
History Of West Indianapolis

VOLUME III

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by

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BIG INDUSTRY - LOTS OF JOBS - TOO FEW PEOPLE

In the history of West Indianapolis Part Two, the industries that were located in the community were listed. Virtually, all of this business development traces primarily to the building of the stock yards, the Belt Railroad, its spurs, the building of bridges over White River, construction of levees to keep White River in its banks, a public transportation system, graveled roads and streets, and a huge easily accessible highly productive labor pool.

Of course, these things came in parts and pieces and required capital investments both private and public. The labor pool was composed of men and women coming primarily from their parents' farms. On the farm, these young people had worked from daylight to pitch dark, but were seldom, if ever, paid anything in the form of cash money. Only the eldest member of the family tended to inherit enough land to make a go of it. Thus, the hopes of the future for the other children of the farm families were rather bleak. When these young people moved to the city and were earning wages, their lives changed dramatically.

It is hard to explain what "cash money in their pockets" meant to these young farm people. City life exposed them to amenities that were virtually nonexistent on the farm. They were sharing unsupervised pleasures in both their work and their private lives in ways they had never done in the rural community. They were surrounded by the advantages of the city. In their minds, it was a glorious time no matter how rigorous their jobs in industry were, or how arduous the long hours in the job might be. They were facing the challenge of a changing world, and they knew it. The sense of independence and self worth are powerful forces when you had never had this privilege before. They were feeling and living better than they had ever lived before. This was the world the new residents of West Indianapolis were entering, and they felt good about themselves and their community.

The Stockyards was completed in 1877; as was the Belt Railroad. Combined, they employed 225 workers, ten hours a day, six days a week, at an average wage of two dollars per day. (Indianapolis Times, Friday, July 15, 1881) The bulk of the men were employed at the stockyards that was made up of sixteen roofed "sheds". Each "shed" covered about one acre of ground. Eight of the "sheds" ran the length of the sixteen acre tract, and eight other "sheds" ran along the width. The lower livestock pens for hogs and sheep were on the west side of the yards, and the higher pens for the cattle, were on the east side. A Belt Railroad spur ran along the sides of each of these areas, and they were connected by tracks across the south end of the yards. The east side of the Belt Railroad spur ran along the face of a very steep bluff that dropped down to a huge meadow that ran East to White River.

The "sheds" covering the livestock pens were twenty or thirty feet high and had wooden crosswalks suspended from their ceilings. You could move anywhere in the yards without struggling to climb over pens and livestock below. A red brick road ran east to west and separated the livestock pens from the back of the hotel, the powerhouse, washroom, the huge haybarn, and the east loading scale house.

Being there was exactly like the scene from a western movie. The men yelled, cursed, cracked whips, and drove frightened bawling cattle through the yards into their pens. In their time off, the men sat in the scale houses, spit tobacco juice, and told stories.

The slick commission men sat in their offices at rolltop desks and made deals with the farmers. Their offices lined both sides of the hotel's ground floor that led to the swinging doors at the south end of the building. These doors led to a bar over one hundred feet long, and a restaurant. This is where the "Dance Hall Girls" were waiting to make their deals with the farmers.

As if all of that wasn't enough to keep a young boy entertained, there was also a railroad repair shop and roundhouse with a turntable just north of the hotel complex. Huge steam locomotives hissed steam and puffed smoke while they were being serviced in that area before going back out on the road. This industrial force was a major component in the development of the original West Indianapolis.

Eli Lilly administrative offices now sit on this site. White shirted executives with college educations' have taken the place of the "young farmers and drovers". The Eli Lilly Company occupies this old location of one of West Indianapolis' first industries.

The Nordyke and Marmon Machine Works employed 350 workers at an average wage of two dollars a day in 1881. The Elevator B Company, owned by Fred Rush, employed about 20 workers at approximately two dollars a day in 1881. The Car Works on the eastside of Kentucky Avenue between Howard and Belmont Streets employed 500 men at an average of two dollars a day and planned to expand to one thousand workers "within the year". The Stave Factory, owned by Standard Oil, employed about 75 people, many of them young boys, at a wage of one dollar and fifty cents a day. (Indianapolis Times July 15, 1881)

On the north side of Oliver Avenue and just east of the Vandalia Railroad, was a repulsive industry built in the 1880's. West Indianapolis was the dubious location of the Blood Fertilizer Factory that converted the blood from animals killed at the slaughter houses into fertilizer. They employed about 30 men at about a dollar and a half a day wage. The Carter Lee Lumber Company and Sawmill had about 20 hands who earned an unstated amount per day. (Indianapolis Times, July 15, 1881)

Thus, by 1881, West Indianapolis offered 1700 or more industrial jobs. This would have supported a residential population of about 8,500 people. Even after nine years of additional growth, in 1890, the census only showed 3,527 residents in West Indianapolis. There were a lot more jobs than local residents in early West Indianapolis.

Many other people, living in the area, were employed as carpenters building houses, men laying streetcar tracks, bricklayers building houses and factories, teamsters hauling coal for heat, gravel for roads, and freight. There were construction men of all types, road builders, private businessmen, dentists, doctors, teachers, lawyers, clerks in stores, and many other non-industrial jobs.

Soon people were working in the area of West Indianapolis between 1881 and 1890 and a lot of them had to commute to the area from the city. This is the exact reverse of the way employees travel to work today.

No cars were available in 1881, and only the "well-to-do" could afford to shelter and feed a horse while they worked. Thus, the people who worked in West Indianapolis in 1881 had to commute by bicycle, by foot, or by streetcar. More than one-half of the people working in West Indianapolis in 1881 traveled by streetcar, since there were no sidewalks and few streets were graveled. Therefore, the streetcar business was booming. The construction of houses was also increasing in West Indianapolis in 1881. The streetcars were pulled by mules until the middle of the 1890's. The mules were housed on West Washington Street in the streetcar barns that is now the site of the Indianapolis Zoo.

KLIP KLOP COMMUTE

An article in the Indianapolis Sentinel, May 5, 1892, described how the mule drawn streetcar system functioned. Each mule was only allowed to travel an average of about seventeen miles a day. That is why the mule drawn streetcars turned down Reisner Street from Morris Street and passed School #1 on Howard Street before being turned around on the turntable at the corner of Richland Street and Howard Street. The distance from uptown to the turntable is about three miles. Three round trips a day per mule was about eighteen miles, that was in the acceptable limit. This route skipped the town of Belmont, that was farther west, apparently because the streetcar company thought parents would let many of their children ride to school on the cold, wet, and muddy days. They were probably right.

Mules stopping and starting while pulling a streetcar would probably travel at no more than three miles an hour. Thus, the trip from or to town must have taken about an hour. People working ten hours a day did not want to spend two more hours going to and from work. At some point, these working commuters must have decided to seek housing closer to work in the community of West Indianapolis. In the last half of the 1890's, the streetcar system was electrified. This made for a much speedier trip, and provided much larger and more comfortable streetcars to ride in.

Jean Martin, a "westsider", claims he used to ride on the summer streetcars that were open. To get on, you stepped up two steps then slid sideways the length of the seat to grill like restraints on the opposite side.

Old "westsiders" clearly remember freighter streetcars pulling strings of orange V-shaped garbage collectors down Howard Street. The freighter streetcars also hauled sand from the streetcar pit that is now The Bluehole Trailer Court.

The electrification of the streetcars allowed the company to extend the route down Morris Street to the old town of Belmont. Then the route turned south on Pershing Street down to Howard Street and to the site of the W.I. Clowns Baseball Playroom. There, the driver would

take a break before proceeding east on Howard Street and turning north again on Reisner Street back to Morris Street.

Streetcars were indispensable until people began to acquire cars. Streetcars became a special kind of curse when you were driving. You couldn't pass a streetcar on the right side most of the time. Passing a streetcar on the left side was often equally impossible. Thus, if you got behind a streetcar when you were driving, it was a lot like being behind school busses picking up kids or taking them home.

If children didn't like the motorman on a streetcar on the way to school, they could be hellions. They would sit on each side and rock the cars in a motion like the wave at a Colts game. If kids were doing the same thing on an approaching streetcar, the upper structures would sometimes strike each other. They thought that was really neat! They didn't have a wit of sense regarding safety. On occasions, they would open the windows, drop the safety bars, and hang some obnoxious kid out the window by his feet while the streetcar was moving. Some of the drivers weren't too eager to have them ride.

THE TROLLEYS

The last day that a streetcar ran in Indianapolis was January 10, 1953. (Indianapolis Star, January 10, 1953) The first trackless trolleys (15) were purchased in 1932. (Indianapolis Star, July 17, 1938) The last trackless trolley was replaced by a motor coach on March 10, 1957. (Indianapolis Times, March 10, 1957) No record could be found on when the first trackless trolley was put into service. It was approximately the mid 1930's West Indianapolis was one of the first lines to get them. One weekend prior to starting service, free rides were given. Almost all of the kid's in West Indianapolis and Brightwood rode the trackless trolleys for the first time that weekend.

James William Ezell (Bill), and a few other west side kids went to Tech High School, we used to run like blazes out of Tech's Oriental Street exit to catch the trolley leaving the barn on its first trip to West Indianapolis. Some drivers didn't like picking us up. One day, Bill Ezell was running ahead of everybody, but when he got to the trolley it didn't stop; nor did Bill. As his feet slid on loose gravel, the huge trolley actually drove over a part of his foot. Bill spent some time leaping on one leg and holding his foot. Fortunately, his foot wasn't hurt seriously. Only God knows why. Of course, we thought leaping and jumping on one leg was very entertaining.

One trackless trolley driver liked us, and we liked him. His name was Les, and he wore a white scarf around his neck. Girls were often attracted to trackless trolley drivers and would sit behind them and talk while they drove the trolley.

One late evening, Les pulled up to the corner of Richland and Howard Streets, and saw me standing there. He said, "Hop in!" I had nowhere else to go, so I did. A very pretty lady was sitting behind Les, and they talked all the way to the end of the line in Brightwood. During Les' restbreak, he and the lady went to the back seat of the trolley. Because of his activity, Les was running late on his schedule. He finally yelled up and told me to start driving the trackless

trolley. I was at the age where I wanted to drive anything, since I didn't have a car. Thus, around midnight, I began driving a trackless trolley through the curving streets of Brightwood. It was actually simple. Right foot go. Left foot stop. Then, just follow the wires. No passengers appeared, so there were no stops to make. I would not have stopped anyway. In a short time Les came back up front and began to do the driving. He dropped me back off in West Indianapolis. I inadvertently had an adventure I hadn't expected, and will never forget.

Another trackless trolley story involves Leo V. Commiskey, or "Bugo" for short. Leo was standing in front of Ford's Drug Store at the corner of Reisner and Morris Streets eating an ice cream cone. A trackless trolley pulled up to the corner and its windows were open because it was summer. A lady, dressed to go uptown, looked out of the window and made some comment, or gave a look that Leo didn't like. He walked up to the window and dumped the ice cream cone on the lady's lap. She and we became hysterical, one with rage and the other with laughter. The trolley pulled away, and another brief moment slipped into history.

As an adult, Leo Commiskey served as a State Policeman in northwest Indiana until his retirement. He then assumed the job of Chief of Security for N.I.P.S.C.O. the power company that generates electricity for much of Indiana.

When Leo was a child living over his father's dentist office on Oliver Avenue, he once came home and told his mother some men were going to rob the post office across the street. Leo's mother assured him no one was going to rob the post office. The post office was robbed a few minutes later and Leo Commiskey, as a child, had already demonstrated the skills he would use as a police officer. Gene Martin used to babysit little Leo and his sister when they lived on Oliver Avenue. Some very wonderful people were associated with both the Martin families, and the Commiskey family. As a dentist, Leo's dad used to fix peoples, teeth. He often accepted baskets of tomatoes, or chickens, or other items for payment. The Martin brothers and their father are fruit from the same vine. They have made this a nicer world to live in through their kindness and generosity. Weren't we lucky West Indianapolis has had so many of those people? Thank you for the example you set for us to improve our own lives.

MERCHANT PRINCE'S, SOME WERE KINGS

In the late 1800's, bridges were built over White River to West Indianapolis, street railways were laid down, and roads were laid out according to plats. An Industrial complex on the west side of White River was providing a labor force that created housing in the area. In turn, housing attracted merchants. The merchants worked actively to create a dynamic cultural community, as well as, conduct commerce. This is demonstrated over and over again on the pages of the West Side Herald whose first issue came out on December 10, 1894.

OLIVER AVENUE MERCHANTS

Oliver Avenue turned west off of Kentucky Avenue near McCarty Street. Albert Kendell and Sons had a feed store at 76 Oliver Avenue near the White River bridge. (West Side Herald, January 12, 1894)

Nearby, were Albert Worm's Cheap Meats. Not a very tasty sounding name, but see page A of the illustrations to see the extensive variety Worm's could offer. The street numbering system changed after West Indianapolis was annexed and by the modern numbering Martins' Market was located in the area of 1147 Oliver Avenue.

Down the street, was the Silver Dollar Cafe. Across the street Mr. Worm was giving away books and portfolios of the world's best photographs, beautiful stories, and the world's gems. The Silver Dollar Cafe was catering to other interests. (West Side Herald, Feb. 2, 1895) A little of something for everyone.

A book can be written with just stories and events that happened involving the Silver Dollar Cafe. An example of one was, when a policeman, who had apparently offended a valley resident, sat in front of the Silver Dollar Cafe in his squad car. The offended valley resident walked up to the squad car, laid a shotgun through the open window in the car's door, and blew the policeman away. He then calmly stood there, waiting for other policemen to come and haul him away. In his mind, justice had been served.

The Silver Dollar Cafe became Hoffa's Tavern, and presently competes with the Cat Ballou's next door. The legends of some fantastic romances and fights traceable to Hoffa's Tavern continues, and history is still being made there.

Further west on Oliver Avenue at Marion Avenue, the W and B Pharmacy was operated by Eddie Wolfarth and Harry Burkenruth. The W and B Pharmacy was housed in the Worm Building. The Worm Building was actually two buildings of fine construction. The one furthest east was built first and the second one about two years later. A drive down Oliver Avenue shows who built the buildings over each entrance, and when they were built. Mr. Worm had been a grocer and used poetry in his adds as did Mr. Grubb, another grocer and advertiser in the West Side Herald. See Page A & C of the enclosed illustrations.

As you continued west on Oliver Avenue, Bradywaters operated a grocery store, this was later occupied by Vestal's Restaurant, then Dady's Market. Dady's Market was one of several grocery stores in West Indianapolis operated by Charley and Homer Dady. Homer was a huge man, but very athletic, with much of his interest centered on baseball. In some future volume, a whole section will be devoted to baseball, some fine stories lurk on those ball diamonds of the past.

Ray Murray's Barber Shop was located near the corners of Holly and Birch Street. Murray's later became Butcher's Barber Shop; and still later, Smittie's Barber Shop.

There was a saloon on the corner of Oliver Avenue and Holly Street that only served dry beer (alcohol free), because prohibition was in full swing. The bartender, or owner, in this establishment had a wooden leg. At some point, an unknown cleaning establishment also occupied this site.

Martins' Market, on Oliver Avenue, originated on the sight of an old saloon at Oliver Avenue and Holly Street in 1900. Martins' moved into the old Universalls Grocery and Meats in 1921.

At Marion and Oliver Streets, 1201, Dr. Deitch had offices. Further west was Shapiro's Shoe Store. Shapiro probably was related to the family that have operated the delicatessen on South Meridian Street, forever. The family is very rich now, but when they first came here from Russia, they were poor and then some. The Shapiro Family bought a hundred pound bag of potatoes, and broke it up into five pound lots. They then peddled these five pound lots door to door. They made some quick bucks, and like most of us, became very excited. They bought a bunch of hundred pound bags of potatoes and took them home to break them up into the five pound lots. The potatoes collapsed through the floor and fell into the basement. This is a lesson many merchants learn about when they expand to quickly. Down the street from Shapiro's Shoe Store, there was a five-chair barber shop in which Jean Martin shined shoes when he was ten years old. He and the black youngster named Shively, who shined shoes in Jordan's Shoe Repair on Howard Street, had more in common than they ever knew.

The Oliver Theater was located in the Worm Building. The Fletcher Bank came to occupy this building, and it was followed by the W and B Pharmacy.

A poolroom owned by Brosman was housed in the upper floor of the previously mentioned building, all varieties of sin were practiced there. Fortunately, for the residents in the Valley, vice won out in the poolroom above the street. The locals could be shelled by two different kinds of hustlers. One, pillars of the community, and the other the shame of all decent people. Upstairs or downstairs, you had your choice.

A character, who hung around the poolroom, was named Tom Dillin. He always wore an overcoat, winter or summer. Of course, beneath the coat were all sorts of things that were for sale, including quarts of booze. Tom Dillin allegedly was involved in politics. Tom also promoted "professional" fighters, and was frequently involved in gambling.

The pool parlor had lookouts on both the front and the back ends of the building. If the police attempted to raid the place, all they ever found was a bunch of hard cases playing the kids card game Old Maid or something else, and sipping frosty mugs of rootbeer.

It's rumored that Tom Dillin helped to promote a prize fight between two professional fighters and the Boyd brothers, "T-Bone and Phillip," who lived in the 1700 block of Morgan Street. The fight was held at Rhodius Park Community House. One Boyd brother was paid two dollars, and the other Boyd brother a dollar and a half. The professional fighters were supposed to clean up the ring with the "push over" amateur Boyd brothers from Morgan Street. The Boyd brothers nearly killed the two professionals. They were never asked to fight again. These same two brothers did about the same thing to the Japanese in World War II on one of the Pacific Islands. Without knowing it, the two Marine Boyd brothers were holding up opposite flanks of a line when the Japanese threw everything they had at them. It was a horrible bloody battle. It

was the next morning that the Boyd brothers found out who was covering the other guy's tail. It was a remarkable feat, we all owe them our respect and our gratitude.

Farther west on Oliver Avenue, was Oliver P. Wither's Drug Store. This was followed by Charley Davies' Restaurant. Bill Litzelman and Paul Sommerville worked in the restaurant as cooks. Does that tell the reader anything about Charley Davies' Restaurant? A meal there must have been a thousand thrills. To be honest, both worked hard and were probably passingly good grill cooks. Doctor Hickman had offices on Oliver Avenue, and so did the dentist Leo V. (Duke) Commiskey. Jean Martin used to babysit for Dr. Commiskey and tried to contain his young son Leo V. (Bugo) Commiskey. Apparently, they didn't call the young Commiskey (Bugo) as a child without reason. Bugo is the state policeman mentioned earlier in this volume.

Jean Martin says he and Leo V.(Duke)Commiskey went up to the Circle Theater one night to see the Texas Guinan Girls Show. A little leg, thigh, ankle, boobs, and lots of laughs show. Jean Martin said the place was sold out, so he and Duke had to stand up in the aisle under the lodges. The show started with a "hello suckers" and progressed. The number one legs, thighs, and bust girl noticed Jean and Duke standing up in the aisle. She commented, they must have had a hard day and were probably tired. She then invited them up to the stage to sit on chairs. Duke then became part of the act. The gal would walk over and kiss him on his high forehead. Jean says Duke turned beet red every time, and would mutter repeatedly, "You set this up didn't you!"

On the north side of Oliver Avenue, Danny Brosnan had a tavern. This was followed by a plumbing company, then Ray Murray's Barber Shop. Next was Freeman's' Furniture and then the West Indianapolis Enterprise, a weekly newspaper, operated for many years by Roy Butcher. On the south side of Oliver Avenue was Yazerwitz Dry Goods, then Roy Thegley Cleaners, followed by Dr. Weir's Dentist Office and Sadie Freeman's Hardware Store that sold mostly pots, pans, and tinware. Then there was another drugstore along the street. Still another drugstore was across the street. It was owned by Milt Garrison. Drugstores were known to sell booze as cough medicine in a very refined way during prohibition. This is probably the way "respectable people" obtained their gin and whiskey cough medicine. This probably kept many a drug store financially viable.

Oliver Avenue ended at Harding Street in the past, and the last building housed the Blood Fertilizer Plant which probably ended up being the location of the White Rose Oil Company. At that point on Oliver Avenue, the inter-urbans carrying passengers and freight to the far reaches of the western part of the state crossed the Belt Railroad tracks. The only structure west of Harding Street around Oliver Avenue at that time was a traction terminal repair and equipment shop. Oliver Avenue, farther west, didn't exist and a pathway was overgrown with weeds, trees, and stumps all the way to Belmont Avenue.

Going south on Harding Street in the old days, one found the Johnny Notter and Ray Myers' Harding Coal Company. Across the street was the Vaneer Company. A 1916 map shows little, if any, development was done north of Rhodius Park and west of Harding Street to Belmont Avenue a few houses were erected just north of the park in the 1920's on Wyoming

Street. Morris Street was the primary road leading into Indianapolis from much of the western part of Marion County. Kentucky Avenue is described as a filthy, muddy mess by the West Side Herald in the 1890's. In 1867 it stopped after crossing Eagle Creek and started again north of Oliver Avenue.

MORRIS STREET MERCHANTS

On May 21, 1896, the West Side Herald said, the "Wildman" from Mexico was exhibited a few evenings last week on the vacant lot at the corner of Morris and Harding Streets. The Fire Company was housed on the southeast corner of that area. A private residence occupied the southwest corner, and the B.D. Brook's Mill was located on the northeast corner of Morris and Harding Streets.

Moving west on Morris Street, the Masonic Temple and the Christian Church finished the block on the north side of the street between Harding Street and Blaine Avenue. Marshall Dickey owned a grocery located on the southwest corner of Morris Street and Blaine Avenue, with the Farley Funeral Home across the street. A second funeral home was also located on the north side of Morris Street on the northeast corner of Morris and Reisner Streets.

During the 1913 flood, the Christian Church, and Assumption took in flood victims from the devastated Valley area. The priest at Assumption led the force to aid flood victims in 1913. This disaster was a bright moment in the behavior of West Indianapolis residents. The people of the "hill" embraced the people of the "valley". Protestants, who had hated Catholics, pushed all of that aside. My mother was one of seven children left fatherless when my grandfather drowned in the flood. He had rescued several people and/or animals from the cold waters, but he did not return from his last attempt. His body was found buried under flood refuse when a fireman shaving looked out the window of the firehouse and saw a hand sticking up out of the rubble. My mother told me, repeatedly, how kind the people had been to her family in their time of greatest needs.

W. Whitson, Staple and Fancy Groceries occupied the building on the southeast corner of Morris and Reisner Streets. It is assumed, Miss Whitson of School #46, must have been part of that family. Ford's Drugstore occupied the building at a later date and filled many moments of our lives. A drygood store and a barbershop were located on the southwest corner of Morris and Reisner Streets, and it's believed a Standard Grocery store, a furniture store, that later became Ed Bertam's hardware store, was located on the northwest corner of Reisner and Morris Streets.

The mule cars turned and went south on Reisner Street. This seemed to have a strong dampening effect on further business development until electric streetcars extended their line west on Morris Street to the far reaches of West Indianapolis to what had been the town of Belmont. As described in the West Side Herald, March 5, 1895. The Herald says, "They want the streetcar line extended and also mail service, both of which they certainly deserve." Both came to Belmont relatively quickly. The new post office was built in a brick building on the west side of Reisner Street on the southwest corner of the alley. Gene Stofer later worked in this building when it became a candy distributing company supplying drive-in theaters, which were

all the rage in the 1950's. The new bigger post office was moved to Belmont and Morris Streets more than sixty years later. All things come to he who waits, if you can last that long.

A crowd of young guys used to collect around Ford's drugstore, like the Frog Island "Tadpoles" did on Howard Street. The area around Ford's was much more confined than that on Howard Street, so it was much harder for people to walk through the crowd of guys who were hanging out. Leo V. (Bugo) Commiskey was one of the leaders of the group. The wife of the funeral director across the street simply despised him and the sight of the other guys hanging out. She would constantly call the police. The police would come around and threaten to arrest the "gatherers" for "congregation", or "vagrancy". There was a kind of understanding between the police and the young guys, so everything usually worked out. The police would move them on, and they would reappear a few minutes later.

On a few occasions, one of the guys in the crowd would "pop off" at the policeman. Quite often when this happened, they would find themselves leaning against the squad car and being "shaken down" preparatory to a trip downtown to juvenile. This was very disturbing to the police. They didn't want to do the paperwork, and they knew the young boys really weren't "hard cases". So, the police would load them up in the police car and haul them around for a while, lecturing all the time. If everyone kept his mouth shut, or said the right things the police would usually drop them off somewhere.

Proceeding west down Morris Street on the northwest corner of Lee Street, was one of Dady's Markets. Above Dady's Store was the second Red Men's Hall.

The West Indianapolis Herald, January 16, 1896, described how the Red Men adopted fourteen palefaces to new posts. The Red Cloud and Minewah Councils and other visitors were present. On Friday evening the Comanche Council of West Indianapolis elected the following officers to the Daughters of Pocahontas: Mrs. Gibbons, Pocahontas; Mrs. Linne Mann, Prophetess; Mrs. Taylor, Wynona; John McNerny, Powhatan; Mrs. Richards and Mrs. Newton, Runners; Mrs. Keely and Mrs. Bowers, Councilors; Mrs. Graham, First Scout; Mrs. Ayers, Second Scout; Mrs. Katie Tinsley, Keeper of Records; Mrs. Hansen, Collector of Wampum; Mrs. Leidlie, Outer Guard; and Mrs. Keely, Keeper of Forest. By the way, the West Side Herald reported more than three hundred people attended portions of this exercise. This was very serious business in 1896.

Dr. Walter Hemphill, the chiropractor, was located farther west on Morris near Lee Street. He had moved his office from the southeast corner of Morris and Kappas Streets. He was very civic oriented. He worked for many many years to have the underpass built on Morris Street beneath the Belt Railroad. The shuttling trains constantly held up traffic at the crossing. Trains came from both directions, and when one would pass another came the other way on, and on, and on. Thank you Dr. Hemphill.

On the northside of Morris Street School #49, "William Penn School" was built in 1906. The library was built in the 1920's. Both are now abandoned. A horseshoe and repair business, operated by John K. Whitehead, was located between Sheppard and Kappas Streets on the

Another saloon was located at Morris and Nordyke Streets, and it was owned by Tobias Howe. (January 26, 1895, West Side Herald)

HOWARD STREET MERCHANTS

Howard Street was developed commercially very early, because West Indianapolis School #1 was built on the corner of Howard and Reisner Streets in the early 1880's. After West Indianapolis was annexed into the City of Indianapolis School #1 became IPS School #46. Mule cars provided the local residents with vital transportation all the way to McClain Street, later named Richland Street. This is where the mule car turntable was located. This turned the mule car around and headed it back to town.

Spencer's Opera House was located on the southeast corner of Howard Street and Blaine Avenue. The Knights of Pythias Lodge was located above the Opera House, and the Mystic Knight Tavern was just west on Howard Street. It was located on the southwest corner of the alley in the middle of the block.

Children were provided for by the school, and good fellowship was also readily available to the adult residents living near Howard Street. The Red Men's Lodge members used to meet on the northeast corner of Howard Street and Blaine Avenue.

Mrs. Miller was wise enough to construct a line of commercial buildings from the corner of Reisner and Howard Streets west, to the alley. Someone else built the rest of the way from the alley, west, to McClain Street. These buildings housed a feed store, grocery store, restaurant, dentist office, five and ten novelty store, and a department store. All of this was opposite the school where most public meetings were held. There was a public library behind School #1. Everything anyone could hope for was on Howard Street in the late 1800's.

The Howard Theater was opened up on the southwest corner of Blaine Avenue and Howard Street. Many a thrilling romance occurred at the Howard Theater. They held a "bank night" where lucky ticket holders won cash; like the scratch tickets sold today. Traffic boys and the flag squad were given free admission to the Howard Theater on certain Saturday matinees. At other times, free admission was provided for bringing a can of food for the poor. Mr. Bell and his brother-in-law, Chet, patrolled the aisles with their dreaded flashlights. The Pragmatic Screw Company later occupied the old Howard Theatre.

Just across the street from the Howard Theater, was an apartment house, or sometimes referred to as rooming house. Immediately west of this building on the northeast corner of the alley, was Goodwin's Icehouse. Pop Goodwin not only provided ice for the community, he was also the local handyman. He fixed everything. Jean, Bob, and Carl Goodwin, Pop's sons, delivered ice. Chet Anderson and Jean Stofer were helpers. It was a big deal to climb up on the back of the ice wagon and get chips of ice. It was nearly as good as ice cream, which came seldom, if ever. People would put a little sign in the window showing 25, 50, 75 or 100. This indicated how big a block of ice they wanted. This was a very personalized service. A guy with

a big block of ice, held by tongs, and a burlap bag draped over his shoulder, entered your house and put the ice directly in your ice box.

The Mystic Knight tavern, across from the Ice House on the southwest corner of the alley between Blaine Avenue and Reisner Street, became the J and N Tavern owned by John and Nellie Lents. A bartender with a glass eye served drinks in one of these establishments. It is believed, the J and N Tavern was operated as Bill's, and later as Earl's. After the fire destroyed Vera and Marie's tavern at 1750 Howard Street they purchased the old Mystic Knight and operated it for many years. It is now known as the Factory Tavern.

Mom and Pop's Grille was directly across Howard Street from the J and N Tavern. Mom was known for her fantastic sandwiches. Her large hamburgers were 15 cents or 2 for a quarter, Wimpy's were 5 cents or 6 for a quarter. She also had breaded tenderloins that she and Pop breaded themselves, they were known to be the best tenderloins in West Indianapolis. Most of the kids ordered hamburgers (Wimpy's) but the adults mostly ordered the tenderloins. Probably the most popular item on the menu was her great home made pies. Mom and Pop's Grille was the most popular restaurant on Howard Street during the 1930's and 1940's. Before Mom and Pop a dry cleaning business, owned by Don and Ann Myers occupied this storeroom. Mr. Myers moved his dry cleaning business to the 1300 block of Reisner Street, where he operated for several years. He sold his business to Don Martin sometime in the early 1940's. Because of health reasons Don had to move to Arizona in 1948, at that time Jack Martin took over the cleaners. After Jean Martin closed the grocery store he also worked in the cleaners for a few years. Jack leased the cleaners to Vern Robertson in 1959 and then went to work for Banquet Milk Company, where he worked until his retirement. Jean had already left the cleaners and had gone to work at Redi-Mix Concrete Company, where he also worked until his retirement.

Next to Mom and Pop's Grille was a barber shop, some years later it was used as a church. During the early 1930's the drugstore on the northeast corner of Reisner and Howard Streets was known as Durban's Drugstore. T.O. Tucker purchased Durban's Drugstore, operated it as Tuckers Drugstore until he closed it. Mr. Tucker used to call the police to report the young people hanging out on Howard Street's "Frog Island". He was pretty grumpy much of the time, so he didn't get much business. Paul Sommerville told a story about Mr. Tucker, that was out of character. It seems two bad guys, not from West Indianapolis, came to "Frog Island" hunting trouble. They found someone by himself and provoked a fight. Paul Sommerville came out and prevented a stomping. Someone had ran into Tucker's and said "There's a fight out there, you better call the cops!" Tucker walked up to the window and saw the two guys were strangers. He commented, "They are not from here. They came up here hunting trouble!" Tucker then went about his business. Mr. Tucker has been vindicated.

Ray Stout owned the hardware store on the southeast corner of Howard and Reisner Streets. Stout sold out and opened the Stout and Meyer's Furniture Store on the south side of Morris Street between Sheppard and Kappas Streets. The old hardware was bought by

Clark and Wright, and was later sold to Montie Wolven's son, and was operated as Wolven's Hardware into the 1990's.

Joe Levines drygoods store occupied the southwest corner of Howard and Reisner Streets, originally. This building was later occupied by Nettie's Jelly. One can never forget the wonderful smell of the various kinds of fruit used to make the jelly, drifting out of that building. Delores Gann, whose father was a streetcar conductor and mother was a policewoman, lived in the apartment above Nettie's Jelly.

The next building west, was a Standard Grocery Store. When Standard moved, Grover Martin, moved his grocery store down the street to this location. This was the best thing that ever happened to West Indianapolis. Everyone will remember the egg shampoos, butcher block massages, the wiener treatment, a coke truck emptied for the entire neighborhood, car bombs with a handy bucket of water for Mrs. Cooper's two o'clock departure in her green 1920's Chevrolet coupe parked in back, dimes backed with tacks nailed to the floor, etc. It is certain, Papa Martin occupies the fun corner of heaven! Martins' Market provided wonderful memories for over sixty years. They gave lots of fun, service, consideration, and friendship to their fellow "Tadpoles". Today, the Martins continue providing hot stews, golf tournaments, trips to the horse track, etc.

Next to Martins' Market was John Carlton's Restaurant which was later operated by Mrs. Cooper. One summer morning, two brothers were arrested for burglarizing Mrs. Cooper's Restaurant. They tore the screen door off, except for one lower hinge, jimmied the front door, and pried the wall mounted coin boxes of the juke boxes off the walls. With their collection of coins, they went across the street to count and stack coins on a park bench. As the sun peeked over the horizon, the police came by the restaurant. The damaged doors caught their attention. They saw the two notorious thieves across the street and they were immediately arrested. You can be only so inept at stealing before you are caught, apparently. It was nothing to be walking down Howard Street and be stopped by a person leaping out of a car and opening his trunk. The trunk would be full of new suits. Not all mercantile transactions took place inside the buildings along Howard Street.

West of Cooper's Restaurant a toy and five and ten cent store occupied 213 Howard Street. It was replaced by Clarence Jordan's Shoe Repair Shop. Trotcky's Dry Goods was at 219 Howard Street. (August 27, 1896, West Side Herald)

In our time, this building west of Jordan's Shoe Repair became Coy's Barber Shop. Coy cut hair, but he also ran numbers and a card game out of the back room. The card game was run in a tiny space around a circular table. A lookout was posted in front of Coy's shop. When the cops came to raid the place, everyone just slipped out the back door. On one occasion, the card game included a barber from Belmont Street with a wooden leg. The cops raided the place. This time they had planted two policemen at the back door, and everyone was caught. Everyone, that is, but the barber with the wooden leg. Pegleg had crawled into the round tub which held up the

table. He got stuck in the tub, and couldn't get out. Most of us have faced similar problems in attempts to get out of tight places.

The next building, down the street, was Vic's Bakery. Martins' Meat Market had once been there when they moved up from Oliver Avenue. Vic made yeast donuts that would float through the air.

Further west, was a building on the southeast corner of the alley between Reisner and Richland Streets. Dr. Welcher had his dentist office there. The dentist drill was foot powered in his office. You never wanted to get a tooth filled. The custom was to pull teeth until they were all gone, and then get false teeth. An ice cream store moved in when Dr. Welcher moved out.

The Fundamentalist Church was located on the southwest corner of the alley, and it provided many nights' worth of entertainment for the "Frog Island Tadpoles" that hung out along Howard Street. The concerts on Howard Street were free. A store front residence was just west of the church. This building once housed L.H. Russell and Son, watchmakers and jewelers. It is uncertain what business occupied it earlier.

Moving further down the block, was Miss Shinn's Toy and Candy Store. When my brother, Don, was about to be born, December 22, 1935, my family was really strapped for money. I knew Christmas was going to be lean. I had stood in front of Miss Shinn's store for months looking at a toy, it was a twenty-five cent Greyhound bus. I knew I wasn't going to get that bus, as the sun was sitting on Christmas Eve. Miss Shinn pulled the blind down saying the store was closed. The bus was still in the window. I started to walk home when a bony hand and arm came out of the door holding a small, precious, toy Greyhound bus. I will forever be grateful to Miss Shinn! "Frog Island" had worked it's magic, as it so often did.

"J.S. Piebergers, 282 Howard Street sold Flour, Hay, Oats, Corn, and Bran Cheapest Place In The City," is an add as it appeared in the January 2, 1896, edition of the West Side Herald. The building later housed a bigger, fancier Trotcky Dry Goods and Department Store with overhead conveyor tubes to carry your order slip and money. It was just like downtown! After Trotckys, this building housed Dady's Market on the southeast corner of Richland and Howard Streets. Guys used to sit in the back room of Dady's separating rotten potatoes from good ones. Everett Jones, who married Allen Townsend's sister, Tina, bought the store from Homer Dady's, and it became Fairway Market. The Jone's were classy people of the first rank. Sometime during the sixties or seventies Bill Allison bought the store from Mr. Jones A grocery store is still operating on the same corner.

On the southwest corner of Richland and Howard Streets, Dr. John Peacock operated his drugstore. His son, Bill, was aboard one of the Battleships at Pearl Harbor when the Japanese attacked on December 7, 1941. Someone had violated a rule and left a big construction crane sticking out over his Battleship. The Japanese Bomber and torpedo planes couldn't make their runs to attack Peacock's ship because the crane was in the way like a giant protecting hand. "Frog Island" had worked its magic again by giving Dr. Peacock his son back, safe and alive.

Maybe this was in return for all of the things Dr. Peacock had done for the community. Dr. Peacock used to hire the young people in the community which he thought showed the most promise. He gave them financial assistance when they needed it. He often could not afford the clerk wages, but he paid them each and every week. The roll of people who worked for Dr. Peacock was a roll of honor. Peacock's Drugstore had another roll of honor. Posted in the front windows of the store were snapshots of every man and woman who answered their call to duty in World War II. As the War progressed, the store windows were literally filled with photos of those serving in the armed forces. Each time a boy was killed in action, a gold star was placed in the corner of his picture. There were far too many gold stars in that drugstore window. Those of us who were too young to serve, would stand in front of those windows and discuss the things we knew and remembered about the people in the pictures for hours on end. Dr. Peacock, partially deaf, used to sit in the back of the store at an ice cream serving table with his ear glued to the side of the radio. He listened to Gabriel Heater saying, "It's good news", or "It's bad news, tonight!" He also listened to Edward R. Murrow saying, "Good evening, this is Edward R. Murrow from London." It was the strangest thing, Doc was partially deaf, but he could hear you whisper something to another clerk at the front of the store, when you didn't want him to hear it!

One of the "rights of passage to manhood" was to smoke a big, black, El Producto cigar out of Dr. Peacock's case at the front of the store. One of the finest moments in life was to come in all hot and dry from playing ball, and having a milkshake at one of the marble, round topped tables in this drugstore. It fit the add, "Life Doesn't Get Any Better Than This!"

Bill Leak took over Peacock's Drugstore. Bill was involved in politics. He became President of the School Board and ran for Mayor. When we were little, we used to hold up the Boy Scouts on their way to their meetings. We would take their nickels for dues away from them. Bill Leak was one of those Boy Scouts, and I was one of the culprits. When I became Dean of Boys and Bill was on the School Board, we were both on the negotiating committee bargaining for teacher salaries. He called me aside and asked, "Remember when you used to take those nickels away from me on the way to Boy Scout meetings? Well, now it's going to cost you!" Our past does seem to have a way of catching up with us, doesn't it?

Skipping down the street, a building which housed Melvin Zinn's Barber Shop was next. My father took me in there for my first haircut. Melvin told my father my hairline was too high. He said, if my dad didn't pay for treatments, I probably would be bald before I was six years old! My father grimaced at the thought of a bald kid. He paid Melvin Zinn for the treatments. Obviously if it hadn't been for Melvin Zinn, I would be bald today.

On the southeast corner of the alley between Richland and Lee Streets, there was a firm called Bullock Electric

In the alley opposite Bullock's Electric, E. P. Raymond operated a department store for several years. It was later used for warehousing and storage.

The rest of the way to Lee Street, along the southside of Howard Street was taken up by homes until you reached the corner. At that location was a building containing the new Standard

Grocery Store. This is the same Standard Store that moved out of the building Martins' Market occupied. Martins' had moved down the street out of the building Vic's Bakery came to occupy. A type of commercial musical chairs was being played, so to speak.

James William Ezell, National School Principal of the Year, and later Assistant Superintendent of Schools, used to sit down in the wash tub filled with caramels in the Standard Store and slip a few caramels in his pockets. When Bill explained to me how it was done, I thought it was a sensational discovery. Caramels were hard to come by, so, I did it. My pocket was small because of my tender age. Only three caramels would fit into it. In complete triumph, I walked out of the store with my mother. By the time we reached Bullock's, I whipped out a caramel and was peeling the paper off. Then the voice of doom asked, "Where did you get the caramel?" I knew instantly I had committed a fatal mistake. My mother made me go back to the store by myself and confess to the owner. My mother scared me forever and restricted my ability to steal, today.

On the northwest corner of Howard and Richland Streets, Dr. Walter Hemphill had his chiropractor office until he moved to Lee and Morris Streets. The small storeroom was converted to an apartment. Several different people there during the war, when apartments were hard to find. After the war Benny Bakemyers wife, Mildred, opened a women's beauty parlor at this location. This is where women received permanents and haircuts.. In the middle of the block, on the northside of Howard Street, between Richland and Lee Streets, Mike McGuire had a saloon for many years. After Mike retired, Vera and Marie, Mike's daughters operated the tavern as Vera and Marie's until a fire destroyed it in the late fifties. Hazel Wallers was a waitress there for many years

The last business on the northside of Howard Street, between Richland and Lee Streets, was located on the northeast corner of Lee Street. It is unknown who owned it, or what kind of business it was. On the northwest corner, across Lee Street, was Adef's Dry Goods Store. There, you could buy things and put them in layaway. You could pay tiny amounts of money like a nickel, dime or quarter until it was paid for. Never did you pay a huge amount of money, like a dollar. Many times, the people would lose interest in the item they were purchasing in layaway and quit paying for it. Adef's would, most likely, put the item back out on the counter for sale again. The layaway was a lifesaver for many people that couldn't afford to shop any other way.

A tiny little building on the southwest corner of Lee and Howard Streets housed some sort of business, possibly a poultry store. George Brenton and his wife operated a barber and beauty shop in a house just behind this building. You got more haircut for the money from Brenton than anyone else. He peeled you down to the skin. He also was a bountiful source of local banter.

On the northside of Howard Street between Lee and Sheppard Streets, Lasley's had a food market and dry cleaning store in a separate building. This is the same Lasley family that has operated the filling station on the southeast corner of Morris and Belmont Streets for many years.

Paul Sommerville gave me an old yellowed business card, which he had rescued, showing L.H. Russell and Son, Watchmakers and Jewelers. This store was located at 1727 Howard Street. At the bottom of the card, in fine print, it said, "Presented by J.R. Repass - Solicitor". My dad, apparently in an attempt to pay for the costs of my birth, had worked for this jeweler. No one in my family was ever aware of this. Thank you, Paul Sommerville for this little piece of my father's life, I had never known.

No other businesses were known along Howard Street until you reached the corners of Belmont and Howard Street. The Leak family, parents of Bill Leak, owned a dry good store on the northeast corner of Belmont and Howard Street. On the southeast corner, another unknown business operated. A tavern was operated on the southwest corner of Howard and Belmont Streets for a long time. Many working men cashed their checks at this tavern. An auto repair garage was located halfway down the block on the northside of Howard Street.

The W.I.Clowns, the Super Black Baseball Team had their West Indianapolis Clowns Playhouse on the southeast corner of Howard and Pershing Streets. They played some superb jazz, had great dances, good food, and always supplied a good time for people who went there. Elmer Ford counted forty-two businesses along Howard Street at one time. This history has covered approximately thirty of them. Some business were missed, inadvertently.

Two grocery stores were located on Lambert Street. Rhodes Market was on the southwest corner of Lambert and Richland Streets, and the other, Lambert Grocery Store, was near Hiatt Street. A burglar from the "valley" tried to burglarize the Lambert and Hiatt Street Store. He was detected and two policemen showed up. One of the policemen wounded his partner slightly in his zealously. The grocer tried to comfort the remaining police officer by reaching in the cooler to get a cold drink. The grocer felt something fuzzy in the cooler. He stuttered, but told the policeman, "That's fuzzy, that's not right!" They found the burglar hiding in the cooler. After he was convicted, he spent more time in the cooler.

A drugstore and grocery store were located side by side on the southwest corner of Belmont and Miller Streets. Vac Engineering was located further east between Harding Street and Blaine Avenue on the southside of Miller Street.

Paul Sommerville's grandfather operated a grocery store on the southeast corner of Miller and Reisner Streets. There is a copy of a picture showing Paul Sommerville's grandfather and grandmother in front of that store holding Paul's father as a baby. He was born in 1903. Notice the wooden planks across the mud streets. That building is now a Laundromat. The second picture shows Paul Sommerville's grandfather in front of a second store located near the northwest corner of Blaine and Miller Streets. That building burned down.

You have a snapshot view of early West Indianapolis and its merchants. Included, are stories relating to "Westsiders" lives. In closing, the following excerpt from the West Side Herald, January 16, 1896, seems fitting. "Thomas Horton found his only horse dead in his stable Monday morning." Just think how much better off we are than poor old Thomas Horton and smile a lot!

IF YOU HAVE INFORMATION FOR FUTURE
VOLUMES OF THE HISTORY OF WEST INDIANAPOLIS :
PLEASE CONTACT

John R. Repass
10346 Indian Lakes Blvd. S.
Indianapolis, IN. 46236
Telephone 317-823-6008

◆ THE WEST-SIDE HERALD ◆

REMEMBER AT THE CHEAP CASH MEAT MARKET

Nos. 111 and 113 Oliver Avenue

You can buy fresh pork-house meats
at the following low prices:

Porkloin Chopped	10c, 3 lb. 25c
Cottage ham sliced for toast	10c
ShoulderSteak	10c
Tenderloin	13c
Spare ribs	7c
Sholder bones	1c

SAUSAGE

Breakfast sausage, pork only	10c, 3 lb. 25c
Link sausage	10c
Head cheese	10c
Liver pudding	10c
Blood pudding	10c
Bologna 10c	3 lb. 25c
Wienerwurst	10c

LARD.

Our own rendered 11c, 10lb \$ 1

BEEF.

Loin steak	12c
Porterhouse	15c, 2 lb. 29c
Round steak	10c, 3 lb. 25c
Chuck steak	8c, 2 lb. 15c
Beef roast	7c, 3 lb. 20c
Boiling beef	7c

CHICKENS

Dressed 12c Live 10c

OYSTERS, VEAL, MUTTON

ALBERT R. WORM

All goods Guaranteed. Telephone 1113

HALF PRICE, HALF PRICE, HALF PRICE

During the present month I will sell for cash any of my electric Belts at **ONE HALF** the regular retail price. Call at **18 Marion Avenue or 139 Oliver Avenue.** Remember my **GUARANTEE** is just the same as it always was.

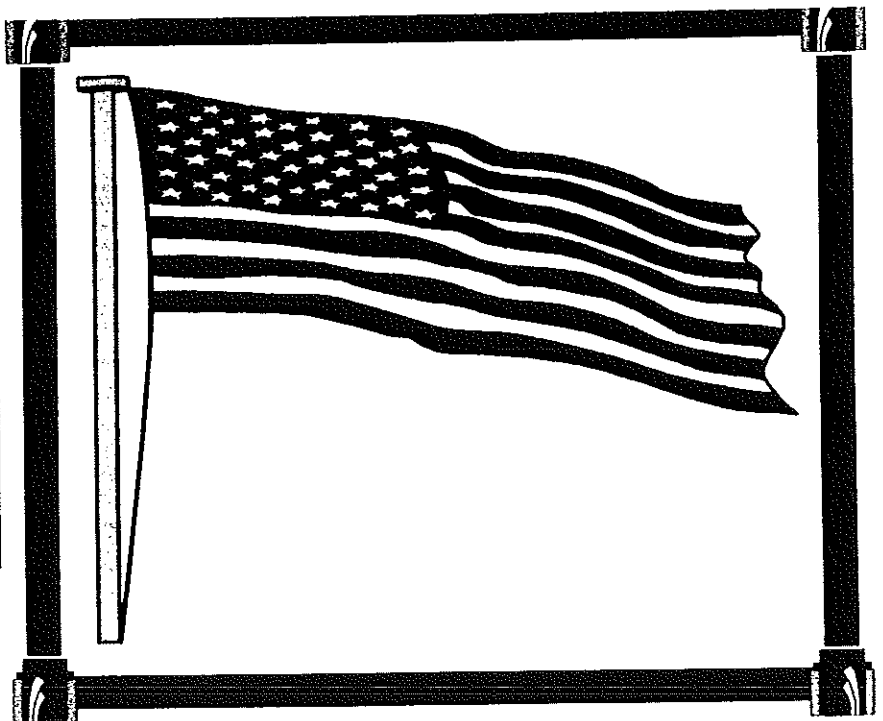
If you have Rheumatism, or Kidney Disease, or Paralysis, or Catarrh of the head or throat, or Stomach Trouble, whether Catarrh or Indigestion, my belts and appliances will cure you. They will cure any weakness of the sexual organs. Ladies, if you are troubled with Disease of the Ovaries or the Uterus (Womb) my belt and appliances will cure you.

Please call and let me refer you to some of my customers who are today living witnesses of the cures effected by my Electric Belts and Appliances of the above and other diseases.

E. W. Veale, Manufacturer

139 Oliver Avenue and 18 Marion Avenue, West Indianapolis

The add above appeared in the January 9, 1896 Herald



The advertisement above appeared in the
February 3, 1895 edition of the Herald.

THE WEST-SIDE HERALD.

The following advertisement appeared in the January 2, 1890
edition of the Herald

At 857 Morris street, West.
You will find flour, the very best.
Our very meal is the finest kind:
We've buckwheat, too, just bear in mind.
Oats, corn and hay, and feed meal, too.
Can all be furnished by McGrew.
Oil meal and bran, cracked corn and wheat
For horses, cattle and chickens to eat.
We do not claim to sell below
All other stores, but this we know.
Our stock is good, our weights are true.
Call on us : we'll try to please you.

J. W. McGrew & Co.

857 West. Morris Street

The following advertisement appeared in the Thursday
April 15, 1897 edition of the Herald

Trust them not, oh, gentle lady,
Though their voice be low and sweet,
When Pond Lily Flour your wanting,
Which, you know, cannot be beat,
And they recommend another,
Saying "It's good, just the same:"
Do not notice what they tell you,
For there's something in a name.

Lady, once there lived a housewife
Who another flour did take,
And full soon she saw her error
When her bread she tried to bake.
But she's heeded now the warning,
And hereafter when she bakes
Of McGrew her flour she'll purchase,
And will have good bread and cakes

857 West Morris Street

Telephone 1839

The following advertisement appeared in the July 9, 1896
edition of the Herald

MRS. DR. DAVIS

Cures Goitre
Old Sores
Dropsy
Rheumatism

AND ALL

Curable Chronic Diseases,

As well as

All Acute Diseases,

With pure medicine that is not poison.

Office and residence

125 Lambert Street,
West Indianapolis

B. D. Brooks is still building houses. He is finishing one and laying the foundation for another since our last report, but is not married yet, and leap year will soon be gone.

(The West -Side Herald, August 27, 1896)

The first man occupying the new city jail will, upon his release, be entitled to a new pair of pants at Trotsky's store. Don't all go at once: only one pair remember.

(The West -Side Herald, January 26, 1895)

Advertisements just as they appeared in
the old West-side herald

THE WEST-SIDE HERALD

You avoid most of that toilsome rub.
He keeps Lennox, and Babbitt's, and Ivory.
And he always has 9 o'clock washing tea.

The best milk, a pint for a cent.
That's the reason your neighbor went
And bought that good sixteen cents butter.
It comes from the country, that's why
we can "cutter."

In apples, potatoes and all staple articles.
We can fit you out quickly in large or small particles.
The flower of the family, "The Pride of the Wabash."
You get it much cheaper by buying for cash.

"For cash and cash only," that is our basis,
And our customers always wear bright happy faces.
Just stop in and try our new Java blend,
A thirty cent coffee which no man can mend.

The finest lard, the best kettle rendered.
Three pounds for a quarter to all men are tendered.
Our pure country sorghum, the best in the land:
Fancy Drip and N.O. are always on hand.

Our young brother Frank and old Father Dean
Are the two nicest clerks you ever have seen.
Just give them a call, at the door they will meet you;
With honesty and courtesy they are quite sure to treat you.

THE GRUBB',
118 Oliver Avenue.

The preceding advertisement appeared in the April 15, 1897 edition of the Herald