

ECHOES OF CEDARVILLE JANUARY 2014

Cedarville Area Historical Society



Society Lunch, Annual Meeting Feb. 2

The Cedarville Area Historical Society annual meeting and the society's traditional chili/soup/sandwich lunch will be Super Bowl Sunday, February 2, starting at 11 a.m. in the Jane Addams Community Center on W. Washington street in the village.

The annual meeting in a former classroom of the building will include board elections and reports by Jim Bade, society president, and Galen Bertram, society treasurer. Lunch tickets at the door are \$5 for adults, \$2 for children under 12.

Society Survey Sheds Light on Membership

For the first time a realistic survey has been made of the membership of the Cedarville Area Historical Society.

A check of the rolls indicates the total number of members is 229 adults. The number of children has not been determined because we don't know the size of

individual families.

According to addresses, the 231 adults live in 24 states and one other country — France.

Obviously, Illinois leads the states with 158 members, seventy per cent of the total. Wisconsin is second with 14 members.

The southern states of Arizona, Texas and Florida account for 21 members. They are mostly retired, former Cedarville residents.

For a map and complete breakdown on the location of members, turn to pages 4 and 5

*Christmas Party Photos
on pages 2 and 3*

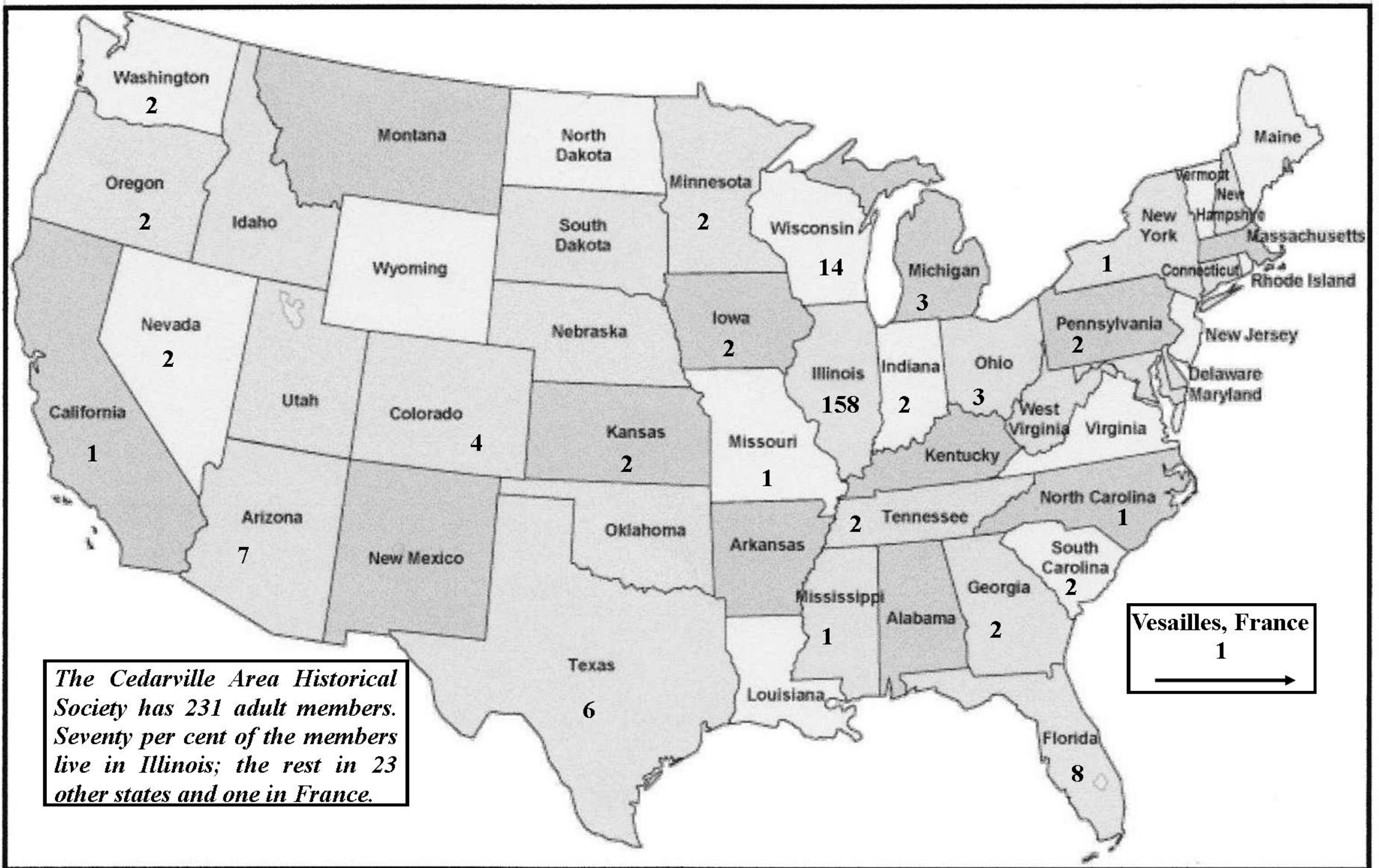
*LeRoy Wilson Tales
of winter on pages
6, 7 and 8*



Cold Night, But Hot Holiday Sing-Along!

The temperature hovered somewhere around 11 degrees the evening of December 10 when the Cedarville Area Historical Society held its annual Christmas party and sing-along, but it didn't hold back the full house crowd of society members and guests. The 6 p.m. to 8 p.m. festivities featured a 45 minute program of holiday and popular songs by the Cadence barbershop quartet who then led the audience in singing Christmas carols with Carole Bertram at the keyboard. The crowd was treated to a complimentary glass of wine from the cellar of Cedarville's Famous Fossil Winery. There was also plenty of food and sweet treats from the kitchens of historical society members.





Cedarville's Snow Meant Great Sledding

(In 2005 the late LeRoy Wilson penned this memory of Cedarville sledding in the 1930s for the historical society newsletter. With winter here, we think it appropriate.)

During the time of my childhood, we took our sledding seriously. There was no better place to sled than Cedarville. Drive or walk through our village and observe there are few level spots in our town.

There was a terminology and an art to sledding in my day. First you didn't want a sled that was much longer than from your knees to your head. This allowed for easy carrying and "belly slamming". Belly slamming consisted of running as fast as possible and slamming the sled to the ground with your body on it all in one smooth operation. When a sled was too long, it was awkward to carry and slam because the rear of the runners struck the ground first resulting in a gut buster, not a smooth slam. So much for the technical aspects of sledding.

The streets of Cedarville were usually coated with hard packed snow most of the winter. There were few autos so very little or no sand or cinders were spread. If cinders were spread, we kinds swept them off.

Our sledding was done all over town, but there were a couple of favorite hills. Of course, one was the old school house hill. On a good sledding day and with two or three people on top of one another for weight, you got quite a run down the long school hill, p the shorter hill by Cronau's left and down the hill on Mill, left around the curve, across the bridge and left into the farm house drive. I'll admit that by the time you turned into the farm's drive, you were going quite slow. that was a record run and we always wanted to tie it.

Most nights with mild weather found us on Mill

Street again with a different starting point. This time it was in front of the old Methodist Church. We wuld again get a good belly slam heading north and run the previously mentioned course.

We tried to get an early start for school. That gave us time to run Mill Street before school started. We had two bells run to start school. The first bell gave you the warning. Five minutes later the second bell rang and you were to be in your seat.

One morning I ended a sled run and was walking back up the hill when the first bell sounded. A bobsled with a wagon box of corn and oats pulled by a team of horses was just ahead of me. The farmer was on his way to Laborde's grist mill which was on Harrison Street where the water tower now stands.

I thought this would get me up the hill faster and easier. I slammed my sled, reached up to grab hold of the bobsled and a horrible thing happened. I accidentally caught hold of the tail gate handle. The tail gate opened and the load of shelled corn and oats was dumped on top of me.

The farmer's name I don't remember, but he had to be a Pennsylvania Dutchman 'cause the swearing and hollering sounded like my grandpa and when he was angry, he said the same things.

I was very late to school that morning. We shoveled and swept all the oats and corn and locaded it bacvk into the wagon box. The five minute bell didn't mean much that morning.

This happened right in front of Ray Cronau's house. Wouldn't Ray be surprised to look out his window and see a sight like this some morning? A sight from the past!

(The late Ray Cronau lived on the southwest corner of Mill and Second streets.)



Others used Mill Street in the winter of 1939. Top, left: Henry Taft, bobsled driver; Lester Shippy, below Taft; Mrs. George (Leila) DeZell and Mrs. Harold Propp to right of Taft; Bud Lafferty, farthest right, and twenty assorted Cedarville children.

Society Schedules Five Major Events for 2014

At its October meeting the Cedarville Area Historical Society board scheduled five events for 2014.

Sunday, February 2 — The annual soup, sandwich and salad lunch at the Jane Addams Community Center.

Monday, May 26 — Memorial Day parade and picnic at the museum.

June, July — Friday night free movies

Saturday, September 20 — Jane Addams Festival.

Tuesday, December 9 — Christmas party and sing-along

Cedarville Area Historical Society
P. O. Box 336, Cedarville, IL 61013
Phone: 815-563-4202

Web site:
www.cedarvilleareahistoricalsociety.org
E-mail:
info@cedarvilleareahistoricalsociety.org
Also on Facebook

Jim Bade, President
Narcissa Engle, Vice President
Galen Bertram, Treasurer
Sharon Barmore, Secretary
Steve Myers, director
Dale Priewe, director
Carol Meyers, director
Diane Hagemann, director
Don Franz, director

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



Oh for the Taste of Cedar Creek Ice

(You can never get too much of LeRoy Wilson's stories of Cedarville in the 1930s. This one on winter ice and hot summer days was also penned in 2005))

In the early 1930s when I was a small child in Cedarville, there were few if any refrigerators in the village.

Strohm's store operated an ice house along with their general store. The structure that housed the ice storage no longer exists. It was adjacent to the east side of the store.

During the winter months, the ice was cut from Cedar Creek and hauled to the storage area by horse teams and bob sleds. It was stacked in the ice house much like hay was placed in a hay mow. They used heavy rope and pulleys and dragged the ice into place. Tons of sawdust was used to cover each layer of ice as the house was filled.

During the hot summer days of July, my grandmother would send me to Strohm's

with my coaster wagon to get ice for our ice box. We always had to take a bunch of old throw rugs along to put over the ice to reduce melting on the way home.

The store clerk would open the ice house, chip off a 50 pound chunk, then use a bucket of water to rinse off the sawdust. Lo and behold, a cake of clear sparkling ice would appear.

We kids would scramble for the small chunks of ice that flowed when the chipping began. These delicious pieces we sucked on all the way home.

I think we paid ten or fifteen cents for a large chunk of ice.

This was ice right off Cedar Creek. No one got sick. I guess we were immune to those things back then. I do remember cows stood in the creek during the summer to get cool and do their thing.

That was good ice!