

Ron & Ramona Masten

Introduction to Ron & Ramona Masten: Ron Masten grew up in the Avon community and has lived here all his life. Ramona has lived here since the late 1950s. Ron farmed and drove a school bus here for many years. They were interviewed by Vernon Shepherd, also a long-time resident of the community.

Remembrances of Old Downtown

Vernon: What kind of businesses do you remember in and around the area of 267 and 36?

Ron: When I started to school, there was on the northwest corner where the mortuary is now, an old interurban station that was transformed into a garage where Ralph Hawkins did mechanical work and pumped gas. On the other corner where the bank is, the southeast corner, Ed Misch's grocery store was there....The old high school was on the south side. Now, there was a high school built on the north side before that, I think, where the fire station is now. That's where the first high school would have been...And next to the high school, there was a little restaurant on the north side of 36. A little further down, there was Brownie's place; it was a little restaurant and gas station, too. That was about it...

Mrs. Parker and the School Bus

Ron: ...I drove a school bus for ten years. I was having problems one evening with kids being loud...I asked them to be quiet but they didn't. I asked them again and they didn't. So I just pulled out in front of the lower elementary school and stopped. Mrs. Parker walked out and asked, "What's the problem?" I told her. She said, "O.K. All of you, out of the bus." She took them in and marched them down the hall and said, "Sit down." She let them sit there for ten or fifteen minutes; then she said, "Do you think you can be quiet now? If you do, you can load up and go home now." And they were quiet. She was quite a disciplinarian.

Gumdrop Girl

Ron: One bus route I drove I could reverse and run either way. This high school student always wanted to be home first. If I didn't go that way, she'd stand up and throw gumdrops at me.

The Haunted Bridge

Ron: Back then, you could get up in the haunted bridge and go from one end to the other. A bunch of us kids were out there one night and we saw a car with Marion County license plates parked under the bridge. One of my classmates had some little firecrackers and he lit them and threw them off the bridge. I think that car threw gravel with their tires all the way up to 36!