

MONTGOMERY MEMORIES



February 2022

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The Paper of Montgomery County

Page Listing

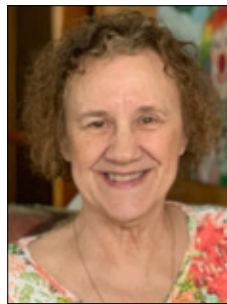
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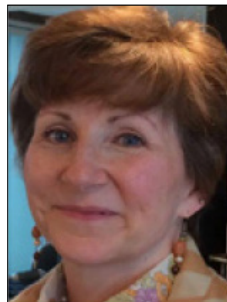
Contributing Writers



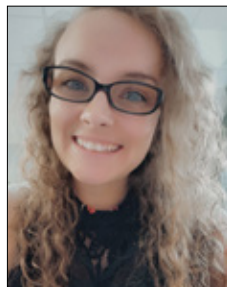
KAREN BAZZANI ZACH has been a contributor of local historical articles for 40 years. A native Montgomery Countian, she grew up in Waveland, married Jim Zach, and received her grad degree from IU while working at CDPL as Children's Librarian. Karen authored one of the newer county histories, *Crawfordsville: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



KELSEY CURRAN is one of the paginators for the Paper of Montgomery County. She edits and helps complete the daily news as well as the Montgomery Memories and Sports Report every month for viewers to enjoy. She was born in a small town in Illinois and moved to Crawfordsville in 2016. She has two children and another on the way. She enjoys spending time with her husband and kids, reading and baking.





February Feature: May Hancock Grenard: a Valentine's baby & bride

Karen Bazzani Zach, Montgomery Memories

Always love it when a wedding takes place on a birthday, but when the two jive on another special day (Christmas, for instance) it is even nicer. Thus, meet our featured gal who was born on Valentine's Day (in Carlisle, Sullivan County, Indiana) in 1862 and married John "Doug"las Grenard near Waynetown on her 23rd birthday.

Lulu "May" Hancock was the daughter of Owen C. Hancock, born in Owen County, and died at just 48 when running for his second term as Sullivan County sheriff. He is buried there,

while her mother, Julia Amanda Hendricks lived with May and Doug for many years, passing in 1906 and is buried in the Waynetown Masonic Cemetery where May (+ Doug), Julia's granddaughter and great grandchild all rest.

May was one of six children, but was especially close to her sister, Maude, who married Charles Jean and mothered five children. Maude died in 1917 – ironically, on Valentine's Day. These gals had a couple of interesting great grandfathers, one John D. Hancock who was a Major in the Revolutionary War, Virginia Militia. He married Elizabeth Maddox and they had ten children. The other interesting ancestor was John Mayfield who, while working on a road slated to be used during the War of 1812, had a tree fall on him, resulting in instant death!

Just how May, who grew-up in Sullivan County and Doug Grenard met I'm not sure but met and



marry they did with plans to lead a wonderful life together, I assume. May and her mother may have moved up here after her father's death (May's obit did indicate she lived "most of her life in the area") but again, wouldn't know why as her mother was from Owen County and had other children and relatives there.

Doug, as far as I can tell, lived his whole life in Montgomery County, Wayne Township, the son of Simeon and Abigail (Rusk) Grenard, raised with several brothers and sisters to whom he and May remained close. Doug lived to a grand age of 93 (May passing at age 80) but his brother, David "Buck" Grenard outdid him by almost ten years.

Doug and May's home was in Wingate and the papers showed that he not only maintained it but also added on, built a new fence and the like. No proof, but imagine May kept a good house, as well.

May and Doug were the parents of but one

daughter, Bonnie Lee, born nine months after their marriage and their pride and joy. Bonnie grew-up in the Wingate area, graduated from high school there, attended upper learning, and then back to WHS, where she served on the faculty in 1904-05. She and Byron D. Montgomery were married May 5, 1906, and I'm sure this happy event helped deter the grief May must have felt at the death of her mother the January before the wedding. However, shortly thereafter, Bonnie contracted tuberculosis. Byron and her father took her to Denver, Colorado to spend that winter in hopes the climate would im-

prove her health. As you may have guessed, that failed, yet the next summer – July 13, 1907, she became a mother, birthing a precious little Mary Frances. Three months after this, Bonnie passed away, she being so well loved that the whole community mourned, coming out in huge numbers to the funeral. Sadly, in just three more months, baby Mary joined her! All are buried in Waynetown Masonic Cemetery (thanks to Jean and Cheryl Patton for the photos - on FindAGrave).

Doug owned a part of the Attica stockyards and was involved as a stock holder in the Wingate State Bank. Both May and Doug were active in the Waynetown Baptist Church, he (and a beloved nephew, James Smith), a deacon for a couple of decades or more. Wingate their home, Waynetown their religious home and the Masonic Cemetery there their eternal home – RIP May, Doug, Bonnie and Mary Frances!

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

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

The February 14th Crawfordsville Daily Journal in 1890 was but four pages and nothing local on the front. Kind of sad. Wasn't a whole lot more on page two but found it interesting that they were promoting a puzzle column and mail in your puzzles or drop it in the "Item Box" to make sure it reached the office by Friday evening. If ya' solved it, your name appeared in print.

The Wabash College column noted that it was a curious fact "that the Presidents of the Wabash, State and Inter-State Oratorical Associations are all members of the Beta Theta Pi." The grammar and spelling was atrocious in a couple of ads such as in the Ensminger & Seawright one: "Our main object is to keep what our cutomers (sic) want. Anything you want in the grocery line can be got at our store." Cringing! The 12th semi-annual clearance sale of remnants and such had a huge ad for Bischof's Department store listing several items I'd not heard of (Example: 1 lot Henrietta, all colors, fine 75 cent quality sale 49 cents).

Page 3 had an ad I don't believe I had ever seen for burial robes (at short notice) – Miss JL Hiatt had "a dress complete from goods of your own selection for ladies, misses and children. Calls from her residence, South Grant Avenue, first house south of Masonic cemetery." Well, she lived in the perfect house, I guess! Several local deaths appeared (James Foster, Mrs. John Swink); the Golden Wedding of the James Ball's had 80 in attendance; many announcements for entertainment (Two Old Cronies at the Music Hall; Sons of Veterans meet Saturday evening). Want ads were plentiful, including "A girl to do light housework" (I could go for that one); homes for rent; and the Sheriff's race looked like it was going to be a good one as the Republicans alone had nine running. Fisher & Kostanzer were advertising Valentines, "Fancy and Plain!" Page four had funerals (Eliza Freeman) and a funny ad for the "Leader of the Jewelry Trade, with watches, rings ..." but no name of the business!

A super article from the CWJ 18 Feb 1893 explained the various kinds of Valentines for those days – the "comics" that many young boys enjoyed; the handsome valentines that appear in the shape of handkerchief holders, glove cases or other useful articles which make pretty ornaments for a dresser. Those were mainly of satin and folded-over like a portfolio. Many were hand-printed with cupid pointing his arrows. No customary verses were on these. "The old-time valentines from the little five-center with its gaudy white trimmings to the beautiful ones in satin cases for \$5. Most often these had poems hidden under a spray of leaves or beside flowers." Some examples of rhymes found on cards were given and the one I thought was quite



Photo Credits: Martha Ellen Flaningam



Photo Credits: CDPL

different was "Pretty maid, I love thee; More than 25 times three; More than 99 times 9; Will you be my Valentine?" Plus much more in the lengthy and informative, sometimes humorous article.

In 1895, the day after Valentine's the Weekly Journal had an article about St. Valentine that literally turned my stomach, "He was a good man, who lived in cruel old Rome." He was persecuted, then it tells every detail. The article then gets kind of humorous as it takes us back to centuries before the Christian era when the Romans had feasts in February known as the "feasts of Lupercalia," and one of the customs was to put the young women's names into a box and the men drew them out to spend time with them. They thought it

was reflected from the customs of the birds in choosing their mates (I didn't know they could read - lol). Going through various customs, I loved the one when a bachelor was bound to the service of his Valentine like a medieval knight to lady love.

My Valentine's baby was just 7 hours into the 15th (she's still my favorite Valentine – read about her in Grandcestors) but a great piece in the 18th 1893 CWJ talked about Mary M. Clodfelter receiving a valentine 35 years prior: "a nice fat plump little girl baby who time has changed into the intelligent and cultured Mrs. Tilghman E. Ballard." Mary (and her son-in-law) planned out a surprise for daughter Evelyn (her father Matthias had passed in 1881). Certainly, she had no clue as she had been suffering from a bad cold and the weather was typical February Indiana. She was dumbfounded when carriages and cabs stopped at the door and so many hopped out to come in for a fine dinner and not departing until late evening, giving "Grandma Clodfelter's valentine many more happy birthdays!" By the way, she lived until 1934 but her mother passed in just three years. Glad they had the fun!

I'll close with an interesting Valentines happening in 1902 via the Weekly Journal. Betty North Durham gave a valentine party to about 40 lady friends. Miss Lelia Baird was the guest of honor as they were announcing the marriage of Lelia and Russell Woolridge to be married in April. Decorations promoted the day and the dining room especially was "a profusion of pink paper hearts, the center piece was a large heart made of begonias and violets." Yes, and, of course the refreshments, sandwiches, cake, ice cream and candies were all in heart shapes.

Well, with that thought in mind, I'd like to say Happy Valentine's Day to each and all of you, our awesome readers!

This is our county!

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Nifty at Ninety - And Beyond

Joy Willett, Montgomery Memories

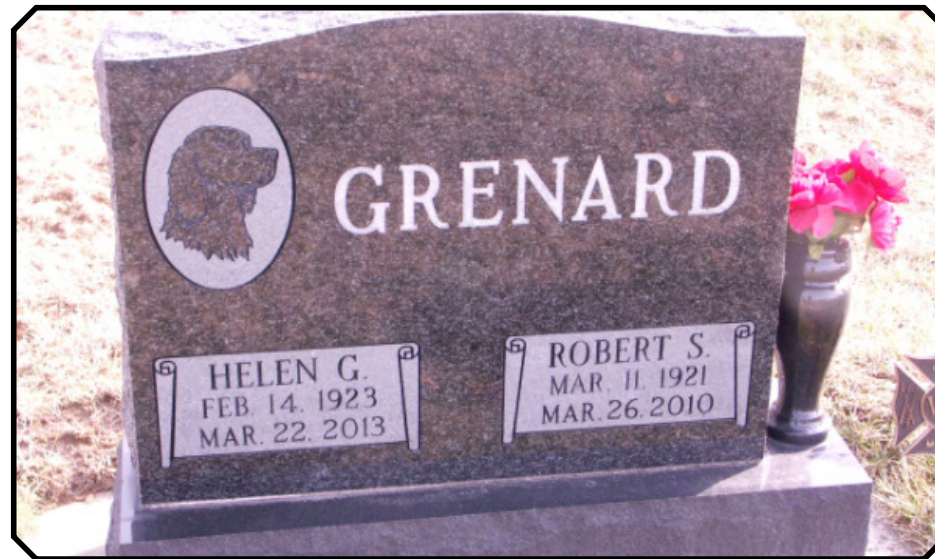
For this edition of Nifty at Ninety... we meet Helen E. Gilkey. Helen was born on Valentines Day, 1923, in Waveland. On her birth certificate, her middle name is listed as Enid. She was the middle child of Herman J. and Elma G. (Payne) Gilkey. Her siblings were Vivian (1915-2003) and Vera (1931-2009)

Herman J. Gilkey was born near Alamo, Indiana on November 2, 1886. He was one of Zachariah and Laura (Sparks) Gilkey's eight children. The Gilkey's came to Indiana from Butler County, Ohio in ca. 1827. That year, Herman's grandfather, William, purchased 80 acres of land in Ripley Township (U.S. General Land Office Records). He married Margaret Roundtree on June 30, 1828. Zachariah was the youngest of their ten children.

An excerpt from the Volume II of Colonial Families of the United States of America provides information about the Gilkey family, specifically regarding Helen's great-great grandfather, Robert: Robert Gilkey, b. in N.C., 3rd October 1776; died in Montgomery Co., Ind., Feb. 1847; m. in Nelson Co., Ky., Nov. 1796, Sarah S. Kercheval... Robert (died 1847) and Sarah (died 1848) were interred in the Yountsville Cemetery. A fun find for me is that Helen's 4th great grandmother was Elizabeth Willett (wife of Robert Pottenger). Elizabeth was the daughter of my 5th great-grandparents, William and Mary (Griffith) Willett.

Elma Payne (b. December 1, 1892) was the daughter of Andrew Britton Payne (1864-1945) and Deborah Elizabeth Farabee (1868-1933). The Payne ancestors came to Indiana from Ohio in ca. 1810. They were living in Washington County by the early 1820s. Andrew and Deborah came from Washington County to Brown Township, Montgomery County, by 1913, where they farmed rented land (Montgomery County Indiana Farmer Directory, 1920).

Helen started school at Waynetown and attended Mellott High School in Fountain County where she was the copy editor and writer for the school newspaper (Lafayette Journal and Courier, Oct 16 1940). She also acted in school plays, and was an honor role student. After graduation, she worked as a clerk at F. W. Woolworth in Crawfordsville, and was also employed at the Waynetown Post Office and Waynetown bank. Helen attended Purdue



Courtesy of R & S Fine via findagrave.com

University where she studied Home Economics. The U.S. phone directory for 1948 tells us she was living in Woods Hall while a student at Purdue.

On August 28, 1948, Helen married Robert S. Grenard. Robert was also from Montgomery County. Born in Waynetown on March 11, 1921, he was the son of Arnet and Virgie (Wood) Grenard. After graduating from Waynetown High School, Robert enlisted in the Army Air Corp, and served in Australia and New Guinea during World War II.

Sadly, Helen's mother Elma passed on February 10, 1949 at the age of 56. She was buried in the Waynetown Masonic Cemetery. Herman, Helen's father, died on July 13, 1954 and was laid to rest next to Elma.

Helen and Robert made their home in West Lafayette. Robert continued his studies and graduated in 1951 with a degree in Agriculture. By 1954, he was employed by Purdue Horticultural Department where he spent his career. Two children joined the family, Elaine and Alan. Helen had a rich and varied career. She worked at the Lafayette Specialty Paper, Purdue University, Federated Church, and for the Lafayette National Bank for 20 years. After Robert's retirement from Purdue, she assisted him in the operation of the Grenard Strawberry Patch. She was also a volunteer for St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Planned Parenthood, and the Cancer Society. She belonged to the Weaver's Guild, Home Economics Extension Club, and the Quilter's Association. She was an active member of the Federated Church where she sang in the church choir (Journal and Courier, April 2 and April 3, 2013). Robert and she enjoyed traveling as part of the Elderhostel program, which is a non-profit organization that offers educational traveling opportunities for people 55 years of age and older. They also experienced the joy of grandchildren and great grandchildren.

In 2010, Robert passed away at the age of 89. He was interred at the Waynetown Masonic Cemetery. The couple had been married for 62 years! Helen died on March 22, 2013. She was buried next to Robert. May Helen, my distant cousin and a true sweetheart with a birthday to match, rest in peace.



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Photos by Chuck Clore

“Sit up straight and quit fidgeting.”

Trapped between my mom and Delta, my older sister, there is no exit in sight. Eight rows from the front of the CHS auditorium, I plotted my escape. I thought to myself, “This is strangely like church on Sunday morning, except nobody is sleeping. I’ve got to get out of here.”

When Mom said, “Play!” I thought she meant p-l-a-y, as in kick-the-can or hide-n-seek. But no, she said, “Let’s go to a play,” as in sitting your six-year-old boney butt on a torturous theater seat for an hour and fifteen minutes. It was like a time out without the fun of earning it. What kid in his right mind would sign up for that?

Even worse, she deceived me a second time. Mom said my big brother would be here. Toby was nowhere around. The lights kept getting dimmer and dimmer. Suddenly it is pitch black. Great, now big brother couldn’t find us even if he wanted to.

“Mom! Somebody didn’t pay the light bill.”

“Shhhhhhh!”

Just before panic sets in, the curtains parted. The spotlight zooms to center stage, where three guys in dorky tennis outfits argue over who has the best backhand. The spot fades and appears again stage left as two girls stroll in and sit on a park bench talking about the Moonlight Madness Dance.

Scene after scene, this boy-girl-thing drones on until—

Holy Moley! One of those goofy-sweater wearing guys is none other than Toby, my big brother. What is he doing on stage? For crying in a

bucket! He is holding hands with a G_I_R_L. Yuk! He will get cooties for sure! His tennis buddies must have double-dog-dared him because next, I hear him say, “Mary Lou, would you like to go to the Moonlight Dance with me?”

Oh, barf! Talk about madness. This romance thing has gone way too far. But wait, it gets worse. Three scenes later, under the glow of a paper moon, big brother Toby pulled Mary Lou close, and they lip-locked, slobbers and all.

Mom, Sis, and the crowd went wild with applause. I went, “Romance—Double Yuk! Boo!”

Fast-forward, eleven years, I had reached the same ripe old age as my brother during his theatrical debut. My attitude toward romance had shifted a bit. Girls still made me nervous but for different reasons. I no longer suffered from cootiesphobia. Now it was a fear of rejection.

It was at our 1965 CHS baccalaureate that Don Carter and I had finally worked up enough nerve to ask Linda and Susan to go out to dinner with us after the graduation ceremonies. Miracle of miracles, they accepted.

The date got off to a rough start. When the graduation ceremony was over, my big brother tossed me the keys to his ‘62 Buick LeSabre. He told me the car is on Washington Street. After a twenty-minute traipsing through C-Ville streets looking for the car, we found a payphone.

I phoned home. With a party going on in the background, I heard Mom

ROMANCE, OH YUK!

By Chuck Clore



sneaky relatives grinning and waving. Jim (Toby) Clore, his wife Jane, my sister Delta, and her husband Junior Owens beat us to the restaurant with the misplaced car ruse. They treated us to complimentary appetizers. We nodded a thank you as they left.

The rest of the meal was delicious. The conversation was easy as we shared our expectations after graduation and our best memories about CHS. Go Athenians! We all vowed not to lose track of each other. The future was bright in 1965. The sky was the limit. Who knows? We might even reach the moon.

The ladies, Don, and

I enjoyed an evening to remember and a fantastic dinner and dessert. One more surprise, when we went to pay for the meal, those low-down sneaky relatives had picked up the tab for the entire dinner. Older siblings do have their benefits.

I am not sure this was romantic enough for the Valentines Day issue. But rest assured absolutely no cooties were harmed in the writing of this story.

The three cartoons in the title art are illustrations I created to promote romantic comedy plays for The Tent Theater at Missouri State University.

The black and white oval photo was taken circa 1954. The two fellows on the left are my big brother, Jim Clore, nick named Toby and myself.

say, “Oh, Toby meant Water street, not Washington Street.”

The ladies were gracious enough not to complain about marching around town for twenty minutes in high-heels. Finally, we drove off to the Apple Grove Restaurant. Quite a step up from the Gin-Jer-Boo Drive-In or the Dog N Suds, Don and I felt like high rollers at the Grove.

Linda and Susan were beautiful and smiling. Both were semi-impressed as we ordered the best dinners from the top of the menu. All was well at the Apple Grove. Then it happened. The waiter approached our table with a tray of shrimp cocktails.

“What is this? We didn’t order these.”

“No, Sir, these are complements of that table over there.”

Across the dining room behind the planters, I spy four low-down

Poetry and Puzzles

Montgomery Memories

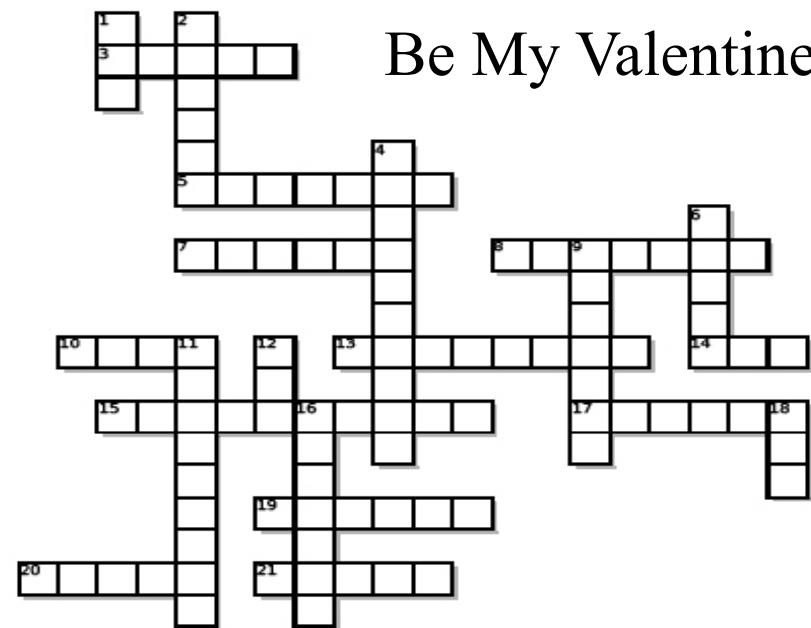
Heart of the Moment Joy Willett

They met
at a barn dance
in October
1924.
He caught
site of her
from across
the straw strewn floor.
A three-piece band
played as dancers
skipped and twirled
to "Monkey in the Dog
Cart,"
"Cluck Old Hens,"
and many more.
Through the crowd
as he weaved

1

his handsome
stride
caught her eye,
and she let out
a shy gasp
when he stopped
by her side;
he offered his
hand,
she took it with
pride.
In the heart of
that moment
the spark
caught fire
that burned for a
lifetime,
until their final
hour.

2



Be My Valentine

ACROSS

- 3 Roman god of love
- 5 Surname in 2 MM columns
- 7 Cupid shoots these
- 8 Early C'ville dept store
- 10 White stuff from the sky
- 13 Shortest month
- 14 It's short for Suzette
- 15 Delicious V-Day gift
- 17 Day for 2/14 this year
- 19 Renowned IN Ag school
- 20 Symbol of love
- 21 Beautiful girl's name (KBZ)

DOWN

- 1 Wabash Collegiate Institute
- 2 Will it ever get here?
- 4 This day falls on 2/21
- 6 Flowers of love & romance
- 9 KBZ's "Red Salad _____"
- 11 Early "Five & Dime"
- 12 Another word for court
- 16 Feature gal
- 18 Chuck said this about love

Check out page 10 for the solution

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Karen's Kitchen

Karen Bazzani Zach, Montgomery Memories



Today, I wanted to give ya' something red (well, besides chili or spaghetti) for V-Day, and one of my all-time favorite salad/desserts (we have a lot of those that'll work for either) that I've not made for so long but is worth the effort and so I thought I'd share it with you today.

This is a salad my aunt made every holiday or at least Valentines, and Christmas but others as well. That was the thing she made and when she passed away, I made it but usually with many other items, too. So, here ya' have ...

RED SALAD SUPREME

2 pkg. strawberry Jello
2 Small pkg. Frozen Strawberries
1 can Crushed Pineapple
1 Lg. mashed banana
1 pt. Sour Cream

– Dissolve the Jello in 2 C. Boiling water.

Add the frozen strawberries, pineapple (juice included) and the banana.

Pour ½ of the mixture in 7 x 11" pan and allow to set.

Spread with sour crème, then the rest of Jello.

Allow to set. Garnish with whipped cream (Cool Whip works nicely) and whole strawberries.

This is yum and so beautiful for "red" holidays (Valentines; 4th of July and Christmas especially). ENJOY!!



County Connections: Kritz – a man of values

Karen Bazzani Zach, Montgomery Memories

Henry Seymour Kritz – the name has a ring of greatness and that it did. Born on Valentine's Day in Madison, Jefferson County, Indiana, 1825, he was the son of a man by the same name and Sarah Sherman who arrived in Jefferson about 1820. I could find nothing on father Henry and am guessing he died fairly young since Henry was apprenticed out while a boy to a paper manufacturer. Doing well at that trade, he mangled his hand so badly, he had to stop work in his original field; thus, he went into teaching, having attended the Seminary at Madison. He then entered Hanover in 1847, tuition paid by tutoring in the prep classes. Certainly, he did not forget this trade as in 1850, he with three others published an amazing handbook of the Union Literary Society. This included the whole faculty, their position and what they taught; a 20-year-history of the society, naming each and every member from 1830. Found it interesting the original ones were from Indiana; Illinois; Alabama; Mississippi; Pennsylvania; and our own Crawfordsville, Indiana, Charles K. Thompson, Minister in 1850 when the book was published. There was also one from England, Ireland and three from Germany. Others from Montgomery County were Crawfordsville's John Speed (physician); Waveland's WH Rice (farmer) and John W. Taylor, both studying law when the book was done; plus one (John Boyd) from close-by Russellville. The Annual Exhibitions except for the first two were overviewed and boy, loved to have been to some (Influence of Natural Scenery on Character; National Songs). Each commencement gave who gave speeches and their titles including the upcoming one for 1850. Nice book and I only saw one mistake in it!

His real turn in life was likely in 1852 when he and John M. Coyner took charge of the Presbyterian-related Waveland Collegiate Institute (WCI), Henry keeping that position for 20 years, Coyner staying a few. A strict Presbyterian, Henry also was the Presbyterian Sabbath School superintendent for decades. The WCI within just a couple of years became known as a place you wanted to send your children if they had an inkling of making something of themselves. It was academically geared toward preparing high schoolers for college. He kept about 100-150 students (male and female but mainly the classes were separated and there were dorms and separate houses for each around the area) and four teachers busy. Students came from our area, yes, but also ten different states. Kritz had a real knack for promoting the school.

Never did Henry seek an office or desire one, although he would have been an honest, hard-working politician. He did, however, keep abreast of all political happenings and persistently voted for the full Republican ticket. During the Civil War, he encouraged his students to join and fight for their country. Several of these boys advanced to captains, majors and colonels. Most returned to finish at Waveland and many went above and beyond this institution.

On April 5, 1854 he married a local gal, Mary Brush. They would have 14 chil-



FAGrave photo by: Carol Robertson White

dren, three dying in infancy. Several of these went to the Academy. With almost every single student he taught including his own children, he worked at "sustaining in the hearts a feeling of reverence and esteem and to have a sublime faith and trust in Christ."

Reverence and esteem were what each and every student seemed to have had for Henry Seymour Kritz, as well. When the yearly tough course was completed, and the graduation began, serious papers were presented by the graduates, a large majority of the alum would attend and the affair it lasted about a week. Every available room in Rockville, Crawfordsville, Waveland, the Shades would be taken, some staying with friends but most renting a place. Many events occurred, perhaps a wedding, socials with ice cream and cake, picnics, music, and much more.

Because of the schools becoming township ruled (1873), the academy folded since education was then free. Henry went to become the superintendent of the Crawfordsville Schools then in 1877, he became associated with Wabash, teaching Greek and English. In '81, he became the principal of the preparatory department where he

was very popular. After 40 years of education, he retired to Waveland and was active in the community, especially the church. In 1911, the whole town jumped in and carried off a wonderful three-day Alumni of the defunct academy. Henry was 87 at the time, still enthusiastic and as excited as any of his old kiddos enjoying the affair.

His five sons and six daughters grew-up in a very pleasant home, with spacious grounds on a small farm adjoining Waveland. Sadly, Henry had few grandchildren. Son Charles Sumner had a drug store in Montezuma. Francis Wayland (Frank), William B. and Herbert Spencer (Herb) remained in Waveland owning an undertaking and furniture business. Harry Wilson was a farmer in the area and their brother Howard died at age two. Herb had one daughter. Stella married a minister, Rice V. Hunter and had a son and daughter. Alice married James Robertson who was a druggist in Waveland. Jessie married George W. Cowan and was active in the management of the Yountsville Woolen mill. Victoria was the wife of Reese Kelso then at his death at a young age, she married Charles Kleiser. She and Reese had one absolutely precious daughter, loved by her whole town (Helen). The twins, Laila and Nellie were quite popular and had a double wedding (Laila and Ben Harbeson who became a 65-year dentist in Waveland) and Nellie and Dr. Walter Straughn. Their brother-in-law Rev. Hunter married the two duos. Although the Straughn's had three children, a son and daughter died at birth. They had one, Kathleen to grow to adulthood, but had no children, nor did Helen above. Five of Henry's adult children and Helen were living with him in 1900 and he and William in 1910 were boarding and must have sold the home and mini-farm, but even at age 86 he was listed as a gardener. He was something! Definitely, a man of great values. He passed away eight days after his 90th birthday and is buried in the cemetery of his beloved Presbyterian Church in his adopted town, Waveland – Rest In Peace dear man!

2022 Montgomery County Museum Scene



MONTGOMERY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Closed for Season – Reopens in March. Here's a Little Trivia – Henry S. Lane was born ten days after Valentine's Day in Montgomery County, but this time in Kentucky in the year 1811. His first wife, Pamela Bledso Jameson died a violent, convulsive death enfolded in Henry's arms after having been injured in a stagecoach accident a couple of weeks before. No doubt he was very much in love with second wife, as well, whom he married three days before Valentine's Day in 1845 (Joanna Elston, as I'm sure most of you know@)



ROTARY JAIL MUSEUM OF CRAWFORDSVILLE, IN

Closed until March. Keep in mind next year that it isn't just seeing the jail and hearing the great stories, there is also the Tannenbaum Center you can rent-out for an event and the great classes the Museum has (painting, other cultural events).



CARNEGIE MUSEUM

The Transformation of Teaching will be the theme for 2022 – from Slate to Tablet. All ages will enjoy the exhibit showing from one-room schoolhouses to consolidated schools to virtual learning, even. Please visit to see educational changes throughout MoCo's time!

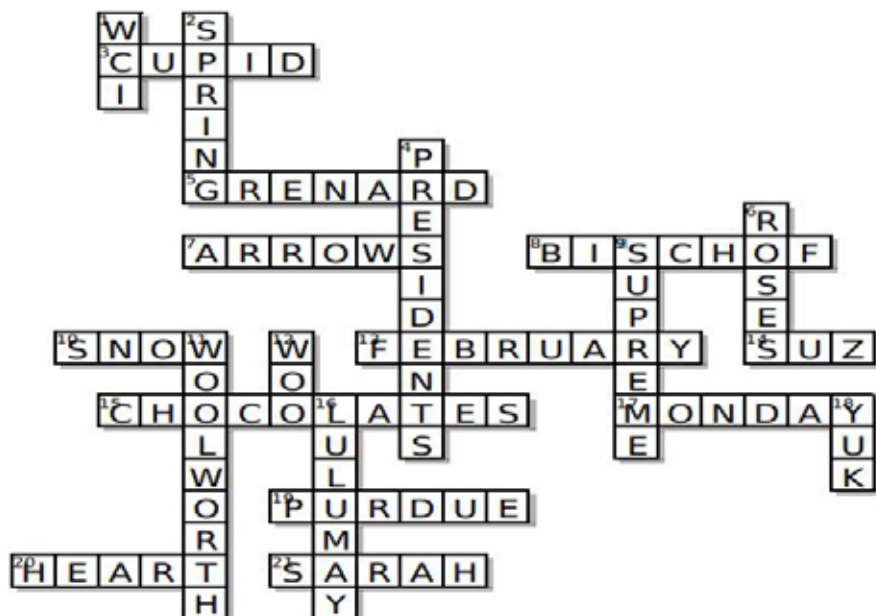


GENERAL LEW WALLACE STUDY

Reopened Feb 1 with so many great events. Trivia: Lew loved, simply loved to recruit and train troops, beginning at age 20 during the Mexican War (serving as 2nd Lt). In 1856, he organized a company here in Montgomery called the "Montgomery Guards," the unit that would eventually be known as the 11th or the Zouaves (serving as Capt). Then when Lincoln called for troops, Lew organized the first six regiment for the whole state of Indiana.



Be My Valentine



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.

Closed until April – Note their impressive Mission Statement -- The mission of the Linden Depot Museum 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

Karen Bazzani Zach, Montgomery Memories

Sure I've written about this before, but then again, how can you write too much about such a precious Valentine's gift? Well, technically seven hours late, but our V-Day present as far as we were concerned.

When I was pregnant with our daughter, our son was about 2 ½ when we asked him if he would be interested in naming the baby. Jumped at the chance and didn't hesitate to name the child, Sue! We queried him, "Well, what if it's a boy?" Name him Sue, anyway! Although Jim & I had never read Shel Silverstein's poem (and he was one of my fav children's authors), A Boy Named Sue, nor had heard Johnny Cash's song rendition of the poem, and don't know if Jay had, but goodness, he was insistent. So, Sue no matter what, we promised! Oh, and we did hear it a couple of weeks later.

Luckily, the baby was indeed a girl. Then we had another problem. She had a first cousin Amy Susanne – luckily, Amy was Amy so no real problem there, and our Sue was Sarah Suzette (to deter from the same name thus we had a French name with a German dad and Italian mom – love it, don't you?) named for my grandmother (Sarah Hazel Morgan Smith) and Jim's grandmother (Sarah Alice Thompson Kritz). Oddly, I think the name Sarah is one of the most beautiful girl's names ever but neither grandma' went by Sarah – both by the middle names as did our Sara Suzette Zach. We seldom have or do call her Sue though – always been Suzie or Suz to us!

Suz had a unique birth. Jay was weeks late – tried inducing labor twice and I told my doctor that was it – I wanted this kid – he was a joy by the way but big and ate like no ones business. Oddly, he was to be named in honor of Jim's two best friends, Bill and Mike (so many Williams in the family so he was going to be Mike also after a boy my folks helped raise); however Jay was big and was also turned sideways and I couldn't have him. Had to put me asleep – didn't wake up until the next morning when the nurse came in to get my signature on his birth certificate. WAIT! His name was James William Jr. NO WAY! We had discussed that so many times – he needed to be his own person – not a replica of the father (Bill also lectured us on that



Photo courtesy of Karen Zach

pictures of her at all) got better. It was very scary taking care of her for another month or two hoping we didn't do anything wrong to set her back – she also had jaundice and a heart murmur.

Such a joy she has been and she and Jay most of the time got along beautifully and we had such amazing, fun times together. Miss those days. In conclusion, I sure encourage you to write about the births of your children, whether a V-Day baby or not!!

as he was a junior) --- I refused to sign it and the nurse and I finally settled on he'd be the II vs. Jr., but we had no name for him except "Baby" until about a week later when we went to buy a car and the salesman's name was James William, too, but he went by Jay. Bingo. (By the way, our grandson is JWZ III – but goes by Liam).

So, the doctor (in bad weather) decided to take Suzie about a week before she was due, in lieu of my pregnancy with Jay, only we should have waited three or four more weeks like her brother, as she almost didn't make it. I'll never forget after she got here, that I asked if I could hold her and the nurse looked at me with daggers (no clue WHY) saying, "Don't you know your baby's gonna' die?" Oh my, talk about a horrid thought and experience. Another nurse told her to back off, the new one being real sweet and wheeled me to my room with three mothers there. It was horrid to have them feeding their children and my child was so very sick in an incubator with all kinds of things stuck into her little body.

My doctor, Mary Ade, was quick to call Dr. Hanneman, who had been on a special research committee for what was wrong with Sue – hyaline membrane where your lungs do not elasticize to help in breathing. John F. Kennedy's baby had died from that and luckily Dr. H. knew what he was doing (although the first thing he said was basically what the bad nurse did). Dr. Mary told me that had it been Jay he'd have died as it was before the research was done and that he was a laid-back baby where Suz was (still is) so hyper and tough!

She was tough and slowly but surely (in the hospital a week, we got just two or three pictures and the photo company developed them wrong so no first baby



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