

Family Group Sheet

Husband:	Ivan Harrison HUNT
aka:	Harry Hunt
Source:	Rhodes.paf, Date of Import: Sep 3, 2000.
Born:	16 Feb 1889
in:	Hidalgo, Jasper Co., Illinois
Source:	Rhodes.paf, Date of Import: Sep 3, 2000.
Died:	06 Jul 1938
in:	Jacksonville, Illinois
Source:	Rhodes.paf, Date of Import: Sep 3, 2000.
Relationship with Father:	William Thomas HUNT - Natural
Relationship with Mother:	Martha Catherine SUTHERLAND - Natural
Burial:	Greenup Cemetery, Greenup, Illinois
Source:	Rhodes.paf, Date of Import: Sep 3, 2000.
Occupation:	Farmer. Harry farmed all of his life. According to his son, Forrest, he supplied fresh fruit and vegetables to Decatur supermarkets for many years.
Address and Phone(s)	

Medical

Cause of death: Encephalitis

Medical Information:

Died at Jacksonville State Hospital. His death certifiact says that the Encephalitis was from undetermined origin. It appears as if he was admitted to the hospital on June 27, 1938.

Notes

Ivan's mother died when he was about nine years old. He went to live with a brother of his mother, Bill, and his wife Bess, Sutherland. He thought of the Sutherland's as his family. Bill and Bess ran the Baker Hotel in Effingham, IL, in the early 1920's. They had three boys, Scott, Ray and Lee. Scott was a schoolteacher at Liberty Hill School, a one room school south of Greenup, IL.

Ivan is listed in the 1900 and 1910 Census for Greenup Twp., Cumberland Co., IL as living with his Aunt and Uncle.

Marriage Information	
Wife:	Iva Belle LARISON
Married:	04 Feb 1917
Beginning status:	Married
in:	Decatur, Macon Co. IL
Source:	Rhodes.paf, Date of Import: Sep 3, 2000.

Marriage Notes

Wife:	Iva Belle LARISON
Source:	(1) Rhodes.paf, Date of Import: Sep 3, 2000. (2) The Larison Family.
Born:	09 Sep 1896
in:	Woodbury, Cumberland Co., Illinois
Source:	Rhodes.paf, Date of Import: Sep 3, 2000.
Died:	03 Aug 1980
in:	Decatur, Macon Co., Illinois
Source:	Rhodes.paf, Date of Import: Sep 3, 2000.
Relationship with Father:	Silas Fatoot LARISON - Natural
Relationship with Mother:	Laura Ellen HARRIS - Natural
Burial:	Greenup Cemetery, Greenup, IL
Source:	Rhodes.paf, Date of Import: Sep 3, 2000.
Social Security Number:	331-20-4867

Address and Phone(s)

Medical

Notes

E-mail from Bob Couch to Phil Hunt, August 18, 2004

Hi Phil,

Well, as you said, you were young when we lived in Montrose. We moved there in August 1948 from Chicago. My father (William Edward Couch) had worked in the Post Office on Dearborn St. since the '30's. When your grandfather, Harry Hunt died in 1938 (I believe) of chronic encephalitis Aunt Iva came to live with us in Chicago. It hadn't started out to be a permanent arrangement but as things evolved the sisters came to depend more and more on each other. We lived in an upstairs flat at 2506 Greenview Ave. The building is still there, though the neighborhood has deteriorated from the quiet working class area I remember as a child.

My father, my brother Max Donald, and my mother made the trip to Decatur several times a year. Of course they played together and we have a picture that shows them with rabbits they had hunted together. My brother never enjoyed good health and was smaller and younger than Forrest and Fran,

In May 1941 I was born (yes there was 20 years between Max and I which is why you may have thought Max was my father), war was eminent, and 2506 Greenview Avenue was full. By 1942, your dad was already in service and would spend a long time overseas. Max turned 21 and enlisted. We always joked about that because of his health. Bad eyes, a weak left arm from a bone tumor as a kid, and 125 lbs. and he gets a front row seat with the 10th Armored Division in Patton's Third Army from the time they broke out of Normandy until the day before Christmas when Third Army relieved Bastogne. Max always joked that when he went into the Army, "all you had to do was be able to hear thunder, see lightning, and eat mush". Mom enlisted his German Shepherd, Rex, about the same time. One of my early memories is watching from our upstairs window people loading the dog into a crate. Forrest went to the service about the same time, I believe. The only picture I have of all four of the family together with Aunt Iva was taken sometime in 1943 by Forrest, I believe.

In 1944 my father died of acute encephalitis just before penicillin was available to the general public. Fran was overseas, Forrest was about to ship out and Max was in Fort Benning, GA on final maneuvers. My mother and Aunt Iva got jobs and I stayed at a settlement house across the street from our house (Called the Christopher House, still in operation) that had a pre-school program as well as many other programs for kids.

My mother decided that she didn't want to raise me in Chicago. So the summer before I was to start school in the fall, Mom bought the house in Montrose with Dad's insurance money and we moved in. The women grew up in Montrose, and their father (Silas Larison) is buried there. He was the village blacksmith. Their mother died early (and I don't know where she's buried or what her name was) and their father remarried a widow (Inez Kingery) with two children. The sisters had very little respect for their step-mother but were attached to their step brothers, Guernsey and Alvis and their half brother Russell, all of which lived in Montrose. Russell looked more like Silas and later had a rather seamy reputation that the sisters disapproved of. The sisters worked as maids for a doctor in Effingham for a time before they were married.

Montrose in 1948 was a typical small town with several things going for it. A major oil pipeline pumping station was close to town with good jobs for residents. The pipeline ran parallel east and west with the Pennsylvania Railroad that employed a section gang to maintain the tracks. One of the sister's step brothers, Guernsey Kingery, worked on that gang for years. The other step brother, Alvis Kingery, worked at the grain elevator in town that served the extensive farming community. A major cross country highway, US 40, went through town. The town boasted two restaurants, three bars, a bank, and one official house of ill repute and one unofficial one. It had a town hall that had dances every Saturday night and had a pretty, ummm, interesting reputation as far away as the U of I at Champaign Urbana where my brother was working on his Master's degree.

The school had grades 1 to 8 and although it had also had a two year high school program for a long time (my mother had gone there, I don't know about Aunt Iva) kids then went to Effingham for high school.

During the fifty's the Norman Rockwell small town America began to disappear with the advances of technology. New high pressure oil pumping techniques made the pumping station close to Montrose obsolete and the good jobs and the families that held them left. About 1953 the sisters had an opportunity to buy out one of the resarants in town. The working arrangements were, Aunt Iva waited tables and did the books, Mom ran the kitchen, and I served as rack boy for the pool tables in the back when I wasn't in school. In the winter we lived in the back of the restarurants building and closed up the house by the church.

For the first two or three years the business did well, between the weekly influx of dancers and general weekend business and the construction gangs coming through to begin the upgrade of the old US 40 highway. This road bypassed many small towns but not Montrose until the '60's. By about '55 or '56 the constrution was done, the town bacnk had closed and the sisters leased the restaurant business out for an additional year or two.

At that time gas was about .30 a gal. but the sisters lived and raised me on a base income of \$48.00/month from my Dad's small Post office pension.

As a farm wive, Aunt Iva received no assistance. You may recall that we raised chickens and vegetables that they

Family Group Sheet

canned or put in the freezer and they took in washing and ironing to make ends meet. I want to give you a flavor for the way they worked together over the years and to tell you that I can now look back and understand, I never knew we were poor until I moved away. We were always clean, had a nice house (as far as I was concerned) more than enough to eat and decent clothes to wear. If there weren't any frills, we really didn't need them, and we were better off than many people around us.

I graduated high school in '59 and since my mother wouldn't let me join the Army I floundered around Montrose for a couple of months before some buddy's from high school let me join them and go to Aurora and started to work for Caterpillar. I married Sara in 1960 and the next year I quit Cat, borrowed money against the house in Montrose and went to St. Louis to Medical Technology school.

As I grew older I discovered that Max's marriage to Mary Lou Duling was less than perfect though I didn't know a lot about it until after I was married even though I had spent the summer of my 16th birthday with them. Forrest has said that Mary Lou expected Max to go into business after he got his Masters degree from U of I and Max just wanted to do research. In any event, research was what he did with the USDA in Florida. When that project finished he was transferred to Norfolk, VA. The family was there only a short time when Mary Lou moved back to Florida with the children. Max left the USDA and went back to Florida to be with the family.

That was the state of affairs when I started school in St. Louis. Mom had not been exactly well for the past year though Sara and I had brought her to Aurora when our daughter Susan was born and had provided her with a complete physical that didn't turn up anything abnormal. Her mind was failing even then with what I'm now sure was Alzheimer's. I had been in school for about three months when I got a call from Aunt Iva that she couldn't live with Mom any more. Mom had turned on her and was becoming very mean to her. Not at all like my mother. I went to Montrose to calm things down and called Max. I told him that either Mom had to stay with him for a while or I would have to leave school. He wouldn't hear of that and said to send her down. Somehow when I put her on the plane I knew I'd never see her alive again. First time I had cried since I was a child.

Sadly, that was the straw that broke up Max's marriage. Things went severely downhill for Max after that. Mother was getting worse all the time and wandering off and getting lost. He couldn't get work in his field in Florida and didn't want to leave Orlando because the kids were there. Always a two to three pack a day smoker he began to drink more heavily as well.

He and Mom were living in an apartment and he was tending bar. One day he left for work, locking Mom in, and when he came home she was gone. He notified the police and that began what was to become a seven month search for her. During that time he was questioned by the police several times (routine possible murder investigation) and also traveled up and down the state viewing unidentified bodies for possible identification.

Across the street from where the apartment was a large cemetery and next to that a large undeveloped field. Her remains were found by workers in the field next to the fence line of the cemetery and to the back side away from the apartment. Police records showed that the fence line had been searched several times when Mom first disappeared with no results and no buzzards had been noted. It's not surprising that she wasn't found though. I've seen the field and even then it was thigh high in scrub brush of all sorts. It's more a wonder to me that she was ever found at all. As it turned out, her skeleton was identified from the x-rays taken at the time we had taken her in for the physical when Susan was born.

As you probably know, Aunt Iva lived on in the house in Montrose for several years after that and when she left, Max and I sold the house to the church since Mom had already sold the corner lot to them for a parsonage before her mind got so bad.

I must say I have struggled for years with the mixed feelings that Montrose and those days left me with. It was great to be a kid there but no place to try to make a living until long after I was gone. Your father taught me to hunt there. Kissed my first girlfriend there. I knew everyone in town. It was like having 200 extra Mom's and Dads.

All gone now except for a few grave markers in Greenup and Montrose and our memories which in time will fade also and make way for other people's memories. As someone said, "It was the best of times and the worst of times".

I hope this answers a few of your questions. You might want to talk to Penny, too. She has some unique memories of Montrose and Aunt Iva. A lot of them after I left.

All Best Wishes

Bob

(Robert Couch)
(Vice President)
(GSI Securitization, Inc.)
(48 Briarcliff Rd.)
(Montgomery, IL 60538)

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Family Group Sheet

Child:	Forrest Glenn HUNT
Source:	Rhodes.paf, Date of Import: Sep 3, 2000.
Born:	03 Dec 1917
in:	Decatur, Macon Co, IL
Relationship with Father:	Ivan Harrison HUNT - Natural
Relationship with Mother:	Iva Belle LARISON - Natural

Address and Phone(s)	
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Medical

Notes

Marriage Information	
Wife:	Betty J. Mullikin
Married:	19 Oct 1941
Beginning status:	Married
in:	Decatur, Macon Co. IL

Marriage Notes

Child:	Francis Lloyd HUNT
aka:	Johnny Hunt
Source:	Rhodes.paf, Date of Import: Sep 3, 2000.
Born:	02 Sep 1919
in:	Decatur, Macon Co. IL
Source:	Rhodes.paf, Date of Import: Sep 3, 2000.
Died:	04 Dec 1997
in:	Decatur, Macon Co, IL
Source:	Rhodes.paf, Date of Import: Sep 3, 2000.
Relationship with Father:	Ivan Harrison HUNT - Natural
Relationship with Mother:	Iva Belle LARISON - Natural

Burial:	06 Dec 1997 Graceland Cemetery, Decatur, Macon Co., IL
Education:	1938 Graduated Decatur High School
Military service:	Bet. 1941 - 1945 World War II - Africa and Sicily`
Occupation:	Mechanic, Grohne Concrete Company
Religion:	Methodist
Social Security Number:	327-18-4701

Address and Phone(s)	
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Medical

Cause of death: Prostate Cancer

Notes

Francis' parents were Ivan Harrison and Iva Belle (LARISON) HUNT. Francis was in the Air Corps of the army during WW 2 and spent three years in the African and European theaters. He was an airplane Mechanic. After the war he went to work for Grohne Concrete products Co. as head Mechanic and worked there until he retired. Francis had one brother, Forrest HUNT, who married Betty MULLIKIN, in Macon Co. IL, in 1941.

Marriage Information	
Wife:	Opal Virginia RHODES
Married:	22 Nov 1945
Beginning status:	Married
in:	Decatur, Macon Co. IL
Source:	Rhodes.paf, Date of Import: Sep 3, 2000.

