

MONTGOMERY MEMORIES



Montgomery County Mills

January 2021

Photo courtesy of the Crawfordsville District Public Library

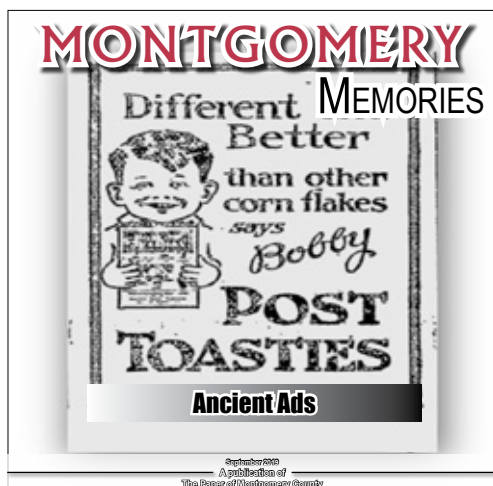
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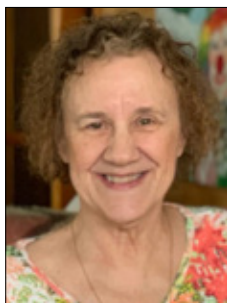
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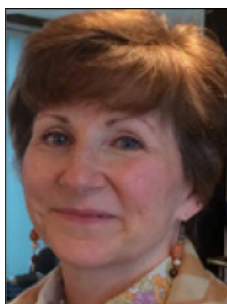
Contributing Writers



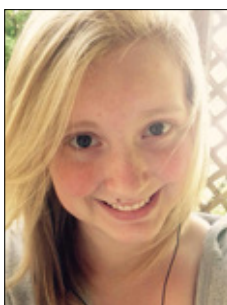
KAREN BAZZANI ZACH has been a contributor of local historical articles for 40 years. A native Montgomery Countian, she grew up in Waveland, married Jim Zach, and received her grad degree from IU while working at CDPL as Children's Librarian. Karen authored one of the newer county histories, *Crawfordsville: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

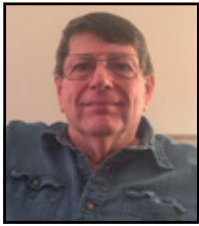


JOY WILLETT was born in Crawfordsville and spent much of her childhood in southern Montgomery County. She has lived her adult life in Indiana, Arizona, and California. She currently lives with her husband, David, in Monterey County California. As an amateur genealogist, she has done extensive research 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.





January Feature: Garland Dells Mineral Spring Association

Dave Fullenwider

Drive approximately five miles northwest of Waveland, Indiana and you will find one of the most popular get away locations in the state. Shades State Park has a very long and colorful past. The history of Shades goes back many years. As might be expected, the area was originally home to Native Americans, primarily those related to the Miami Tribe. Settlers began moving in to the area as early as the 1820's after it was turned over to the US government. Soon several mills were built on nearby Sugar Creek, known as Rock River then, the most successful belonging to Deere and Canine.

There are many stories that are still passed on today about this mystical and eerie place. Since the white man first settled this area, it was dubbed "Shades of Death". Some say it was named so due to the dense forested terrain, replete with caverns and sheer cliffs for one to fall into. The most popular belief, and one that this author was told since a young child, is about a very bloody Indian battle that took place here. There is a Potawatomi tribal legend that in the 1770's, they went to battle with the Miami tribe as they fought for control of land in the Illinois area. The story says that out of 600 warriors fighting, there were seven Potawatomi and five Miami left. Also, there were two murders committed nearby early in the county's history, one taking place along Sugar Creek near Deere's Mill (Moses Rush in 1836), the other on a farm very near the area (Frederick Wineland and his nephew, Benjamin Vancleave in 1865). Add in some of the names of the different sites inside such as Devil's Backbone, Devil's Punchbowl, and Devil's Inn, it's no wonder the name stuck. Despite all the legends, rumors and folklore connected to it, the area was very peaceful, yet considered wild and romantic. More and more people would travel from near and far to visit this scenic wonder as its reputation grew as an undisturbed and rustic place. General Lew Wallace, author of Ben Hur and other books had a favorite fishing spot on Sugar Creek that winds its way through the area. Indiana's most famous artist T.C. Steele grew up in Waveland and it is said that he was a frequent visitor to the place. People would arrive from Indianapolis, Terre Haute and beyond to partake of its grand scenery.

Sometime in the late 1880's, the name was changed to Garland Dells, and investors came together calling it The Garland Dells Mineral Spring Association, but it still included the name "Shades", having dropped the "of Death" in the title. It's not known by this author how the name was chosen, however Benjamin Garland was a large land owner, having 360 or so acres in the middle of the property, along with the fact that in the early 1800's a government survey discovered a series of mineral springs. The original members of the association were Joel G. Deer; William A. Dietrich; HJ Demaree; George Seybold and OM McCormick. The Dells was under the management of Fred A. Stebbins.

The popularity of the "Dell's" continued to grow, and many people would arrive by train from all over Indiana and other states to visit and enjoy the pleasures it afforded. An article in the Friday Aug 19, 1898 Noblesville Hamilton Co Ledger states:

"The Evangelical Church will run an excursion to Garland Dells Aug 27th. Tickets \$1.00; half fare 50c. Those taking bicycles, 75c. Come and have a good time. Tickets at Evangelical parsonage and Midland depot."

This is just one of many advertisements of various groups traveling to the Dells. There would be a horse drawn carriage or "hack" as it was called, come from the Dells that would await the visitors at the train stations (usually Waveland or Brownsvalley) and transport them to the park. After the advent of the automobile, the carriage was replaced with a motor driven bus.

In 1887, the Garland Dells Association built a 40 room inn, and at this time the land was preserved, safe from the axe and saw. In the early 1900's, an event called "Chautauqua" was becoming very popular across the land. One of these programs was held there from July 17th through August 1st 1909. Many famous orators, preachers, politicians, singers and orchestras provided the entertainment and edification of huge crowds. For those who were not fortunate in securing rooms at the hotel, tents were available for rent on the grounds and around 200 of them were occupied with up to six people each. Here is just a sampling of the well-known orators, politicians and musicians that were retained to regale the crowds: William Jennings Bryan- Orator and politician, Carrie Nation- a staunch supporter and leader of the Temperance Movement, and The Chicago Ladies Orchestra as well as twenty or more well-known names of that time.

In 1904, the Indiana Legislature discussed the possibility of establishing a state hospital for consumptives at Garland Dells, partly because of its natural state and, "The ground is high and free from malaria." However, it was not chosen to be here. It appears that the state instead chose a different beautiful location east of Rockville in 1907.

In 1909, Garland Dells - Shades was bought out by Joseph Frisz, and was operated by him and his family



until his death in 1939. This was a real boon time for the park, and by then was known only as The Shades. Along with the hotel, there was a gift shop, a pavilion where music venues, games, movies and dances were held, several cottages for rent as well as a saddle barn.

Soon after Mr. Frisz's death, the family was approached by several logging companies competing for the opportunity to purchase the property for harvesting the vast timber resources on the grounds. Of particular interest were the stands of huge white oak trees which were coveted for making barrel staves for the whiskey industry. In early 1947, there emerged on a grand scale, a movement to "Save The Shades" as it was known, and efforts were directed toward the state to purchase the property. The eight directors of the resort, all of whom were the children of Mr. Frisz, set the selling price for the 1,452 acres at \$300,000.00. Negotiations dragged on and for a time it

looked as if the beloved Shades would indeed fall to the axe and saw. A plea for donations went out and on Sept 4th, 1947 the Crawfordsville Journal Review printed that the deal had been made. Shortly after, Shades became the 15th state park for Indiana.

In later years, the Hotel and Pavilion were in great disrepair. The hotel was condemned and burned down by the Waveland Fire department around 1968. The pavilion met its end several years later. There are many memories of these buildings by the folks who had their first jobs working in the hotel or on the grounds.

The Shades is still a very popular destination and many still find their way from locations all over. You can mention Shades State Park nearly anywhere in the Midwest and most people will reply that they have visited there.

The Shades: A great place to visit!

Dave Fullenwider

Authors note: For more information on Garland Dells and the Shades, visit the Montgomery County InGenweb page here (scroll down and select Waveland and/or Shades State Park – info in both places)

https://www.facebook.com/watch/live/?v=733746540599664&ref=notif¬if_id=1610240410114899¬if_t=live_video

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

Daniel Gilkey at Hibernia (intersection of 525 West and Fall Creek Road in Ripley Township) seemed to be a mill master, having built a gristmill, sawmill and distillery on Gilkey's Branch that flowed into the creek. He also operated a small carding mill. In 1850, he sold out and moved to Crawfordsville, entering into the grain business and guess what, he also had a grist mill.

In a 10 Nov 1859 Crawfordsville Weekly Journal article, a list of businesses were reviewed, one being "Old Man Hill" having a small mill on the south bank of Sugar River (Creek) north of town. It seems just the next month that part or all (depending on how much it brought and how much the debts were on the property) mill was sold at auction by Sheriff William K. Wallace whom you read about last month. "7 chains and 15 links east of the southwest corner of said Mill tract, 3 chains and 50 links to a corner and so on. Darwin T. Hills, Sarah and Edwin Hills, et al. On fuss with the Hills' mill was that the crossing was bridgeless and the stream above duckwading point."

John Stitt owned a little mill about two miles west of town. At this mill below town it seems 900 fish in one night were caught, mainly pike, salmon, perch and bass, some 2-4' in length and 12 to 25 pounds in weight. Guess most of that was for fun as the fish were carried by skiff loads and thrown live into the mill pond which was spring-fed. Allowed for fresh fish all season. Guess that mill was doin' double-duty!

It is unknown just how far back Magnolia Mills goes in our county but at least to 1866 when Viola Indiana Grimes, just 11 months old died there after being sick for some time. This was located in Ripley Township, Sec 36 (515 South, 800 West) – just a year ago, Joe Showalter on the Crawfordsville Facebook page said he was down that way and "when the creek is low, you can see the hand hewn beams for the wooden dam at Magnolia Mill. Elijah Clark built the first mill in that area about 1840 and it was four stories high (Road 675 West). The road used to connect to Clark's Mill Road on which there were two fords!" Thus, we can date it back to 1840 – thanks Joe!

On the 27th of Aug 1868 the Crawfordsville Weekly Review in the "Alamo" heading said, "Within a stone's throw of Yount's factory is the fine flouring mill of AJ Snyder, finished last year at a cost of \$20,000. Jack is one of those shrewd businessmen who turns everything they touch into gold. His mill turns out 100 barrels of flour per day and his farms yield him 33 bushels of wheat per acreage. Sometimes the strangest comments are in those old articles as this went on to say, "but Jack's politics are bad; he is an awful Democrat." On Sugar Creek there are three good merchant mills, John A. Clark owning the first; Grimes, Hybarger & Leaming the second and Deer & Canine the third; so that in a distance of four miles from where these lines are being written there are five first class merchant mills, capable of grinding 200,000 bushels of wheat yearly."

In May of 1869, Allen & Brother decided to go to Texas and put their highly impressive new Flour Mill (and warehouse) for sale with the "capacity of 120 barrels per every 24 hours." Located near the LNA&C Railroad depot, it sat right on a convenient switch. The



building was "40x86 square feet, 3 ½ stories with a splendid stone basement," and it was strongly built with a storage capacity of 15,000 bushels. There were elevators to carry the grain with carts, scales, power corn sheller, windmill run by power and a whole lot more and I assume they sold it.

Much has been written about the Yount family and Yountsville Mill but I do love this little piece you may not be familiar with and I quote – C'ville Weekly Journal 17 Sept 1868 – Yountsville – "we have neither grocery, dram shop, saddler shop, nor drug store but we have a most excellent merchant flouring mill, a superb blacksmith shop, a complete boot and shoe store and a fine toll house. Lastly we have the Exchange Woolen Mills from which daily may be seen to emerge hosts of pretty lasses and

greasy laddies, their day's work finished... and up in the small hours the old wheel may be heard, sounding as unmelodious as a guitar out of tune or a violin at a meeting house." Also in Yountsville, A. S. Snyder moved there in 1845 from Shawnee in Fountain County and went into the milling business. In 1867, he built a fine flouring mill but passed in 1883. His wife and sons took it over, upgrading it in 1893 to the roller process and by 1897, they were producing one of the best flours far and near – The Ben Hur brand!

In late April of 1874, there was quite a site at Mote's Mill in Sugar Creek Township. After an Eastern storm, some half dozen loons were taken in the neighborhood and everyone was checking them as no bird like that had been seen in the vicinity. Sorry I missed that one – kz.

Not sure of the type of mills in Ripley Township in August of that year, but it was reported that Solon Hybarger was starting a new mill near Alamo on the Joshua McKinsey farm while Richard Ammerman had just launched one near Alamo; however, "it didn't go off just right" and he had to send to Indianapolis for new machinery.

A sad but cute story regarding a mill happened in 1883 when John Mills lost a very fine cow. He went to the mill and laid in enough feed to winter his cow through until grass began to grow in the spring. However, Bessie broke into the feed shed that night and cleaned the platter – talk about over eating and the poor lady paid for it dearly!

In February 1888, the Linnsburg correspondence for the Weekly Journal had a tiny announcement that sure leaves us guessing – "Our mill is almost complete!"

Also, sadly in that year, Abe Thurston, who ran Sperry's Mill at the time lost a child whom they buried in Oak Hill.

There were so many mills in Montgomery County (Deer's, Gunkle's, Snyder's, Troutman's, Miller's, Clouser's...) but today, the woolen mills, grist mills, flour mills of yesteryear are pretty much gone, but in my book, not forgotten! (see what we assume to be Deer's Mill on the Garland Dell's picture from the Crawfordsville District Public Library image database as are other images in this month's MM).

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 edition of Nifty at Ninety... we meet Eleanor "Ellen" Hall. Ellen was born on September 15, 1811 in Warren County, Ohio to Thomas (b. 1776) and Elizabeth (b. 1781). Thomas and Elizabeth were from Virginia, where they wed on March 20, 1802. They relocated to Ohio soon after their marriage, where they raised 14 children. According to the History of Warren County, Ohio, Thomas was one of the pioneers of the county.

On June 12, 1828, Ellen married Abijah O'Neall (b. December 8, 1798). When Abijah was an infant, the O'Neall family, originally from South Carolina, moved to Ohio due to their opposition to slavery. Abijah's parents, Abijah Sr. and Ann (Kelly), lived the remainder of their lives in Ohio where they were significant contributors to the Warren County community. In the account of his life (Life and Times of Abijah O'Neall) it was reported that Abijah Sr. "... was liberal, and prone to kindly views of men and things, and quick to see the feeblest springs of good, where most saw vice alone, none saw truth with clearer sight obeyed her teachings more than he." The liberal demeanor of her father-in-law was surely appealing to Ellen. As a practicing Universalist, she believed that all were worthy of salvation.

At least three of Ellen and Abijah's children were born in Ohio. When the family moved to Montgomery County, Indiana in ca. 1833, Ellen's parents came too. They settled in Yountsville. Thomas died in 1840 at the age of 65, and was interred in the O'Neall cemetery. Elizabeth passed five years later, also 65 years of age, and was buried next to Thomas.

In 1848, Abijah and Ellen built a large brick home in Yountsville. The 1850 census lists Abijah, age 51, and Ellen, age 39, along with eight children between the ages of 21 and 2 years. Over the coming decade, two more children were born into the family. Through the years, the family lived as neighbors of the A. J. Snyder family and the Dan Yount family. These men were prominent millers in the Yountsville area. For a time, Abijah managed the mill for Mr. Snyder.

Abijah's real estate and personal wealth, according to the 1870 census, was equal to \$820K in modern day value. He made his living as a farmer, miller, merchant, and surveyor (politicalgraveryard.com). He also sold water rights to Sugar Creek. From 1839-40, he served as a state representative.



Photo courtesy of R and Kim Hancock

Those escaping slavery found safety on the O'Neall farm, and were provided shelter and sustenance as part of the 'Underground Railroad', which ran through Montgomery County (Montgomery County Underground Railroad Site, Part II).

During the Civil War, the O'Neall's were staunchly pro-Union, and their oldest sons fought for the North. An article, titled Remarkable Woman Gone, discussed Ellen's role during the war -

It was during the civil war that the fine character of Mrs. O'Neal [sic] manifested itself most strongly. The neighborhood in which she and her husband lived was fairly swarming with "copperheads" and Knights of the Golden Circle, and their lives and property were constantly threatened. Their adult sons were in the army, and the outspoken unionism of Mr. O'Neal caused him to be cursed and hated by the rebel sympathizers for miles around.

Ellen was a "constant companion" of Abijah as they rode throughout the county and she was "ready every night to fire a gun in case the household was attacked." Their efforts, which included Abijah working with Governor Morton and the detectives he assigned to help, ridded the community of

what was referred to as "the problem." Ellen also organized and was president of... the Woman's Relief Corp, whose purpose it was to raise funds for the benefit of wounded and disabled soldiers and thousands of dollars was raised and sent to the front... (Crawfordsville Weekly Journal, October 4, 1901)

Abijah died on June 9, 1874, first interred in the O'Neal cemetery, later moved (February 15, 1876 - from Yountsville according to OH cemetery records) to the Oak Hill Cemetery in Crawfordsville. In 1880, Ellen was living in Yountsville with her daughter Martha, aged 37, her son William, aged 33, and a boarder, William Huffmire. While Martha helped her mother keep house, the two gentlemen farmed the land. By 1900, Ellen was living with Martha at 109 Marshall Street in Crawfordsville. Martha, who had married a widower, Reverend William Posey Hargrave, in 1895, was widowed in 1897.

Only 61 years old, Martha died on August 13, 1901 from Tuberculosis. Just over a month later, Eleanor "Ellen" Hall O'Neall passed on September 21. Her death certificate listed the cause as "senile exhaustion." Martha and Ellen joined Abijah in the Oak Hill Cemetery, along with several other family members. May Ellen, who labored long for country and kin - and who held fast to her cherished beliefs - rest in peace.



THREE GENERATIONS AT
HUNT & SON FUNERAL HOME,
THE PRE-ARRANGEMENT SPECIALISTS,
HAVE BEEN MAKING SPECIAL
REMEMBRANCES FOR FAMILIES
IN THIS AREA FOR OVER 100 YEARS.

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Photos by Chuck Clore

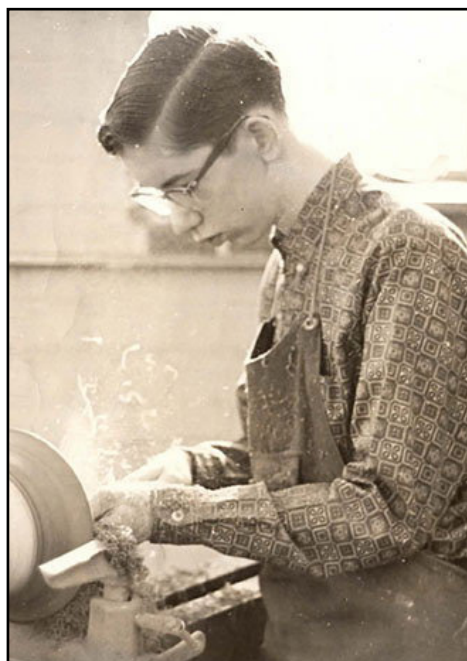
Cedar shavings from a newly sharpened pencil or the knotty pine sawdust from Pappy's latest project, the pungent aromas yield comfortable nostalgia. Even today, the fragrance of freshly sawn wood carries me all the way back to 1955. It kindles memories of Granny Smith's house in Alamo, Indiana.

Atop the hill in Alamo, Pickett's Grocery Store boasted the best candy selection in town. Of course, it was the only store in the little burg unless you counted the gas station. Traveling three blocks down the hill from Pickett's, you ran out of street. You either stopped in front of Granny's quaint red house or ended up explaining to the farmer why you were driving through his cornfield.

Just a walnut's throw from Granny's place lurked the verboten Fruits' Saw Mill. Giant blades, three times bigger and a great deal sharper than us kids, ripped humongous logs into planks. The most fantastic byproduct of this venture was beyond temptation for an eight-year-old. A veritable mountain of sawdust was beckoning.

Who would not want to be King of Sawdust Mountain? Clever, we were, the Alamo kids and me. We played kick-the-can in the lot next door, until dusk when the mill shut down. We climbed the fence as Burl Fruits pulled away in his rattling old GMC truck.

There is no joy like forbidden joy. We frolicked and scrambled to gain the ruling roost at the top. To our amazement, sawdust is not quite as firm or stable as the Rocky Mountains. Jimmy sank from view. We quickly pulled him out and dusted ourselves off. Scuffling back over the fence, we were home



Here is a 1964 picture of Chuck Clore in the CHS woodshop turning the walnut bowl.

free. Or so we thought.

Do you have any idea how invasive sawdust can be? Like Charlie Brown's buddy, Pig Pen, we left an Arbor-Day dust trail for the next three days. On wash day, I became painfully aware of our folly. The Maytag washer was churning away. Mom was checking my jean pockets for Bazooka bubble-gum and BBs. Just before she tossed them into the agitating foam, Mom unrolled the pant cuffs.

"Oh, No!" A bodacious buzz saw bounty spilled onto the linoleum floor. The evidence was insurmountable. No matter how creative my alibi, mom was not buying it.

"No kid ever generated that much

sawdust building a birdhouse," she said.

Her one eyebrow was raised. The other brow lowered. Holy Moley! Mom's evil eye signaled judgment day. She knew that I knew the sawmill was off-limits.

"Since you love lumber and trees so much, go fetch me a good strong switch from one of those saplings in the backyard."

King of the cowboys, Lash LaRue, with his twelve-foot bullwhip, was formidable. But Lash was no match for the skill and accuracy of Georgia Clore wielding a fresh green hickory switch.

I never climbed atop Sawdust Mountain again.

A waft of knotty pine kindles a much more pleasant reminiscence.

Dad, Austin Clore, was a master craftsman when it came to woodworking. He built his shop out on east Delaware Street from the ground up. "Measure twice. Cut once," became his mantra as a cabinetmaker. He cut each element for an entire kitchen, hauled the pieces to the site, and assembled them like a giant puzzle. So precise were the measurements, he never had to make another cut on location.

I can still smell the fresh-cut lumber as he expanded and remodeled his old shop into a home. Knotty pine tongue and groove planks finished off the living room and kitchen wainscoting. A light pinkish-white translucent sealer gave the wood and the room a bright feeling.

Pappy came by his carpentry skills quite naturally. I traced the Clore family tree all the way back to pioneer days. Settling in Virginia in the early 1700s, my ancestors carved out a living at Fort Germanna. Even today, you can find an A. E. Clore Furniture Company in Madison, Virginia.

Check out: <https://clore.furniture/> or <https://www.facebook.com/Clore->

Dusty Recollections

By Chuck Clore



The walnut bowl



The spool to winding string around

Furniture/

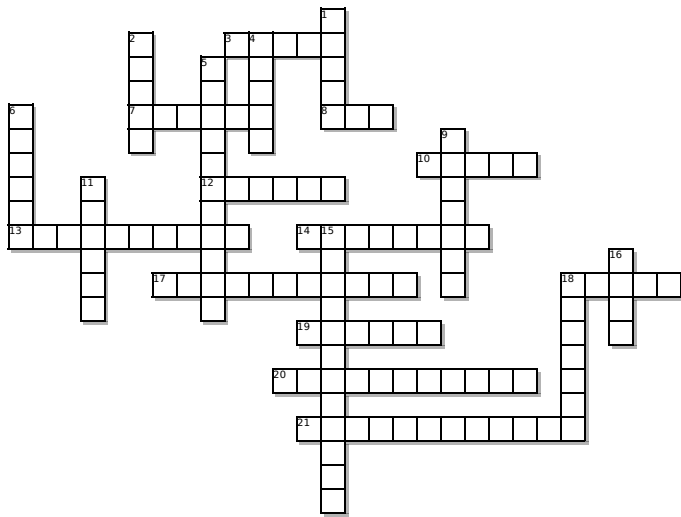
Oh, that I would have inherited dad's skill and woodworking talent, but alas, no. I took remedial woodshop classes at CHS. Mr. Achor was a patient and gracious instructor as I made more sawdust than finished products. He kept the projects simple.

An 8x6x1 inch board with a 1x4 inch long slot near the top edge and a semicircle on each side was supposed to be a spool to winding string around.

Three planks of poplar glued and clamped edge to edge, then run thru the plainer made a nifty drawing board that I still use today.

The walnut bowl presented the biggest challenge to my skills and Mr. Achor's patience. Laminating thick pieces of walnut stock together was neat and easy. The wood lathe thing was a bit messy. How I got a mountain of wood chips and sawdust out of one walnut bowl is beyond explanation.

January 2021 Crossword



ACROSS

- 3 Invented the waterwheel
- 7 Early miller on Sugar Creek
- 8 Mill for cutting logs
- 10 As it runs, the wheel turns
- 12 The "mill master"
- 13 New Year's commitment
- 14 Mill named for flowering tree
- 17 Yountsville founder (2 words)
- 18 Ran mills near Alamo
- 19 Township of so many mills
- 20 Killed in 1838 at Yount's Mill (2 words)
- 21 Sect that believes in salvation for all

DOWN

- 1 Mill in Sugar Creek Township
- 2 Mill for grinding grain
- 4 Watermills use ____power
- 5 _____ Railroad
- 6 Flour brand-Snyder family (2 words)
- 9 Needed to defeat COVID-19
- 11 Mill for processing wool
- 15 One opposed to slavery
- 16 Fashion accessory that saves lives
- 18 Karen's layer cake

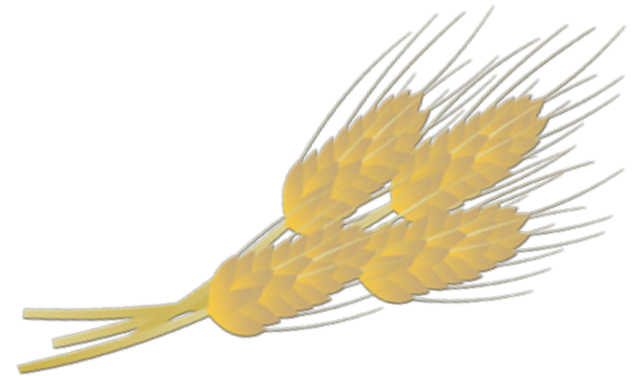
JMW/Created using puzzle-maker

Check out page 10 for the solution

*The Miller
Joy Willett
Who watched
the joyous brook run
as it glistened
reflecting the sun?
Who heard the babble
and listened long
dreaming of power
harnessed strong?
Who built the wheel
that spun 'round
driven by water
rushing on and on?
Who made certain
the wheat was ground,
the textiles woven,
and the boards freshly sawed?
The miller, my friend
using technology
from two millennia gone.*

*Passed from
Philo the Greek,
to the Romans,
throughout Europe,
to every kingdom,
to Mr. Yount
and A. J. Snyder.
On the banks
of shaded Sugar Creek,
these men sound
worked the daylong,
serving the community
to which they belonged.*

Poetry and Puzzles
Montgomery Memories



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

I love old cookbooks, really old cookbooks and recipes and while perusing the 1919 Crawfordsville Review I noticed a Calumet Layer Cake recipe. I put it up on the Indiana Genealogy Facebook page I monitor and we got a lot of laughs and one gal made it (said it was very good). We laughed about the lemon flavor – an odd thing to add to a recipe and what the heck is a “medium oven?” She chose 350 since most cakes are baked at that – guess it worked!

Calumet is made in the world's largest, finest, most sanitary baking powder factory. Used by millions of housewives because it is economical and gives better and more satisfactory bakings.

CALUMET LAYER CAKE

1½ Level cups sugar
¾ Cup shortening
5 Eggs separated
1 cup milk or water

1 Level teaspoon salt
4 Level cups flour
4 Level teaspoons Calumet
Baking Powder.
Lemon flavor

How to Make It: Cream one cup of sugar with the shortening until light, separate eggs and work in yellows. Beat the egg whites with balance of sugar to a stiff froth and add. Next stir in one cup of flour and then add milk. Last stir in balance of flour well sifted with baking powder. Bake in medium oven.

A “tested” Calumet recipe that insures excellent results. Cut out and paste in your recipe book for future reference

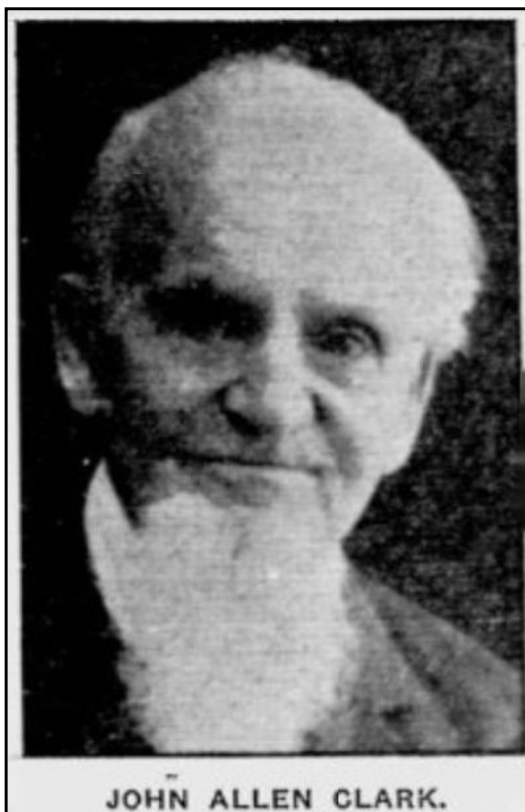




County Connections

Karen Bazzani Zach, Montgomery Memories

This fellow was born in Rockingham County, Virginia, thus he works for our County Connection tale, although he was fairly young when he came with his parents, Elijah and Elizabeth (Smith) Clark to Ripley Township. Elijah was a miller and it followed through in the family on to son John Allen Clark as well as a couple of his brothers and John's son. John Allen Clark was born the last day of March in 1832 and passed away 19 May 1919, at age 87, and lived quite a life between those dates. By the way, loved finding his photo in the Crawfordsville Review 21 March 1916. He had nine brothers and sisters, his brother who passed away nine months before him (James Franklin – Frank) was particularly well loved, was five years younger and had charge of their father's mill for several years as well as the Rockport Mills. An amazing carpenter, he was aiding his son on work at the Waveland school when he had a heart attack and died in his son's arms. Even John's youngest brother, a half brother, son of Elijah and his second wife, Martha Copner Clark passed before him. Joseph T. was partially raised by his uncle, John Copner in Covington and was involved in the National Bank and worked in the Golden Rule Store. He passed two years before Frank, as did the other brothers and believe all but one of the sisters preceded John Allen in death even though he was the oldest. Let's just say, he was one



JOHN ALLEN CLARK.

tough cookie! Milling and politicking were his two main concerns, I do believe. In some census records he is listed as "miller", one as owning a planing mill and in the last one at age 78 he is listed as a "laborer." His father built the Magnolia Mills, John at one time was at Harveysburg in next door Fountain County where he was in charge of the Bodine Mills, he at some point also ran the Clark's Mill and built the Alamo Steam Planing Mill. Fifteen times, he voted for the Democratic candidate and had several small offices, including being the township Esquire (Justice of the Peace, basically) and "tied the nuptial knot" for a great many couples mainly of Ripley Township. He loved

to throw in some good fatherly advice, hoping it would be well taken.

For some time, he worked with Noah J. Clodfelter in the insurance business, this following the death of his first wife, Elizabeth "Libby" Ammerman when the hack she was in with the mailman, Joseph Green was hit by an IB&W train while crossing the Yountsville gravel road. She had no chance.

After working with insurance, John was bookkeeper in a couple of planing mills then was employed at the Dover and Indiana Match factories. He and Libby had been married a bit over 30 years when she was killed. They had parented three children, Elbert who passed away as a child and was named for her father. William E., who grew to manhood was listed as a miller in the 1880 census fairly newly wed to Martha Hurt, but couldn't find him after that. Their other child was Cinderella, who married the semi-famous poet and author (I'd love to find a copy of his Snatched from the Poor House) the above-mentioned Noah J. Clodfelter. Cinderella passed away quite young of consumption as did two of her children, he, having written a sad poem about their son's death. Noah himself didn't live past 50. John's second wife was Laura Snyder, daughter of editor George Snyder whom he lived happily with over 30 years before her death. One of the highlights of his and Laura's life was attending the world's fair in Chicago. A

constant reader, he particularly enjoyed the Crawfordsville Review – me, too – one of my top favorite old news rags! He said he read it for 75 years.

Life sure wasn't perfect, though, he having been accused of defaulting \$2,000 or more as trustee, but it all worked out fine as he (although probably not a good plan) had loaned it out and was collecting it and it was taken care of to everyone's satisfaction. At one point, John took his turn for a couple of years as a farmer and the Weekly Journal in April 1874 noted: "John A. Clark is a Granger. He is preparing ground in which to plant his crop of Merino sheep. He has also been setting out turnip trees." The Alamo correspondent was sometimes quite humorous!

An active Mason for over 60 years, John A. Clark lived his last months in the Masonic Home in Franklin, Indiana where he passed away from a stroke, on May 19, 1919. His body was returned to Montgomery County where his large funeral was held in the Masonic Temple with Judge William White leading the Masonic ritual with his comrades as pallbearers. The floral offerings were numerous and expensive and the music sweetly sang by Mrs. Harry Morris including Rock of Ages and Abide With Me. He logically rests in the old Masonic Cemetery (Oak Hill Grant Avenue) - with his second wife, his first buried in Alamo. A versatile man, he lived a good life as a miller and following other professions, as well! RIP buddy!

2020 Montgomery County Museum Scene



MONTGOMERY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Reopens in March

- 1- Headquarters – home of Henry Smith Lane and his wife, Joanna Elston
- 2- Henry admitted to the bar in Crawfordsville in 1835
- 3- Served as representative from Montgomery County in 1840



ROTARY JAIL MUSEUM OF CRAWFORDSVILLE, IN

Reopens in March

- 1- Built in 1881
- 2- One of 18 rotary jails built in the US
- 3- One of only 3 left AND only one whose jail still rotates.



CARNEGIE MUSEUM

- 1- Admission is free
- 2- The museum was the local library for more than 7 decades
- 3- There are many fun things to do at the museum

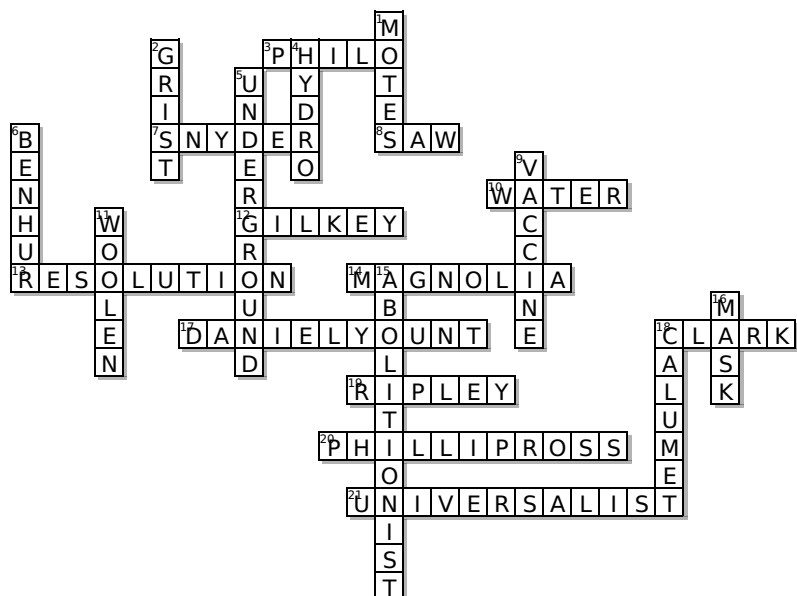


GENERAL LEW WALLACE STUDY

- 1- Check out their site at ben-hur.com – love their blog
- 2- Lew's mother Esther Test passed away so young, but it is said she is the one from whom Lew received his literary and artistic abilities
- 3- Lew's first novel, *The Fair God*, took over 20 years to write as he slowly worked on it through that time.



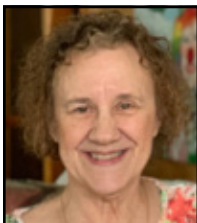
January 2021 Crossword



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 depot was built in 1909 for the Nickel Plate Railroad
- 2- It was used until 1973
- 3- The Monon Railroad ran through Linden coming from Chicago going to Louisville.



Grandcestors - Lost Love

Karen Bazzani Zach, Montgomery Memories

My name be Tobe Moran. I seen more than 4 score year. Heard tell of some young pup collecting murder stories, so figured it's time I be telling mine. It happened a few days before Christmas in the year 1838. Me and my brother, Abe, had no money to buy our poor children food. We both had worked six weeks for the just begun newly built Yount's Mill but weren't yet paid. We needed money bad. Abe knew that Adam Yount were talking on addin' his younger brother Dan to the payroll and we knew for certain Younts would get pay 'fore we folk did. Suppose we shoulda' just up and quit instead a what we did do, but we were desperate men.

Abe had seen where Yount kept his strong box and eyed a good deal of coin and paper money in it, too. I never were a smart man but my mother taught me right from wrong and I knew it weren't right to steal, yet my sweet Caroline was home with dear Jacob named for his grandfather Moran and little Sarah after my ma. I'd watched the eyes of six nieces and nephews become hollow, too. I knew something had to be done, so I said yes to Abe's scheme.

We waited until 2 in the morning when even the drunks would be home in bed until we headed for the mill. It were all dark ceptin' a faint light in the far upper window. Grouchily, I told Abe, "Let's go home."

He barked back, "We can't!" Knew Abe was right. We needed money to help feed our children. Weren't even thinkin' on Christmas gifts - figured we'd put an orange or apple in each stocking so that the children could save those for later.

So we broke the latch on the front door and started in. We knew our way around well inside. Knew how to dodge the woolen machines, where to find the crude stairway to the second floor and how to sneak through the room where Mr. Yount and his assistant, Philip Ross worked. Ross worked doing books from 6-noon. Mr. Yount seldom appeared before 10. Abe didn't do his homework as he didn't know that Yount loved Ross so well that he'd promised him double pay to be night watchman, too. Guess that was because Ross had more mouths to feed that we Moran brothers put together. Ross' first night working from midnight on, until dawn brought the mill's first set of workers was that fateful December 1838 one.



That there upstairs area were real funny like. It had the large room where the wool was carded, then a few smaller ones for storage and offices - each of them rooms had a door on each side. When we stepped foot into that upper rear room with the faint light, we didn't see Philip Ross behind the door, munching on a hunk of bread. Philip Ross saw us, though. We turned to run, but Ross was faster. He leaped up by Abe demanding him to stop. Abe just reacted, took down a hammer hanging on the wall and banged Ross in the head. It happened so quick like. Ross fell to the floor. "Oh, God, Abe, what have you done? Is he breathing?"

Abe cried, "I don't know. Help me move him back into the light." We each jerked on his arms, pulling him back into the room. His face was ghost-like. When I put my head to his chest, I heard a bit of a beat.

"What'll we do, Abe? He's breathing. He saw us and knows who we are."

Abe spoke the inevitable - we had to finish him off. Abe's plan was to lift him up and throw him out the window. Not only was the building a high, two-story, it was on a steep cliff leading down to Sugar River. We aimed very carefully, making sure he fell into the Mill's wheel. Made sure to sweep our footprints clean all the way down the stairs and out the door. Didn't even touch the money. Too scared, I guess. We threw

the broken latch down my well at home. Both Abe and I went to work a mere three hours later. We made sure to act shocked and amazed at Ross' death. Seems the wheel on the mill tore his body up so bad that no one noticed the bump on his head. In fact, parts of his body was lost forever in the water. When Adam Yount told us of the death, tears flowed from his deep blue eyes. He handed us our pay and a healthy Christmas bonus. It was the first time I'd noticed what a tender, caring man Adam really was. Our children had a feast with toys for each that Christmas, and I had a most heavy heart.

No one ever suspected either of the Moran brothers of the murder of Philip Ross. No one ever figured the murder out but Adam Yount did hire a private detective who failed his job. Brother Abe left the Crawfordsville area two years after that fateful night, guilt-ridden and gray-haired. I've stayed on here, helping the Ross family all I could. Neither Abe nor I knew the number of children Philip Ross really had. Cynthia Ross was left with eleven, the youngest, James Shelby Ross, being just eight-months old. James later joined the Union Forces, along with three of his brothers, and thus, Cynthia had even more to add to her burden. Not only me, however, but the Yount family and many neighbors and friends helped Cynthia raise those children,



although, of course, the real burden lay solely on her. I always feared one of those younguns would marry mine, but they never did. That guilt I couldn't carry. It's only now I want to clear my conscience as my time will soon be here. I'm not sure what my maker will do with me but I am thankful to tell this story for posterity.

As for Cynthia Ross, she died last year. Her wake was one of the largest ever seen around, as she was a most admired and well-loved woman, having raised all those children. Each became a productive citizen of 'ol Montgomery County. True she had a little help, but on the whole, she did it by herself, as Cynthia never married another, although bein' as pretty and lively as she was, she sure had many a chance. When asked why she never wed again, her reply always broke my heart when I'd hear her answer, "I lost my only love back in December '38."

Note: Thanks to Lena Carlson for providing a real picture of her ancestor, James Ross and for the idea of this story. IT IS a work of FICTION, however it is based on the fact that Lena's ancestor was Philip Ross and he did die in December 1838 while night watching at the mill. Cynthia did not remarry and did raise their 11 children and had several in the Civil War, including the one in the photo. The Moran's are fictionalized but hey, it could have happened that way !!



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