

The Crawford Countian



Summer 2020



Greetings, welcome to the Summer 2020 edition of The Crawford Countian. It has been a crazy three months and I hope everyone is staying safe. On our end, we have had some interesting donations and received a few grants during this time. If you have not renewed your membership, this will be the last newsletter you receive. By renewing your membership, you help our organization pay it's expenses.

William Piper, President of CCHGS and Newsletter Editor
 Email: billgpiper@hotmail.com

Cover photo: Barge on the Ohio River



Table of Contents:

Escaping the 1979 English Flood.....	3
English Baseball Photo.....	5
Taswell Post Office Photo.....	6
CCHGS Receives COVID19 Grants.....	7
Crawford County Veteran Spotlight.....	7
Reminiscing about Eckerty.....	8
Newspaper Reprint: Chained to the Floor for Two Years.....	11
From the Crawford County Historian.....	13
Previous meeting minutes.....	14
Mary Jane Leavenworth trunk donation.....	16

Escaping the 1979 English Flood

This story was sent to me by CCHGS member Jeremy Flanigan.

"My great uncle John Flanigan, whom you interviewed a few years ago, recently came across and shared with our family a letter his cousin (and CCHGS member) Paula Neimeyer (then-Mocas, now-Ferguson) wrote to him and his wife Anne in early 1980. The letter contains Paula's first-hand account of escaping the 1979 flood in English." - Jeremy Flanigan

From the desk of . . .

Paula Mocas 1-8-80

Dear John & Anne,

Thank you for the lovely calendar. It's taking me so long to answer the last few Christmas cards I got! I'm ahead on some matters, though. I actually got my tree down before New Year's Day!

We are still in a mess here with boxes & boards in every room. The old house is gone – only a hole in the ground & some of the foundation left. I was most fortunate that the South Indiana Conference of the United Methodist Church chose this area as a mission field. They tore the house down for me & used what materials they could to build a house in Marengo for a lady & her two disabled grandchildren. They've built a really nice house for them. I thought it was a happy ending for my house.

About 10 days after the flood, Aunt Mary called me & asked me to buy her house. She made me an offer I couldn't refuse! I was overjoyed, of course. The people from the English church came right after the flood & took all our clothes, dishes, etc. & washed & stored them for us. All my immediate family came & helped & we washed down what furniture could be saved. Aunt Mary left some furniture in her house, so we have what we need for now. More, actually, since the basement is full! We stayed with the Lawrences from the night of the flood until the day after Labor Day when Aunt Mary left. I could have had a HUD trailer but fortunately didn't need it.

Aunt Mary & Uncle Morie gave me \$500 & Diane & Jack sent \$50 & my state food stamp consultant sent me \$100. I was given some of the money collected by local churches (\$250) & the conference gave me \$2500. Mother bought a stove & some other things for the house totaling just under \$1000 & then sent me \$3000 more which I hope I won't need to use. I've put new linoleum in the kitchen & new cabinets. The old cabinets have been reconstructed in the basement & the bathroom is going to be redone.

The church has been doing the work. They were going to paint the house for me & got it scraped, but painting will have to wait until spring. I'm hoping everything is done by May or June. I broke a rib the first of November & was not able to do anything much for a couple of months. As of New Year's, I have all my junk collected from other people's places (that's why my basement is full). There's still mud on a lot of things and a tremendous lot of organizing to do. One day I'll have the heart to start throwing away a lot of things that are ruined. Tom tried to get me to throw away Daddy's old leaded-glass bookcase, but I saved all the pieces & had it glued back together. It looks almost as good as it was.

My '69 VW also was in the flood but was revived. In September, though, a lady from Milltown crashed into it in the courthouse parking lot, so I was without it for 2 months. It's as good as ever now (not saying much) & will certainly last until I can afford to get another.

Looking back, I consider it almost miraculous that I had arranged to take off work the day the flood hit. Otherwise I would have been at work before the creeks ever got out of their banks. Melissa panicked with me there with her, & I shudder to think what would have happened had I not been home. We were in the mainstream, and the current was too strong to cross. We scurried around putting things up on beds, couches, & tables. By the time I got the gas turned off, the water was up too high for me to risk trying to turn off the electricity, and there was an electric current running through the water all the time it was rising. Our dog had broken loose, so we had her in the house. The rabbit was in one room of the shed rather than in his hutch, and we thought he'd be all right, but we never found him. Our 9½ year-old cat, Fatty, was all right, but we lost the hamster and buried him in Terry McLain's yard. Bill Webster's truck & semi van were swept onto the porch & knocked out some of the foundation & tore the porch roof off. Melissa got hysterical when she looked out & saw that.

We couldn't get in the attic, so we got up on the kitchen counter & then inside the cabinets as the water rose higher. It's really an experience to see a refrigerator floating! When the men came in a boat to get us, Fatty was crying like a person, so they got him out before they came to get us. Fatty was so scared, he didn't move a muscle until the next day. Melissa started sucking her thumb again but quit after a couple of weeks. She made all A's on her report card the first grading period, a B- in phys. ed. the second period, & all semester A's, so I guess the experience wasn't too hard on her.

My picture was in the Indpls. News, I believe. I had lost my shoes somewhere & Mary McLain had given me dry clothes – jeans & a Coors Beer t-shirt! -- and I still had my hair pinned up from the night before. I had gone down to the shop to see how Martha Jane was. Jimmy Roberts came along & said I shouldn't be walking through all that glass & offered to carry me on his back up the street to the post office. The photographer snapped a picture just as we were passing the Green Lantern. Glenn Lawrence joked about it & said actually the picture was taken in March when Jim & I were coming out of the Green Lantern playing horsie!

Glenn had not known about the flood until about 6:00 when he returned from a day in court in Perry County. He had called Kenneth that morning when he saw how hard it was raining. Kenneth told him to go on to Perry County & that he would take care of the office & would join Glenn in court as soon as he could get there. Glenn said, "I won the case, but Kenneth certainly did a poor job of taking care of the office!" When the creeks flooded in June, about 2 ft. of water got in their office, most of it because they opened the door to go in. Kenneth had thought he would go inside the office and keep the water out. He was on his tiptoes with water to his chin when someone threw a rope & hauled him out the back window. Martha Jane, meanwhile, had gone to Luckett's house to stay with Frances. They got up on a table & finally got the attention of some men in a rowboat. The water eventually got up to the ceiling.

These are only a few of the horror stories concerning that day. There are many, many others, some much worse. The only injury occurred when a rescue was being made – Frankie Bennett (son of Dolores Real & Joe Bennett) was hanging to a telephone pole holding his 5-month-old son up over his head. He threw the baby to some men in a boat. One man tried to go to get Frankie & a chain hit him and cracked some of his ribs (the man, not Frankie).

The town is starting to look fairly normal now. The Presbyterian church is gone, as are several houses. The Lucketts are back in their house. Lois Blevins sold her house & now lives in Irvin Fahr's old house next to Howard Eastridge. Norma and Stanley Jones' house is empty & scheduled to be razed & they are living in a HUD trailer behind the Mormon church. A lot of places are empty & have "for sale" signs on them. Joy & Gordon Dicus built a cute little house next to Eutoria's on old 64. Lots of changes. The government would have torn my house down for me, but the church did. I could have got a government loan at 3%, but I got Flanigan-Neimeyer loans at 0%!

Thursday it snowed & I came home at noon & the branches outside the kitchen window looked like white lace. I love this place. We gathered walnuts this fall & got to contribute some for a Waldorf salad for Christmas dinner when everybody was here.

One day in October, Melissa & I went out to hang clothes on the line out back. It was 76° & a warm wind was blowing & huge gold leaves were falling all around us. That evening, Melissa said, "This is the best fall I can ever remember us having." I think we're both happy here. We'll be looking forward to seeing you next summer. As I said earlier, I'm hoping to have everything done by then. We'll be delighted to have you visit us in our new home.

Love,

Paula

This was the worst of three floods that occurred in 1979 and 1990. After the 1990 flood the town decided to move official offices to higher ground along highway 64 just north of the original town. Many homes on higher ground were not damaged and many remain, although most of the buildings and houses in the downtown area are gone. The Lucas Oil Golf Course occupies much of the west portion of the original town.

Additional comments from Paula:

- President Carter helicoptered in to visit the flooded town. He landed on the VFW field.
- Frankie Bennett was standing in water over his head while holding his baby up and periodically bouncing up to gasp air while fighting the current.
- Martha Jane managed the newspapers from her living room while Frank O'Bannon offered to print the paper with the Clarion's equipment. (The papers were eventually sold to the Clarion and are now published as the Clarion News.)



Jo Nell Cass sent in this photo of the English baseball team with the following information:

AS WRITTEN POSSIBLE IDENTIFICATIONS

ROW 1 (top)

Nova Gobel - LF Novey E. Gobbel 1890-1965, English Cemetery, English, Ind.

E. Ewing - FB Either:
 Elbert Ewing ("Sarge") 1890-1977 (former principal of Leavenworth High School)
 Leavenworth Memorial Gardens, Leavenworth, Ind. or
 Eldon Herbert Ewing 1888-1961, Fredonia Cemetery, Fredonia, Ind.

Curran S Curran Seaton Ferguson 1901-1959 ??

George Abell Arthur George Abell 1886-? or George Hamilton Abell 1889-1971
 Old Union Cemetery, Sulphur, Ind.

Chas Benz Charles Benz 1889-1983, English Cemetery, English, Ind.

ROW 2

Orville Polen Orville R. Polen 1889-1935, Eckerty Cemetery, Eckerty, Ind.

Harry Hammond - C

Felix Hammond S

Mansfield Ellsworth William Mansfield Ellsworth 1885-1965, Leavenworth Cemetery, Leavenworth, Ind.

Guy Longest Guy Wickley Longest 1889-1961, Land Cemetery, English, Ind.

ROW 3

Chas Rothrock Charles Julius Rothrock 1880-1952, Land Cemetery, English, Ind.

C. M. Esarey Calvin Marcus Esarey 1884-1972 - my grandfather - lived in English at one time.
Riddle Cemetery, Riddle, Ind.

V. Everdon Victor B. Everdon 1891-1979

Harold Conn Harold C. Conn 1893-1961, English Cemetery, English, Ind.

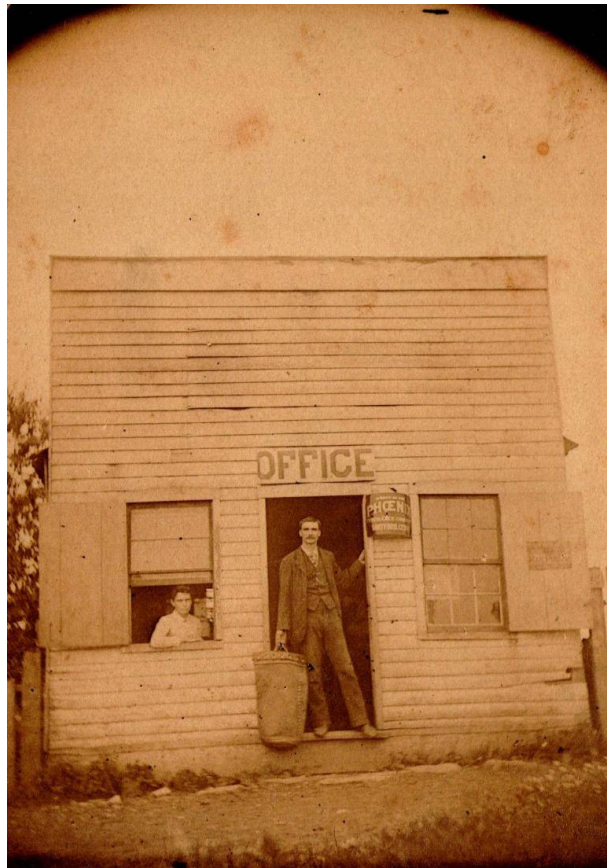
Oliver Blevins Oliver A. Blevins 1885-1956, Kraft-Graceland Memorial Park, New Albany, Ind.

If you have any information to contribute or corrections,
you can email me at billgpipe@hotmail.com or Jo Nell at jonellcass@yahoo.com.

Donated Photo:
Taswell Post Office

In the past few months, we have received a few items for our collection. This postcard was sent to my po box, with no name but with a note. It was stated this was found in a yard sale and the person thought we would be interested in it! Fortunately there was writing on the back of the picture and it said:

Post office at Taswell Ind. John L Lynch postmaster. Anne Lynch assistant. 1890 - 94.



Previous Newsletter Correction:

Issue: Winter 2020

On the photo of the Funeral hearse; it should say John Sloan instead of Joan.

CCHGS Receives COVID19 Grants

During the past few months, I (William Piper) applied for a few grants that were being offered to non-profits who are affected by the COVID19 economic downturn. The first grant I applied for and ultimately received was through the Indiana



NATIONAL
ENDOWMENT
FOR THE
HUMANITIES

Humanities and the National Endowment for the Humanities as part of the Coronavirus Aid, Relief and Economic Security (CARES) Act economic stabilization plan of 2020. The amount offered from this grant was up to \$15,000. We were allocated \$2,000 to use towards

expenses. Typically grants can not be used for general expenses but the COVID19 grants were designed as such. The second grant I applied for was through the Community Foundation of Crawford County for their COVID-19 Emergency Relief Fund. This grant allocated \$1487.25. The CARES grant we will use towards the expenses at our headquarters building while the CFCC grant will be used towards the Proctor House expenses. More info about these grants can be found at <https://www.cf-cc.org/covid-19.html> and <https://indianahumanities.org/programs/cares> . BIG BIG thanks to the two organizations for awarding us these grants during this time!!! -bP



us

Crawford County Veteran Spotlight:

Harold F. Marting

Born in Eckerty, Indiana on March 1, 1911. Joined the marines at the age of 18 and served with the Marines in Haiti in 1929 and becomes Corporal. Left service in 1931. He joined RCAF on October 10, 1940. Sent to Egypt in 1942 during WWII. On October 24, 1942, he was taken prisoner by Italian troops. He escaped on his way to prison camp and was able to reach North Africa thanks to some Greek nationals. Harold returns to Canada at the end of 1942. On July 14, 1943, he receives the Military Cross for his activities during his prison escape. He joined the Curtiss-Wright company as a civilian pilot but when he returns to Buffalo aboard a P-40, his plane hits the ground. He dies on September 20, 1943.

REMINISCING ABOUT ECKERTY

The following transcript was sent to me by Jake Halverstadt from Winchester, KY. His grandmother, Nancy Elizabeth Marting, wrote this about her memories of Eckerty. Enjoy!

The tiny town of Eckerty, Indiana, where I spent my early days, had in those days only one doctor, if he could be called such, and could boast of no dentist. Clumsy old "Doc Walls" was called in to pull an aching tooth if the patient, or the patient's parent, had courage enough to risk his rough attempts at dentistry. In the toothache instance I have in mind it was a case of parent's courage, for I was the victim and had been crying all of the morning I have in mind and most of the day before, with a couple of molars belonging to my first set of "Chewers." I quieted down and went into hiding right after lunch, however, for I had overheard Dad ask Mother if she didn't think it was best to have Doctor Walls come in and pull my two teeth.

"Bessie! Bes'-sie! B-e-s-s'-ieeee!", called two-and-a-half-years-older Lois, who had been delegated to find me. Then she came around behind the box we used for a playhouse in the back yard and told me I was wanted in the house.

I have never forgotten any of that ordeal. I was held tightly between Dad's knees while old "Doc" awkwardly inserted the forceps, pulled and brought out a molar. Then when he tried to remove the second tooth, my mouth was pretty bloody and I am sure I was doing all the struggling I could. Anyway, instead of getting the forceps onto the tooth he fastened it into my tongue, and the jerk intended for my other tooth tore my tongue.

Another of my childhood recollections has to do with two circular pieces of tin about the size of a silver quarter, each bulged outward somewhat at the center and fastened together around their edges. At the center of each piece of tin was a small perforation, and the whole contraption functioned as a shrill whistle when placed before the lips and blown. It had been embedded in a piece of marshmallow candy before I ate off the outside covering. After experimenting with it for some time I found that I could manipulate the racket by merely making my lips a frame for the noise-maker, and thus leave my hands free for other occupations.

I was thus engaged on the particular day I have in mind when suddenly the whistle journeyed back to keep my tonsils company and stuck there in the same position it had been in my lips. Then the music changed from solo to duet, the soprano whistle being accompanied by my yells.

Mother, being frightened to the point of distraction, sent Lois flying to bring my father from his store a short distance away while she tried to think what to do for me. It is doubtful just what the ending would have been had not old "Aunt Becky" Karl, a neighbor, happened along just then. She succeeded in the ticklish work of getting her forefinger nail behind the edge of the tin piece, which exactly fitted my throat, and pulling the thing out instead of shoving it further down.

Just about that time other yelling was heard in the direction Lois had taken down the board walk "street" stretching from our house past our garden plot and an adjoining vacant lot, and continuing alongside the western wall of a little white frame building which served as office for Doctor Walls. It turned at the north-west corner of the building and ended at the entrance on the north side. The board walk was higher than the unpaved street below, and at the point where the walk turned around the corner of the office building there was a distance of four or five feet between the walk and the mud road below. It was in the mud-hole at that corner that we children liked to play after a rain, working our bare toes up and down in the mud. The store was just beyond this place.

Now Lois had started out in high and gathered speed as she traveled downhill along the board walk, so that when she reached the corner she was going too fast to make the turn, and she went head first into the sticky, oozy mud below. She came back plastered with mud, and I remember Mother had to wash her hair and clean mud out of her ears, eyes, nose and mouth.

At the age of twelve or thirteen I was drafted into service behind the counters in my father's store when extra help was needed. We sold about everything, dry goods, groceries, hardware, tobacco, drugs, confections and at times school supplies. I learned to count and case eggs which were brought in by customers to exchange for merchandise, or to weigh and credit to them butter or chickens, which produce we also bought.

One day, I remember, a woman came into the store with four pounds of butter. I was told to take care of her, so I weighed the butter and figured the credit due her. She asked for cash for the butter, so I gave it to her. After she left, Dad remarked that he was surprised to see her come in, as she was a regular customer at the other general store near us. He knew her name, as he knew nearly everyone for miles around.

Later in the day another customer came in to buy some butter, and Dad sold her a pound of the butter which my customer had left, it being very nice looking. Sometime later his customer returned with the butter she had bought. She had cut the pound into halves and had run her knife through the center of a large soggy biscuit. Dad then cut the other molds of butter which my lady friend had sold me, and they each contained a biscuit. He left them on the counter for display a few days, but never told the party's name who cheated him.

After one year's high school work at Milltown, where Lois, who was then married, lived, I was sent to Danville to finish my high school course at Central Normal College. I finished there in two years time, and in the fall of the year I received my diploma. I went to the southern part of Illinois to teach a term in a country school.

I lacked a couple of months of being eighteen years of age, and if I had known beforehand what the first year of teaching would be like, I probably never could have been persuaded to pack my steamer trunk and set out from home for Parkersburg, Illinois. The first few weeks were pretty terrible. Everything was new to me and every day brought new problems at school. And in addition I had a most troublesome problem to solve at my boarding house. I had been there a week or longer before I found out why I was awake so much during nights. I discovered one morning a bed fellow traveling across my pillow, and upon lifting up the mattress I found that there were quite a number of others living with me. I had had quite a bit of trouble finding someone who would agree to keep the teacher, and I knew of no one else who would take me in if I left there, so I just stayed on and put up with the bugs. I went there October first, and luckily cold weather came early. There was no heat in my bedroom and it was upstairs away from the heated rooms. It was pretty icy, but with the cold the bugs disappeared. As the school term lasted only six months and there was a heavy snow on the ground when school closed, I wasn't bothered any more with bed fellows. I received all of forty dollars per month for my teaching services, but then I had to pay only twelve dollars per month for board and room, so I still had a little money left when I reached home.

Through the county superintendent under whom I had taught I was persuaded to accept another school teaching position in that same county the following winter, where I had a more modern school building, better surroundings and a better salary.

I then attended Central Normal College another year, specializing in teacher's training, and following that I taught second grade for two years in the Danville Public School. At the end of

that time I decided I wasn't cut out for a school teacher, and I went to Cleveland Ohio, in Jun, 1918, to take up a business course which I finished in about nine months time.

My first office position, which I held three years, was in the research department of a Cleveland steel company. I found the work interesting and valuable to me in experience. I then worked a year in a patent attorney's office, and following that I was secretary for two years to the manager of the pig iron sales department of a Cleveland concern which operates and owns coal mines and iron ore fields.

Following that, a man whom I met at the first place at which I worked in Cleveland offered me a position more attractive than any I had yet held. That was five years ago and I accepted for life.

Now, in addition to managing a husband, who likes to tease me about coming from a state where they send their governors to the penitentiary, there is a little three year old man manage who has been at my elbow for the last fifteen minutes or so, saying, "Let me wite [sic] on the typewriter [sic] for a little bit, Mudder [sic]. Let me do it, please."

Therefore I think I will end these anecdotes at this point.

Besides this letter, Jake also sent the following newspaper clipping that speaks of his family. It was from the Muncie Newspaper in 1955:

Seen and Heard in
Our Neighborhood
By Dick Greene

COMING UP: NO. 66 . . . On Thursday, Feb. 24, 1955, Mr. and Mrs. Uriah W. Marting, of Farm-land, will observe an anniversary not many couples live to see. They will have been married 66 years.

They were wed Feb. 24, 1889, at Mrs. Marting's home in West Fork, Ind.



THOSE WHO remember that period may recall 1889 was the year the Eiffel tower opened in Paris . . . the same year the first automobile, a Benz, was exhibited . . . a World's Fair was held in Paris . . . and a devastating flood inundated the town of Johnstown, Pa.

Here in Muncie in 1889 temperance meetings were being held . . . the city and county were developing as the result of natural gas . . . and new factories were coming in . . .

TO THE MARTINGS, however, their marriage topped all these events and quite naturally. They had known each other some years. In fact Uriah W. Marting spent two years as the teacher of Lily Fesler and it was in the schoolroom that he met her.

He was born March 4, 1867, in Portsmouth, O., and moved to Perry County. Lily Fesler was born in Crawford County, Indiana, Aug. 17, 1870.

MR. MARTING spent 17 years as a teacher, more as the operator of a country store, and a steady number as a salesman for an Ohio stove company. During these years Mrs. Marting says she "just kept house" — a statement that sums up all too briefly the work of rearing eight children (seven girls and a boy), cooking, baking, sewing, helping tend the store and doing a score of other household duties.

THEIR STORE was in the hamlet of Eckerty, Crawford County, and was a dozen businesses wrapped into one, for being the only merchandising establishment in the neighborhood, it had to carry the items the customers wanted, not only a stock of groceries, but boots and shoes, nails and hammers, harness, horsewhips, horse collars, lamps and kerosene, writing paper and pencils, etc. There were few items they did not stock — and that's still true in many ways in the general stores of today.

Eldest child Nova (Mrs. Clyde W.) Moore remembers she used a wheelbarrow to haul the bread from the depot to the store, still warm bread that had arrived from Huntingburg.

"And it wasn't wrapped either," says Mrs. Moore.

FROM THE proceeds of teaching, operating the store and selling stoves they were able to rear and educate their eight children and are proud that all of them did well. Six are still living.

Mrs. Moore, a nurse, took her training at Johns Hopkins in Baltimore, Md. Currently she is doing private duty at the Randolph County Hospital. The Martings are making their home with her and Mr. Moore.

Lois, their second child, died in 1919 during the epidemic of flu.

THE NEXT THREE, all girls, became teachers: Nancy Elizabeth (Mrs. C. H. Halverstadt), of Hudson, O. . . . Mahle (Mrs. L. M.) Thomas, of Cleveland . . . Grace (Mrs. Forest) Bowen, Peru, violin teacher. Their daughter Nelle (Mrs. H. K.) Harshman, is a housewife and mother and lives in Mt. Zion, Ill.

Their seventh daughter, Lenore (Mrs. Don) Silvers lives in Muncie and is well known as a writer of fiction.

Son, Harold, who was the last of the eight, served as a pilot in the Royal Canadian Air Force and after capture by the enemy made a terrific story through his escape. He was a test pilot for Curtiss-Wright when he was killed in 1943.

TO THESE EIGHT they can add seven grandchildren (three served in World War II) and nine great-grandchildren (one now in the military service.)

So come Feb. 24 Mr. and Mrs. Marting can look back on 66 years of married life. Mr. Marting is bedfast and has been for some time, but his wife is well and as chipper as one of the fine spring mornings we all hope to see are long.

Newspaper reprint:
“Chained to the Floor for Two Long Years”

INSANE MAN WHO IS CHAINED LIKE
A DOG IN INFIRMARY OF CRAWFORD

Indianapolis News, Dec 20, 1904



Conditions far from good.

By E. I. Lewis, Staff
Correspondent The Indianapolis
News.

English, IND. December 20 -
“Yes, Rob was chained to that
staple in the floor night and day
for more than two years.”
Rob is a poor insane creature
who has been held in the
Crawford County infirmary for
four years, denied admittance to
the State Hospital for the Insane

of this, the southern district, because, it was said, the hospital is crowded to the doors. The first two years of Rob's confinement in the poorhouse was a confinement with a vengeance. He was placed in an outbuilding—a small, two-room shack in the rear of the main infirmary building. A big iron staple was driven and in the floor and clinched (to the floor) and to this a chain was fastened. The other end was clamped around the man's leg and was held fastened with a Yale lock. He was given enough chain to allow him to get into bed. Thus he spent more than two years. The room in the shack in which he was confined is but ten feet long and about seven feet wide and not more than ten feet high. The walls are the plain, unfinished plank. One small window admits light into the room and there are no vents for ventilation. The air is heavy with vile odors. Sanitary equipment is wholly lacking.

Though the present superintendent, Isaac Froman, struck off the shackles when he took charge of the infirmary two years ago, Rob, the insane, is still confined in the fire-trap building with these surroundings. Two-thirds of the room, which has its unconquerable vermin, has been “penned” off with wooden bars, and in this small space the insane man is held night and day. A stove gives uncertain warmth to the room.

Rusty Chain Remains.

As mute evidence of the methods of the past regime, a rusty chain, fastened to a rusty staple in the door, lies under the bed. “It is the one that was fastened to Rob,” said the superintendent's assistant, as he pointed to it.

Rob was led out before the building that his picture might be taken. That picture tells the man's condition more effectively than words could tell it.

"When the weather is good and I have time to watch him," said Superintendent Froman, "we take him out into the air and let him have some sun. We must arrange to have some ventilation for that room. Often the stench is fierce. I have no other way and no other place to hold him."

Rob was a young farmer. His full name is Robert Hawkins. He went insane and has never had any treatment. Considering his experience of the last four years it would be surprising if his mental condition now were anything but hopeless.

During the first two years of his confinement in the infirmary the other half of the shack was occupied by a Charley Shaw, a mental defective also. He was kept locked up except on good days, when he was manacled with chains to an old iron reaper wheel in the yard. This was a decided improvement over the methods used in "keeping Rob from running away." Shaw was taken by his relatives, and is now kept by them. He is able to do some work.

Aside from Robert Hawkin's insanity, he also has epilepsy at times. He was taken to the infirmary for safekeeping.

The conditions at the Crawford county infirmary are bad. There is no provision for a practical separation of sex. This, however, is hardly as bad as at the jail.

Sex Not Separated.

At this time four prisoners are in the jail—one of them an insane man. One of these four prisoners is a woman—and a good-looking one at that. There are three iron cage-like cells in the single room of the jail and the four prisoners were found in the room. The insane man was locked in his cell, and he craned his head out through a break in the bars and looked up and down the corridor. Another of the prisoners was locked up. One man was out in the corridor with the woman. But a week previous there was a second insane man in the jail, but he was taken out by his sister and placed in a sanatorium at Louisville. The other had been held in the cell several weeks, as it was impossible to gain admittance for him to the Evansville hospital. The jail is poor. Prisoners have dug through the frail walls.

Epileptics at Large.

There are epileptics back in the hills of the county and children afflicted with the epilepsy. These adult epileptics are free to marry and raise families and some of them are the worst types of epileptics.

Crawford county has no home for orphans. Only recently a woman died, leaving a family of six children to be cared for. Application was made for their admittance to the Julia E. Work Home at Plymouth and to the Indiana Orphans' Home at Westfield.

Beside the insane at the infirmary there are several feeble-minded who demand very close attention and the facilities are inadequate for their care. The present superintendent seems to be doing the best he knows how, but is working under unfavorable conditions.

Thanks to CCHGS member Jason Froman for this article!!

From the County Historian:

A Salute to One of Our Own:



Clarence James "Jim" Kaiser

Jim celebrated his 90th birthday on May 28th. He is a highly respected, hard working, community minded citizen of Crawford County, and he serves the community in many ways.

He is a member of the Crawford County Historical and Genealogical Society, (former president); former founding secretary of the Community Foundation of Crawford County; member of the Crawford County Veterans Memorial Association; Crawford County Extension Board. He also once served on the District Board of Soil & Water Conservation Supervisors. I am sure that he is serving or has served with many other organizations.

He served as a Colonel in the military.

After graduating from Purdue University he served for two years in Korea. After returning home he took a teaching job at Milltown High School, teaching vocational agriculture, physics & chemistry. Two years later he left to become Superintendent of Southern Indiana Forage Farm Agricultural Experiment Station in Dubois County. During this time he earned Master's degree in Education Administration from Indiana University. At one time he worked at the University of Kentucky and later moved to the University of Illinois in 1973. He was a Professor in the Dept. of Agronomy at the main campus in Urbana-Champaign. He retired from there in 1993. He has won many awards and recognitions for his work. He was awarded the Sagamore of the Wabash Award by Governor Mike Pence shortly before Governor Pence became the Vice President of the United States. Up until 2006 this was the highest award that the Governor bestows.

Jim owns and runs the large farm that has been in his family for generations. He raises Charolais cattle; a French breed that are usually white in color but they

are now being bred in red and black also. He has quite a bit of forest land also. He dearly loves farming and doing things to improve the community. He and his wife, (the late former Doris Snider Kaiser) had four children. Jacqueline, Katherine, Millicent, and James Edward "Jim Ed". Doris was also very active in community events.

Jim is active in the Wickliffe United Methodist Church.



Jim Kaiser, Governor Pence and Jim's three daughters.

Roberta Toby, County Historian
*Military photo by Rebecca Stetter

Previous meeting minutes:

April: no meeting due to quarantine

May: no meeting due to quarantine

June: meeting took place on June 9, 2020

Meeting started at 6:30pm with a moment of silence and the pledge of allegiance.

Bill Piper showed off a trunk that was recently donated to the CCHGS from Diane Gooch and her mother Patricia Drachenberg, from Kansas. This trunk belonged to Mary Jane Leavenworth-McKoon, daughter of Zebulon Leavenworth. Also the society received an original photo of the Taswell post office that was shown.

Reading of the minutes: Since no meeting took place in the past two months, nothing was read.

2020 - 2021 Officer elections:

Group voted to keep all current officers with one new exception (*):

William Piper - President

Roscoe Hooten - Vice President

Carol Tomlinson - Secretary

Sharon Morris - Treasurer

Louie Mitchell - Director (Sterling-Patoka-Johnson)

Robin Piper - Director (Union-Boone-Ohio)

Jason Froman - Director (Jennings-Whiskey Run-Liberty) *

Angela Thompson - Director (At Large)

President's report: The grant received from the Indiana Humanities CARES program was mentioned. The newsletter will be started on within a few weeks and hope to have out by next meeting.

Vice President's report: nothing

Financial / Membership report: Sharon was not present.

County Historian / Archives / Veterans Memorial report: Roberta reported that since the last meeting, she has deposited \$660 into the general fund from sales, memberships and donations. She mentioned that new bricks will be laid down at the memorial soon.

Proctor House: Jason Froman has volunteered to open up the house starting in July on every other Saturday.

Fundraising: Due to the COVID19 pandemic, a lot of the local festivals have been canceled or up in the air at the moment. Eckerty Days has been canceled this year. It was brought up about possibly accepting donations via Paypal through the internet. Roberta questioned if we could use some of the cherry tree wood that has fallen on the Proctor property to sell since the wood will be going to waste and eventually need to be cleared out.

Donations: MJ Leavenworth trunk / Taswell photo

Other: It was mentioned that Jim Kaiser had his 90th birthday on May 28.

Meeting ended 7:10pm.

Those who attended: William Piper, Roberta Toby, Ruth Terry, Roscoe Hooten, Louie & Diane Mitchell, Robin Piper, Jim Kaiser, Jason Froman and Angela Thompson.

85 Years Ago 1921

The Crawford County Historical Society has been organized with the following officers: H. H. Pleasant, president; A. H. Flanigan, vice-president; Miss Lou Thornbury, secretary-treasurer.

Mary Jane Leavenworth trunk

Awhile back I was contacted via Facebook about a trunk that belonged to Mary Jane Leavenworth-McKoon. This trunk was made in 1830 and had belonged in the family since then. It was being offered as donation to the society from Diane Gooch. Her mother, Patricia Yvonne Daniels Drachenberg, who passed away a few years ago, had the trunk and it was through her bloodline that she was related to Mary Jane Leavenworth. I was more than happy to accept the trunk and now it sets at our headquarters building. Below is some information on Mary Jane and photos of her, thanks to Roberta Toby for finding this.



John McKoon was born in Virginia on February 4 1815.

Mary Jane Leavenworth was born in Leavenworth Indiana on November 29, 1822. Her father was Zebulon Leavenworth born in Connecticut. Her mother was Margaret Patterson born in Delaware.

John and Mary Jane were married in Leavenworth Indiana on July 30, 1840. They continued to live in this area while Margaret (1841), Mary (1843), Sarah (1846) and Joseph (1849) joined the family. They moved to La Grange Missouri in the early 1850s where John (1854) and Charles (1858) were born. The 1860 census finds them in Leavenworth County Kansas. At this time John's occupation was

druggist. Oliver was born here in 1860. By 1863 they had moved to Stanton and remained here past 1870.

The 1865 census gives John's occupation as a farmer; in 1870 he is a merchant. By 1885 the family has moved to Fontana Kansas where they lived until John's death at age 83 on May 20, 1898. He is buried at the Stanton Cemetery in Miami County.

The 1900 census finds Mary Jane living with her daughter Margaret's family in Paola, Kansas. She died at age 85 on December 19, 1907. She is buried at the Stanton Cemetery under a common headstone with John.



Here is a photo of the trunk:



Membership Dues

Dues for the Crawford County Genealogical and Historical Society are \$15 per year for single memberships, \$20 for family or \$25 for corporation/businesses. The fee is due each June as the new year starts in July. A renewal form is available on the website, www.cchgs.org.

Send your check to:
Sharon Morris
CCHGS Treasurer
P.O. Box 162
Leavenworth, IN 47137

Meetings

The Crawford County Historical and Genealogical Society meets on the 2nd Tuesday of each month, 6:30pm, at the CCHGS Headquarters (310 Oak Circle, English IN). You can call 812-338-2579 to confirm.

Website:

www.cchgs.org

Social Media:

Search for "Crawford County Historical and Genealogical Society" on FACEBOOK!



Books for sale

Our book list has been REVISED!! Some out of print titles have now returned and we are also offering DIGITAL versions of most of our books. The digital versions will be sold on CD-R in PDF format. Check our website, <http://www.cchgs.org> for more information!

The Crawford Countian is the official newsletter of the CCHGS.

Permission is needed for any re-productions.



Funding has been provided to the Crawford County Historical and Genealogical Society from Indiana Humanities and the National Endowment for the Humanities as part of the Coronavirus Aid, Relief and Economic Security (CARES) Act economic stabilization plan of 2020.

<https://indianahumanities.org/INCares>



NATIONAL
ENDOWMENT
FOR THE
HUMANITIES

Funding has been provided to the Crawford County Historical and Genealogical Society from The Community Foundation of Crawford County through their COVID-19 Emergency Funding Grant.

<https://www.cf-cc.org/covid-19.html>

