

# MONTGOMERY MEMORIES



## Montgomery County Mail

February 2021

Photo courtesy of the Crawfordsville Public Library

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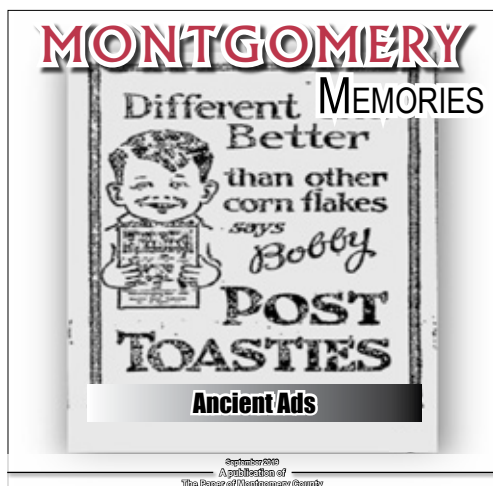


## Page Listing

Contributors & Such .....	2
Feb. Feature - Karen Zach.....	3
Odds & Ends - Karen Zach.....	4
Nifty - Joy Willett.....	5
Hunt & Son Funeral Home .....	5
Mail Order Muscle - Chuck Clore .....	6
Poetry and Puzzles - Joy Willett .....	7
Burkhart Funeral Home .....	7
Karen's Kitchen .....	8
County Connection - Karen Zach .....	9
Museums .....	10
Grandcestors - Karen Zach .....	11
Nucor .....	12

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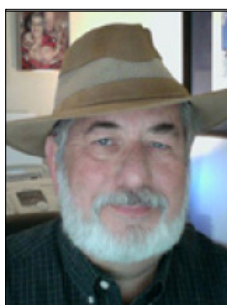
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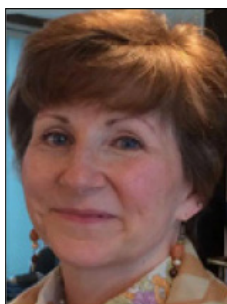
## Contributing Writers



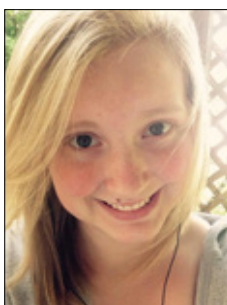
**KAREN BAZZANI ZACH** has been a contributor of local historical articles for 40 years. A native Montgomery Countian, she grew up in Waveland, married Jim Zach, and received her grad degree from IU while working at CDPL as Children's Librarian. Karen authored one of the newer county histories, *Crawfordsville: 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!



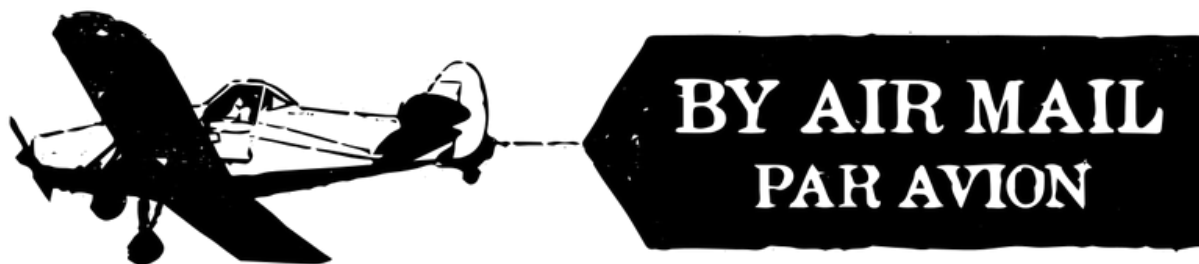
**CHUCK CLORE** After a lifelong career in visual communications, Eureka! Chuck discovered that noodling the nuances of the written word can be just as much fun as tweaking a font into an iconic logo. *Montgomery Memories* is the perfect venue to explore his treasured C-ville's east-end recollections. 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. Highschool.





# February Feature: Waveland Postmasters – well, most of ‘em anyway

*Karen Bazzani Zach, Montgomery Memories*

Everyone knows the name. “Uncle Johnny” Milligan was the first postmaster of Waveland and did that job for many years, beginning in 1834. He and wife, Lucinda Elmore (daughter of John and Abigail (Box) Elmore) raised nine children and it is believed that each were Presbyterian. Uncle Johnny was an elder in the Waveland church for over five decades. Born in Perry County, Pennsylvania March 29, 1803 (son of David Milligan and wife, Sarah Wallace), he received an excellent education while living with his uncle in DC and took up teaching, including that as a first job here in Montgomery County when he was 25 years old. Pretty exciting to have built the very first house in a town. He mainly was a merchant in town, however. He married on January 22, 1829 here. He passed away March 5, 1886 and Lucinda March 19, 1889. Both buried in the Presbyterian Cemetery, Waveland.

I believe next we have James T. Scott who was born in next door Putnam County, the son of Alexander and Martha Scott. Along with his trade, tailoring, he kept the Portland Mills post office several years, following along with the position in Waveland. A staunch Republican and Presbyterian, J.T. Scott was loved by everyone and Dr. Joseph Russell wrote one of his poems (if you made Dr. Russell’s list you were exceptional). He noted that his actions as Postmaster should give him an award in heaven. Also that he gave close attention to his merchant and tailoring businesses never shirking a duty. His business was most often overflowing according to the good doctor: “one wants a letter stamped in haste, another wants an order, one wants paper, pen and ink, a postal card another.” Love reading Russell’s wonderful poems about our local folks.

Frank Kritz had the postmastership from 1897 to 1913 in accordance with his mercantile business, home furnishing store and serving as Waveland’s undertaker. Francis Wayland Kritz was born in Waveland three days before Christmas in 1861, the son of Henry Seymour and Mary Ann (Brush) Kritz. He was their fourth son out of six and they would have two more and the same amount of daughters, the last ones twins. Frank was educated at the Waveland Academy, his father principal there. All but the last 20 years of his life was spent in Waveland then he moved to Los Angeles. On 31 January 1895, he married Isadora Shadrack Thomas and helped her raise her son, Murry. They had no children of their own. He was a well-loved, hardworking man.

In 1914, John D. Holland was appointed Waveland’s postmaster. His biography had a most impressive statement, “This busy and successful man of affairs is absolutely blameless in the community where he has so long lived and acted his part. As a citizen he commands great esteem, and it is a tribute well deserved to class him with the representative men of this section of the coun-



**Mails on Time**

Claude Hester, mail route man out of Crawfordsville, hands Postmaster

Wayne Simms the 2:40 p.m. mail at the back door of the Waveland post office. Waveland serves a wide, rural area.

ty.” Born in Brown Township, April 19, 1879 he was a son of Joseph O. and Nancy Elizabeth Smith Holland, his father born in New York City and his grandfather for whom John was named came to the US from England as a stowaway at age 12. In 1900, John married Bertha Purcell and they had three sons: Joseph E, John “Bert”, and George M. Quite a versatile man, John was in the poultry business, opened a grocery and notion store, later a mercantile business and was quite active in the community (Mason, Woodmen, Baptist Church, politics). He served as postmaster until 1922 and passed away 29 July 1924. Buried in Maple Ridge Cemetery at the outskirts of Waveland. His wife had passed 20 years previously, leaving him with the little ones to raise. Know someone followed him until McNutt came through but not sure who that would be.

In 1930 (May 20th) Fred McNutt took over until June 25th, four years later. Fred was born, lived and is buried in Waveland, served in the Medical Corps during WWI, married Edna Britton in Rockville. When he left government work, he went to the Avco company at Richmond and is back home buried in the Waveland Presbyterian Cemetery (died 14 June 1970). The McNutts had two daughters, Martha and Mamie.

William Allen Simms took over on the day Fred McNutt left. He had some interesting jobs before that time, including hanging wall paper (and painting), the

school janitor where everyone loved him and working several years at the Old Midland Railroad. Upon his death at 58, he was sick but one day with peritonitis, went to the hospital, was operated on and passed away. Active in several local organizations, especially the Modern Woodmen, he and wife, Lulu Childers raised two sons and two daughters.

Then in my day, it was a tag-team, husband and wife and they were both in there just about daily. Wayne Scott (the son of William above – took over the day his father passed) and Tressa Mae Simms. Little separated them and they were together for 64 years before his death on the 4th of July in 1995. Tressie died four years later. He retired after 35 years with the Postal Service, 29 of those as post master, retiring May 28, 1971. My dad was his rural mail carrier and they got along fairly well, but then most people did with my dad – not so much Wayne. The photo is I believe from an old Waveland Independent newspaper and shows the back of the post office and Wayne getting mail. He loved to tease and sometimes went completely overboard with it. Tressie was real sweet or at least always to me. Wayne was born 24 Nov in 1908 at Waynetown and had one brother and two sisters. Only one of them as far as I know and can find had any children, his sister Virginia Simms Williams had one son, Ed.

Alice “Roberta” Gilliland had been a clerk at the post office and moved on up to Post Mistress when Simms retired. She was born two days before Valentines in 1916, daughter of Harry and Edith (Coonrad) Evernham and married on the last day of February in 1942 to Harold “Heck” Gilliland. They had two sons, Jay David and Bradford Kent. She graduated from Waveland High School and had a sister, Rosemary and two brothers, Byron and Richard. Her parents ran the Waveland Telephone Company for several years. After high school she worked for Delco Remy in Anderson. She was active in Eastern Star and retired in 1983. She passed away in October of 2012 in Crawfordsville and is buried in Indian Hill cemetery.

Another fairly long-running postmaster in Waveland was Donnie Ratcliff. Always loved to go in to get the mail with Donnie there – we always had something to blab about. Several of the past postmasters and other postal workers stayed for many years in their jobs. However, current ones seem to not stay so long and I know that isn’t always their choice as Karen recently was moved to Crawfordsville, but loved Waveland. We loved her, too!

There ya’ have an overview of most of the postmasters of one of our MoCo towns. Someday I’ll have to work on others as well as Waveland’s mail carriers, too! Always work for me to do! (okay, I can’t make poetry like Dr. Russell – lol)



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

Isaac Compton Elston was Crawfordsville's very first Postmaster. Most everyone reading this will know much about this man but here's a bit. He was the son of Benjamin Elston and Joanna Compton which is where he had his unusual middle name and passed it down through his family. Isaac was born in New Jersey October 8th in 1794. His wife, Maria Aiken was born Dec 22nd, 1805 in Quaker Hill, NY. They parented nine children, six daughters and three sons, James Aiken Elston passing at just 21 years old and Sylvia, the oldest Elston passed at 23. The rest grew to adult hood and of course you know Joanna married Henry S. Lane and Susan married Lew Wallace. A brilliant man, he delved into finances, businesses, land purchases, railroading, banking and beyond!



The Weekly Journal on Christmas day in 1873 did not give Darlington postmaster (Jap Hornbeck) any slack. Evidently, last week he had "decamped, then returned and resumed business." They went on to tell that it was a strange freaky thing to do whereas he was looked upon as a straightforward business man and they felt this was totally unaccounted for.

One job, early on for the postmaster of a town was to give a weekly list to the local newspaper of those who did not pick up their mail, as in mid-March of 1874, the following letters (C'ville PO) had been held for postage during the past week: E. Hilton & Co, lock box 384, Cincinnati, Ohio; Miss Sallie C. Moore, Waveland, Indiana.

In 1888, Martin V. Holloway was appointed as the Offield Postmaster which was somewhere in the Balhinch area. At one point the place was known for its huge crop of ginseng. For at least five years Major Isaac Elston purchased such from early settlers who would dig it and sell it to him. He reported buying thousands of pounds before the supply finally ran out.

After ten years as postmaster at Smartsburg, George O. White retired, passing the job on to D.C Goble who seemed to maybe have the post office in his general store having groceries, hardware, dry goods and the like. By the way, he purchased it from George White. Many early post masters had other jobs.

Willie Fink is pictured (thanks so much to the Crawfordsville District Public Library's image database) here at the Fruits Post Office with his family and father-in-law. This was in 1895 and the post office was only in existence from 1889-99. Willie's main job was as a large farmer.

In October of 1900, WW Tiffany, the postmaster at Wingate noted the whole tight schedule of the arrival of the train carrying them the mail at 9:50 if on time, allowing the postmaster 20 or so minutes to sort it (and often with 300 pieces of mail and 100 boxes or so it made for a tight task). Then the rural carrier received it somewhere around 10:00 – 10:45, then he had a 30-mile drive to deliver such and back again before the 3 o'clock train arrived to pick up the mail. Tiffany wanted each and everyone to know that it wasn't his fault, wasn't his carrier's fault, was perhaps a bit of the fault of the Postal Company for making the route so big but whose fault it really rested upon was the man who made the time-table of the Clover Leaf railroad. Austin Palin also served at Wingate for eight years and was quite active in the racehorse business, as well.

At the start of the year of 1901, Elmdale's postmaster, Garrett Larew resigned his charge

(salary \$55 a year) which seemed to work out very well as when he did so, the post office was closed down and the mail went into the Rural Route No. 3 listing.

Samuel Edgar Voris was twice mayor of Crawfordsville, the original supreme keeper of tribute in the Tribe of Ben Hur and remained such for many years, a 32nd degree Mason, member of Murat Temple; Knights of Pythias, Elks Redmen and on and on. A prominent trapshooter, he won several world's records. In 1911 and 1913, he served as a Representative in the state legislature and to top it all off, served two terms as Crawfordsville's postmaster (1893-97).

In the summer of 1914, Albert O. Jones was appointed postmaster at Linden, then in early fall of that year, New Richmond was quite pleased to welcome their new

postmaster, Frank E. Campbell who succeeded Laura Kirkpatrick who had served as New Richmond's postmistress just over eight years. His daughter, Faye Campbell was to serve as his deputy. Campbell got pretty excited when he discovered he would get new furniture and that there would be "new keyless lock boxes" to help give New Richmond some "citylike airs!"

Great excitement prevailed when the Post Office Department's inspector came to Linden to investigate the disappearance of the government bag of money (\$154) that Postmaster A.O. Jones had hidden in a most secretive place in his home – behind the bathtub in the bathroom.

Seems there is a Rice in almost every office in our county, it stands to reason that Otis Rice was appointed postmaster at New Market (succeeding JA Nichols) in February 1915. On his WWI Draft listing it confirms (Alvin) Otis Rice as the postmaster. Of medium height and slender build, he had brown eyes and dark brown hair. He passed away in New Market 17 Oct 1944 and was the son of William and Sarah Jane Davis Rice.

At least one of Crawfordsville's postmasters, Louis Otto, passed away while he was in office at Christmas time in 1928. In the jewelry business here for quite some time, his obituary said he was "postmaster of Crawfordsville for a number of years."

Ira Clouser, a Darlington boy (son of Dan and Mahala) served as Crawfordsville Postmaster from 1934-1948. He attended Wabash and graduated from the IU School of Law. He began practicing law in Crawfordsville in 1903, served two terms as our county prosecutor and one term as an Indiana State Senator. Following him was a man I recently wrote about, a distance cousin of mine, Verner Bowers who was not only sheriff but superintendent of the state penal farm and served as Crawfordsville's Postmaster from 1948-1963.

For almost a quarter of a century, Clarence "Dutch" Murphy was the postmaster of Linden, where he grew-up. His basic training for the postmaster job was during WWII when he served in the US Army as a postal clerk. A member of St. Bernard's all his life, he was also in the American Legion, National Legion of Postmasters and life member of Disabled American Veterans. He passed away in early July 1966, and was 65 years old, having been born Oct 24, 1900.

The only one I knew personally in C'ville was Ed Ross (1961-1984). Handsome, nice and efficient, he served several years before his death in 2001. Sometime in the future, I'd like to carry this on!

## This is our county!

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

**Email Karen Zach: [karen.zach@sbcglobal.net](mailto:karen.zach@sbcglobal.net) Subject: Montgomery Memories**





# Nifty at Ninety - And Beyond

Joy Willett, Montgomery Memories

For the February edition of Nifty at Ninety... we meet Garrett Abraham "Abe" Larew. Born on August 2, 1881, he was the son of Garrett Larew (II) and Amanda Melvina (Denny).

Our subject's third great-grandfather, Abraham Larew (1755-1840), was born in New Jersey. After his service in the Revolutionary War, he and his family lived for several years in Pennsylvania. They then settled in Ohio. Abraham's son, Garrett (I), born in 1796, came to Indiana from Ohio in ca. 1817, where he married Elizabeth Ricketts. Initially the family lived in Dearborn County, where Garrett (II) was born in 1838. By 1840, the family was in Wayne Township, Montgomery County.

That year, Garrett (I), only 44 years of age, died. His father, Abraham, also died that year. Five days after Garrett (I) passed, his 22-year-old daughter Ester died. Elizabeth was left to bear her grief and to support four children – including a baby girl. She remarried in 1844 to John Blankenship. Elizabeth lived in Elmdale until her death in 1865.

During the Civil War, Garrett (II) volunteered in the 1st Battalion of the Pioneer Brigade and served in the 86th Regiment of the Indiana Infantry. He also served in the First Regiment of the U.S. Veteran Volunteer Engineers working as an Artificer. He married Amanda Denny in 1875. They lived in Jasper County, where he farmed. Jasper County is where Abe was born. Soon after his birth, the family returned to Elmdale. In 1887, Garrett (II) was appointed Postmaster (U.S. Appointment of Postmasters, 1832-1971). His service continued through at least 1899, as noted by the U.S. Register of Civil, Military, and Naval Service, 1863-1959. During all of our subject's formative years, he witnessed his father's commitment to service.

The 1900 census reports that Abe was employed as a farm laborer while his father was a storekeeper in Coal Creek Township. According to the Crawfordsville Journal Review, (August 11, 1973) Abe was a graduate of Teachers Normal College in



Valparaiso. On December 24, 1902, he married Bertha Goff. During the first few years of their marriage, they lived in Montgomery County. They moved to Barton County, Missouri in ca. 1907, where they lived for three years. According to the 1910 census, while in Missouri Abe farmed. By 1911, they returned to Elmdale. Eleven children were born to Abe and Bertha. Throughout his life, Abe farmed and taught school.

In addition to teaching in Coal Creek Township, Abe drove a school bus for Waynetown schools. He was a member of the Waynetown Masonic Lodge for 56 years. Sadly, his dear wife Bertha died in 1951. She was interred in Waynetown Masonic Cemetery. In 1954, Abe married a widow, Pearl

Reed. She passed in 1970.

The story of the Larew family is a story of service. Abraham illustrated this during the Revolution, as did Garrett (II) during the Civil War. His service continued in his role as a Postmaster. Abe dedicated his life to teaching. His children, too, were committed to service. Walter Byron Larew (1904-1973) fought in WWII and Korea and achieved the rank of Brigadier General. He was interred in Arlington National Cemetery (Crawfordsville Journal Review, 7 October 1989). G. Edward (1913-1979) was a director of Crawfordsville Land Bank for more than 25 years and was a former Wayne township trustee (CJR, 9 April 1979). Charles (1914-1989) served in the Navy during WWII. Robert (1922-1990) was also in the Navy during WWII and was a postal clerk in Waynetown for 16 years (CJR, 17 Apr 1990). Merle and (1908-1978) Billie Jo (1924-2009) also served during WWII.

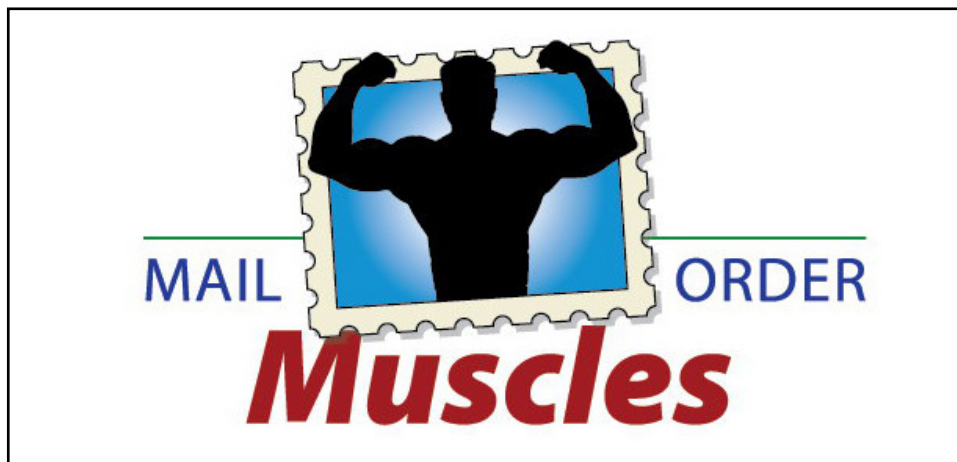
Until the end of his life, Abe lived in his own home in Waynetown. He passed on August 11, 1973. The Waynetown Masonic Lodge conducted his services. He was interred next to Bertha in the Waynetown Masonic Cemetery (photo courtesy of R&S Fine-FindAGrave). Garrett "Abe" Abraham Larew, age 92, in keeping with his family's tradition, lived a life of service. May he rest in peace.



THREE GENERATIONS AT  
HUNT & SON FUNERAL HOME,  
THE PRE-ARRANGEMENT SPECIALISTS,  
HAVE BEEN MAKING SPECIAL  
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Photos by Chuck Clore

Way before texting and instant email communication, there existed an abundance of anticipation. Snail mail gave a guy time, lots of time, to construct dreams and build expectations. The U.S. Postal Service was a starter course in delayed gratification.

Two and a half weeks is an eternity to a thirteen-year-old. I waited anxiously. Did I send the right amount of money? Did I give them the wrong address?

I stared at the gaping hole in the back cover of my Batman comic book. “Yes, I had clipped the correct coupon. Oh, crud! What if the postman delivered it to the wrong mailbox? The Todd sisters across the street will tease me into a bright shade of magenta. I will never live it down.”

Vroom, crackle, pop, I hear the mail truck spit gravel and squeak to a stop in front of our house on Delaware Street. The mailman reaches down to retrieve a massive thick manila envelope. Like a flash, I am there before he can cram it into the box.

“Here you go, Sonny. Good luck with that,” he says with a crooked grin. His telltale smirk let me know he had taken note of the east coast return address and the name Charles Atlas.

Who is Charles Atlas? Long before Arnold Schwarzenegger became the Terminator, there was Charles Atlas, AKA Angelo Siciliano. Even before Steve Reeves became a Hercules movie star in the late 50s, Charles Atlas was declared,

“The World’s Most Perfectly Developed Man.” So chiseled was his body, he was the ideal model for many leading sculptors.

Every skinny young runt with toothpick biceps and a chest like a xylophone coveted the Atlas physique. I fit into the covetous category, so I saved my money and sent off for the entire Dynamic-Tension® body-building course.

Mr. Atlas and his partner Charles Roman enticed every scrawny want-to-be he-man with ingenious copywriting and direct-mail campaigns. The ads appeared in hundreds of comic books. They featured a 97-pound weakling at the beach having sand kicked in his face by a brawny bully. Embarrassed in front of his girlfriend, the lanky kid vows to get even. Then you see a full-length photo of Charles Atlas in a leopard-skin loincloth. Muscles flexed he promises to help fulfill that vow. Next, you spy the weakling standing in front of a mirror transformed into a gladiator.

Okay, so Crawfordsville had no sandy beaches, but the east-end of C-Ville did have its share of bullies. Thanks to the U.S. Postal Service, I now had a secret weapon. A few weeks of exercises, and I’d be prepared to kick some serious big guy butt. No barbells, no strenuous machines, just simple, easy exercises, and I would be ready to go!!

Lesson #One: Take two kitchen chairs. Place the chairs 18 inches apart. Put a hand on each chair and lower yourself between them and raise again. Repeat 25

## Mail Order Muscles

By Chuck Clore



times.

“Jeeze! Louise! Are you kidding me?” It was like a pushup, only ten times harder. I had neither the muscle tone nor the tenacity to torture myself through this the “easiest” exercise in the whole course. This postal delivery is not what I anticipated from the mail order promises. I was doomed.

Thus, I resolved to rely on my keen wit and sense of humor to keep me out of pugnacious confrontations. That and having a couple good-sized friends served me well.

I kept from harm’s way until one day on Michigan Street when I met my Leroy Brown nemesis named Sam. Not sure what I said, but big strapping Sam found it to be less than witty. It became apparent he had little or no sense of humor when he called me a smart @s\*!%# and punched me in the face. I picked myself up, dusted myself off, and smacked old Sam right between the ears with my best wisecrack. At this point, I began to realize my wit was not as keen as I had imagined, and Sam redefined my understanding of the term “punch line.”

Hard lesson learned: Use your cre-

ative retorts sparingly and know your audience well. Not everyone appreciates a humorous delivery.

Well, I digress. This article is supposed to be about the brave messengers who bring us the mail despite the rain, shine, sleet, or snow. Come hell or high water, “The Mail Must Go Through!”

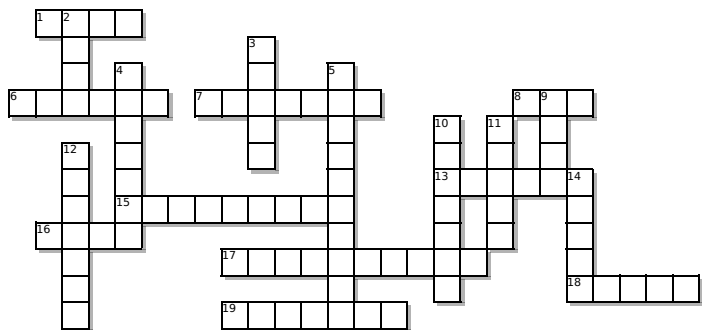
It’s hard to imagine, but back in the summer of ‘67, the United States Postal Service was actually desperate enough to hire me as a Distribution Clerk.

Every summer R.R. Donnelly and Sons printed millions of Reader’s Digest hardback books for the book club. For efficient distribution, the Post Office set up an operation at the very end of Donnelly’s production line. At one end was ink and paper whirring through a three-story press. Then it was on to the rapid stitcher, bindery, case makers, shipping, and labeling. Finally, zip code labeled boxes zinged onto a conveyer belt.

There I stood at the end of the line. Like Lucy and Ethel in the candy factory, I was desperate to keep up. Flipping box after box into thick canvass mailbags, I finally got the rhythm down. There may have been a few people in Alaska that were quite surprised to get a book addressed to Arkansas. Hey, blame it on that new-fangled zip code thing.

The best part? That summer’s temporary postal job paid a whopping \$2.64 an hour. That was 23 cents more than the Donnelly’s hourly. Sharing that discrepancy with my buddies at the other end of the production line was not the kindest thing I have done. But it sure was fun.





ACROSS

- 1 Neither snow, nor rain, nor \_\_\_\_\_
- 6 \_\_\_\_\_ Carrier
- 7 What a postal carrier wears
- 8 Postal carrier's snippy enemy
- 13 What groundhogs might see
- 15 Heavenly cake
- 16 Lifted when mail is to be sent
- 17 What's exchanged on 2/14
- 18 The Post Office's logo
- 19 C'ville postmaster, 1930s-40s

DOWN

- 2 Karen's cake recipe requires 12
- 3 Darlington postmaster, 1880s
- 4 Where letters are carried
- 5 Day we celebrate Washington
- 9 Jeweler who became postmaster
- 10 Charles Atlas promises these
- 11 Needed to mail a letter
- 12 Metal container for letters
- 14 Township south of Coal Creek

Check out page 10 for the solution



*The Contest*  
 Joy Willett  
 He reached up  
 to open the door  
 of the mailbox  
 planted by the road.  
 It was mounted on  
 a wooden pole  
 put there by his pa  
 the year before.  
 Sliding the letter  
 in just-so,  
 the boy imagined  
 what it might bestow.  
 The contest hinted  
 there'd be a big win  
 for filling out the form  
 and sending it in.  
 Closing the lid  
 and reaching around  
 he lifted the flag  
 to make it stand.  
 He stepped back,  
 and glanced along  
 the gravel that ran  
 straight to the sun.  
 Soon enough  
 the dust did roll  
 announcing the postman  
 was coming close.  
 The carrier arrived, 1.

*Poetry and Puzzles*  
 Montgomery Memories

rolled his window down,  
 took the envelope,  
 read where it was bound.  
 He smiled at the lad  
 with a thumb up  
 said, "Good luck, kid!"  
 then continued his rounds.  
 The letter gone,  
 the flag back down,  
 the youngster, joyous,  
 celebrated the day-long.  
 Throughout the summer,  
 bright and long,  
 he waited for a prize  
 that seemed never would come.  
 Finally, just before  
 returning to school  
 the mailman brought  
 his long-awaited award.  
 A magic ring,  
 what he hoped for,  
 to accord him a wish  
 he oft did implore.  
 When nothing was granted  
 he in time grew bored;  
 the token, abandoned  
 to the junk drawer. 2.



**Burkhart Funeral Home**  
 Charles, Carl & Craig Burkhart  
 201 W. Wabash Ave., Crawfordsville  
 765-362-5510  
 www.BurkhartFH.com





## Karen's Kitchen

*Karen Bazzani Zach, Montgomery Memories*

OH MY GOODNESS – haven't made this cake for so many years but it was definitely the very best Angel Food cake ever, and I always thought it was my Aunt Hulda Smith's Recipe, but instead I see it was Tressa Simms, Waveland's (found in the Ladies of the Christian Church's Waveland's Favorite Recipes) assistant post mistress with her husband Wayne for several years. Aunt Sis as we called her did definitely use this one though as the page is just nasty dirty – I can always grab good recipes that way – lol. I will note that this is time consuming but so, so worth it!

### HEAVENLY ANGEL FOOD CAKE

Sift 1 C. Cake flour with 1 C. Confectioners' Sugar 7 times.

Sift 1 C. granulated Sugar 4 times.

Beat 12 large eggs whites – When foamy add:

1 ¼ tsp. Cream of Tartar & ¼ tsp. Salt.

Beat until whites hold their shape. Add granulated sugar 1 Tbsp. at a time.

Add 1 T. fresh lemon juice

Add flour and sugar mixture 1 Tbsp. at a time.

Pour into unoled tube pan.

Oven 325 for 45-60 minutes.

Now, what Tressie used for the icing we don't know but this one is my aunt's recipe as far as I know and it just tops this cake off to total perfection

Icing (absolutely amazing)

1/3 C. Butter

1 1/2 tsp. vanilla

1 egg yolk

1 # Confect. Sugar

3 T. Milk

Milk Mix butter, vanilla, yolk until well blended. Add sugar alternately with milk. ENJOY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!







## County Connections

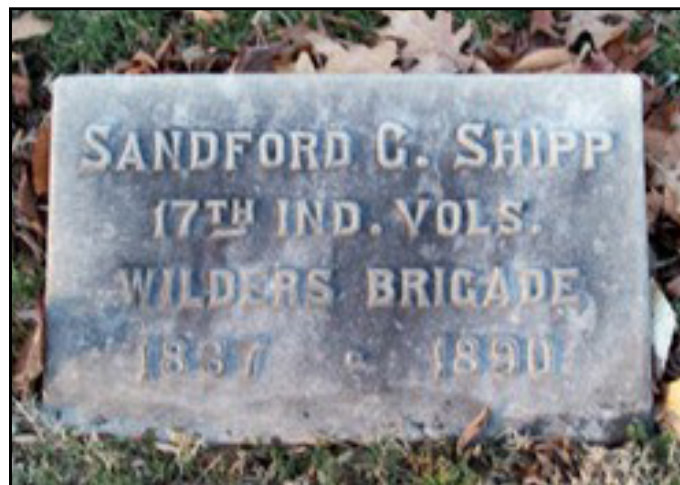
*Karen Bazzani Zach, Montgomery Memories*

Well, I sure became involved in re-searching this fellow who was the post master at Darlington for about four years from maybe early 1880 until approximately 1884, possibly a bit longer, but definitely in May 1880 when daughter, Santa May was born and still there when son Samuel Walter was born in mid-January 1883. These two had older sisters, Mary Margaret born in neighboring Thorntown 8-25-1874 and Della Frances born there as well on the first day of September 1876. Two other children joined these four Shipp children Dottie Alabama born in Lizton (June '85 so gone from Darlington by then) and Joseph Robert Sandford born 10 March 1890 in Indianapolis, where the family remained until father Sanford Catterlin Shipp passed away shortly thereafter on the 5th of November 1890.

Sandford was the son of Samuel Copeland Shipp and Mary Catterlin, Sam's mother being Mary Copeland. For at least the next generation, Sandford's son, Samuel carried his mother's maiden name, as well. Sandford went by Sandford C., and was born in Frankfort, Clinton County on April 19, 1837, one of 17 children. At age 20, he married Sophronia Kenworthy. The next year, they had one child, Frank who lived but two months, his mother passing away a couple of months afterward.

Thus, with really no ties, when the Civil War broke-out, Sandford joined right up, along with many who were from Boone County. Co B of the 17th Indiana Volunteers would lose 21 to battle or disease but several to desertion. However, they made quite a name for themselves as the Wilder Brigade. Co B got frustrated chasing the Rebel Cavalry on foot and never catching any, so Wilder, their company officer, asked them if they might want to furnish their own rifles and become a mounted group. It was unanimous and what a great decision. After intense training, they easily cornered many enemies at their first battle

in Hoover Gap. Next, they were the key in forcing Bragg out of Chattanooga. It was interesting that Sandford was such an exceptional soldier, but when he chose to marry, he picked Mary "Mollie" Walter, daughter of Franklin and Margaret who was born in Lebanon on June 8th, 1859. Also, she was 22 years younger than he and a devout Quaker, who of course did not agree with war. She loved Sandford nonetheless and followed him wherever he found work, whether it be a post master, grocer, common laborer or clerk. Mary Walter Shipp was one amazing woman, left with six children, the oldest 16 and baby Joe at just eight months. She and Sandford had been receiving a pension since May of '75 and Mollie was quick to apply for her widow's pension rights and received it. Several years later, on remarrying, she was sharp enough to get Joe his father's pension until he became too old. Her second marriage to Jesse Hays lasted a short time. She passed away in Indianapolis on December 11th in 1908 from cancer of the cervix and stomach and was buried beside Sandford in Crown Hill Cemetery. (photo of stone from FindAGrave – contributed by Rick France). Mary and Sandford's oldest child, Mary Margaret Shipp, lived a long-life, passing away at age 90. She married Jesse Franklin Donovan. They lived in Indianapolis for several years but migrated to California with most of the rest of the brothers and sisters. Three children blessed their home. Jesse was a plumber in a large contracting firm and passed away in 1942. She died 13 years later. Daughter Della seems to have been mar-



ried three times and was quite beautiful. She worked hard to get a good husband and exceptional education. Her first husband was a Sheldon (although I can't find a marriage she is with her mother in 1900 under that name, no husband with her), her second Amos Dewitt Bishop. They lived in Orange County, California where he was quite a distinguished Horticulturalist, having discovered the nighttime citrus fumigation. Della was his second wife and he took her overseas for their honeymoon. They were married about 15 years when he passed away in 1928. Della next married in Reno, Nevada, to Judge Cole Leslie Harwood (at age 56, he 72) who served as the US Attorney General. Both of these husbands had children but don't believe she ever did. Cole passed away after just five years of marriage. Della herself died at age 80, twenty years after Cole and was living in Oslo, Norway at that time.

My favorite of the Shipp children was Santa May (maybe it was that cheery name). She was the only one of Mollie and Sandford's children to remain in Indiana. She married Charles Nathan Elliott in Manhattan, New York in April of 1908. He was "associated with the Knox Consolidated Coal Corporation." A bit spoiled with servants and trips to Cuba and the West Indies, she was

nonetheless a well-loved, active Quaker woman.

Samuel married Harriet Canada on the 1st day of 1914 in Indianapolis. His jobs catered around being a traveling salesman (Dry Goods, Quilts). They were divorced but Harriet kept his last name until her death years later. On his WWI draft card, he is listed as 5'10" (fairly tall for the time), 175# with light complexion, grey eyes and brown hair. Joe's mirrored this perfectly and it is how I have Sandford pictured in my mind. The girls were fairly tall from a couple of photos I viewed. Many years in Indianapolis, but also Chicago, Sam too flowed to Orange County, California where he is buried in Santa Ana with a simple tombstone saying, "s/o SC & MC Shipp – native of Indiana."

Dottie Alabama lived in Indiana for several years, part of that time with brother Sam. Never having married she worked in secretarial capacities for a private stock broker, a dairy distributor and coal company. Although she was sick several weeks, family members felt it was her grief over sister, Santa's sudden death that brought her own death to bear. Then, there was Joe who I believe was the first to head west. He worked a short time in the public utility company of Indianapolis and for many years for the Dominion Electric Company in L.A. He and wife, Leona Ackerman had one daughter, also named Leona. Sadly, he passed young not yet 50 in San Francisco on Halloween in 1939.

Such an interesting family having gone forth and prospered, moving west, landing interesting jobs, travelling beyond our country's borders, marrying amazing people and leading good lives, and just think for four of those children, Darlington, Indiana and their father, Sandford's Post Master's job helped start 'em out! For sure, Sandford Catterlin Shipp and his most impressive wife, Mollie would be quite proud of these children.



# 2020 Montgomery County Museum Scene



**MONTGOMERY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY**

Reopens in March

1. Henry Lane was born in Montgomery County, Kentucky but lived the majority of his life in Montgomery County, Indiana.
2. Lane spent a great deal of his personal time recruiting Indiana men to fight in the Mexican War.
3. He was a very short-lived governor, resigning that position to become a US Senator.



**ROTARY JAIL MUSEUM OF CRAWFORDSVILLE, IN**

Reopens in March

1. I've heard the acrylic classes are totally wonderful so keep an eye out for one of those.
2. The Tannenbaum center is available to rent.
3. Call for an appointment to visit the museum.



**CARNEGIE MUSEUM**

1. KZ worked in the library over 20 years, including Children's Librarian for six.
2. My favorite portion of the museum is the WOW section – where you can discover much information on famous county residents.
3. Museum is open by appointment only if MoCo is in Red or Orange level for coronavirus. Call 765-362-4618 if you would like to schedule an appointment.



**GENERAL LEW WALLACE STUDY**

1. Lew Wallace was a 1st Lt. in the 1st Indiana in the Mexican War, but never saw combat. Made up for it during the Civil War.
2. Wallace was a member of the commission that tried the conspirators who murdered Lincoln.
3. Lew was said to have been one of few examples of public Indiana men who was prominent in so many endeavors (lawyer, soldier, tactician, diplomat, author)

**LETTRE**



**AIR MAIL**  
航 PAR AVION 空



**Postal Trivia**  
February 2021

Crossword puzzle grid with the following words filled in:

- 1. HEAT
- 6. POSTAL
- 7. UNIFORM
- 8. DOG
- 9. LIBRARY
- 10. MIST
- 11. ANGELFOOD
- 12. VALENTINES
- 13. SHADOW
- 14. CLAUZER
- 15. EAGLE

## 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 momentos related to railways past and present.

1. The big project that is keeping volunteers busy is creating a full-sized replica of an 1837 Norris Steam Engine, "The Lafayette!"
2. Worth the visit to the museum just to see the large HO-gauged model railroad.
3. A carnival and circus theme used in the HO display also presents numerous circus items, such as circus posters, a lion cage, an elephant stand and much more!





## Grandcestors - One of the best EVER!

*Karen Bazzani Zach, Montgomery Memories*

My father wasn't a postmaster but a postal worker for decades, a rural mail carrier and I know I'm bragging, but he was one of the best ever! Fred Bazzani's route went well into Parke County, near Marshall, down near Judson and up into and past Byron. The other end went over by Russellville, all through Brownsvalley and up above it and way out by and north of the Shades.

The route totaled about 70 miles. He was up and to the post office by 7 each morning. Sometimes, we'd see him in the morning, occasionally have breakfast with him (usually Mom fixed him bacon and eggs, and we got cereal), but most of the time he'd be gone when we arose.

Usually, dad had about 30-40 minutes of work putting up items mailed from Waveland for someone on RR 1 (the only one although at one point in time just for a few years, there were two routes I believe) but dad did it all. Later some of the route was incorporated into Marshall's and RR 7 Crawfordsville.

Don't know lots of stories but have a few. One lady at Deer's Mill didn't drive and her family didn't live around here so dad took her groceries every Friday. In the winter, almost daily he helped someone get out of a ditch or get unstuck in their driveway. Of course, if he got stuck, someone would return the favor. SUV's I don't think existed then but he always had a heavy car (Dodge usually) stuffed with blocks of cement, salt, etc - always prepared.

Sometimes he'd finish about 11:00 just in time to eat lunch with us but in the winter depending on how much mail there was or the delay of the mail to Waveland or other problems



he might have, it could be as late as 3:00 before we'd see him. Christmas was such a hectic time in his life but a wonderful one too as we'd have our two tables and huge counter stuffed full of homemade goodies. Dorothy Mitchell always sent a homemade cherry pie, Dad's favorite but he shared with us. Every year there was homemade cookies galore, all kinds, delicious candy, someone's peanut brittle was amazing. About the only

thing I didn't like was someone's divinity but I just didn't like divinity. Lots more, too and dad would get money from a lot of people, so it always helped with Christmas. Good times.

Most of the summer (unless the boys had a baseball game or he had a meeting) he would leave as soon as he finished the route for his second job. Dad had a carpet laying business and was amazing at it. Best days of

my young life were to go with dad to lay carpet. I'd have tools ready for him, aide him putting in the tack strip and hopefully I was a little help. My brother Garry helped him a great deal and became Dad's equal or pretty close!

Dad did love to get people riled-up saying he had miscalculated or miscut or was short on carpet or linoleum or whatever he was installing. Then, he'd finish it up, call the people in to see and be Mr. Innocent. It was too funny.

His jobs called him anywhere from next door to Lafayette, Terre Haute, Chicago, Ohio and beyond. That was his extra money to fix the house, save, buy nice cars, take us kids to at least two pro ballgames a year and to go on a two-week vacation each year. He was some worker.

Once, he got an extremely important phone call. I forgot to tell you that he wasn't only an excellent mail carrier, well loved, but he was also crazy fast. It always amazed me he didn't rip his arm clear off. So, I had just gotten my license and mom said I had to go catch him to give him the message. We knew his route well, so I took off toward what is now the Turkey Run Golf Course then down to the next road and turned left. I eyed him so knew I'd catch him. I chased him, tried flipping my lights at him, honking, waving. Guess what! He beat me back to Waveland. He carried mail from the old, tiny post office right uptown until they built (1961) the nice, new post office we still have today. Up early, down to the PO, put up the mail, deliver it, then the next day, he'd begin it all over again (in rain, sleet, and all that stuff)!





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