

# MONTGOMERY MEMORIES

## *December Birthdays*



December 2023

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## Contributing Writers



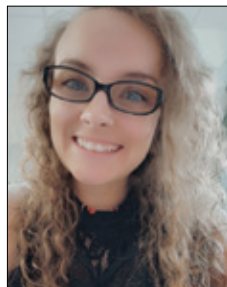
**KAREN BAZZANI ZACH** has been a contributor of local historical articles for almost 50 years. A native Montgomery Countian, she grew up in Waveland, married Jim Zach, and received her grad degree from IU while working at CDPL as Children's Librarian. Karen authored one of the newer county histories, *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 most of her childhood in southern Montgomery County. She graduated from South Montgomery High School. Her undergrad was from Indiana State University and she earned her MBA at the University of Phoenix. Joy and her husband David have lived in Indiana, Arizona, California, and Illinois. As an amateur genealogist, she enjoys research and has written three family history books. She also writes poetry and fiction.



**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.





## December Feature: Miss Martha

*Karen Bazzani Zach*



the last few years of his life, he certainly could be tallied as having had an interesting one.

Mattie, I believe had five sisters (Margaret; Charity; Elvira; Mary L; Malinda) and a brother (Willis Harley) children of Ben and Sarah. Believe Ben remarried and lost that wife fairly young, having Clara, John, Clay and Sarah born Nov 1879 her mother missing from the 1880 census, thus likely died giving birth to little Sarah. Mattie Gillilan Conrad's father was a farmer as was George Washington Conrad, her husband whom she married 7 Nov 1889 in MoCo, he being 30 years old and she but 18.

George was born 25 April 1859 (son of James Monroe and Mary Elizabeth Largent Conrad, having three brothers and three sisters) and passed 14 July 1934. They lived together it seemed pretty happily but didn't make it to their 25th anniversary before her death. They lived in Franklin Township near School House #3. They had a nice home which burned with its contents in late January of 1894. At the same time, the nearby school burned as well. Don't know if it makes any difference, but both places were insured by AS Clements with Home Insurance of NY. George wrote a letter to the editor of the Weekly Argus a few days later and said that the adjustment had already been paid and that he highly recommended the company to the public. A couple of articles hinted that the fires were via arson.

Pneumonia is what took our feature gal on 6 January 1913 at her home two miles northwest of Darlington at age 41 years 1 month and 5 days. Three sons: Harley Harrison; Albert James and Louis Martin plus four daughters. I had to really research the first below to make sure I had her listed properly – her name being Denzel along with Dorothy Bernice; Evangeline Barbara and Freeda). In 1919, George remarried Isabelle Wisheart who lived until 1945 and was buried with her first husband, Henry.

Harley Harrison (7 Oct 1890 – 17 Dec 1961) married Ethel Peterson (14 June 1895 – 24 Dec 1940) and they were parents of two daughters, Donniss and Doris. Harley and Ethel are buried in Darlington IOOF as are his parents. He had a devastating death, having died of burns when his clothing caught fire after a weed burner exploded (Dec 1961).

Freeda Alice Conrad married Cecil B. Hampton who served in WWI. They are buried together at Greenlawn, Darlington. Cecil farmed but later they owned and operated the B&G Café in Crawfordsville. Their daughter, Maxine, who married Howard Burnie Cook lived to be just past 90. Their other children were Robert Lee, John Alden and Fred who did not grow-up. Cecil was married to Flora Haffner first who died in 1916 and had but one child, Lucille.

Denzel (14 March 1895 – 14 Nov 1983 age 88) married Arvil Emmert (son of Lewis and Martha Alice Dale Emmert) who was a minister. Buried in Forest Lawn at Greenwood, in Johnson County. Their picture is on FindAGrave and they are so cute. Their children were: Dwight, Dale, Lloyd and Esther.

The Conrad boys seemed to be large, big men for the times, anyway. Louis was close to 6' and weighed 195. He was referred to as "Joker" and owned the Shell station at Darlington for 32 years. He and wife Dorothy had a daughter, Betty who had a daughter, as well.

Brother Albert James lacked but a bit being as tall as Joker but was about the same weight; both with blue eyes and brown hair. He was a conductor for the Penn Railroad and lived in Logansport. (WWII Draft papers). AJ was the father of four sons (James, Paul, George and Glen) and two daughters (Stella and Barbara).

Dorothy Berniece as the rest of the family was born near Darlington 26 April 1907 and passed away in Lebanon but buried in Colfax. She married Cliff Payne. Their children were: Sam; Phyllis and Roma and at her death she had nine grandchildren, 14 greats and a great great.

Evangeline only lived to be 27 (8 Aug 1910 – 20 March 1938) and is also buried in the Darlington Odd Fellows Cemetery. She married Herb Meritt Fruits – loved that guy and until I researched this I didn't realize he had ever been married.

The Conrads are buried in Darlington Odd Fellows (Velma Dalton FAGrave photo). So, there ya' have my sweet December baby who was a wonderful mother, religious woman (although not associated with a specific church, she had a true love of the Lord and looked forward to a good home in the beyond) plus she went forth and prospered!

No real reason why I chose this gal to write about other than I ran into her when I typed in 1 December on the GenWeb page and discovered she was born on that day near Darlington in 1871. Martha B. Gillilan was the daughter of Benjamin Franklin Gillilan and Sarah Rice (although her name has been found as Kious and other variations). BF was a member of Co C 120th Infantry Indiana Volunteers during the Civil War. Sadly, while in route in a buggy with friend, Tom Crisman on their way to the funeral of another friend (all in Odd Fellows Lodge together) her father and Tom were "run down and killed by a Vandalia train at a crossing near Darlington" (29 January 1903 - obit) and her mother had passed young. Buried Rice cemetery. BF volunteered 30 Jan 1864 for the service starting at the rank of corporal and mustered out two years later 8 Jan 1866 as a Sgt. Having lived with Mattie and George for

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

Jessie Oretta Jones was born in 1897 on the 9th of this month and sadly passed away at just 47 on 25 May 1945 and is buried at New Richmond. She was the daughter of James and Laura Gulley Jones both from Shelby County, Indiana. Jessie married Alvin Harris 27 September 1919 here in MoCo and she was the mother of two daughters, Betty and Carolyn. Alvin was talented in the car department, having a garage and working as a parts salesman.

Really wanted to write one of the larger articles on John Fletcher Winters but oh my that would have been a nightmare (too much running around – people not living with each other and owning land alone – just crazy – women owning land in those days was an oddity but several Winters women did). We know that Jacob and Sylvia Schuck Winters came to Montgomery County about 1828 or so, receiving quite a large land grant in 1830 likely coming from Kentucky up through Harrison County, Indiana. John Fletcher was born here 28 December 1829 although depending on what census record you believe it might have been same day and month the year before. He as his parents were farmers and may have stayed with relatives until their land purchase. They were in the 1830 census but guessing they made good money on selling their land and by November 1847 they were in Oregon (Benton County, later Jackson and also Douglas) or at least John Fletcher was. He was twice married and the father of eleven children. There are gaps in brothers and sisters so not sure but at least three were born here. On FindAGrave there is a note that he was a veteran of the Indian wars but another stated he was in the Civil War but no indication as per anything on a tombstone. About the only Indian war in his area would have been the Rogue River Wars in 1855-56 but that would take more effort than I desired putting out (sorry). Ancestry also has a CW pension connected to his 2nd wife, Rachel but the John F. connected is not our John Fletcher – that soldier guy died in the war and lived in Michigan – wife Rachel, just not John Fletcher's Rachel.

Born Dec 11, 1855 in Crawfordsville Joseph William Hart also went to Oregon. Both parents were passed by the time he was 21 and so he headed west and a couple years later married Margaret Coon, living in the town where she had grown-up. Later they moved to Pomeroy, Washington where they homesteaded, he “accumulating a large farm, operating it for 12 years” (obit) then going to Albany, Oregon where he worked for the Blain Clothing Company for 18 years as a tailor. He and Margaret also owned the Hart apartments. She survived and a brother Richard. Hmmm, wonder if Richard was born here – well, likely not in December, anyway!

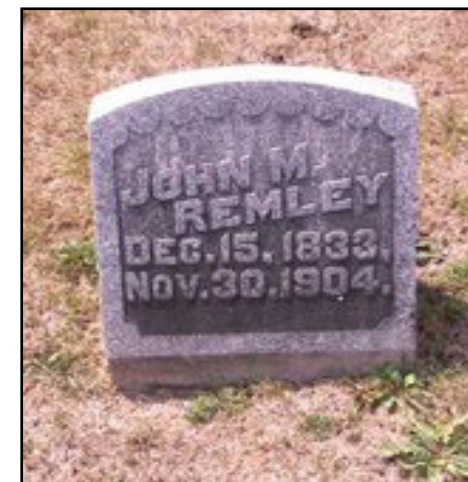
Sarah Jane Mahoy was born 7 December 1862 but sadly passed away in MoCo as well 31 August 1863. She was the daughter of George and Lydia Daugherty Mahoy and may have been the youngest (and only one to die young) of their 10 children. She is buried in Peterson Cemetery near Kirkpatrick along with her parents.

Fred P. Warbinton was born in Crawfordsville Dec 29th in 1931 and grad-

uated from CHS in 1949, received his Bachelor's from Wabash and his MD from IU. In 1955, he married Barbara Howard in the Wabash Chapel, she from C'ville, as well. He practiced family medicine in Plainfield from 1959-71 but back to our town from 71-97 and while here, he served as the Southmont sports physician. He was a captain in the Indiana National Guard. Loved that he was a Dodgers fan and that he was assistant coach for the Crawfordsville Eagles baseball team. In Civic Band, he played percussion and was active in the Sugar Creek Players, Scottish Rite Orchestra and others. He is buried in Oak Hill passing away 30 Nov 2021. Rest In Peace, doc!

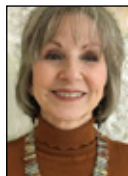
Francis McGillard (buried Finley Chapel near New Market) was born early on in MoCo (1828) on Dec 12th and lived a fairly long life, passing 24 April 1906. He married Sarah Jolly in 1852 five days before Christmas. They were parents of Mary Abigail; Jemima Jane called “Jennie”; William Jacob; Rebecca Ann “Annie” and George Washington who lived just two years. Francis learned the trade of carpentry and cabinet building from his father, Joseph Preston (mother Jemimi McLaughlin) and followed it until he retired three years before his death (count that – oh, my goodness – amazing).

So thought I'd complete this with someone born on my birthday since it too is in December (as were my twin brothers – poor mom) – I chose John McCain Remley, born on 15 December in 1833 at his parents' (John Remley and Sarah McCain) home 1 ½ miles west of Crawfordsville. His parents were both from Butler County, Ohio and came to MoCo in 1825, John having one of the first if not the first tanyards he ran for many years. John M. took after his father but because of lack of bark, decided to delve more into farming purchasing one seven miles south of C'ville specializing in stock raising. There he remained until their home burned. He came back to the city and became interested in the Citizens Bank in which he was a stockholder. In 1868, John M. married Margaret Gilliland, daughter of Samuel and Mary Truesdel (various spellings). They had one child as far as I've found, Lilly, who married Dr. Alonzo Brown but passed away at age 23, ten years before her father and 14 before mother. An unusual death came to John McCain Remley having mysteriously disappeared and found near Mapleton, GA (Nov 30, 1904) and buried at Oak Hill (FindAGrave photo by R&S Fine) having fallen off of a train heading south to enjoy the winter – brought back here. Rest In Peace, birthday buddy!



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# Nifty at Ninety - And Beyond

Joy Willett, Montgomery Memories

I am thrilled to write the December Nifty about someone who shares my December birthdate – the 11th. Margaret Leticia Mote was born in 1853 in Crawfordsville. Her parents, were Jeremiah and Elizabeth Wilson Mote. Jeremiah was born in Vigo County (1820), Indiana while Elizabeth was born in the state of Ohio (1823). They married in Montgomery County on September 16, 1841. Jeremiah farmed in Franklin Township, and the couple had ten children, six of whom lived to adulthood. Margaret was their middle child.

The Mote family were renowned Quakers who settled the Honey Creek of Vigo County. Margaret's great grandfather and great-great grandfather, also named Jeremiah, were members of the Friends meetings in the early 19th century (The Terre Haute Tribune, February 13, 1955, Page 4.) They were also considered some of the earliest settlers in Vigo County (ibid, January 8, 1956). Margaret's branch of the Mote family tree moved to Parke County by 1824 (U.S. Land Grants), and then to Montgomery County. We find mention of the Mote family in the U.S. Encyclopedia of American Genealogy, which lists various of Margaret's ancestors.

An account of the Hoosier state in the 1850s was described in the book, Rural Indiana in Transition (Harvey L. Carter, April 1946). According to Carter, "...the decade of the 1850s was a golden age in the history of Indiana – an era in which life for the majority Hoosiers, especially in the economic sphere, was better than before or since." It is poignant to consider the life of someone like Margaret, being raised at a time of prosperity and peace.

We learn that Margaret spent at least part of her childhood living in a log cabin. The Muncie Evening Press, in announcing the golden anniversary of Jeremiah and Elizabeth (September 19, 1891) reported that "They were married in [Montgomery] County and began life in a little cabin which cost them \$12 to furnish. They remained upon the homestead farm until one year ago, when they built a substantial home at Darlington."

Margaret married William F. Francis on January 29, 1874. We find the couple in the 1880 census, living in Franklin Township where William worked a rented farm. The couple had one child, Ora Pearl, born October 20, 1884. At only 47 years old, William died on August 31, 1897. Margaret remarried on April 4 1900, to a widower, John B. Cooper. In addition to caring for Ora Pearl, Margaret was the step-mother to Homer, John, and Wilbur Cooper. Margaret's father, Jeremiah passed on February 5, 1901. He was buried in the Odd Fellows Cemetery in Darlington. Margaret's mother, Elizabeth, had passed in 1894.

In 1903, Margaret and John Cooper divorced. Undeterred by the separation, John remarried to a woman 20 years his junior! The happy news for the Francis family was the marriage of Ora Pearl to Glen Gaines on June 20, 1906. By 1907 Margaret joined them

in Indianapolis, where the newlyweds made their home (City Directory for Indianapolis). In the census dated April 22, 1910, Margaret, listed in the census as being single, was living in Indianapolis with Ora Pearl, Glen, and their one-year-old son Robert. Margaret married Henry Meeks in ca. 1910. It seems that Henry passed soon after, as the 1912 City Directory for Indianapolis listed that Margaret was a widow, again living with Ora Pearl and Glen. Ora Pearl and Glen's daughter Frances was born in 1913. Glen worked as a wholesale traveler, a position that took the family to Danville, Illinois by 1915. This is where Charles, their youngest child, was born in 1917. The family continued to live in Danville through the mid-1930s.

By 1940, Margaret moved to Springfield, Illinois with Glen and Ora, and lived with their daughter Frances. Frances, who completed one year of college, worked as a corporate private secretary, and at 27 years old was the head of household. Her annual salary, \$1,650, was 17% above the average annual salary for that year.

Margaret passed on March 14, 1947 in Springfield. Her remains were returned to Indiana, and she was interred at the Saint James Lutheran Cemetery in Darlington, where she was buried next to William – the husband she lost 50 years earlier (FAGrave photo by K&M). May Margaret, who during her 93 years, witnessed the Civil War, two world wars, the granting of a woman's right to vote, the invention of the telephone, electric light, automobile, and airplane, rest in peace (and Happy Heavenly Birthday).

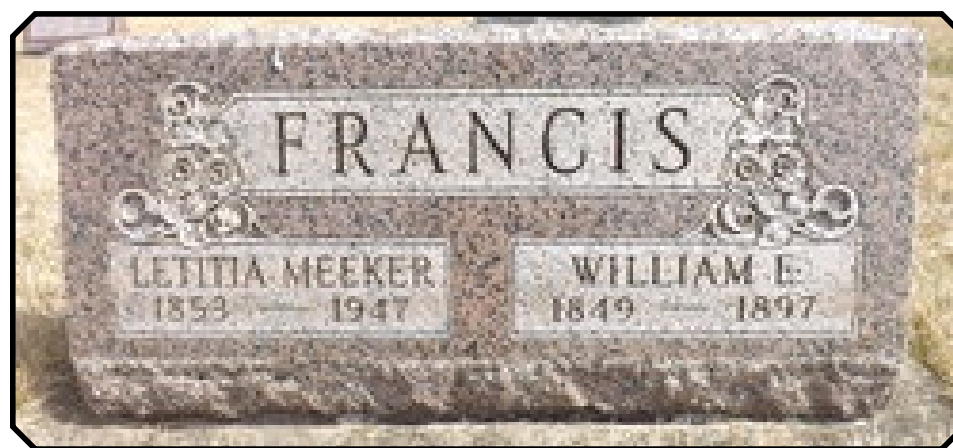


Photo courtesy of Jon Rice via findagrave.com



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



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Balsa wood airplanes and a bow with rubber suction-cup arrows; it didn't take much to make this four-year-old happy on his birthday in 1951. Mom and Pop and my three older siblings had traversed the Great Depression and the rations of the Second World War before I was born on a hot July day. Disposable income was a foolish concept. Frugal is too kind of a descriptor.

Aw, with each successive birthday, anticipation grew. There is nothing like cakes, candles, and lots of special attention to make a kid feel important. One day a year, the whole family focuses on you.

Bring on the Happy! Even grumpy old men can not suppress a grin in the glow of candles setting off the smoke alarm. "Who wants cake!"

I was the lucky one born one week after the 4th of July. I didn't

have to share the attention with anyone. My siblings Delta, Beverly, and Jim had birthdays late in the calendar year. Besides they were all old. I mean really old, 10, 13, and 15 years older than me. They claimed as the baby of the family, I had it easy and was spoiled.

Hey, is it my fault grandmas, grandpas, uncles, and aunts tend to shower the adorable youngest with all kinds of goodies? I guess it did get a little out of hand. Mom and Dad had to declare a moratorium and a limit to stuff the old folks would bring me, especially the candy. It is hard to coral a hyperactive kid with a sugar buzz. I don't want to brag but I was a pretty darn cute youngster. Ugly didn't happen until later in life.

If July is the luckiest month to be born, then December must be

## *Story & Graphics by Chuck Clore*

the unluckiest birthdays. Let's face it. No one can compete with the biggest birthday of the year, Christmas. Everyone's attention and budgets get stretched paper-thin.

Our family got hit with a barrage of December birthdays. Mom was born on December 3rd. Judy, my beautiful Minnesota bride, and Jane, my brother Jim's wife, share the 5th of the month for celebration. Exactly one week before Christmas, April, and Carrie, our twin daughters, made their debut.

"It is all under control," I declared. In the midst of a blustery Minneapolis snowstorm, I started to pull away from the curb on 18th Street. We were off to Abbott Hospital. "Aren't you forgetting something?" Judy managed a smile between the labor pains. In the rearview mirror, I spied the suitcase we had so carefully packed sitting on a snow bank next to the sidewalk.

Two hours later, I started handing out bubble-gum cigars and calling back home to Indiana to share the good news. "They're girls! Two of them! Born two minutes apart." We had Minnesota twins born in the Twin Cities. The nurses presented them to us wrapped in bright red Christmas stockings.

Yes, right from the get-go, April and Carrie had to share their most important day not only with each other but also with Santa and the baby Jesus. Don't feel too bad for them. Judy can work magic in the kitchen baking the best birthday cakes ever.

I asked them about their most memorable birthday party. They both recalled the one when Judy made ice cream clowns with the cones on top decorated like clown hats. Their friends made messy scribbles on a big sketchpad. My job was to turn those squiggles into cartoons of puppy dogs, butterflies, and dragons. We always gave it our best shot at making them feel special on their day.

It was Grandpa Lucas to the rescue with the most memorable presents ever, brand-new matching bicycles. Seems Gramps had no problem with expendable income for his young granddaughters. On her wobbly maiden ride, April yelled, "Don't let go!"

"Too late!" I replied from half a block away.

Raising kids, you eventually have to let go. But, you cling to the memories forever.

Even shared birthdays can become special when the whole family helps.

# This is our county!

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# Poetry and Puzzles

Montgomery Memories

## Montgomery County

By Joy Willett

When the Offield's  
arrived in 1821  
a forest of trees  
crowded the sun.

A year later  
the County was named  
for General Montgomery  
a man of some fame.

Not long after,  
in 1823,  
a courthouse was built  
on C'ville's Main Street.

More towns came  
beyond the county seat,  
Waynetown in 1830  
and in '32 Wingate.

Smaller but still  
of consequence

1

Beckville, Deer's Mill  
and Balhinch.

By the year 1837,  
Alamo, Ladoga,  
Darlington, New Richmond,  
Waveland.

In the 1850s  
more were to come -  
New Ross and Linden.  
But they were just some.

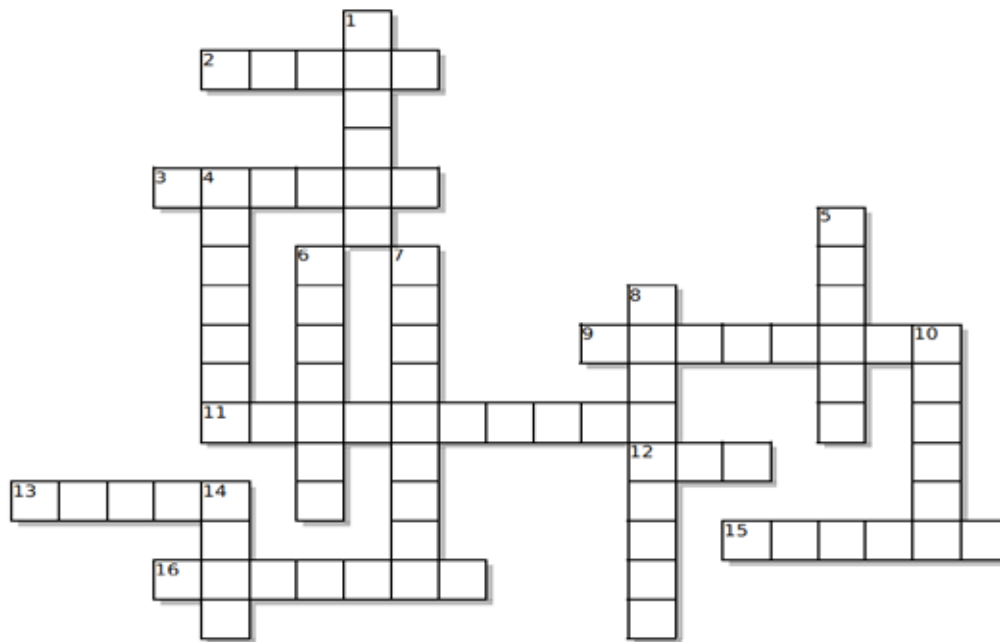
There were others,  
much too many to name,  
Bowers, Deer's Mill,  
Hibernia, and Mace!

And New Market,  
started in 1872,  
built along  
the S. C. L. & W. rail route.

In fields that stretched  
beyond the paved paths  
farmers plowed  
and tended their stock,

What would the Offield's  
think of the changes,  
of all that grew  
and all that faded?

2



### ACROSS

- 2 Rev who poisoned wife 1889
- 3 50th anniversary
- 9 Celebrate lighting 8 candles
- 11 St. James Lutheran locale
- 12 Day before a holiday
- 13 They jingle
- 15 1919 Indy winner
- 16 ----- through the snow

### DOWN

- 1 Season and surname
- 4 Family arrived in MoCo in 1821
- 5 New -----, founded 1872
- 6 Rank of Montgomery
- 7 MD and sport doc
- 8 MoCo town founded 1830
- 10 What Santa says
- 14 Shining tree topper

Check out page 8 for the solution

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# Karen's Kitchen

*Karen Bazzani Zach, Montgomery Memories*

Last month in November, you had a similar bar cookie in Karen's Kitchen called Peanut Butter Crunchies! And to topped that, this had to be a yummy one! And it is. Oddly, I don't like chocolate all that well but if it's mixed with one of two things I like it very much. One of those is caramel and the other peanut butter. Well, each year when we'd have our Christmas party with the Powers' and Zimmerman's it was an absolute must to have this particular bar cookie. Not real sure which of the gals gave me this recipe as Patty Z and Nancy P were both great cooks, but I think it was Nancy (it was – looked it up). We loved to find a new recipe, perfect it and share with the others, so if you want something a bit diff for Christmas, this is it for ya'. Soooo good!

## KRIS KRINGLES

It's a different twist to Rice Krispie treats -- my kids LOVED 'em and I know yours will too!!

In a pan, mix, and bring to a boil:

- 1 C. Sugar
- 1 C. Light Corn Syrup
- 1 C. Peanut Butter

Remove and add in a mixing bowl:

- 6 C. Rice Krispies - mix well
- Press in a 9 x 13 pan (best if buttered). Let harden.
- Melt in double boiler: (or microwave - just be careful)
- 6-oz. Pkg. Chocolate Chips
- 6-oz. Pkg. Butterscotch Chips
- Drizzle (or just pour) on top of above mixture. SCRUMPTIOUS! LET SET & ENJOY !!!



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## County Connections: MBT: A December born fine teacher

*Karen Bazzani Zach, Montgomery Memories*

I've written about Judge Thomas F. Davidson who first worked as a farmer, a miller with his father then became determined to become a lawyer (borrowing books from Col. Wilson and General Wallace then riding his horse from Covington to C'ville and returning them, taking a test, teaching school to make money to go toward that goal). In the spring of 1861, he began practicing and by 1870, nominated and won the position of judge of the circuit that incorporated Warren, Fountain, Montgomery, Boone and Clinton. His book, Davidson's Overruled Cases, was used as a text book – he was a bit shy, made no attempts to put on airs, but he was a well-loved, honest and fair judge. He and wife, Eliza Tice had but one daughter, Annie. This article will center on Annie, but mainly featuring her husband, Mason B. Thomas, a Botany Professor at Wabash.

I rarely write about Wabash folks as most have been covered and they have had wonderful archivists who have done many profs and grads in their writing of articles and blogs, but Mason just caught my attention and thought I'd see what I could find about him to share with you all!

Do believe it was the fact that Prof. Mason Blanchard Thomas loved his students and in his classroom he kept pictures of those who had mastered something impressive, gotten a wonderful job or went forth and prospered in some way, using the photos in a heroic manner to prompt excitement in other students. I did that too at Turkey Run and the thought that a college prof would do that way back when really impressed me. As with me, he truly loved his students and followed them thereafter.

Mason was born on December 16th in 1866 in West Woodstock Hill, NY. His parents were Mansier Conable and Esther "Anna" Blanchard Thomas, both natives of NY, Mason being the middle of their three children along with sisters Hattie (passed at age 16) and Gertrude who passed before her brother (having married Albert Chapman and had one son, Howard Thomas who was the only grand for Mansier and Anna, and who married but had no children I could find, he passing at age 91). Howard was the founder of a large gas company (Chapman of course) and gave a great deal of money for the Gertrude Thomas Chapman Arts Center at Cazenovia College where she attended. Although living in Crawfordsville, Mason made several trips back to NY to be several of his relatives' executor or to help with other business!

Most of the Thomas members went to Cazenovia Seminary (preliminary to the college) including Mason's aunt, Delia who passed away not long before Mason, but he had time to be her executor and was thrilled to give the Seminary \$2000 from her estate. Mason's father attended there as did Mansier's brothers.

Upon graduating from Cazenovia, Mason attended Cornell where he graduated and was highly recommended for the Botany and Forestry instructor at Wabash which he accepted when offered the position, beginning in 1891. A few years later he became Dean of the Faculty. He was a member of the Board of Trustees of the Indiana Boys' School and Chairman of the Educational Committee of the Indiana Forestry Association, among many other groups. Pertaining to his occupation, he served as President of the Indiana Academy of Sciences in 1901. At that time, he also headed the museum at Wabash. Prof. WH Freeman Secretary of the Indiana Board of Forestry did a major survey of forests in Indiana saying that a large part of the nation's most valuable forests were between Rockport and Crawfordsville, not only for timber but coal as well. He visited the John Lusk property with over 200 black walnut trees and a large catalpa (gorgeous blooms) grove near Yountsville, William O'Neill owner and black locusts there as well. Freeman went on to Wabash to visit Mason especially to check what the Wabash boys were doing in a Forestry Class MBT had created. He was teaching them the relation of forests to water courses, fish, fruit, plants and such. Mason was valuable in many consultations with various parks and cities on how, where, why of what to plant. Freeman was completely impressed.

Not long after Mason came to Crawfordsville, he became involved in a Browning Poetry group. In 1894, he wrote (with a Cornell professor with whom he had studied) a laboratory manual on Plant Histology (DePauw, Cornell, Stanford, U of Illinois and of course Wabash had immediately purchased it).

Busy, indeed, but not too much so that he didn't have time to marry one sweet lady, Annie Davidson at her mother's home, her father having passed the year before (June 21, 1893) and pronounced husband and wife by R.J. Cunningham minister in the Center Church (he would preach Mason's funeral as well). It was a small, but beautiful wedding with maybe a dozen there. The next morning, they left to tour the area of NY (and visit parents, aunts, uncles) where Mason grew to adulthood spending the rest of the summer honeymooning.

So, these two led a very busy life, she involved in several activities, including working on getting Culver Hospital up and running, but as several of his family members, Mason became sick and once down could never return to health. A couple of his old students who had become doctors (one from Indianapolis, the other the head of a large NY City hospital) came to try to get him back on track, but they agreed with our wonderful local doctor, John N. Taylor, that there was just no backtracking the nephritis, pleuritis and valvular heart disease. Mason passed away 6 March 1912 (photo: Alexandria Times Tribune 8 March 1912 p 1) after being quite sick from February 18th on. Annie never remarried but lived in their home at 1 Mills Place another 38 years alone until the last few years when she had a nurse companion with her. Both buried in Oak Hill (FAGrave photo by R&S Fine). RIP you two!



# In Mo Co, it was a very good year in 1889 . . .

June 17th – Samuel Howard Wilcox died at just 34 years old. He was the father of Howie Wilcox, born in Crawfordsville, (a week after his father's death) the 1919 Indy 500 winner who ironically died from a auto mishap at the same age!

Bayless Washington Hanna who lived here and practiced law (buried Oak Hill) was serving this year as Ambassador to Argentina – he did great works by the way regarding wool exports. He had also been Ambassador to Iran a few years prior as well as the State Attorney General.

Mike Zellar sold his ice horses to Martin & Son who cultured the ice for C'ville for many years.

June 19th – graduation exercises at Wabash.

August 1 – Ladoga Normal Commencement Exercises.

In the first week of August, Charles Falls was killed by a train in Ladoga and a few days later, Marion Reynolds of Ladoga was killed by the cars near Whitesville.

August 19 – Fly Fisherman's Tourney – hmm, wonder who won?

In October, a house of John Stump's and barn of Henry Sloan's burned back to back days.

Jere M. Keeney son of another newspaperman Jere Sr. purchased the Crawfordsville Star in October.

October 23 announced that Purdue whopped Wabash 18-4. Yikes! But remember the difference in size!

December 5 – Rev WF Pettit was arrested in Columbus, Ohio and brought back for one of the biggest most impressive trials ever in our county. (charge of poisoning his wife – soooo sad). He later died in prison.

Quart of milk would cost ya' a big 6 cents and a loaf of bread 4! Wow, if we could just see those prices again! Oh, yeah!

Sources used: Montgomery County IN GenWeb

## Thank you for reading Montgomery Memories!





## Grandcestors

*Karen Bazzani Zach, Montgomery Memories*

So many December babies in our current family. My twin brothers were born in Terre Haute in 1946, one of three sets of twins born at the same time. They were fairly tiny, just over 4 pounds but lost to under 3 because they didn't eat. My mom was extremely sick with poisoning and the doctor asked my dad if he wanted them to save his wife or the boys? What a choice. He told 'em they sure better save all three. The boys were about two weeks old, still losing weight, mom home, her sister helping, and one day a woman next door came over and said she was saving those babies – "everyone get out and let me do my work." She was a kind and wonderful lady and certainly knew a great deal about little ones so they let her try her luck – my aunt went back home to Waveland and mom and dad went on a date and to pick up a few items at the store. When they returned home, the boys were sound asleep and they sure hadn't slept much to that day. Mom went off to bed and Dad thanked the lady from the bottom of his heart. Told him she had already fixed their bottles for the next feedings and that she'd be back in the morning to fix more. She did that for several days and then told mom she was on her own now. Mom asked just what her charm was as the boys were wonderful and were seeming to already be putting on weight. The neighbor said they were as she had weighed them and that was one of her goals. Mom said, "But how did you do this?" She said, "Well, I better wait until Fred is home to let you know that!" Turns out the neighbor had put whiskey in the milk in their bottles and had slowly weaned them off of it. This just calmed them and made it so they would sleep. She hadn't told my parents her formula secret as she knew it had to be done and it wasn't the first time she had used it for babies, but the trick was to use it but not overuse it. Well, she did a perfect job as both boys thrived thereafter.

I'm next. Mom had spent Christmas in the hospital three years before and did not want to do that again so on the 15th of December 1949, she went to Goodman's where dad worked and walked and walked and walked the stairway, leaving the boys with her parents and sister. Finally, she told dad he needed to take her to the hospital. I was born a few hours later so she hit it perfectly and we were both home at Christmas time. Of course, I was the ultimate Christmas gift for my bros but more than sure they got a lot more goodies than me (probably things to keep 'em busy). I started my life oddly and it's continued so. My mom swore I was a twin too. Insistent about the whole affair, this was of course before sonograms. Everyone laughed at her but 32 years later, she was elated when I had to have an emergency hysterectomy and turns out I was a twin – all my troubles caused from my twin's pieces plastered to my insides (so to speak). So an hour's operation that lasted 5 ½ hours (and they lost me twice) – thank you Dr. Viray (main doctor who had to call in help) and Dr. Peralta for saving me as I had so many wonderful yet to live experiences! Jim was told he should call in his parents and mine but not even sure Mom heard them say I had a rough time but

would be okay – her mind stuck on TWIN! She was right and she was elated! So, now, it's the family joke that anything wrong with me is my twin Sharon's fault! Not sure she'd have been so excited at my birth time though – think about it – four kids under age 3. Oh, my!

Next generation. Things kind of switched to my cousin's family. My mother had one sister – never married. Dad had one sister, married (my wonderful Uncle Harold) and had two sons. Neither were born in December, though. However, Frank's first child, Michele (my Goddaughter) was born in December, three days after Christmas. Michele's brother, Anthony was also born in this month, two days before Christmas. Cousin Tom's son, Andrew was born the 8th of this month in Portland, Maine. (They all live so far away – Michele's family still in the Clinton area so I get to see her once-twice a year). It is odd having such a small immediate family but I was as close to my cousins, especially Frank than to my brothers. And at Christmas time, we had lots to celebrate!

Next generation. Recently found out that our wonderful writer, Joy is a December baby, too. Happy birthday, kiddo!

So, out of our seven grandchildren, only one is my birthday buddy – Dane. Since he was one, we have gone out for a meal and celebrated our birthdays together. Our favorite places down through the years have been Pizza Hut and Applebee's. Sometimes we'd go to the movies afterward, play a game or whatever, just enjoying being birthday buddies ... and, of course we always took a picture (or two or three) – here ya' go – I'll bore ya' with just one and Happy Birthday, this month, Daner!





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