

MONTGOMERY MEMORIES

Montgomery Love Stories



February 2023

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The Paper of Montgomery County

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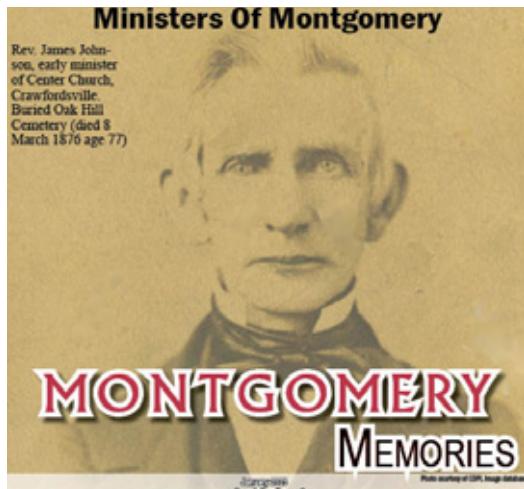
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Ministers Of Montgomery

Rev. James Johnson,
early minister
of Center Church,
Crawfordsville.
Buried Oak Hill
Cemetery (died 8
March 1876 age 77)



Contributing Writers



KAREN BAZZANI ZACH has been a contributor of local historical articles for almost 50 years. A native Montgomery Countian, she grew up in Waveland, married Jim Zach, and received her grad degree from IU while working at CDPL as Children's Librarian. Karen authored one of the newer county histories, Crawfordsville: Athens of Indiana. After teaching English at Turkey Run HS for 21 years, she retired and is now enjoying visiting with her two children (Jay and Suzie), writing, reading, doing genealogy, and grandkidding!



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



JOY WILLETT was born in Crawfordsville and spent 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 three children. She enjoys spending time with her husband and kids, reading and baking.





February Feature: ... And The List Goes On

Karen Bazzani Zach, Montgomery Memories

I love to hear love stories and so I asked to hear some for area folks on the Crawfordsville and Montgomery County History page so here ya' go!

"My mother's father was a mining engineer. When my mother was nine-years-old, Grandpa took a job in a coal mine in Dawson Springs, Ky. The family moved there from Alabama. Momma was enrolled in the one room schoolhouse in the fifth grade. Daddy was in the seventh grade. The first day, Daddy gave Momma a note that read, "What's your name and do you love me?" Momma answered, "My name is Frances Eleanor Strange and I don't know if I love you or not." Daddy walked her home that day and they never dated anybody else. That was 1920. They married in 1931 and Momma left us six months short of their 50th wedding anniversary. Daddy moved us to Crawfordsville in 1940 and ran the B. F. Goodrich store there until he retired."

I adore both Charlie and Ethel Sayler so wanted to share their love story. This is from Ethel: "You asked for stories. Charlie always likes to tell our story. We met when we started first grade at New Market. We went on a school trip to Chicago in April 1960. We've been together since then and never dated anyone else. We were married August 7, 1966. Married Fifty-six years, two children, a son-in-law, daughter-in-law and five grandchildren later we're still hanging in there!"

One of my favorite historians was Bob Fullenwider (wife, Lena Rivers) but he never shared this story with me – so happy his son Dave did – "I have a short story about Dad and mom. Dad lived on the farm and mom lived in Russellville about three miles away. Dad used to walk there to see her, and usually walk back after dark. Seems that dad had given her an engagement ring. Apparently something happened because one day she gave dad the ring back, and on the way home he threw it as hard as he could into a field. I guess they got things patched up because they ended up getting married later on, right before dad got sent to radar training

at the onset of WWII."

Thanks to Mary Lou Weliever for this love story – "My Grandpa Harry Weliever said he saw my Grandma Gladys Cox Weliever at a country church event when she was 16. He was about 4 years older. He said she was picking 4 leaf clovers out of the yard like nobody's business. He watched her awhile and said that's the girl I'm going to marry. They were married when she was 18. He told me this story at her funeral in 1966. They had been married 52 years."

Pat Patton wrote: "My dad had graduated from CHS and was working at the light plant. During the lunch hour he was driving around the high school and saw a group of girls standing on a corner. He pulled over and asked the redhead to go for a ride. She accepted. They fell in love, married in 1945, had my brother a year later, and another year later I came along. It was a wonderful life."

Karen Holt: "My mom and dad met at a Wabash football game. Dad was attending Wabash and mom would see him at the games. They would always look at each other but dad would never try to talk to her so at the last game mom decided to go up to him and introduce herself to him. They fell in love and lived happily for 50 some years. They had two boys and myself."

Mark Smith wrote: "When my paternal grandparents started attending the Christian Church at Alamo (they were from Carroll County but lived on the Wilbur farm right outside of Alamo for some time), my soon-to-be father was there of course, and when this cute reddish-blond approached him she remarked, "Your feet are in the way; would you please move?" That got his attention! When his parents moved 'em back to Carroll County he would hitchhike to Alamo to see his little red-head, plus they kept the postmasters busy and the happenstance meeting at Alamo church eventually developed into a marriage that lasted over 55 years."

Mark also told about his maternal grandparents

(and thanks for the photo

My grandmother was involved caring for her soon to be widowed brother-in-law and later on her husband while her sister slipped from this world to the next. A relationship developed which was finalized following a year of teaching in Kansas. They took a train to Danville, Ill where they were married then arrived home to a grand charivari which was arranged due to their two daughters leaking the marriage to the community which coordinated the event.



Photo courtesy of Mark Alan Smith

Oh-I didn't tell you: the two daughters, Helen and Edith, were products of the first marriage of Clarence Smith to Jessie Lee Livengood, the sister who had just passed away. Her sister and the new bride was Lela Golda Livengood. My mother Hazel Ruth was born February sixth of 1918 the one in the story above who asked Robert Logan Smith to move his feet. The new couple was married November 11th of 1916. A stillborn child named Bettie Mae was born in 1919, followed by another Ruby Maxine in 1928. Now, is this a story?"

Thanks all who sent in the love stories. Know there could have been many more, but these great ones are soooo neat, each and every one !!

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

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

Can you imagine 250 guests at a home here in our area in 1900? Well, that's just what happened at the end of March that year in a wonderful good time at Christopher and Mary Sweeney's home at Yountsville. The whole amazing affair was entitled, "Floral Love Story" and one of the games owned the title as well with 25 questions with a flower's name as its answer. Walter Breaks had the best paper with 24 of the 25 answers correct. The correct version of what was a story was read aloud and enjoyed by all. Refreshments were next and then the young men were notified that they had to find their sweethearts in the rainbow. "A device of tissue paper had been arranged in the west sitting room made up of the characteristic colors of the rainbow daintily attached to the lace curtains forming an arch. Beneath this the girls stood and each gentleman was requested to select a pink, blue or green card and follow that he might discover what fate held in store for him. The girls were gathered together and each gentleman boldly made his choice and followed the attached card and found it as he approached the arch where the ladies stayed." He would find the other end of the ribbon fastened to his card. Having awaited anxiously the couple then retired to the supper room which was decorated in a winter landscape of winter mosses and such. Several entertained. Potted plants, colored geraniums, smilax, pink carnations, just a flower fairyland invited them in for ices, cream, cakes and candies that were in the same colors. The whole house was a heaven of flowers, beauty and fun and I hope some Floral Love Stories developed from that evening!

Eight years before that time, a unique wedding occurred in Indianapolis with local folks. Dr. Edward R Lewis married Rose Baldwin, daughter of JH Baldwin. The dress must have been amazing made of white Canton crepe, trimmed with point lace with a beautiful diamond necklace from the groom. Ferns and festoons of smilax and feathered asparagus made a rich background of green. Although there were a few guests for the wedding proper at 8:30 that evening a reception was given with 400 in attendance. As she left she threw her beautiful bouquet of lily of the valley caught by her sister, Margaret and her sister Bell found the "true love" knot ring in the cake. Perhaps more weddings were coming up soon in the Baldwin household?

Got a big kick out of this "true love" story. (CWJ 12 Jan 1900 p 9) – it seems a gal

in our county was engaged to one of the wealthiest young men in the county but his indigestion was so bad she couldn't stand it and broke off their engagement. Nye & Boo's Druggists said that it would have been a simple fix – "relief with just one bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin would have remedied the problem just as it was a boon today to many a household where it keeps all the family in a state of health that warrants true love, confidence and happiness in the home!"

This one was cute, too (and they married 4 October 1894 by the way) CWJ 27 April 1894 p 5 – Mrs. Clara Chadwick and Bert Ezra blushingly admit to being husband and wife. Clara (Sara actually) is about a "dozen years the senior of her boy husband but for all that the course of "true love" is running smoothly. The only thing that looks odd (except a few other things, too) is that the clerk hasn't yet issued a license to them!" Bert lost her to death and was married a second time and quickly divorced. His third marriage was in 1910 to Josephine Wrightsman, a Darlington gal, and they lived together quite happily (third time was the charm perhaps) until his death in 1940. He was a printer for the Frankfort Printing Company several years and they were parents of one son, Edward Eston.

In Sept 1895 (CWJ 20th p 3) William Nichols was led into our county's clerk office by Matilda Davidson and his own mother, he just 18 and Matilda "coyly acknowledging to being 32." The article is rather humorous saying that "Matilda

was safely launched on the wild sea of society when Willie was born; she watched his growth with absorbing interest; she was having proposals when Willie was having colic and was recovering from the first case of true love about the time Willie was getting over the measles. It's all in a life time, we suppose but it does seem tough to sacrifice such innocence and beauty as Willie had to designing old age. Definitely a genuine case of winter lingering in the lap of spring!" There was but 14 years between them and they were married until her death 9 June 1927. Willie was born 1876 and died in 1965, marrying Edith Josephine Cook and they were parents of twin daughters, Mary Frances and Harriet. So, guess it worked okay!

Loved the very short notation in the CWJ way back on the 4th of July in 1867 – "The girl who succeeds in winning the true love of a true man makes a lucky hit and is herself a lucky miss!" I think I did as I've got a wonderful one !



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



Nifty at Ninety - And Beyond

Joy Willett, Montgomery Memories

For February's Nifty, we tell a love story. The subjects of our story, Barbara (Hatfield) Dowden and Jackson Riley Cravens, met while attending Hanover College. At Hanover, Barbara was a member of the Phi Mu sorority, the Alpha Phi Gamma journalism honorary society, and Sigma Pi scholastic honorary society. She was editor of the Hanover college newspaper and was awarded the Hanover college alumni award as well as the Henry C. Long citation. After graduating, Barbara relocated to Denver, Colorado for a position with Northwest Geophysical Division of the Carter Oil Company (The Times, Munster, Indiana, 2 Mar 1952).

Barbara was the daughter of Frances Mary Rist and Virgil Hatfield. She was born in South Bend, Indiana on February 23, 1928 (U.S. Birth, 1907-1944). The 1940 census tells us that Frances and Virgil divorced, and that Frances and Barbara were living in Parke County, Indiana. The census also tells us that Frances, who had completed one year of college, was working as a hotel secretary. On April 12, 1941, Frances married Robert Ray Dowden, a widower. At that time, Frances was living in Lafayette and working at the Workers Progress Administration (WPA) office. The family made their home in Crawfordsville, Robert's hometown.

While Robert worked at R. R. Donnelly's, Frances was a Court Reporter for the Montgomery County Circuit Court. Robert had adopted Barbara soon after their marriage as Barbara's name was listed as "Barbara Ellen Dowden" on records after 1941. Barbara graduated from Crawfordsville High School in 1946 where she was a member of "Quill and Scroll" the international honorary society for high school journalists, the Athenian yearbook staff, the "Gold and Blue" student newsletter, the hospital aid group, and the Senior Honor Society.

Jackson was born in Chicago, Illinois on March 21, 1926 and grew up in Hammond, Lake County, Indiana. His father James was a dentist while his mother Lucille was a homemaker. Jackson served during World War II as a Private in the U.S. Army, serving in the European Theatre. At Hanover College, Jackson was a member of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity, and he majored in English while he minored in Speech and Chemistry. He was active in theatre, and



wrote and produced a play.

On April 9, 1952, Jackson and Barbara married in Crawfordsville. They made their home in Colorado where Barbara continued to work for the Carter Oil

Company. Jackson completed graduate studies at the University of Denver, and served during the Korean Conflict (Pueblo Chieftain, 4 Oct 2011). For a short time Jackson worked as a chemist. He then taught English at Greeley, Colorado High School (Greeley Daily Tribune, 29 Apr 1952). He went on to be a film director for KOAA-TV for 20 years and later a labor liaison for United Way of Pueblo County. He was a film historian and a creative photographer. Jackson was well-enough known that he has an IMDb page, which features his editorial work for the documentary film Damon Runyon's Pueblo

(imdb.com). He served as a president of the Pueblo Charter Lions Club and Pueblo Irish Club, and was a founding director of the Sangre de Cristo Arts and Conference Center. Jackson was a life member of the Society of Motion Picture and Television Engineers.

Barbara became the art and music coordinator for the Pueblo Regional Library where she established the art-lending program. She was promoted to the director of administrative services for the library (Colorado Springs Gazette-Telegraph, 28 Oct 1972). She also became a locally renowned painter. The couple was active at the Ascension Episcopal Church in Pueblo where Jackson served as an Acolyte Warden, Vestry Member, and Lay Reader. The couple had three children, Dixon, James, and David. I was introduced to their son Fr. James Cravens, as he is a priest who visits the congregation I attend. During a conversation I told him I was from Crawfordsville, and he responded, "My mother is too!" Fr. Cravens shared an essay his father Jackson had written about Crawfordsville, which he penned in 1949. It is a unique perspective of our community from that period of time.

It was a pleasure for me to learn about this remarkable couple that were married for over 59 years. Jackson passed on October 11, 2011 and was interred in the Ascension Episcopal Church Columbarium in Pueblo, Colorado. Sadly, Barbara left us on February 9th, 2023, just shy of her 95th birthday. She was interred next to Jackson. May Barbara and Jackson, who supported one another to live their fullest lives, rest in peace.



Four generations at Hunt & Son Funeral Home,
the pre-arrangement specialists,
have been making special remembrances
for families in this area for over 100 years



107 N GRANT AVENUE • CRAWFORDSVILLE • 362-0440

Always There

Photo courtesy of Chuck Clore

When life presents a challenge, I scramble to confront the obstacle. If the problem seems insurmountable, I swallow my pride and summon help. Do I go to those friends who have it together? Probably not. Just between us, they're likely bluffing.

If the challenge is beyond me, I don't want platitudes and pat answers. I want a confidant who fought through life's menacing portals and came out the other side. They may be scarred. But scars represent the beauty of victory. Do you have a buddy like that, someone who is always there?

That go-to person was my big sister, Delta Mae, lovingly known as Decky. My senior by fifteen years, there were few of life's challenges she hadn't conquered years before me.

The fire crackled. The asphalt siding bubbled as flames licked past the west window of our house on Delaware Street. Although just a toddler, I remember my angst and the smell of smoke as Sis snatched me up and ran to the safety of the old oak tree. She was there for me.

Decky was there for me on Christmas Day ten years later. It's when, at eleven years old, I faced an adversary - Austin Clore. He scared the stuffing out of me. My dad became my nemesis with his edict, "No one in the family is to buy Chuck that #!@&*-chemistry set he's begging for. He will blow up the neighborhood!" Christmas morning, Decky became my superhero when she bravely defied the edict. Miracle of miracles, the case of 36 gleaming vials of mysterious potions ready to be combined for the next great scientific experiment waited under the tree. Again, Decky was there for me.

Five years later, when Dad proved to be an impatient driving instructor, Sis stepped in and risked life, limb, and her new Impala. Her grip on the armrest and dash tightened as I steered that boat of a Chevy through the tight turn under the Milligan Park railroad trestle. Inwardly, she must have been screaming, "Lord Help Us!" But outwardly she calmly smiled and said, "Let's try that again a little slower this time."

As many of us, I could go on and on with stories of Decky being there in our time of need. A strong woman, she had a tender heart and benevolent spirit. A well-read straight-A student and member of MENSA (a High IQ Society), she treated me as an equal even though, in some classes, I had to reach to touch average.

A one-on-one with Sis always bolstered your spirit, proving she valued you. Just a phone call away, she was always there for us. Throughout my life I assumed it would always be that way. Alas, Sis, my go-to hero, has moved on.

Delta's Favorite Scriptures

Ecclesiastes 3:1-8 A Time For Everything

Ecclesiastes 3:9-12 A Time Well Spent

February 12, 2023, Delta Mae Owens stepped into eternity to give hugs to Gail, Dan, Greg, Beverly, Toby, Jane, Bill, and the rest of the family.

Delta said her most prized gift from mom and dad was a library card from the Crawfordville Public Library. A voracious reader, she had books from three libraries stacked in her room at

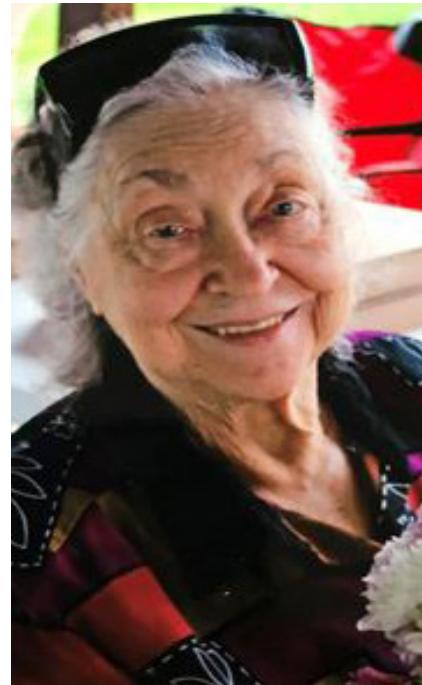


Photo courtesy of Chuck Clore

Mulberry Health.

Born Delta Mae Clore on September 3, 1932, she lived through the Great Depression. Dad marched off to war in Germany in 1943 when she was eleven. He came home Christmas 26, 1945. As the oldest sibling during those incredibly hard times, Delta forged a strong character and appreciation for small blessings.

In her early years, she was elected Queen of the Girl Scout Camp and later became a Girl Scout Leader. When I was five, I was sure my sisters were movie stars. Beverly resembled a young Elizabeth Taylor. Delta could be mistaken for Loretta Young. A talent agency in Indianapolis wanted Delta to model but Dad put a halt to it.

On Christmas Day, 1950, Delta married Junior Owens. Junior was from Romney. They built a life together and raised a family in Tippecanoe County. Always a working mom, she pulled her share of the

Story & Graphics by Chuck Clore

financial load while riding herd on three little ones. Her greatest delight and possibly biggest challenge was raising Gail, Sue, and Dan. She rejoiced in their accomplishments and prayed for each one in their times of need.

Her joy expanded tenfold when she became a grandma to Cindy, Lane, Courtney, Eric, and Angie. A fantastic grandmother, great-grandmother, and great-great-grandmother, Decky dutifully kept the candy dish and cookie jar filled. Better than that she filled young hearts with encouraging words of praise. Yet Decky wasn't always a doting 90-year-old grandma.

No shrinking violet, she came from a long line of strong women. Her namesake, Hatty Mae (Chandwick) Cole, was a suffragette. At CHS Decky protested when she wasn't allowed to take drafting classes. It was assumed she wouldn't use those skills. She later became a draftsperson for Indiana Bell. Wherever she worked she became a leader.

Never say, "You CAN'T" to Delta Mae.

Decky's encouraging smile and hugs could mask the trials life threw her way. The pain of two bouts with cancer and recovery earned her the right to complain. Instead, she encouraged each one of us. She might have fibbed a tiny bit. If we asked her, "How are you doing?" Decky would say, "I am doing well!"

She had more than her share of grief. She buried her son, Danny, and later the love of her life, Junior Owens. More recently, she said goodbye to her beloved younger siblings, Beverly and Toby. Just six months ago, she lost her first-born daughter Gail Knowles.

We miss you, Sis. We miss your hugs.

To Love

By Joy Willett

To love
with every fiber of our
being.

To give
our heart and soul.

To endeavor
beyond fear and reason.

To take
another as our own.

To create
a future through our long-
ing.

To be
united, even when alone.

To know
we are in this together.

To make
a place called home.

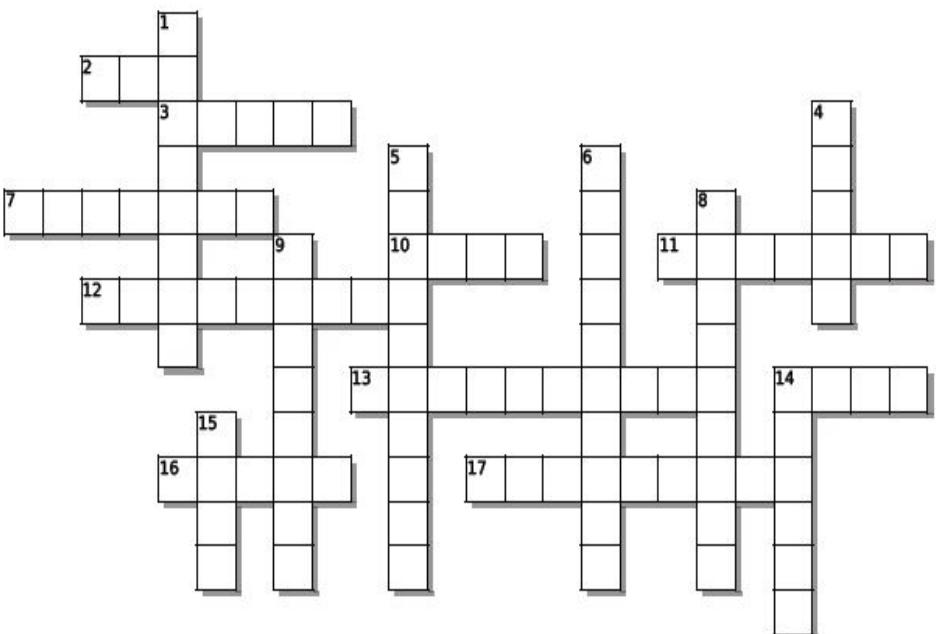
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Heart to Heart

Poetry and Puzzles

Montgomery Memories



ACROSS

- 2 Coconut Cream ---
- 3 KBZ's g-grandfather Rinaldo ---
- 7 What a bride carries
- 10 Theme of this month's MM
- 11 1st US ambassador to Indonesia
- 12 Schloot --- Store
- 13 Fruit in Aunt Linda Kay's salad
- 14 1949 C'ville librarian
- 16 His bow brings love
- 17 What introduced KBZ's parents

DOWN

- 1 Black History Month
- 4 This time is a charm
- 5 Celebrated on 2/14
- 6 It comes before a wedding
- 8 It comes after a wedding
- 9 Margaret ---, b. 1045, England
- 14 Men's clothing store in 1949
- 15 Known as the wedding month

Check out page 10 for the solution

Burkhart Funeral Home

Charles, Carl & Craig Burkhart
201 W. Wabash Ave., Crawfordsville

765-362-5510

www.BurkhartFH.com





Karen's Kitchen

Karen Bazzani Zach, Montgomery Memories

AUNT LINDA KAY'S STRAWBERRY SALAD

Strawberry and caramel are my two loves. Thus, here are two recipes that I am absolutely nuts about.

My sister-in-law, Linda used to make this, only she used Cherry Pie Filling – I’m a strawberry freak, so I make it just like her only use Strawberry Pie Filling and although a tasty and quick “salad” you could almost use it as a dessert, too – either way STRAWBERRY SALAD is yum and truthfully, so is the Cherry. Either makes a very pretty Valentine’s (or Christmas) era treat! Also, we love anything Blueberry and I did try this with blueberries once but not so exciting!

1 can Strawberry Pie Filling
1, #2 can drained crushed pineapples
1 can Eagle brand Milk – mix together.

Fold in a large container of Cool Whip

1 C. Chopped pecans (optional)

Some folks freeze this and just get it out 20 or so minutes before use but I just make it and it is sooo tasty that we eat it all up!



MOST AMAZING APPLE DESSERT EVER

Bring to boil – 2 T. Butter – 1 ½ C. Packed Brown Sugar --- 1 ½ C. Water – then simmer

Combine all – 1 ¼ C. Flour -- ½ C. Sugar – 2 tsp. baking powder – ½ tsp salt – ½ C. Milk – 2 T. soft butter – 2 tsp. vanilla – ½ C. Coarsely chopped peeled apples. Mix well and drop by Tablespoons into the simmering sauce. Cover tightly – simmer 20 minutes and DO NOT lift lid. This is just amazing and sooo delicious. Serve warm and top with vanilla bean ice cream. YUM!!! And double YUM!

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



County Connections:

Karen Bazzani Zach, Montgomery Memories

These two are absolutely precious and certainly have the perfect criteria for a wonderful love story as well as the County Connection! James Coyle was born six years before his wife (Oct 1817) in a different country (Cootehill, County Cavan in Ireland) and his amazing wife, Ann Thompson, July 1823 Galashiels, Scotland. So you wonder how they met? I sure did!

Actually, they both came to the same area of Ontario, Canada with their parents when they were young (he just beginning his teens, she at age four) and lived fairly close on farms with their parents, brothers and sisters. On their wedding day May 28, 1841, the devout Presbyterians married at Coburg, Ontario in the Episcopal Church because their minister was visiting in the old country. Many buggies and wagons full of neighbors and friends (all Presbyterians) followed them to Coburg to take part in watching the happy wedding. Afterward the whole group drove back to her father's (James, mother Agnes) farm where the big barn floor had been cleared for dancing and they had a jolly good time. Of course, there was a huge wedding feast. However, Anna noted that there was none of the hoopla of the weddings of later times. After the festivities they went to their own home on a 100-acre farm his father (James, mother Elizabeth Ball) had given them, her father stocking it for their present.

In 1864, the family moved to Michigan then because their boys had researched an excellent (Presbyterian-based) college, they moved to C'ville shortly thereafter. One son, Robert Francis had already graduated from Wabash and became quite an impressive Presbyterian minister who went all over the country lecturing. Some of his lectures were way ahead of his time speaking about American Socialism in 1915. Brother Campbell I imagine also graduated from Wabash and was also a well known Presbyterian minister being in churches from one coast to the other. Both boys had doctorate degrees, also unusual for that time frame. Henry their youngest



lived with his parents most of his years, believe he never married and died in 1922 in Missouri and John the other son was an oil dealer in Danville, Illinois, married and fathered a son (Harry) and daughter (Helen). James, Jr. the oldest child of James and Ann was a house carpenter about all his life and the only one who remained in Ontario. He and wife Sarah West had two sons (William James and Albert Edward) as far as I know.

Other children of the Coyles were Nancy Agnes, twice married and had three children (Charles, Margaret and Thomas Brimacombe) by one marriage and two by her other (Mary and Lavina Keskey). She moved to Jasper County, Missouri and passed away in Reno, Nevada.

James and Ann's daughter, Mary passed just after her 30th birthday in Illinois, having married Sam Torrance and they were the parents of three sons (John Henry, Samuel Amos, George Bishop) and daughter Mabel (died at birth or shortly after), none of the boys very old when she died. Buried Bluffs, Illinois.

Bit ironic that their daughter, Elizabeth passed away (and is buried there) at the Methodist Memorial Home at Warren. She never married and died at age 67 - buried in Warren (Huntington County).

Sarah Coyle (Toronto, Canada 29 Nov 1856 died Houghton, Michigan 19 Sept 1940) also married a Brimacombe (William) and to them were born four daughters (Margaret, Ada, Lottie, Jennie) and one son, Thomas, Margaret being named for her sister and Thomas his brother, assumedly.

Three other children were born to this wonderful couple, but passed early, tallying an even dozen. Thus, you have read about an exciting love story much of which took place right here in our county, beginning in Scotland, cultivated in Canada and completed right here. Such children of whom to be proud, these two loved them, life, their religion and each other for 62 years. Rest In Peace, James and Ann!

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 Mo Co, it was a very good year

The two funeral homes listed in the 1949 C'ville Directory are Hunt & Son and Proffitt & Sons.

Fun? Needed some fun – always sports in our MoCo and in 1949, three theaters were also active (Ritz, Strand, Vanity). And, no prob finding a car for business or enjoyment as there were 15 dealers.

Religious? There were 22 churches to pick from – wow!

William Carver was the Superintendent of the County Highway Department. One of KBZ's favorite mayors, Clark B. Jones was mayor that year! Post master, Verner Bowers.

Not sure how many frats the college has now but there were 8 in 1949.

Ten dentists were listed (Besson; Eyler; Fraser; McCord; Miller; Peacock; Toth; VanDerVolgen; Wilkins and Wilson. Anyone go to one of those?

Those who felt like travelling could go in the Little Red Cab or the Yellow Cab; the Bus Station (125 E. Market); Railroad (Monon, NY Central; Pennsylvania).

Clothes shopping would take folks to the Juvenile Shop (209 E Main) for the tykes. Men had Freedman Store; Powell's; Sportsman's Chop and Steaks. Ladies had Deer Togs (okay, KBZ had never heard of that one before); Fanny Bee; Freedman's; Leona Lyons; Peter's Women's Wear; Val-U Dress Shop and the Golden Rule. Along that line, Wilson Brothers Shirt Factory was going strong and there were five shoe dealers in the city.

The Kiwanis, Lions and Rotary clubs were quite active, along with close to a dozen clubs and other organizations.

Several factories were here – sure it's not a complete list but California Pellett Mill – Hoosier Crown – RR Donnelleyes.

Many other places of business – Farm Bureau Co-op - Beatrice Foods – Schlot Furniture Store; C'ville Casket Company - three banks – Goodman's and Montgomery Ward as well as Morris Stores and FW Woolworth – four Florists (Gould's; Hazels; Lookabill's and Minnie Pett's). Shaver's Hatchery. Ten plumbers were listed.

The big shock as I perused the 1949 directory was the 30 gas stations. Unbelievable – a few on Washington but many on West Market and East College. Groceries were plentiful (sure wish they were now) with 37 tallied.

Lucille Snow was the Crawfordsville Library's head librarian. They were open 9-9 except Sunday and holidays.

No mall yet but quite a bit of business could be taken care of in the Crawford Hotel (get your hair cut – a good cigar – candy - supper) – wonder if that held true at Ramsey and Monon too? Close to 20 sold insurance and about the same number of lawyers.

How about redoing the home? Maybe MoCo Lumber or Dillman's Hardware. There were more such as: Binford and Smith-Duckworth.

Kind of amazing coal could be purchased at eight places. And Real Estate dealers number 20 something. Needed a break then eating at one of the 20 restaurants would be convenient.

Could only find one (so many now) Nursing Home – Enoch's at 315 Binford. Ahhh haah scoped out another – Maxwell at 1805 Fremont.

... and the list went on !!!



Grandcestors

Karen Bazzani Zach, Montgomery Memories

Aaahhhhhh!! I love Love Stories and my family has some great ones. Probably the #1 from generations ago was that of Margaret Atheling born 1045 Wessex, England daughter of Edward the Exiled King of England and his wife Agatha. Edward was killed and a few short years later, Agatha and daughters, Christina and Margaret (plus others) had to flee England to protect themselves from murder; however, fate stepped in and as they were near the Scottish border, their ship veered into the rocks. King Malcolm gave them sanctity and fell in love. A couple of years later, Malcolm asked and received Margaret's hand. Close to a barbaric leader, with her love, guidance and the encouragement of his family he became a Christian. The traditional naming of their children was not Scottish oriented but of Margaret's own love for her family (Edward for her father; Edmund for grandfather and Ethelred for great, Edgar for her great great). Alexander, another son was likely named for Pope Alexander but possibly Alexander the Great. Son David was of course for David in the bible and their two daughters, Mary and Edith-Matilda (my direct who married Henry I of England). David is also mine and was canonized a Saint as was his mother. Margaret was extremely religious and built churches for their people to attend, even providing free ferries to get there. She would feed people who were poor or hungry with her own hand. She attended church daily. At the announcement of the death of Malcolm and their oldest child killed during a seige against the English at Alnwick Castle 13 November 1093, she gave up on life and passed away just three days later. Now, that's a love story.

Next we have my Italian grandparents. Tony Bazzani had already been to America for ten years or so (and put in for his first papers for naturalization but was not a citizen yet) and went back to Italy for a visit. My great grandfather, Rinaldo Berti, had been here twice and wanted to come and bring his family but my great grandmother would have nothing to do with that. Rinaldo loved to talk about "his America," so he invited Tony over for a meal. They had a great time and since Tony was always busy working in America and had not met a sister, daughter of a miner buddy's or anyone else he was interested in. He and his brother John both laughed saying they were destined for bachelorthood but at that meal the sparks were perked and Rinaldo loved the idea, wifey not so much thus Tony, age 30 and Carolina, age 15 eloped, walking 15 miles to what would be the county seat. Their love prevailed even though he was inducted into the Italian Army they had a son who was born dead and a daughter. Landing in America on her 21st birthday (Nov 1, 1919), knowing not a word of English, the couple had a two-week railroad strike just beginning and they were thrown into the large cement-floored Ellis Island which had been closed for years. A piece of bread two times a day and a cup of water each time was all they were given to eat. My grandmother gave my aunt half of what she got and that was the introduction to the country her father and husband loved so much. Later, she too loved America. It's more involved, but you get the picture – have to have a lot of love for each other to leave a country so young with a man you really didn't even know that well (he had been gone almost all of their married life – she living with her parents). Oh and my dad was the

only one of his immediate family born in America and Uncle John did indeed remain a bachelor, my grandmother taking care of her brother-in-law for the last couple of years before he passed.

My other grandparents' story is more cute and I've told it before, but here's a brief version. Pap loved pie – actually, any kind, anytime, anywhere. There was only one he did not like coconut cream. Well, one of his friends told him he'd never tasted good pie until he bit into one of his mother's. He also told my Pap (Carl) that their church was having a basket supper and if Pap wanted to try one out, he could buy his sister's basket (and her pies were equal to the mom's). Thus, Carl Smith did, anxiously awaiting the dessert after some yummy fried chicken, potato salad and banana bread. So, Hazel Morgan proudly presented him a big piece of – yep, coconut cream. Now, that's a dilemma. He thought he might like Ms. Hazel so he didn't want to make her mad. Luckily, she turned to start repacking the basket. He quickly stuffed that pie into his pocket and handed her the plate with a big grin when she turned back around. Whether she knew he could not have eaten it that fast or she knew what he did

with it, that I don't know but did hear that his mother's reaction was not as sweet as Hazels. He went through WWI, letters back and forth and they married when he returned being together until her death. Fun love story.

My folks (Fred and Kate Smith Bazzani – see photo) had a kind of fun one, too and probably told ya' about it before but Mom was one of the Waveland telephone operators when dad was in the CCC camp at the Shades. He'd call home to Clinton and he loved it when he'd

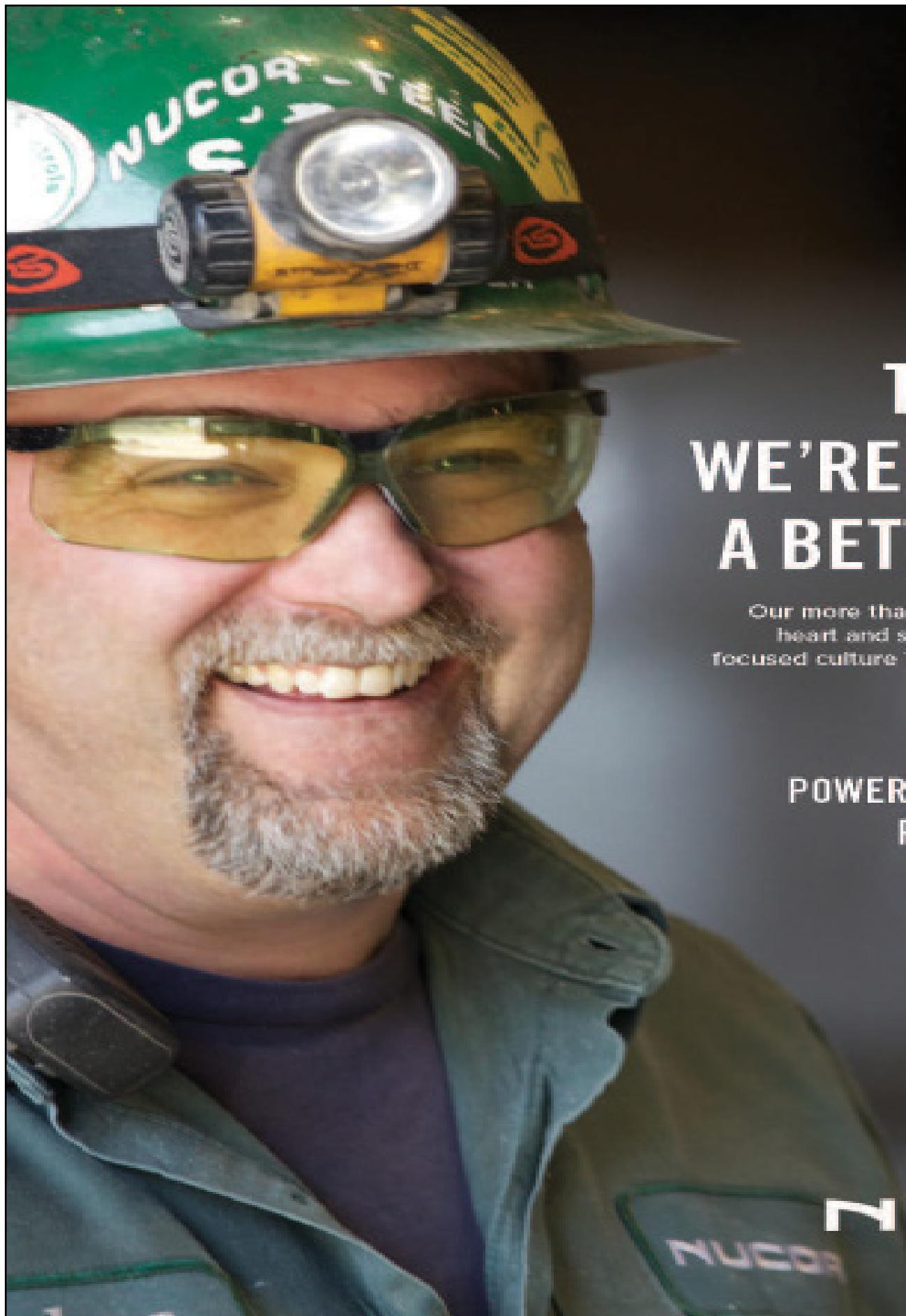
get her beautiful voice. If ya' knew my dad you know he probably teasingly hassled mom more than he talked to his own parents. Anyway, one evening Mom was at a dance at the CCC camp with another CCC fellow. Dad heard her voice, tapped on the back of the guy's shoulder and said, "Excuse me, I'm marrying this voice." Wasn't quite that simple (he was a Medic in WWII and was one of 366 medical personnel to go over together and one of six to return) – she became engaged to another guy who dumped her – dad had a few loves lies himself but nothing that went anywhere. Her parents loved my dad and pushed for him so the folks started writing toward the end of the war and when he came back he came down to see her and they decided to take the plunge! Glad they did so I could have my own love story! Hope you enjoyed!



Why not help preserve history by contributing to Montgomery Memories?

Email Karen Zach: karen.zach@sbcglobal.net

Subject: Montgomery Memories

A close-up photograph of a construction worker's face. He has a beard and is smiling broadly, showing his teeth. He is wearing a green hard hat with yellow and black stripes, which has the words "NUCOR-TEEL" printed on it. He also wears yellow safety glasses. He is wearing a dark t-shirt under a light-colored jacket. A small patch on the jacket sleeve says "NUCOR".

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