## ECHOES OF CEDARVILLE

**NOVEMBER 2019** 

## Cedarville Historical Society Free Holiday Party and Potluck

**Tuesday, December 10** 

6:00 p.m. Social Hour with Food, Drink and Games

7:00 p.m. Holiday music by Bobbie Edler (Sing along at end of her program)



All this entertainment, friendship and food at the Cedarville Museum on top of the hill at 450 West Second Street

## The Season's First Snow is Here; Why Not Revel in It?

(Before the end of October Cedarville had its first measurable snow of the new winter season, beating last year by fifteen days. To celebrate (?) it's time for the old, old nostalgic article on village sledding written by the late, well known LeRoy Wilson.)

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 kids 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. (Now the museum 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 up the shorter hill by (the late) Ray Cronan'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. (Now a residence) We would 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 rung to start school. The first bell gave you the warning. Five minutes later the second bell rung and your 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 located on Harrison Street where the village 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 caught hold of the tail gate handle. The tailgate 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 because when he was angry he sid the same things.

I was very late to school that morning. We shoveled and swept all the oats and corn and loaded it back into the wagon box.

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. (Ray, 82, died in 2012)

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