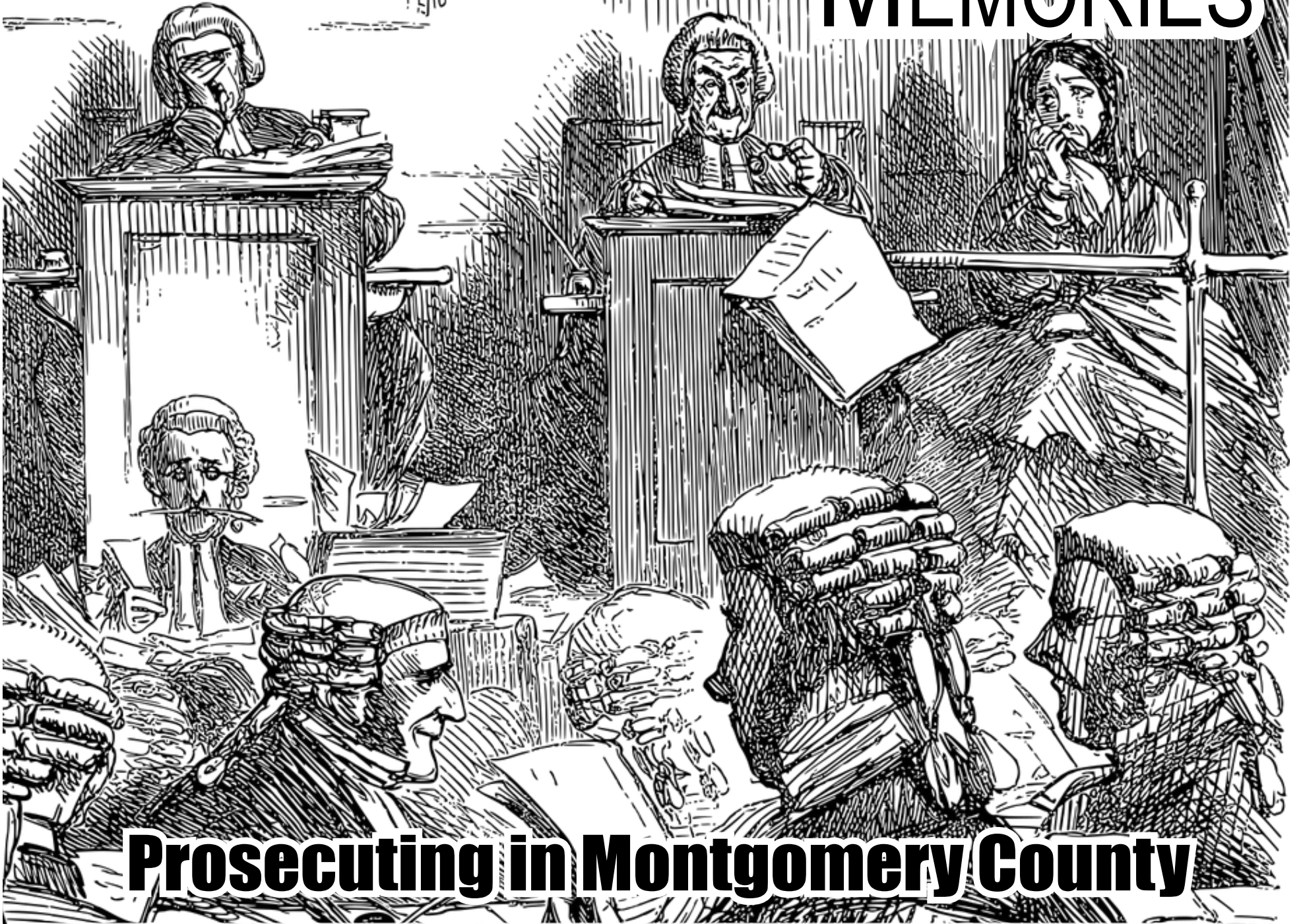


# MONTGOMERY MEMORIES



## Prosecuting in Montgomery County

November 2021

A publication of

The Paper of Montgomery County

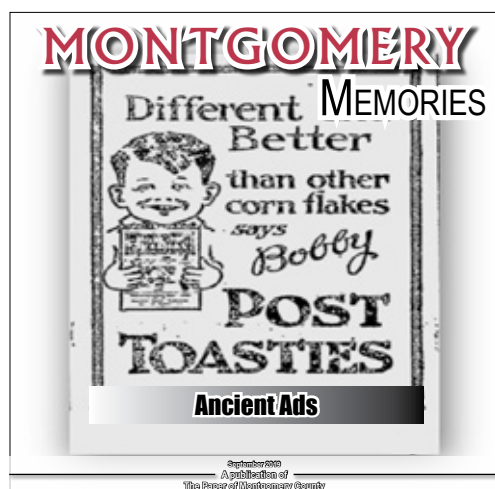


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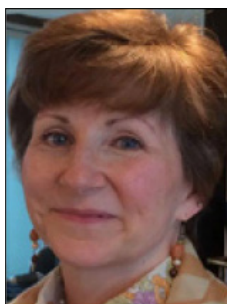
## Contributing Writers



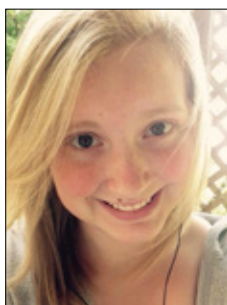
**KAREN BAZZANI ZACH** has been a contributor of local historical articles for 40 years. A native Montgomery Countian, she grew up in Waveland, married Jim Zach, and received her grad degree from IU while working at CDPL as Children's Librarian. Karen authored one of the newer county histories, *Crawfordsville: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



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



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



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





# November Feature: "He Has My Vote: Finley Pogue"

*Karen Bazzani Zach, Montgomery Memories*

Finley Pogue Mount graduated from Wabash College in the class of 1890 and took his teacher's license test, scoring quite high on most portions with a 97 in Orthography; 93 in Reading; 90 in Arithmetic; 93 English Grammar; 95 Geography; 92 Physiology; 95 US History and a not exciting 80 in writing with an overall score of 95, much higher than most others with extra points for attending the school institute three of five days and taking three educational journals (given a two-year license). This put him slightly lower than the top scorer of the 25 taking the test.

Finley had first tried the teacher's exam six years earlier and his scores were not bad in comparison and only being 18 years old, but they weren't top notch either. In 1884, he received a 6-month license with 80 in Orthography; 88 Reading; Writing same score; one point higher in Math; a 65 in Grammar; 81 Geography; same in Physiology; History 73; and 80% success rate expected. Obviously, he studied, learned, improved himself even beginning "Yandes Coterie" and serving as its first president. This was a club similar to the Ouatenton, a literary club. YC was complete with a reading room, filled with the best newspapers, magazines, other reading materials. Papers were presented on various subjects at each Friday night's regular meeting. His overall success rating in 1890 was tallied an extremely impressive 97%. Certainly, he tallied success in the educational world culminating into the principalship of the High School which he resigned in order to study law with Albert B. Anderson, who later became Indiana District Judge. Although a wow speaker and a constant worker in his party, Finley ran for many offices, including District Attorney but rarely won. Another was school trustee, he desiring it because he not only knew schooling but had "done so much for the party;" Henry Campbell wanted it for old memory sake; Ben Williams wanted it but he didn't know why; SM Coffman for having the "only Janus-headed Democratic newspaper in the world." The ballots went five times around, Campbell eventually receiving the vote. Much of his running for offices ended with the same odd results.

Involved in several groups for out of door activities, Finley enjoyed his Kingfisher Club where they'd camp with a large group of men, their wives and often children at the mouth of Indian Creek and fish for a weekend or two weeks. He loved helping with Wabash's field-day tourneys. The year 1890 brought an unusual hunting trip for him and friend, Bob Caldwell going on a chicken hunting excursion - seriously! Seems for a couple of years in South-



ern Illinois, wild chickens were in great abundance and the boys helped remedy the situation. In 1893, he and friend Jesse A. Green purchased hunting permits and headed-out to hunt snipe but found and shot a bag full of shikepokes instead. Bit of teasing going on when they returned since the two hadn't known the difference.

A move and marriage happened for Finley in 1896. December of 1895, he visited in Denver, Colorado. Liking the prospect of few attorneys vs. the 40 in Crawfordsville, he decided to head to (as the Crawfordsville Review put it) "the wild and wooly west to practice his profession," in March. He sent for his love, Henrietta Allen (plus her sister for chaperone) and the two were married in June. They were both in the third decade of their lives. However, they headed-back home again to Indiana a couple of months later, with Crawfordsville welcoming them whole-heartedly. One local article said he returned to be his uncle, Governor James A. Mount's private secretary but seems he jumped back into the business and social life of our city.

As above, he enjoyed the great outdoors as Henrietta did, as well. Not long after their return

they began a new residence in the Whitlock addition, an eight-roomed, two-story home with all modern conveniences. In each census, they always had at least one servant. One weekend, the two rode their bicycles to Orth (Mace area) where his parents, Elijah (a farmer) and Elizabeth (Pogue) Mount lived, visited with them then headed back on their cycles Sunday afternoon. Golf was another of Finley's loves and he was instrumental in instigating the Country Club serving as its first president and one of its biggest golfers, some times even winning competitions.

As city attorney (late 1890s) he chose to rewrite old city ordinances that past mayors and city councilmen just talked about doing. As county pauper attorney, 1900, he was appointed guardian for several insane, orphans, executor for those without someone. Divorces were also part of his repertoire and if more room, love to tell ya' about a couple of crazy ones. Also, that year, he was honored with an Honorary Master of Arts through Wabash, his Alma Matre he loved very much.

So many other interesting and fun pieces of this man's history I'd share, but again, room, so I need to finish it up by telling you of his fourth career and that came due to his being a lawyer (1916). He was appointed by the US District Court as receiver of the bankruptcy case of the Rumely Company, a large and impressive maker of farming equipment. Sharp as could be in the business world and with knowledge of farming from his earlier years, he closed-up the case within a year and aided in reforming the business as Advance-Rumely, unanimously chosen as its first president. Most of his years with Rumely were spent at the Rumely Hotel in LaPorte, but he lived a bit in Indianapolis and quite some time at 222 Delaware Place and 140 S. Dearborn Street in Chicago from where he and Henrietta left for a lengthy stay in France and other places in Europe returning in October 1928.

A constantly desired speaker on the subject of agriculture and most anything regarding it, especially equipment, he kept Rumely alive and prospering until his death in 1938. His beloved had passed before him, and he left in his will \$45,000 to Wabash, the other \$150,000 or so split between 13 relatives as there were no children. Buried at Rosehill Cemetery in Chicago, Finley was called an "able reasoner with many sterling qualities." (thanks so much to Brenda Black Watson who placed this wonderful photo of him on FindAGrave). For me, whether Mount would have been running for dog catcher, prosecuting attorney or any other office, he would have had my vote! Rest In Peace, dear sir!



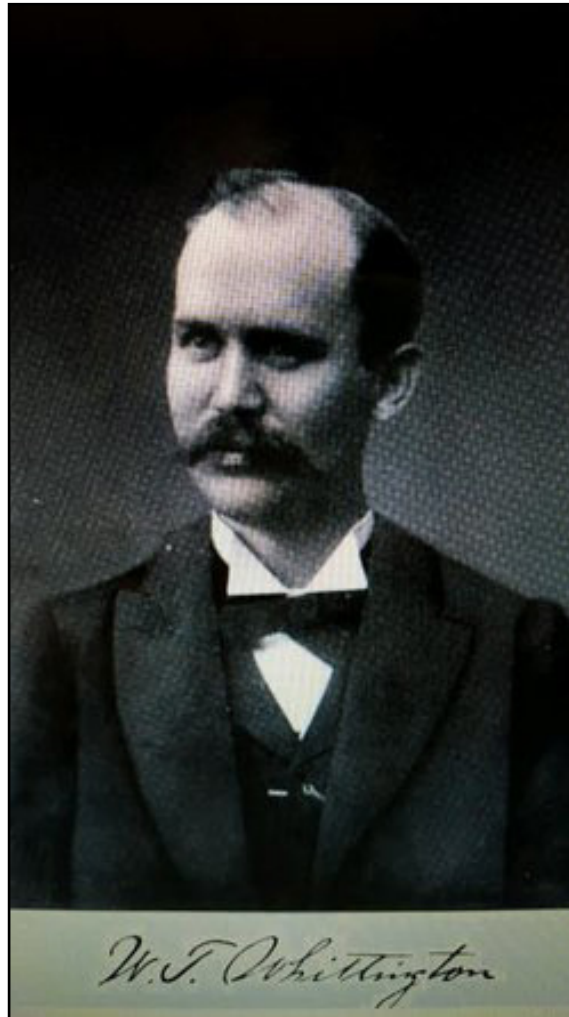
# Odds & Ends – Collected & Commented on by Karen Bazzani Zach

The 1890s held a constant turmoil for the Prosecuting Attorney races. In fact, a major one in 1890 – so many kept adding their names to the race of the 22nd Judicial area – William Reeves who had practiced law for six years with “an extensive criminal practice” had already ran two years prior losing by just 13 votes was making his bid again. George W. Stafford another and William T. Whittington who was campaigning like crazy and as the New Ross correspondent in the Weekly Journal noted, he was “stirring-up the boys!” Reeves was noted for his letter to the editors and seemed to always have a comment to rile up someone!

Schuyler C. Kennedy was one of C’villes ablest lawyers and was said to be able to run an amazing race and several more were interested but after the various conventions were held it boiled down to Winfield S. Moffet, Democrat; William T. Whittington (see photo – wish I had one for each of these fellows, but alas, thanks to Gr Go Deo on FindAGrave at least we have WTW), Republican and Tilgham Ballard (see County Connections), running on the Prohibitionist ticket. I myself was surprised at the winner, assuming the well-known and well-loved Whittington would win, but Winfield Moffet tallied 3,602 votes to Whittington’s 3,291 a 311 majority for Moffet. Ballard was not mentioned in the tally so guessing it wasn’t much of a run for him. Whittington went on to Saint Petersburg, Florida where he passed away in 1912, just age 50.

In two years hence, Moffet, and our determined Mr. Reeves held the reins in the final tally and the Prohibitionist and People’s Party had no one running on their ticket. Moffet surged forward again but the handsome and energetic Dumont Kennedy jumped into the 1894 election race. Moffet had recently built a huge, new home on West Market Street, but after this election moved to Indianapolis where with two other lawyers, began his own practice where he served as Marion County Probate Court clerk, Treasurer of Butler University and president of the East Side State Bank. He passed away in 1915 and is buried in Crown Hill. Kennedy has been my subject before – awesome fellow with so many talents. He not only served as Prosecuting Attorney but was a mayor of the city, as well. Several of the Kennedy men were lawyers and businessmen in the community for several decades and multiple generations so read Grandcestors for more!

Humor seemed to be on the edge in the 1894 race, as Capt. HM Billings, a Civil War veteran (Co I 86th Indiana) ran for the Prosecuting Attorney that year. The Review noted, “The Captain, being an old soldier has fighting qualities and will make it exceedingly warm for the quartette of younger men who will contest for the nomination!” He would not long after move to Veedersburg and live out his life there, passing in 1914, and would run for the lower house of the state. He is buried in Warren County, so spread his enthusiasm all over our area!



One interesting note about the Prosecuting Attorney races was that so many were Wabash College graduates, including the winner of the '94 race, Dumont Kennedy. Sometimes men from the same class were racing against each other.

In 1896, a name turned up I’m not sure I ever read about in all my delving into the county history, Charles W. Burton – if I have, it was so briefly it didn’t stick in my overstuffed memory. It was to no avail, however, as Dumont ran against him. You can of course guess the outcome of that one!

Reeves was back at it again in 1898, along with Robert Caldwell and William Swank for the Republicans. This year, the Republicans had their list of these three in almost every paper from February through to the convention which nominated Reeves he receiving 70 votes in the first ballot (Caldwell 64; Swank 37 and poor Dumont they must have thought did his duty with only 3 votes). 2nd ballot Caldwell 71 ½; Reeves 80, Swank 20 ½ and Dumont one less. It took three ballots, this time Dumont not in the running and Swank was in that lower category with only 5 votes, Caldwell less than before at 62 and Reeves 107. (CWJ 17 June 1898). Guess what, he WON by 400 points over the Democrat nominee, Paul. Oddly, the Democrats had two wow candidates who probably would have beaten Reeves in Frank Hurley and Harry N. Fine but chose Will B. Paul instead. Paul, a Wabash graduate was born in Crawfordsville, lived here some years starting his career then went on to Indianapolis where he worked as an attorney and founded the Federal Finance Company there. He was a staunch Presbyterian as many of those running for PA were. When Paul ran for PA in 1898 the Review noted that he was making an excellent impression on the people and seemed to be “just and honorable, as well as loyal to his party.”

To round-out our ten years of wheeling and dealing for the prosecutor of MoCo, let’s see what happened in the 1900 election as the group began thinking on it very shortly after the 98 election was over. Keep in mind here that the Republicans should win for the pure fact of number. SIX of this party desired to be Prosecuting Attorney, some new, some old ones. Fred Canine was up and

think if my mind is working right he had tried and possibly won the sheriff and other offices; Wm. Reeves again; Louis McMains and Irwin C. Dwiggs I believe both newbies and Robert Caldwell and William Swank back at it. That was the largest number I remember seeing. Shocked I was, at the outcome, with Irwin Dwiggs as the convention’s choice and the winner of the whole race, along with all the Republicans that particular year. Dwiggs went on to be city attorney, quite active in the Baptist Church and involved in several local organizations; Dwiggs had previously lived in Covington but remained here until passing in 1914 not yet 40. He, along with so many of these above and other attorneys, not mentioned dwell in eternity at Oak Hill.

## 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 this edition of Nifty at Ninety... we meet Louis Andrew McMains. The oldest of nine, Louis was born on May 14, 1868 in Vermillion County, Illinois. His story will reveal that he didn't live to be 90, but in his 88 years Louis lived a life full enough to fill 90 years and many more.

Louis' father, Anderson, was born in Illinois in 1840. Anderson's parents, Robert and Mary Ellen (Groves), were from Kentucky. In ca. 1830, they started a family in Montgomery County, Indiana where their first four children were born, they then moved to Illinois where Anderson and two other siblings were born, and finally the family moved to the Waveland area where the remaining six came along.

Clarissa Comstock (b. December 12, 1847), Louis' mother, was also from Vermillion County, Illinois. Clarissa's father, Albert (1807-1885) came to Illinois in ca. 1830. Albert's birthplace is in question, as it is recorded as Massachusetts, New York, or Pennsylvania, depending on the census year. I encountered a similar issue with Rhoda Green (1819-1904), Clarissa's mother, whose birthplace was reported as Massachusetts, New York, and Illinois. Regardless, Albert and Rhoda settled in Vermillion County where they raised their eight children, as well as Albert's son from his first marriage.

During the Civil War, Anderson served as a Private in Company C of the Indiana 40th. He was wounded during a battle near Franklin, Tennessee, and mustered out on June 3, 1865. Clarissa and he wed on August 3, 1866. They made their home near Rossville, Illinois where Anderson was a successful farmer. Although I couldn't confirm the year, sometime after 1880 Anderson and Clarissa moved to Montgomery County, Indiana. They farmed on Greencastle Road until ca. 1910, and then moved to Crawfordsville where they lived at 909 W. Main Street. Clarissa died on May 12, 1915. Anderson passed on January 4, 1923 while visiting Los Angeles, but was interred next to Clarissa.

Louis graduated in 1893 from the University of Illinois School of Natural Sciences. 1896, he married Sarah Blanche Guyer (born 1873). The newlyweds made their home at 913 W. Main Street in Crawfordsville, and Louis worked at the law firm of Ristine & Ristine. In 1898, he was employed as a "Receiver" for the Crawfordsville Pottery Company, with an office in the Fisher Building (telegram to the The Bonnot Company, Canton Ohio, dated April 1st). He took out an ad in the Crawfordsville Weekly Journal (6 Jan 1899 p 3) announcing he was an "Attorney for the American Surety Co. of New York," again with an office in the Fisher Build-



thanks to the Fines from FindAGrave for the photo

ing. Louis enjoyed his leisure, too. He was a member of the local bicycle club, and he was on the executive and finance committees for the YMCA.

The 1900 Census lists that Louis is working as a "Lawyer". He was doing well enough that they employed a live-in servant, Mary Deer. That year, he ran for Prosecuting Attorney, but didn't win the election. Hiram Pratt, Louis' uncle-in-law, revealed some troubling information regarding our subject. In a 1903 diary entry, Mr. Pratt wrote... Lewis [sic] McMains was arrested for embezzlement and has been brought back to Crawfordsville by an officer from Michigan.

By 1905, Louis and Sarah were in Indianapolis. Louis was a real estate sales manager for "John Woche & Bro" (Indianapolis Star, April 16, 1906). In 1907, he took on a second job. He was the secretary for the Beech Grove Improvement Co. and led efforts to incorporate the town of Beech Grove. In 1909, Louis and two other gentlemen formed the Stewart-McMains Company, a real estate endeavor (Jackson County Banner, Wednesday, October 6, 1909)

He was in difficulty again in 1910. According to the Indianapolis News (16 May 1910) the Capital National Bank sued Louis. I found no information on the outcome of the suit. In 1913, he was listed in the phone directory as an

insurance agent. He also worked as a salesman for the W T White Company (1918). In 1920, he was a Financial Secretary with Universal Lloyds Underwriters and Sarah was working as an accountant. An article in the Indianapolis Star, dated August 15, 1921, reported that Louis was selling two tracts of land near St. Frances hospital, and the 1923 phone directory listed that he was in real estate. I found no information about the couple between 1924 and 1939, although a Louis McMeins was in Cleveland in 1925 working as a salesman. The 1940 census for Cleveland lists Louis as a hotel manager and Sarah as a drug store sales clerk. In 1945, they moved to Orlando, Florida where Louis' brother Harrison was an Osteopath.

Sarah passed in May 1951. Her remains were brought to Crawfordsville and she was interred at the Oak Hill Cemetery. After her death, Louis returned to Montgomery County. For the last five months of his life, he lived at the Wayne hotel in Waynetown. He died after falling down the hotel's stairs and breaking his hip (Journal and Courier, 07 June 1956). He was buried next to Sarah. May Louis, who was remarkable, resilient, and sometimes a rascal, rest in peace.



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# Give It Your Best



Photos by Chuck Clore

A keen eye and a calm hand steady the BB gun. Nine-year-old Lucas draws a tight bead on the bright red poker chip some fifty feet away. A slow, firm squeeze of the trigger launches that chip into the air like a coin toss at the Super Bowl. The determined grimace on Cool-Hand Luke's face immediately explodes into an ear-to-ear smile. His dimples say I'm prouder than a big game hunter bagging a trophy.

Luke's moment of confidence ushered in memories of my first BB gun. Buffalo Bill and Annie Oakley were wild-west show sharpshooters of my dad's era. But, Roy Rogers and Gene Autry bested those two. In the 1950s, every kid knew Roy, Gene, the Lone Ranger, and Hopalong Cassidy were straight shooters. With all these sharp-eyed shooters as heroes, BB gun ownership became our rite of passage.

My first air rifle was not Ralphie's Red Ryder from the 1940s Christmas Story. It was a serious, deluxe Daisy 98 Eagle 700-shot BB gun. Dad was in an exceptionally good mood that hot July afternoon, and it was my eighth birthday. We were headed west on Main Street. Dad made a right onto Washington Street, and the old Chevy pickup rattled to a stop in front of the Western Auto store.

Now, Dad was a wheeler-dealer, a trader-swapper, and a second-hand purchaser type of guy. Even my Christmas present that year was a used bike that he restored and polished up to look like new. So, it was a real shocker when we entered the retail store, and he slapped down \$12.95 cash. That was a lot of money in 1955.

Back at the house on Delaware Street, Dad's obligatory lecture on gun safety curbed my enthusiasm for an agonizing twenty-three and a half minutes.

"Okay, Chuck, What did I just tell you?" Dad asked.

Oh crud, nobody said there was going to be a quiz. I hated pop quizzes, especially the ones that came directly from Pop.

"Which part?" I stalled.

"All of it, Son," he insisted.

I strained to remember, "Be aware of my surroundings and the direction of the muzzle. Never point a gun at a person. Always assume the gun is loaded and leave the safety on until you are ready to shoot."

"Very good, Chuck, and what else did I say?"

The and-what-else questions went until I convinced dad I had a grasp on the amount of damage a gun, even a BB gun, could do. Finally, I heard the words, "Okay, Son, handle it with respect and be careful."

In a flash, I was out the backdoor. I sped past the old oak tree and down the path to our 55-gallon trash barrel. Before the screen door slammed shut, I retrieved a gallery of tuna cans, a blue Noxema jar, and a pink Pepto Bismol bottle. I became accurate enough to draw down on an acorn and drill a hole in the middle from 30 feet away. Move over, Buffalo Bill. There is a new sheriff in town!

Summer was nearly over when I slid my bike to a stop just short of the back door.

Suddenly I caught a glimpse of Dad striding briskly out of his workshop. One eyebrow raised. The other brow lowered. I could tell he was ticked-off.

"Charles Homer Clore, get your butt over here!"

Oh, oh! If dad addressed me as Charles, it meant I was in trouble. If he called me by my

# Give It Your Best Shot

By Chuck Clore



middle name, Homer—I was in SERIOUS trouble. When he used my full name, woe is me. My butt was in jeopardy of blisters. Just for a nano-second, I weighed my options. Should I make a break for it? Nah, even if I could outrace him, it would just make him madder.

"Yes, Sir." I cowered, trying to look as innocent as possible. What on earth had I done to make him this furious?

"Follow me, Boy."

I struggled to keep up as we marched past the shop all the way to the back of our lot, where the weeds had grown up around a couple of old clunkers.

"Do you see anything wrong here?" he queried.

The only reason I live to tell this story? I credit my ability to filter my first three clever comebacks. It turns out the correct answer was not, "Yeah, the yard needs mowed."

The answer Dad was trying to solicit was, "Oh my! Some low-down sawed-off hunk of slime shot the headlights and turn signals out of the old Studebaker!"

My best reply, "Honest, Dad, it wasn't me," was neither clever nor believable.

Dad seized the teaching moment and launched into a diatribe about respecting people's property. I was grounded for a month and lost all BB gun privileges.

I was doomed until the weekend when my brother, Tobe, and his wife, Jane, stopped by

for our family's customary Sunday dinner. Upon learning of my plight, my big brother fessed up. He had spied my new Golden Eagle Daisy on his last Sunday's visit and proceeded to the backyard for some target practice. Exonerated, I regained my shooting privileges and even got a rare apology from Dad.

My father was an outdoor enthusiast. He loved hunting. He even owned a gun shop and sporting goods store on Grace Avenue for a few years. He amassed a beautiful collection of firearms. He constantly oiled and polished the Browning automatics and proudly displayed his hand-engraved Ethica shotguns. Years later, as an adult, I inherited the most cherished gun in his entire collection.

Can you guess which weapon it was? No, it wasn't a Remington. No, not even the Winchester lever-action. The gun Austin Clore prized the most was his Markham single-shot air rifle. It was the very gun he toted around as a kid ricocheting BBs off of every tin sign in Alamo, Indiana. It was the gun that held the most memories.

The Markham Company was the first to produce a wooden BB gun for the mass market in 1886, the Challenger model. Dad's model, the Markham Chicago, was manufactured in Plymouth, Michigan but distributed from Chicago in 1889—1910.

Just across the tracks from Markham Manufacturing Company was Plymouth Iron Windmill Company that started manufacturing the first all-metal BB gun (the Daisy), in 1888.

For detailed air rifle history and the fierce competition between Markham and Daisy, go to: <http://daisyking.com/history/markham.htm>.

Check out the Daisy Museum in Rogers, Arkansas: <https://www.daisymuseum.com>



Poetry and Puzzles

Montgomery Memories

The Valiant PA

Joy Willett

When a crime was done,  
an arrest made,  
he determined  
the charges to lay.

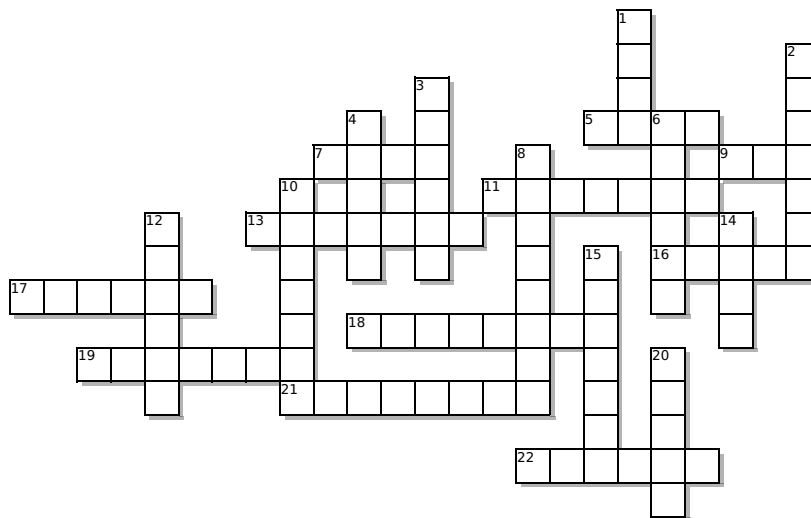
Whether a hit and run  
or gangland gun-play,  
he took up the challenge  
ever true and brave.

Before a trial was begun,  
long before a court date,  
he asked many questions  
and evidence weighed.

In front of 12 men  
he'd argue and bray  
presenting evidence  
their opinions to sway.

Whether a case was won,  
or went astray,  
he continued to fight.  
The valiant PA.

Prosecuting Justice



ACROSS

- 5 Money to get out of jail
- 7 The judge wears a black one
- 9 Exam for almost-attorneys
- 11 Father-son attorneys
- 13 Decision of the jury
- 16 "House" of justice
- 17 Tried to inc. Beech Grove
- 18 One who breaks the law
- 19 Saw the crime take place
- 21 Used to bolster a case
- 22 They hand down sentences

DOWN

- 1 Entered by the defendant
- 2 Writ for arrest
- 3 Became railroader in 1874
- 4 Karen's \_\_\_\_ Mix
- 6 Charge with a crime
- 8 Punishment by the court
- 10 Attorney for defendant
- 12 Verdict for one who did it
- 14 \_\_\_\_ of 12 peers
- 15 Brother attorneys
- 20 Used to silence the courtroom

Check out page 10 for the solution



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## *Karen's Kitchen*

*Karen Bazzani Zach, Montgomery Memories*



Although this isn't really relating to the topic, I know of at least a couple of lawyers who picked on this when I have made it – lol. One may have even ran for PA, too.

Easy to make, easier to eat, it's yum, yum – also makes a super Christmas present or Valentines. Also, you can change it up and put other things in you want, but the dried pineapple and Craisins are particularly good! You also might want to double the recipe – lol – as it'll go quickly!! No idea what the name of this is – I just call it Goody Mix!

“Goody Mix”

In a large bowl, mix together:

- 1 cup rice Chex brand cereal
- 1 cup pretzel twists, small
- 1/2 cup dry roasted peanuts
- 1/3 cup Craisins
- 1/3 cup dried pineapple, coarsely chopped

Microwave one cup of white chocolate chips for 30 seconds. Remove from microwave and stir. If extra time is necessary check at 15 second intervals. Pour the melted white chocolate over snack mixture. Stir until snack mixture is evenly coated. Spread in a single layer over wax paper (which I spray with a bit of Pam) and allow to cool completely. Break into smaller pieces and store in airtight storage container.





## County Connections - The Ballard Bros: glad they're connected

*Karen Bazzani Zach, Montgomery Memories*

I so enjoyed researching these brothers that I couldn't figure where to put 'em, literally! Neither born or raised in Montgomery County, so County Connection good, but I wanted a family of lawyers (especially who had ran for Prosecuting Attorney) for the Grandcestors – all right! But the Kennedys finally won-out on that one. Wait, they'd also have

made an amazing Around the County article for my Thursday column, and in fact, I had half that written, then decided, no, no, here is where they belong!

So, meet the Ballard brothers, Tilghman Ethan and Emerson Etheridge, two impressive lawyers, writers, politicians, orators and besides all that, married to sisters.

The Ballards were sons of William Sanford and Patience Anne (Brown) both from Kentucky, William S., having been born in Shelby County. Tilghman was born 11 Nov 1850 (although his death record says that month and date with 1838 as the year – 1850 is correct) in a rented log cabin while his parents lived in Boone County but they purchased a farm in Putnam County when he was young and where the rest of the family was born, including his much younger brother. Emerson was born 27 February 1865. The brothers had two sisters, as well, Mattie who would marry a Bickford and Hattie who married a Jeffries and lived in the area. Their parents passed a year apart, the father dying at TE's home (1894) was a strong supporter of public school; leader in any movement that would help his community; outspoken in opposition to all shams and vices, plus always ready to help in any good work. His children were duplicates in all these matters. Tilghman and Emerson both went to



the local schools of the times and both to Asbury (later DePauw), Emerson graduating from there while Tilghman only spent two years, then finished up at Smithson College in Logansport. He spent time teaching school until he went to Crawfordsville where through diligent study he passed the rigid bar exam and practiced law there for many years. He married Evaline (Eva) Clodfelter June 22, 1876, daughter of Matthias and Mary Magdalene (Saylor) Clodfelter. Emerson graduated in one of the very first classes of Greencastle HS (1881), was a member of DePauw's Phi Psi fraternity and upon graduation, immediately began studying for the law, as he had decided quite early in life he would work hard to achieve that goal. On March 1st, in 1886, he passed the exams and was admitted to the bar at Greencastle. Two days later, he was off to Crawfordsville to join his brother in partnership which continued until November of 1898. Two years after the Ballard boys joined together, they began another adventure, editing and publishing law books. This was also the year that EE married Ella Clodfelter, Eva's sister. The editing, publishing, writing, compiling law books met with major success for the boys as there was great demand for such in that time. Emerson especially became a national authority on real estate and his Ballard's Law of Real Property became a many volumed



serial publication, Tilghman helping with the first five volumes, and Emerson forging ahead thereafter. Very active in the Masonic order and both in Knights Templar, a Masonic section, they were two busy brothers.

These two weren't just writers, they were talkers. Their orating prowess was in great demand. Emerson especially delivered many high school graduating speeches all over the state each year. TE ventured a bit different way, first highly dramatic and well thought of in the world of prohibition, a powerhouse in the state conventions with hundreds of delegates, president of various committees, running for numerous offices on the ticket. Speaking of elections, fairly sure this was a ruse because the competition was trying to tell TEB something about running, but in 1897, he and Circle Peffley cleaned-up a graveyard near Ladoga somewhere, filling in sunken graves, removing limbs and underbrush. Circle had permission to take the fence out and use it at his own home but the two were arrested (talk about a trumped-up charge) for desecrating a graveyard. Nothing came of it, but it made them both look bad which is likely what the political competition planned to do from the start.

Other than to aide her husband in his several endeavors and being involved in church-oriented groups, Eva was not

as gung-ho in the community as Ella who wrote religious plays (complete with beautiful and fun music) that children would perform in order to make money for youth groups or the church itself. One amazing feat was that she had worked on the local and later state Orphan group, aiding Montgomery County in getting the orphans away from the rougher

Poor House into a wonderful local home built just for them, aiding Dr. Mary Wilhite's great project. Also, she worked exceedingly hard keeping the Saylor and Ballard families together, planning reunions and get-togethers. Now, Tilghman took on quite a different twist in his life being an impressive debater always in demand. He also worked hard to go to divinity school and became a minister, where he, too was constantly speaking at conventions, organizations, other churches and beginning his own Universalist Church in Crawfordsville.

Emerson's family consisted of a beautiful young daughter, Cecil May who lived to not long after her 4th birthday. "She was one of the brightest and happiest little girls ever known." Their only other child was Ella Maurine who also attended DePauw. Tilghman produced three Ballards, son Ray C, who followed in his father's footsteps, becoming a minister (Methodist, though and an amazing one) Mary who taught music for many years and Evaline who was an English teacher. Neither married, Ray having one son and one daughter. Til passed 23 October 1923 and Emerson 16 Aug 1935, both in C'ville their adopted city and both of heart problems. Of course, they are both buried in Oak Hill (thanks to Fines for the photos)! Rightfully so!



# 2021 Montgomery County Museum Scene



**MONTGOMERY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY**

Closed for tours in December. To keep ya' busy this winter, the Oral History interviews are wonderful – you can see them here - Blog | Montgomery County Historical Society (lane-mchs.org)



**ROTARY JAIL MUSEUM OF CRAWFORDSVILLE, IN**

Admission to the museum is \$5 for 12+ and \$3 6–11. Younger kiddos are free. You might want to e-mail ahead of time to book a tour (contactus@rotaryjailmuseum.org). They are closed holidays (Memorial Day, Labor Day...) 225 N. Washington Street. Tours through Dec 15th.



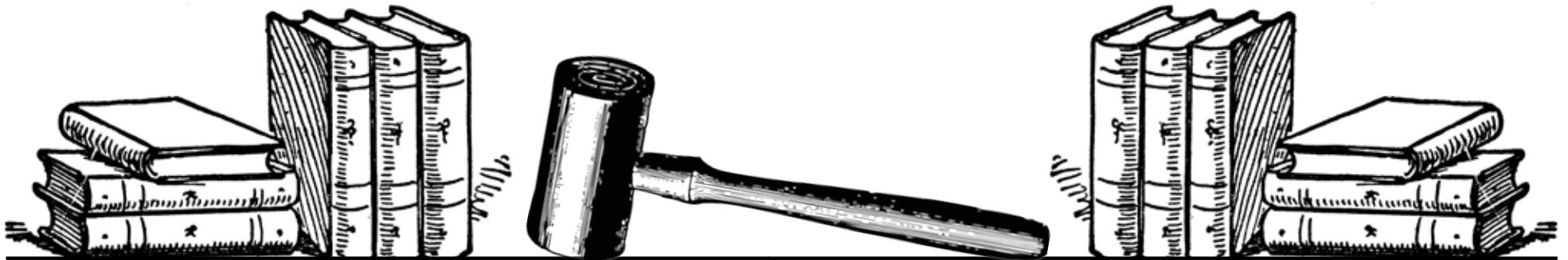
**CARNEGIE MUSEUM**

Carnegie@cdpl.lib.in.us if you need to contact them (362-4618) but overall go enjoy from Tues-Sat 10 a.m. – 5 p.m. Admission is free. Lots of great things for the kiddoes especially today but then again, I have fun every time I go in, too! Santa Claus is coming to town. He will be at the Carnegie on Saturday Dec 4 at 2:30. Free. (Covid-conscious event)

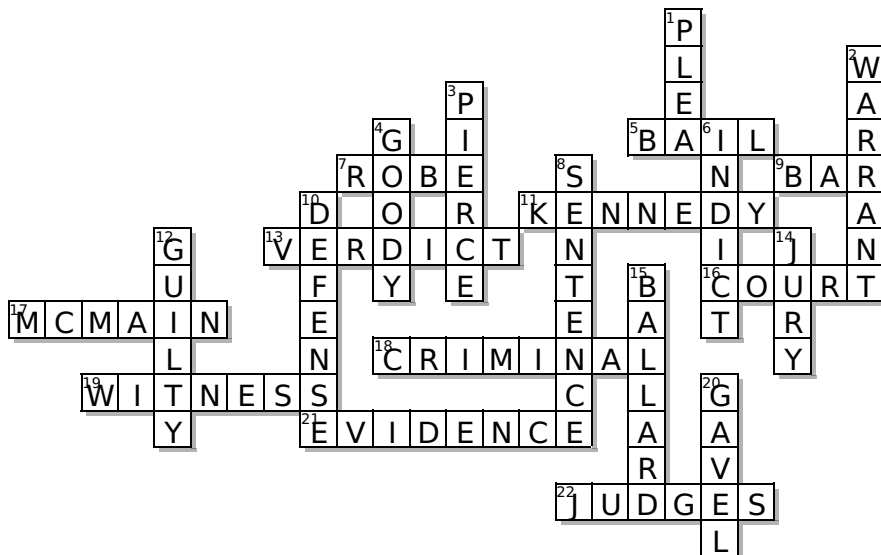


**GENERAL LEW WALLACE STUDY**

Closed in December. Visit the online booking page – adults \$7; Military \$5; Student 13-18 (ID) \$3; 7-12 \$1 and anyone under 6 is free. You can visit their online booking [www.ben-hur.com](http://www.ben-hur.com) page to make an appointment, read what is expected (masks, sanitize hands ...)



## Prosecuting Justice



## 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, Sun 12-5; \$6 adults; \$1 children 12 and under. Enjoy Old-fashioned Christmas from Nov 20th to Jan 3rd (closed Christmas Day).





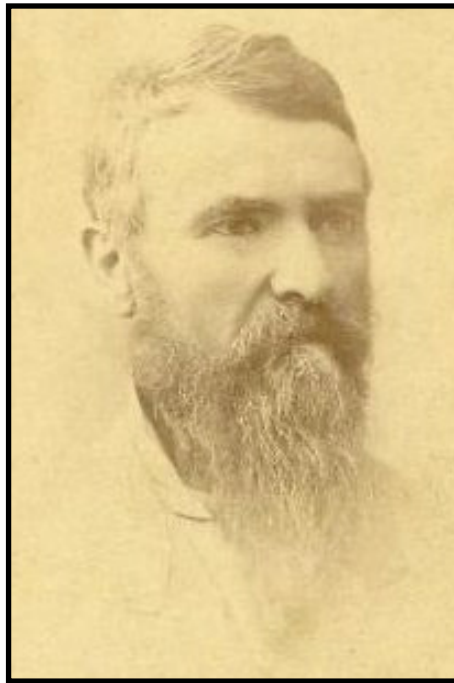
## Grandcestors

*Karen Bazzani Zach, Montgomery Memories*

Nary a lawyer and certainly, no Prosecuting Attorney in my family so far; so for the Grandcestors' column this month, I had a big time trying to decide what family of lawyers I wanted to adopt – so to speak! I chose the Kennedys who for decades served our county and state as attorneys and in many other aspects, as well!

The patriarch of the Kennedy family was Peter Sharrar, born in Bourbon County, Kentucky on the 10th of July 1829. At the age of 20, he was teaching but studying law in each spare minute. Soon, he was practicing as well as writing many law articles. From 1856-1858, he served as Prosecuting Attorney in the Indianapolis Circuit Court on the Republican ticket. During the Civil War, he organized a company for the 7th Indiana, serving as their Lt. and according to a nice Ancestry tree, the group saw some action in Philippi, Laurel Hill and Carrick's Ford. In '74 he served Montgomery County as a State Legislator, defeating a large Democratic party majority. Peter S. Kennedy had married Emily Talbot in 1853 and six children blessed their home. Two of their three sons became lawyers, the oldest one, Joseph C., moving to Idaho where he was active in the orchard business his whole life. Several of Peter's laws are still on the books today including the one that allows both sides in a divorce case to speak against the other. Thought it was interesting that he and Lew Wallace remained life-long friends.

PS Kennedy helped write the 1881 Montgomery County history and he particularly was interested in William Offield (who ironically his son would play in the Centennial of the state). P.S. wrote to Arch Johnston who had moved away but knew Offield in his young years. Johnston described Offield as medium-sized, slender, about 5'9" weighing maybe 150 pounds with blue eyes and quite a hunter. Smart, he seemed to know a great deal about how sections



and such were laid-out. However, his habit of when he became confused out in the woods, butting his head against a tree until his senses appeared back didn't seem so brilliant in my own mind!

One of the three Kennedy sons was Dumont born July 12, 1861 in a log house at Danville, Indiana and when he was three, the family moved to Montgomery County and remained here. Like his father, Dumont taught while studying law. In 1894, he was elected MoCo's PA and again in '96. He served the county in other aspects as well: clerk of the circuit court, twice mayor. In his own time, he greatly enjoyed his beautiful country home and its 16 acres where he loved cultivating flowers, fruits and stock. Also, he was very involved in the Masons and K of P. He married quite a talented lady, graduate of the Boston School of Oratory and seven years a teacher at the time of their marriage. Dumont and Mary (Wilhite) had one daughter, Emily. Mary (often called Mayme) was the daughter of Eleazer and Dr. Mary Wilhite.

Now, the senior member of Kennedy



and Kennedy was Dumont's brother, Schuyler. His birthday occurred a couple of years before his brother's. Born 30 March 1859 he died January 12, 1917 of chronic intestinal nephritis which he suffered terribly from for about 16 months. Throughout life, Schuyler was a jokester. Example: When his friend Charles M. Crawford sued the Big Four (Schuyler was their lawyer) for killing his horse, Schuyler noted that he didn't smoke often (although he sure was astute at making those blue rings from his cigar float in perfect harmony) but that he was smoking in honor of one of his best friends (in his literary group and other groups and both among C'ville's "select circle"). Meeting with Crawford's lawyer, Humphrey Ristine, Schuyler asked if he really thought he'd get any money from the Big Four for that dratty animal. Kennedy called it a stump-sucking horse and asked his brother who was an excellent artist to draw a picture. Believe Dumont had almost as much fun and drew a lengthy, skinny, caricature of one poor looking horse. So, when Schuyler saw Crawford

the next time he drew out the picture and told Crawford that his old animal was going to be in for trial, "You mean you're going to put that in as evidence?" Of course Kennedy wanted to know why not, keeping his face perfectly straight. Red-faced Crawford got quite worked up saying whoever drew it committed libel and it was all wrong. Kennedy couldn't take it anymore, began laughing profusely and told him, "It's just a joke," while flicking the ashes from another cigar and producing yet another graceful ring!

Art must have been another strong Kennedy trait as Schuyler and wife (Loretta Swope sister of Dr. AA Swope) had quite a talented daughter, Dawn who was an art teacher in Crawfordsville and later in Ellensburg, Washington. She (and her mother) followed her brother, Campbell Wilkins Kennedy there after the death of Schuyler. Dawn never married, but Campbell married Ethel Bean in September of 1916. Like his Uncle Du'mont" and Uncle Joe, he loved the out of doors and fruit and worked as a manager/superintendent of a huge fruit farm for many years in the Spokane area. Later, he was state (Washington) inspector for the Horticulture Society. Also, Mont enjoyed history and played William Offield during the Centennial Celebration. Love of history also seemed to be something the Kennedy's all shared as Schuyler enjoyed it a great deal.

The Crawfordsville District Public Library has a large collection of Kennedy photos and I am using one of theirs for Dumont (so many and all so amazing) and one of Peter their father but only found one of Schuyler and it wasn't a good one. At least you can see what these two looked like and both quite handsome fellows although Mont looked more like his mother's side (Schuyler more like Peter). So, in conclusion, I'm giving thanks to all three of the Kennedys for serving our county and country.





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