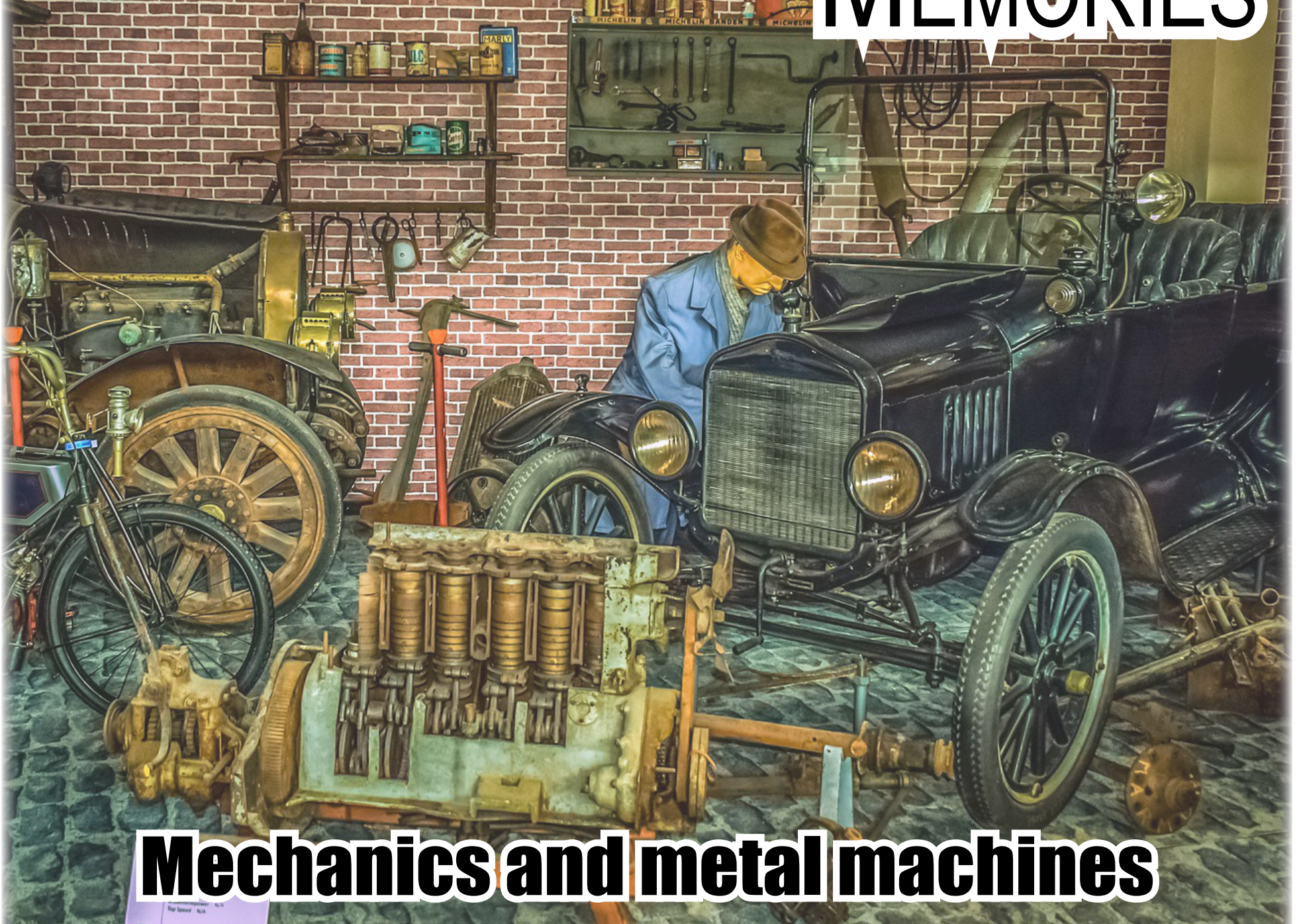


MONTGOMERY

MEMORIES



Mechanics and metal machines

April 2021

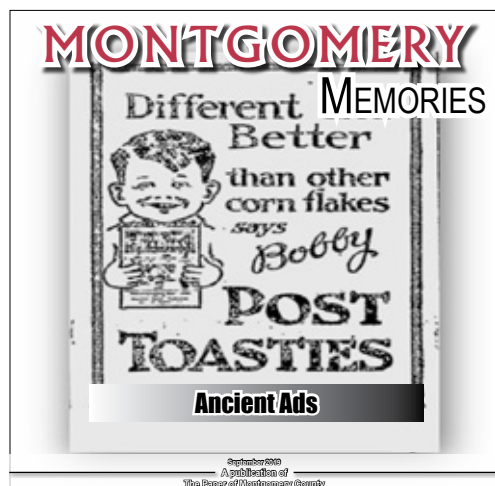
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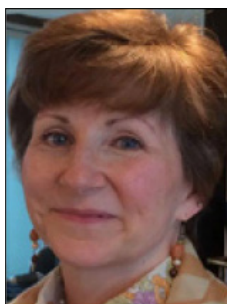
Contributing Writers



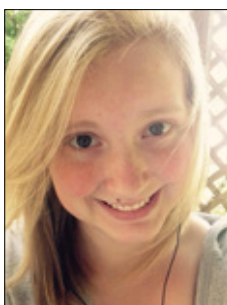
KAREN BAZZANI ZACH has been a contributor of local historical articles for 40 years. A native Montgomery Countian, she grew up in Waveland, married Jim Zach, and received her grad degree from IU while working at CDPL as Children's Librarian. Karen authored one of the newer county histories, *Crawfordsville: Athens of Indiana*. After teaching English at Turkey Run HS for 21 years, she retired and is now enjoying visiting with her two children (Jay and Suzie), writing, reading, doing genealogy, and grandkidding!



CHUCK CLORE After a lifelong career in visual communications, Eureka! Chuck discovered that noodling the nuances of the written word can be just as much fun as tweaking a font into an iconic logo. *Montgomery Memories* is the perfect venue to explore his treasured C-ville's east-end recollections. An Athenian boomer from the class of 65, he delights in graphic design, cartooning, and story telling. Chuck's articles reveal how a CHS senior corduroy artist eventually evolved into an award winning designer and aspiring writer.



JOY WILLETT was born in Crawfordsville and spent much of her childhood in southern Montgomery County. She has lived her adult life in Indiana, Arizona, and California. She currently lives with her husband, David, in Monterey County California. As an amateur genealogist, she has done extensive research and has written her paternal and maternal family histories. In addition to genealogy, Joy enjoys writing poetry, painting, and traveling.



ALYSSA BLEDSOE is the Creative Services Department Manager for the Paper of Montgomery County, and she edits and helps complete the daily news as well as the *Montgomery Memories* and *Sports Report* every month for viewers to enjoy. She was born in Indianapolis before moving to Crawfordsville in her early childhood. She enjoys writing, painting and editing in her free time. Alyssa got her associate's degree in graphic design after graduating from our local Southmont Jr.-Sr. High School.





April Feature: A little bit about a mechanic

Karen Bazzani Zach, Montgomery Memories

When I was growing-up, most mechanics just learned from the ground up, most self-taught or worked with a father, other relative or friend. Today, many (including my amazing grandson) have degrees. Also, most machines now include computers so it is a different ballgame than it was back in the dark ages!

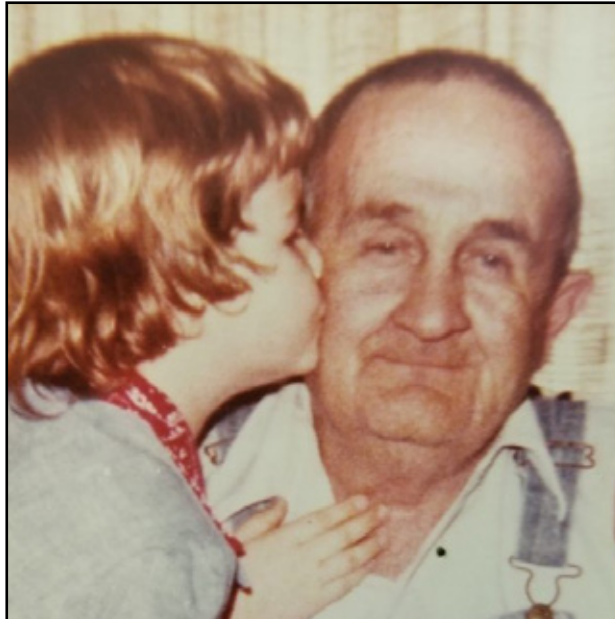
Since I know very little about mechanical items, I'll just discuss what I do know. Here, in the little town of Waveland where I had such a wonderful upbringing, almost every man could do a little bit with their cars, furnaces and the like, but if it got tough, it was time to call in the recruits. My dad took our cars mainly to Homer Cox when it got beyond him (although Dad traded 'em so often they didn't usually get to that point). Dad also worked part time for the Whitecotton family, who sold farm equipment, had a couple of gas stations (I remember that Donny W was very inclined toward fixin' things but he fooled us all, went off to college and became county superintendent of schools – we were all so proud) and a hardware store.

I adored Homer Cox, and I believe sometimes we'd take a car to the Thomas', but another mechanic I thought was one of the nicest fellas I ever met was John Russell Weaver.

As a very young man, he worked on farms such as George Loman's where he probably picked up quite a bit about fixing and repairing machinery (tractors, trucks...). Of course, there was bigger money in the railroad and he went to work for Pennsylvania RR at the Union Depot in Terre Haute. He had put on his application that he was three years older (same day and month, just fudged that year) thus he put that on his WWII application (by the way, it is also on his obituary). When he made the decision to join the service, that date was quite handy.

John enlisted into the Army for WWII, on 3 October 1942 and served over three years, released on November 27, 1945. Described as 5'8", blue eyes, brown hair and having a ruddy complexion, that was just the way I remember him. He almost always had one of the coal-type looking hats on. Registering on 16 Oct 1940, he had no problem being accepted with his makeshift birthdate of 7 January 1918 (vs 1921). John was born in Vermillion County, Indiana where his father farmed.

Passing away in Indianapolis at the VA Hospital on West 10th Street on the 1st day of June in 1981, he had metastatic cancer but the doctors could not figure a cause. Buried close to home, he dwells in the solemn, pretty, Old Union Cemetery just north of Waveland.



At the (real) age of 26 and 10 days, he married Helen Josephine Yount at the home of her parents Harry and Charlotte Britton Yount with Rev. C.N. McBrayer reading the ceremony. At that time in their lives (17 Jan 1947), Helen worked at the Shades and he was employed at the Canine Garage in Waveland. She wore a powder blue suit with brown accessories carrying pink roses. Albert and Ruth (one of Helen's two sisters – she had three brothers, as well, but sadly only one of those lived to adulthood) Beasey of Waveland stood up with them.

Three children, John Russell (Rusty in our day but he goes by John most of the time today and pre-covid was one of our euchre-buddies), Jimmy who was stillborn (November of 1952) and Kathy. John was the son of Homer and Bonnie (Durham) Weaver. There were eight Weavers (five sons and three daughters) then Bonnie remarried and produced two half-brothers and two half-sisters. In fact, John was my 3rd cousin, going back on my Morgan side and 5th on the Cunningham's. His mechanical abilities I'd not think came from either of these sides as I sure didn't get any – absolutely none!

A big dream of John's was to have his own gas station and he and Charlie Stewart (yes, the one who was our County Sheriff) in about 1957 decided to purchase one in uptown Waveland and ran it together as S&W, then John had it later on his own. Please don't quote me, but I'm fairly sure it was the one where John worked for Ben Canine before



going to the service. Sometimes John did the mechanical work, but often had a mechanic or two working for him (Lawrence West and John's nephew Johnny, plus an Ernie something from Russellville). Such a

wonderful man, I heard a tale about one of the men in Waveland who would get just enough gas (50 cents for example) to go to work and back, then back up the next night to do the same as he had a large family and not a lot of bucks. John was so nice, he'd not let something like that bother him an iota. Larry, Lyle, Carol and others commented on Facebook on the Waveland page that he was "One great person!" Dave F (thanks for the photo from the Waveland early video and the spruce-up goes to Mike H) really appreciated John as a kid as he'd whip his bike in and John would fix it up and when he got his own car it needed a muffler. John put the car up on the rack, gave Dave the muffler and told him to go ahead and do it himself. Dave: "I think he knew I was broke!"

John was a bus driver for Waveland several years as well and Randy said that since he was usually in trouble, John reserved the seat for him that was right behind the driver's seat but it seems Randy really didn't mind so much as John teased him and they had a good time!

John still had the farm in his heart all that time though as he purchased a small piece of land south of Waveland where he raised various animals from time to time (cows, pigs, sheep, rabbits, chickens). Being with his family, working, relaxing made up his life. I can still hear his gentle voice when I'd pull up for gas, still see his "ruddy" complexion, his pink cheeks, and smell the station. Pictured here is a photo of John and his granddaughter, Rusty's sweet Anita and you'll likely see that description too but think NICE. Oh, my do I miss John, Homer, Charlie, Cecil H, Bob F, Fred W, George H, and so many others – bless each and all!

Odds & Ends – Collected & Commented on by Karen Bazzani Zach

Way back in March (30th Weekly Journal) of 1854, I found a bit of a story to prove a point that a working man can be pretty amazing. Here is a brief version. A young man seemed very pleased with a young lady he was seeing but one evening he came quite late to visit. “I had to work tonight,” he told her. Whew, ready for this? She asked him if he worked for a living? “Certainly, I am a mechanic.” She promptly informed him that her brother didn’t work and she hated the word mechanic. He didn’t go back to see her. Several years later he was a very wealthy man and had the best gal ever for a wife. Now, the young lady who made fun of his career choice had a miserable fool who drank, treated her horribly, so that she had to take in washing in order to support her and their children. Remember that mechanics “may have callous-hands but they are intelligent and industrious!”

The next year toward the end of April, James Graham was selling his house and lot which contained two acres. The residence was quite comfy, and there was a stable, smokehouse, woodhouse and a good well. Top that off with a variety of fruit trees. It was situated in Yountsville and was just the “location for a mechanic!”

In 1866, an article in the CWJ on 8 February noted that “a good mechanic keeps his tools where he can find any one he wants, without loss of time...” but the farmer was a different story. Not sure that was true, but it made me giggle.

In 1868 just in time for Christmas Gregg’s Hardware was having a mammoth sale for a large stock of “Mechanics Tools of the latest patterns and best makes” – cheap for cash!

In 1874, an article written by a mechanic noted that he had started life as a clerk, tallying \$12 a week (with a wife and family). He worked himself up to a journeyman and at age 21, he had saved \$1,000 out of his wages and with another workman started their own business. After eight years they both drew \$3,000 a year and had \$12,000 worth of machinery and materials all paid. He noted he’d not be in that position had he stayed at his \$12 clerking position. Granted every mechanic doesn’t save his money especially enough to begin their own business but the trade isn’t as likely to become overcrowded as clerks and office workers. He ended with noting that the “respectability” of the office laborer compared to that of a mechanic “can scarcely compensate any one for the loss of such opportunities for advancement in life as are open to all industrious skilled mechanics!”

Also that year in May the Weekly Journal on the 23rd stated that WH Long had worked for several years with the Doherty wagon and carriage works would be leaving Monday for Warsaw. “Mr. Long is a skillful mechanic and we regret to lose him from

HELPFUL HINTS
 Do not run your car on the hit-or-miss principle only looking after certain parts when they get out of order. To do this is to court disaster. Make a list of things that should be done before each trip and post it up before you in your garage; such as gasoline, oil, water, air in tires, etc.

the city.”

I was excited to read this piece about local man, William Hartman who went to Terre Haute to work as a machinist. Eventually, he ended-up being the master mechanic of Rose Poly. However, at the end of July in 1888, he put in his resignation to leave for Pittsburg to work for Westinghouse as he had submitted a great improvement for their air brake and they wooed him to their service.

One of the first “mechanics” to run for public office was David W. Hartman who ran in 1890 for Trustee of Union Township. Hartman was a native of Crawfordsville, was 50 years old, had fought in Co G 10th Indiana and was a Republican. He “is hard working and possesses all the qualifi-

cations to make a good trustee!”

The year 1893 brought Amos Hawkins from Fithian, Illinois to the city since he purchased Dolph Shur’s blacksmith shop. “He came highly recommended as a mechanic.”

About the turn of the century (1900) articles and various ads for a mechanic began popping-up. One fun article was about RC Jones who had come from Birmingham to work as a highly skilled mechanic and fell in love. In September of 1901, he and Katie Burgess applied for a marriage license with parental consent. The clerk wouldn’t allow it as R.C. was but 17 and Katie 15. Grooms at that time had to be 18 and brides 16 so there was quite the celebration when they became “of age” and married in mid-February of 1902. He was listed as working at the Wire & Nail Company.

A most interesting piece in that same year was in the Jan 10th New Richmond Record. “There lives at Paducah, Ky, a blind mechanic who can and does place laths as evenly and drive the nails as truly as can any workman gifted with sight.” WOW!

The Crawfordsville Review in Nov 1917 had this great Helpful Hints reminder and certainly for the self-mechanic for sure, it still basically holds true!!

That said we’ll wrap-up this month’s Odds & Ends with a piece from the Greencastle Herald 26 Jan 1909 that states “A mechanic is one who is skilled in the use of tools, who habitually in some matter shapes material into something useful. He is an artisan, an artificer. His works are designed to supply a need. He works in order to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, house the shelterless, enable all mankind to do their work.” The article compared the mechanic to the master of the earth. “He has devised means to multiply himself, converting space and time and weight, one into the other. Now he dreams of new applications ... new constructions.” Loved that the article was from the Aboriginal American Mechanic – they hit the nail right on the head (as the old adage goes) I do believe!

This is our county!

Why not help preserve its history by contributing to Montgomery Memories?

Email Karen Zach: karen.zach@sbcglobal.net Subject: Montgomery Memories



Nifty at Ninety - And Beyond

Joy Willett, Montgomery Memories

For this issue of Nifty at Ninety... we meet Elizabeth J. Ellis. Elizabeth was born on September 6, 1839 to Obadiah (b. ca. 1810) and Jane Berry Davis Ellis (b. September 25, 1812). Elizabeth's death certificate reports that Obadiah was born in Kentucky. Although I didn't determine his parentage, he may have had connection to the Thomas Ellis family that emigrated from Shelby County, Kentucky to Waveland in ca. 1840.

Jane's parents were Warren (b. ca. 1776) and Jane Stone Davis. The family migrated from Virginia to Kentucky in ca. 1820. Jane married Obadiah in Kentucky, where their oldest child, Samuel (1833-1900) was born. Their son Stephen (1837-1917) was born in Indiana, as was Elizabeth. Note that there were conflicting birthplaces provided for Elizabeth. Census records indicate Indiana, while her death certificate lists that she was born in Kentucky.

In the Guardian's Docket for Montgomery County, Indiana, it was recorded that on August 13, 1844, Elizabeth's maternal uncle Thomas Davis was appointed as the children's guardian. In the cursive writing of the docket, they were described as the "heirs of Obediah [sic] Ellis deceased." This provides strong evidence that Obadiah died between 1840 and 1844 (as he was listed in the 1840 census and more likely closer to when the children received a guardian). In 1850, Jane, widowed, was living with her three children; Samuel, 17 years old, farmed to support the family.

Elizabeth married Leonard Galey (also spelled Goley) in 1859. In 1860, they were living on a farm near Browns Valley. They had one child, Mary (b. 1860), and Jane was also with them. It is assumed that when Leonard married Elizabeth he understood his mother-in-law was part of the their new family. Leonard registered for the Civil War draft in 1863, but there is no indication he served.

Jane's parents, Warren and Jane, remained in Kentucky after Obadiah and she migrated to Indiana. Warren, who served during the War of 1812, lived to be 99 years of age. At the time of his death, the Louisville Courier-Journal (Nov 25, 1875) reported that he "was never intoxicated, and up to the morning previous to his death he was able to walk about the premises. He was stricken with paralysis while seated in a conversation with his son...to whom he said, I am gone." He didn't speak another word. (<https://www.findagrave.com/memori->



Courtesy of R & S Fine, findagrave.com

al/28349173/warren-davis.)

According to the 1880 census, Leonard and Elizabeth, their adopted son John C. Allen (b. 1866) and Jane were living in Scott Township where Leonard continued to farm. Mary had recently left home – she wed David Demaree on January 8 and the couple was living with his parents. By 1900, Leonard and Elizabeth, along with Jane, had moved to Waveland. Leonard was no longer farming. His new occupation was as the minister of the Missionary Baptist Church.

In 1900, John was working as a poultry peddler. He and his wife Lillian lived in a farmhouse they owned in Brown Township. The couple didn't have any children, but during the 1920s they had a foster daughter, Mildred. Later in life, John worked as a stock shipper.

Jane was with Elizabeth and Leonard until her passing on March 3, 1904. Her death certificate lists the cause as "old age." Even though she didn't live to be as old as her father Warren, 91 years is a long life. She was buried in the Indian Creek Hill Cemetery near New Market. Sometime before 1910, Leonard and Elizabeth moved to Crawfordsville. Their home was at 1003 W. Main Street. Leonard continued to be a minister until his death on April 27, 1911. He, too, was interred in the Indian Creek Hill Cemetery. On his tombstone he is referred to as

"Elder," a reference to his role as a pastor and leader of the church.

After Leonard's death, Elizabeth lived with Mary and David in their home at 213 W. Pike in Crawfordsville. Unlike her long-lived grandmother and great grandfather, Mary, who suffered from chronic asthma, passed in 1922 at only 62 years of age. Elizabeth continued to live with David until at least 1924. When Elizabeth moved out in ca. 1925, her grandson, Carl Demaree, and his family moved in. Elizabeth spent the remainder of her life in the final home she shared with Leonard on West Main Street (U.S. City Directories).

Elizabeth died on March 27, 1930. Like her mother and grandfather, she was blessed with a long life and good health. Her death certificate lists pneumonia as the cause of death. Even with her advanced years, there is no indication she suffered from dementia. Elizabeth was buried in Indian Creek Hill Cemetery, next to Leonard. We don't know her last words. But instead of "I am gone," I'd like to believe they were I have lived! May Elizabeth rest in peace.



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Photos by Chuck Clore

Pappy was a Chevy man. Lock, stock, and barrel, he was faithful to the Chevrolet brand his whole life, unless you count that one indiscretion he had with an F-100 back in 1956. Hey, no man is perfect. Austin Clore, my dad, swore by Chevys. This meant he spent an extreme amount of time swearing at (Fix-Or-Repair-Daily) Fords.

At the corner of Water Street and Market in downtown C-Ville was a treasure trove of bow-tie badges. Okay-Galloway and the Chevrolet dealership carried every model from gleaming Bel Air convertibles to shining new Nomad station wagons. The showroom floor was a launching pad into the future. Back then, body styles changed yearly. Fins and rockets, the aerospace designs swayed tremendous influence over the automakers. It was a streamlined time of anticipation. Come September, eager faces, young and old, monitored the showroom windows daily.

“New! New! New! I was the first to view the Malibu!”

A little too frugal to pine away for the unattainable, Pappy, scoped out Okay-Galloway’s Used Car Lot. Upon spying a GM product that was sharp, but let’s say, more mature, the dickering commenced. Toe to toe, he and Mr. Galloway began to barter. They discussed mileage and style-age. Kicking tires and checking wires under the hood, they finally came to the asking price.

“Awe, you’re killin’ me here! Do I look like a Rockafeller?”

“I might have a little wiggle room. What do you have in mind?”



The price volleys shot back and forth for what seemed like an eternity. Both men acted mortally wounded at each egregious offer. When the smoke cleared, I was sure we would need a referee and maybe even an ambulance. But no, they were actually smiling. It was a split decision. Both men walked away feeling like a winner.

Mr. Galloway started high and negotiated down to the amount he really needed.

Pappy did all right because he had nothing but sweat-equity invested in his trade-in. When he found the Studebaker, it wasn’t even running. It was junk ready for the scrap heap.

My dad was a true-blue mechanic, back before you needed an electrical engineer with a computer to tune your vehicle. A new distributor cap set the points, and he tweaked the timing. A rebuilt carburetor ... and she was ready to roll down Hwy 136 to Indy. I wish I had that old Studebaker today.

No matter how complex, Pappy could take anything apart and put it back together again. Not a bolt, not a sprocket, not a nut was leftover. Wish that the mantle of mechanical know-how

Mechanic Memories

By Chuck Clore

had fallen on the next generation. But alas, no, I cannot change my mind without having parts left over.

As a young shaver, I would occasionally tag along as Pappy drove his Chevy pickup down Shady Lane to his workshop on Delaware Street. Mom was working at McDaniel’s Freightlines. Grandma was sick that day. So, Dad became the designated babysitter.



second shift.

Back at the workbench, Pappy handed me three tin cans. Next, he gave me a fun little gadget that he plugged into an extension cord.

“Here, Son, take this Gizmo and write your name on these cans,” Dad said, reasoning it would keep me occupied and out of trouble for an hour or so.

After a couple dozen “Hey, Dad, what’s this?” questions, I found myself seated high on a stool at a tall workbench far away from the axle grease and the acetylene torch.

“You know what they say about idle hands?” he quizzed as he secured my lofty position at the workbench.

I wondered what the devil he was talking about? But I replied, “Sure, Dad,” to not disappoint him with one more thing I didn’t know.

“Here, this thing is only right twice a day. See if you can fix it for me.” He grumbled as he handed me an old wind-up alarm clock and a couple small screwdrivers.

“Really! All Right! I am going to be a mechanic just like you, Dad.”

Two hours later, that workbench resembled an explosion in a Steam Punk exhibit. Gears, sprockets, and springy things delighted the eyes. I had mastered the dismantling task.

Reassembly was a different story. The parts I forced back together really didn’t belong together. Amazingly it did not seem to bother dad that I had killed time. The old clock was dead. Its rhythmic tick-tock and the clatter of its chimes were silenced for all eternity.

Off in the distance, we heard the noon whistle at the wire mill. It was time for lunch. Bologna and cheese on Wonder Bread smothered in Miracle Whip, an apple, and Chesty Potato Chips. Did Mom know how to pack a lunch box or what? All washed down with a bottle of cream soda. I was fueled up for the

I was not really old enough to write yet. I assumed cursive was what dad did when a bead of hot metal from the acetylene torch dropped into his work boot. He let fly with a bunch of cursives and danced a high-stepping war dance for several minutes. Later, I tried reenacting the episode for mom’s entertainment, which resulted in a spanking and an Ivory Soap mouthwash. I’m still not sure if the punishment was for making fun of dad, for repeating his words, or for dancing. Mom was Baptist, you know?

I couldn’t write. But I could print my ABCs. It wasn’t very long before all three tin cans were engraved with Chuck Clore, my initials CC, and a spectacular array of stick figures. Wanting to establish myself as an overachiever, I moved on to anything metal or wood within reach of the long extension cord. Dad was amazed at my productivity.

Surprisingly it was weeks later before I was allowed to accompany dad back to the Delaware Street workshop. Even more astonishing, in that amount of time, Dad’s memory must have been erased. A sudden case of amnesia befell poor dad when I queried about the Gizmo.

“Son, lots of things are called Gizmos. Just what exactly are you talking about?”

No matter how vividly I described the fun tool, Dad’s memory was never jogged.

Mechanics sure are forgetful. It must be the exhaust fumes.

Story and graphics by Chuck Clore

The Farm Mechanic

Joy Willett

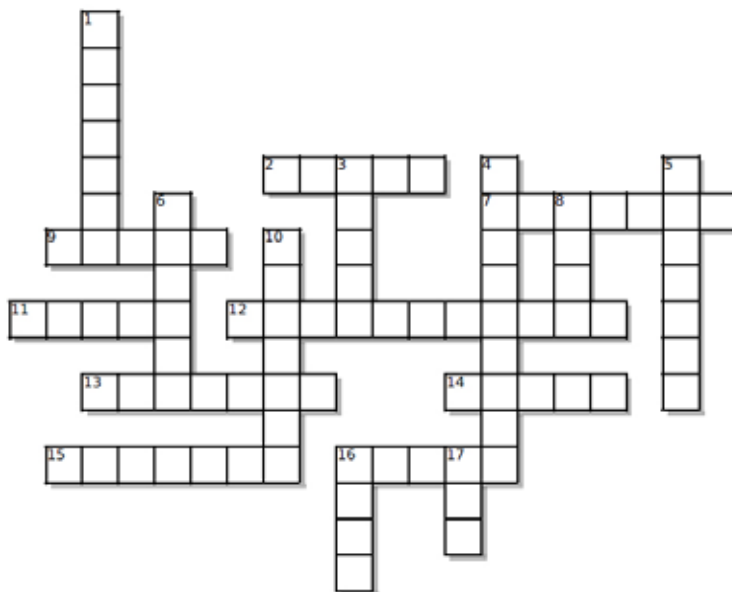
Whether 'twas
thresher,
reaper,
tractor
or plough,
he kept the
farm running
with his knowhow.

Whether a
crankshaft,
auger,
chute,
or wheel
he fit the parts
with great skill.
Whether the
spring rain,
summer blaze,
or fall damp
filled the air
he did the job
with expert care.

Whether too
greasy,
rusty,
broken,
or impaired
the mechanic
made certain
all was repaired.

April 2021 Crossword

Mechanics



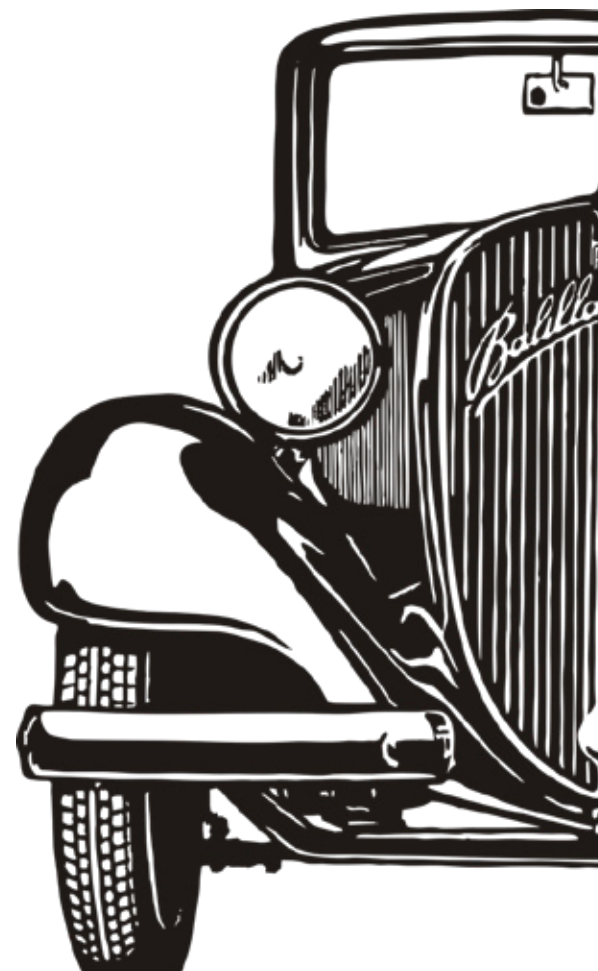
ACROSS

- 2 Day to celebrate trees
- 7 Another word for mechanic
- 9 The only car for Pappy Clore
- 11 A mechanic must have ____
- 12 "Just the location..."
- 13 Karen's "real-life" mechanic
- 14 Another word for gadget
- 15 Proof of hard work
- 16 18th US President

DOWN

- 1 Elizabeth Ellis' father
- 3 Southwestern township
- 4 Repairs machines
- 5 Mechanic who ran for office
- 6 County seat, for short
- 8 Device used to do a job
- 10 April rain brings these in May
- 16 Friday on April 2
- 17 Karen's ____ mix

Check out page 10 for the solution



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Karen's Kitchen

Karen Bazzani Zach, Montgomery Memories

A mechanic might like a healthy snack to take to work and I have a good one that the original recipe was Dr. Steven Gundry's but I am allergic to one of the nuts he used so this is how I make it. I also use it double fold – if we have someone come in to work on something, I usually send them home a sack. One came from northern Indiana and used the potty and I gave him a canned diet coke and he just laughed and laughed, saying that he'd never been taken such good care of on a mechanical visit and he was all ready to go home. My dad was a carpet layer and when I got married he made me promise that I would always feed anyone coming in to work as so many didn't even offer him a drink of water (some did, some didn't). Used to fix cookies and cake and such but it is so much easier just to quickly bag my nut mix up. This is rather expensive to make but we watch and buy the nuts, etc. on sale and it does last quite awhile. We eat some everyday

Karen's Nut Mix

1 large package of Pecans

1 large package of Walnuts

1 large package of Pistachios

1 large package of Almonds

1 package of something to unnut it a bit.

Caramel chips are our fav but hard to find so usually white chocolate chips or whatever you so desire!!!

You could use any nuts you want but Dr. Gundry says peanuts and cashews are no-nos for you. Sometimes I use cashews though because we love those! Make it your own and put your name on it!! lol



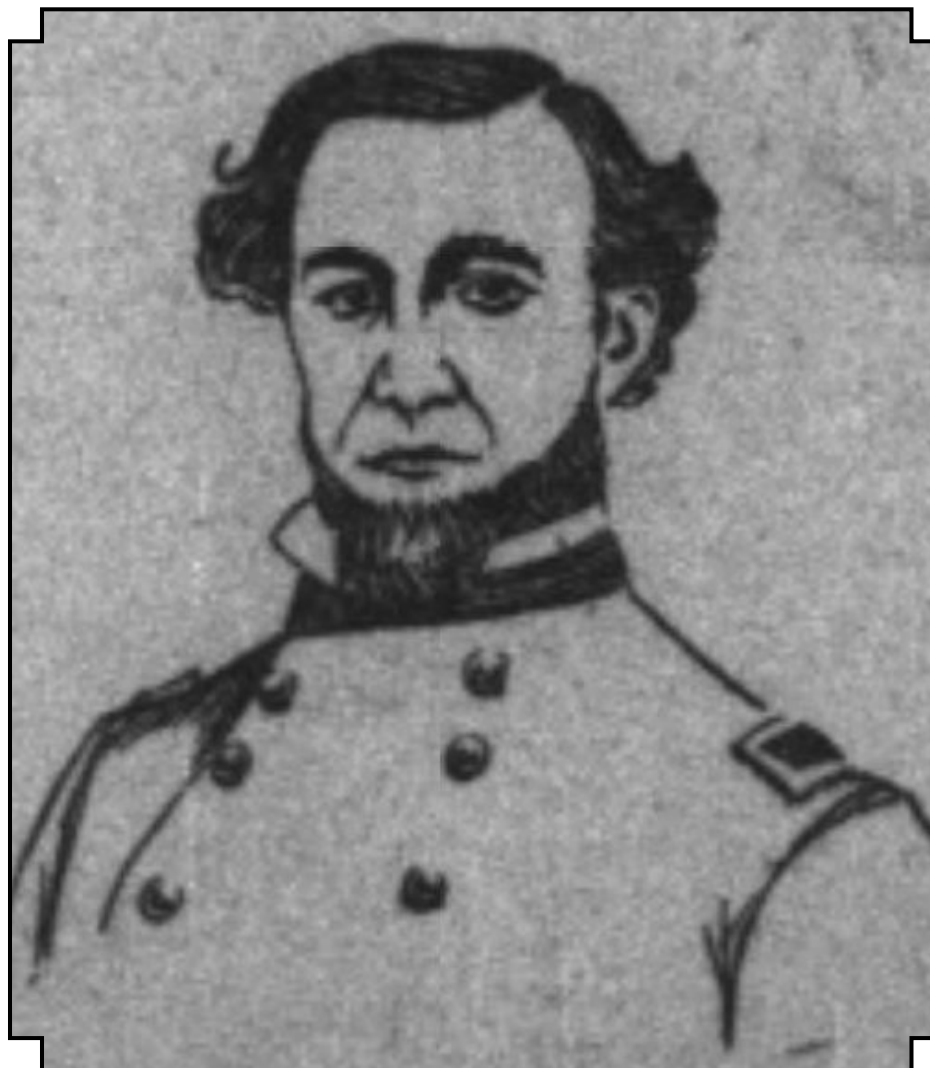


County Connections - "Whether Daddy or Uncle, Everyone Loved George"

Karen Bazzani Zach, Montgomery Memories

This man had two or three short connections with our county. I became interested in him for the County Connections article when I first saw that he was a professor of Mechanics and Engineering at Washington University at St. Louis. He briefly attended Wabash College (later given an AM degree from there) but then went to the Military Academy, graduating in 1843. Joseph Jones Reynolds was born January 4th in 1822 in Flemingsburg, Kentucky, moving at age 15 with his family to Lafayette. First as an assistant professor at the US Military Academy from 1849-56, he taught Geography, History and Ethics, then switched to Natural and Experimental Philosophy. Now, where's that mechanic, huh? My father-in-law (Bill Zach) graduated from Purdue at 40 something and never really used his mechanical engineering degree. He #1 liked running a restaurant and #2 he knew his son (my hubs) had a real gift for fixin' things, so he had him do those type jobs. Guess Joe Reynolds was a bit similar as he ran a grocery store with his brothers for a bit in Lafayette and was basically in the military for life and didn't seem to be extremely mechanically inclined (or at least it wasn't mentioned in the several articles I read on him).

Another connection to MoCo was that Joe Jones was in the Civil War with several of the men from our county. Mahlon D. Manson was commissioned Colonel in May 1861 succeeding Joe when he became Brigadier General. Appleton's Cyclopaedia of American Biography had a nice article on our fellow outlining his military career. He began the war as colonel and rose so quickly I was awed. He commanded the Army of the Cumberland and was at Hoover's Gap, Chickamauga and participated in battle at Chattanooga. Stationed in and around New Orleans for quite some time, he commanded the defenses there. He commanded the



19th Army corps and organized forces with the eventual capture of Mobile, Ft. Gains and Ft. Morgan. He mustered out of volunteer service on the first day of September in 1866 but remained in the regular service. During the reconstruction of 1867-72 he commanded a military area that included Louisiana and Texas. Elected Texan Senator, he declined and went back north. Oh, and for a couple of months he was in command of Camp Morton in Indianapolis where he worked with volunteers and several men from our county recruiting. Also, at New Orleans he knew well our own General Edward Richard

Sprigg Canby.

One source noted that when the 34 Brigadier Generals of Volunteers were ranked by a committee, Reynolds took #19 just after his old classmate Ulysses S. Grant. Reynolds also did some Indian territory duty at Ft. Wichita before the CW. His photo comes from the Indianapolis News 5 Sept 1893. There is also one on findagrave but loved this one.

In Joseph Jones Reynolds' obituary, General George McGinnis noted that he was under Reynolds at New Orleans and that he was a "gentleman in every sense of the word; a good disciplinarian

and good soldier. Very quiet and never did anything for the mere purpose of attracting attention. He was one of the most modest men I ever met!"

Joe married Mary Elizabeth Bainbridge on December 3 in 1846. She was just a few years younger than he. I loved that she was born at sea. They had Sarah, Bainbridge, Alfred and Kate. In all the census records, they always had servants, often three or more. They also helped her brothers out, one becoming an officer in the service, too. Reynolds was a Major General with Lew Wallace, while Manson was a Brigadier General.

Bainbridge Reynolds was also a graduate of West Point and he grew to the rank of 3rd Lt., resigning from the service in Feb 1891. He died in Washington DC and is buried in Arlington Cemetery with most of their family. Sarah, their oldest is buried in Washington DC as well but not in the national cemetery. Alfred was born in Hampton, Virginia and died in Bethesda, Maryland at age 38 – buried in the National Cemetery. Kate is too, marrying an officer in the service, Edward Hayden. One other child was born to JJ and Mary – Euphan born Nov 4, 1868 died July 28, 1869. Children of whom Joe and Mary would be quite proud!

Reynolds was quite active (as was Mahlon Manson) in seeing to the Indiana statues (3rd, 19th ..) erected at Gettysburg. He was described as "quiet, slender, scholarly, a model of soldierly courtesy which embraced the enlisted man as well as the wearer of shoulder-stripes. He never returned a salute carelessly as he felt it was a personal greeting."

Sorry I couldn't tell ya' more about his time here and expand upon his knowledge of mechanics, but I can tell ya' that he was "a strict disciplinarian yet could be easily approached and no commander ever had a more thoughtful care for the welfare of his men!"

2021 Montgomery County Museum Scene



MONTGOMERY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

come visit – Wed-Fri 1-4 and 2nd & 4th Sat 11 -4. Strawberry Festival should be on this year June 11th at Lane Place!



ROTARY JAIL MUSEUM OF CRAWFORDSVILLE, IN

Ceramic Painting April 30th – possible Babysitting workshop – great idea! Now open – no need to call for tour – great FB page updated often!



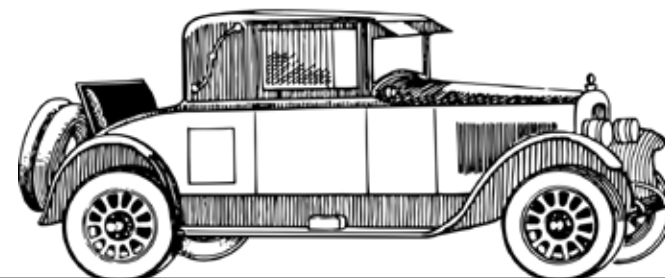
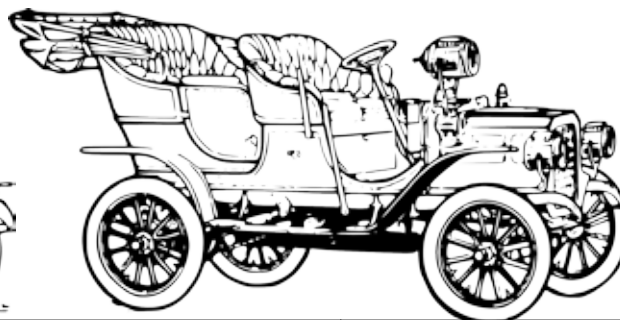
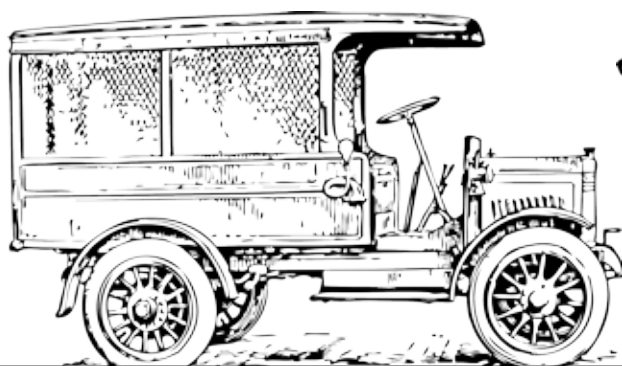
CARNEGIE MUSEUM

We the People: Me the Person has been quite a popular display at the Carnegie – it will extend through the summer and Securing the Vote: Women's Suffrage will be featured from May 12 – June 10th. For ages 4-11, a Steam-themed activity kit explores Science, Technology ... - pick up a kit – free

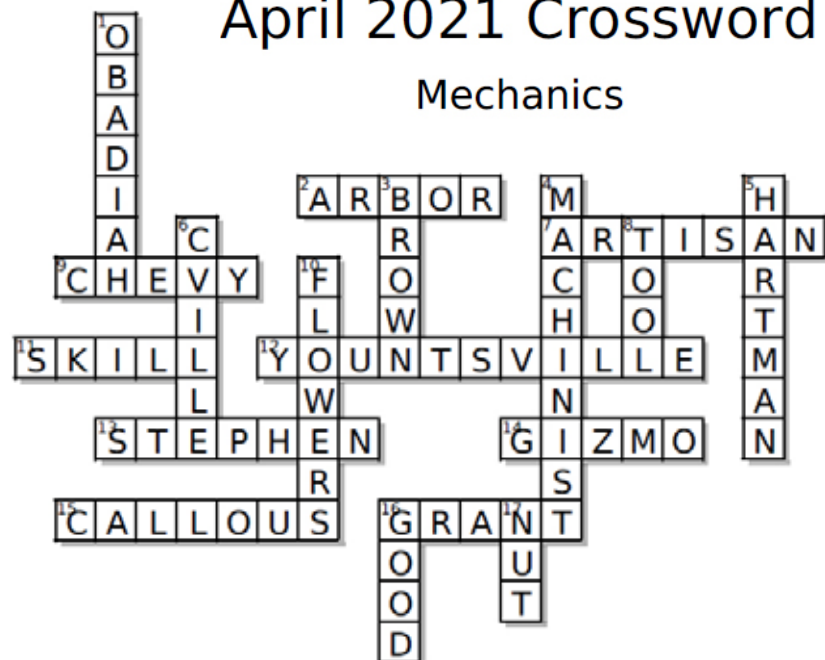


GENERAL LEW WALLACE STUDY

Museum staff members have worked quite hard setting up the 2021 exhibit titled “Versatile Genius.” Hmmm, wonder if the named it after me? Of course, not it features Lew Wallace’s multi-talents. Writing, of course, sketching, painting, sculpting and violin making! Tour? Let them know first. Also don't forget the monthly book club. Check their site for more info!



April 2021 Crossword Mechanics



LINDEN DEPOT MUSEUM, LINDEN, IN

(The) Linden Depot Museum's mission: is to preserve and protect the historic 1909-built Linden Depot and its railroad memorabilia as well as to promote its related railroad history. The mission includes the acquisition, restoration, preservation and display of railroad equipment, artifacts and mementos related to railways past and present.

The Linden FB page has some of the cutest photos of some young boys enjoying the trains recently – Museum is open Fri, Sat, Sun from noon to 5 p.m. \$6 adults \$1 children under 12. And you can buy an annual membership as well. Check their website out!! lindendepotmuseum.org



Grandcestors - My kind of mechanic

Karen Bazzani Zach, Montgomery Memories

Grandcestors! Mechanics. Don't think those mix very well in my family, unless you want to count measuring then figuring land as a surveyor or making many beautiful pieces of furniture (mainly small tables) when my grandfather, Carl Smith, with an 8th grade education worked with a surveyor who had no doubt and voiced the fact regularly that my gpa' was much better at the job than he was and when my Pap was a guard at the prison at Putnamville overseeing and aiding the prisoners in the furniture department. A bit mechanical in both jobs I'd imagine, yet not a mechanic per se.

My father was a self-appointed mechanic (electrician, plumber, cars, lawn mower fixing) ... as is my hubby.

They both could fix almost anything, but in the next generation, we have an absolutely amazing real-life mechanic, Stephen. His brothers (Quentin and Austin) are good too, but Stephen is our star!

One of the homes Stephen lived in with the family had a huge garage and cars were on his mind – with three step brothers, Q and several good mechanical-type friends, there seemed to be a car or two in the works hidden in there at all times, Stephen usually the one overseeing it all.

He had all the high school classes



at the Technical School, winning the tech award his senior year! It was off to Vincennes where he made excellent grades and was heavily involved in the automotive section of the school. We went to two car shows he was heavily involved in; actually, he was the head of one and went back and did the dyno-testing at the car show after he had graduated. The car shows were super fun to see all the creations and what was even better was seeing our grandson introducing people, handing out the awards (see photo), being interviewed by television, making sure the food was fixed and being handled properly –

literally, just taking care of things. He was amazing!

The head of the Automotive School had taught there several years and had never felt he had anyone he wanted to nominate for the Student Excellence Award for the nation, but he did nominate Stephen and was so happy to do it. At the car show, he sat with us and told us what an amazing mechanic that boy was, as well as one great individual. Yep, Grams & Gramps were quite excited over that! Stephen didn't win the Student Excellence Award but just knowing he was the only one their teacher nominated was amazing in

itself!

Once, I had a close look at his exceptional knowledge. I told him my car had a kind of knock (don't ya' love my mechanical talk) in the front right corner. He pushed on it – that's all, pushed on the car in the front right corner – and told me exactly what it was and how much it would cost to fix it. He was right and I was amazed! For his gpa' Maxwell, when he was in his early teens, he fixed a piece of equipment that gpa' thought he'd have to spend a fortune to repair. I had a dream about Stephen once that he had a large truck with all kinds of equipment and parts inside and farmers, mainly but others, too would call him to come and fix tractors and all types of items. He'd wheel the truck in there, fix it and be

gone in a ½ hour. Fun dream!

Thinking it might be his big dream to work out of his own place as he has worked for a couple of one-man owner shops, as well as York's both in C'ville and currently in Greencastle. Noting that he admired Brian Fletcher, his high school auto instructor, for his knowledge and that they had similar personalities, he mentioned the Wilsons and others, too.

This young man is amazing. Absolutely amazing! I swear he can just look at it, think on it, and it's FIXED! My kind of mechanic!



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