SUZIE ZACH BALDWIN is the Circulation Manager and Adult Programming Librarian at the Crawfordsville District Public Library. She has a Masters of Library Science (IUPUI) and an English Education Degree from St.-Mary-of-the-Woods-College. Married over 20 years to Steve Baldwin, they are the parents of three children, (AJ, Dane and Reilley). Suzie enjoys her church family and working at Rock Point Church in numerous capacities. Loves being with her family, playing and watching about any kind of ball, exercising, reading and of course, laughing!

RON KEEDY was born February 6, 1946 in Crawfordsville, IN. He grew up in Crawfordsville, Deer’s Mill and his beloved Waveland, Indiana, graduating with the WHS class of 1964. Ron served with the 101st Airborne in Phan Thiet, South Vietnam. He retired in 2013 after a 50-year career in the motion picture industry as a motion picture projectionist and theatre owner in central Indiana. In 1977, he premiered the original STAR WARS for the state of Indiana, and was one of only ten theatres in the USA to run the film for more than a year. Conservatively, he has run well over a million miles of film. The plan for retirement was to move back to the Deer’s Mill/Waveland area; and here he is, “trying to break into the writing gig, having a great time gardening and working to give back to the community.” Literally, he is having a ball doing it!

MARY K. VIRGIN SMITH is our new Recipe writer. Raised in Montgomery County, she was a 10-year-member of 4-H and took cooking every year. She loves to share her cooking with everyone she can. Married to Don Smith, Mary K. has four children, Kylene, Kyle, Kaleb and Konnor, who just graduated from CHS, leaving them Empty Nesters. She also has five grandchildren. Mary K. is extremely active in her church, and she loves doing crafts. She can be seen walking or riding her new yellow bike.

JERRY TURNER is a writer and a photographer. He is married to Marena Turner. His main interest is in Montgomery County history. He writes, edits and publishes the Montgomery County History and Folklore Magazine (www.facebook.com/MCHistoryandFolklore) and is working on a local history book. Born, raised and schooled in Montgomery County, Jerry has a Bachelor of Science degree from Ball State University in History. He is a member of the Indiana Covered Bridge Society, the Society for the Preservation of Old Mills, and the Montgomery County Historical Society.

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, scrapping and grandkidding!
It seems for decades that the 4th of July began a several weekend series of family reunions. Although not a thing of the past, there are not near as many as of yesteryear. Our family had three we attended, the Morgan, Smith and Barker, the Barker one the largest and most fun. It was held in Lafayette for many years at Columbia Park. Swimming, the little train, the zoo animals, ice cream and rides were all a kid needed. Well, and some money. Those cousins are life-long friends. For a few years, it was held at the Veedersburg park which was a fun place, too but there were less and less who went and finally broke up. In a couple of different years, relatives tried to revise it, but it is basically gone.

The Morgan one was large, as well and was held at relatives’ homes for a long time. My grandparents had it and the Barker reunion (held for just the first couple of years at homes but moved to a large place because of the larger crowd) more than once. It was great fun at my Aunt Snooks’ when we had it there as a vast place to explore was just the ticket. J.P. Morgan’s home was a super place on the lake, too and my cousins, Bobby and Carol

Morgan’s home place. Milligan Park was the gathering place for many years. This reunion is still going – don’t know how old it is, but I’d say 60 years or so.

When Jim and I got married, we created his Kritz reunion in Paris, Illinois. It went well for a couple of years then died, as well. Funny but there weren’t enough Zach’s to have one. On my Italian side, it was kind of the same way, plus everyone gathered at my grandmother’s every Sunday after church, anyway.

Only remember a couple of Smith reunions at my Uncle Sig’s home. Remember rolling down his large hill in front of his home and walking into Alamo; his home is still standing, the beautiful white one on a hill just north of Alamo.

Lots of fun in those good old days. Singing, various specialties by relatives, stories (funny, though, they didn’t always jive, plus a couple of times there was a bit of a tiff about who was right), and of course the normal, who is the oldest, who is the youngest, who came the farthest. Ball games were always, always part of the reunion fun, and just visiting with relatives. Those were my favorite things in my younger years but as I got older, the food was more of interest. Distinct memories about the best corn ever (Sylvia Barker’s) – fresh out of the garden, steamed with lots of butter. She would bring a 5-quart pot and it would be all gone. I’ll never forget the time they left it at home and she was hassled so much (jokingly, sort of) that her sons had to go home to get it. Cakes, pies, casseroles, potato salad, cole slaw, canned peaches (oh, yum), sliced home grown tomatoes. Oh, the list could fill this page and all absolutely scrumptious. The Barker fanfare was best, Morgan next, Smith and we’ll not discuss the Kritz one. Maybe that’s why we didn’t have it but two years?!

There is one thing I always wondered and that is why, oh why, did they begin reunions on the 4th of July and into August. Second weekend of August was always the Morgan one and it was almost always blistering hot. Why didn’t we have them in early May or late September? I never did do well outside with my allergies and sun poisoning long ago. Now, I have asthma and sinus troubles to add to that so I’m mostly a stay-at-homer. Pretty much stopped going but the memories can’t stop and I have many cherished ones of those wonderful summer days with my relatives at the family reunions.

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
In the feature article this month, I talked about how family reunions often began on the fourth of July, so although that is our topic, I’d like to talk a bit more about reunions, as it fascinated me so much when reading the old reunion articles in the newspapers. Wonderful genealogical tool, if you can find ‘em.

In September 1900, a short, but detailed article was in the Crawfordsville Daily Journal saying the Booher reunion was held at the Lutheran Church four miles east of Darlington. Went on to tell of two brothers, John and Jacob, plus 40 others came from Tennessee and settled there and 10 of those were present at that reunion. Wow. Jacob Booher alone had 713 descendants and John “has something more than that!” There were over 300 at the reunion. Food “to feed a regiment,” speeches, prayer and the proverbial choice of officers for the next year were the entertainment. The next day (28th) another article appeared with additional information. “On Wednesday they held their first reunion.” Oddly, this time there were 11 of the originals present. Someone must have miscounted. Heehee. “Uncle Ben from Lebanon,” graphically described the trip. Loved to have been there for that as he told of 30 people, five teams, a few cows and assortment of dogs coming to the area. B.S. Martin went out that evening to take a photo of the original 11. Wow, would that picture be awesome!

In 1908, Ralph Canine was featured as the topic of the Canine Reunion. He was the father of eleven, ass deceased but son J.J. who was 75 and living in the home his father built on the land he purchased Jan 18, 1826. He gave the property for the Union Baptist Church, where he is buried with many of his family members. It goes on to tell his birthdate, whom he married and when. This article was an invitation for “not only descendants of Ralph but all other members of the Canine tribe and all friends of the family.”

The James McMullen (and Martha Van-Cleave) reunion article of that year told of the officers, and gave information on the family. There was even a bit of a history lesson when it was told that Madison McMullen was a soldier in the Mexican war but took sick and was sent home. He didn’t make it to Montgomery County having died in Indianapolis. “In those days there were no railroads and no way of traveling except in a wagon.” It was neat to read that a beautiful family tree was drawn up bearing the names of each and every member of the differ-

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ent branches of the family. Wow, would that be awesome to see!

There are several of these reunion articles and pictures (the newest one being an awesome Rice Reunion – 1922 – picture with everyone named, thanks to Lois Hepburn and Judy Byers) on my Montgomery County GenWeb page here. http://www.ingenweb.org/inmontgomery/reunions/index.html. There are also some in the Photographs section of the GenWeb page http://www.ingenweb.org/inmontgomery/photos/people/people%20index.htm

Sometimes there was some genealogical finds – July 31, 1941 Waveland Independent newspaper noted that one birth happened since the year before in the Seybold family “an 8# daughter born to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Johnson”. And, there were three weddings with names and dates. There are several reunion notifications, overviews and the like on the above reunion page. Enjoy!

Sadly, the later the years went, the less genealogical information was mentioned. Articles mainly listed upcoming officers and those present, but still if you can find those articles in the old newspaper, they’re really nifty to have and to glean what data that is available in them. At many reunions, individual pictures would be taken, as well and family units. There are many examples of that on the people index on the GenWeb page above.

One sad Montgomery County story involves the Bowman family (thanks so much to Dave Smith for this one). Although people didn’t smile in those days, anyway, this family had particular reason for being sad. They had lost five family members (in about a week’s time) in a post-1918 flu epidemic (February 1920) so this is about that time. Here is the picture but do check the explanation at this url http://www.ingenweb.org/inmontgomery/photos/people/Misc%20people/bowman-family.htm Thanks so much to Dave Smith and do note it is unknown as to when and where this picture was taken. It may have been a special one at their home, one at church or at a reunion, but it is typical of the type taken of individual families at a reunion.

Of course, don’t stick to family reunions as there are many other types, as well, especially in the first to mid 1900s. Soldiers often met with others who had fought in their wars. Pictured above right is a reunion of the Civil War soldiers still living (according to death dates this is likely about 1916).

Work reunions, school reunions, all kinds of reunions, and so many on the 4th of July, especially soldier ones like the one here.

You’re reading Montgomery Memories . . .

. . . but what about writing for Montgomery Memories?

Email Karen Zach: karen.zach@sbcglobal.net | Subject: Montgomery Memories
NEW READS @ THE LIBRARY

BY SUZIE ZACH BALDWIN
Montgomery Memories

After receiving the topics for this month I instantly thought of childhood. Mainly because some holidays and events just aren’t the same once you become an adult. The Fourth of July is definitely more fun when you are young because you get to chase fireflies, play with sparklers, swim, and eat fattening food (and not having to worry about your jeans fitting the next day). As a mom and adult you inherit the tasks of purchasing all the necessary items, preparing them, ensuring your little bundles of joy aren’t burnt to a crisp or become dehydrated (or worse). Similar things occur for reunions. In my youth, I loved the idea of reunions because of the amazing food and playing with cousins. Then, fast forward 20+ years and reality beckons. Now, you have to schedule time off work, make something delicious, attempt to corral your children for the event and hope all your gray hairs don’t appear before seeing your extending family and friends.

So, let us dive into some titles pertaining to reunions and the 4th. An adorable book is The Aurora County All-Stars by Deborah Wiles. Wiles’ characters have been in two previous books (Each Little Bird That Sings and Love, Ruby Lavender). These titles can actually be found in the juvenile fiction section. This humorous tale includes baseball and a community gathering which should feature the area athletes on the nation’s birthday. The BIG game is important to the twelve year olds of Aurora. Can ace pitcher House Jackson overcome fears, secrets, betrayals and the newly discovered worry of Civil Rights in baseball?

Fourth of July Creek is an emerging novel written by Smith Henderson. AARP says, “Born and raised in Montana, author Smith Henderson knows the terrain and its people, crafting a profoundly American tale that explores our love for freedom, our individualism and the price people sometimes pay.” Entertainment Weekly says, “Henderson’s sag of looking for salvation by way of saving others is lyrical, suspenseful, and heartbreaking. Not all can be rescued, but we can all be redeemed.” Will this be the case for Pete Snow, social worker? Check out (at CDPL) or download (Hoopla) a copy today.

If you would prefer to read something funny try Does This Beach Make Me Look Fat? By Lisa Scottoline and Francesca Serritella. Scottoline and Serritella are a mother-daughter team (which automatically makes about every chapter a reunion). I was laughing quite hysterically on the first page I opened to which included Mr. Tuffee (the gentleman who carried around a cooler at the beach) yelling “Ice cream and ices” which is declared as a town crier for saturated fats. By page 18 I almost cried with laughter. Best friends take a personality test. One of the girls is an INTJ which accounts for 2% of the population (women making up on 0.8%). Her friend convinces her that she is like a rare gem – heck, a diamond. After further exploration she realizes she is similar to Hannibal, Caesar, and Putin or Gregory House (House MD) and Walter White (Breaking Bad) and realizes this wasn’t a barrel of laughs (except for the reader).

If you don’t want to have that much fun perusing, try Beach Trip by Cathy Holton. Four college friends meet twenty-three years later for a reunion. Lola’s lavish North Carolina beach house hosts the ladies for a darkly comic and deeply poignant and unforgettable tale of lifelong friendship, heartbreak and happiness. Will the girls be able to beat heartache with humor? Find out if Mel, Sara, Annie and Lola have what it takes to survive the mid-forties? The playful banter will keep you turning pages. CDPL has this book in print and audio version so stop by for some great reading!

Another fabulous book about family reunions is by Elizabeth Berg. USA today says, “Maybe Freud didn’t know the answer to what women want, but Elizabeth Berg certainly does.” The Art of Mending discusses the secrets that have shaped the personalities and fates of three siblings. Of course, these secrets now threaten the sisters and brother be able to reconcile their varying experiences? How man sins will be forgiven? Can grace heal this family? This tale is on CDBK (CD book) and in regular print and will enlighten readers.

So, even if family reunions and/or the 4th of July are not your “cup of tea” I bet there is a book, movie, recording that will bring you great joy. Come visit me (and the others) at CDPL. If the weather is too hot, the storms too bad or you need to pass a few hours, we would love to see you walk in the doors at 205 South Washington Street.

We all have rich, interesting family histories!
Why not get yours published in an issue of Montgomery Memories?
Email: karen.zach@sbcglobal.net   Subject: Montgomery Memories
Mary K. in the Kitchen

By MARY K. VIRGIN SMITH
Montgomery Memories

The month of July I think of blueberries! I remember going to Michigan with my family to pick fresh blueberries. My mom would freeze them and I loved to make blueberry muffins all winter for our family of 7, I loved to cook for our family! Last summer my husband, Don and I went on a little get away to Michigan. We were keeping our eyes open for a fresh blueberry market to take some berries home. Instead we found a little house by the side of the road that said, “Fresh Blueberries for Sale”. We took our chance and went off the beaten path to find a little old lady who had about an acre lot. This was her “lively hood” to take care of her blueberry field. We learned a lot about how she pruned, raised and took care of her many blueberry bushes. We indeed enjoyed nibbling on our fresh blueberries all the way home!

In terms of U.S. fruit consumption, blueberries rank only second to strawberries in popularity of berries. Blueberries are not only popular, but also repeatedly ranked in the U.S. diet as having one of the highest antioxidant capacities among all fruits.

After many years of research on blueberry antioxidants and their potential benefits for the nervous system and for brain health, there is exciting new evidence that blueberries can improve memory. In a study involving older adults. So eat up!

Ripe blueberries can also be frozen, although this will slightly change their texture and flavor. Before freezing, wash, drain and remove any damaged berries. To better ensure uniform texture upon thawing, spread the berries out on a cookie sheet or baking pan, place in the freezer until frozen, then put the berries in a plastic bag for storage in the freezer. They are great for blueberry muffins, pies, put on yogurt, desserts and this recipe as well!

This recipe is called a mystery coffee cake, because you can add any other kind of fruit or mix your berries. My favorite is of course blueberries!

**MYSTERY COFFEE CAKE**

Put in a well-greased 8x8 pan
2 cups blueberries (or any other fruit you wish) and 1 tablespoon of lemon juice
Cream 3/4 cup sugar
3 tablespoon margarine
Add: 1 teaspoon of baking powder
1/4 teaspoon salt
Combine alternately with:
1 cup flour
½ cup milk
Put mixture over berries
Combine: ½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon cornstarch
Sprinkle over berry mixture
Pour over batter 1 cup boiling water
Bake 400 degrees for 45-50 minutes.

• I love to serve it warm especially with homemade ice cream or with milk
• If you use other types of berries omit the lemon juice
• This recipe can be doubled and put in a 9x13 pan.
Choose a July 4th of any year in the late ‘40s and ‘50s and Grandma and Grandpa Keedy’s front porch, at 910 Elmore Street, became the neighborhood center of attention. It was the best place on Elmore to watch the fireworks at Milligan Park without actually going over to the park. After picnics, reunions and softball games, all our relatives and friends up and down Elmore St. would gather in the twilight around the “Howdah,” the old porch swing, along with us firecrackers eager to get on with the night’s excitement.

The tree in the tiny east front yard, planted on my birthday in 1946, was just a sapling back then so there was lots of room to spread blankets in the cool grass. There was no Big Dipper, but plenty of time for popsicles, fudgies and Nickel-Nips from Shirley Chesterson’s concession stand at the entrance to Milligan Park. Energetic games of hide and seek, tag and statues under the yellow streetlight wound us down as dusk began to wrap the cool evening around us.

Parents, aunts, uncles and neighbors enjoyed homemade lemonade from Grandma’s old brown pitcher; pipes and cigars began to glow in the fading light as teen cousins and friends headed for their favorite smooching places in the park to make their own special kinds of fireworks.

Finally, the first giant boom made us jump with wonder and excitement, riveting our attention towards the park as the first sky burst exploded in a million colors over Caldwell’s house that sat cat-a-corner across the street, their young apple trees shivering a harvest into the yard with each thunderous salute. We were close enough to hear the applause as the ground set pieces were set off for the park crowd. This gave us little firecrackers a moment for sparklers, whiz bangs and smoke worms on the warm Elmore Street sidewalk.

Once again, the sky became a giant canvas painted with burst after burst of every color imaginable. And, finally, our ooh’s, ahh’s, giggles and squeals were rewarded with a thunderous finale that reflected those heavenly colors on our faces and in our wide excited eyes.

The smell of spent fireworks wafted over the neighborhood as friends and relatives bid each a good night and a happy Fourth of July. However, we firecrackers weren’t done, yet. It was time for adventure sleeping!

At bedtime on those sizzling summer nights, when the air was thick with heat, Grandma would make, for us, a pallet on the floor and we would get to sleep in front of Grandpa’s old black fan. It had four shiny brass blades surrounded by a wire cage. The base was shaped like an inverted cone with the speed control sticking out of the bottom like a black tongue and the frayed cord lying limply on the floor like the tail of a tired old dog. It swung back and forth as if constantly saying no to the heat.

It was a treat to sleep in front of that old black fan. This was a no-nonsense machine that knew, very well, its purpose in life, huffing and puffing fresh air hour after hour without complaint. It was a sentinel against the heat and would soon lull us to sleep with its soothing one-note symphony while moving glaciers of frosty air across fevered foreheads.

That old black fan held magical dreams of icy mountain streams, snowball winters and helped young firecrackers dream and re-dream a wondrous night of fireworks at Grandma’s.

Ain’t life funny thataway!
The Fourth
By Jerry Turner

A young lad enjoying the midsummer, the heat, dry breezes, and sunny days, no school, days filled with freedom, nights of late TV and campouts, a time of innocence and ignorance.

The fourth day of July was a day of fireworks and cookouts, aye, ‘twas a day looked forward too, yet as a young lad the cause of the celebration ‘twas not really understood.

As the years passed, school, reading and understanding, brought the meaning of the day, into my consciousness.

Yet the true meaning of Independence Day, escapes many in our everyday lives, and even though this one day, celebrates our freedom, to many ‘tis just a day for picnics and fireworks, a day of work and nothing more.

Nature Calling
By Patrick Jahnke

Wind whistles through the leaves, thoughts trying to reach him. But he stood behind the window pane, protected from himself. Nature had been calling to him, but has had no success. Birds sang, insects wandered, but he seemed to have no sense. Oceans roared, mountains grew, but in the end, concrete always won.

Until the day of the storm. Nature took over and destroyed the concrete. The skies darkened and winds weren’t just whispering. It was the dark side of things, but when the light shined through.

The boy was in love with what he saw.

THREE GENERATIONS AT HUNT & SON FUNERAL HOME, THE PRE-ARRANGEMENT SPECIALISTS, HAVE BEEN MAKING SPECIAL REMEMBRANCES FOR FAMILIES IN THIS AREA FOR OVER 100 YEARS.

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Museum Scene

By KAREN BAZZANI ZACH
Montgomery Memories

CARNEGIE MUSEUM
Open Wednesday – Saturday 10 in the morning until 5 of an evening. Always something going on there.

Lane Place / Montgomery County Historical Society
August 6th will be Live History Day with four shows – One exciting item I plan to attend will be August 10-14 when the Viet Nam Travelling Wall will be at Lane Place. Also with the presidential nomination hype going on now, it is a good remembrance of Henry S. Lane and a few moderate Republicans who persisted in the nomination of Abraham Lincoln. It took 3 ballots, but historically we know they accomplished their task.

LEW WALLACE STUDY / MUSEUM
At noon on August 27th the annual (this believe it or not, is the 10th one) Taste of Montgomery County will begin. Don’t miss it! Also the 2016 exhibit is an interesting one – The Golden Age of Indiana Literature: from Ben Hur to Alice Adams.”

LINDEN DEPOT MUSEUM
The last surviving junction depot in Indiana was built in 1908 – learn the history at the Linden Museum Fri, Sat, and Sunday noon to 5 p.m. Adults $4; children $1

MidTown Museum
If you’ve always wondered about the Native American Indians of our area then get yourself to the MidTown Museum. One of the cheapest ($2 for adults and $1 for children plus $1.50 for seniors) but best around. Located on the northeast corner of Washington and Vine the museum is right in the center of Waynetown. The museum is mainly open Tuesday – Friday 9-5 and Saturday 9-2 but call first 765-376-1728 (or 765-275-2328). Great place to take your grandkids for an overview of American Indian clothing, homes, tools and the like. Some pretty awesome stuff!

ROPKEY MUSEUM
Open Mon-Wed from 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. “This is a place where the harmony of man, machine and emotion can be found over a 50 acre site known as the Ropkey Armor Museum. Fred Ropkey was passionate about collecting arms, collecting his first one at age 8 when his parents gave him a WWI sword and a Civil War pistol his great grandfather had owned. His first actual purchase was an armored WWII scout car that he drove to school. Fred passed away in 2013 but his legacy carries on with thousands of pieces to view.

ROTARY JAIL MUSEUM
Talk about getting involved in what’s happening, the jail is a Poke Stop and Pokemon have been found in the jail cells even. I love it!!
By KAREN BAZZANI ZACH
Montgomery Memories

-- One 4th of July remembered for many years by the Powell family of Montgomery County was the 4th of July when George W. Powell (born on April Fool’s Day, 1842 near Parkersburg, son of John Newton and Elizabeth Larkin Patrick Powell) was heavy into battle at Helena, Arkansas. 1,614 Confederate casualties over 239 Union ones brought a major battle that opened up the area to seize Little Rock later that year. George volunteered as a private Company G, in the 10th Indiana Regiment, returned, then reenlisted as a Corporal in Co. M (found as Co. L in one place), 1st Calvary, Indiana when he was in Arkansas. After the war, he married Henrietta Beck. At an early age, he moved with part of his family (15 total children) members to the New Ross area. This is the farm he owned later in life and died there on the 9th of May 1915.

-- Hiram Pratt, local barber in Waveland for over 5 decades remembered the event as well as he was in his 1884 Friday, July 4th entry – “Today 21 years ago I participated in the battle of Helena, Ark. The day was very hot as was today.” If you’re interested at all in history (not only local, but US and world, as well – there are just little bleeps all over in HAP’s diaries. I love ‘em. I not only typed ‘em all but have read them over and over. Click what year ya’ want on this page or read ‘em all!! http://www.ingenweb.org/inmontgomery/diaries/index.html. In 1902, he noted that he went to Crawfordsville for the fireworks display and it cost 25 cents for entry into the Fair Grounds to see the fireworks. “Some really nice designs and some were very common.” Big news, there were over 2,000 in attendance. Many times he mentioned the Battle at Helena. In 1911 he noted, “It was the biggest 4th of July I ever witnessed. “Our soldiers were outnumbered 3 to 1, but we killed, wounded and took prisoner more than we had in our army. 48 years ago today.” On a more humorous note, almost every 4th he purchased lemonade or lemons to make it – in 1911 10c for 3 lemons and 5c for a glass of lemonade.

-- Sent from the Danville, Illinois, Commercial newspaper, here is a nifty look at one 4th regarding General Wallace
--- Source: Crawfordsville Weekly Journal Crawfordsville, Montgomery County, Indiana Saturday June 13, 1891

“All Very True” Company I, of the State Militia of Indiana, organized at Crawfordsville is the finest drilled company in the state, and as a mark of special favor will be nicely uniformed in time for the 4th of July celebration in that place, the State paying the bill. Crawfordsville has always enjoyed the proud reputation of having the best drilled military companies and the prettiest girls in the state and we believe it is still entitled to this distinction. The gallant 11th Indiana with Gen. Lew Wallace as its commander, was the outgrowth to the old Montgomery Guards, a military organization second to none in the country in its time. Gen. Lew Wallace was its commander and from its ranks during the rebellion were recruited generals, colonels, majors, captains and lieutenants all of whom proved their loyalty to their country by gallant service.

-- The 4th of July is supposed to be fun but for this young man the fun turned deadly. Source: Waveland Independent, Waveland, Montgomery County, Indiana. July 19, 1929 -- Eugene, the youngest brother of Charles Moore of Milligan, died at Union Hospital at Terre Haute on Friday. He wounded himself slightly in the palm of the left hand on the 4th with a blank cartridge. The wound was dressed by a Rockville physician, who advised tetanus antitoxin but the boy did not want it used. The wound gave no trouble until on Thursday he complained of aching all over and when he went to dinner his jaws set. He was taken to Rockville where tetanus anti-toxin was administered but as he grew worse he was taken to Terre Haute where he died as noted. He was the youngest of a large family and it was the first break in the family circle. He would have been a freshman in high school this year.

Dr. and Mrs. Noblitt attended the funeral at Bellmore.

-- One of my husband, Jim’s ancestors, was born on the 4th of June in 1815, Crawford County, Pennsylvania. Having married Lucy Thompson (Melissa Lucinda) while in Pennsylvania, he moved to northern Indiana same month in 1846 with the first four of their eleven children. Edward Prall (many different spellings; Prall; Proll; Prolll...) was a minister and farmer, purchasing an 80 acre tract of land. In not too many years, he was forced to sell 20 of those acres where the original family log cabin sat in order to get his unmarried sister’s out of financial debt because (I don’t know if you’re ready for this) they purchased so much material. Part of this land was also given to build the first Methodist Church in Butler, Indiana. Physically, he added his brawn into the building and preached there for several years. History books say he was a grand minister. On the 4th of July in 1863, he had planned a picnic for his congregation to not only pray for our soldiers and country, but to enjoy life a little; however, his ended abruptly that day. He had gone out to their large patch of blackberries to pick some so Lucy could make some fresh blackberry pies for the meal later. She had the crust ready but he did not return. Neighbors went
While interviewing my most recent Around The County couple, she was telling me about her aunt, Nellie Galey Canine. Knew most of what she said, but after researching a bit, I found not only Nellie fascinating but her husband, Joe as well.

First of all, age is a major factor here. Nellie lived to be 105 years old and accomplished so much in her lifetime. Joseph Raymond (Joe) was one of the younger ones of his family to pass away at age 81. Their brothers, sisters and parents (except for Joe’s mother) all lived to be in their 80s and 90s. They also have long marriages, her parents seeing their 50th and Joe and Nellie 52 before he passed away.

However, Joe and Nellie, who married in Washington DC on a spring day, April 9, 1921, almost lost their lives the next January. Truly, their escape was miraculous. It was the 28th of January in 1922 and it had been snowing for two days. Yet, the young couple decided to venture out to the 1700-seat, five-year-old Knickerbocker Theater that Saturday night to view the silent film, Get Rich Quick, Wallingford. Almost 2’ of snow covered the flat roof while Nellie and Joe were sitting in the two end seats of the last row of the balcony. Just after intermission as the show continued, there was a loud swish. Joe and Nellie looked up and saw the ceiling literally splitting in two. They quickly jumped up and started out but the ceiling piled on top of them. Joe said, “Lie still and they will dig us out,” but Nellie caught a breath of fresh air and they crawled over one of the walls of the theater and on to the street. She later credited growing-up with brothers for her cat-like agility. Two young boys helped her get Joe over. Some of the first out, Joe had a broken arm, Nellie a broken rib. Their coats and hats were lost, but they were thankful for a cab right outside that took them for medical aid. The miracle lies in the fact that almost 100 people lost their lives that night and 133 badly injured, while Joe and Nellie weren’t too worse for wear.

Joe began his career as a shoe salesman, joined the service (Indiana State Militia) then the regular Army on the last day of May in 1917 and was discharged 29 March 1919. Fairly tall, at 5’10” with brown hair and hazel-colored eyes, he was a bit stout at about 180 pounds when he joined. Other than his hair had grayed, his WWII draft information matched his WWI. Joe studied chiropractic medicine in Washington, and they lived there for several decades, retiring to Browns Valley. For several years, they lived in the Columbia Road Apartment House.

Nellie worked at many interesting places, including secretary for the chief of the Children’s Bureau in the Department of Labor while in Washington, as well as clerking in the Chief Signal Office, Department of the Navy. In the beginning, she was a school teacher at Browns Valley. Also, she was employed at Purdue in the Home Ec Department as Secretary and retired in 1974 from Wabash ’s Chemistry Department. A very talented lady she also owned and operated the Weatherill Restaurant in Browns Valley. She graduated from Waveland in 1908 and attended IU. A strict Baptist, they are buried together in Freedom Cemetery, he age 81; she 105.

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