

# MONTGOMERY MEMORIES



August 2023

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A publication of  
The Paper of Montgomery County

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## Contributing Writers



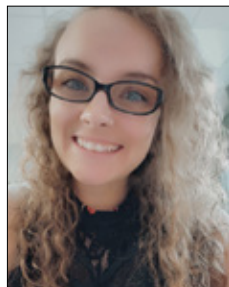
**KAREN BAZZANI ZACH** has been a contributor of local historical articles for almost 50 years. A native Montgomery Countian, she grew up in Waveland, married Jim Zach, and received her grad degree from IU while working at CDPL as Children's Librarian. Karen authored one of the newer county histories, *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 most of her childhood in southern Montgomery County. She graduated from South Montgomery High School. Her undergrad was from Indiana State University and she earned her MBA at the University of Phoenix. Joy and her husband David have lived in Indiana, Arizona, California, and Illinois. As an amateur genealogist, she enjoys research and has written three family history books. She also writes poetry and fiction.



**KELSEY CURRAN** is one of the paginators for the Paper of Montgomery County. 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 a small town in Illinois and moved to Crawfordsville in 2016. She has three children. She enjoys spending time with her husband and kids, reading and baking.

# August Feature: Booger J

*Linda Earl*

Booger J was foaled on my parents' property in the spring of 1960. He was an Appaloosa colt. My Dad's name was Jack, so that may explain the unusual name. When he was old enough, my dad broke him out and sold him to a man named Bill.

Soon after Bill bought him, he was drafted in the military and sent to Vietnam to serve our country. While Bill was gone Booger was left in the care of Bill's family. When Bill returned home, in the fall of 1966, Booger J was in dire condition. He had gotten sick, and he was very emaciated.

Bill made the decision to take Booger to the horse slaughter, as he thought Booger was in too poor condition to survive. Horse slaughter was an avenue a lot of people used at that time for injured or unwanted horses. On his way to his destination, Bill brought Booger by my dad's barn to show him the poor condition Booger was in. My father thought he could save Booger J, so he offered Bill \$50 and bought him back.

My dad had just sold my pony and I was heartbroken. Dad thought Booger would be a good replacement for my pony, so he gave him to me. I was nine years old and happy to have a horse again even though he was very thin and homely.

Booger was so weak he couldn't get up on his own if he laid down. My dad made a sling for his stall to hold him up so he couldn't lay down. Booger was so malnourished he had learned to crib (Cribbing is a vice a horse learns when they are neglected. They will bite on wood and suck in air. This helps them feel full. This can cause them to colic which sometimes will cause death.) Booger would grunt so loud when he cribbed, we could hear him throughout the barn. He also tried to gorge his food. This could cause him to choke, so each feeding time I would stand at his stall and feed him little handfuls of feed at a time. I spent hours grooming and talking to my new horse.

Eventually Booger J started improving. When he was well enough to be ridden, I would ride him as much as I could. Once my sister and I even rode to Waynetown and back, which was 6 miles one way. I still can't believe my parents let us go!

In the spring of 1967, I entered Booger in the Montgomery County 4-H program in the Jr. Horsemanship. Back then we had to ground tie and mount our horses without assistance. Booger was 15 hands tall, so I had to learn how to mount him on my own. I learned to grab the skirt of the saddle and pull myself up far enough to get my foot in the stirrup, then I would wiggle my way up the rest of the way. The entire time Booger stood patiently waiting for me to get settled into the saddle.

The day of the show we rode into the class. There were much prettier horses there, with better training and better pedigrees, but I felt certain Booger and I would hold our own against them!

Booger J and I won the class that day. Booger had

come a long way in that short year since he was on his way to the horse slaughter.

Dad sold him shortly afterwards. I never knew who bought him or where he went, but he is a horse that I will always remember fondly. He will always be a champion to me!



## Kick back and relax!

Read the Montgomery Memories and enjoy our wonderful county history!

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

So, we will begin our Odds about horses with a CWJ article from 5 Sept 1874. It so reminds me of the House that Jack Built (this happened, then this and then this and it ended-up worse than original) so read away at this cute tale: “Although we are informed that Montgomery county has as many, if not more, horses in her boundaries than any other county in the State, yet we cannot account for the exceedingly low price at which they are bought and sold in and about Waveland. Some time ago Mr. Aaron Wolever, of that place, purchased a fine blooded mare, known as Sorrel Peavine, for a \$5 note. This was undoubtedly a very low price for the mare, as she is only about twenty-two years old, and of a good sire and dam fine stock. The gait she generally went in was somebody’s garden gate. She had so many fine points and good traits, in fact, that he traded her for a strong pair of boots, doubtless thinking he could make better time in them than on “Peavine,” and that he would get something to boot in the operation. The man he traded to used “to back her” but now she was too weak, so he “swapped” her for two five cent cigars to a youth about thirteen years of age. A few days ago Mr. Wolever met the boy in Waveland, and, in the presence of several persons, offered to buy the horse again for \$5. The boy accepted the colossal offer, and brought the horse to town, when Mr. Wolever “weakened” and refused to take her. A law suit ensued, in which a judgment was rendered in favor of the boy. The matter was finally compromised by Mr. Wolever’s paying the costs, which were \$2.60, and giving the boy \$2.50 and the mare back again. Thus the mare was taken as part pay for herself.”

In 1877, a great deal of stock raising and selling of horses was all over the pages of the papers. The C’ville Star had quite a list on April 26th that year:

”For the information of the stock breeding readers of the Star, we subjoin the names and locations of Horses and Jacks for which we have printed bills this season:

Warren Davis of Longview, a suburban village of this city, is keeping four fine stallions, Mosstrooper and Royal Oak both full-blooded Clides which he imported from Canada this spring. They are certainly the largest and most perfect specimens of draft horses we have ever seen, taking into consideration, the fact, that they are yet a little under 3 years of age: Mosstrooper weight 1,600; Royal Oak 1,550. His other two are fast stock a Kentucky horse, and a superb young trotting horse of his own raising.

England’s Glory is a celebrated draft horse, the property of the Insley Brothers of this city. He will be kept the first 3 days of the week at Linden and the remaining time at the Insley Stables here. Full-blood England Glory from the old imported horse and weight 1,600 pounds.

Glenco, the property of Henry Tomlinson is of the Smith Glenco stock and will be kept at the stables of Mr. T, 8 miles north of Crawfordsville on the old plank road.

Belfounder, a descendent of the old original Ohio Belfounder, will be found

at the stable of Hewet Long on the road to Darlington and at Darlington.

Young Success, a Norman draft, the property of M.W. Lane will make the season at Ladoga.

Lyon, also a full-blooded Morgan will be found 4 miles east of Ladoga. He is kept by S.J. Lough.

Young Morgan, as indicated is of the Morgan stock and is said to be very compactly and finely built. H.S. Jackman, 4 miles north of Crawfordsville is the owner of Morgan.

Young Farmer is of the Ohio Farmer stock and is the property of W.T. Glenn, 2 ½ miles north of Waveland.

General Flora, an imported Norman horse, the property of Milton B. Waugh & Co. will be found part of the time at the stable of Jeff Bowers in Sugar Creek Township, at Clark’s Hill and at Colfax.

Highlander, of the Highlander and Diomedes stock is 17 hands high and a dark bay will be kept by MV Goben, 6 miles northeast of Crawfordsville.

Red Buck, is from the original Red Buck and will be kept by A.W. Herron near Little’s Mill and at Alamo.

Barney, a cross between the Norman and Morgan stock. John Townsley, proprietor a few miles north east of Crawfordsville. Emancipation, a very fine Jack is also being kept by H.S. Jackman north of this city.”

Sherry Legg Young is a top horsewoman and she wrote a bit about her trainer, Jack Lidester from Wingate (see also feature story). “He was definitely the best horse trainer to come out of this county in the last 70 years. He was my trainer starting when I was 10 and then I rode for him from the time I was 22 to about 28. He always tried to find a horse I couldn’t ride and never succeeded. I always told him that was his own fault - he made me the rider I was! I think he was just a natural. He had grown up with horses and just started training. Known all over the US and Canada for his reining horses, he produced many world champions. He was tough! And he was good. And he made you work. He didn’t take crap from the horse or the rider! LOL. But he was also a fantastic artist and he wrote songs, played the guitar and sang. By every meaning of the word - he was a cowboy! And while reining was his forte, he could produce a winner in anything. I became his Hunt Seat rider (I can’t imagine him in a pair of breeches!) and he could train a hunter as well as a reiner. People either loved him or not, but no one ever denied his ability.” Thanks Sherry for the memories!

Sadly, I read about several horses kept in barns which were often burned by lightning. Example: Chap Bradburn (near Colfax) lost his barn in July 1896 (CWJ 10 July p 12) just that way. It was completely destroyed, everything lost. Sadly, one of the priceless items lost was a very fine stallion valued at \$400. Chap had no insurance on the barn but did have \$200 on the horse. Me? I’d rather have that beauty vs any money

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



# Nifty at Ninety - And Beyond

Joy Willett, Montgomery Memories

For the August edition of Nifty at Ninety... we meet Elijah Clore. Elijah was born in Boone County, Kentucky on October 28, 1827. In 1838, he came to Montgomery County, Indiana with his parents Joel and Sarah Rice Clore. The Clore family, originally from Virginia, migrated first to Kentucky and then to Indiana. According to Beckwith's History for Fountain County, the family made "the trip down the Ohio and up the Wabash [Rivers] in a keel-boat." Joel died in 1840 at the age of 30. It was reported that, "He was in the habit of flatboating to New Orleans and while at Lake Providence, Louisiana... he was taken sick and died." This left Sarah to raise their four children.

Elijah married his distant cousin Jane Deer on September 13, 1849. The couple made their home in Brown Township where Elijah farmed. Their daughter Martha was born in 1850, and four children followed – Mary, Sarah, Albert (who died at one year old), and Lucinda. By 1860, the family moved to Jackson Township, Fountain County. Elijah's real and personal worth that year was \$324,364 in modern day value. In the coming decade, two more children, John and Joel, joined the family. Per the 1870 census, Elijah's real and personal wealth had increased to a quite impressive \$915,979 in modern day value.

As was typical for women at the time, Jane was responsible for the home and hearth. Elijah's mother, who likely provided a helping hand, lived with the family, and did so until her death in 1880. The Clore's youngest children were Jesse (b. 1872) and Leroy (b. 1875.) Jane was 47 years old when Leroy was born! Sadly, the 1870s was also a time of loss. Four of the couple's children died, including Martha at age 23, Sarah at age 20, Lucinda at age 20, and John age 20. In 1875 Jane's youngest sister, Elizabeth, came to live with the Clore family. She was with them until her death in 1883. Elizabeth was an artist and a musician (History of Fountain County, Indiana).

The Hamilton Democrat (17 May 1878) reported that at fifty years old Elijah "had broke fifty-six acres of sod," and "can take a bushel of wheat and shoulder it with one hand." In addition to farming, Elijah was engaged in stock raising. He named the Clore homestead "Fountain Stock Farm." He raised prized cattle and hogs, horses, and he had a quarter acre pond for culturing fish. His farm acreage totaled 560 acres in Fountain County, and 200 acres in Wayne Township, Montgomery County (ibid). In time his land grew to 1,000 acres. Elijah was also involved in community activities. He was a Mason, an Odd Fellow, and was a member of the Stillwater Grange (History of Wallace IN by Judy Harvey p 187). He was a director of the Farmers Mutual Insurance Company (The Indianapolis Journal, 20 Nov 1888). He was also a member of the Short Horned Breeders Association (The Indianapolis Journal, 30 May 1882). But those weren't all of Elijah's pursuits! He was an "old time musician" and played the dulcimer (Weekly Argus News Jan 27, 1900 p 2).

As with any long and eventful life, not all went well professionally and publicly for Elijah. In 1877, he lost several cattle to the "mad itch" including one worth \$500 (The Indiana State Sentinel, 24 Jan 1877). In 1885, while driving an untamed stallion through the

grounds of the county fair, he lost control of the horse. In the melee, three children were injured and their mother was thrown from a wagon and later died from her injuries. Elijah was convicted and fined \$2,000 (The Indianapolis Journal, 27 Feb 1886). In 1894, a fire destroyed one of Elijah's barns at a loss of \$2,000 (The Republic, Columbus, Indiana, 02 May 1894). The family suffered another personal loss when in 1892 son Joel died at the age of 26.

Elijah retired to Crawfordsville in 1897 (History of Fountain County, Indiana. Paducah KY: Turner, 1983 p 283). To make the most of their retirement, Elijah and Jane traveled. This included a trip they took to "Lower California" for several months in 1900 (The Indianapolis News, 12 May 1900).

Jane died February 25, 1907. She was buried in the Alamo Cemetery. Elijah remarried in November of that year. His second wife, Analiza (Snyder) Barricklow, was a widow and 26 years his junior. They lived in the home Elijah had retired to at 400 Jefferson in Crawfordsville. By 1920, Analiza's son Edward and his family lived in the Clore household.

Elijah passed on March 28, 1920. He was buried next to Jane. Analiza, long lived too, died in 1944 just shy of her 91st birthday. She was interred next to her first husband, John. May Elijah, who experienced great loss while accomplishing so much, rest in peace.



Photo courtesy of findagrave.com



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the pre-arrangement specialists,  
have been making special remembrances  
for families in this area for over 100 years



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“Ring the bells! Blow the whistles! Be a member of the Clean Plate Club!” my folks feigned enthusiasm for veggie consumption. Stewed tomatoes and stinking Brussels sprouts were the initiations into that club.

“Ew! Gag a maggot. No, thank you!” Those dues were too high for a six-year-old. The Davey Crocket Club had coonskin caps and Jim Bowie knives. That’s the club for me. I would rather eat a grizzly bear than consume creamed peas and broccoli.

Somewhere around the age of 10 or 11, my buddies and I were ready to trade in our pioneer buckskins for pressure suits and space helmets. The galaxy was the new threshold to explore. Science and the atom were our new friends. We formed our own club, The Atomic Knights. Pappy went to Brown County that summer to work at Melody Hills Farm. His newly completed workshop on Delaware Street became our cool clubhouse. No girls allowed.

The no-girls policy was submitted to serious review when the Mickey Mouse Club debuted on the A.B.C. network. Forget Bobby and Cubby. We jumped off the East Union School bus and bolted through the front door to watch our favorite Mouseketeer. Hello, Annette Funicello.

Later, Crawfordsville High School offered a plethora of extracurricular activities. Students had dozens of clubs to choose from. So the first week, I joined them all. By the third week, I dropped out of all except Junior Achievement. My buddies, Tom and Don, joined Up-N-Atom and the Chess Club.

By my junior year, my focus shifted to photography and art. So I joined the Palettiers. We were a clan of kindred spirits that celebrated everything creative. Drawing, painting, and sculpture all helped our right-side brain functions to flourish. James Glore the new art teacher the senior year, challenged us with a fresh enthusiasm for

special projects like woodcut printing. He also encouraged us to enter exhibitions and competitions.

My classmate Larry Curran’s superior artwork won the coveted art scholarship to the Ball State University Summer Workshop. In a twist of fate, Larry opted not to attend. I, being the runner-up, was excited to be the alternate.

Unsettling paradigm shifts were quaking the art world in the mid-60s. I returned from the university workshop with a renaissance of creativity. Op art, pop art, and vibrant day-glow designs challenged Dad’s definition of art. My photorealist-loving father was not impressed. “If you can paint



a beautiful illustration of the Deer’s Mill covered-bridge, why would you create this god-awful shtuff?”

Fast forward to the early 80s. I crave the creative camaraderie I once enjoyed in the CHS Palettiers Club. So I joined the Springfield AD Club, a local chapter of the American Advertising Federation. My

## Story & Graphics by Chuck Clore

career had evolved from publication designer to advertising and beyond. In 1982, I opened my graphic design studio, Great Graphics.

Why join any club?

It might be to meet like-minded peers. “We’re in this thing together.”

Possibly, it is to check out the competition’s work. “Show me yours. I’ll show you mine.”

Maybe, it is to validate your creativity. “I won! I won a Gold Addy!” It was a Super Bowl theme.



The Ad Club provided all the above and more with their upscale annual Addy Awards celebration. There was a category for every aspect of advertising, from persuasive copywriting to brilliant video production, branding, and logo creation. Creative Directors yearned for a Golden Addy certificate or maybe even a Best-of-Show Addy, a translucent pyramid trophy to display for all to envy. The real reward was working with the creative community while pulling the event together.

Today, I am a full-fledged member of the ROMEO Club. Don’t get excited, ladies. R.O.M.E.O. The acronym stands for Retired Old Men Eating Out.

“Give me a cup of the black death you allege to be coffee.” rang through the restaurant.

We caffeine-slurping early risers are semi-retired from a variety of callings. Every morning we roast and toast local politics. Next, we cuss and discuss the fourth-quarter coaching decisions. Silverado vs. F150 may ignite a spark or two before we move on to fixing the rest of the world. The good-natured banter over breakfast vittles is a great way to start the day.

Wednesdays are special. I meet for lunch with a different chapter of the club. It’s the same amount of razzing and banter but with another bunch of old curmudgeons. This group has what the Cajuns call, Lagniappe (a little something extra.)

We share our faith in God. So as my red Colorado pickup winds through the shaded hills and curves leading to Lake Springfield, I indulge in introspection. I ask myself, “What on earth have you done, for heaven’s sake?” It’s the same question Pappy often asked when I was a kid. Usually, it was because I had screwed something up, like the mess the Atomic Knights left in his workshop after our club meetings. There is a lot more consideration and a lot less condemnation when I ask myself.

“Has anything happened recently? Have I done anything in the past few days to reflect the faith I am supposed to possess?” Surprise. Surprise. Occasionally, this sinner has experienced divine intervention worth sharing. A small word of thankfulness and recognition of God’s provision can dispel a torrent of despair. Lord knows we need a few uplifting words. So the ROMEO men share.

A sack lunch in a hilltop pavilion overlooking the lake is worth a month of Sunday sermons. Sharing a positive word with men of faith who have weathered life’s demands bolsters my spirit. Camaraderie like this makes me glad I joined this encouraging band of codgers.

Oh yeah, in my later years, my tastes have changed. I have finally earned my membership to the Clean Plate Club, to which my portly physique will attest.

# Poetry and Puzzles

Montgomery Memories

## Horsing Around

By Joy Willett

*A Tennessee Walker,  
calm and smooth of gait.*

*Elegant as well,  
and sturdily made.*

*The Nez Perce  
created the Appaloosa.*

*An excellent breed  
with many uses.*

*White, black, bay,  
brown, chestnut, or sorrel.*

*American Paint  
is multi-colored.*

*Important during  
Colonial times,  
the Morgan appeared  
in 1789.*

1

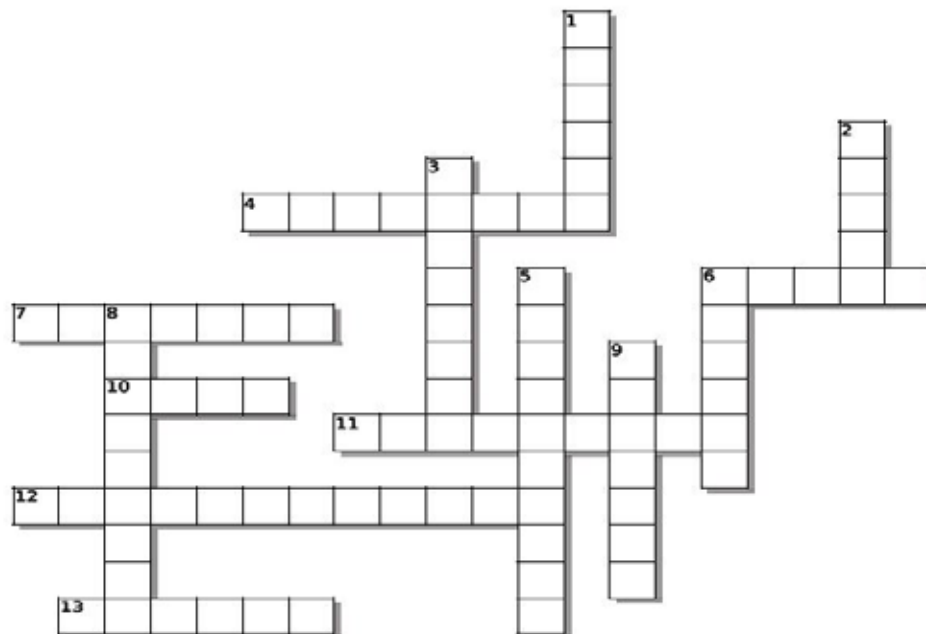
*A horse known  
to be quite quick,  
the American Quarter  
likes to sprint.*

*Brought to this land  
first by Columbus,  
the Mustang free roams  
protected by Congress.*

*Thoroughbreds  
are born to race.  
While others struggle  
to keep the pace.*

*Regardless the breed  
they are impressive,  
To own a horse  
is to own the majestic.*

2



### ACROSS

- 4 1 of KBZ's favorite foods
- 6 \_\_\_\_ Beans
- 7 "Half of a half" horse
- 10 A little horse
- 11 \_\_\_\_ Walker
- 12 Horse made for racing
- 13 Fastest pace of a horse

### DOWN

- 1 Horse feet
- 2 Sued for runaway stallion
- 3 Male horse for breeding
- 5 BIG horse
- 6 Linda Earl's horse
- 8 Nez Perce horse breed
- 9 Wild horses of the SW

Check out page 8 for the solution

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# Karen's Kitchen

*Karen Bazzani Zach, Montgomery Memories*

One of my all-time favorite foods = tomatoes! And, I know some of you planted gardens and wonder what to do with 'em. There is of course, the usual – tossed salads; fresh tomatoes in cottage cheese (always had to have that each year); fresh tomato sandwich (and this); along that line, a BLT; can them of course; some people freeze 'em but I was never a fan of such. My Italian grandmother always made us a salad with fresh tomatoes, green onions, vinegar and oil. Many more ideas, of course but this I ran across in a very old cookbook I found in my grandmother's items (obviously from Fountain County in lieu of the names and the ads) but it doesn't start until page 9 and ends on page 94 with a whole lot gone in between, sadly. However, in the "Vegetable" section I found something I NEVER would have thought up so thought I'd share it with you. I would however start with a can of baked beans and add ...

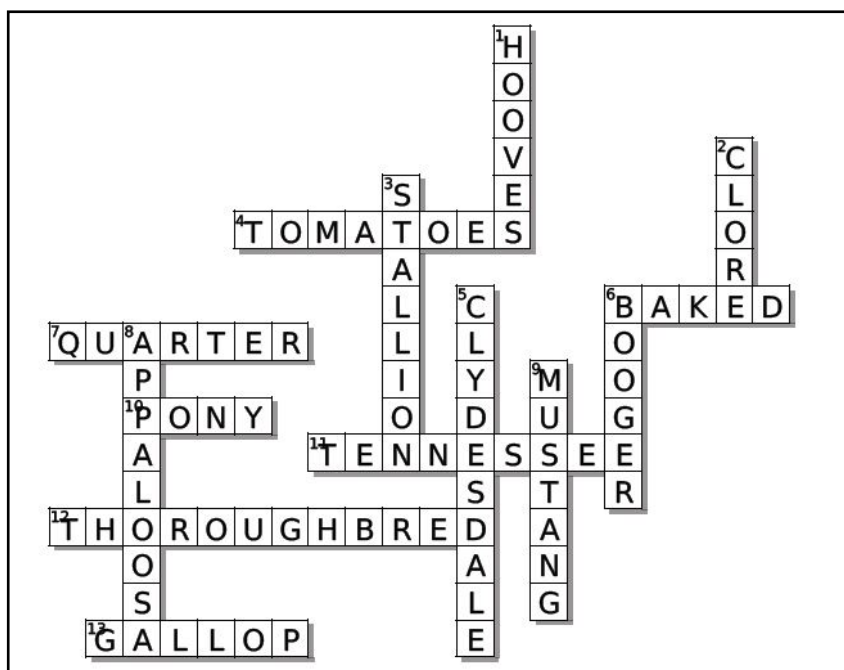
## Bakes Beans (by Dinna Myer)

2 pints navy beans, well cooked and seasoned. Add ½ pint well chopped tomatoes, 1 medium sized onion, cut up; 2 T. sugar (I'd use brown); ¼ tsp ground cinnamon, salt and pepper. Bake ½ hour 350.

Mrs. WA Moore on the same page had a recipe for Tomato Cakes which not even sure I've heard of before!

## Tomato Cakes

1 pound ground beef. 2 Eggs. 1 Cup ripe tomatoes. Lump Butter. Salt. Pepper. Beat well together, thicken with rolled crackers and fry in cakes!  
 Hey, you could just have a tomato supper. Tomato Cakes as the main dish. Baked Beans for the side and fix my grandma's salad for that dish. Don't have a real tomato cake recipe but keeping in the garden area, maybe a carrot cake would top off the meal just right !



**We all have rich, interesting family histories!**

*Why not get yours published in an issue of Montgomery Memories?*

**Email: [karen.zach@sbcglobal.net](mailto:karen.zach@sbcglobal.net)**

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## County Connections: Henry Tomlinson

*Karen Bazzani Zach, Montgomery Memories*

I have read a multitude of pages about Henry Tomlinson yet it's still nigh on impossible to really get a good feeling of what type of man he was, but here's my poke at it, anyway!

Henry Charles Tomlinson was born 7 Feb 1835 in Bloom Twp, Fairfield County, Ohio the son of Jesse who passed away there by the age of 50, when Henry was but six years old. Jesse's father was Henry and his mother was Elizabeth Fleming, both born in Ireland. Henry Charles' mother was Margaret Kauffman who was 20 years younger than Jesse. She remarried John Dobson and her sons were with them some and other times working with farmers.

At the age of 27, Henry Charles Tomlinson married Elizabeth Wright. By 1851, (1874 People's Guide) they were in MoCo along with his brother, William, their other brother John following not long thereafter. He and John remained very close. They were tallied in the Madison Twp CW drafts, all born in Ohio and farmers, but I don't believe they served.

By 1880, Henry, Elizabeth and all their children showed-up together in Madison Township with Morton, age 17; Willis 15; Milo, age 12; Arrilla who, 12 years later, would marry Harry Perrin in "an exquisite French Steel Saint Eve gown at her parents' elegant country home," and Josephine who married William L. Burdin. Their only child, Late Gray has a photo on FindAGrave and is very handsome. Josie died at age 80 in Indianapolis. Their youngest, Liza "Belle" married George L. White 17 August 1890 and passed away at age 80.

Henry could read and write and desired to stay-up on local and national news paying for a Journal subscription about as soon as they arrived here. After the war, MoCo came to own quite a reputation for show and racing horses and Henry got involved in both.

Joshua Smith was one of the horse men who went to Woodford County, Kentucky to purchase a sorrel, sired by Glenco and a grey eagle and Morgan mare. In 1877, much stock raising and selling of horses was splashed in the local news. It was at this time Henry purchased Glenco, sired by Josh Smith's horse. Glenco was a beautiful animal and won at several horse shows. Henry built an impressive barn for Glenco and his other horses.

In the meantime Henry's life seemed to begin to fall apart. Such sad happenings. For one, Henry and Elizabeth both filed for divorce, more than once.

The Crawfordsville Star 9 Oct 1879 top story began "a brace of fools who couldn't agree, marriage or unmarriage so they compromised." Henry Tomlinson, a rich and middle-aged farmer of good old Madison Township possessed of a "broad ace, sleek horses and other comforts of life, he found after six children that his wife wasn't congenial and filed for divorce." She received \$4,000 and the custody of the youngest three, and he the oldest. In his vision of losing a chunk of his large estate, he wooed his woman back; thus about 15 minutes after their divorce was final, they remarried and were newlyweds again; however, their marital bliss was rarely blissful again and she filed at least one more time, both listed as divorced on their death records (hers 1898; his 1909) yet they are buried together.

At one point, the Henry T's and their youngest daughter had a horse and buggy mishap, Elizabeth fairly badly hurt and after that things seemed to heat up in her regular life.

Henry in the meantime (joined by his sons) continued showing his horses. Example: April 1890 at the city shows and parades, Henry's light harness mare won first as well as his general purpose mare. Col. D.H. Heath, heading-up the parade and competition, noted that this year, there were at least eight of the horses in the parade that would be "in the forefront at Lexington, KY" or anywhere in the world, including HT's.

Who knows what Henry's feelings were at the time of his wife's death, but

she passed away after being extremely sick for several weeks with erysipelas (a severe skin disease). Sadly, at this point in time, she left but four of her six children, having lost two sons, which perhaps also was part of the marital problems. Their son Willis had been sick for over two months in April 1890 at just 24 and a half with a fairly new wife and a son less than a year old.

Milo the other son passed away at the exact same age as his brother with a ripe scandal surrounding his death. Most thought Milo was scamming his wife and father's money. Milo also was quite sick in Illinois and his brother-in-law sent word back home of that in a telegram. Milo started home and met Marion Erasmus Clodfelter whom he knew as a local lawyer. Tomlinson immediately began questioning M.E. about how people at home were thinking on him. Clodfelter noted that many thought he was ruining his father and he said he never meant to do wrong. He certainly did not flee the county but had gone to the race sales in Kentucky. Afterward, he went to visit his wife's relatives in Missouri – he was kindly received and had no clue of the "furor his absence was creating at home." When he started home, he got suddenly sick while waiting on a train at Galesburg, Ill. For several days he suffered in a local hotel. Finally heading home he met Clodfelter. Clodfelter went ahead and saw Milo's relatives who seemed fine with all, then Milo's wife's brother and Clodfelter headed back to Covington where Milo was awaiting instructions. ME went back to talk to someone in the back of the train car. Milo moved to a front seat, pulled out a gun shooting himself with a very large pistol between his eyes. His father was awaiting his arrival, hopped on to the train and viewed the sad affair. Milo made sure his wife was taken care of money wise – that was Milo's big worry. Yes, he had not used wise decisions but he was loved and so very missed.

It wasn't just losing his sons, it went beyond that, centering on the horse business. Henry suffered so many set backs and sad happenings. After Milo died he went to live with his daughter, Belle and her husband, George White in Indianapolis. He passed away there 16 August 1909. Returned back home again to Montgomery County, oddly, he is buried with Elizabeth at Mt. Pleasant, New Richmond (photo by V. Valentine from FindAGrave).



# In Mo Co, it was a very good year in 1941 . . .

8" of snow on  
Jan. 25th

30 April this year  
Jack Frost appeared  
– the son of Mr. and  
Mrs. Charles Frost,  
that is!

C'ville's 1940-1941  
School board mem-  
bers were: Clyde  
Rogers, President;  
Dr. Robert J. Millis,  
Treasurer and F. Rider  
Freeman, Secretary.

Herbert Morrison became  
president of Elston Bank  
& Trust this year which he  
held until 1969. One of  
C'ville's most active mem-  
bers of anything that would  
help the community!

(Staff Sgt) Vance Pyle a graduate of Darlington  
HS where he starred in basketball joined the  
Army (35th Inf 3rd Army) the last day of this  
year. Sadly July 28, three years later he was  
killed in the battle of St. Lo. Five years later his  
body was returned home. Buried Masonic Cem.  
One of so very many

The 1941-42 teachers at Young's Chapel for  
1941-42 (enrollment 65) were: Flint Lee 6-8; Juan-  
ita Graham 3-5; Zola Cleveland 1-2 and the custo-  
dian was same as year before, OM Peebles. Zola  
had the same position 1940-41 but Roy Buser had  
6-8 and Dorothy Davis 3-5th. John W. Ward was  
county superintendent.

Thomas Cooksey (2nd time around having  
served 1930-35) was just beginning another  
term of the mayor of C'ville and served from  
1941-49 making him a 3-term mayor.

As with many men (some women) Clint Wilkins  
who graduated from Linden HS in 1941 and on to  
Notre Dame which is left two years later to join the  
service where he piloted a B-24 bomber, stationed in  
the South Pacific and was in the 380th Bomb Group  
known as "The Flying Circus."

Sources used: Montgomery County INGenWeb page

## 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**



## Grandcestors

*Karen Bazzani Zach, Montgomery Memories*

I've always loved horses and motorcycles. Confession – I was spoiled and loved every minute of it. Almost always got whatever I wanted (Chatty Cathy, books, a new clarinet vs. my father's offer of his white wooden one – dumb choice on my part believe me) but there were two items I could never talk dad into. One of those was a motorcycle (I mean I didn't want a Harley or something huge just a small, easy-to-ride one) but dad saw his best friend killed on one in the middle of Chicago. Dad was right behind him and stopped at the very yellow light – his friend went on through and was decapitated. Dad laid his cycle down on the side of the road and never touched one again and wouldn't hear of us wanting one.

The other item I wanted drastically but he wouldn't let me have was a horse. My grandmother was almost killed (she was in a coma for two weeks – a boy was riding his horse, jumped a style and she had just gotten down from it on the other side) – the horse's hooves hit her in the head. She had just gotten word that she was the one chosen to go away to an advanced high school, all expenses paid but with the brain accident, they retracted it. Luckily, when she did wake up, she was fine. Dad had to work with horses quite a bit when he lived with Warney Harrison's family during the Depression, getting a tiny bit of pay for himself but most went to his parents and some food as well. Dad ate very good during the Depression so he considered himself lucky not being taken advantage of as some of their friends felt. Harrisons were wonderful to him, too. As per the horses, Warney taught dad the precautions of working with the animals and they all loved dad. As far as I knew, there was never a problem, accident but with the precautions his boss taught him, he did great! After but a few years, Warney bought a tractor and dad was great with it, too. He was one amazing worker and Warney and Media, his wife, appreciated that hard toil.

Now, when I became a teenager, I assume Dad knew I rode the horses at two of my good friends, (Elaine and Rhoda's). Maybe not but I didn't try to hide it so assume he did. We rode Rhodas in the pasture and Elaine's in their pasture front yard. Never an accident, just lots of FUN! One of Rhoda's was a bit wild but she always put me on the safe one – GOOD! If I remember right, Elaine just had one and we took turns riding.

Our son got a small motorbike type thing for his birthday when he was may-



be 12 or 13 and he used to ride it through the woods to see his grandparents. He was good at riding it (but has a huge one now and has wrecked more than once, one real bad one – so scary – here he and wife, Kathy, are on the Tail of the Dragon tour) but I ran it into the neighbor's truck the first time I rode it, so there went the cycle riding for me!

Never did get a horse even when we built our home out on 300S and had the room. Had enough room but it was just never meant to be. I did go riding several times at Turkey Run but overall, my days of bikes and equine are gone by the wayside! But, happy riding to all of you !!!

**Karen would love ideas for the topics you would enjoy reading about in local history!**

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



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