

MONTGOMERY MEMORIES



Railway Reflections

September 2021

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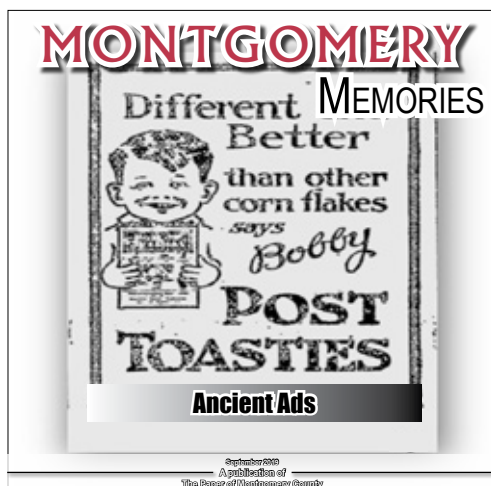
The Paper of Montgomery County

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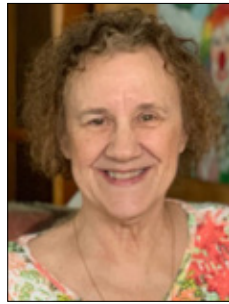
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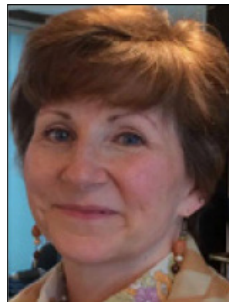
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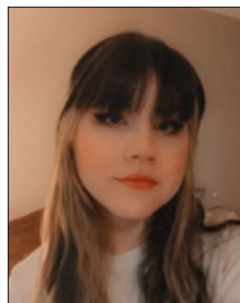
KAREN BAZZANI ZACH has been a contributor of local historical articles for 40 years. A native Montgomery Countian, she grew up in Waveland, married Jim Zach, and received her grad degree from IU while working at CDPL as Children's Librarian. Karen authored one of the newer county histories, *Crawfordsville: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



HOPE COLEMAN is the Managing Editor for the Paper of Montgomery County, and she helps edit and complete the daily news as well as the *Montgomery Memories* and other projects. She is a Crawfordsville High School alum and recent graduate of the University of Indianapolis where she majored in English. She is a published artist and illustrator with a deep love for media, both in the print and digital worlds.



September Feature: "RBF: Soldier, Businessman, Attorney, Railroader"

Karen Bazzani Zach, Montgomery Memories

Can you imagine being before the Board of Commissioners pleading a case and receiving word that your wife is very ill. So, Robert Bruce Fraser Peirce rushed home to check his beloved Hattie (Blair) and discovered he was too late. They had only been married a month less than a dozen years. Hattie hadn't been well for some time but was rapidly improving. She was just walking across the floor and collapsed, dying in a few minutes from a blood clot to the heart. Bob Peirce not only lost his wife, but their children, Lois, Frank and Ed, lost a dear mother. Hattie was a Crawfordsville gal, the daughter of early settler, John W. Blair. She was well-loved in town and court closed with all lawyers attending her funeral Oct 31, 1878.

R.B.F. Peirce was born (17 Feb 1843) and raised in Franklin County, Indiana, attending local schools and before his own father's sickness, was educated by private tutors. His father, Henry Peirce moved early in Franklin County history to the town of Laurel, hailing from Massachusetts. Bob of course gets that second middle name from his mother and the Peirce's had a large family of seven sons and two daughters. At age 17, Bob decided an education was a must, thus he entered Wabash College, cutting all the wood one of the hotels in town used during his first two years at Wabash.

Then, the Civil War broke-out and his college friends and own brothers began to join. He did, as well, as a 2nd Lt. in Co H, 135th Indiana Volunteers. He was tallied in the Draft Registration as a boatman living in Laurel, Indiana unmarried but a note to the side, "at college in Crawfordsville, Ind." Their group was mustered in at Indianapolis in May, 1864 and left at once for Tennessee for 100 days of railroad guard. They lost 25 men to death and four to desertion. They stayed longer than their 100 days and ended-up leaving at the end of August. Thanks to this group, Sherman's lines of communication remained open for transportation of supplies to the Northern Army.

Upon his return, he went back to school, to complete his education, graduating in 1866. Immediately after, he went to Shelbyville where he read law with BF Love. Although a stranger, basically, he was elected to fill the vacancy of City Attorney where he did an amazing job, his impressive work following him back to Crawfordsville the next year. Quickly, he rose high in what had always been a strong bar.

Particularly, Bob Peirce was noted for his enthusiasm and success in prosecuting criminals. He was entered as the Republican Prosecuting Attorney for Clinton, Boone, Fountain, Warren and Montgomery – he was elected and twice more. For many years, his career as prosecutor was held up as the

best to patter a career. Never did he turn over any of his cases to someone else but personally handled each one.

It was in 1874 that he began a new career in the railroad business when he became a director of the Logansport, Crawfordsville and Southwestern RR Co. He was also its general solicitor, as well as practicing law in Crawfordsville. Often pressed by his fellow Representatives, for other offices, he would always decline such, as he never desired to owe



anyone a favor!

In our Montgomery County History, Beckwith noted that Peirce was "genial, affable, and easily made warm and enthusiastic friends," along with "a kindly disposition and winning manners!" He did finally run and won a Congressional seat (over Bayless Hanna) in 1880 but at his '82 defeat, he decided politicking wasn't for him.

For a dozen or more years, he served with the Indianapolis,

Decatur and Springfield railroad. He worked-up to managing trustee and literally rebuilt the line. Thus, the road now improved was purchased by the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton and Peirce was given a raise.

Here comes the bad part! His pet project was to get an electric headlight on the market. As a director of the Indianapolis National Bank, he borrowed large sums of money and kept renewing the loans. Eventually, the bank crashed and he was indicted by the US Grand Jury. There was never a criminal intent so when he paid the debt, all was well. He also lost a great amount of money in a water works deal at Los Angeles. Truly, he was too trusting of his friends!

At one time, Peirce was in charge of the Clover Leaf RR. He upped the business getting the various heads of departments on board so to speak and was offered to join the Clover Leaf with other, larger companies. He told his superiors that he believed that association to be an illegal organization and he would not be a part of it and so much for that! The other roads boycotted the Clover Leaf and Peirce took it to Federal Court. He won!

In one of his obituaries, it was noted that "his personal appearance would attract attention in any gathering. He was 6 feet tall, with a "quiet, gentle dignity and an urbanity and care for the feelings of others that made him a favorite wherever he went. Always helpful to the unfortunate, he had a never-failing fund of good humor!" His photo from FindAGrave (courtesy of Bill McKern via from the 1899 Men of Progress) represents a strong, but kind man! He was showered with gifts, sent him by those who admired and appreciated his great efforts of kindness.

His second marriage was in 1886 to Alice Van Valkenburg, who at his death was in Persia. He left two living children, Ed and Lois and although not rich, he left his beautiful Indy home on North Meridian to his wife and his \$40,000 Life Insurance to the children. A member of GAR, Masons, K of P and many social clubs, he is buried at Oak Hill. His body was brought to Crawfordsville on a special ID&W train and an hour-long service at Center Church was conducted by Rev. WP Stratton of Tiffin, Ohio,

a past minister to Peirce, with other ministers, Rev. Tuttle, Rev. EB Thompson, plus a classmate of Peirce's gave special prayers. Stratton noted that one characteristic in regards to Bob Peirce was that "as a friend and brother, it was his intense and loyal friendship for those he loved," because of his perfect form, he felt Bob would lead a long life, yet "today, he is dead!" Life is certainly iffy and so, learn from RBF Peirce and make yours a good one!

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

After the huge railroad accident on Jan 11, 1892, a short piece appeared in the Daily Journal noting that on that day was the worst wreck/disaster in Crawfordsville's history. The editorial also noted that although everyone had become accustomed to the daily rail wreck, the people of the city came together and worked to save as many as possible. "The citizens of Crawfordsville came forward with unselfish devotion and helped in rescuing and nursing all."



It seemed that the north bound mail train was late thus started out at a clip, Engineer Cromwell intending to make up time. Beyond the Sugar Creek bridge was a long, steep embankment and a sharp curve beyond that. On the curve, the train suddenly left the track due to hitting a broken rail, the engine continuing on and the mail car with the baggage man, express messenger and mail clerks went down the 60' embankment. The baggage car was next but oddly remained on the ties. The smoker car rolled down and took fire because of the car stove. It burned quickly. The ladies' car was the worst (and where most of the deaths occurred including Burlesque Queen Madame Irma Van Rokey), turning over several times and breaking into splinters. "Minerva," was the last car and suffered the least as it seemed to be quite strongly built. The engineer and a few men ran to town to get help, seeing Martin's Ice Men working and who quickly and valiantly took charge. A bit later citizens came out with wagons and buggies and conveyed those injured into town. Most of the victims were taken to the Nutt House but a few to other hotels or private homes. These photos are from the Crawfordsville District Library site and easily could be the 1892 wreck but may also be of a large wreck in 1896. Definitely of one or the other and it is in the right area so thanks CDPL for the great database!

Then, another train coming wrecked into the back of this wreck. Through Freight #72 "came puffing around the curve at the McKeen Mill at the time of the wreck." The engineer's hair stood on end and he was in dire straight, having 35 loaded cars on his train. No way to avoid that situation, so his engine plowed into the wrecked caboose with a crash throwing the nine men in the caboose who were sleeping all over each other. An oil can went flying and fire began but the fire men were quickly on task and the nine men were just as quick jumping out of the car. After the horrid disastrous wreck this one actually brought laughter and the crowd calling it a gigantic farce. Guess I fail to see the humor.

Thirteen died either at the wreckage or shortly thereafter. About 30 or so suffered various forms of wounds. For weeks, the scene of the wreck was like Grand Central Station. "Enquirer" bombasted the County Coroner Bronaugh or I might be more correct in saying he bombard-ed (with questions) the coroner. He (or I suppose it may have been a she but in the time frame, Jan 1892 I doubt that) was quite upset that the coroner doing an inquest for each of the cases when it was pure and simple that they passed away due to a railroad accident, whether it was a defective rail or employee, it just didn't matter to the "Enquirer." Col. McKee from Greencastle and well-known in Crawfordsville was injured in the railroad wreck and passed away in his

bed at the hotel, surrounded by all his friends. Pure and simple, "don't spend county money questioning what is obvious!" The writer wanted to know why our Coroner was "monkeying around!"

Definitely, Crawfordsville was one busy place for the next few days. Obviously, the undertakers were quite involved, the nurses and doctors were running around trying to get to the next person to help. The Nutt House was a mad house, the managers and those helping in the Hotel giving up their rooms to those injured. The next few days, many came into town to gather dead bodies, or take home someone to nurse. Unbelievable. Some were leaving as well, including the Tannenbaum Brothers whose salesman was leaving on the train but made it home in a coffin, the brothers returning him there. Although I assume all the ministers were around helping too, Father Dineen was the only one really mentioned (several times).

A year and a half before this accident, Benjamin Kessler was killed by the southbound Monon. Still in the best of physical condition for his age (86) Ben was also extremely deaf. His farm was about a mile north of Ladoga and on the Monon trail. He was walking to town as was his usual schedule, the engineer assuming he would get out of the way but sadly, Ben was not seeing or hearing the train didn't. He was a well-loved neighbor and friend and each were devastated about his demise! It was of course tagged as an accident with no one at fault!

A bit of a twist on a railway wreck was written about by Eph Reeder who noted that he purchased a suit of clothes from a man stationed on Washington Street with clothing collected from a railroad wreck. Nice looking suit but when Eph got it home it didn't fit. It was advertised that they would refund the money if the goods weren't satisfactory. Eph was warning everyone that was not at all true and to take his advice as he was the biggest sucker! It was rather nice, too that he said to just patronize the home merchants vs trying to get a better deal!

The early newspapers had so many sad accidents (one mother and daughter in the Ladoga area tired after working tried to beat the train in a bridge for instance) here in our area and rarely was there a day that a wreck wasn't reported in other areas of the state. The Monon had many and deaths weren't only of other people but often of those working on the rails, walking along them, drunks who didn't even realize what hit them and many animals. It is all fascinating on one hand and just rips your heart out on the other. Sad times!



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 William Henry Payton. William was born on January 1, 1877 in Union Township, Montgomery County, Indiana. He was born to David and Martha (Stump) Payton. David and Martha married on January 18, 1866. Of the couple's 10 children, three died in infancy.

David Isaac Payton was born in Montgomery County, Indiana on June 16, 1844. David's father, Charles Lewis Whitson Payton, was born in Kentucky and came to Indiana in the 1830s. Charles married Catherine Reynolds on June 13, 1838 and they made a home in Brown Township where he farmed. Like Charles, Catherine was born in Kentucky. She was the oldest child of William and Mary Miller Reynolds. The Reynolds family left Boone County and came to Indiana in ca. 1834. Catherine gave birth to 14 children. Between 1859 and 1866, she lost three sons and two daughters, all who died in infancy. In 1872, her daughter Isabel died at the age of 21, and in 1874 her son Lewis died at the age of 19. The remaining seven, Charles, Mary, David, Laurinda, Isaac, Franklin, and Susan lived to full adulthood.

Martha Stump, born on June 28, 1849, was the daughter of John Thomas (1820-1903) and Sabella (Farley) Stump (1821-1871). John was born in Boone County, Kentucky and came with his family to Indiana in ca. 1826. For a short time, the Stumps lived in Rush County. By 1830, they were in Montgomery County. That year, John's father George was listed in the census. George and his wife Martha Patsy Talbot had 12 children, all who called Montgomery County home during their youth. When George passed in 1866, he was interred in the Weir Cemetery near Yountsville. Sabella too was from Kentucky and came to Montgomery County in ca. 1835 with her parents, John Butler and Clarissa Farley, and her six siblings. The Farley family had deep roots in Virginia (Twelve Generations of Farleys, Jesse Kelso Farley Jr.), which is where John Butler was born in 1781. He died in Montgomery County in 1852, and like George, the father of his son-in-law, he was buried in the Weir Cemetery.

On November 26, 1893, William married Bertha Lenon. Bertha, born December 3, 1877, was the daughter of Robert and Nancy (Cline) Lenon of Carroll County, Indiana. After their wedding, William and Bertha made their home in Carroll County. The 1900



Photo courtesy of findagrave.com

census tells us that they were living in Jackson Township, where William worked as a day laborer. In 1902, William and Bertha had a daughter, Dorothy, their only child. That year, William's grandmother Catherine died at the age of 79. The following year, William's father, John, died at the age of 83.

By 1910, William moved the family to Logansport where he worked as a locomotive fireman. Physically demanding, the job entailed stoking the fire that heated the water to create the steam needed to push the pistons that turned the wheels that moved the train. The fireman also worked as an assistant to the engineer.

William's 1918 World War I Draft Registration Card not only tells us that he was of medium build and medium height with blue eyes and gray hair, but also that he was working as an engineer – a promotion he certainly

earned. Bertha, Dorothy, and he lived at 24 Wheatland Avenue, which is situated on the Eel River in Logansport. William's parents were still in Montgomery County, where David had worked as a day laborer and lumber inspector in a sawmill. He died on August 25, 1927, long lived at 83. He was interred in the Oak Hill Cemetery. After his death, Martha lived with her son Robert in Terre Haute. Robert worked as a "saw-filer." While residing at the Ben Hur Sanitarium, Martha passed on October 21, 1939 at 90 years of age. She was laid to rest next to David.

At the age of 62, William still worked as an engineer. This is the job he held until his retirement from the Penn Central Railroad (The Pharos-Tribune & Press, 15 September, 1969). In the early 1940s, Bertha and he lived as neighbors to Dorothy and her husband Galen Shafer. Bertha passed on February 4, 1951 and was buried in Camden Cemetery in Carroll County. At the time of her death, William and she were still living at 24 Wheatland Avenue – in the same apartment they'd rented for over 33 years. By 1958, William moved to Decatur, Illinois. He likely settled there to be closer to Dorothy, who moved to central Illinois by 1940. William lived in Decatur until his passing on December 14, 1969. His body was returned to Logansport for services and to Camden for burial next to Bertha. May William, who worked for 40 years traversing the rails, rest in peace.



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Autumn Assignment

By Chuck Clore

The trek down Danville Avenue to Tuttle Elementary was always an adventure. And this early 1950s September morning was brimming with anticipation. My classmates and I plowed through mound after mound of crisp autumn leaves with glee and new awareness. Two weeks ago, our teacher, Miss Jefferies, gave us our first homework assignment. Our task was to bring her leaves.

“Wow! Easy Peezy!”

It was fall, after all, and we had bushels in our yard. So many leaves, I might even get extra credit. But, wait, there was a catch. Our first lesson: Homework was always harder than it first appeared, thus the word work.

The Assignment: Bring twelve leaves to class, each plucked from a different tree. Identify and label each leaf and tell the class where you found it.

“Oh, Jeeze Louise! Goodbye, easy.”

Who knew there were so many kinds of trees? Well, maple leaves are easy — right? Not really. There are soft-maple, hard-maple, red-maple, yellow-maple, Japanese-maple. They all look like a Canadian flag gone bad.

Dutch Elm disease wiped out most of the elm trees in C-Ville. There were a few left down the alley off Prospect Street. Their leaves were almond-shaped with jagged edges. They looked as though they were cut with pinking shears. The top surface of the elm leaf is rough, like a cat’s tongue. Those leaves stick to a flannel shirt like Velcro. Jump into a pile of elm leaves, and you might hear Mom inventing new words on washday.

Fortunately, my mom, Georgia Clo-

re, had guided my three older siblings through this very same assignment a decade and a half before my time. She knew all the tricks for leaf preservation. An unabridged dictionary can house an entire forest of leaves pressed and preserved alphabetically “A” for ash, and “B” for birch. A word of caution with the letter “I” for ivy. If you begin to itch you might want to file the three-leaf stem under “P” for poison.

But this book press method makes the leaves dry and crumbly.

Mom’s method for maximum color preservation and suppleness was to place the leaf between a folded sheet of wax paper with the waxy side in and press the paper side with a hot iron. With Mom’s help and botanical expertise, I had a folder filled with twelve sheets of Arbor Day samples and three more sheets for extra credit. The very last entry was a two-page fold-out to accommodate the big black walnut leaf I had plucked from the walnut tree growing in Granny’s front yard. It was a long stem with a dozen alternating leaflets down each side. Awfully impressive back in 1954 — It is no wonder I got a gold star from Miss Jefferies that chilly September day.

Awe Nuts!
Fast forward

to today. As a grumpy old adult, I am not nearly as impressed with the mighty walnut tree and its leaves. Out of the nineteen trees in our small backyard, half of them are walnut trees. Great shade, but the squirrels they attract taunt me. They sunbathe on our back deck and eat our tomato plants before they ripen enough to pick. Early autumn, the long stems shed the leaflets, then do a nosedive into the wire mesh covers on our gutters. The house has a porcupine rim that catches the other trees’ leaves. Hard green projectiles pelt the shingles on our new roof. It is enough to make a preacher swear, Bah Humbug!

The happy memory of the old rope swing hanging from the walnut tree branch at Granny’s place in Alamo far outweighs the curses of today. Brown-stained fingers from husking the nuts make for indelible reminiscence. Talk about a tough nut to crack. A kid with a claw hammer must have great aim and a healthy arm. Mother nature is pretty good at protecting the treasure inside. But with enough determination, the reward is great. To this day, black walnut is my favorite flavor of ice cream.

Calling All Hullers!

In the 1990s, I was fortunate enough to relive some of my childhood nut-filled memories. As a Creative Director at Wannemacher



Photos by Chuck Clore

Advertising Company in Springfield, Missouri, I had the privilege of meeting Mr. Brian Hammons. Just down the road from Springfield is the little town of Stockton, the home of Hammons Black Walnuts. The family-owned business is the hub of harvesting and processing black walnut products. Hullers throughout the Midwest ship their bounty to Stockton, Missouri.

Wannemacher Advertising Company placed ads for Hammons hullers in hundreds of newspapers across the midsection of America, even good ole C-Ville. I got to know a little about the black walnut industry. Staring at giant silos brimming with the delicious product, I knew there was bound to be a few nuts from Alamo, Waveland, New Richmond, Romney, New Market...

Small world, isn’t it?

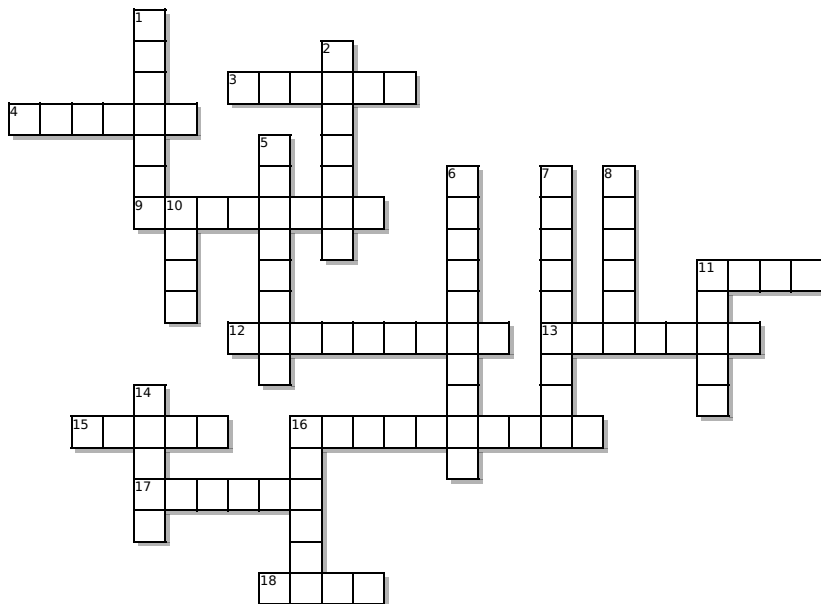
<https://black-walnuts.com/locations/hammons-stockton/>

<https://www.facebook.com/HammonsBlackWalnuts>

Harvesting starts October 1st.



Clickety Clack



ACROSS

- 3 Car for noshing
- 4 Retired railroad engineer
- 9 Locomotive CEO
- 11 Driven to hold the track in place
- 12 Fictional RR junction
- 13 Car that produces snores
- 15 A phantom train
- 16 The Wabash Poet
- 17 Express train in Christie fiction
- 18 ___ Central Railroad

DOWN

- 1 It's at the end
- 2 They stoke the fire
- 5 RR recipe: potato _____
- 6 Bullet train in Tokyo
- 7 Madame Irma was its queen
- 8 It pulls the train
- 10 House where RR injured were treated
- 11 Hot water power
- 14 A railroad and a trail
- 16 This car moos as it rolls

Check out page 10 for the solution

Whistle Call Joy Willett

*She heard the whistle
through the trees,
shrill in the distance
it came with her plea.*

*"Oh daddy, let's hurry
before it's gone!"
She tugged at his hand
urging him on.*

*"We'll get there, no worry,
in plenty of time,"
he said with a grin,
glancing down.*

*Looking up at the man
by her side
she knew for certain
they'd get to ride.*

*The sound came again
closer this time.
"We're almost there"
she shouted sublime.*

*They turned the corner
to where it stood,
red and black
and brightly festooned. 1*

Poetry and Puzzles

Montgomery Memories

*"We made it" she clapped
filled with glee
then came the call
"All aboard, please."*

*In the last car,
where they always sat,
she anxiously awaited
the clickety-clack.*

*The conductor, so dapper
in a uniform and cap
took their tickets
from where they sat.*

*When all were seated
the whistle again blew
then down the rails
the locomotive flew.*

*The girl, when grown,
will fondly hark back
to days spent with daddy
riding the track. 2*



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Karen's Kitchen

Karen Bazzani Zach, Montgomery Memories

Can you imagine cutting carrots for a soup or salad in the kitchen in the dining car in say 1900? I mean, you're about to make a chop and the train tours around a curve or it slows down quickly to make a stop? That would be one dangerous job, for sure! Some railroads had (trains.com) specialties such as Shoo-Fly Pie in Pennsylvania and Missouri's Golden Dollar French Toast or the Southern Pacific's Salad Bowl. Menus from the late 1800s and early 1900s are highly coveted by RR collectors. On the above site I found four old recipes that were served in dining cars, but this is probably the only one I'd make – in fact, I'm thinking for breakfast real soon – lol!

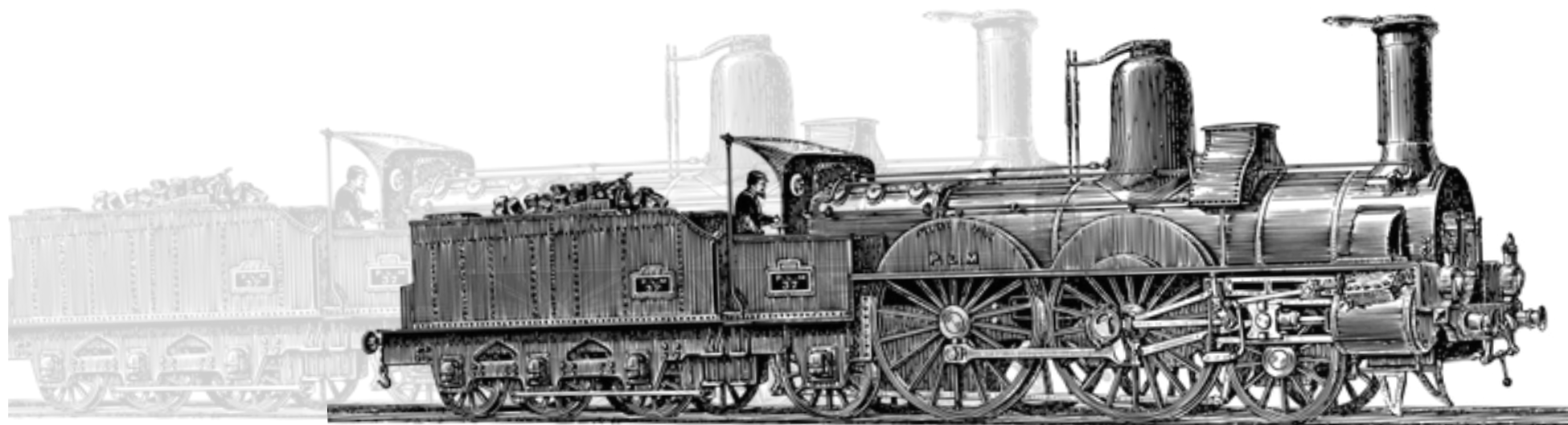
Potato Pancakes, served on Chicago & North Western's Dakota 400.

Ingredients:

2½ cups coarsely shredded raw potatoes
1 small onion, grated
1/3 cup all-purpose flour
1 egg
1 tsp salt
Oil

Directions:

1. In a medium bowl, add all ingredients except the oil. Stir with a fork.
2. Preheat a skillet until a drop of water sizzles. Spread 2 tablespoons of oil over bottom of skillet.
3. Using a spatula, flatten the pancakes into 4-inch circles. Cook until brown and crisp on underside. Turn and cook until other side is brown and crisp. Note: Make a few pancakes a time.
4. Drain on paper towels and place on warm platter to keep heated while preparing more pancakes. Add more oil as needed.
5. Serve pancakes with applesauce.





County Connections - "Noah J. Clodfelter"

Karen Bazzani Zach, Montgomery Memories

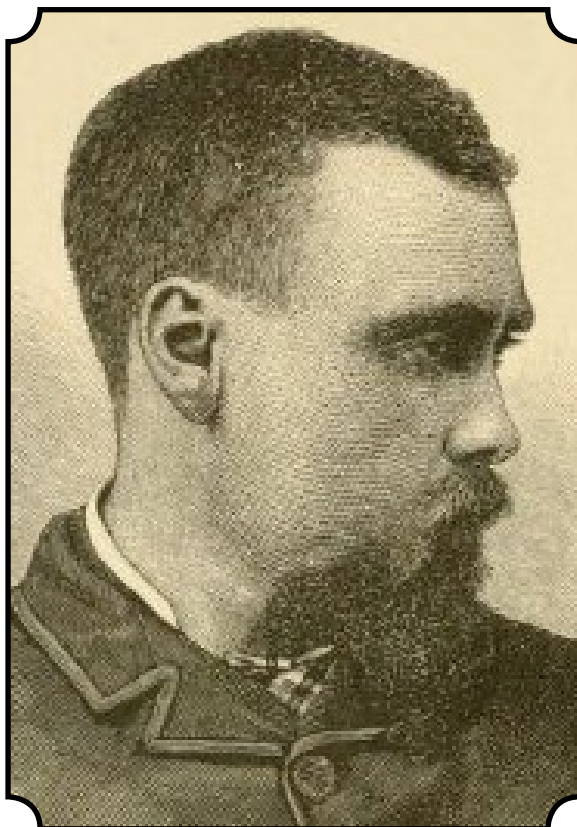
Writer. Poet. Teacher.
Insurance man. Lawyer. Lumberman. Financier. Railroader. Husband. Father. Brother.
Good man! Noah J. Clodfelter was born near the town of Alamo on December 14th (mine is the 15th but just a few years apart) in 1853. He joined a large family (13) with one brother, Marion E. who became a well-known Montgomery County lawyer. His parents were Matthias and Mary Magdalena Saylor Clodfelter. Matthias was the son of Peter and Catherine (Bowers) Clodfelter, she being the daughter of one of my Revolutionary War Soldiers, Jacob Adam Bowers (wife Catherine Myers) so Noah and I share some common ancestors.

Matthias Clodfelter made sure each of his large family was well-educated for the times and Noah began his poetic writings in his teen years, noting that he could not remember a time when he did not think in rhyme. I found it exciting that one of my favorite MoCo poets used Noah as one of his subjects. He had been to Noah's new \$20,000 home "Knoll Cottage" on Green Street and was basically thanking him for the wonderful visit. Dr. Joseph Russell wrote: "Kind, sir, within my memory's stored ... a picture of your home and heart ..." and describes "Your mansion, aloft it stands is dignified." Discusses the cherubs, gate, dragons, the fountain, and ends, "My fortune kindly bless your store, and amplify your good estate; if my good-will could give thee more, 'twould rank thee with the good and great!"

Noah first lived in neighboring Fountain County where he taught school for several years: thus the county connection. While doing so, he submitted many poems to area newspapers and became well-known around these parts. In his early 30s, his first work of fiction, *Snatched from the Poor House*, a 300-plus page book netted him \$1,000 on the first 10,000 copies. So many talents this fellow had!

This book was poked at years later when Noah passed away in the state insane asylum at not quite 48 years old. One article stated that his final enterprise/dream "took all his property and sent him Over the Hills to the Poor House." Found it interesting (and only my opinion) that the two photos on FindAGrave (thanks to Dustin and Midnight Dreary) show the more gentle, dreamy, poetic man while the other presents the more crazed and non-logical thinker. So sad he came to that!

Life began well for the man, however, especially when he married the love of his life on Christmas Eve in 1873. Noah wed Cinderella Clark in Montgomery County. Four children were born to them, but only two grew to adulthood, daughters, Hazel and Mabel. In the 1880 census, I was surprised to see an unusual occupation for him that really didn't seem to fit his repertoire, but nonetheless, he was in Covington, living on 4th Street and was a lumberman. The couple had already lost their only son, Byron. He was but three and a half and Noah loved him dearly, writing in a poem that "every parent weeps for his child," but that his feel-



ings for this particular one "were so very strong." My favorite stanza is: "But now farewell on earth, farewell, my little boy, farewell to you. Soon will I go to thee and dwell and there forget this sad adieu." Certainly, I can envision that! Their daughter in that census was Alma "Nina" who passed away four years later at the age of seven. Sadly, after Hazel and Mabel were born, their mother died of consumption in 1889, just 31 years old. Oddly, immediately after his wife died, he took off for a four-week visit to Iowa. Whether he took the girls, and why he went, haven't discovered yet. Noah didn't wed again for several years, an older gal who had never married - Hannah Hough. She outlived him by several years and never remarried. Her life was a bit crazy after marrying Noah.

That is when he got into the railroad business after spending some years helping his brother in the attorney world, spending time as an insurance man, and always

writing not only his poetry but add novels as well. In fact, there are internet pages dedicated to the study of his literature. Yet, it was the railroad world that was his dream. Literally, it was also his doom.

A good overview of Noah's passion was found in the *Indiana Magazine of History*, Sept 1924 calling him a "persistent promoter of an ill-fated electric railway." It began as the Indianapolis, Anderson, Alexandria and Marion Electric Railway Company and was incorporated at \$100,000 which began in early September, 1894. It began badly as it took until the end of the next May to even get it going and Clodfelter and other officers had to reorganize (at a \$500,000 loan) and now called it the Indianapolis, Anderson and Marion. Truly, it was a great fiasco and to make a long story short, let's just say weather, money, competition, strikes made it quite difficult to accomplish what Noah desired. Yet, he would not give up. In the *American Literary Blog*, 10-31-2013, it noted that (like Shakespeare supposedly) he never rewrote any poem he penned, because "too much of the original feeling gets lost in each edit!" As with the poetry, he felt his railroad plan was not to be messed with.

Yet, he blamed the failure of his railway scheme on some big-named folks in the city, county and state and didn't mind telling their names, either. In his work *The Gotham of Yasmar* (written in 1897, many stating they felt he had already lost his mind) he poked fun at the rich and famous, so to speak, James Whitcomb Riley really getting a big dose. Definitely, a satirical work but it makes you wonder how much if any is true. Oddly, he was exceptional at several things but seemed to become bitter when his dream failed. And fail it did for him anyway, although one of his competitors finally managed to get ahold of it and got it finished. While Noah, dwelling in the state asylum his last two years (his active daughters remaining in Crawfordsville with relatives), was enjoying visits (sometimes sensible, just as often with him ranting in rhyme) from friends and relatives, the papers announced that sadly, Noah lost his beautiful home, money, prestige and mind, but his dream finally really did come true!

2021 Montgomery County Museum Scene



MONTGOMERY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Tour Hours Wed-Fri 1-4 p.m. 2nd & 4th Sat. 11 a.m. – 4 p.m. Upcoming Events – Christmas Tour Nov. 27



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 ..)



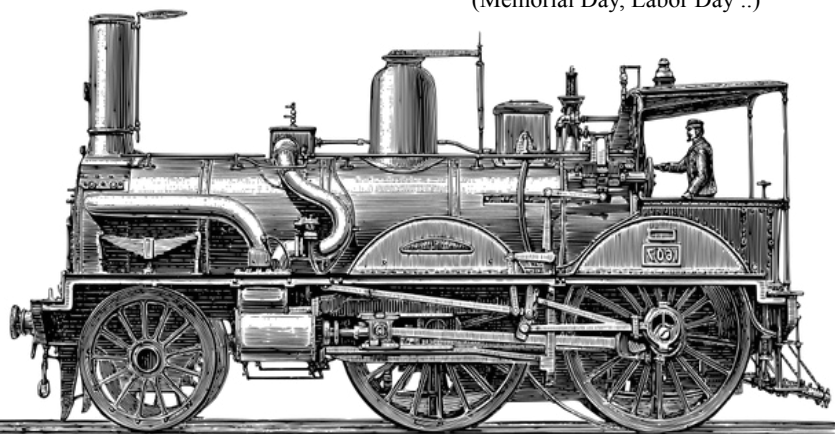
CARNEGIE MUSEUM

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! The Carnegie Museum is now hosting Indiana Historical Society's "A Visual Journal," celebrating 30 Looks like a fun time at the RR Fair on August 16th was had by all. Loved the hats and kerchiefs. Open Fri, Sat, Sun 12-5; \$6 adults; \$1 children 12 and under. ENJOY! s of photographer Mark A. Lee. (AIDS and Marriage Equality the topic through Aug. 28th).

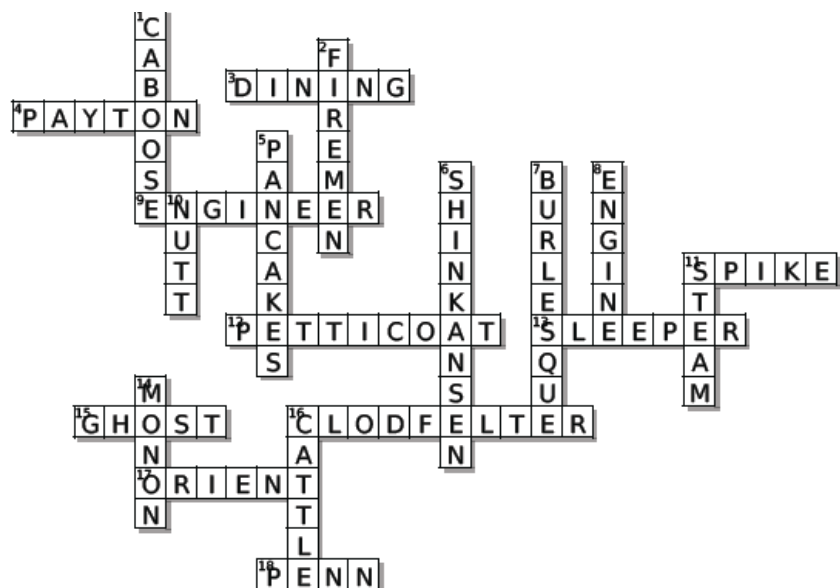


GENERAL LEW WALLACE STUDY

Two lectures on paintings this month, TC Steele earlier and Sept. 30th – Barry Bauman conservator in the Chicago Art Institute at one time will present, "Conservation of Paintings (call 362-5769 to reserve a spot due to covid).



Clickety Clack



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.

Looks like a fun time at the RR Fair on August 16th was had by all. Loved the hats and kerchiefs. Open Fri, Sat, Sun 12-5; \$6 adults; \$1 children 12 and under. ENJOY!



Grandcestors

Karen Bazzani Zach, Montgomery Memories

Suppose I rode on those little trains in the parks, Santa Claus Land or the like (Crawfordsville park, probably) but my very vague recognition of such is about nil. However, my first real train ride I remember so well. It was the onset of our senior trip – 1967 graduates of Waveland High School – all 19 of us, Mr. Donald Cooper, principal and his wife.

We left from Russellville. We had all our suitcases out waiting, most of us with parents to kiss us or shake hands good bye. Imagine they were rather apprehensive; however, it was such a tradition and nothing bad had ever happened, so we piled in and off we went (I don't know, was that the Vandalia railway)?

First, we went to Washington DC. It was pretty exciting to view real places we had only read about. The Lincoln Memorial was so amazing, I just stood and stared at it. The Washington Monument was stunning as we viewed it one evening. One disappointment was that we stood in line for hours but didn't make it into the White House but we saw it lots closer than any of us ever had before. Oh, we rode the big tour bus (first I'd ever been on) out to Mt. Vernon. I loved it, such a beautiful area and to think our first president lived and dwelled there. The changing of the guard at the Arlington Cemetery was exciting and all 100 students watched the small television in assembly at WHS when President Kennedy had been killed, so to see his eternal flame was touching. I've actually seen it three more times and it touches me each time. We saw the changing of the guards – perfect. Seen it a cou-

ple more times too and perfect each and every time. So admire those people who are chosen to do that job! Who would have guessed that our son, Jay, would be able to lay a wreath on the tomb of the unknown soldier 18 years later as the Indiana State President of CAR (Children of the American Revolution) – that was the best of all!

Oddly, there are a couple of places I would love to see (not there when we were there) and still have not, one being the National Cathedral and the Vietnam Veterans' wall, although I saw parts a couple of times in their travelling presentations. Probably more I could add to that!

So, another first here – first time on an airplane was from DC to NY. Think it was the first for each of us. Only seemed to take a few minutes and we got our bags and headed to the large hotel, again, like nothing any of us had ever stayed in before. Bit of trouble here, only I wasn't involved but some of the kids were pretty bad – hanging out the windows, flirting with girls from other schools on their senior trips, throwing things and the like while the Coopers, Elaine Cosby and I were at Hello Dolly on Broadway. Carol Channing was absolutely awe-strik-

ing as Dolly.

Yet it was seeing Castle Garden and Ellis Island that thrilled me the most, to think that my grandparents and aunt came through Ellis Island – walked in, signed up, then told they would be in the old Castle Garden that hadn't been used for years. It was filthy and everyone on that

and another boat was in it, waiting for a train strike to be over. All that time the men and boys were on one side; the women and small children on the other. Piece of bread and water twice a day – that was it, and my grand-



mother gave half of hers to my Aunt Alice. One day, the men were trying to entertain the boys and had a thicker blanket, pitching the kids up in the air and catching them in it. Great fun! Oh, it would have been wonderful to hear that laughter. Then no laughter, just oh, my gosh type Italian comments then crying and everyone being upset. The women yelled through their cage doors asking what had happened? One of the boys had lost his breath laughing, then lost his breath for eternity. The officials were called and he was taken out and thrown in the New York Harbor, his mother

not even allowed to give him one last kiss good bye. Finally, after two weeks the RR strike was over, and my grandparents and aunt finally arrived in Clinton, Indiana on their way to their home in Universal where my father was born a year later. By the way, the first day in NY for them was my grandmother's 21st birthday. Welcome to America!

We weren't allowed two weeks; think we were there maybe two or three days and don't remember what else we saw or did. Think we ate in a famous Pizza place but don't remember the name, but I for one was glad to return home. Missed good 'ol Waveland, my folks, and the nowadays hubs!

The trip home seemed quicker, but I'm not sure where we came home to, I think Greencastle. On the way home one of the boys (same one instigating the trouble in NY) started singing a song, "Listen to the Wopping bird, wop, wop!" He kept looking at me and I had no clue why. Finally Elaine explained to me what a WOP was (I had never heard the term) – a person With Out Papers – shut him up when I told him my grandparents did it all the proper way, even having to wait for WWI to be over as my grandfather had applied for citizenship here before he went back home to visit (met her and fell in love) and had to fight in the war. He promised me that he always shot above the American boys' heads – how he loved his USA!

Overall, it was a wonderful trip and we enjoyed lots of firsts, including the first train ride! What an exciting experience!



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