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OUTDOOR

# INDIANA



OCTOBER, 1971





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**RED, ORANGE, YELLOW and BROWN**

October is the greatest month for scenic foliage color throughout Indiana. No Hoosier ever wants to get too far from the State in the glorious Autumn weeks. Add the blue of the skies and the deeper blue of the waters (bellamosum and belladonna) and you get a pallet that only Dame Nature could arrange.

The front cover is a scene in New Castle's Memorial Park. Page 19 is a view South of Spencer, the center spread shows one of Brown County State Park's famous overlooks, and Page 22 is a view in Yellowwood State Forest. The back cover arrays the squash which is found along with pumpkins, Indian corn and bittersweet at every Hoosier Autumn fair and festival.

The inside front cover is the 1859 Jennings County Courthouse at Old Vernon. It introduces a two-part feature about President Nixon's Hoosier ancestry, including hitherto-unpublished pictures from the White House personal file. The nostalgia of Hannah Milhous Nixon was for the Indiana scenes you will find spread before you any way you turn in the upcoming days. Man and his highways have changed but in many places Nature hasn't.

The heightening struggle between auto and wildlife is touched upon by articles beginning on Page 31. To reverse the perspective there is an informative piece on Indiana cave study which starts on Page 23.

**COLOR SETS ARE AVAILABLE**

Each month we print a limited issue of the color pages of Outdoor Indiana, on one side of the heavy stock and flat for framing. The cost: \$1 per set, postpaid and taxpaid. Teachers and parents find them very instructive. Single back copies of the magazine cost 50c. The supply of some is nearly exhausted.

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# President Nixon’s Roots in Rural Southern Indiana

By Herbert R. Hill  
Editor of *Outdoor Indiana*

Long before 1816, when it became the 19th of the United States, Indiana was a challenging proving ground for leaders in American public life and government.

Ambitious and restless men came to the Ohio Country—the *Old Northwest*—from a Virginia amply endowed with talent and prestige. Four of our first five Presidents were Virginians. The foremost leaders of *Indiana Territory* were frequently from the Old Dominion. As soon as multiple routes of entry were developed, all of the Seaboard contributed pioneers to Indiana.

As it became apparent that our national manifest destiny would next flower in the trans-Allegheny Midlands the political importance of Indiana rose rapidly. The admixture of activist settlers produced a breed which was vocal, vigorous, and on occasion even pugnacious. They quickly recognized that regional political power could greatly influence decisions which would mean eventual success or quick failure for their economic efforts. The Hoosiers literally kicked, elbowed and shouted their way to the forefront of American public life.

From 1840 until 1940 almost every election found at least one national candidate with some Hoosier connection. Indiana voting for many years was in October, and the state was regarded as a beacon. Although Indiana has an area that is the smallest mainland state West of the mountains, her electorate is still articulate, forthgoing and frequently unpredictable in ways that give the state special prominence in national political considerations.

Indiana has *directly* produced for

the Nation two Presidents and four Vice-Presidents.

In 1840 Virginia-born William Henry Harrison, who had been Governor of *Indiana Territory* from 1800 to 1812, was elected the 9th President. And as an example of secondary Hoosier influence, in 1848 Zachary Taylor, who had soldiered with Harrison in the Tippecanoe campaign of 1811, was elected President.

In 1888 the grandson of President Harrison—Benjamin Harrison—was elected the 23rd President. He was Ohio-born and his mother was a Pennsylvanian. He spent his adult life in Indianapolis, where his home (like that of William Henry Harrison at Vincennes, Indiana) is an Historic Landmark Memorial today.

Abraham Lincoln’s Kentucky-born mother is buried in Southern Indiana. And Hoosiers never fail to point out that the Great Emancipator lived the 14 formative years from the ages of 7 to 21 in Southern Indiana. [See *Outdoor Indiana*, February, 1971.]

*The only President of the United States to have a native Hoosier parent is Richard Milhous Nixon, our 37th President, whose mother was born in Jennings County.*

The career and conduct of President Nixon clearly reflect the abiding influence of his sturdy Indiana ancestry. Too, they demonstrate the lively interest of nearly all Hoosiers in local self-government (we Hoosiers call it *home rule*) as well as the peace, progress and prosperity of the Nation.

For those Hoosier-born—for those Hoosier-reared—for those coming to live in Indiana as adults and who seriously try to comprehend the distinctive Hoosier culture—it is not difficult to appraise the heritage of his

maternal ancestry in Richard Milhous Nixon.

Not discounting also the influence of his Ohio-born father and the impact of fortuitous circumstances, we prefer to believe that Richard Nixon’s deep sense of patriotism, his persistence in the face of disappointments and rejection, his flair for exciting political action, his patience and courage in administering the World’s most difficult assignment, and his conviction that America must both defend and develop her leadership of the World, have derived to a considerable extent from his Hoosier lineage and its frontier self-sufficiency.

It is apropos, therefore, to study the antecedents of Hannah Milhous, who was born March 7, 1885, in Bigger Township of Jennings County in Southeastern Indiana as the third daughter of devout Quaker parents. Strangely, very little has been written about the family. The facts here set forth were not easily obtained.

But the evaluation of those facts, when viewed from the Hoosier perspective, helps to explain much about President Nixon. Sensitive as he is to the play of both heredity and environment on every individual, he himself has put utmost importance on the ancestral heath—or, in this case, a 19th Century Southern Indiana farm whose rolling acres had been utilized principally for the production of nursery stock, but which could not support the yield that industrious husbandry could get from more fertile country.

President Nixon visited his ancestral neighborhood for the first time when he came to Vernon, Indiana, on

**Hannah Milhous Nixon, the President’s Mother, as She Looked at the Age of 12, Just Before Leaving Indiana for California.**



June 24, 1971. The occasion was to dedicate the plaque honoring his mother which has been erected at nearby Butlerville by the Jennings County Junior Historical Society and which was brought to Vernon's Courthouse Square temporarily for the occasion.

The visit was one which I happen to know had been long anticipated by Richard Nixon and to which he had looked forward for many years with both pride and deep emotion.

Hannah Milhous had left Indiana in November of 1897, when her parents decided to join the Quaker colony that was developing at Whittier, approximately 13 miles at that time Southeast of Los Angeles, in Southern California.

A number of other Quaker families also participated in the Jennings County hegira to Whittier. So the pangs of exodus were allayed somewhat by the presence in that strange new place of former neighbors and the continued observance in the West of their birthright *Friendly Persuasion*.

Hannah was then at the glowing age of 12 (as the beautiful and never-before-published portrait on Page 5 shows) emerging from dandelion days and looking curiously toward the threshold of young womanhood.

Not only obvious economic necessity, but also the deep desire of parents for their children's education propelled the Jennings County Friends toward Whittier. It was a desire that permeated many 19th century families in this relatively new Nation, regardless of their religious preference or ethnic origin.

President Nixon told his Vernon audience, which overflowed the Courthouse Square in all directions, of his mother's often-expressed nostalgia about her girlhood. He said that she missed most the ever-changing Indiana weather.

"We do not have different seasons in California," he explained. "I myself did not see snow until I was 15 years old.

"I cannot say that Indiana is my fatherland. But I proudly say that *this is my mother's land.*

*"My roots are here!"*

"Until she died when she was 82 year old [on September 30, 1967] my mother always spoke with great affection and love about 'back home in Indiana.'

"She loved the farm here in Jennings County. She always wanted to go back to living on a farm. After my mother and father could no longer run the grocery store in which we had grown up they did buy a farm. [It was at Menges Mills, in York County, Pennsylvania, where they lived from 1947 to 1950.]

"She was very proud of where she came from, and particularly proud because these—her people—were good people.

"They had deep religious faith. They also had that great Hoosier interest in politics. And they were dedicated to peace."

The President then said with utmost emphasis:

*"The decisions we Americans make, the stamina we have, the character we display—will determine whether we have peace in the World.*

"One hundred ninety years ago, when we were a weak nation and a poor nation, America caught the imagination of the World because while it was poor in goods it was rich in spirit.

"The spirit of a nation comes from people like you, from the heartland of America, from your character, from your determination. Keep that spirit! Be proud of your Nation!

*"And keep your religious faith. It will sustain you."*

These were the observations and admonitions of an eloquent grandson of Indiana. Let us recall the way of life of the world of young Hannah Milhous and her family.

They were not rich in goods but they were endowed with the sure strength of determined freemen. They were humble in the sight of God but they yielded to no one in their right to listen to *The Inner Voice*, which was instructed by *The Holy Spirit*, and to proceed as the individual conscience urged.

They had that fierce Indiana pride which long ago prompted in this jour-

nalist the conclusion: there are actually three kinds of Americans—Hoosiers, Texans, and everybody else. And Hoosier pride is as virile today as it was from the earliest frontier times.

It was not with bombastic boasts but instead with serene reflection that gentle Hannah Milhous Nixon remembered her truly joyous Hoosier years. Again and again she told her sons of those days of blithe spirits, and why she missed so much her native Indiana.

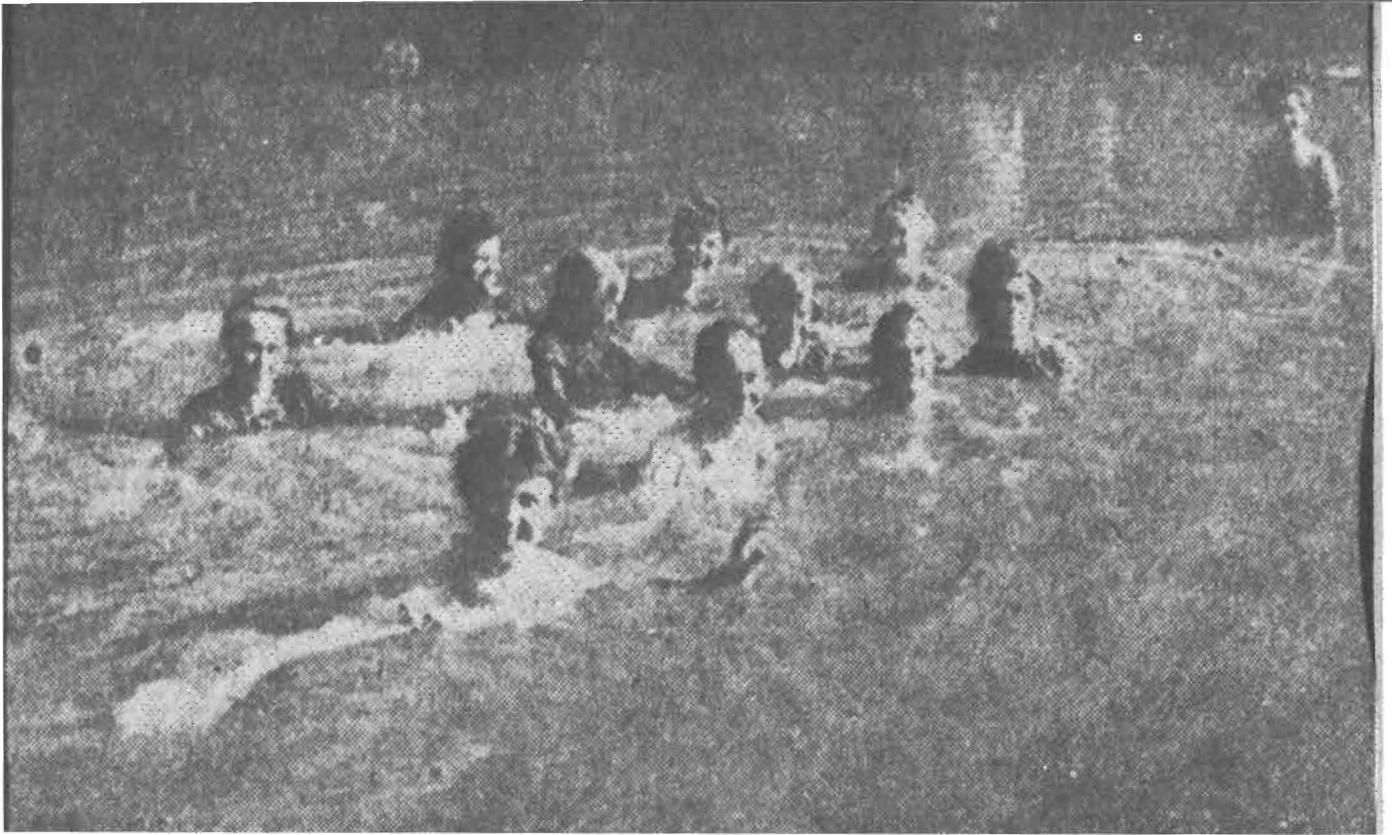
She missed the emerging Spring on the farm, when the skunk cabbage and the pussy willows heralded the great awakening that was immediately to come.

She missed the wildfowl winging Northward—the ducks, the geese and the heron—pausing along the rocky ledges of the Muscatatuck for transit food and water. (*Muscatatuck* is an Indian word meaning "winding waters," and surely no Indiana stream is more whimsical and playful in its frequent meanderings.)

She missed the hundreds of native song birds in the Milhous orchard, chattering and singing as they pursued the eternal duty of nest-building—the young animals being added to the population of the rolling fields and woods—the bees industriously pollinating the fruit trees which were the family's principal earthly resource.

Hannah Milhous missed the bloodroot and anemone, the wild iris, and the cress and water lilies in Rush Branch—the baskets that the children made and filled with flowers for mother and the teacher on the first day of May—the excursions to the thickets for blackberries and raspberries to be preserved or made into jellies and pies—the picking of wild strawberries to be eaten then and there—the asparagus which grew untended along the fence rows—the dock and dandelion and mustard which made delicious greens.

She missed the outings at Hinchman's Cave over toward Vernon, that awesome cavern which excited children and which was used before and during the *Civil War* as a hiding place for runaway slaves.



**This Snapshot, Taken in 1897 with Her New Camera by 12-Year-Old Hannah Milhous Herself, Shows Playmates at a Favorite Swimming Hole on Rush Branch, Near Her Native Jennings County Home. Her 15-Year-Old Sister Martha Is in the Front, Her Hand Waving.**

The *Fugitive Slave Law*, enacted by Congress in 1850 after much acrimony and growing grievous division, decreed the capture of fleeing negroes. But an association of Eastern abolitionists sent agents to strategic points along the Ohio River to assist their escape Northward. A ferryman was stationed regularly at Madison, 25 miles South of Vernon, to help speed the refugees into Jennings County. From there by obscure and secret routes they proceeded at night via the famed *Underground Railway*, to Toledo and Detroit, to Canada and freedom.

Indiana Quakers were foremost in operating this furtive escape, although many of them declined to help because this evasion of the law "made a virtue of falsehood."

But Bigger Township, and Campbell Township immediately to its North in Jennings County, were vital links. This activity attracted for a brief membership at Hopewell Meeting the abolitionist firebrand Levi Coffin, who led militant activists in organizing Newport Yearly Meeting in 1842 and thereby threatened to split permanently the Indiana Yearly Meeting.

All other Friends Yearly Meetings—including particularly London (England) Yearly Meeting—refused to sanction the splinter group. It was disbanded on the eve of the *Civil War* in 1858, much to the bitter dismay of Coffin. [See *Outdoor Indiana*, May, 1971.]

New Garden Monthly Meeting has continued to serve "regular" Friends in the Newport neighborhood since that part of Wayne County was settled in 1811.

Hopewell Friends Meetinghouse was across the road from the home of Hannah's maternal grandparents. Her other grandmother was the minister of the congregation. Around this Meetinghouse revolved much of the Milhous family existence.

Hannah Milhous Nixon, who had the invariable Hoosier love for flowers, missed also the roses climbing and sprawling on the fences and across the rocks piled up from field-clearing. Every farm front yard had its own plantings of roses, from which there were frequent "escapes." They were deep-scented roses, with fragrances lost in latter-day hybridizing for color—wild roses, and descendants of those plants brought by

the first settlers in covered wagons, and whose origin was on the sunny slopes of France or from the gardens of old England.

She missed the orange-hued trumpet vine and butterfly weed, and the cloying almost intoxicating sweetness of the honeysuckle which made redolent all the air about it.

She missed the unique feel of the road's dust between her bare toes on the last days of the Spring Term's walks to the District School. That walk was not nearly as long as for many other "scholars." The one-room schoolhouse was on the line between the farms of her father, Franklin Milhous, and her grandfather, Joshua Milhous.

Now and then when the teacher "boarded round" he stayed at a Milhous home. Franklin Milhous himself had taught school as a young man, and every member of the family sought eagerly any scrap of information, from the few available books, from travellers, and from teachers or itinerant preachers.

The old road leading past the District School has since 1943 been part of Jefferson Proving Ground, an ex-

tensive U. S. Army installation stretching in Ripley and Jefferson Counties from South of U. S. Highway 50 almost to Madison.

Every child walked, walked, walked. Horses were for field work or for purposeful conveyance. Walking enabled you to pause and contemplate the ball-rolling antics of the busy tumble-bug, or to make angel prints in the dust with the full mark of a girlish foot.

It was that same Southern Indiana dust—at least ankle-deep by July—which in 1863 had risen in ominous clouds to signal the dreaded advance of General John Hunt Morgan's Kentucky Bluegrass horsemen as the rebel raiders came up from Vienna and Lexington in Scott County to threaten Vernon and its trembling countryside.

On July 11, 1863, with pursuing Federal troops only some hours behind them, Morgan's main force of 2,200 cavalry was confronted by the Jennings County Home Guard at the Paris Ford at the South edge of Vernon. (There is a bridge now at the old ford, just North of the junction of State Highways 3 and 7.)

Discouraged by news of decisive victories at Gettysburg and Vicksburg, but still defiant, Morgan fell back, to arc Northeastward through Dupont and Bryantsburg and temporarily capture the Ripley County seat of Versailles before departing from a much-relieved Indiana at Harrison, Ohio (Northwest of Cincinnati.) [For a detailed account of Morgan's Raid through Southern Indiana, see Outdoor Indiana, July, 1970. One of the dramatic chapters of Jessamyn West's *The Friendly Persuasion* is a Milhous ancestor's account of Morgan's Raid.]

Spring was always a very busy season at Sycamore Valley Nursery, which had been expanded by the industrious Milhous family to include 133 acres on the East bank of Rush Branch. [See the map on Page 17 for a better understanding of places herewith mentioned.]

Each Spring the young fruit trees and other salable plants must be dug for delivery, seedlings must be coaxed

along for later grafting with valued scions from the East, and all the while attention politely paid to those customers who preferred to drive up to the place.

Some of these customers came from many miles away, for Joshua Milhous was well-spoken-of as a superior nurseryman, even though Time has erased some of his much-deserved orcharding fame. These visitors chose to select their stock personally in the Milhous fields. Also they sought to learn of the Sycamore Valley methods. (Just how did Milhous do it, anyhow?)

Most of the orders had already been taken by farm-to-farm solicitation, tirelessly pursued by Joshua Milhous and oldest son Franklin. So secure was their reputation for sure-to-grow stock, honestly priced and as advanced horticulturally as any in the West, that farmers awaited this off-season solicitation with the same eager expectation that was aroused in more recent years by the annual arrival of the seed catalogues.

Apples were a Milhous specialty. There were Winesaps, Pippins, Northern Spy, Rambos, Russets and Ben Davis. There were Delicious, Rome Beauty, Roman Night, Maiden Blush, and such yellow varieties as Transparent and Grimes Golden.

Some apples were juicy enough and tart enough to be preferred for cider-making. If extra tang were desired, a peck of crab apples was added to the batch in the hopper of the press. The cider, in varying stages of hour-old sweetness to nippy hardness, was kept in kegs and barrels in every farmhouse cellar. Later it would go to vinegar, or in the case of some families be distilled as apple brandy. (The natives called it applejack, or Jersey lightnin'.)

*Sweet* cider was enjoyed by everyone, in an era before carbonated beverages and such. You could be a strait-laced temperance man and still properly appreciate sweet cider. However, if left to its own aging, the cider could, eventually, have the livening effects of hard liquor. But there were many who declared it was as healthful and beneficial as the high-alcohol-

content *medicines* that were camouflaged by amazing labels. And the pomace (pummies) — the waste shaken from the press cloth and dumped a short distance from the mill—was welcomed by the hogs, who were unable to recognize a WCTU ribbon.

Also at Sycamore Valley Nursery there were cherry trees, pear trees, and small fruits. There were new varieties of grapes and berries, from Upper New York and Maryland. The way to re-establish a family orchard was to go to Milhous. And many families set aside five to 10 acres for their own needs.

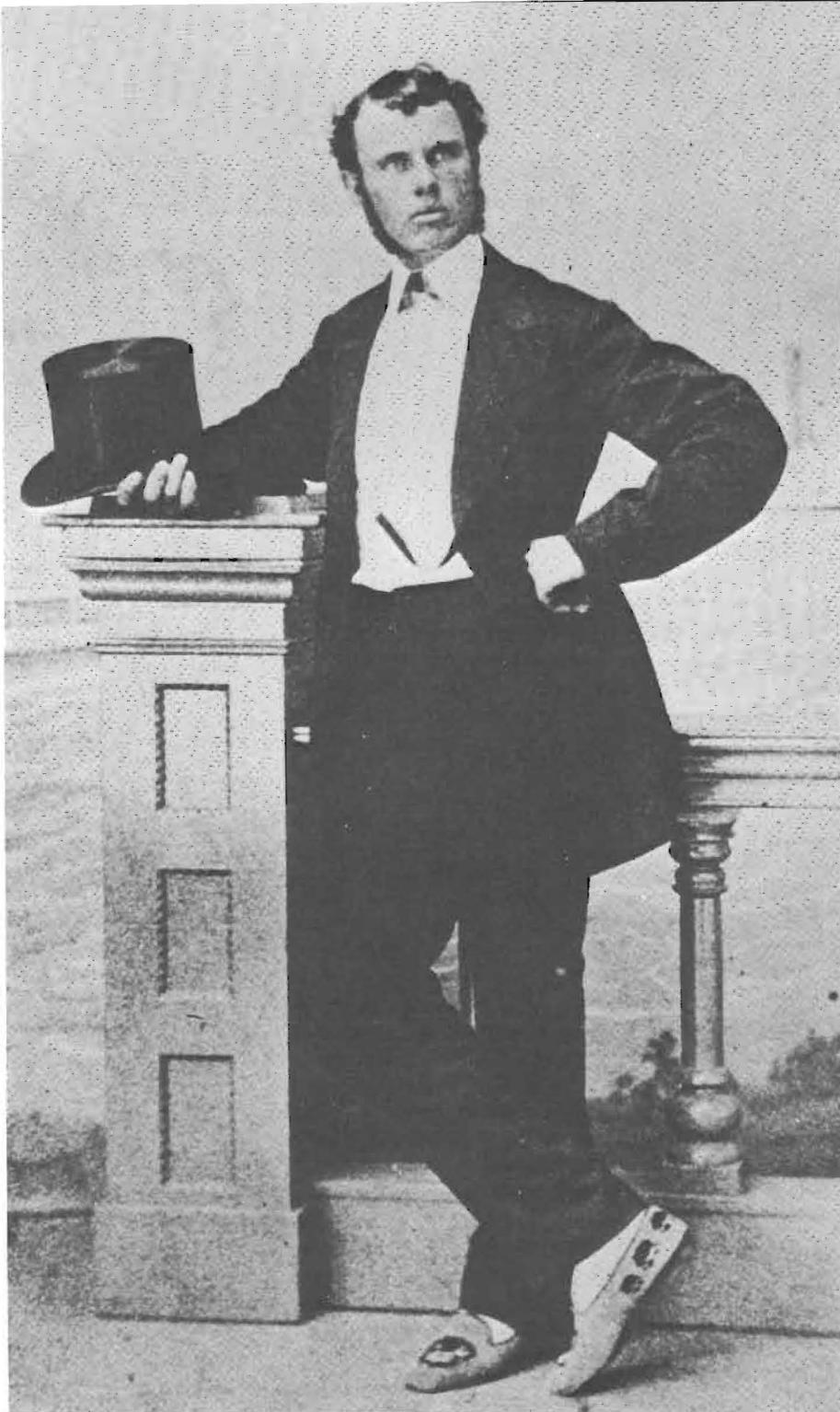
Hannah missed in California the unforgettable clank of the cleated broad iron tires of the threshing engine as it advanced down the rocky rutted road to the next farm. And the table-groaning noonday dinners that the women must prepare for the big appetites of the men folks all along the threshing run.

Later, as time permitted and needs dictated, the wheat would be taken to Wilson's Mill, there to be ground into fresh white flour by the big granite burrs which did the job much better, it was long believed, than those later factory-made steel rollers.

She missed the itching peskiness of bits of hay as they clung to her hot neck on the trips with the stone water jug, from the deep spring or the windlass well out to the boys and the Misters, sweating there in the sun-drenched fields of timothy and clover.

She missed the good fishing with Grandfather Milhous in the sun-dappled waters of the Muscatatuck, which yielded the sunfish, bass and catfish that were welcomed by her Grandmother Elizabeth Price Milhous as a tasty change from fried chicken, beef and noodles, and pork in almost every style.

These sashays with newly-dug night-crawler bait and rods cut and whittled on the spot afforded time for serene contemplation and for the priceless reminiscences which only a grandfather can bequeath to a little girl. They were the sort of outings



**Posed with the Affectation of the Early 1870s and Supported by the Photographer's Studio "Props" Then in Vogue, Here Is Franklin Milhous, the President's Grandfather. It is a Family Keepsake, as Are the Other Milhous Pictures Published Here for the First Time.**

which are enjoyed in favored places in rural Indiana today—but they are less noise-free than in other years and yet far more necessary as therapy for troubled city minds.

One of Joshua's favorite yarns was about the shooting of a gas well near Vernon in late May of 1865. It caught fire and the flames rose almost

600 feet high. Natural gas was struck in many parts of Indiana in the late 1800s, but the Jennings County field was about played out in Hannah's time. Nevertheless she and her sisters—looking to the West after dark—again and again peered for another such awesome spectacle. There never was one. Nor did anything occur like

the 1869 fire which destroyed part of downtown Vernon.

Also in the 1860s the famed preacher, Henry Ward Beecher, had returned to Indiana, where he filled his first pastorates, to make the fervent abolitionist addresses which delighted New England. His appearance at the Vernon Courthouse was attended by the entire Jennings County Quaker community. At Hopewell Meetinghouse the next Sunday the minister, Mrs. Joshua Milhous, went as far as she would ever go in a sermon about the causes of a war.

As President Nixon has noted, his mother missed the ever-changing and virtually unpredictable Indiana weather, which could smile, then pout, then produce twisters or hail or a real gully-washer, and then lapse into a prolonged dry spell that brought despair to the farmers.

She missed the trips to Vernon—in wagon or open rig in the warmer months, or with bricks that had been heated in the stove or before the kitchen fireplace and tucked under the buffalo robes in the sleigh or wagon when the temperatures were dropping.

Butlerville was closer to the Milhous farm than was Vernon, seven miles to the West down the Grayford Road. [Again you might consult the map.] To Butlerville Almira Burdick Milhous, Hannah's mother, took her fresh eggs, her home-churned butter, her bronze turkeys and her extra fryers, along with the rich golden honey from the many bee hives in the orchard.

Once a week, unless the roads were completely impassable, Almira made the trip to Butlerville, or even to *North* Vernon, to get the "pin money" which was the only special income available to many Hoosier farm women. Some of it she would spend as needed in Butlerville itself. Some of it would go to the nearby Thomas Conboy General Store (across the road from the present-day Rush Branch United Methodist Church.) And some of it would be put away in the family room's cookie jar, to be saved, as everybody said, "for a rainy day."

Thomas Conboy was typical of the industriousness which necessity de-

manded of every family head. Originally he supplied the neighborhood with boots and shoes, the tops hand-sewn by himself and the ample soles secured with wooden pegs. In due time, when he had saved enough dollars, he was able to stock his country store.

Until the advent of the automobile began producing taxes that could be used to satisfy the demands of the good roads crusaders, rural families depended much on hucksters. To Bigger Township regularly came vendors from Madison, with bulging wagons, plying the time-tested route through Wirt, Dupont and San Jacinto to Butlerville, and then over to North Vernon. They brought tantalizing wares and necessary nostrums to the homes tucked away among the hills.

By that rustic telegraph which long preceded ESP, the citizenry somehow always knew of the huckster's approach. The dogs barked, the housewife ducked into the kitchen to don a clean apron, and the children headed for the house from all directions as though the dinner bell had been rung.

Father emerged from the field or barn or orchard to watch the Missus bartering and to hear the latest gossip and "news." Time and again, before the days of Rural Free Mail Delivery, it was the huckster who first related tidings from the East about wars and the rumors of wars, about tariffs and taxes and tight money and railroad bankruptcies and new discoveries.

The peddler was careful not to prate beyond a point about hard luck and hard times. Unlike the politicians he mustn't stir up the country folks too much. Back at his town-based store the ledger was already heavy with debts and spare in its listing of assets. That was the reason he took to the countryside. And while he seldom ended up back in Madison with much hard cash money yet he had traded handily. He would ship the country produce and trap-line pelts to the cities, where somehow there always seemed to be the wherewithal—or the credit—for good eating and big spending.

As he departed, the huckster craftily handed a stick of striped candy to each child. "A treat for the young 'uns," he would say, and then whistle with seeming light-heartedness as he flicked his whip and started his rested horses on down the road.

Hannah wept when her pet goose was sold to the huckster. (Indeed, the child always dreaded to pick the goose, even though it was time to replenish the featherbeds.) But her mother explained that over-possessiveness could be a fault. Grandmother Milhous agreed. Then, Hannah reasoned tacitly, why the annual effort by everybody to have the barn crammed with hay, the fields filled with corn shocks, the smokehouse supplied with hams and bacon and salted pork?

Should not even a Quaker family be properly outfitted when it visited Vernon? Didn't the menfolk, standing outside the Meetinghouse to chat quietly after service, agree that financial independence bespoke thrift and honest labor?

Vernon was a longer distance than Butlerville or San Jacinto in an era when every mile was measured carefully and even a short distance was a long distance. However, to Hannah the miles to Vernon were golden miles, especially exciting if Court were sitting. Not to witness Court proceedings—which was only the right of grownups—but just to walk under the shade-trees of the Square and contemplate what *might* be happening inside that Court-room!

Many modern motorists seem impatient to hurry through Vernon, disinterestedly making the turn as Highway 7 angles around the old Court-house Square. But it was a very romantic place for a young Quaker farm girl in the 1890s. And if you will just pause and take a good look, high-situated Vernon is still an unusually scenic town 80 years later.

Once in a great while her parents might even take a side trip to Tunnel Mill, the 3½-story structure built in 1824 by Ebenezer Baldwin. The Tunnel itself, conveying waters from the Muscatatuck through a unique 300-foot-long duct, had been built as a

mill race earlier by John Vawter, founder of Vernon. He had blasted it through the limestone, 15 feet wide and as much as five feet high. It was mighty popular with a region which badly needed a grist-mill and saw-mill.

Seeking a hideout as they deployed scouting parties around Vernon in 1863, two of Morgan's troopers had been killed at a Tunnel skirmish. And that was only one generation removed from the world of little Hannah Milhous.

The late Summer days were filled with preparations for the annual visit down the beckoning road, its edges bordered with the bluest of blue chicory, to the three-day County Fair at *North Vernon*. There was weaving, quilting, the making of apple butter and grape butter, or quince and melon preserves, and the aromatic process of spice-pickling. If the elder's berries were ripe Almira even baked a delectable elder pie. That was a real chore for Hannah and her sisters, because they calculated it required 6,000 elder-berries, their tiny stems picked free, to make one presentable pie.

The best animals were carefully groomed or curried, to be entered in the contests for the coveted ribbons. Sycamore Valley Nursery had a fruit exhibit, meticulously prepared.

One year they camped at the Fair-ground overnight, sleeping on quilt pallets in the family tent. The children made new friends with young folks they had never known even existed until then. It was great fun, like corn-husking bees in the big barn, or farm auctions, or chivarees for newlyweds when the entire neighborhood's old and young turned out and there was sometimes more horse play than tonal harmony.

*North Vernon* was at the junction of the *Madison & Indianapolis*, Indiana's first railway, and the *Ohio & Mississippi*, the main rail line between Cincinnati and St. Louis. Eventually as many as 92 trains stopped at North Vernon every weekday.

The rapidly growing community had been founded in 1854, when far-sighted Hagerman Tripp, who had



**This Rare Picture of the Franklin Milhous Family Was Taken Shortly Before They Left Indiana for California in November, 1897. From Left to Right They Are:**

**Top Row — Martha (Gibbons), b. August 25, 1882; Edith (Timberlake), b. June 30, 1880; Hannah (Nixon), the President's Mother, b. March 7, 1885;**

**Middle Row — Almira Park Burdg (Mrs. Franklin Milhous), b. September 16, 1849; Griffith William Milhous, b. May 8, 1873; Mary Alice, b. February 21, 1875; Franklin Milhous, b. November 4, 1848. (Griffith and Mary Alice were children of his first wife, Sarah Emily Armstrong.)**

**Bottom Row — Rose Olive (Marshburn), b. June 23, 1895; Elizabeth (Harrison), b. July 7, 1892; Ezra Charles Milhous, b. March 18, 1887; Jane Burdg Milhous (Beeson), b. December 29, 1889.**

started a sawmill at Vernon two years before, learned that the route of the new *O. & M.* would cross the *M. & I.* tracks two miles to the North of the established town of Vernon. The place was called Tripton until 1875. It was an example of how alertness and acumen, properly applied, enabled railway building to sprout wealthy men and prosperous communities in the days before anti-trust laws, controlled freight rates, and supervised mergers.

In 1853 equally ambitious Bryant Tricking had founded Butlerville on the old Versailles-Vernon Pike. (This is approximately the route of U. S. Highway 50 today, except that the modern artery also by-passes Vernon and goes through North Vernon.) Butlerville, while on the new *O. & M.*, did not have the crossing traffic of the

*M. & I.* that Tripton enjoyed. Butlerville never had a population of more than 400, even at its zenith. [For a history of the *M. & I.* and other pioneer railways see *Outdoor Indiana*, November, 1969.]

Vernon—now locally called *Old Vernon*—was settled in 1815 by Virginia-born Colonel John Vawter. In 1816 at a meeting at Judge William Prather's log cabin he organized the Vernon Baptist Church and became the first minister in Jennings County.

Vawter was a United States Surveyor in that part of the *Old Northwest Territory* (created by Congress in 1783) which in 1800 became *Indiana Territory*. [See *Outdoor Indiana*, June, 1971.] Settlement of most of Southern Indiana above the original tier of counties on the Ohio, Whitewater and Wabash Rivers was

slowed by sporadic Indian terrorism until the *War of 1812* was won.

Prospecting in 1813, Vawter climbed the heights at the horseshoe bend of the Muscatatuck and determined to make it a prosperous post-war settlement.

Vernon was designated as the seat when the new County was created in 1816 by halving old Jefferson County and naming it in honor of the first Governor of the *State* of Indiana—Jonathan Jennings (1816-1822). Erection of Jennings County, on land originally ceded by the Indians in 1805 at General Harrison's Vincennes mansion which he called *Grouseland*, was one of the significant acts of the young State's first General Assembly.

The site of Vernon was high and dry on a bluff above the impulsive

Muscatatuck, which was wont at intervals to go on a destructive keester. But that very aloof security limited the town's further expansion 40 years later, when the *O. & M.* engineers decided to route their railway *North* of the Muscatatuck bend.

Vawter had lobbied successfully with Madison business men to have Vernon made an integral part of the *M. & I.* when the *Mammoth Internal Improvements Act* was passed by the 1836 Legislature. That ambitious program—calling for a network of canals, railways and highways to be built by the State Government *simultaneously*—was applauded by just about everybody at first. It enthroned a nine-year dynasty of Whig Governors. But in a decade it bankrupted the State. Ever since then Indiana has been forbidden by its Constitution to go into debt. (And that makes Indiana unique in an era of big borrowing by almost every unit of American government.)

The *M. & I.* was opened from Madison to Vernon in 1837, the year of *The Big Panic* which scared and scarred all of the 50-year-old Republic. You can see today, just a block from the Vernon Courthouse Square, the first elevated railway overpass West of the Mountains. This, coupled with the record-grade incline that led *M. & I.* trains up from the Ohio River front at Madison, made it the talk of the New West. "Doesn't that beat the cars!" ejaculated an oldster, even in our days, when he wanted to express amazement.

Vernon prospered for a time, and so did Bigger Township to the East of Vernon. Established in 1840, it was named for Samuel Bigger, the Rushville Whig who was Indiana's 7th Governor, from 1840 to fateful 1843. Judge Bigger was not only a famed orator who cried out for internal improvement. He also was a vocal advocate of better schools. His way of thinking appealed mightily to the settlers, many of them Quakers, who were coming in such numbers as to comprise, with the Baptists and Methodists, the dominant force in all the proceedings of Eastern Jennings County.

But Mr. Tripp's new town was

larger than Vernon in those burgeoning postwar years following Ap-pomattox, when a railway junction was the key to community growth. The population disparity between the two towns continuously widened.

Ambitious citizens of the new town tried, again and again, to move the seat of Jennings County government. But resolute *Old Vernon*, rallying the outlying citizens of the County, resisted every maneuver.

Although many Indiana Counties changed their seats as new population and transportation patterns developed, little Vernon still has its Courthouse, right there on the old Madison-Vernon-Columbus Pike.

The present Courthouse, standing placid on the tree-shaded Square, is the third on the site. It was completed in 1859 for a total cost of only \$27,000! The red brick was burned on the job, and the sawed stone was quarried from the copious limestone pits nearby. The interior was finished beautifully in native cherry, walnut, oak and tulip. The roof, however, was of 40-pound English tin, imported from Cornwall.

This doughty Courthouse [shown inside the front cover of this issue] is one of the several scenic County capitols, fortunately preserved, that can be found today throughout Indiana.

September meant the onset of Indiana's most famous season, loved by natives and visitors alike, when the purple of the wild grapes vied for attention with the redding woodbine. The maples, oaks, ash, sassafras and gums took on the glorious and almost riotous hues that can be found only in the Autumn foliage of Indiana hardwoods.

The first frosts added to the galaxy by coloring the bushes and lower vegetation.

The exciting Autumn color pageant of Jennings County in the 1890s has been preserved and bequeathed to us in the landscapes painted by William Forsythe and T. C. Steele when those renowned Hoosier artists roamed the Muscatatuck Valley in their quest for exceptional scenery. [See *Outdoor Indiana*, February, 1967.]

The bright blue October skies were

tinctured of mornings with a purple haze that is peculiar to Southern Indiana. The pumpkins were ripening among the corn. The kitchen garden—which earlier had abundantly produced a variety of fare for the large family—now came forth with squash and turnips.

The butter-bean poles stood like a row of wigwams, heavy with seeds drying for the next year's planting. The wind shook their pods like the rustling of Indian turtle-shell rattles. The apples were ready for the cider press and the fruit cellar.

Now and again there was a forest fire. It would frighten everyone. But more often the smoke came from wood burning in the kitchen fireplace, or from various food-processing operations in the barnlot. The smoke had a pungent sweetness that Hannah Milhous never forgot in the later years across the Continental Divide.

There were for her the hunts for hickory nuts and also walnuts, and dye-stained hands after the hulling. There were persimmon garnering, the picking of the luscious yellow paw-paw (called Hoosier Banana), and the husking of sleek brown hazelnuts.

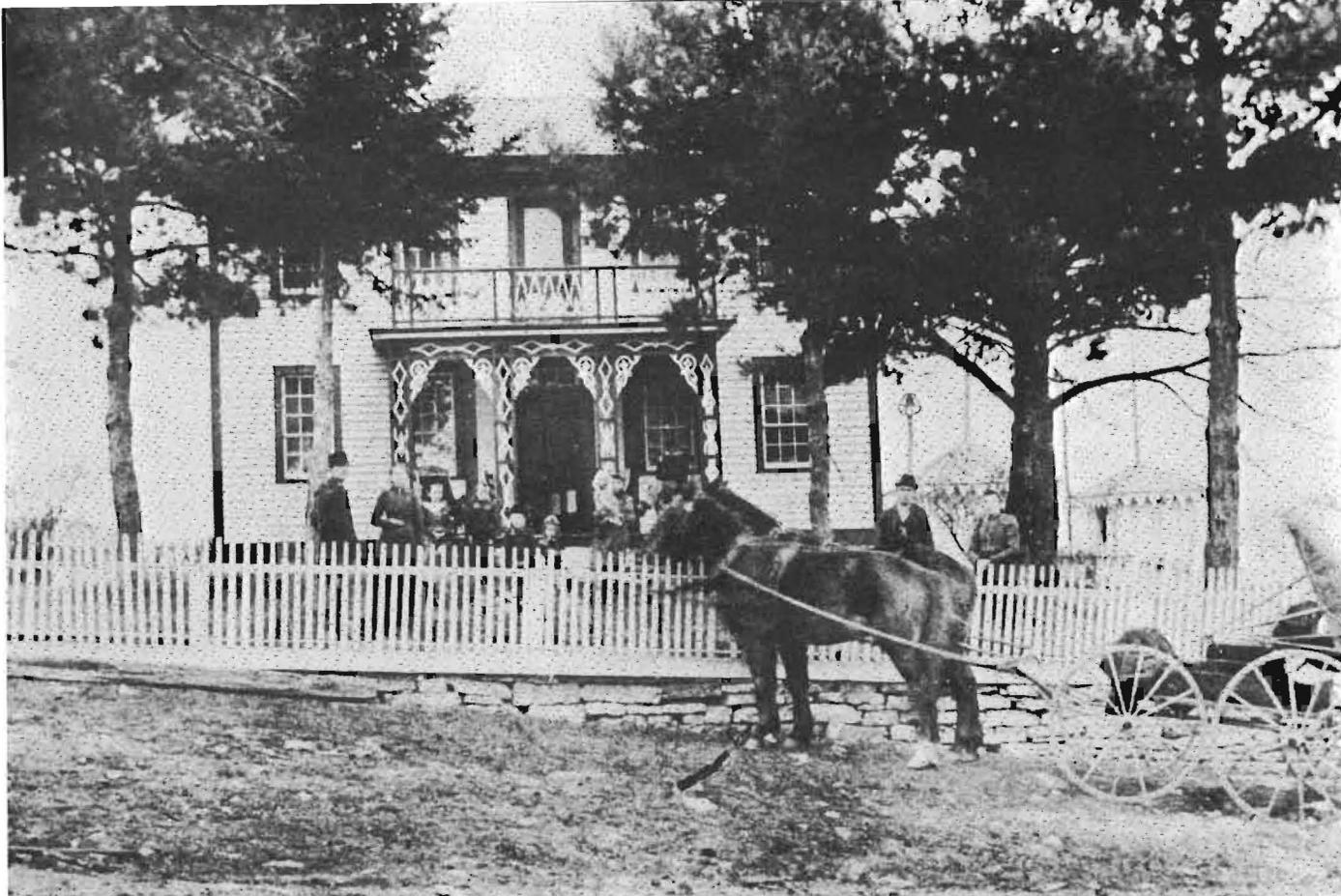
There was the hog butchering and lard rendering, and the salting down of as much meat as the experienced housewife reckoned would be needed in the upcoming weeks. There were long hours at the big copper apple-butter kettle, stirring and stirring until the deep brown sauce was finally done.

And then there were the Winters, with the men and boys cutting ice in the ponds and streams, and hauling it away on sledges to a shed well-insulated with sawdust.

And the hauling home also on skids of logs felled earlier for the many uses a farm family always found for them.

And each evening, no matter how tired, the family gathered around the big fireplace and took turns at reading the Bible by the light of the brightest kerosene lamp.

Originally the Society of Friends had depended upon *The Inward Light* for guidance of individual decisions. The spiritual unity—the persecutions



**This Was Hannah Milhous Nixon's Hoosier Home, Presenting Typical Victorian Architecture with Picket Fence and Appendages. The Family Is Ready to Take Off for Hopewell Meetinghouse in Several Two-Horse Rigs.**

by established clergy—the stubborn persistence in the face of ordeals just short of martyrdom—made for group solidarity.

Then Elias Hicks came down to Philadelphia Yearly Meeting from Long Island in 1827 and thereafter for many years split the Society into *Hicksite* (Liberal) and *Orthodox* factions. The *Orthodox* were further riven when Joseph John Gurney, although opposed by the *Conservatives* under John Wilbur, came over from England in 1845 to convince a large number of *Orthodox Friends* of the desirability of family Bible reading.

The *Gurneyites* also encouraged “travelling ministers” who visited Monthly Meetings and “preached in the love of the Gospel.” This evangelical spirit—this *new Quakerism*, so different from the historic inward quietism—produced painful soul-searching among many Friends. But it put those Meetings which embraced Gurney’s program more in the main stream with many other 19th Century American Protestant sects which were vigorously recruiting new members and pursuing “church extension.”

In 1884 Indiana Yearly Meeting recorded 140 revivals and 3,600 converts. Western Yearly Meeting, governing Meetings in Western Indiana after 1858, had a similar transition.

Hopewell and Grove Meetings were *Orthodox* and steadily became more *Gurneyite*. However, Hopewell seems never to have abandoned silent worship for a fever of preaching. The continuity of Elizabeth Milhous’ ministry stabilized the congregation.

In the Winter also was the fun of special programs at the District School which varied the routine of geography, spelling, grammar, history and the recitations from the *McGuffey Readers*. School held five times a week from 8 to 4.

Immediately after Thanksgiving Day the school children began memorizing and practicing their “Christmas pieces.” As Program Night approached some would become so excited that they only nibbled at the contents of their lunch pails.

The schoolroom was ornamented with paper chains and colored ribbons strung overhead from window frame to window frame. A faded red

paper ornament, shaped like an accordion-pleated bell, hung inside above the front door. Benches and desks were shifted so that a small stage could be contrived, with bed-sheet curtains dangling from horse-blanket pins attached to heavy wires. A tangle of tarnished tinsel adorned the aromatic cedar tree which the biggest boys had lugged in from the woods.

Finally—inevitably—*The Night* arrived. It was snowing! And through the swirling flakes from all directions came wagons or sleighs, filled with children and their parents and their grandparents, and delightfully decked with side lanterns and bells to heighten the excitement.

What if you did get tongue-tied and forget your piece? What if you tripped and flopped to the floor as you portrayed a Wise Man? There were plenty of volunteers, old as well as young, to do their thing.

And then the School Board Santa, in a bounteous year bringing an orange for every child, to be added to the teacher’s treats of hard candy and roasted peanuts.

And then everybody was singing the great old Christmas hymns, with the powerful spell of Bethlehem engulfing the entire countryside.

John Greenleaf Whittier, being a Quaker poet, was a particular favorite of Hannah. Years later, it is said, she would turn to Whittier's *Snow-bound* for diversion and recollection on a warm California afternoon, and recall those Indiana sleigh rides and the jingling bells, the maple-sugar boiling in late February, and the time when the big snowfall so obliterated the road that the children used the tops of fence-posts as their guides to walk back home from school.

The weather sometimes was the rawest when Dr. Wildman was fetched up from San Jacinto at the forks of Graham Creek by an excited farmer who had never overcome that mixed dread and anticipation which precedes a new arrival. Doc would hitch *two* horses to his rig in order to get through the drifts, hopeful that a neighborhood "granny" was already boiling water on the kitchen stove, and all the while reassuring the nervous young student medico who had been told the best way to learn was by traversing the countryside with an experienced general-practice mentor.

Elizabeth Price Griffith Milhous (Mrs. Joshua) was the minister at Hopewell Friends Meetinghouse, which was across from the Friends Burying Ground Southwest of Butlerville. (The corner is now helpfully designated as the junction of County Roads 200N and 500E.) The Meetinghouse was "taken down" after the Hopewell Friends Monthly Meeting was laid down in 1908.

Grove Monthly Meeting in Northeastern Jennings County had been set off in 1858 from Sand Creek Monthly Meeting in Southeastern Bartholomew County. Grove Friends Meetinghouse was built in 1864. The Jennings County Quaker Community continued to grow, and in 1868 Hopewell Meeting was created nearby under Grove Monthly Meeting as an "indulged Meeting"—for worship but not inter-congregational control.

The Friends Meetings were established by a sort of cellular division.

Originally there was the London Yearly Meeting and several Yearly Meetings in the Eastern part of America. A community of Meetings (colony-type settlements) could obtain status as a Monthly Meeting by permission of its constituent Quarterly Meeting and Yearly Meeting. A Quarterly Meeting was approved by the Yearly Meeting. That Meeting, in turn, must have been sanctioned by all the other Yearly Meetings.

Thus Ohio Yearly Meeting was set off by Baltimore Yearly Meeting in 1812, Indiana Yearly Meeting was set off by Ohio in 1821, and Western Yearly Meeting was set off by Indiana in 1858.

Each Meeting determined its own pastoral requirements until 1870-1880 or later. Originally there were no seminaries and no compensation—"no hireling ministry." But a programmed pastoral arrangement gradually emerged until there were 52 Monthly Meetings in Indiana with full-time pastors by 1889.

Many women were Quaker ministers and—later—evangelists. Most famous, perhaps, was the indefatigable Mary Moon Meredith, who visited Meetings from North Carolina to California.

Mrs. Joshua Milhous had considerable to do with the success of Hopewell. Even after she had gone to California with her son Franklin and his family in 1897, the momentum of Hopewell persisted. In 1903 Grove Meeting was laid down for Hopewell. Then, nine years later, the Friends migration from the area had become so great that Hopewell too was discontinued.

The few remaining Quaker families in the area became associated with Sand Creek Monthly Meeting, near Elizabeth. That Meeting continues to thrive as an important unit of the Western Yearly Meeting, which has long had its headquarters at Plainfield, West of Indianapolis.

Today there are in Indiana more active adherents to the Friends belief than in any other state. In some counties they are the decisive force, in numbers as well as in cumulative influence. Within a 75-mile radius of Indianapolis there is today the larg-

est concentration of active Quakers in the entire World. And there are other thousands of Hoosiers, no longer formally attached to the Church, who have Friends ancestry.

Indiana Yearly Meeting has more than 12,000 members and Western Yearly Meeting has a comparable number, mostly in Indiana. North Carolina Monthly Meeting is next in size. East Africa Yearly Meeting has more than 33,000. These figures include both Friends United Meetings and the Friends General Conference.

When it is remembered that Friends families dating back to the arrival of William Penn in 1682 have been in America as long as nine or 10 generations, by simple arithmetic genealogists are able to estimate that as many as 2 million Americans are "cousins" of President Nixon.

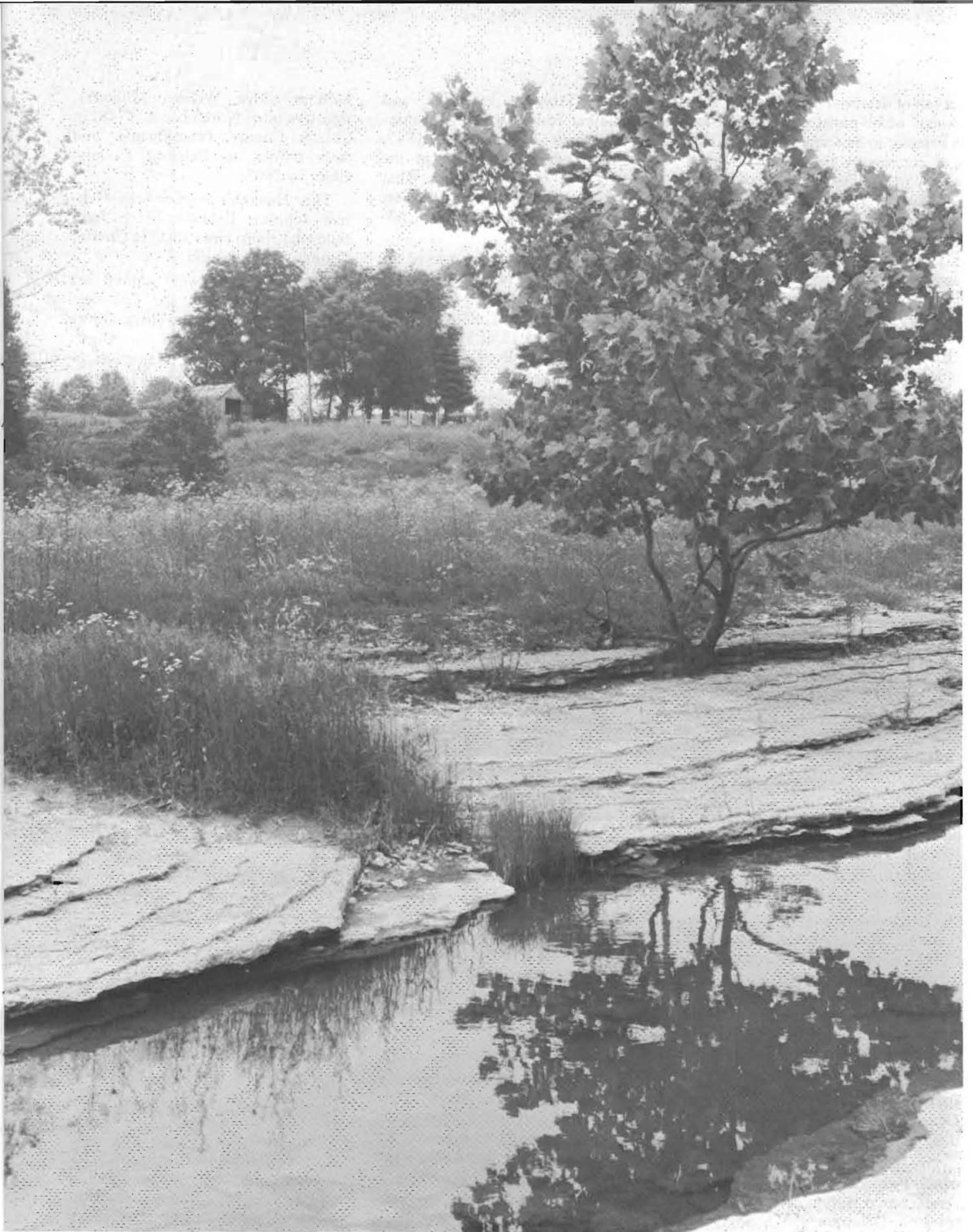
The first Nixon-Milhous ancestors all came to this country from the middle of the 17th Century to the time of the *American Revolution*. Almost all of them settled in that part of the Colonies which includes the present states of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia. And, like many Hoosiers, he also had some New England (Massachusetts) blood.

These lines were almost all from England, Scotland, Wales and Ulster (North Ireland).

It has been established by Dr. Raymond Martin Bell, the *Washington and Jefferson College* professor who has done an outstanding work of discovering and coordinating the President's genealogical data, that his Milhous ancestors were all members of the Society of Friends and that six and perhaps more of his Nixon ancestors were Friends ministers. The other paternal ancestors were Methodists or Presbyterians.

There seems to be no record that any of his well-behaved forebears were the objects of that peculiar Quaker form of excommunication by congregational disciplinary action called "churching."

Some Meetings were very strict in their interpretations of the varying rules of heresy or misconduct. Thus the carefully-kept Meeting records



**The Old Franklin Milhous Place Is Shown as It Appears Today. The House Burned in 1968. Rush Branch Is the Creek that Formed the West Boundary of the Farm.**

are full of decrees bluntly stating "dis-owned" which might seem today, even to Friends, to be almost arbitrary. But as a community they lived—a community of common acceptance of the fundamental tenets of the Faith as each individual community regarded them.

The average life-span in the four most recent generations of his maternal ancestors was 80 years, and the average was 77 among his great-great-great-grandparents on his maternal side. This latter record is very unusual in a period when American longevity was rare.

Of the President's great-great-great-grandfathers, the Nixon line was headed by James Nixon, probably from Ulster, who bought a farm near New Castle, Delaware, in 1731.

John Trimmer, from Germany, was in Hunterdon County, New Jersey, before 1739.

Thomas Wadsworth married in Harford County, Maryland, in 1741.

James Moore came from County Antrim, Ulster, to Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, before 1759.

The family of Thomas Milhous, who heads the President's maternal lines, seems to have originated in England. He came from Kildare and Antrim, in Ireland, to Chester County, Pennsylvania, in 1730. By amazing coincidence, Thomas Milhous, settled just nine miles West of the holding which was taken out by James Nixon just across the Delaware River.

William Griffith arrived from Wales at New Castle in 1700.

The Burdg family, originally from England, lived at Northampstead and Great Neck, Long Island, in the 1670s. Then it moved to another Quaker stronghold, Monmouth County in New Jersey.

According to Dr. Bell, the Hemmingway line has been found at Roxbury, Massachusetts, in 1634, with subsequent migrations to Burlington County, New Jersey, near Philadelphia.

Dr. Bell also determined that 100 of the President's ancestral lines were concentrated within 70 miles of Wilmington, Delaware.

There are other unusual facts, Grandfather George Nixon married

Margaret Trimmer in 1843 and Grandfather Joshua V. Milhous married Elizabeth P. Griffith in 1847, both in Washington County at the Western edge of Pennsylvania. That part of the Keystone State, like New Jersey, was a corridor for much migration Westward.

The President's parents, two of his grandparents, and two of his great-great-grandparents died in California. All his grandparents, all his great-grandparents, and 13 of his 16 great-great-grandparents lived at one time in Ohio.

Like many persecuted Protestant dissenters, the Friends emigrated to America in groups, and then continued their departures by entire neighborhoods as they gradually moved Westward in the new country. Thus, Eastern Indiana's Whitewater Valley was populated in great numbers in the first years of the 19th Century by groups of Quaker settlers from North Carolina and South Carolina. They would pick up their Friends Meeting as a bloc and re-establish it in *Indiana Territory* as a bloc.

This was true subsequently in many townships in Eastern, Southern and Central Indiana. Others of these Friends Meetings came directly Westward from New Jersey, Delaware and Pennsylvania to Ohio, next to Indiana, some of them then to Iowa, and some all the way to California.

The name "Hopewell Friends" occurs over and over again in several states, including the famous Hopewell Friends Monthly Meeting, established in 1735 near Winchester in Virginia's Shenandoah Valley as a unit of Fairfax Quarterly Meeting. It probably originated with the Hopewell Monthly Meeting established long before the *Revolution* in West-Central New Jersey.

Hannah is a Biblical name—the Hebrew version of Anna—that was used in many families. So persistent was tradition in the Milhous family that a name would be set aside for one or more generations, and then be reaffirmed later.

The President's mother, Hannah Milhous Nixon, was born in 1885. It seems that she was named for a great-great-grandmother, Hannah Baldwin

Milhous (Mrs. William Milhous), who was born November 4, 1748, in Chester County, Pennsylvania, and then moved to Belmont County, Ohio, in 1805.

This Hannah's mother was Hannah Johnson Baldwin (Mrs. John Baldwin), born circa 1700 in Chester County, Pennsylvania.

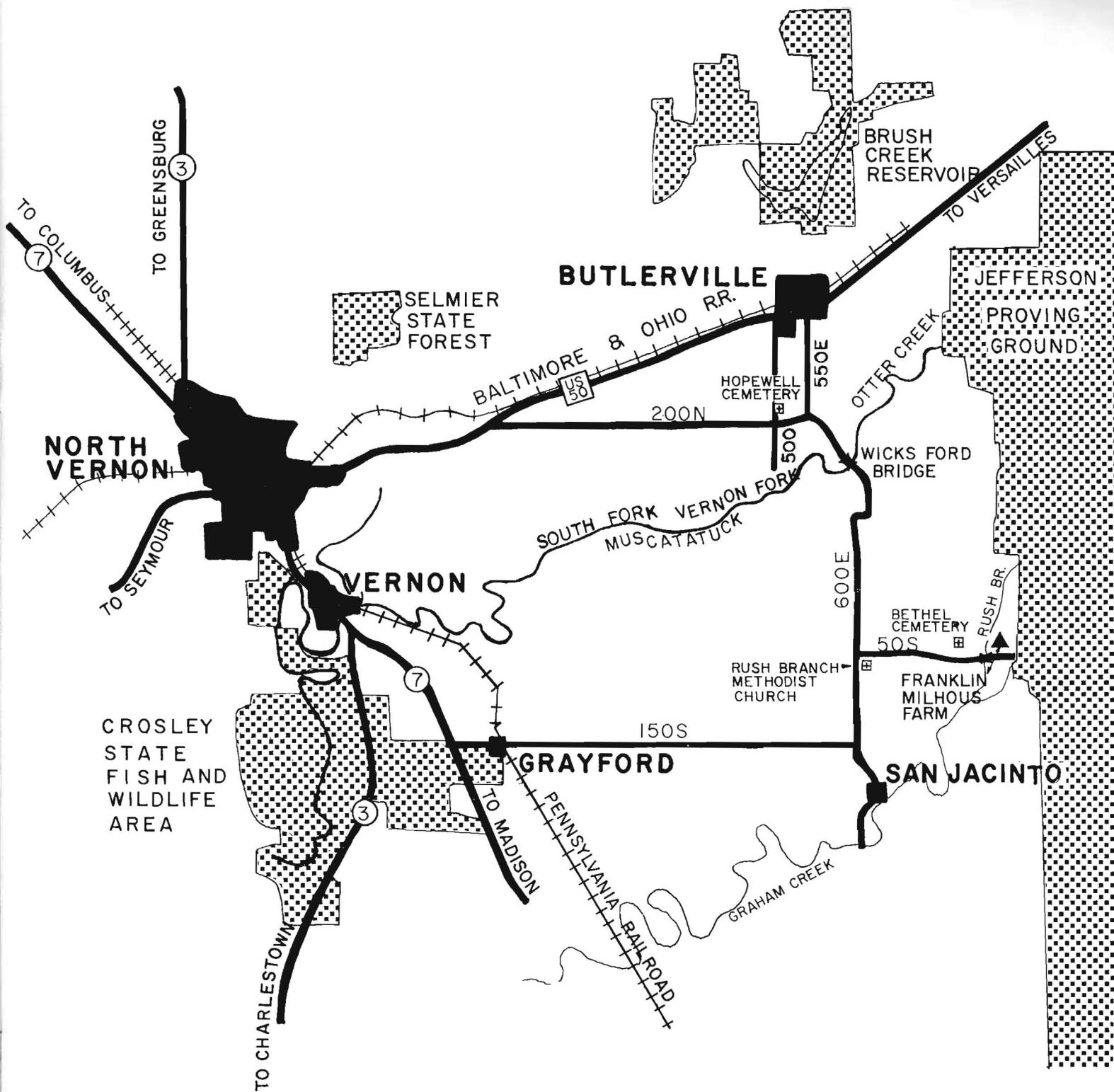
And then there were among her Milhous ancestors in the Colonies: Hannah John Matthews (Mrs. Oliver Matthews), born 1728 in Bucks County, Pennsylvania; Hannah Lester Griffith (Mrs. Abraham Griffith), born 1686 and whose parents moved early to Bucks County, Pennsylvania; Hannah Burson (Mrs. George Burson), born circa 1650 and with descendants in Bucks County; Hannah Shattuck Lippincott (Mrs. Restore Lippincott), born in 1654 in Boston, Massachusetts; and Hannah Burdg (Mrs. Jonathan Burdg), who lived on Long Island and was born after 1650.

Also, two of the President's ancestors in the Nixon line were named Hannah. They were Hannah Wilson Nixon (Mrs. George Nixon II), born in Delaware in 1790, and Hannah Butterworth Webster (Mrs. John Webster), born circa 1665 in Maryland.

When the President was inaugurated he took the oath of office on his mother's Milhous family Bible. It was indeed a sacred moment for him.

Joshua Vickers Milhous was born in Belmont County, Ohio, December 31, 1820. He was the sixth of eight children of William Milhous, who was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, on June 4, 1783. William Milhous married Martha Vickers, born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, on March 27, 1786, soon after he met her at Concord Monthly Meeting in Belmont County, Ohio, on June 10, 1807. They too had a daughter Hannah, born 1814 (a great-aunt of Hannah Milhous Nixon).

On December 23, 1847, Joshua Vickers Milhous took as his bride in her native Washington County, Pennsylvania, Elizabeth Price Griffith, born April 28, 1827. This Joshua became the Indiana nurseryman and Elizabeth was the Hopewell minister.



The first three of their eight children were born in Ohio. Then they moved to Jennings County, Indiana, arriving March 23, 1854. On August 22, 1854, Joshua and Elizabeth presented a certificate of removal for themselves and their three children from Short Creek Monthly Meeting in Jefferson County, Ohio, to Driftwood Monthly Meeting in Jackson County, Indiana. Immediately they

started working to organize a Meeting close to their new home.

Joshua first built a log cabin on the East bank of Rush Branch in Bigger Township. He laid the stone walks around it from rock he removed from the creek bed, and roofed the cabin with tulip-wood "shakes" split at a nearby hand-powered "shingle-mill." By the time he was ready to build permanently, Len Stanley had started

a steam-powered mill to provide lumber for the neighborhood.

Franklin (Frank) was the oldest child of Joshua and Elizabeth Milhous, born November 4, 1848, near Colerain in Ohio's Belmont County. Thus he was age six when the family moved to Indiana.

As Joshua developed his tree nursery, Franklin and brother Jesse Grif-

fith (born 1851) and William (born in Indiana in 1855) were his principal helpers. But Joshua and Elizabeth were determined that Franklin receive as much formal education as possible, regardless of the tree farm. Accordingly, in 1867 he enrolled for a year as a German major at *Moore's Hill College*, Northeast of Versailles at the Western edge of nearby Dearborn County.

That institution—originally called *The Moore's Hill Male and Female Collegiate Institute*—had been founded in January, 1854, by Dr. Thomas Harrison, a Methodist minister from Yorkshire, England. When young Milhous was there *Moore's Hill* had 376 students, including several coeds. After it closed in June, 1917, it became *Evansville College*, now *Evansville University*, on the Ohio River in Southwestern Indiana.

After Franklin returned home from *Moore's Hill* he taught in the Winter months for several years in elementary schools of Eastern Jennings County. But eventually he must spend his full time at the busy nursery.

From the founding of the State in 1816, Indiana citizens liberally supported state-wide elementary education, even then it meant considerable financial sacrifice for communities just being carved from the wilderness. However, until after the *Civil War* Academies in Indiana were supported by a church or (less commonly) by the voluntary subscriptions of a neighborhood.

Quaker education developed parallel with Quaker church organization. (It was said that "Religion" was the *Fourth R*). George Fox, founder of the Friends, had two boarding schools in England in 1668. Indiana Friends at one time operated 125 schools. In 1847 they founded *Earlham College*, at Richmond in East-Central Indiana.

But as the tax-supported state-wide high school and university system exacted more and more property taxes from Indiana citizens—and as it became obvious that the public high schools were offering adequate college-preparatory instruction—the Quaker Academies began to wane.

*Jennings Academy*, popularly known as *The Old Seminary*, had offered advanced courses in Vernon from 1845 to the end of the *Civil War*, but it was not Friends-controlled. The Sand Creek Friends operated an Academy near Azalia, Southeast of Columbus, for many years. However, Sand Creek was usually too far away for Bigger Township children unless they boarded with friends or relatives. Boarding was usually agreeable, except that after school hours every child was expected to assist with the many duties around the farm.

A three-room Friends Academy, attracting students from several Southeastern Indiana Counties, was operated adjacent to Hopewell Meetinghouse from 1870 to 1877. Thomas Armstrong was principal, and his sister Sarah Emily was the assistant.

On August 14, 1872, Franklin Milhous married Sarah Emily Armstrong. She continued her teaching simultaneously with family duties. She bore him Griffith William Milhous on May 8, 1873; Mary Alice Milhous on February 21, 1875; and Emily Milhous on April 25, 1877. But on July 19 she died and on August 7 baby Emily died. Sarah Emily Armstrong Milhous and infant Emily are buried side by side in Hopewell Friends Cemetery, a few yards from the grave of her father-in-law, Joshua, who died April 15, 1893.

Her mother-in-law, the Quaker minister Elizabeth Milhous and the widow of Joshua, moved with Franklin and his family to California. She died at Whittier May 3, 1923, age 96.

After Sarah Emily's death Franklin married Almira Park Burdg on April 16, 1879. Her father was Oliver Burdg (also erroneously spelled Burge and Burdig), who was born September 28, 1821, in Fayette County, Pennsylvania. He moved to Columbiana County, near Salem, Ohio, in 1835, and then to Jennings County, Indiana, in 1853. He too participated in the general exodus to Whittier and died there June 11, 1908.

Oliver Burdg married Jane M.

Hemingway on April 29, 1846. She was born in Mahoning County, Ohio, on April 30, 1824, and died in their home across from Hopewell Meetinghouse on April 5, 1890. Their daughter Almira was born on September 16, 1849, in Columbiana County, Ohio, and thus came to Indiana at the age of 3.

Almira Burdg Milhous was the mother of Edith Milhous, born June 30, 1880; Martha, born August 25, 1882; Hannah (the President's mother), born March 7, 1885; Ezra Charles, born March 18, 1887; Jane Burdg Milhous, born December 29, 1889; Elizabeth, born July 7, 1892, and Rose Olive, born June 23, 1895. [See the family group picture on Page 11.]

Just as Elizabeth Price Griffith Milhous survived husband Joshua, so Almira Burdg Milhous survived husband Franklin. He died at Whittier on February 2, 1919. She died at Whittier on July 23, 1943. She was almost 94 and her mother-in-law was 96 when they passed on!

Almira had visited Jennings County in the Spring of 1937, when she had come East to see her grandson Richard Nixon graduated from *Duke University's* Law School. *Duke* was founded at Durham, North Carolina, in 1838 as *Trinity College*. That was the last time Almira Burdg Milhous saw her former Indiana home.

The President's parents, Frank and Hannah Milhous Nixon, last saw her Rush Branch home when they visited it for a second time together in 1951. The house in which Hannah had been born—the home of her parents Franklin and Almira—burned on December 26, 1968. [It is pictured on Page 13 as they left it in 1897. The site as it appears today is pictured on Page 15.]

[The second and concluding part of the Hannah Milhous Story will be published in the November issue.]

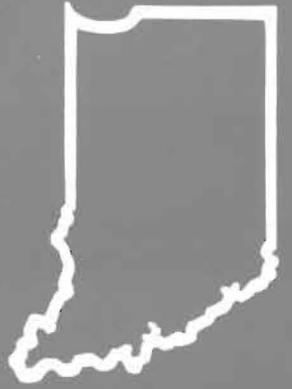
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**This Typical Indiana Autumn Scene  
Is South of Spencer, in Owen  
County, Near State Highway 67.**

50¢

OUTDOOR

# INDIANA



NOVEMBER, 1971



# OUTDOOR INDIANA



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### NOW COME THE GRAY DAYS — AND THE SNOW

As the glow of Autumn's rainbow wanes in the mellowing sunlight and the temperatures dip lower, Indiana presents a new beauty that is less brilliant but certainly not drab. The somber leaden skies produce pastels below them that we last saw in March. Some green still lingers where the brown leaves have been windswept. And in the fading colors we sense the year-end holidays advancing across the fields and past the bare-limbed trees.

These are times when hikers are exhilarated and wildlife wisely make final preparations for the Winter. And as the season turns invitingly to something different, so do the unpaved byroads—the rural ribbons that lace our State. You will see things that somehow you have never seen before.

Indeed foolish are those who take to the stove too soon! The warmth of a November day can be a chummy comforter if you will let it.

The front cover shows Canadian geese in their annual Southward sky-trek. The back cover presents the colorful berries of the Dogwood tree. The center spread is a photograph of the original Norman Rockwell painting at the new Virgil I. Grissom State Memorial, showing Gus Grissom (right) and co-pilot John W. Young suiting up for their history-making first manned Gemini flight on March 13, 1965. The space suit Gus Grissom wore that day is pictured on Page 22.

The inside front cover shows the famous mill at Spring Mill State Park, where the Grissom Memorial has become another very popular attraction.

The inside back cover is a candid picture of President Nixon at Vernon, Indiana, on June 24, 1971. It helps to illustrate Part 2 of the article about the President's Hoosier ancestry.

### PHOTO CREDITS

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# President Nixon's Hoosier Roots

## Part 2

By Herbert R. Hill  
Editor of *Outdoor Indiana*

The 1890s were a period of economic turbulence and unrest in many parts of America, and particularly in the rural Midwest. Frank and Almira Milhous saw a lot of trouble ahead as they prepared to shepherd their children into the 20th Century. Where were they to be educated? How were they all to be clothed and fed?

The nursery business was waning around Vernon. Joshua was dead, and Franklin Milhous was compelled to run *Sycamore Valley Nursery* by himself. Many folks in Southern Indiana were moving to better farmland in the Central or Northern counties of the state, or getting jobs in the rapidly industrializing counties to the North. And there were families making the big jump to the Far West.

Moreover, other Quaker nurserymen had pre-empted the tree-growing business in such larger Indiana communities as Indianapolis, and Frank Milhous was not about to challenge them. Had he done so he probably could have found both spiritual fraternity and economic stability in the Quaker communities which flourished in all directions from the State's capital.

*Sand Creek Academy* was available some miles to the North, and there was *Earlham College* at Richmond, Indiana, where many *Sand Creek* graduates next enrolled. But much was being said throughout the Quaker world about the new *Friends Preparatory School* which had been established in 1888 in Southern California. In 1901 it was expanded into *Whittier College* although the *Academy* also continued.

Almira Burdg had taught school 10 years before marrying Franklin Milhous when she was 29. His first wife also had been a teacher. There was family as well as Friends interest in the desirability of education.

The town of Whittier, Southeast of Los Angeles, had been founded by Aquilla H. Pickering, a Friends attorney from Chicago. The first meeting of Whittier Monthly Meeting was held in December, 1887. It was subordinate to Pasadena Quarterly Meeting and Iowa Yearly Meeting. That Yearly Meeting, in turn, had been set off from Indiana Yearly Meeting in 1863.

In 1895 Whittier *Quarterly Meeting* was set off from Pasadena, and immediately those two Quarterly Meetings joined in organizing California Yearly Meeting after permission had been duly obtained from all Yearly Meetings, including London.

Hoosier-born Elias Jessup, an *Earlham* graduate, was the first minister of Whittier Monthly Meeting.

The congregation grew rapidly, augmented by newcomers from Indiana, Iowa and Kansas. So did the entire area, which was ostentatiously advertised as a *New Eden* in San Gabriel Valley, with superb climate and an unlimited economic potential. Frontier fares (one-way) on railway coaches cost only \$1 from Chicago, with comparable fares for other Midwestern communities.

Rose Olive Milhous Marshburn (Mrs. Oscar O. Marshburn) and Edith Milhous Timberlake are the only surviving children of Franklin and Almira Milhous. Mrs. Timberlake was the oldest and Mrs. Marshburn the youngest. [See the picture on Page 11 of the October issue of *Outdoor Indiana*.]

Mrs. Marshburn recalls how in later years her parents told her of their increasing interest in Whittier as letters from relatives and friends continued to arrive. They recited the better educational and economic advantages in California and praised the bland climate. It seemed to benefit Franklin's "weak chest."

"My father and mother visited Whittier several times before deciding to make the break," Mrs. Marsh-

burn wrote me recently. "Health, climate, and being closer to a Friends school were their reasons for coming.

"However, the setting for our old farm in Jennings County was very enticing when we were there last June."

This visit by Mr. and Mrs. Marshburn was only four days before the President made his unexpected trip to Vernon. She walked the fields at the farm, waded the creek, and tried to find the direct route the Milhous children took to the District schoolhouse.

Rose Olive Milhous came back to Indiana as a freshman at *Earlham* in 1913-1914. However, she was a graduate of both *Whittier Academy* and *Whittier College*. The other Milhous children had a similar close relationship with the Friends educational opportunities at Whittier.

Thomas Milhous, a brother of Hannah's grandfather Joshua, had moved to Richmond after living in Jennings County a short time. Thus Rose Olive, when an *Earlham* student, was a frequent overnight guest at the Thomas Milhous home. Thomas and his sister Hannah Milhous Mendenhall are buried in *Earlham Cemetery* just West of the campus. Some say that Hannah Nixon was named for Hannah Mendenhall.

Contrary to general belief, the decision by Franklin and Almira Milhous to move to Whittier was not a sudden one. When the die finally was cast, Hannah and her brothers and sisters had a farewell round of outings and visits with their Hoosier neighbors.

[Also, we are now able to identify those in the picture on Page 13 of the October issue as, from left to right: Franklin and Almira Milhous, Hannah, Martha, Ezra, Jane, Edith holding Elizabeth, Grandfather Oliver Burdg on the porch, and Griffith and Mary Alice nearer the fence.]

Franklin and Almira Milhous rented a railway boxcar and loaded

it at Butlerville with all their household possessions. They included such furniture as a hickory-seated ladder-back chair, a walnut settee, a claw-foot reading table and the inevitable and highly prized corner cupboard. There were also doors and window sash from the Rush Branch house, and a cow and two horses.

However, Franklin Milhous did not sell his nursery until 1904. Every Autumn he returned to Indiana to take orders from customers. Every Spring he endured the long railway trip again, returning to make deliveries of fruit trees, ornamental trees, berry bushes and shrubs throughout Southern Indiana and nearby Kentucky. His wife and one of their daughters usually came also.

On one such trip Rose Olive enrolled for a while at Harmony Hill School. She did not wish to miss any more classes than necessary.

Franklin and Almira spread the word enthusiastically of their new life in California. Thus they influenced, more than has been realized, a further Hoosier exodus to Whittier.

Hannah also came back to Indiana as often as she could for later visits until she was 18, according to Vernon traditions. Mrs. Marshburn believes Hannah did not return again until 1937, "when she, her husband, and her sons Donald and Edward stopped there on their return after Richard Nixon's graduation from Duke University Law School."

And again in 1951 Hannah visited the Indiana farm, with husband Francis Nixon, en route to Whittier after his three illness-plagued years on the Pennsylvania farm (1947-1950). Richard Nixon at the time was living in Washington as a member of Congress.

As soon as they were actually in California once and for all, Franklin Milhous began developing a "fruit ranch" near Whittier. At first he interspersed English walnut trees with apricots. But soon he observed that he could plant more orange and lemon trees in the same space, and so he became a pioneer in California citrus growing.

While he still owned the Indiana nursery he filled special orders for California neighbors. He also began growing orange trees from seed and gradually developed several fruit farms in Central California.

Arriving Friends came to depend on him for business advice, and so he also engaged in a limited real estate business.

Mrs. Marshburn recalls that her parents had many guests from the Midwest, "who would stay for a few days or an entire Winter." The ties with Indiana continued, reinforced by that lively correspondence in which Quakers delight.

Francis Anthony Nixon was born in Vinton County, Ohio, on December 3, 1878. He died at La Habra, California, near Whittier, on September 4, 1956. Thus his widow, Hannah, survived him by 11 years, as her mother and grandmother in turn were widows for a considerable time.

Francis was the third son of Samuel Brady Nixon and Sarah Ann Wadsworth. Samuel had been born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, on October 9, 1847, and Sarah was born in Hocking County, Ohio, on October 15, 1852. She died in Vinton County, Ohio, January 18, 1886, and he died there on April 28, 1914. They were married in Hocking County in 1873.

Samuel was age 6 when his parents, George Nixon III and Margaret Ann Trimmer Nixon, moved to Vinton County in 1853. George Nixon II, who was born in New Castle County, Delaware in 1784, and his wife, Hannah Wilson, born in Delaware about 1790, had preceded George Nixon III from Washington County, Pennsylvania, to Vinton County in 1844.

George Nixon I, the great-great-great-grandfather of the President, was in the *American Revolution* as an Ensign and later as a Lieutenant. He served under General George Washington at the *Battles of Trenton and Princeton* and later scouted the British when they occupied Philadelphia. George Nixon I was born near New

Castle, Delaware, in 1752 and died in Henry County, Illinois, on August 5, 1842. Just before the *Revolution*—on August 17, 1775—he had married a Delaware neighbor, Sarah Seeds, at Wilmington's Holy Trinity Church. (Earlier called *Old Swedes' Church*, it was Protestant Episcopal at the time. Yet Quaker weddings were sometimes performed there, a practice not permitted by Virginia's Episcopal Churches until after the *Revolution*.)

George Nixon III, the President's great-grandfather, died of wounds received during the *Battle of Gettysburg* in July, 1863. He was a member of Company B, 73rd Regiment of Ohio Infantry, and was buried on the battlefield. On July 5, 1953—90 years after his wounding—Richard Nixon, then Vice-President, went to Gettysburg and placed flowers on his grave.

Another Nixon ancestor, Moses McElwain, was an Ensign in 1756 with militia from his native Lancaster, Pennsylvania. This was at the start of the devastating conflict which in Europe was called *The Seven years' War* (1756-1763) and which in North America was called the fourth and last of the *French and Indian Wars*. Moses McElwain was the grandfather of Anthony Trimmer, whose daughter Margaret Ann married George Nixon III.

In addition to augmenting British Regulars and Virginia Militia as General Braddock prepared for his ill-fated campaign against the French outpost *Fort Duquesne* (Pittsburgh), the sturdy men of Lancaster, York and Cumberland Counties provided the wagons, teams and drivers for hauling through the wilderness the considerable impedimenta which Europeans insisted were essential for any army. Braddock failed dismally, but the wagon industry centered around Conestoga became a robust business, thriving until advent of the railways around 1850.

These facts are set forth to show that there was in the Nixon family, as in many other Quaker families, a tradition of military service in time of national peril. It is a fallacy to expect



**This is the Lane Back to the Site of the Franklin Milhous Farm in Jennings County, Indiana, as It Looks Today. Hannah Milhous Nixon Lived There Until She Was Age 12.**

anything else than individual decision by Quakers in such crises, although the Society of Friends, since its organization in England in the 17th Century under the guidance of George Fox, has advocated peaceful solutions to all problems.

Elizabeth Milhous (Mrs. Joshua, and Hannah Milhous Nixon's grandmother) was not only the minister of Hopewell Friends Meeting, but also Superintendent of the Friends Centennial Sabbath School, later called the Harmony Hill Sunday School. Thus she was a most familiar figure to all residents in Bigger Township as well as Campbell Township adjoining Bigger on the North. Both Hopewell Meetinghouse and nearby Grove Meetinghouse were in Campbell.

She was straight and slim as she presided firmly and preached impressively at Hopewell. That Meeting was Orthodox, and there were prolonged periods of silence at Sunday services until "the Holy Spirit moved" a mem-

ber to speak or to pray. It was not pleasing to all members to have worship interrupted by singing. And in 1880 the Western Yearly Meeting, of which Hopewell was a unit, had admonished members "to avoid hymns that use other men's words."

At Sabbath School, however, she as well as the children could be more vocal. She was popular with the children for such graphic pronouncements as "Hell is like burning your tongue."

Joshua and Elizabeth Milhous did not entirely agree about music. Joshua argued that there was only a short distance between the schoolhouse and the Meetinghouse—that children were encouraged to sing together on week-

days and should not be deprived of that expression on Sundays.

He even secretly bought an organ on a trip East, and had it moved into his own house to the consternation of Elizabeth. This episode is an amusing chapter in the popular novel (made into a motion picture), *The Friendly Persuasion*. It was written by a cousin of Richard Nixon, Jessamyn West.

The *Gurneyite* reforms that were first introduced in Indiana in 1837-1840 not only proposed Bible study by Quaker families, but also music. It was not until 1737 that children were accepted as members of the Friends Society and thereafter, if born of Quaker parentage, were referred to as Birthright Quakers. In 1832 Indiana had its first Friends Sabbath Schools. Then, in 1859, the Indiana Yearly Meeting established a General Committee on First Day Scripture Schools.

Thus the Sunday School at last



**Hannah Milhous Nixon as She Looked in 1960 When Her Son Richard First Ran for President.**

came to Quakerdom. These Sabbath Schools, plus the revivals, were—finally and much later—the opening wedge for eventual congregational singing and instrumental music in numerous Friends Meetings.

Franklin, oldest son of Joshua and Elizabeth, had learned both singing and evangelism from the Methodists when he attended *Moore's Hill College* in 1867-68. Franklin encouraged his first wife, Sarah Emily Armstrong, to include music in her *Friends Academy* curriculum.

All of the neighborhood children—regardless of family faith—and also many adults attended the *protracted meetings* (Winter revivals) held at Rush Branch Methodist Church. Thus the little Quakers got a glimpse of the way some others responded to the fervid entreaties of the evangelists.

That Methodist congregation at first worshipped at a church one mile East of its present location. Like the Friends, the Rush Branch Methodists observed the old custom of seating men and women on opposite sides of the Church. For a long time the Rush Branch Methodists were too poor to support a minister of their own. So they were served by the Dupont-Ebenezer-Batesville Circuit Rider.

Every Sunday the Milhous clan hitched up their buggies and carriages and drove to the Meetinghouse—going across Rush Branch at the edge of Franklin's property, on up the hill on what is now County Road 50S, past Rush Branch Methodist Church, and then North on present County Road 600E.

As they neared Wicks Ford the unpaved road, pocked by chuck holes and with deep ruts in the frequent mud, wound along an old Indian trail down to Otter Creek. (Like many Southern Indiana streams, Otter Creek had several names. It also was called the South Fork of Vernon Fork of the Muscatatuck River.)

Before transferring to Hopewell Meeting the Joshua Milhous family had worshipped at Grove Meeting (as is explained later). But long since they were faithful members of Hope-

well, where Joshua's wife was the minister.

After fording Otter Creek they would climb the hill and proceed Westward along present County Road 200N until Hopewell Meetinghouse was in full view. [It is suggested you consult the map in the October issue of *Outdoor Indiana*.]

These rural roads often were obstructed by stumps and low-hanging branches until increased traffic cleared them. When things got too bad the Road Superintendent "warned out" the men, 50 at a time, to work the roads in lieu of taxes. But never on a Sunday. The Sabbath was for church-going, and each family faithfully got to its service, regardless of the weather and the roads.

Since Ohio had been settled earlier the rural road conditions were better in Vinton County, where Francis Nixon grew up. After his mother's death in 1886, the seven-year-old boy went to live with an uncle, Elihu Nixon. He attended Ebenezer Methodist Church at Mount Pleasant, but was compelled to quit school after six grades and go to work.

He went to Columbus, Ohio, in 1901 as a streetcar motorman. In 1907 he moved to the warmer climate of Whittier, where he met Hannah Milhous. They were married in East Whittier Friends Meetinghouse when she was graduated from *Whittier College* the next year—on June 25, 1908.

He was six years her senior but their married life was one of complete mutual respect. Born a Methodist and a Democrat, he adhered to Hannah's Quaker religion and Republican politics after he met her.

The Milhous tradition had always been Republican, and before that Whig. At one time Almira (Hannah's mother) roguishly wrote of her father-in-law Joshua:

He was a useful man,  
As Republican did vote,  
Served on juries often,  
And was a man of note.

The young Nixons first lived at Whittier, and then Southeast of there

at Yorba Linda. Francis Nixon was a citrus rancher and then a carpenter. He personally built the two-story frame house at Yorba Linda where their first four sons—Harold, Richard, Francis and Arthur—were born.

In 1922 they returned to East Whittier, where they operated a grocery store called Nixon Market. From 1947 to 1950 they owned a farm in York County, Pennsylvania. You will remember she had always wanted to return to her girlhood rural way of life. Then, with Francis Nixon's health failing, they moved back to East Whittier.

Francis Anthony Nixon died at La Habra, between Yorba Linda and Whittier, on September 4, 1956, as his son Richard was campaigning for re-election as Vice-President.

He is buried at Rose Hill Memorial Park at Whittier, as are the President's mother and his brothers Harold and Arthur.

This cemetery is also the final earthly resting place of President Nixon's grandparents, Franklin and Almira Milhous; his great-grandfather Oliver Burdg (father of Almira); and his great-grandmother Elizabeth Price Milhous, the minister of Hopewell Meeting back in Indiana who was the mother of Franklin Milhous.

Others of the family buried at Rose Hill are Griffith Milhous, half-brother of Hannah Milhous; Griffith's wife Cora; and Mary Alice Milhous Cummings, half-sister of Hannah Milhous.

As it was noted in the first part of this article, Joshua Milhous, the nurseryman who was the father of Franklin, is buried in Hopewell Cemetery. Jane Hemingway Burdg (the wife of Oliver Burdg and mother of Franklin's wife Almira), is buried in Grove Cemetery, East of Hopewell in Jennings County, Indiana.

Grove Monthly Meeting was six years older than Hopewell Meeting. The Grove Meetinghouse and Grove Burying Ground were on the East side of Otter Creek just South of the Wick's Ford Bridge. Two of Joshua's sons, as well as numerous other members of the Burdg family, also are buried at Grove.

The site now can be reached only by a narrow gravel road and then a hike on foot. For many years Almira Burdg Milhous sent money back from California to help maintain the Grove Burying Ground. It is now rather neglected.

Richard Nixon had been born January 9, 1913. Somehow sensing his future fame, his mother decided to give him the middle name of Milhous and thus perpetuate the family identity.

The sons of Francis and Hannah Nixon were: Harold Samuel, born June 1, 1909 and died March 7, 1933; Richard; Francis Donald, born November 23, 1914; Arthur Burdg, born May 26, 1918 and died in August, 1925; and Edward Calvert, born May 3, 1930.

"All my boys were good boys," said Hannah Nixon, reminiscing when Richard was nominated for Vice-President at the Republican National Convention at Chicago in 1952.

This was no casual judgment by the gentle lady who had worked by the side of Frank Nixon, six days a week, to make the Nixon Market a modest success. She had been an exacting mother without restricting the individual bent of each son. She had wisely *permitted* without being indulgently *permissive*.

The Nixon Market provided a fine forum for the study of human nature and for development of a practical philosophy that could adapt to varying situations without surrendering principle or purpose. Young Abraham Lincoln, clerking at the general store at Gentryville, Indiana, learned to know his neighbors in almost every stance and mood. Now young Richard, busy handling the vegetable department and also making deliveries, was to get rare insight into man's foibles, fables, follies, fatuities and failures.

This experience taught him also that *politics is a realistic and timely adjustment to the situation that prevails*.

An ever-lenient judge of the neighborhood saints was patient and

forgiving Hannah. A most perceptive observer of the sinners was Frank. She was sure of the relative goodness of most men and women. He too was lenient to a point, taught in the East Whittier Friends Sunday School, and agreed that the Inner Light should be a powerful force in the self-salvation of those who really wanted to be saved.

But Frank Nixon was also discerning enough and practical enough to recognize—and so to note in his account books—a fact painfully evident to most ministers' families—that now and again he who prays the loudest of a Sunday also owes the biggest bills for the purchases made on many, many previous Saturdays.

From his plain-spoken, sometimes caustic and always fiercely independent father Richard Nixon inherited his love for competitive sports—an enthusiasm which has earned him the title of *America's No. 1 Football Fan*. Even during the heat of political campaigns he will turn to the sports pages before reading Page 1 of a newspaper, and tune out other programs to get a gridiron telecast or an account of some other athletic contest. He is enthusiastic about them all.

The President has put athletic stars in the front row of his gallery of personal heroes. Foremost among these, it seems to me, is Johnny Unitas, whose quick and daring improvising, whose ice-water nerves and physical courage, have given guidelines for Richard Nixon's own daily conduct.

Football coaches stress "ball control." To seize the initiative and retain it is a key Nixon tactic—in his own political progress and in his efforts as President to keep America ahead of all other nations.

This has never been more evident than in the news-making weeks which have followed his pilgrimage to Vernon. Indeed, it seems that the Hoosier homecoming was a sort of hinge in his personal history—an inspiration for dramatic and decisive action.

Had young Richard grown up in Indiana it is probable that, despite the relatively small size which denied

him a slot as tackle at Whittier, he could have made the football varsity of one of our numerous Hoosier colleges and universities. And if his great talent for managing men in motion could have been activated on the football field, he certainly would not have been content to play tackle. He would have aspired to be the take-charge guy—the field commander—the quarterback.

But at little *Whittier* four decades ago you didn't get substituted unless a starting player broke a leg. And so it was not until he was in the White House that his alma mater thoughtfully—and finally—awarded him a sweater with an honorary *W*.

Nor was his mother a pushover despite her turn-the-other-cheek manner. The neighborhood boys, as did her own sons, recognized her quiet voice of authority. She never complained about what she decided God Himself had decreed. But she did not accept Man-contrived reverses without inquiry as to their justice or the reason for failure.

She had such high hopes for Richard! And he began to fulfill them when he was elected Freshman Class President at *Whittier*, and then Student Council President in his Senior year. He was graduated in 1934, receiving an A.B. degree with high honors. He was second in his class. His major was history and he was outstanding in debating.

He won a scholarship from the Law School of *Duke University* and in 1937 received an LL.B. degree, again with high honors. And also he was President of his Law School Senior Class.

In June he came back West to begin practicing law. He was elected as the youngest member of the *Whittier College* Board of Trustees and has been a Trustee ever since. On June 21, 1940, he married Thelma Catherine (Pat) Ryan, who was born in Ely, Nevada, on March 17, 1913.

Their daughter, Patricia, born February 21, 1946, married Edward Finch Cox on June 12, 1971. Their daughter, Julie, born July 5, 1948, married Dwight David Eisenhower II

on March 31, 1968 (the bridegroom's birthday).

After 30 years as professor of history at *Whittier*, Dr. Paul S. Smith was made President of the College. In the ensuing 18 years it progressed and prospered under his leadership. Dr. Smith is a Hoosier who was graduated from *Earlham*. He is a member of the National Commission planning for the bicentennial of the United States in 1976. He is hoping to establish a Nixon Library at *Whittier College* similar to that organized for other recent American Presidents.

*Pearl Harbor* changed everything for everybody, and the West Coast finally was threatened with the possibility of enemy invasion. Richard Nixon decided he would enlist for Navy officer training. His mother searched her conscience but did not demur. The decision was his.

In August, 1942, he received a Navy commission as Lieutenant, Junior Grade. He was a Lieutenant Commander when he left the Navy in January, 1946. He had served in the Pacific with the Combat Air Force Command.

Looking around for a young candidate with a good war record who could carry the 12th California Congressional District in November, 1946, Republican strategists chose Richard Nixon. He upset the seasoned Democrat incumbent, and was re-elected in 1948.

His sensational disclosures in the Alger Hiss case gave Congressman Nixon worldwide prominence as an opponent of Communism and subversion. So did his successful campaign for the United States Senate in 1950, and then his election as Vice-President in 1952. But the record also shows that, as a member of the so-called Herter Committee, Congressman Nixon was one of the vigorous proponents of the *Marshall Plan* for American aid to postwar Europe.

If you will not forget these facts you may better understand some of the Right-of-Center views of President Nixon. Such a Centrist believes that somewhere between panic and com-



**Francis Anthony Nixon, Father of the President, as He Looked When He Was Married to Hannah Milhous at Whittier, California, in 1908.**

plete complacency is the realistic response to any problem or situation.

His mother disdained veneer and gloss as substitutes for substance. She believed completely that knowledge is power, and so she insisted that her sons' studies not be neglected regardless of chores at the store. She cherished the family tradition for education. And so it was that Hannah, or some Whittier librarian, placed in the eager hands of young Richard a copy of Woodrow Wilson's *The New Freedom*.

The book was a clarion call for genuine liberalism—for adaptation and reform of existing institutions rather than destructive radicalism or nihilism. It was the guiding light for many young people long after its first publication in 1913. It painted bright new rainbows and illuminated vast new horizons. It demanded American progress and improvement. And it charted for a *new nationalism* a pattern for persistent World leadership by helping other peoples to attain self-government and self-determination.

Richard Nixon approaches every problem with the patient preparation and meticulous thoroughness of a bacteriologist who is confronted by a long-anticipated epidemic. So he did not stop with *The New Freedom*. He proceeded to devour all of Professor Wilson's writings, from his *Congressional Government* (1889) to his *Constitutional Government* (1908), as well as all of his subsequent *Public Papers*, covering his Governorship at Trenton and his Presidency.

If you would try to plumb the complex mind of Richard Milhous Nixon perhaps the one best guide—at least in published form—would be the writings and addresses of that determined son of a Shenandoah Valley manse—Thomas Woodrow Wilson.

*Princeton University's* magnificent stone edifices are a continent away from *Whittier's* much younger and less prestigious campus. The waves and winds of Sea Girt are not the same as those at San Clemente. Each individual exercised his own prefer-

ences in choosing sites for quiet contemplation and inspiration. But again and again there have been amazing parallels in the acts and goals of Richard Nixon and our 28th President. They are so repetitious that to understand Richard Nixon you also should study Woodrow Wilson.

Others might think of the lively author F. Scott Fitzgerald and his *This Side of Paradise* in pondering Old Nassau Hall. For Richard Nixon the New Jersey university reflects the studious discipline of the Presbyterian manse at Staunton where Woodrow Wilson was born.

Both President Wilson and President Nixon were compelled by dire international events, as well as a prodigious desire for self-justification, to try to bridge the deep chasm of internal dissension which agitated the American people, and at the same time to work desperately to salvage a peace that could be enduring and which would not compromise the honor or the defense of the Nation which they had been chosen to lead.

Both were never more eager to advise than when they addressed young Americans, and particularly young athletes. President Nixon has said repeatedly: "Play the game! Play to win! Be proud of your team! And always be proud of your Country!"

And then he warns: "*America must never stop trying to be Number One! If we ever do stop trying we are through as a free people.*"

While appreciating the necessity for international trade and cooperation, Richard Nixon also has recognized the role of nationalism. He admired completely the dedication to his own nation's security and progress of Winston Churchill, and also of Charles DeGaulle. So he was able to put into focus their personal vanities, peccadillos and ideosyncrasies, and to recognize the heroic leader shining through. President Franklin Roosevelt was less magnanimous, particularly regarding France and DeGaulle.

Richard Nixon has lamented with many of us who have concluded that

had Churchill been earlier in power there would have been no Munich—and had DeGaulle's warnings been heeded when he was a professor at the *War College* at St. Cyr the Maginot Line fiasco might have been prevented. Instead, Churchill was submerged until the Nazi invasion of Belgium and Holland in July, 1940, compelled his installation at No. 10 Downing Street. And DeGaulle was banished to Algeria, finally to emerge as the rallying voice for the French underground resistance from his sanctuary in Britain.

After eight years of loyal and respectful service as Vice-President, throughout which he seems to have been underestimated by a President Eisenhower who did not put as much value on political maneuverability as he had on military mobility, Richard Nixon won the Republican nomination but was defeated for President in 1960. It was his first defeat, and it was followed quickly by another when he ran for Governor of California in 1962.

His critics rejoiced: "Nixon is done!" But throughout the clamor his mother was confident of his destiny and she was not dismayed.

"All my life I have been his campaigner," she asserted. "I believe in Richard's future." And she joined his wife and young daughters in urging that he prepare, persistently and even more thoroughly, for a comeback in 1968.

And it was a comeback that was rare in American politics. William Jennings Bryan had been nominated for President three times, and three times he failed. Thomas Jefferson, John Adams and John Quincy Adams had received insufficient Electoral College votes and then finally went to the White House. Andrew Jackson also prevailed eventually. However, those rebounds were in the first years of the Republic. Since the rise of the party system Grover Cleveland in 1892 was one of the few to return to the top after a Presidential election setback.

Hannah Milhous Nixon did not live to see her son's 1968 victory.



**The Grave of Joshua Vickers Milhous (December 31, 1820-April 15, 1893) as It Is Today at Hopewell Friends Cemetery in Jennings County, Indiana. He Was a Great-Grandfather of President Nixon.**

But for a long while she had been as certain of its inevitability as she was of the eternal presence of Divine Providence. She died September 30, 1968. At the funeral at modest East Whittier Friends Meetinghouse the Rev. Billy Graham, a longtime friend of Richard Nixon, gave an eloquent eulogy.

She believed completely in Quaker individualism and the moderation of Jeffersonian voluntarism. Her humanitarian Republican liberalism—a liberalism which is spurned by extremists on both limits of the political spectrum—was based on self-respect, self-

regulation, self-restraint and self-attainment. Her conscience demanded that she take a stand, quietly but firmly, on every confrontation between *right* and *wrong*.

The moral and philosophical influence of Hannah Nixon and of Grandmother Elizabeth Milhous on Richard Nixon cannot be overestimated.

There were both beauty and abundance in the Southern Indiana of Hannah Milhous. But the abundance did not necessarily bring profit in an increasingly competitive marketplace. The expanding consumer needs of

American families as the great new century was approaching demanded sure and steady income for the millions of Middle Class families who are the backbone of the Republic.

The Sun for centuries had beckoned Man in his migrations to travel along the course of its life-giving warmth. The quest to the West induced the rumblings of hundreds of Conestoga wagons through Indiana in the *Great Gold Rush* that began in 1848. Now the lodestone was the comforting California sunshine rather than high hopes for a mineral strike. A new megopolis culture, with millions of recruits from the Midwest, was developing on the seaward side of the Sierras.

Yet (it seems to this Hoosier observer) the oranges and lemons of Yorba Linda and the Whittier neighborhood were not exactly a satisfactory substitute for the less exotic, but far more intimate nursery which the Milhous family had operated on Rush Branch. Certainly they did not abate in Hannah the poignant memories of her girlhood. There is undeniably an aura of pensive withdrawal in the old Quaker community. A visit to the neighborhood today brings a sense of slowed-down existence and of a sure serenity which never can come to a California coast thronged with anxiety-ridden and frustrated millions.

The Milhous homes are gone and the vast Jefferson Proving ground for 30 years has flanked their tenderly tended acres. The West boundary of the big Army compound is the East line of the old Franklin Milhous farm. The site of the Hopewell Meetinghouse is a virtually neglected quadrangle. Only the *Old Hopewell Burying Ground* remains much as it was when last a Milhous relative was laid to rest there.

*Hopewell Acre*, as the cemetery first was called, was deeded to the Quakers in February, 1867. The land for Hopewell Seminary, immediately North of the Meetinghouse, originally was owned by Joshua Milhous, father-in-law of the school's Assistant Principal, Sarah Emily Armstrong Milhous.



**This Marker, Located on U. S. Highway 50 at Butlerville, Was Dedicated on June 24, 1971, by President Nixon in Ceremonies at the Jennings County Courthouse at Vernon.**

Like many another rural Indiana Cemetery, Hopewell seems almost forgotten. It appears to be visited only by a researching genealogist, or the man who is hired by Sand Creek Monthly Meeting to pass periodically through the low corner gate, mow the grass, and make sure that there has been no irreverent intrusion.

But unvisited or unnoticed, it is still sacred ground, and especially sacred to those who have loved ones there buried beneath the silent sod. It is as unassuming as a babe in arms or an old man sitting in the semi-shade. The headstones are not of glossy granite. There are no mausoleums. Even when he came to Vernon, President Nixon found it difficult for his helicopter pilot to identify Hopewell Cemetery.

Perhaps, now, more attention will rightfully be turned to it by the public, and particularly by Hoosiers.

One recent development is of more than passing interest. The old Frank-

lin Milhous property, lying on both sides of Rush Branch and bordering the former Joshua Milhous farm, was bought two years ago by Harold and Frieda Crawford of Columbus, Indiana. He is a great-great-grandson of Thomas Milhous, who was a brother of orchardist Joshua and a great uncle of Hannah Milhous. Thus the tract, tilled this Summer for the first time in 10 years, is again "in the family."

Our map on Page 17 of the October issue could help you find the way. Vernon is 65 miles Southeast of Indianapolis, 75 miles West of Cincinnati, and 55 miles Northeast of Louisville.

Versailles State Park—second largest in the Indiana system—is 24 miles to the East. Clifty Falls State Park and historic Madison are 25 miles to the South. Jackson-Washington State Forest is less than 30 miles to the West. And spacious Cros-

ley State Fish and Wildlife Area is just South of Vernon.

There are many days throughout the year when the Jennings County backroads are as beautiful and almost as uncluttered as in the days of little Hannah Milhous. If you would better understand her—and her distinguished progeny—a personal trip is recommended.

You might even find the sign which President Nixon observed when he stepped from his helicopter at North Vernon's High School campus last June:

### THIS IS MILHOUS COUNTRY

**President Nixon, Surrounded by High School History Students, as He Spoke on the Steps of the Courthouse at Vernon on June 24, 1971.**

