

ECHOES OF CEDARVILLE

**September-
October 2024**

Cedarville Area Historical Society



Museum Updates

The Cedarville Area Historical Society's summer season has one remaining program for the 2024 season, September 17th—7:00 pm Dr Andrew Dvorak presents a look at Lost Lake

One of the biggest additions to the museum this year is our moving forward in the technology arena. Our Civil War display now has a motion sensor that automatically starts a video as you walk by. Now you can watch an explanation about the display depicting Cedarville and the role its residents played in the Civil War. In our off season additional monitors will be installed and multiple programs will be available on each of the monitors. Thank You Steve Myers for continuing to move us forward. Come visit us on a summer Saturday afternoon and check it out.

Lifelong Learning at Highland Community College will be conducting a Metal Detecting Class here at the museum on Monday, October 7th from 1:00-3:00. Cost of the class is \$25. For more information <http://highland.corsizio.com>. We understand that there will be demonstrations around the property...what do you think will be found? You can register on their website or call 815-599-3403.

This fall we hope to update the offerings in the Rose Croneau library and update a 'couple of our first floor displays so that we have a fresh look come Summer 2025.

We hope to do some sorting and reorganizing of some of our records and artifacts. When we get closer to that project we will be sending out notes inviting those who are interested to assist in that project to join us.

Facebook Postings and Learnings

- A posting about Carolyn and LeRoy Fransens Anniversary (65 years ago on July 2nd 2006)
 - Nancy said her dad was called Whitey and neighbor Gary said he only knew him as Swede
- A post about the 1911 photo of the Folgate Store in Red Oak
 - The school was located to the left of the store in the photo
 - William Bender built a general store around 1888 and switched to selling hardware when the Folgate grocery store opened
 - When the Folgate store closed it became The Modern Woodman Lodge, which sold investments and insurance products
 - Cindy states that her parents purchased the school when it closed and remodeled it in 1958 or 1959. They lived there until the 70's. Its also possible that Kayla's parents remodeled the school house as well
 - Michael's parents bought Woodie's farm and fixed it up using pillars from the Red Oak general store
- We added 13 new followers to our Facebook page
- Posted a photo of a school bus perhaps from around 1917ish
 - Generated comments about Bruce Soliday, sitting on his porch and telling his dog to fetch an apple from the apple tree
 - Everyone agreed that they walked to school all the way across town then down hill and up

Member's Memories

Richard Noble

It was starting to rain as I trudged up the hill to the old red brick building to begin first grade. Mr. Lloyd Popp, the janitor, was already ringing the bell which meant we could come directly inside before the official 8:20 am start to class. Kids who had been playing in the playground all filed in briskly as it tolled rhythmically, its rope making Mr. Popp bow up and down, giving the impression he was formally greeting each of us as we entered.

And so began my five years as a student in the last class to complete our primary education at Cedarville School. The year was 1960 and the Baby Boomer bulge was causing a classroom crisis throughout District 145. Our four-room schoolhouse accommodated Kindergarten through sixth grade and about 100 or so students. Naturally this meant some grades shared both classrooms and teachers. Kindergarten was in the basement and first grade usually had their own room, but the other grades would trade off splitting classes, depending on class sizes. It may sound like a backwoods remedy to the classroom shortage and possibly a disadvantage, having two grades in one classroom with a teacher alternately teaching one side while assigning reading or testing to the other. But it was a gift. If you were in third grade, you unwittingly got a preview of fourth grade. In fourth grade, you got to review third. Our school's standardized Iowa Basic Skills test results, which measured how well schools were teaching the fundamentals, were tops in our district due, in part, to this old-school method. The other significant part was that our parents and role models valued education. Like many of their generation, neither Grandma nor Grandpa Fink made it past the eighth grade and they were strong supporters of our school and school activities.

Since the school building was small, we used the Community House on Cedar Street as our gymnasium and auditorium. This structure was even older than the school and had been converted from a church into a facility with a basketball court and a small stage on the main floor and a kitchen/meeting area in the basement. The court wasn't long enough for basketball hoops to be suspended any distance from the end walls, so when driving in for a lay-up, players had to stop promptly or they'd smack straight into the wall. This was a distinct home court advantage for our struggling team. The Community House was as well-known to us as was the school because it was used for so many things: basketball, volleyball, birthday parties (my great grandma Fink's 85th), Halloween parties (Spookarama), plays (my mom acted in a few), and socials. People were more community minded back then. They didn't have 24-hour news or technological distractions. The Halloween parties at the Community House were my favorite. There were games, movies, snacks, a costume contest, and a haunted house in the basement staffed by teenagers. In the darkness, the teenagers would invite us little kids to reach into bowls of human eyes (olives) and brains (Jell-O). Back then all our costumes were homemade. My sister, Jane, and I dressed up one year as a doctor and a car-wreck patient (me in bandages). Grandma Fink had been elected to judge the contest and although she believed our costumes were best, she awarded us Second Place, because she didn't want to appear biased. That was the last year we stood a chance. Mrs. Gayle Wilson was an imaginative and talented costume designer and her children, Curt, Karen, and Cam, held a best Halloween costume dynasty for years after that. I remember one Halloween Mom dressed me up as a hobo. She burned a cork and rubbed my cheeks with the ashes to give the impression of a three-day stubble of beard. Dressed in rags, I slung a handkerchief bindle on a stick over my shoulder that doubled as my treat bag. This may seem offensive to modern sensibilities, dressing up your child as a homeless person, but it wasn't. Our folks had all lived through the Great Depression and had known hobos. They knew the difference between a hobo and a tramp. A hobo was just a guy down on his luck, but willing to work. The costume was more of a homage to a time they knew was, thankfully, past.

The playground surrounding the school contained a tall slide, swings, monkey bars, teeter-totters, a large merry-go-round, and an outdoor basketball court. There was a thick bed of pea gravel around everything, including on the basketball court, which made dribbling a challenge. To the west was the Battlefield where we'd play softball in the summer and have snowball fights in the winter. During football season, Mr. Popp would punt footballs to seemingly impossible heights for us boys to catch. He was rumored to have been a star athlete in his youth.

Richard Noble (cont.)

Mrs. Miriam Connor was my first-grade teacher as well as our principal. She taught us to read Dick and Jane stories using oversized classroom books that were nearly as tall as we were. She had endless patience and never lost her temper with us “spirited” boys, but would show her frustration by enunciating very clearly and slowly through clenched teeth. I called it her “Mother Superior voice,” but none of my friends made the connection because we were the only Catholics in town.

The small teaching staff at Cedarville School was bolstered by itinerant teachers. Once a week, Mrs. Sheila Doden would come and teach music. She seemed so exotic to us because she was pretty, spoke with a soft Southern drawl, and had the singing voice of an angel. She endeavored to teach us to play the Flutophone, which looked like a plastic recorder (flute), but seemed to have a greater propensity to squawk. The school kept enough on hand for the entire class to join in the cacophony. When class finished, she collected our instruments and put the mouthpieces in a jar of pink, foul-smelling liquid to sanitize them for next time. After witnessing this maintenance step, none of us was eager for our next performance.

The upper classes would have Senor Victor Rosales stop by each week to teach Spanish. Unbeknownst to us, he taught us Castilian rather than Latin American Spanish. So, if we happened to recall anything by the time we got into high school Spanish, it sounded like we talked with a lisp.

In the winter, we draped our wet coats and mittens over the massive radiators that occupied each classroom. Things dried in no time while diffusing the steamy scent of fresh laundry throughout our rooms. On uncomfortably warm days Mr. Popp would open the windows, since there was no air conditioning, and we would soon know if the lilacs were in bloom or if today the farmer was spreading manure. A gentle breeze could make the half-open window blinds buzz like the sound of cicadas rising and falling on a summer evening. It’s odd that the sound of cicadas even now reminds me of devouring a dog-eared Hardy Boys book while slouching in a hard, wooden desk chair.

I tip my hat to Robert Fulghum when I say that all I really needed to know I learned in Cedarville School. I learned to decipher the written word and there is no greater source of knowledge. I learned the rules of a civilized society: Share. Be a good sport. Don’t hit. Clean up your own mess. Don’t take things that are not yours. I learned about death when someone accidentally overfed the goldfish. I learned about incarceration when I did a stint in the Cloakroom for sharpening all the chalk in our classroom. In short, my teachers introduced me to the essential machinery of human society and I am forever grateful to Mrs. Miriam Connor, Miss Katherine Coburn, Mrs. Wilma Ward, Mrs. Margaret Oltmann, and Mrs. Anne Keegan for their guidance and discipline.



Mrs. Margaret Oltmann, Steve Mason, Cathy Barrett, Brian Heine, Cindy Fritzenmeier, Rick Giles, Wendy Beam, Carl Heidenreich, Lucinda Hessenius

Calvin Cummins, Barb Powell, John Rice, Bobby Roemer, Jody Beam, Kim Wise

Pam Giles, ?, ?, Donna Bertram, Matt Croneau, Rhonda Maines

Mark Fritzenmeier, Kathy Reed, Ralph Awender, Candy Untersee, ?, Mike Ottenhausen, Mike Aurand, Duane Sturtevant, Greg Garman, Rick Noble

Ron Fransen, Mike Noble, Jeff Ramsdell, Curt Wilson

If anyone sees an error or can fill in the blanks, please notify us.

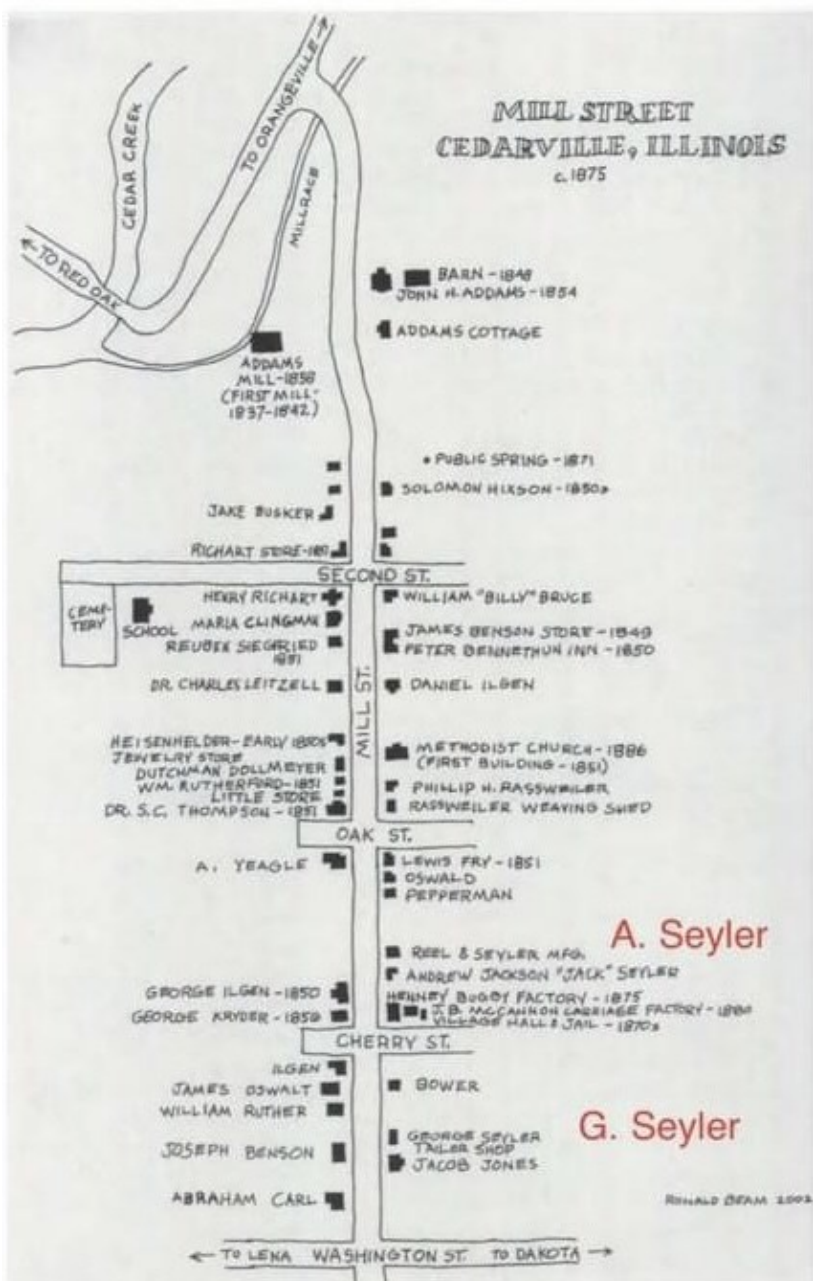
July Program

Exploring Cedarville and Paul Fry Memorial Dedication



Tuesday, July 16th's program started off with a memorial dedication to Paul Fry with a plaque that will be hung in his memory in the Jane Addams Room. We were thrilled that Paul's niece Mary Jean and nephew Dan were able to attend the dedication.

The program, presented by Board President Steve Myers included information, photos and maps depicting old businesses in Cedarville. Thanks to the audiences participation we were able to update a few of our records. Included in their contributions was that kids from the community played baseball near in a lot that they referred to as the Dial Lot (thought to be called that because it was near the phone building). We confirmed a few locations of buildings and their businesses that we were unsure about. It was decided that our community is our best resource for the gathering of information so be looking for notice in the fall where we will meet as a group and for an afternoon of fact gathering.



The Cedarville Players

The Cedarville Players presented "Gay Nineties Revue" on January 18th and 19th, 1952. There were a total of forty persons in the cast. Thirty of them were in costumes of the late 1890's. This was the fourth year of their program. This was their fifteenth program since the founding of the group. The purpose of the group was to provide funds for the Community House, As of this presentation their donations to the Community House provided funds for a \$3000 addition to the building, a new oil furnace, equipped a kitchen, redecorated the inside and insulated the ceiling, Funds from this production were meant to be used to build new dressing rooms. The group was more than 30 in number at the time of production.



Included in the cast was:

Shown in the photo above were:

- Far Right: Charles Zipsie
- From Left to Right
- Mrs. Donald Reed
- Romaine Zipsie
- Merl Kaiser
- Mrs. Russell Frank
- Mrs., Harold Schoonhoven
- Lewis Frank

The photo was taken by Elwood Wardlow

- Shirley Sheider
- Chester Miller
- Ruth Lindeman
- Benedict Carney
- Lela Frank
- Kenneth Gordon
- Karen Thompson
- Robert Borger
- Petty Schoonhoven
- Delores Noble
- Director: Mrs. Lewis Frank
- Accompanist: Mrs. Harold Zimmerman
- Stage Setting: Mr. & Mrs. Virgil Fry

The recent death of our good friend Paul E. Fry, at the age of 101, on June 11, 2024, and the gathering of his family and friends on Saturday, July 13, 2024, to bid him an affectionate farewell at Cedarville Cemetery brought back a flood of memories related to Paul's long and interesting life, a life that touched so many others. Usually, memories of Paul are intertwined with thoughts of his beloved aunt, Mary Fry, or the much-admired Jane Addams, or her colorful niece, Marcet Haldeman Julius.

However, prompted by the shocking attempted murder of former President Donald Trump later that Saturday, and preparations for the Republican National Convention scheduled for two days later in Milwaukee, the juxtaposition of these events jogged to mind an anecdote Paul related in his 2003 biography of his aunt, Generous Spirit: The Life of Mary Fry (page 18). This reminiscence involved Paul's father, a medical doctor, and another former president targeted for assassination, Theodore Roosevelt.

In the fall of 1912, Theodore Roosevelt, who had served almost two full terms as president from September 1901 to March 1909, was running for a third term as president on the Progressive ("Bull Moose") party. Roosevelt (or "T.R." as he was widely known) was running as a third-party candidate after he was narrowly denied the Republican party nomination, losing to incumbent president, and T.R.'s handpicked successor, William Howard Taft. Roosevelt and Taft had been good friends, but T.R. was disappointed in Taft's White House performance, judging him too conservative and insufficiently progressive. By staying in the race, Roosevelt had hopelessly divided the majority Republican party, all but assuring that Woodrow Wilson would likely be elected as the first Democratic president in twenty years.

On Monday, October 14, 1912, the dynamic, combative Roosevelt was campaigning in Milwaukee. As he entered an open automobile to be driven to his speech venue, an out-of-work bartender named John Schrank shot T.R. in the chest. Schrank was quickly disarmed and captured. Schrank said he was told to shoot Roosevelt by the ghost of President William McKinley, T.R.'s predecessor and the victim of the assassination that brought T.R. to the presidency. Schrank claimed that McKinley declared that no one should serve more than two terms as president and Schrank was to prevent Roosevelt from doing so.

After making sure that no harm came to Schrank, Roosevelt, over the objections of his staff, insisted that he be driven to the site of his scheduled speech. Never one to pass up a dramatic moment where he was the center of attention, T.R., after calmly telling his audience that he had been shot, spent about eighty minutes telling his listeners that if he were to die at that moment, he had lived a wonderful life. Meanwhile, as Roosevelt delivered his dramatic address, he succeeded in bleeding over much of the stage and several of its occupants. Finally, his aides persuaded him that it was time for medical attention, and he was driven to Johnston Emergency Hospital, across from Union (railway)

Station. By then it was discovered that the force of the bullet had been slowed by the manuscript of his speech and his metal spectacles case, both secured in his right breast pocket. At the hospital, Roosevelt was given first aid, was bandaged, and his chest X-rayed. The X-ray revealed the bullet had lodged against his right rib cage, near his right lung.

It was decided that Roosevelt would be taken by train the short distance to Chicago to be examined by noted thoracic surgeon John B. Murphy. The former president's train arrived in Chicago early the next morning, where it was boarded by Dr. Murphy and some of his interns, including thirty-year-old John Fry, who administered anti-tetanus injections to Mr. Roosevelt. T.R. was then taken to Mercy Hospital, where he remained under the care of Dr. Murphy and his staff, which included John Fry. New X-rays determined that Schrank's bullet had broken a rib. Roosevelt remained at the Chicago hospital until October 21, when he was released for his journey back to New York for further recovery.

While T.R. received much sympathy for the attack, it was not enough to win the election. Wilson easily won the presidency in November with about 42 percent of the vote, although Roosevelt became the only third-party candidate in American history to come in second in a presidential election, edging out Taft 27 percent to 23 percent. Most of the remainder, 6 percent, went to the Socialist candidate, Eugene V. Debs. The 1912 election also has the distinction of being the only presidential contest where three presidents faced off against each other.

In another Cedarville connection to Theodore Roosevelt, two months before the assassination attempt, Jane Addams had seconded T.R.'s nomination at the Progressive party convention in Chicago. However, the former president later severed relations with Addams because of her pacifist stance against the First World War. Roosevelt ended up carrying Schrank's bullet for the rest of his life, dying at sixty in January 1919. John Schrank was determined to be mentally ill, and spent the last 31 years of his life at the Northern Hospital for the Insane, where he died in September 1943.

As a token of appreciation, Dr. John Fry received a large photograph of Roosevelt which hung in the office of his medical practice in Kalona, Iowa. The young intern also kept the "lethal-looking syringe" he used to vaccinate the former president. After Dr. Fry's death, sons Edward and Paul, who as children often accompanied their father on his house calls, in 1966 donated the syringe to the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology in Washington, D.C. (this article was submitted by Dr Andrew Dvorak)

Cedarville Area Historical Society
1212 S. Stewart Ave, Freeport IL 61032

Postage

Return Service Requested

Museum Hours Saturdays 1:00PM-4:00PM (June, July and August)

Museum is always available by appointment

During non-open hours you can utilize the Ring doorbell and we will do our best meet you at the museum

Museum facilities are available for private functions (weddings, reunions, meetings)

Call or text 815-990-0417 or 815-847-9127 to reserve or

We Would Love to Share Your Stories

**Email us your stories or antidotes about Cedarville or the Cedarville area. We are also very interested in how you, as a member are connected to Cedarville and to our Cedarville Area Historical Society. We will present them in following newsletters. Email them to:
info@cedarvilleareahistoricalociety.org**

We thank those of you who have submitted your renewals and would also like to thank those of you who made Additional donations.

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