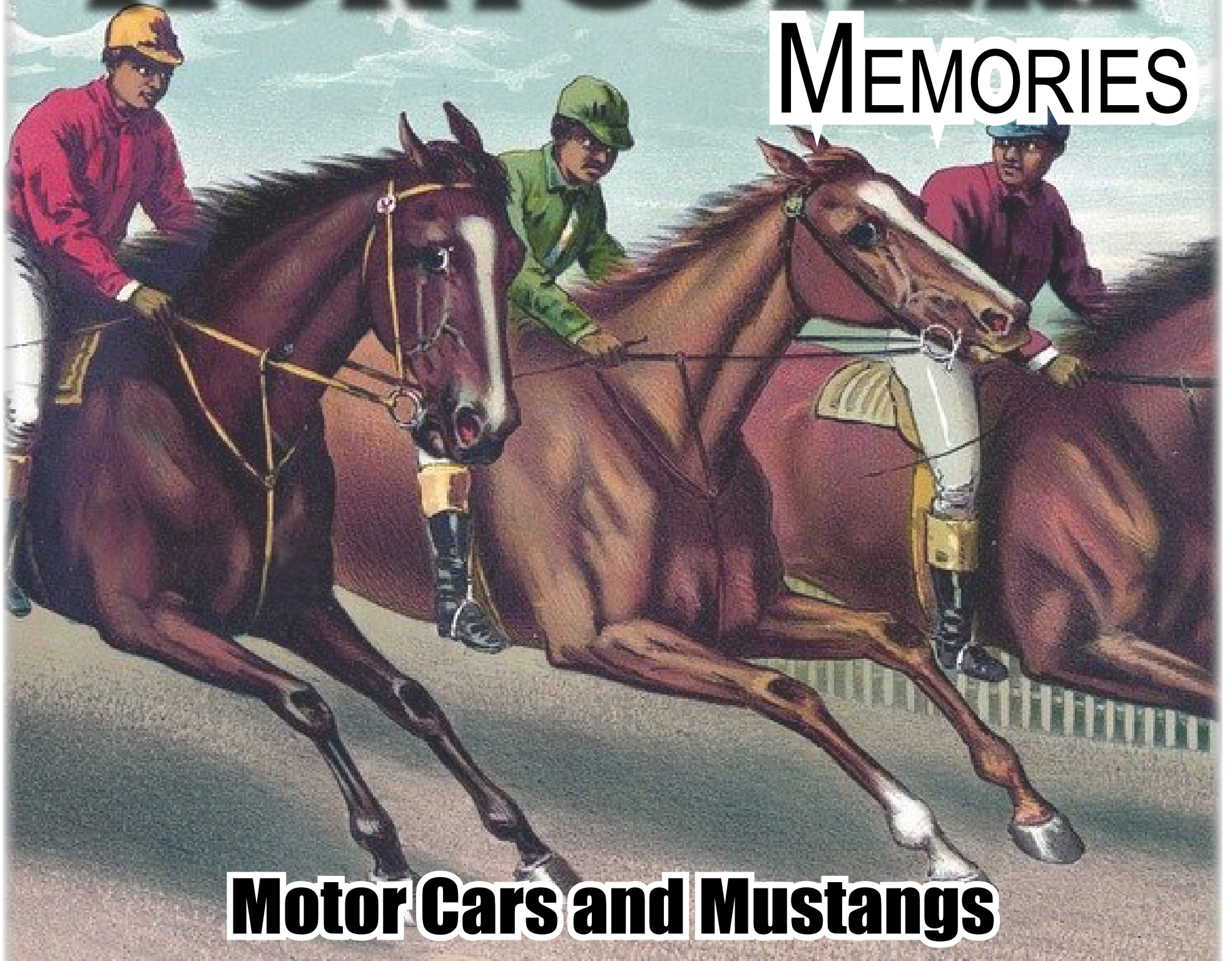


MONTGOMERY MEMORIES



Motor Cars and Mustangs

May 2021

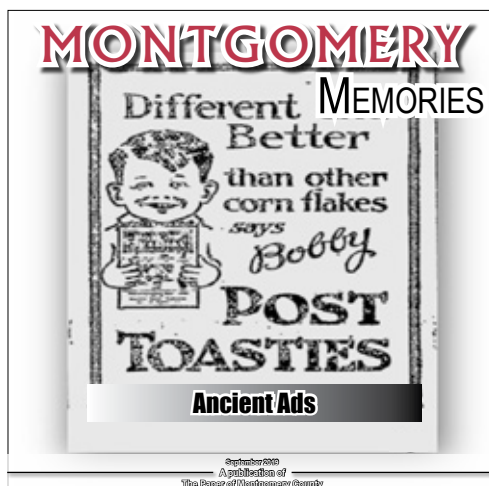
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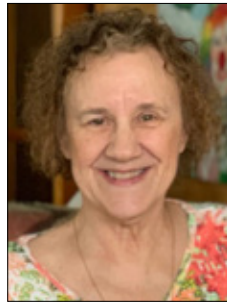
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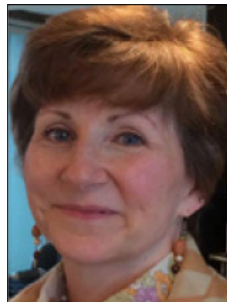
Contributing Writers



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!



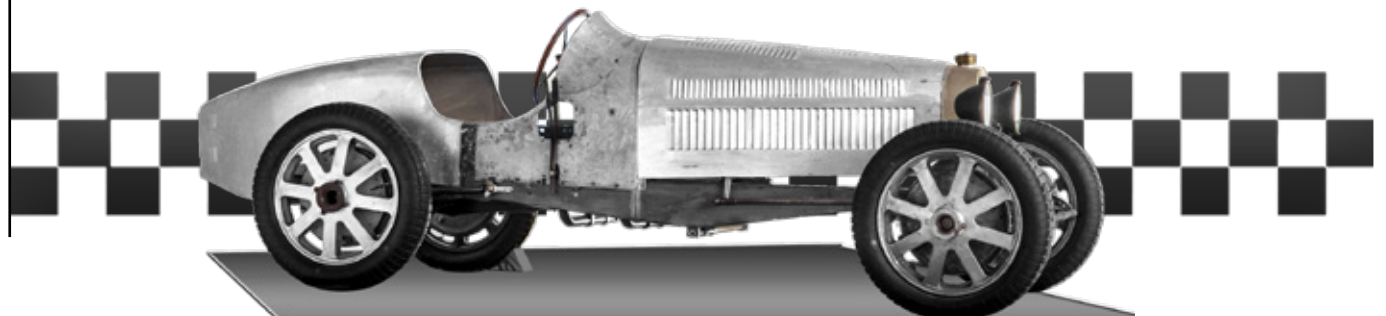
CHUCK CLORE After a lifelong career in visual communications, Eureka! Chuck discovered that noodling the nuances of the written word can be just as much fun as tweaking a font into an iconic logo. *Montgomery Memories* is the perfect venue to explore his treasured C-ville's east-end recollections. An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

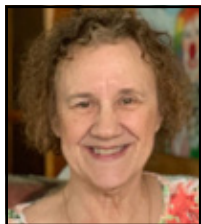


JOY WILLETT was born in Crawfordsville and spent much of her childhood in southern Montgomery County. She has lived her adult life in Indiana, Arizona, and California. She currently lives with her husband, David, in Monterey County California. As an amateur genealogist, she has done extensive research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



KURTIS BROADSTREET works in the Creative Services Department for the Paper of Montgomery County. Born in Crawfordsville and raised in Linden, he aspires to join in the entertainment business as a comedy writer/ television show host. He graduated from North Montgomery High School in 2020, and is currently enrolled in Ivy Tech to earn an associate's degree in General Studies. A normal guy by day and a Mountain Dew-chugging college student by night, he deeply appreciates hometown values and traditions.





May Feature: Meet a Wheelin'-Dealin' Horse Expert

Karen Bazzani Zach, Montgomery Memories

This month's featured fella' was a wheeler-dealer, hard-worker, horse expert and fine man. He was also the uncle of our County Connection feature this month. Although Uncle Jack and nephew, Howdy, were not racers in the same field, they certainly had the speed desire in their hearts as a common factor.

John H. Wilcox, fondly known as "Jack" was well-loved by not only those who bet on him and his horses, but those who drove against him, as well. Actually, about everyone who knew Jack loved and appreciated his expertise. The older brother of Howdy's father, Howard Samuel Wilcox, Jack grew his mad love for horses on their father's farm near Yountsville. Think his brother Howard had a bit of the daring, as well. Read a bit more about him in his son's article in the County Connection this month.

The son of Levi and Ellen (Smith) Wilcox, Jack was the oldest of nine children. Levi outlived two of those children. Those left to inherit his reasonably large estate in 1902 were of course, Howdy and his brother, John, their father, Howard already passed, plus Jack and George as well as Levi's daughters, Alice Gilkey, Mary Clark, Dora Meeker, Laura Blaine and Gracie Wilcox.

Howdy's brother, John, at the time of his gpa's death was serving an apprenticeship on the NY Cruiser, Olympia. Not sure what happened to John, but at Howdy's death he was not mentioned as a survivor. The money would later help Howdy buy in to a taxi business with a racing friend which they ran in Indianapolis for several years, Howdy selling out in 1919 to concentrate full time on racing – boy, did that pay off!



Perhaps the money Jack inherited aided in purchasing some of his horses? He had indeed been racing many years prior to that, often paid to judge or time the race if he wasn't racing himself. Just as often, he was hired to go with a buyer to purchase horses or carts for racing to California, Michigan, Wisconsin and beyond. He even lived in Iowa and the Chicago area for awhile, but always seemed to park back in our place and good for us! One item I found heart warming about Jack is that he and his sisters often visited their father who remained on his farm in Yountsville so see, Jack always enjoyed coming back home again!

In early June of 1885, the Crawfordsville Driving Association (a part of the Indiana and Michigan Circuit) sponsored a several-day competition. Jack's Gray Chief and Billy F raced well. Prizes were about the same daily (example: one day there were ten entries in the 2:40 and six in the free-for-all trot with a \$400 purse for each. W.R. Robinson of Saginaw, Michigan fell in love with Gray Chief and purchased him from Jack for \$800. The Indianapolis Star of June 7th noted Jack indeed had a similar offer for Billy F. from a Chicago

dealer. Although I didn't see it in writing anywhere, it does seem that he would purchase and train horses, then sell them at a profit when he had proof that he had groomed them to be great horses. He was well-admired and trusted in this field.

Jack married Edith Smith on April 6, 1882, the ceremony pronounced by Rev J.W. Harris. I know this marriage lasted for at least ten years, but since it was between census records, in those documents, Jack was always listed as single; however, in Jack's obituary he left one son. His tombstone (from findagrave – thanks to the

Fines for the photo) is simple, as his life fairly was.

Overall, life was very good for Jack, winning many races, losing others; dealing in horses; training them - it was all a very fine and exciting life until July of 1919, just one month after his nephew tallied his Indy 500 win. I can imagine Jack's excitement over that. However, Jack was preparing to race in Edinburg, Indiana and broke his hip. Until that time, no one would ever have guessed he was 69 – "his looks and actions betrayed that age but after weeks as an inmate in an Indianapolis hospital," plus another hard fall while there, he died two days after Christmas that year, back home in Crawfordsville, Indiana.

Jack had been living with the Howard Ellis family – they were caring for him and he had slowly improved, but then a bad heart sat in and following his supper on December 27th, 1919, he retired to his room. When the family checked on him just an hour later, he had passed away. Thus ended the life and career of an intellectual, well-loved horseman, one of Montgomery County's first and finest!

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

Planning on steering clear of car racing here in the Odds section since we've done a couple of MM's on just that and know we'll have more in this one so we'll do other type racing here. For instance, in 1895, bicycling was making a craze and Lew Wallace (Weekly Journal 19 July p3) had quite a bit to say about such. "The bicycle has come to stay and as a medium of amusement and usefulness it is really in its infancy. Now, if the use of wheels were confined to men, the fad might spend itself in a single season. But when the women took hold of the wheel its future was secure." He also noted that he thought bicycle racing might supercede racing of horses, even, furthering that statement saying that a contest "between carefully trained men will of necessity attract and fascinate people more than a contest between horses." He also admitted that at first he was prejudiced in regards to females taking up the sport but "I have seen women and girls drawn out of doors by this healthful sport and seen them in the sunshine of health." He also noted that the gals should definitely wear bloomers because skirts were too dangerous.

James Irons was quite excited in April of 1882 (C'ville Star 13th) as he was rejoicing of the ownership of "the best colt in the county," which he had no doubt it "would clean a pair of heels to the fastest colt you can trot out!" In case you didn't know, Montgomery County has a long history of horse racing – someone could probably write a book on that one! In the old newspapers, there was soooo much information about horses, their owners, the bets – not too much about the riders, though, but one horse I thought was absolutely gorgeous was Koin (see photo)! Said to be one of the very best – EVER!

In a Review article 25 Nov 1893, we find that Jacob Swank was quite a noted jockey but seemed to be making superior strides in another line. At an entertainment at Kentwood School, a cake was baked by Mrs. John Lynch and the prettiest girl would receive the cake – votes were one cent each and Jacob spent \$17.90 for that cake so that Miss Belle Patton would receive the prize of cake/beauty noted. Oh, by the way he married her a few months later!

At Union Hill this same year, they had horse races every Sunday night and one of the Weekly Journal correspondents noted that, "If this county has a prosecuting attorney he should attend one of those horse races as it would pay him well to do so!" Harvey Linn even lost a horse when it ran into David Kennedy's buggy, breaking it to pieces and well, you can guess what happened to the poor race horse!

Racing became quite popular in many of the small towns – example: Source: CWJ 4 Feb 1898 p 2 – "A racing team is being organized at Mace consisting of Hannigan Finch, Dutch Linn, Charles Sanford, Pat Edwards and Floyd Smith of Whitesville. A three-lap dirt track will be built southeast of Mace with a baseball diamond in the center. The land will be donated by Dock Peterman for 10% of the gate receipts. The track and bleachers will be built by subscription. Henry Dice, the recognized champion of the county will be manager and trainer with John B. Linn as assistant. The fastest riders of the county live in and around Mace and with the proper training will win their share of the prizes."



Certainly, that same year the horse races at the fair made history and the fair itself was amazing with two ascents of an air ship, a beautiful fruit display without apples (none grew that year – bad crops), Kostanzer's elegant display of furniture and rugs won honors, and Dave Warren's horse, DPH won the 2:25 pace, "one of the hardest fought races ever on that track."

Not positive of the outcome but in January of 1902, a committee of Walter Hulet and others decided that horse racing at the fair should be about every day and Hulet was going to write to the owner of the famous Dan Patch and see if he could get Dan to come as an exhibit. That would definitely have drawn in a big crowd.

In August of 1900, the races at the Frankfort fair were rained out, thus it was hoped that all those racers would come to Montgomery's fair the following week.

The race was on and horse racing continued to be popular, and more tracks were built. Waveland was quite serious in February of 1907 "Waveland is just lousy with speedy horses, but heretofore has had no good place to let them out right. Cross Street has been a favorite show ground but the hills interfere with real speed. Now, however this defect is to be remedied. A half mile track is to be built in the spring on Chas. Oglesbee's farm east of town. An association has been formed as follows: President, John Rice; Sec Oscar Cook; Treas Sam Milligan, Jr.; Trustees Sam McNutt, Elmer Williams and Clay Reddish. This is one association that can water its stock without incurring the wrath of Roosevelt."

As indicated above, horse racing was well-loved by many, good financially for the communities having them but it also brought out gambling, drunkenness, fights and the like. One of the articles I read noted that it was actually a wonderful time because the police made nary an arrest! That hadn't been the case in many of the other get-togethers. A very early C'ville Weekly Journal (way back in January 1869) noted that "Horseback riding is healthy exercise, but horse racing is sinful!"

It's all in the past, and whether it was then or is now, a sinful life style, I'm not here to say, but do want to end this in an upbeat manner so here are some horse jokes for ya'!

Q: What does it mean if you find a horseshoe?

A: Some poor horse is walking around in his sock feet.

**

Q: What is the best type of story to tell a runaway horse?

A: A tale of WHOA!

**

My fav that goes right along with the above comments on the good/bad of the sport:

Q: How do you make a small fortune on horse racing?

A: Start with a large fortune.

Had a blast reading these at: Horse Jokes You Can't Help But Laugh At | Reader's Digest (rd.com)

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 Frances Katherine Eastlack. Frances was born on August 9, 1893. The middle child of Fountain "Fount" Eugene Eastlack (b. 1866) and Mary Jane Cox (b. 1866), her older brother, Herbert, was born in 1890, and her younger brother, Allen, was born in 1899.

The Eastlack family came to pre-colonial America before 1700. They settled in New Jersey. Frances' great-grandparents, Samuel and Catherine Hanes Eastlack, came to Crawfordsville, Indiana in ca. 1830. Samuel worked as a shoemaker. Their son Allen, Frances' grandfather, was born on June 18, 1843. Allen served in the Civil War from 1862 to 1865 and was at the siege of Vicksburg (Eastlack, Rev John William Eastlack Sr. The Eastlack Family). Allen married Ann Johnson on April 7, 1864. Following in his father's footsteps, Allen worked as a shoemaker. He opened a shoe store, A. E. Eastlack & Son. On July 5, 1870, Catherine passed away. She was buried in the Waveland Methodist Cemetery. Samuel died less than a year later. He was laid next to Catherine.

John and Eliza Skevington Cox, Frances' maternal grandparents, married in Bedfordshire, England in ca. 1850. They immigrated to the United States in 1851. Initially the family lived in Hamilton County, Ohio. After a couple of years, they moved to White County, Indiana. In 1866, they were in Lafayette. The 1880 census finds them in Indianapolis, where John was a grocer. In 1884, the year Eliza died, the family was in Crawfordsville. Just shy of her 54th birthday, Eliza left behind 11 children, seven still at home. In 1900, John was again living in Indianapolis with four of his adult children and three grandchildren. Although I couldn't determine what took him to Oklahoma City, he died there on May 12, 1903.

Fount was the vice president of the Crawfordsville Athletic and Cycling Club (Crawfordsville Review, 30 March 1889). He also partnered in a business selling bicycles (Crawfordsville Daily Journal, 12 May 1891). Fount married Mary Jane on June 12, 1889. (Crawfordsville Review, 5 October 1889). In the mid-1890s, the young family moved to Effingham, Illinois where Fount worked for an express agency (Crawfordsville Review, 1 February 1896). In 1902, back in Crawfordsville, he worked as a lumberyard manager and bookkeeper. In 1912, Herbert graduated from Wabash College. He went on to earn a Ph.D. in Chemistry at Columbia University. During his career he was a Chemistry professor and worked for DuPont, where he became the Laboratory Director. He lived to be 89. The



youngest of the three, Allen Carlson graduated from Wabash and the University of Michigan. Throughout his career, he worked as an actuary in Oshkosh, Wisconsin. He retired to San Jose, California where he died at the age of 93.

Frances, who graduated from high school in 1911, was known for her academic achievements. In 1913 she was a grade schoolteacher and assistant principal at Tuttle School (via findagrave.org). She also taught at Browns Valley. On August 16, 1916, Frances married Cloyd Carlton Hurd (b. March 21, 1891), a graduate of Wabash College and zoology professor (Indianapolis News, August 18, 1916). For a short time after their marriage, the couple lived in Portland, Oregon where Cloyd worked as a teacher (WWI

draft registration card). By 1917, the couple returned to Crawfordsville. Their first child, Donaldson, was born there on August 26. In 1919, the family was living in East St. Louis, Illinois where Cloyd worked as a manager in a box factory. Their second child, Richard, was born there on December 20, 1919. Their youngest, Katherine, was born in 1923.

Donaldson, who graduated from Purdue, was a WWII Air Force Captain who was shot down and entered into a POW camp. After the war, he became a chemist for DuPont. He retired to Florida and died at the age of 84. Richard, a WWII veteran and graduate from Wabash and Purdue, worked as a mechanical engineer for Pratt and Whitney. He retired to Florida where he died at the age of 95.

In 1930, Cloyd was a salesman for a wooden box factory in Berwyn, Illinois. By 1935, Frances and he moved to New Jersey (WWII draft registration card). In 1958, the couple retired to Salem, Oregon. This is where Katherine and her husband lived.

Cloyd died on March 28, 1975. He was buried in Zena Cemetery near Spring Valley, Oregon (findagrave photo from BJ Douglass-Leifheit). After his death, Frances lived in Salem and in Sublimity, Oregon. She passed on January 18, 1991 and was buried next to Cloyd. Katherine, who died at age 84, was buried near her parents.

In her 97 years, Frances was a teacher, wife, and mother. She traveled far to support Cloyd in his career. She watched her sons go off to war and return to live long and successful lives. She loved her daughter so much that she made a home near her. May Frances, a spirited woman by any measure, rest in peace.

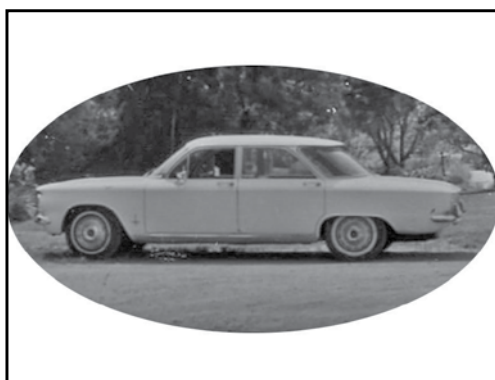


THREE GENERATIONS AT
HUNT & SON FUNERAL HOME,
THE PRE-ARRANGEMENT SPECIALISTS,
HAVE BEEN MAKING SPECIAL
REMEMBRANCES FOR FAMILIES
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Photos by Chuck Clore



Fast, Faster, Fastest! Nothing triggers a smile like a winner's circle. Every adventurous kid craves achieving maximum velocity. Feel the G-force with the wind in your face and enough momentum to fly.

The bright red blur of my Western Flyer bicycle flashed past Tom's Montgomery Wards Hawthorn bike, the Brown Bomb. But Don Carter's lime green Schwinn mocked us both as it spits gravel racing down Elmore Street toward Milligan Park. By the time we reached the Big Dipper finish line, Don had already dismounted and ordered the super-size Big Dipper cone.

"What took you slowpokes so long?" he piped with a grin as wide as the grill on a 53 Buick. His victory was made exceptionally sweeter because Tom and I, the losers, had to pay for the winner's ice cream cone. Even more rewarding than Don's twisted swirl trophy, he gained bragging rights for the rest of the summer. It made for a very long summer.

The next quest for speed was propelled by go-carts and mini-bikes fueled by Standard Oil's 25-cent per gallon gasoline. Put the pedal to the metal and hang on. We didn't break any land speed records, but the competition did what our appetites for high-octane gas-guzzlers and more speed.

My learner's permit was the gateway to full-blown Shell, Mobil, and Marathon addiction. Intoxicated by the fumes, teenagers will actually WORK for gas money.

Tom was the first to get a vehicle of his own, an old 37 Chevy pick-up. Don's first driver was the family Dodge coupe. Butt-ugly and slow as a slug, Don's Dodge Dawg was the brunt of our jokes in the fall of 1965. The Honda Dream 305 motorcycle was my first ride. On the long straight road from Hillsboro to Mellott, the throttle was wide open. Hit a bumblebee at 95 mph, and it feels like you have been shot by a 45-caliber.

The Need For Speed

By Chuck Clore

Eighteen and invincible, we all piled into my 1962 Corvair. According to Ralph Nader, "The Corvair is Unsafe At Any Speed!" Tom, Don, Don's younger brother Jimmy, and I were headed east on I-74 when Jimmy's voice challenged from the back seat, "How fast will this bag of bolts go? It will never hit ninety!"

Like a green flag at an oval track, the race was on. It took a while for the little oil-burning six-banger to reach 85, 90, 95, and 100. The needle was still climbing, but at 110 mph, I ended the white-knuckle express.

"Take that, Ralph Nader!"

By some miracle, we all cheated fate that day. You know, little Jimmy Carter never again asked to ride along with us.

The need for speed is not exclusively reserved for the young and the foolish.

Dad and his friend both had a hankering for more speed. My dad, Austin Clore, was no shade-tree mechanic. He knew how to get the most out of a V8 engine. And his buddy, "Can't-Catch-Me-Now" Pickett, knew how to accelerate and intimidate. Together they made a great team.

When I was a ten-year-old, Pappy had tooled a backyard clunker into a real stock car. Number 57 was a screaming fast Plymouth coupe. Behind the wheel, George Pickett dominated the Lafayette dirt track that hot September night. He even aced out the lightning-fast Hudson Hornet at the Daugherty Speedway. The checkered flag flew. And #57 was the first to cross the finish line. They paid off in silver dollars.

The next school day, I was armed with stories of fiery race car crashes. Flashing a brand new silver dollar, I



gleaned maximum attention on the playgrounds at East Union Elementary.

Fast times quicken great memories in the state known for its speedways.

"Gentlemen, Start your engines!"

Industrial designers of yesteryear streamlined everything in their quest for more speed. During a visit to the Portland Art Museum in Oregon, my daughter Carrie and I took these pictures of an exhibit named The Shape of Speed.

Story and graphics by Chuck Clore

Poetry and Puzzles

Montgomery Memories

Spring Races,
 TO BE HELD ON THE FAIR GROUNDS,
 Crawfordsville, Ind.,
 June 16, 17 & 18, 1881.

\$1,700 IN PURSES.

PROGRAMME OF THE RACES:
FIRST DAY.
 The 2:28 Trot, purse \$250;—2:27 pace, purse \$200. Running, mile heats, \$100.
SECOND DAY.
 2:37 Trot, purse \$200;—2:30 Pace, purse \$250. Running, half-mile heat, purse \$75.
THIRD DAY.
 2:50 Trot, purse \$100;—2:20 Trot, purse \$250;—2:35 Pace, purse \$150. Running, mile heats, purse \$100.

Entries for Trotting and Pacing close June 4th, at 11 o'clock p. m. Running entries close June 16th, at 12 m.

In connection with the races, there will be a grand display of Machinery and Farm Implements.

The Grounds will be open each day at 8 o'clock, at which time all machinery will be in motion. No farmer should fail to see the display of Implements.

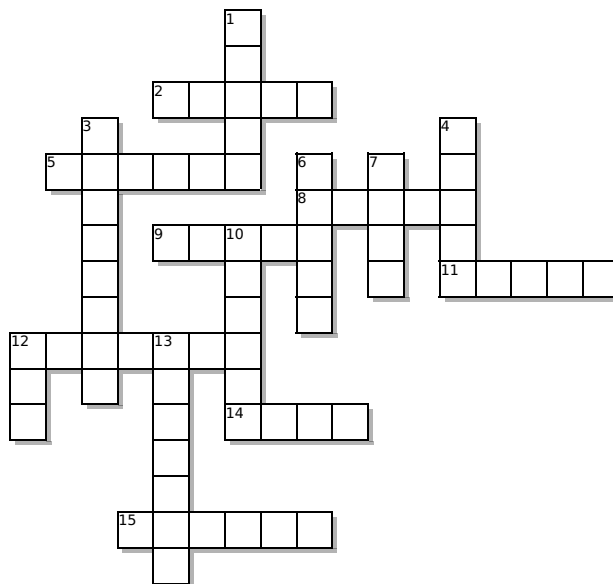
Races called promptly at one o'clock in the afternoon.

For further information or Entry blanks, address, **F. L. SNYDER, Secretary.**

The Circuit comprises the following meetings:
 Rockville, Ind., June 8 and 9.
 Crawfordsville, Ind., June 16, 17 and 18.
 Danville, Ill., June 21, 22, 23 and 24.
 Bloomington, Ill., June 30, July 1, 2 and 4.

May 2021 Crossword

Race to the Finish



ACROSS

- 2 Southwestern township
- 5 College, river, city, train
- 8 Gift for winning
- 9 It may win by a nose
- 11 Where the race is run
- 12 1890s racing vehicle
- 14 Used to hurry a horse
- 15 1919 Indy 500 winner

DOWN

- 1 Word to stop a horse
- 3 She was nifty at 97
- 4 _____ of foot
- 6 You need this to win
- 7 Waiting at the finish
- 10 They jockey for position
- 12 Perfect for a picnic
- 13 Unsafe at any speed

JMW/Created with puzzlemaker.com

Check out page 10 for the solution

Race to Win
 Joy Willett

*Behind the wheel
 or atop a steed,
 in a balloon aloft
 or across the seas,
 with a pedal pump
 or foot most fleet,
 on a hill to climb
 or slant slope skied,
 slow and steady
 or at great speed,
 we raced to win
 in every heat
 whether far behind
 or in the lead.*

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Charles, Carl & Craig Burkhart

201 W. Wabash Ave., Crawfordsville

765-362-5510

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Karen's Kitchen

Karen Bazzani Zach, Montgomery Memories

I want to thank Eva Legg and her daughter, Sherry Legg Young for this recipe. Sherry said, "No matter whether packing for horse shows (or barrel racing) a week-long (even took refrigerators with them) or for more picnic style at a local event, the food always included her mom, Eva's Pulled Pork. Sherry noted that they even loved it cold right out of the cooler!"

EVA'S PULLED PORK BBQ

5 # pork loin (or shoulder)

14-oz Beef Broth

1 C. Coffee

1 ½ tsp. liquid smoke (usually found near the Tabasco Sauce)

1-2 Bottles of BBQ sauce (Eva says she really likes Sweet Baby Ray's and always my choice too)

Put all ingredients but the BBQ into crock pot. Cook on low 6-8 hours. Remove extra liquid, then shred the pork. Add the sauce and YUM!

My daughter makes good Pulled Pork, too and she just has bottles of lots of kinds of sauce and everyone chooses their own. Also, can get some good pulled pork at Brother Joe's in downtown Waveland (uptown).

THANKS ALL !!





County Connections - "A Hoosier driver with a Hoosier mechanic"

Karen Bazzani Zach, Montgomery Memories

Couldn't pass-up a chance to retell the Howard Wilcox story, with 90% or more new information. Wilcox was born and raised in Montgomery County and in 1919 was the winner of the Indy 500. "A Hoosier driver with a Hoosier mechanic, in a car owned by a Hoosier firm on a Hoosier track!" That was the bragging right for all the Indiana newspapers in the upcoming few days following one of the most exciting of all the 500s.

The sweltering, dripping heat made the race exciting but very dangerous. Many of the cars quit, and three were killed, one driver burned to death in his car before the crowd. One driver, a favorite in the Indy racetracks, Ralph DePalma, went out ahead quickly setting "a dizzying pace the first half," at times going an unbelievable 92 miles per hour for miles. At the 250-mile mark, DePalma went in for repairs and lost the lead to Wilcox. Once the car was repaired, back at it again, DePalma went from 10th to sixth by the finish. The year 1919 wasn't Howdy's first attempt at the 500, of course as he had tried several other times as well as raced all over the world. Perhaps he had a bit of an advantage due to the majority of the drivers being rookies, plus there had been a two-year-hiatus due to the war. Italian-born DePalma was the favorite to win the race or one of the French racers. Few desired to place bets on the Crawfordsville boy, either but those who knew him well, saw his unbeatable, fearless attitude and dangerous spirit. In the Indianapolis News on the 2nd of June that year, Eddie Rickenbacker (who oversaw the race) gave a comparison of the fighters in WWI to Wilcox. "As long as men with fighting spines will post their lives to prove their ability and valor and thereby capture the honors of supremacy, it is inevitable some will have to pay the unnamed price." He discussed that the period of combat for the war of speed was limited to five very dramatic hours, "into which were rushed all the emotions that come from a day of fatalities, tottering champions, cars in ashes and a hundred thousand frantic spectators urging their favorites to go a little faster!" Wilcox drove a Peugeot on an extremely hot day with a record-breaking audience



to view the happening. He lead the last 98 laps in 2nd spot, yet Howdy caught the winning flag along with the \$20,000 purse. Toward the end it was an intense nip and tucker with Eddie Hearne, California's favorite but Howdy kept his head, drove determinedly and after a final pit stop, drove his last 57 minutes motoring along, steadily and confidently to victory! However, the 1921 race ended as the 1920 one for Howdy, mechanical problems. One story I had never read in regards to Howdy happened one morning in October of 1922. As I began reading it in the 27th Indiana Times, front page story, I thought it was funny. Howdy was exercising his bulldog on Lafayette Pike the dog running outside of the car while Howdy was not driving his normal racing speed, of course. A cow chained up near the road was frightened by the dog and began running. Can you imagine the cow running, the dog chasing and Howdy's peril? He stopped the car, jumped out and chased them at least a half mile, finally trying to pull the bulldog off of the cow's neck. He was really attached tightly. While trying to save the cow, Bessie knocked Howdy flat and stepped on his leg. Howdy then got up and pulled the dog off. When a motorcycle policeman arrived, it was decided that he should shoot the dog as it was extremely dangerous. As you can see, it wasn't a

funny story I was reading!

Howard Samuel Wilcox was born in Crawfordsville on June 24, 1889 to Howard Wilcox and Lida Anna Duvall (who later married Benjamin Warbinton and had a son with him when she was 46 years old). She and Howard Sr. were married November the 2nd in 1882 in Crawfordsville and had two sons, John R. in 1884 and Howdy. When John barely arrived, Senior had gone out hunting with Howard Nicholson. Nicholson was untying his horse to leave, Senior was climbing into his road cart to do the same only there was a discharge left in one chamber of the gun and it went off, almost demolishing his arm. Nicholson drove him into Crawfordsville where Dr. Ensminger relieved his arm of a large number of shot, small pieces of bones, gun wadding and what have you. Perhaps young Howdy got his nerve from his father, as Ensminger was quite impressed that the man made nary a sound while he dug it all out with knife and spatula. Ensminger noted, "It took a vast amount of nerve," as I imagine young Howdy had driving all those vehicle races! John barely knew his father, though, and baby brother, Howdy didn't know him at all as he passed away two weeks previous to Howdy's birth. Although his two short obituaries say basically he died at his home on West Market Street and was



buried in Oak Hill, his death record hints the death was also gun-related. The Warbintons with the Wilcox sons moved to Indianapolis where Howdy continued to grow-up, and graduate. The handsome young driver (photo from FindAGrave, contributed by Ron Moody) married (May 1917) Kathryn Dugan who mothered our driver two beautiful children, another Howard Samuel (who would later begin the IU Little 500 Bicycle Race) and daughter Marian. Sadly, Kathryn was sick immediately upon Marian's birth and passed away April Fool's Day in 1922, Marian just eight months old and young Howdy only two. The three moved in with Howdy's mother and her husband as well as their child, Harry. She would later adopt Howdy's two children and was very active in their upbringing. Thirteen months after his wife's death, Howdy was driving his beloved Duesenberg in the first-ever 200-mile race at the brand-new Altoona, Pennsylvania speedway. Winning in the 117th lap, he hit a patch of oil, lost control, flipped over several times breaking his neck and losing his life - at 100 mph. Thus, ended a young life, just 34 and 18 years in the racing business. Although Indianapolis claimed him, he certainly had many county connections to good ol' MoCo!

2021 Montgomery County Museum Scene



MONTGOMERY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

get ready for the Strawberry Fest – coming very soon, June 11-12-13



ROTARY JAIL MUSEUM OF CRAWFORDSVILLE, IN

Admission \$5 12+; \$3 6-11 and under 5, free. March – 5 Wed Sat 10 to 3 and after Memorial Day weekend, 10 – 5, same days. ENJOY!



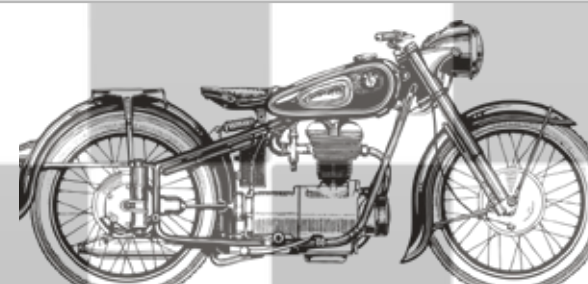
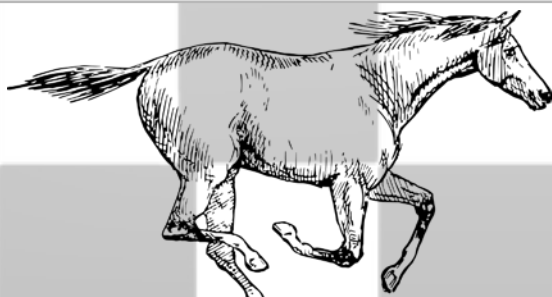
CARNEGIE MUSEUM

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

Big influx of visitors – please book tours ahead and it is requested to use masks while in the building. Note the wall has been worked on – well restored and some rebuilt. Lookin' good!



May 2021 Crossword

Race to the Finish



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.

Open Fri, Sat and Sun noon – 5 p.m. \$6 adults and 12 & under \$1. Few old railroad stations are around to enjoy nowadays – take advantage of this one!



Grandcestors - "The Day"

Sherry Legg Young, Guest Writer

"I want a horse with heart above all others. I don't care if he's Smart Little Lena's full brother, or just how much his grandmother won, or whether he's roan or palomino or dun. But give me a horse with some grit and some try, and some heart and some guts, and that's the one I'll buy." – Monte Baker

Horse racing has been popular through the test of time. A match race or the Derby, people have attended in droves to study the odds and place their bets. I lived with a girl during college whose dad made a living studying the genetics of race horses in order to recommend which stud to breed to which mare in order to produce the fastest offspring. Though I have never owned a "track" race horse, I have been fortunate to care for retired race mares and their babies, some of which have grown up and proven themselves on the track. It's pretty amazing to say, "I knew that filly back when..."

My own background is not in track racing, but in barrel racing and pole bending. Cowboy style. I grew up next door to Ron, Monie and Todd Cummings. While Ron and Todd were known for their bull dogging, Monie was the barrel racer. There were so many times I'd beg my parents to let me go to their house where I would find a prime spot on the rail to peak through and watch horses and riders and cattle in action. Then they would set three barrels up so riders could race their horses through the cloverleaf barrel pattern. The speed! Manes and tails and pony tails flying! Oh, how I wanted to be out there.

The summer I turned 9, I was able to take my own horse and join in the

fun. Did I ever think I was something! My mare had been owned by the Cummings' and was, in fact, named after Monie. She had a bum ankle, so she wasn't the fastest horse in the arena but that didn't matter one whit to me. She was mine and there we were right in the action. I know my mare was loving the action the same as me. What a fantastic summer that was!

Then there was The Day. The day Monie asked me if I wanted to try out her Red. She told me Red could do anything I asked except go slow. He could spin on a dime and give me a handful of change, she said. She strapped her shin guards on me and splint boots on Red and we were off! Well, not that fast. My first lesson was that we don't run unless we are in a race. Otherwise, we work on conditioning and improving our skills. Rather, my skills. Red knew his job and just needed me to stay out of his way. But, oh my gosh! I was really riding a real barrel horse!

Red and I learned to run the poles together. Our first run was at Renegades Saddle Club near Waveland. I didn't pull up in time at the end of the ring and we overshot and went off pattern. Disqualified. But wait! A leaf had blown in front of the timer and set it off before we started so we got a rerun. That time, Red knew his job. We not only had a clean run but the fastest in the class! Red and I tackled trail classes and riding courses. But one of our very favorite things was riding down the road and through the fields. Monie told me never to run him outside of the arena. We loved to run, though...

One day we came flying over the hill and down the road and met --- Mon-



ie. I thought we were in big trouble, but she just gave us a warning

Red was definitely a horse with heart. Whatever he did, he gave it his all. That wasn't always a good thing! Red was infamous for his ability to get loose. I would tie him in the barn and go get a brush and come back to a dangling halter. I'd track him down and we'd start over again. And again. He could unlatch any gate, untie any rope. At horse shows, we'd hear over the loud speaker, "There's a horse loose at the back of the grounds." People learned to take ahold of his ear and lead him back to our trailer. Stories are told of him at rodeos where (possibly) bets were made on how long it would take Red to get out of his stall and how many other horses he'd set free as well. Which feed bag would he untie and eat. Red's registered name was Red Upset which was very fitting to his roping style. Cow-boys liked to rope off Red because he'd upset the calf for them. Red

really did not walk. Even if he was going "slow," all four feet were in constant motion, stepping to his own beat, ready to fly on a moment's notice.

My final run on Red was when he was 21. I took him to a show at Ben Hur Stables late in the season. Most of the kids my age were in school, so I had no competition. My dad said no big deal, go ahead and put me in the men's class. I remember Lloyd Owens, Kenny Flick and Kevin Bratcher all being there. They were having fun razzing me. I had no spurs. No bat. Just me and my old horse.

I let them have their fun. Then it was time to run. Old Red went in that ring. He did his job. I stayed out of his way. And we won. I'm sure I didn't gloat (much) and all the guys congratulated me, good sports that they were. But oh! How I cherish that memory. The fun. Just me and my old horse who gave his whole heart, every run.



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