

MONTGOMERY

MEMORIES



MoCo's Angels in White

July 2021

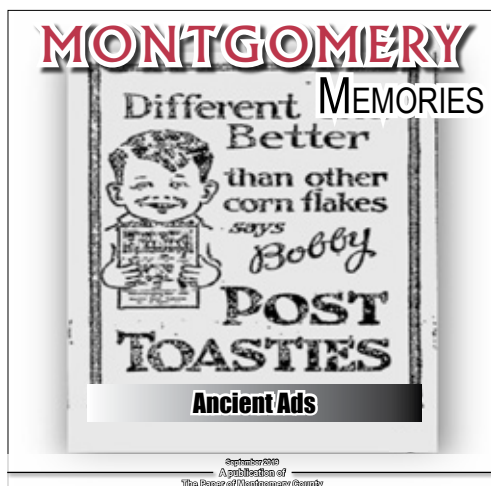
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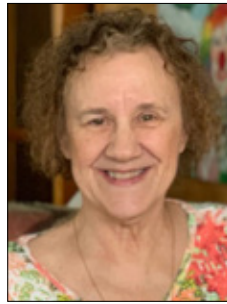
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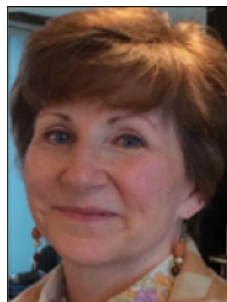
Contributing Writers



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



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



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



KURTIS BROADSTREET works in the Creative Services Department for the Paper of Montgomery County. Born in Crawfordsville and raised in Linden, he aspires to join in the entertainment business as a comedy writer/ television show host. He graduated from North Montgomery High School in 2020, and is currently enrolled in Ivy Tech to earn an associate's degree in General Studies. A normal guy by day and a Mountain Dew-chugging college student by night, he deeply appreciates hometown values and traditions.





July Feature: Karen's Nursing Pals

Karen Bazzani Zach, Montgomery Memories

I was determined that I was going to use this feature article to thank all the wonderful nurses who have had something to do with my life, but I KNOW I'll forget some but here we have some great ones: Audra who took care of me several times at Turkey Run, even driving me home one day; Mary Ellen who was our nurse in a couple of different places and is especially remembered being so wonderful taking care of our daughter, because Dr. Eggers wouldn't (except in a dire emergency) as she'd upchuck on him every time; Marcia who became a great friend since we both love genealogy/history; Cheryl (who saw that I was in dire need of help once with a severe kidney problem and took me right back in the office); Donita who recently did an extremely special favor; Elma who helped our grandchildren when they were in school; Sharon Wright, just the right person at many right times; Rae Ann whom I believe we had as a nurse then an awesome nurse practitioner; Susan who is our current health overseer with the awesome Dr. Mathison. There have been many in the hospitals and I've been in there dozens of times (one was especially fun) – I'm a night owl and she'd get bored and come pester me – she was home-schooling her two kiddos and I gave her lots of ideas and our kids thought it was hilarious because she picked up one of my crazy habits. Then how could I forget Jo Brewer? She was always there when we had to get any type of operation – took such wonderful care of us for sure! Also, there were some I don't think ever took care of me, but I admired them greatly such as Mary Calhan and Janet Smiley. Of course, I know I've missed some but thank you ONE AND ALL – each of you have made a major difference in my life.

Okay, that said, in my research I found some interesting ones I thought I'd overview briefly for the rest of the article. First of all, the government had a program to entice young gals during the World War I era into becoming nurses and Ruth McBee was one of those, having been a graduate of Culver Union Hospital's program, also in New York with Base Hospital 322 and worked in a hospital in Chicago. The county quota was 20 and I think unless it turned quickly, Montgomery was just shy. Mrs. A.B. Grover, chairman of the committee in 1918 stated that most of those who signed up were from the working class women. She also noted (Crawfordsville Review Aug 13, 1918) that the training did not confine a girl to a certain length of time in service, but that during the first two months the girls could go home if they were unsatisfied, or if the instructor didn't find the girl capable, she could be sent home. Women between 18-35 were eligible saying to them "to aid your country during troubles - this is the best way to serve." Those who signed up were: Bessie Beecher (C'v); Cuba and Mary Boldt (C'v); Mary Copus (Waveland); Vera and Aula Clouser (Darlington); Rachel Heath (Waynetown); Mrs. Zelma Lee (C'v); Adah Lehman (C'v); Charlotte McLeod (C'v); Lois Perry (C'v); Alta Stockdale (Wingate); Evelyn Wray (C'v). Bless ya' all!

Mary Elizabeth Cox, born in Illinois, but who grew-up in C'ville had been taking a nurse's course at Methodist Hospital prior to that time and was about to finish it up when she got the flu and passed away after a terrible sickness of ten days, taken care of by fellow nurses and doctors who loved her greatly. She was just 22 years old and the pallbearers were nurses she worked with. She

was said to have great knowledge in the field and could have made an amazing medical career. Same with Ethel Newell who had been ill for about ten days, as well. She had reported to the Wabash SATC Hospital as a visiting nurse, but shortly thereafter had to give it up because of the influenza. She had been a nurse for eight years

and had received her training at Home Hospital in Lafayette. She was 30 and the daughter of Eugene Newell. The flu took so many.

Margaret Meek served under Lizzie Goeppinger (superintendent of nurses) for several years as the assistant superintendent – seems there were always crunches in finances so when Lizzie left Margaret was the only superintendent and left herself in the fall of 1942 as she was simply exhausted. Margaret, along with the Remley sisters (Minnie and Esther who were both nurses for quite some time) were all extremely active in the Indiana Nurse's Association! She was born in 1890 and passed away in 1986, so guess she rested up some!

A couple of interesting WWII Army nurses were Kathleen Hudson DeBruicker, born in Waynetown Nov 15, 1920, graduated from WHS in 1938, then Lakeview Hospital School of Nursing, Danville, Illinois in 1943. She served in the South Pacific, served as a volunteer nurse with the Red Cross, but was more into the real estate aspect later on. She married Vince DeBruicker after the war (April 13, 1945) and they were parents of two sons, David and Darryl. She is buried at Waynetown Masonic.

Loved this story – Derald VanCleave was overseas and wounded on V-E Day in Germany. When he looked up at the nurse who was helping dress his wounds in the Evac hospital behind the lines of the 7th US Army, he discovered Lt. Gale Young from his hometown of Ladoga. For five months overseas, she was the first person from our county he saw. Gale had gone overseas early in 1944 with the 27th Evac hospital unit with Lt. Col. HC Wallace, and three Culver Hospital nurses as personnel. Oh, and Derald returned to Ladoga and lived to a good age, passing away in 1978.

Want to add one more gal I found who passed away in 1970 at age 91. Mary Jolley was a retired nurse and she had an unusual career. A graduate of Culver Union Hospital Nurses Training in 1909, she retired as a Registered Nurse in 1928, but she sure didn't retire. Afterwards, she became an advice-giver, aiding new mothers by phone or at their homes. Born in Kansas, she was a daughter of Francis and Rhoda VanCleave Jolley on May 21, 1879.



CDPL photos

Minnie and Esther who were both nurses

Many Montgomery County mothers had this fine lady to thank for helping rear their young. As a tribute to this nurse, the family asked that contributions were given to the Well Baby Clinic or Christian Nursing Service. Perfect!

I get my head going so many ways in researching and while gathering information for this month's MM, I thought to myself – a book on the war nurses should be written. How exciting and interesting it would be, but not me – too many other projects. I have adored all the nurses who have taken care of me (only one bad experience in all my hundreds – when I had our daughter, Suzie, and I asked to hold her and the nurse barked at me, "Your baby's going to die!" - definitely not a good experience, but Suz showed 'em that she wasn't having that!) and admire those who have served our country, the Red Cross, schools, factories and in general. Certainly, a wonderful profession, one I strongly considered until I found out I had to take chemistry – quick mind change to becoming a Catholic nun then I met Jim – well, the rest is history!

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

The word nurse in the years past was used pretty lightly. It was also a profession or aide that many didn't realize could be a dangerous job. For instance, in March 1891, Susan Best (65) went to Darlington to nurse her sister who was dying but Susan took sick herself and passed away a few days later. In February of 1893, Mrs. Fred Sheets of Indianapolis came to nurse her mother, Mrs. Brandkamp and took erysipelas. Her eyes were so swollen and in such a mess that she went totally blind.

One of the professional nurses here early on was Ellen Smith (born in Bardstown KY June 20, 1834). There Ellen stayed working for a Speed family, relation to those here in Crawfordsville and she came to our city after the war. She had a family of 13 children, losing her husband and having to raise them. She was sick, sad, but a hard worker and intelligent thus she saved her money and purchased a small property west of the college.

As a nurse, she "endeared herself to many local families" by not only her skill as a nurse but her faithfulness as well. At her own death in late February, 1891, she had but five of her children living, (Charles and Joseph in Butte, Montana, where she had gone and passed away, her body returned and buried at Oak Hill; James and Wyckliffe living in C'ville and Emma in Illinois).

J.J. Insley hired a professional nurse from Indianapolis (Miss Iddings) as several had done so. She did a fine job getting him back to health, as Insley was "rapidly gaining strength, and in a few days will go to the home of his daughter, Mrs. JH Osborne with whom he will in future reside." (CDJ 23 Oct 1891). Two years later, another trained nurse was sent for him and since James Johnson Insley lived until March 13, 1915, she too must have done a fine job. His daughter was Grace Osborne, and he was also the father of Morton and Elsie. His wife had passed away not long before the Oct 1891 article.

In June of 1892 (Daily Journal 17th), Waynetown quarantined the family of George Hill because his children had diphtheria. "A nurse was provided and all things done to accommodate the family but the quarantine will be strictly enforced. All persons who had visited them were ordered by the council to stay home and not go upon the streets." We kind of went through that here recently – sure hope those kiddos got better. Imagine so as none are in the Death Records of FindAGrave. YES!

The Want Ads in that time frame were full of items such as this one found in the Daily Journal July of 1892 – "Wanted – an experienced nurse for a baby." Or, for many weeks, this one appeared in 1893 – Wanted "A Nurse girl. Apply at the Nutt House." Occasionally, those offering help would be as plentiful. "Any person wanting an experienced nurse will please call on Mrs. Lavina Mauck at 730 South Market Street" (CDJ 27 April 1892)



or this one who wasn't particular as long as she could make some money using an expertise of hers "Anyone in need of a nurse or who wish sewing done, please call on Mrs. ER Gerard, 404 John Street." (CDJ 31 Jan 1890).

Men were often employed as a nurse such as Jacob Metzger who was put in charge (by Dr. Ensminger) of Moses McClaine, just 55 years old who had been in Crawfordsville a little length of time having purchased the furniture store of Royse &

Peave on South Washington. Living in the rear of his business, he took ill, his condition worsening even as Dr. Ensminger put Metzger there to help. It was first thought that when McClaine died, he had no family (since none came with him to our city) but it was discovered that he had a daughter in Indianapolis and sister in Franklin – notified!

As Wabash closed up shop in the Spring of 1893, sending their graduates on for further life, Ike McIntosh (son of a prominent coal dealer in Brazil, his good old nurse putting a clean handkerchief in his pocket and kissing him tenderly on each cheek, along with presenting him with cookies to head off to college) but Ike didn't want to return home. A model scholar, he stayed longer and longer, and wandered in to check the billiard halls about town. Arrested, he landed "in the cooler," and his loving pa was sent for to come take him home!" Sure wonder what happened to Ikey McIntosh!

In 1899 (Feb 18th Review) a nurse sent a note giving information regarding VQ Irwin (in New York) that he was very sick in a hospital in that city and had had an operation. He was too ill to write but nothing specific was given regarding the operation or his progression. Note: Volney Q Irwin passed away four years later, at the age of 73, buried in Oak Hill.

A jump in years here but I found a most interesting article in the New Richmond Record 20 May 1915 that discussed uniforms. Some women were complaining about having to wear ones as a saleswoman or clerk, saying it would be humiliating. The article took the opposite viewpoint saying a policeman, soldier, conductor, station agent, fireman, trained nurse or nurse girl (this was a popular title for many years), or a bank messenger wore them and a uniformed woman would present the fact that they were a servant to the public!

Another interesting (that year on ... ready? April Fool's Day only it was not a foolin' but the real thing) stated that Caleb Thayer had just returned to Linden from Prosser, Washington where in company with Attorney CM McCabe losing his battle to claim the \$80,000 estate of his brother, Nathan. The will left all of the estate to Nathan's long-time nurse and the court ruled for her. Thayer was on the witness stand one whole day to no avail! Further investigation showed that Nathan Thayer married Martha Rusk but she passed away with no children. Bad health followed him for many years and Mary D. Hudson was amazing to him during that time, thus he left all to her.

I learn so much history from the old diaries and discovered that early on in our county, several of the (IOOF for one) lodges would nurse their members to health or help them pass on, being there to aide in the death. Neighbors often did the same, helped nurse someone to health or pass on, and I'm just sad not more do that today !!!

This is our county!

Why not help preserve its history by contributing to Montgomery Memories?

Email Karen Zach: karen.zach@sbcglobal.net Subject: Montgomery Memories



Nifty at Ninety - And Beyond

Joy Willett, Montgomery Memories

In this edition of Nifty at Ninety... we meet Marietta Remley. Marietta was born at 11:45 p.m. on Wednesday, March 2, 1921, in Wayne Township (Montgomery County, Indiana, U.S., Birth Index, 1880-2010). She was the third and youngest child of Walter Quick "Verne" Remley and Carol Ruth Marcum.

Verne's great grandparents, John and Sarah (McCain) Remley, migrated from Ohio to Montgomery County, Indiana in ca. 1824. Their oldest son, William, Verne's grandfather, was born in Union Township in 1843. At the age of 15, William worked as a farm laborer assisting his dad. During the Civil War, he fought with Company H of the 135th Indiana Infantry. In 1866, William married Susan Stout. Susan's family came to Indiana from Pennsylvania and Ohio.

Verne and Carol married on June 5, 1917. He was a graduate of Purdue University and served during WWI. The couple settled on a farm east of Waynetown, as neighbors to Verne's parents, John (b. 1867) and Etta Quick (b. 1866). Their oldest, Dale Remley, was born in 1918 and their middle child, Carl, was born in 1919. The family was active in the Wesley Methodist Episcopal Church. Although life was difficult during the Great Depression, I imagine young Marietta, with the support of her loving family, grandparents who lived close, and the tight-knit Wesley community, was fortified against this hardship.

Marietta graduated from Waynetown High School in ca. 1940 (Obituary, Crawfordsville Journal Review, 16-Oct-2014). The U.S. City Directories for 1941 lists that she was a student nurse living in Danville, Illinois. In 1943, she graduated from Lakeview Nursing School. The school was founded in 1894 and continues to train nurses today (www.lakeviewcol.edu). After graduation, Marietta joined the Army Nurse Corp with the rank of Second Lieutenant. Her posting was the Fletcher General Hospital in Cambridge, Ohio. Fletcher was built in 1942-43 and served injured U.S. troops as well as WWII German prisoners of war (Remembering the Army's Fletcher General Hospital, visitguernseycounty.org). The hospital was closed when the war ended.

On October 2, 1946, Marietta married Leslie Lee Humphreys. Leslie was also from the Waynetown area. According to the City Directory, in 1952 Marietta was living at 706 N. Market Street in Crawfordsville and working at Culver Hospital. By the 1950s, Leslie was living in North Palm Beach, Florida where he had lived before serving during WWII. The



Thanks to Salvarsan (findagrave) for the super plate photo and to Dailie for the photo (findagrave) of the tombstone



marriage had ended in divorce. On November 7, 1952, Marietta wed Paul Eugene Arlington. Paul was from Danville, Illinois and in the early 1950s he was living and working in Crawfordsville. He served in the Navy during WWII and the Korean War, and was a chief petty officer until his retirement. Prior to his marriage to Marietta, Paul was married to Mary Peelman.

Marietta's maternal grandfather, Bishop Marcum, lived to be 93. His obituary (Waveland Independent, October 6, 1949 – ingeneb.org/inmontgomery) reported that he was born in Pulaski County, Tennessee in 1856. He met his wife, Mary Nelson, in Kentucky. By the 1880s, they'd come to Montgomery County. Bishop spent his final days with Verne and Carol. He was interred in the Liberty Chapel Cemetery in Elmdale. Mary also lived to be 93, passing in 1950. She was buried next to Bishop, to whom she had been married for 71 years. Carol, born on September 20, 1894, died on September 20, 1955. Verne remarried in 1958. His second wife, Ester Catt Rafferty, was a widow. Tragically, in 1975, Verne, Ester, and her daughter Doris, were killed in an auto accident (Lafayette, Journal and Courier, 29 April 1975, Page 4). Verne was a 50-year member and past president of the Waynetown Masonic Lodge.

Marietta and Paul divorced sometime before 1987. They had lived in Texas, where she was a member of the Christian Motorcycle Club. She was also a member of the Alamo Eastern Star. Paul remarried and stayed in Texas, where he passed in 2002. That year Dale died, and in 2003 Carl passed away. Both brothers died from cancer. They were active in the Wesley Church throughout their lives. Dale was a veteran of WWII, having served in the Navy. Carl was a member of the Eastern Star.

Marietta died at the Williamsburg Nursing Home in Crawfordsville on October 14, 2014. Like her maternal grandparents, she was 93 when she passed. She was interred in the Wesley Cemetery, near her home church. She left behind two daughters, 5 grandchildren, 11 great-grandchildren, and 8 great-great grandchildren. Her obituary reported that she had practiced nursing in Indiana, Ohio, Virginia, Florida, and Texas. It also asked that memorial donations be made to the American Cancer Society.

Marietta was brought up during the Depression; she served her country during WWII, raised a family, and committed her life to nursing. May this inspiring woman rest in peace.



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Do Good & Fear Nothing

POINTLESS

NEEDLE • PHOBIA

Photos by Chuck Clore

“If Clark Kent can do it, so can I!”

Striking a defiant pose as the wind whips his pillowcase cape, Jerry takes three giant strides. From the peak of the garage roof, he launches himself into thin air. Truth, justice, and the American-Way, all lofty dreams crash down to harsh reality. The gravel driveway below does not make for a graceful three-point superhero landing. Spread eagle on a pile of cinders, Jerry inventories his injuries. Toes, ankle, and legs seem to be in working order. Arms and elbow—check—no broken bones.

The giant “S” once taped to his chest, now laying six feet away. Bloody road-rash red from scraped elbows stains his cape. One knee has shards of gravel protruding from it. Jeeze, Louise, he’ll have to fess up his folly to Doctor Mom and seek her medical attention.

We can all remember the mixed blessing and curse of having mom nurse us back to health after one of our death-defying stunts. The upside was Mom’s compassionate care. The curse was the thank-your-lucky-stars lecture of how people have died pulling the very same idiotic stunt you just tried. Oh, and let us never forget how she sealed the deal by pouring the fiery spit of Satan, Mercurochrome, into the gaping wounds.

Rubbing alcohol and antiseptic fumes trigger medical memories from childhood visits to the doctor’s office, back when the nurses all wore those funny little hats.

Those same aromas may give you a twinge of anxiety. Some adults even experience trypanophobia, needle phobia. One of the most macho fellas I know, I’ll call him Beatle, is always ready to take on anything life throws at him. But, one glimpse of a syringe, and he faints dead away. Yeah,

show Beatle a needle. He is a goner.

For early Boomer kids from the 1950s, that fear of needles understandable.

Marching down Danville hill toward Tuttle Elementary School, a whole herd of us rowdies never anticipated the impending ambush. At the edge of the playground, over by the monkey bars, stood Mr. Growler, the principal. I can’t recall his real name.

His stoic grimace swapped for a sardonic smile. The friendly teachers seemed unusually accommodating. An uncalled-for number of moms were in attendance that day. We should have known.

Lulled into a false sense of security, Miss Jefferies’ second-grade class began with the customary pledge of allegiance to the flag. All was fine until snack time. Instead of graham crackers and milk, They ushered us into a room divided in half by big blue curtains. Two nurses stood sentry at the entry of azure fortress. We couldn’t see on the other side, but occasionally we heard wailing and gnashing of teeth. Then it happened. Butch, the biggest fourth-grade bully you have ever seen, burst through the curtain, clutching his arm. Butch was crying like a kindergartner.

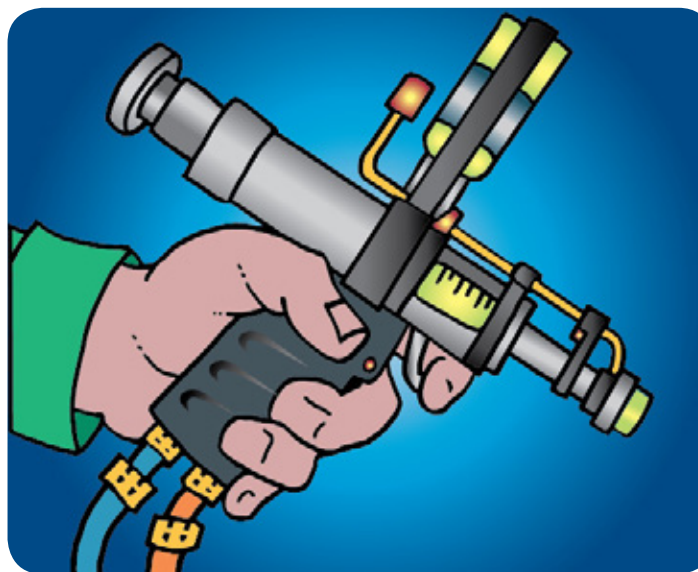
“Holy Hypodermics! They are giving vaccinations. Run for your lives!”

It was too late. Growler, still wearing that same glassy-eyed grin, was guarding the exit. Somehow, John Foster and I ended up at the very front of the line. We quickly made a pact not to cry like a dumb ole bully, Butch. We vowed to do good and fear nothing. Bravely we stepped through the unholy veil to meet our fate.

Compassionate reassurances from the nurses were of little value when we saw it. We weren’t scared of a tiny needle. But towering over us was a guy in green scrubs

DO GOOD & FEAR NOTHING

By Chuck Clore



wearing a mask, holding not a thin pointy syringe but a gun. The weapon resembled a Flash Gordon ray-gun that space aliens use to blast earthlings into the next galaxy.

A tinge of steampunk terror seized us as we viewed an apparatus all chrome and black with a flask of suspect brew attached to the top. It had an air hose descending from the bottom of the handle

leading to a set of tanks. There was a Roy Rogers trigger eager to dispense that vile concoction through a cluster of jet ports that left a scab bigger than a buffalo nickel. Those big honking guns were ten times more intimidating than a little needle. My boomer classmates and I all carry a circular scar of courage for braving inoc-

ulation day.

In the 50s, Mom and Pop were scared senseless by dozens childhood diseases we seldom consider today. Measles, mumps, chickenpox, scarlet fever, polio, the list goes on. They thanked God and Dr. Jonas Salk for vaccinations. I wonder how the folks would weigh in on today’s health crisis.



July 2021

Nurses

Poetry and Puzzles

Montgomery Memories

Nurses
Joy Willett

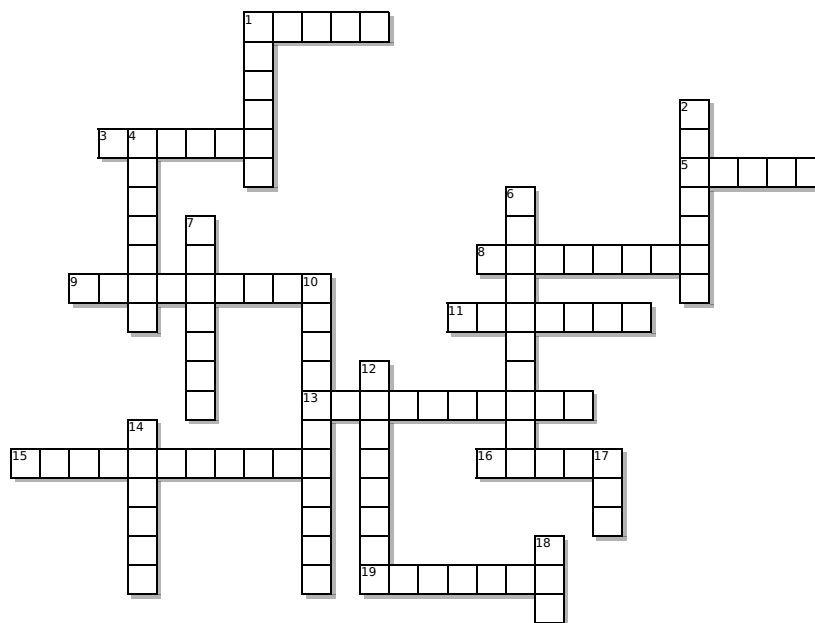
When through medieval Europe
Black Death raged
the Alexian Brothers
ministered those plagued.

In war torn Crimea
Nightingale's light glowed
igniting hope
for soldiers brought low.

Clara Barton, "The Angel,"
treated the injured
at Bull Run, Fredericksburg,
Cedar Mountain, and Antietam.

There were many, unknown,
yet no less brave
who fought for two years
against the Spanish phage.

With bandages, soap,
courage, and silent prayers,
nurses, through the ages,
rendered utmost care.



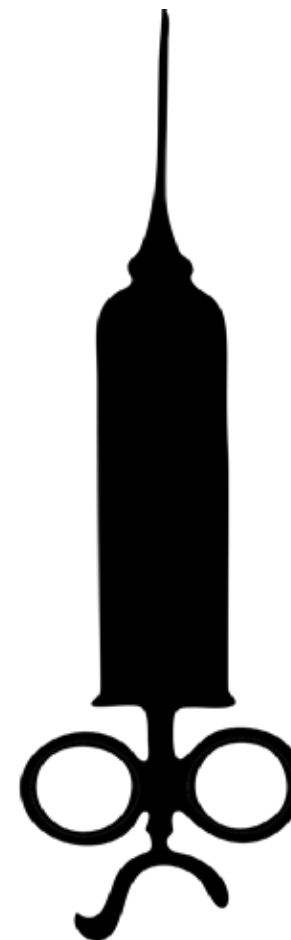
ACROSS

- 1 Surname: Early C'ville nurse
- 3 Crawfordsville hospital 02-84
- 5 Vietnam veteran Bazzani
- 8 D'ville, IL nursing hospital
- 9 Gobbler trot? (2 words)
- 11 Name of the 1918 flu
- 13 Put this in Karen's cookies
- 15 She was "The Angel"
- 16 Title for a military nurse
- 19 Nurse who delivers?

DOWN

- 1 Shape of Karen's hamburger
- 2 F in IOOF
- 4 A nurse's was white
- 6 Enforced isolation
- 7 Medieval nursing Brothers
- 10 Surname: Lady with the lamp
- 12 Cream of _____ soup
- 14 Also name of Russian lake
- 17 Ceremony for new nurses
- 18 _____ Richmond

Check out page 10 for the solution



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Karen's Kitchen

Karen Bazzani Zach, Montgomery Memories

Now, I consider myself a pretty darn good cook and in the field of excellent as far as baking, but I can't make these things -- I sure can eat 'em though and they are the VERY BEST COOKIES EVER!! My Aunt Alice whom I admired so as an amazing nurse made them for me every year for Christmas, my birthday, Easter -- God bless her soul!!!! Oddly, I made a couple of items for her she couldn't make as well. Great exchange!

“Thumbprint Cookies”

Mix well: 1/2 C. Soft shortening
1/2 C. Soft Butter
1/2 C. Brown Sugar
1 tsp. Vanilla

Sift: 2 C. Flour
1/2 tsp. salt

Add to first batter.

Prepare: 2 Slightly beaten egg whites
1 1/2 C. Finely broken nut meats in a small bowl.

Roll Cookie dough in balls -- size of a walnut. Dip balls into egg whites and roll in nuts.

Place 1” apart on a greased baking sheet
Important that these be followed closely: Bake for 5 minutes. Remove from Oven, grease thumb and press into top of each cookie. Return to oven and bake EXACTLY 8 minutes longer.

These will be light in color. Cool. Put icing in center or put jelly into holes (or an M&M or probably a Hershey's kiss -- be creative).

Hate to give ya' just sweets, so here's another of my made-up recipes that came out exceptionally well. I might add bacon on top next time, though!

“SQUARE HAMBURGER MEAL”

1 # of hamburger (or a family 2#) – I just put the whole pound into four sections and made them square. Laid them in a baking dish I sprayed with Pam. Sprinkled dry Onion soup over the top of each. Put Cream of Mushroom Soup on top of that. Drained about 3/4-4/5 of the juice from a can of green beans then put them on top – bake 350 about 35-40 minutes – YUM!! I'll definitely make it again !!





County Connections - Two Sides of the Same Coin

Karen Bazzani Zach, Montgomery Memories

The County Connection this month is two-fold, one born here, one lived here, both nurses. Joanne James, daughter of life-time educator, Karl Czerney James and Ethel Branch, whom I wrote about awhile back (how I found Joanne for the upcoming nurse's addition of the MM) is first up born here but moving far away and a distance cousin of mine, Edith Sowers Gray, born in Fountain County but lived in the Waynetown area after marriage and worked here and about, is our other subject. Enjoy!

Joanne James was born September 24th in 1925 at Crawfordsville at Culver Union Hospital at 8:50 in the evening, the 5th child of Karl and Ethel, 4th living at that time. She was delivered by Dr. H.A. Kinnaman. She was very active in senior chorus, enjoying the various concerts and presentations. Also, dancing was her hobby in her younger years. As the senior poll rolled out, Joanne captured the "Jolliness Award." She was of course on the Athenian staff, in the Honor Society, Sunshine and Speaker's Bureau. Not hard to conjure her plans – yep, to be a Nurse.

Joanne graduated with the 1943 class and in August of the next year signed on for the Cadet Nursing Corps with the US Government. As a genealogical tool, other than it is a source I had personally never seen before, (included in case you've never seen one) it had nothing new for me as per information other than the dates she took her training. She still lived with her parents at 105 Marshall Street in Crawfordsville. She was 18 at this time. After her initial months before final okay into the program (occurred November 6, 1944) she forged on to the hard work and became a full-fledged nurse well after the war was over – Nurse James Feb 20, 1947. Perhaps losing her baby sister (Glad-

ys died at 11 months) of pneumonia was the reason Joanne decided to go into the medical field. Her sister, Mary Emma was into music, having graduated from the Jordan Conservatory of Music and her brother Eston was a professional musician. Brother Ernest was in the medical field although in a different aspect, dentistry.

Joanne was beautiful (see photo from Reno Gazette 5 Jan 1949). She married Bruce Douglas Roberts in a beautiful wedding at the 20th Century Club in Reno. They lived in Reno where they raised their children, Bruce a well-known and admired lawyer. At the time of her marriage, she was a nurse at Wyman Clinic in Reno, but whether she continued that after their marriage, I didn't discover, nor did I find if she has passed away. You'd think so since she'd be in her late 90s but then again, this is likely the longest living family I have ever researched.

Up comes the cousin!! Edith Marie Sowers, daughter of Leo Ralston and Ruby Eleanor (Shuler) Sowers is a perfect County Connection as she was born in Fountain County (23 April 1922) and passed away in Glenwood, Iowa, lacking one day of being 75. Born and raised in the Wallace area, she graduated from



WHS (class of 1940) then went on to Lakeview School of Nursing in Danville, Illinois. A connection here she then went to work at Culver where she worked until she married Raymond J. Gray January 16, 1945 at the Lutheran Service Center in Louisville, Kentucky. I assumed since that was the war period that he was in the service and why they were married there; however, I did not find an emblem on his tombstone or mention in either of their obituaries that the service was the reason for the Kentucky marriage. Three sons (John, Pat and love this name, Kenon) were born to them. Ray was also born in Fountain County April 15, 1919 and raised in the Wallace-Waynetown area where he farmed most of his life. Sadly, he passed away September 13, 1971 due

| UNITED STATES CADET NURSE CORPS MEMBERSHIP CARD A | | Methodist Indianapolis State Indiana |
|--|-----------------------------|---|
| Name of Cadet: | James, Joanne ¹³ | |
| (Last) | (First) (Middle initial) | |
| Joanne James (Signature of cadet) | | |
| Cadet's home address: 105 Marshall Street (Number and street, or R. F. D.) Crawfordsville, Montgomery, Indiana (City) (County) (State) | | |
| Cadet's age on date of admission to Corps 18 | | |
| Date of birth September 24, 1925 | | |
| Dates of admission to school: (Fill in all that apply) | | |
| (1) Originally August 21, 1944 | | |
| (2) By readmission 08-21-4 | | |
| (3) By transfer from another school 08-4-18 | | |
| Date of admission to Corps Aug. 21, 1944 | | |
| Date of prospective beginning of Senior Cadet period Feb. 20, 1947 | | |
| Date of issuance of Form 300, Certificate of Membership Nov. 6, 1944 | | |
| Azazel B. Whitten (Signature of Director of School of Nursing) | | |
| Do not write below this line (this space is for central office use). | | |
| Termination by— | | Date |
| Graduation 9-7-47 | | |
| Withdrawal (a) _____ | | (b) _____ |
| GPO 16-40095-1 | | |

to complications of brain surgery. She remained a widow for over a quarter of a century. Still completing raising their children, she continued working as a nurse at RR Donnelleys for the most part. Both active in the Masonic-oriented orders in Alamo, she was also a member of the Wallace Christian Church. At her death, she was in Iowa with her son, John. Edith and Raymond are buried back home again in the Wallace Lutheran Church cemetery. Sure enjoyed researching a bit more on Joanne after writing about her father, one of the first county superintendents and about my cousin, Edith. Hope you enjoyed!!!

2021 Montgomery County Museum Scene



MONTGOMERY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Lane Place – so happy MCHS etc. was able to have the Strawberry Festival again - began way back in 1879 by Joanna Elston Lane (well okay and expanded years later to more what it is today) – good job – way to go! Tour Hours Wed-Fri 1-4 p.m. 2nd & 4th Sat 11 a.m. – 4 p.m. Upcoming Events – Christmas Tour Nov 27 and Civic Band concerts!



ROTARY JAIL MUSEUM OF CRAWFORDSVILLE, IN

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



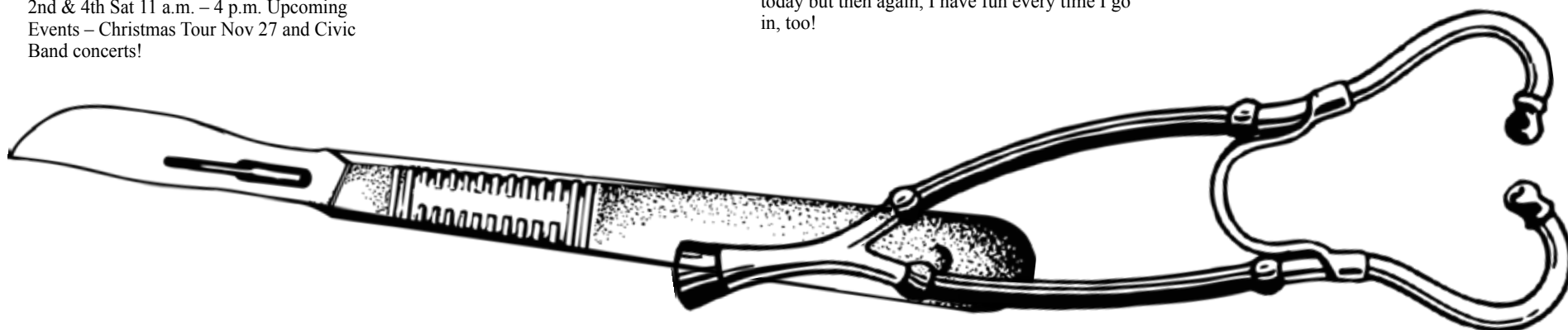
CARNEGIE MUSEUM

Carnegie@cdpl.lib.in.us if you need to contact them (362-4618) but overall go enjoy from Tues-Sat 10 a.m. – 5 p.m. Admission is free. Lots of great things for the kiddoes especially today but then again, I have fun every time I go in, too!



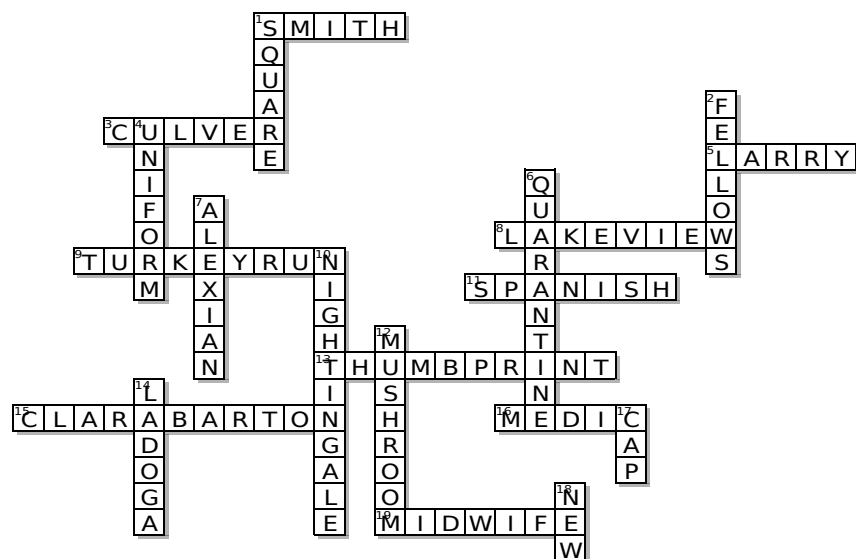
GENERAL LEW WALLACE STUDY

LOVE the “Behind the Scenes” tour idea Hope it goes well and this is continued!! Advance tickets for the 2021 TASTE of Montgomery County go on sale Monday, August 2.



July 2021

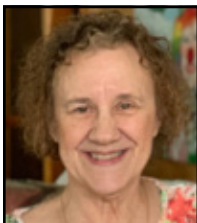
Nurses



LINDEN DEPOT MUSEUM, LINDEN, IN

(The) Linden Depot Museum’s mission: is to preserve and protect the historic 1909-built Linden Depot and its railroad memorabilia as well as to promote its related railroad history. The mission includes the acquisition, restoration, preservation and display of railroad equipment, artifacts and mementos related to railways past and present.





Grandcestors - Bloodlines of Medicine

Karen Bazzani Zach, Montgomery Memories

We have had two nurses in our family. In fact, my Dad was a medic in WWII, as well. Medics rarely came home so my aunt (Dad's sister) was educated from the money Dad sent home for my grandmother to save for him. She didn't think he'd ever return to need it as medics just didn't return.

My aunt, Alice, was a graduate of St. Anthony's in Terre Haute, and she retired from the Clinton Hospital after about four decades of service. Although Alice Bazzani Certain never lived in our county, she took care of many from here who were hospitalized there. Dad got several notes on his mail route from people whom she nursed. Comments like, "Your sister was amazing – always there with what we needed!" It seems if it came out that they knew my dad, she put even more effort into the task!

Our other nurse has so many talents. Her first degree was in culinary arts – great cook! Raising four sons is in her repertoire, as well. Then at about 38 years, she went to college for nursing working first as a visiting nurse and then for a heart doctor which is where she became interested in becoming a nurse practitioner. Hubs goes to the heart doctor Kat worked for before she went for her practitioner degree so we know how amazing she is and several have told us, as well! So, it was study, study, study. Then, more studying, but she did it! We were so very proud of Kathy Zach, seeing her walk across the podium to receive her degree – that huge smile was precious. Currently, she works for the state, caring for firemen.

The only other medical-related person in mine or Jim's family that I am aware of is my dad's great nephew, Anthony (following in his grandmother's footsteps) Anthony who is a wonderful and caring nurse, currently working at Avon.

As noted, my Dad was a WWII medic which is in the nursing line, of course. Dad got interested in medicine at the Shades' CCC camp where he was first



Photo provided

My aunt, Alice, was a graduate of St. Anthony's in Terre Haute, and she retired from the Clinton Hospital after about four decades of service.



Photo provided

Dau-in-law in her uniform getting her nurse practitioner degree!!!

trained. Like his older sister, he just took to it. Of course with that background he was a natural medic candidate for the war. I've noted this before, but for those who have never read it, Dad was one of six (who went over together on the medical ship) out of 366 to return home from the war. He talked little about what he saw and did and the battles he was in, but if you've read anything regarding WWII, you can imagine. As a side-note, Dad knew about war, obviously being in the thick of it for four years. He had black hair and my twin brothers and he looked like triplets then my brother, Larry, was shot twice in the head in Vietnam (immediately following falling in a bee hive and being stung many times over). Charley Stewart, Waveland's town policeman came to the door with the telegram and we knew nothing - no other information other than he was severely shot. In the three days it took to hear how he was, Dad's hair turned totally gray. That has always amazed me.

When Larry called, we were all relieved to know he was coming back to the states to lead a good life. He has an interesting and heart-rendering story about their unit medics twice arguing about picking him up on the medical helicopter. He could hear them but couldn't get any words out so he was there praying and a Nam guy yelled at him – he was above Larry in a tree and smiling. So, two head shots but when the medics returned, the one boy was determined to take Larry because his vitals were still strong. So, to turn this back to nursing, after the operation to remove the bullets, Larry awoke to hear the doctor say to the nurse, "Nikki, our young man is awake." My brother and wife had talked about naming a daughter combining their names (Larry and Linda) into Larinda but Nikki was born ten months after his return. I do believe that is my favorite family story. So proud of all the medical personnel we have and have had in our family!



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