

*An Invitation to
You
And your Folks from
Jim
And Some More of the
Home Folks*

COMPILED BY

GEORGE ADE

for

INDIANA HISTORICAL COMMISSION



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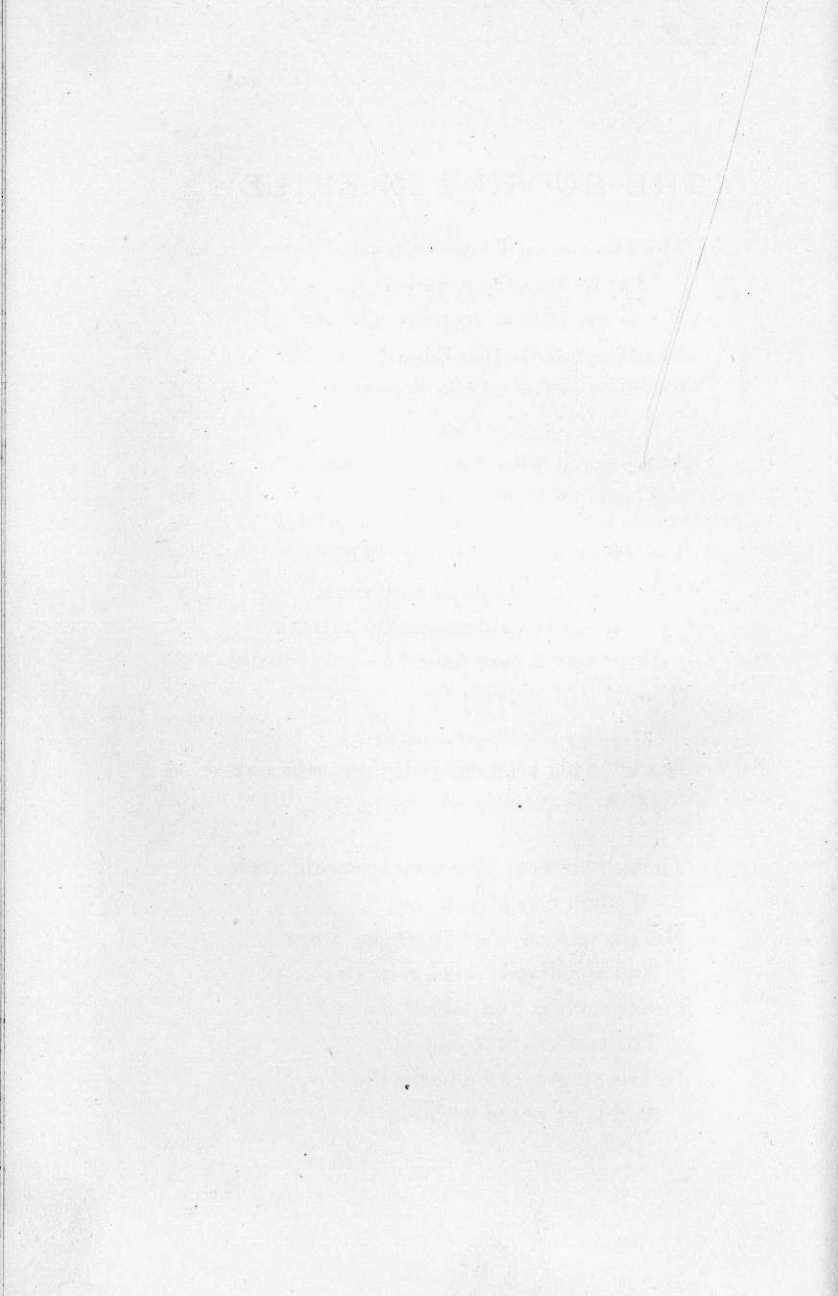
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INTRODUCTION

THIS little book is just what it says on the cover—an invitation to you and your folks from Jim and some more of the home folks. It is being sent to former residents of Indiana in the hope that they may be induced to come home for the big centennial celebrations of this good year 1916. Indiana is one hundred years old and the birthday party is going to be worth while. Every county in the State is going to celebrate and the home-coming of the Hoosiers will be a special attraction in every county celebration. It will be the first and probably the last and only chance that you, as a Hoosier, will have to meet your old friends at your old home. If you started out to visit the scattered friends of long ago, you would have to travel thousands of miles into far-distant states. This year you will find them assembled back home and you must be there to greet them.

G. A.



THE HOOSIER IN EXILE

The Hoosier in Exile—a toast
That by its very sound
Moves us, at first, to tears almost,
And sympathy profound;
But musing for a little space,
We lift the glass and smile,
And poise it with a royal grace—
The Hoosier in Exile!

The Hoosier in Exile, forsooth!
For though his steps may roam
The earth's remotest bounds, in truth
His heart is ever home!
O loyal still to every tie
Of native fields and streams,
His boyhood friends, and paths whereby
He finds them in his dreams!

Though he may fare the thronging maze
Of alien city streets,
His thoughts are set in grassy ways
And woodlands' cool retreats;
Forever, clear and sweet above
The traffic's roar and din,
In breezy groves he hears the dove,
And is at peace within.

THE HOOSIER IN EXILE

When newer friends and generous hands
Advance him, he returns
Due gratefulness, yet, pausing, stands
As one who strangely yearns
To pay still further thanks, but sighs
To think he knows not where,
Till—like as life—with misty eyes
He sees his mother there.

The Hoosier in Exile? Ah, well,
Accept the phrase, but know
The Hoosier heart must ever dwell
Where orchard blossoms grow
The whitest, apples reddest, and,
In cornlands, mile on mile,
The old homesteads forever stand—
“The Hoosier in Exile!”

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

An Invitation to You

THE GOVERNOR INVITES YOU

TO THE HOOSIERS EVERYWHERE:

Let me say to you, former sons and daughters of Indiana, those who have moved from your old Hoosier home—the home where you were first loved and where you first reciprocated love—that this year your mother State will celebrate the hundredth anniversary of her admission into the Union of States. I know you will be interested in that historic event. Some of you will want to return, because near the old home rest the remains of father and mother; and hallowed is the spot where their ashes lie. Some of you will want to return, because here you can regale yourselves anew with the stories and experiences you enjoyed in the flower of your youth, before you knew of the bitterness that comes with the breaking of family ties. Some of you will want to return to see how we, who have remained, have kept the old homestead—and the faith. You will find in many instances that the walls about and the hearthstone in the old house have been worn out by the heel of time and replaced in modern style to meet our demands. The old well, with its moss-covered bucket, is no more to be seen. The winding pathway down to the spring is no longer visible. Here and there, you will see that the roof on the old smoke-house has toppled in, and the barn, in which you played hide-and-seek and hid Easter eggs, has finally yielded to the elements.

And while these things will bring to you a touch of pathos and sorrow, on all hands the evidence of a happy people and a normal life—industrious, thrifty, and cultured—will bring gladness to your hearts. You will find that we are working out our destiny along broad lines. You will discover that we have been farsighted enough to know that we had to make our own fortunes and can not rely upon other persons or the State to make them for us. Having individually progressed through our own endeavor, we are now ambitious to make a creditable showing of our State's greatness; and you are asked, because of the ties that bind us together, not to fail to witness this display of Indiana's glory.

SAMUEL M. RALSTON.

State House, Indianapolis, 1916.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT WRITES TO BILL

DEAR BILL:

You have been able to fool the people of your adopted State, but you can't fool me. They take you to be a staid and sober citizen bowed with the cares of state and society upon your shoulders. They think your cutaway coat and silk hat mark a mind of great solemnity. But I know better. These are but the disguises you use in detecting success and arresting it before it passes you by. And I am willing to grant that you have succeeded. But underneath that pompous and shellbark exterior of yours, you are still at heart a Hoosier. Secretly you have a pathetic longing for the good old days when you and I as young lawyers sat upon the Court House Square, whittled a pine knot and off-hand settled questions of great pith and moment. You know you would be far happier to be slapped upon the back and called "Bill" than you are to be funereally and everlastingly greeted as "Judge."

Well, we're going to turn back the hands upon the dial of time in Indiana this year. We're going to be young again. We're going to glory over the Past and live in it again for a little while. Listen to the promptings of your heart, my friend of yesteryear; take off your habiliments of dignity, come Home and live over and frolic in the Past for a while.

Your friend,

TOM MARSHALL.

The Vice-President's Chamber,
Washington, D. C., 1916.

CAN YOU RESIST THIS CALL?

TO OUR EX-HOOSIERS:

You are heartily invited to come back and join with us in celebrating our first Centennial. We wish to make it an event of phenomenal importance. Your presence is absolutely necessary; as well attempt to play Hamlet without having Hamlet in the cast. Our poets, novelists and humorists insist that you shall come; they are in the majority of our citizenship. By the way, they are no pacifists, unless it be our great humorist; they are for war at any cost.

We are going to have a great time. We have been preparing for it for one hundred years. This is the first opportunity to "pull off" a Centennial celebration and we are going to make the most of it. You will be proud you were born in Indiana; and ashamed that you left it. Great State! Great people! How much greater we would be if you had remained and aided us in State building. Noble commonwealth! Nature has enriched her beyond compare with far-reaching prospects; splendid rivers; attractive cities; noble men and beautiful women—a citizenship of lofty ideals. Indiana—great to-day, but destined to be greater to-morrow.

Indiana is the most delightful name in your vocabulary; it means more to you than any save one. Come back and quicken the sweet memories of yesterday; dream anew the dreams when life was young and the future glowed with happy anticipation. The old homestead stands by the roadside—inviting you to return once more and be young again. Let us in the olden neighborly spirit of comradeship crown the first century of our Statehood with joy and thanksgiving. We bid you come—and come again.

In Hoosier bonds,

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS.

Indianapolis, 1916.

FROM THE HOOSIER OF HOOSIERS

DEAR FRIEND:

If it were given me to be infinitely persuasive, I would urge every Hoosier now outside the boundaries of the State to give himself the pleasure and delight of once more visiting the dear old Home and the relatives and the friends who are so eager to welcome his return. Don't say you can't come, but rather that you can't stay away.

For the old times' sake we all want you and await you with the warmest welcome.

All love and loyalty,

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Lockerbie Street,
Indianapolis, 1916.

WHAT YOU WILL FIND

DEAR ABSENTEE:

Here is a cry of triumphant prophecy rightfully immortal. "The grand old State of Indiana," shouted Representative Sherman, of Decatur, in answer to Doc Yencer, of Wayne, "—the grand old State of Indiana will go crashing down the ages with her head up and her tail over the dashboard!"

Does this seem flamboyant? Not when we consider that all things, including modesty, are relative. Not when we compare it to patriotic orations made in the neighboring appanages of Ohio, Kentucky and Illinois. And it is, after all, though the voice be clarion, a mere announcement of fact: everybody knows that Indiana *will* go crashing down the ages with her head up and her tail over the dashboard!

Nobody challenges that. What *you* want to know is, whether or not Indiana is worth the time and money it would cost you to come back and visit when she celebrates her hundredth birth-year.

Well, it's the same old country of cricks and sycamores and corn-fields and pleasant smelling woods that you used to know; all pretty flattish, under the wide midland sky; all pretty quiet and homelike. You'll see siloes with nearly every barn—there weren't any in your boyhood—and you'll miss a great many of the old snake-fences. Of course, too, you'll miss most of the buggies and surreys that used to take the farmer to town. It's odd, nowadays, to see the touring-cars standing in the Square on Saturdays. But except for these things the county is still just about the same. In the towns you'll find the people walking home from church on Sunday in the shade of the maple trees, as of yore; and if you'll sit out on your uncle's porch, on Sunday afternoon, you'll still see the baby-carriage go by, on its way from dinner at grandfather's; and the parent pushing it may still be wearing a Prince Albert suit, a derby hat and a white satin four-in-hand tie. The towns have changed more than the country has; the big towns

WHAT YOU WILL FIND

especially. They aren't so pleasant to live in as they used to be; they're noisier, of course, and dirtier; and we burn soft coal, not minding how hard that is on the women. Then, too, we haven't done anything much to clean up our city politics—still pretty dirty that way; maybe a little worse than in *your* time. We've been building a great deal, of course; but we can't claim to have any architecture to show you, because you've traveled and seen better. We can't claim to have improved enough in the "arts of living," to astonish *you*.

When we get right down to it, all we've got to show you is Home—Home where you came from. "Home and Folks. Of course, I'm speaking now without reference to any pageants and celebrations we'll get up for you. I'm speaking only of the part of your visit (if you decide to come) that would be really sentimental; and I wish I might awaken in you a memory of Indiana which would make you feel what Indiana has been *in* you. If you feel *that*, there won't be much doubt of your coming back Home."

You know what it is, if you stop to think. There are plenty of words that almost express it; but no word or phrase in the language can express it quite. It takes the complete edition of Riley's poems to do it. And my own belief is that the Indiana in you is what makes you the realest American that can exist. The Home that gave you that is worth a lot of trouble to come back to. Oughtn't you to see what the old place "looks like" on such a Birthday?

BOOTH TARKINGTON.

Indianapolis, 1916.

A LIMBERLOST INVITATION

Come where the chewink chewunketh,
Come where wild grapevines swing;
Come where the craw-dads are crawling
Over the bed of our spring.

Come where the sun in red glory
Tops Kestler's tamaracks gray,
Come where the black bass are leaping
And the red-wings are calling all day.

Come where the rattlesnake rattles
While the kingfisher rattles also.
Come where the horned owl is hooting
And it rains at the call of the crow.

Come where the hairbell is ringing
While the bluebell its worship call tolls;
Come where the vireo preaches,
And the Hermit his vesper song rolls.

Come where the polecat's perfuming
Mingles with flower-scented air,
Come to our swamp in its glory,
Its joys we invite you to share.

GENE STRATTON PORTER.

Limberlost Cabin,
Rome City, Indiana, 1916.

TO ALL FORMER BROWN COUNTIERS

HEAR YE! HEAR YE!

Indianny is a hunderd years ole this year an' th' anniversary 'll be celebrated in ever' county in th' State. T' all her sons an' daughters now scattered over th' United States ole Brown County extends a warm invitation t' return an' see th' changes. If you're married an' livin' in Iowa, or doin' well in Youngstown, Ohio; if you're hangin' on in New York, or livin' in Minnesota; if you're workin' in a automobile factory in Detroit, or stayin' in Kansas; if you're teachin' school in the Philippines, or solicitin' fer a vacuum cleaner in Illinois; if you're jest doin' fine in Texas, or on th' hummer in Oregon; if you're high up in th' councils o' th' nation, or a rear admiral on a busy bee coffee urn—no matter where you are or what you're doin' come home fer a visit." Come home an' see all th' new cement work, th' new verandas, th' railroad at Helmsburg an' th' sideburns of your early playmates, th' reclaimed table lands an' perpendicular apple farms. Hotel an' nickel the-ater accommodations fer all.

ABE MARTIN.

Kin Hubbard,
Indianapolis, 1916.



MY WANDERING BOY

TO THE EXILES OF INDIANA:

This is no time for recrimination. Indiana is about to celebrate its one hundredth birthday; and, whatever may have been your excuse for leaving the best State in the Union, the faithful residents are willing to forgive and forget, and welcome you with open arms if you will come home and help celebrate. Will you come? Can you afford to stay out in the cold? Do you want more than two million people, whose voices are none too melodious at the best, to be singing "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night?" Remember that this is probably the only Centennial anniversary of Indiana that you will have an opportunity to participate in, and come while the coming is good.

Centennially yours,

J. P. DUNN.

Indianapolis, 1916.

YOU SIMPLY MUST COME BACK

YOU, AWAY OFF YONDER:

We want you to come back home! Sinner though you are for leaving the land of the sycamore and the pawpaw, we want you to come back. We're sitting at the station—at a thousand stations all the way from Gary to Lawrenceburg, and from the Wabash to the Whitewater, waiting for you. Come back and feel the pressure of our horny hands once more! Come back when the mint is green in the garden and the old jug tucked away in the spring-house, and stick your legs under the table and let us help you a second and, yea, a third time to ham hocks and potatoes boiled with the jackets on.

The grand old Hoosier State is a hundred years old and we want all you folks who belong here to come back and join in the chorus of jubilation. Come back to the farm and view the new wire fences and hear the telephone jingle, and watch the inter-urbans whizz by and see how much taller corn grows now that the boys have all been up to Purdue to learn book farmin'. Come back to your home town—to Peru and Balhinch and Ladoga and Seymour and see the new churches and the jails that were built specially for you! Come back to Indianapolis and sit on the banks of Fall Creek and count the automobiles on the boulevard; or try walking catercornered across Washington and Meridian Streets, the way you used to, but don't talk back to the traffic cop when he sasses you.

Back again, brother and sister, to your home State and your home town to renew your lost youth and make the rest of us feel good and mighty proud of you! Make your plans now to hit the trail, long or short, that will bring you back to the loved spots your infancy knew. We haven't missed you as much as we might, because we've been so blamed busy; but come along anyhow and let's see whether your dialect has lost its old zip and tang. Come at corn-planting time or come when the frost is on the punkin', or come when the first snow's snuggling down on the winter wheat—but COME!

YOU SIMPLY MUST COME BACK

"We've all had our overalls pressed in honor of your approach, and the girls are all dolled up and waiting at the gate in their pink sunbonnets—the kind you remember—and the rag carpet in the settin'-room is patched and the salt-risin' bread is in the south kitchen window."

Delays are dangerous. Indiana will never be a hundred years old again. "Hustle out and get a time-table at once and plan your home-coming as though you were starting for holy land—which you will be!"

And if the blood of a good Hoosier is in you you will not buy a return-trip ticket.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

Indianapolis, 1916.

COME HOME AND REVERT TO TYPE

DEAR EX-HOOSIER:

"Now is the time. We have schemed and planned for years for this. Of course it has been artful in us, but then we wanted to have you home again so very much."

If you are afraid you can not come because of something or other, forget it; manage the matter the way you used to manage things when you were a youngster and dead set upon doing something you could not do—but did anyhow. And if you think you do not wish to make the trip, just come on and see how you have misunderstood yourself. Wait till your train begins to pull in under the soft haze of the Indiana skies, over the benevolent brown fields, along the wooded creeks and through the echoing forests and you will find that every corpuscle of your double-dyed Hoosier blood has waked up and is feeling natural. You can't help it. The Hoosier pattern is inlaid and the colors go clear through to the other side. And though you have been away long enough to adopt the New York accent or the California exuberance, you are still a Hoosier and it shows!

Come home, then, and revert to type. We want to hear with pride about all that you have done; we want to tell you all that has happened since you went away; and we want to display you with pleasure, before the neighbors."

And when you are ready to go back—if you will insist!—you shall carry away with you so much of our affection and such pride in your native State that you will be objectionable to your other friends and envied by the Hoosiers who failed to accept the invitation.

Faithfully as always,

ELIZABETH MILLER.

Indianapolis, 1916.

COME PLAY WITH US

My dear old friend, we're lonely here since you have
gone away,

I wish you'd drop your work a while and come to us
and play.

The roads are fine; they're just the thing to try your
new machine,

And our winding river bottoms are shady, still and
green;

The red-bird's song is clear and shrill throughout the
livelong day,

And the river flows as gently as before you went
away,

The bark upon the sycamore is just as smooth and
white,

And the moon as soft as ever in the warm, clear sum-
mer night!

I hear you're getting famous, and the neighbors tell
me how

You've made your little pile of gold, but are you
happier now?

The city's din and clatter—do they fill your heart
with joy,

Like the fresh fields where you scampered as a merry
bare-foot boy?

Our boys are sliding down the mow, our poets writing
rhymes

And our statesmen talking tariffs that will bring us
better times,

While the landscape smiles serenely and the brooklet
murmurs still,

And the glory of the sunset lights the woodland on
the hill!

COME PLAY WITH US

We've straightened out our fences some to make the
place look new,
But the old barbed wire will bend a bit and let you
scramble through,
If you'll walk with me around the farm, and guess
the summer's yield,
And watch the stalks of yellow wheat a-waving thro'
the field.
How each heavy head hangs over, like your sweet-
heart's used to do,
When it drooped to hide her blushes and the love she
bore to you.
Bring her along! The youngsters too, and let them
romp and shout
And ride the horses to the field and scratch their
trousers out
Among the bushes in the woods, the while we cele-
brate
This hundredth year of honor of the dear old Hoosier
State.

WILLIAM DUDLEY FOULKE.

Richmond, Indiana, 1916.

A RECALL

COME BACK, O FORMER HOOSIER!

Come back, O you Exiles, scattered far and wide over the bosom of old mother earth! Far away have you wandered; far, far away, led by the lure of gold, of travel or of love. But however far, ever and always have you had, deep in your souls, a longing for the old home, for the scenes of the golden days of childhood, the days when hills were mountains, when creeks were rivers, when ponds were lakes, when a chub or sun-fish was bigger than a whale, when the hub of the universe was in or near the "little town of Tailholt" where you dwelt.

Then come back and satisfy for a few days or a few weeks that longing. Come back and fish once again in the streams where you fished when a boy or a girl. Come back and climb again the old familiar hills, or wander once more slowly down the old lane where at dusk you drove home the cows, or along the woodland paths where, in the first days of the great Spring Awakening, you gathered violets, blue-bells or turkey-peas. Come back and watch once again from the old attic window the sun rise as you watched it when a child, for it is the same sun rising again with the same glorious golden yellow beams. With the lore and the wisdom gathered through the years that have passed you have perhaps gathered a new love for it, and from the attic window you can pay your obeisance unto it and exclaim:

All weather, all measure of time, all energy, all life, all work of man or other lowly creatures here on earth, all of everything, which is, has been, or will be, is from the beginning to the end at thy mercy and upon thee dependent, O my Sun!

"Once again thou flameest heavenward,
Once again we see thee rise,
Thee the God-like, thee the changeless,
In thine ever changing skies."

A RECALL

Yes, come back and be a boy—a girl again. Your old friends, many of them, may not greet you, for they have passed beyond, and their bodies have gone to form a part of the surface mold of mother earth, but the old familiar spots of the mother will greet you as heartily as of yore. Her brooks will babble as joyously, her birds will sing as blithely, her bass and goggle-eyes and catfish will bite as greedily, the violets and golden-rod and everlasting will nod you a welcome as gracefully, and the water from the old spring or the rock-walled well will sparkle and taste as in the olden days. If it be in June time the mulberry or the wild raspberry will color your œsophagus as deep a hue of purple as in days of yore, or if September the luscious meat of the pawpaw will tickle your palate as in years ago.

Come back, and, after the days or weeks of your rejuvenation have passed, you can return to your present homes and tasks with faces bronzed, with heart blood filling every tiny vein, with mind invigorated and with soul content. The smiles and greetings of the loved ones or of your old friends will be long remembered and will well up from memory's cells to make more joyful many a future day, and a new and more loyal love for the old Hoosier State will be engendered in your souls. Then come back.

W. S. BLATCHLEY.

Indianapolis, 1916.

FROM "THE COUNTRY CONTRIBUTOR"

DEAR FOLKS FROM THE FAR WEST:

Are you coming home for our Centennial celebration this year? It is a long time since you went away, yet I venture to say the scenes of your childhood still constitute home in your most intimate fireside reveries. Of course you will be wishing for things to look exactly as they did when you went away—even to the old cupboard behind Grandmother's kitchen stove and the "entry" where the side-saddles and bridles and riding skirts hung and where there was always a basket of hickory nuts with a hammer and a flat iron in it. You will be wishing to see the big village yards with picket fences and old-fashioned roses tumbling over arbors leading to front doors where gentle-faced women with scents of spices clinging about them wait with outstretched hands to welcome you.

Last fall the Hadleys came back and we all turned out to meet them—what is left of us—and although the many changes clutched our hearts now and then with the impulse to weep—we walked the old streets together hand in hand, reconstructed the vanished houses and peopled the town with remembered folks. We played the old duets, sang the old songs, danced the old quadrilles, and prayed the old prayers which are their own answer—and we all agreed that it was worth while—this home coming.

Yes—it is all changed—the woods are cut down—impertinent new houses stand where the lovely age-tinted old homes blurred into the landscape long ago when we were unconsciously artistic.

The automobiles are as thick as hops, and electric lights and acetylene have long outshone the candlelight beacon that is luring you back to home and old times. But there are hearts here which have not changed through the long years and there are faces which reflect all that you are longing for. There are people who remember. And there is fun here, too, for we would not be Hoosiers if we did not know how to laugh. I still

FROM "THE COUNTRY CONTRIBUTOR"

remember a few stories about Old Plute, our dog, and Nerve Cheesewright can still say the inimitable things that make you laugh till the tears come.

It is because you are wishing to see the old home as it used to be, not as it is, that I want you to come—you wouldn't be worth killing if you didn't love the old times with all their hardships and inconveniences, if you didn't long whole-heartedly to see something to remind you of the days when we used to be "so happy and so pore."

Come on—come on and let's talk it over—let's live it over, not with senile and bitter regret but with joyous memories and glad faces—and brave hearts for the onward march after our interlude of inviting the past for a brief visit.

Come home—come home a while!

JULIET V. STRAUSS.

Rockville, Indiana, 1916.

SHIPS RETURNING HOME

TO THE HOOSIERS:

We are all ships returning home laden with life's experiences, memories of work, good times and sorrow, each with his especial cargo. And it is our common lot to show the marks of the voyage, here a shattered prow, there a patched rigging, and every hulk turned black by the unceasing batter of the restless wave. May we be thankful for fair weather and smooth seas, and in times of storm have the courage and patience that mark every good mariner. And at least once again may we have the cheering hours of joyful meetings in dear old Indiana, before our ships at last drop anchor in the still waters of the eternal harbor.

MAX EH RMANN.

Terre Haute, Indiana, 1916.

GOD BLESS OLD INDIANA!

God bless old Indiana, child of the pioneers;
In the solitude of swamp and wood, they built for future years;
Braving the dangers of trackless wilds, patient to work and
wait,
Till the clearings about their cabins merged into a mighty
state.

God bless old Indiana! Hers is no heritage
Of blood-bought glory of kingly lines come down from another age;
But hers is the glory of empire won for the happiness of men,
Of cities builded, and harvests reaped, where once there were
bog and fen.

God bless old Indiana! Hers are no cities great,
Where crime and poverty cast the shadow of suffering turned
to hate;
But hers is a country of open skies, and of open heart and
hand.
Where God's own sunshine unhindered falls on another Promised
Land.

God bless old Indiana! Wherever the Flag has gone,
In the roaring hell of shot and shell her soldiers have followed
on;
She has yielded her blood and treasure, and whatever the sacrifice
Needful to prove her devotion, she has willingly paid the price.

God bless old Indiana! And let us lovingly toast
A land where the home is high enthroned—a country whose
highest boast
Is not the deeds of a distant past, of riches or martial fame—
But that happiness, like the sunshine, falls on all her homes
the same.

GOD BLESS OLD INDIANA!

God bless old Indiana! And keep her a happy State;
Give to her sons of the years to come the spirit that made her
great.
Deep and serene as her forests, and strong as their mighty
trees—
Such were the old-time Hoosiers, O God, give us men like
these!

GEORGE B. LOCKWOOD.

Muncie, Indiana, 1916.

"P. S."—MEANING "PLEASE START"

FRIEND HOOSIER:

The letters that you have read are just a few that I have collected and sent on to you, hoping to inoculate you with homesickness and lure you back to the old stamping-ground. The home paper will give you the date of your county celebration. All the world will hear of the celebration at Indianapolis in the autumn. It will be the climax of the whole jubilee. We hope that you can come in time for the doings in your own bailiwick and then stay over for the big show at Indianapolis.

Perhaps the railroads will be induced to give special rates to the returning wanderers. I am sure that the spare bedroom and the fried spring chicken are awaiting you at this end of the line.

The Indiana Historical Commission is starting a nationwide campaign to bring the sons and daughters back home this year. Can you afford to be absent from this wonderful reunion?

Sincerely,

GEORGE ADE.

Brook, Indiana, 1916