

# ECHOES OF CEDARVILLE

OCTOBER 2012

*Cedarville Area Historical Society*



## *Museum Elevator Here!*



Crews of Nu Trend Accessibility Systems Inc. in Moline, Il., on September 27 began installation of the lift that will move visitors between the two floors of the museum. Also on hand was Adam Larson of Freeport's Banner Construction, contractor for the shaft that houses the lifting unit. It will be several more weeks before the \$36,000 project is completed and the lift is ready for use. All funds for the lift came from members of the historical society and the Cedarville Lions Club.

### *Extra, Extra!!*

Until now the newsletter of the Cedarville Area Historical Society has been published only ten times a year — January through October. Because so many things have happened and will happen in 2012, the newsletter will also be published in November and December.



*Left: Runners and walkers from under thirteen years to seventy four years line up for the start of the Jane Addams Festival 5K run and walk on the Jane Addams Trail. Below: Cedarville's Nancy Jones (straw hat) had the attention of young and old as she gave instructions in the Cedarville Museum on how to make corn husk dolls. Willing students are Mark and James DeWall and Kathleen Glaze.*



## Festival Defies Brrrrr!

Despite the chilly and threatening weather, the Saturday, September 22, Jane Addams Festival was a great success. In the morning, more than 35 runners and walkers turned out for the 5K run and walk on the Jane Addams Trail. Starting at 11 a.m., young and old visited the Cedarville Museum for games, a two dollar picnic lunch, and a free tour of the museum

*Tom Wolf of Orangeville with the trophy he won for being the fastest male in the Jane Addams Festival 5K run. His time was 20 minutes, 53 seconds. Monica Pierce of Freeport was the fastest female with a time of 27 minutes and 47 seconds. She was unavailable for a photograph.*



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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).*



*Eight members of the Stephenson County Home Economists met September 10 at the Cedarville Museum. Besides conducting normal business, the group heard a presentation on museum and historical society activities by Jim Bade, president of the CAHS. From left: Nancy Jones, Helen Fullerton, Barb McDonough, Eleanor Chance, Lois McCulloch, Joanne Schwandt and Ruth Olson. Ruth Smith, another member, also attended but is not pictured. The group dates to 1960.*

*Seven government officials from Yemen, their interpreters and two dozen Stephenson County residents were Labor Day guests at a picnic on the Cedarville Museum grounds. The event was hosted by the Freeport Area International Visitors Council under the direction of Nancy Otte of Cedarville. The museum has been the site of several such visits by foreign guests over the past two years.*



*Rick Barkau of Barkau Motors in Cedarville and Freeport presents a check for \$300 to Jim Bade, president of CAHS. The contribution was in appreciation for members of the historical society who helped the company celebrate its sixtieth anniversary in July by cooking and serving free hot dogs and hamburgers one Saturday to the public. Cook-masters and servers were Don Heilman, Dale Prieve, Harlan and Judy Corrie, Carol Meyers and Bonnie Bade.*

# At 87, Peggy Ann Schoonhoven Looks Back

*(We all should be as mentally alert and physically well as Peggy Schoonhoven, former Cedarville resident now living in Freeport. When asked to pen some of her memories of the village, she did not hesitate. The next four issues of the newsletter will feature her thoughts. Because many of the younger readers won't be familiar with some of her references, the editor will take the liberty of jumping in with italicized commentary.)*

Do you remember the how, why and when you arrived at the destination of your "growing up" years? Well, I do even though I will soon be 87. I can recall, very fondly, a lot of the memories of my years in Cedarville.

After my parents were divorced, mom and I were on the move often. I was shuffled from relative to relative and was not a happy camper, but mom had to work. My brother, Robert, chose to remain with Grandma Miller in Monroe, Wi., Mother was working at J.C. Penny Company, also in Monroe, but wanted to find a job where I could be with her more.

She heard about a position in Dakota, Il., at the Dakota Boy's School. She had a sister and family living there already. Mom accepted the job and we had a room on the third floor of a large building. The boys dorm was in a different building across the street. Most of the boys were from the Chicago area and several were in need of special schooling, training and discipline. The school had a good reputation and excellent teachers.

Mother's job was cooking and then opening the dumb-waiter that took it up to the dining room. I remember how frightened I was of that apparatus of pulleys and ropes. Mother also washed and ironed 75 shirts each week that the boys had to wear for dress-up. I would sometimes fall asleep in the kitchen waiting for her to finish her evening chores.

One summer night she was invited by a friend to

attend a dance in Cedarville above Strohm's store. She was introduced by her friend to Glen Bear who played the trombone with the band. Elfreda Zimmerman was the pianist. Little did I know that someday she would give me piano lessons.

Mother never went anywhere without me and I had a lot of friendly laps to sit on when she was asked to dance. That was my first introduction to the village of Cedarville.

*(Strohm's general store and meat market, owned by Ida and John Strohm, was a two story frame structure on the northeast corner of Mill and Cherry streets. Originally used by the Henney Buggy Company in the late nineteenth century, the building is now a two unit rental structure.)*



**Lena artist Pam Barton's painting of teens peeking into windows at Strohm's to watch a dance.**



**Ida and John Strohm in front of their store.**

It was after that dance that Glen Bear started dating the lady with a little girl called Peggy Ann. I was privileged to be included on all dates and I fit just nicely on the ledge in front of the rear window, right behind the seat of his gray model T Ford coupe.

I was a pretty good little girl, but I told all of Glen Bear's relatives that he gave mom long kisses. He started coming to see mom quite often. Only a good natured man would put up with taking a lady's child along on a date, but he was that kind of a man.

I started first grade in Dakota and my teacher was Helen Hutchinson, a very sweet lady. In a very short time she asked mother if she could advance me to second grade. It seems I was not busy enough and wasting time. That never happened again during the rest of my school years.

One of my playmates in Dakota was Carolyn Virtue who, in later years, came back into my life when she married my husband's brother, Karl Schoonhoven. It is a small world.

Glen Bear had been a bachelor for many years and lived with his father. The villagers were all surprised when he married the lady with the little eight-year-old girl. They were married September 9, 1933, and mom left her job at the boys school and we moved into Glen's father's house on Cherry Street close to Bollman's store. Glen Bear stepped into fatherhood with both feet and I was thrilled to have a daddy and a grandpa. I was now a part of Cedarville and would be for many years.

I am not sure what year it was when Daddy Bear gave up his former job to work for John Bollman in his grocery. Mom would sometimes send me to the store with 25 cents to buy a pint of ice cream to enjoy while listening to favorite radio programs. We ate lots of cereal back then so I could get prizes in the box or use the box top to send in for other things.

Daddy Bear played with the Freeport Concert Band all summer at Krape Park and mom and I would ride along with him on Sunday afternoons. We would sit

on a blanket and listen to great music.

Mother wanted me to play the piano, and you guessed it, Alfreda Zimmerman was my teacher and a good one. Every week for two years I walked to her house for lessons. When my invalid Uncle Harry Zweifel lived with us for awhile, I had to give it up because I made him nervous when I practiced. What I did learn helped me later in life as I could read music, sing with groups and even did solos. I realize now I should have started lessons later in life.



**From left: Mrs. Harry Wolfe, Mrs. Edgar Pepperman, Mrs. Floyd Barker, Mrs. Alfreda Zimmerman and Mrs. Ralph Wohlford. All lived on Cedar Street. 1930s photo.**

It's amazing to me what our parents allowed us to do by ourselves in the 30s. I made bus trips alone to Grandma Miller's house in Monroe. I would walk a block from my house to Stephenson Street (Route 26), stand on the corner and wave the bus down. Sometimes I would be the only one on the bus Sunday night coming home. The driver would let me sit up front by him. He would turn the radio to some good music and whistle for me. You don't hear men whistle to music anymore. Could it be there is no good music now?

My next adventure was tap dancing lessons and Daddy Bear took me to Freeport for those. Shirley Temple was my role model then and I even had a Shirley Temple doll with clothes to match mine. (Thanks to Grandma Miller for spoiling me.) I really enjoyed the lessons and worked hard all year for a recital in Freeport. Mother had a woman make me a snazzy outfit from sateen material with lots of organdy ruffles. I had black patent tap shoes tied with big black bows. Poor mom was sick and in bed and couldn't go, but my cousin Marie drove me to Freeport for the recital. I sang and danced to a song titled "Is It True What They Say About Dixie?" I still remember some of the lyrics and now and then I find

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myself singing it. Speaking of singing: Kay Frank organized some singing groups. Ruth Reed, Helen Kryder, Kay and I sang in some of the musical programs of the Cedarville Players.

There are two highlights in my memory bank that I hope will always be there for recall. In 1935 Jane Addams of Hull-House in Chicago and winner in 1932 of the Nobel Peace Prize was brought to Cedarville for burial. Jane was born and raised in the village and it was an honor for Cedarville to have her returned to be one of them. Jane's body was sent by train to Freeport and then taken to the Addams homestead at the end of Mill Street by hearse. I was almost ten years old when I marched with all of the school children down that long hill from the school to the Addams home, stood by the casket and sang. We then lined up in the yard behind the hearse and marched, carrying small American flags, to her gravesite and sang "America the Beautiful". I had never seen so many flowers in one place before in my young life and probably never will again. It took me several years before I actually understood the magnitude of that day and I was a part of it.

A second memorable event was the birth of my baby sister, Mary Lou, a month before my eleventh birthday in 1936. She weighed four pounds and three ounces. My doll was bigger than she was. Her bonnet fit over a teacup. She couldn't be brought home until she weighed five pounds. When she was a toddler and could talk, if people would say she was my half sister, she would say, "She is not. She is my whole one."

In November of 1955 she married her high school sweetheart Ted Wootan at Cedarville Congregational Church. She started playing the piano there when she was 19. After Ted served in the army during World War II, they had four children — three daughters and a son. One daughter passed away at nine months. Mary Lou lived 49 short years and we lost her to cancer. I have loved and enjoyed her children over the years.

During the early 30s, we didn't have today's conveniences. There was no plumbing, central heating, air conditioning, tv, cell phones, refrigerators, microwaves or computers. These things were yet to come, but what you don't have, you don't miss. It made us more creative and we had other things to enjoy like roller skating, ice skating, bikes, sleds, playing games until dark, radio, summer outdoor movies, sleep overs at a friend's house, church and school programs and events at the community house.

I do wonder how we ever endured an icebox. We had to drive to Bailes ice plant in Freeport. Fortunately the ice was cheap so we could buy large chunks because they were much smaller when we got home. The worst part of an icebox was when you forgot to empty the pan underneath until water started running across the kitchen floor. How do you pick it up to empty it? Answer: You just kept a mop handy. Foods didn't keep as long in an icebox either. It was not uncommon to have a summer kitchen and you could keep things out there in the winter and they would freeze. In the spring we would move to the summer kitchen. Ours was small and probably started life as a porch.

The kitchen stovepipe ran up through my bedroom and I got a few nasty burns on winter mornings when I dressed by the stovepipe. The living room oil burner pipe went up through Grandpa Bear's bedroom and it was a little embarrassing when you had company and he was rattling the pot lid. You would just try to talk a little louder.

Grandpa Bear had a big barn out back and he let me make a playroom in the haymow in summertime. We opened the big door in the haymow to get light and air. Outside the back door was the well pump. We had drinking water and everyone drank from the same bucket and dipper in the kitchen. The cistern pump was in the summer kitchen so we also had rainwater for hair washing and Saturday night baths. Water was stove heated and kids shared the same tub water. Fortunately, I had only one sister and she used a bath table until she was walking.

*(Peggy's story continues in next newsletter)*

## Here's Gary Wagner's Tale Of One of 'Fuzzy's' Siblings

*(Upon reading Nelson Ottenhausen's story last month of "Fuzzy" the Cedarville flying squirrel, Gary "Butch" Wagner, now 70, felt he had to respond.)*

As did Nelson Ottenhausen, I also grew up in Cedarville in the forties and fifties. I can corroborate part of Nelson's story about his flying squirrel "Fuzzy." He did have one of three from the nest. I had a second and like Nelson I can't remember who took the third baby.

I can remember the evening Ray Cronau was cutting down the tree at the telephone station across from our house. My dad, Jerry, and "Swede" Fransen were helping him. I wanted to be over there, but my dad made me stay on the porch and watch from there.

Dad brought the baby flying squirrel home, gave it to me and said, "let's see if we can save him." I can remember my mother giving me an eyedropper to see if the baby would take warm milk. He or she wouldn't so mom suggested we add a little molasses to make it sweeter. That did the trick and the little guy began to thrive.

I can't remember what we named him, but later when my grandchildren would ask me to tell them a story about the "old days", I came up with "Rocky" the flying squirrel. They still love me to tell them the story. We actually had to "google" flying squirrel to show them there was such a thing.

Anyway, back to Rocky and his antics.

I kept Rocky in a cigar box next to my bed. He would pretty much stay there when he was little, but as he grew and winter arrived it was a different story. We had no heat upstairs and every morning when I woke up, Rocky would be curled up inside my pajama leg. As I recall, he was not very active in the

winter because flying squirrels hibernate in the winter. Come spring it was a different story. He was all over the house. I can remember him climbing up the kitchen cabinets and sailing down to the kitchen table during meals. To get on the table he had to be above it and "fly" down. I can also remember that Rocky was so small that he could sit on the rim of my dad's water glass to drink.



*Gary "Butch" Wagner in seventh grade*

Rocky lasted one fall, all winter and most of the next summer. Unlike Nelson's Fuzzy, Rocky's end wasn't so romantic. I came home one evening and my mother was sitting at the kitchen table. She was noticeably upset and she asked me if I knew that during the day Rocky would sleep in my socks if they were scattered around my room. I didn't know this; but mother was telling me that she had accidentally put Rocky through the laundry that morning.

But Rocky lives on as one of my great memories of growing up in Cedarville and as my grandchildren's favorite story of the "old days" in Cedarville!

*(At the time of this incident, Gary lived with his sister Duane Cox and his brother Fred on Mill Street across from old telephone exchange building.)*



*Tami Mulder & Nancy Jones*

## A Little Bit of Hull-House Comes to Cedarville Home

Learning the craft of spinning was encouraged at the Jane Addams Hull-House in Chicago early in the twentieth century, according to a 1907 book by Miss Addams. What then could be more appropriate than a recent meeting of the Moonspinners of Northwest Illinois in the former Addams family homestead in Cedarville?

Normally the group meets from 7 to 9 p.m. the third Wednesday evening of each month at the Bethany United Church of Christ in Freeport. "But we occasionally take 'field trips' to a member's home," said Suzy Beggin, a master spinner and a mainstay of the group. Moonspinner member Kathleen Glaze lives in the 19th century childhood home of Jane Addams.

Suzy said the organization is looking for new members. "Our guild consists of every range of spinners and weavers from expert to clueless-newbies and everyone is welcome to join us regardless of what level you are", she added.



*Suzy Beggin with son, Jacob, 8 months, on lap and daughter, Carolyn, 2 years*



*Jennifer Timmer, Judy Mueller, Nanette Mosher and Deb Kraft*



*Hostess Kathleen Glaze and Jennifer Timmer*