

Olney Memories # 159

June 29, 2024

Hello Olney people of all ages and welcome to this issue of the Olney Memories. I hope everyone is having a good summer wherever you might be. The celebration of the 4th of July is upon us and wishing all of you a safe and happy 4th!

Let me remind you to please let me know when you email address changes, for this will ensure that you will not miss any issues when the OM's are sent out. We also have some new people added to the OM's mailing list! This is Great! Reminding everyone to send in some memories you think about our hometown of Olney!! Please send them to me at Pianoann97@aol.com and I will post them in the next issue that is being put together. Can you believe we are approaching issue # 160?!

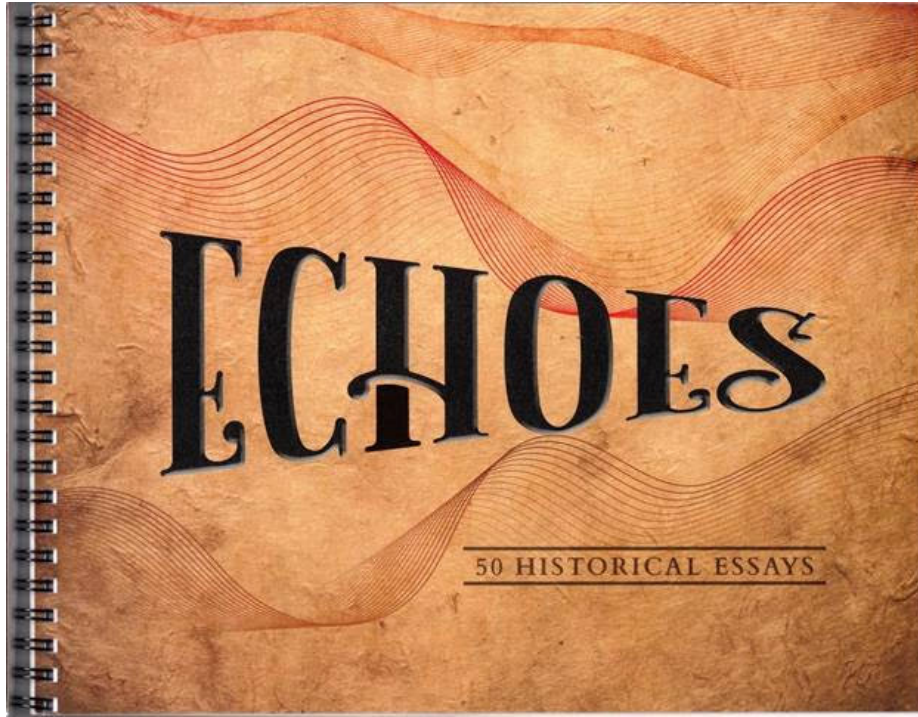
Larry Judge
lj5313@frontier.com

Ann:

Could you pass along to your subscribers that I have self-published a book entitled 'Echoes; Fifty Historical Essays'. It contains articles which appeared in the Olney Gazette newspaper from 2018 thru 2021 along with some unique photos. Table top sized and 154 pages. The price is \$25 with proceeds going to Claws and Paws animal shelter. It can be found at the Olney Public Library, Chamber of Commerce, and D. Lawless Books.

6-29-24

-----**THIS JUST NOW CAME IN FROM LARRY.** My book is now in limited quantities and is **ONLY** available at "Claws & Paws" Animal Rescue in the 100 block of West North , and the Chamber of Commerce, 216 East Main.



INTRODUCTION

"The human memory is a fallible device. It's not something one should pay much attention to."

That quote by Roger Waters of Pink Floyd fame (and author of the lyrics to their song 'Echoes') emphasizes the importance of the written word for posterity.

If our history was handed down verbally through generations without documentation, the natural human tendency to extrapolate from the known to the unknown - to fill in the blanks - would result in howling fantasies. Going deep into documents will inevitably disrupt the narratives we have always been told.

There are also examples of 'dramatic improvements' made by authors of our own local history books which fall within the domain of myth. Samples of that creative writing have been exposed in this collection of essays by utilizing verified sources closest to the event. Uncertain history is worse than none.

Several long forgotten names will emerge in the following pages as contributors to the success of

our community. Many of them, as chronicled in Chapter 42, were educators who had tremendous influence over successive generations. Then, as now children sometimes felt more affection from teachers than was offered at home. Their very existence was, and is still today validated in the classroom.

Mankind has long aspired to travel through time. Albert Einstein's 'Theory of Relativity' has proven it possible, but not feasible with current technology. The irony being that he also observed; "The distinction between past, present and future is only a stubbornly persistent illusion."

If this literary exercise serves as a time machine and transports the readership for even a brief moment, the author will consider it successful.

Larry Judge
Curator for the Richland Heritage Museum
Foundation

A special thanks to Mark Allen, editor and publisher of the Olney Gazette newspaper. His donations of editing and printing allow the 'Echoes' series to continue.

David Mitchell

David@Mktg.Org

Hot lunches at ERHS began in 1956.

(David, In '56 I started HS as a Freshmen. We had hot lunches when I was at Central School in Grade School sometime, but can't for sure remember what grade. Can anyone else help us out on this time period.....? Maybe my mind is not correct?) Ann

Is that possibly a photo of me carrying the American flag solo as a Cub Scout? I remember doing very thing that about that time. Heavy flag for such a little kid. Someone will probably correct me and identify another boy. If so, I'll be glad to know it's him.

Many thanks for all you do and have done for Olney. You're a hero! In spades!

And hello, friend John Helm!

Your friend,
David Mitchell '58

Roy Doolin

roydoolin@hotmail.com

I grew up in Olney, a terrific place to grow up with wonderful memories. I was 7 when my father, mother, two brothers and I moved to Olney (an old fashioned nuclear family). I was 17 when we moved away. I never once questioned my mother's income or my father's!! It was never discussed. We ate homemade meals consisting of meat, potatoes, and vegetables (which were not an optional choice). When we were with adults, we didn't talk unless talked to. We never touched anything that did not belong to us without asking. We never opened a refrigerator at anyone's house unless asked to do so. We were taught to respect other people's property. And we were rewarded for acting properly.

We grew up during a time when we mowed lawns, pulled weeds, helped with all chores. We were not given everything we wanted and were thankful for what we were given. We were taught to write thank you notes to anyone who gave us anything. I went outside a lot to play, run with my brothers, play hide and seek, kick the can, or went bike riding, lots of bike riding without helmets. Any time I saw a car hood up or saw someone working on a lawn mower, I had to go check it out. In the summer, we got swimming lessons at our public pool in the morning and sometimes went back in the afternoon just for fun. When we got old enough, my older brother and I got paper routes. We rarely just sat inside but when we did we were usually reading. I have been subscribing to Hot Rod magazine since 1954. We traded comic books with friends and frequently checked out books at the Olney Library. Bottled water was unheard of we often drank from a garden hose. Kids in our neighborhood often had Kool-aid stands in the summer. If we had a Coke, it was in a glass bottle, and we didn't break the bottle when finished. We took the bottle to Hornback's Grocery for the 2 cents per bottle return money which I usually spent on penny candy or nickel candy bars.

We had to tell our parents where we were going, if we left the neighborhood. We had to tell them who we were going with, and be home before dark. I LEARNED from my parents instead of disrespecting them. What they said was LAW and we questioned it at your own risk! We watched what we said around our

elders. teachers and neighbors because we knew if we DISRESPECTED any grown-up, we would get a good whipping. It wasn't called abuse, it was called discipline!

We held the doors for others and carried the shopping into the house. We gave up our seat for an older or handicapped person without being asked.

We attended church every Sunday morning and evening and also Wednesday night. If there was a Revival, we went to church every night. We didn't hear swear words on the radio, in songs or on TV. "Please and Thank you", were part of our daily vocabulary. I will never forget where I came from and only wish children and people nowadays had half the chance at the fun and respect for real life we grew up with. I have never been bored.

Roy Doolin
Class of '64

Ann King
Pianoann97@aol.com

Loy Zimmerle gave me more than several clippings to be used for the OM's from time to time. Sometimes I forget, and other times I really don't have room in the issue to post them. This issue I will post a few. Loy has deceased now but we will remember him as we read the articles that he intended for us....Thank you Loy. Class of '57-----

Fri Aug 11, 1905 (newspaper at that time)

pretty clean.

HIGH WATER NOTES.

B. & O. east bound due at 1:02 a. m.
one hour and a half late.

B. & O. No. 3 due at 3:28 a. m.,
one hour late.

No. 4 due at 5:10 a. m. fifty minutes
late.

The pumping station was yesterday
surrounded by water two feet deep,
owing to the overflow of Fox, and the
bridge just north was covered.

A. L. Oder yesterday found the
roads so bad that he tried driving on
the roadbed of the B. & O. for half
a mile, and though it was some
bumpy, found it an improvement on
the county roads.

One end of the Sugar Creek bridge
was raised a foot by high water yes-
terday.

Mr. John Miller, who went to Brid-
geport with a team yesterday, reports
that near Sumner he was compelled
to go a quarter of a mile through
water that reached well up onto his
horses' sides.

see what can be done

Olney Men to the Front.

[Newton Press]

William Spencer, who has been manager of Redman's clothing store in this city for the past year, has purchased an interest in the stock and is now a member of the firm. The new firm will put in a general line of dry goods and ladies furnishings in the Faller building, adjoining the clothing store, about the first of August.

Mr. Spencer, who has had several years experience in the dry goods and clothing business, will continue as manager. He is affable, courteous and reliable, and possesses the confidence of the public. Under his

management the Redman store has rapidly built up a good trade and is now one of the best establishments in the county.

Friday Aug 11 1905 (newspaper at that time)

March 1, 1965 (newspaper at that time)

COUNCIL WILL NOT ACT.

At the special meeting of the city council at 2 p. m. Thursday it was decided by a vote of 5 to 3 not to re-license the saloons.

Hon. Ed S. Wilson, John Lynch and R. B. Witcher spoke for fair play but Aldermen Moore, Wilson, Daubs, Bourell and Higgins could not be moved.

The saloons will have to stay closed.

Lame Shoulder Cured.

Lame shoulder is usually caused by rheumatism of the muscles and quickly yields to a few applications of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. Mrs. F. H. McElwee, of Boistown, New Brunswick, writes: "Having been troubled for some time with a pain in my left shoulder, I decided to give Chamberlain's Pain Balm a trial, with the result that I got prompt relief." For sale by Wm. Bowers.

A. Tennyson,

Notary Public

Loans and
Insurance...



Office Opposite S. E. Corner
Court House, Olney:

March 1, 1965

No date attached.....the bottom add amused me for it shows it was the time all the ladies probably wore their hats...Is anyone familiar with Miss Patton by chance?

The Big Double "Uncle Tom"
Company.

Stetson's big production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will appear at Hyatt's Opera House on Tuesday, Oct. 11. It has been organized this season in a manner that will make it far superior to any previous production ever seen here. Special attention has been given to the staging of the piece, and the scenery faithfully portrays several scenes of southern life during antebellum days in the far south. A large number of genuine colored people, who introduce cake walks, buck dancing, southern jubilee singing and funny scenes in the cotton fields, add materially to the production. Misses Kitty Morgan and Bertha Crosby are the two Topsyies; Messrs. George Harris and Nick Glinn are the two Marks, and Stetson's original "Uncle Tom," Mr. Fred Bennett, will also be in the cast. Of late years the stage has been deluged by so many cheap "Uncle Tom" companies that the public has been led to regard an announcement of its production with a great deal of distrust. Mr. Kibble, the manager of this company, has, however, succeeded in organizing a cast composed of specially selected players, chosen for their adaptability for the parts assigned them, and has received his reward in the generous patronage of the public and praise from the press. It is doubtful if "Uncle Tom," even when a novelty and new to the stage, ever received the attention so liberally bestowed upon it as now during this sumptuous revival. A street parade will be given that is said to delight every juvenile spectator beyond measure. In fact, the entire show is an entertainment that any child may be permitted to see and enjoy. Advance sale of seats Monday morning at Wm. Bower's drug store.

1907

(Noble item.)

HORSES WANTED!

I will be at H. Arehart's stable, Olney, on Thursday, April 27, 1893, to buy horses weighing from 1,000 to 1,700 pounds. Good, smooth chunks. Must be fat and sound.
C. L. BACON.

To The Ladies.

I take pleasure in calling your attention to the "Happy Thought" Hat Fastener, a novelty which overcomes all the objections to the hat pin besides adding many desirable features.

The favor with which it is being received by the trade, and the many happy expressions from the ladies as to its utility and convenience warrant me in the assertion that it is the greatest success and most popular on the market.

I have the exclusive sale of this fastener and every lady buying a hat of me will get it free.

MISS N. A. PATTON.
Leading Milliner. Olney Ills.

No date attached.....the bottom add amused me for it shows it was the time all the ladies probably wore their hats...Is anyone familiar with Miss Patton by chance? A relative of her probably....?

Again we do thank you Loy Zimmerely for passing these on to us for our pleasure...History of Olney, our Hometown.

Roger Hillis

Rogerhillis1953@gmail.com

Growing Up in Mayberry

Like the death of Don Knotts in 2006, the recent passing of Andy Griffith has once again caused me to reflect on my childhood in Olney and to realize, in many ways, how similar my own experience was to that of the fictional Mayberry, North Carolina of the television series they both starred in.

Growing up in a small city/town was not always my idea of a good time. Like so many young people, I thought it would be great to get away and experience my own life and, having done just that, I am grateful for the things I have learned since leaving Olney. However, the years I spent growing up in southern Illinois helped to prepare me for the life I have enjoyed since then. There are so many people who still live in my memory after all these years.

I remember one of the Richland County sheriffs of my youth, Bill Shipley. Bill and his wife, Joyce, were family friends who used to come over and play cards (mostly Rook) and board games (a marble game called Aggravation) with my parents. It was always fun to visit the county jail and have a guided tour by the sheriff himself or one of his deputies. The Shipley family took me to their cabin on Vernor Lake many times for fishing and swimming. Mr. Shipley hired me for my first real job as a janitor in the County Courthouse.

Another popular sheriff in those days was Harry McPheron. When his farm pond froze over in the cold winter months, it would often serve as an ice skating rink and all of the young people were welcomed to come out and enjoy some good clean fun together. On many of those cold, dark winter nights, it seemed like all of the teenagers in the whole area must have

accepted his kind invitation. And there was always lots of free hot chocolate.

My own version of Floyd the barber was a kind soul named Larry Stivers who cut my hair on a regular basis for much of my youth. Of course, this was the 1960's and early 70's and being a child of those decades meant that I wanted my hair long while my parents wanted it short. Larry did his best to satisfy all of us by leaving my hair longer than my parents wanted it, but shorter than I wanted. He also gave me lots of good, free advice about life.

I remember my driver's education teacher, ERHS head basketball coach, Ron Herrin. I had no driving experience at all the first time I got behind the wheel with Coach Herrin sitting in the passenger seat, but he remained calm and collected and gave me many driving tips I remember to this day. I am currently teaching my own 17 year old son to drive and told him a couple of days ago, Mr. Herrin's advice when driving to "always look for an out." I recently pointed out the High School gymnasium named in his honor to my children, when we were in town for a family reunion.

We always enjoyed family dinners, much like those around Aunt Bee's dining room table. My family always ate meals together and it was a time to share what was going on in our lives and to receive good advice about life from our parents. We ate regularly with both sets of grandparents. My mother's parents lived in the country north of Noble and we ate more Sunday after church dinners there than we did at home. My father's parents lived on East Main Street in Olney, on the corner where the IGA is located now. As we walked into their back door, we passed a fragrant Honeysuckle bush and I still think of my Grandma Hillis every time I smell that scent.

I remember the schools quite vividly. I started grade school at Central and then we moved to the other side of town and I entered third grade at Silver Street. My parents still live in that same house. The Junior High School was on Main Street in front of the old Moehle Pharmacy where I started as a delivery boy riding my bicycle during my Freshman year of High School.

Four years of High School were spent at ERHS; we just lived a couple of blocks away and I walked to school every morning and then went home for lunch every day. Those years seemed to go by so quickly.

I had so many good, dedicated teachers through elementary, junior high and high school. Like so many others, I wasn't always as devoted to my studies as I should have been, but through it all, those teachers, both men and women, were patient and caring and committed to trying to get through to those of us who weren't convinced of the need for diligent study.

We had fire drills, and tornado drills and, of course, during the years of the Cold War, nuclear drills. We were taught to hide under our desks, although we all know now that wouldn't have helped much. I guess it was the best we could do.

In November of 1963, I was in Miss Fannie Gregory's fifth grade class at Silver Street School and clearly recall our principal, Mr. Jimmy Rue, announcing on the public address system that President Kennedy had been shot in Dallas, Texas. We all prayed for his survival. It was a sobering time in our young lives.

I remember playing with lots and lots of other children in our neighborhood. We played games like Hide and Seek and Kick the Can until way past dark and nobody had to worry that someone might try to take one of us. Most families back then didn't even lock their doors at night or when they were gone from home. Sometimes we would leave early in the morning and stay gone all day, just picking up lunch at whoever's house we happened to be at during lunch time.

Holidays, especially Christmas, were magical. Even back then there were many families in Olney who decorated their homes with beautiful lights and it was always fun to drive around and see the various neighborhoods during December.

Of course, there were some bad things that happened as well. I remember hearing or reading of teenagers killed in automobile accidents, one in particular at the railroad crossing on Whittle Avenue. There were people who got sick and died and, at times, there were friends who moved away from Olney and we never saw them again. But the good times far outweighed the bad and, in general, people seemed happier than they do now.

Time and space would fail me to speak of so many other life changing things. I attended Vacation Bible School at many area churches (my favorite part was always the cookies and Orange Kool -Aid, although the Bible lessons became a part of my life also.) I think of Little League and Babe Ruth baseball, of countless hours on the tennis courts in the city park, the white squirrels, the May Day parades (we always got free cups of vanilla ice cream from Prairie Farms after the parade – cardboard bowls with small wooden spoons).

Events of long ago remain still in my memory – Friday night football games, Homecoming bonfires, Pow Wow Variety shows, and hanging out at the old Teen Center where we could listen to music and a few of us even performed there in our attempts to become “the next Beatles.” I remember dragging Main Street (some people called it cruising) from one end to the other and then back again (a dollar’s worth of gas lasted the whole weekend), and there were plenty of great places to eat like Hovey’s, Old Mike’s, the White Spot, DQ and the Dog and Suds.

There were so many friendships, so many loving parents, and so many civic leaders who did their best to make Olney a place that families could be proud to call home as they did their best to raise their children to be good citizens.

In September of 2011, I attended my forty year High School reunion at the Richland County Country Club. We had a great time. It was so good to see longtime friends that I had not seen for years. It was also a poignant time as we reflected on and thought about our classmates who have passed

away. I was disappointed that so many former classmates didn't attend, but there have been previous reunions that I was unable to attend myself. We need to stay in touch with people we care about. With email and Facebook and free long distance calls on most cell phones, we really don't have a good reason not to stay in touch better than we do with those we love.

What a blessing it was for me to grow up in Olney, a place where we felt happy, loved, and unafraid. It was a time and place where life was slower. We had fewer possessions than we have now. We didn't have so much of the modern technology that has surely been both a blessing and a curse. Life moves at a much faster pace now and, like everyone else, I am grateful for the advances in technology and medicine and we all have much more "stuff" than we used to. But we must be careful not to let those material things take us away from the really important things in life – people, family, friends and faith.

I am sorry that Andy Griffith has passed on. More and more of the generation that raised many of us and taught us the principles and values we now hold dear, have gone on to their reward. I wish my grandparents could meet my children and be as proud of them as I am. I wish we could sit and talk together for maybe an hour, just one more time. We miss them all very much.

Well, I just wanted to pause and reflect on many of the lessons we learn from those who have gone before us. Like so many, I know that I never expressed to them personally the deep gratitude of my heart for the influence they have had on my life. We are all the sum total of our life experiences – both events and people who have shaped us into the person we have each become. Thank you, one and all, for the impact you have had on me and so many others. Truly, growing up in Mayberry has served me well. I am grateful and I hope it is not too late to say thanks.

Roger Hillis
ERHS Class of 1971

=====