

Contributors to Museum Lift Identified

The Cedarville Area Historical Society board is pleased to announce the names of individual contributors to the \$36,000 museum lift project. Almost all are historical society members.

They are: Margaret Phillips Steinham, Cedarburg, Wi.; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rutter, Red Oak; Nelson Ottenhausen, Gulf Breeze, Fl.; Stephen Phillips, Versailles, France; Mr. and Mrs. Bill Pick, Cedarville; Mr. and Mrs. Mike Nichols, Tyler,

Tx.; Mr. and Mrs. Bill McKee, Hotchkiss, Co.; Mr. and Mrs. David Macomber, Lena; Karl Erickson, Freeport; Narcissa Engle, Cedarville; John DeTellem, De Witt, Ia.; Mr. and Mrs. Jim Bade, Cedarville.

In addition to the individuals, the lift received financial support from the Cedarville Lions Club and from the general membership of the society through its project fund.

ECHOES OF CEDARVILLE DECEMBER 2012

Cedarville Area Historical Society



Society Christmas Party December 11

The Cedarville Area Historical Society will hold its free annual Christmas Sing-Along party at the Cedarville Museum on Tuesday, December 11, starting with a social gathering at 6 p.m.

The hour-long social is a chance for visitors to sample refreshments provided by historical society members and Cedarville's Famous Fossil Winery. The sing-along, starting at 7 p.m., will feature Freeport's Virgil Kriens at the keyboard leading the audience in a musical cele-

bration of the holiday season. Also performing will be Ceceile Eiler, a Freeport student, who was also featured in last year's program.

Like last year, the event will be held in the museum's second floor LeRoy Wilson Theater. For physically handicapped visitors, the room can be reached by using the museum's recently installed elevator.

For more information call 815-563-4485.

Former Cedarville Principal Remembers Village

(This month's mail brought the editor a delightful letter from Don Morris, Cedarville teacher and principal from 1956 to 1960. I am sure Don, now living in Desert Hills, Arizona, would not mind my sharing parts of it with newsletter readers. Jim Bade)

Though born in Freeport in 1932, Cedarville has always seemed to have a special place in my heart with so many good memories, particularly those four years I served as a teacher, school principal and volunteer fireman.

Though I attended Freeport's Lincoln School during many of my early school years, I always had an interest in Cedarville and its history. My grandfather James T. Morris, Sr., worked most of his life for Henney Motor Co., which had its early roots in Cedarville. And my father James T. Morris Jr., had many dear Cedarville friends when he worked at Henney's for several years before he became manager and instructor at the old Hillcrest Airport. Unfortunately he was killed in Georgia in 1943 in a U.S. army air force plane

In my high school years, Raymond Kerr and I spent a lot of time in Cedarville visiting friends, particularly his future wife Donna Fry, daughter of then Cedarville Mayor Virgil Fry. We were also there for many special events when I sang bass in an old time quartet at music festivals on the stage of the Community House. Back then I had an old 1931 Ford coupe and we often drove to the village to enjoy the food and activities during Old Settlers Days and other community holiday celebrations. I could name other persons, but Clyde Kaiser really had a key influence on my life.

Yet, in those late 1940s and early 50s, little did I know that my wife, Patricia, and I would later come to love Cedarville even more as our home. We had known Cedarville School Principal Clifford Crone and his wife, Ireta Dyslin Crone, from our Freeport years. (Her folks owned the little grocery store

across the street from Lincoln School where I went to get candy as a kid.) When Cliff became assistant superintendent of Freeport (area) Schools in 1956, he encouraged me to apply for the position he was leaving. I did and became teacher and principal of Cedarville School with only one year's experience teaching sixth grade in Indiana. (My new job included football, basketball and baseball coach, assistant custodian and snow shoveler when custodian Chris Bertram was "overloaded". Thus, I was kind of a "man for all seasons.")



Cliff Crone, 1954



Don Morris, 1956

Moving from Indiana, we pulled our 40 foot long house trailer up the steep hill and I parked it in the school yard for a few days. We always wondered what Cedarville folks thought when they looked up the street and saw a house trailer sitting there. Fortunately that location was only for a few days until Kenneth Knowlton was kind enough to let us put our trailer on his property. It was handy there, but we later sold the trailer and had it moved out of the woods and we moved into the old two story brick house next to the Jane Addams home.

Now, as for those four school years, I must say I loved them all, yes all of those wonderful kids I had the privilege of teaching. Yes, loved them but sometimes didn't enjoy teaching some of them as much as others. But then I remembered that I wasn't always a

perfectly lovable student either. In fact, in Miss Miriam Parriott's first grade class at Lincoln School, I sat behind a girl with long beautiful braided pig-tails. I didn't actually pull on them, but I loved to just touch them. Miss Parriott warned me not to touch them anymore, but I seemed to forget that warning. When she saw me do it again, she didn't say a word but just came to my desk, picked me up by one arm and spanked me with her other arm. Fast forward 22 years to the day I introduced Miss Parriott (now Mrs. Conner) as the Cedarville School principal who replaced me when my wife and I moved to Arizona. I kidded with my students that if they didn't behave, she would paddle them too!

During the summers of 1959 and 60 I was at the University of Wisconsin earning my masters degree. My mother, Credella Grant, who lived across the street from the Methodist Church and next door to Margaret Frank, took care of our three little girls, so Pat could go to Madison for a few days and we could swim, canoe and visit museums.

We sure loved our old house, loved Cedarville and still do today. But in 1960 we had another very interesting job opportunity with the Scottsdale, Arizona, schools. I returned to Cedarville for another school year, finished my masters degree at Madison and reluctantly said goodbye to Cedarville. We loaded our old Ford station wagon and a trailer with our belongings and drove non-stop to Arizona, arriving just in time for the pre-school orientation program before meeting my new fifth grade students.

So many good memories of Cedarville have stayed in our hearts and thus we've often re-visited the village. Unfortunately we could not make it this year. We must also plead guilty to helping deplete Cedarville of other good citizens who have moved to Arizona: Ray and Donna Fry Kerr, the Gene Ramsdell family, Kenneth Rice. Come visit us in the winter and enjoy our sunny days, but in the summer it is very, very hot. But in the end, appreciate a small village like Cedarville with all its wonderful roots and history as a stable community.
(On page 8 see grade book list of the 1959-60 fifth and sixth grade students of Don Morris.)



Morris and Wendell Cox at September 11, 2009, historical society program.



Custodian Chris Bertram and students



May 29, 1960, Cedarville all-school picnic



All purpose athletic field in the 1960s

Our Peggy Meets Prince Charming at the Fair

(In this third installment of Peggy Ann Schoonhoven's memories of Cedarville, we pick up her story as she enters her last year of high school in Freeport.) The editor has added italicized comments where needed for reference.)

Just before my senior year of high school, one of my girl friends asked her father to take us to the Stephenson County fair in Freeport. He would come and pick us up later.

We happened to meet Al Scudder, a boy I knew who lived in Red Oak. He introduced us to his friend Harold Schoonhoven. They invited us to go on a ferris wheel ride and, as the wheel turned, Harold was always looking at me. After the ride, the boys invited us to ride uptown to get something to eat. There was plenty to eat at the fair, but uptown would be more fun.

At that time the fair was held in Taylor Park, so it wasn't too far to go. The boys also offered to take us home and we agreed. In that way my friend's father would not have to come for us. When we went to the car to go home, Harold opened the front passenger door so I would be sitting with him.

That evening started a year of dating as I finished high school. I graduated in June of 1943 and in December we were married at the Evangelical Congregational Church on Harrison Street where I had been attending services. Some years later, I asked Harold why he put me in the front seat with him that night when Al was the one I knew. Harold replied: "That was easy. I told him it's my car and I want her." Good reason, I guess. We had a year of dates and almost 63 years of marriage.

Can you believe: We started our married life above Strohm's store in the old dance hall where my mother met Daddy Bear. It had been remodeled into a three bedroom apartment. Harold told me after we were married that he first saw me at our

store when I waited on him during intermission at the summer street movies. He told his friends he was going to have a date with me and he was a man of his word.

Harold was working at Burgess Battery when we were first married, but he did not like that inside job. He continued to look for something else and read an ad for a position at Green Gables Farm in Freeport where he could do the milk route and help with other farm duties. We would have a small tenant house, milk and cream, fresh fruit from the farm and pork and beef. Too good to pass up, but it would mean leaving Cedarville.

We wouldn't miss the apartment. It was anything but warm, the ceilings were high and the rooms were large. We had an oil burner in the living room, but the rooms were all in a row and the heat did not reach the kitchen. It was necessary to carry groceries and water up a long flight of stairs and walk through an unheated storage room before you reached the kitchen door. And we had to have a portable potty and then empty that into the old out-house behind the building. We would have running water and a small bathroom in the tenant house. Oh, happy day!

After moving to the farm, we attended church in Cedarville on Sunday and then took dinner with my family. I missed Cedarville a lot and when dad offered Harold a job at the store, we were happy to go back "home".

During the time we lived at Green Gables, my invalid Uncle Harry purchased the former Dr. Thompson home on the northwest corner of Oak and Mill streets. We moved there to a nice upstairs apartment. I prepared my uncle's meals and put him to bed at night.

On April 25, 1945, our son Terry Lee was born and I realized it was going to be a real chore to care for my uncle and a baby.



My Uncle Harry ran an ad in a business journal for someone to care for him and assist him with his greeting card business. Harold and I drove to Wisconsin to get the woman who answered the ad and we were shocked to see her in a wheelchair. She could not walk or stand; he could not walk or sit. What a disappointment. She finally convinced us in a few days that she could do everything he needed just fine so she stayed on.

She was absolutely correct. She was able to do everything from her wheelchair. Amazing! Uncle hired others to do things she couldn't do and they were quite independent. He even bought a car and was able to lay in the front passenger seat by putting the seat back. They would hire people to drive them where they wanted to go. In later years they were even able to come to our cottage in Madison, Wi., for a few hours.

They discussed the fact that life would be a little simpler for them if they did not have a two story home with a basement and an upstairs apartment. They looked at vacant property in Orangeville and asked Harold to build a house for them on Illinois Route 26 that then ran through Orangeville. The lot was across the street from a busy gas station, an ideal spot for their business. Harold built them a house. Later, the house next door became available and they bought it and remodeled it to suit their needs. The kitchen counters were all

changed to wheelchair height. They kept the first house for rental. They added some gift items along with the greeting cards. They were quite compatible, business was increasing and they were married.

Harold and I decided to build a small house and bought a prefab from Frank Leid. A lot became available across from Davidson's gas station at the north edge of town (*Barkau's automobile sales operation now occupies the former Davidson location.*)

Our first son, Terry Lee, was almost two when baby brother, Dennis Harold, joined the family on December 29, 1946. I would have loved to buy Uncle Harry's lovely old home on Mill Street, but that was out of our financial reach just then. To this day, I remember the walnut trim and the staircase in the front entrance. There was also a back stairs that came down to the kitchen. So many older homes were built that way for the use of a maid or housekeeper. Our bedroom in that house had stained wooden shutters and no curtains. Uncle Harry's bedroom had an outside entrance that was, at one time, the entrance to Dr. Thompson's office.

Sometime after Denny was born, the folks asked Harold to build them a house. A lot close to Daddy Bear's store became available when the frame Evangelical Church on Harrison Street — the church where Harold and I were married — burned in December 1947. This was not the first house Harold built, but I think at this time I began to realize that this was the true beginning of his house building career. And little did I realize that many years in the future I would have a 38 year career in Freeport area real estate.

Harold, being a typical farm boy, still loved the outdoors and decided he would rather cut wood than meat. We saw an ad for Pollman homes by Thyer Manufacturing Company in Toledo, Ohio. We contacted them and they sent out a factory rep, a woman, to meet and talk with us. She was a terrific gal and soon convinced us it was the way to go.

(Turn to page 6)

(From page 5)

Good lumber was hard to find due to World War II. Pollman homes were pre-cut, not pre-fab, which meant they were competitive with stick built but under roof much quicker.

My folks signed a note for us and we purchased three lots on the south edge of Cedarville and ordered our first Pollman home package. Using local men, whose names I don't recall, we had the house under roof the second day and ready for heating, plumbing and electric sub-contractors.

With advertising plus open houses, we attracted attention from a lot of people. That first Pollman home sold for \$7,900, including the \$250 lot, the second one for \$8,000. This was 1950. It's hard to get my mind around those prices now.

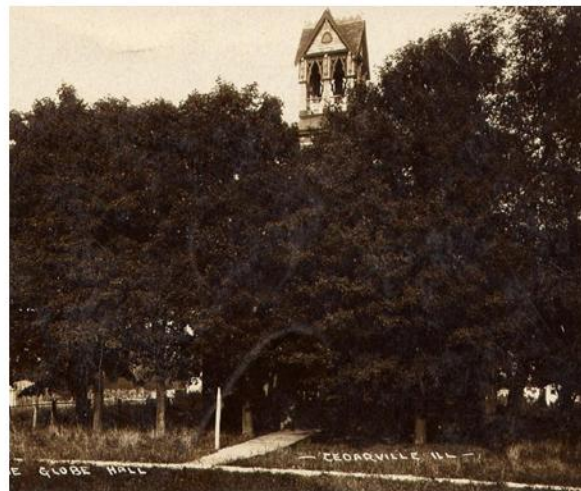
One man who helped us a lot with those first homes was Henry Sill. Mom and dad had made him a place to live in above their store because the old building where he was living was torn down. Dad let him stock shelves, sweep floors and do odd jobs so he would be eligible for social security. He became a part of our family and ate meals with us often. He left once and took the train to Nebraska to live with a niece. It wasn't very long before he called one day and asked if he could come home. I think he missed Cedarville as much as he missed us.

In 1947 we sold our pre-fab to Laverne Stubbe and built a larger Pollman home behind the Cherry Street store on a lot at 135 Harrison Street. We felt it would be a safer location than the pre-fab on the highway. Well, this location had drawbacks too. The boys were just toddlers and they discovered they could go through the back yard before breakfast to get candy and ice cream from grandma's and grandpa's store. We finally told them they could not have anything unless they had money. Can you imagine how a rule like that would work with grandparents? It didn't!

(Peggy will conclude her memoirs in the next edition of the historical society newsletter.)



Left: Henry Sill, undated photo. Middle: 2012 photo of 1947 Pollman house built at 135 Harrison Street by Schoonhovens. Below: The house was built on a lot that in the late nineteenth century was the site of a brick Evangelical Church. In the early twentieth century, the building was home to a fraternal organization, village activities and an electric generating plant. (See separate story on next page about the building.)



Long-Forgotten Church Replaced by Residence

By Jim Bade

When Peggy and Harold Schoonhoven in 1947 erected their Pollman pre-fab house at 135 Harrison Street, did they realize the lot was once the site of Cedarville's Evangelical Church, built in 1888? I don't know, but here's the story according to the late Clyde Kaiser, Cedarville historian

The fraternal order, Knights of the Globe, is barely remembered as a fraternal order, but recollections of its meeting hall, The Globe Hall, remain with many of the Cedarville residents up to the early 1920s. Globe Hall was a popular meeting place for dinners, picnics, plays and community activities for many years. It originally was an Evangelical Church, located at 135 N. Harrison. It was a large brick building lined on either side by posts to which horses could be tied. *(It ceased being a church about 1893 when the congregation split. The Cedarville branch built a frame church on Harrison near Cherry. The Schoonhovens were wed in this new church. It burned down in December 1947. Editor)*

William W. Krape of Freeport (*Namesake of Krape Park: Editor*) was Supreme Captain General of the Order of the Knights of the Globe with headquarters in Freeport. He had great hopes for its development into an international organization. The supreme council was organized in 1889 and great interest in local areas soon developed. The Cedarville lodge was known as the Col. Holden N. Putman Garrison No. 15. *(Col. Putnam was commander of the 93rd Illinois Infantry Regiment in the Civil War. He was killed in battle and is buried in Freeport. Editor)*

Key words in the organization were: Obedience, honesty and loyalty. It advocated free thought, free speech, free conscience. Its motto was "justice and liberty for all." The dues were nominal: volunteer rank, \$3; militant rank, \$2; knight rank, \$2; sir knight rank, \$3. Membership in the ladies' auxil-

iary, known as the Eminent Lady's Garrison, was \$2. Honorably discharged soldiers of the U. S. army were exempt from paying membership dues.

Members were privileged to take advantage of life insurance by joining the Knights of the Globe Mutual Benefit Association, which was quoted as "the cheapest, most perfect and best protected life insurance association in existence."

No records of the membership in the Cedarville lodge have been found, but for its brief period of existence, it must have been flourishing in order to maintain the building and its various activities.



Reportedly scene from 1906 production at the Knights of the Globe Hall.

The building and site later became the generating plant for the first electric lighting company of Cedarville. It housed a large gasoline engine and generator which furnished Cedarville with electricity until the arrival of transmission lines from Freeport. The private company was owned by Homer Ash, Cedarville resident.

It is possible the insurance benefits of the order might have been adversely affected by the great San Francisco earthquake of 1906. This event brought disaster to many financial institutions throughout the country

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1959—60 students from grade book of Cedarville principal-teacher Don Morris



Coach Morris at December 8, 1959, basketball game. Number 14 is Hooker Holtan; number 10 is Denny Nampel.

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The historical society is recognized as a non-profit organization by Illinois and the U.S. government and as such has been designated as eligible to receive tax deductible gifts under the IRS tax code regulation 501 (c) (3).