

TO Mary Burge, Blanche Leathers,
Amy Coster
Mooresville, Indiana

Richmond, Indiana
May 16, 1899

Dear Ones All:

We have just finished our washing and I will write to you while Mamma is getting dinner and we will drive over this afternoon and mail it. We had the "awfulest" time with our washing this morn. In the first place we were out of starch and forgot to get any yesterday and had to use flour, then Mamma got the fine clothes up and the line slipped down and was so loose she had them all to take down, tighten the line and hang them up again.

Well, I must tell you about our trip driving through. Nell and Charlie Comer came to Indianapolis with us and we nearly laughed ourselves sick. You know we brought our old hen and chickens with us. Of course there wasn't room for them inside the carriage with all four of us in, so we had to tie them on behind. We had them in a box and let the lap robe hang down over them. We just made foolish remarks and laughed over the chickens all the way. Chick said we would turn them out at Friendswood and herd them. Horace would ask about every two minutes if our bird was on behind yet. And just as we drove into Indianapolis in front of one of the fire department buildings one side of the old box fell down and a man out in front of the building hallooed and told us we were loosing something and Horace and Chick had to jump out and fix it on. We drove into a livery stable as soon as possible and left the chickens and then drove around. Horace told the liveryman to curry them and give them some hay while we were gone and the man like to kill himself laughing. We went to see Lily and then Nell, Horace and I went to Uncle Ed's and staid all night. We got started about 9 o'clock Sunday morn and did not stop until we came to Greenfield just about noon. We stopped and got some dinner and started on expecting to get to Cambridge City and stay all night.

It was just about 4 o'clock when we got to Knightstown and just had 15 miles to go. We thought we could make Cambridge City by 8:30. Well, we drove and drove and drove and I begun to think we never would see Cambridge. Our wheels begun to squeak and we were expecting to have a hot box any minute. Finally we came to a town and we thought it must be Cambridge but we were expecting to see electric lights and a much larger place. We stopped and Horace asked some boys if it was Cambridge and they said no, Cambridge was two miles farther on. Well, we thought we could not go any farther so we stopped at a livery stable and put up our horses. When we took the wheels off one of them was a fire. We then went to a hotel. I was afraid to sleep in a room by myself so we just asked for a room and never let on but what we were husband and wife. Horace registered for us and the landlord told him to write wife after my name and Horace did. The next morn the lady of the house asked me if I had ever kept house before or if we were just going to housekeeping. I told her were just going to housekeeping. She then asked if I thought I would like it. I said, "O, yes," I thought I would. I was scared to pieces for fear I would say something and give myself away. We left soon

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as breakfast was over. It was raining when we started and kept it up all that day (Monday). We arrived here just about noon. We came in past the college buildings. Earlham is a beautiful place. James Whitcomb Riley recited at Earlham College Hall last night. Coming into Richmond we crossed the finest bridge I ever saw. It was very long and wide and the whole floor was cement with walkways on each side. It had no cover but had iron railing on the sides with nine large gas lights on each side. Richmond has another bridge nearly like this one on another road.

Richmond is a very pretty city. There are sixteen churches here, five of them are M.E. (more M.E. than any other). I don't know how many school houses there are. There is a business college besides Earlham. The courthouse is finer than the one in Indianapolis. The library building, Westcott Hotel and many others are very fine buildings.

Well, I will quit and let someone else write awhile.

Answer soon. Mary, you and Blanche and Amy write to me. I have so many letters to write I can't write to each one of you.

Lovingly,

Violet

NOTE: Violet was Violet (Hadley) Burch (1879-1967)
 Horace was her brother Horace Hadley (1881-1921)

THE OLD HOSS AND BUGGY.

You kin talk 'bout your Maxwell, and your Overland and your
Ford,

And the Cadillac and Buick that some people can afford.
And there's the Studebaker that's as fine as it can be;
But the old hoss and buggy yit, is fine enough fir me.

You kin brag 'bout your gearing and the speed they travel at;
Some sixty miles an hour and they're not much good at that.
For you'd like to have one ninety, or even ninety-three;
But the old hoss and buggy yit, is fast enough fir me.

You kin harp 'bout your engine and the gasoline they take,
And brag 'bout your sparkers and the different kinds of makes,
But they're all so complicated, or at least they seem to be;
But the old hoss and buggy yit, is simple enough fir me.

You kin crank and turn your sparker on and grab the steer and
sit,
And throw your brakes and honk your horn, and just dig out and
git.
And if there's nothing happens you may win a victory.
But the old hoss and buggy yit, is safe enough for me.

You kin laugh and turn your nose up and holler out and say:
"There goes an old back number yit, a gettin' in our way."
But I want to tell you plainly that the highways always free.
And the old hoss and buggy yit, is good enough fir me.

There ain't no style 'bout me that's either great nor small,
I've got no auto neither, just a hoss and buggy's all.
But when I drive along the road I'm as happy as can be,
Fir the old hoss and buggy yit, is style enough fir me.

--John M. House

A TRIBUTE TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

"Jim, you've gone away and left us,
And your pens forever still;
But the lines you wrote to bless us
And our sadden hearts to cheer
Will live on for endless ages,
And the children yet unborn
Will come forth and sing thy praises
Until Resurrection morn."

--John M. House

NOTE: These are two of the nine poems that we have, that
were written by John Michael House, son of Henry
House, Morgan County, Indiana.