

ECHOES OF CEDARVILLE

SEPTEMBER 2012

Cedarville Area Historical Society



Jane Addams Festival September 22

The Cedarville Area Historical Society will stage the ninth annual Jane Addams Festival Saturday, September 22. This year's event marks the 152nd birthday of the Nobel Peace Prize winner and founder of Chicago's Hull-House who was born in Cedarville.

The day's events will include a 5K run or walk on the Jane Addams Trail about two miles west of Cedarville with trophies and medals in fourteen categories plus games for all ages, a picnic lunch, festival t-shirts and a free museum tour.

All events except the run or walk will take place at the Cedarville Museum on top of the Second Street hill west of Mill Street.

The 5K run or walk will start at 9:30 a.m. at the Wes Block Trail Head south of US Rt. 20 bypass and end at Cedarville Road with awards to be presented approximately at 11 a.m. at the museum. Pre-registration is \$15; registration at 8:30 a.m. on race/walk day is \$18. All registrants receive a festival t-shirt.

There will be fourteen age and gender groups in the 5K run. The overall fastest male and female will receive a trophy. First second and third place finishers in the fourteen groups will receive medals.

The games for all ages will start at 11 a.m. at the museum. There is no registration or cost.

The \$2 picnic lunch, consisting of a hot dog on a bun, chips, lemonade or ice tea and a dessert will also be available at 11 a.m. The free tour of the museum will be available throughout the festival.

A pre-registration form for the 5K run or walk is in this newsletter on pages 2 and 3. Free copies of the newsletter are also available at the museum, the Cedarville post office, community center, Cedarville Mobile convenience store, Reed's Service, Hair It Is! on Rt. 26. south of the village, Barkau's North and South, Famous Fossils Winery, east of the village on Cedarville Road, Kent Bank on Fairview Road and Rt. 26 and the Cedarville churches..

5 K Run/Walk Course Information

The Jane Addams Festival 5K Run or Walk will take place Saturday, September 22, on the Jane Addams Trail about two miles west of Cedarville. It will start at the Wes Block Trail Head south of U.S. Rt. 20 and end at Cedarville Rd. There is parking at the starting point and at the finish line. The run and walk will take place regardless of weather. **Separate male and female age groups are 12 and under, 13 – 19, 20 – 29, 30 – 39, 40 – 49, 50 – 59, 60 & up and walkers.**

Race Day

Late registration at the starting line starts at 8:30 a.m. The runners will step off at 9:30 a.m., the walkers a few minutes later. There will be water on the route and fruit at the finish line.

Awards

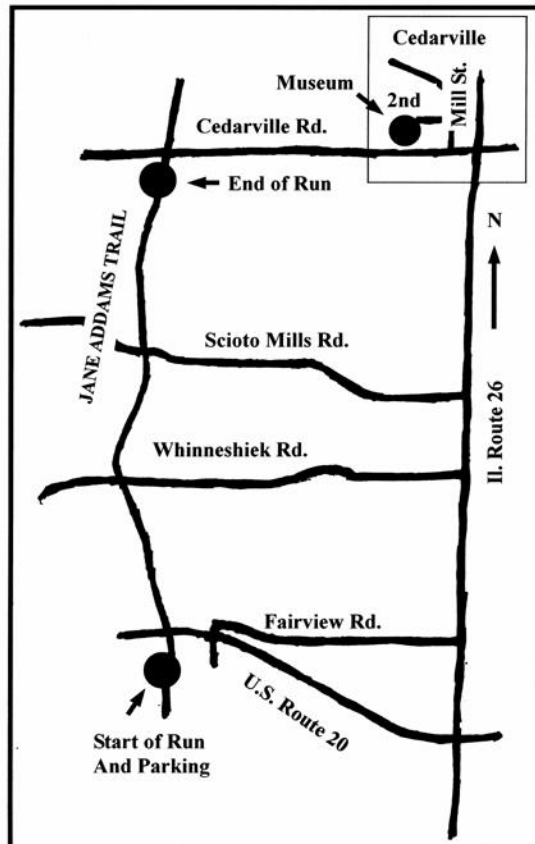
Awards will be presented about 11 a.m. at the Cedarville Museum on top of the Second Street hill just west of Mill Street. (See map) Trophies will go to the first overall male and female winners of the run. Medals will go to the top three male and female finishers in the seven age groups. Run and walk participants can join other Jane Addams Festival participants at the museum in games designed for all ages, a cake walk a free tour of the museum and a \$2 lunch.

Registration / Fees

The fee is \$15 for those who register by Sept. 22. Those registering on Sept. 22, will pay \$18. The fee includes a t-shirt for all participants.

The registration form and a check or money order made out to the Cedarville Area Historical Society should be mailed to the Cedarville Area Historical Society, Box 336, Cedarville, IL 61013

For information contact Jim Bade at 815-563-4485 or bonniebade@comcast.net.



5K RUN / WALK REGISTRATION

NAME _____ RACE DAY AGE _____ WALKER? _____

ADDRESS _____ CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

CIRCLE ONE CIRCLE ADULT T-SHIRT SIZE

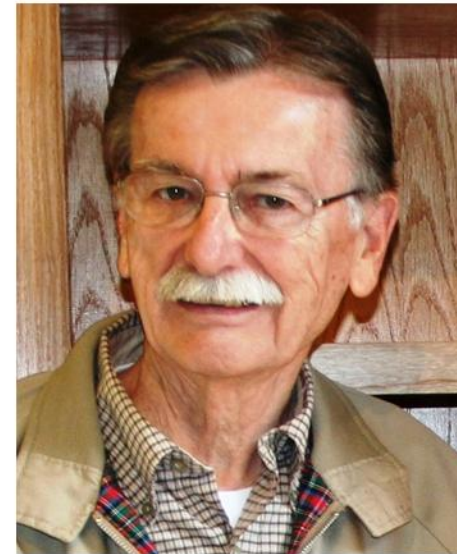
MALE FEMALE SML MED LRG X-LRG XX-LRG PHONE _____ HOME _____

WALKER: I hereby waive and release any and all claims of damages or injuries I may incur as a result of my participation in this contest. This waiver covers the Cedarville Area Historical Society, Jane Addams Trail Commission and other sponsors of the event.

SIGNATURE _____ (PARENT IF UNDER 18)



Scenes from August Elevator Construction



Historical Society Member Ray Cronau Dies at Home

Raymond V. Cronau, 82, of Cedarville and a very strong supporter of the Cedarville Area Historical Society, died peacefully at his home August 23. On the death of his wife, Rosabelle in 2006, Mr. Cronau and his children funded virtually the entire cost of the museum's second floor Rosabelle Cronau Research Center.

A Korean War veteran, Mr. Cronau worked 45 years with Northwestern Telephone Co. In the 1960s he was leader of Cedarville's Boy Scout Troop 23.

He is survived by three children, Matthew Cronau and Lisa Cronau Geyer of Billings, Mont. and Todd Cronau of Monroe, Wis., and a brother and sister and three grandchildren.

CAHS President to Talk On Civil War Regiment

Jim Bade, president of the Cedarville Area Historical Society, will tell the Civil War story of the 46th Illinois Infantry Regiment in a 7:30 p.m., September 18, talk at the museum.

More than half of the 2,000 men who served in the regiment were from Stephenson County. The unit fought at bloody Shiloh and Vicksburg and Fort Blakely, the war's last major land battle.

Admission is \$2 for historical society members and \$3 for others.

Cedarville Area Historical Society
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Also on Facebook

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

It's a Bird, It's a Plane, No, It's Nelson's Fuzzy

(Prodded by the editor of the newsletter, Nelson Ottenhausen, a published novelist and former Cedarville resident now living in Florida, couldn't resist telling this story about a post World War II incident in his life. Come on, Nelson, are you pulling my leg? Reader, you decide.)

As a child growing up in Cedarville during and after World War II in the 1940s, my father would gather up the family on Sunday afternoons in late September or early October and drive our old 1930 Hupmobile on North Oak and Bellview Roads northwest of the Cedarville Cemetery, to find black walnuts. When he found a walnut tree bordering a fence line, he'd stop the car and I would climb the tree to shake down the nuts still clinging to the limbs.

After gathering up the walnuts, we took them home and spread them on the driveway. For about two weeks, dad would drive over the nuts to crush the husks off and then he would spread them in the attic to dry out over the winter.

One summer after WWII ended, I acquired an unusual pet — a flying squirrel. I got the little gray critter when Ray Cronau and some other men cut down a damaged tree near the old telephone office on Mill Street. As a dead limb hit the ground, three baby squirrels scurried out. Ray caught them and gave me one and another to Duane Wagner. I don't remember who got the third one.

I ran home and put my new pet in a bird cage, making up a cardboard box with a small cloth for bedding. He burrowed under his makeshift blanket and stayed there until evening. I soon found out that he liked to eat pumpkin and sunflower seeds, but his favorite food of all, black walnuts.

Three days of living in the cage must have been enough jail time for Fuzzy (I named him the day after I got him) because one morning, I found the cage door slightly ajar. Somehow he figured out how to open it and got out. He'd be gone all day until sometime in the late evening then he'd come out to play.

Night after night this flying squirrel would entertain us by climbing to a high spot either on top of a kitchen cabinet or on top of a curtain rod in the living room then jump and glide across the room, landing onto the floor. He would do this for hours, over and over. Then one day he sailed from the living room and landed on my father, sitting at the kitchen table.

It scared dad a little, but he tolerated the little guy and said calmly, "Son, come get your pet." Eventually, dad allowed Fuzzy to run down his arm and drink coffee from his cup which became a regular evening event when dad had his after dinner coffee.

But when Fuzzy once landed on my mom, she screamed, "NELSON, come get this rodent off me!"

All that summer Fuzzy had the run of the house. Then late one night he found his way up to the attic and all night long we could hear this strange rolling sound that irritated my father.



After one particular noisy night, dad said, "Son, find out how Fuzzy is getting in the attic and fix it so he can't get up there. He's rolling the walnuts around on the floor and keeping me awake ... and it's driving your mother crazy."

I patched the hole he used and since he couldn't go to the attic, he'd come to my room at night and run around playing with anything that made noise. Toward morning, he'd disappear and I never knew where he went for the rest of the day. When early fall arrived, I found out, or I should say, my mother found out.

Every morning mom walked to the corner to get the mail. During the summer months, she didn't need a jacket or a coat because of our warm summers, but as fall began, sometime in mid-September, she would slip on something to keep out the chill.

This one September night we had a frost so in the morning, mom went to the stairwell where we hung our coats and put on a light jacket. She reached her hand into a picket to get a scarf to put on her head and an instant later, I heard a blood curdling scream.

At that moment I knew exactly where Fuzzy went all summer to hibernate during the day.

Mom yelled, "NELSON, come get your squirrel out of my coat pocket!"

I heard this more than once during the rest of the fall and winter.

We had Fuzzy for the entire winter that year. Then in late April of the following year he disappeared and I had no idea how he got out of the house or where he went, but about a week later he came back through my open bedroom window. Sometime around midnight,



Nelson O. Ottenhausen as he appeared in 1954 in his high school yearbook. Presumably the squirrels had disappeared long before this photo was taken.

he ran across my face and scared me out of a sound sleep. I switched on the light and saw him sitting up on the end of my bed, making a chipping sound. A second later he ran off toward the downstairs with me after him. I filled the food trays in his cage with seeds and he ate as if he was starving.

Two months later in late June, Fuzzy disappeared again. Then two nights later I felt something familiar run across my face. I switched on the light and saw not only Fuzzy sitting on my bed, but another flying squirrel the same size as him and three smaller ones sitting with him, looking at me through their little black, button-type eyes. I moved to get up and all five of the furry critters scurried off through the open bedroom window to the outside.

I never saw Fuzzy again after that visit, but he often came back into the house at night during the rest of the summer and I always knew when because I could hear him and the others playing with the walnuts in the attic.



Al Watson on bass



From left: Ernest, Mike, Vern, Al and Jeff

It was another full house August 21 for the third and final "music and history" program featuring the Bluegrass sound of the "Styles Junction" band. Members were: Vern Ellis, 12 string guitar; Mike August, mandolin and harmonica; Al Watson, upright bass; Jeff Wagner, 5 string banjo, Ernest Saunders, 6 string guitar.



Vern Ellis



The audience lined the back wall



Vern and Ernest with Jeff and Mike in the background



Mike August