until after services had begun. Mrs. Bragg could not find her pretty bonnet. Besides, she was not going to church without her husband. When the Captain did come home, he attempted to hush her scolding by saying, “Keep calm, Margaret, just keep calm. Everybody that went to church this morning saw your new hat. When I left the house, I hung it on the picket fence just as near to the church door as I could get it.”

Back in Lebanon’s 1880’s, a group of young fastrels held an all night drinking party in a house next to Bechtel’s funeral parlors. Towards morning, one of the revelers passed out. Forthwith, a coffin was borrowed from Bechtel’s, and the unconscious bacchanal placed in it. The casket was then carried to the old Cedar Hill cemetery on North Park street where it was set down among the tombstones. The conspirators hid behind markers to see what would next transpire. Shortly after sunup, the coffin lid was pushed back. Its occupant rose to a sitting position, and bewilderedly look about him. Suddenly realizing where he was, he threw up his arms, lifted his face to the sky, and excitedly yelled out at the top of his lungs, “Glory, glory, hallelujah! It’s resurrection morning, and I’m the first one up!”

A bizarre tale was told by the Lebanon Patriot in its issue of July 27, 1893, as follows: “A story comes from Caseyville that a fresh keg of beer was tapped in one of the saloons in that place, from which the miners drank freely. Several of them were taken sick with symptoms of poisoning, and all other explanations failing to account for the ailment, the saloon keeper knocked in the head of the keg to see if the cause could be attributed to the beer. When the beer was poured out, the remains of a copperhead snake were found in the bottom of the keg. Empty kegs are always washed at breweries before being refilled. It is supposed that the snake crawled in at the bung while the keg was empty, and that it was scalded to death by the hot water used in cleansing.”

The Lebanon Patriot on January 2, 1873, published this item: “A malicious youth hung a steel trap over the strap with which his father sometimes saluted him. The worthy man soon had occasion to go for the strap. It required the united efforts of his wife, the cook, and his oldest daughter to release his hand from the vengeful clasp of the trap. The boy now looks as if a cupping machine had been applied to every available portion of his tender frame. In its issue on the 31st of the same month, the Lebanon Pioneer chidingly noted: “The young man who amused himself by lighting matches during services at the M.E. church last Sunday evening, is requested to discontinue such conduct, as the ‘smell of brimstone’ is very disagreeable to some people.”

The editor of the Lebanon Pioneer wrote for his paper of March 8, 1873: “A band of either gypsies or devilish poor whites, has been wandering around this place for a week or two. The chickens in the neighborhood of their encampment have been roosting higher than if there was a Methodist conference in session.” In its July 4th issue of the same year, the Pioneer carried this ad: “Two barrels of first-class Bourbon whiskey at $2 cash per gallon. Apply at Dolly Varden saloon.” The Dolly Varden was one of seven saloons then in Lebanon. Names of the other six were Snow Drop, Dew Drop, Rosebud, Oasis, O.K. for Old Kentucky, and Four Points. The latter was a dive, so notorious that outraged citizens later set it afire late one snowy winter night. Only a pile of steaming ashes marked the spot the next morning.
This Tale was told by Oat Hadley about the time when he was caught in the rain on the back forty with the new Buckskin harness on his team, when he took off for the barn in the downpour, the harness started stretching, and when he got to the barn the plow was still in the field. So he unhitched the horses and hung the harness on the pegs. When the sun came out the harness shrunk back to its normal size and pulled the plow to the barn. Would you believe that?

Then Fiddy Mitchell told about the time he had planted a garden on some hilly ground. When it came time to harvest the potatoes, he opened a hill and three bushels fell out before he could get the hole stopped up. Do you believe that?

During World War I, one of our solid citizens was drafted. His first stop was Chicago where he saw Lake Michigan for the first time and exclaimed "Is that the Ocean?" After a few days in camp, the Army saw that they had one who wasn't going to make it, so they called him in and gave him money to get home. They asked him if he could make it by himself. He replied, "Get me back to Colfax and I can get the rest of the way." Can you believe that?

Boy, we had our share! There was a time that one of our people was dragging a chain down the road and some wise person shouted "Why are you dragging that chain?" Without looking right or left and still going down the road he answered, "Did you ever try to push one?" I can't believe that!

How about the gentleman standing on the corner of Market and Main tending to his own business when a stranger approached him and asked directions to a friend's house. "I don't know" he replied. When asked about another direction, the stranger got the same answer. After quite a few unanswered directions, the stranger said "You don't seem to know very much." Where upon came the answer "But I'm not lost." I can't believe that!

My mother sacrificed me to keep peace in the family and not to injure her friendship with our next door neighbors, Charlie and Anne Patterson. Whenever they were going for a drive they would ask me to go along with them. Mother would be scared to death but she would let me go. One time they were going to visit some friends in the country. The weather was ideal and they had put the top down on the touring car. I was half standing and sitting in the back seat, letting the wind blow through my hair, when all of a sudden, a big threshing rig loomed up in front of us. The road was very narrow, hardly wide enough for two horses to pass and though these two machines had horsepower, there wasn't room to pass. There was a deep ditch on both sides of the road, so the threshing rig got over as far as possible. Charlie started to maneuver around and got over too far. The car rolled into the ditch and came to rest on its side. I wasn't in sight so they knew I was pinned under the car. They kept calling me and in a weak and scared voice, I called out "Here I is!" When the car rolled over it flipped me out and into a small tree and there I hung by the seat of my pants. Now, I can believe that!!!
The Boone County Pioneer, May 20, 1870 - The county clerk announces the fact that Rebecca Burgin would notify David Wood that she has a little Wood that she would have him gather up. Also, Martha J. Hopkins wishes James H. Lister not any longer list-her, but come back to his own Martha Jane and furnish provender for a juvenile Lister. Noah J. Palmer also betrayed the fair Matilda F. Jones and she wants Noah to return to the ark and take care of the littler mariner who has claims on Noah that should be recognized at sight.

The Boone County Pioneer, May 20, 1870 - Only one couple, Wm. E. Bell and Mary Pugh, have taken out a permit to trot in double harness since our last report.

The Boone County Pioneer, May 20, 1870 - Our town Council should have the sidewalks repaired at once and put scavengers at work upon the streets. If they would have our streets properly cleansed and the sidewalks put in a condition that would make our physicians look gloomy, it would add much to the appearance of Lebanon and enhance the value of property. The walk leading from Main street to the post office, together with many others, is sadly in need of repairs.

The Boone County Pioneer, May 27, 1870 - SUNDAY PUNCH - Last Sunday, the usually quiet little town of Zionsville was enlivened by a collision between Ad. Zimmerly and Bill Muligan of Thorntown, and a man named Steadman, Zimmerly coming off victorious. The difficulty is said to have grown out of an attempt to abduct some four or five young ladies of that place, and it is useless for us to state that Zimmerly's course is applauded by the citizens, many thinking he allowed them to escape too easily. It is to be hoped that the young ladies are wiser if not sadder, and that they will content themselves beneath their own vine and fig tree.

The Lebanon Weekly Patriot, Oct. 13, 1870 - Anthony Tandy came to town to vote and seating himself on a salt barrel, mused on the probability of a warm reception at home, for having voted the Republican ticket by mistake. The barrel getting the upper hand of him, cut his musings short and nearly cut his body short, (by a head), and he was taken home in a very critical condition.

The Lebanon Weekly Patriot, Oct. 20, 1870 - ARREST OF GAMBLERS - On Friday last, the police captured a chuck-luck operator at the Fair Ground, where he had bamboozled a verdant youth to the extent of three dollars. He was taken before 'Squire Crigler, who assessed him five dollars and costs.' He is a well-known Lafayette rough, and rejoices in the poetical sobriquet of "sixteen string Jack."

The Lebanon Weekly Patriot, Oct. 20, 1870 - Two nimrods, accompanied by a regiment of dogs, and supplied with a good-sized arsenal, including a two-gallon jug, arrived in this city, Tuesday, and forthwith proceeded to the woods. No cars have been chartered to convey their game to the city, but if the rain continues, one will be needed for the hunters and dogs.

The Lebanon Weekly Patriot, Oct. 20, 1870 - A colored barber, whose name is unknown, made free with Henry Johnson's clothes, to the extent of a few shirts, a pair of alligator boots, and so forth, and has gone where the woodbine twine-th. Wherefore, the aforesaid Henry J. mourneth muchly and curseth.

---

We regret to inform you that our Back-to-School stuff is now ready!

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The Lebanon Weekly Patriot, Oct. 20, 1870 - Dederick Glander has opened a saloon in the alley immediately in the rear of Lane & Wall's store, called the "Four Points," where the choicest liquors, wines, cigars, &c., are dispensed. The building is just completed, and has been fitted up in tasty style.

The Boone County Pioneer, June 3, 1870 - RUNAWAY - Yesterday, as Dr. Evans was taking a pleasure ride in the buggy of our friend, J.M. Scott, the pony he was driving became frightened and runaway, damaged the buggy considerably, the pony slightly, and placed the Dr. in a critical condition - his lady wants to know you know the name of the feminine that was with him.

The Boone County Pioneer, June 10, 1870 - Our friend, Beasley, the taxidermist, has finished "stuffing" a large white Pelican for Ike Davis, the popular hatter of Indianapolis. The bird was shot in White River, near that city.

The Boone County Pioneer, June 10, 1870 - A gay young sport, not a thousand miles from Lebanon, who visits a fair damsel, rather regular, and remains till the "wee sma' hours," should not steal back and play "peep Tom" while his sweetheart disrobes for the night. We'll give you name next time.

The Boone County Pioneer, June 24, 1870 - The New Orleans Times thinks the first object of the Dental Convention, about to sit in that city, should be to examine into the condition of the mouth of the Mississippi - no trifling matter since the river has seven months, all full of snags and stumps.

The Boone County Pioneer, June 1870 - By "grapevine" we learn that Milledgeville was the scene, last Wednesday, of quite a riot among its heretofore peaceable citizens and that a number of persons were engaged in the melee. The altercation originated between Thomas Smith and Calvin Simmons, and Calvin soon brought Thomas to "grass." At this juncture the parties were separated, but later in the evening Thomas was reinforced by one James Goens, and the fight was renewed. Simmons encountered them both and, after a terrible struggle, succeeded in "clearing the field." Result - battered mugs and sore muscles.

The Boone County Pioneer, July 1, 1870 - We learn that there is a friend in human shape in the county who chastises his daughter whenever she receives a male company. The young lady is about twenty years of age, and rather above medium as regards beauty. He deserves to be coated with tar and feathers.

The Boone County Pioneer, July 22, 1870 - SNAKE STORIES - Frank Boone captured a five-year-old rattlesnake last Tuesday, and his snakeship is now one of the features of Adney's museum. - BITTEN BY A SNAKE - On Tuesday evening last, Nettie, little daughter of Mr. Geo. W. Baird of this place, was bitten on the foot by a snake while playing near her father's residence. The poison spread rapidly through her foot and limb, and it was only by the prompt application of whisky and ammonia that her life was saved.

The Boone County Pioneer, Aug. 12, 1870 - GRAND JUBILEE - Sunday School picnic at the new Fair Ground, north of Lebanon, on Thursday, August 18, 1870, on which occasion there will be public speaking, instrumental and vocal music, from half past nine to half past eleven o'clock, A.M. From half past eleven A.M. to half past one o'clock, recess and dinner, after which pleasant and innocent amusements will be indulged in. Profanity, dancing and all immoral practices positively forbidden. Come one, come all, and bring your baskets and plenty of good things to eat, and let us have a good time. - By order of the Committee of Arrangements.

The Lebanon Weekly Patriot, Nov. 3, 1870 - On Sunday evening, one of our ministers administered a mild but merited rebuke to a party of young people who go to church for no better purpose than to laugh and talk and carry on in a manner disgusting and annoying to others who attend with better motives. It was a little mortifying but had a beneficial effect, and will bear repetition when occasion requires.

Compiled by Ralph W. Stark
My mother enjoys Boone Magazine. She knows many more 'Booneites' than I do.

We appreciate the efforts of staff and contributors.

Betty Bronnenberg, Anderson, Indiana

**********

Thanks for the reminder card. We certainly enjoy this magazine.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Enoch, Lebanon, Indiana

**********

I enjoy the magazine so very much. I was raised near Whitestown and attended the Lutheran Church and was married in the Lutheran parsonage, Jan. 3, 1911, to Thurman B. Hine.

Mrs. Ruby Etter Hine, Greenfield, Indiana

**********

I certainly enjoy the Magazine.

Mrs. Harry Bishop, Lebanon, Indiana

**********

Please renew our subscription and the one for Mother.

Thank you. We do enjoy the magazine.

Leon Acton, Branson, Missouri

This past Sunday, June 10, we received a phone call from our son who lives in Kennewick, Washington and during our conversation he states that he has received the back issues of the Boone, Your County Magazine, which he had not received in the mail for some unknown reason, and he as well as myself, wants to thank you very much for mailing him the back issues. He, as well as myself, really enjoys receiving the Magazine.

He also states that they have received a great deal of that ash from that Volcano eruption and they live 150 miles from the volcano. He also states the ash from the eruption or some of it has been sold for $2.00 per ounce. As a joke, "how many ounces do you want?" Yours as ever a satisfied subscriber.

Iman F. Graham, Mooresville, Indiana

**********

I would like the magazine subscription mailed to me.

Would like to have it start with the month of June, if possible. I was a member of the Class of 1925.

Sincerely,

Cecil F. Heat, Whiteland, Indiana

**********

Enclosed is my check for another year, to keep the magazine coming.

I'm sure some of the Copelands have some new material (old newspaper that I found in my treasure box) that they will send onto you.

As Always,

Mary E. Stewart, Akron, Ohio

**********

We have been sent a copy of your Magazine for May, 1980 - and would like a year's subscription to begin with the June issue.

Sincerely,

Marilynn Dickerson, Ann Arbor, Michigan

**********

During recent weeks, we have also heard from the following:

LEBANON: Hazel A. Green, Olin J. Walker, Mr. & Mrs. Richard Voorhis, Henry & Phyllis Eck, Miss Edna Edrington, Mrs. Nova Miller, Owen C. Witte, Ruby Tankersley, Anna B. Griffith, Hazel Miller, Mrs. Lester F. Jones, Mrs. Charles I. Wallace, and C.G. Kern, M.D.

WHITESTOWN: Cecil B. Hillock, and Mrs. Leland Hackett.

ZIONSVILLE: Mark & Elizabeth Hull

JAMESTOWN: Herman Sommerville

OTHER INDIANA TOWNS: Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Burtner, Indianapolis; Mrs. Harold E. Carel, Indianapolis; Mrs. Gary Butcher, Macy; Carl & Janet Wifters, Jr., Advance; Mr. Howard G. White, Kokomo; Allen Gedenning, Brownsburg; Hazel Canine, Kirklin; Melvie O. Haffner, Mooresville; A.M. Titus, Frankfort; G. Merle Pefley, Bloomington.


Looking Ahead:

September Is Festival Time In Boone County

Date Event
1 Advance Labor Day Festival
6 & 7 Zionsville's Fall Festival
13 & 14 Lebanon's Log Cabin Days
20 & 21 Whitestown's Pioneer Days
27 & 28 Thornport's Festival of the Turning Leaves

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