

ECHOES OF CEDARVILLE

OCTOBER 2016

Cedarville Area Historical Society



Renovation of Museum Underway; New Project Will Add Mini-Kitchen

*By Jim Bade
CAHS President*

Immediately after Labor Day, work started on a long-delayed plan to make better use of the museum's second floor south room. When completed, the three phase project will include a mini-kitchen, repair of the heavily damaged walls and ceilings, restoration of the wood floors,

six storm windows, new lighting, an enclosed area for building operation equipment and heating and cooling.

The mini kitchen, the main component of the first phase, is already under construction as shown by the photos on pages 2 and 3 of this newsletter. Estimated cost of the kitchen components is \$2400. Already, \$1140 has been contributed by

(Turn to page 3)



Galen Bertram, left, historical society treasurer, and Steve Myers, society board member, position one of the several cabinets that they will install on the east wall of the mini-kitchen.



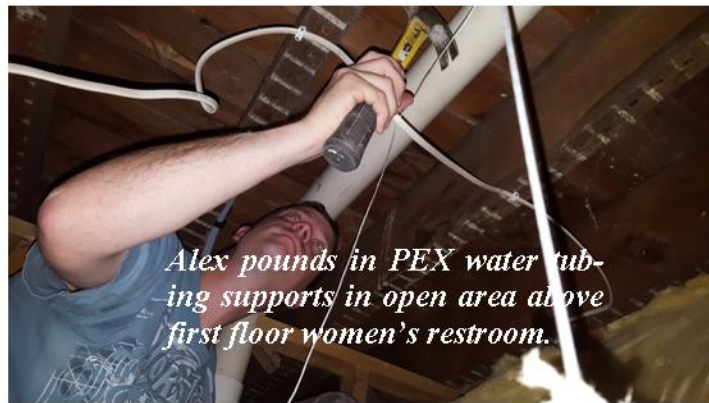
Galen drills and drills ...



To the basement to cut a passage from there to the second floor for drainage, water and electric lines.



... and pounds and pounds ..



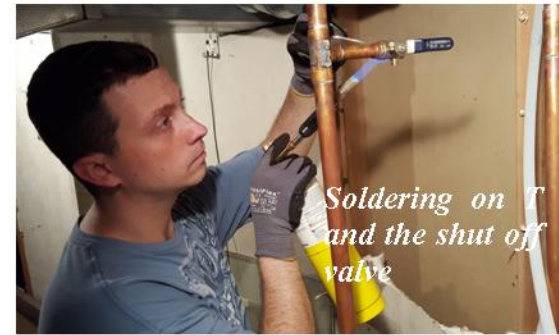
Alex pounds in PEX water tubing supports in open area above first floor women's restroom.



... through three layers of bricks.



Alex cuts into copper pipes leading to water heater.



Soldering on and the shut off valve

(from page 1)

historical society members and others. All labor for the kitchen project is being contributed by society members Galen Bertram and his son Alex and Steve Myers.

Better food serving facilities have become a must because of the increased attendance at the society's many evening programs where free light snacks are served after each program and because of more outside groups making use of the museum for meetings, programs and celebrations. A major problem is the lack of water, drainage, refrigeration and adequate electricity on the second floor.

The mini-kitchen will have hot and cold water, a refrigerator, a microwave, a sink, counter space for food preparation and the appropriate electrical service.

The first phase will also include walling off the equipment area and restoration of the floors.



Waiting to be installed.



Drain and water lines connection to vent in second floor research library. Electric lines will follow the path of the water lines. All construction will be boxed and hidden from view.



Connection as seen from second floor south room. New cabinets will hide view.



Insulating outside east wall

A Confession (?) Forty Years Late

By Rick Noble
(Former Cedarville Resident)

(The year is 1968)

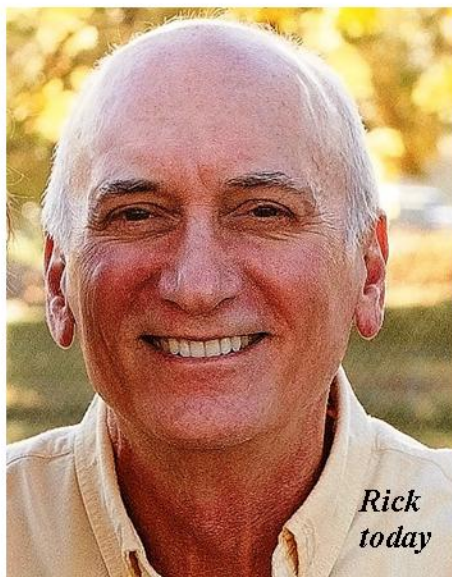
DeWayne Sturtevant's house was on fire. Dick Manske, Cedarville's part-time constable at the time, would have had little trouble solving this case, what with the two arson suspects standing flat-footed in front of the blaze, edging away only slightly because of the flames.

DeWayne stared wide-eyed, clutching an open book of matches while I let an empty Mason jar that reeked of high test gasoline slip out of my hand. We were both around 14 years old and no strangers to getting into trouble, but this escape might land us in reform school.

A cascade of thoughts raced through my adolescent brain upon hearing the whoosh of combustion. Earlier that month, Cedarville's volunteer fire department had staged a "water fight" behind the fire station on Oak Street, not far from where we stood. A small barrel was suspended on a cable halfway between a couple of telephone poles while two teams of firemen faced each other, high-powered fire hoses in hand, and tried to squirt the barrel to their opponent's end. It was like a high flying tug-of-war only with less grunting and more beer. Everyone got drenched, especially the spectators. But it was a hot summer, in the days before most homes had air conditioning, and everyone welcomed the relief.

Grandpa Fink stood next to me, recounting the days when firemen put on com-

petitions at county fairs that included ladder scaling, running hoses, and, of course, water fights to hone their fire-fighting skills. All I could think was how dull and dreadful life must have been before the advent of TV if watching volunteer firemen, most of whom were three sheets to the wind, passed for entertainment. Grandpa explained the term "dry run" meant the firemen were practicing without water and he, for one, was glad this was a "wet run."



Rick
today

A dry run would have been a good idea when DeWayne and I decided to take care of the huge wasp's nest we came across on his back porch that morning. Summer vacation was winding down and although neither of us wanted to admit it, we were running out of innocuous things to do. I'd seen my dad exterminate wasps a hundred times and figured everyone knew the routine. There were three simple steps: Splash a small amount of gasoline on the nest to stun

them. Then knock the nest to the ground with a stick and light it on fire. Works every time. Well, unless you divide the labor up into splasher/knocker and inexperienced/impatient igniter.

I splashed the gas, however, before I could reach for the stick. DeWayne tossed a lit match toward the nest and the wall of his porch burst into flames. *Fire, fire station, water fight, dry run, water!* It took a few seconds to snap out of my reverie and grab the garden hose to extinguish the blaze. But in that short time, the white wall was singed from top to bottom with a greasy charcoal streak.

I wish I could say that we waited for Frank and Kay Sturtevant to come home from work, confessed our sins, accepted our punishment and learned a valuable lesson. And, that might have happened had we not discovered most of a gallon of white paint in the garage and an old, stiff brush that I had to soak in gasoline for an hour to clean. (Luckily, I already knew where they stored the gas.)

We set about to scrape and repaint the damaged section. Since I had only managed to get the bottom inch or so of the bristles flexible enough to hold paint, the job was a lot like whitewashing a fence with a toothbrush. Sadly, the repair was so much whiter than the rest of the porch, we wound up moving everything into the yard and repainting two entire walls. It took all afternoon.

I got home exhausted and starving, but couldn't eat supper. I kept waiting for the phone to ring and to hear Mr. Sturtevant yelling at my dad about questionable pest control techniques, his firebug son, and reform school. The call never came.

The next day I asked DeWayne what happened. His dad noticed the bikes and boxes had been organized and the porch looked much cleaner. DeWayne concocted a scenario where he and I (yeah, he gave me up in a heartbeat) got so bored that we agreed to tidy it up ourselves. I doubt Mr. Sturtevant was buying any of this. But, I suppose he surveyed the situation and was just grateful. Constable Manske wasn't knocking at the front door, the house was still standing and nobody appeared to be missing any limbs.

And gee, didn't the porch look nice?

So for reasons fathers of boys everywhere will understand, he chose to let sleeping dogs lie. Of course, he suspected we had done something wrong and/or breathtakingly stupid, which gave him an advantage. He tousled DeWayne's red hair and said, "That's great, son." And added with a wink, "You know, the garage is a mess too."

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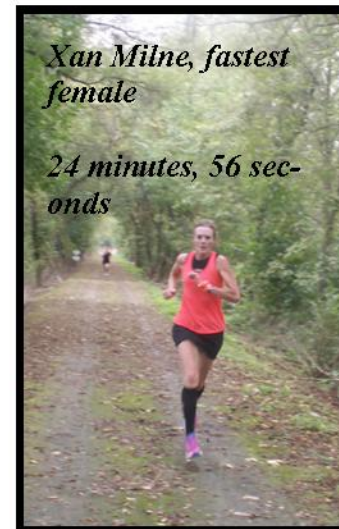
The society is recognized as a non-profit organization by Illinois and the U.S. government and has been designated as eligible for tax deductible gifts



Getting Ready: Pat Goodwin sorts the t-shirts. Jim Bade takes registrations.



Final instructions before starting



*Xan Milne, fastest female
24 minutes, 56 seconds*



After the race



And now the trophy



George Tillet, 73, fastest male over 60

29 minutes, 1 second



Angie Damin, fastest female between 30 and 39

25 minutes, 11 seconds

Great 5K Run/Walk On Jane Addams Trail September 24



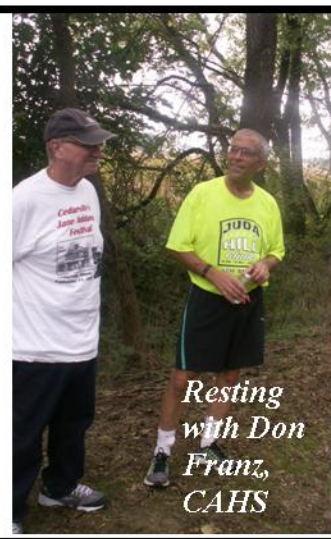
Ken Edenhauer, 73, second place male over 60. 38 minutes, 14 seconds



Wonderful feast at museum after the event prepared by Narcissa Engle and Carol Meyers.



*Tom Wolf, 58, fastest male
23 minutes, 34 seconds*



Resting with Don Franz, CAHS



And now the trophy



The historical society thanks the Stephenson County Sheriff's Reserve Unit for its invaluable services during the event.

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