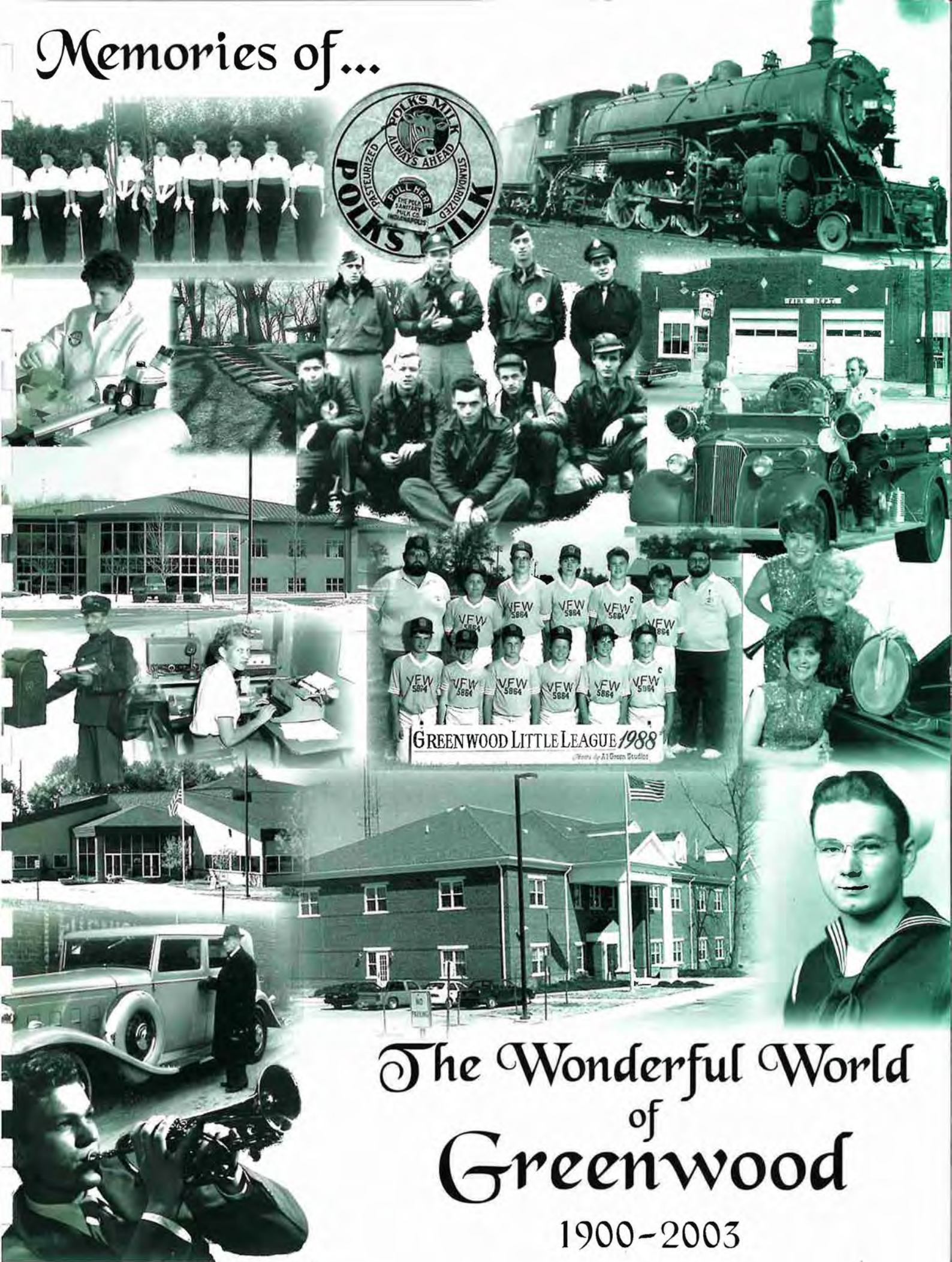


Memories of...



The Wonderful World of Greenwood

1900-2003



*Memories
of the
Wonderful
World of
Greenwood
1900-2003*

By
John Myers
&
Elaine Hullinger

Introduction

Welcome to “*Memories of the Wonderful World of Greenwood 1900 - 2003*”. We have assembled a collection of stories from the memories of people that lived through the historical events of the last century. They take us from the simplicity of everyday life to the major events that shaped their existence and those of generations to come.

It has been interesting to find that people from different walks of life remember details of the past very much the same. We encouraged and were delighted to record opinions and personal perspectives of those who have come forward to participate in this book. We believe that history is more than facts and our contributors have given meaning to our past.

For the past few years, in Mayor Henderson’s Newsletters, we have asked for participants to come forward and share their memories of Greenwood history. Many residents eagerly assisted by writing articles and others provided information about past events. Our team of memory seekers grew as the book progressed. We thank everyone who responded and volunteered their time and good intentions to make this book a reality.

The “Editors’ Note” at the end of each article reflects our personal feelings about the contributor and their gift to the history of Greenwood. The priceless time we spent talking with each person was a heart-warming experience.

Finally, this project began in the early months of 2001. As time dictates – the lives of several people have changed. To preserve the integrity of each story, we have left the original contribution as it was given to us. The date we talked to each contributor is recorded at the end of their story.

I thank my Lord that I was a part of writing this book. It was an honor. I was delighted to be present when each contributor told his or her story. Sometimes, with misty eyes, their words became strained as they recalled memories of friends and family that had gone before them. Their values that held strong through the best of times and the worst make them a part of the character of Greenwood. They have left their imprints on the quality of life that Greenwood offers to new generations of residents and those fortunate people that have chosen this city to be their new home.

— *JOHN MYERS*

Two years ago, John and I started on a mission to document the history of Greenwood. This journey took us back to the early days of the 1900's. As we traveled forward in time, I was amazed by the lives of our contributors. I found that the determination, commitment and values of these people served as a valuable example to those willing to take note. Finally, I think that when people share their memories with you, it has to be one of the finest compliments a person can receive. I feel so fortunate.

— *ELAINE HULLINGER*

A VERY SPECIAL THANKS TO OUR SUPPORT TEAM!

BOOK PREPARATION AND TECHNICAL ASSISTANCE:

Bette Lou Pierce, Jenny Bridgewater, Nan Faulk from the Mayor's Office and Jeff Wikle from the Information Technology Department.

GUEST WRITERS:

Gene Nix, Gail Richards, Alison Randolph, Jesse Andrew, David Johnson, Ed Holeman, Betty Klutts, Evan Springer, Jon Sutton, Bette Lou Pierce, Tom Kite, Linda Gibson, Marge Dietel and the families and past Mayors of Greenwood to present day.

“The Wonderful World of Greenwood”

President John Fitzgerald Kennedy loved to hear the following lines: *“Don’t let it be forgot, that once there was a spot, for one brief shining moment that was known as Camelot.”*

To many of us, Greenwood is the Camelot of the Midwest. Tucked away in the serenity of the heartland. It is as if God has personally finger-painted the landscape with flags and friendly trees. Churches dot each neighborhood attesting to the fiber and character of people. There are friendly coffee shops and restaurants where we meet to update the politics and sports of the day. It is rumored we never let the truth get in the way of a good story!

Our community is small enough to be friendly, yet big enough to be interesting and challenging. We have a magnificent mall and many little boutiques dotting the streets of Ole Towne. On Sunday evenings you can find families and veterans tapping their toes to patriotic music at the free concerts in the park.

In “our town” you’ll find everyday folks with ministries in preaching, teaching and healing just as they describe in the New Testament.

It is a wonderful place to rear a family; proud school traditions of bands and sports, children gathering around the flagpole to pray each morning; fellowship pitch-in dinners and fish fries. There are facilities of all kinds for all ages attesting to the special attitudes of sharing and caring that prevail.

But Greenwood is more than that. It has the aura of an Hawaiian sunset or the magnificence of the Austrian Alps, and you suddenly realize how well blessed you are to call it home.

Greenwood has all the warmth and charm of a Norman Rockwell sketch, but it is more than that: it is a swatch from the fabric of what makes America Great. Amen

FROM THE HEART OF GENE NIX

Greenwood's Historians

The history of Greenwood was close to the hearts of many individuals who were once active in the Greenwood Historical Society and The Greenwood Museum.

The interest in family genealogy has increased over the years as a popular pursuit for those wishing to preserve the records of their ancestry.

The writings of two of Greenwood's early historians have served as a valuable reference in the writing of this book.

The first is Will F. Averitt. He published three books: *The First 300 Years of the Averitt Family in America*, *Eighty Years of Bagby School History Reviewed*, and *Greenwood, Indiana Its History 1823 – 1965*.

According to his book on Greenwood history, he compiled information from personal accounts and research for many years before publishing his book. It is our understanding that

copies of his book are becoming hard to find. The Greenwood Public Library has one copy that is becoming worn with use.



Will F. Averitt



Harold Toombs

The second historian is Harold Toombs, a self-educated man who loved history. Although he did not publish a book, he wrote many historical articles and spent much time in the pursuit of historical information about Greenwood. Many of his writings can be found in the Greenwood Public Library's historical files.

The love of history is a part of many people's lives. **THE PAST IS PRESENT IN WHAT WE ARE TODAY.** Those that came before us left a legacy that we need to remember. Will Averitt and Harold Toombs were two gentlemen who answered the call and recorded the events of yesterday.

Will Francis Averitt

Submitted By MARY LOU AVERITT

Will Francis Averitt, historian and genealogist was born on January 15, 1889, in Greenwood, Indiana. Will lived his entire life on Averitt Road in Johnson County, southwest of Greenwood. He was the son of Lafayette Tolbert Averitt and Mary Frances (Law) Averitt. Lafayette came to Johnson County from Kentucky. Will was of English ancestry and his first known relative, Christopher Averitt was born in Cornwall, England in 1590. He came to Charles County, Virginia in 1630.

Mr. Averitt graduated from Greenwood High School in 1906 and attended Franklin College. On October 14, 1915, he married the former Helen Lockwood of Southport, Indiana. Will and Helen were the parents of four children: Virginia Averitt Rea, William, Mary Lou and John.

Mr. Averitt had various occupations. He was a schoolteacher earning \$1.95 a day at the Salem school, a small one-room school east of Greenwood. He made 10 cents extra if he swept out the room. He rode his bike daily to work. The school was located just east of what is now I-65. Will was a farmer in his earlier years. While engaged in farming, he served as the first secretary of the Johnson County Farm Bureau Co-Op. Later, he was a store clerk for the L.S. Ayres and William H. Block companies in Indianapolis. He also worked in the circulation department for *The Indianapolis Star and News* and was an agent and a distributor for the Oelwein Chemical Company of Oelwein, Iowa. A registered Genealogist, Mr. Averitt was the author of three histories. He spent thirty years collecting the information for *The First 300 Years of the Averitt Family in America*. He spent another ten or more years compiling information to complete the book *Greenwood, Indiana Its History 1823-1965*, the history of his hometown that he held very close to his heart. He completed the historical study on the *Eighty Years of Bagby School History Reviewed*, which is about a small rural school that was located on the east side of



south Averitt Road. Will served as chairman on a committee to assemble the history of the schools of Johnson County. He was also the head of the Johnson County Historical Society and belonged to the Indianapolis Historical Society.

Mr. Averitt was well known as a humorist and entertainer. He presented "one man shows" to many clubs including the Lions, Kiwanis and the Eastern Star. He also entertained at various state conventions. He served as Master of the Greenwood Masonic Lodge in 1922 and Worthy Patron of the Eastern Star in 1952 and 1960. Will loved James Whitcomb Riley poetry.

In 1931, 1932 and 1933, he was the roll clerk at the Indiana House of Representatives and had the unique faculty of being able to call the roll of one hundred names from memory.

Mr. Averitt worshiped at the Greenwood Baptist Church all of his life. There he served as moderator, deacon, superintendent, secretary and as a teacher of Sunday school.

Mr. Will Francis Averitt died December 26, 1980. He was laid at rest in the Greenwood Cemetery.

Contributed by Mary Lou Averitt, November 21, 2002

Harold Toombs

Submitted By LARRY TOOMBS

Photo Courtesy of Eva Toombs.



Larry is the son of Harold and Stellamae Bishop Toombs. He was born and raised in Greenwood at 625 West Main Street.

“You probably have heard that my dad was a hobo. I think the hobo story is a little embellished; however, he did drop out of high school in the tenth grade due to the death of his father. His father worked on the railroad in the Depression Era.”

History tells of the young Toombs riding the rails for 5 years, working odd jobs before getting off the train in Greenwood in 1934. He had hopes of employment at Noblitt Sparks. (The now closed Arvin plant) Harold

secured a position on the production line. He found living quarters at the old Greenwood Hotel, where the bank parking lot is now located at Madison Avenue and Main Street.

Much to Harold’s delight, Greenwood had a library at the Polk Community House. Since he had always wanted to be a writer, Harold spent many hours educating himself, learning grammar, literature and English composition. The librarian, Hazel Wishard took an interest in him and encouraged him to further his education. Later, he dedicated much of his charitable time to library issues and helping to see that the new library was built.

Harold met and married Stellamae Bishop. A short time later, he began working in the Bishop Greenhouses located at 623 West Main Street. The Bishop family owned the greenhouses and Harold soon became partners with Clarence Bishop in the Greenwood Flower Shop. In 1946, he also began selling cemetery monuments for the Hoosier Monument Company. Then Harold and Clarence built a restaurant at the southwest corner of U.S. 31 and Main Street. It didn’t have a name – just a sign out front that said, “Good Food”. In 1957, they partnered again and built the Dairy

Queen to the north of the restaurant. Eventually, they tore down the restaurant and built a new Dairy Queen on top of the old restaurant basement.

Harold's interest in history was sparked because of Stellamae's family – the Bishops and the Brewers. That line was related to Garret Brewer who was one of the original settlers of Greenwood. From there, he became interested in the entire history of Greenwood. He continually studied and wrote prolifically about historical events. He spent a lot of time with other historians in the area including Will Averitt. Harold wrote many articles for the *Daily Journal* about the history of this area.

Harold Toombs has many community and charitable causes to his credit through the late 1950's and 1960's. In 1962, he founded the *Friends of the Library*, which helped raise funds for building the new library. He was president of the *Dads' Club*, a parents group that supported Greenwood High School athletics and built Woodmen Field, now the Middle School field. He was a member of the *Greenwood Chamber of Commerce* and served a term as president in 1964. He headed the *Johnson County Historical Society* and in 1964 was in charge of the *Greenwood Area Centennial Corp.*, which sponsored Greenwood's 100th birthday celebration. In 1965, he started the *Greenwood Museum*, which was located in the Polk Community House until 1980.

Contributed by Larry Toombs, November 19, 2002

Thinking Back

Submitted by JESSE ANDREW

At the age of 83, I sometimes think of all the modern things we have that makes life easier. At least they are supposed to make life easier. We have credit cards, televisions, airplanes, computers, refrigeration, air conditioning and more luxuries.

Sometimes, I catch myself thinking back to earlier days and reviewing some of the things we once had that we don't have now. Most of the time, I say, "Thank Goodness"! But I do have some pleasant memories of some of those things that have disappeared over the years.

COAL

Where would you go today to find a lump of coal? Coal was once readily available for use in stoves and furnaces. Every town had a coal yard. Greenwood had a couple. Along with the coal, we had cinders. These made excellent paving for running tracks. The bad memories include carrying in buckets of coal to place at the side of the stove. Then there was the task of removing the ashes from the stove each day. What a dirty mess that was!

THE ICE MAN

In the summers, there was the iceman. Before air conditioning, we had to keep our doors and windows open. We could hear the iceman coming. He had a gong or loud bell that he would sometimes ring as he came down the street.

We placed our ice cards in the window indicating how many pounds we wanted – 25, 50, 75, or 100. The ice was not weighed before it was brought to the house and during delivery some of the ice melted. If a person lived near the end of the route, they usually got a block of ice that was smaller than what was ordered.

CHICKENS AND CREAM

When was the last time you saw a live chicken roaming around a farmhouse or chicken yard? Most farmers had a flock of chickens. It was a common sight to see several chickens on the road in front of a farmhouse. If a person was driving too fast, it was likely that he would kill a chicken or two.

The Wadley Company was a large company that had small branches in many towns. They bought poultry from local farmers and sold them to town people for “eating” chickens.

The Wadley branches also served as cream stations. People skimmed the cream off of the milk each day and sold it at the cream station once a week. I remember my grandmother hoisting a five-gallon can of cream on her buggy and driving to town to sell it. She used the money to do her shopping. My mother did the same. Even though we only had one cow, Mom was able to collect a small bucket of cream to sell each week. The weekly 75 cents or a dollar went a long way towards putting food on the table. Many people in town had their own cow and chickens in a pen.

FACTORY WHISTLES

Many factory workers’ clocks were not reliable. Factories with steam boilers had steam whistles that were sounded each day at certain times. People depended on those whistles. The seven o’clock whistle was very common in some places. Then on Sundays there was the sound of church bells. It has been a long time since I have heard a church bell ring.

AUTOMOBILES

Many cars did not have starters. There was a crank in the front of the car that had to be turned to start the engine. If the car was an easy starter, it took only a flip or quarter turn of the crank to start the car. But this was not always the case. Sometimes, a person had to spin the crank. It took a pretty husky man to spin a crank, especially on the larger cars. Model T Fords had a spark lever. If the spark was not set right, the engine fired too soon and the result was called a kick. Many arms and wrists were broken as a result of those cantankerous vehicles.

A vacuum from the engine powered the windshield wipers. A small hose connected the engine and the windshield wipers. At a normal engine speed, the wipers ran at a steady speed. However, they tended to slow down or even stop as the engine accelerated. As the engine slowed down the wipers would speed up. That relationship was very sensitive.

Some of the older cars had headlights that operated on acetylene. A small acetylene tank was located on the running board and the operator used a match to light the flame. It burned with an intense bright light. Charged canisters of acetylene could be purchased at service stations. A company located in downtown Indianapolis

that sold acetylene canisters was Prest-O-Lite. The factory had a serious explosion and the owner moved and built a new factory. A town soon grew around the new factory and a racetrack was built. I am referring to Speedway, Indiana.

All cars were equipped with running boards. People stepped up into the car. Those running boards were handy places for a person to stand when the car was full of passengers. It was not too uncommon to see several men or boys hanging on each side of a car. Since most cars did not have trunks, some people purchased luggage carriers that they attached to the running boards. If the car was loaded with passengers the children often rode on top of the luggage.

Tail-lights on many cars were not electric, but actually small kerosene lights. These had to be lighted with a match before starting a night drive. At church, it was a common prank for some of the boys to turn the wick down so that it couldn't be lit. It was messy, fishing the wick out of the kerosene.

Time to purchase gasoline. You pulled up to a pump at a service station. The attendant pumped the gasoline into the pump reservoir that was a 10-gallon cylinder. The gasoline looked almost good enough to drink. Some of it was red, such as *Standard Red Crown* and *Blue Sunoco* was blue. There were other colors as well. Customers purchased gasoline by the gallon. The operator stopped the flow of gas after the pump level reached the requested gallon indicator.

STORES

In stores, a clerk always served a customer. When you went to a store, the clerk retrieved your items from the shelf. He put it on the counter and continued until your order was complete. Many items were sold in bulk. The clerk weighed the items, put them in a sack and tied the bag with a string. At home, we saved the string by rolling it into a ball. We always had a large ball of twine at our house. The stores were rather small. Not much room to walk around. There were no shopping carts. Those weren't available until 1936, or so. Vinegar was shipped in barrels. Bread was not wrapped, nor was it sliced. In hardware stores, nails arrived in kegs. Everything was packaged differently than it is today.

DELIVERY SERVICE

The milkman was an important person. A customer usually purchased the same amount of milk each day. The milkman left a bottle or two, as previously instructed. If the customer wanted to break the routine, a note was written to the milkman and

put into the top of an empty bottle. The milk box was usually kept on the porch and was insulated to keep the milk cold.

In some communities, there was an Omar man. He delivered breakfast rolls and other delicious baked goods.

Earlier in time, fish peddlers sometimes came around. If a man had good luck fishing, he put the fish on a wagon or in a car and went from door to door and sold fish.

The Raleigh man was a common visitor, especially in rural areas. He sold high quality extracts and other household items. He always gave a stick of chewing gum to each child he met. He had a route that he followed and came to the house three or four times a year.

THE BARBERSHOP

One of the real treats that some men looked forward to was going to the barbershop on Saturday for a shave, haircut, shampoo and tonic. Now, that was living high. The shelf behind the barber sometimes contained ten or fifteen bottles of hair tonic. After the haircut and shampoo, the barber thoroughly saturated the hair with a selected tonic. Then he placed a hot wet towel over the hair. He let this soak for a few minutes. The towel was removed and another application of tonic was applied. That wonderful aroma from the tonic was something to experience. After all this fine treatment, a man seemed to walk with a lighter step. He felt well groomed, ready to meet any obstacle. A man certainly would not go to a beauty shop.

THE TOWN WELL

Some small communities had a town well. We took our bucket to the well and got our supply of water. When driving along the road, it was not too uncommon to come to a spring where we could stop and get a drink of water. Many times, there would be a line of wagons with small tanks or other containers. The owners filled them up and headed for home.

HITCHING POSTS

Most towns had hitching posts that were used to tie up the horses that pulled buggies and wagons. It was a thrilling experience to go to town in the old farm wagon. It was commonly known as the "jolt wagon" because it had no springs.

There would be a few bales of hay for us to sit on. Upon our arrival, the horses were unhitched and tied to the side of the wagon so they could eat the hay.

In cold weather, we sat between the bales and covered ourselves with blankets. Most of the time, this happened on Saturdays, which were trading days.

Saturdays were busy days at the blacksmith shop. Often we would take the horses in to have them shod and drop off plow- shares to be sharpened.

U.S. 31

In 1940, when the people of Greenwood learned that the State Highway Commission was planning a four-lane by-pass around Greenwood, they hired a lawyer and fought the plans. “It’s a waste of money to build a road out in the country to by-pass Greenwood, when we have a perfectly adequate road, Madison Avenue.” The new road was built anyway and is now the six-lane U.S. 31. Today, it is almost always clogged with traffic. Then there is I-65 with a very busy six lanes of traffic. So much for forward thinking.



Photo courtesy of the Johnson County Museum.

U.S. 31 Protest Sign

TRAINS

One of my big thrills was to be present when a train stopped. Before the train was in sight, the telegraph ticker seemed alive. There was anticipation and excitement in the air.

When the train arrived, the conductor helped people get off the train and the new passengers board. Many times this involved only two or three passengers. After the passengers had disembarked, the conductor stood facing the front of the train. He had his expensive railroad watch in hand with the lid open, anxious to get going.

The air pumps on the engine made a throbbing sound that made it seem alive and panting. The door of the mail car was thrown open and mailbags were ejected by an attendant wearing a gun belt with a loaded revolver in the holster. The express man



worked hard at getting the cartons and packages off of the train. As soon as the mailbags were off, he urged the ground man to get the new bags of mail onto the mail car.

The engineer sat in his cab, leaning out and looking back at his train, impatiently waiting for the mailmen and express men to finish their job. The feeling of urgency and excitement was contagious and a person felt a part of the action. The train departs and is out of sight. What a letdown. The local operator is sitting at the telegraph and sending a message to the dispatcher that the train has left his station. All of the people are gone. The station is quiet. You hang around a few minutes, trying to recapture the excitement. It does not return. You turn and start your journey to a different place.

Contributed by Jesse Andrew, September 14, 2001

IN MEMORY OF JESSE ANDREW

February 12, 1918 – March 5, 2003

The Polk Family History

Submitted by JIM TEMPLETON

Jim Templeton was born in 1936 in Indianapolis. He married Elizabeth Bales and they are the parents of two children, Jane Ann Templeton Clark and James Templeton Jr. Jim is a descendant of the Polk family, one of the most prominent and well loved families in Greenwood history.

JIM AND ELIZABETH TEMPLETON

Jim Templeton and his wife Elizabeth moved to Greenwood in 1960. Elizabeth graduated from Franklin College in May of 1960 and was offered a teaching position at the new Northeast Elementary School. She was one of several Franklin College graduates hired by Stanley Porter, Superintendent of the Greenwood Schools to staff the school for the opening year.

When the Templeton family arrived in Greenwood, they bought a house at 190 N. Brewer and later moved to West Main Street where they reside today.

Jim is a member of the Johnson County Historical Society and has served on their board for two years. He presently holds the position of secretary. The board, in conjunction with the county, operates the Johnson County Museum in Franklin.

Elizabeth Templeton performs with *Our Town Players*. The group is associated with the museum and performs historical interpretations. Elizabeth portrays Jim's great-great-grandmother, Laura Polk and talks about Greenwood in the period around 1908 and Laura's activities of that time.

Jim and Elizabeth began researching family history using the records of his great-grandfather, Samuel O. Dungan. He was born in the Hurricane Community at the Crystal Spring Farm in Franklin. Samuel kept daily diaries from 1873, at the age of eleven, until his death in 1946.

The Templetons became more interested in the Polk Family history because Samuel Dungan was married to Fanny Pearl Polk. He made many references to the lives of the Polk family in his writings.

When they moved to Greenwood, the legacy of the Polk family became more apparent. For that reason, interest in further research on the Polks was fueled.

Jim advises readers to visit the Johnson County Library to find sources of Greenwood history. In the historical room they have *The History of Johnson County* by David Banta, *Greenwood, Indiana, Its History, 1823-1965* by Will F. Averitt, and *The History of Johnson County* by Elba Branigin. They also have the *Johnson County Atlas* that has “quite an article” about Greenwood. Centennial issues of the Johnson County News have been helpful in providing information.

Jim has discovered in his search for information that many people have relied on previous reports that are sometimes incorrect and consequently are repeated over time. He advises readers to take this into consideration when researching historical events.

The following account of the Polk family history was researched using Polk family records, newspaper articles, contacts with other historians and the sources listed above. A Special mention to — Harold Toombs, Greenwood Historian, who wrote articles in the *Special Souvenir Supplement, Daily Journal, November 20, 1986*.

THE POLK FAMILY SETTLES IN GREENWOOD

The first members of the Polk family to settle in Greenwood were George Washington and Mary Embree Polk. They moved to Greenwood in 1861 from Princeton, Indiana. George purchased a large farm on the east side of Greenwood around the Polk Street and East Main Street area. Jim believes the acreage extended east as far as the Valle Vista Country Club on the south side of Main Street. The southern boundary of the farm was around the Smith Valley Bypass.

George and Mary were reported to have six surviving children: James T. (J.T.) Polk, Alice Polk Brewer, William Polk, Frances Polk Brown, Florence Polk Peek and Perry Embree Polk.

J.T. POLK

J.T. Polk was the great-great-grandfather of Jim Templeton. J.T.’s story begins in 1863, when he left home at the age of 17 to serve with Company M of the First

Indiana Heavy Artillery. It is reported that he served in the Civil War without his father's consent.

Jim is in possession of J.T.'s pension papers from the Civil War. The papers were filed, but Jim has not been able to determine if his pension was ever approved. Jim's maternal great-great-grandfather, Stephen Dungan of Franklin also served in the Civil War. He drew a pension in the amount of \$9.00 a month for a handicap he received in the war.

After the war, J.T. married Laura Burdick on December 5, 1871, in Utica, Wisconsin. Laura was the daughter of a Seventh Day Baptist Minister in Janesville, Wisconsin. The church is still active and has provided information about Laura's family from their archives. She was born February 9, 1849 and came to Johnson County as a teacher at the age of eighteen. Her cousin, Leander Burdick was the Superintendent of the Franklin City Schools and she became his assistant. It was during this time that she met and married J.T. Polk.

J.T. and Laura had two children that survived: Fanny Pearl Polk, born October 28, 1872 and Ralph Burdick Polk, born August 31, 1875. A son, James T. Polk Jr. died in infancy.

Fanny Pearl was Jim's great grandmother. Jim notes that she is always referred to as Pearl in various articles and reference materials. She entered the School of Music at Franklin College and met Samuel Dungan of Franklin, who was also a student at Franklin College. They were married in June 1891 and moved to Detroit where Samuel attended bookkeeping school. Family records indicate that Laura loaned Samuel and Pearl \$250 to go to Detroit. She also gave them financial advice on how to live.

THE POLK CANNING FACTORY

The well-known Polk Canning Factory began in 1872, when J.T. and Laura started canning tomatoes in their kitchen. J.T. transported the canned tomatoes to Indianapolis in a horse drawn buggy and sold them to hotels, restaurants and the general public.

The venture proved successful and the following year, they equipped a barn for use as a factory. The barn was located in the general area of where the Polk Canning

Factory would be built. They hired Jim Henry and his sister India. The foursome processed approximately 26,000 cans of tomatoes out of this factory.

In 1878, the building was expanded, 42' x 288' for the canning factory. During this time, the Polks also had a canning factory in St. Louis that was having some financial problems.

J.T.'s son, Ralph wrote in one of his letters that his father went through two or three fortunes in his lifetime. Ralph said his father had great pride and he always came back and re-established himself. His debts from the St. Louis venture were eventually repaid. For a while, they discontinued the operation in Greenwood and reopened in 1881.

In 1886, they built a four-story building, 45' x 144' and the following year, a boarding house was constructed that connected to the factory. Female employees were encouraged to live in the boarding house, which was similar to a dormitory.

Originally, the Polks purchased cans. In 1887, they manufactured their own cans at a rate of 10,000 a day. Business was booming and they had 150 farmers under contract to grow fruits and vegetables. About 550 people were employed in the canning factory.

J.T. Polk was concerned with the well being of his employees. He plotted off a series of lots on his farm, 55' x 155' to sell to his employees at cost. The lots were in the area listed by the atlas as the J.T. Polk Addition. It was located on the south side of East Main Street and the east side of Polk Avenue. He built a hitching post in front of each lot for the horses. Since the use of alcohol was not acceptable to J.T.,

he wrote into the deeds that liquor could never be sold on the property.

Jim acquired an ad featuring employment opportunities for women at the Polk Canning Factory. When the Polks opened a plant in Haines City, Florida,



Canning Factory Employees.

Photo courtesy of the Johnson County Museum.

canning citrus products, a similar ad was used to recruit women employees.

The ad circulated in the Greenwood area spoke of a large crop of tomatoes and expressed the need for people from outside the community to seek employment at the canning factory. They offered boarding house facilities with gasoline stoves for cooking, tables, chairs, dishes and cots. Jim believes there was a charge of ten cents a day. If the boarder did not have three hours of work on a particular day, there was no charge. There was strict supervision by Mrs. Christian of Indianapolis, who required obedience to all rules necessary for keeping a clean, orderly household and respectable ladylike conduct.

Employees at the canning factory did piece work. Most workers were paid by the bucket. For each bucket of peeled tomatoes, shucked corn and other crops, they received a token. There were different tokens that were marked for the various products they handled. At the end of the day the tokens were exchanged for payment. This system was used through the 1920's. Jim Templeton has tokens from the Polk Canning Factory and some from Sears and Nicholls, which took over the Polk Company in the 1920's. They used the same system in the Haines City, Florida citrus plant. Jim comments that he has seen tokens from the Polk Company traded on the Internet.

In 1893, the Polks produced a record 122,714 cans in one day. Jim thinks this is an unusual amount for that time, but he found documentation verifying this fact in the Greenwood Public Library's historical file. They shipped their products all over the United States under the name of *Polk's Best*. At that time, the Polk Canning Factory was the largest food packer west of Baltimore, Maryland.

In 1894, on the 4th floor of the warehouse building they opened a large entertainment hall that would seat up to three thousand people. There was an elevator installed to escort guests up to the 4th floor. The hall was opened to the public. It was a spectacular place with a library containing several thousand volumes. Two pianos, music teachers and a librarian were always on hand. The *Polk Social Institute* was established to better the community and provide a cultural center for the residents of Greenwood.

The original canning factory burned in December 1906. The fire was discovered about 2:30 a.m. by the night watchman. He attempted to sound an alarm by ringing

the bell at the factory, but the rope broke. Then he tried to get to the factory whistle, but the fire had engulfed that area. He went through town yelling “fire” to summon help. But it was a train coming through town and the engineer blowing the whistle that alerted the town. It was to no avail and the entire factory was destroyed. Part of the loss was caused by a lack of water.

At the time of the fire, the light and water companies were having a dispute with the Town Board. In one article researched by Jim, he found that the town had been without electricity for eight months because the Town Board wouldn’t settle with the electric company. The water company was not providing water pressure to the Town of Greenwood due to the dispute.

A newspaper reported the loss to be \$225,000. Supposedly, the Polks received a settlement of \$174,000. Documentation of the time showed that no one insurance company provided all of the insurance. It appeared that it was broken down among fifty different companies. A spokesman from *The Indianapolis Star* was quoted as saying, “A factory larger and more thoroughly equipped will arise from the ashes and Greenwood’s great industry will be restored to the town.” The newspaper further mentioned that the company would rely on its three branches in Columbus, Indiana; Cloverport, Kentucky; and Mound City, Illinois to fill existing orders on hand.

The next night, the town had an “indignation meeting”. There were charges of graft and corruption on the part of the Town Board because they had not settled with the power and water companies. It started with everyone being angry and prepared to “raise all kinds of Cain” with the Town Board. The meeting turned into a tribute to J.T. Polk and how he had helped the town.

The plant was rebuilt. However, the *Polk Social Institute* was not re-established in the new building. The Polks ran the plant until J.T.’s death in 1919. Shortly after, it was leased to the Indiana Packing Company. Eventually, it was sold to Stokely for use as a warehouse and a canning operation until sometime in the 1940’s.



THE POLK DAIRY

The canning factory had a lot of waste: vines, cornhusks, and various left over vegetables. J.T. built the first silo in Indiana and it was said to be one of the largest in the United States. With all of this feed, he decided to establish a dairy

Courtesy of
Jenny Bridgewater.

farm. He purchased 100 Jersey cows and began milk production for the Tanglewood Dairy in Indianapolis. The dairy had financial problems and J.T. took it over in 1893.

J.T. asked Pearl and Samuel Dungan to come back from Detroit to run the dairy.

The dairy produced under the name *Polk's Best*. One important product bottled at the Greenwood plant was nursery milk. The milk was from Jersey cows and was high in fat and beneficial to babies.

Samuel Dungan had the distinction of becoming the first milkman in Indianapolis for the Polk Dairy. One of his first customers was General

Benjamin Harrison, former President of the United States. Jim has a copy of General Harrison's bills and receipts for milk usage that he obtained from The Indiana Historical Society. The Dungans ran the dairy until Samuel's death in 1946. Pearl Polk Dungan passed away in 1941.

The Greenwood dairy operation was located at the top of the hill east of the canning plant. There were two new barns built in October 1923. The west barn burned on December 4, 1940 and was not rebuilt. The cause of the fire was not determined although it was officially recorded as an electrical fault.

Photo courtesy of Jim Templeton.



Polk Dairy, 1910



Greenwood Dairy Farms.

Photo courtesy of the Johnson County Museum.

Charles Riggle was a son of one of the tenants. He discovered the fire when he was coming back from a basketball game. The Greenwood Fire Department and Engine 26 from Indianapolis fought the blaze for most of the night. They were able to confine the blaze to one building protecting more than \$250,000 worth of heifers and milk cows in the other barn.

The Polk Farm continued to be a part of the Polk Dairy until sometime in the 1950's when it was sold.

RALPH POLK

J.T.'s son, Ralph Polk ran the canning factory. Specific events associated with his duties and business dealings at the canning factory are not available. His personal life and that of his wife are testimony to the community involvement and life style of the Polk family.

Ralph Polk married Grace Porterfield in 1904. They built a house on the southwest corner of Euclid and Madison Avenue. They named it the "Maples". Ralph passed away in 1952 and Grace resided there until her death in the mid-1960's. They spent the summer months in Greenwood and winters in Florida.

Grace was a musician and an opera singer. She also had a love for the arts and poetry. She composed the song, "*My Hoosier Land*", that was performed by Edith Dearmin at the dedication of the Polk Community House. Grace attempted to get "*My Hoosier Land*" adopted as the state song. She composed and published other music. Another of her accomplishments was a children's magazine she authored called *Polkadot*. The Greenwood Library has a copy in it's historical file.

Ralph and Grace are buried in the Greenwood Cemetery. Jim finds it interesting that Grace's tombstone has no birth and death dates. He contacted their son, Ralph in Florida. He was hoping to get the information for his records but Ralph said it was his mother's request that no dates be placed on her tombstone. She didn't want anyone to know how old she was.

THE POLK COMMUNITY HOUSE

J.T. Polk passed away in February 1919 and his will provided funds for the construction of a community building for the use of the residents of Greenwood. During the funeral service of J.T. Polk, Ralph Polk made the announcement.

The home of the late Harvey Brewer and his wife, Josephine on the northwest corner of Madison Avenue and Broadway was purchased and torn down. This site had been chosen for the James T. and Laura Polk Community House.

Work progressed quickly under the supervision of a board of directors and the dedication of the Community House was held on February 5, 1920.

The new building was a wonder to the community.

There were meeting rooms for various organizations. A fully equipped kitchen provided a place for ladies groups to conduct dinner meetings and fund raisers. A heated in-door swimming pool provided enjoyment and was considered to be one of the finest anywhere. There was a gymnasium that was used by the high school basketball team that previously had no place to play. An auditorium provided the means for the community to enjoy plays, concerts, speeches, and a movie theater. A library occupied several rooms on the first floor. As one could imagine, the center became a busy place. A director, George Kenny was appointed to maintain the building and schedule activities.

The Polk heirs relinquished all rights to the property by deeding it to the city in 1961.

With the population of Greenwood growing, the town achieved the status of a 5th class city in 1960. The first mayor, Wayne Burkhart was elected in 1960 and occupied the two rooms in the southeast corner of the building. The Community House would serve as the city hall for over seven years. The second mayor, Winfrey "Mike" Myers remained in the building until December 1967, when the city offices moved to the renovated interurban car barn on South Madison Avenue.

The Community House closed after more than 50 years of being the pride of Greenwood. Several reasons attributed to the decline of the building. The increase in population, overcrowding and the lack of building maintenance were the biggest reasons. The Community Players disbanded and the pool had been closed since



Photo courtesy of the Johnson County Museum.

1938. No longer was there a need for high school activities at the Community House. Clubs and groups found other meeting places. The movie theater was closed. The library left and the museum transferred historical items to the Johnson County Historical Museum in 1981. The Community House was boarded up and became an eyesore for several years. During the term of Mayor Jeanette Surina, the Community House was restored and became the home of the Greenwood City Offices.

As of this writing, some of the Greenwood City Offices are still located in the old Community House.

Contributed by Jim Templeton, March 19, 2002

Editors' Note: *The Polk Family's success in the business world enabled Greenwood residents and the surrounding farming community to enjoy a higher standard of living due to the many job opportunities provided by the canning factory and the dairy.*

Their gift of the Polk Community House provided many opportunities to influence the residents of Greenwood to engage in social interaction and culturally based activities.

A historical marker is firmly planted outside of the Madison Avenue entrance to the City Building that dedicates the building to the memory of James T. and Laura Polk and their children. The interior of the building has changed, but the memories remain for many of the city's residents. J.T. Polk's gift to the "people that made him what he was" is still a treasure to the community.

The Interurban

Submitted by JESSE ANDREW

Jesse Andrew was born in French Lick, Indiana on February 12, 1918. Jesse became a resident of Greenwood in 1955. He is married to Evelyn and they have four children, Karen, Charles, Shirley and Nina. Jesse retired from Endress + Hauser on May 4, 1987.

Jesse has several interesting hobbies. He has a card catalogue of historical events and the dates they occurred. His card file begins before Christ and extends to the present. He collects his information from books, newspapers and other reference materials.



His main interest centers on his family's history. More recently he is working on the history of composers of hymns. Jesse says, "Everyday is a historical day." The following article centers on another of Jesse's hobbies - The Interurban.

THE INTERURBAN

The interurban was similar to a railroad passenger car, except that it was powered by electricity. Tracks for the interurban went through many cities in Indiana. One track went from Indianapolis to Greenwood, but soon expanded to Franklin. Regular service from Indianapolis to Greenwood was established January 10, 1900.

Eventually, the interurban went from Indianapolis to Louisville passing through Greenwood, Whiteland, Edinburgh, Seymour, and Columbus.

In the beginning, the interurban carried only passengers, but eventually it also carried freight. Only one car was used unless passenger traffic was heavy, then a second car was attached.

Photo courtesy of the Johnson County Museum.



Interurban Station - Edinburgh, Indiana

In the early evening, a dining car was attached for travelers leaving Indianapolis and heading to Louisville. When the trip began at 10:00 p.m. traveling from Indianapolis to Louisville, the sleeping car was attached. This train stopped at Scottsburg and was parked in a shed overnight. At 6:00 a.m., it proceeded to Louisville. The overnight train coming from Louisville to Indianapolis stopped for the night in Greenwood and traveled to Indianapolis the next morning. The Dixie Flyer was the name of the train going from Indianapolis to Louisville. The Hoosier Flyer went from Louisville to Indianapolis.

Early in the history of the interurban, a motorman and a conductor ran the interurban cars. Over time, a two-man crew proved to be unnecessary so the motorman ended up taking care of the passengers and running the train.

Rarely would three cars be connected. The problem with a three-car train was getting enough electricity to power all of the motors. Each car had two electric motors located at the end of the car near the wheels. If three cars were connected together, there had to be enough electricity in the power lines to start six motors.

A cable running above the car was attached to the electrical lines overhead. It was not a perfect setup and every so often an electrical arc could be seen coming from the cable. These arcs were quite visible at night or in the wintertime. Often the cable came off and the train lost power. The car slowed down and eventually stopped. When this happened the motorman had to get out and reconnect the cable. That caused a big electrical arc similar to an arc welder. The motorman had to close his eyes while putting the cable back on.

Each car had a swivel on each set of wheels that allowed the car to take bends in the track. The interurban ran on direct current and had a reostat, which controlled the amount of electricity used by the motors. The motorman controlled the speed with a lever. The more electricity used the faster the interurban traveled. This led to a problem when slowing down. If the motorman lessened the power, the car still cruised at the same speed, gradually slowing down.

There were relays underneath the cars. When the motorman engaged the relays, sparks would fly. The use of the relays emitted a noise called a “bark” because it sounded like a dog barking. The interurban was quite a sight traveling down the tracks with sparks flying!

Besides the motors, the electricity also powered other equipment on the cars. Every lead car had a large light on the front for night vision. In the wintertime, electricity was used to heat the cars. The interurban cars had an air horn to alert pedestrians and motorists of its presence. To stop or slow down the cars, the motormen used air brakes and an air compressor. Depending on their skill, the motormen could slow down the interurban smoothly or it became a jerky ride.

For its time the interurban was impressive. It could travel at speeds up to seventy miles an hour. The normal speed was sixty miles an hour. Compared to a car or a horse and buggy, the interurban was extremely fast.

The interurban cars normally carried around fifty-to-sixty passengers. Sometimes the passenger car was so crowded that people had to stand. There were two rows of seats in the passenger car, although different cars had various designs. It took the interurban a little over three hours to get from Indianapolis to Louisville. It cost passengers two cents a mile or one and a half cents a mile for a round trip.

One very significant fact about the interurban was that there was only one track for trains going both north and south. This caused many accidents throughout the history of the interurban.

Building more sidings along the track could have prevented many of these accidents. A siding was a path off of the main track where an interurban car could pull off and wait while an oncoming train passed. The interurban had a dispatcher who was supposed to know where every car was located and the direction it was headed. Telephone boxes were placed along the tracks so that the motorman could call the dispatcher and find out when he needed to get on a siding.

In Greenwood, the interurban tracks went down Madison Avenue. South of town, the tracks ran parallel to the now U.S. 31. The interurban had the right of way because it could not stop as quickly as other modes of travel. The interurban was involved in many accidents because people did not understand the concept of speed. They were accustomed to slower moving vehicles and tried to cross the tracks when the interurban was too close. The motormen were required to follow posted speed limits and slow down in heavy traffic, but that did not always help the situation.

As more people bought cars, the more congested city streets became. The interurban was slowing down traffic. Another problem that plagued the interurban

was that the tracks were not maintained. Every so often, the interurban would jump the tracks. It was not an easy task getting the interurban car out of traffic and back on the tracks.

During the winter, the snow added another problem. The interurban had to fight snow banks. Sometimes it would be able to go through a snow bank and other times it was impossible.

A cousin of Jesse's relayed a story about one such event. "They were going along and came upon a large snow bank. The motorman told the passengers that they could stop and go back or try to go through the snow bank. The passengers chose to go on. The motorman sped up, hit the snow bank and made it through."

Near the end, only one interurban a day was running from Indianapolis to Seymour and one back. The interurban line had to make one run a day for legal purposes, but they let the entire system deteriorate. The interurban ceased to be a desirable choice of travel.

The last train was involved in an accident. The train was coming north from Seymour and somehow lost power. The motorman was able to call the dispatcher and ask that they send someone to help get the train started. A service interurban was dispatched. However, the motorman got his train running and proceeded north. He was going around a curve as the service interurban was coming south. A head-on collision occurred. After the accident, the interurban line did not attempt to restore service.

Several things contributed to the decline of the interurban. One of its main strengths became its main weakness. The interurban went through the center of town. During the 1920's people bought more cars. The traffic congestion and the economy going into the Depression contributed to the decision to close it down. The massive debts incurred by the interurban lines prevented them from replacing the tracks and paying their debts. Most were forced to file bankruptcy. Certain tracks were abandoned and eventually all were closed. The track going through Greenwood was closed on September 8, 1941.

The interurban ran through Greenwood for forty-one years. It helped Greenwood to grow economically and drew more people to the city. It also gave Greenwood residents the opportunity to travel to the big cities such as Indianapolis or Louisville

in one day. This helped Greenwood to become a strong residential area. It also helped the local businesses because the interurban also carried freight. The interurban was a very significant part of Greenwood's history.

JESSE AND THE INTERURBAN

One of Jesse's hobbies is to study the interurban. His interest was sparked as a young man and has continued through the years. He will shyly proclaim to be "no expert" on the interurban. He became interested in doing his research when he tried to explain the interurban to his children. His own personal experiences riding on the interurban and watching it travel down the tracks fueled his fascination.

Jesse Andrew had his first experiences with the interurban in 1930, when he moved to Columbus, Indiana. At that time, Jesse's father had a car so there was no need to ride the interurban, but Jesse loved to watch the interurban trains come through town.

In 1934, Jesse had his first trip on the interurban. He rode the interurban to Whiteland to visit his aunt and uncle. He stayed with them for a month during the summers of 1934 and 1935.

Jesse graduated from high school in 1936. At this time he began to travel in search of work. He rode the interurban back and forth from Columbus to Indianapolis and Louisville for about two years.

Jesse joined the army in 1938. He was stationed at Fort Harrison and rode the interurban to Fort Harrison until the line was abandoned early in 1939.

One of Jesse's fondest memories is the way the cars would rock. The motion put him to sleep. Even when he had to stand, it was hard to stay awake.

Jesse was thrilled to hear the "bark" of the relays and see the arc lights at night. He loved the sounds and sights of the interurban.

In the final days of the interurban, most people chose not to ride. Once when he was at the terminal, he bought a ticket to Whiteland. A man told him that he had purchased a bus ticket.

He went back and told the ticket agent that he didn't want the bus ticket. He asked for a ticket on the interurban. The man told him that no one wanted to ride on the

interurban anymore. The ticket was exchanged and Jesse had his last ride on the interurban. That was in 1941.

Jesse moved to Greenwood in 1955 because he knew that traces of the interurban were still here. Greenwood was the first headquarters for the Interurban Company that went from Greenwood to Indianapolis. There was a barn in Greenwood that had full facilities to repair the cars. The barn was also used to park the overnight sleeping car.

The end of the interurban marked the end of an important era in Greenwood history. The last of the interurban tracks were removed in the year 2000 when Madison Avenue was rebuilt.

This date was significant as one hundred years ago; the interurban made its first run through Greenwood.

Contributed by Jesse Andrew March 17, 2001

Editor's Note: *Jesse is an energetic and likeable fellow. He enjoys sharing his knowledge about the interurban. He proudly displays his research books and can recite volumes of technical information about the construction of the cars. For the benefit of our readers, we have attempted to explain the basic concepts of how the interurban worked and some personal stories from Jesse's collection of memories. Our sincere thanks are extended to Jesse for a glimpse of the past that helped shape the growth of Greenwood.*

IN MEMORY OF JESSE ANDREW

February 12, 1918 – March 5, 2003

Wilma Stevenson Callihan

Wilma Callihan was born in November of 1915. Her parents were Robert Howard Stevenson and Elva Bracken Stevenson. Her parents met at the canning factory over a bucket of tomatoes – he was the carrier and she was the peeler – somewhere around 1904. She was one of eight children. In order of birth was, Catherine Stevenson Brewer, Frances Stevenson Eccles, Byron Stevenson, Edna Stevenson Sheek, Wilma, John Stevenson, Jim Stevenson, 81, who resides in Franklin, and Phyliss Stevenson Wolfe.

Wilma is the mother of two daughters, Lynn Riley and Katie Hensley, grandmother to five and great grandmother of thirteen.

Wilma's father, Robert "Stevi" Stevenson, completed the fourth grade, which was common in his time. Having an adventurous spirit, he left home and found employment with Rollie Barbers, a farmer who lived east of Greenwood. After marrying Elva Bracken, he worked for Mr. Barbers at the livery stable, located on the north side of West Main Street where the end of the business strip is today. He received a dollar a day in pay, his house rent and his telephone. Some of the local doctors didn't own a rig (horse and buggy), so they would call the livery stable for a rig and driver. The doctors made their house calls sometimes sending the driver back to town until they called for him.

Mr. Stevenson felt fortunate to find employment with the interurban. He helped string the overhead wire that hooked onto the trolley. Later, he was the motorman on the freight car and served as motorman on the three-car Dixie Flyer, which went from Indianapolis to Louisville.

The motorman's car held baggage, freight and the smoker. A conductor looked after the passengers in the coach car, punching tickets and helping them board or depart. The third car was the diner with white linen tablecloths and a waiter. Traveling salesmen usually made their rounds on the interurban. The estimated speed of the Dixie Flyer was sixty miles per hour.

Wilma recalls her father going to work on the interurban early in the afternoon. She took his supper down to the tracks everyday. When the train came through town at 5:00 p.m., she stood on her tiptoes and handed up the lunch pail to her father.

Wilma's father was the breadwinner for a large family. In the early 1920's, the last of the Stevenson children was born. At the time, the family was living on the corner of Wiley and Smart Street. Wilma's father found a need to supplement his salary so he bought a cow. The children named her "Pet". Wilma thought the cow was beautiful and looked like the cow on the Polk Milk poster. This was the beginning of the Stevenson family milk business.

The Stevensons grew most of their own vegetables. They had a small garden in their backyard and a larger garden down the street. Wilma's Grandma Stevenson and her Aunt Ruth lived across the street and they also ate from the garden. Mr. Stevenson raised chickens and hogs. Wilma remembers the hogs causing a problem with their neighbor, Mr. Horton, who lived two doors down. He asked Mr. Stevenson to get rid of the hogs because they smelled bad. Mr. Stevenson told him to wait two weeks. The garden would be cleaned up by then and what was left would be fed to the hogs – then he would get rid of them!

Wilma said, "We always had plenty of food on the table and shared all meals as a family. Everyone was expected to be there. We were allowed to talk as long as it was something important to be shared with the family. The big meal of the day was served at noontime before my father went to work. During the school year, we came home for lunch and had our meal with the family."

The family home was close to the railroad tracks at Wiley and Smart Street. Often "the men that rode the rails" (hobos) would come to the back door wanting food. Mr. Stevenson was always on the run in the evening and he would say; "Now Elva, don't let them in, but don't turn them away." The pump was outside and she gave them an old towel so they could wash up. Then she served them coffee and food on the back step.

In 1923, the family moved to 484 West Wiley. There was a big barn there and Mr. Stevenson kept adding cows. Since U.S. 31 was not built at the time, the cows were put to pasture at the end of Broadway Street, all the way down to the cemetery.

The entire family helped with the milk business. One of the children's responsibilities was to help deliver the milk. At first, this was done by hand. Later the Stevenson's bought a milk truck and a Model T Ford pickup truck. They sold milk for 10 cents a quart and 5 cents a pint.

Wilma and one of her brothers were in charge of washing the milk bottles. Everything had to be washed in Sal-Soda water. The bottles were filled by hand using a two gallon container, which was easier than using a dipper. When the authorities no longer allowed the Stevensons to deliver milk, customers would come to the house and pick it up.

The house at 484 West Wiley had four rooms and a summer kitchen. The rooms were large – 15' x 15'. The family pumped their water by hand from the pump in the back yard. A few years later, the city provided a water hook-up.

When they moved to West Wiley in the early 1920's, the dirt streets had just been covered with cement. There were sidewalks, but no paved streets except on Madison Avenue. Residents were required to pay for improvements made to the streets. Wilma remembers her father saying they needed to save for their periodic street improvement tax. Few people had indoor plumbing and the Stevenson's were the last to have it.

Life was not all work for the Stevenson children. Wilma can remember going to the silent movies. Before the Community House was built, they watched the silent

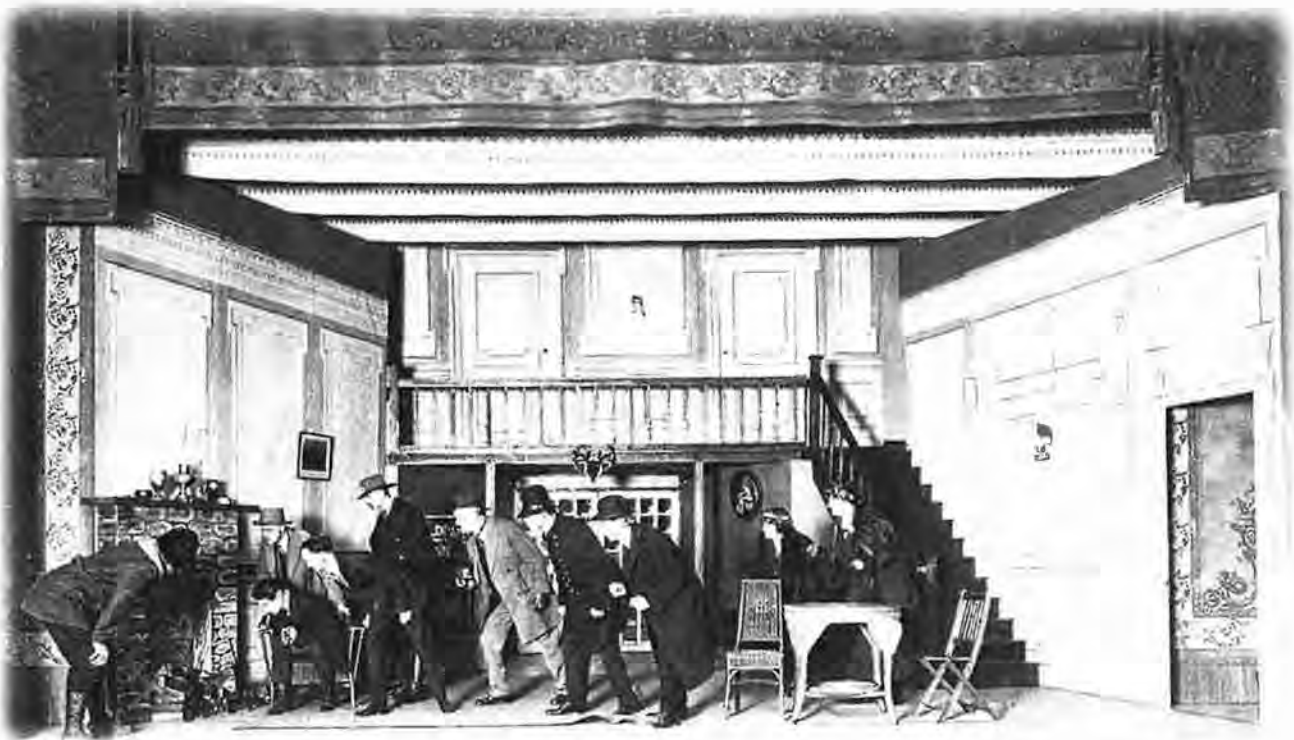


Photo courtesy of the Johnson County Museum.

*Greenwood Community Players, 1921
Seven Keys to Baldplate.*

movies in the building located at 147 South Madison. Wilma had not learned to read, so her sister Edna read aloud the sub-titles.

Wilma remembers watching the Community House being built from her bedroom window. After it was completed, movies were shown there. The silent movies were still the “in thing”. The Community House had ladies playing the piano that followed the action on the screen. Wilma enjoyed listening to Elizabeth Todd, Libby Myers and Beulah Beck taking turns playing the piano. Everyone went to the Community House for the movies and the library. Wilma’s favorite entertainment was the performances by the Community Players and she would save her money to attend.

The annual Memorial Day Parade was a big event for the town and everyone participated. The children carried small American flags and were required to hold the flags high and not let them touch the ground. The parade route started in downtown Greenwood and traveled west on Main Street to the cemetery. Two Civil War veterans, George and David Whitenack led the parade. The men walked down the street, and the children walked on the sidewalks.

From the time she was four years old, Wilma attended Sunday school at the Methodist Church with her sisters. She recalled a time when she dropped her penny offering into a heat register. Reverend Shelton couldn’t get her to stop crying, so he gave her a dime to put in the offering plate. He later retrieved it as in those days a dime was a lot of money. He also retrieved her lost penny and put it in the offering plate.

During the winter months, the Stevenson children enjoyed sledding. They started the ride near their house. U.S. 31 had not been built so the ride took them all the way to the cemetery. Wilma said, “We started at the fence and if we ran real fast we could hit a couple of bumps and go up and over the hills. We had to turn the sled in order to keep from going into the creek that ran through the

Photo courtesy of Hurley Davis.



The Devil's Backbone

cemetery. The girls would get on their sleds and hook their feet to the next sled. Then the fellows would push them and hop on. It was a wild and exciting ride.”

Behind the cemetery was the “Devil’s Backbone.” It was a huge hill that wound around the back of the cemetery. It was off limits to girls. In the summer, the boys would go skinny-dipping there. Wilma’s Dad took her brothers there and taught them to swim. Her mother did not want the girls to swim. “That was not ladylike.” Wilma’s older brother, Byron taught the younger boys to shoot a rifle in target practice. That came in handy when they were drafted, as they already knew how to handle a gun. Her brother Jim said, “There were fellows in the army that were so inexperienced that you were afraid they would shoot their foot off.”

Play time aside, Wilma and her siblings always had something to do. She and her older sister dusted the living room and ran a little Bissell sweeper each morning. Frances and Edna did the dishes before leaving for school each morning. She remembers drying dishes before she was old enough to go to school.

Wilma attended school in Greenwood. She recalls that her early years in grade school were fairly ordinary for youngsters of that era. She says, “When you went to school, you did what the teacher told you to do. You behaved yourself or you would get punished again when you got home.”

She liked most of her teachers. She commented that she didn’t have a married teacher until she was in the 7th grade and had no men teachers until high school.

Living space at home was at a premium with such a large family. When her younger brother John was in the fourth grade, his teacher’s name was Ruby Smith. Jack Smith was her husband and later served as Mayor of Greenwood from 1968 to 1972. John was taking a class in healthful living. The class was discussing how many people sleep in one room and if there was proper ventilation. When Mrs. Smith got to John, she said, “John, how many sleep in the room with you?” The ingenious boy replied, “It’s like this, a guy leans over to pick up his shoes and hits his head on the next bedpost.” He never did tell her how many slept in that room because he knew it was too many.

In 1929, the Stevenson family moved south of town to the Spears farm. The farm was located where Skillman Ford is today. They were still delivering milk and

raising their cows. At one time, they had as many as thirteen cows. The Stevenson family stayed at the Spears farm for a year before moving back to 484 Wiley Street.

Mr. Stevenson was still working for the interurban. Motorists and pedestrians seemed to disregard the danger of a train speeding down the track. A wreck on the interurban somewhere around Columbus took the lives of two women. They pulled onto the track in a big open touring car. Mr. Stevenson did everything he could to warn them. The car didn't move, so he set the brake and went to the baggage car so he wouldn't be killed. After the impact, he had to walk a long distance to the call box so that he could summon help. Mr. Stevenson was devastated by the accident.

Not long after the accident, the interurban went from a three-car train to the single, one-man car. The motorman had to serve as the conductor as well. The interurban was scaling down and as a result, Mr. Stevenson lost his job.

While Mr. Stevenson was unemployed, the Depression hit. Wilma was in high school at that time and did her part as did the others in her family. She had been babysitting since she was twelve and made enough money to pay for her own pencils, paper and a few extras.

Wilma's clothes were made from garments her sisters couldn't wear any more. Her mother tore them apart and remade them. Mrs. Stevenson worked from early in the morning until late at night to get her sewing done. Most people in the community had to do the same with their children's clothes.

"That was the first time my Daddy ever had to ask for help." He went to the Community House once a month and came home with a 25-pound bag of flour on his shoulder. It really hurt his pride to have to accept a handout. Somebody asked, "Stevi, what are you going to do with 25- pounds of flour?" He would reply, "You can't believe what my wife can do with this!" The family would have bread, noodles, rolls, biscuits and dumplings. Wilma said her mother was a great cook!

Wilma's father didn't have money for shoes for the family. When Wilma's shoes wore out, she took the sides out of old cereal boxes and put two layers of cardboard in each shoe to get to school and back. One day at school, she sat down and knocked the snow out of her shoes. Her teacher, Mr. Palmer asked if she would allow him to buy her a pair of shoes. Wilma thanked him and said that her Dad would buy them. She didn't tell him what Mr. Stevenson had to do to earn the money. He hauled cow

manure and put it on the lawn of a more fortunate resident and was paid a dollar per load. Mr. Stevenson earned five dollars to buy Wilma a pair of shoes.

When Wilma was a senior in high school, they had a mock election in Earl Woods' government class. President Hoover was running for re-election against Roosevelt. The Stevenson family had discussed the election at the dinner table the night before. Mr. Stevenson expressed his opinion that if Roosevelt got elected, there would be a war and the boys would be drafted. The next day in class, Mr. Woods asked Wilma what she thought would happen if Roosevelt won the election. She told the class that her father said there would be a war. Her classmates didn't believe her. She replied that they would see for themselves. Mr. Stevenson was right! It happened.

Wilma worked at the canning factory after graduation from high school in 1934. She worked the night shift "in green beans" and was paid ten cents an hour. The beans had to be broken and the strings and stems were taken off. Then the beans went down a belt and were washed and prepared for canning.

Mrs. Stevenson also worked at the canning factory for a short time. By 1936, all of her children were grown and her evenings were free. Mr. Stevenson was working for the merchants as a night watchman. He also fired furnaces in the basements of the big stores during the night. He had keys to the businesses that had refrigeration so he could get in and check the meat lockers to be sure they were not turned off. The only place he wouldn't carry keys to was the drug store because they had liquor. He was afraid that someone would want a drink. If he didn't have a key, he didn't have a problem.

World War II came along and all the boys were drafted. Wilma's brothers, Jim and John went in the service for a year. December 7th changed everything and they were not home for four years.

Wilma's sister enlisted as well. Feeling bad because she did not enlist, Wilma asked for her mother's opinion. Mrs. Stevenson supported Wilma's decision saying, "I have four stars in my window now, I don't need any more!" The stars referred to the number of soldiers a family had in the war. It was the custom to put the stars on the American Flag that hung in the window.

Today, Wilma reflects on war. “I can remember World War I, World War II, Korea and Viet Nam. That is too many wars!”

Earlier it was mentioned that the Stevensons were the last family to have indoor plumbing. That story needs an ending. When Mayor Wayne Burkhart took office in 1960, he told Wilma’s sister Phyllis to tell her father to get rid of the outhouse. It was against the law. Phyllis said, “Tell him yourself, I don’t want to get the cussing!” Her Dad had kept the outhouse for convenience when he worked in the garden.

The outhouse would not be torn down until after Mr. Stevenson passed away in 1963. Wilma bought the “home place” so it would be kept in the family. The family got together and tore down the outhouse. It was burned in the garden. Respect for the head of the household had been observed.

Contributed by Wilma Callihan, March 26, 2001

Editors’ Note: *Until the last few years, Wilma Callihan lived in an apartment behind K-Mart. She walked to the store and hauled a week’s groceries home in a cart. She walked two blocks down the street to do her laundry. She had a patio and raised tomatoes, carrots and flowers.*

Growing up in a large family promoted Wilma’s independence and self-reliance. She mirrors her upbringing with pride, determination and dignity.

Elizabeth Myers Edwards

"Libby"

Elizabeth Myers Edwards was born in Greenwood on December 29, 1911, in her parent's home on the northwest corner of Wiley and Madison Avenue. Her father was William Edgar Myers and her mother was Effie Mae Myers. Her sister is Helen Myers Ehrensberger of College Park, Maryland. A brother, Lawrence is deceased.

Libby's sister, Helen pursued a career in music as a pianist, violinist and an organist. She played with a musical trio in Yellowstone National Park. A Universal Studio talent scout "spotted" Helen. She went to Hollywood and played the leading violinist in the "Life of Strauss".

Helen later moved to Washington D.C. and played waterfront concerts, becoming one of the best-known artists in Washington. She played for President Dwight Eisenhower at the Republican National Convention. During the Eisenhower Administration, she entertained guests at several parties hosted by Vice President Richard Nixon. On a number of occasions, she was asked to entertain guests at parties held by Vice President Hubert Humphrey. One such occasion was an engagement party for one of President Lyndon Johnson's daughters.

Libby's brother, Lawrence "Bud" was a graduate of Greenwood High School and attended Purdue University. After college, he found employment with Eli Lilly in Indianapolis as an electrician. In the mid-1940's, Lawrence and his wife, Helen Mary built a store back of their home. They sold and serviced Westinghouse appliances. Later, they started a new venture selling and servicing Thunderbird Fiberglass Boats and Evinrude Motors until their retirement.

Libby attended college and graduated with a background in psychology and philosophy. The Depression created a need for social workers. In 1934, she was hired to open the first Transient Service Bureau that helped homeless people who rode the rails. Then in 1935, she helped open the Marion County Department of Public Welfare.

Libby has one son, Harry Edmund Jennings III. His father, Harry Edmund Jr. and his family were from New Castle, Indiana.

Libby's son has many accomplishments to his credit. In 1957, he graduated from Shortridge High School in Indianapolis and attended Stanford University and Virginia Law School. His academic record at law school earned him the honor of having his name imprinted on a brick located on the wall of the law school building. He served as a Captain in the Marine Corps before beginning his law practice in Washington D.C. He lives in Seattle, Washington and has an established law practice.

As a young man, Libby's father, William worked for the interurban line. Libby remembers that her father was a good friend with Mr. Irwin who owned the interurban. He was from Columbus, Indiana. She describes Mr. Irwin as a very handsome man who always wore a rosebud in the lapel of his suit coat.

Before World War I (1914 – 1918), William and his brother, Mark opened the Myers Brothers' Furniture Store. William later worked at the Polk Canning Factory until he had an opportunity to gain employment with the Greenwood Power and Light. The utility handled water and electricity for the Greenwood area. Mr. Myers remained there until retirement. He then served as the President of the Board of Directors of the Suburban Federal Savings and Loan.

At the age of five, Libby was allowed to take charge of the Myers Brothers' Furniture Store when her father went to lunch. That was a very special memory because it made her feel so important.

Libby loved the store because she was able to have many toys. She remembers a little wooden kitchen cabinet with miniature culinary items and a wonderful doll bed. She says her doll bed was so large that her sister took her naps in it until she was four or five years old.

Their next-door neighbor, Henry Kocher chose her as his special little friend. He was a motorman on the interurban and brought her great gifts. She got her first large doll, first wristwatch and first pair of skates from Mr. Kocher. On Sunday mornings, he would get all of the funny papers that he could find in Indianapolis and a big sucker. As the interurban passed through Greenwood, he dropped off her special treats.

Two missionaries in the family came home every seven years. They brought trunks of fascinating things with them.

They gave Libby beautiful parasols, kimonos and special things from far away. When there was a play at school, Libby would get a part because she had many costumes. Libby is grateful that she had a very fortunate young life.

Libby started school at the age of seven. Like most people of her generation, she commented that the teachers were very strict.

When Libby was in the first grade, World War I was still going on. The students were told to bring a gift for a soldier going overseas. They marched downtown to the corner of Madison and Main. With flags in one hand and the present in the other, the students held the presents up to the windows of the interurban when it stopped. The students felt like their gifts helped the soldiers on their way to war.

On Monday mornings, Miss Alice Bass put a new Bible verse or scripture on the blackboard to be memorized. Inspiration and patriotism were always observed. Every morning, the students went out in the hall and stood erect with their hands over their hearts and repeated the *Pledge of Allegiance*.

When the children left school, they lined up in formation and marched to the door. Libby played the piano for the procession. The teachers stood at the door to make sure each student conformed.

At eight years old, Libby started taking piano lessons. Her first teacher told her parents that she would never learn to play. Determined to take lessons, she studied with Miss Frances Wishard. Later she took lessons in Indianapolis with her sister, Helen who played the piano and violin.

Libby can't remember a time that they did not have a piano in their home. They were fortunate that through her father's furniture business, they could afford a piano. The first one she recalls was a player piano. It played music and had a roll that turned and displayed the words to songs.

The Myers family attended the Presbyterian Church. Every Wednesday night her father would say, "Come on Libby, let's go to prayer meeting." She sat with three Civil War Veterans, Mr. Whitenack, Mr. Carson and Mr. Wycoff. They told her stories about the Civil War.

Libby can still remember the church dinners. The food was wonderful. It was a gathering with closeness, not only in spirit but friendship.

The Presbyterian Church was founded in 1825. Libby was the pianist for the Centennial Celebration of the church. Her father was the chairman and her mother was in charge of women's activities. The celebration went on for three days. Her great-aunt presented a history of early Greenwood.

Mealtime was an event for the Myers family. Libby's mother used her finest Haviland china every day. A beautiful white tablecloth adorned the table with the lovely table settings. In the wintertime, beef, chickens and turkeys were hung out in the summer kitchen. There was always plenty to eat and Mrs. Myers was a great cook. Libby said they never knew who was coming home with them from church, so her mother was always prepared with plenty of fresh pies.

A regular visitor around town was the huckster with his vegetable cart. He would come around with fresh produce. He would give the children a free peach or apple at each stop. There was a lady that came around selling tea and coffee. She went from house to house taking orders.

Another door-to-door visitor was the insurance man, Mr. Green. Libby remembers that insurance cost about fifteen cents a week. He would collect the weekly payment and log it into his book. She recalls that her father cashed in a policy when she got married. He wanted her to be able to buy things she needed to set up housekeeping.

The Myers children helped their father when he worked for the Greenwood Power and Light. Libby, Helen and Lawrence "Bud" distributed a free paper once a month to all residents. Their father paid them \$1.50 a month. The residents loved getting the free paper and the children enjoyed visiting with everyone.

Fun and games were not hard to find. The Myers children played with the other children in the neighborhood. When they went out to play they were told when to be back. To walk anywhere was not unusual. The rules were firmly in place and life in a small town was safe for children.

Greenwood residents enjoyed the company of one another and delighted in events that uplifted the community. Libby credits Dr. Craig for providing marvelous

entertainment. He lived on a large estate on the east side of the railroad tracks between Broadway and Main Street. He hosted Chautauqua's – dramas, musicals and all types of entertainment. There was a big tent and folding chairs for guests. It was a big affair. Libby performed in some of the children's programs when she was very young. Sometimes, Dr. Craig brought in people from out of town to direct and produce the entertainment. Greenwood was fortunate to have people with cultural interests.

Music and entertainment was a household activity for the Myers family. Libby and Helen studied music at Metropolitan School of Music in Indianapolis. Lawrence "Bud" went to Woodruff Place on Saturdays to take clarinet lessons.

When she was twelve years old, Libby began studying the church pipe organ with Dr. Hansen, the blind organist at the Second Presbyterian Church in Indianapolis. She soon was playing the organ at Greenwood and substituting at several churches in Indianapolis.

Libby was thirteen when she received a call from the Metropolitan School of Music. A teacher had been killed that morning in an automobile accident and they needed someone to take her place. Libby was a freshman in high school. She was allowed to leave school to teach the classes. She received 75 cents for a half an hour lesson. She traveled to Edgewood, Longacre, Southport and Greenwood. She rode the interurban and then walked to the houses on her route. Libby made enough money to cover her own expenses.

In 1920, the Polk Community House was opened. It was a special event. The front door faced Madison Avenue. Inside the door were stairs leading to the upper level and also to the basement. On the first floor was a library and meeting rooms. At the far west end of the first floor was the auditorium that housed the movie theater, complete with a stage that was used for many local performances. The theater area was enclosed and outside the entrance was a popcorn stand and ticket booth. There was a basketball court behind the stage. Below the stage on a lower level was the swimming pool.

One event everyone enjoyed was the Community Players. That was the drama society of Greenwood and they performed some great plays. The auditorium was also used for evangelistic meetings. A special lady came from Rushville, Indiana, for



Photo courtesy of John Myers.

one week a year. Her name was Daisy Douglas Barr. She devoted one night to the men. Another night was for the women and one for the children. There was music, sermons and many gave their life to Christ.

Dr. Craig started the Boys Bands. Lawrence “Bud” played the clarinet. Lunsford Cox played the tuba and Iliff Grass played the clarinet. Dr. Craig tried to get all of the children involved, including the girls. His bands held their concerts at the Polk Community House.

On the lower level of the Community house was a large kitchen and dining area. A special memory for Libby was the evening her family attended a benefit for the Armenians at the Community House. The family took their seats. Someone gave the blessing and the group sat waiting. As time passed by, Libby asked her mother when they would be eating. Her mother said they would not be eating because the Armenians had no food. Contributions would be sent to the Armenians who were starving.

Libby started playing the piano for the silent movies at the Community House when she was in the 7th grade. She earned \$1.50 a night. Mr. George Kenny was the director and his wife, Daisy was the cashier. Libby played until she went to college and then Helen took over as pianist.

Libby graduated from high school in 1929, the same year the Depression hit. Her philosophy of that time is uplifting. "I think it is one of the greatest experiences of my life, because many people made the most of their own abilities. They were forced to use energies, abilities and creativity in order to survive."

"People had to dig down inside themselves and use their gifts in unbelievable ways. They worked hard and took care of each other. Neighbor took care of neighbor. People were not in any way belittled or criticized. I think this spirit probably prevailed all over the country, but I don't know. I do know about the caring that comes from living in a small town."

"I think one of the greatest experiences a person can have is to grow up in a small town where one is fortunate enough to know that their neighbors extend from north to south and east to west within the boundaries of the town. We lived closely as friends."

"As I grew older, I understood the goodness that was in my father and mother. There was no limit to how far they would go or what they would do to help others. That was true of other families. I could go from street to street and tell about the unselfishness and the goodness in the people of Greenwood."

Contributed by Libby Myers Edwards July 16, 2001

Editors' Note: *Elizabeth Myers Edwards' greatest memories are of the positive influence of her parents. They provided a foundation of Christian values cemented in love and kindness to their family and others in the community.*

Libby is an extraordinary lady who has many talents. She was fortunate to have been given the opportunity to develop her special gift of music. From teaching music to playing the piano at the silent movies, she has shared her gift with many. It seems to be a family tradition.

Willnetta Miles

Willnetta Eileen Miles was born on August 21, 1915, in Greenwood. Willnetta shares an exciting account of her early years growing up in Greenwood's farming community that played such an important role in the economy of this town. Her memories are vivid through the eyes of a shy, inquisitive and imaginative young girl.

Willnetta was raised as an only child by her grandparents, Louis Jackson Aaron and his wife Artema, who migrated to Indiana from Kentucky in 1905. At the time of her birth, her family was living on the east side of town just past the railroad tracks. This area was called “*Duck Town*” by the locals and is where the less affluent people lived. Most of these families worked in the canning factory and chose to settle close by.

Her grandfather, a farmer by vocation, moved his family often during her childhood. He chose to rent, usually from March 1st to March 1st. One place that she lived for a short time was the grand and glorious “Noble House”, where the Montessori School is now. “Governor Noble, representatives, people of wealth and standing in this town had lived in that house.”

Willnetta remembers that her grandfather held the position of Town Marshall after his arrival in this area. She doesn't know exactly when he held the position, but it was during the time the Polk Factory burned in 1906. She remembers seeing his service revolver and loose bullets in the top drawer of his dresser and was told never to touch them.

The events of Willnetta's youth are engraved in her memory by her fascination with the sights and sounds of her surroundings. She describes her youth as a life having tight boundaries, but as she discovered the world around her, her imagination was fueled. She collected memories of each new experience.

As a very young girl, Willnetta remembers riding to town with her grandfather, wearing her handmade gingham dress, bare-feet dangling over the side of their horse drawn wagon. He often brought in sickle blades and plow points to be sharpened at the blacksmith's shop. Sometimes they stayed while the blacksmith worked. The hammer on the anvil made a sort of harsh rhythm, a music that Willnetta didn't hear

any other place. The shy young girl waited in the wagon and watched the blacksmith through the open door. He always had on a black apron and something on his head. If they brought corn to be ground for feed, they went on east to the elevator. The sound of corn being ground greeted them from blocks away.

Downtown life was fascinating to Willnetta, as she listened intently to people who were stopped along the street talking and traders putting out wares in front of their stores.

Since automobiles had not come to their lives when Willnetta was young, sounds could be clearly heard all along Main Street. The roads were brick or concrete, so the sound of the steel from the horses' shoes was heavy and almost deafening.

Willnetta's greatest joy was to come into town and watch the silent movies at the Polk Community House. She walked up and down the country roads by herself, unafraid, to have the opportunity to watch the movies. It was exciting to go into the darkened theater. She would see other children sitting down front but she liked to sit alone in the back. The sight of Rudolph Valentino, Delores Del Rio, Tom Mix and Douglas Fairbanks Sr. was amazing to her. In the simplicity of their lives, they knew nothing of "Latin Lovers", beautiful leading ladies in marvelous costumes, pirates, or cowboys chasing bad guys on horseback. All of the things she saw at the movies were foreign to her. That is why they were so exciting. At the end of the stage, a lady played the piano. She coordinated the music or sound to fit the action on the screen. Willnetta was spellbound. "It was probably the biggest thing that affected my life, imagination and private joy." Willnetta collected posters of the movies and kept them for years.

Another fascination was a "medicine show" that usually came to Greenwood once a year in the summertime. Willnetta remembers the medicine show set up in a vacant lot just north of Main Street. It was night and they had torches of some kind burning on each end of the wagon. There was a man selling bottles of something that was good for everything. They had music and other entertainment to help draw a crowd. She remembers walking home with her grandmother. She was thrilled with the unusual sounds and the excitement of the crowd. For a young girl, going to town was a great opportunity to collect memories.

When Willnetta was around ten years old, her aunt often took her into town. She remembers her aunt had a car, which she refers to as a coupe. It had glass that you

could let down with a handy strap. The window didn't roll down as they do today. A person had to stop the car to change a window because it took two hands to maneuver the strap. The coupe had glass, but no heater or frills.

While her aunt was shopping, Willnetta often listened to the Salvation Army Band. They usually played their music on a downtown sidewalk. She was impressed with their uniforms and loved the music. She stood there and listened to the music until it was time to leave.

In canning season, people would come from all over, mostly Kentucky, to work at the factory. The Polk Canning Factory was the first cannery west of the Allegheny's and was responsible for the growth of the town. It is Willnetta's understanding that the canning factory had a library in the northwest wing over the factory area. They held lectures and talks to expand the minds of the people of the town who were interested in learning.

The wagons full of ripe tomatoes lined up for hours to unload. It was an exciting time of year with all of the activity going on in town.

Many jobs were available at the canning factory for young girls. The girls were hired to pick the corn silks out of the shucks and put them in buckets. They were paid so much per bucket. Eli Lilly came down and got the silks to use for making kidney medicines.

A smell that Willnetta remembers was the tomato peelings drying in ponds south of the factory. It filled the air in the late summer.

There were two whistles that blew coarse and heavy to let the factory workers know it was time to come to work. The first whistle was to let the workers know it was time to get ready and by the time the second one blew, they should be at work. Since most of the migrant people didn't have clocks, they relied on the whistles. Most people had to use the sun to tell the time.

There was no need for watches and clocks on the farm. In the fields, they would know exactly when it was time to quit for dinner, because they could look up at the sun. Willnetta could tell the time within fifteen minutes.

A train that was called "Old Hungry" passed by this area about 11 a.m. to 11:30 a.m. everyday. The train carried passengers between Chicago and Florida. To

Willnetta, the train seemed to travel at a very fast speed. It burned coal that left a long streak of black smoke behind it and had a strange kind of a whistle. When “Old Hungry” came by, Willnetta and her grandmother stopped what they were doing in the fields. Her grandmother yanked off six or eight ears of corn and dropped them in her big bag of an apron. She went on to the tomato field and picked a half dozen nice tomatoes and three or four pickles. She had to go to the house and fix dinner before the men got in from the field to eat. There was a pot of beans with a chunk of meat cooking on the wood-burning stove. A pan of cornbread was put in the oven. Country churned butter was always on the table. All kinds of preserves and fruit from the canning season were served. It is interesting to note that folks in the farming community always referred to lunch as dinnertime and the evening meal was supper. Willnetta stressed this point.

Farm families were self-sufficient. Willnetta says that the only thing they needed to buy was sugar, salt, baking powder and spices. They made their own lard. When the corn was ready, they sat in the kitchen and made their cornmeal. The ears of corn were all knobbed. The little grains on the small end were taken off. The corn was then shelled into a laundry tub. They filled bags full of corn that were taken to Red’s Mill to be ground. The left over cobs were saved to kindle the fire in the stove. Willnetta helped her grandmother with the task of killing the “eating” chickens. She learned how to cut up a chicken. Of course, the feathers were saved and were used for feather beds and pillows. Nothing went to waste on the farm.

On Saturday morning, they went to town with a basket of eggs to sell. Her grandmother counted the eggs on her bed. She smoothed out the covers and then took three eggs in each hand and put them down together. That would be a half a dozen. Then she repeated the motion having a total of one dozen eggs. She kept track of the total number of eggs by writing it down on a piece of paper and putting it in her basket of eggs.

When they got to the Jennings Store, Mr. Jennings counted the eggs and then told her how much he was willing to pay. Then the shopping would begin. She had prepared a list of things she needed. She would pick the first item on her list and Mr. Jennings would go get the item and bring it back to the counter. He would write down how much each item cost until he had gathered all the items on her list. Then he would add up the cost of the items. What was left of her egg money would be spent at Peek’s Store. She bought her sewing material/dry goods for her dresses,

flannel for nightgowns, petticoats, shoes and socks. She was a frugal lady and would keep her clothing items until they wore out.

Willnetta's grandmother sewed for many people, making clothes, quilts and whatever was needed. She also assisted Dr. Carnes delivering babies. When it was time for a delivery, she rode with him in his buggy. She always had her starched apron and cap ready. When they arrived, she prepared everything in the kitchen – newspapers, old rags and blankets. After the birth, she rubbed warm melted lard on the baby to clean it and keep it warm. She then dressed the baby and returned it to the mother. If the family did not have a clock, she stayed up all night until daylight so she could tell the approximate time of the birth. She never accepted money for her services. She just wanted to help.

The farm families that were not able to get into town were served by what was known as a huckster. He had a wagon that was like a traveling store. Shelves were stocked with food items and house wares. The huckster would often buy eggs from the farmers. He had a route and everybody knew when he was coming by.

Since her grandparents moved frequently, Willnetta attended several schools. Most of her elementary school years were spent at the Bagby School, a one-room schoolhouse located on Averitt Road between Stop 18 and Smith Valley Road.

There was one teacher to instruct grades one through eight. After completing eighth grade, students attended high school at another location.

Willnetta started school in Southport. She remembers riding in a wagon to school. There was a row of seats on each side of the wagon. She was the first child picked up and sat up front close to the driver. She was seven years old when she transferred to the Bagby School. Grover Duncan, the shoe man, drove a truck that took the children to school. Sometimes Willnetta rode with him and other times she was allowed to walk.

School commenced with the teacher ringing a little hand bell that was used to summon the kids in for recess as well. The room was arranged with all of the desks lined up on the west side of the building, each grade sitting in their own section. The first grade was on the north side of the room, followed by second, third, and so on. The eighth grade was on the south side. The entire east wall was a slate blackboard.

A potbelly stove was located near the younger children. A boy in the neighborhood fired the stove before school. The children often wore their coats and

boots until the room was warm. The cloakroom for the girls was on one side of the room and the boys on the other. There was a shelf for lunch boxes, boots and other belongings. Just inside the door was a bucket and dipper for drinking water.

Classes were taught in order starting with the first grade. The other grades would study until it was time for their lessons to begin. Everybody was orderly. Nobody made any noise. The students raised their hands if they had a question, but nobody bothered the teacher when she was instructing another grade. Willnetta recalls there were very few kids in the first, second, seventh and eighth grades. Most were in the middle grades. There may have been thirty children in the entire school.

An exciting event was the weekly visits from their music teacher, Miss Lemons. When she turned in off of the road, the children ran down to meet her and carry her things into the building. "She had short bobbed hair, short skirts and was really a "flapper" type of person. That was new to us sedate people in the country."

After finishing her sixth grade year, in the summer of 1927, the Bagby School was closed. Willnetta was sent to Whiteland where she graduated from high school in 1933.

Willnetta reflects on the years she spent growing up. It was a simple time, and people were left to their own resources to enrich their lives. She feels that so much of that has been lost.

"I had my dreams up in apple trees looking at the sky. I laid on my back, spread out like an animal on a limb, watching the clouds. I was free to ramble in the cornfields. No one ever wondered where I was. I was safe. I would always come in at suppertime, quite dirty and disheveled, but I was there. My world was what I wanted to make of it. That freedom helped develop my mind and brought me to where I am now and where I intend to go from here."

Contributed by Willnetta Miles, March 15, 2001

Editor's Note: *Willnetta's charming account of her youth only serves as a reminder of how this community has changed. As Willnetta has grown, so has Greenwood. Her legacy should serve to remind us of how children look at the world around them and never doubt the possibilities of their imaginations. She certainly is a jewel in the crown of Greenwood history.*

George Surface

George Surface was born September 21, 1921 and has spent most of his life as a resident of Greenwood. His first home in Greenwood was at 389 West Broadway. His father was Albert Surface who was a Greenwood mail carrier for 33 years. George grew up during the Depression years and has many interesting stories to share that focus on the events of that time through World War II.

George's story begins in the fall of 1927, when he started grade school. All twelve grades were in the same building located at the corner of Wiley and Meridian Street. The following year a new high school was dedicated which faced Broadway. Grades one through eight remained at the old building a short distance away.

The new high school was very modern and had a gymnasium. The basketball team of 1928 played their last two home games in the new gym. The night the gym was dedicated Greenwood played Center Grove and won the game. Spirits were high over the victory. The team rode on the old Model T fire truck downtown for a big celebration and bonfire. The following night the team suffered a disappointing loss to Southport.

In 1942, a fire destroyed the new high school. When asked how the fire started, George replied that no one was sure. It was possible that a local group using the building may have accidentally left food in an oven. Another theory was that a smoldering cigarette might have started the fire. The actual cause of the fire was never determined. Losing the school was a huge disappointment for the community.



1928 Greenwood High School Basketball Team.

Front Row L to R: H. Emig, R. Yount, W. Surface, L. Myers, C. Rogers, L. Cox. Back Row L to R: Principal - E. Wood, P. Jordan, L. Fendley, A. Offutt, F. Ross, E. Day and Coach - W. Bartlett.

The high school students were without a school. Classes were held at various locations around town. Eventually, they were relocated back to the old building with the grade school students. Basketball games were played at the Polk Community House following the fire. Loyal

supporters stood around the walls of the gym. Bleachers were erected on the stage and there was a loft over the south end of the court that served for extra seating. Turnout for a ball game was not like it is today, so they made do with the facilities available. Later, all basketball games were held at School No. 9 on Bluff Road in Marion County. This continued until the new high school was built on Madison Avenue in the 1950's.

Sports were always a big interest in George's life. He recounts with pride that the Greenwood basketball team won its first sectional in 1940, dethroning Franklin; the reigning sectional champs for 22 years! Basketball teams didn't have the means to travel, so Greenwood played against other teams in the surrounding area. There were 13 teams that played in the sectionals, 10 from Johnson County and 3 from Brown County.

From 1927 until 1938, Greenwood didn't have a football team. The 1938 team had six players, three linemen and three backfield men. The small student population in the high schools of the surrounding area would not support larger teams. When student enrollment increased after World War II, the eleven-man team became a reality.



1926

Won - 5 Lost - 2

Standing (l-r): Sharkey, Trisler, Fendley, Babbitt, Coach Pitcher, Carter, Velhorn, Woods
Back Field: Carter, Springer, Henry, Jennings, Captain
Line: Surface, Linzie, McCartney, Tinkle, Wilcox, Rhem, Smith

During his teens, George worked part-time at the

Kroger grocery store located on the north side of Main Street east of Madison. There were a number of larger chain grocery stores on the same block of Main Street. The A&P, Standard and Kroger were all competing for the grocery trade. There were several family stores in town as well: Jennings', Dunn's, Myers', Woods', and Herbert's, to mention a few.

George is proud of the service the grocery stores provided for their customers. "There was no waiting on yourself." When a customer came in, he/she would place their order for groceries and meat. The store clerk filled their order. The chain stores like A&P, Standard and Kroger all had butcher shops and customers were required to pay at the meat counter.

The early grocery stores conducted business differently than today's super markets. Farmers would bring in two or three-dozen eggs or other food items in exchange for credit on their grocery purchases. Very little frozen food was available. Normally, vegetables and citrus were sold year around. Trucks brought in bread from six or seven bakeries in Indianapolis. Cookies and candies were sold in bulk by the pound.

The independent grocery stores usually offered delivery service. Another service was credit. George believes that almost all of the independents carried debt. The chain stores did not extend credit except to business customers. During the Depression, the township trustee bought groceries, coal and other essentials for those in need. Money was not handed out for people to do their own shopping.

George worked for the Kroger Grocery Store after school and on the weekends. He earned 12 ½ cents an hour. The Standard Grocery moved in across the street and the manager offered George and his friend 15 cents an hour if they would come to work for him. They agreed, but only if their manager at Kroger refused to match the 15 cents. The manager at Kroger told the boys they had better go to Standard because, "You'll never see the day I pay high school students 15 cents an hour!"

In the late 1930's, George earned about five or six dollars a week working part-time at the grocery store. That was a lot of money for a teenager. A person could go to the show at the Community House for 15 cents and candy bars and cokes were a nickel each. A hard working lad, George also delivered newspapers to about one-third of Greenwood residents and washed cars at one of the service stations.

George thought that the interurban was a great way to travel. The interurban tracks ran down Madison Avenue from Indianapolis and then south to Franklin. One interurban carried passengers and another one carried freight.

The "Dixie Flyer" left Indianapolis at 4:00 p.m. and had two or three cars, the last one being a dining car. Salesmen going from Indianapolis to Louisville could eat their evening meal on the trip south. George describes the cars as very comfortable with leather upholstery seats. The dining car was very fancy. It cost 10 or 15 cents to ride from Greenwood to Indianapolis or Greenwood to Franklin. The people that worked in Indianapolis and rode the interurban everyday were able to buy tokens at a discount. Several Greenwood residents were motormen and conductors on the interurban.

When the freight was running, it would go to Louisville. Along the line, there were sidings where one car could pull off and let another pass. There was a siding at Stop 12, 11, 10 and downtown Greenwood. The car barn was located on Madison Avenue across from Market Plaza. They would pull in there to load and unload freight and do repair work on the cars.

The interurban had many “run-ins” with cars. The problem was that people couldn’t judge how fast the interurban was going. They would pull out in front of the interurban resulting in many fatal accidents between here and Indianapolis.

George’s family had a “near miss” with the interurban. On Christmas Day, 1926, he visited his grandmother who lived on North Madison. There were around 30 grandchildren at the gathering. His uncle decided to take the kids for a ride in grandmother’s Model T Ford. There wasn’t enough room for George and he stayed behind. As the car crossed the tracks, it got stuck in the snow and the interurban came barreling down the tracks. His uncle managed to get the kids out of the car before it was hit. Coincidentally, the man operating the interurban was another uncle of George’s. The interurban was going so fast that it didn’t stop for several blocks after the impact. Needless to say, there wasn’t anything left of the Model T!

From around 1928 on through the 1930’s, there were numerous service stations in Greenwood. Most of them were located on Madison Avenue. George recalls that during the early 1930’s there were at least 7 stations located on Madison Avenue. At Wiley and Madison on the northeast corner was the Linco (Ohio Oil Company). On the southwest corner of Broadway and Madison was a Phillips 66 station. Directly across the street was a Mobile station. On the northwest corner of Pearl and Madison was a Sinclair station. On the northeast corner was the Standard and on the southeast corner was the Diamond or DX station. South of Main and Madison at Kelly’s Sales was a Shell station.

Gas pumps were unique in the early stations. The first ones were hand operated gravity pumps. On the top was a glass bowl with markers 1,2,3,4, which represented gallons. A customer pumped the bowl full and the gas descended to the markers, indicating how many gallons had been pumped. The next pump introduced was the electric pump. There was a problem with this type of pump. If the electricity was off, no gas could be sold. The price of gas was 20 cents a gallon around 1933 or 1934. Most stations made a penny on each gallon sold.

First-rate customer service was part of a visit to the service station. The attendant washed the car windows. Water and oil were always checked. Folks wouldn't go back if they didn't get proper service. The Phillips 66 and the Standard were popular places for the "guys" to congregate.

During the Depression years, only one house was being built a year. But Greenwood saw a boom in the gasoline business. Three of the previously mentioned stations were built at this time: the Linco, Phillips 66 and the Sinclair. The three new stations were all modern with lube bays and minor auto maintenance facilities. The Sinclair washed cars and George worked there during high school. He earned 25 cents out of every 75 cents charged for a car wash.

There was a big demand for gasoline because Madison Avenue was the main north and south route through the state. Travelers from long distances and local traffic passed through Greenwood. The local gas stations were ready to provide service to the growing traffic flow. The need for gas was there even though the Depression was going on. Depending on traffic volume, some of the stations would often stay open 24 hours a day.

For a small community, the traffic through this area was able to support three hotels. The Vest Hotel was located on the northeast corner of East Broadway and the railroad tracks. It was the favorite place for salesmen getting off of the train. They came to town to call on their accounts such as the hardware store and other local businesses. The Broadway Hotel, now *The Persimmon Tree* relied almost entirely on tourists. The Greenwood Hotel on the south side of Main Street, four doors down from Madison Avenue, had a fine dining room and served meals to their guests.

The "Great Depression" which lasted from 1929 through most of the 1930's didn't seem to have the same impact on Greenwood as other areas of the country. People did not have much, but they adjusted and continued to provide the best they could for their families. The downtown merchants depended on the farmers to come to town and shop. George believes that farmers from seven or eight miles around came in to trade with the local merchants. The blacksmith shop, located by the Presbyterian Church was still doing a big business shoeing horses and working on plows.

Other businesses were slow during the Depression. Noblitt- Sparks gave jobs to as many people as possible, putting money back into the community. They were manufacturing car heaters, radios and for a short time lawn furniture.

George considers himself fortunate as his father was a mail carrier and had a steady paycheck during the Depression. His first memory of the location of the post office was on the north side of Main Street, west of where the *Bay Window* is now located. In 1957, the post office moved to the corner of Main Street and Market Plaza.

From the 1920's until World War II, there were only two mail carriers in Greenwood. One delivered mail to the west part of town and George's father, Albert Surface had the east half. Meridian Street was the dividing line. Mr. Surface walked his route early, then came back and got his car to deliver parcel post packages. He would deliver his route again in the afternoon. Residents received two mail deliveries a day. As George points out, "In those days you didn't have circulars, so that cut the mail volume down. In some blocks you wouldn't have two houses that received a letter."

Mail came into Greenwood by train two or three times a day. Beside the railroad tracks, just south of Broadway was an "arm" attached to a pole for dropping off and picking up first class mail. The mailbags were put on the "arm" so the train wouldn't have to stop. Parcel Post came on another train that had to stop to be unloaded. Mail was sorted by town on the mail cars. The local post offices would then sort the mail according to routes.

Mail carriers of that era wore ties, uniforms and caps all year around. They carried a large leather bag with a flap to cover the mail from the rain and snow. The mail carriers delivered mail to the door. Cutting across lawns was not allowed. The carriers walked up the sidewalk to the house.



Photo courtesy of the Johnson County Museum.

The Wheeling House - future home of the Greenwood Hotel.

The post office had a little lobby with a window where you could buy stamps. There were post office boxes and the postmaster had an office. Postcards cost a penny and service men had free postage.

The postal employees were civil service, but the postmaster was a political job. Everything went through Washington, but the local officials were allowed to appoint the postmaster.

George shares a touching story of his father's dedication to his job and the people of the community. Mr. Surface knew everyone in town. When a greeting card or a special parcel came in, he would make an extra trip to deliver the card. During World War II, a local lady had not heard from her husband for months. On Christmas Eve, Mr. Surface found a card addressed to her. He went out of his way to see that she had it for Christmas. As it turned out, the lady had received a Christmas card and handkerchief from her husband overseas. Needless to say, that made her Christmas a joyful one! That was the personal touch that people of that generation gave to one another.

Photos courtesy of the Johnson County Museum.



Albert Surface

During the Depression years, money was

hard to come by for most families. Friends and neighbors helped one another get through this difficult time in the country's history. The local merchants provided a bright spot for most folks. They were very supportive of the community's needs. A good case in point was a gentleman from Edinburgh who leased the theater at the Community house. He showed movies four nights a week and charged 15 cents admission. One night a week was "Bank Night". There was a drawing for a prize that was usually cash - \$15 or \$20. One prize that really drew a crowd was a motorbike. On Christmas Eve afternoon, there was a free show and a bag of treats for the kids.



Bert Myers - Father of "W.B. Myers, Greenwood Mayor 1964-1967".

Contributed by
Jon & Jeannine Myers.

The merchants sponsored a street fair, dance or some activity and gave away baskets of groceries. Pushmobile races became a popular past time. A pushmobile was similar to a soapbox. A driver rode inside the pushmobile and other team members were the pushers. The racecourse was around Broadway, Brewer, Pearl and Meridian. A pusher from each team was stationed at all four corners and would take over when the pushmobile reached his corner. This activity drew crowds from all over and lasted for three years.

During the 1930's, there were a few horses and wagons coming into town since the farmers were still plowing with horses. Cars were becoming the mode of travel and the interurban was still running. There was no street department in those days. A three-member Town Board appointed the Town Marshall. It was his job to clean the streets. In the fall when the leaves were thick, the Marshall assisted by another gentleman would pile the leaves. George Dorell came along with his horse and wagon and took the leaves and street trash to the dump that was located southeast of town. In the winter, a man with a horse and wagon would take a narrow snowplow and would clear some of the sidewalks. The streets were not plowed at all. It was in the late 1940's before the town owned a truck.

After graduation from high school in 1940, George enrolled at Hanover College. His second year of college, he was practicing football and was kicked in the side. He had his appendix removed.

While recuperating, World War II began and George enlisted in the Air Force. He had two older brothers with families and was hoping one of them would not have to go if he enlisted. Patriotism ran high and most everyone was willing to serve their country.

Before he enlisted, George went down to the Kroger Store and told the manager that he wanted to buy some non-perishables for his parents. He bought four – 24 lb.



Photo courtesy of the Johnson County Museum.

*Town Marshal & Street Department -
Lewis Hemphill.*

bags of flour, 100 pounds of sugar, and ten cases of canned goods. The total bill came to \$43.00. He asked that the goods be delivered to his parents' house.

When rationing began, George's parents turned in most of the items. Government representatives came around and asked what each person had on hand. Ration books were then issued to each household. Automobile tires and gas were also rationed. Gas was allowed on a so much per week basis. George's father occasionally got new tires. To get a car, a person had to be a doctor or have a government job that was essential. The government had priority at the factories for all manufactured products.

George entered the Air Force on January 5, 1942 and was discharged December 16, 1945. He served in Texas, Nevada, two years in Idaho, Buffalo, N. Y., George Field, Illinois; Arkansas, and in Chicago at Midway Airport.

He went to aircraft mechanics school in Wichita Falls, Texas and cadet school at San Antonio. The Air Force learned that George had suffered a broken back in civilian life so he was not allowed to fly. He signed up for gunnery school and became an aerial engineer. He was then sent to Boise, Idaho and was an instructor on bombers for two years. George said, "An old Colonel saw my record and said if they wouldn't let me fly as an officer, he wouldn't let me go and get shot as an enlisted man." So George served his country stateside.

On the local front, employment was good during the war. Noblitt-Sparks was still the main industry in Greenwood. They had some defense contracts during the war. One was the manufacturing of torpedo tubes. They still made heaters and different things for cars, but basically they were considered a defense plant.

Many people in the surrounding area worked at Allison's in Indianapolis during the war. It was strictly a defense plant and made aircraft engines.

George came home to Greenwood after the war to a booming economy. Things were quite different than the Depression years.

"After the war was over, cars were in high demand and people were buying them as fast as they came off the production line." George had to wait a year to buy a car. The car cost \$900. The Ford dealer in town thought he had loaded George up with the extras. The extras included seat covers and two mirrors that cost him \$30.00.

Cars “came off the line” with standard equipment which consisted of no turn signals, no heaters and radios, no outside mirrors and no defrosters.

Some of the cars did come from the factory with heaters and radios, but buyers had to take what they could get. The automobile dealers had four slack years during the war and were making up for it.

The demand was so high that there was a lot of black marketing in the auto industry. People would buy here and drive to Texas or Oklahoma where the money was fairly abundant and sell the cars. A person could make five or six hundred dollars a vehicle on resale. A different world was emerging.

*Contributed by George Surface,
March 8, 2001*

Editors' Note: *George is well versed on many aspects of Greenwood history. He has spent most of his life in this community. With a twinkle in his eye he recites volumes of information about the city, state, and country. It is people like George and those of his generation that have built a solid foundation for the great community of Greenwood.*



1924 - 1925

Standing: Pitcher, Coach **Kneeling:** Henry, Hemphill, Beckwith, McCartney, Wilcox, Carter; **Sitting:** Jennings, Carter, Babbitt, Dearman, Slater, Springer, Dearman, Captain



**Greenwood High School Girls Basketball Team
1925-1926**

Mr. Palmer, Coach; Lelia Wilcox, guard; Julia Jean Peek, side center; Imogene Lyons, center, captain; Gene Hines, guard; Frances Stevenson, guard; Roselene Childress, forward; Ruth Royce, guard; Eunice Surface, guard; Ruby Smith, forward; Ruth Smith, forward; Opal Barkes, forward; Hazel Hanlin, guard; Mary Ruth Edrington, guard.



Track Team - 1926

Left to Right: Hazel A. Wishard, Principal; Surface, Ross, Wilcox, Jennings, McCartney, Springer - Captain, Sharkey, VanArsdale, Meyers, Hemphill, Coons, Bailey, Coach Pitcher.

Greenwood Memories of the 1910's and 1920's

By HUBERT "BERT" JENNINGS

Hubert "Bert" Jennings born July 22, 1916, was the youngest in a family of two girls and five boys. He was a lifetime resident of Greenwood. Growing up, Bert worked on the family farm and in his teenage years worked for his father at the Jennings Grocery Store. The store opened in 1915 and was located on the north side of Main Street, east of Madison.

Bert served in the United States Army during World War II from January 1941 through November 1945. He served with the 139 Field Artillery in the South Pacific.



*1936 - Jimmie Royce and Hubert Jennings in front of
John Jennings and Sons Grocery.*

In the early 1920's, one would think of Greenwood as a tiny quiet village. The town limits to the north were Noble Street and Madison Avenue. The south limits were located near the creek on the north side of Commiskey's Corner Drugs. East limits were near Middle Street and the west limits were approximately where the Wilson St.

Pierre Funeral Home is now located. U.S. 31 was many years away from becoming a reality.

The James T. Polk Cannery was a busy place on the south side of East Main and Polk Street. Farmers with horse drawn wagons brought their peas, corn and tomatoes for canning. Workers were signaled to come to work by the cannery blowing it's whistle.

The Morgan Blacksmith Shop was a busy place in downtown Greenwood with all the horses that needed shoeing. In the 1930's, the Model T and Model A Ford trucks started a new era in farming and the blacksmith became a dying business.

Our first town marshal was Lewis Hemphill, who started in the early 1900's or 1920's. He also had the job of sweeping the streets. During the winter, a horse drawn pointed sled was used for clearing the sidewalks of snow.

Grafton Johnson was a millionaire investment banker whose home was where Tomlin Realty is located on south Madison. In the early 1900's, he had bears that were allowed to run loose on the grounds. One was kept chained to the large mound near the front of the property. They often climbed the trees and escaped the fenced-in property. The final straw was when a bear dropped out of a tree onto a cloth-topped vehicle passing underneath. Mr. Johnson got rid of the bears and subsequently kept two lions in a cage in the barn for passersby's to view. One day, Jim Jewell, the lion's caretaker was able to slip out of his overcoat and escape before the attacking lions mauled him. Mr. Johnson got rid of the lions shortly after that.

On Saturday nights you could not stir all the people downtown with a stick. Most were farmers who had come to town to shop, visit and stop for a cool drink of well water at the local pump. This was located on Main Street near the M.G. Coons Grocery and the bank. Today, this is approximately three doors east from the southeast corner of Main and Madison. There was always one "community cup" available or folks could bring their own. People would sometimes visit until one o'clock in the morning.

Another social hangout was Peek's Chocolate Shop. It was located on the east side of Madison Avenue, a few doors north of Main Street. After playing basketball, Bert and his friends went to the shop for sodas and sundaes.

The streets of Greenwood were gravel or concrete except Madison Avenue, which was brick. The tracks for the interurban cars were on Madison. The interurban ticket office was located the second door south of the southeast corner of Main and Madison. The interurban barn was located across from Market Plaza. In 1965, the Greenwood Police and Fire Departments built their headquarters inside the vacated interurban barn. The Greenwood City Offices and Court were later established at the same site. These offices were not relocated until the early 1990's. Greenwood

residents have been a part of history this year seeing the removal of the last of the interurban tracks and bricks from Madison Avenue.

Contributed by Hubert "Bert" Jennings, February 12, 2001

Editors' Note: *Bert Jennings was the first contributor to our collection of memories of Greenwood. His article was published in Mayor Charles Henderson's Spring/Summer Newsletter 2001. Bert passed away on February 26, 2001, less than a week before the newsletter was mailed to Greenwood residents.*

Memories of Greenwood

By JO ELLEN JENNINGS VILLINES

Jo Ellen Jennings Villines is the daughter of Hubert "Bert" Jennings and Ruby Glenn Wood Jennings. Jo Ellen is married to Jeff Villines and they have two children, Jennifer and Jessamyn. Jo Ellen shares some of her memories of growing up in Greenwood and conversations with her father.

Hubert "Bert" Jennings was born July 22, 1916, the youngest of seven children born to John and Anna LeMasters Jennings. The oldest sibling was Mary, followed by brother Thompson "Thompy", Harold, Walter "Fuzzy", Lucy "Dolly", Byron and Hubert "Bert". His father, John Jennings owned a house at 350 North Smart Street where Bert was born. They owned several nearby lots where the older sons built

their homes. On one of the lots was the location of the slaughterhouse used in the family business, John Jennings and Sons Grocery. At one time, the grocery was the only store in town that sold fresh poultry. Mr. Jennings and Bert's two older brothers, Thompson "Thompy" and Harold opened the grocery in 1915. When he was older, Bert delivered groceries to the store's customers.



Thomson Jennings, cart driver; Harold Jennings, standing directly behind Walter Jennings, smallest boy; William Callon (cousin) wearing ear muffs; Harry Neaville, sitting on cart. Location: N/S East Main Street (between McKinley & Washington Streets, Greenwood, IN)

Greenwood was just a small town and a safe place for children. Young men did a lot of work on their own cars – tinkering. Downtown was a busy place. There were no

shopping centers, just “mom and pop stores”. Sometimes on the weekends, folks went to the *Candy Kitchen* in Franklin. The “big thing” in Greenwood was Peeks Chocolate Shop.

Jo Ellen always loved holidays. She always liked the Halloween festivities and asked her father what he did on Halloween. He replied that they didn’t trick or treat or turn outhouses upside down, but they did throw shelled corn at the houses. On Christmas, they would hang their stockings and get the traditional candy, nuts and a toy.

Bert attended all 12 years of school at the “old school” on Meridian, graduating in 1935. He often mentioned some of his teachers, one being Mrs. Sharkey, his second grade teacher. Jo Ellen had the same teacher. Then there were the Bass sisters and Mrs. Wood that he held in high regard. Mr. Isom was Bert’s basketball coach. Jo Ellen has a picture that belonged to her father showing Mr. Isom with the basketball team. When Jo Ellen was in elementary school, Mr. Isom was the school principal.

Jo Ellen feels that times have really changed. In the 1960’s, when she was in the 7th or 8th grade, the school had “Blue and Gold Day”, since those were the school colors. She wore her father’s basketball “letter sweater” thinking that was a neat thing to do. The school didn’t think so and called her parents, because at that time you couldn’t wear a letter unless you had earned it. She wasn’t allowed to wear the sweater, so it went back into the cedar chest after that.

Dress codes were very much in force when Jo Ellen was in school. The teachers were no exception. In the 1950’s, the ladies all wore dresses and the men wore white shirts and ties. Most of the older ladies wore black lace-up shoes.

Discipline was strictly enforced, as it was when her father was in school. Jo Ellen remembers a teacher who broke a yardstick across the back of a smart mouthed student. “That wasn’t that long ago and it makes you wonder how that would have been handled today. Times have changed so dramatically!”

Another of Bert’s older brothers was Walter, known as “Fuzzy”. He was quite an athlete in his high school years. He was a big basketball star, ran track and participated in football. He attended Franklin College for one year. In the early 1940’s, on a trip west he was involved in a car wreck. It left him with one leg several inches shorter than the other crippling him for the rest of his life.

Fuzzy moved into the old slaughterhouse that was no longer in use by the grocery. The slaughterhouse was “L” shaped. His living quarters were in the front. He caged the large back room and raised parakeets for sale. He had about a hundred different colored parakeets flying around. They were beautiful birds and Fuzzy entered his birds in many shows. He won a number of trophies for his parakeets. Fuzzy also ran a pick up and delivery service in Greenwood.

In his retirement years, Jo Ellen’s grandfather, John had a popcorn stand downtown. This was in the 1940’s. He sold popcorn and peanuts to have something to do and make some extra money.

Jo Ellen remembers her father speaking of when he was in the National Guard with several Johnson County boys. They were in Ft. Leonard Wood, Missouri waiting to be released. It was the weekend and their paperwork had been completed. The discharging officer suggested they wait until Monday as there was no weekend train. So they waited. This was December 6, 1941, the day before the attack on Pearl Harbor. They were automatically reactivated to duty for the duration of the war.

The Johnson County fellows were able to stay together during World War II, which made it nice for them. They were originally scheduled to go to Europe, but they lucked out on that. Somehow, their training was switched with another unit. That unit eventually was sent to the *Battle of the Bulge*. Bert and the other county boys ended up becoming a mop up unit in the Pacific. Even though they suffered casualties, they didn’t lose as many as other units. Bert spoke to Jo Ellen about his grief over the loss of a buddy in the Philippines. They entered a cave and a Japanese soldier threw an incendiary device and killed the man instantly. They buried him there.

Contributed by Jo Ellen Jennings Villines, April 19, 2001

Bernice Coffman

Ershal Bernice Coffman was born August 28, 1912. Her parents were Cecil Lowe Tresslar and Martha Belle Jones Tresslar.

Bernice married Jess Coffman in 1935 and they have one son, James Richard Coffman.

Bernice's earliest memories were of her school years. When she was six years old, she started first grade at the Bagby School on Averitt Road. Bernice lived with her aunt while her parents made preparations to move to a new home on Averitt Road.

The Bagby School was a one-room schoolhouse attended by approximately 25 to 30 students. With such a small student population, often there were only two children in one grade and four in another. One teacher taught grades one through eight. The class that was in session was moved to the front row. This alternated as the different grades received their instruction. After completing the eighth grade, students attended Greenwood High School.

The school was heated with a wood/coal-burning stove located in the middle of the room. Bernice recalls that the students who sat at the edge of the room were always cold and those sitting near the stove were too warm.

Some of the students rode a bus to school. Bernice lived close to the school and wasn't on the bus route. If it was raining, the bus driver stopped and picked her up. Some of the older students drove a horse and buggy to school. There was a shed at the edge of the school building where the kids kept their horses.

When Bernice finished the third grade at the Bagby School, her family moved to Greenwood. The school year at Bagby ended in April and Greenwood ended in May. When they moved to town, Bernice remembers being upset that she had to go to school for an extra month.

She finished elementary school in Greenwood at the "old school" on Meridian Street. A new high school was built in 1928 next door to the grade school. Bernice graduated from high school in 1930.

Her senior prom was held in the gymnasium and they decorated with crepe paper. They had music but were not allowed to dance. The students enjoyed a pitch in dinner and they sat around and talked. Bernice says that students were allowed to bring dates, but for some reason dancing at that time was not the proper thing to do.



"Groundbreaking for the new High School"

Photo courtesy of the Johnson County Museum.



"The new Greenwood High School of the 1930's."

Photo courtesy of the Johnson County Museum.

Bernice met her future husband, Jess Coffman when they were young children. The Tresslar family lived at One East Pearl when they moved to Greenwood. Jess lived at 42 East Pearl. Jess and Bernice became playmates when she was ten years old. They used to throw rocks at each other.

Jess was two years behind Bernice in school. In 1930, Jess was chosen as a cheerleader for the basketball team. Jess was probably the first male cheerleader for the Greenwood High School. Usually the school had two female cheerleaders. The students voted for the cheerleaders and Jess was chosen. Bernice says that in those days, cheerleading was just a lot of hand motions. Jess graduated from high school in 1932.

The only sports that Bernice remembers were basketball and football. She remembers playing against Center Grove, Whiteland, and Franklin. The teams lost a lot of games and the first time they won, the "whole town turned out."

Bernice and Jess stopped throwing rocks and started dating in 1929. On their first date, they attended a silent movie at the Community House. Bernice remembers Elizabeth Myers playing the piano. After the movies, they went to Youman's Drug Store and had a coke. Jess worked there part-time after school. Bernice believes that the first movie they saw with sound was at the Apollo Theater in Indianapolis.

After graduation, Bernice was not able to find work for a year. Then she found work at the Model Creamery on Beecher Street in Indianapolis. They picked up milk from farmers and brought it to the creamery for pasteurization and bottling. Her father drove one of their trucks. Bernice rode the interurban to and from work.

Jess and Bernice were married in 1935. After honeymooning in Kentucky, they moved in with her parents for a short time. Their first home was a small apartment with three rooms. The apartment was so hot in the summertime that they had to sleep under wet bath towels. In the winter, the only warmth came from a small heater in the hall.

Their apartment was in a house on the corner of Wiley and Madison - facing Madison. One day Bernice left for work and when she returned the house was up on jacks and turned around facing Wiley Street. Jess and Bernice had to move in with her parents until the electricity and water were hooked up. Bernice said they were not informed in advance of the plans to move the house. A filling station was built where the house had stood.

They lived in the apartment for two years and then moved to 160 Brewer Street. They rented the house for \$18.00 a month and lived there for ten years. During World War II, it was almost impossible to buy a house. The Coffman's wanted to buy the house at 160 Brewer, but it was too expensive for their budget. The house was eventually sold to Elizabeth Todd.

In 1947, Jess and Bernice bought the Coffman house at 42 East Pearl where his parents had lived.

Jess worked at Youman's Pharmacy until 1940. He did all kinds of jobs, but was never a pharmacist. Doc Youman encouraged him to go to pharmacy school, but he chose not to go. Years later he regretted that decision. After leaving Youmans', Jess went to work at a factory in Indianapolis that made grills for Dodge and Plymouth cars.

Jess's father repaired clocks and watches. In the early years, he worked out of the Duncan Shoe Shop. He later moved the business to the bank building on the northwest corner of Madison and Main Street. When Mr. and Mrs. Coffman moved to 22 East Pearl he did his repair work on the front porch. Bernice still has a sign Mr. Coffman used for his business.

In 1937 their son, James Richard was born. Bernice didn't work outside the home until Jim was ten years old. The Kelly Chevrolet Dealership hired Bernice as their bookkeeper in 1947. The business was located a few doors south of Main Street on Madison Avenue. She worked at the dealership for seven years.

Kelly's had a showroom that accommodated two cars and a garage for repair work. They employed four or five mechanics. Rueben Crowe did body work in the shop.

Bernice comments that cars were hard to get after World War II. "Everyone was ordering cars." Jess and Bernice had sold their car and ordered a convertible. The price was \$1,500 when they placed their order. It was fifteen months before they got the car. By that time the price had gone up to \$2,000. While they were waiting on the car, they rode bicycles everywhere.

Bernice left Kelly's and went to work at Hoosier Cadillac in Indianapolis. Jim was attending Butler University at that time and they rode together.

In 1955, Bernice was offered a job with Jack Smart and Dave Perry. They owned the Ford Dealership in Greenwood. She accepted the position.

Jess was a volunteer fireman for years. The firemen held weekly meetings on Thursday nights. The guys often rode around on the fire truck. If repairs were needed, the guys worked on the truck. She says that the firemen were really dedicated. Jess was on the fire department when the high school burned in 1942.

Photos courtesy of the Johnson County Museum.



Greenwood High School after fire of 1942.



He was also on duty at the time of the fire at the Hoosier Mineral Feed on the southeast corner of Main and Washington Street. Bernice's father

worked there at the time of the fire. They had a hatchery and her father worked the night shift taking care of the eggs.

Of her spiritual life, Bernice is proud that she is the oldest baptized member of the Christian Church. She has been a baptized member for 74 years and has seen a lot of church history.

The Christian Church started on Broadway and Smart Street. On Sundays, there were about 150 to 200 people attending services. Easter usually drew a larger crowd of around 300.

The church had many “get togethers” in the basement. The Ladies Aid Society made quilts to sell and the money went into the church fund.

The church had a bell and a chime. Elizabeth Todd played the organ and it chimed hymns. She served as the church pianist and organist for many years. She was also the music teacher at the Greenwood schools and gave private music lessons.

The Christian Church outgrew their facilities and moved to a larger church on Madison Avenue. They have since moved again to a much larger church at Worthville and Averitt Road. Now attendance averages around 1400 each Sunday. The church is presently building another wing, which will house the church offices and a school. “We are going to have preschool to fifth grade.”

Contributed by Bernice Coffman, October 26, 2001

Editors’ Note: *Bernice Coffman is a lovely lady whose life would seem uncomplicated by today’s standards. Her charming story of the one-room Bagby School signals the vast changes that have occurred in the last 84 years.*

At her high school prom dancing was not considered proper. That code of social behavior is no longer observed.

Bernice’s devotion to her church is the one thing that has not been lost by time. Her faith endures.

Dwight Howard

James Dwight Howard was born December 29, 1919, in Brown County. His parents were James E. and Hazel Howard. Dwight had two brothers, Donald Ray and Kenneth Dale.

Dwight married Pauline Fewell, his neighbor and schoolmate at Greenwood High School. They were married 58 years before she passed away. They had three children, Wilma, Adlin and Dwight Delano. Dwight has six grandchildren and eleven great-grandchildren.

The Howard family moved to Greenwood in 1927. They settled at 580 East Broadway, the last house on the north side of the street.

Dwight's father worked for Arthur Coons, who was farming the land owned by the Winchester family. The farm was a large complex north of town and east towards the location of the airport. In the rental agreement, the Winchesters stipulated that horses had to be used to farm the land. Tractors were not allowed.

Dwight attended all twelve years of school in Greenwood. He can still remember the names of all of his teachers. Teachers were called Mr. or Miss, instead of by their first name. As all people of that time will testify, teachers were strict and rules were enforced! Dwight particularly remembers his seventh grade teacher, Mr. Isom. "He was relatively new then. He was a strict disciplinarian and if you did something you were not supposed to do, you were reprimanded. If it was serious, you got a paddling. Mr. Isom used a wide board for paddling – just one or two licks." Dwight brags that he never felt the sting of Mr. Isom's paddle.

In 1931, the Howard family moved south of town to the Polk Farm. The Depression was winding down and his father was lucky to get a job. Mr. Howard worked on the farm 7 days a week and earned \$13.00.

When Dwight was twelve, the American Legion started a Boy Scout Troop. Around 1932, the Legion was located on Main Street, east of Madison, where the *Colonade Room* is today. There was no cost to join, but the neckerchief cost about \$1.00. Buck Wright, father of Dwight's friend Dale, took the boys to Indianapolis to get a neckerchief. Dwight had never been to Indianapolis before and Buck told him, "When you see all of those tall buildings, you will stand there with your mouth open and the sun will scald your tonsils."

One of the scouting requirements was swimming. Mr. Isom was the swimming coach for the scouts and they practiced at the Community House. One Saturday morning Dwight jumped into the deep end of the pool thinking he would be able to swim. Victor Green, known as “Old Hound Dog Green” pulled Dwight out of the pool. “Mr. Isom found out about it and he really gave me a going over.”

The Community House was the center of entertainment in Greenwood. When Dwight was twelve years old, the Community House had a director named Mr. Kenny. Dwight says he was very strict. The youngsters either did what they were told or they were out! The community backed him on what he did. His office was on the corner of the building where the mayor’s office is now located.

Dwight remembers the library was on the northeast corner. He also recalls that the Lions Club met downstairs. As an “East Ender”, Dwight formed the impression that all of the influential people in town were members of the Lions Club. “So for that reason, a lot of things were done through the Lions Club.”

Everyone in town knew each other. There were no secrets. If you did something, the entire community heard about it. In fact, Dwight says they printed “everything” in the newspaper. All the little tidbits of gossip were newsworthy events.

Dwight says he was nicknamed “Hayseed” because he lived on the farm. The Polk family had purchased a farm east of the dairy. This area was actually in the Whiteland School District.

Dwight was able to finish his education at Greenwood because Whiteland paid his tuition. They couldn’t afford to send a bus to the Polk Farm to pick him up. As a result, Dwight walked one and a half miles a day to school. He had to pick up the family’s mail at the post office because there was no mail delivery to the Polk Farm.

The Polk Dairy was an impressive place. Mr. Polk had two large barns that housed 60 cows each. Twice a day, they milked 120 cows by hand. It took six or eight fellows to do the milking. Galvanized buckets were used for milking and after a bucket was filled, it was taken to the cooler and the milk was poured through a strainer. The milk was then cooled and from



Cow barn at Polk Dairy.

there it was hauled to the Polk Milk Company in Indianapolis.

The barns held 30 cows on each side and a feeding aisle went through the middle. When the cows were milked, they were fed grain and hay to keep them still. The hay was stored in a large loft above the feeding area. On the backside there was a gutter for the trash that was cleaned out after each shift of cows.

There was always a special cleanup each morning. Boys were hired to scrub the walls with soap and water. After the cleaning was complete, dry lime was spread on the floors to kill the germs. They were very strict on cleanliness.

In the 1930's, the Polk Dairy provided special baby milk that was used for children who were having digestive problems. The milk was handled in a special way for a number of years until homogenized milk came on the market.

At Passover, a Jewish Rabbi came down and stayed while the milk was being processed. He arrived just in time for the afternoon milking and stayed until the next morning's milk. He watched over the milking process and when the bulk truck arrived, he rode with the milk to Indianapolis. His ritual continued there. He blessed the milk. This continued for ten days.

On the top floor of the barn there was a cupola. Whenever there was a visitor, they were invited to go up there. The view was spectacular. "A person could see all over Greenwood and almost to Whiteland." Dwight was impressed with the operation and had the opportunity to help out when they needed an extra hand.

While in high school, Dwight was able to get occasional work at the Stokely Canning Factory. Teacher's breaks were always a good time to pick up some extra spending money working in the kitchen. He often cleared eight or ten dollars for four days work. That was a lot of money back then.

The Polk family had closed the canning factory in the early 1920's. When the Howard family moved to Greenwood in 1927, the factory was vacant. In 1930, Stokely reopened the plant.

When Dwight graduated from high school in 1938, he found he didn't have the job qualifications for anything but farm work. He went to work on the Polk Farm. Even though Stokely had purchased the canning factory, the Polk family raised tomatoes, peas and lima beans to be sold to the canning factory.

Dwight worked in the fields harvesting the crops. Peas and lima beans were harvested using horse drawn mowers. They were taken to the canning factory by horse and wagon. There the peas were unloaded onto a machine called a pea viner.

The pea viner was like a thrashing machine. The vines came out of the machine and fell on to the conveyer that carried them outside of the building. The Polks had an agreement with Stokely that they would handle all of the vines. They used the vines for cattle feed in the winter.

Photo courtesy of the Johnson County Museum.



Horse drawn wagons taking peas to Stokely Canning Factory.

The next step in the process sent the pea pods through a pressure roll that separated the peas from the pods. A strainer was then used to sort the peas by size.

A trough carried the peas to the main canning plant where they were washed and separated. A conveyor fed the peas into a machine that filled the cans. The lid was placed on the can after inspection. It was then sealed and sent to a cooker.

The finished cans were put in the warehouse. When they were ready to be sold, the labeling department worked full time to put the labels on the cans.

On August 22, 1940, Dwight began employment with Noblitt Sparks. Before it was named Noblitt Sparks, it was called Indianapolis Air Pump because Q.G. Noblitt, one of the owners, decided to manufacture air pumps for car tires. The early tires were small and were always having flats. Gas stations did not offer free air. After he began production, every automobile came equipped with one of his air pumps.



Noblitt Sparks - 1920's

Photo courtesy of Martha Foster.

Frank Sparks was a salesman that came into the business with money to invest. A third gentleman, Al Redman was the tool man. He had the knowledge to set up the machinery and make the tools.

In 1919, the three men each invested \$1,000 and rented a place in Indianapolis where they manufactured their product. The business grew and a move was

necessary. Mr. Noblitt was from Columbus and passed through Greenwood frequently. He liked the proximity to Indianapolis. It was rumored that officials in Greenwood provided assistance to Mr. Noblitt in purchasing the building. In 1927, they opened for business in Greenwood as Noblitt Sparks.

After production on the hand pump began, they had the opportunity to make automobile parts. The automobile companies had been trying to manufacture everything themselves and were becoming overloaded. They began contracting some of their production work to Noblitt Sparks.

The name Arvin came from an enterprising gentleman named Richard "Hood" Arvin. He built a heater for his car in 1920. He eventually got patents and agreed to allow Noblitt Sparks to manufacture his heater. A few years later, Noblitt Sparks purchased his interests, acquired new patents and produced new models. They retained the Arvin brand name at that time. In 1950, Noblitt-Sparks changed its corporate name to Arvin Industries, Inc.

Dwight says that production used to be somewhat sporadic. Workers usually got the summer off since the new car models were already out. Business would pick up again in September, October and November.

There were usually layoffs around Christmas time. There was no unemployment compensation, so workers went for extended periods of time without paychecks. Usually around February, production started up again for new car sales in the summer. The plant also shut down for model changeovers that took up to three months.

The production area was vast. The winters were hard on workers. Their heat source came from hot water boilers and was not sufficient. There was no insulation in the roof and most of the workers wore heavy clothing to stay warm.

Dwight went into the service in 1942 and returned in 1946. He retained his employment with Noblitt Sparks. The factory was very busy during the war. Noblitt Sparks did anything they could for the government. Prior to the war, the air pump production had fallen off since tires were larger and the service stations provided air. They also had been manufacturing a hot water heater at the Columbus Plant.

Noblitt Sparks made Burster Tubes for the government. These were loaded with igniting material and would set off a chain reaction that caused a bomb to explode. The Burster Tube was actually a fuse.

The plant also manufactured land mines that were a flat cylinder about 8 or 10 inches in diameter and 3 inches deep. The finished product was loaded with an explosive. After the lid was put on, it was loaded and shipped out.

Dwight comments that during the war a lot of women worked in the plant. Also security was tight. Noblitt Sparks had some of their own people checking name badges and the government people came in to inspect the products.

Another well remembered feature of the Arvin plant was their water tower. Dwight says it was the biggest thing around Greenwood until the water tower at the Greenwood Mall was built. Arvin's tower was built in 1927 and removed 44 years later. It held 55,000 gallons of water.

Dwight talks with pride about his union membership. At one time he was the president of the union.

Arvin did not have the same union in every plant. The union was able to negotiate premium pay for work over eight hours in a day. When Dwight first went to work at Noblitt Sparks, he had to work 44 hours a week before an overtime premium was paid. That was in 1940 at a rate of 37 cents an hour.

The union was started in 1945, before Dwight got out of the service. The same union represented the entire Greenwood plant. Exceptions were made in the contract for the skilled trades.

The union was able to negotiate benefits such as vacations, insurance, pay increases for their membership and provided a certain measure of job security. Dwight retired from Arvin in 1983.

Contributed by Dwight Howard September 26, 2001

Editors' Note: *Dwight Howard has a delightful sense of humor and a contagious laugh that is ever present when he tells his stories about growing up in Greenwood. He remembers the brighter side of the strict rules at school, hard work on the farm and making ends meet during the Depression.*

His positive attitude is typical of his generation that protected the values of our forefathers and preserved the spirit of the Greenwood we know today!

Harley Wood

"Speedo"

"Speedo" earned his nickname for being short, fast and agile when he was playing softball. It is a nickname that has stayed with him for his entire adult life. Everyone knows Speedo! Some of us remember the colorful sports participant and fan. Others remember the generous businessman that in hard times would often give his service and wait for payment until a later time. His sons know him as a loving, supportive father.

Born January 1, 1917, Speedo is a life-long resident and is the third generation of the Wood family to live in Greenwood. Speedo has seen Greenwood grow and prosper and has some wonderful memories to share.

Like most youngsters in Greenwood, Speedo enjoyed spending time at the Community House. By age ten or twelve, he earned the money for his \$1.00 per year membership by sweeping and oiling the floors at the Community House.

There was so much to do for all ages at the Community House. On the ground floor, at the west end of the building, was the swimming pool. In those days, boys and girls were not allowed to swim at the same time. The only exception was on Friday nights. It was called Frolic night. The pool was closed in the early 1940's. Years later a wood floor was built to cover the pool. This area became the Boys Club and was used for Boy Scout meetings. Ping-pong tables and dart games became popular activities for the kids.

The basketball court was located on the floor above the swimming pool. The north wall of the building was made of brick and many times a player running down the floor too fast would end up hitting the bricks!

Another highlight of the Community House was the movie theater. Speedo recalls that when it was hot inside, the side doors were opened which was an invitation for kids to sneak in. The early movies held great wonder for most of Greenwood's youth.

In the mid 1930's, Speedo was eager to enter the work force. He had his heart set on a job at Noblitt-Sparks. Since he was not yet 18, he got a job at the Stokely

Canning Factory. He worked as a clean up boy. It was his job to clean the floors. When he was finished a whistle blew and the women came in and peeled tomatoes. Buckets of peeled tomatoes were taken over to a conveyer that ran the tomatoes through for ketchup and chili sauce.

An early morning whistle sounded to alert workers to report to the canning factory. They canned fresh tomatoes, corn, peas, green beans and other garden produce. Town folk were welcome to bring their homegrown vegetables to sell. Speedo had been given the use of the land behind his home on North Meridian by Noblitt-Sparks in exchange for keeping the weeds down. One season, he grew a bumper crop of tomatoes and gave away as many as he could to his neighbors. He sold the rest to the canning factory. He took the back seat out of his 1937 Chevy and loaded it with tomatoes. He took them over and backed up to the platform and unloaded his crop.

By the time Speedo was 18, he was ready to apply for a job at Noblitt-Sparks. The original name had been the Indianapolis Pump and Tube Company. They made hand pumps that were accessories in new cars. All plant operations were eventually moved from Indianapolis to Greenwood. It was later re-named Noblitt-Sparks after the two gentlemen that had founded the company. In 1950, the factory was named Arvin Industries.

Speedo said that he went over to Noblitt-Sparks and told them that he was going to sit on the curb outside until they gave him a job. He was hired and became an inspector. The booming business was making exhaust pipes, tail pipes and water pipes. Later they manufactured all sorts of things – electric heaters, lawn furniture and car radios.

Speedo fondly remembers that every year the company had a big picnic for the employees. It was held at Walnut Grove, which was east of town where Interstate 74 is now located in Shelby County. There were games for the children. Fishing and row boating were always a popular activity for the adults.

Noblitt-Sparks sold Speedo a house. The house needed to be moved one block, so he hired a gentleman by the name of Leland Wheatcraft to move the house to 241 N. Meridian. Mr. Wheatcraft assured Speedo that he could put the house on big rollers and set a glass of water in the middle of the floor and it would not spill. The

house was moved and the water did not spill. Speedo was impressed with Mr. Wheatcraft.

Shortly before World War II, Speedo married Betty Carey. After the bombing of Pearl Harbor, he enlisted in the U.S. Navy. Upon completion of boot camp at the Great Lakes Training Base, he was stationed at Pearl Harbor on the *USS General Hersey*. This was a sister ship which was owned by the army and operated by the navy. The ship was a troop transport. They took “fresh troops” out to the battle area and brought back other sailors for R&R (rest & relaxation). While in Hawaii, Speedo enjoyed the fountain of pineapple juice provided by the Dole Pineapple Company. This was free for all service personnel.

After his tour of duty was over, it was back to Greenwood and Noblitt-Sparks for Speedo. He remembers that eggs were still hard to get after the war. A farmer that worked at Noblitt-Sparks often brought him eggs. One day Betty asked Speedo to get her some eggs for a cake she wanted to bake. The farmer brought him a dozen eggs and Speedo took them home, looking forward to a home baked cake. Much to his surprise, the eggs were hard-boiled. Speedo learned that some of his co-workers found out about the eggs and pulled a prank on him.

Speedo’s memories of his 22 years at Noblitt- Sparks would not be complete without a mention of the poolroom across the street from the factory. All of the windows were painted so no one could see in. It has been told, that on payday some men lost their paychecks playing poker and pool. Many a wife would meet her husband on payday to seize his paycheck before he went over to play pool. The poolroom was quite a lively place.

Like other young men back from the war, Speedo found himself heavily involved in sports. In the late forties, he joined the softball league sponsored by the local merchants. Every Sunday, they played at Stones Field which was south of town on U.S. 31 where the trailer court is now located. There were teams from Greenwood, Franklin and Columbus in competition for a big win. The “whole” town would go down to Stones Field to watch them play ball. Later, they played at the “Old City Park” in Greenwood.

The Greenwood American Legion Post 252 sponsored a basketball team that was composed of former military men. Speedo was a coach and a player on the team. In the 1948 and 1949 basketball season, the Greenwood team played in the finals for

the American Legion National Championship, held in Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania. They lost to the State of Kansas team. Speedo still has his “runner-up” jacket. It is one of his most cherished possessions.

In 1953, Speedo opened his own business. It was the Phillips 66 Service Station located on the southwest corner of Broadway and Madison. Speedo describes the building as orange with black lettering on the side with a steep green tile roof. It was built like a small gingerbread house. The Phillips 66 sign was orange with black letters.



Speedo (right) presenting “Most Valuable Player Award” to Garner Wood Jr., American Legion National Championship Runner-Up.

The station had two service bays, one for washing cars and one with a lift for mechanical work. His first customer was Charles Henderson. He had a little black and white Chevy. Speedo put Mr. Henderson’s car up on the new lift in the service bay. Somehow, the car tipped sideways against the wall. Speedo told Mr. Henderson about the mishap but he wasn’t angry. He remained a loyal customer. Speedo describes Mr. Henderson as an easy-going, good-natured guy much like his son, Mayor Charles Henderson.



In 1961, the station was demolished and a new one was built in the traditional Phillips 66 style. During the demolition process, Speedo kept his pumps working for his customers. It is interesting to note that the sign out front read, “Gas 27.9”.

The station was a family business with a friendly atmosphere. His wife Betty kept the books. His sons, Denny and Rodger worked at the station. Speedo was in business for twenty-three years. Many a customer was given the benefit of gas on credit as Speedo was always willing to lend a helping hand.

The station quickly became the hangout for the kids coming from the Boys Club across the street at the Community House and many of the local guys. The station was known for having the coldest cokes in town. It was the custom to take a penny's worth of Spanish peanuts and put them in a coke. For a refreshing snack, a five-cent bottle of coke and a penny's worth of peanuts mixed in the bottle would hit the spot.

Coca Cola bottles were made of glass in those days. On the bottom of the bottle you could find the name of the city and state where it had been bottled. Many a wager was made on whose coke was bottled the farthest away. The loser had to buy the winner his coke.

Just down the street from Speedo's service station, his father, Alvey Wood operated a concession stand. It was on Madison Avenue, just south of Pearl Street on the east side of the street. The "stand" was a small wood building with sliding service windows that were covered by an over-hanging roof.

Everyone called him Pop. He would sit in his metal Arvin's lawn chair with his cushion and wait for the kids to come by. In the winter, he had sliding glass windows in the front and a little heater to keep him warm. He sold popcorn for 10 cents and candy was 5 cents. Penny bubble gum and other treats made him a favorite with the kids! He was a generous man who loved kids. Often youngsters with no money got their treats without paying.

Pop loved school basketball games. He would sit at the west-end of the gym and bring candy and bubble gum for the kids. He was well loved.

Today, there is a commemorative bench and plaque dedicated to Speedo and his wife Betty where the service station once stood. The parking lot for the Greenwood City Building occupies the spot that once heard the voices and laughter of so many of Speedo's customers and friends. It's a memory of good times for many.

Speedo shared his father's love for fishing. Pop Wood taught him how to make dough balls. They fished for "suckers". Speedo taught his sons to fish and how to make the dough balls. Pop Wood, Speedo, and Denny (Little Speedo) would often fish together. One of their favorite fishing spots was a big pond on the Demotte and Denny Farm. Today, the Greenwood Park Mall is located where they once enjoyed so many good times.

Through the years there have been many events that fostered fond memories. One of Speedo's favorites was "Old Settlers Days" which was held every summer for many years. A big parade kicked off the festivities. Many groups participated in the event.

The parade started at the Greenwood Park Mall on Madison and traveled south to the Greenwood Middle School and Orchard Lane.

Leading the parade was the City Police followed by the floats with the Mayor, Boy & Girl Scouts, baton twirlers, American Legion Honor Guard, queen candidates in convertibles, clowns throwing candy at the crowd, Shriners' in their little race cars, Shriners' Honor Guard, dance school students, high school bands, to name a few. They paraded along Madison Avenue to the delight of an excited crowd. At the end of the parade was the Greenwood Fire Department with red lights flashing and sirens blaring. The parade judge's stand was located in front of the National Bank of Greenwood.

Old Settlers events were held at the "Old City Park". There were rides for the kids and tents with all kinds of food and businesses advertising their services. Special events like the Singing Grandmas, turtle races and the dunk tank drew the crowds.

Residents enjoyed just moseying around till they found friends and old acquaintances to shoot the breeze with and catch up on old times.

Greenwood was one hundred years old in 1964 and there were many special events to mark this anniversary! All the gentlemen were required to grow a beard, moustache, side burns and goatees like their forefathers. Speedo remembers that Mr. Wilson who ran the Wilsonian Motel won the beard contest. Not only was there a contest for the best looking beard, but those who refused to grow a beard were brought before the "Judge" and his "Kangaroo Court". It was the job of the jailer to nab the offenders. Speedo served as the jailer. The court was held at Main Street and Market Plaza. A makeshift jail was constructed and the guilty, hairless faced culprits were jailed until their fines were paid. A story was relayed to Speedo by a now retired police officer. Late one night after the day's festivities, the night shift police officers found a local town fellow who was known for sipping the sauce and had over-indulged. On a normal weekend, the officers would have taken him to the Johnson County Jail in Franklin. On this evening, the officers were very busy, so

they locked the prisoner in the “Old Settlers Jail” where he crawled into a corner and slept until morning when he was released.

Speedo was always involved in activities for the young people of Greenwood. He was the second Boy Scoutmaster in Greenwood. Dr. Louis Sheek was the first Scoutmaster. Speedo volunteered to help with maintenance on the “Old City Park”. Along with Lee Higdon, they used hand tools to clear the weeds from the creek. Speedo was also a member of the “Dads’ Club”.

The “Dads’ Club” built a football field which is just north of the Greenwood Middle School. Everyone in the club pitched in to make the dream a reality. Speedo furnished the fuel, another gentleman furnished the heavy equipment and another was a surveyor. It was finished in 1962. His son Denny (“Little Speedo”) played football his senior year of high school on that field.

Speedo has lived at 520 S. Madison since 1955. The house is across from the Greenwood Middle School. At the time he moved to this location, there was nothing south of Orchard Lane and Madison. There was a big house that was north of his home where the Church of God is now located. There was a large orchard behind that house. That is how Orchard Lane got its name.

Contributed by Harley “Speedo” Wood, March 14, 2001

Editors’ Note: *A picture is worth a thousand words. There are many memories hanging on the wall of Speedo’s garage. Pictures of “Pop”, Speedo, and his two sons fishing in the pond at the DeMotte and Denny Farm and pictures of his service station provide a reminder of years gone by. Speedo’s years of hard work and dedication to community service mark his unforgettable tribute to Greenwood’s history.*

Stella Morgan & Frances Morgan Sims

Stella Morgan came to Greenwood in 1942 from her birthplace in Kentucky. She married Greenwood native Arthur Morgan. Arthur and Stella set up housekeeping at 380 East Main Street. Stella presently lives on East Main Street in Greenwood.

Mr. Morgan and his father, "Ebbie" owned the local blacksmith shop, "Morgan and Son" for over sixty years. He purchased the shop in 1923, after working at US Tire and Rubber Company on the south side of Indianapolis.

Arthur and Stella raised three daughters, Charlotte, Frances, and Stephanie.

Stella and her daughter, Frances Morgan Sims have collaborated on their account of life in Greenwood in the 1940's and offer first hand knowledge of the last blacksmith shop in Greenwood.

The town blacksmith is a vanished trade. So much has changed since Arthur Morgan bought his shop in 1923. Farmers no longer use horses to pull plows and wagons. The horse and buggy have disappeared as the mode of travel for city dwellers.

The Morgan and Son Blacksmith Shop was located on Main Street next to the Presbyterian Church. There were two large rooms in the shop. In the front room, Ebbie Morgan had a small hardware store. He sold nails, screws, bolts, miscellaneous hardware and household utility items. Customers could also purchase cold drinks, candy bars, cigars and cigarettes. A gas pump was conveniently located out front of the shop.

For a short time, the Morgans operated a small restaurant in the front room. Sandwiches cost twenty-five cents, chili was fifteen cents and a piece of pie cost ten cents.

The shop became a "hang out" for the local farmers. Stella remembers hearing them laughing and talking in the back room. After the crops were in, the farm families would come into town to shop for groceries. The fellows made their way down to the friendly



gathering place. They sat on kegs around the big coal stove in the middle of the shop. They told stories, talked business and just enjoyed each other's company.

The blacksmith shop was located in the back of the building. The blacksmith used a large open furnace called a forge to heat metal. Fuel for the fire was a product of coal known as coke. Bellows were used to get the fire started and keep it going until it was cherry red. (A bellow was a device that was expanded and contracted to force air through the nozzle at the end.)

One of Arthur's jobs was to sharpen plow points for the farmers. The plow points were placed in the fire until they were red-hot and then removed. The ringing of his hammer could be heard from far away as he pounded the hot metal on his anvil. The hot metal was then placed in a large metal barrel to cool off. The next step was to sharpen the points on a grinder. When he was finished, he laid them out on the floor and tagged them with the names of the owners and the cost for his labor.

Arthur also sharpened handsaws and cross cut saws. Crosscut saws are a two handled saw. One man on each end of the saw could cut down a tree.

Many tools used by the farmers and broken items belonging to town people were taken to the blacksmith for repair.

Frances remembers that her father made rails for truck beds. This type of truck was used by the farmers to haul cattle. She describes her father as a very hard worker with a lot of common sense. He was a laid back man.

In earlier days, Ebbie shoed horses. He bought horseshoes by the barrel from a hardware store in Indianapolis. The shoes had to be heated in the forge and pounded out to the size that was needed. They were custom made to fit each horse.

When Ebbie shoed horses he would wear a leather apron that came down below his knees. He tied it around his legs and in the back. He always tried to keep himself clean. Most of the time he wore a t-shirt and work pants. He always went to work clean, but he came home dirty. His work was hard and dirty, but he loved it.

Customers paid their bill once a month or whenever he sent them a statement. He was a good-hearted businessman who would extend credit to the farmers until the crops came in. Most customers paid and only a very few were written off.

As time passed, very few farmers brought horses and wagons to the blacksmith shop. One of the last farmers that frequented the shop had Arthur work on his wagon

wheels, usually repairing the spokes. The need for the services of the blacksmith was coming to an end.

Stella reflects back to when she came to Greenwood in the early 1940's. She recalls that the streets were paved, but there were no streetlights except on Madison Avenue. Stoplights were non-existent except at Main and Madison Avenue. The Morgans bought their first home at 380 East Main Street next to the railroad tracks.

The Morgan home was a one-story house with five rooms and a bath. They had indoor plumbing at a time when many others did not. They had running water, a kitchen sink and a bathroom sink. Arthur was the handyman. Stella said he could fix anything.

A coal stove provided heat for the house. In the spring it was put in the garage until winter returned. The stove had glass all around and you could see the fire burning. It was called a baseburner. There was a stovepipe that came up from the stove and went into the chimney wall. The pipe was removed from the wall and a disk was placed over the hole in the wall when the stove was not in use.

The removal of the stove marked the beginning of spring house cleaning. Everything was taken out of the house. Since there was no carpeting in those days, folks used area rugs that were taken out and hung on the clothesline. The next step was to beat out the dirt. Arthur made his own rug beater down at the shop that looked like a stout wire about two feet in length with a handle on the end. The vacuum sweeper was used to get out the remaining dirt. The beds were taken down and the mattresses were aired out. The entire house was cleaned from one end to the other.

Once a year the curtains were taken down. The walls were prepared for cleaning. Most families painted the walls or put up wallpaper. Sometimes a cleaner would be used on the existing wallpaper. The cleaner was like a clay mud or putty. This was rubbed over the paper and it would take off the dirt and brighten up the wallpaper. It usually took two weeks to finish spring house cleaning and put the house back in order.

Weekly chores were well defined. Laundry day was Monday. The Morgans did not have a clothes dryer, so wet clothes were hung on the line outside. Even in the wintertime, clothes were hung on the clothesline. The clothes would freeze. When the clothes were brought in, they were put around the stove to thaw. Tuesday was

ironing day. Sunday was always church day. The family attended services at the United Methodist Church at Broadway and Brewer Street.

Stella remembers people walking up and down the streets of town. No one got in a car to go downtown, "we walked." Some of the businesses she remembers were the Jennings Grocery Store, Kroger Grocery and the Standard Grocery. The dime store was a favorite place to stop. Just inside the door was the candy counter. The candy was kept in big glass jars. A whole sack of candy could be bought for a dime. The kids with less spending money could buy three pieces for a penny.



(Right to left) John Jennings, Arthur Morgan, Francis Morgan.

Frances has some special memories of growing up in Greenwood. When Frances was a little girl, she had a blue bicycle. She was not allowed to ride past the Pilgrim Holiness Church, which was located on the north side of Main Street, east of the railroad tracks. Since she was small for her age, her mother worried that she might run into someone with her bicycle. One day, she was riding behind two ladies, who were dressed up and walking along the sidewalk. All of a sudden, one of them stopped and Frances ran into her and tore her hose. The lady got very angry with Frances.

The Pilgrim Holiness Church was a wonder for Frances. She rode to the church on her bike. She often sat outside and listened to the beautiful music. The little sanctuary of the church was small with dark brown wooden pews. There was an aisle down the center leading to the pulpit where the preacher stood. In the summertime heat, the windows and doors were opened. Once she looked in the door and Reverend Knight was "really preaching." His face was red. When she saw him, she knew how much he really loved the Lord. He would say, "Follow in the steps of the Lord because he is so kind. He preached the Word."



Pilgrim Holiness Church congregation picture - 1964.

Photo courtesy of the Greenwood Wesleyan Church.

As Frances grew older, she expanded her interests to teenage activities. The American Legion held dances every Sunday afternoon for the teenagers. They would play records and dance.

The teens had a great time. The girls would meet at Frances' house and practice cartwheels and gymnastics in the front yard. Of course, they were just at the age of noticing boys.

American Bandstand was her favorite television show and Frances watched it every day. She can remember watching *I Love Lucy* in the evening with her family.

Frances was thirteen when she met Garnet Sims and thought he was just "it". They started dating when she was a junior in high school. When they married, Reverend Marlett at the First Baptist Church performed the ceremony. They didn't have any money and couldn't pay him. About twenty-five years later, Pastor Marlett came into Smart and Perry Ford where Garnet worked. When Garnet offered to pay for the marriage ceremony, Pastor Marlett asked him how long he had been married. Garnet told him twenty-five years. The pastor asked if he was married to the same girl and Garnet told him yes. The pastor said that was payment enough.

Arthur Morgan passed away twelve years ago. Stella had his anvil made into a tombstone. He lays at rest near his father, Ebbie, who also has his anvil marking his resting place. The last of Greenwood's blacksmiths are gone.

Contributed by Stella Morgan and Frances Morgan Sims, May 21, 2001

Editor's Note: *Most people honor tradition. Memories of the past are among our most precious treasures. Everyday family life is often taken for granted until we look back at days long passed.*

The Morgan family had a life filled with respect and regard for each other. The blacksmith trade ended with Ebbie and Arthur. They were two respected men in the Greenwood community and have earned a place in Greenwood's history as the last two members of a vanished trade.

Walter Beckner

Walter Beckner, was born on April 21, 1920 and has lived in and around Greenwood all his life. He first resided on Kelly Road, which was the original name of Emerson Avenue before the town limits reached that area. He also lived on Greenwood Road, which was East Main Street inside the town limits.

Walter's parents were Christopher and Lillian Black Beckner. Mr. Beckner was a farmer who owned a 280-acre farm at the time of his death. Walter and his brother Charles helped their father farm the land. Walter and his wife Evajeanne had one daughter, Christie Ann.

The Beckner family once lived in the brick house on the north side of Main Street just east of Interstate 65. When Walter was two years old, the family moved to Emerson Avenue, which was out of the town limits of Greenwood

Walter started school in 1926. Some of the children along the road attended Greenwood schools, but they had to pay tuition. Walter's father was not willing to pay tuition, so his sons went to school at Whiteland.

Whiteland was obliged to provide bus service for students in their school district, but there was no bus route to Walter's house. Interstate buses were leased to run the route. When Walter was in the fourth grade, a man named Fred Henry bought a bus and took Walter to school for eight years. School was free and there was no charge for the bus service.

Walter attended school for twelve years at Whiteland. He did not participate in sports or other school activities because there was too much work to be done on the farm.

Mr. Beckner and his two sons started with eleven or twelve milk cows. They enlarged the barn and more cows were added. They were soon milking up to 25 cows by hand. This was a large chore until electric milkers became available.

Cows produced milk for approximately eight years. After that, they were sent to the butcher. In addition to milk cows, the Beckners raised beef cattle for sale and their own use.

The family farm on Emerson consisted of 72 acres that was used for crops. Walter remembers his father started farming with a team of horses. They had as many as four horses that were used for cultivating. Mr. Beckner bought a tractor when Walter was six years old. By the early 1940's, the Beckner family had accumulated 280 acres of ground.

Mr. Beckner grew corn, wheat and oats. Walter comments that there was no use for soybeans at that time. Soybeans were not thrashed for seed until the mid 1930's. Then it became a big thing because it was discovered that plastic could be made from soybeans.

In addition to cows and crops, the Beckners raised chickens. They sold the chickens for grocery money.

Walter said, "Farmers weren't recognized as professionals because there was nothing professional about it. It was all they knew how to do. But when the Depression came, the farmers were self-sufficient."

Farmers and their crops were the basis of the Greenwood economy. A man told Walter that if it rained for two or three days, the grocery stores were afraid to sell anything. They feared that the farmers wouldn't be able to get their crops in the ground. Walter says that the town was dependent on the farming community.

Walter remembers when the town limits of Greenwood were at Middle Street. His father traveled to town by horse and wagon. He took corn to the Co-Op and bought feed supplements for the cattle. Another regular stop was the blacksmith shop. Eb Morgan purchased the shop from a man named Mr. Finkenbinder and rebuilt the shop on the north side of the street by the Presbyterian Church. His son, Arthur was his partner until the shop closed. Walter's family made regular trips to the blacksmith shop to have the horses shod until 1942.

Walter has many memories of Greenwood. Visits to town when he was a young lad were special.

He remembers that movies were shown in downtown Greenwood in the 1930's. The screen was set up in the middle of Main Street and people gathered to watch. Traffic was blocked from the Presbyterian Church to Madison Avenue on Thursday and Friday night. Movies with sound "came in" when Walter was in grade school.

Walter's cousin, Lucille Kahle, was one of the first telephone operators in Greenwood. In 1930, the office was located over Stephenson's Drug Store on the southwest corner of Main and Madison. There were only two operators, Lucille and Jenny Coffman. One of the operators worked the day shift and the other worked nights – seven days a week. There was one lineman named Sox Stevenson.

On Saturday nights in the summertime, the streets were filled with people. Everyone came to town to visit. Most of the farmers came to town because this was grocery-buying time. The farmers sold eggs and chickens and got back groceries in trade.

Walter's dad often gave Walter and his brother a nickel to buy ice cream or candy. A nickel would buy a pretty good size ice cream cone, a bag of peanuts or chocolate drops. "We could eat on them all evening. Of course, we would be sick the next day. We got our ice cream at the drug stores and at Peeks Chocolate Shop on Madison Avenue. It was kind of a hangout."

On the northeast corner of Madison at Main was Harry Klein's store. He rode the interurban to Indianapolis and walked to his house. He had piles of clothing to the ceiling and knew where everything was located. Walter's family bought their clothes at Harry Klein's Store.

"Mr. Klein was a good businessman and he got your money one way or another." There was a fellow that worked for the Beckners picking tomatoes. He saved his money and when the season was over, he hadn't changed his clothes. He went to Klein's and Harry outfitted him with a brand new union suit, shirt, overalls, jacket and a pair of shoes. When Harry was through, he had all of the fellow's money.

Twice a year the Beckner family went to Indianapolis. They drove up in an automobile. That was a big deal. Walter's mother did the marketing. Next was lunch and a movie.

Walter's father always had a car. Of special interest was a Maxwell that he had purchased in 1919. Walter said he wore it out because the lubrication wasn't right. It was an open car. The Maxwell had a heater, but it didn't keep the car warm. Mr. Beckner had a lap robe made from the hide of a horse. He put it over the children to keep them warm in the back seat. In the fall, he put the Maxwell in the barn, jacked it off the ground and put it on cement blocks to save the tires. The tires would have

cracked and rotted if he had left them on the ground. Rubber back then was not the quality that it is today.

In the early 1920's, Greenwood had dirt roads with two tire ruts into town and two ruts out. When the roads were frozen, it was easy to get stuck.

Walter remembers his father hauled gravel from Fry Road all the way out to Combs Road where they were building a new road. He was paid so much a load. Around 1934 or 1935, Johnson County got a dump truck. There were two or three gravel pits on Fry Road. Mr. Beckner hauled gravel to build roads.

"The winters back then were no worse then they are now. Years ago, we didn't have the equipment to handle the snow on the roads. If you had a good furnace, the winters were bearable. That is the simplest way to put it. My father, brother and I came to town on Saturday afternoons in the winter. My mother didn't come to Greenwood very much, just on Saturday night in the summer. It was different in the wintertime because you couldn't stand around and talk."

Contributed by Walter Beckner, September 19, 2001

Editors' Note: *Walter Beckner tells about his life and memories of Greenwood. He doesn't complain about the hard work on the farm. He knew what they had to do and did it. He appreciated the simple pleasures like going to town and having ice cream or a family trip to Indianapolis. Everything revolved around the completion of the daily operation on the farm. The economy of Greenwood depended on the discipline of farmers like Walter Beckner.*

Jim Black

Jim Black has resided in Greenwood all of his life. He was born July 30, 1928. Jim's parents were Hiram and Grace Marie Black. He has been married to his wife Elizabeth for fifty-five years. They went to school together from the first grade through high school. The Blacks have three daughters. The oldest is Cinda Beth Taylor, a teacher at Terre Haute. Next is Sandra Lee Zike, a nurse at Johnson County Hospital. The youngest is Candis Kay Gaughan, who is a secretary at Isom Elementary School in Greenwood.

Jim has been a farmer all of his life and has some very interesting stories to tell about the farming industry.

The Stokely Canning Factory in Greenwood was important to the farming community, as it was the main market for their crops.

During the summer months, tomatoes, peas, sweet corn and lima beans were brought to the canning factory for sale. The farmers had contracts to sell their crops to Stokely.

In the winter months, Stokely kept the plant open by shipping in fruit from other parts of the country. Most of the fruit was brought in by the railroad from Florida and California and used to make jelly and preserves. The finished product was then shipped out by rail to various places in the country. Stokely products were trucked to local stores. To Jim's knowledge, this went on from the middle 1930's until the canning factory closed.



Farmers loading peas into the peaviner.

Photo courtesy of Johnson County Museum.

Stokely had a competitor in Indianapolis, which was Van Camp. They later merged into one company. This didn't affect the operation in Greenwood.

Whole tomatoes were canned and ketchup was bottled. Jim's mother peeled tomatoes on the line. In fact, she held the record for one day's production by peeling 100 buckets. Workers peeled the tomatoes with a paring knife and were paid by the bucket.

One day, Jim was driving a wagon full of tomatoes to the canning factory. His mule was stung by a bee and took off through a field of tomatoes. Fortunately, no plants were destroyed. Mr. Hester of Hester's Hardware Store, nicknamed Jim the "mule driver." Jim says that story stuck for many years.

When a farmer arrived at the canning factory with a wagon of tomatoes, he drove on the scales, wagon and all. After the tomatoes had been unloaded, the driver drove back on the scales with the empty wagon. That was how they determined the weight of the tomatoes.

In 1936, the first contract Jim's father had with Stokely was for tomatoes at \$12.00 a ton. A wagon held several tons of tomatoes. When farmers started using trucks, they could haul about five tons of tomatoes on one trip. The farmers considered this a cash crop as they were paid on delivery.

Farmers in this area and all over Johnson County were well diversified with livestock: cows, hogs and chickens. Soybeans were raised to feed cattle. Tomatoes, lima beans and peas were the cash crop at that time.

Later soybeans were raised as a cash crop and tomatoes about disappeared. Greenwood had a canning factory; there were two in Trafalgar, two in Franklin and one in Whiteland. All canning factories processed tomatoes and corn. However, the other communities did not process peas and lima beans.

During World War II, the farmers used German and a few Italian prisoners of war from Camp Atterbury as farm hands. They were brought to the farm in a military truck. They set tomato plants and took care of the crops.

The prisoners also worked in the canning factory thrashing peas. All of the young men were in the service, so residents didn't feel that the prisoners were taking jobs away from the community. After the war, Stokely brought in migrant workers and provided housing for them to supplement the local work force.

Jim's account of life on the farm would not be complete without a hobo story. In the winter months, hobos sometimes got off of the trains and walked out to a farm searching for a warm place to stay. On one occasion, Jim went out to the barn to get some hay. Toting a kerosene lantern and a pitchfork, he proceeded to thrust the pitchfork into the loose hay. Through the dim light he thought he saw something in

the hay. It turned out to be a sleeping hobo. Jim says he almost “got him” with the pitchfork.

The grain elevator was located next to the railroad tracks on the northwest side of Main Street. The Suckow family from Franklin owned the elevator at that time.

The farmers brought in their corn and it was run through a feed grinder. Supplement mixtures were added to the corn and oats. The mixture was put in burlap bags and used as feed for dairy cows, hogs and chickens.

The elevator bought whatever excess corn the farmers had at the end of a crop year. They shelled the corn and the cobs were blown into a cob house for storage. The farmers used the cobs as livestock bedding.

In the 1930's, the main grain that the farmers sold through the elevator was wheat. After it was threshed, they brought it to the elevator. It was loaded on boxcars and shipped by rail to where the market was best. Louisville was the usual destination where the wheat was shipped out on river barges.

Essential to the history of the grain elevator is the Johnson County Co-Op. As early as 1928, a group of farmers invested money and formed a Co-Op. The basic premise of the Co-Op was the fact that larger quantities could be purchased cheaper such as fertilizer and seed. It proved to be successful and they sold stock to individual farmers.

The original Johnson County Co-Op was formed in Franklin. Officers were elected and they purchased a building on Main Street in Franklin. As they grew, they moved the operation to Hamilton Avenue where they sold farm machinery. Elevators were purchased in Greenwood, Trafalgar and Bargersville.

When a farmer did business with the Co-Op, he received a patronage refund at the end of the year. It was a percentage of the profits based on the amount of business they did with the Co-Op.

Jim accumulated stock in the Co-Op over the years. His family will benefit when he passes away.

In the mid to late 1980's, many farmers were big in the dairy business. Others were growing and marketing grain. The larger producer was buying direct and

making his own feed on the farm with his own feed grinder. The elevators were closed due to a lack of business.



Midwest Mineral Feed burned 8-15-47.

Across the street from the grain elevator was the Midwest Mineral Feed. Dr. Clore, a veterinarian, made a mineral called Hoosier Mineral Feed. His main ingredient was ground charcoal. He mixed different minerals with the charcoal and fed

it to cattle and hogs. "That was like salt." The hogs went wild over the feed and it kept them healthy.

The demand for Dr. Clore's mineral feed was short lived and the business came to a halt. The building and equipment were later used to grind old rubber tires and other material for the field tracks at schools. That was the last thing made in that building. In recent years, the vacant building was torn down. Today, there is a lovely children's park where the Midwest Mineral Feed once stood.



"R.E.M.C. Line Crew"

Courtesy of Johnson County Museum.

The Greenwood Public Service was south of the Midwest Mineral Feed. The utility company provided water and electricity to city residents. Rural areas were served by the REMC. Lines were installed in this area in 1936.



Back doors of the Blacksmith Shop.

Contributed by Stella Morgan & Francis Sims.

For many years, the local economy depended on the farmers. There were many small businesses that supported the needs of the farmers. As farming technology advanced, some of these

business establishments became extinct. Jim mentions some of the businesses he patronized over the years.

Starting at the Presbyterian Church going west on the north side of Main Street was Eb Morgan's blacksmith shop. The farmers made many visits to the blacksmith shop since horses were essential to farming before tractors dominated the scene.

Jim had two or three teams of horses. Every spring, the horses were brought to town and Eb replaced their shoes.

Eb also sharpened plowshares. The early plows had what was called a share. It had a point that had to be sharpened so that the point of the plow would go into the ground. A set of shares only lasted through one days plowing time. The farmers kept several extra sets of shares.

The farmers enjoyed congregating in the blacksmith shop in the wintertime. They would sit around telling tall tales. "Like they used to say, if somebody told a lie, the other one would swear to it."

Eb's son, Arthur worked with him in the business. Arthur ran it until it closed. The Presbyterian Church bought the property, tore the building down and made a parking lot.

Another essential stop for farmers was Lacy Demaree's Feed Store, west of the blacksmith's shop. They sold mostly chicken feed and various appliances for chickens such as feeders and water fountains. He sold anything that was needed for chickens and customers could order baby chicks through his store.

Several doors down was Ralph Brouman's Five and Ten Cent Store. The store had been in the family for years. Ralph's mother ran the store before Ralph took over.

All the kids went there for candy. It was the first thing they saw when entering the store. The ladies did a lot of sewing in those days. They enjoyed the wide selection of sewing items: material, needles and thread.

A short distance away was Hester's Hardware Store. Mr. Hester was the fellow that nicknamed Jim the "mule driver." His store carried items that pertained to

horses, such as harnesses and collars. He also sold all kinds of tools, pitchforks, rakes, bolts and nails.

Across the street from the hardware store was the old Citizens Bank. Mr. Hester had his desk in the front of his store so he had full view into the bank. In the 1930's, the town didn't have a marshal or a police department. Mr. Hester's responsibility was to protect the bank. Jim says that Mr. Hester had a submachine gun in his office. This was like the "Tommy Gun" used by the notorious John Dillenger when he was robbing banks. Some time later, Mr. Hester's store burned down and was rebuilt as Western Hardware.

On the northeast corner of Main and Madison was Peek's Dry Good Store. Frank Peek owned the store and he handled nice clothes, shoes and other items.

Upstairs, over Peeks was Kingro's Poolroom. Ralph Brewer was Jim's brother-in-law. Kingro was just a nickname. A man named Jennings started the poolroom in the 1940's and Kingro worked for him. Wartime came along and Kingro got a job at Allison's. They put him in the sandblasting room. He lasted three days and quit. He came back to the poolroom and stayed there for the rest of his life.

There was a popular town resident that deserves special mention from Jim. His name was Harry "Sox" Stevenson. Sox worked for the telephone company. He repaired phones and worked on the telephone lines.

Sox had a band with local residents. They got together and had a great time playing. In the summer, R.O. Barber Trucking put a flat bed semi trailer across Madison and blocked off Main Street down to the Presbyterian Church. Both town and country folk square danced in the middle of the street.

Sox was a good musician, a good baseball catcher and master story teller. There were many independent baseball teams around the country. He was called on one occasion to catch for a team out of Louisville. Sox had a speech impediment. If he got excited it made matters worse. While he was negotiating the amount of the fee, he got real excited. The going rate was twenty-five dollars a game. Sox got to the point where all he could say was "f-f-five", so he played the game for five dollars and lost twenty. That was one story Sox always loved to tell on himself. He had a great sense of humor and liked to make people laugh.

A brief look at some of the downtown businesses in the 1930's and 1940's would not be complete without mentioning business hours. On Wednesdays, the stores closed at noon at the sound of the siren. Jim believes that was about the time the 40-hour workweek came into being. The businesses had to pay overtime if employees exceeded forty hours a week.

On Saturdays at midnight everything was closed until Monday, except for two businesses. There were three or four filling stations and two drugstores in town. They would alternate Sundays so at least one drugstore and one filling station were open for emergencies.

Greenwood was a strong Christian community and parents always took the children to church on Sunday. Sunday was considered a day of rest and that was observed. "Farmers never went to the field on Sunday. We would take care of the livestock and those necessities, but that was all. My dad used to say the horses need a rest too. We went to church."

Jim's closing words: "I was born and reared in Greenwood. I have seen everything that has happened up to the year 2002. It's quite amazing to me that I have seen the best part of our economy going from bad to good and all of the expanding in Greenwood. I don't know in the next fifty years how it could do that much changing, but it probably will. It has been a good life here and I don't know that I want to live anywhere else. I am always glad to get back home from anywhere I have been."

Contributed by Jim Black, January 9, 2002

Editors' Note: *Jim Black is a man of remarkable insight. His closing remarks eulogize the lives of many residents of Greenwood; both living and gone that survived the earlier years of the last century. He wonders about changes to come, but also feels lucky to be a part of the vast changes he has seen.*

One thing is sure, Greenwood is home!

Martha Foster

Martha Foster was born in the early 1900's. She is the only child of Guy Foster and Pearl Jennings Foster. Martha has lived her entire life within a three-block area in Greenwood. Her first home was on the southeast corner of Madison Avenue and Broadway where Bob's Car Care is now located. Her grandparents, David and Fannie Foster resided across the street where the Persimmon Tree Bed and Breakfast is today. At the age of seven, her family moved across the street to the north side of Broadway and later relocated to the corner of Pearl and Madison Avenue where the Village Pantry stands today. Since 1926, she has lived on West Wiley Street.

When asked why she stayed in Greenwood all of her life, she said she likes a small town. Her roots are here. Her family, her past and her church are here. Greenwood is home.

Some of Martha's earliest memories are of playing with her cousins at her grandmother's house. One of their favorite games was to line up chairs and play "train." "We pretended to go every place in the United States and beyond in those chairs. We would take up tickets and all that. Sometimes I would be the caboose." Even though she was a small child at the time, her world was expanding. The games she played reflected the things going on around her. When the children played "train", they were actually imitating the interurban. Since her grandmother lived on Madison Avenue, the interurban passed by her house many times a day. "I remember it being loud, but we became accustomed to the noise. They would blow the horn once at each intersection." It would be years later when Martha was out of school before she would ride on the interurban.

Martha enjoyed her childhood. There were so many adventures. She loved to visit her Grandmother Jennings who lived in the country. A real treat was using the telephone.

The telephone was rather large and hung on the wall. To get an operator you had to remove the receiver from the hook and turn the crank on the side of the phone. When the operator answered you told her what number you wanted. Because it was a party line, there could be as many as half a dozen people on the same line. If someone was talking, Martha listened to the conversation and told her grandmother

what she had heard. It was a common thing for people to listen on the line. Martha says that folks would gladly give up the line if someone needed to make an emergency call.

Martha attended grade school at the corner of Meridian and Wiley. There was no school bus and the students had to go home for lunch and hurry back. They waited outside for the bell to ring before they could go back in the school building.

Most mornings started with the *Pledge of Allegiance*. The Bible would be on the teacher's desk and she would often read a chapter or verse to the students.

There were many rules to follow in the classroom. Teachers were strict and Martha says that most of the students followed the rules. She remembers that whispering was not allowed. Martha's summary of classroom rules is simple. "We knew to obey the teacher. We didn't tell the teacher – she told us."

Going to school was not all work and rules. To the student's delight, Wood's grocery was near the school on the northeast corner of Wiley and Meridian Street. That is where the children bought their penny candy. If they had a nickel they could get a sack full of candy.

Martha attended the new high school on Broadway where the Isom School is today. "We thought it was such a nice building and we couldn't have had a better school. Each class had a different vocation." The commercial class was Martha's favorite. She enjoyed typing, bookkeeping and shorthand. Lessons were taught using the "old manual typewriters". There were no adding machines at that time. They did have ledger books to help the students learn the standard rules of bookkeeping. "Those classes prepared me for my future job."

The students were proud of the gymnasium. The seats were elevated like bleachers. This cut down the chance of getting hit by the ball. "We had great times at the basketball games. The gym was always full." Martha graduated from high school in 1936.

During Martha's school years and young adulthood, ladies of all ages adhered to the same dress code. Dresses were the proper attire – slacks were not acceptable. "We always had a new outfit for Easter with a hat and gloves. If you went shopping in Indianapolis, you had to wear a hat and gloves. Dress hems were below the knee."

Many of the ladies shopped for clothing in Indianapolis at the large department stores. There were two places to shop for clothes in Greenwood. Frank Peek had a store on the northeast corner of Main and Madison. His brother, Roy Peek had a store on the northwest corner. They sold dry goods – material that could be purchased to make clothes. Frank sold shoes, but there was very little “off the rack” clothing. There was a seamstress that lived on Broadway who made dresses for fifty cents a piece. Martha occasionally had her dresses made there and says that this lady could make them in one day’s time.

The ladies had more choices purchasing their hats than dresses. A lady that lived on Madison Avenue, one house north of the Community House, made fancy hats. She bought the straw hats and decorated them with ribbons, flowers and netting. Martha remembers visiting the shop with her mother. Another place to shop for hats was Coffman’s Millinery Shop on Broadway.

“All the ladies wore their hats to church. It took me a long time to give up wearing hats and gloves on Sunday. I just didn’t feel comfortable without them.”

A discussion of clothes would not be complete without mentioning the local laundry. Maude Peek ran a laundry located on the south side of Main Street, east of Madison Avenue. Customers brought in linens, towels, sheets, woolen sweaters, coats and the like. They filled out a check- list of items brought in. The laundry was then sent to Indianapolis for cleaning.

Since so many people didn’t have their own washers and dryers at home, it was a booming business. Customers took their list with them to pick up their laundry. “Sometimes you would get someone else’s laundry, so having the list of what you brought in was necessary.”

The farmer’s wives sold food at the laundry on Saturday mornings. Everybody came early to get their share of country cooking. There were large kettles of chicken and noodles, big angel food cakes and fresh, dressed chickens to take home and bake.

Martha’s father was a veterinarian for over 60 years. He worked at the livery stable to pay for his schooling. In 1909, he graduated from the Indianapolis Veterinary College. He specialized in treatment of large animals such as cows, horses and sheep.



*c. 1902-3 William Stevens, Guy Foster, Sam Bram (back seat),
Henry Barber (standing).*

Dr. Foster was dedicated to his profession and went on calls day and night in all kinds of weather. He often stayed up all night if an animal was ill. He always wore a suit and hat. Martha said that he would take overalls on his calls and put them on when he got there. But he always kept his hat on, no matter what.

Martha and her mother would often go on calls with Dr. Foster. He always drove his car. Martha said they had to hold on to the seat because he drove fast to get to an ailing animal. "We didn't go with him unless we knew the people well. We were invited into the house to visit while my father treated the animals."

He seldom refused to go if someone needed him. Money was tight, especially through the Depression. Some folks couldn't pay him. He often accepted chickens and vegetables in lieu of payment.



Livery Stable

Dr. Foster's office was located on Main Street just off of Madison Avenue on the south side of the street. There were no facilities for treating animals at his office, but he sold medicine. In the late 1940's, he opened another veterinarian office at their house on Wiley Street.

On Saturday nights, he went to his office downtown in hopes that someone would come in and pay him. That is when the country people came in town to shop. Some paid and some did not.

The local businessmen looked forward to Saturday nights when the farmers came to town. The grocery stores stayed open until 9:00 p.m. so the farmers could shop. Some of the country people would visit until the stores were closed. Then they would knock on the door trying to get the storeowners to open up so they could get in to buy their groceries.

The town people enjoyed visiting with the farmers on Saturday nights. It was a big social event since everyone knew each other and they could catch up on the latest family news.

The Community House held many entertainment opportunities for young and old. Martha loved to go to the movies.

She said the projector quit working almost every time they showed a movie and the audience would clap in good-hearted protest. The swimming pool in the basement was also a popular place for people to congregate.

Town folk loved to see the medicine show when it came to town. The medicine man sold bottled medicine that guaranteed to cure whatever ailment you had. Usually, the same people bought it every time. A downtown street was blocked off and the back end of a truck was set up like a stage. They played music to draw a crowd. Once, they had a man traveling with the show that boasted he could get out of any handcuffs that were put on him. The police handcuffed him and as he struggled to get free, the handcuffs got tighter and he couldn't get them off. He begged for help but somehow the key got lost. They had to send to Franklin for the Johnson County Sheriff to come and set him free.

Greenwood was a very strong church community when Martha was growing up. Most families attended church. Some of the farm families would come to town for church but for the most part they attended the several small rural churches in the area.

Martha has been a member of the Greenwood Presbyterian Church for sixty-three years. She presently holds the second place for the longest current membership in the church. The Greenwood Presbyterian Church is the oldest religious organization in the northern part of the county, having been organized December 21, 1825. Martha's father, Guy Foster joined the church in 1897 and her mother Pearl Foster joined in 1916.

When she was a little girl, there were five churches in Greenwood, the Baptist Church, Presbyterian Church, Methodist, Christian and Pilgrim Holiness Church. She remembers the church bells ringing on Sunday morning letting everyone know that it was time to go to church.

There were many dedicated Sunday school teachers and “Children’s Day” was always a big event. Children of all ages participated in the service. They sang and read verses during the service. There were many dinners in the basement of the church and everyone brought in food. “All the ladies knew how to cook and we had a wonderful time and wonderful food.”



Greenwood Presbyterian Church.

A special person in Martha’s life was her grandmother, “Fannie” Foster who lived to be 102 years old. She lived on the corner of Madison Avenue and Broadway. She had eight children and had attended the Presbyterian Church since 1860. Her 100th birthday was celebrated at the church. She passed away in 1946, and her funeral was held at the church.

Funeral services were held in the home or the church. It wasn’t until the 1940’s that funeral homes were used for visiting hours. Most people chose to have viewing and the funeral service in their homes. Viewing hours were held in the homes for two nights and the funeral service was conducted on the third day. There usually were so many people in attendance that some would have to stand outside. It was considered a very serious moment in time.

After graduation from high school in 1936, Martha attended the Sanderson Business College in Indianapolis. She rode the Suburban Bus Line most of the time. She remembers the interurban tracks going into the bus terminal. If she stayed late in the evening, she would take the last interurban car home.

After completing school, she got an office job at the Wholesale Carpet Company on South Meridian in Indianapolis. She also worked at the light company and the Rost Jewelry Company. She retired in 1982 from the Indiana State Employment Agency.

The bus provided transportation for many people who worked in Indianapolis. The Suburban Bus building was located next door to Martha's home on Wiley Street. They repaired the buses and housed them at that location. Walter Smith and a man named "Monk" performed maintenance on the buses. After the bus line was moved, this building became the home of Myers Ambulance followed by Rural Metro Ambulance.

Martha's adult life was filled with activity. She was busy working a full-time job, church activities and community service responsibilities.

Martha served on the election board at one time. Paper ballots were used and when the polls closed the votes were counted. Someone would call off the votes and another person would check them. It took a lot more time than it does now.

The first time Martha voted she was challenged by someone from the opposite political party and had to sign an affidavit stating she was 21 years old.

One primary election a fellow came in to vote. In the primary, voters had to declare their party affiliation. This gentleman refused to tell which party ballot he wanted. He said that if he told anyone he would lose his job. He became very indignant and was told that he wouldn't be allowed to vote unless he let them know which ballot he wanted.

Politicians didn't have television at their disposal, so most put ads in the local paper and were at the polls to shake hands and pass out handbills.

Martha believes that voting was considered a patriotic duty and most folks voted. "It was something special in those days."

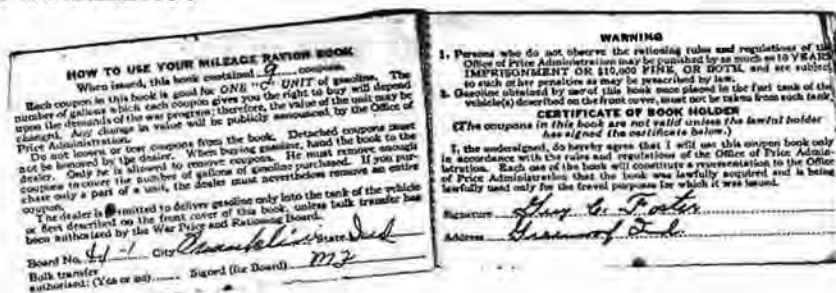
World War II held many different memories for Greenwood residents. Martha remembers rationing. She says there were several kinds of rationing books. There was one for sugar, one for meat, food, gas and so on. People could get extra stamps for sugar if they did their own canning.

Dr. Foster was able to get extra gas because he was a veterinarian. He had to sign a statement concerning the nature of his business. He couldn't use the extra gas for personal travel.

In 1944, Martha served on the committee that issued the ration books.

People were required to come in and sign an affidavit to receive their books. The person's name appeared on the ration book and each family member had to be listed.

Medical problems had to be accompanied by a doctor's statement. The stamps could not be taken out of the book before a purchase was made.



The residents of Greenwood were very civic minded. During the war all of the clubs and organizations had projects to support the war effort. Some of the ladies went to Camp Atterbury and sewed for the soldiers – buttons or whatever was needed.

Different organizations packed boxes to send to the soldiers that included necessities and personal items. Male volunteers served as air raid wardens. Residents were notified of a drill. The wardens went up and down the streets checking to make sure that no lights were on. If they saw a light, they stopped and insisted that the light be turned off. “We didn’t mind the drills, everyone was committed to doing what they could to help our country during this time. Everyone did their part”

Contributed by Martha Foster, July 10, 2001

Editors’ Note: *The Greenwood that Martha grew up in was a small tight knit community where residents enjoyed the simple pleasures of life. They socialized with one another and had the same values. Today, Martha carries with her a strong pride in her family background. She exhibits the values that are inspired by acceptance of past customs and standards of her youth. She was raised to be a lady, and a fine lady she is!*

Lowell Duncan

Lowell Duncan was born on September 3, 1919 in a two story, white house at 172 West Main.

Lowell's parents were Grover and Grace Duncan. There were six children in the Duncan family: Carl, Elizabeth, Marjorie, Helen, Hallie, and Lowell.

The Duncan family lived on the northeast corner of East Pearl and McKinley and later moved to 85 East Pearl. Just before World War II, the family bought the Craighead Building on Main Street. The family moved into an apartment on the second floor.

For many years, the Duncan family owned and operated a shoe repair shop. The location of the business changed a few times over the years, but it was always located on the south side of Main Street, east of Madison Avenue.

Since Lowell's family had a business downtown, he had the opportunity to meet many business people and residents. The following is Lowell's account of some of the business activity and events that occurred in the 1930's and 1940's on the south side of East Main Street.

During the early decades of the 1900's, most of the business district in Greenwood was located on Main Street. A good landmark to begin Lowell's story is the Carson Furniture Store, which was on the southeast corner of Main and Madison.

At one time, there was a vacant lot east of the furniture store. A lady named Gladys Boner moved a house on the lot and opened a restaurant. It became a popular place for the business people and locals to frequent. Lowell remembers her tenderloin sandwiches. He said, "They had to be her specialty because they were so good." He was delighted that she served french fries. Frozen food was scarce at that time, so most everything she served was fresh



Madison Avenue & Main Streets, 1930's.

Photo courtesy of the Johnson County Museum.

home cooking. The restaurant enjoyed a booming business.

Traveling east from the restaurant was the Citizen's National Bank. Bill Adcock ran the bank until it was closed during the Depression.

The Duncan family shoe repair shop was in the building next to the bank. The building was the home of several other small business concerns. Wallace Coffman repaired mantel clocks in the northwest corner of the shop by the window. He also worked on wall clocks, wind up clocks, and watches. Not many people owned wristwatches most had pocket watches. Mr. Coffman repaired the watches at his home in later years.

On the east wall of the shop, Guy Foster, the town veterinarian, kept three or four shelves of his medicines. Lowell said that Dr. Foster spent most of his time traveling around treating farm animals and domestic pets. Once in a while, someone would bring in a dog if it were an emergency. At that time there were not many dogs and cats around.

In the back of the shoe shop George Dorrell had his plumbing shop. He was also the local Justice of the Peace. He had a desk in his area for official business, but Lowell doesn't remember seeing anyone come in for that purpose.

In the middle of the shop, the Duncans did shoe repair, sales and other related services.

Outside, in front of the shoe shop was the city water pump. Many people drank from the same old tin cup at the pump. Lowell said, "I wouldn't have used that cup for love nor money. You should have seen a couple of guys that drank from that cup. They had those handlebar mustaches and it wasn't a pretty sight to watch them drink from that cup." Lowell went to the hardware store and bought his own cup. The family pumped water and ran it through a filter to have their own water supply.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan bought the shoe repair shop in 1924. Lowell learned how to repair shoes and started working in the shop when he was in the 8th grade. When he learned the business, Mr. Duncan bought him a shoeshine stand. Lowell shined shoes and was allowed to keep all of his earnings. In 1933, a shoeshine for a black, tan or brown pair of shoes cost ten cents. Two-toned shoes cost fifteen cents a pair. Lowell earned about three dollars a week.

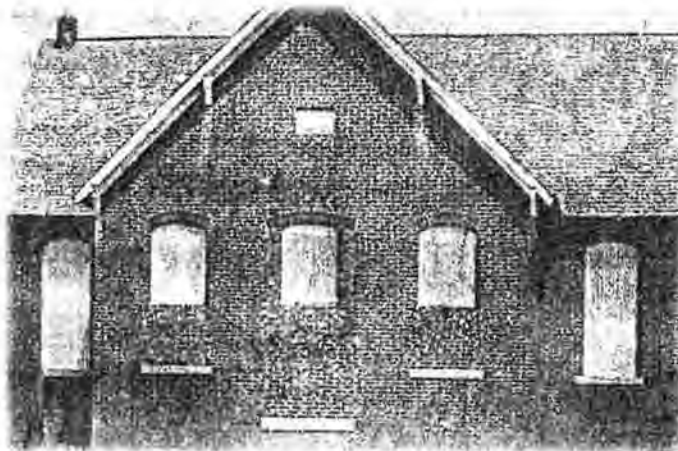
Most of Lowell's regular customers were local businessmen. Mr. Green, the Prudential Insurance man was a good customer. He also remembers Doc Sullivan, a one legged man who came in regularly. Doc was his nickname and he was well known and respected around town. He took care of the balls, towels and equipment for the school basketball team.

Lowell worked hard at his shoeshine business and saved his money. While walking home one day, he lost his pocketbook. "We carried change in pocketbooks in those days. Mine was made of leather and snapped shut. One side held nickels, dimes and pennies, the other side held half dollars." Lowell searched all over for the money, but never found it. He lost a week's earnings and three dollars was a lot of money in those days!

When the shop first opened, they only repaired shoes. Later, Mr. Duncan sold a line of Goodyear shoes. When that proved successful, he added two or three other brands to his inventory.

The shoe shop had a coal burning stove and a bench for customers to sit on. The shop became a loafing spot for some of the locals. Most were farmers that came into town. "They had a good time sitting around telling stories and talking about the price of crops."

The farmers usually came in on Saturday, which was the busiest day for the shop. The Duncans opened at 7:00 a.m. and closed at 9:00 p.m.



Bagby School

Bagby School, built in 1896, still stands as a shed southwest of Greenwood, on property owned by E.G. Carson of Greenwood. Bagby School enjoyed 80 years of history beginning in 1847.

In the early 1920's and 1930's, Mr. Duncan drove a school bus in addition to working at the shoe shop. He drove the bus for nine years and six weeks without having an accident or putting a scratch on the bus. Mr. Duncan had to buy his own bus before bidding on the job. His bus route took him to the Bagby School, west of Greenwood to Whiteland and Center Grove. The bus looked similar to today's buses. It was yellow but didn't have all of the lights and the side arm.

The bus was heated with manifold heat. It was necessary to cover the manifold and as it warmed up, heat flowed into the bus.

When the bus was not in use for school, it was the Duncan family vehicle. Lowell remarks that they were the only family in town with a yellow vehicle. Once they took a vacation to Bedford, Kentucky and camped in the bus. Another couple went with them. Sleeping arrangements were easy. They made beds across the seats. The adults slept on top of the seats and the little children slept on the floor. "That was our motor home."

M.G. Koons ran a grocery store along the business strip. He had a big Dodge touring car that he parked on the street in front of the store. He delivered his groceries in the car. Lowell was impressed with how quiet it would start up. The starter was on the floor. When he stepped on the starter, you couldn't hear a sound. Evidently this was not the case with most of the cars. Lowell says that all cars had starters and gearshifts on the floor. Others had a crank in the front that was used to start the engine.

Next to the Koons Grocery was the Craighead Building. Mr. and Mrs. Craighead raised birds for sale. They had some beautiful birds in their shop. Birds were popular back then. Most folks preferred canaries. The male birds sang and whistled all of the time.

During nice weather, Mr. Craighead sold popcorn, peanuts and crackerjack on the street. He pushed his popcorn cart around town and sold to the crowd that congregated on Saturday nights. Other times he set up for business in the alley beside the building. Lowell helped out by taking some of the snacks around town for Mr. Craighead.

Toward the end of the street was the barbershop. There was a red and white barber pole outside about three feet tall. It was electric and turned around. "That's how you found your barbershop when you came to town."

"Pus" Tingle owned the barbershop. His son, Leon worked with him. They had two barber chairs and a mirror running the length of the east wall. Behind the chairs was a counter where Mr. Tingle kept all kinds of lotions, tonics and barber tools.

On the west wall were chairs for customers who were waiting their turn for a shave or haircut. Since many patrons chewed tobacco, there was a spittoon in the waiting area.

When a customer sat down in the barber chair, they were draped in a sheet. Nothing was sanitized in those days, so every customer got the same sheet. The barbers used scissors, hand clippers and a comb to cut hair. This was before electric clippers were available. They sharpened a straight razor on a strop before it was used to shave the back of the person's neck. Very seldom did they cut anyone. The shop was equipped with sinks for washing hair. The finishing touch was a good smelling tonic applied to the hair. Lowell remembers haircuts costing about a quarter and then the price gradually went up.

A big draw to the barbershop was the bathtub in the back room. Lowell explains that it was only used on Saturday nights. Folks only bathed once a week. Mainly city people used the bathtub. A bath cost a dollar and customers were furnished with towels, soap and everything they needed.

In those days, most people did not have in-door facilities. People usually cleaned up in a round washtub in the kitchen. It was warmer in there because of the cooking stove. They used hot water from the reservoir on the stove.

At the end of the street was the Gulf Filling Station owned by Marley Lasiter. It was a small station and didn't offer any services except gas. Mr. Duncan worked there after he sold the shoe shop.

When Lowell was older, he attended business college in Indianapolis. Lowell brags about the bus service. "We had the Interstate Bus Service to Indianapolis, the interurban and the Greyhound Bus Line going through here. We had good service and good bus drivers. People liked the interurban because it didn't stop at every corner and pick up a passenger. It had regular stops. Times have changed. Now all that is gone."

Contributed by Lowell Duncan, January 8, 2002

Editors' Note: *Lowell Duncan has a sharp memory with a flare for detail. His colorful description of life in the 1930's and 40's sends a strong message from a generation with a backbone of family unity, hard work and rules for survival. The Greenwood community is fortunate to have their example before us.*

Robert Terhune

Robert Terhune was born June 1, 1914. He is the only child of Clyde and Martha Terhune. He lived his entire life in Greenwood. He was married to Eve in 1941 and is the father of two sons, Gordon and Keith.

Not many residents of Greenwood can boast that they have lived on the same city block their entire life! Robert Terhune was born at 500 E. Pearl Street. When he was two weeks old, his family moved to 580 E. Pearl Street. He lived there until he was married to Eve in 1941. He built a new house for his bride at 560 E. Pearl.

Robert attended school in Greenwood and graduated from High School in 1932. When he started school, all twelve grades were in one building. Kindergarten was unheard of at that time.

A new high school was built in 1928 and he was a member of the first class to attend all four years.

Young Robert was quite the entrepreneur. He raised Buff Orpington Chickens. These chickens were light brown in color and produced brown eggs.

The school gave Robert permission to go home during recess and at noon. He gathered the eggs and took them in the house so they wouldn't chill. Some of the eggs were allowed to hatch and were placed in a brood box with a heater. Robert kept those for laying hens. He found this to be very profitable. One day when he was in the 4th grade, the School Superintendent, Mr. Hoover came to Robert's classroom. He wanted to know if Robert could give him change for a five-dollar bill because he knew Robert always had money in his pocket.

Robert raised 150 to 200 chickens at a time. For a short time, he also raised New Zealand White Rabbits. Eventually, the City of Greenwood passed a law that chickens could not be raised inside of the city limits. Since Robert had started his "business" before the law was enacted, he fell under a grandfather clause. This meant that he could continue to raise the chickens, but if he stopped, he could not begin again. He raised chickens until the 1950's, which provided him with extra money and a food source during the hard times.

The Depression hit when Robert was in high school. The Terhune family managed to get by. Robert's mother had a steady job and his dad worked at the canning factory. Robert raised his chickens. His family had a huge garden on their property. They grew their own vegetables and canned what they didn't use. To preserve cabbages, they dug a row and covered them with dirt. When they needed a cabbage, they would go outside and dig one up. Potatoes were stored in the bedroom since it was the coldest room in the house.

A potbellied coal stove was their source of heat. The stove only heated the kitchen and one other room. This left the bedrooms cold. The house did not have indoor plumbing. They had a water pump near the back porch.

They had an icebox for cold food storage. The iceman brought ice that was cut in blocks. He came by twice a week. Customers would hang a cardboard sign outside that indicated how many pounds they needed - 25, 50, 75 or 100. When the ice melted it left water in the icebox. To solve the problem, a hole was drilled in the bottom of the icebox and another in the floor. The icebox sat on a funnel. As the ice melted, the water drained down through the funnel and under the house. Since no one locked their doors, the iceman went in even when no one was home.

Noblitt Sparks did their part to help folks during the rough times. They held drawings for free chickens and turkeys at Christmas and Thanksgiving. One day a turkey escaped. "That turkey roosted up there in a big walnut tree overnight. They couldn't catch it for nothing. So this man came over the next day and asked me to catch that turkey or shoot it. If I got it, we would split it. The next morning I got out my rifle and took off after that turkey. I figured that he had headed for the woods. I found him and I shot him right between the eyes! My mother helped the woman next door clean and dress it. Our neighbors got up early the next morning and left town with our share of the turkey."

There were several gas stations in Greenwood during the Depression. There were five in one block starting at the corner of Broadway and Madison and over to the corner of Pearl and Madison. There was a Mobil, Phillips 66, a Sinclair, Standard, and a DX. Robert recalls that each one was open for business during the Depression and were barely making it. Gas sold for sixteen to seventeen cents per gallon.

During the Depression, everyone helped one another. He remembers when his family went on vacation for two weeks and left the front door unlocked. Their neighbors watched the house.

From grade school on, Robert attended the First Baptist Church in Greenwood. He remembers that there were at least five churches in town, First Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist, Christian, and the Pilgrim Holiness. His Sunday school class was held in the belfry of the church, that was the only space available. Sure enough, the church bell was rung a few times while the Sunday school class was in session.

As a teenager, Robert had other interests besides his egg business. He played baseball during the summer at the “Old City Park” between Madison and Meridian. “Kids made do with what they had.” They used a board for home plate and rocks for the other bases. They would choose up sides and just play. Robert played on the baseball team for one year in high school. He was the catcher and the only thing he had was a catcher’s mitt. He did not have a mask, shin guards or protective gear.

Baseball was one of Robert’s favorite sports and he looked forward to the occasional visits from the African American baseball team called the Indianapolis ABC. They traveled around in an old bus that also served as their temporary living quarters. They were always looking for someone to play baseball and would split the gate receipts 60-40. The winner would get the 60 and the loser got 40.

During the warm weather months, Robert and his friends went to Walnut Grove, which was east of Greenwood. About ten to fifteen of his friends piled in a Model T truck and went there to picnic, fish and swim in one of the two “swimming holes”.

Another common hangout was the Community House where the high school basketball games were played. Robert recalled that one game between Greenwood and Clark drew a crowd of 240 people. It cost a quarter to get in so they called it a



First Baptist Church

Photo courtesy of the Johnson County Museum.

“sixty-dollar crowd.” In those days, that was a lot of people to show up for a basketball game.

In one of his high school English classes, Robert was joking around and proclaimed to the class, “borrowing something without the owner’s consent was not stealing.” Even though the remark was said in jest, his teacher worried that he was serious. This caused further problems. Robert always carried two pen sets with him. He lent one of his pens to a classmate named Jean Cox, whose pen had broken. Robert retrieved the pen from Jean’s desk while the teacher was watching. She accused Robert of stealing the pen from Jean. The teacher humbly apologized to Robert when she learned that the pen actually belonged to Robert.

In high school, Robert wanted to take domestic science with the girls instead of manual training with the boys. His father had taught him all he needed to know about woodworking and metalworking, so he wanted to test the waters of domestic science. During his senior year, a new teacher started teaching the domestic science class. She thought it would be a good idea to have boys in her cooking class. A delighted Robert signed up for the class. There were eight girls and four boys in the class. The teacher turned out to be his old English teacher who had accused him of stealing the pen from Jean Cox. As it turned out, Jean was in the class as well.

In domestic science, the students learned how to cook. One day, the School Superintendent came down to the class and asked the teacher if she knew where they could hold a dinner for about fifty people. They had planned a big meeting with the principals and the superintendents from the different schools in the area. At that time there were no restaurants in Greenwood. Robert overheard the conversation and told the superintendent that the cooking class would prepare the meal. The superintendent liked the idea.

Jean Cox borrowed tables and chairs from the Methodist Church. The boys cooked the food and the girls served the guests. They cooked fried chicken, peas, carrots, mashed potatoes and gravy. Everyone wore nice clothes. The students made the event a huge success! As Robert says, “It went over like a house-a-fire.” The School Superintendent of Columbus was so impressed with the idea that he started a similar class in Columbus. This was also the beginning of this type of class at the Arsenal Technical High School in Indianapolis. Robert remembers that he and his teacher actually became good friends after a very rocky beginning.

His senior year of high school, Robert was a frequent traveler on the interurban that ran down Madison Avenue. He took violin lessons from a student attending Indiana Central College. The ride cost 22 cents. He recalls that many people rode the interurban, especially those that worked in Indianapolis. At rush hour, the seats were always taken and the aisle was full. It made many stops between Greenwood and Indianapolis. If people were out there waiting, the interurban stopped and picked them up. They called these regular stopping points; Stop 8, 10, and so forth. That is how the roads later got their names.

Robert's violin lessons, earned him a seat with the Greenwood Community Orchestra. He played with them for a year before going to college. The orchestra was open to anyone 18 years and older and there were about 30 members. They performed one concert a year for the Greenwood Community and one at the Smith Valley Methodist Church. Emerson Carson, owner of a furniture store at Main and Madison, was the conductor.

In the fall of 1932, Robert started classes at Wabash College in Crawfordsville, Indiana. He majored in social studies and minored in mathematics. Tuition was around ninety dollars a semester.

Since this was during the Depression, it was difficult to get the money for tuition. Robert worked at the canning factory all summer making \$15.30 a week. He saved \$15.00 for tuition and had thirty cents left over to spend throughout the week.

Most of the fraternities at Wabash needed someone to work in the kitchen. Since he had "that cooking class" in high school, the Lambda Chi Alpha Fraternity was glad to have him as a member. He was able to pay for his room and board by working in the kitchen.

To get to college, he hitchhiked to Indianapolis and walked from the old Manual High School Building to Speedway. From there he would hitchhike to Crawfordsville. It was never difficult to find a ride because people normally helped each other.

One day in his college economics class, the professor was talking about seasonal labor and commented that some of these people often worked sixty to eighty hours a week. Since Robert had first hand knowledge of the subject, he spoke up and said,

“They often work a hundred or more hours a week.” The professor could not believe it, so when Robert sent his laundry home he also asked his dad to send back his old time cards from the canning factory.

Robert showed the professor one of his time cards where he had worked over 120 hours in one week. At the time, Robert was operating a crane 24 hours a day. He was able to take short catnaps while waiting for a load to pick up. By the end of the week, he was suffering from exhaustion and had to be taken home. The professor told him that without seeing the time card he never would have believed it was possible to work that many hours in one week.

Graduation from college in 1936 meant the accomplishment of another major goal for Robert. His gratitude to Wabash College and the desire to help others succeed is evident by the many donations he has made to the college and the plaques of appreciation hanging on his wall.

In 1936, the country was still in the Depression and very few jobs were available. Robert was able to get a job at the canning factory. He had worked there for about three months when International Harvester opened a plant in Indianapolis. He got a job working in the machine shop fixing crankshafts and other equipment until he broke his leg. He transferred to the office and worked as the Wage and Salary Administrator.

Robert bought his first car in 1939 from Kelly Sales. It was a 1939 Chevrolet coupe and cost seven hundred dollars. About the only “extras” that came on the car were a radio and a heater.

When World War II began, Robert was drafted. His leg was still in bad shape from being broken at Harvester. He was on his way to Franklin for a meeting at the draft board and had a flat tire. No one would stop and help so he was late to the meeting. When he got there they put a number in his hand. The group then proceeded to Indianapolis. When they arrived, the first thing they did was match numbers. “They whipped me around and made me take a doctor’s exam. They passed me around and swore me into the army, just like that!”

The Army sent Robert to Ft. Harrison. Robert’s doctor in Greenwood called Ft. Harrison and told them about his leg injury. The doctor was told that if it was that bad they would send him home. The next morning, the army put him on a train

headed for St. Petersburg, Florida. Robert was there for several months and was sent to Colorado. "I stayed there for three or four months and all at once they loaded me up and sent me home. So that was my military service - because I had a bad leg."

During the war, the government issued ration coupons for everything people bought. Each person got one ration coupon a year for shoes. You could get whatever type of shoes you wanted, but that was the only pair you would get for one year. Everything was rationed. There were limited coupons for meat. They had to balance things out with a good piece here and a bad piece there. No one went hungry due to the ration coupons.

Robert's chickens proved more than useful. He had extra eggs and chickens to eat. One of the fellows who rode to work with Robert was a butcher. He bought a young calf in the spring and "fattened it out." Robert got a fourth of it, which provided extra meat. Since the garage was not heated, Robert froze a slab of beef by hanging it up on a wire in the garage. It was cold enough that the beef stayed frozen and the cats couldn't climb down the wire to get at the beef.

After retirement from Harvester in 1974, Robert and his wife headed for the Lake of the Ozarks to fish. The fish were abundant at the lake and Robert always caught a "big mess of fish", mostly crappies and a few bass. He boasts of being the "past master" of custom filleting. When he got a net full of fish, his wife helped clean the fish. He could fillet a fish in about two minutes! These were enjoyable times for Robert and his wife.

Robert Terhune has lived in Greenwood his entire life on one city block. Why? "I don't know any other place I like better, so why move? I like Greenwood."

Contributed by Robert Terhune - March 13, 2001

Editors' Note: *It is not surprising that even in his retirement years Robert has high expectations in his endeavors. He has always set goals for himself whether it was to become the "master of custom filleting" or starting his own business in grade school or working his way through college. Robert is a proven self-motivator to succeed!*

IN MEMORY OF ROBERT TERHUNE

June 1, 1914 – August 18, 2001

Jean Cox

Jean Cox is a native of Greenwood. Her father, Dr. L.E. Cox passed away when Jean was a young child. Her mother, Edith raised Jean, her sister Virginia, and her brother Lunsford ("Bud"). Jean's mother was an amazing lady who offered constant support and encouragement to her children in their endeavors. She managed to send all three children to college.

Jean's sister, Virginia graduated from DePauw University and is a gifted quilter. She is a fiber artist and makes quilted clothing for exhibition and has received an international award. She has also written numerous books on quilting.

Jean's brother Lunsford ("Bud") graduated from Franklin College. He began a career in business at the Bemis Bag Company in Indianapolis. He later moved to Kansas City, Missouri and became the Vice-President of a bank. He is now retired.

Jean graduated from DePauw University, majoring in public school music. She taught music in Sullivan, Indiana before beginning a career as a professional performer.

Jean's father, Dr. Cox built a house on the southeast corner of Euclid Avenue and Greenwood Street. Jean was born in this house. As a little girl, she was a frequent visitor at the home of their neighbor, Louella Finkenbinder. Louella had a piano and her door was always open to the little girl that had discovered a love for music. Jean "poked around" on Louella's piano and picked out tunes by ear. It wasn't until her third year of elementary school that she started taking music lessons. Her teacher was Frances Wishard.

Jean was one of many young people with musical talent in Greenwood. Her family moved to Wiley Street in the early 1930's. One of her neighbors was Walter Grass, who owned the local Ford agency. His son, Iliff was a gifted clarinetist. He provided many hours of

Photo courtesy of the Johnson County Museum.



**FIRST CARLOAD AUTOMOBILES
EVER SHIPPED TO GREENWOOD IN
HARDEN & GRASS.**

entertainment for the neighborhood and grew up to be an excellent musician. He changed his first name to Cliff and joined the Guy Lombardo band. Jean speaks with admiration of his talent and accomplishments.

Entertainment was not hard to find. Even though it was years before television,

Jean had a small radio that gave her many hours of enjoyment. The silent movies were the main attraction for most residents. The Community House had a movie



Photo courtesy of the Johnson County Museum.



Iliff Grass

Courtesy of Johnson County Museum.

theater and it cost ten cents to see a show. Libby Myers played the background music on the piano for crowds of excited youngsters and adult moviegoers.

Jean remembers a particular cowboy movie where the cowboy and his faithful horse were headed over the hill at a very fast rate of speed. “Libby’s music was tremendous! She kept the crowd on the edge of their seats. Her music kept pace with the action on the screen. She could play background music for a love scene or a fast moving action scene. She was a wonderful musician.” Jean and Helen Myers loved to sit behind her at the show because Libby often let the girls play for a while.

Jean’s mother was a constant source of encouragement. She was a resourceful lady who managed to provide Jean with a violin. Jean said, “It just came out of nowhere!” When the family wanted a piano of their own, fate stepped in. Jean’s mother won an upright piano in a contest by making the most words out of *Phillips Milk of Magnesia*. “It was a very special event. We were across the street playing when we saw the piano being delivered. Boy, were we excited to see that truck pull up in front of our house!”

Jean's mother was a pianist herself, so she was very helpful when her children practiced. If she heard a wrong note, she was right there to provide advice and encouragement.

The Cox family occasionally journeyed to Indianapolis. Jean loved to go to the L.S. Ayres Department Store because they had a music department. She felt fortunate to be able to buy one sheet of popular music that cost 35 cents.

Although every grade had a music class, Jean feels that very little was done with music. This was due to the times. The Depression was going on and that limited everyone's spending. Money to buy instruments was not in their budgets.

"We had a little orchestra with no more than ten members and we performed about two productions a year." Helen Myers and Jean were the only two students who played both the violin and piano. For the fall production, Helen played the piano and Jean would play for the spring production.

Jean and Helen took violin lessons together at the Arthur Jordan Conservatory of Music in Indianapolis. They were in the 8th grade at the time. The girls were excused from the last period of school on Fridays to take their lessons. They rode the bus to Indianapolis. Every week their treat was eating a *Hershey Candy Bar* on the trip. Jean comments on how delighted they were to have such a simple pleasure as a candy bar once a week.

Greenwood had the Community Orchestra and Jean and Helen were members. The town also had the Community Players. It was a very well known activity and everyone loved attending their plays.

Another big activity in Greenwood was Dr. Craig's Boys' Band. Dr. Craig was a respected physician in the community. He had numerous bands over the years. Jean's brother "Bud" played in one of the bands. They had special uniforms and gave concerts at the Community House. "People loved them."

Jean remembers that Dr. Craig always allowed Red Smock to direct the last number of the concert because he had a good sense of rhythm. As an aspiring musician, Jean always watched the techniques of other musicians and thought Mr. Smock did an excellent job.

On the Greenwood social scene were Ralph and Grace Porterfield Polk who lived on the southwest corner of Euclid and Madison. Jean describes Grace as one of Greenwood's loveliest hostesses. She was a gracious lady who frequently invited people to her home for teas and sang for her guests. Jean had the opportunity to accompany her once or twice on the piano. When she was no longer singing, Mrs. Polk gave Jean all of her music. Jean has since given Mrs. Polk's music to the library.

Ralph Polk ran the Polk Canning Factory. His father, James left money in his will for the construction of the Community House. The Polk family was instrumental in the growth and prosperity of Greenwood for generations. Everyone loved August because it smelled so good all over Greenwood. That is when they canned the tomatoes. There was a large influx of people that came to town in the canning season. Some workers came from as far away as Kentucky.

Jean credits her mother with the excellent job she did providing for their family. Like many people in Greenwood, they took in boarders to help make ends meet. Most of their boarders were business and professional people. Jean remembers teachers, business people from Arvin and a dentist that stayed with them. They were very nice people. Her mother was a great cook and provided an evening meal for her guests. Jean and Virginia helped by waiting on tables. Jean practiced the piano when everyone was gone so she wouldn't disturb anyone.

Jean graduated from high school in 1932. She enrolled at DePauw University and majored in public school music. Students were required to learn to play several different instruments so they would be able to transpose music for arrangements. She studied the violin, but her main instrument was the piano. After graduation in 1936, she taught music in Sullivan, Indiana.

After six years of teaching, Jean was homesick for Greenwood. World War II was going on and her brother was leaving to enlist in the Navy. She came home to Greenwood without a job.

A friend suggested that she audition for a job playing the piano at the Hawthorne Restaurant in Indianapolis. The Hawthorne was a very nice restaurant owned by the same people that operated the well-known King Cole Restaurant. The audition was successful and Jean was offered the position. She played the piano at the Hawthorne

for six years before going to New York to expand her opportunities in the music field.

Jean lived with her sister and brother-in-law for a few months to establish a residence so she could get her musician's union card for traveling. She performed as a single act for a while in various restaurants until an exciting opportunity came along. The USO asked Jean to join a group of musicians who had been traveling together for many years. Their first tour was Officers' Clubs all over the United States. Jean enjoyed this time and gained experience performing with a group.

Her next adventure came when the USO called and asked Jean if she would join a group they were sending to France. She eagerly accepted.

Two of the ladies in the group, Alice Hinton from Logansport, Indiana and Marge Kiewitt, from Indianapolis had previously worked with the Hormel Girl's Caravan. "I remember being in New York when they came back from one of their trips to Japan. A photographer was taking pictures of the beautiful materials and items they brought back. Their picture appeared in the *Indianapolis Star*."

The ladies embarked for France. One morning, Jean, Alice and Marge were having breakfast together. Jean went to the front desk at the hotel and was told she had a letter. It was from her mother and she had included a picture of Marge and Alice that she had cut from the *Indianapolis Star*. She wrote, "Wouldn't it be interesting if you ran across these girls?" Jean thought that was quite a coincidence.

The group returned two months later and were asked to take another tour of France, Germany and North Africa. While in North Africa, they had the unforgettable experience of being on stage with Bob Hope. "Our drummer, Marge Kiewitt was a very good looking lady, blonde and extremely talented. The soldiers in the audience were making quite a fuss over her. Bob Hope was ready to start his performance with a march accompanied by the drums. Realizing the attention that the crowd was giving Marge, Bob Hope bowed to Marge and said, "Be my guest" and he left the stage. Marge performed a drum solo for the crowd."

When the ladies finished the tour, they decided to stay together. They called themselves the *Starbelles*. "We had so much fun together and got along so beautifully."

They were working through MCA (Music Corporation of America) and were able to get their own manager who booked their engagements for several years. "He told us that there is one thing he would never do. He wouldn't send us north in the winter and south in the summer. The first thing he did in January was to send us to Montana. We got used to that."

"We traveled together for years and had a great time. We went to so many interesting places, from Washington down to California to Texas, everywhere but the east coast."

The four *Starbelles* had been together for several years when their "trumpet girl", Frances Stewart got homesick and left the group. Jean, Alice, and Marge renamed the group *Take III*. With Jean on the piano, Marge on drums, and Alice on tenor sax, flute, and clarinet, the ladies continued their travels.

Once they were booked in a restaurant in Detroit. A waitress came up and asked the group to accompany Jimmy Durante. Jean remembers thinking, "I hope I can play in his key!" He sang his big number, *Bill Bailey*.

Take III traveled together for many years. In 1970, the ladies disbanded. After traveling thousands of miles, they wanted to pursue other interests. Jean's, mother wasn't well and needed help at home. Jean says the timing was good for everyone.

When Jean returned to Greenwood, she took care of her mother and decided to take it easy for a while. She attended the Greenwood United Methodist Church with a friend, Ruth Perry. Ruth was an excellent musician and taught piano. She told Jean, "It seems to me that anyone who can



Photo courtesy of Jean Cox.

Take III

sing and carry a tune ought to be in the choir.” So Jean joined the choir. Jean was asked to take over the children’s choir when the director left. She ended up directing the choir for 27 years, retiring just three years ago. She is still a member of the Chancel Choir and the Bell Choir.

Jean took care of her mother until she passed away in 1986. She was 102 years old. Jean says she has no desire to leave Greenwood. “It is a wonderful place to live.” With her days “on the road” behind her, she says her traveling is confined to going to the mall. She doesn’t have far to go to do what she loves best. Yes, she is still playing the piano. The elegant Von Maur Store in the Greenwood Park Mall is fortunate to have Jean as one of nine pianists who entertain their guests.

Contributed by Jean Cox, June 19, 2001

Editors’ Note: *Jean Cox has had an unforgettable life. Her many years as a professional performer serve as a testimony to her lifelong determination to perfect her passion for music. Her past is rich in values and hard work. She had the endurance to rise above the confines of a time in our history when everyday life was more challenging and opportunities had to be earned.*

Seated at the baby grand piano, Jean’s fingers float across the keyboard with the grace of the wind. Her music has elegance unmatched only by the lady seated at the piano.

Betty Richey

Betty Lou Richey was born April 11, 1928, in the house behind 277 East Main Street in Greenwood. She was supposed to be named Elizabeth Louella, but the doctor wrote it down Betty Lou.

Betty's parents were Byron McFee Jordan and Edna Lenore Hoagland Jordan. Her oldest brother was Byron Hoagland Jordan, known as "Junior". Her next brother was William Nelson Jordan, known as "Penny". Both brothers are deceased. She had two sisters, Sarah Catherine Jordan McDonald and Martha Joan Jordan.

Betty served as a volunteer for several years at the Johnson County Museum in the early 1990's and had the opportunity to study many aspects of Greenwood history.

The Jordan family lived on East Main Street just east of the railroad tracks on the south side of the street. Jim Holder and Jim Richey built four houses on lots that had once been farmland. The Jordan's lived in the second two-story house across from the Pilgrim Holiness Church. They moved in the house when Betty was eighteen months old. In 1937, they bought a home on Pearl Street.

Next door to the Pilgrim Holiness Church was the estate of Dr. J.A. Craig, one of Greenwood's most influential and greatest benefactors. Dr. Craig was a family practitioner. Betty says he delivered most of the children east of the railroad track. Dr. Craig and Dr. Childress delivered most of the children in Greenwood. When Betty was around ten years old, Dr. Craig passed away. The Jordan family has many memories of Dr. Craig's contributions to the community.

In the early 1920's, Greenwood had a tremendous problem with typhoid epidemics occurring in the summer months. Although some accounts of that time differ in detail, Betty was told that Dr. Craig strongly proclaimed that the cause of the problem was sewage and the by-product of rotten corn, tomatoes and other vegetables dumped in the creek by the canning factory. He insisted that the creek had to be cleaned out before the epidemics took the lives of everyone in town.

Dr. Craig's crusade to stop the dumping by the canning factory seemed irrational to most people. The canning factory meant too many jobs and money to the community. No one wanted to speak out against the Polk Family.

Without cooperation from the community, Dr. Craig went to the State Board of Health and reported the health hazard in Greenwood. The creek ran from the east side of Greenwood all the way to the cemetery on the west side of town. People were hesitant to build anywhere in Greenwood because of this problem. Mosquitoes were also a major problem. When the dumping subsided, the epidemics slowed down.

One of Dr. Craig's major contributions to the community was his organization of numerous Boys' Bands. He assisted the boys in finding work to pay for their instruments and provided musical training.

Betty's father was in one of Dr. Craig's bands for many years. Dr. Craig accompanied the boys to many cities in an effort to find other places where they could perform. They traveled on the interurban and had an opportunity to see the larger cities in the state.

Dr. Craig's beautiful estate and some of the older farms and established residences were located on the east side of the railroad tracks. However, the area east of the tracks was less favored by many residents who lived on the west side of town.

Betty feels that there were several reasons that may explain the negative point of view towards the area east of the railroad tracks. First, this general area was where the migrant workers were housed during canning season. These seasonal workers usually came from Kentucky and Tennessee. Perhaps, their temporary living status was thought not to blend well with the permanent residents of the city.

Another reason dealt with the economics of the town. Greenwood had started developing west of the railroad tracks because of the proximity to Madison Avenue. It was important to many people that Madison Avenue remain the center of Greenwood. Expansion of the east side would prohibit that objective. Most businesses were located near or along Madison Avenue.

It is important to note that by the time Betty started attending school, the Depression had started. When she was in high school, World War II was in progress.

Betty attended grade school at the old school on Meridian and Wiley. She says that the desks were the old fashion kind. There was a large row of them attached to each other with seats that dropped down and lifted up. There was a place underneath the desk top for books. Everyone wanted a locker because that was a big deal. The only lockers were at the new high school that burned.

There was not a bookstore at the school. Used books were exchanged between families before school started. If a new family came into town, they paid for new books every year, unless they found someone who would trade books with them.

After the students reached sixth grade, they got an inkwell. The pens that were used had a pull off point at the end. Students had to do their final week of spelling with the straight pen. They were partially graded on the number of inkblots on their paper. The inkwell had dark ink and if it spilled on their clothing, it caused a permanent stain. Students were graded on spelling, neatness and legibility of writing. Penmanship was an important part of the grading system.

The old school building was uncomfortable at times. The rooms were cold in the winter. The teachers had to move the children around to benefit from the heat that was available. To make matters worse, many children did not have warm clothing.

During the 1930's, the town suffered with some of the coldest winter weather recorded in history. Betty recalls that in about 1936, it got so bad that the street in front of the new high school broke apart in the middle. Water bubbled up and froze several feet above ground.

The previous summer there was a drought and all of the crops were destroyed. This affected employment at the canning factory. Many people didn't have enough money to meet their family's needs.

Betty's mother and other officers of the PTA (Parent Teachers Association) spent the entire winter trying to get eye glasses, clothes, shoes and milk for children who were in need. At times, doctors and dentists came in and examined the children at no charge. The PTA conducted many fundraisers to get needed items.

This was at the end of the Depression. Betty feels that many Johnson County residents didn't actually see the end of bad times until the beginning of the war productions. Noblitt Sparks had been closed for six months. At the beginning of World War II, the production of land mines began in the plant. This changed the unemployment situation.

After the election of President Roosevelt in 1936, the government started the WPA (Work Projects Administration) program. The basis of this program was to create jobs. Many of the people that worked on the WPA were World War I veterans. They had just found employment after the war only to lose their jobs. For many people, this was the first chance that they had for employment since the beginning of the Depression.

The WPA also had programs for job training that were held at the Community House. People were trained for factory jobs and other positions. Residents were required to attend the classes to get WPA jobs. When World War II came along, many men found jobs in the war factories with the training they learned in these classes.

Nobody got rich off of this program, but it did give people a means to support their families. These were proud people and they would do almost any job rather than ask for help. The people of the community believed that it was their responsibility to take care of their own problems - without any outside help. But the Depression had taken a toll on the community. The WPA was a temporary solution until jobs were available again.

Another group of people that were greatly impacted by the Depression was the hobo population. This group had grown in numbers with kids out of Oklahoma. Many were not old enough to be out on their own. Occasionally, they would find someone to look after them - but not often.

The railroad police, county sheriffs and others were very hard on the young hobos as there were enough homeless people on the local front. The older hobos were in competition with the kids for whatever handouts might be available. The authorities didn't want to jail them because they didn't want to feed them. Their strategy was just to keep them moving. This situation didn't really end until 1941 when the first of the war jobs began. Many of the boys enlisted in the military to get three meals a day, clothing and shelter.

When Betty was in the 8th grade, the new high school burned. This happened in January of 1942. The grade school was next door to the high school. It took a while to get the old building ready, because the lower level of the grade school hadn't been used for anything other than coal storage. Until the following school year the high school students were moved to some of the churches for classes. By the next fall, all twelve grades were together in the old school.

The high school was not paid for when it burned. No one knew if there was going to be a Greenwood after the war because so many people left town after the fire. They enrolled their children in Southport, Indianapolis and other schools districts.

Betty felt bad for the athletes who had no place to practice. At first, they practiced at the Community House. Without a school bus, families had to transport the kids to

other schools for practice. That was often prohibitive as gas rationing was going on. Not having a school gym, the team never had the home court advantage.

World War II was going on when Betty was in high school. She says that the government was getting too many people in the military service that were physically unfit. Trying to offset the problem, the government required students to take physical education from 7th grade on. Betty said this lasted from around 1942 until the end of the war.

The population of Greenwood had dropped about one-third after losing the high school. The war took some people away. In 1944, the population began rising because of the United States Army servicemen stationed at Camp Atterbury in Edinburgh.

East of the railroad track was exciting during the canning season. Betty worked there during the war. The high school students that had over a "C" average were allowed to go to the canning factory and help get the crops in. The school allowed the students to leave, but they had to make up their schoolwork. They were paid minimum wage. Everyone that wasn't drafted or working in the war plants in Kentucky or Tennessee was used at the canning factory. There were just more jobs than there were people to fill them. Betty worked two seasons at the canning factory. In 1944, she went to work at RCA in Indianapolis, making radio tubes for submarines. They needed younger girls because they had better eye sight, which was needed for that job.

In 1946, with the war over, Greenwood was still trying to get on its feet. The town bought ground for a new high school. The first building on that ground was in 1949 and for a short time was used for a grade school. The baby boom that started during the war and new people moving to Greenwood created the need for more school space. Military men came back home and brought their families. Greenwood's population was once again growing.

Contributed by Betty Richey, July 31, 2001

Editors' Note: *Betty Richey has a thirst for history. She has shared stories passed down by older members of her family. She lived through the years of the Great Depression and World War II. These years held dynamic change and challenge for the residents of Greenwood and our nation. She offers not only her own account of this time, but insight to the possible reasons behind the facts.*

Hallie Duncan Alspaugh

Hallie Duncan Alspaugh was born November 7, 1924. She was one of six children born to Grover and Grace Duncan. Brothers are Lowell and Carl. Sisters are Elizabeth, Marjorie and Helen.

Hallie's early years were centered on family life and meeting the demands of the Depression. Like most families in Greenwood, each member had an important role in the survival of the family. Grover and Grace Duncan were good parents that had strict rules for their children to follow. They also provided the opportunity for them to be involved in the family business.

Hallie's school years mirror the accounts by others of that time. She says that teachers were strict and punishment was delivered to those who broke the rules. Mr. and Mrs. Duncan told their children that if they got a whipping at school, they were guaranteed another one when they got home.

After school was dismissed, everyone had chores to do. "The minute we got home, we put on our old clothes. Mom had certain chores for each of us to do during the school week. I had to wash and dry the dishes."

The Depression years were hard on everyone. Hallie said they were poor, but not ashamed as everyone else was in the same boat. They never went hungry. They had a garden and her mother canned everything she could get her hands on.

On Christmas, they would get an orange, a banana; maybe some jelly beans and a small gift. Her mother made dolls for the girls and toys for the boys.

Hallie's clothes were "hand me downs", but with a big family it was necessary to make do with what you had. Her mother made sure that her clothes were always clean and that the family had nice clothes to wear to school and church. Hallie got her first "store bought" dress when she was sixteen. She earned the money and bought it herself.

Hallie said, "I think that people valued what they had because they worked for it. They knew that things wouldn't be handed to them. We went out and worked for a nickel and a dime and saved the money. We didn't mind working back then. It was a part of life."

Life wasn't all work and no play. Hallie remembers Saturdays. The farmers would come into town. People would visit and enjoy themselves. There was a parking lot at the east end of the business district where folks played music and danced. She describes this event as a "regular hoedown" with banjos, guitars and fiddles.

Grover and Grace Duncan bought a shoe repair shop in 1924 from a gentleman named Mr. Kine. Mr. Duncan had worked for him and had learned the business. Shoe repair was their main business, but they also repaired harnesses and anything folks would bring in.

When she was in high school, Hallie shined shoes to earn money for school. By that time, she was buying her own clothes. From 1939 to 1942, a shoeshine cost ten cents. She had regular customers who came in every Saturday. Many businessmen frequented the shop. Even people passing through town often stopped for a shoeshine.

Hallie remembers three gentlemen from Chicago. They always stopped for a shoe shine on the way to the Kentucky Derby. Each man gave Hallie two dollars. "That was something back in those days." She said that her regular customers never tipped.

During World War II, there was rationing on shoes. This boosted business for the shoe shop. Town people brought in shoes they might otherwise throw away because they knew they couldn't buy another pair.

Hallie graduated from high school in 1942, the same year her parents sold the shoe business to cousins Jim and Webb Browning. They didn't sell the building, just the equipment. John Harmon Plumbing, who operated out of the back of the store, bought the building. The Browning brothers moved the location of the business down the street on East Main.

In 1957, Hallie became a dispatcher for the Greenwood Police Department. Some of her duties were to keep daily logs of police runs, type



Courtributed by Imogene Wood Murphy and Family.

accident reports, answer incoming calls and keep track of the officer's location at all times. She also took fire calls and summoned the volunteer firemen. She sounded the fire siren that could be heard all over town.

There were two police officers in the 1950's, Lyman Howard and Marion Duvall – one for each shift. Later, the city hired more officers and there were two officers working each shift.

Police calls were of a simple nature at that time. Hallie said that Greenwood had very little crime. She would get calls reporting traffic accidents, vandalism, break-ins or an occasional drunk.

She summoned an officer by pushing a button on her microphone and saying, "Car one" or "Car two."

Folks needing emergency medical help usually called their doctor. If an ambulance was needed, the funeral home was called as their hearse was used for transporting people to the hospital.

If there was an accident, the police investigated. In the event of an injury, the officer would call dispatch. Hallie would summon the funeral home for emergency transportation.

Parking tickets were issued by the police officers. Hallie remembers overtime parking was \$1.00 and improper parking was \$2.00. Improper parking was double-parking or parking in a no parking zone. Tickets were paid at the police station.

People getting traffic tickets were cited into the Justice of the Peace Court. (The Justice of the Peace was a local magistrate empowered to try minor cases, perform marriage ceremonies and administer oaths.)

There was no holding cell at the Police Department, so if there was a prisoner needing confinement, the officers took the person to the jail in Franklin. On the subject of drunks, the punishment was at the discretion of the officer. If the person was not too intoxicated, he was taken home; if unruly he was taken to the jail in Franklin.

The head of the street department, Bill Grider performed dog-catching duties. The police had to do the job if he was not available.

In 1960, Greenwood became a fifth class city. Wayne Burkhart became the first mayor. The first police chief was Garner Wood. At this time, Hallie became the first policewoman in Greenwood and Johnson County. She rode in the “cruisers” and had the same arresting powers as the other officers.

When Hallie became a police officer, there was no formal training or police academy. New officers received on the job training.

The city didn’t have a lot of money in those days and the officers had to purchase some of their own equipment. Hallie remembers that she had a police badge and another badge with her name on it.

Hallie said they had to provide their own guns. There was no training available but the officers practiced shooting at various locations. A new officer was always assigned to a seasoned officer until he/she learned the job.

In the early years of the police department, there was no merit system. Since the mayor appointed the police chief, a change in politics might result in a police chief being bumped back to patrolman.

Hallie comments that she enjoyed most of her time as Greenwood’s first policewoman. She left the department in 1965.



Contributed by Imogene Wood Murphy & Family.

*Hallie and Garner Wood -
1st Police Chief.*



*(L to R) Webb Browning, Hallie, Grover
Duncan & Jim Browning.*

In 1972, Hallie purchased the shoe shop from her cousins, Jim and Webb Browning. She ran the shop until 1986.

At the time she bought the business, shoe repair was still in high demand. Most shoes were made of leather. The soles were sewn on the shoe by a large stitching machine. To replace a sole, the old stitching had to be

removed. The heel and old sole were taken off and the new sole was cut to size, glued and sewn. A new heel was added. As a finishing touch, the shoe was buffed and looked like new.

Customers could save money by having a half sole and new heels put on their shoes. This could be done when the damage was on the upper part of the sole. The shop had steel plates to put on the heels, if requested by the customer. These were used mostly for noise, but they kept the heels from wearing down.



*Helen Ward,
Hallie's sister.*

Hallie taught her sister, Helen and her nephew how to repair shoes. They worked for her in the shop. She was a good businesswoman, providing good service to her customers. She sold the business to her nephew when she retired. With today's molded plastic footwear and throw-a-way shoes, the need for shoe repair has diminished to an almost non-existent trade.

Contributed by Hallie Duncan Alspaugh – October 24, 2001

Editors' Note: *Hallie Duncan Alspaugh can certainly be counted as a pioneer in her own right. Serving as Greenwood's first policewoman, she led the way for other women in law enforcement. From an early age, her parents gave her an education in a very specialized trade. She used that experience to continue the family legacy to her retirement. Her example holds a worthy place in Greenwood's history.*

Dale Rogers

Dale Rogers was born in 1922 on Broadway Street west of the railroad tracks. His parents were Marcus "Dick" and Mary Rogers. He has a brother, Clyde and a sister, Irene. Dale has lived in Greenwood all of his life except for 8 or 9 years spent in Indianapolis.

Dale's father, Marcus was self-employed. He operated an icehouse at the back of his home located at 45 N. Meridian. He sold ice to residential and business customers in Greenwood.

Clyde, Dale's brother was twelve years older and helped with the business. He did most of the night hauling. When Dale was ten years old, he started helping his father. He was too young to help with the deliveries. Since some customers preferred to pick up their orders, Dale sat on the platform and collected their money.

In the days before refrigeration, it is hard to imagine how ice was made. The Capitol Ice Company in Indianapolis had a process using a long "form" that was filled with water and lowered into the floor. There were pipes down in the floor filled with a substance that froze the water. After the water was frozen, they hoisted it up from the floor.

Every night, the Capitol Ice Company delivered three or four tons of ice in 300-pound blocks. The ice was scored crossways - each line represented 100 pounds. It was also scored lengthwise. The scoring made it easy to cut the size that was needed to fill customers' orders. To cut the ice, they used an ice pick. As you can imagine, it was a fast turnover business.

When Dale was growing up, almost everyone in town had an icebox. There may have been 7 or 8 refrigerators that were owned by wealthy residents. They were expensive to buy and the Depression was going on so his father served just about everyone in town. There was one competing ice business in town. Bud Wood ran that route. Dale commented that there was enough customers to keep both busy. Mr. Rogers ran the morning route, went home for lunch and then delivered again.

Ice was delivered to homes and businesses on a regular basis. Grocery stores like Kroger and A&P were big customers. Both stores had large walk-in coolers. There

was a big ladder outside of the cooler. They climbed the ladder and put 100-pound ice blocks on the top of the cooler in an insulated box. It would hold about 5 or 6 hundred pounds and was filled every other day. The cooler was insulated to keep the meat cold. When asked about milk and other perishables, Dale said that the stores didn't carry much milk because the milkmen delivered to the homes. He remembers that the stores had a display case for fish. They chipped the ice into small pieces to keep the fish cold.

Dale doesn't remember the exact year that the stores got electric freezers. He went into the service in 1943 and upon his return in the late 1940's; the stores had their own refrigerators.

Ice was sold to residence customers for fifty cents a hundred pounds and forty cents a hundred pounds to the businesses. Some of the homeowners could get by with a hundred pounds for five or six days. Of course, ice was more in demand in the summer months.

Back in the 1930's and 1940's homeowners put a card outside on a nail, 25, 50, 75, 100, that indicated how many pounds of ice they wanted. Typical of a small town, they left their doors unlocked and their money on top of the icebox. Dale took the ice in, put it in the icebox and left.

100
DALE ROGERS
"For Better Ice Service"
North Madison Ave. Greenwood

75

50
DALE ROGERS
"For Better Ice Service"
North Madison Ave. Greenwood

25

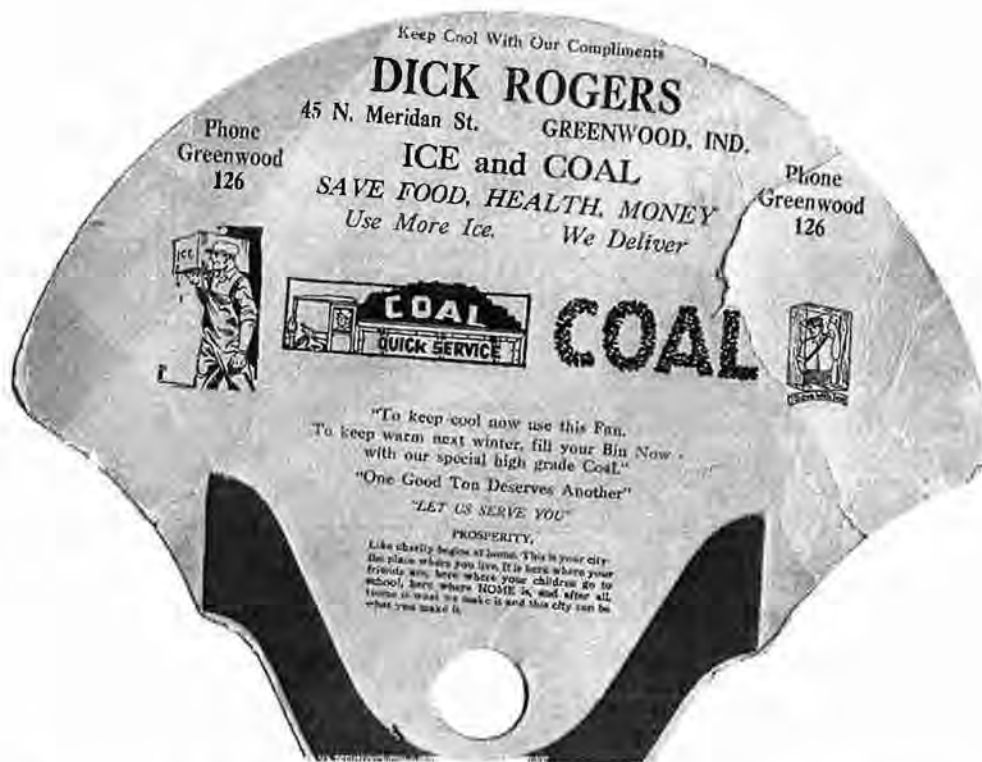
Dale used a pick-up truck to make his deliveries. He took what he needed to fill his orders. On most runs, he hauled a ton of ice. He covered it with a canvas to reduce the melting. However, with orders for 100 pounds here and there, it didn't take long to get rid of it. He had long, metal ice tongs with metal teeth that stuck in the ice. This made carrying the ice easier.

Noblitt Sparks had three or four water coolers that held 50 pounds of ice each. The welders would get very hot in the summer. There were large tanks filled with water that were used for drinking. When the water got too hot, the factory called Dale for a load of ice. He backed up to tanks, took the hatch off and dropped the ice in the coolers. "That was good money there."

Dale said that if he didn't want to make too many trips, he put a block of ice on his shoulder and carried fifty pounds with one hand. He describes himself as stout and able to carry that much weight. On some deliveries, Dale put a 100 pounds of ice in a canvas bag and carried it on his shoulder. His dad wouldn't use the canvas and usually got wet.

Ice cost 25 cents for a hundred pounds and was sold for 40 to 50 cents a hundred pounds. People were usually good for their bill, but Dale says his father lost money extending credit to folks. When customers with outstanding bills needed ice, Mr. Rogers didn't hesitate to deliver their weekly order.

Dale describes the work as "rough", especially in the summer. When business slowed down in the winter, Dale and his father delivered coal to earn extra money. The coal came from the south side of Indianapolis from the Polar Ice and Coal Company on South East Street.



Coal cost five or six dollars a ton. They were lucky to make \$1.00 a ton on a pick-up load. "We shoveled it on and shoveled it off. We delivered to whomever placed an order and put it in their basement or shed."

Most homes burned coal. It was a very dirty heat. The walls would get dirty. Most folks had wallpaper and they would clean it with a ball of cleaner similar to

dough. They rubbed it over the paper and it took off the dirt. Wallpaper was inexpensive and some homes had seven or eight layers of paper.

The coal cinders were put in the dirt alleys, driveways and sidewalks to prevent people from slipping on the ice. That worked well in the winter, but was quite messy in the spring when it rained. The city made good use of the cinders from the canning factory. They were used on the streets for traction during ice and snow.

Coal was used to power the steam engines on the trains that passed through Greenwood. Dale noticed that the trains always had several coal cars in tow.

In the 1930's and 1940's, there was no trash hauling service. Some folks used a 55-gallon drum for burning papers and trash. Most folks took it out and threw it on a pile. The trash that had accumulated during the winter had to be hauled away. There was a dump on the east end of town near the Valle Vista area. Folks took their winter trash to the dump or hired someone to remove it.

In his leisure time, Dale enjoyed hanging out at Kingro's Pool Room. Kingro Brewer and his partner Roy Jennings, operated the poolroom over the Peek Building on the northeast corner of Main and Madison Avenue. There were three snooker tables and four or five pool tables. Pool cost a dime per game.

He also visited the Community House twice a week to catch a movie or play basketball. Dale says there wasn't much for the young people to do for entertainment.

Dale's first vehicle was his father's ice truck. He traded the truck to his brother for a 1936 Ford truck. Ford, Chevy and Dodge were the only dealers in Greenwood at that time. The only new truck he bought was a Chevy from Kelly's. It was a straight stick with windows that cranked down. A vent under the dash could be opened to let in outside air. There wasn't a big selection of colors back then. Black, white and blue were the only colors that were available.

Dale put racks on the back of his truck to hold the ice. He had a false bottom about 12 inches deep that slanted to the front to keep the ice from falling out. "We had to be careful going over to Stokely because the driveway was steep and we had to make sure that the clutch didn't slip. We had weight springs to keep the truck body from sitting on the frame with the heavy weight of the ice."

Capitol Ice had an icehouse in the parking lot on the east side of Madison Avenue next to where the Cinergy office is today. Mr. Rogers had the business at that location when he passed away. Dale took over the business from then until 1943, when he went into the United States Army.

Contributed by Dale Rogers, September 17, 2001

Editors' Note: *We take so much for granted - like having a nice cold glass of iced tea or icing down our coolers for a picnic. Many of our refrigerators have icemakers. We can buy ice from the local convenience store, already chipped and ready for use. We go to the grocery and put perishable goods in our refrigerators without concern of spoilage.*

It is hard to imagine that there was a time when there were iceboxes that had to be reloaded with blocks of ice every week.

Dale Rogers and his family provided a service that was necessary for the businesses to provide fresh meat and the homes to keep food from spoilage. This is just another reminder of a service now forgotten.

Emily Dreyer

Emily Adcock Dreyer was born in Greenwood on March 12, 1921. Her parents were William and Leona Adell Adcock. Mrs. Adcock passed away when Emily was eight days old. Her aunt and uncle, Ruth and Kelly Johnson moved in with her father and helped raise Emily. She called her aunt “mother” from the time she was a little girl and they had a very close relationship.

Emily married Allan Dreyer in 1944. They had one daughter, Ruth Ann and a granddaughter, Elizabeth Ann.

In 1905, Emily’s father, William Adcock came to Greenwood from Carrollton, Kentucky. For seventeen years William had worked for his uncle who was a bank president in Carrollton. At the age of 30, he felt there wasn’t a future in banking for him in Carrollton and decided to look at other employment options.

William headed for New York to seek a job as a purser on an ocean liner. He received a letter from a friend who was in the banking business. He told William about two small towns that were interested in organizing a bank. One was Miami, Ohio and the other was Greenwood, Indiana.

William packed his things and headed north. His first stop was Miami, Ohio. It was a nice community but the job did not turn out to be what he expected. His next and final destination was Greenwood, Indiana. He immediately liked Greenwood and wasted no time finding a boarding house where he could “hang his hat” and have his meals.

His next task was to find someone who would help him organize a bank. He met Mr. Kirk, who owned the grain elevator. The timing was perfect and Mr. Kirk introduced William to a group of men who were in the process of generating public interest in a new bank.

The group instructed Mr. Adcock to go and see how much money he could raise. After the proper funding was secured, the Citizens National Bank was opened on the south side of Main Street, east of Madison. The bank continued at that location for 39 years. It was closed on the famous “National Bank Holiday” in 1933, when all of the banks across America were closed by the government for re-organization. The stock market crash of 1929 had forced over 4,000 banks to close. It took almost

four years to re-organize the banking industry. The bank was re-opened as the National Bank of Greenwood.

There was another bank in Greenwood that had been founded by Grafton and Albert Johnson. They were brothers and reported to be millionaires. Their bank did not survive the re-organization.

Soon after becoming established at the bank, William got married and started a family. His wife passed away when his daughter was eight days old. He enlisted the help of his sister, Ruth and her husband, Kelly Johnson from Kentucky. They moved to Greenwood and helped him raise his daughter, Emily.

Emily missed many childhood activities, as she was sick quite often. When she was four years old, she had whooping cough. From that time on, Emily's health was fragile.

She fondly remembers her close friend, Bernice Hamilton. She lived two houses down from Emily. Bernice was planning to join the Presbyterian Church and asked Emily if she wanted to join as well. Mr. Adcock approved and Emily attended church with Bernice for several years. When she grew older, Emily became a member of the Methodist Church.

Emily enjoyed the company of Bernice and her family. Bernice's mother enjoyed inventing things. She invented a matchbox that hung on the wall and held large matches. When a lever was pressed, a match would roll out. She had a patent for the matchbox. She also invented other things, one being a carton to hold Coca Cola bottles. This did not prove fruitful, as someone had already sold them the idea.

Emily attended all twelve years of school at the "old school" on Meridian and Wiley. She fondly remembers Ruby Smith her fourth grade teacher. Mrs. Smith read *Bears of Blue River* to the class after recess to "settle them down." Emily loved the story and said she couldn't get back from the playground fast enough for story time.

Because of her health, Emily was required to wear long stockings in the wintertime when the rest of the girls wore anklets and short dresses. She had to wear galoshes whenever it rained. She soon learned to hide the galoshes under a porch on the way to school.

In 1931, when Emily was ten years old, someone threatened to kidnap her. Mr. Adcock received a letter demanding that he leave money in a mailbox on Madison Avenue on Thanksgiving night.

At first, Mr. Adcock thought it was a hoax. Emily's mother was worried so they called the police. This happened right after the Lindbergh baby was kidnapped and people were going through hard economic times.

One day a man walked by the house. Emily's mother thought that he might be the person who wrote the ransom note. Mr. Adcock identified the man as one of his best friends. As he thought about the situation, he realized that the threat might be real. He gathered a pile of newspapers and cut out pieces the size of dollar bills. He made stacks of the paper bills and put a dollar on the top. Then he wrapped each stack very professionally and called the sheriff.

Emily's mother walked her to school and she was not allowed to go out of the building at recess. She was even kept home for a few days prior to Thanksgiving.

On Thanksgiving night there was a terrible blizzard. There was a cornfield across from the mailbox where Mr. Adcock was to leave the money. Many deputies were hiding in the cornfield that night. At midnight, a man stopped at the mailbox and took the package. The sheriff yelled to the man to halt or he would be shot. The man did not heed the warning and drove off. The deputies were forced to shoot out his tires.

While Emily was still a small child, she had another frightening experience. One summer night, Emily and her father were downtown when a group of men came riding through town on horseback. Mr. Adcock put Emily on his shoulders so she could see. They wore white robes and hoods and were quite a sight. It was a hot night and the town folk were milling about trying to keep cool, when the parade of hooded horsemen passed through town. They rode down Main Street to the eastern part of town where they burned a cross in a field. Emily didn't understand who they were or why they burned the cross. In later years, Mr. Adcock told his family that he recognized one of those fellows by the boots he was wearing. He had seen the man in the bank. Mr. Adcock didn't mention it to anyone at the time.

A more pleasant memory was her visits to Mr. Whitenack. He had been in the Civil War and had spent time in the Andersonville Prison, in Georgia. He always

took the time to talk to the young children. He sat on his porch in his rocking chair and the children gathered around and listened to his stories about the Civil War.

Emily was always crazy about horses. When Emily was in eighth grade, Jim Brown, a brother of one of her friends had a horse named "Twenty Grand". She rode the horse whenever she had a chance. Jim's family had a barn out by the Gulf Oil Pumping Station on Emerson Avenue. Once, they had a party in the barn. Emily went to the party to see the horse, but had a great time. The kids were dressed in costumes and masks. They enjoyed punch, popcorn and bobbed for apples. She comments that the social lives of youngsters was very limited.

When Emily was 13, she was allowed to have her own pony. His name was Popeye but Emily called him Poppy. He was tied in the back yard and he ate all of the grass. Mr. Shippley brought over corn stalks for him to eat. The pony stood at their back door with his front feet on the top step and his head in the back door. One day, he managed to get on the back porch and almost in the house.

In 1938, Allan Dreyer moved to Greenwood with his family from Marion, Indiana. The first thing he did was go downtown to the National Bank of Greenwood and apply for a job. The bank was located on the south side of Main Street, three buildings east of Madison Avenue.

Allan was 18 years old when he started with the bank. He learned the business the same way Emily's father had. He swept floors, washed windows and kept the books. He had advanced to cashier by the time he started college at Butler University. He graduated from Butler in 1942.

After Pearl Harbor, Allan entered the United States Air Force. He was stationed at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Stout Field and then to cadet training in California. Upon receiving his wings and the commission of 2nd Lieutenant, he returned to Greenwood in 1944 to marry Emily.

Emily's father thought it would not be in good taste to wear a long, fancy wedding gown with the war going on. Emily says he was always very proper. She wore a linen suit.

The couple was married in the Methodist Church on the corner of Brewer and Broadway. Several years later, Allan was going through their lockbox and he came

across their wedding certificate. When he opened it up, he noticed that the minister had not signed it. A friend took the certificate to the minister who was then living in Indianapolis and he signed it with a ballpoint pen with blue ink. This amused Emily since there was no such thing as a ballpoint pen and blue ink when they got married.

Allan finished his tour of duty in the United States Air Force and returned to the bank in Greenwood, resuming his position of cashier. The bank had moved during the war to the northwest corner of Main and Madison where it continued to do business until the Board of Directors built a new building at 300 South Madison.

William Adcock remained as president until his death in 1966. Allan became president and CEO until he retired in 1989. Many people admired Allan as they did Mr. Adcock. He loved his work and the employees at the bank. He was active in the church, schools and enjoyed his family. Emily and Allan had one daughter, Ruth Ann and a granddaughter, Elizabeth Ann. Emily says, "We were married fifty two years and had a wonderful life together."

Contributed by Emily Adcock Dreyer, August 23, 2001

Editors' Note: *Emily Adcock Dreyer's description of her home life reflects the respect and consideration that was exchanged between family members. She was fortunate to be blessed with a strong spirit to overcome the various obstacles she faced in her youth.*

Emily is an enchanting lady whose eyes sparkle with delight as she reminisces about her past. The leading gentlemen in her life, her father and her husband, were an inspiration to Emily. Their years of serving this community in the banking industry embrace the events that shaped the financial institutions of today.

Paul Totten

Paul Totten was born in 1924 at 156 North Meridian Street. His parents were Joseph L. and Flossie M. Totten. Both of his parents grew up in the Acton and Fairland area and moved to Greenwood in 1923.

Paul is one of seven children. There were four boys and three girls in the Totten family. Three sisters, Martha Holeman, Mary Anne Spicer, Sara Sqroi and Paul are still living. Three older brothers, Fred, Joe Bob and Jim have passed away.

Paul is a life long resident of Greenwood. He married Carla Porter in 1953. Carla's father, Carl Porter was Superintendent of the Greenwood Schools from 1947 to 1950. Carla moved to Greenwood in 1948 and graduated from Greenwood High School in 1949. The Totten's have one daughter, Deborah Totten.

In the 1920's and 1930's, everyday life was challenged by economical restraints. A small town like Greenwood offered the comfort of a common thread of friendship, purpose and bonding within the community.

Paul remembers that in 1932 or 1933, there was an old sign at the northern edge of town that said, "Greenwood Population 600". He doesn't know if that was correct because it had probably been there for years. Nevertheless, during the early 1930's, Greenwood was a small community.

Paul describes his young life as very uneventful. He admits to being a mischievous lad. But in retrospect, he views his boyhood pranks as "pretty mild".

Most of his playtime adventures were spent playing cops and robbers. He lived in the area of town known as "Ducktown". This area encompassed North Meridian Street, Brewer, Smart Street and that vicinity. Paul says he never knew why it was called "Ducktown" because he never saw any ducks around – but it really didn't matter anyway.

The kids who lived in this area were known as the "Ducktowners". On the east side of the railroad tracks lived the "East End Gang". Paul says the kids on the west side of town were known as the "West Siders" and didn't have much of a gang. The purpose of this turf division was for game playing. For ten cents, a kid could buy a water pistol and the various "gangs" would squirt each other with water.

Not many people had money in those days. With the Depression going on, even the successful businessmen had little money. Housing was about the same for everyone except that the more affluent residents had indoor privies. Most of the houses in Greenwood had outdoor facilities. Paul laughs when he says that he felt rich because his family had a “two holer.”

During the Depression, Paul’s father cut wood for \$1.00 a day to support his family. Earning a good wage for adults was hard enough, but in some way that kept the kids out of trouble. Youngsters didn’t have the money to buy liquor, cigarettes or other menacing things. He doesn’t remember too many kids that knew the taste of alcohol. Paul has never tasted an alcoholic beverage in his life!

The only locks on doors were the old “skeleton key” locks. People didn’t lock their doors since one key could open all the doors in town. Paul said, “In most of the homes, there wasn’t much to steal anyway.”

The Totten family lived at 156 North Meridian, one block from the railroad tracks. Paul remembers trains passed all day long. An occasional hobo would knock on the door asking for something to eat. His mother was a very kind woman and a devout Christian. Regardless of how little food the family had, she would never turn anyone away.

Mrs. Totten was a pillar in the Methodist Church and played the piano every week and sang solos every month. Paul went to Sunday School and church every week. He credits his father for seeing that he attended. Paul was not required to go, but if he didn’t, he wasn’t allowed to leave the house that day or read the Sunday “funnies”. That worked for Paul! He went eight years without missing a Sunday! He still attends the Greenwood Methodist Church.

When Paul was ten years old, Dale Armes was his best friend. Dale’s father owned a grocery store on the corner of Wiley and Meridian. Paul worked in the store when he was older. He earned \$12.00 a week. He describes Mr. Armes as a good merchant and a kind man. Paul once asked for a \$5.00 advance on his paycheck. Mr. Armes told him to go over to the cash register and take what he needed and put it on his tab.

The store had an excellent meat counter and just about anything a person could want. He also offered delivery service to his customers.

About half of the people who came in to the store bought on credit and would pay at the end of the week. Mr. Armes didn't have to worry about his customers paying their bill. Most of his customers were honest people. Maybe one percent was lost for non-payment. "The only thing that people had was their credit and if they damaged that, they wouldn't have anything."

Others in the community stepped up to the plate to help those people having a hard time during the lean years of the Depression. One such person was Emerson Carson who owned the furniture store on the south east corner of Main and Madison Avenue. Everyone used coal stoves to heat their homes. Often when folks ran out of coal, the coal truck rolled in and dumped a load of coal. Nobody knew where it came from. Paul was sure that Emerson Carson was the "Good Samaritan", but Mr. Carson wouldn't admit it. "He was a kind man."

The Community House was a popular gathering place for residents in the early years. There was a library, a gym, a theater and a swimming pool for residents to enjoy.

Paul was 13 years old before he saw his first movie at the Community House. He liked to sit in the balcony of the theater where the kids congregated. He remembers the cartoons and cowboy pictures. Moviegoers could get a bag of popcorn for a nickel. His sister, Mary Anne, sold popcorn at the theater.

The swimming pool was indoors, which was unheard of for a small town like Greenwood. Franklin and Long Acre, on the south side of Indianapolis, had outdoor pools. The pool at the Community House was three feet deep on one end and eight feet deep at the other end. Swimming attire for the boys was trunks and the girls wore one-piece bathing suits. When lifeguards were available, they were volunteers.

During high school, Paul and his friend Sonny McDonald used to hitch a ride to Indianapolis. On Sundays, they would go to the Circle Theater to see the big bands perform. Paul had always enjoyed music and felt fortunate to see the big bands of that era. The Dorsey Brothers, Glen Gray, Guy Lombardo, Glen Miller and Louis Armstrong were some of the well-known bands that performed at the Circle Theater.

Paul had a paper route and mowed lawns to have enough money to go to Indianapolis, even though admission to the theater was only twenty cents. The guys

walked down to the old Manual High School and hitched a ride back to Greenwood. In those days, people were not afraid to hitchhike.

In 1940, Paul bought his first car. It was a 1936 Ford. He paid \$160.00 for the car, \$100.00 down and \$20.00 a month for three months. He was so proud of that car and says he polished it every week. He did most of his own engine work.

During his senior year of high school, World War II began. Paul received a draft notice before he graduated. In 1942, when he left for the army, Paul was barely 18 years old.

Just out of high school, Paul had no background or special skills, so he went to Camp Roberts, California for basic training. Paul said he had never shaved in his life. He had “peach fuzz” on his face that could hardly be seen. The day of his first inspection, he stood at attention with his rifle and shoes polished. The colonel came around, grabbed the rifle and looked at it. He then looked at Paul and said, “Did they issue you a razor when you got here?” Paul said, “Yes sir.” The colonel said, “Use it.”



Paul Totten

Paul was sent overseas after training. He was assigned to the U.S. Army Infantry – the 145th regiment of the 37th Division. Nearly all of Paul’s tour of duty was in actual combat against the enemy. He served three years in the South Pacific as a Combat Infantryman. He engaged in enemy combat with the Japanese on Bougainville and New Georgia in the Soloman Islands and Luzon in the Philippine Islands.

Paul said that out of the three years he was in combat, at least two years were spent in foxholes. As the troops moved around, their means of shelter and refuge from enemy fire was foxholes and trenches. Some were small, accommodating only two soldiers. In the evenings, one soldier slept while the other stood guard. The movement of the trees and the sound of the nightly rains were often mistaken for an enemy soldier. The soldiers stockpiled rocks, the size of grenades in their foxholes. If they heard a noise, they would throw a rock to determine if it was a man or an animal. The theory was that a man would be more afraid of the noise of the falling

rock and his movements would alert the soldiers as to who or what he was dealing with.

Paul received the *Combat Infantryman's Badge*, the coveted symbol of recognition for the U.S. Army foot soldiers that were engaged in active ground combat. Paul is most proud of this award, even though he received eight other medals for heroic or military achievement including two *Bronze Star Medals* and the *Philippine Liberation Medal*.

Even though he is a highly decorated World War II Veteran, Paul insists that the real heroes of the war were the men on the *Bataan Death March*. These men were both American and Philippine soldiers, numbering in the thousands. They were captured by the Japanese at Bataan in the Philippines and were forced to walk 100 kilometers in the blazing heat to the Japanese prison camps. Thousands of men were lost on the march. The survivors had to endure the prison camps for over three years.

Paul also honors the United States Ranger Battalion that went into the Philippines in one of the most daring and greatest missions of the entire war. The Rangers worked their way across country, through rivers and jungles to rescue the soldiers in the prisoner of war camps.

During the heat of battle, many soldiers performed acts of heroism that went unreported to a commanding officer and therefore were not awarded medals. Paul will forever pay tribute to their bravery and the sacrifice they made for our country.

Paul was discharged from the Army December 31, 1945. His tour of duty complete, Paul came home to Greenwood. While he recuperated from malaria he worked sanding and finishing floors.

When he got back on his feet, he worked two or three jobs at a time. Paul was determined to succeed. Hard work paid off for Paul and he was able to start his own business.

Paul opened a real estate brokerage company and after several years went into real estate appraising – The Totten Appraisal Service. Paul says he was fortunate to know a lot of people and have good contacts. He made a good living and had a successful business life.

Paul says, "Greenwood is the greatest place on earth." He has worked hard to show his love for his hometown. For years he has been a member of many local civic organizations.

In the 1950's, Paul was a member of the Jaycees and feels that they were the finest civic organization in the community. Jaycees stands for Junior Chamber of Commerce. He served as president of the organization at one time and is proud of what the organization did for the city.

One of the Jaycees' larger projects was to build a floor on top of the swimming pool at the Community House. The pool had become a major maintenance problem. They filled the pool with sand and built a floor over it. That area then served as a meeting room for various civic groups.

Paul has been a member of the Optimist Club, President of the Greenwood Chamber of Commerce and helped to organize the Friends of the Library.

He worked with Harold Toombs to form the first Historical Society in Greenwood. When the library was moved out of the Community House, that area was used for a museum. Paul says that his old army uniform was displayed there and many people from the community donated items. Eventually, the museum was closed and everything was donated to the Johnson County Museum.

Paul never aspired to throw his hat in the political arena, but he served 12 years on the Greenwood Planning Commission and 12 years on the Board of Zoning Appeals.

He has been a member of the Greenwood Rotary for the last 12 years. In 2001, he received the *Ernie Mishler Distinguished Service Award*.



Historial Society Directors

Pictured above are seven members of the newly elected Board of Directors of the Greenwood Historical Society. Left to right front row: Mrs. Robert Demaree, Harold Toombs, and Jame Russell. Back row: Maurice Johnson, Curtis E. Murray, Paul Totten and J. William Betner.

More recently, Paul served on the steering committee for Greenwood's new amphitheater. "It was a very interesting experience and one of which I am very proud."

Paul says his greatest accomplishment in life was accepting Jesus Christ as his personal savior and the joy that comes from living a Christian life.

He says of his twilight years: "The happiest years of my life were from age 60 to 70. During this period of my life, I had very few negative occurrences, no financial stress, a loving and caring wife and daughter, plus a God centered life which made me feel good about myself."

Contributed by Paul Totten, April 19, 2001

Editor's Note: *Paul Totten speaks with great enthusiasm about community service and patriotism. He stands up to be counted as he unselfishly champions the causes and accomplishments of others.*

His generous spirit of fairness and honor extend to everyone. The City of Greenwood has a good friend in Paul Totten.

Opal McClain

Opal Royce McClain was born in 1918, on the eastside of Southport and at the age of two moved to Greenwood. Her father, Irwin Royce was from the Nineveh area and her mother; Mary Jennings was a sister to Greenwood native, Hubert Jennings. She has a brother, James Royce.

Her family first settled at 71 West Main Street in Greenwood. Opal was raised by her grandmother, Ada Royce and for the most part of 80 years has lived in the same house!

She is married to Lawrence McClain who was born on West Main Street. The McClain's have a daughter, Catherine Schlicher and a grandson, A.J. Schlicher. They also reside in Greenwood.

Opal shares an interesting account of the history of an occupation that played a central part in the daily lives of Greenwood residents. Opal was a telephone operator.

In the early 1940's, Opal began her career with the telephone company. It was located in the Stretchberry Building, on the north side of Main Street west of Madison Avenue. The telephone office occupied the west side of the building and Dr. Dean, the dentist had his office on the east side.

The main duty of the telephone operators was to connect customer's calls. Dialing direct was not yet available. They were also charged with the duty of collecting payments for telephone bills. There was a counter for customer service and a cash box with ten dollars for making change. (In later years, there was a telephone company business office on the other side of the building that handled customer payments.)

The office had work stations (referred to as "positions") for two operators to work at the same time. Later a third position was



Switchboard at Indiana Bell Telephone Company, July 5, 1940. (left to right) Estel Craft (Spillmen), Chief Operator; Carrie Bishop and an unknown trainee.

Photo courtesy of Johnson County Museum.

added. The mechanical framework for the equipment was located behind the positions.

Imagine a desk with a flat writing surface. On the desktop were pairs of cords lined up two in a row. Open/Shut keys were in front of the cord pairs. Off to the side was a freestanding clock called a calcograph that was used for timing long distance calls.

Facing the operator at the back of the position was the “board” that housed many small clear lights. Each one of the lights was numbered and represented a customer on the Greenwood telephone exchange. Lights for Rocklane and Smith Valley were also on the board. However, Smith Valley lights were green. Other lights represented incoming/outgoing “trunks” (lines) to Indianapolis.

When a light came on, the operator plugged into the circuit below the light, opened her key and answered with the phrase, “Number please.” The operator used the other cord in the pair to connect the customer with the number requested.

Opal says that if the customer didn’t have the number, the operator would say, “Please look up the number in your directory.”

Often this resulted in an unhappy customer, so the operators rang the number. The operators knew everyone’s number without looking them up in the telephone directory.

Customers who lived in town had a choice of having a private or party line. The party line, as most people are aware, was where more than one customer shared the same line. They had to take turns using the phone. All rural customers were on party lines.

A description of the telephone operator’s equipment would not be complete without mentioning her headset that was plugged into the switchboard so the operator could talk to her customers.

The first headset that Opal used had a large cylinder like mouthpiece that rested on the upper chest and was connected to the earphones by wires. The entire device was quite heavy and cumbersome. At a later time, headsets were redesigned and the mouthpiece was connected to the earphones around the chin area. This freed the operator from the awkward mouthpiece lying on her chest. But this new model was

still heavy. As technology progressed, a “lighter than air” headset was designed that slipped over the ear.

Telephone directories were kept in a “teacart” by the switchboard. They had Indianapolis and Franklin directories, but the operators had to call all other locations for telephone number information.

The telephone office was managed by the Chief Operator. She also performed other tasks such as updating the telephone number book when customers moved in or out. Since a number on the switchboard represented each customer, new customers were logged into information directories by number. An example would be #20 – John Doe. The Chief Operator also worked at the switchboard if needed.



Photo courtesy of the Johnson County Museum.

(Left to Right) Carrie Bishop, Opal Royce, Georgia Burkhart & Estel Craft Spillman.

The Chief Operator supervised several operators that worked during the day and evening. Only one operator was needed to work the night shift. Maintenance men, Harry “Sox” Stevenson and Bob Vancleave took care of the equipment and repair calls.

A key thing to remember is that the office had to be covered around the clock. Operators were required to work many different shifts. Opal says in jest, that the hours were crazy and she used to love to gripe about them. She was told that they were going to send her to Indianapolis to work in the scheduling department because she never liked the hours she worked. In truth, she loved the work and her co-workers held each other in high regard.

Opal primarily worked during the day, but occasionally she was asked to work the night shift. At night there was a “night bell” that rang if a call came in. The operator was allowed to read a book and move away from her position if she wasn’t busy. The first night Opal worked, she was sitting in a chair reading a *Life Magazine* when

the bell rang. Her magazine flew up in the air! She had not imagined that the bell was so loud!”

Night work would not be complete without mentioning Robert “Stevi” Stevenson who was the town’s night watchman. It was his job to go around town and check the doors of the local businesses to make sure they were locked. Stevi would walk by and make sure the operator on duty was all right.

In the 1940’s, the Greenwood telephone office had 358 subscribers (customers) and about five or six payphones. Important to note was that the operators were handling only local calls and long distance calls within the state. Opal estimates that about 150 calls, local and long distance went through the Greenwood office each day.

As previously mentioned, the switchboard had a circuit to Indianapolis. When a customer wanted a long distance number dialed out of the state, the operator had to call Indianapolis to have her customer connected.

The handling of payphone calls was interesting. In the four weeks training required of a new operator, one of the things that was covered was identifying the sound of different coins dropping in a payphone. A local call cost a nickel and the operator could tell if her customer had deposited a nickel by the sound that the coin made as it dropped through the payphone. Franklin was long distance and cost ten cents. Indianapolis calls were fifteen cents. The charge was for a certain number of minutes. The operator notified the customers when their time was up. The customers could talk longer and pay an extra charge. Since the lights on the “board” were numbered, the operator knew the location of the payphone. If the customer did not pay the “overtime” charge, she could ring back to the location and ask that someone go and find the delinquent caller.

A telephone operator had to have sharp memory skills. “We knew every number, and we talked to so many people that we knew them by voice.” Everyone checked in with the operators to let them know what was going on. They needed to be able to keep track of where the police and doctors were at all times. Everyone relied on the operators for all sorts of information from what time it was to handling emergencies.

When someone called in reporting a fire, the operators called the firemen at home since they were all volunteers. They also notified Public Service to turn up the water

pressure so the hydrants could pump more water. After they had called about five or six firemen, it was the operator's job to sound the fire siren. The siren had a button underneath the counter where the telephone bills were collected. They pressed the button and the siren would engage. The siren was on top of the Peek Building on the corner of Main and Madison. Opal said that this alerted the whole town and people started calling in. "We answered the calls and instead of saying number please, we just told them the location of the fire. One night Ruth Brewer called in, called me by name and said she had been told three different times by another operator the location of the fire. She had been wanting to call Dr. Sheek's office, but she couldn't get anything but information on the fire."

The fire station was located on Main Street next to the Springer Building across from the city parking lot. After receiving the warning call from the operator, the volunteer firemen had a head start to get to the fire before the town folk arrived.

Opal states that a fire was a big event. It was like a social gathering. Everyone went to see the fire! The Hoosier Mineral Feed, located on the south side of Main Street, west of the railroad tracks burned in August of 1945 and was a very large fire. "Everyone was there because we told them it was a big fire." The volunteer firemen didn't want a lot of extra people around the fire even though sometimes people from the crowd would help. The fire that destroyed the high school in January of 1942 was also a large fire and public turnout was heavy!

The Town Marshall's office was located in the same building as the Fire Department, but Opal remembers the police sitting in their car by the drugstore, across the street from the telephone office. The operators called the payphone at the drugstore and told the police if someone had called for them. In turn, the officers called the operators and let them know where they would be at all times. If they went to a basketball game, the operators called the gym to alert them if they had a call. Opal remembers the town had two officers, Marion Duvall and Lyman Howard.

The telephone operator was everyone's best friend and advisor. If someone wanted to know how a word was spelled, they called the operator. The night operator often received calls from people who couldn't sleep and just called to talk and see how things were going. Many people were appreciative of the service provided by the operators. At Christmas time, box after box of candy would be left at the front door of the telephone company.

Opal delights in the personal contact with people in the community. The doctors always called to let them know if their office was going to be closed or if they were going to be out of town. The operators really needed to know that information. When someone called in needing a doctor or an ambulance, the operators took the message and made the call. The caller didn't have to stay on the line.

When Dr. Machledt came to town, customers could not say his name correctly, so he told the operators to tell them to think of chocolate since it rhymed with Machledt. He had an office in Whiteland that was long distance at the time. The operators enjoyed his humor.

Dr. Helen Barnes was another doctor fondly remembered by Opal. She was always very nice to the operators and always called in to let them know where she could be reached.

Another amusing story Opal shares is about the minister of the Christian Church who called and asked the operator on duty, Georgia Burkhart, what time it was. Then he said, "Georgia, I'll see you in church." She said, "No, you won't. I have to stay here and tell people what time it is." She always worked on Sundays.

There was a lady from Smith Valley that called in one night for Public Service and was told to please look the number up in her directory. She replied that she would but her lights were out. The operators laughed at how asking customers to look up their own numbers often backfired.

Opal describes the telephone company as being a very busy place. Sundays and holidays were especially busy. The service they provided to their customers kept them on their toes. Important to the success of the earlier years of the telephone company was that the operators were very friendly to their customers and each other.

Opal remembers that some telephone exchanges were so small that they were operated out of someone's home. Such was the case in Fairland, Providence and Trafalgar. A gentleman in Providence was a fireman and a telephone operator. She points out that with the "home exchanges" that anyone in the family might answer calls. The larger telephone companies eventually bought these small offices.

World War II generated a large volume of calls for the Greenwood telephone office. Opal said, “We handled many calls to the hospital at Camp Atterbury, servicemen and the U.S.O.”

Many people who lived in Greenwood had family who worked at Camp Atterbury. Incoming calls were heavy from Indianapolis and Franklin. The operators worked many hours.

“People in general were very happy and you didn’t hear anyone moaning and groaning. Everyone had someone in the service.”

Opal tells of a “black out curtain” procedure during the war. Businesses were required to place black curtains in their windows so no light could be seen in case of an air attack. The Civil Defense would go around to make sure everyone was complying with regulations. They would stop cars going down the streets and ask them to turn off their lights and drive slowly.

In 1955, the inevitable happened. That is the year that the Greenwood office was “cut over” to Indianapolis. Customers could now dial their own local calls. Greenwood became the “Tucker” exchange. Telephone numbers became more than a two or three digit number. The Greenwood telephone office was closed. “Sox” Stevenson, the repairman was the only person left because he had to maintain the equipment.

Opal feels that the town was really sorry to see the closing of the telephone office. However, the convenience of being able to pick up a phone and dial a number was faster than waiting on an operator who had other calls to answer. “Of course you lost the personal service.”

Contributed by Opal McClain – March 21, 2001

Editors’ Note: *Opal and the Greenwood telephone operators gave us something that is almost totally lost today! We are missing excellence in attitude, caring and commitment to customer service. Where could you go today and have the people of a small town know your name by the sound of your voice? Progress and change are needed, but it is reminders from people like Opal McClain that makes us long for the personal touch that makes us feel special and a part of the community.*

Daniel Walter Sheek, III

Daniel Walter Sheek III was born at 229 North Madison Avenue on January 12, 1931. His parents were Daniel Walter Sheek Jr. and Edna Elizabeth Stevenson Sheek. His grandfather was “Old Doc Sheek” and his grandmother was Ann Lewis Vivon Sheek.

Dan is the oldest of five children. His brothers are, Isaac David, born in 1937; Thomas Calvin, born in 1940; James Mark, born in 1944; and a sister, Elizabeth Ann, born in 1946.

Dan’s grandfather, Dr. Sheek was a prominent man in Greenwood from about 1905 to 1945 when he passed away. In that 40-year period, he delivered 1,500 babies. Dan said, “That may not have been a record of any kind, but that was a lot of babies for a town with a population of 1,500 people.”

Dr. Sheek did not become a physician until he was in his thirties. He graduated from Indiana University with a four-year degree. He taught school in a one-room schoolhouse out toward Rocklane to earn the money to attend medical school.

When he began his medical practice, he was a horse and buggy doctor. The horses were kept in a livery stable on West Main Street. Dan’s grandfather Stevenson worked in the stable.

Dan doesn’t remember the horse and buggy, but he clearly remembers his

grandfather driving an automobile. He comments that Dr. Sheek was not a very good driver. “He would sometimes holler “whoa” when he wanted to stop. It was a hazard to be on the same street with him.”

Dr. Sheek married Ann Lewis Vivon in 1908 or 1909. She was a concert pianist returning to Greenwood when she met Dr. Sheek. On the day they were married, someone decorated his office with



“Old Doc Sheek”

bunting, which was long strips of colored cloth. His first office was located on the west side of Madison Avenue in the first block north of Main Street.

Dr. and Mrs. Sheek had three sons and one daughter. The three boys, for the most part raised themselves as Mrs. Sheek was a southern lady and didn't know much about raising boys.



Old Doc Sheek's office.

Dan was told that the boys were quite mischievous. On one occasion, "Old Doc Sheek" took them to Indianapolis. Sparing the gruesome details, they visited a factory that made glue from dead horses. The boys viewed the procedure without concern.

Upon returning to Greenwood, the boys evidently decided to make their own glue. They found a cider press, which was a device that was used to make apple juice. Apples were put into the press and by turning a crank on the device, the apples were ground into juice. A dead horse just lying around was not to be found, so they found a dead cat. The rest can be left to the imagination, but the carcass got stuck in the cider press and they couldn't get it in or out. Dr. Sheek found out what they had done. He questioned each of the boys separately until the youngest, Kenny graphically described the failed experiment. Dan says there are all kinds of stories about those boys. "They got into all kinds of mischief."

Dan's father was the oldest son of "Old Doc Sheek." Dan Jr. ran the Midwest Dirt Track Racing Association. He was a promoter, not a driver. He promoted races in Franklin, Columbus and other places around the state. He was almost forty when he died at a racetrack of a heart attack.

The Sheek family lived in a little house on Pearl Street. That was where he started building cars. Before that, he built the engine for an airplane. Dan's father and several of his friends built a homemade airplane with a four-cylinder Chevrolet

engine. Dan doesn't know where they flew it but speculates that they probably took off from a cornfield since there was no airport around.

Dan's father got into promoting auto races because there were guys building racecars with no place to run them. They would go out in a field and race on Sunday afternoons.

Mr. Sheek was promoting races and the family operated the fairground track in Franklin. It was a half-mile, dirt track with no guardrail. It had a board fence, since it was also used for horseracing. Occasionally, the cars went through the fence. Dan remembers that telephone poles or something similar were stacked up in front of the grandstand. Once, a racecar ran up in the stands and the sharp edges of the car cut off some people's toes.

There were many accidents and a lot of people got hurt. At that time, the drivers didn't have seat belts. Some of them drove without helmets and what helmets they had didn't do much good. There was no fire protection. If the drivers had an accident, they usually were killed.

Dan's mother took over the concession stand. In one afternoon at the racetrack, she could clear two hundred dollars selling cokes and hot dogs. At the time, that was a fortune.

Mr. Sheek bought a house for his growing family on Broadway, across from the Community House. The house had originally been on the corner of Madison and Broadway. Phillips 66 moved the house and built a service station on that corner. Dan said they were living in an old house that had a new foundation and basement. After World War II, Phillips 66 needed to expand the station and tore the house down.

When Dan was a boy, he would sit on a rock wall on Madison Avenue and watch the cars and buses pass by. In the 1930's, the new cars were built in Indianapolis and they would test-drive them through Greenwood. These men drove the cars as far as Whiteland or Franklin and turned around and came back. They were testing Maron and Stutz automobiles.

It must have been humorous to watch. Dan says that the cars didn't have bodies on them. There was just a bench for the driver to sit on. The factories were test-driving the cars because the production process was not as precise as it is today. They

couldn't build a car and assume that everything was all right. A test drive was necessary.

Most cars didn't have heaters unless it was a big Packard. Since a heater was not standard equipment, a person who lived in a cold climate had the dealer or a mechanic install a heater. Some cars had heaters that used gasoline. Those were not safe. Others were heated by hot water from the engine.

Most of the cars in the 1930's were enclosed. There were still some four-door convertibles in production that didn't have solid windows in the doors. Those cars were made until 1941.

The rumble seat was a unique accessory. Dan said that when they lived on Broadway, his father had a Model A Ford with a rumble seat. The rumble seat was usually found in a convertible or a coupe, which was a two-door car with a bench seat. The rumble seat was located where the trunk would have been. The latch was located at the top of the trunk area. To open the seat, the latch was turned and the back of the seat swung into place. There was a step built and fastened to the top of the bumper and another step on the back of the fender. This was how passengers got into the seat. The rumble seat usually held two people. It was outside of the car and if it rained, the passengers were out of luck.

Packard, Stutz and Duesenburg were all expensive cars. In the early 1930's, a Ford cost about \$500. A Cadillac cost \$2,500. This was right after the Depression. Many car companies went out of business because people didn't have enough money to buy their cars.

Greenwood didn't have a lack of transportation. In the late years of the interurban, the Greyhound Bus Line started serving the Greenwood area. After the interurban had discontinued service, the Suburban Bus Line began a route through Greenwood.

During the war, buses were in short supply. All factory production concentrated on airplanes, ships and other military use. Since there were no new cars to transport, car carriers were used as buses and ran routes between Camp Atterbury and Indianapolis. The trailer was enclosed in a metal shell. Seats were installed. Someone was hired to take tickets in the back. "They literally made buses out of the trailers and it was a rough ride."

The car manufacturers could not produce cars during World War II. They were doing war production. Cadillac Motor Company was building tanks and putting two Cadillac V8 engines in each tank. They also put Cadillac transmissions in the tanks but they didn't hold up. Cadillac worked on that transmission and beefed it up all during the 1940's. "By the time Cadillac built their 1946 car, it had a transmission that was really good and still is today. The war effort and building that transmission to work in tanks made a wonderful contribution to the automobile industry for every day use."

When he was a young boy, most lawnmowers were of the old push variety. The Sheek family did not have a mower. Lassiter's Hardware Store on Main Street had a demonstrator and they allowed people to take the lawn mower home and try it out. Dan's father bought that mower. He couldn't pay cash, so he made a down payment and Lassiter's kept the mower. Dan brought the mower home once a week to mow the grass. When he returned it, he made their payment. Eventually, it was paid off and became theirs.

The only person Dan knew who had a motorized mower was Clyde Winchester, when he lived in the house by the pond on North Madison Avenue. It was gasoline powered and was a very large mower similar to ones used on golf courses. Dan said it was quite a mower with rubber treads on the wheels.

When Dan was in high school, he was a member of the Air Scouts, which was a division of the Boy Scouts in 1947 and 1948.

One of their projects was painting directional signs on top of the car barn where the interurban cars were repaired and stored.

The troop met at the White Cloud Airport on the southwest corner of Smith Valley Road and Averitt Road. They had open hangers that housed small planes. The airport didn't survive. Dan believes it went out of business when a tornado destroyed several planes and damaged the buildings.

Dan winds up his memories of Greenwood with a story about one of his favorite town residents, Mink Hinkle.

Across the street from the cemetery gate was a flower shop and a greenhouse. There was a long lane to the east of the flower shop that went back to Mink Hinkle's

house. Dan describes it as a shotgun house. In other words, there were two or three rooms, one in back of the other.

Dan didn't know Mink very well, but was always impressed with him. He wore bib overalls and looked like he didn't have a nickel, but he always carried a big roll of bills with a rubber band around it. Dan saw him around town in his truck. It was pretty well known that Mink was a "honey dipper." He cleaned outhouses for people. That was his business.

Back in the 1930's, most folks didn't have indoor facilities. Dan never knew just how Mink conducted his business or what he did with the result of his efforts. An outhouse sat on an excavated hole. Eventually, it filled up and had to be emptied. Dan imagines that Mink used a bucket and a rope to clean out the outhouses.

If Mink was going out after dark and coming home late, he put an old lantern at the end of his lane to signal the entrance. Some boys moved the lantern one night and Mink took out a whole fencerow before getting stopped. Dan didn't mention if he knew who was responsible for the prank.

Contributed by Dan Sheek, January 14, 2002

Editors' Note: *Daniel Walter Sheek, III has a strong family background in the Greenwood community. With a good sense of humor and sharp wit, he shares the adventures of his forefathers in the early years of the 1900's.*

Dan shared his father's passion for racing, delighting in the novelty of early racing events. He was an observant lad who had a keen interest in cars and saw many generations of cars come and go.

As a carry-over from the days of his youth, his fascination with cars has resulted in the purchase of a 1933 LaSalle. There are only 12 or 14 of these cars left as only 3,500 were made. When he bought the car, the pieces were shipped to him in boxes. Dan had to assemble the car. This rare car was recently sold and Dan purchased a 1940 Cadillac with 55,000 miles on the odometer.

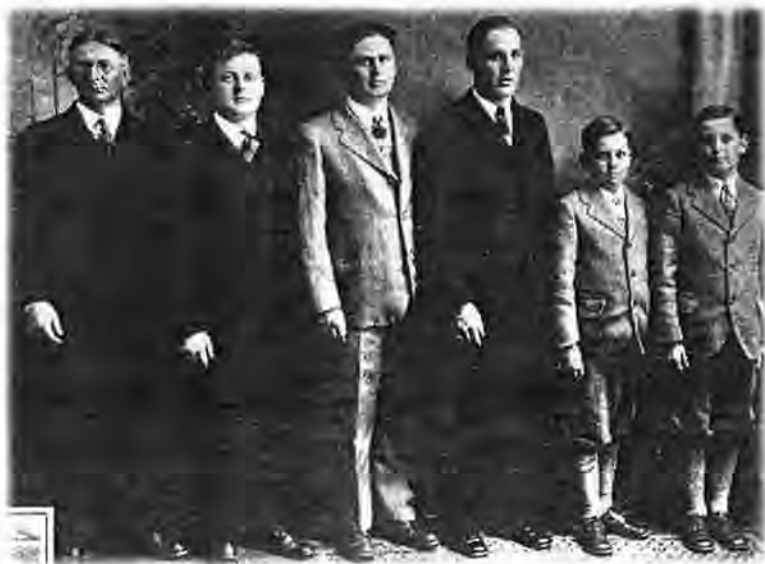
Nancy Ann Jennings Dine

Nancy Ann Jennings Dine was born January 24, 1931, at Two West Broadway. Nancy is the only child of William Thompson "Thompy" Jennings and Laura Wright Jennings. She married Robert L. Dine in 1950. He passed away in January 1994. She has three children, Robert Dine II, Jeffrey Dine, and Melinda Dine Woods. Both of Nancy's sons are in police work. One serves as an officer in Greenwood and the other in Speedway. Her daughter, Melinda is the Bakery and Deli Manager at a Kroger store. Nancy has eight grandchildren.

Nancy begins her memories of Greenwood with a look at the Greenwood Schools during the late 1930's through the 1940's. Kindergarten was not offered, but she remembers that the Methodist Church had one for a short period of time.

Grade School classes were held at the "old school" on Wiley and Meridian. Basic subjects were taught, but nothing extended. "You didn't get much more than that - certainly none of the things offered to the children of today."

High School was more fun, but on the downside, the students were crammed in with the grade school students. The high school had burned in 1942 and everyone had to make do with the available accommodations. Nancy graduated in 1949. She comments that there weren't very many people in Greenwood at that time. To her knowledge, there were 328 students in grades one through twelve.



(L to R) John Jennings, Father of the boys; Thompson, Harold, Walter, Byron and Hubert.

Nancy sums up her family life simply, "I was an only child and we lived at the grocery." She is referring to the Jennings Grocery Store that her family owned and operated. She was given an opportunity to complement the lessons she learned at school with real life experiences in the adult world.

When Nancy was very young, she "candled" the eggs. She took the eggs the farmers brought in and held

them up to the light to see if they were all right. She knew what to look for and after her inspection, the eggs were refrigerated. Other items that needed counted were often given to Nancy to keep her busy.

By the age of eleven, Nancy was waiting on customers at the Jennings Grocery Store. During the school year, Nancy was required to do her homework at the store. She went to the store after school and stayed until 9:30 p.m., when the store closed. At the end of business hours, Nancy had the job of sweeping the floor. In the summertime, there were racks of seeds and other items on the front sidewalk and it was her job to bring those inside. Before the lights were turned out, she had to make sure everything was secure inside the store. On Saturday's, the family spent the entire day at the store.

"Stevi" Stevenson was the town's night watchman. The merchants paid him to check on the stores after hours. He was the only one Nancy knew that had a key to the grocery besides her father. As he made his nightly rounds, he went in the store to make sure the refrigeration was still operating. Nancy said that they had a telephone at the house, but no one called when they wanted something. If something went wrong, people came to the house. "I can remember hearing Stevi's feet hit the front porch and I knew we were in trouble."

The Jennings family operated their business during the years when service was just that. There is no comparison with the grocery stores of today. There was no self-service.

A customer came in the store with a list of groceries they wished to purchase. They stood at the counter and read off the items on their list. Nancy got each item and brought it back to the counter. She wrote down the items and added the cost on the adding machine. The customer paid for their groceries or put it on their tab.

The service didn't end after the customers selected their groceries. Nancy sacked the groceries and often carried the packages to their cars. For those who couldn't carry their groceries home, Mr. Jennings would see that they were delivered. He had three delivery trucks. High school students were hired to deliver "call in" orders. Free delivery service was just another perk received by their customers.

Many customers called and placed orders to be picked up. If they hadn't come in by closing time on Saturday night, the Jennings took their packages home. The

Jennings' refrigerator was always full, especially before holidays. Customers came on Sunday to pick up their groceries. Mr. Jennings kept a cash box at home to take payments. Nancy comments that they never knew when someone was coming to the house.

William "Thompy" was the butcher. He usually had two people helping him cut meat. Nancy said that it took that many, especially on the weekends. Mrs. Jennings



worked at the store and did the same things as everybody else. Nancy laughed when she said, "That was cheap wages, because I don't think she got paid." Nancy did receive payment for her time and considered it her part-time job.

"Thompy" provided special service to his customers. He was not only a butcher but he was a good cook. Nancy said that there were

many ladies that did not know how to cook and they depended on Thompy's advice on how to prepare the meat. He often gave the ladies suggestions on what to serve for supper.

When customers selected a piece of meat, "Thompy" cut off any excess fat and wrapped the meat in a waxy-like paper and tied it with a string. Of course, a customer could pick and choose from a wide variety of cold cuts in the meat case.

There were two display cases for meat, one for cold cuts and one for fresh meat. They tried to keep the cases full. But even with a wide selection, the demand was great. There were two meat blocks, which resembled two large wooden tables where the meat was cut. Two large scales were used to weigh the meat. "Thompy" was always having the scales checked for accuracy so no one would be cheated.

Mr. Jennings ran an ad in the newspaper every week featuring special prices. Nancy remembers that bread was \$.29 a loaf. "It was nothing for round steak to be \$.69 or \$.79 a pound. I'm not talking about T-bone. Only certain people bought T-bones. Round steak was affordable and so was pork steak."

Chickens were a big deal because Mr. Jennings raised chickens and kept them in a building behind the store. He also bought chickens from the farmers. He had women

who killed and dressed them in the back room. Then they were iced down and placed in the cooler. Nancy learned the proper technique for cutting up a chicken from watching it done.

Turkeys were another story. Mr. Jennings went to Brownstown during the holidays. He looked over the turkey situation and reserved the ones he wanted. Then he went back and brought them back alive. He kept them in a heated building behind the store. He took care of his turkeys and had a veterinarian look after them so they wouldn't get sick. When it came time for sale, the ladies killed and dressed the turkeys in the back room as they did the chickens.

Mr. Jennings got up two mornings a week – Tuesday and Thursday, at 2:00 a.m. and went to the store to cut meat. The meat was purchased in Indianapolis and came to the store already butchered. He cut it into the form he wanted – steaks, roasts and so on.

On the back porch of the Jennings home was a summer kitchen and the pork was kept there. Nancy remembers seeing lard made. The fat from the meat was put in a large black kettle. It was cooked down into grease for lard. This process was called rendering. The lard was put in silver cans with handles on both sides. The ladies used the lard to make pies and fry meat.

Many items in the store were sold in bulk. Customers picked out what they wanted and their selections were weighed to determine the price. Nabisco cookies were a favorite. At holiday time, cranberries were sold in bulk. Raisins, prunes and even donuts came in bulk.

The pickled bologna was kept in a jar on top of the meat counter. Then there was the wooden pickle barrel. To avoid spoilage, a brick was placed on the lid to keep the brine on top of the pickles. Customers took what they wanted and the pickles were wrapped in a small paper tray. Boxed items, like cereal were stacked to the ceiling on shelves. They had a pole that was used for grasping the items and pulling them down.

World War II brought changes to the store. Many food items were rationed, including coffee, sugar and meat. Residents received their ration coupons through the mail from the government. Sugar was a hot item. If a customer took granulated, they wouldn't have enough coupons to get powdered sugar for baking. Often friends

would switch with each other. Folks took what they were entitled to whether they needed it or not and then shared it with their family.

Coffee was non-existent. Nancy remembers when they finally got a shipment of coffee, everyone in town wanted some. Mr. Jennings decided that the only fair way was to open the cans and measure it out. The Jennings family stayed up almost all night and divided the coffee into half-pound sacks. Fortunately, people weren't as addicted to coffee as they are now.

People stood in line for rationed items. Customers took a number at the door. This worked well as nobody could say they were there first. When meat came in, the same system was observed.

For storeowners, they not only had to adjust their stock, but they had to organize ration coupons and send them back to the government. Nancy's father was issued special sheets of paper and the ration coupons had to be stuck on this paper. Nancy counted all of the coupons and put them in stacks of one hundred and put them on the papers. She said the government followed up on the prompt return of the coupons. Sometimes, it took the effort of the entire family to prepare the coupon sheets.

The war brought many other changes to the local scene. Nancy comments that the war marked the beginning of women in the work force. They worked at Arvin and different factories around the area. That was the first time Nancy saw women wearing slacks. They tied their hair in a headscarf and came in to get their groceries.

Nancy remembers when the war was over. Everybody took off and went to Monument Circle in Indianapolis. "Nobody stayed here. I remember when the Japanese surrendered. People just went nuts! They started blowing horns and had balloons. My folks and another couple went to Indianapolis. The party went on for hours."

During the war, it had been difficult to operate a car because gasoline was hard to get. Nancy's father had problems because he was still delivering groceries. Tires were almost impossible to get. The used tires and tubes had to be patched and you never knew when you were going to have a flat. Nancy said that with the war behind them, it still took about six months to a year for things to get back to normal.

Nancy was a teenager when the war was over. With her demanding schedule at the store, she still found time to do things that she enjoyed. She always attended the basketball games on Friday nights.

Nancy discloses that since she was an only child and grew up around so many adults, she was very mature for her age. She wasn't interested in many things the other kids liked to do. She was very interested in cooking. When her parents went to Indianapolis every Wednesday, Nancy cooked a big meal and had it ready for them when they came home. When she did go out with her friends, her parents always told her, "Don't do anything to embarrass us." "I never got a spanking and I got to do basically what I wanted. But I knew I had better fly right."

By the late 1940's, there wasn't too much to do in Greenwood, so the teens went to Southern Circle at Hanna and U.S. 31. It was a drive around-restaurant. They had carhops, but no speakers. There were some activities at the Community House, but it was in need of repair. The Community House was used for physical education after the high school burned. Nancy said the students had to walk back to the school in the cold after taking showers. The students usually rushed back to school since the principal would be watching for them to return.

High school dances were held at the Community House. They played popular music. Nancy remembers doing the two-step. Special occasions, like the proms were held in Indianapolis.

The basketball teams practiced in the gym at the Community House. Everyone called the gym the "box". However, the basketball games were played at School No. 9 on Bluff Road.

Nancy graduated from high school in 1949. She attended Butler University for two years, aspiring to become a nurse. She drove her father's 1949 Dodge to school. The commute took forty-five minutes. While she attended classes at Butler, she still worked at the store.

During this time, "Thompy" got sick and was diagnosed with cancer. He passed away in 1950. Nancy's mother kept the store until 1963. The head butcher and a

bookkeeper helped her with the business. Some of the personal services, like home delivery were discontinued.

Nancy didn't complete her college training. Instead, she married her high school sweetheart, Bob Dine. Bob had just gotten out of training at Great Lakes Naval Training Center during the Korean crisis. He wasn't allowed to come home on leave, so he asked Nancy to get on a train and meet him in San Diego. It was Christmas weekend and there wasn't any place to get married, so they drove to Yuma, Arizona. With the time change, they ended up getting married at 2:30 a.m. at a drive-in chapel on Christmas morning 1950.

The Dines lived in San Diego for three years before returning to Indiana. They lived on Madison Avenue just north of Stop 10. Nancy did not return to the grocery store. However, her husband, Bob helped out at the store. The Dines had their first child, Bobby followed by Jeff and Melinda. They moved back to Greenwood in 1957. Her husband passed away in 1994. Her children have grown up and now she has grandchildren.

Most residents in Greenwood know Nancy as a long-time Avon representative. She has been with Avon for 36 years and began her career after her daughter started school.

Nancy says, "Greenwood is home to me. I have no desire to be anywhere else. Greenwood is a great place to raise children and I like knowing most of the people in town."

Contributed by Nancy Ann Jennings Dine – June 13, 2002

Editors' Note: *Nancy speaks of the admiration she has for the goodness of her father. Mr. Jennings gave years of his life to his family and the people of this town. He taught Nancy very early in life the value of hard work and dedication to principles. He was a honorable man.*

Nancy is a spunky little lady. She works hard and charms her customers with her enthusiasm. She once broke her arm and is proud that she didn't miss an Avon delivery or neglect her responsibilities at home. That is probably because she grew up in a family that was strong willed and committed to overcoming obstacles. Nancy says, "You don't give up. You just hang in there."

Warren Beville

Warren E. Beville was born February 25, 1924, in Huntington, Indiana. He was one of three children born to Ernest and Charlotte Beville. He had a brother, Myles and a sister, Margaret. Warren attended school in Huntington and graduated from high school in 1941. He married Helen Land in 1946 and they have four children, Mike, Marijo, Jeff and Richard. Warren and Helen have nine grandchildren and two great grandchildren.

After graduation from high school in 1941, Warren enrolled in night school. His plan was to enlist in the United States Navy and become a machinist mate. He took a series of machinist courses that would enable him to work on all kinds of machines.

World War II was in progress when Warren enlisted in the U.S. Navy. In Boot Camp, Warren and other hopefuls were invited to hear the “opportunities” available for schooling. The chief said, “Okay Mac, (everyone was called Mac) all of you guys who thought you wanted certain schools - we don’t need you.” He announced that machinist mates were not needed. Warren said he about fell out of his chair. After all of that studying, he wouldn’t get a chance to take the test.



Warren Beville

A disappointed Warren listened as the chief read off the positions that were needed. The navy needed gunner’s mates, men to go to sea immediately, hospital corpsmen, cooks and four classes for radiomen. Warren decided he wanted to go to radio school, but he was sitting in a building the size of two football fields with thousands of sailors. He didn’t think he had a chance since he didn’t know a “dit from a dot.” Fate stepped in and he scored a hundred on the quiz. His perfect score won him a seat at radio school.

Warren explains that his first training class was for regular radio. He was then placed in a special training unit. Good grades resulted in an assignment to

intelligence work. Warren succeeded and was assigned to radio intelligence as a code breaker in the Pacific.

As a code breaker, he copied code (a radio signal similar to our Morse Code) sent by the Japanese. The navy had code machines manned by people who analyzed the code. Warren copied the code, took the messages and called the direction finders and alerted them to find the location of the signal. He also sent the Japanese codes and the messages to the cryptograph section to have them broken down into English. He had to learn how to copy in Japanese.

Warren proudly boasts of the accomplishments of the code breakers. “By intercepting some of those messages we were able to get one of their big men – Yamayoto – shot down.” A few other messages they intercepted helped win the war.

After the war was over, Warren was sent to Washington, D.C. to the radio station there. Men were being released so fast that there was a shortage of radiomen. Warren’s discharge was delayed a few months.

While in Washington D.C., Warren met his future wife, Helen. One night he went to the U.S.O. with his friend Andy. Warren says they were broke and went for something to eat. Helen was serving donuts and coffee. Andy took a shine to a lady named Edna, Helen’s friend. The love struck sailor convinced Edna to meet him outside so he could walk her to the bus stop. Someone had to walk Helen to the bus stop because she refused to go alone. Warren volunteered to escort Helen. By the time the foursome got to the bus stop, Andy had talked the ladies into riding the streetcar with them.

Warren and Helen’s relationship evolved from that evening. Andy kept calling Edna asking for dates and each time she told him that she couldn’t go alone. It would have to be a double date. Warren and Helen were Andy’s ticket to a date with Edna. Andy and Edna ended up drifting apart, but Warren and Helen were destined to have a life together.

Warren was discharged and went back to Huntington. Helen remained in Washington working for the Foreign Visa Division. Warren made several train trips to Washington to see Helen. He finally told her it would be cheaper to get married.

Before “tying the knot”, Warren tried to find an apartment in Indianapolis. He said it was next to impossible to find an apartment after the war. He would get up at 3:00 a.m. and grab the newspaper as it came out. He would arrive at the site of an apartment for rent, only to have several others standing behind him to see if he was going to take it. Warren was able to find a small apartment. Warren and Helen were married in May of 1946.

Warren needed a job so he went to Indiana Bell. He was told that they were getting into a new service called mobile telephones. Warren had the qualifications they were looking for and he got the position.

In 1952, the Bevilles needed more living space. They had started their family and Warren was looking for a nice place to raise his children. A friend at Indiana Bell convinced him to visit Greenwood and see if he liked the town. Warren says he liked the town and thought it was a nice quiet community. According to the Town Board, the population was 2,800. Greenwood became their new home.

The western boundary of the city limits was the 500 block of Broadway. The Beville’s first home was at 501 Broadway, the first house outside of the city limits. The eastern boundary was Middle Street, the south was Smith Valley Road and the north was Fry Road. That was the city.

The Bevilles moved several times as their family grew, finally settling on Hillcrest Drive where they reside today.

Warren remembers that in 1952, there was a lack of eating-places. The only place to eat was *Green Acres* and it was a tavern. On Sundays, Warren and Helen took their children to *Babb’s Truck Stop* in Whiteland.

Recreation opportunities were limited. There was only one park – the “Old City Park” on Madison Avenue. The Community House was still operational and Warren took his two oldest children there to play ping-pong. There was a basketball court, but it was just a half court. It wasn’t regulation and was too narrow.

Softball was a big thing in Greenwood. There were 12 teams in Warren’s church league. The bleachers at the park were always full at the softball games. The softball diamond at the “Old City Park” was also used by the high school.

One day, Al Pike called Warren and asked him to get a Little League organized. This was in 1956. Warren says that the only members of the original committee still in Greenwood are Bill Zimmer, Jerry Winning, and Bill Saylor.

Getting started took some work. First, Warren called national headquarters to establish a franchise. After the permission was granted, he had to contact leagues in the surrounding areas. Southport's Little League boundary came down to Fry Road and they didn't want to give up any ground. After all of the league boundaries were contacted, the National Little League Headquarters was contacted. Warren explains that you have to go by their rules to wear the Little League patch and participate in their tournaments.

When Greenwood's Little League was started, there were only enough players for four teams. The boys were supposed to be certain ages for the majors and minors. Greenwood's first teams had to be mixed in age to get enough players for four teams. Once it got started, it really grew fast. So many people wanted their kids to play.

All of the game scheduling had to be done locally. They had to arrange for playing fields. When they started, they used the diamond at the "Old City Park". Then the Catholic School volunteered the use of the ground south of them. Several other locations were used. Warren says they put diamonds wherever they could as the Little League program grew.

Many of the local businesses helped out by becoming sponsors and donating money. Candy bars were sold door to door to help raise money. Many people volunteered their time. Herb Chaille had the heavy construction grading equipment to level out the playing field and different people helped put up the fence.

After the Little League was up and running, they started a Babe Ruth League. Warren was in charge of that program for about four years. That lasted for about six or seven years and was discontinued. Then a Senior League was started followed by a Lassie League.

The late 1950's was an exciting time for Greenwood. The population had grown to around 3,500 people according to a census count. Many residents wanted the town to become a fifth class city.

Greenwood had a self-appointed, five member town board. Warren says that once someone got on the board, they could stay as long as they wished. If a member left, the board would appoint someone to take his place. The residents had no voice in local government. With the status of a fifth class city, the town would be able to elect a mayor and a city council.

The Greenwood Citizens Association was formed. Warren was a part of this group. He says that a petition had to be signed by a certain number of residents and then the issue of fifth class city status had to appear on a ballot for a vote.

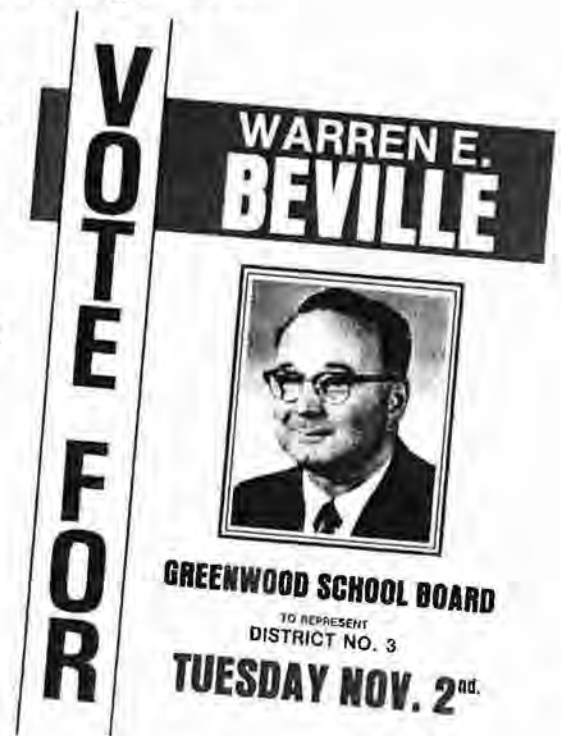
The group went door-to-door gathering signatures. Warren says that most of the residents seemed to support the proposed change. The group published a newsletter every two weeks to let people know how they were progressing. They got more than the required amount of signatures. The petition was taken to the Indiana Secretary of State and made official.

When the issue was put on the ballot, it was approved and Greenwood became a fifth class city. An election for mayor was conducted and Wayne Burkhart became the first mayor. A city council was elected as well.

The first mayor's office was in the Community House. The position was part-time and didn't change until Larry Myers was mayor. Warren says Larry made it more of a full time position. This would have been 1975 through 1979.

Warren served on the first elected school board for sixteen years. His first year was 1967. He says that before the beginning of his first term, it was similar to the old town board – by appointment only. He says that Greenwood was starting to grow and the schools were in need of expansion. A lot of building was going on at that time. This was at the end of the 1970's and into the 1980's.

Warren was on the school board when they expanded the middle school, built Isom Elementary and the new high school.



When the Greenwood Mall was built in 1964/65, Warren said the city residents thought it was a big event. At first, the stores were not connected together, but later expansion joined the stores under one roof. The mall was easy to sell to the public as it helped the tax base and property taxes would be kept low.

Warren's career with Indiana Bell concluded in 1982 when he retired. He is presently an elder at the Community Church of Greenwood. In his previous church, he served on every committee they had at one time or another.

When asked why he has stayed in Greenwood, Warren says, "I have always loved Greenwood. I don't think there is a better community than Greenwood. I really get a kick out of seeing these kids involved in sports and clean activities. That is why I always kept going in sports, even after my kids were grown. I stayed in Little League for a long time. Now my grandkids are in it. That is another reason I like Greenwood. It's a great place for my kids. Greenwood is still a great place to raise a family, even in 2002."

Contributed by Warren E. Beville, April 17, 2002

Editors' Note: *Warren Beville is one of Greenwood's best friends. His devotion to this community has resulted in many positive changes as Greenwood has grown and prospered. He has worked tirelessly for many years to provide quality activities for Greenwood's youth. Warren is the kind of guy that anyone would be proud to call "Dad".*

Warren explains his accomplishments simply: "It seems I have always been involved in church activities, youth activities and city activities." You know, the Good Lord says, "Don't rust out, wear out."

Eugene “Gene” Nix

Gene Nix was born on March 20, 1923, to John and Elsie Ramsay Nix. Gene was the fifth of six children. The oldest was a sister, Gladys. Then there were five boys; the oldest was Ramsay, then Donald, Jack, Gene and the youngest was Richard.

Gene married Viola Clowdis on August 24, 1951. They became the parents of Debra Kay, Bruce, Melissa and Mary Ann.

“It has always been my deep conviction that I was especially blessed with the very best in family and friends. I think that the City of Greenwood and my life here has been an important part of that blessing. God has been especially good to me, though I can’t figure out why. I have been searching for the answer to that more than anything throughout my life and more particularly in recent years.” Gene Nix

Elsie Ramsay lived in Braceville, Illinois. Her father was a prominent man who was in charge of all strip-mines in North Central Illinois. He owned a racetrack and was known as a generous benefactor who donated money for a local opera house and land for a schoolyard next to his large 13-room home. He also owned other land in the area and the locals referred to the town as “Ramsayville.”

John Nix was from Pennsylvania where he had worked in the coalmines since boyhood. During a period when employment was limited in Pennsylvania, John visited his aunt who lived in Braceville. He met and married Elsie Ramsay.

During World War I, John and Elsie moved to Gary, Indiana where John worked in the steel mills. The Nix children grew up on the northeast side of Gary. It was a wonderful area with primarily Irish/Catholic families. Even though the Nix family was not of that particular religion, it was a part of the rich heritage that Gene and his siblings enjoyed as children.

Gene graduated from high school in June of 1941. World War II came along and he tried to enlist in the United States Navy, but was turned down because of a perforated eardrum.

He went home devastated and feeling guilty, as many of his friends had gone off to war. So Gene went to work in the steel mill.

Gene's brother Jack had gone into the army and was sent to North Africa, Sicily and was in the invasion of Italy. He was a member of the Ranger Battalion that was wiped out at Anzio. He was one of thirty-five soldiers that survived and was decorated with a *Purple Heart*.

In 1944, Gene's older brother, Donald died of a brain aneurysm as a result of a fall. This was very traumatic for the family as they were very close. They usually gathered at their parent's house for Sunday dinner. This had been a very important event in the Nix household for years. Mr. Nix had turned down promotions that required "on-call" hours so that he could have his evening meal with the family. It was understood that this was very important and the one time of day when the family was together.

One Sunday, the family was gathered for dinner and Gene's dad pointed at him and said, "I don't know what we would have done without him." Gene feels this was why God didn't let him go to the service at that time. He was left behind to comfort and help his parents during the loss of their son Donald.

Before the war ended, Gene decided to go to Western Kentucky State Teachers' College in Bowling Green, Kentucky. He started in January 1945 and graduated in May 1948.

Then fate intervened and his life would take an entirely different turn. Gene was drafted into the army. He was sent to Kentucky for basic training with the 101st airborne group. Upon graduation, he found that with a college degree a soldier could apply for various positions.

Gene received an offer to interview for the Army Counter Intelligence Corps. It seemed very challenging so he went to Washington, D.C., interviewed at the Pentagon and was accepted. His next stop was Camp Holabird in Baltimore, Maryland – the home of the Army Counter Intelligence School.

Gene graduated second in his class. It was a wonderful experience for Gene. His classmates had various backgrounds. Some had served in World War II. Also there were some Nisei - Japanese Americans and Hawaiian Americans of Japanese background. He found them to be very smart and outstanding people.

Gene was assigned to the 113th CIC (Counter Intelligence Corps) Unit out of Chicago. He became a resident agent in his hometown doing background and

security investigations on people. He also maintained liaison with the Kingsbury Arsenal.

While in army intelligence, Gene applied for Officer Candidate School (OCS). He was approaching 25 years of age and there was only one school available to him. Gene was scheduled to attend school in Kansas, but papers were received stating that it was unnecessary due to his qualifications. Since it was a requirement, Gene went anyway.

When he was at leadership school, he uncovered a man posing as a CIC agent. The man was found to be a fake and discharged from the army.

When his training was completed at Kansas, he moved on for OCS training at Ft. Benning, Georgia. Once again, Gene could see God moving him from place to place and having experiences that enriched his life. As Gene reflects back, he is amazed and wonders why all this happened to “a punk kid out of Gary, Indiana.”

A fellow from Athens, Georgia, became a close friend and invited Gene to go home with him on leave. That was where Gene met Viola. After dating for a while, they decided to get married.

Once again fate stepped in and changed the course of his life. The news came down that there had been people tied up in the Far East who had been there since the end of World War II. Anyone with the qualification of Special Agent for Army Counterintelligence would be drafted to take their place.

Gene and Viola took a three-day honeymoon in Florida. He got a leave to go home and took his bride to meet his family. After a short visit, his wife went back to Georgia to work in a hospital and Gene left for California.

The assignment was unknown at the time. He went on a troop ship with a large group of special agents. They were kept in a separate area of the ship since many times they had to investigate other soldiers.

The destination was Japan and they disembarked at Yokohama. Gene said that the first time you get off a troop ship and hear the *Star Spangled Banner*; you realize that it takes on a special meaning for you. You don't know what the future holds or how limited that future might be. The agents were sent to headquarters in Tokyo, Japan, located across from the Imperial Palace. They were restricted to that area.

The army did not allow them out with the local people. Training was given in language orientation and psychology courses.

Assignments were made and Gene drew Nagasaki, which was located across from

Korea. He was stationed in a little town called Sasebo, a beautiful natural harbor. Gene was there from 1951 until 1954. He was assigned to handle the highest level communist informant they had on the island of Kyusu – one of the four main islands that make up the Country of Japan. He was also in charge of Korean informants and some people that were still involved with the old military regime of Japan.



*Taken Sunday, May 11, 1952 -
Gene and Jyojima.*

Surveillances were another part of Gene's job. There were communist couriers who would ride ships and come into their port. The American agents went out to the boats and asked if the suspected courier was on board and

if he would be getting a leave. Then he was followed to see who he contacted. Sometimes, the surveillance was conducted in a manner so the courier would be aware of their presence. Other times, the agents did not wish to be seen. The agents wanted to send the message that the communist couldn't send a courier any place in the world because they would be there to follow them.

Viola joined Gene a year and a half later. They lived in Dragon Gulch, an area that had been severely bombed in World War II. They lived in one of the units that were rebuilt for the occupational troops – the Americans.

As a result of not being able to have children of their own, Gene's wife visited various orphanages where they had children of Japanese/American descent. Viola found a little two and a half month old Japanese/American baby girl. Gene and Viola adopted Debra Kay Nix.

Gene says that this was not a popular thing to do in 1953. The idea of living with a Japanese person was still not acceptable to most people. "I wrote my parents with the news and was later told my mother was bedridden for two or three days as a

result of it.” Debra was one year old when they brought her home to the United States.

When they got home, Gene was one of two agents that was assigned to a special unit in the Pentagon called the 902, which was an ultra unit. He had unlimited assignments, mainly security inspections and surveillances. They even followed people who worked in the communications unit located in the basement of the White House.

Gene was due for a discharge in 1956. They returned home and Gene began a position with State Farm Insurance. They built a home and after getting settled, they applied for another Japanese/American child to adopt. One day they were called and told about a wonderful little boy. He was one year and one week old and had been in foster care. He was a favorite among the children they had, but they couldn’t give him the individual attention that a child should have. Gene and Viola adopted Bruce. Gene felt they had been blessed with both of these children.

Gene was still working for State Farm, but in order to advance, he would have had to move or travel more often. He found that unacceptable because of the desire to give his children a normal home environment as opposed to hopscotching all around. In 1965, Viola gave birth to a baby girl they named Melissa and in 1969, their fourth child, Mary Ann was born. In 1972, Gene was asked to re-locate to Indianapolis area. The Nix family chose Greenwood as their new home.

Three of the four Nix children attended Greenwood schools. Gene and Viola became involved with the band and the band parents. They met Vaino Grayam and later when he ran for mayor, Gene offered to help the city in any way he could. One night Mayor Grayam called and asked Gene to serve on the Park Board.

His appointment to the Park Board led to the beginning of a friendship with Dr. Ernest Mishler. Gene also served as the representative of the Park Board on the Planning Commission. Dr. Mishler also attended those meetings and they became close friends. They exchanged personal information and Gene shared his military experiences with Ernie. There was a common bond of past experiences and appreciation of Greenwood that cemented their friendship.

Dr. Mishler invited Gene to become a member of the Christian Businessmen’s Group and he gladly accepted. The group was dedicated to evangelism and spreading Christianity and Christian ideals throughout the business community.

As Gene and his family became deeply involved in activities supporting the community, tragedy hit the Nix household. Their daughter, Missy died of a brain tumor. She was very active in school activities. She was a drum major, cheerleader and very interested in drama. Many people from the community bonded together in tribute to Missy and expression of support and comfort to the Nix family.

Gene has consistently seen the same caring attitude carried forth by people dedicated to community service. His own commitment to the community is evident by his service on the Planning Commission for 10 years, 18 years on the Park Board and 10 years on the State Park Board. "I see the same kind of involvement and encouragement from people here in Greenwood that led to such things as the erection of the Community Center, the Children's Park and the building of the amphitheatre. I keep referring to this community as the *Wonderful World of Greenwood*. I am convinced this is so."

This spirit is present in the Christian Businessmen's group, the Lions Club, and the Rotary Club – all of which Gene has been an active member. He also served on the Chamber of Commerce.

The Lions Club is probably the oldest service organization in Greenwood. Gene was told that the Lions Club was instrumental in procuring the land that served for the "Old City Park" on Machledt Drive. That was the beginning of our Parks Department.

Gene shares that he didn't like taking time or money away from his family. That is why he never took up golf. Even attending Lions Club suppers every week at the MCL Cafeteria, he wondered if he couldn't better serve by staying home and being with his children - until Missy became ill. When she was being treated at Indiana University Hospital, they entered the radiation area where they saw a plaque that said that the Lions had donated all the radiation equipment. Then he knew how once again God was telling him, "That's why you were in the Lions." Gene feels the Rotary members deserve credit for making sure Greenwood had the amphitheatre. Without the support of the Chamber of Commerce we probably wouldn't have the Community Center. These things have just encouraged him and made him more dedicated, especially after losing his wife in 1995.

For years, Gene has gone to local nursing homes and read the Bible every week to the residents. People worry about entertainment, but few worry about their spiritual

needs. He has taught an adult Bible Fellowship Class at his church for over 25 years. “Again, this is something that has been an encouragement and is a part of my wonderful life here in Greenwood. I just can’t say enough about it.”

“I suppose I love Greenwood so much because of the quality of living here. I think part of it is epitomized by my friendship with Dr. Mishler. It was one of the most important friendships that I have had in my entire life.”

“When he became ill and needed dialysis, I drove him at 5:30 a.m. for his treatments and then picked him up at 11:00 a.m. and drove him home. By this time he was becoming very feeble. He shared with me that the doctor told him that the treatments were not effective. His choices were to continue them and perhaps live for a month or six weeks. If he discontinued them, he would probably live for only a matter of three or four days. He opted to discontinue them.”

“I will always remember Ernie wanting to see the movie, “*Saving Private Ryan*”. There we were, two old men sitting in the theater watching this movie. It caused us to share other events in our lives like when my brother was in Anzio and how I used to meet informants in the rice fields at midnight not knowing if I would be killed and how limited my future could have been. Ernie had been a colonel in World War II and the Army Engineers in Korea. He understood.”

“In the final hours I spent with my dear friend Ernie, he confronted his future. He told me we were both blessed because we had the opportunity to serve our country; to serve our community; to serve our families and indeed to serve our God! What more can a person ask?”

Contributed by Gene Nix – July 11, 2002

Editors’ Note: *Gene Nix has traveled the world and been blessed with a distinguished career serving his country. He chose Greenwood as the place to be his home, raise his children and share his incredible energy with the community he loves. Gene serves as a fine example of faith, friendship and devotion to strong family ideals. What Gene Nix is all about has become one of Greenwood’s finest gifts.*

Marion “Bert” Kite

Marion “Bert” Kite is 75 years old and was born at 420 East Main Street in Greenwood. He graduated from Greenwood High School in 1944. After a tour in the United States Navy, Bert met his wife, Rhynettia Thompson in 1946. They married in 1947. For most of their married life, they have resided at 484 West Main in Greenwood.

Bert and Rhynettia are the parents of five children. The oldest is Penny, who works at St. Francis Hospital. The second is Bert, a minister at St. Marks United Methodist Church in Indianapolis. Next is Pamela, who works at the Indianapolis Post Office. Then is Paul, who is the building superintendent of one of the large buildings in Indianapolis. The youngest is Tom, the Public Information Officer for the Greenwood Fire Department. All five children graduated from Greenwood High School.

Bert shares his memories as a mail carrier for the Greenwood Post Office and his service as a volunteer fireman with the Greenwood Fire Department. Bert’s son, Tom also offers some special memories about his father’s years on the Greenwood Fire Department.

Bert started with the Greenwood Post Office as a sub-carrier in 1944. There were two town routes and a small parcel post route. Bert carried mail in town.

When Bert was 17 years old, he enlisted in the United States Navy. He served his tour of duty and returned to Greenwood. In September 1949, Bert returned to the post office located on Main Street where the Trophy Shop is today.

The post office was small. Two window clerks sold stamps and post office boxes were available. There was a small space for the postmaster’s office. In the lobby there was a service desk and a large regulator clock hanging on the wall. “Wanted posters” featuring the latest known criminals were displayed.

All mail came into Greenwood by train. The early mail came in about 5:30 a.m., which was a throw off bag of first class mail. The next train stopped in Greenwood at 9:00 a.m. Mail clerks sorted the mail as the train traveled from one location to another, so the mail car was ready to be unloaded. The post office hired a mail

messenger who brought the mail to the post office. The first was Gene Huff and then Herman “Corky” Eads.

A train wreck destroyed the Greenwood Train Station in 1946 while Bert was in the service. After that, the mailbag

was thrown off the train where the depot formerly stood. Once in a while, it fell under the wheels of the train and there was a scramble to get it picked up.



New depot replaces wooden depot destroyed February 8, 1946.

Outgoing mail was placed on a hook and as the train passed by, someone from inside the train retrieved the bag. The clerks on the train then started separating the mail by town. Zip codes were introduced in the 1960's and there was no longer a need for the railway mail clerks.

When Bert started carrying mail in 1949, mailmen made two deliveries daily. Most of the mail was delivered in the morning. The afternoon delivery was very light and was finally discontinued in 1951 or 1952.

The mail carriers had a regular uniform that was gray with a black stripe down the trouser legs. The carriers had to purchase their own uniforms at a cost of \$50.00. That equaled a week's salary!

The carrier's mailbag would hold a maximum of 35 pounds. The leather bag was designed with a flap that covered the mail in rainy weather. U.S. Mail was imprinted on the bag.

With magazines and letters, the carriers could only deliver to one street before retrieving another bundle. Mail carriers sorted their own mail in bundles at the post office and secured them with leather straps. This made it easier to retrieve another bundle as needed.

A new post office was built in 1956. Sometime after that, the old one burned. The postal service was still using the old post office for storage.

The population of the town was growing. Northern Park was developed. South Crest addition was a part of that development and it doubled the size of the city.

There were about 800 houses and businesses in Greenwood. Bert estimates that there were about 3,500 residents.

The new post office was really a big deal. The old one had become so congested and space was at a premium. In the mid-seventies the post office started furnishing vehicles. They discontinued that practice as it became too costly and they realized what a good deal they were getting from rural carriers using their own vehicles.

The biggest change came in 1970. The Post Office Department was under a Postmaster General appointed by a President. They became the Postal Service, independent from Congress. Prior to that time, postmasters were appointed according to politics. Whoever had the presidency had the postmaster. To get a rural route in those days, you had to have the recommendation of the senior senator in your state.

In that same legislation, postal workers were given the power to contract and organize. They were organized prior to that, but it gave them the power to negotiate contracts with the Postal Service. It made a big difference in salaries and benefits.

Bert was asked if there was a time that the "mail didn't get through." He replied that while he delivered in the city there wasn't a time the mail didn't get delivered. He delivered a rural route for 25 years and remembers only three or four days that the mail didn't go out due to ice. Bert retired in 1981.

Stepping back in time, Bert tells of his volunteer service with the Greenwood Fire Department. In August of 1954, while working full time at the Post Office, Bert joined the Fire Department. He said that working as a mailman and volunteer fireman never caused a problem. The postmaster was very co-operative and civic minded.

The volunteer firefighters were paid \$.75 for each fire run. They also received a \$500 tax exemption equal to \$500 of assessed valuation. That equaled nine or ten dollars a year. A yearly salary totaled about \$60 to \$70.

Before Bert joined the fire department, the firefighters did not have any special equipment to wear. He had a uniform that consisted of a helmet, coat and hip boots. The equipment included heavy rubberized gloves. He was told that after the grain

elevator burned in 1947, a group of firemen's wives got together and raised funds to buy uniforms and equipment.

Bert remembers several different locations of the Fire Department over the years. The first location, in the 1930's and 1940's was at the Kelly's Garage on South Madison Avenue where Attorney Lee Money's office is today. Bert said the fire truck was there for a while, but he wasn't sure where it was parked. Then the station was moved to 146 West Main Street between the Presbyterian Church and what was Bob's Body Shop. Later, it moved to 335 South Madison Avenue in the old interurban car barn and then to its present location on East Main.

There was a large siren on top of the Peek Building at the northeast corner of Main and Madison Avenue. When the telephone operators received a fire call, they hit a button that activated the siren. It could be heard all over Greenwood.

The telephone operators also hit a switch that rang all the firemen's telephones. When they moved the fire station to West Main Street, the siren button was in the firehouse. For many years, Lawrence "Bud" Myers maintained the siren for the Fire Department.

Thursday nights were special to the firefighters. That was meeting night. The fellows rehashed recent fires and discussed their performance. Training was often conducted. If the weather was nice, they trained outside. The Fire Chief, Dick VanValer was a great trainer, according to Bert. He said they were fortunate that he had connections. Several times he persuaded a professor at the Purdue Fire School to come down and hold classes. On these occasions, other fire departments were often invited.

Sometimes the firemen worked on the fire trucks, doing minor repairs. During training they rode around on the trucks. In 1954 when Bert joined the Fire Department, they had a 1937 Chevy fire truck with a 500-gallon pump. It had an open cab with a tailboard. A tailboard was a platform on the back of the truck where the firemen stood. The firemen held on to handles on the back



(Left to right) Bob Jones, Tom Kite and Paul Kite. 1937 Chevy Boyer, built in Logansport. (Picture taken late 1970's or early 1980's.)

of the truck as it sped to a fire. Usually, there were two or three firemen riding on the tailboard. Today that is not allowed.

The truck was equipped with 700 feet of 2-1/2 inch hose and about 400 feet of 1-1/2 inch hose. It had about 200 feet of booster line. There was a hard suction hose, which was a 4-1/2 inch hose. Bert comments that it would pull the water right out of a pond. The truck was also equipped with ladders, axes and a couple of battle lanterns. (6-volt lanterns)

They also had a 1946 Chevy truck built by the firemen. Arvin provided materials for the truck and the firemen retrieved a 500-gallon per minute pump from an old Civil Defense unit. Dick Martin and Red Mayberry built the '46 Chevy fire truck.

When Bert first joined the department, Greenwood had contracts with White River Township, Clark Township and Pleasant Township. The 1946 Chevy was the truck used on those runs. At that time, there were no other fire departments in the northern part of the county.

When they got a fire alarm, it usually took three minutes to "break station." (When the first fire truck left the station) Bert said it usually depended on the time of day. Sometimes it would be eight to ten minutes before the entire force got to the scene of the fire.

Bert was told that before he joined the department, there had been a couple of runs to the Vest Hotel on East Broadway near the railroad tracks. Fourteen firemen arrived and no fire truck, so they had to go back to the station and get the truck. It then became the standard that if they were sure that the engine had been dispatched to the fire, they could go to the scene. Otherwise, they had to go to the station and make sure the equipment was out.

Bert states that the firemen did everything to get to the fires as quickly as possible. One fireman that he fondly remembers is Webb Browning. Webb was short in stature and never drove the fire truck. He was usually the first on the scene and backed-up the others. He remembers Webb running from the shoe shop to the fire station. Being too short to drive, he opened the overhead door and got the truck ready.

Two fires stand out in Bert's memory. The first was the fire at the Stokely Warehouse. He was walking his mail route on Forest Avenue near the warehouse

when the first fire truck arrived. Bert stopped his mail delivery and worked that fire for about three hours. Then he finished his mail route and came back and helped clean up after the fire.

The second fire was at Kelly Sales. The fire started in the paint shop. There were three firemen inside the garage trying to contain the fire. On the right side was oxygen and acetylene tanks burning out through the valves. The three men were on their bellies trying to fight the fire when they heard someone yell, "Get out, it is going to blow." When they reached the door VanValer met them and wanted to know where they were going. They said, "Someone yelled get out, it's going to blow." VanValer said, "I didn't yell at you, get back in there." Just then a barrel of paint thinner blew. Bert was one of the three firefighters. He said that incident really scared them, but they went back in and fought the fire.

Bert's son, Tom relates his boyhood memories of the Fire Department from about 1964 through 1969. Tom is presently a member of the Greenwood Fire Department.

Tom responded to a question about the traditional firehouse dogs – the Dalmatians. He stated that in the early years of firefighting, the engines were drawn by horses. For whatever reason, Dalmatians had some sort of calming effect on the horses. So they became the firehouse mascots.

Tom remembers visits to the fire station as a boy. A kid could always go to the fire station and get a coke. The firemen always had the welcome mat out for all the kids in their big family.

When Tom was six or seven, the firemen sponsored a fundraiser giving rabies vaccinations to dogs at the fire station. The fire department was on West Main and Tom remembers dogs lined up from Madison Avenue east to the firehouse and from Brewer Street, west. He said there were dogs everywhere. He thinks that the department charged 50 cents per dog.

In 1965, the Fire Department moved down on Madison Avenue. In those days they serviced fire extinguishers as a fundraiser. Tom remembers several of the firemen's sons emptying the extinguishers so they could be recharged. In those days, fire extinguishers had to be certified for insurance purposes. He said it was fun shooting off one extinguisher after another. He thought that his life couldn't get any better.

What sticks in his mind is that anytime he went to the fire station, he was called “Little Bert”. He is the third son, so he really wasn’t Bert. Everyone was so friendly and they took care of him. The ladies auxiliary was always there and they had big lunches. Webb made his oyster stew.

When Tom was 7 years old, he remembers the Old Settlers Parade. His father was driving the fire truck and Ralph Melton was sitting on the passenger side. They were at Madison and Main headed south. Tom was the one pushing the button for the siren. Ralph Melton kept slapping his hand and telling him, “That’s enough, Tom.” They were afraid too much siren noise would break the windows downtown. They had an old crank siren. The Fire Department was using electronic sirens for a while, but after testing it, they decided that it was easier to hear the mechanical siren.

Tom reflects on his years growing up in Greenwood. “I have special memories of people in town. Everybody knew each other. Greenwood was a small town and they took care of each other.”

“I am very proud of my father, and that is why I became a fireman – because of my father.”

Contributed by Marion “Bert” Kite and Tom Kite – May 23, 2002

Editor’s Note: *Bert Kite has served Greenwood well – as a postman and as a fireman. Both of these jobs are essential to the well being of any community. Bert has also served terms on the Greenwood Planning Commission, Board of Zoning Appeals, Police Merit Board and the City Building Corporation. The important thing is that he chose to do it here, in Greenwood. In testimony to his accomplishments, his son has given him the highest praise a man could get – Tom is what he is because of his father.*

Edward A. "Bud" Commiskey, Jr.

Edward "Bud" A. Commiskey, Jr. was born May 29, 1929. His parents were Edward Sr. and Bertine. He has a sister, Bertine who is a pharmacist.

Bud married Sonia Van Pelt, his college sweetheart. They have two children, Dane born in 1961 and Kelly born in 1968. Dane attended Vincennes University, graduating with an Associates Degree in building trades. Kelly teaches school in Indianapolis and has two sons, who attend Greenwood schools. Bud and his family are well known in the Greenwood community as owners of Commiskey's Pharmacy.

Bud attended grade school at St. Patrick's in Fountain Square and Cathedral High School in Indianapolis, graduating in 1947. Three days later, his family moved and started their first pharmacy in Greenwood.

Greenwood's population was about 2,300 when the Commiskey family arrived. Bud was here only 15 or 16 months before he went into the service. He had the opportunity to meet many town residents through the family business. He knew most of them by name when he left for the service.

Bud joined the navy in 1948. He spent three years in Washington D.C. at the Anacostia Naval Air Station as an aviation machinist mate. He was transferred aboard an aircraft carrier, the *USS Gilbert Islands* when the Korean War started. After his discharge in 1951, he entered the pharmacy school at Purdue University and graduated in 1956.

Bud spent his early years on the south side of Indianapolis and says that moving to Greenwood was like moving to the country. The last stoplight coming out of Indianapolis was at Troy Avenue and the next light was on U.S. 31 at Jefferson Street in Franklin. There were no stoplights in Greenwood and no posted speed limits.

Before Bud graduated from college, he liked to drag race cars. He and friends Denny Cottongim, Bob Dine and others would race cars all of the time. They raced on Averitt Road from Smith Valley south. Another favorite place was at Rocklane. They would start at the church and race into Greenwood.

During his summer break from college in 1953 or 1954, he was looking for work to supplement his GI Bill allotment. That summer the local telephone operators went on strike. Bud had worked as a PBX switchboard operator in the navy for several months, so he had some experience. He volunteered his services and was called the next morning at 5:00 a.m. and by 7:00 a.m. was at the phone company. Bud received about 20 minutes of instruction on the switchboard before going to work. His first shift lasted for about 49 hours.

Earl Minn, an engineer for the telephone company worked with Bud at night. Two ladies worked the day shift. Bud comments that he made a bundle of money that summer with the overtime he received. There were no dials on the phone at that time. When customers picked up their phones the operator said, "Number please" and she connected the call.

That summer, there was an incident in the apartment above the phone company. Someone put a smoke bomb on top of the toilet, plugged the tub and left the water running. Unfortunately, the bathtub was right over the equipment room for the phone company. Had the water come down through the ceiling, the phone company would have been out of business. When the smoke bomb went off, that alerted everyone and the police straightened everything out.

After graduation, Bud joined his father in the pharmacy business. Their first store in Greenwood was located on the southwest corner of Main and Madison. Dr. Clore owned the building, but Edward Sr. actually bought the business from Ron Propps.

The store was small with about 1,500 square feet of selling area and a soda fountain. The aisles were 18 inches wide. If two people were in the same aisle, one of them had to back out before the next person could go forward. In the warm weather, the front entrance had two screen doors that swung both ways. Air-conditioning had not been invented and overhead fans cooled the store.

Main Street was narrow and parking wasn't allowed on the south side of the street. The Town Marshall, Marion Duvall pulled his cruiser up on the sidewalk and parked so he could come in the side door to the building.

The soda fountain served all kinds of sandwiches. There were two big grills for hamburgers. Bud's mother cooked breaded tenderloins at home and brought them in

because there was no deep fryer at the pharmacy. A fountain coke was only a nickel. The most they ever charged for a hamburger was twenty-five cents until 1970. They had a big jukebox in the back and small units mounted on the counter at the fountain. Customers could play the jukebox for a nickel a song or six for a quarter.

Call-outs at night were not uncommon. When Bud joined the business, his name was listed as the emergency contact. He took the calls so his father could sleep. Two or three times a week, Bud had to make an emergency run at night.

Bud remembers Dr. Link and Dr. Young, Dr. Tiley, and Dr. Snodgrass. Once, Dr. Snodgrass called him at 3:00 a.m. and asked that he come to a patient's house with an ounce of paregoric. Bud charged him thirty-five cents. Important to note, the doctor was on a house call as well!

When the store was on the corner, they rotated Sundays with two other drug stores. Don Rogers had purchased a store on the northeast corner of Madison and Main and Youman's Drug Store was two doors east on Main. One of the stores stayed open for emergencies. Bud says they had a great working relationship. They often borrowed drugs and products from each other.

Bud and his father ran the store on the corner until 1961. Lloyd Walker built a building on south Madison that year. Commiskey Drugs moved in December 1961 to the Walker Building.

They grew from a 1,500 square feet building to a total area of about 4,500 square feet in the new store. They had a large soda fountain, 14 stools, and 3 tables with 4 chairs each. Mrs. Commiskey cooked tenderloins, soups, pies and cakes. Their lunch trade flourished for a long time.

Bud's father passed away in 1968. At the time, Bud was doing a cross study on the fountain. He found that they were actually losing money. He replaced the fountain service with vending machines. That played out very well for a few years until the man who owned the machines got into some financial trouble and they were removed.

By 1970 or 1971, all food and fountain service had been removed. With the vending machines gone, Bud remodeled the store. He says he has remodeled about five times since they have been at that location.

Bud Commiskey has seen a lot of changes in the pharmacy business since he was a young boy. Before moving to Greenwood, Mr. Commiskey had a pharmacy in Indianapolis. He opened at 8:00 a.m. and started preparing fluidextracts. These were drugs that were extracted from plants by distillation. Sometimes heat was used to extract the drugs. There were fluidextracts, tinctures (alcoholic liquids with drugs in them) and powders.

These drugs were ready before the doctors called in their prescriptions. In those days, doctors wrote everything they required. It might be more than one drug compounded into either a capsule form, liquid, paste or suppository form.

When Bud was 8 or 9 years old, his father taught him how to block off quinine on a big pill tile, which was a big piece of glass. He learned to block off, fill the capsules and make five-grain quinine capsules. In the 1930's, quinine was used for about every illness since there were no antibiotics.

Penicillin was the first antibiotic. It came along during the forties. Bud had a brother who died in 1946, at the age of fifteen. He was in the hospital with a 109-degree temperature and was given shots of penicillin, but he died within 48 hours. The maximum dosage at that time was 300,000 units. Later, there were pre-filled syringes with 1,200,000 units.

In the 1950's, acromycin and declomycin were relatively new antibiotics used in addition to penicillin. Declomycin was used for a relatively short time. It was prescribed for kids because it came in a syrup form, but was found to turn their teeth brown. That happened to Bud's son after only one dose, but they were able to have his teeth whitened by a dentist.

"The polio vaccine was one of the greatest breakthroughs we have ever had." Invented by Jonas Salk in 1955, it originally came out in shot form. Later, it was made into an oral vaccine that came in pre-measured cups. It wiped out polio and was one of the greatest things Bud can remember. Polio was such a debilitating disease leaving the patient disfigured and crippled. Many people died from the disease.

There has been a big turnover in the types of drugs that are used today. There is much more detail on what drugs are, what they are used for, dosage forms and

contraindications. (Where one person can take it and another person cannot because of a physical handicap or problem). You have to know how it will work with other medications the patient is taking. Before computers, the druggist had to remember the different drugs that people were taking.

Another big difference is what people take today as opposed to what they took forty years ago. In the past, if a person took three different types of drugs, that was a load. Now there are people who take ten, twelve, thirteen different kinds of medication at one time. It is necessary for a pharmacist to counsel the patients on use of their medications.

One area of pharmacy is compounding. That is where the pharmacist actually makes the pharmaceuticals. The form can be either ointments, liquids or capsules in different strengths. This was done in past years almost exclusively. Today, most of the compounding that is done is for people who are low in testosterone, progesterone and things of that nature. The pharmacist knows the formula and he/she makes the capsule. Bud makes capsules for pregnant women with morning sickness called F10. It is basically the same formula that was used in the past and was taken off the market for some reason. Bud has a capsule making machine and mortar and pestle. He says that keeps it interesting to him.

Counseling customers keeps him busy. He does this with the knowledge of the drugs, the dosage and strength of the prescriptions they are taking. Many people seem to have stomach problems and Bud thinks that is probably diet related. Fast foods don't help either.

Licensing is done by the state and there has always been a Pharmacy Board. Narcotics were once state controlled. Now it is federal.

One of the narcotics used frequently was cocaine. When Coca Cola entered the market place, it contained cocaine. The company doesn't admit it, but that is how it got its name. Of course, when they learned how addictive it was, they scrubbed the cocaine additive. For a long time, cocaine was used as a painkiller and not considered a narcotic.

Bud remembers when his father used to mix different powders together and place them in glassine papers. These were filmy papers. He would fold them over, put the

ends together and slide them in a box. Those were mainly powders for pain. The patient dissolved the powders in a liquid or took the powder directly by mouth and washed it down with a liquid.

There are certain drugs that a doctor would like to have that are not manufactured and Bud can make them.

Bud remarks that through the years many products have been sold in the store. They used to have a big cigar case and cigarettes. None of those things are sold anymore. "I tell people that it is idiotic for me to be back there trying to get people to quit smoking and selling cigarettes up front."

Contributed by Bud Commiskey, January 15, 2002

Editors' Note: *On April 15, 2002, Bud Commiskey closed the doors of the last home-owned pharmacy in the city. Commiskey's Drugs has been a landmark in the Greenwood community for years. The Commiskey family will be well remembered for their high standards of personal service and commitment to the well being of their customers. Their entrepreneurial spirit in creating new pharmaceutical products is deeply sewn in the roots of Greenwood's history. With over a half of a century of family service, they will be sadly missed.*

Dean Duvall

Dean Duvall was born in Greenwood on May 27, 1932. He is the son of Marion and Minnie Ruth Duvall. He had four sisters and two brothers; Marion Duvall Jr. (Jim), Bill, Wilma, LouEmma, Geraldine and Lillian.

After graduating from Greenwood High School in 1950, he attended Western Kentucky University and graduated from Franklin College in 1958. He worked for the Indiana Department of Corrections for 34 years, retiring nine years ago.

Dean's wife is Pam. He is the father of two children, Scott and Elaina. He has three grandchildren, Nick, Jacob, Devon and one great-grandson, Cameron.

To Greenwood residents and many in the surrounding counties, the name Dean Duvall is synonymous with music. As a professional entertainer, he has charmed many audiences with his trumpet and magical baritone voice.

Dean began his musical journey in grade school. He started by playing the trumpet in band class. The band director had a habit of drawing attention to the students' mistakes by tapping them on the head with his metal baton. One day Dean made a mistake and felt the rap of the director's baton. He left and didn't return.

Two or three months later, Dean was walking to town with his mother when they met the band director coming from the school. Mrs. Duvall stopped to chat and inquire how Dean was doing in band. He informed her that Dean was no longer in the band. Dean told his mother why he had quit. She understood and it wasn't mentioned again. Dean started playing with the band again in Junior High School.

Dean's relationship with his father, Marion Duvall had a big impact on his formative years.



Chester Wood (left) Lyman Howard (middle) and Marion Duvall (right).

Until 1960, Greenwood had not achieved the population requirements to become a city and was still considered a town.

The top law enforcement officer was the Town Marshall. It is interesting to note that residents usually referred to the Town Marshall as the Police Chief and his deputies as police officers. In fact the shoulder patch on the officer's uniform said, "Police".

Marion Duvall served as Town Marshall in Greenwood for many years. Mr. Duvall spent a total of 25 to 30 years in law enforcement. His brother, Charles was Town Marshall before Marion.

Even though there was a police station, the "police cruiser" was always parked next to the Propps Drugstore. Dean thinks the car was a 40' or 41' Chevy.

When Dean was in Junior High School, he swept the floor and polished shoes at Fewell's Barber Shop. A good shoe polish usually cost a quarter. Mr. Propps was a favorite customer. He paid for his shine and gave Dean a fifty-cent tip. Dean says he was quite a guy.

Dean loves to tell stories about his Dad's experiences as a Marshall. One of his favorites is the time his Dad arrested Gene Autry, the famous cowboy star. One night when Marshall Duvall was working late, he stopped a car traveling at a fast rate of speed through town. He asked for the fellow's driver's license. While the guilty cowpoke was getting out of his car, Marshall Duvall told him that he looked familiar. The driver said, "Yes, you might know me, my name is Gene Autry and I am driving to Cincinnati to do a concert." Mr. Duvall said, "Yeah, and I am Roy Rogers, King of the Cowboys." The driver's license proved that it was really Gene Autry.

Mr. Duvall loved to fish. On another occasion, he had to arrest one of his fishing buddies because someone saw him stealing the tennis net down at the "Old City Park". He was going to use it as a seine, which is a large fish net.

The guys went over to the White River Bottoms and seined for catfish and carp. Then they would have a big fish fry. Dean remembers his father waking him up at three in the morning to go fishing. The Duvall family shared their father's love of fishing.

When the Duvall family lived at 308 E. Broadway, next to the creek, the youngsters tied a fishing line to one of their Mom's old purses. They put the purse on the bridge in plain sight to any one passing by. When someone stopped to investigate, the kids jerked the purse down and ran up the creek bank. Dean said they upset a lot of people with their prank, but they had a lot of fun.

Dean's high school years were filled with many musical events. The high school had a small band. Bobby Thompson, Bill VanDeman and Dean were in the band and also played basketball. During halftime, they had to leave the court and sit with the band. Then they had to hustle to make it back on the floor before the game resumed. The biggest event of the year for the band was the concert at the Community House.

For many years, the town put on a vaudeville show. One year Dean sang a duet with Helen Youmans. The performance sparked the beginning of singing lessons with Mrs. Stevenson, the wife of the owner of Stevenson's Drug Store. The Drug Store was located on the northeast corner of Main and Madison Avenue. That is where all the kids hung out when they weren't across the street at Propps Drug Store. Propps would later become Commiskey's.

Sox Stevenson was one of Dean's favorite people. Sox had a little band. One evening he showed up at the American Legion and set up. Nobody was around, so he asked, "Where is the crowd?" They told him that the dance wasn't until the next Saturday. On another occasion, Sox asked Dean if he would help him out and sing at the Lakeshore Country Club. Dean agreed and Sox wanted to know what it would cost him. In jest, Dean told him fifty cents a song. Sox told him that was fine, but to stop when he hit two dollars. Dean thought Sox was so funny. He had a trio at one time called the *Handicapped Three*. Somebody asked him where he came up with that name. He said that the piano player was blind, the drummer had a broken leg and he stuttered. Dean says Sox was one of a kind and so humorous. "Everybody loved Sox!"

Dean was in high school during World War II. The American Legion asked Dean to play taps for those soldiers who had "made the supreme sacrifice." The Legion bought him a uniform for the ceremonies. Dean attended their conventions during his junior and senior years in high school.

Dean was in numerous musical groups while he was in high school. Bobby Thompson, Bill VanDeman, Zane Harmon and Dean formed a quartet called the *Four Clocks*. Their name came from their theme song, *Now is the Hour*, a popular song at the time. The quartet sang together around 1948 through 1950.

Another group was a little German band that Dean says was not typically German. Ed Holeman, Jerry Holeman, Bobby Thompson and Dean were members of the band. Dean says they acted silly. They would tie underwear together and pull it out of a tuba. Bobby Thompson directed the band using a plunger. One night they were playing the *Blue Danube*. Ed had a saw and a two by four. The band played about four beats and Ed sawed for two beats. About half way through the song, the saw got stuck. The more he struggled, the funnier it got. Dean says he doesn't remember finishing the song.

When he was sixteen, Dean won a contest on WIBC Radio singing, *You'll Never Know*. He performed in many contests during high school. He also sang at many church services and weddings. Music occupied most of his free time.

Dean had always intended to be a musician. He earned a scholarship to Western



Kentucky University. He returned home when a man in his church offered to pay his expenses at Franklin College if he would stay and direct the choir. Since he was interested in a girl at that time, Dean gladly accepted. He went to Franklin College for a few years and joined the Army in 1954.

His first assignment was at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri. He and another young man scored the highest on a music test. Both fellows were sent to band school at Fort Dix, New Jersey. Upon arrival, they were sent to Advanced Infantry Training instead of music school. Too many men had been assigned to band school and a misguided sergeant had mistakenly marked names off the top of the list instead of the bottom. That didn't turn out too bad as the band school was sent to Alaska a week before Christmas

After training, Dean became a member of the Army Band and toured Japan. They finally settled at Camp Drake in Tokyo. There the band was featured on a television program. Dean says the Japanese love American musicians and they were great imitators of American music. He knew one fellow that could play the trumpet like the great Louis Armstrong. The band members became celebrities because of the television show. Their Japanese fans recognized them in public. Requests for autographs were numerous and Dean soon grew tired of the overwhelming attention.



In 1956, Dean finished his tour with the army and came home. By this time he was married. He went back to school and finished college. He still wanted to pursue a musical career, but needed a summer job. He ran into a friend from school who worked for the State Employment Security Office. They had two openings and a very long line. As Dean was ready to walk out, his friend stepped in and helped him get an interview. Dean qualified for two jobs. One was teaching at the blind school and the other was a parole officer. Dean chose the latter and took the test for that position in 1958. His father passed away shortly after and Dean feels that his father's death influenced his preference to go into corrections.

Dean's employment with the Indiana Department of Corrections did not prevent him from continuing his musical career. He loved the big bands and Stan Kenton was his favorite.

Almost every week a big band came to the Circle Theater in Indianapolis. Some of the bands played at the Indiana Roof on Sundays. The last band Dean saw was Tommy Dorsey.

Dean has recorded several records. He wrote the music for several of his recordings. A band that he had played with out of Indianapolis accompanied him on the recordings.

Throughout the years, he directed choirs and played in bands. He played most of the proms in Johnson County and Indianapolis. He was in a band for twenty years and played all of the country clubs in Marion County.

Dean stopped playing the trumpet when he developed Bell's Palsy. A specialist told him he would never play the trumpet again. At that time, he was playing most



weekends. He had been with the same band for eighteen years and says he didn't miss the hectic pace as much as he thought he would.

About six months later, he had a singing engagement in northern Indiana at a Quaker Church. The church members wanted to lay hands on him and pray for him. A month later he was blowing the trumpet again. He later had another episode of Bell's Palsy. He went back to the same specialist and he told Dean that he wasn't going to tell him that he would never play again. He believed that Dean's first recovery was a miracle.

A high school friend of Dean's, Harold Winger has been playing music with him "off and on" for 50 years. He played the guitar and Dean says that they planned to do a home recording when Dean was in high school. That fell by the wayside because all Dean wanted to do was listen to Harold play the guitar.

Recently, Dean and Harold played together at the Country Charm Retirement Home. Some of the folks there have seen Dean on television and that is a big deal to them.

These days, Dean and Harold play at several nursing homes in Indianapolis and the Veteran's Home. Dean says that when he was in high school, he used to go to nursing homes and sing so now he has come full circle.

Contributed by Dean Duvall, May 22, 2001

Editors' Note: *Without a doubt, where there was music, there was Dean Duvall. As a young boy, he enjoyed a normal life of school, family and friends – and he played his music. As a young man, he continued his education, served his country overseas – and played his music. As years passed, he had a full time career in law enforcement, raised a family – and played his music.*

Without a doubt, Dean Duvall will be remembered for playing his music!

Jerry's Restaurant

Submitted by ED SANDERS

In the early spring of 1964, Ed Sanders joined the staff of Jerry's Restaurant on U.S. 31 in Greenwood. He served as assistant manager. Frank Graham was the manager. Mr. Graham left the business and Ed was promoted to manager. He remained in that position until June 1993.



Jerry's Restaurant opened for business in March of 1963 as a franchise. A local attorney, Elmon Williams and his wife Lucile owned the land and the building. They leased the building to Jerrico, Inc.

In 1968, the company went public with a stock offering. The franchise was sold. Elmon Williams retained ownership of the land and the building. Investors from New York purchased Jerrico, Inc. in 1988 and the Greenwood division was sold to a private company.

Ed credits Elmon Williams for having the vision to build the restaurant. He didn't own the company, but always retained ownership of the property and the building.

He took a personal interest in the people who worked at Jerry's and the customers who came in. They were his friends and he wanted their dining experience to be

enjoyable. If something needed fixed and the company didn't do it, he wasted no time having repairs made at his own expense. His pride in the restaurant was evident to all who knew him.

Elmon had a rose garden on the property behind his house. When roses were in bloom, he brought them in fresh daily. On Memorial Day, he brought in flags to display. Thanksgiving and Christmas were big events at the restaurant. Elmon, Lucile, Betty Fisher and Ginger VanValer volunteered to decorate the restaurant at holiday time.

The ladies decorated the banquet room and the upstairs dining room. The guys handled the outside decorations.

In 1964, the population of Greenwood was under 10,000. Jerry's was the only restaurant other than *Green Acres*. *Steffeys Restaurant* came later, followed by the *Lotus Garden*. Jerry's was a family coffee shop restaurant. If folks went out for breakfast, a coffee break or dinner, they came to Jerry's.

When the restaurant was built, there were 74 seats including four counter seats. It was a small dining room but customer turnover was fast. There was a banquet room on the lower level that would seat up to 100 people. In the early 1990's, the restaurant was remodeled and 54 more seats were added to the upper level.

The banquet room was home to the Optimist Club. The Lions Club held their meetings every Monday. The Exchange Club was another group that called Jerry's home.

Church groups often reserved the banquet room. Bowling banquets and private parties booked the room. Ed's oldest daughter, Cathy had her wedding reception there. Ginger VanValer and Lucile Williams jumped in and helped Ed with the arrangements. Ed says, "We didn't serve liquor, just good food and good coffee."

Ed became friends with many local residents who were "regulars" at the restaurant. In 1964, when Ed joined the Jerry's staff, Ed Stephens was the Police Chief. Dick VanValer was head of the Volunteer Fire Department. Ed praised the fire fighters for their help when the restaurant had a fire in 1968. The restaurant was closed for two months following the fire.

Many of the local businessmen came to the restaurant on a regular basis. Ed remembers Allan Dreyer, the bank president and his group. Many came in at the same time everyday. Ed says they all had their special places to sit. If someone was in “their spot”, they waited, hoping the customer would hurry and finish so they could sit down.

The Indianapolis 500 Race drew crowds from all over the country. Before Interstate 65 was built, everyone traveling from the south came up U.S. 31. Celebrities often stopped in after the race. One year, Marty Robbins and a friend came in. Ed found him to be a personable fellow. When Ed saw him, Mr. Robbins was eating a fish sandwich and drinking a glass of milk. “He wiped his hands before shaking my hand.” He signed autographs for other diners before leaving. Conway Twitty came in with his group one night. Little Jimmy Dickens came in several different years after the race. These fellows were popular country singers at the time and were traveling back to Nashville, Tennessee.

The local mayors during Ed’s employment with Jerry’s were regular customers. Mike Myers, the second Mayor of Greenwood, impressed Ed. The day Ed met him; the city was doing some construction work on Madison at Fry Road. Ed was driving by and saw the mayor out in the middle of the street with the guys doing the construction work.

He remembers Larry Myers, Vaino Grayam and John Boner, who became mayor when Jack Smith passed away. Mayor Boner had a great sense of humor and a laugh that was “out of this world”. Ed says Jeanette Surina was an outgoing person and was well liked by everyone. She came in for lunch several times a week. Margaret McGovern followed Mayor Surina in office. On one occasion, the Governor of Indiana, Edgar Whitcomb was in the restaurant having coffee with one of the mayors. Ed recognized him and said, “Your Honor, if you would just go ahead and sign this ticket, the coffee will be on the house.” Ed kept the ticket as a souvenir.

In the early years of Jerry’s curb service, they used security officers. Several police officers and even some sheriff’s deputies worked curb duty. One young officer that Ed speaks highly of was Charlie Henderson. Ed says, “Again, it was personalities. Charlie was suited for the job. He never had any serious trouble on his shift. He knew the kids and didn’t treat them like hoodlums. He treated them like

teenagers who sometimes needed a little direction. Charlie was a good police officer and worked his way up to Police Chief.”

When Jeanette Surina became mayor, Charlie went down to her office and said, “I guess you want my resignation.” Mayor Surina asked him if he had done a good job and he replied that he had. She said in that case she didn’t want his resignation. Ed explains that they represented opposing political parties so that is why the conversation came about. Mayor Surina ended up appointing Charlie as police chief.

Who could forget Jerry’s Curb Service? There were 48 spaces and an electric ordering system. Through the 1960’s until the 1970’s there were families, couples, singles and teenagers using the curb service. “That is where you came with your date. It was the most popular place for the young people to go, where they could get something to eat after the show, skating party or whatever. Back then it didn’t break them up to go out on a date and have a burger and a coke.”

Between 9 p.m. until the restaurant closed was “cruise time.” “The teenagers loved to circle the parking lot, go out and exit up Orchard Lane, come back and circle some more.”

Everyone went to the Greenwood Drive-in Movie. After the movie, the Jerry’s crew watched for the lights coming up the highway from the south. “Everyone ran to their stations!” On Friday nights, there was live music and dancing for teenagers at the “Barn” in Whiteland. “After they would let out, we would get clobbered.”

Ed says one of the “cruisers” worth a mention is Denny Wood. When he was a young man, Denny had a Corvette and there wasn’t a guy around who wasn’t envious. Ed says he was real active when he was young, but he matured well. He met up with Denny at a bowling alley in later years and as they reminisced about the old days, Ed realized what a fine man he had grown up to be. When his father, “Speedo” became ill, Denny would often bring him to the restaurant and sometimes drop him off. He told Ed to give him a call when his father wanted to come home.

The curb girls made good money in tips. The company furnished a winter, spring and summer uniform for the girls. There was a service phone with a button that the customers pushed to place their order. The girls delivered the food orders and collected the empty trays. The curb girls kept the lot cleaned and kept the trays and

menus clean. As time went on, the clientele changed and the decision was made to discontinue the curb service.

The only food item that wasn't served on the curb was breakfast. A customer could get a small coke for a dime and a large coke for fifteen cents. A J-Boy sandwich was forty-five cents. French fries were a quarter and onion rings were forty cents. Everything was fresh. Nothing was pre-packaged. Onion rings were sliced from a fresh onion. They used their own breading recipe. Everyone's favorite was Jerry's strawberry pie. It was their number one dessert that outsold the rest. Jerry's had their own secret recipe. First, the fresh berries were well cleaned. A sumptuous glaze was put in the bottom of the piecrust. Next, two pints of berries were added and covered with more glaze. The pie was then cut in six pieces and the final touch was a dab of whipped cream.

Ed recalls when Interstate 65 opened. Before that, they had customers from all over. Even repeat customers from out of state that traveled U.S. 31 stopped at Jerry's. When the interstate opened, Ed thought it would be the death of Jerry's Restaurant.



The night before the interstate opened, U.S. 31 was very busy when Ed went home. The next morning, he pulled out on U.S. 31 and saw three cars. "That was like going back to the twilight zone."

It took three years before the traffic count got anywhere close to being normal again. Ed was grateful for the local trade from loyal customers. It kept the restaurant open.

When Ed hired in with Jerry's, the company had standards, guidelines and rules. The dress code was a white shirt and tie, dress pants and a sport coat or jacket.

"When you hired employees, you had to be selective, no matter what the position. Your employees were your aces. They would take the initiative to keep their peers in line. We had excellent employees that stayed a long time with the restaurant. They enjoyed themselves and looked forward to seeing the people come in the restaurant. Many out of state customers often inquired about their server from the year before."

"Looking back, we worked a lot of hours. We worked almost every weekend. The only holiday we closed was Christmas.

A normal week would be 65-70 hours. If it weren't for the customers we met, the people in town and the employees, it would be a really hard job. It was our second home."

Contributed by Ed Sanders, October 25, 2001

Editors' Note: *Jerry's Restaurant was known in Greenwood and the surrounding area as a great place to go for a great meal and great service from the Jerry's crew. For years it was the only restaurant in Greenwood and was the gathering place for friends and road weary strangers - that left as friends.*

The landscape of U.S. 31 where Jerry's Restaurant once stood is now the home of a large new drug store. The "cruisers" have all grown up and many loyal friends and customers have passed away.

Time hasn't changed Ed's hardy laugh and winning personality. He still speaks of the "good ole days" with the pride of passage back to another time when employees and customers were like family.

Hurley Raymond Davis

Hurley Raymond Davis was born July 4, 1941, to Juanita Gillum Davis and Orville R. Davis, who moved here from White County, Indiana. He was named for his grandfather on his mother's side, Hurley C. Gillum, born in 1885. The Davis family lived at 236 E. Broadway when Hurley was born.

The Davis family bought a house at 300 North Meridian Street and the family moved there in October 1944. Mr. Davis was a self-employed mechanic and ran his own garage at 297 East Broadway. He stayed at that location until January 1976. Hurley still owns the property at 300 North Meridian Street, but now it is a rental house. His parents have long since passed away.

Hurley married Sarah Sue Duncan on September 14, 1963. They are the parents of Sherri, Michael and Hurley C. All three children graduated from Greenwood High School: Sherri in 1985, Michael in 1986, and Hurley C. in 1991. Hurley and Sarah are the grandparents of Cameron, Blake and Corey.

At the time the Davis family lived on North Meridian Street, it became a gravel road as you left the town limits. In 1944, the town limits were located around the 400 block of North Meridian Street, just before the railroad track. Northern Park had not been built yet and there were one or two farmhouses on the way to County Line Road, which was also gravel.

In the 1940's and 1950's, street lighting was the equivalent of a 100-watt light bulb recessed in a metal fixture that hung on a light pole. The first generation of lights didn't have glass globes around the bulb. This often provided a target for rambunctious kids to exercise their throwing arm.

Hurley has some favorite memories of his grade school years. A special time of year was the Halloween festival. The celebration included painting Halloween scenes in watercolors on storefront windows. There was an award given for the best decoration. A big pumpkin fest was usually held in the parking lot of H.E. Davis. (Later owned by Jack Smart and still later owned by the National Bank of Greenwood, then the National City Bank) The kids were often dismissed from school to don their Halloween costumes and participate in various contests.

Another big event was the Christmas program held every year at the Community House. Each grade performed a different part of the program. After several days of rehearsal, the performance was held for parents and the public to enjoy.

To a seventh grader, running in the rain and sleet from the old school on Meridian down to the Community House for Physical Education Class was quite a memory. The dressing rooms were cold and by the time the students warmed up, it was time to run back to school. “Now-a-days, you couldn’t have kids run down there. Their parents would hang you out to dry!”

When Hurley was in sixth grade, traffic guard duty was quite an honor. The traffic guards helped the kids cross Madison Avenue, Wiley Street and Main Street at the railroad tracks and Broadway at the railroad tracks. Hurley was stationed on Broadway at the railroad crossing. The guards wore a one-piece white belt that went around the waist and had a shoulder strap. They also had badges of distinction. A patrolman had a plain shiny badge. A captain had a badge with blue lettering and red lettering indicated a lieutenant.

Hurley has been fascinated with trains since he was a young boy. When he visited his grandparents or hung around his father’s garage, he watched many trains pass through town. He would often stand by the tracks when a train came by and read the names on the boxcars. His grandmother took him to the tracks to watch the *Atlantic Coastline Southwind* go through town. It had a purple engine that delighted the young enthusiast.

Hurley had another reason for being “stuck on” trains. He has a cousin who is now 86 and was an engineer on the railroad for 54 years. “They just about had to handcuff him to get him off the train at retirement!”

Hurley’s father had a friend that worked at Belknap Hardware and Iron that had the Lionel Train Dealership for the central part of Indiana. He gave Mr. Davis a 50% discount on any Lionel Trains he wanted.

Hurley started his collection of Lionel Trains on Christmas 1951. At first, Mr. Davis was hooked on the hobby more than Hurley. Hurley’s mother about threw the two of them out of the house because they had completely taken over the four rooms upstairs. If a train didn’t fit in one room, they drilled holes and ran the tracks back

and forth between rooms. Hurley has collected trains ever since. Today, he has a train set put together so his grandsons and granddaughter can enjoy his hobby.

Greenwood has had several disastrous train wrecks. In 1944, a troop train ran through the station. After a freight train had left the station, someone failed to close the switch. That caused the troop train to derail. Luckily, there were no passengers. The train went all the way through the station and into the lumber company. Within two years, there were two more major train wrecks. The first was in the spring of 1961. It took out the grain elevator and landed on Doc Craig's property. Cars were everywhere! Then in 1962, a fireman that was on a freight train was killed. Again, the switch was open causing the train to derail and crash into the old Stokely Canning Factory. It ended up in a sludge pit. At the time the factory was being used as a warehouse.

Hurley has been employed with the Greenwood School System for years. He has tracked the growth of the school system as population demands created the need for more school facilities.

The original three-story school was built in 1901 and located on Meridian Street. Grades one through twelve attended the school. In 1928, a new high school was built on adjoining property on the north side of Broadway.



Courtesy of Johnson County Museum.

The Old Greenwood School.

The new high school was used from 1929 until January 2, 1942, when it burned. Like many others, Hurley has heard rumors as to how the fire started. He was told that the fire started on the stage, but admits that was probably just another rumor.

The old building once again became both the grade and high school. The "stub" of the burned high school was used to heat the old building. The boilers at the old school were removed to provide more classroom space.

High school basketball games were played at the Community House. The gym probably held about 75 people. Seating area included the balcony and metal chairs on the side. At the north end, the floor was not in good shape. Room to play was at a premium. "There was just enough room to stand with your back to the wall without your shoes touching the court boundary line."

When Hurley was in school, girls' sports consisted of a six-person type of basketball arrangement where certain players couldn't cross the ten-second line. When "regular" girls basketball began, if the parents showed up, that was the sum total of the crowd that attended. No other sports were offered to girls.

In 1949, South Elementary was built on the west side of South Meridian. This was located on the southern boundary of the Greenwood Town limits. The school housed some of the town's elementary students. The high school students and grades one through six remained at the old building.



Greenwood Junior & Senior High School - 1954.

In 1952, bonds were sold. Construction began in 1953 and in November of 1954, the new junior/senior high school opened. The new addition added another 75% square footage to the existing building. There was also a gymnasium and another set of boiler rooms

added to increase the efficiency of the existing heating plant for the entire building. Grades one through six stayed at the old school.

Hurley remembers moving day. The Greenwood Lumber Company truck was used to move the majority of the big items. Grades 7th through 12th moved to the new building. Each student was required to move their desk to their new classroom and be ready for school the next day.

The first basketball game in the new gymnasium in November 1954 was very exciting. It was standing room only. Greenwood played Center Grove and lost 42-

40, but it was the first time in years that Greenwood had played in an up to date facility that was their own. The only sectional held in that gym was a 12-team sectional in 1955.

Another wing was added to the high school in 1962. That wing contributed another 30% addition to the building plus a cafeteria. In 1966, another wing was built, adding another 15%. In 1968, plans were drawn for the new high school on West Smith Valley Road.

Greenwood experienced a burst of growth with the development of Northern Park and other additions. This led to the opening of Northeast Elementary School in 1959. Land was donated at 99 Crestview Drive in the Northern Park Addition. Only one wing was opened that year. In 1966, the Northeast Elementary added a second wing.

In 1962, one wing of the new Southwest Elementary School at 619 Smith Valley Road was built. As the population grew by leaps and bounds, another wing was added in 1964. Both Northeast and Southwest had a gymnasium and a cafeteria.

In 1976, the Isom Elementary School was opened on Broadway. The “old school” was torn down.

A fourth elementary school was built in 1996 – Westwood Elementary School at 899 South Honey Creek Road.

In 1968, Hurley began his employment with the Greenwood Schools in the maintenance department. At that time, he took care of a large portion of the snow removal from the sidewalks around the schools and the administration office. Bob Shirley and the area farmers cleared all of the large lots with their equipment.

Hurley did the mowing for years until a mowing crew was hired. That worked better, because with all the maintenance required, he couldn’t begin to accomplish what he did in 1975-1978. In those days, they patched roofs, poured concrete, mowed grass, but they didn’t have air-conditioning.

Today, Hurley and his partner, Clay Whitaker have anywhere from five to fifteen air conditioning calls a day. “It seems like all we do is go around and put out fires, so to speak! It has got to the point where two or three people can’t do the entire job because there is too much involved in school system maintenance.”

Hurley figures that if he retires at 65, he will beat Bill Saylor by about six months as the employee with the longest service with the school system. Of course, he will never beat Shirley Phelps who runs the cafeteria at Isom Elementary. She will have 42 years in when she retires in May of 2003.

Besides his model trains, Hurley has another hobby that is reminiscent of his younger years. He collects antique cars. He says most of them are Fords: two 1951's - that was the first year for hardtops; a 1949 that he recently bought from a local fellow that had the car for 36 years. In addition, he has fifteen other cars in his collection. His wife helps him do the interiors and his sons help him with the painting.

Since his father was a mechanic, Hurley spent many hours at his shop and the car dealerships. He remembers back to September of 1957 when the 1958 models came out. Back then, the coming of the new models was a big deal. The dealers tried to hide the new cars until they had their official showing.

That fall, Jack Smart called and asked Mr. Davis to help him hide four or five new cars that were coming in on a truck that night. Hurley remembers staying up until the wee hours of the morning trying to put them where nobody in town would see them. They hid one of them up on Noble Street in a garage of one of Mr. Davis' customers; one at his grandparents on Broadway; and a couple at their house on Meridian Street. The night before the showing, they rounded up the cars after dark and put them on the lot.

Hurley thinks that today it is hard to tell one model of car from another. He comments that several makes are becoming extinct. After all of those years, the Oldsmobile is going to be eliminated. Plymouth is already gone. They stopped making Cameros and Firebirds. The Mustang still resides, but he thinks that General Motors will probably come out with something else before long. The Corvettes are so expensive that not everyone can buy one.

There is one place where a person can go to get a taste of the past. It is a drive-in restaurant that originally opened as the Dog 'N' Suds in 1958. The Dog 'N' Suds went by the wayside and it is now known as the "Suds". It is located on Market Plaza down in the valley by the creek. On Saturday nights, many people go to the "Suds" to

display their vintage cars for all to enjoy. They sit around in lawn chairs and visit with friends. Often a thousand people show up to walk through and look at the cars.

Most of Hurley's old cars are from the fifties. He has some from the sixties, when he graduated from high school. He just likes to drive them. "It kinda takes you back in time." It is not the same town as it used to be. It is not the same "Suds" or the same people you knew. But when you get behind the steering wheel and turn the radio to a "Golden Oldies" station, you can pretty much take yourself back a few years anyway. Besides, as far as cars go, very few people can say they can run out and jump into the car that took them to their Junior/Senior Prom – and drive it."

Contributed by Hurley Raymond Davis, September 25, 2002

Editor's Note: *Hurley Davis was a small town kid that grew up in a growing town. With a sharp memory, he recalls events that shaped our community and way of life.*

He has preserved his fondest childhood memories. His collection of Lionel Trains will be passed on for generations to come. His passion for cars of the 1950 and 1960 era, bring back fond memories for many people. He enjoys driving his "old cars" and displays them for others to reminisce and enjoy.

About the "golden oldies" – Hurley says, "That is the music your parents didn't want you to hear back in the 1950's – It was called Rock and Roll."

John's Story

By JOHN MYERS

My Grandfather, William Edgar Myers was born in 1875 in Whiteland and his family moved to Greenwood shortly after. My Grandmother, Effie McGinnis Myers was born in 1877 in Mercer County, Kentucky and moved to Greenwood by 1900. They were married and set up housekeeping in the early 1900's at 102 N. Madison. The house stayed in the family until the year 2000.

Lawrence Wesley Myers and Helen Mary White Myers were my parents and my brother was Lawrence William Myers.

I married Martha Henderson. Our first daughter is Deborah, who married David Johnson. They are the parents of Sarah, Rachel, Abigail, Jordan and Anna. Our second daughter is Judith, who married E. Curtis Harris. They are the parents of Luke, Jess, Michaela, and Aaron. The last-born is our son John, who married Almeda Burton. They have one son, Brock.

I thank the Lord for my precious family and wonderful friends. For over sixty-two years, I have lived in Greenwood and have been blessed with many wonderful memories. I am proud to be a part of the past and the present of this town – Greenwood will always be home.

My father built the projection booth and showed the first silent movies at the Community House in the late 1920's. His sister, Elizabeth "Libby" Myers played the piano for the silent movies. It was her task to make her music fit the action on the screen. As a joke, my father would sometimes speed up the projector to make her play faster.

The silent movies were before my time, but I remember coming to the Community House with my mother and brother to see many a good cowboy show. My father was still running the projector when I was a small lad in the mid 1940's.

Words of advice from my parents will always be remembered. Mother said to respect your elders and always open a door for a lady. My father was a perfectionist and his advice was to work hard and always do your best. With admiration, I can say that whatever lesson they were teaching was always reinforced by example.

Prior to World War I and after, (1914-1918) my grandfather William and my Uncle Mark were the owners of the Myers Brothers' Furniture Store at 152 South Madison Avenue. In the 1940's through the early 1960's, the J.C. Wilson Funeral Home was at that location. Uncle Mark was the funeral director. At some point in time, Wayne Burkhardt started a funeral home on Madison Avenue and later moved to West Main Street.

My grandparents, William and Effie Myers owned a small farm at the north edge of the town limits on Madison Avenue. The Greenwood United Methodist Church purchased the property when they retired. I remember many visits to their home.

In the late 1940's, wintertime was special. The black and white picture television came into existence in our family and we watched Saturday night wrestling and a program called *Life Begins At Eighty*. Contestants had to be at least eighty years old to get on the show. Some folks were in their eighties, nineties and a few hundred year olds were on the show. A warm fire was built in the fireplace and the light flickered on granddad's face as he said, "You are only as old as you think you are and I feel young." He was right about that. I remember being on a crosscut saw with him and it wore me to a frazzle at a young age.

Back in the 1940's and 1950's, folks used to say that Greenwood rolled the streets up after six o'clock. There probably was some truth to that. In the winter, I can remember looking out at the newly fallen snow and there were no cars traveling on Madison Avenue. The quiet was serene until the Street Department stopped at the nearest intersection. A man got out of the truck and scooped coal cinders off the truck with his shovel. He got the cinders at Stokely and this gave the cars some traction as they drove through the snow. In the springtime, he came back with a big push broom. The cinders were swept into piles and reloaded back onto the truck. It is hard to imagine cinders taking the place of the snowplows that we depend on today.

In my early teens, I will always remember rabbit hunting in the open fields at the edge of the town limits. Life was good back then.

I often think of the many people that I held in high regard during the years when I was much younger. I feel compelled to mention a few of those special people.

One is Doctor George Tiley, an old military doctor who was our family physician in the 1950's and early 60's. When I was a little boy and had a cold, an office visit would get me a penicillin shot and my throat swabbed with merthiolate for \$2.00. Sometimes he would talk to me like I was a soldier, which was a little scary. Then he gave me a smile and said, "You'll be well in a couple of days, now get on home." In the early 1960's, in the middle of the night I became very sick and "Doc" was called. He still made house calls for the unheard price of \$4.00. He was a good friend and a wise man.

Another person I fondly remember in the 1970's was Allan Dreyer, President of the National Bank of Greenwood. I went to him to borrow a large sum of money to start a business. Mr. Dreyer asked what I had for collateral. I told him that I had none, but my word was my bond and I promised to pay back an agreed amount every month until the debt had been settled. With just a promise of my word, we sealed the loan with a handshake. That would never happen today – too many rules and regulations have replaced personal integrity.

In the mid 1950's, I rode the Suburban Bus Lines to Indianapolis. A book of ten tickets cost \$2.20 and would last a week to ride round trip between Indianapolis and Greenwood. During that ride, I would pass an open farm field with a creek flowing through it. Near the southeast part of the field at Fry Road and Madison was a white barn. The owner names, Demotte & Denny were painted in black letters near the top on the end of the barn. In the early part of 1965, I saw this beautiful farm changed into a black asphalt parking lot and the new Greenwood Shopping Center. The shopping center could be described as an open courtyard with three anchor stores. There were two large water fountains. One was near the L.S. Ayres store and the other was near the Sears Department Store. There were cement benches and sidewalks in the open area in the center of the mall.

The other anchor store, Woolworths would later close. Around the courtyard were shoe, clothing, drug and miscellaneous businesses. Going from store to store you were met with the snow and cold wind in the winter and the rain in the spring. I believe the shopping center helped spur the growth of the Greenwood population and increased the tax base. It is interesting to note that the U.S. Census population for Greenwood in 1930 was 2,377, 1940 was 2,499, 1950 was 3,066, 1960 was 7,169, 1970 was 10,800, 2000 was 36,037 and the estimated 2002 population is 37,887.

I had always wanted to be a police officer. In 1964, I became the 6th officer on the police force. There were no secrets in our small city. *The Johnson County News* came out every Thursday and it listed those arrested for traffic violations and the unfortunate ones that had been incarcerated.

Minor offenses were handled by a Justice of the Peace. I remember Clyde Williams who held court in one room of his home and Robert Hatfield, who had an office in downtown Greenwood. Trials for burglars and robbers were held in Franklin at the Johnson County Superior Court.



Chief Edwin G. Stephens & John Myers - 1964.

Being a police officer in a small city had advantages. At times, there would be only one officer on duty if his partner had taken a prisoner to jail in Franklin, or if he was off sick. You could leave the city unprotected and take a drunk driver to jail or take the person home. If he was from out of town, you could park his car and take his keys until morning. It was nice back then having options other than jail.



Greenwood Police & Fire Stations - 1964.

U.S. 31 was the main route for traffic going north and south through Indiana. With the heavy traffic, the city experienced many accidents. A bad accident would draw a crowd of the curious wanting to see if it was a property damage accident involving only vehicles, personal injuries or fatalities. The police officer was overwhelmed with calling for more help to reroute traffic, get ambulances, wreckers, help the injured and investigate the cause of the accident. It was then that you saw the caring of strangers. Sometimes a big 18 wheel semi tractor/trailer driver would stop and

In the 1960's, before Interstate I-65 opened on the east side of the city,

volunteer to direct traffic while you took care of the accident. The J.C. Wilson Funeral Home ambulance and volunteer firemen arrived and aided the injured, as strangers stepped forward to help with first aid and help lift the cot into the ambulance. There was no time to thank the stranger as he left in his semi.

The south city limits ended at Stop 18. One night just before 11p.m., I remembered that the R.O. Barber semi truck caravan would be coming north with four to six semi's traveling to northern Indiana. I wondered if there was some way that I could say thanks to the truck drivers. I left the city and drove to the north side of Whiteland, pulled in front of the caravan and motioned to the lead driver to follow me. I turned on the police car's red lights. That night the semi's were escorted through Greenwood not having to stop at intersections and shift gears again. At the county line road, I stopped and cleared the intersection as the big trucks passed. In the stillness of the night, the drivers started blowing their air horns. The lead driver, Charles Henderson Sr. with his big smile gave me a wave of thanks for the truck drivers. I bet Greenwood was the talk at the steel mills and truck stops that night.

In my time, many chances have arisen to play pranks. Often my family was the object of my jokes. My brother-in-law, John Hudson was coming home from bowling one night around 11:15 p.m. when most families were already in bed. I waited until he got about three doors from his house. Then I turned on the police car's red light, spotlight and laid on the siren. Porch lights came on and a few of the curious stepped out to see what was going on. As I got out of the car, I tapped the siren button one more time for effect. I walked up slowly to the car and said, "Hey John what's going on?" He replied that he was just getting home from bowling. I asked him how he did and he said, "OK, I guess." Then I bid him farewell and left. Sometime later, the dispatcher called me on the radio and advised me that my brother-in-law wanted me to call him. He said, "Darn-it John, I just got off the phone with my neighbors wanting to know what happened." Oh well, a good joke to start the night shift is the only way to go. (John and I have watched our families grow up together with love, respect and some good laughs) Not a bad recipe.

I've always had a great respect for law enforcement officers, the work they do and the sacrifices they make. When my son, John became a Greenwood Police Officer and followed in my footsteps, he made me very proud.

Going through life's journey, we never know what is in store for us. When Martha and I were married, we never anticipated that later we would have something in common that no one else in Greenwood would have. Both of our brothers have served as mayor - Lawrence (Larry) Myers and our current mayor, Charles E. Henderson.

One day, I was driving by Will Averitt's home in the country. He was working in his yard and I stopped to chat. I told Will that I had been meaning to buy his book, *Greenwood, Indiana Its History 1823-1965*, for some time but with raising a family and such, I had put it off. Will told me that he had sold all of his books and wouldn't be printing any more. Time is not your friend when some things are put off for another day.

On November 7, 1995, Charles Henderson had just been elected Mayor of Greenwood. At the celebration, Harold Toombs with camera in hand came up to me and said, "John, I want to have my picture taken standing between you and Charles." After the picture was taken, I told Harold that he had written many articles in the newspaper about Greenwood history and he needed to write a book. He said, "John, it is too late." On November 16, 1995, Harold Toombs passed away. I felt honored to have known these two men. Time isn't our friend – only history.

The other day, I looked in the mirror and saw that my hair has turned gray and age lines are on my face. The innocence of my little granddaughter was touching when she said, "Grandpa, I made a wish for you. Grandpa, I wished that you would never get old." Time is my friend. The joy of time Martha and I have with our children and grandchildren teaches us how richly we have been blessed. As grandparents, you are only as old as you think you are and we feel young.

On September 11, 2002, the Southwest Elementary School children held a "Twin Towers, September 11th Remembrance and Celebration Ceremony" at the Greenwood Amphitheater. Fifth grade students wrote the program. All memories, poems and letters were in their own words. The audience joined in singing *God Bless America*. Mayor Henderson spoke and said we were looking at the leaders of tomorrow and we were in good hands. As I looked at the young people on the stage, I saw what makes the character of Greenwood great!

Contributed by John Myers December 31, 2002

Charles Earl Henderson

Charles Earl Henderson was born on August 28, 1941. His parents are Nellie Rhea White Henderson and the late Charges Earl Henderson. Both parents had grandparents that were full-blooded Cherokee Indian.

Charles is the only son and is blessed with three sisters, Martha Frances, Alice Jean, and Lena Mae. Martha is married to John Myers, Alice to John Hudson and Lena Mae to Everett Combs.

On April 4, 1963, Charles married Donna Marilyn Waltz, daughter of Golden and Veva Waltz. They went to grade school, high school and Sunday school together. They started dating their senior year of high school and three years after graduation, they were married. Charles and Donna have been married for thirty-nine years. They are the parents of Charles Earl Henderson III, called "Chip". He is married to Mary Stenzel Henderson and they live in New York. They also have a daughter, DeMaris. She is the mother of Charles and Donna's two grandchildren – nine-year-old Jayden Brooklyn Elizabeth Ketron and two year old Isaac Aaron Schwager. DeMaris is married to Matt Schwager and lives in Greenwood.

Charles Earl Henderson Sr.



Charles Sr. was a truck driver for R.O. Barber. He was the second driver hired by Raymond Barber out of an original crew of eight drivers. In the early years of Arvin Industries, R.O. Barber was the only trucking firm that hauled steel from northern Indiana and the Chicago area to the Arvin plants in Greenwood, Franklin and Columbus. They also hauled a large portion of Arvin's finished products – tail pipes and mufflers to the Studebaker Plant in South Bend, Indiana.

Raymond Barber was very loyal to his employees. When business was slow, he didn't lay off his drivers. Mr. Barber owned a farm southeast of Greenwood and his drivers worked on the farm when the trucks weren't running.

Truck drivers were not required to keep logbooks and Charles was always home sometime during the day to rest before he hit the road again. The only day he didn't work was Sunday. He was a hard worker and a good family man. At the age of 54, he passed away of a massive heart attack standing beside his truck at a steel mill.

Nellie Henderson

Nellie is a lady whose devotion to her church was a top priority. The Henderson family spent every Sunday at the First Baptist Church. The children attended Sunday school, BYF, (Baptist Youth Fellowship) and evening services. After church services, the family watched *Oral Roberts* together on television.

Charles still attends the First Baptist Church with his wife Donna. Reverend Marlett has since passed away, but he performed the marriage ceremonies for Charles and his three sisters. Reverend Marlett also buried his father.

Nellie was always putting their house up for sale. When Charles was in the seventh grade, the Hendersons traded their house for a 40-acre farm located between Columbus and Seymour. In less than a year, Nellie wanted to return to Greenwood.

Nellie at 87 years old still lives in Greenwood, is in great health and walks two or three miles a day!

Charles – Grade School Years

Charles attended the old grade/high school on Meridian Street. Mr. Isom was the principal of the grade school and Mr. Baughman was the principal of the high school. Charles comments that discipline was strictly enforced and admits to feeling the sting of the paddle a few times.

Charles' early years were similar to others in the late 1940's and early 1950's. One of his favorite times was after a hard rain. The streets in his neighborhood would flood and the kids had a great time playing on their inner tubes in the water.

Charles and The One Room Schoolhouse

The year the Henderson family spent in the Columbus-Seymour area held many fond memories for Charles. He was in the 7th grade and attended a one-room schoolhouse. For a city kid, he was delighted with the quaint facilities. In the back

of the room was an old pot-bellied stove that heated the room. Their water supply came from a bucket hoisted up from a well.

Charles' job was to keep the stove full of wood and kill mice that were abundant in the schoolroom.

Charles describes the teacher as a "crusty old goat", but he was an equal opportunity guy and spanked girls. Charles had never seen a girl spanked before and he thought that was just great!

Life on the farm provided many opportunities to terrorize his sisters. On one occasion, Charles found a black snake and chased his sister, Martha with the snake in hand. Martha ran to the house and locked the doors.

Later, an unforgiving Martha came up behind him and broke a broom handle over his head. (Charles says he still has a ridge on his head thanks to Martha.) The blow knocked him to the ground and after gaining his composure the chase was on. Martha retreated to the house and locked the door. Charles was yelling and shaking the door when Mrs. Henderson rounded the corner. She showed no sympathy to the injured lad, as she had already heard about the snake.

Back to Greenwood and Sports

Charles was in the eighth grade when they returned to Greenwood. This was the first opportunity for him to play organized sports. He wanted to play basketball.

Mr. Henderson took Charles to buy his first pair of tennis shoes at Harry Klein's store in downtown Greenwood. The only pair of tennis shoes Harry had in Charles' size was a brown pair. Charles had to show up to his first practice in brown tennis shoes. He eventually got a pair of white shoes to start the season.

Track was Charles' favorite sport because if you could outrun the other guy, you got a ribbon. Even though he was in the eighth grade, the coach would run him against the high school kids. He could out run most of them in his event.

Charles concentrated on football and track and was the captain of the track team his junior and senior year and the football team his senior year. In 1959, they won the Mid-State Football Conference Championship. Leonard Scotten was his coach.

It was the first time that the school was ranked No. 1 in the state at the end of the year.

Charles and Cars

When Charles was in high school, he didn't have a car of his own. Only a few kids had their own cars, most relied on using their parent's cars for special events. Mr. Henderson had a 54 Chevy and an old 50 – 51 Chevy Coupe that he drove back and forth to work. Charles drove the 1954 Chevy all through high school.

The summer after graduation in 1959, Charles worked for Dean Low at the Standard Service Station that stood where the Village Pantry is located on Madison Avenue and Pearl Street.

Kelly Chevrolet had opened a used car lot on the corner of Fry Road and Madison Avenue. On the lot was a 1956 red Chevy convertible and Charles became the new owner.

Charles thought he was the “cat's meow”! He was dating Donna and took her to Brown County in his new convertible. “We were coming out of Brown County and I am passing a line of traffic. I am really smoking the whole line, running fast just like teenagers do, and the top ripped off. It just r-r-ripped off! To add insult to injury, it started to rain. I drove as fast as I could back to the Standard Station. I had a new white top put on which made it look even better.”

Charles in Search of a Lifetime Career

Charles enlisted in the Marine Corps Reserve, did six months active duty and then summer camp. He got a job at Arvin as an apprentice at the Greenwood Plant. After working in the factory for a short time, he decided that he didn't want to be there for the rest of his life and the only way out was to go to college.

Charles' parents drove him to Indiana State College in Terre Haute. While he was in school, he married Donna. He completed his first year, but didn't have the money to go back.

That summer, he got a job working for Claude Owens at the Mobile Station. Then his brother-in-law, John Myers gave him an application to join the police force.

John was already on the police force and told him the city was planning to hire another officer. Mayor Mike Myers offered Charles the job.

In 1965, he started the job at an annual salary of \$4,360 with \$200 a year raises. To make ends meet, he mowed grass and worked as a lot cop at Jerry's Restaurant.

There were seven full time police officers and Charles was the eighth. The Police and Fire Departments had recently moved to 335 South Madison, which was the abandoned interurban car barn. The police and firemen erected a building inside of the old car barn. The officers worked on Sundays and volunteered their time.

The Police Department was located in the center of the building and had six offices including the dispatch and book-keeping area. They had two full time dispatchers that worked the day and afternoon shifts. In the evenings, one or two officers patrolled and another ran the radio. The officers alternated working dispatch.

The department had two cruisers for use by the officers. One of them was a 1963 white Ford Fairlane with a small V8 engine that was used for radar and a black Chevy. Later, they got an old blue 1960 Chevy that was used to run radar. It was



Police Department - Late 1960s

(Top row L to R) Harold Hughes, Allan Clark, Bob Ferguson, Robert Haugh, Ed Stephens, Larry Smith, John Myers. (Bottom row L to R) Loran Peavler, Bill Bryant, Oran Hyatt, Charles Henderson, Randy Hughey and Larry Wood.

“unmarked.” In those days they had what was called the “bubble gum machine light” on top of the marked police car. It was a round dome with a red light. (Today’s police cars have light bars with required red and blue lights.) In 1966, two of the three cruisers were involved in an accident while chasing a suspect. With only one car left, they had to use the personal car of the Police Chief – Ed Stephens.

Even though Charles loved the work, the salary made it hard to make ends meet and after four years, he decided to find another job. He bought the Standard Service Station from John Mark Bass. John was a Greenwood graduate who was Indiana’s Mr. Basketball in 1944. Within a year and a half, Charles sold the station back to John.

In search for his “calling” in life, Charles decided to open a car wash by the Green Acres Tavern on U.S. 31. After much work fixing up the building, Charles didn’t get reimbursed for his expenses. He was forced to padlock the door and move on.

Charles spent the next seven years in the home construction business. The last three years he was self-employed. He built a few custom-built houses and framed apartments and condominiums. Then he scaled down to building screened in porches and room additions.

In 1976, Larry Myers was elected mayor and the opportunity to re-join the Greenwood Police Department was presented to Charles and he hired in.

Charles spent three and one half years working the narcotics division and four years as a road sergeant.

Charles and Mayor Jeanette Surina

Jeanette Surina was elected mayor in 1984. She was the first woman elected as Mayor of Greenwood and the first democrat since Greenwood’s first mayor, Wayne Burkhart.

Charles had known Mayor Surina for years as she was a local businesswoman and their paths had crossed on many occasions.

No one knew who would be appointed police chief in the Surina administration. Charles describes Jeanette as blunt and to the point. She asked him if she gave him the job, who would be his assistant chief. The mayor told Charles to go home and

think about it for three days and come back. She also told him who he couldn't select!

"I went home and wrote down all my strengths and weaknesses at that point in my life. I knew I had to select somebody who could balance my weaknesses with their strengths. My biggest strength was that I knew what my weaknesses were."

I could deal with people and I had vision of where I wanted us to go. I got the job and ended up with three different assistant chiefs during the eleven years I was chief. Each man had different strengths that complimented the needs of the department at the time."

When Charles was police chief, he drove Mayor Surina many places. He said he loved doing that because she was one of the most interesting people he had ever met.

"One time she called me and told me to come up to her office. She had to get to the airport. We were picking up three Japanese businessmen who wanted to build a plant here. So we rushed to the airport and brought the three men to Greenwood. Then a day or two later, she calls and tells me to get up there again. She had to get those guys back to the airport. So I hurried up to her office and picked them up. She puts them in back and jumps in the front with me. She was wearing a set of earrings with a diamond and a pearl on each earring. As we were "flying" along, one of her earrings popped off. The pearl and diamond went in different directions. She got all excited and said she had to find it. I told her as soon as we got to the airport we would look for it. Then she turns around in the seat with her knees on the floor and digs down in the seat. Our passengers were looking over the seat wondering what the fuss was about. I was always a big peanut and popcorn eater. Well, there were peanuts and popcorn down in the seat and she said, "I got it!" Then she said, "darn peanut" and threw it at me. Here I am driving as fast as I could and those three guys saw that peanut zing across my nose and hit the window. We found the earring and our three stunned passengers did come back and build Alpine Electronics on Emerson Avenue."

Charles as Police Chief

Charles became Police Chief in 1984. The Police Department was still located in the old interurban car barn at 335 South Madison Avenue. The Greenwood City Offices had been moved to that location 8 or 9 years prior to that time. Space was

still at a premium, but in 1986 the city offices were moved to the newly remodeled City Building at 2 North Madison. The Police Department was given all of the space used by the city offices. Once again, the police and firemen remodeled the area. One of the renovations made by the Police Department was to build a big lobby out front and the dispatch area was enclosed behind a huge window.

The city was experiencing tremendous growth by this time and in 1985 police officers numbered 28 with 7 full time dispatchers.

In January 1992, a new police facility with 22,000 square feet of space was built on Surina Square. Further improvements were made to the dispatch system and today the entire

communication system has advanced to the most modern radio system available to law enforcement. In addition, the Police Department has a crime lab and an allotment of 54 police officers and 25-30 civilians that make up dispatch, clerks and lab technicians.



Sherri Hause, Dispatcher.

FBI for fingerprint identification was brought up to date. Immediately arrests were made on fingerprint cases. Then the decision was made to add a photographic lab and equipment. The lab technician, Eric Lowe also did photography.

When the new police facility was designed a “full-fledged” crime lab was put into the budget. The crime lab became a reality and in addition to the fingerprint expert, a



New Police Station on Surina Square.

The Police Department Crime Lab

In 1987, a lab technician with 5 years experience with the FBI was hired as a fingerprint examiner. The “Henry Classification System”, used by the



*Eric Lowe,
Lab Technician, dusting
for latent finger prints.*

forensic chemist was hired. They could now do their own drug testing. Body fluids could also be tested.



*Jennifer Wood, Forensic Chemist,
examining drug specimen.*

With the new crime lab and up to date technology, the Police Department was able to go back and solve some old burglaries and armed robberies. The statute of limitations had run out on some of those cases, but they were able to close the books on many. The crime lab has been a great asset to the Greenwood Police Department and to other agencies that need assistance.

License Plates and Radio Communication

In 1965, when a police officer radioed in a request for a license plate check of vehicle ownership, the police dispatcher used a printed sheet listing all the license plate numbers in Johnson County to determine the name of the owner. If the license plate was out of the county, the dispatcher had to call the State Police and it took 10 to 15 minutes. Today, the plate number is entered into a computer and within a matter of seconds you know who the car is registered to and if it has been stolen.

At an earlier time, there was only one radio channel and everyone in the county shared the same channel. Today, every department has ten channels.

The "D.A.R.E." Program

Charles and two officers traveled to Los Angeles County, California. Their trip was financed by donations from Greenwood business owners. For two weeks, the officers were trained to teach the D.A.R.E. (Drug Abuse Resistance Education) program while Charles was shown how to set up the program. They initiated the first program in 1990. The first D.A.R.E. graduating class was Our Lady of Greenwood fifth graders. The program is still going great today. The kids and parents like it and it has been a great asset to drug awareness.

Police Honor Guard

The Police Department has an honor guard, as does the Fire Department. The honor guard is always available for special ceremonies and to attend funerals of

officers killed in the line of duty. They are not only available for local events, but also attend ceremonies held by other law enforcement departments.

Certified Training Officers

The first officers certified were the firearms instructors. Shortly after were the K-9 officers, and then the SCUBA divers. Greenwood had the first officer certified by the State of Indiana in a *Dignitary Protection Unit*. Jim Cutrell, who was the first certified officer in Indiana, headed the security detail. Greenwood was asked to provide the security detail for Jim Brady, the Press Secretary for President Ronald Reagan, who was shot during an attempt on the President's life. He came to Indiana to address the Senate and House and meet with the Governor. He and his wife sponsored the movement for the 1994 *Brady Bill*. Mr. Brady praised Greenwood's security detail for "giving him the best treatment since he worked for the President."

Stolen Car Processing

The Police Department built a two-story building behind the police station with three bays to process stolen vehicles and vehicles used in the commission of crimes. The building was probably worth \$100,000, but with the help of Central Nine School students and the Center Grove School, they built it for \$8,000. Charles is not aware of anywhere in the state that has a similar facility. Greenwood has an officer trained in the area of stolen vehicles. It is a secure place to preserve and protect items of evidentiary value to be presented in a court of law. It protects the evidence from contamination or tampering. Greenwood processes vehicles for other agencies.

New Police Cars

In the early 1980's, the Police Department decided to adopt a take-home car program for the 21 police officers. They bought used police cars, cars off of used car lots and anywhere they could.

"If you looked at the police parking lot, it looked like a used car lot."

In 1984, when Charles became Police Chief, there were 28 officers and the average miles on each car was 125,000. Maintenance costs were more than a new fleet of cars. He made a proposal to City Council that would allow him to auction the old cars and keep the money in the Police Department budget. In addition, with

the savings from oil, gas, tires and maintenance, he could buy each officer a new car at no additional expense.

City Council agreed to his request. An entire fleet of new cars was purchased without budget increases. “We saved so much money in maintenance, gas and oil that we were able to get new cars and replace those old clunker cars.”

Into The Future

The Police Department had an officer assigned to the Indiana Law Enforcement Training Academy. He was there for nine months and became certified in almost every aspect of training. He came back and set up Greenwood’s own training division. The city entered into an agreement with Value City to lease the building formerly known as Don’s Guns on Loews Boulevard. The building will have a firing range, training room and office space. “Today, the Police Department continues to move forward.”

Charles thinks of Greenwood in 1965 and is reminded of Andy Griffith and Mayberry. “We had just come out of a time when we had a Town Marshall with one deputy. From 1960 to 1965, we went from two officers to eight. Now our 54 officers have over 140 street miles to patrol and with new residential building, we have an estimated population of approximately 38,000 residents within the city limits. Our Police Department is well equipped to meet the challenge.”

Contributed by Charles E. Henderson, July 30, 2002

Editors’ Note: *Charles Henderson was an ordinary kid who was raised in a hardworking Christian family. There is no doubt that he enjoyed his childhood and adolescent years. As a young adult, he tried his hand at several different vocations before finding his place in public service. Charles is fortunate that he learned early in his career that his “biggest strength was knowing what his weaknesses were.” Beneath his laid-back charismatic personality, lives a man with a vision of how things should be. When asked about his goal in life, he states that, “I have always strived to leave things better than I found them.”*

Charles Henderson is now serving his second term as Mayor of the City of Greenwood.

The Greenwood Fire Department

Submitted by TOM KITE

Lieutenant Tom Kite has been with the Greenwood Fire Department since 1976 and serves as the Public Information Officer. He comes from a family dedicated to public service. His father, Marion (Bert) served for 35 years on the Fire Department and was Fire Chief from 1984 – 1986. Brother Paul, served for twenty years and was Fire Chief from 1986 – 1996. Bert is retired and Paul now works for a property management company.

St. Francis Hospital employs Tom's older sister, Penny. A second sister, Pam, works for the post office in Indianapolis and his oldest brother, Bert is a pastor at St. Marks United Methodist Church in Carmel, Indiana. The family home was in Greenwood at Main Street and U.S. 31. Tom lived there until he got married. In 1986, he moved to a farm where he currently resides.

Operation Life

In 1966, a group of the firemen decided that the Fire Department should furnish ambulance service for Greenwood residents. The funeral homes had provided that service for years but were discontinuing that part of their business. The firemen felt that something should be done to assure that residents had a "ride to the hospital".

A fund raising effort began and a 1966 Chevy Van with doors in the back and two doors on the side was purchased. The equipment was fairly basic. There was oxygen, a cot and first aid items. It was mainly used for accidents and evolved into first aid and home emergency calls.



Myers Ambulance later came on the scene, but they did most of the nursing home runs. In 1979, the Fire Department bought a new Dodge ambulance. That was kept in service until about 1990 – 1991. Then the city entered into a contract with Myers

Ambulance Service, which became the transporting entity. The Fire Department still went on first aid runs and responded as back up to Myers Ambulance.

New Fire Trucks

Tom comments on Greenwood's white fire trucks. "That started when Dick VanValer was Fire Chief. He ordered a new 1956 white truck, instead of red. Greenwood has had white fire trucks since."

In 1978 and again in 1980, the Fire Department bought two Emergency One Class A Pumpers. A "*pumper*" truck is the cornerstone of any fire department. Typically, they are used to pump water from the water supply (mainly hydrants) through a large diameter hose to the hand lines, which are normally 1 ¾ inch diameter. They carry approximately 1,250 feet of supply line and as much as 100 feet of hand lines. They also support a building's sprinkler system. The truck usually carries 500 gallons of water. The 1978 fire engine had a five-man cab.

The 1980 model had a 1,000-gallon tank, so they used it as a "*tanker*" because there were still some areas that didn't have hydrants. At that time, Greenwood was the primary fire protection for Clark Township and they needed a means of getting water to a distant location.

In 1986, the Fire Department bought a custom fire engine. It was a Pierce Arrow and was way ahead of anything they had in the past. It was on a custom built chassis, had a custom built box and a 1,250 gallon per minute water pump with a 500-gallon tank.

In 1989, they still used their 1976 "*snorkel*", which had an eighty-five foot aerial basket used to fight high rise fires. They bought a 75-foot Pierce Arrow "*aerial*" truck with a 1,500 gallon per minute water pump. It only holds 200 gallons of water, but the technology has changed drastically since the 1976 truck. One feature of this truck is a 75-foot rear mount ladder and is mainly used for rescue. It also has a pre-piped waterway up the ladder. This truck also can be used the same as the "*pumper*" truck. It carries a wide variety of tools used for fire suppression.

In 2001, the Fire Department purchased two new fire engines. The new engines are Pierce Sabres. They are equipped with the latest available technology. The

National Fire Protection Association has upgraded safety requirements for motorized fire equipment dramatically from what was required in the past.

The “*tactical*” fire truck carries all of their specialty equipment for technical rescues and hazardous materials response. This truck carries everything from non-sparking hand tools to kitty litter for cleaning up liquid spills. On board it has a breathing air refill station for self-contained breathing apparatus (Scba) and self-contained underwater breathing apparatus. (Scuba) It also has a monitoring station to be used in hazardous material responses, along with air monitoring equipment and computers for gathering information regarding chemicals.

Rescue Units

“*Rescue Units*” are primarily used for auto extraction (removing trapped occupants from vehicles) but can be used for most types of rescues. They also serve as the second apparatus out for emergency medical calls. They carry the *Hurst Jaws of Life* equipment, air bags for lifting and stabilizing and a wide variety of other tools for rescue.

Hazardous Material Team

The Fire Department has a hazardous material team composed of twenty-five members who are certified to the Hazardous Material Technician Level. Training involves an eighty-hour class. Both the National Fire Protection Association and the State of Indiana certify the participants.

Thermal Imaging Cameras

Thermal Imaging Cameras are a relatively new and sophisticated camera that has the capabilities of allowing a firefighter to see through smoke to locate fire victims. The City Fire Department has three to date; two were donated and one was purchased by the city at a cost of \$17,000.

ISO

Greenwood currently maintains an ISO (Insurance Services Organization) fire rating of five. This is a rating service that most insurance companies use. The current rating of five is good for a city the size of Greenwood. There are a lot of things that are considered, such as the city’s water supply, the quality of fire apparatus and keeping a response distance of no more than a mile and a half to an incident.

“Our target is that we want to be at the scene of a fire in four minutes or less. Most generally we make that.”

Firestations

Currently, Greenwood has three fire stations. Fire Headquarters and Station 91 are located at 155 East Main. Station 92 is located at 1244 Fry Road. It was built in 1978 and was completely remodeled in 1999. Station 93 is at 255 West Stop 18 Road and built in 1987.



Fire Headquarters.

In 1976, when Tom joined the Fire Department, they made about 300 runs a year and this year they will break 3,000. There are 104 fire fighters on the department today – 18 are career employees and the rest are part-time.

Mutual Aid

There are thirteen different fire departments in Johnson County. All departments sign a mutual aid contract, which provides assistance to all our neighbors including Perry Township and Franklin Township in Marion County.

Fire Fighters Gear

When Tom's father, Bert joined the department, the women's auxiliary had

fundraisers to buy new black rubber coats, helmets and three-quarter length rubber boots. Since 1978, the city has purchased the firefighters' equipment. Tom remarks that the clothing has become a lot lighter - but a lot safer. A fire fighter is issued boots, bunker pants, helmet, coat, gloves, Nomex hood (which is fire resistance fabric that protects the entire head area from burns) and a personal face piece for a self-



Firefighters in full protective equipment - 2003.

contained breathing apparatus (scba) required by OSHA and NFBA. Each man has his own face piece, ensuring no contamination.

Divisions

The Greenwood Fire Department is broken into divisions for proper management. The divisions are: Administration, which coordinates daily activities of the organization and maintaining fiscal responsibility. Operations is comprised of the stations, apparatus and firefighters that respond daily to requests for assistance in the coverage area. Emergency Medical Services coordinates the response to calls for medical assistance. Training and Special Operations provides training for all personnel and manages Special Operations groups (haz-mat, water rescue, etc.) Code Enforcement and Investigation is responsible for inspections of facilities in the response area and investigation of fires. Support Services maintains and repairs all apparatus and station facilities. Public Education coordinates civilian fire safety and school tours and education.

Cadet Program

The Fire Department has a cadet program for school students 14 years and older. The program was chartered in 1972 and Tom was a member of that group. It is affiliated with the Boys Scouts. They meet once a week and learn about the job of being a firefighter. A student must have a C average in school to participate in the program.



“Sparky” fire safety education robot used by Lt. Kite for elementary age school children classes.

Contributed by Tom Kite, October 24, 2002

Editors’ Note: *The Greenwood Fire Department is a point of pride for this city. When the sirens sound, we can be sure that the best is there to serve. Tom has been a part of this picture since his father was on the department years ago. The department has changed and the services they perform for the community are endless. Tom’s parting words to this story – “I have the best job in the world!” Those are words of a man that believes in what he does and the commitment he has made to his fellow citizens.*

The Greenwood City Parks

Submitted By EVAN SPRINGER

Evan Springer is the Executive Director of Parks and Recreation for the City of Greenwood. He has held the position since 1978, having come to the parks system in 1974.

W.O. Springer and his wife, Nora Branigin Springer had three sons, one of which was Evan's father, Lowell who married Thelma Grannis. They had four children, Cynthia, Evan, Dick and Lowellen.

Evan was born on April 23, 1945 and was brought home from the hospital to 417 Beech Park Drive. Most of his youth was spent at the "Springer home" at 70 West Main Street in Greenwood.

In 1964, Evan married Nicole Williams. They have four children, Stacy, Stephen, Shannon and Shawn and seven grandchildren. All four of the Springer children attended Greenwood High School as did their father and grandfather.

The Springer name is a four-generation family in Greenwood and seven generations in Johnson County. Evan's grandfather and his wife owned the 70 West Main Street home and several businesses in town. Agricultural implement sales grew into power farm equipment and automobile sales. The Springer and Sons dealership sold such cars as the Maxwell, Overland, Interstate, Kissell Car, Ford, Studebakers and the Rockne. The latter was made in South Bend and named for Knute Rockne, the famous football coach at Notre Dame University. Springer and Sons also sold International Harvester, John Deere and Oliver farm implement lines. Later the business became Springer Brothers then the Springer Dodge & Plymouth dealership located at 172 W. Main Street. The building, built by W.O. in 1923 was recently the former location of Bob Shirley's Body Shop.

The Greenwood City Parks

Will F. Averitt, in his book *Greenwood, Indiana Its History 1823-1965*, makes mention of two older parks on the north side of Greenwood that no longer exist. "The first was built about 1898 or 1899, and was called Beech Park and was located just south of where Beech Park Drive is now. It was a small place...not very popular and lasted only about three or four years." He then mentions, "the town of

Greenwood bought... woods, just north of the Fry Road and on the east side of the road...the wooded section that is now known as Forest Park. ...the park was used for picnics, reunions and general gathering...The interurban ran excursions from Indianapolis to this park because there was plenty of good water to drink and lots of shade.” This would have been the very early 1900s.

Old City Park

Averitt mentions a “third park that Greenwood has enjoyed.” This park still exists and is now referred to by most as the “Old City Park”. In 1936, the Greenwood Federation of Clubs, which included all of the clubs located in Greenwood, spearheaded by the Greenwood Lions Club joined together to build a park within the town limits. In March, they leased 9.2 acres from Grace and James Nelson for \$50 per year for seven years. This area was previously part of the Grafton Johnson farm’s cow pasture and is located between Madison Avenue and Meridian Street just south of the Greenwood Baptist Church. Businessmen and citizens of Greenwood raised \$700 by public subscription to purchase playground equipment and to build various structures. The WPA (Works Project Administration) did most of the construction. In May 1941, the city bought the property from the Nelson family.

By the 1950’s, Park Superintendents, Clyde Hayes and later Al Pike had their hands full with a park that was a mecca of social life in Greenwood. In the summer the park provided a full compliment of activities including tennis, basketball, shuffleboard, horseshoes, picnicking and many baseball and softball programs.

In the fall, the largest festival in the county was held. From the mid 1950’s until 1985, the town celebrated “Old Settlers Days” in the park. The celebration usually lasted for two or three days. Everyone participated: the churches, civic clubs, ladies groups, vendors and businesses. It was a fair with parades, food, rides, talent shows, contests and all sorts of activities. Folks came from miles around to visit, enjoy the festivities and reunite with old friends.

In the winter months, there was sledding from the small hills that lined the park, snowmen and snow forts were sculptured and some attempts at ice-skating on temporarily constructed rinks.

There were picnic areas with brick oven type cookers used for grilling. There were two shelter houses. One of the original shelters houses still stands today. Made



Original Old Town Park shelter house.

of limestone, it originally had a hand operated well pump for drinking water in the middle of it. A new shelter was built in the 1980's to replace the second shelter as over time it had deteriorated.

During the mid 1950's, the Greenwood Little League was

formed. Needing places to play, four more diamonds were added to the park. The park was crowded, but full of life and fun.

The Greenwood Library over the years has procured ground from the City of Greenwood and now sits on about 3 acres of the original 9.2 acres of parkland.

Residents made good use of the park. The school's football field was located in the middle of the lower area of the park with a cinder track encircling it. The track was used in the spring for the school's track team, as was the park's diamond for the baseball team.

There were times when the city park flooded and the football field and facilities were under water.



Original Old Town Park Steps.

Greenwood Park Board

In 1961, the first Greenwood Park and Recreation Board was created. This board consisted of Jim Royce, Betty Fisher, John Bass and Herb Chaille. Prior to that time, they had a separate Board of Recreation and a Board of Parks. Before the year was out, three of the four Park Board members resigned over a dispute concerning the new library being built on park grounds.

In 1962, the lone Park Board member, Herb Chaille was joined by new members Bill Williams, E.O. Davisson and Lee Higdon. With the growing need for more park area, this new body of park advocates requested of the Greenwood City Council that they purchase two parcels of land for two new city parks.

Craig Park

Craig Park was purchased in April 1963 and dedicated in 1964. This 25.5-acre park is located north of Smith Valley Road and east of Meridian Street behind Our Lady of Greenwood Catholic Church. It is the city's largest park. Early on, the park was unnamed and was referred to as "The New City Park" and thus the City Park became known as the "Old City Park". The land was once a part of the Nelson property and was farmed for the Polk Canning Factory. The land was put in trust to Indiana University and Dr. E. E. Clore helped to make it available for sale to the City of Greenwood. He also made available to the Greenwood Little League 10 acres of this parcel.

In January 1964, a request came to the Parks Board from the City Council to consider naming the new park the John F. Kennedy Park after our late United States President. In Late July 1964, E.O. Davisson suggested naming the park after Dr. James Albert Craig and at the September Parks Board meeting the Craig Park name became official. Dr. Craig, for whom the park was named, was a very prominent physician and civic-minded citizen. Among his many accomplishments was the formation of several boys' community bands.

The Park Director at this time was Charles "Chuck" Higdon. One helper, Clyde McClain and Higdon cleared the land. Herb Chaille built a shelter house on top of the hill. Arvin Industries made the flag pole and the American Legion furnished a flag. There was a shuffleboard court, a playground for young children and one for the older children. There were a couple of tennis courts and two baseball diamonds. The diamonds were built by the Dads' Club and were used by the Greenwood High School teams. Several small softball diamonds were constructed in the 1970's and were used by the new upstart, Greenwood Lassie League. The tennis facilities have since been expanded to five courts and are used for many local and state tournaments as well as open play. A volleyball court and horseshoe pits have been added and the playground updated. The diamonds are now used for softball play. High School Cross Country Meets are still run in Craig Park.

The "Old Settler's Days" Festival has been replaced by a citywide "Independence Day Celebration", a tradition that started in 1985. Daylong activities all over the city culminate in a massive gala family affair at Craig Park with food, games, music and

fun of all types. Drawing people from near and far, the day ends in an explosion of brilliant color and noise with an awesome fireworks display.

Westside Park

At the same time that Craig Park was purchased, the city purchased Westside Park for \$14,706. It is located on the northeast corner of West Main Street and Howard Road. Wayne Burkhart, Greenwood's first mayor was in office at the time the city bought 24.51 acres from the Scott family farm estate. Built in 1957, the Greenwood sanitation plant property of 2.41 acres lay contiguous to the park.

The property at one time was an old gravel pit. In the early years there was a very large hill of fill dirt alongside the creek that used to be called the "Devil's Backbone." Children would climb to the top to play but had to overcome an old goat that stood on top most of the day and didn't like trespassers.

Charles "Chuck" Higdon was the Park Director at the time they were negotiating for this property. Chuck laid out a plan for this park to be developed with two large baseball diamonds and other facilities. The property they thought they were buying was on the high flat ground where part of Kensington Park addition sits now. However, when park development work was to start, they found the parks property had changed as "some trading" had taken place. The park ended up entirely in the floodway where it is today. The mix-up became known as "Burkhart's Folly." This "folly" did however produce one of the prettiest and most popular parks in Greenwood.

Jim Begley became Park Director in 1969 and had the responsibility of the continued development of Craig Park and getting things started at Westside Park. He negotiated with the Army Corps of Engineers to come in and do extensive grading in Westside Park. A softball diamond, two tennis courts and a basketball court were constructed. The creek, Pleasant Run, snaked through the park so much that it held back the water flow and flooding was a constant problem. George Hepner brought in an excavator and straightened the creek and put in a road to a back parking area.

Begley, along with staff Clyde McClain and Evan Springer cleared the back area by hand and with borrowed equipment. Many times, all were chased out of this thick undergrowth and marshy land by bees and hornets with stings not uncommon. One

time a tractor and bush-hog mower emerged from the thicket minus it's driver Clyde McClain, who was heading the other way, chased by a swarm of hornets.

A shelter house, restrooms, picnic areas and a large playground were built in the back of the park. In 1984, an exercise loop trail that ran from the front of the park to the back and on both sides of the creek was developed and installed. Continued vandalism over the years contributed to the discontinuance of the equipment.

Also, throughout the 1980's and early 1990's, a very popular attraction at Halloween was the Haunted Trail put on by the Jaycees, the High School Band Parents and many volunteer citizens.

The future goal of the Parks Department is to go to the north end of the park, demolish the old sanitation plant, clean up the dumping ground adjacent to it and construct a picnic area and shelter house.

Greenwood City Pool and Park

Greenwood's first commercial outdoor swimming pool was built in 1958. Its location is just east of Beechview Drive and West of Market Plaza. The pool was a private operation called The Green-Urban Club Inc. and Clyde Hayes was the manager. Memberships were required and the business lasted until February 1971, when the City of Greenwood purchased the swimming pool. Mr. Paul Valez was a key player in the consultation, negotiations and purchase of the pool. He operated and managed the swimming pool until 1979. Betty Dawson, who worked under Mr. Valez since 1971, became the pool Manager and remained in that capacity until 1998.

In 1975, the pool was enlarged and the water filtration and chemistry system was upgraded. Various projects through the years have renovated portions of the facility. In the summer, it is an immensely popular place with participation numbers that frequently exceed the limits.

The Pool Park was built in the 1980's on the adjoining property to the pool. Areas were built up with fill and a small shelter, a playground, two tennis courts and a basketball court were constructed to enhance the amenities of the area.

Northeast Park

Northeast Park is a 19.1-acre park located to the east of Northern Park Subdivision and to the west of Northeast School. This is the first park that Evan was involved in the acquisition and development of the property. The property was obtained from the Martha and Herman Linzie, who previously farmed the ground. The Parks Board attempted to get a federal grant to purchase and develop the property. In order to get the federal grant, the property couldn't be purchased until the grant money was received. In an effort to hold the property until the city had the money to purchase it, Mr. Robert Winship stepped in and purchased the ground from the Linzies.

The grant was awarded and the Parks and Recreation Board informed the City Council and instructed them as to how to proceed to get the funds. The City Council felt that there were "too many federal strings attached" and the grant offer was turned down. The City ended up floating a bond issue for acquisition and development.

In December of 1978, the Parks Board purchased the new property from Winship and an additional parcel from the Linzies. The total land cost was \$74,000. Both parties waived and donated the amount that the property had appreciated during this waiting period.

Being located adjacent to the Northeast Elementary School, this park was developed as a Park/School concept. A shelter house was built along with a playground, a parking lot, two tennis courts, a basketball court, two softball diamonds, 4 soccer fields, open play areas, landscaping and fencing. Central Nine Horticultural Department had a project in Northeast Park where they planted most of the native trees of Indiana and there is a small arboretum in the park. In 2002, the counties first Skate and Bike Park facility with ramps, rails and jumps was constructed utilizing the little used tennis courts.

Trails Park

The Trails Park is located at the southwest corner of Covered Bridge Road and Fry Road behind the houses on that corner. It is about a 2.5 to 3 acre storm water retention area that was donated by Steven Moulder to the City in December of 1978. He built the Whispering Trails subdivision and donated this property for a block park and open play area. He also bought the playground equipment for the park.

Northwest Park

The Northwest Park is 12.1 acres and is located at 1300 Fry Road just east of the Trails Park. The City of Greenwood bought the land from the Johnson Suburban Utilities for \$45,000 in August of 1985. The park sits on an old sanitation utility site. The buildings were razed and the land was leveled off. The top of one of the cement holding tanks is still visible as it serves as the inner curb for the shelter house circular drive. A parking lot, playground, restrooms and a shelter house were built. The wooded area on the north side of the Pleasant Run Creek has been opened up exposing a meadow, trails and a nature area.

In 1988 and again in 1997, the Parks Board purchased an additional 2.1 acres to the east. For \$9,000, lots number 5,6,7, and 8 of the Rouse Addition were acquired increasing the total park size to 12.1 acres.

As a side note, Pleasant Run Creek and Pleasant Creek run through or near nine of the twelve City Parks, from the east side to the west side of town. The long-range plan is to try to connect much of this linear greenway for part of a trail system.

Woodmen Park

Woodmen Park was acquired in November of 1985. The land was a dedication from Cardinal Industries, the developers of the Clearview Apartments that are adjacent to the park's northern boundary. The park is 13.86 acres and it is located east of the Greenwood High School Football field and south of Smith Valley Road just west of Carriage House Apartments. This facility has been developed with two softball diamonds that the Lassie League used for a while and a soccer field presently used by the high school for soccer games. Playgrounds, a sand volleyball court, restrooms and a shelter house are also available.

Recently, access to the park from the south was provided with a new roadway and parking lot giving greater service to Clearbrook and other new additions.

Northwest Annex

The Northwest Annex was acquired in November 1990. It was so named because they ran out of directional names and there are plans to someday connect this park with the Northwest Park, which is about a ½ mile to the east, up Pleasant Run Creek.

This would create a long linear park and would become the city's largest park, all hooked together with trails.

Timber Village Inc. and Stephen Moulder, the developer of Timber Village which sit adjacent to the park's northern boundary, dedicated to the City the original 14.5 acres of this park. In June 1991, the Park Board purchased from Moulder an additional 5.54 acres on the far south edge increasing the total to 19.89 acres.

The park has been developed as mainly a passive nature park with trails winding through natural wooded and meadow areas.

Much wildlife abounds for being located in a highly populated area. You can frequently see deer, muskrat, beaver, assorted birds and other wildlife. Other developments include a shelter, restrooms, playground and parking lots.

The park is located on the 1600 block of Fry Road, west ½ mile of the Northwest Park on the north side of Fry Road.

Surina Square Park

In 1991, the Surina Complex was built which includes the new Greenwood Community Center, Police Station and the new Fire Station. The complex is known as Surina Square in memory of Mayor Jeanette Surina. Mayor McGovern was

involved at the time the Surina buildings were finished because Mayor Surina had succumbed to cancer. Mayor McGovern finished Mayor Surina's term.



Greenwood Community Center

about a 5-acre park in 1992. Trees were planted and a trail that winds around and crosses twice over Pleasant Creek was paved. This area has become known as Surina Square Park.

In 1999 through 2001, a group of interested citizens raised over \$250,000 to build an amphitheater. The amphitheater was built in Surina Square Park because of its bowl like setting. It is the home for the Greenwood Community Band. Various concerts and other functions are held there throughout the year.

The Children's Garden Park

In 1996, the city acquired the 2 acre Morehead property and building on the southeast corner of Washington and Main Street. The unsightly building was dilapidated and was torn down. The ground was leveled into three tiers. The area was landscaped and a gazebo, walkway and water fountain was installed. Central Nine students built a low brick wall and Greenwood High School students constructed the arched entrance trellis. The students of the Greenwood Elementary Schools painted ceramic tiles, which were implanted into the sidewalk. Isom Elementary School children helped with the planting work. All these efforts have created a beautiful little addition to the entranceway to our city and Old Towne Greenwood.



The Children's Garden

Mayor Henderson got the project going. People go there to relax and particularly for wedding photographs.

A note of interest is that this park was the former site of Dr. Clore's Hoosier Mineral Feed Company.

Summerfield Park

Summerfield Park is a 16.35-acre donation from the Indiana Land Corporation. It is located at 275 W. Worthsville Road, west of U.S. 31., in the low area between the two Summerfield Additions. The park is under construction at this time. The roadway and parking area, fencing, restroom facilities, two playgrounds, two soccer fields and a baseball backstop are completed. At Mayor Henderson's request, a BMX park for bikers was built. Mounds of dirt have been placed for the bikers to jump and play on. Two shelter facilities, a basketball court and a loop trail are to be built in the near future.

Polk Community House

The Polk family donated the Community House to the City of Greenwood. It had been the center of cultural activity for many years. Over time, activities and business moved out and the building was little used. Except for scattered meetings here and

there, the Jaycees met upstairs, the Parks Board met on the main floor and the Lion's Club met in the basement at night where Mrs. Small's kindergarten met during the day. Tri Kappa would hold their annual rummage sale, Bantam Football League held their sign-ups and there was a fashion show occasionally.

The only regular activity through all these years was the Greenwood Boys Club in the rear of the building. Although it was called the Boys Club, it is not known that it was ever sanctioned as such. It was always crowded with boys and girls through the 1950's and most of the 1960's.

When Jim Begley became the Director of Parks and Recreation in 1969, the Community House had been closed for about a year. The Fire Marshal had deemed it unsafe and in hazardous condition. Begley and Clyde McClain set out to render the old building usable. Renovations included: tearing out some walls and erecting others, tearing out the auditorium seats, tiling the floor, filling in the old swimming pool with pea gravel and pouring a cement floor over it for a game room, repairing restrooms and shower rooms, installing a ceiling in the gym, chasing out the bats in the attic and various other tasks. The rear half of the building was reopened and served as a recreation center until 1978.

In the early 1970's, activities were expanded into the movie theater section and used for volleyball. The gymnasium was always crowded and in the game room there was pool, ping-pong, shuffleboard and other table games. Exercise and crafts rooms were in the basement.

The Board of Public Works and Safety over saw the Community House. Annual budgets had only allowed for some preventative maintenance here and there.

The Board of Works decided to give the Polk Community House Building to the Parks and Recreation Department. Even though the Parks Board had no budget to take care of the extra overhead, they accepted the building as of January 1, 1978. Five days later the boiler went out and after emergency meetings the Board of Works funded the boiler replacement.

Evan became interim director when Jim Begley resigned in mid 1978. He later became Executive Director. Shortly thereafter, the roof began to leak badly and the old building was experiencing other problems. The City Building Inspector reviewed the problems and declared the building unsafe. No monetary help was forthcoming

and on September 13, 1978, the Parks Board suspended all functions in the building and returned all operation and responsibility of the building back to the Board of Works.

The Polk Community House Building was once again closed down and this time for good as a Community Recreation Center.

The Greenwood Community Center

The new \$2.3 Million Community Center was completed in 1992. Greenwood had gone 14 years without a community center. It is approximately a 47,000 sq. ft. facility with a dual court gymnasium, nine basketball goals, two volleyball courts, a fitness area, running track, a passive game room, an active game room, several multi-purpose meeting rooms, kitchen facilities, vending room, men's and women's locker rooms and six restrooms. There is a centrally located control area and manager's office. The building also houses the offices for the Recreation Department and Administrative offices at 100 Surina Way.

The 2002 Parks and Recreation budget is \$1,123,945 compared to the 1974 budget of \$47,500, when Evan first started with the department. Three fulltime employees have grown to 14 with over 120 part time and seasonal employees and more than 100 program volunteers. The City of Greenwood presently has 152.37 acres of park grounds in 12 parks, 1 City pool and the Greenwood Community Center. There has been tremendous growth of the Parks and Recreation Department from its humble beginnings. There are plans for the purchase of more than 100 acres of land in the next few years for additional parks and open space. A city wide trails and greenways system is being implemented and a family aquatics park is also in the offing in the near future.

*Contributed by Evan Springer, Executive Director Parks and Recreation,
November 11, 2002*

The Greenwood Public Library

Submitted by BETTY SHERRILL KLUTTS

Betty Sherrill Klutts was born near Charlotte, North Carolina. She married Boyce Klutts in 1946. They have two sons, Sherrill R. and Wesley R. and they are blessed with three grandsons, David W., Spencer B. and Russell W. Betty and Boyce moved to Indiana in 1956 and to Greenwood in 1957, when Boyce was transferred to the Indianapolis office of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

One of the features of Greenwood that appealed to Betty and her sons was the Greenwood Public Library. They found it to be a splendid place to visit, research and share with other Greenwood citizens. It was amusing to learn that the first town library was located in an upstairs room over a building on Main Street.

That library had only 35 books on the shelves when it opened with a reception on February 6, 1917. Visitors were asked to bring books they would like to donate. At the close of the opening day there were 85 borrowers! Miss Francis Dean was the first librarian.

In 1920, the library was moved to the northeast corner room in the Polk Building, known then as the "Community House" and recognized today as Greenwood City Hall.

Miss Hazel Wishard was appointed librarian in 1928. She completely re-classified and cataloged the growing collection of books. She retired in 1956 and was succeeded by Mrs. Mildred Stahl, who was the librarian when Betty became active at the library. She was very progressive in her approach to library science, greatly improving the collection and making the library rules more relaxed toward the patrons. She encouraged Betty to complete the necessary college courses to qualify for a Librarian Certificate from the State and she became an assistant. Later, Betty served on the Board of Trustees for thirteen years.

During that time, a new library facility was built on the grounds of the Old City Park (1963). The book collection and patron activity was growing so rapidly that the building had to be remodeled in 1991 and 1992. On August 18, 2002, Ms. Margaret Hamilton, the current librarian welcomed Greenwood citizens to an open house celebrating a newly remodeled and greatly enlarged Greenwood Public Library.

Under her guidance the new facility fills every need for Greenwood citizens and will for years to come.



The Greenwood Public Library.

From one room with 35 books to a building with 51,500 square feet and a capacity for 200,000 books is quite an accomplishment. Another one of Greenwood's success stories!

LIBRARIANS

1917 – Miss Frances Dean
1918 – Miss Grace Green
1920 – Miss Cordia Clark (2 mos.)
1920 – Miss Mayme Hanson
1928 – Miss Hazel Wishard
1956 – Mrs. Mildred Stahl
1971 – Ms Kathryn (Odle) Spurgeon
1988 – Ms Margaret Hamilton

CURRENT BOARD OF DIRECTORS

J. David Julian
Jerry Ashby
Ellen Miller
Charles Mellencamp
Laura Pine
Wayne Kincaid
Shirley Vleck

Contributed by Betty Sherrill Klutts, October 14, 2002

The Wheatcraft Airport

Submitted by
VIRGINIA WHEATCRAFT VIELHABER
&
ROBERT VIELHABER

Virginia Wheatcraft Vielhaber was born March 3, 1927, on the Wheatcraft Farm where the Greenwood Airport is today. Her parents were Raymond and Anna Maude Wheatcraft.

Virginia is the youngest of nine children. Her oldest sibling is Oleta, then Bill (William Allison), Horace Edward, Anna Moore, Raymond Jr., Ida Mae, Robert and Ella Mae.

Virginia married Robert Vielhaber. After their marriage, Robert, "Bob" spent many hours with the Wheatcraft brothers as they pursued their love of flying.

In 1850, Malachi Wheatcraft moved to the northern part of Johnson County and set up farming. He was the great-great-grandfather of Virginia Wheatcraft Vielhaber. The vast Wheatcraft Farm originally spanned from Old Meridian Street east to Emerson Avenue along County Line Road and had parcels in both Johnson and Marion Counties. Virginia's father, Raymond and her Uncle Leland inherited all of the property.

Growing up on the Wheatcraft farm meant helping with the many chores. Virginia and her sisters were expected to do their share while the Wheatcraft brothers tended the crops and livestock. They also helped their father run the sawmill that had been built on the property at an earlier time.

The Wheatcraft Airport became well known to local residents and flying enthusiasts throughout the state and beyond. The airport was another venture of the Wheatcraft family that evolved into the present day airport owned by the City of Greenwood.

Virginia believes that her two oldest brothers, Bill and Ed (Horace) started the airport because they wanted to fly. Ray Jr. and Robert showed no interest in flying at that time. In 1946, Bill and Ed took flying lessons at the Sky Harbor Airport in Indianapolis. Flying instructions and a license were required as they are today.

Bill and Ed bought their own plane. They took some of their father's ground and mowed a runway path for take-offs and landings. The runway was grass turf as it made for a softer landing than cement or blacktop. The first runway was north and south.

Virginia's husband, Bob first saw the farm in about 1944-1945 when he returned from the navy. At that time, they had a PT-19 (Piper Trainer Model 19), a Cessna and a Piper Cub.

The PT-19 had two open cockpits, one behind the other. Bob didn't have a license to fly and Bill took him for his first ride in the PT-19.



Grass landing strip at Wheatcraft Airport.

Courtesy of Allan Wheatcraft.

"We had to use parachutes when we went up. I had never seen a parachute before and asked Bill what it was for. He explained that the law required a parachute when

Courtesy of Allan Wheatcraft



"PT-19"

flying in an open cockpit plane. The parachute was a safety device in case the pilot and passengers needed to jump out of the plane. We slipped into the harness and fastened it. Once we were in the plane, we sat on the parachute and fastened the seat belt. The plane actually held us in."

"When we went up it was very enjoyable. After we were up a while Bill cut the engine and just idled. It scared me.

I had been in fighter planes, but never a little one like this. Bill asked me if I would jump if there were an emergency. I told him there was no way I would jump. Finally, I told him that I would meet him halfway. I would unfasten my seat belt and he could turn the plane upside down so I could fall out, but



Courtesy of Allan Wheatcraft.

my fingernail scratches would be all down the side of the plane.”

After graduating from high school, Ray found employment with the Gulf Refining Company in Greenwood. He served as an “extra” while working on the farm. In 1940, Ray was offered a position doing construction work and pipe fitting. He later became a telegraph operator for the pipeline.

In December of 1945, Ken Gariott and Dick Griffith started the White Cloud Airport southwest of the Greenwood town limits. They needed a hanger built and contacted Ray, as he was known for his building skills. Ray was asked if he wanted to trade part of his wages for flying lessons, but he declined.

While building the hanger, Ray became intrigued with the planes flying in and out of the airport. He finally took his first airplane ride with Gariott on April 5, 1946. Two days later he had his first flying lesson and within two weeks took his first solo flight. In June, he bought a brand new plane and got his private pilot’s license. By December, he had his commercial pilot’s license. He had achieved in eight months what it took most pilots two year’s to do – accumulate 200 flying hours.

The Wheatcraft brothers, Bill, Ed and Ray opened the Wheatcraft Airport as a commercial airport on December 26, 1946.

Most of Bob Vielhaber’s flying was with brother-in-law Ray, after he got his commercial license. Ray wanted him to take lessons and become a pilot, but Bob told him that he would rather ride shotgun and let him handle the plane.

Courtesy of Allan Wheatcraft.



*Wheatcraft Brothers...Ed, Ray and Bill ...
All pilots.*

On one occasion, Ray wanted to go up and do a few stunts and asked Bob to go with him. Ray built up speed, tilted the plane and went straight up until the engine stalled out. Bob doesn’t know how high they were, but the front of the plane lowered as they went down toward the ground. Then the plane spun around maybe two, three or four times. After the spin, they went into the lazy 8, a swooping maneuver like a figure eight. Next was the

barrel roll, where the plane rolled over several times. Ray repeatedly asked Bob if he was going to be sick. “I thought that I would several times, but didn’t. Actually, it was a lot of fun.”

Speed in the aircraft was about 70 – 80 mph. Bob believes that a plane had to be going less than 60 mph before the engine would stall out when coming in for a landing.

To start the engines in the older planes, someone would reach up to the propeller and pull it down as if he was going to spin it around in a circle. It was a one-hand motion. Bob assumes that there was a choke or throttle inside the plane that started the engine.

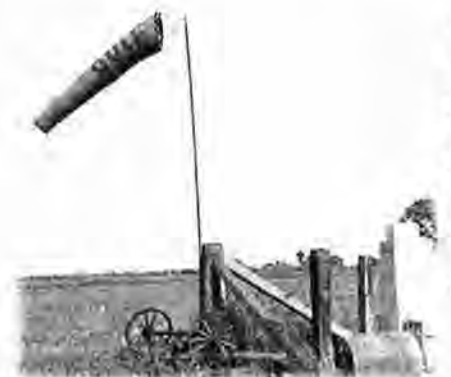
On the instrument panel was an altimeter that would show how high the plane was flying above ground level. Another gauge showed the air speed. There was also a fuel gauge.

There was no radio contact with anyone on the ground. Bob said the pilots would jump in the plane, fly somewhere and come back. The planes didn’t have horizons. Horizons showed the pilot if he was flying level – like a horizontal level. If one wing was up, the plane was off the horizon. This gauge also told the pilot if he was heading left or right.

Flying was not usually done at night but some planes landed at night. For the pilots’ benefit, they put lights down the runway using Ball Brothers fruit jars and regular light bulbs that were strung along the runway. They made cones out of sheet metal and placed the jars and lights inside to protect them from the weather.

The windsock is a tubular piece of cloth that allows the wind to blow through it. The windsock was on a pole about seven or eight feet off of the ground and showed the pilots which way the wind was blowing. If it were hanging down limply, it meant there was little or no wind at all. It would spin around 360 degrees.

Ray got his flight instructor’s license in 1947. He trained over 700 students during the 13 years he served as the airport’s instructor.



“Windsock”

Courtesy of Allan Wheatcraft.

Years later, Ray sold his part of the airport to Bill and Ed. He started flying for the Gulf Oil Pipeline. Gulf pumped diesel fuel, gasoline and anything that had to do with petroleum through these lines. It ran from Oklahoma and Texas and came up through this part of Indiana and over to Ohio and Pennsylvania.

When Ray flew the pipeline, he flew about tree level above the pipeline checking for leaks. It was an open area and you could see the pipeline from an airplane. The big pipes were underground and if there was a leak it would show up on the surface of the ground. Other pipes were above ground. Ray had little sandbags with a ribbon attached for leaving messages for the ground crews. He dropped the sandbags close to the oil spot. Sometimes he would report a leak at a nearby airport. A crew would then go out and make the repairs.

Once when Ray was on a flight, he saw a house on fire. Ray wrote a note and dropped a sandbag at a house close by. He got the attention of the people on the ground – a father and son. They retrieved the note and gave him the high sign. Ray pointed in the direction of the fire. They jumped in their truck and raced over to help their neighbor.

On another occasion, Ray was going west on the pipeline and flew into a fog. He immediately raised the height of the plane and circled back. Not having a horizon on the plane, he didn't know whether he was flying sideways or upside down. He couldn't tell the height of the fog without instruments.

When he turned back, the fog came in behind him and he flew back into it. He caught a glimpse of what looked like a meadow or pasture to his left. He doglegged around to land.

When he turned to come in, he could tell his air speed was picking up and he was going down. He wasn't able to determine if he was going left or right, so he watched the ground from the window on the left side. When he saw the ground, he turned the plane in the opposite direction tail down and the nose up. He hit the ground and flipped the plane over. When the plane stopped, he was hanging upside down so he cut himself loose and got out. The neighbors gathered around when they heard the plane crash. All of a sudden, the fog lifted and he looked around and saw that the entire meadow was full of stumps. He couldn't understand how he kept from hitting one of the stumps.

Ray worked around the clock studying to be an electrician for the oil company because he could see a good future there. He eventually became the chief electrician for the Gulf Oil Line all the way from Oklahoma and Texas up to Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania.

There were many ways pilots could tell where they were located. Directional signs were put on top of buildings showing the way to the nearest airport. There was such a sign on the top of the Community House. It was made of hardwood and painted a bright yellow/orange and pointed northeast toward the airport.

Pilots flew toward a town's water tower. The name of the town was always on the tower, so they could check their maps to pinpoint their location.

Beacon lights that revolved around in a circular motion were placed approximately 20 miles apart on the routes of mail carrier planes. Commercial and private pilots who flew at night could follow these beacons from one place to another. The Wheatcraft brothers were pioneers in the aviation history of Greenwood. Their adventurous spirits and love of flying made it possible for many others to follow.

*Contributed by Virginia Wheatcraft Vielhaber and Bob Vielhaber,
February 27, 2002*

Footnote: *While doing research for this article we received a letter from Elizabeth Wheatcraft Kirkhoff who is living in Seiersville, Tennessee. She is the daughter of William A. Wheatcraft, one of the Wheatcraft brothers that started the airport. Elizabeth's information on the early airport parallels what the Vielhabers contributed.*

Robert Charles Smith married Ella Mae Wheatcraft. They lived in the 1st house west of the Wheatcraft Airport. Robert also enjoyed flying and his plane was parked next to the fence that separated the two properties. He would just go out, jump the fence, get in his plane and fly off!

Allan Wheatcraft, son of William A. Wheatcraft, provided pictures from his collection to be included in this article.

The Wheatcraft Airport to the Greenwood Municipal Airport

Bob Miles was the first manager of the Wheatcraft Airport. He served from 1955-1957, then left to become a pilot for Lake Central Airlines. At that time, Ralph Morgan became manager. The airport was then sold to Ernie Hough and Orville Horton and renamed Skyway Airport. Later, Horton became the sole owner of the airport, having purchased Hough's portion and remained as such until the early 1980's.

Under the Wheatcraft's ownership, the primary runway was 1,700 feet north/south – all turf. It has been said that many pilots, including manager Bob Miles himself landed on County Line Road more than once. Besides the north/south runway there were two shorter runways: an east/west and a northeast/southwest.

Under the ownership of Orville Horton improvements were made to the primary runway. The runway length limited operations considerably. Horton changed from turf to hard surface and lengthened the runway to over 3,000 feet in 1968 as a result of an incident involving Dr. Christie.

Christie was returning from the Rose Bowl on January 3, 1968 and communicating with air traffic control. He performed a circling descent over the Skyway Airport as he descended below the clouds for a visual approach. As he broke out of the clouds, he noted the snow on the ground and a lack of tracks on the runway. Indianapolis air traffic control told him that the area had light snow and he proceeded to land.

Using full flaps, he landed the twin engine aircraft on the runway, but was not slowing down. Part way down the runway, he maneuvered the airplane off the runway onto the grass between the runway and the lights; but even then with the aircraft turned 90 degrees to the runway, it continued to travel south. The craft finally came to a stop on the plowed field on the Charlie Beckner farm south of the airport. A layer of ice was discovered under the snow when he checked for damage to the plane. The aircraft had not sustained any damage and he taxied back to the hangar and tied it down.

Following that incident, Dr. Christie arranged for an option to purchase the Beckner property and at the same time arranged for an option on the airport from Horton. Christie and the Willsey brothers, who were attorneys, formed a partnership and proceeded with the purchase of land from the Beckners. The Christie/Willsey partnership sold some of the Beckner's land in 1969 for residential development and the development of the Greenwood Industrial Air Park.

Horton, having maintained ownership of the airport bought some land in 1970 from Christie/Willsey to extend the runway to a length of over 3,000 feet. Horton expanded the hangar area and installed a non-FAA (Federal Aviation Administration) standard runway lighting system – an improvement over the lighted fruit jars originally used. A VOR (Variable Omni Range) approach was added but only for daytime use because of the non-FAA standard lighting system.

In 1975, a Reliever Airport Study identified the need for a reliever airport on the south side of Indianapolis in Johnson County north of Edinburgh. However, the airport in Franklin was too far south. At the time, Skyway was not considered as a feasible airport. Another five years passed and Horton decided to sell the airport. He offered it to the City of Greenwood but also looked into the possibility of selling it for non-aeronautical use.

In preparation to consider purchasing the airport property, Mayor Jeanette Surina appointed a committee that worked with federal and state agencies to designate Skyway Airport a reliever airport for Indianapolis International Airport. Reliever designation was given on July 24, 1984, by inclusion in the Indiana State Airport System Plan. The State had recognized the need to preserve Skyway Airport in light of the poor potential for establishment of a new reliever airport in Johnson County. On October 5th of that year, the airport was added into the National Plan of Integrated Airport Systems (NPIAS) making the city, as the airport sponsor, eligible to receive FAA funding for the airport.

Mayor Surina appointed a Board of Aviation Commissioners on October 24, 1984. James Smith, Robert J. Wicker, Patrick Sherman and Phillip McGovern comprised the membership.

Since federal funding was involved, a Master Plan and Environmental Assessment were required. This was submitted to the State and the FAA on February 15, 1985 and the Grant award was made on June 11, 1985. An eight-month time frame was

outlined for plan completion. The plan resulted in a recommendation that the City of Greenwood purchase the Skyway Airport. The 46 acres became the property of the city on July 16, 1986.

In the eighteen years since the City of Greenwood purchased the airport, there have been many improvements made and additional land purchased. The first project was to overlay an existing north/south runway and to improve drainage. Also, this project included an upgrade of the lighting system. The installation of precision approach path indicators (called PAPIs) on the north end of the runway and a displacement of the threshold were also a part of the first project. Next, an additional 30 acres were purchased and the entrance road, which would access the new terminal building and maintenance hanger was designed. The construction itself was completed in 1988 and dedicated.

By participating in this improvement program, Greenwood received over ten million federal dollars in improvements with eight hundred thousand state and local share dollars. The end result is a first class airport facility with 109 T-hangars fully occupied, a well designed, beautifully appointed terminal building and state of the art maintenance facility, a 4,300 foot by 75 foot runway capable of supporting most business aircraft, full parallel taxiway, medium intensity lighting system with PAPIs and REILS on over 200 acres. The airport is a fully self-sustaining operation with hangar rentals, land rentals and investments comprising its income. No tax dollars are involved in the maintenance or payroll of this facility.

Several industries and business professionals in the local area hangar their aircraft here. The Aviation Association of Indiana Business Surveys have for the past few years shown an overall excess of \$3,500,000 being brought in to the community by businesses using this airport.

Sources:

"As built" drawings
Grant Applications & awards
1986 Airport Master Plan &
Environmental Assessment
AAI Business Surveys
Greenwood Board of Aviation Records



Greenwood Airport - 2003

The Greater Greenwood Community Band

Submitted By Ed Holeman

In 1993, a Greenwood Attorney, Duane O'Neal wished to play his instrument after a twenty-year hiatus. Finding no musical ensemble in the area, he approached Jon Sutton, director of bands at the Greenwood High School about forming a community band.

Jon recommended Dr. Joe Naumcheff, a retired university trumpet instructor and administrator for the position of organizer and director. Dr. Naumcheff accepted the challenge and the announcements in the local paper resulted in twenty-seven musicians attending an organizational meeting in May of 1993.

The first rehearsal was held in June 1993 and the first concert was performed that same year.

The band continued to grow and concerts were performed at Craig Park, Greenwood Park Mall, Our Lady of Greenwood and other local sites.

Dr. Naumcheff retired from his position as director at the end of the 1997 season. The band's board of directors then appointed Ed Holeman to be Dr. Naumcheff's successor.

Mr. Holeman is a local resident, a retired high school band director and student counselor. His musical experience includes performances with the Kelly-Miller Brothers Circus Band, the 14th Air Force Band, several local bands, brass quintets and German bands.



The Greater Greenwood Community Band rehearses every Thursday evening at the local high school band room. Requirements for membership are a desire to play your instrument and a commitment to attend most rehearsals and concerts.

Due to efforts of a local citizens committee, plans were developed and construction of a performance pavilion was completed for dedication on June 30, 2001. The pavilion is one of the finest performance structures to be found in any park system. The band considers this pavilion to be its “home base” and performs four to five concerts there each summer.

The band also presents one or two concerts a year at other locales. They have performed at Noblesville Park, Irvington Park, Franklin Park, Johnson County Park, Garfield Park, Hanna House, University of Indianapolis, Whiteland, Southport and Worthington, Indiana.

“Goals of the band are to enjoy playing, to present entertainment, to promote the City of Greenwood and most of all to have fun doing what we do.”

Contributed by Ed Holeman, January 9, 2003

The Greenwood High School Band

Submitted By JON SUTTON

Jon Sutton has been a resident of Greenwood for twenty-one years. He taught music at Lebanon and Knightstown for nine years prior to his move to Greenwood.

Upon arrival in Greenwood, he served as an assistant in the music department for three years before taking over the head position. He presently holds the position of Music Department Chair and Head Band Director at the high school.



The first band in Greenwood was not associated with the school. It was called the Greenwood Juvenile Military Band and was formed by Dr. Craig who was a local doctor. One of the members of this band was Maurice F. Shadley. Mr. Shadley was a graduate of Greenwood High School and enjoyed playing with the Juvenile Band. Mr. Shadley was recruited by Greenwood School Superintendent Earl Wood to start a band program at Greenwood High School.

The band program at the Greenwood Schools started with a mere 28 musicians in the fall of 1936 under the direction of Maurice F. Shadley.

Note: *In January of 1994, Mr. Sutton was introduced to Dr. Maurice F. Shadley during the Indiana Music Educators Conference. The above information was obtained by Mr. Sutton during a phone conversation with Dr. Shadley in July of 1994. Dr. Shadley currently resides in Bloomington, Indiana.*

Today, the middle school and high school combined have approximately 400 students enrolled in the band program. Mr. Sutton comments that between the band and the choir, they have about 25 per cent of the student body involved in music at the high school. The band is around 15 per cent and the choir is about 10 per cent of the student population.

Students start getting music training in elementary school. A good percentage of the children go forward with the band program.

A credit to the band program can be seen in what some students do with their musical education. Mr. Sutton comments that some students will form small brass quintets and play for weddings and social events. Some students form rock bands. A few of these bands are presently performing. One band is still in school and another has members in college and they get together on the weekends.

Other students become music majors in college. Some are teaching music, others are out performing. The high school can point with pride to some former students that play in some sort of organization. The Community Band is a good example of that. These young people have learned the music process through the school band program.

The Greenwood School System offers the following programs for those students interested in music:

- Sixth Grade Band
- Seventh Grade Band
- Eighth Grade Band
- Middle School Pep Band
- High School Concert Bands (2)
- High School Jazz Band
- High School Pep Band
- High School Color Guard
- High School Winter Color Guard
- High School Winter Percussion Ensemble
- High School Marching Band

The Greenwood community can be proud of the accomplishments of the awards received by the High School Band organizations:

- Indiana State Fair Champions – 1976 (band director Herman Knoll)
- Indiana State Music Association State Marching Band Champions 1986, 1987, 1989, 1990, 1995, 1996, 1997, 2000 (band director Jon S. Sutton)
- Over 50 Superior Ratings for the High School Concert Bands
- 4 State Finals appearances for the High School Wind Ensemble (top concert band)
- Color Guard Winter Competitions include 21 straight State Finals appearances and a State Championship in 1982
- Winter Percussion State Finals Appearances 2000, 2001, 2002

Featured Appearances By The High School Band Include:

National Sports Festival – 1982

Philadelphia Thanksgiving Day Parade – 1993

Fiesta Bowl Parade and Field Competition – 1997

Hollywood Christmas Parade – 2000

The Greenwood Band Parents Organization

The purpose of the Band Parents is to provide the support and fund raising activities necessary for the bands to exist and flourish. The group consists of parents of the students who participate in the various band and guard organizations.

Band Parents raise funds and oversee a budget in excess of \$70,000. This budget is to cover the myriad expenses of the bands, including uniforms, props used in performances, some of the cost of travel and funds to help students defray the cost of music lessons and other expenses. This group is to be highly commended for the support and involvement in the education of the young people of this community. (Band Parents tribute taken from the Marching Band Competition – Souvenir Program – September 28, 2002)

Contributed by Jon Sutton, January 10, 2003

The Churches of Greenwood

Submitted By DAVID JOHNSON

Research Assistance By GENE NIX

The citizens of Greenwood have continued to benefit from the rich religious heritage our forefathers have left. It is a spiritual experience to examine its history and view the birth of new churches, the warm cooperation that has existed among the congregations and ponder the remarkable times of spiritual revival and refreshing that have impacted lives.

The Greenwood First Presbyterian Church was the earliest congregation. They met at the home of John Smock, beginning in 1824. The first sermon in Greenwood is said to have been preached by Reverend George Bush on December 23, 1824. The congregation was formally established December 21, 1825 with nine members. A log building was soon erected on a parcel of land near Madison and Noble Streets, only to be replaced by a frame building on the same site. In 1852, the congregation moved to a permanent building on the central Greenwood site now known as the northwest corner of Main and Brewer.

The birth of the Greenwood Christian Church is said to date back to 1839 when a loyal follower of this movement, George Shortridge settled in Greenwood and within a few years built a small house of worship on his farm. Congregations from the Rocklane Christian Church and others from Southport are said to have helped establish the congregation in Greenwood. Later, the congregation purchased the village school and eventually erected a church on land in the Dobbins addition, then to a more permanent home at Broadway and Smart, where the church met until the mid 1960's. Continued growth of the congregation necessitated a move to a larger facility at 512 South Madison Avenue across from the present day middle school. Further growth of a membership exceeding 3,000 has allowed the church to move again to a very large modern facility at 2045 Averitt Road.

The Greenwood Baptist Church began in 1839 with a meeting of 18 members in a grove near Greenwood. The Baptists were able to use the early Presbyterian building at Madison and Noble for a period of time. After returning to outdoor meetings on one acre of land donated by the Josiah Bass family, the first building was completed on this property about five years later. In 1860, the church moved to its present location on Main

Street, south of Brewer with several major additions and renovations to come in the future.

The Greenwood United Methodist began in 1849 with the circuit-riding ministry of several pastors from Franklin and Southport. In 1850, a class constituted the first membership of the First Methodist Episcopal Church on West Main Street. The first building was constructed in 1851 on the southwest corner of Pearl and Meridian Streets. In 1887, a more permanent building was erected at the southeast corner of Brewer and Broadway. This facility served the church until 1965, when the growth of the congregation necessitated a move to its present facility at 535 North Madison Avenue.

The fifth church in Greenwood was the Pilgrim Holiness Church. It began in 1914, in the home of Mrs. Della Coffman on East Main Street. Mrs. Coffman had an outreach for the children on the east side of town. She opened her home and began a Sunday school for the children that later joined the Pilgrim Holiness Denomination to become the Pilgrim Holiness Church.

In 1968, the Pilgrim Holiness Denomination merged with the Wesleyan Methodist Denomination to form the Wesleyan Church located at 198 North Emerson Avenue. More recently, the original church building on East Main Street has become the home of the Outreach Community Church of God.

During the early days of Greenwood, several churches served the city that were located within walking distance. As Greenwood grew, other congregations were formed to meet the needs of its citizens. These congregations often were begun to fulfill a specific theological need or interest. Many of these churches have shown a pattern of continued growth in both membership and facilities for worship, training, schools and recreation.

Our Lady of The Greenwood Roman Catholic Church has served the Catholic community of Greenwood with a growing parish and facilities on South Meridian Street. For years, Our Lady of Greenwood School has also been well known in our city.

Community Church of Greenwood began with a handful of believers in 1976, holding services at the Greenwood Public Library, a building downtown on Main Street and the high school. A permanent facility with continually expanding facilities was built on West Main Street. The church ministers to more than 3,000 and has helped begin over 10 daughter congregations in surrounding communities.

New congregations established in or near the City of Greenwood are beginning yearly and are too numerous to mention. Some of those churches are: Concordia Lutheran, Calvary Baptist, Northern Park Baptist, First Church of the Nazarene, Madison Avenue Church of God, Church of Christ, Horizon Christian Fellowship, Christ Our Shepherd, Grace Assembly of God, Friendship Baptist Church, Abundant Grace Lutheran Church, Greenwood Bible Baptist, Mount Pleasant Christian Fellowship, Triumph Church, Saint Joseph Catholic Church, Vineyard Community Church, Sanctuary Church, Chinese Christian Church of Greenwood, Covenant Community, Cornerstone Bible Church, Southside Baptist Church and the Fairview Fellowship Church. Many other churches surround the outside of the official city limits.

The City of Greenwood has also benefited from other religious organizations. Schools within the city limits include Our Lady of Greenwood, Greenwood Christian Academy and Greenwood Christian School. Families desiring religious education for their children can find numerous church sponsored pre-schools through high school. Greenwood offers religious education through Heritage Baptist University on County Line Road and Trinity Evangelical Divinity School classes offered at Community Church of Greenwood.

Since 1966, Greenwood has been home to OMS International, a mission organization founded in Japan in 1901. OMS now ministers 26 countries through the Christian ministry of evangelism, education, training, church planning and humanitarian efforts. Trinity Broadcasting Network, a major Christian television network also has facilities in Greenwood. The Greenwood Chapter of Christian Business Men's Committee was begun in 1975 to foster the gathering of men to encourage and train men in a Christian walk in life. The group has met at various restaurants on Wednesday mornings. Each spring, the group sponsors the Mayor's Prayer Breakfast as a non-political, non-denominational celebration of those in authority.

The history of church and religious influence in Greenwood is a subject deserving much more research and detail than this brief space can accommodate. Apologies are extended for any inaccuracies or omissions that may have occurred. Hopefully in the future, others will be motivated to continue seeking more detail in the spiritual heritage of our city. Finally, we offer our thanks to God for the many leaders who through the years have contributed so greatly to the rich quality of spiritual blessing we enjoy today.

*Contributed by David Johnson with Research Assistance by Gene Nix,
December 10, 2002*

The Greenwood Cemetery

Submitted By
John Armes, Superintendent, Greenwood Cemetery
And
Dwight Howard, Board Member, Greenwood Cemetery

The Greenwood Cemetery was established June 4, 1884. It is located at 620 West Main Street in Greenwood. The chapel building was dedicated on the same date at an approximate cost of \$450.00. The first burial was the same year.

The cemetery is not now, nor has it ever been privately owned. It is not taxed based by the City of Greenwood.

A board, whose members serve without pay governs the cemetery. The only requirement for membership is that a family member is buried in the cemetery.

Mr. Armes believes that the chapel building is where funeral services were held many years ago. The lower part of the building, in the basement was used in cold weather to house the departed until the ground thawed enough for digging. Services were then held at the gravesite. The building is still on the grounds and serves as an office for the caretaker.

The original cemetery contained approximately 12 acres and later more land was added for a total of approximately 38 acres. New sections have been opened for use as the need arises. For example, Section 11 was originally opened in 1940 and an area was set-aside for infants. When the burial area moved on across to Section 15, an infants only area was opened. There is also a small area up by the cannon reserved for those who served in the military. That area did not expand because family members could not be buried there.



"Chapel Building"

Courtesy of Hurley Davis

Early settlers established a cemetery located on North Madison Avenue between Noble and Longdon Street. Those graves and those of people born in the 1700's have been reinterred to the Greenwood Cemetery from other cemeteries.

Will F. Averitt in his book, *Greenwood, Indiana It's History 1823-1965*, states that the early Presbyterian and Baptist Cemeteries were the only public cemeteries in Pleasant Township. The need for a larger cemetery became apparent in the late 1800's, due to population growth and limited burial area in the two public cemeteries.

A public meeting was held on March 15, 1884, to organize a cemetery association. Incorporation was completed on April 9, 1884. Thirty-four incorporators donated \$100 apiece to start the treasury. John A. Polk was elected president and D.S. Whitenack was elected secretary. Averitt further notes that a site for the cemetery was purchased from Abraham Brewer containing twelve acres of ground. Graves from the Presbyterian Church and Baptist Church were moved to the west side in the old part of the cemetery.

At one time, there was a house located just inside the Main Street gate that was built for the cemetery caretaker. Dwight Howard's uncle lived in the house during 1930 through 1932. May Green, wife of Associate Pastor Frank Green, of the First Baptist Church was born in that house. She told Mr. Howard that her father dynamited many trees to clear the ground when more burial space was needed. The house was demolished years ago.

Mr. Armes described the digging of the graves. He commented that for many years, they were dug by hand. Mr. Howard was told that one of the reasons that funeral services were delayed for three days before burial was to allow enough time to dig the graves. Folks would come out with picks and shovels to dig the graves.

Some of the ground in the cemetery is hardpan clay. Often, it took a pick to break it loose. He remembers that in the 1930's when his uncle was the caretaker, one assistant helped with the digging.

It has been a myth forever that six feet under meant that the body was actually six feet under. Actually, six feet under means six feet from the top of the ground to the bottom of the grave.

Courtesy of Johnson County Museum.



Alivs Eads - "Gravedigger"

Before 1940, very few people could afford a concrete vault to protect the pine box. There were people in the community who made pine boxes for burials. The boxes were made to fit the size of the deceased.

In older cemeteries a person can observe ups, downs, valleys and sunken places. This is attributed to the use of the wooden box. Wood will last for a few years, but then it caves in and the ground sinks. Today, graves are dug with a backhoe and cement vaults are used.

Grave costs have increased over the years. Early records at the cemetery are not as detailed as they are today. One example is a lady from California, who early in the 1920's paid for a pre-needed burial. Her total cost for burial, the grave opening and closing was \$8.00. The cemetery hasn't taken pre-need opening and closing charges for years, but records indicate that for a short time they offered that service.

Lots today cost \$650.00. Purchasing a lot is different than purchasing property. Only burial rights to a grave are covered by the cost. The cost for a lot also includes upkeep. It's a perpetual fund for perpetual care. General upkeep, primarily mowing is the biggest thing when there are hundreds of monuments and 38 acres of fencerows to be trimmed around. Another cost is road repair. At this time, all but one small strip is paved. It is a tremendous upkeep. The cost factor goes up everyday.

Another consideration in operating a cemetery is the decorations that people bring to the graves of their loved ones. Often they don't retrieve their decorations. On March 31st the cemetery caretakers remove the artificial decorations. They give as much advanced notice as possible so that people can pick them up if they wish. This is a tradition, as they must have the cemetery cleaned by Memorial Day, which is the biggest decorating time of the year.

In the early years at the Greenwood Cemetery, the surviving family came and worked up the top of the grave, squared it up and planted all kinds of flowers. A hand mower similar to a scythe was used for the mowing in the 1930's. Later, the push mower was used. It took 8 or 10 people to mow and it was a continuous job. With the mowers in use now, it is necessary to keep the graves flat with no obstructions for the big mowers. Most cemeteries now require the graves to be at the same level and cleaned off so the mowing crew can do their job. Sometimes it is necessary for them to mow twice a week.



New section of Greenwood Cemetery, approximately the 1940's.

Mr. Armes was asked about the number of graves and acreage in each section. He replied that he knew the total acreage in the cemetery but has no information showing the number of graves in each section. The office distributes maps to visitors who come to locate a grave. The old cemetery is separated from the new and marked by a yellow bridge.

In conclusion, Mr. Armes commented on

the unusual tombstones found in the cemetery. Probably the most distinctive is the graves of the Morgans - Ebbie and Arthur - a father and son who were blacksmiths. Both have anvils on top of their stones. In the older part of the cemetery are monuments that look like tree trunks. In the new section, the use of color pictures is becoming popular. "Technology has changed many things. The final resting places of the town's blacksmiths, marked by their anvils generate the most comments."

Contributed by John Armes and Dwight Howard, March 27, 2002

The Greater Greenwood Chamber of Commerce

Submitted By Gail Richards, *Executive Director*

The headline read, “*By-Laws, Constitution Are Made For New Chamber Of Commerce Locally.*” On Friday, April 30, 1954, almost 50 years ago, that headline first appeared in the *Indianapolis Star News*. And with that simple headline, the Greenwood Chamber of Commerce was born. The Greenwood Chamber of Commerce became the mainstay of the business community then and continues to thrive now!

Griffith Dean, Executive Vice-President of Suburban Federal Savings & Loan Association of Greenwood and Beech Grove was chosen as president of the newly formed Greenwood Chamber of Commerce on Monday, April 26, 1954. Other officers elected at that first meeting were: E.E. Clore; Lloyd Walker; Robert Youmans; Robert Winship; Fred Kelly; Adair Threkeld; Dick Van Valer; Norman Miller and “Bud” Slaughter. These gentlemen essentially became the founding fathers for one of the most successful business organizations in the history of Greenwood. Over the course of the Chamber’s 50-year history, 44 presidents and countless board members have led the organization. Membership dues in 1954 were set at \$12 per year and the Chamber began with 32 members. In 2003, membership totals around 500 business, civic and social members and base membership dues are \$165 per year.

The Chamber was an all-volunteer group when first organized. The Chamber became actively involved with several community projects, including publishing the first “Guide for Greenwood’s Growth” on April 11, 1958. This guide contained 16 points outlining an organized growth plan for the Greenwood area. Key points included religious facilities, commercial development, industrial development, medical requirements, transportation, education and recreation – all growth factors still taken into consideration today.

The Chamber began to grow and by 1961, Kenneth Barton became the first Secretary-Manager to help solidify the structure of the Chamber. While the Chamber was flourishing under the board of directors and Mr. Barton’s assistance, a woman by

the name of Ginger VanValer was actively involved in the community and working side-by-side with her husband Richard to promote the commerce of Greenwood. In 1976, Mrs. VanValer became the first full-time director of the Chamber. Ginger was instrumental in placing the Chamber in the forefront of the business community and the population in general. She was widely known as "The First Lady of Greenwood." During the more than 17 years that Ginger held the position of full-time director, the Chamber grew from fewer than 30 members to over 400. About 25 percent of the membership at that time was from Marion County.

In 1984, the Greenwood Chamber of Commerce, Inc. officially became known as the Greater Greenwood Chamber of Commerce, Inc. This name change in 1984, reflected the rapidly growing Greenwood area that had long outgrown its corporate boundaries. The Chamber's membership then and now reflects those extended business boundaries. To further reinforce that expansion of boundaries, in 1995 the Greater Greenwood Chamber of Commerce officially merged and became the governing organization of the White River Township Chamber of Commerce.

As we move further into the 21st Century, the Greater Greenwood Chamber of Commerce continues to provide information to new residents and businesses, provides a business network and forum for area merchants and works with local government and other groups selling the area as a prosperous place to live and work. Recent Chamber projects include expansion of the Greenwood Airport, construction of the I-65/County Line Road interchange, studying the need and route for an east/west corridor and studying the needs of the unincorporated area of White River Township. As the area grows, the Chamber will continue to be in the forefront of projects and activities designed to promote local commerce.

The Greater Greenwood Chamber of Commerce, Inc. is dedicating these pages to all those individuals instrumental in making the community and the Chamber successful, especially Ginger VanValer, who dedicated her life to the betterment of Greenwood.

*Contributed by, Gail Richards, Executive Director,
Greater Greenwood Chamber of Commerce, January 28, 2003*

The Greenwood Park Mall

Submitted By
GAIL RICHARDS, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR,
GREATER GREENWOOD CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

Greenwood Park Mall, one of the largest shopping malls in the Indianapolis area, opened in 1965 as an open air-shopping venue. Atkinson & Company developed the original mall on the site that was known as the DeMotte & Denny farm. It is also noted that John Smock built a log cabin on that site in 1823. The current owner of the mall is the Simon Corporation.

In the mid-1970's, the developers enclosed the mall and provided almost all retail stores with an inside entrance for foot traffic. There were only a few merchants that still maintained an outside entrance only. Greenwood Park Mall has parking facilities for 6,000 cars and total employment reaches 3,000 people. Currently, there are over 100 retail stores & kiosks operating in the mall proper.

The mall boasts over 1.3 million square feet and features ATM machines, complimentary wheelchairs, shoppers assistance, gift certificates, stroller rentals, a one-hour photo center, convenience centers (snack, soft drinks & medicine), lockers, bus stop and postal service. It is conveniently located between U.S. 31 North and Madison Avenue, south of County Line Road.

The mall has become a stabilizing factor and focal point for the development of the Greenwood area. It has continued to change and grow with the needs of the community throughout the years and is one of the Simon Corporation's most successful shopping malls in the United States.

Contributed by Gail Richards, January 27, 2003

Old Towne Greenwood Association

Submitted By
ALISON RANDOLPH - PRESIDENT,
OLD TOWNE GREENWOOD ASSOCIATION 2003

The Old Towne Greenwood Association was formed in 1995 to represent Greenwood merchants and organizations that have businesses located in the Old Towne Greenwood district. This area extends roughly from the Greenwood Library on the south to Fry Road on the north. The east-west boundaries run from Meridian Street on the east, to U.S. 31 on the west.

The purpose of the organization is to provide activities that attract other merchants, organizations and visitors to the district. The Old Towne Greenwood Association members are dedicated to enhancing the beauty and preserving the ambiance of the "Old Town" area of Greenwood.

The organization instituted the geranium as the "Official Flower of Greenwood". School age children participated in a contest to research and write the legend of the geranium. Each year, Old Towne Greenwood Association sponsors a "Geranium Sale" in March/April.

Other events sponsored by Old Towne Greenwood Association are the Farmer's Market and the Independence Day Festival & Main Street Fair. At Christmas time, "Greenwood Aglow" takes place the Saturday before Thanksgiving and has horse-drawn carriage rides, Santa Claus and the lighting of the Christmas tree at the corner of Main and Madison Avenue.

Membership dues are \$30.00 a year for business owners and \$10.00 for resident members. All fundraiser proceeds and membership dues are used to promote Old Towne Greenwood.

Officers for the year 2003 are:

Alison Randolph – President

Jane Weisenbach – Secretary

Rosemary Cunningham – Vice-President

Sunny Hall – Treasurer

*Contributed by Alison Randolph, President of Old Towne Greenwood
Association, February 14, 2003*

The Southside Art League

Submitted by MARGE DIETEL

The Southside Art League began in 1963 and was organized as a non-profit organization with 59 charter members in 1964. In the early years, they met in the basements of churches and the back room of the firehouse. They have been at their present location at 299 East Broadway since 1987.

Today, the Art League has a 21 member Board of Directors and a membership of approximately 230. The Art League is non-profit with funding coming from citizen membership, corporate membership, class/workshop fees, and donations. Each year, they sponsor a 7-state regional art show, and many local art shows are held to benefit south side artists and the community.

Classes are offered in oils, watercolors, acrylic, drawing and portraits. Classes and day/week-long workshops are offered to adults and children of the community. At the time of this writing, they have 11 instructors teaching 16 classes.

The small building, which houses the office and the Art Gallery, known as the “Off Broadway Gallery” is where professional member artists, accepted by the board may display and sell their works. They pay a monthly rental fee and each month, an artist is featured for a solo show in the east room.

The “Pump House” or classroom building has four rooms downstairs and two rooms upstairs. The upstairs area is not finished, but the Art League has plans to complete the work in the near future.



Southside Art League

The “Pump House” once served the Greenwood Sanatorium, which was built in 1898. It supported the once famous health resort, where people came to the 30-plus-room resort hotel to bathe, drink and also purchase bottled mineral water for health purposes. The resort was located between the railroad tracks and the pump house. In 1914, the resort was destroyed by fire, but the pump house remained.

The Southside Art League purchased the property from Orville Davis in 1987. They made many needed repairs to the building to make it usable for classes: A furnace was added, lights, interior walls, new windows, major roof repair, interior work and landscaping.

Today, the Southside Art League is a point of pride and culture to the Greenwood Community. The Art League is involved in a cultural exchange with Magnac-Laval, France. An exhibition of watercolor paintings from France was displayed in the Greenwood gallery during March and April of 2003. In turn, paintings from the Southside Art League are to be displayed in Magnac-Laval, France in May and June of 2003.

Residents are urged to visit the Gallery and take advantage of the opportunities available for the development of artistic talent and appreciation.

Contributed By Marge Dietel, February 3, 2003

The Greenwood Sanitorium



The Greenwood Sanitorium

The grounds and adjoining property to the Southside Art League are a part of the early history of Greenwood. Details of the Greenwood Sanitorium are sparse, but writings of historians tell an interesting account of people coming to Greenwood from many states in search of cures to bodily ailments provided by the abundance of mineral water treatments available at the Sanitorium.

In the late 1800's, a company was started by Dr. Zechariah Carnes, John A. Polk and James T. Grubbs to drill for gas. It is reported that they leased a track of land east of the railroad between Main Street and Broadway. Two wells were sunk and one produced clear water and the other produced mineral water.

After the discovery of the mineral water, accounts of ownership of the Greenwood Sanitorium differ. (Greenwood resident, Hurley Davis has a series of

deeds to the property) Nevertheless, a luxurious Sanitorium was built with over 30 rooms including 18 bathrooms, a large dining room and spacious guest facilities. Mineral bathes were a popular treatment for rheumatism and other aches and pains. Consumption of the mineral water was said to cure a host of medical problems. A stay at the Sanitorium is reported to have cost between \$14 and \$20 a week.

The Sanitorium became such a busy place that Mr. and Mrs. Ed Day and Mrs. Gus Day operated the Day Hotel near the train depot and often took care of the overflow of patients from the Sanitorium.

The last owner of the Sanitorium was Dr. James A. Craig who purchased the property in 1912 and operated the Sanitorium until it was destroyed by fire on January 2, 1914. After being the pride of Greenwood, the Sanitorium was not rebuilt.

Another interesting aspect of the Sanitorium was reports of mineral water being bottled and shipped to every state. However, records of a bottling plant or business records were not found.

Note: *As stated, reference materials found for this writing differ in details and many questions are left unanswered. A brief summary of the Sanitorium was presented with the hopes that future writings might uncover more information on this incredible venture. Also, some reports refer to the Greenwood Sanitorium – others Sanitarium.*

References: *Johnson County News*, August 7, 1964; *Greenwood, Indiana Its History 1823-1965* by Will F. Averitt, the *Official Centennial Souvenir Program of the Greenwood Area Centennial 1864-1964* and Hurley Davis.



Contributed by
Jenny Bridewater.

Greenwood's Mayors

1960 - 2003

Greenwood's First Mayor

WAYNE BURKHART

1960-1963

Wayne Burkhart was a funeral director before becoming Greenwood's first mayor. The location of his first funeral home was two doors south of the present city building parking lot on Madison Avenue. In 1947, he moved his business to the south side of Main Street, west of Madison Avenue. Today, the Church of Christ is at that location. The funeral home has been torn down and all that remains is the steps that went up to the front door. Mr. Burkhart retired when he was elected mayor.



In 1960, the 96-year-old town of Greenwood became a fifth-class city. Wayne Burkhart was elected the city's first mayor and the growing pains became a major challenge. Mayor Burkhart's thorniest problem was guiding the new city through the organizational changes of having a Mayor, a 5-man City Council, a Board of Works and a Plan Commission.

He was the first to deal with the increase in population as more people moved to the Greenwood area creating a need for additional shopping places, recreational facilities and industries for employment.

Mayor Burkhart's simple philosophy was to make sure everything grew evenly and one area of business didn't outgrow the others.

Mayor Burkhart was quick to identify the abundance of civic-minded people who willingly assisted during these times. During his tenure a new wing solved the problem of over crowding at the high school and a new shopping area – Greenwood Plaza – was developed on U.S. 31. The new Southwest Elementary School was constructed and opened in the fall of 1963. North Madison Avenue (SR 431) was widened to beautify the approach to the city and construction on the public library was begun.

Greenwood's Second Mayor

W.B. "MIKE" MYERS

1964-1967



Mike Myers was one of five children born to Bert and Ione Harris Myers. His brothers were Charlton and Lynn. His sisters were Chloris Brunkin and Wilma Harrington. He married Emma Lou Taylor Myers and was the father of Michael E., Jonathon T., Jeanne L. Bolinger and Barbara L. Fulmer. He was grandfather to Mark and Peter Fulmer, Tina Myers Dean, Michael Myers Jr., Kimberley Bolinger Harries, John Bolinger, Candace and Jennifer Myers. He had eight great-grandchildren.

Mike Myers was Greenwood's second mayor and the first Republican, having succeeded Wayne Burkhardt, a Democrat. Of the registered voters, 62% voted in the November 1963 election. The Office of Mayor was part-time with an annual salary of \$3,600. The population in 1964 was estimated to be 8,200 and by 1968, that figure had grown to 10,500 making Greenwood one of the fastest growing communities in the state. Mayor Myers and his administration were privileged to guide Greenwood through this rapid growth period.

After his election, Mayor Myers continued to operate W.B. Myers Real Estate Insurance Agency for 30 years. He was also active in civic organizations.

During his term, Greenwood celebrated its Centennial - 1864 to 1964. In August of 1964, a weeklong celebration with many special events was held. Also during his term, Greenwood opened the largest retail shopping center in the state, which is now known as the Greenwood Park Mall. In 1964, OMS International relocated their World Headquarters from California to Fry Road in Greenwood.

Contributed by the Children of Mayor Myers and dedicated to the memory of Hannah Nicole Dean, his Great-Granddaughter.

Greenwood's Third Mayor

HAROLD "JACK" SMITH

1968-1971

Harold Smith was born April 6, 1905, to Ernest Carl and Myrtle Simpson Smith. He was one of five children – brothers were Claris Brack and Ernest Carl Jr. and twin sisters – Ruth Smith Brewer and Ruby Smith Gerring.

He married Ruby Calvert, a career elementary teacher in the Greenwood School System. They were the parents of two daughters – Janice Smith Davisson of Anderson, Indiana, and Karen Smith Hill of Suttons Bay, Michigan; and four grandchildren – Leslie Davisson Mattingly of St. Simon's Island, Georgia, William Calvert Davisson and Jennifer Lynn Davisson of Anderson, Indiana and Roderick Jackson Hill of New York City.



Mr. Smith represented Prudential Insurance Company for twenty-nine years. After he was elected, he retired from Prudential to devote his full attention to the Office of Mayor.

Throughout his lifetime, Jack was an active member of the Greenwood Methodist Church and demonstrated his commitment to the community by his involvement in church and civic matters. He enjoyed serving as the official scorekeeper for the Greenwood High School basketball teams for over twenty years. He was privileged to be President of the Library Board when the new library was built and dedicated. In 1966, he was awarded the *Greenwood Good Citizens Award* for his contributions to the community.

During his term as Mayor, Greenwood experienced a major "growth spurt" (over one thousand increase in population each year). The Greenwood Shopping Center between U.S. 31 and Madison Avenue was becoming one of Indiana's finest and adding new stores. Interstate 65 was under construction. Issues such as annexation, water service, new streets, storm and sanitary sewers, plus enlarging both the police

and fire departments were just some of the challenges he successfully met. He was honored by being elected and serving as President of the Indiana Republican Mayor's Association.

Mayor Smith loved Greenwood and spent his entire life here. He believed that the strength of the community was in its people and he enjoyed a personal acquaintance with almost everyone he met. As mayor, he maintained a close relationship and respect for all policemen, firefighters and city employees. He was elected to serve two terms as mayor, but passed away before completing his second term.

Contributed By Janice Davisson

Greenwood's Fourth Mayor

JOHN O. BONER

1972-1975



John Boner was one of seven children born to Oliver and Ruth Boner. He and his twin sister, Jean were born in 1919. A sister, Ruth Oma died at a very early age. John and brother Joe, and sisters Elizabeth, Ruby, Doris and Jean grew up on the family farm two and one-half miles east of Greenwood. He graduated from Whiteland High School and married Norma Johnson in 1937. They were the parents of two daughters – Sue and Joyce.

John's early years were spent as a farmer. In the 1950's, he became an independent insurance broker establishing his own brokerage firm and moving to

Greenwood.

He became active in the Republican Party at an early age and served in several capacities including being elected as a city councilman prior to his election as Mayor of Greenwood in 1972. He completed the term of Mayor Harold Smith, who died during his second term in office.

In 1974, he married Twila Fattig, the mother of two children, Robert and Nina. Before his death in 1981, he had become the grandfather of four children.

During his term as mayor, the population of Greenwood was growing by leaps and bounds. The city was experiencing the many problems of rapid growth, one of which was sewer capacity. Several proposals were offered including the purchase of property on White River for construction of a new sewage disposal plant and an overture to the City of Indianapolis for pumping privileges to the Belmont Treatment Plant – neither of which would be realized during his administration.

Many new subdivisions were added. Valle Vista went from the planning stages to reality and the Smith Valley bypass was constructed, creating relief from the heavy traffic on Main Street.

One of Mayor Boner's greatest concerns was that any actions he and the city council took would have a long-term beneficial effect for the citizens of Greenwood. It was important to him that the people whom he represented be treated fairly.

Contributed by Twila NaVarra

Greenwood's Fifth Mayor

LARRY W. MYERS

1976-1979

Larry Myers was one of two sons born to Lawrence Wesley Myers and Helen White Myers of Greenwood, Indiana. His brother, John Edward Myers still lives in Greenwood. Larry married Carole Wade Myers and they were the parents of four children - Patti Lynn Crisler, Nancy Lee Allen, Sandra Lou Kowalski and Mark William Myers – and sixteen grandchildren.



Larry was elected on the Republican Ballot to the office of Greenwood Mayor and served from January 1, 1976 to December 31, 1979. The population within the city limits at that time was 19,327 according to the 1980 census. Larry was committed to the office of mayor, working from 8:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. daily. In addition to the daily work schedule, there were commission meetings – Planning, Board of Zoning, City Council and all of the mayoral functions the office required which amounted to well over 45-50 hours weekly. His salary for 1977 was \$12,732.92; 1978 was \$13,532.96 and 1979 was \$14,057.89.

During his term as mayor he negotiated a perpetual contract with the City of Indianapolis in 1979 to transport waste to Indianapolis to the Belmont Treatment Center. Larry was an experienced fireman and EMT having served as a volunteer for the City of Greenwood. He felt honored to plan and see the completion of Fire Station Two on Fry Road.

1976 was a special time for Larry. It was the first year that the Greenwood Marching Woodmen Band won the state contest. He was privileged to present sterling silver #1 pens to each member of that band, one of which was his daughter Sandy.

Indiana and Greenwood were hit by the 1978 Blizzard. This was a challenge that Larry met by enlisting help from the Army with their 6x6 trucks to open heavy drifted

areas. He also obtained the services of snowmobiles and a local doctor to make “house calls” for several emergencies.

Larry and his wife, Carole co-founded and co-owned the Myers Ambulance Service, Inc. She recalls him sharing with her that he had set many goals at the beginning of his term and had met all of those during the four years he held office. He was satisfied that he had done his best as mayor of the city he loved. She refers to his “heart of a servant”. He was happiest when serving his fellow man, something he did throughout his adult life. She expressed pride in him as a husband and a father. “Our loss was Heaven’s gain.” Larry passed away February 12, 1980.

Contributed by Carole Myers

Greenwood's Sixth Mayor

VAINO GRAYAM

1980-1983

Vaino Grayam is a native of Bigfork, Minnesota. The Grayam family consisted of father, Shorty; mother, Alice, and eight children: Robert, Edwin, James, Willimae, Marcella, Morton, Phillip and Vaino.

The Grayam family moved to Sullivan, Indiana in September 1941, four months before the bombing of Pearl Harbor. Mr. Grayam attended schools in Sullivan where he met his wife Nancy Taylor, a Sullivan native. They were married on June 20, 1959. They are the parents of Mary Susan and Thomas Edwin.

Grandchildren are Evan Grayam Taylor and Erika Anne Taylor. They are the children of Mary Susan.



Following high school graduation, Mr. Grayam enrolled in Wabash College in Crawfordsville, Indiana and graduated in 1955. His first teaching position was at Sullivan, Indiana, where he taught Government, World History and U.S. History. From Sullivan, he came to Greenwood High School in 1962, where he taught Spanish, Social Studies and Government. During his teaching career, he was involved in life and health insurance on a part-time basis.

Mr. Grayam was elected to the Office of Mayor in 1980, during a time of rapid population growth. He had the task of making Greenwood citizens aware that the position of mayor had increasing responsibilities and persuaded the city council to hire a full-time secretary. Mrs. Ryan Ayres was the first person to serve in that capacity. The mayor's job remained as part-time during three of the four years he served.

During his tenure as mayor, he continued the water separation program for stormwater begun by Mayor Larry Myers. This relieved the sanitary sewer system of the excessive flow of water and saved sewage fees for the city. With the able

assistance of John B. Williams, an automated billing system through Indiana Water Company to include the sewage bills was established. The Greenwood Industrial Park Sewer Extension on Emerson Avenue and Northern Park was begun at the end of Mayor Grayam's term.

Mayor Grayam was active at State and National levels with the Indiana Association of Cities and Towns and the National League of Cities.

Both the Police and Fire Departments were expanded and upgraded under the leadership of Board of Works Member, John B. Williams, Police Chief Larry Wood, Fire Chiefs, Bob Reed and George Melton. Greenwood's park system was expanded and upgraded under the guidance of Evan Springer, Park Director. This expansion included the opening of Northeast Park located next to Northeast Elementary School.

Mayor Grayam recognized the need for a full time planning director to head a City Planning Department to manage the growth of the city. Ed Ferguson was hired to fill that position and has continued to serve in that capacity since that time. Mayor Grayam worked with postal authorities to build a new, larger and better-equipped postal facility to serve the citizens of Greenwood.

Contributed by Vaino Grayam

Greenwood's Seventh Mayor

JEANETTE LYONS SURINA

January 1984 - July 1991

Jeanette Lyons Surina was born in Greenwood on April 13, 1921. She was the oldest of four daughters born to William and Helen Lyons of Greenwood. Her sisters were Virginia Fulmer, Whiteland, Indiana, Betty Drake, DeKalb, Illinois and Wilma Burkhart, Greenwood, Indiana.



Mayor Surina attended Greenwood Elementary Schools and graduated in 1939 from Center Grove High School. She then attended a business college in Indianapolis. She joined the American Red Cross and was stationed at Bovingdon Air Base, England during World War II. It was there she met her husband, Charles E. Surina, who was an air force pilot from Windber, Pennsylvania. After the war, the couple married at the family farmhouse and moved to Cincinnati, Ohio where Mr. Surina was completing his college degree at Xavier University. Mr. Surina was reactivated during the Korean War and the couple lived in Georgia. They returned to Greenwood in 1953 to raise their family of four children: Kathleen Grove of Indianapolis; Suzanne Baur of Virginia; William Surina of Florida; and David Surina of Indianapolis.

Mayor Surina's father, Mr. Lyons was a Ford automobile salesman for over 50 years and very active in the Democratic Party. Mayor Surina was a lifelong Democrat, as well. She served the Indiana General Assembly as Principal Clerk of the House of Representatives during the term of Governor Roger G. Branigin. She then served as Assistant Secretary to the Senate. She and her husband developed the Chipperfield Shoppes and the Big Red Barn roller skating rink at the corner of Madison Avenue and County Line Road.

Mayor Surina first entered a political race in 1979. Her second effort in 1983 brought her victory and she became the first female Mayor of Greenwood and the

first Democrat to hold the office since 1960. During her first term in office, she spearheaded the \$900,000 renovation of the Polk Community Building as the Greenwood City Building; guided the city in acquiring the Skyway Airport and applying for federal grants to build the Greenwood Municipal Airport; pushed for the building of the \$350,000 fire station at Stop 18; was instrumental in persuading several large corporations to build in Greenwood, among them Nachi Technology, Alpine Electronic Manufacturing of America and Aldi Foods with its 9.5 million dollar food warehouse.

After re-election in 1987, she successfully led the city in annexing the State Road 135 Corridor as commercial development. Under her leadership, the purchase of a \$5.9 million sewer trunk system for development near Interstate 65 was approved, as well as \$8.85 million for the construction of a new community center, firehouse and police station. Six million dollars in economic development bonds for the Endress+Hauser industrial expansion were also approved.

Jeanette Surina was unopposed in the 1991 Mayoral Primary and had intended to run for a third term; however, she resigned as Mayor in July 1991 due to her deteriorating health in her battle with cancer. She died July 24, 1991. In July 1992, the new government complex containing the community center, police station, firehouse and park was dedicated and named "Surina Square" in her honor.

Contributed by Kathy Surina Grove

Greenwood's Eighth Mayor

MARGARET A. McGOVERN

July 1991 - December 1995

Margaret McGovern was appointed Mayor of Greenwood in July 1991 to complete the remaining six months of the term of Mayor Jeanette Surina, who resigned her office due to illness. Her previous experience in government included membership on the Greenwood Board of Zoning Appeals, City Council, Police Merit Commission, a staff member in the office of Congressman Dave Evans and the Indiana House of Representatives.



The Democratic Party was responsible for choosing Mayor Surina's replacement and Mrs. McGovern was selected at a caucus of party officials to not only serve the remainder of her term, but to also replace her as the party's candidate for mayor on the November 1991 ballot. Mrs. McGovern won the election.

Mayor McGovern took office during a time of unprecedented growth in Greenwood. Work had just begun on the new municipal complex, including a new fire headquarters, police station and community center. A \$7-million interceptor sewer project through the center of town was beginning and the Indiana Department of Highways was rebuilding U.S. 31 and State Road 135, the two major highways through Greenwood.

Much of Mayor McGovern's term in office was devoted to overseeing the successful completion of those major building projects. In addition, many miles of new sidewalks and curbs were added and old sidewalks and curbs were rebuilt. The city took over responsibility for trash pickup by contracting with a local trash-hauling firm, saving money for residents and adding free curbside recycling. A conceptual plan for walking trails throughout the city was developed as well as a preliminary plan for citywide storm water drainage.

Greenwood's population was increasing quickly - from 26,000 in 1991 to more than 30,000 in 1995. New subdivisions required more police officers, firefighters, street crews and other city services, all of which were supplied without tax increases.

The Americans With Disabilities Act was passed during this time and all public buildings and facilities were retrofitted for accessibility.

Margaret McGovern was the third of six children born to Ellsworth and Marjory Maxwell. Mr. Maxwell was Director of Administration for the Indianapolis International Airport and was active in Democratic politics in Marion County and Indianapolis. Mrs. Maxwell was an elementary teacher. Margaret and Phil McGovern met as students at Indiana University and married in 1969. The couple moved to Greenwood in 1974 shortly before the birth of their first son, Matt. A second son, Andy, was born in 1981. Mr. McGovern practiced law for several years in Greenwood and served two terms as Greenwood City Judge.

Since leaving the mayor's office, Mrs. McGovern has become a commercial real estate broker in Greenwood.

Contributed by Margaret McGovern

Greenwood's Ninth Mayor

CHARLES E. HENDERSON

1996 -

Charles Earl Henderson was born on August 28, 1941. His parents are Nellie Rhea White Henderson and the late Charles Earl Henderson. Charles has three sisters, Martha Myers, Alice Jean Hudson and Lena Mae Combs. He married Donna Waltz in 1963 and they are the parents of DeMaris Schwager and Charles Earl Henderson III "Chip". They have two grandchildren, Jayden Ketron and Isaac Schwager.



After 23 years with the Greenwood Police Department, 11 of those as Police Chief, Charles Henderson was elected as the ninth Mayor of Greenwood in 1995. His first day in office was January 1, 1996. On January 1, 2000, he began his second term.

Notable accomplishments of his administration to date include the completion of the I-65 Interchange at County Line Road in 1998-1999; construction of the Greenwood Municipal Airport Terminal and Maintenance Facility, which include a fuel farm; completion of the widening and resurfacing of Madison Avenue and construction of new sidewalks and curbs up to Longdon Street, Phase I in 1999 and Phase II down to Smith Valley Road in 2001; a new entrance to the Greenwood Park Mall off Fry Road in 2000; conducted a special census in 1998, which gave the city approximately \$325,000 in revenue each year; spearheaded a new county-wide communication system for law enforcement. As a result, Governor Frank O'Bannon appointed Mayor Henderson to go to Washington D.C. and Tennessee to speak on the new system.

Mayor Henderson initiated new additions to the staff of the city offices, which include a Code Enforcement Officer to investigate and handle city code violations. An Information Technology Department was created to upgrade and service the city's

computer system. A Human Resources Department and a new police training center were also added.

Mayor Henderson is an active member of the Indiana Association of Cities and Towns, serving as president in his first term. He also is active on the Legislative Committee, serving as Chairman twice. He also serves on the five-state Small Cities Council of the National League of Cities.

Projects in the works as of this writing are the widening of Emerson Avenue to five lanes and Phase II of the sewers east of Interstate 65. Phase I was completed in 2001.

The city has received state and federal grants in excess of twelve million dollars for road completion and five million dollars by developers.

During his administration, two new parking lots have been added to downtown Greenwood – at Wiley and Madison using Build Indiana Funds and the bank parking lot at Madison and Main. This was in response to the need for more parking for the downtown merchants.

Mayor Henderson feels his greatest achievement was upgrading the salaries of city employees to a livable wage.

Contributed by Mayor Charles E. Henderson

Salute to Our Military Men and Women

There were wars and rumors of war, police actions and skirmishes. Mothers and fathers left their children. Brothers, sisters and friends enlisted and some were drafted. They answered their country's call. The sacrifice they made is greater than some were willing to give.

I have listened intently as you answered my request and told stories of battle worn soldiers who stood the test – of the friends that were left behind. Their blood stained the prison camps and battle grounds. You sadly spoke of oceans that swallowed our sinking ships and sailors. When I called you a hero, you humbly gave the recognition to your fellow soldiers, as many true heroes often do.

The days are slipping by and soon our soldiers who served long ago will be gone. Their legacy should serve as a reminder of freedom's bounty and of the sacrifice made by a generation of heroes.

The sanction of war and the acceptance of the consequences is a personal choice afforded by the very freedom that must be defended. With the uncertainty that preys upon the hearts of Americans in a time of war, one thing should be held steadfast. That is the respect for the men and women of the military that put duty and honor above personal well-being.

In the grace of peacetime, our military forces stand guard over our proud nation. Each year, many young men and women join the ranks of those that went before them. Their choice is freedom's reward.

Memories of Pearl Harbor

Submitted By PAUL KENNEDY

Paul Kennedy has been a resident of Greenwood since 1989. He was born and raised on the southeast side of Indianapolis on Villa Avenue. Paul graduated from Arsenal Technical High School. He will be 82 years old in December 2002. Paul is a survivor of the attack on Pearl Harbor and shares his memories of that tragic event.

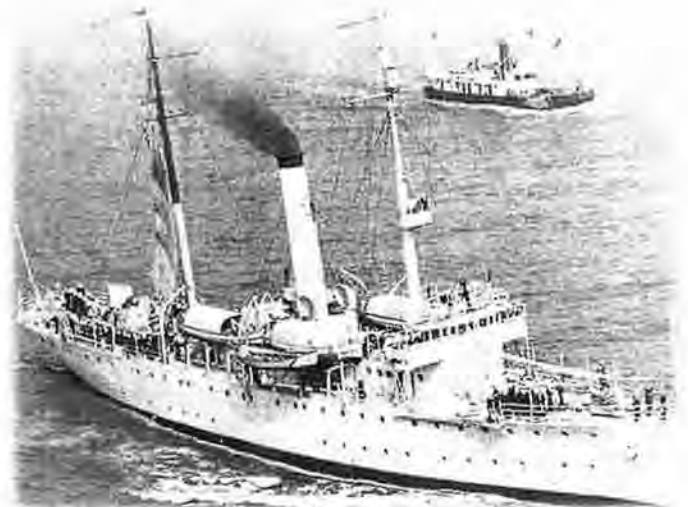


Paul was in the Naval Reserves at the time of the attack on Pearl Harbor. His unit was a member of the 16th and 18th Division of the Naval Reserve in Indianapolis.

On November 4, 1940, his unit was the first in the country to be called to active duty. They left Indianapolis and took the *USS Sacramento* through the Great Lakes and up the St. Lawrence River. The *Sacramento* was an old ship built in 1914 and was used in World War I. It was a patrol gunboat with two five-inch guns, anti-aircraft guns and depth charges. They stopped at Boston for an overhaul and then proceeded to Norfolk, Virginia and then on to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. Paul was a signalman on the *Sacramento*.

In August 1941, after leaving San Diego, California, the *USS Sacramento* went to Pearl Harbor, the base of United States naval operations in the Pacific. Paul comments that there were always a lot of ships there: battleships, cruisers, destroyers, transports, hospital ships, subchasers, submarines and mine layers.

Since all of the battleships had a band, there was a “battle of the bands” the night before the attack on Pearl



USS Sacramento

Harbor. It was held in the recreation center and most of the sailors were there. The band from the *USS Pennsylvania* won the contest. Sadly, the entire band from the *Arizona* was killed the next day.

Paul's shipmates did not attend because they were putting on a show for McKinney High School in Honolulu to raise money for the school. Following the benefit, Paul went back to the ship. He had the midnight watch. After his shift, a fellow named Charles Bohnstadt relieved him. Paul stayed up with him until 5:30 a.m., talking and drinking coffee. He planned to sleep in the next day as he didn't have anything to do.

At 7:55 a.m., December 7, 1941, the general quarters alarm sounded, which was about two feet from Paul's head. He thought it was a drill, so he wrapped his pillow around his head and ignored it. A friend of his, Burland Brown pulled him from his bunk and said, "Come on Paul, the Japanese are bombing us! Grab your gas mask, helmet and get to your battle station." As Paul got to the fantail (back) of the ship, he could see the first torpedo plane heading towards their ship. A torpedo landed in the water on the side of the ship. It went straight across the harbor and hit the battleship *Oklahoma*. The guys on the *Oklahoma* were in general quarters when the torpedoes hit.

Paul had never seen anything like that before and it really "jarred him loose." He proceeded to his battle station that was on the flying bridge and watched as more torpedoes came in.

The *Oklahoma* was hit by five torpedoes and capsized in 15 minutes. The *West Virginia* caught four or five torpedoes and sank straight down, but did not capsize. The *Arizona* was right behind it and was hit several times and it sank, but didn't roll over. There was a ship named the *Oglala* that was on the other side of the *Sacramento*. It was hit and capsized.

In the first attack that day, the Japanese aircraft disabled the airport to keep American planes grounded. Next was the ruthless torpedo attack on the ships. After the torpedo attack, there was high level bombing. The planes didn't come in too close on that, but it was effective in carrying out the destruction.

The destroyers, *Medford* and *Jarvis* were tied next to the *Sacramento*. Between each of the ships was a gangplank. The *Sacramento* couldn't move because the

ship's propeller was on the dock. Paul's ship had just gotten out of dry dock the week before. After they were out, the battleship *Pennsylvania* and two small minelayers, the *Caison* and the *Downs* were put in dry dock. As a result of the attack the *Pennsylvania* was badly damaged and had many casualties. The *Downs* had the bow blown off and the *Caison* was completely destroyed.

The skipper on the *Medford* yelled over and asked for any spare 50-caliber ammunition. Paul and two others ran down three decks to the ammunition locker and picked up two cases each. Paul weighed 132 pounds and each case weighed 75 pounds. They ran back up the three flights of steps, crossed the gangplank and up to the flying bridge. They repeated the run two more times. Paul realizes that if it hadn't been for the adrenaline flowing through his body, he would not have been able to lift 150 pounds.

The only injury on the *Sacramento* was Paul, who sustained a busted nose and knees jumping from the *Medford* to the *Sacramento* after the gangplank had been removed. Paul's ship was credited for shooting down two enemy planes. The Japanese had sent 350 planes to Pearl Harbor and lost a total of only 29. Paul said they had not been trained for an attack like that.

The weather kept United States aircraft stationed at Midway from getting to Pearl Harbor. There were some of our planes that left the *Enterprise* and flew in, but were told not to fly over Pearl Harbor. But they did. Unfortunately, the American ships thought the planes were Japanese and shot them down.

That night things were quiet. The battle had lasted for only one hour and 45 minutes. The devastation was colossal. Paul sat there that night and watched the *Arizona* burn. The *West Virginia* was anchored right in front of it. It looked like the American Flag on the *West Virginia* was right in the middle of the fire and smoke. Paul's thought at the time was of the *Star Spangled Banner* – “and the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air gave proof through the night that our flag was still there”. Paul and others had the same thought and mentioned that it gave them inspiration at a very low time.

Rescue efforts began. Burland Brown took a boat and picked up some of the dead and many survivors from the water. There was six inches of oil on the top of the water and it was burning. Many of the sailors were getting ready to go on liberty at the time of the attack. They were wearing their white uniforms and it was such a

terrible sight seeing those white uniforms floating in the water. Burland Brown and others made several trips out picking up sailors.

Paul states that he has never figured out how many ships were at Pearl Harbor. He does clearly remember the ships that sank: the *Arizona*, the *California*- a battleship, the *Caison* – a destroyer, the *Downs* – a destroyer, the *Nevada*- a battleship, the *Oglala* - a supply ship, the *Oklahoma* - a battleship, the *Shaw* - a destroyer, the *Sotoyomo* - a yard craft YT9, the *Utah* - a battleship, and the *West Virginia* - a battleship. Paul says there are usually around two thousand men on a battleship.

After the attack clean up began. They tried to remove the casualties from the ships. Blowtorches were used to cut holes in the ships. The oil on top of the water had to be cleaned. The hospitals were busy taking care of the wounded. Casualties totaled 2,402 and 1,187 were wounded.

The *Sacramento* was sent to Hilo, Hawaii where a Japanese submarine came in and lobbed a couple of shells at Hilo. By the time the *Sacramento* arrived, the submarine had left and did not return.

The *Sacramento* was waiting for another assignment. One evening, there was a midget submarine that came in and raised its periscope to take a look. The base was called and they requested two or three P.T. boats. They came and dropped torpedoes on the submarine and it surfaced. They captured the Japanese sailor inside. It was a one-man sub, a midget submarine. They had large submarines with midget subs on top of them. The large subs would take the midgets into a place for a suicide mission. The midgets were loaded with one torpedo and the idea was to run into a ship. That submarine is presently on display outside of Pearl Harbor.

Paul and a couple of his friends were re-assigned to another ship, the *USS Arthur Middleton* and transported to San Francisco. Paul was then sent to Miami, Florida for subchaser training. That lasted for a couple of months and then he went to New York and was assigned to subchaser SC714. They did convoy duty and patrolled down the East Coast between New York and Cuba. After 18 months, he was transferred to the *USS Poole*.

The *USS Poole* was a destroyer escort. There were six ships in Destroyer Division 22, of which the *USS Poole* was one and it carried the *Flag*. The *Flag* is a

full commander, accompanied by a communication officer, a signalman and a radioman. Paul was in charge of the signal gang on that ship. They made trips to Scotland, Liverpool, Plymouth, Londonderry, North Ireland, and Africa. In the three years he was on the ship, he made 28 trips across the North Atlantic.



The USS Poole

While in the Destroyer Division, Paul participated in the Normandy landing on D-day. For 4 days, they shuttled landing craft to France through the heavily mined English Channel. To Paul's credit, he is one of few men that fought at both Pearl Harbor and Normandy.

Paul is a member of the Pearl Harbor Survivors Association. It was chartered by an Act of Congress. When it was first formed, there were approximately 16,500 members. Over the years, the number has diminished to 6,500. Almost every state has a chapter and some have more than one. California has about 30 chapters and Indiana has two. Paul is the State Chairman of the Indiana Pearl Harbor Survivors. They meet once a month and "tell tales that get better all of the time." They participate in parades. The group built a replica of the Arizona memorial. It is on the back of a flatbed trailer pulled by an R.V. It was paraded in Greenwood at one time. There were a lot of units here for that parade sponsored by the American Legion. There was hardly anyone who watched that parade because it wasn't publicized.

Contributed by Paul Kennedy, September 26, 2001

Editors' Note: *Paul Kennedy's memories of Pearl Harbor and World War II serves as another reminder of the sacrifice made by so many of our fellow Americans in the never ending challenge to preserve our freedom. To Paul and the thousands of men and women who serve and have served our country –*

- **No sorrow can be felt deep enough**
- **No sacrifice can go forgotten**
- **No thank you can be spoken loud enough**

World War II

Submitted By GEORGE ADAMS

George Adams was born June 29, 1923. He married Mary Lucille Nickless. They have three children: Joyce Ann Spilker, Janice Adams and Gary Adams. George and Mary moved their family to Greenwood in 1960.

George worked in the construction business in Burns City, Indiana, which is now known as Crane. In the beginning years of World War II, George and a buddy decided to join the United States Navy. His friend didn't pass the first test because he was color-blind. Later the army drafted him. George passed the test and comments that different branches of service had different requirements. Another example was his brother who attempted to enlist in an overseas work party and was refused because of a heart murmur. He ended up spending thirty years in the air force and fighting three wars.

The navy swore in 385 servicemen at the Indiana Statehouse in December 1942. George was among that group and was sent to Boot Camp at Great Lakes and Gunners Mate School for 16 weeks. Somehow his orders were messed up and he was sent to Morehead State Teachers College in Morehead, Kentucky. When he arrived on campus, there were sailors and co-eds socializing and George was ready to spend the rest of the war there! Unfortunately, the check-in person advised him that he was leaving the next morning.

After a quick departure, he was sent to Hastings, Nebraska to the ammunition depot for three months and then on to Washington D.C. to the Naval Gun Factory for electric hydraulics school.

After a month of training, George and 14 other sailors were sent to the Philadelphia Navy Yard to board the *USS Wisconsin*.



USS Wisconsin

Their task was to clean the 5-inch/ 38 caliber guns. Each gun was loaded with 30 pounds of gunpowder to fire a 55-pound projectile up to nine miles.

There were approximately 150 guns on the *USS Wisconsin*. They had nine big guns with sixteen-inch diameter barrels. Each gun would shoot a 2,700-pound projectile. It took six powder bags weighing 98 pounds to boost a shell out of each gun. They would shoot a distance in excess of 27 miles. The ship had 40 millimeter and 20 millimeter guns as well. The forties were quads. When a barrel on the 20's got too hot, they had to use a pair of gloves to remove the barrel and place it in a water tank. They replaced it with another barrel and kept on firing.

The *Wisconsin* operated from Ulithi in the Caroline Islands. Ulithi was located in the Pacific near the Philippine Islands. They engaged in support for battles at Leyte and Luzon in the Philippines. They sailed to Mindanao and from there; they went to Iwo Jima, then on to Okinawa. Then it was back to the Philippines to load supplies.

When they were under weigh about ten miles out, they got the order to go to Tokyo Bay. The *Wisconsin* served as "support invasions". They were charged with protecting the aircraft carriers plus slinging 16-inch shells over the surrounding islands, which caused a lot of damage. They were close enough that they fired on the enemy at Iwo Jima.

George was on deck when the *USS Franklin*, a large aircraft carrier was hit. A suicide plane crashed right in the middle of the planes that were loaded with bombs. George saw sailors jumping from the ship, but couldn't see an explosion. Then all at once, the planes started exploding – one right after another. The guys in the engine room couldn't get topside to escape. Many lives were lost. The *Franklin* didn't have any power and could not be steered, so the *Pittsburgh*, a cruiser took the ship in tow and the *Wisconsin* escorted them out of the war zone.

George's job on the *Wisconsin* was gunners mate. He was one of several that operated the five-inch, 38- inch mount twin guns. They were responsible for the firing and maintenance on the guns.

A five-inch gun would shoot about nine miles. When the enemy was within three miles, the 40-millimeters would open up first. As the enemy drew closer to the ship, they opened fire with the 20-millimeters.

When firing the guns at a target, such as a suicide plane, George says that they were basically throwing a bunch of “flack” (shrapnel) for the enemy to fly into. The 20 and 40-millimeter guns might get a direct hit and occasionally a five-inch would hit a plane, but the main objective was to shoot so that a plane would fly into the explosion.

George’s ship was always in the middle of the fighting. He says that there was not a ship large enough to sink them other than a submarine. They encountered only one and that didn’t cause a problem. They had to worry more about suicide planes.

George remembers two typhoons they had to endure in the South Pacific. One was in the Philippines. It was said to be the worst typhoon recorded in history up to that time. Three ships were lost – the *Hall*, the *Spence* and the *Moynihan* – all were destroyers.

Waves were 100 feet high. Winds in that storm were estimated at 160 knots. The *Wisconsin* started with two planes on board and came back with none. During the typhoon, the one plane remaining was half on/ half off the ship. Somebody volunteered to cut it loose. The sailors tied a line on him and held it while he edged his way to the plane. The 100-foot waves made the massive ship feel small as it rocked back and forth. George says that when you look up and see the tops of the waves higher than the ship, it really makes you think.

The *Wisconsin* had a hospital on board the massive ship. A “Man of War” (all fighting ships) was not supposed to get within twenty-five miles of a hospital ship. On one occasion, a hospital ship pulled alongside of them and removed wounded men. “I’m almost sure that our ship tilted to one side because of all those sailors eyeing the nurses on that hospital ship.”

“The day the war was over, about all of our carrier planes were in the air to celebrate the victory. We went to Japan and picked up some American prisoners of war who had been rescued from Corregidor. General Wainwright and some of his crew were among that group.”

In response to a question about who were the heroes of World War II George responded: “I believe mostly the marines. I can only speak from the Pacific side. I understand the *Battle of the Bulge* was army. A lot of them were married. These women didn’t know from one day to the next whether or not they had a husband.

That could be pretty unnerving. People will never realize how many marines got killed over there because it doesn't register with a lot of people."

George shares a story he overheard. A sailor was complaining about how the navy did things. The other fellow said, "Son, I'm going to tell you something. It's going to be a lot harder to get used to civilian life than it is navy life." George says he found that to be true. "You spend so much time with a group of people every day and share the same routine and experiences – good times and bad. Then you come home and it is just a different world all together."

Contributed by George Adams, October 30, 2002

Editor's Note: *George was in the navy from 1942 until 1946.*

He left his home and traveled half way around the world in a ship that became his new home. He found new friends and a new job to do. He was defending his country and held in high regard the lives of others that were doing the same.

Like many other veterans, he credits others for heroic actions. To those that were not there, it would seem that all of our servicemen were heroes. When the stakes are high, it can't be any other way.

World War II

Submitted By BOYCE KLUTTS

Boyce Klutts was born near Charlotte, North Carolina on December 31, 1924. He married Betty Sherrill in 1946 and has two sons, Sherrill R. and Wesley R. Klutts. They also are blessed with three grandsons, David W., Spencer B. and Russell W. Klutts. After serving in World War II, Boyce and Betty moved to Indiana in 1956 and to Greenwood in 1957. Boyce worked for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad from 1948 until retirement in 1985.



Boyce Klutts

Shortly after his 18th birthday, Boyce was drafted into the United States Army at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. He entered the service on April 1, 1943. Upon arrival at the base he was given tests to determine where he would be used in the military. He qualified for radio school and requested to be sent to the Army Air Corps.

Boyce received his basic training at Kessler Field, Mississippi and on to Sioux Falls, South Dakota for radio school. There he learned the International Morse Code and how to operate and repair radios.

World War II was intensifying and many planes were being lost in the "air war." There was a need for aerial gunners. Boyce's next assignment was gunnery school in Yuma, Arizona. In the three-month training, the airmen had to learn to shoot at a moving target while moving themselves. To accomplish this objective, they rode in the back of a pick-up truck armed with a shotgun. As the truck drove along a circular path, they shot at clay pigeons that were fired in the air. In another phase of the training, planes flew over with targets trailing behind them and they practiced shooting at those targets.

After completion of gunnery school, Boyce was sent to Tampa, Florida to McDill Field and assigned to a flight crew. The crew would be together for his entire tour of duty. His pilot was Robert Torrence from Rising Sun, Indiana. He is the brother of Bill Torrence who was an Indiana State Policeman. Boyce served as radio operator and right waist gunner.

The crew was assigned to a B17 bomber that had four engines and was considered the largest bomber at the time. It had twelve 50-caliber machine guns and carried a bomb load of 6,000 pounds. The plane was referred to as the “Flying Fortress” because of the firepower.



They were assigned to the 390th Bomb Group of the 8th Air Force and sent by ship to Framingham, England, near the English Channel. This would be his base of operations while overseas.

In 1943, planes were being shot down at a rapid rate. At that time, airmen had to fly on 25 missions before returning to the United States.



The “Flying Fortress”

Fighter planes played a big role in the early part of the war as escorts for the B17 bombers. The fighter planes were unable to fly the entire distance to the enemy target. They couldn’t carry enough fuel and would have to turn back. Boyce flew his first mission on July 24, 1944.

The German planes were waiting for the United States planes as soon as the fighter planes turned back. In 1944, the P51 fighter came out and could fly all of the way to the target. “That was when we really started taking control of the sky.”

Robert Smith, who served as Johnson County Judge of the Superior Court was a P51 pilot. Robert flew escort for Boyce on eleven missions.

When the United States took control of the skies, not so many planes were shot down and the required limit of bombing missions was increased to 35.

On almost every mission, the planes came back with some damage. The enemy 88's and 105-mm. guns were able to track the planes and as many as 40 or 50 planes were shot down at a time on some bombing missions. Sometimes as many as 2,000 planes flew on a mission. The number of planes lost would depend on the target. Every mission was different.

When they got about ten miles from the target, the pilot would turn the controls over to the bombardier who controlled it with a *Norton Bombsight*. He could plug the operation of the plane into the bombsight and that held the plane steady on a path. That was the dangerous part. They had to stay on that path until they dropped their bombs. It was impossible to take evasive action from the anti-aircraft guns on the ground.

On Boyce's 35th mission on November 30, 1944, his plane was shot down by German anti-aircraft over Merseberg, Germany. A bombshell exploded right near the cockpit and immediately killed the pilot and co-pilot. The plane went into a dive, then a spin and was on fire. At the time, Boyce was manning the waist gun.

As the plane fell to the ground, Boyce tried to hook on his parachute and crawl toward the rear door to jump. He either passed out from the lack of oxygen or the explosion of the plane knocked him out of the plane. The first thing he remembered was floating downward in his parachute. Only one of the two hooks on his parachute was fastened.

All five of the enlisted men got out of the plane. The four officers were killed. Boyce landed in a field and was picked up by the local police and put in jail until the next day. One concern of airmen was that local residents often killed flyers that parachuted onto their land. Their weapon was a pitchfork. Thankfully, Boyce did not encounter this problem.

The next morning, Boyce was put on a train and sent to Frankfurt, which was the interrogation center for airmen. He was kept there for about two weeks. The

interrogation consisted of the Germans screaming and threatening – but no beatings. After the interrogation, he was put on a train and sent to a camp. He was shot down on November 30, 1944 and arrived at Stalag 4 in the middle of December.

The biggest problem in the prison camp was the lack of food. Had it not been for the Red Cross parcels supplementing what the Germans fed them; there would have been a lot more casualties. The packages contained a little bit of everything. There were chocolate bars, coffee, tea, soap, Spam and other items. The Germans gave them a Red Cross parcel and at times it would have to be split between four or five guys. Boyce credits the Red Cross for saving many lives.

The camp routine consisted of daily roll call and a guard would check on them every now and then. Boyce was not aware of any mistreatment in the camp. He was there until February 6, when they heard Russian guns in the distance and thought they would be liberated within a few days.

They were told that Hitler was trying to hold on to all of the prisoners as a bargaining tactic to avoid unconditional surrender. So the Germans started marching the prisoners away from the Russians. The march was very difficult for the prisoners in the cold weather. They were marched ten or fifteen miles a day from February 6th to May 2nd. If a barn was available at night, the farmer would run his livestock out and allow them to sleep inside. If no barn was available, they slept in the open fields.

During the 86 days of marching, many men suffered from dysentery, frozen feet, malnutrition and pneumonia. Many fell by the wayside and no one knew of their fate. They marched to a camp near Bremen, Germany. About a week later, the American forces advanced in that direction causing the Germans to march their prisoners in a northerly direction. The British eventually liberated the prisoners. They had marched approximately 600 miles.

Boyce strongly feels that we, as citizens of this country have paid a very high price for the freedom we have. “I think it is everyone’s obligation to fight for this freedom when called upon to do so. I consider the men who died for their country to be the truly great heroes.”

After the end of the war, Boyce returned home to North Carolina. He married Betty Sherrill in 1946 and in 1948; he started working for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. This was the time when diesel engines were just beginning to come on the

scene. Most of the engines were steam, but shortly after Boyce started working for the railroad, the diesels replaced the steam engines. Passenger trains had just about disappeared.

Boyce worked as a train dispatcher in Indianapolis. A dispatcher is similar to an air traffic controller. They had a territory and he had to tell the trains when to move and where to go onto the passing tracks. Dispatchers communicated with engineers through stations along the way. He used a telegraph and telephones. The messages were handed to the trains as they passed the stations. Boyce retired in 1985.

Contributed by Boyce Klutts, October 16, 2002

Editors' Note: *At almost 78 years old, Boyce is enjoying his retirement with his wife Betty. They spend their summers in Greenwood and winters in Florida.*

Boyce endured the hardships of war and survived when the destiny of many others were to lose their lives in the pursuit of freedom. Boyce believes that the true heroes are those who died for our country. A man with a strong sense of duty and honor speaks this fine and humble declaration.

The Korean War

Submitted by EVERETT FROST

Everett Frost was born January 26, 1931, to Hobart and Gertie Frost. There were six boys and two girls in the Frost family. The two oldest sons, Silas and James were in World War II. One was in Europe and the other was in the Pacific. The other sons were Charles and Hobert Lee Jr. who served with the Marines in Korea and Glendo who was in the Air Force in Viet Nam. One of the Frost daughters was Sarah Jane Redmon who lived with the family in Johnson County during World War II, but now resides in Columbia, Kentucky. The other daughter is deceased.

Mr. Frost was a farmhand and worked in and around Johnson County. The Frost family moved to Greenwood and lived on the Dave DeMotte and Thornton Denny Farm, where the Greenwood Park Mall is now. They moved there in 1943.



Charles & Everett Frost

When Everett was 16, he went to the Great Lakes and worked on the ore boats in the Merchant Marines. On his 18th birthday, January 26, 1949, he enlisted in the army. He went to Japan on occupational duty in the spring of 1949 with the 25th Infantry Division. He was with this unit when the war broke out in Korea.

On June 25, 1950, North Korea invaded South Korea.

The North Koreans were trained and equipped by the Soviet Union during and after the occupation of Korea. In the initial attack, the North Koreans crossed the 38th parallel with a well-trained infantry and armored units.

By contrast, the South Korean Army, numbering 95,000, were ill equipped and poorly trained. During the United States occupation of South Korea, the American

military assisted the South Koreans in organizing a small army. With limited equipment and restricted command authority, it was impossible for the Americans to create an effective army.

The United Nations was quick to denounce the North Korean armed aggression. On June 25th, the United Nations Security Council demanded immediate cessation of the hostilities and the withdrawal of North Korean forces to the 38th parallel. That action failed and they urged United Nations members to provide military assistance to the South Korean Republic.

President Truman authorized the U.S. air and naval forces to attack North Korean troops located in South Korea. Naval units were ordered to attack targets in North Korea and army troops to protect Pusan, Korea's major port located at the southeastern tip of the peninsula.

General of the Army, Douglas MacArthur was assigned to lead the movement. He had at hand the 1st Cavalry, 7th, 24th and 25th Infantry Divisions and the 29th Regimental Combat Team. None was prepared for battle. They lacked the manpower, artillery units and almost all of their armor.

The 24th Division landed first, followed by the 25th and the 1st Cavalry Division arrived four days later. The battle lasted until July 27, 1953, when hostilities ended.

United Nations forces prevailed after 37 months of fighting. They lost 74,000 men and 250,000 were wounded. Of those killed, 44,000 were South Koreans, 27,000 were Americans and 3,000 were from other United Nations countries.

When the war broke out, the Marine Corps were in the process of training Everett's regimental combat team on amphibious maneuvers. They were to make a final assault – a simulated assault – on maneuvers.

Everything came to a halt when the war began. After finishing their simulated landings, they loaded on a train and headed for the southern island of Japan. Everett was in the 64th Field Artillery Battalion as a Forward Observer. He was with the infantry.

They boarded LST ships and headed for Korea behind the 24th Infantry Division. The 24th had a regiment that was cut off and General William F. Dean had been captured.

The way things turned out, the decision was made not to sacrifice another regiment because they were not strong enough to make a difference. They landed in Pusan and confronted the North Korean soldiers north of Pusan. By that time, they were numb from the lack of sleep. They withdrew back to the Masan Perimeter. Masan was the name of a town a few miles from Pusan. They defended that area for several weeks.

Reinforcements came and the marines landed in Inch'on with the 7th Division. At that time, three regiments consisting of approximately 20,000 men composed a Division. However, they were very much under strength with troops and equipment. It was said that they were not trained for this, but Everett states that while in Japan, they spent most of their time training for combat.

The equipment they were using was pre-World War II. There was one Howitzer that had a 6-inch crack inside the tube. On maneuvers, they were not allowed to fire it. But it was taken to Korea and used. Ammunition was in short supply. Unless they were under attack, they couldn't use what ammunition they had. Ammunition did arrive and they felt like they could finally do their part.

The Chinese got into the war and Everett's unit fell back to south of the 38th parallel. That was another time period when they just functioned. Time didn't mean anything. The infantry didn't have many opportunities to sleep. Everett says they didn't give them time to sleep. When he came off the line, he would get 24 hours to catch up on his sleep if possible.

Temperatures – It was very hot in the summer, wet in the monsoon and the winters were brutal. The coldest Everett remembers was 20 degrees below zero. The men were not dressed for the cold weather. They wore everything they could beg, borrow or steal. Everett says he was a good size man, but if he could find some Chinese or North Koreans who were big enough, he took some of their padded outerwear and wore it under his uniform to try to keep from freezing to death.

Then on February 8, 1951, Everett was hit with shrapnel on a hill about 18 miles south of Seoul. He suffered injuries to the lower chest and his legs. That sent him back to the United States. He landed in California on April 1, 1951 and was sent to Percy Jones Army Hospital in Battle Creek, Michigan. He had nerve injuries in his legs and it was one of the hospitals where they tried to correct that type of injury. He was discharged on January 31, 1953 and moved back to Greenwood.

Everett was asked if it was worthwhile for the United States to be in Korea. He replied that he thought it was the right thing to do. "We had a treaty and the communists had to be shown that we would fight and stand up to them. The United Nations were involved. There were Turkish, Australian, English and Canadian Troops and the Swedish Red Cross Hospital Team."

To Everett, all of the men who were in Korea bore the burden, the ones left behind and the others - especially the infantry. They are the ones who always bear the burden.

"As long as they were willing to go, then I would say they were all heroes."

Everett settled down and married a girl from Greenwood – Wanda Chaney. They had four children – Tammy, Robert, Julie and Tim. They lost Tammy in 1988. Tim lives in Whiteland. Julie lives in Ft. Wayne and Robert lives in Indianapolis.

Contributed by Everett Frost, November 5, 2002

Editors' Note: *Like his five brothers, Everett served his country in a war zone. He enlisted to do one job and ended up in a war. He endured the hardships of battle and was injured. The character of this man is revealed in his attitude about the Korean War. He states that he thought the United States did the right thing in standing up to communism. That spirit is in the heart of every hero.*

The Vietnam War

Submitted By ROY JONES

Cecil "Roy" Jones II was born June 19, 1947, in Beech Grove. His parents are the late Cecil Roy Jones and Nannie Jane Corey Jones. Mrs. Jones resides in Greenwood. Roy has three brothers; Thomas and Christopher who live in Indianapolis and Jeff resides in Greenwood. He also has two sisters, Janet Jones Logan who lives in Alabama and Debbie Jones Kite, a resident of Indianapolis.

Roy has three children, James Patrick Jones and twins, Tina and Angela Jones. They are grown with children of their own.

Roy resides in Franklin with his wife, Joy.

Roy's father was in the United States Army for 28 years, including service in World War II. Roy refers to himself as an "Army Brat". For a number of years, the Jones family moved frequently as the military transferred his father to many different locations. After Roy was born, Mr. Jones was assigned to a 3-year tour of duty in Germany, followed by a transfer back to Indiana. Austria was the next place they would call home for three years. Then the family returned back to the United States and Mr. Jones was stationed in North Carolina, followed by an assignment back to Indiana. Roy attended Isom Elementary School in Greenwood. Roy started high school in Kansas. He completed his freshman year and Mr. Jones retired from the army. The Jones family returned to Greenwood.

In 1967 or early 1968, Roy received a draft notice. This was at the time the war in Viet Nam was going "very heavy." Many young men talked about taking off to Canada to avoid the draft. Roy knew several that did.

Roy made the decision to go ahead with his service commitment. His father and other acquaintances helped Roy make decisions concerning what areas of training he could request.

Parting date arrived and Roy headed for Ft. Leonard Wood, Missouri to start Survey School. He requested the Artillery Survey School in Ft. Sill, Oklahoma.

Roy requested OCS, (Officer Candidate School) took the test, passed it and instead of going through survey school he went through OCS Prep. After graduating, he went through Artillery OCS at Ft. Sill and became a Second Lieutenant. During

this time he requested flight school and was sent to Ft. Walters, Texas for helicopter flight school.

Roy received primary and secondary helicopter training. They used very small “birds” – UH 23’s with the big glass bubble nose in the front. Students were taught both IFR (instrument flight rules) and VFR (visual flight rules). Roy graduated and went to Ft. Rucker, Alabama.

School in Alabama was for advanced flight training. Combat training was conducted and they graduated to the UH-1 Deltas, which were utility helicopters.

Roy went to Viet Nam in December 1968. They flew into Saigon and were separated into groups that would be sent to different locations. Roy was sent to I-Corps. I-Corps was in a mountainous area. On the trip to I-Corps, he marveled at the beauty of the blue ocean to his right side and the mountains to his left. He was flying at over 1,000 ft. heading up to who knows where. He had no idea of what was ahead of him.

They flew into Chu Lai. His unit, Blueghost F Troop, 8th Cavalry – an air cavalry unit – was stationed there. There were 26 helicopters, maintenance facilities and living quarters. It was a solid single unit.

Roy flew as a second pilot for about five months and then he became an aircraft commander. During that time he was also the supply officer.

“When I came to Viet Nam, I was really down on the thoughts of what might happen. I felt for a period of time that I died when I came into this country and if I made it out, I would come alive again.”

Then the reality of his world set in and they were flying into their firebase – which was an area controlled by part of the Division to which they were assigned. Roy’s unit maintained close air support for this ground unit. It was a part of the Americal 23rd Infantry Division.

When he was at the firebase, he ran into one of his high school graduate buddies – Raji Neal. He was in a tank unit there. The friends visited for a short time. Roy didn’t see him again.

The weather in Viet Nam was more extreme than any place Roy had ever been. Living quarters were about 200 yards from the China Sea. Some days it was sunny

and 95 degrees with humidity of 95%. When the soldiers walked on the beach they had to wear something on their feet to avoid being scorched.

A monsoon would come in and the rain would blow at 50 mph and it came straight across the land. “You don’t even feel like it hits. It just shoots by you. There was no way to stay dry inside or out – no matter what you were doing.”

When Roy arrived in Viet Nam he flew the Charlie model, which was set up as a gunship. It was the first gunship before the new Cobras came out. It had 30 caliber mini guns on each side and a cannon under the nose. The cannon was a long distance grenade launcher. The two pilots had their own side arms and M-16 rifles. There were no door gunners. They served as close air support over a small observation “bird”. The utility “copters” were above. About two months later, Roy was second pilot and started flying the utility aircraft. They flew UH-1 Deltas.

The latter part of Roy’s service in Viet Nam, he was still flying the utility copters – the hotel (H) models. He had advanced to aircraft commander by that time.

One mission was a medivac – short for medical evacuation. The same procedure was used – there was a low observation helicopter, the two cobra gun ships and then the utility helicopter that he flew on the third tier. On this particular mission, there were air force jets flying in the area. The enemy on the ground was shooting at them and they called in the jets to the place where they had spotted the shooters.

On another mission, they flew in to drop off nine Marine units that were attached to their outfit. It wasn’t a hot LZ. (landing zone) That means they didn’t take any enemy fire on that trip. During the time they were landing, there were four utility ships with eight Marines each. The Cobras were above them.

At that landing zone, they had room for eight helicopters to set down. Since they only had four, there was plenty of room to maneuver all four helicopters to land, drop everybody and leave. Some of the landing zones were only the size of a helicopter and other times they were as large as a meadow in the middle of a forested area with room for 25 helicopters to land.

At that time, one year was the normal tour of duty in Viet Nam. Many volunteered for more, but Roy says most soldiers spent only one year. He opted to leave after serving his year.

Roy returned from Viet Nam and went back to Ft. Walters, Texas and helped train other pilots. He received a phone call from the government asking him to go on to War College and higher ranks. Roy chose to be “riffed out” because he wanted to take different schooling and get away from the military style of life. By this time, Roy was close to becoming a major. (Riffed out is a result of choosing not to accept the government’s offer of further training and enlistment)

Roy reflects on his feelings and those of many that fought in Viet Nam: “When I was first drafted, I really didn’t want to go – like most people. I really didn’t know why we were over there other than the fact we were fighting communism – which was the main story. The truth of the matter is we were doing nothing more than helping one group of people fight against another. But the people back in the United States, who didn’t want us to go, didn’t let us fight. We weren’t allowed to win. And when we came back, many people ostracized us. I am sorry to say that this happened right here at Greenwood.”

“If the United States Government or the leadership of the United States makes a decision to go to another area and fight, then fight the fight and finish the fight. Everyone in America needs to back those that are on the front lines of the fight. Back the government on its decision on how they are going to handle it.”

“Finally, I still meet and see guys that were over there. We have a closeness that probably can’t be explained. World War II, Korean War, and Viet Nam veterans are all close. We know how we lived together, what was done and how we felt when we got back. It is a different kind of comradeship. There are a lot of times I can walk into a room and listen and talk for a while and pick out the Viet Nam Vets. I know who they are by just listening to them talking to other people.”

Contributed by Roy Jones, October 29, 2002

Editors’ Note: *Roy Jones made a decision to honor the requirements of the draft in a war when other young men chose to avoid the battle.*

Servicemen in all wars have voiced the same concern that they didn’t know what was ahead of them when they went to war. The important thing to remember about these heroic men and woman is that with all of the doubt and reservations –

They still went to war in the name of their country. Their intentions were honorable.

The Greenwood American Legion

Post 252

Robert Barr is a 24-year member of the Greenwood American Legion Post, past Commander, presently on the Governing Board, and Post Chaplin.

Dale Rogers is a 56-year member. Mr. Barr and Mr. Rogers have submitted information for this article on American Legion Post No. 252, Greenwood.

American Legion Post 252 is located at 334 South U.S. 31 in Greenwood. Their charter was granted on September 9, 1920. The original location of the Legion Post is not known by Bob or Dale. In the 1940's, the lodge hall was on the second floor over Clifford (Doc) Youmans' Drugstore, east of Madison Avenue on the north side of Main Street. Their present location on U.S. 31 was built in 1950.

Purpose/Mission

The purpose and mission of the American Legion is to assist veterans who were in the military service during wartime. War zone assignment is not a prerequisite. Community service is a high priority for members.

Branches of military service represented are – Navy, Army, Coast Guard, Marine Corps, and Air Force.

Military actions have a series of dates of eligibility. There are no World War I veterans left. So it's World War II, 12-7-41 through 12-31-46; Korea 6-25-50 through 1-31-55; Viet Nam 12-22-61 through 5-7-75; Lebanon/Granada 8-24-82 through 7-31-84; Panama 12-20-89 through 1-31-90 and the Persian Gulf Conflict 8-2-90.

Services Provided

One important service provided to members is advice and assistance in applying for benefits: Veterans Education Assistance, Vocational Rehabilitation, G.I. Loans, Disability Compensation, Surviving Spouse Assistance, Board of Veterans Appeals and Burial Benefits. The Legion itself does not provide the benefits, but is available to help with paperwork and advice concerning who to contact. For claims, veterans need their DD214, given at discharge that lists metals received and dates of service.

Annual dues are \$20.00. There is no fee for joining. Bob comments that veterans in the community that are not members should join as there are too many benefits to pass up. The more members they have, the more influence they have on legislators in passing beneficial laws in favor of veterans.

Community Service

Services to the community are many. At Christmas this year they were able to help 169 kids. Years ago, they just gave food baskets, but now in addition to the food baskets, they help with other items such as clothing.

Often, someone will come in and request help with gas money or something to eat. Bob says that the Post is authorized to pay \$25.00 out of their account to a needy individual.

Other civic activities include sponsoring the Police Officer and Fireman of the Year award and they sponsor a Little League Team. They support a Boy Scout Troop that costs around \$750 to \$1,000 a year. The troop is associated with two or three Cub Scout Troops.

The Post selects candidates for Boys State and the Ladies Auxiliary sponsors Girls State participants. The students who are delegates meet with others from all over the state. They act as government officials, congress, and other governmental agencies. They go through the motions of operating a government. One young man representing the local post was selected as Governor, which was quite an honor. As a sponsor, the Legion pays all expenses for the weeklong event. It usually costs around \$1,000 for sponsorship.

Honor Guard

The Honor Guard is an important function at the American Legion. In addition to Legion members, it includes members from the Greenwood and Whiteland VFW. Bob has commanded the Honor Guard since 1983. Normally, they use 10 to 12 people for a funeral. He comments that it is really a job for the retired members as many funerals occur during the week when the younger members are at work.

The Honor Guard wears uniforms of white shirts, black trousers, Legion jackets and caps. Their participation in the funeral service is to file in and line up in

front of the casket. Bob recites a short prayer. They salute while he says, "Farewell Comrade." Then they turn and file out.



At the cemetery they line up as the casket is carried to the gravesite. They present arms, which is the equivalent of a

hand salute, as the casket passes between them. Once the casket is placed on the bier, the Guard is dismissed and they take their firing positions. The Guard provides the last honor for the veteran. The flag is removed from the casket, folded and given to the designated family member. The rifles of the Honor Guard then fire three rounds. Then they present arms in the form of a salute as the bugler plays *Taps*, after which the empty cartridges are collected and presented to the family.

Indiana Soldiers' and Sailors' Children's Home

Local Post 252 is a supporter of the Indiana Soldiers' and Sailors' Home. The Home is located south of Knightstown, Indiana. At one time the home was the state's orphanage for veterans' children and now serves Indiana youth in need of residential education and comprehensive care. Children between the ages of three and eighteen are considered for admission.

Morton Memorial Schools are located on the grounds and serve the diverse educational needs of the residents. In addition, Eder Vocational School, known for its outstanding vocational programs, provides opportunities for students to gain entry-level work experiences while earning high school credits. They also provide a voluntary Army JROTC program for high school and junior high school students.

Graduates of Morton Memorial High School may be eligible to receive a four-year tuition scholarship to a state supported college, university or vocational school.

The American Flag

The American Legion accepts old non-usable American Flags. Periodically throughout the year, they burn them in a designated manner. Bob says that an American Flag is never to be thrown in a trashcan. There is a special ceremony involving the officers and Honor Guard. The 1st and 2nd Vice Commanders examine the flags and make a recommendation to the Commander, as to whether or not they are in a condition to be burned or are reusable.

At the present time, the Post can only burn one or two flags at one time in their burner. Wilson St. Pierre Mortuary suggested that the Post hold their ceremony in their parking lot. The masses of flags that have been turned in are burned in their crematorium.

The Legion furnishes flags at the four local cemeteries – Rocklane, Forest Lawn, Mt. Pleasant and Greenwood. When flags are available, they keep them on hand for sale at a reasonable price. Since 9-11, the Legion has not been able to keep up with the demand for flags.

Pamphlets are available through the American Legion that describe the proper care of flags. The biggest mistake made is that flags are not supposed to be flown at night unless they are lighted. Also, they should not be flown in a worn, tattered condition. If they begin to fade or ravel out, they should come down and be replaced.

Veterans

There are 1,500 veterans that pass away per day. This represents all of the wars. Mostly World War II and Korean War Veterans account for the majority of deaths. The Legion worked 139 funerals this year and 130 last year. These are not all members of the Legion. “We do not restrict military funerals to just Legion members. As long as they are veterans in our area, we will take care of them.”

Activities

“Bingo keeps us alive.” With that money they provide clothes for kids and other charitable needs. The Post donated a significant amount to the Greenwood Fire

Department for an infrared camera this past year. The money they take in is not for Legion expenses, but for their charities.

Non-members may enjoy an evening meal for a minimal charge on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings.

Membership

“We have almost 900 members at the present time. They come from all over. Johnson County has a Legion Post in Franklin, Edinburgh, one up near the goat farm by I-65, Marion County – and so our people are from a relatively small area.”

“Most of our members are from World War II, Korea and such. We haven’t had a lot of luck getting the younger people to join. There are so many other activities that attract the younger people, they don’t need organizations for support like they used to.”

Contributed by Bob Barr and Dale Rogers, January 29, 2002

The Greenwood Veterans of Foreign War

“VFW” - POST 5864

Lester Churney, VFW Quartermaster Adjutant and Jack Inabnitt, House Committee Member provided information for this article. The Veterans of Foreign Wars were chartered in Greenwood, Indiana on April 20, 1976.

Membership

Military service in an *overseas combat zone* is a requirement for membership in the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

American Legion membership is different in that the applicant had to be in the service during wartime - *not* necessarily in a combat zone. Some veterans belong to both organizations. As with the Legion, the VFW is an international organization with foreign posts in Germany, the Hawaiian Islands, and the Philippines, to name a few.

Location

The local Post was chartered on April 20, 1976, building its charter about six months before filing. Meetings were held twice a month above the old taxicab office at 152 South Madison Avenue. The first commander provided the meeting room. Later, the Post bought a small building at 405 East Main Street at Polk Place. In 1978, the Post bought land and erected a new building at 333 South Washington where it continues to operate.

Purpose/Mission

As a part of the mission and purpose of the organization, the VFW in concert with the American Legion provides assistance with burial details for the funerals of former military personnel. VFW membership is not a requirement for funeral honors. It is based on military service. A wooden case containing the American Flag is presented to the deceased member's family.

Community Service/Charities

Charitable activities include assisting people in distress, from stranded travelers to member families or individuals who need help with utility bills due to illness or misfortune. The main consideration is that the person requesting assistance is a veteran.

At Christmas, donations of 50 to 55 food baskets are made to needy families. The Post and the Ladies Auxiliary also have a program called "Clothe a Child". They visit the schools and if there is a family in need, they take the children shopping and get them coats, shoes and various items they need. The public is welcome to contribute cash or non-perishable foodstuff for the Christmas Basket Fund.

VFW Posts through the National Office sponsor and support a national orphanage for the children of veterans. The facility is located in Eaton Rapids, Michigan. There are fifty homes representing the fifty states. It is self-sustaining with its own fire department, grocery store and schools. The children range in ages from infants through high school. The high school students are trained to do many things including police and fire rescues. When a Post visits the facility, the students demonstrate a rescue of a victim of a car fire that had been in an accident.

The house parents are volunteers and not necessarily VFW members, but they are screened. The volunteers are people who are interested in children and want to help care for them.

The school has grades 1 through 12. After graduation, there are opportunities for college scholarships. The VFW scholarships are for children of members with a certain grade average.

Donations to the National Home will be accepted at the Post and forwarded for recognition to the National Home. The recognition consists of a certificate from the National Home honoring the donor for their contribution.

The local Post has a scholarship fund that comes from fish fries and different money making projects. For the past six months, noon time and Friday evening dinners are served to the public as a service to the community and as a fund raiser for the Post and Auxiliary projects.

In addition to the orphanage in Eaton Rapids, the Post supports a Home for Veterans in Lafayette, Indiana, that is open to all veterans.

Boy Scouts/School Programs

Local community involvement includes the Boy Scouts, Little League Teams and an essay program through the schools. Participants are given a headline such as, "What Freedom Means to Me" and the essay would be based on that. There have been several Greenwood students who went all of the way to the national

competition. The “Voice of Democracy” program for high school students encourages students to generate a voice tape on a provided subject. Recognition and awards are given on a local, State and National basis.

Membership

The VFW represents Army, Navy, Marines, Air Force and Coast Guard.

Military actions represented include World War I, World War II, Korea, Viet Nam and Desert Storm. Lately, Bosnia and Afghanistan and all Middle East Conflicts have been included. There is also Granada, the Panama Canal Zone incident and a number of combat actions defined by Congress and the VFW National Headquarters as being suitable for eligibility. It isn’t just the major conflicts, but the smaller skirmishes as well. The last World War I veteran who was a member of the local Post passed away about six months ago at the age of 100.



War Experiences

In a candid conversation concerning their participation in war, how it changed them and what freedom means to them, both gentlemen agreed that being in a combat zone is an experience that allows you to discover a lot about yourself and the people around you. Often, it is not pleasant, but there are nice memories as well. Friends are made and unfortunately some are lost. Most servicemen shove the bad experiences to the back of their mind and keep the good times in the forefront. “You become a member of a family. Each person knows what he has to do to take care of his buddy. Your life depends on your buddy!”

Les tells about traveling to certain areas of the world and seeing how other people live. It really “brings home” what we have here in this country. He recalled a time he was in Yokosuko Bay. His ship was tied up after bringing troops to Japan. “This little “bumboat” came up behind us with two young children who were fishing garbage out of the water for something to eat. There are exceptions, but it really shows what we have in this country!”

Jack tells of being in Viet Nam and seeing people living in grass houses with dirt floors and sleeping on bamboo beds. “They really didn’t have much. They raised rice

and the enemy would take it away from them. They caught fish and laid them out in the sun for three or four days. When the fish started to rot, they would put them on a pile of rice and eat them. We, as Americans couldn't stand the smell, let alone eat it!"

Les and Jack talked about Korean Kimshi, which is cabbage, or turnips cut up and put into a pot. Then it is buried in the ground to ferment. When it starts rotting, it is dug up and eaten. The smell is obnoxious to someone not used to the custom.

In discussing the reception that American soldiers received overseas, the men felt that many people respected them for being there, while many more had to be watched because they didn't like Americans. More than likely, the reason is because Americans are considered by foreign countries to have so much more than they do.

Ladies Auxiliary

The Ladies Auxiliary is an important arm of the VFW. One qualification for membership is a close relative must have been either a member, or eligible for membership. It can be a wife, sister or daughter. The ladies can also join under their uncles, brothers, and grandfathers. For eligibility, they must present a copy of their relative's DD214 – the separation papers for discharge that shows their ribbons and service dates. That person can be deceased.

At one time, the Ladies Auxiliary had a drill team that performed in Indianapolis; Louisville, Kentucky and New Orleans, Louisiana. They placed third in the nation in the 1991 V.F.W. National Drill Team Contest.



*Ladies Auxiliary drill team. 1991 V.F.W. National Contest.
New Orleans, Louisiana. 3rd place honors.*

Les and Jack close with a mention of two ladies who are VFW members and not associated with the Ladies Auxiliary. Vivian Godolphin was a nurse who was in World War II in the South Pacific. She is up in years and they haven't seen her in a long time.

Michelle Steinmetz was in Korea. They anticipate an increase in female members of the VFW as more women are serving their country in combat.

Contributed by Lester Churney and Jack Inabnitt, April 16, 2002

Flags for Greenwood

Submitted by JOHN & LINDA GIBSON

John Gibson grew up in Madison, Indiana. He attended Indiana State Teachers College in Terre Haute and graduated in 1961. He also attended the Indiana School of Mortuary Science and received his embalmer's license and shortly thereafter received his funeral director's license. He spent summers working for J.C. Wilson, Flanner & Buchanan Funeral Homes. John was a teacher at Southport High School from 1962 until 1999. In 1999, he was named the School to Career Coordinator and in 2001 was named the Director of the Academy of Finance.

Linda grew up in the Southport area and graduated from Southport High School. John and Linda began dating in the fall after her graduation and were married three years later in 1967. Linda worked for Ernst & Young LLP as an administrative assistant for 23 years.

The Gibson's are the parents of Susan and Stephen. Susan married Justin Simmons in May of 1993 and resides in the Greenwood area. Stephen currently resides in Indianapolis.

John and Linda spend their leisure time traveling in a 1930 Model A Ford. The Model A "plague" has had quite an effect on their lives. They also own a 1931 roadster in original condition and a 1930 Tudor.

As John and Linda traveled around the country in their 1930 Model A Ford, they enjoyed seeing so many small towns proudly flying American flags on light poles. The Gibsons often discussed the possibility of the City of Greenwood purchasing flags for the community.

*By the summer of 1995, more and more small towns were flying American flags and after a major discussion, John replied, "If we want to see American flags flying on light poles in Greenwood, then we should do something about it!" That was the beginning of *Flags for Greenwood*.*

In January of 1996, Linda approached newly elected Mayor Charles Henderson at the conclusion of his first city council meeting and gave him an overview of their

initial ideas. Mayor Henderson thought it was a great idea and agreed to have city employees install the flags and provide storage space for the flags.

Their first goal was to collect \$6,000 to purchase 150 American Flags to cover the area on all utility poles on Madison Avenue from County Line Road to Smith Valley Road and Main Street from U.S. 31 to Meridian Street. The flags would fly from the week prior to Memorial Day until the week following July 4th, which would allow the flags to be up for Flag Day as well.

The task of selecting the right flag was one of their first priorities. They contacted seventeen flag manufacturers regarding pricing and delivery time and requested sample flags be sent to them. After decisions were made on the proper flag and equipment to use, a test flag was installed on the corner of Madison Avenue and Pearl Street.

The success of the project depended on donations. The Gibsons applied for a federal ID number and established a recognition program to encourage donations. A donation of \$100 or more would entitle the donor to have his/her name on a plaque that would be hung in the City Building. Individuals or organizations contributing \$300 or more would receive a personalized plaque. A loved one's name could be added to a memorial plaque for \$50.

The National City Bank agreed to accept donations at their Madison Avenue office. Sam Bean at Bean Graphics fine tuned the *Flags for Greenwood* logo and offered to print flyers for fundraising efforts. In March of 1996, 500 letters were delivered to various businesses, civic and service groups.

The media expressed great interest in their endeavors and provided much appreciated coverage. Greenwood Middle School students became involved and donated the money they usually spent on snacks during a one-week period. This totaled \$1,600.31.

By the end of the first week in May, funds had been collected to order 244 flags instead of the initial goal of 150 flags on 4.6 miles of city streets. Meridian Street from Smith Valley Road to Isom Grade School was added to the flag route. A milestone was reached as the flags were installed a week prior to Memorial Day.

1998

Early in the year, the American Legion National Headquarters featured a story on the *Flags for Greenwood* program. The Legion planned to create a program called *Show Your Colors*. They would introduce the program at their national convention that summer and encourage Legion groups around the country to model their programs after what had been done in Greenwood. A picture of Greenwood Middle School students appeared in the May 1998 issue of the American Legion's national publication.

1999

After three years, the flags were faded and needed replacement. A goal of \$14,000 was established to purchase 500 flags. The Gibsons had already received a multitude of requests to include other major arteries. The expansion would cover 12 miles of city streets with American flags.

A special decal with the *Flags for Greenwood* logo was introduced. Any group contributing \$50.00 or more was given the decal. The original recognition program was continued.

In the spring of that year, Brandon Lane, a local Boy Scout contacted the Gibsons. He was working on his Eagle Scout rank and was eager to help with the flag program. Brandon made 50 collection canisters that were placed in various businesses. His mother, De took Brandon around on a regular basis to collect the funds. Brandon also coordinated a successful (\$1,759.43) car wash and bake sale at Sam's Club. Brandon and the scouts were responsible for conducting several fundraisers and made a fund raising thermometer that was displayed in front of the City Building. The Greenwood High School Honor Society, students from Westwood Elementary and Southwest Elementary collected donations as well.

Steve and Dixie Knott of Ritter's Frozen Custard provided custard to sell at the City's July 4th celebration. The frozen custard was a tremendous success bringing in \$1,142.00.

Fundraising efforts was an overwhelming success. A total of \$22,897 was collected. Instead of expanding the "*Avenue of Flags*" to the goal of 500 flags, they

now had the funds to purchase over 900 flags to span nearly 25 miles of city streets. The Gibsons credit Brandon's untiring efforts to the success of the fundraiser.

The next step was assembling the flags on the poles and preparing them for city workers to install. Once again, Brandon and his scout troop stepped up to the plate and assembled the flags.

In the fall of 1999, Brandon was recognized by Marsh Food Stores and named one of their "We Value Youth" award winners. In February of 2000, Brandon was named a Fox 59 "Extra Effort Award" recipient.

2000 through 2001

It was apparent that the *Flags for Greenwood* project was becoming a full time endeavor. The Gibsons enlisted the help of Jerry and De Lane on an ongoing basis to assist with the multitude of tasks associated with the project. The first order of business was obtaining a non-for-profit group status, with hopes of attracting larger donations. One of the stipulations was that they have a board of directors consisting of at least 5 members. They approached Genny Worsham, the City's Clerk-treasurer and Gene Nix to see if they would serve as board members. Deb Turner, who had experience in writing grants was asked to be an advisor.

Everything was going along smoothly until the terrorist attack on September 11, 2001. Telephones rang constantly. The residents of Greenwood wanted the flags flying. Linda contacted Mayor Henderson and relayed what many in the community were saying. Initially, Mayor Henderson had Barry Inabnitt put flags up on Main Street and Madison Avenue. The Mayor agreed to have city workers put all the flags up. Thirty days following the tragedy, the official mourning period ended. Many residents wanted to keep the flags up indefinitely.

The *Flags for Greenwood* Board met and agreed the flags needed to stay up, but they would be flown on every 3rd pole - except in the heart of the city. If we experienced a severe winter, the flags would be faded and damaged. The board immediately began fundraising efforts. The Greenwood Middle School students jumped on the bandwagon and raised another \$3,859.84. The board sold patriotic sweaters. Several Girl Scout and Brownie troops also conducted fundraisers.

As a result of severe wind/weather damage to the flags during the weekend of March 9th, the board made the decision to retire all remaining flags. The flags could

be salvaged only if someone would be willing to repair or mend the flags. A letter was written to the media asking for volunteers. Low and behold, the “Betsy Girls” were formed. The “Betsy Girls” are individuals that take 5-10 flags at a time to repair. Each of the “Betsy Girls” buys the supplies she needs and donates them along with her time. To date, there are 10 “Betsy Girls” that have salvaged over 500 flags. The “Betsy Girls” received the VFW’s *Citizen of the Year Award* in 2002.

Two more sponsorship awards were added during 2001. The “American Flag” award is given to contributors giving \$500 or more and the “American Eagle” award is presented to those contributing \$1000 or more.

2002 – Present

The *Flags for Greenwood* program has proved to be a huge success. Many local citizens and groups have participated to keep the program going. Many groups deserve recognition for their efforts.

Presently, a program with Wilson St. Pierre Funeral Homes is underway. They properly retire flags that are worn and/or damaged. The community can drop flags off at any of the city’s fire stations, the American Legion or Wilson St. Pierre Funeral Home at U.S. 31.

The Gibsons would like to recognize Greenwood City Maintenance Superintendent, Barry Inabnitt. Barry has been responsible for hanging and removing the flags for each holiday. City workers from the Park & Street Departments assist Barry.

The students of Greenwood Middle School have been an intricate part of the success of the program. To date, they have raised over \$10,000 in three fund raising events.

Flags for Greenwood is the culmination of hundreds of hours and thousands of dollars raised through volunteer efforts. The media has played an important role in helping get the word out and keeping the public informed.

At today’s value, \$15,000 - \$18,000 is needed every three years in order to protect the “Avenue of Flags”. All donations are tax deductible to the full extent allowed by law and may be mailed to “Flags for Greenwood, c/o National City Bank,

300 S. Madison Avenue, Greenwood, IN 46142. Checks should be made payable to "Flags for Greenwood".

"The wonderful sight of the flags along our streets reflects the spirit of the people of Greenwood. We are so very proud, but we truly need community assistance and support for this to continue to be a successful endeavor."

"May we all continue to enjoy the elegance of the American flags so proudly flying. We feel so very fortunate that so many American have so proudly fought for our freedom. Our flag continues to bring us blessings that we enjoy the freedom that comes with living in the United States of America. We encourage everyone to pray for and remember the individuals and their families that have given the ultimate sacrifice in order that we may all enjoy freedom."

Contributed by John and Linda Gibson, April 11, 2003

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