Olney Memories # 129

 

Greetings to everyone for a good year ahead. Time rushes on as we have heard so many people say, and now it’s actually happening to us, especially us older people. The younger people are even saying the same thing more frequently. Happy New year to everyone as we begin another new year of the Olney Memories. I want to take this opportunity to thank every one of you for your contributions and also those of you who just read the Memories and pass them on to others! This makes a way of sharing good Olney Memories for everyone.

Ann Weesner King

Class of 1960

 

**Hello OM readers,**

**Many of you know, being members of Tiger Alumni Center (TAC),  all about TAC’s 2017 scholarship campaign that began mid-December.  Others, perhaps just as many OM readers, are just now reading about it.  The Tiger Alumni Center members and others have been very generous every year of the past five years -- raising $51,000 for 51 scholarships.  Contributors surprised us last year, raising $20,000 -- twice our goal!  Maybe we can repeat that level this year!**

**Your participation is welcomed and needed.  Please help us fund 20 scholarships!**

**To Donate!**

**Please Mail Checks to**

**Janet Everette, Treasurer, TPAA**

**906 East Cherry Street**

**Olney, IL. 62450**

**Please make your check out to Tiger Pride Alumni Association.**



**Remember: the Tiger Pride Alumni Association, Ltd., is a charitable, tax-exempt, 501(c)3 organization.**

**Janet will mail you a statement acknowledging your donation.  To do that she needs your help.  Please be sure she knows the donor's name(s), the return mail address, and any special requests.**

**For more information, such as the selection of recipients, click on the link to TAC's 2017 scholarship page:** [**http://www.erhsalumni.net/Scholarships-2017.htm**](http://www.erhsalumni.net/Scholarships-2017.htm)

**Your support is welcomed and needed.  Thank you!**



**Richard Ray Williams**

**ERHS Class of 1960**

**TAC Founder**

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John Helm

mlehjerhs@gmail.com>

It was also interesting to see Jon Quayle's name in Bob Bradley's note to you; Jon and I were good friends; his folks, Bob and Thelma Quayle ran Quayle's IGA supermarket on North East Street and were good friends with my folks.  Jon died, tragically, on the steps of ERHS, of an aneurism; he was late for the afternoon session of classes, and had run all the way from their home on North East Street to school.  At the time of his death, I was in Army basic training and was not allowed to come home for his funeral.

John Helm

Class of '58

Jim & Chris Totten

jctotten@frontier.com

ANN,

Here is the words I seem to remember about the old HS fight song: OLNEY TIGERS, OLNEY TIGERS FIGHT RIGHT THROUGH THAT LINE, TAKE THE BALL CLEAR  ROUND OLD FLORA,  TOUCHDOWN SURE THIS TIME, RAH,RAH, RAH, OLNEY TIGERS, OLNEY TIGERS FIGHT ON FOR YOUR FAME, FIGHT TIGERS FIGHT, FIGHT,  FIGHT WE’LL WIN THIS GAME.

For an old tiger this is what I seem to remember about that fight song. There may have been other verses but that’s all I remember. Sure enjoy your column it always brings back so very many fond memories.

James (Jim) Totten

CLASS of 1956

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John Helm

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It was interesting to see the picture of the concrete roller; in that same letter the name of Walter Ryan was mentioned.  Walt's dad was Jim Ryan, well-known in Olney for being a painter, both inside and outside the house.  He painted our house on Boone Street several times.  Walt Ryan and his wife live in a mobile-style home in the large community of such homes behind the Holiday Motel between Whittle Avenue to the east and Route 130 to the west.  I'm related to Walter by marriage; his mother was one of my late wife Helen's aunts.

John Helm

Class of '58

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Joan Van Arsdall

joan.vanarsdall@gmail.com

Dear Cuz Ann,

Thanks for sending this newsletter. This sounds so much like Lake City, Florida where I grew up. Small towns were the best in those days. Keep

Writing.

Joan

HARVEYZimm@aol.com wrote:

A Short Memoir of The silent generation

Born in the 1930s and early 40s, we exist as a very special age
cohort. We are the Silent Generation. We are the smallest number of
children born since the early 1900s. We are the last ones?

We are the last generation, climbing out of the depression, who can
remember the winds of war and the impact of a world at war which
rattled the structure of our daily lives In and around Olney for years.

We are the last to remember ration books for everything from gas to
sugar to shoes to stoves. We saved tin foil and poured fat into tin
cans. We hand mixed white stuff with yellow stuff to make fake butter.
We stood in line at the grocery stores, (the A&P when it was on Main Street),

Schneiders on North Walnut, Mass Grocery on Main Street, and others when it was learned a tub of real butter had just arrived, and as kids holding a place in line to await a mother in trail, we learned after being pushed aside by an
adult stranger who also in line, to push ourselves back in line. We
saw cars up on blocks because tires weren't available. We can remember
milk being delivered by Prairie Farms to our house early in the morning and placed in the milk boxes on our porches.

We are the last to hear Roosevelt's radio assurances and to see gold
stars in the front windows of our grieving neighbors. We can also
remember the parades on August 15, 1945, VJ Day. We saw the ? boys?
home from the war build their Cape Cod style houses, pouring the
cellar, tar papering it over and living there until they could afford
the time and money to build it out.

We are the last generation who spent childhood without television.
Instead we imagined what we heard on the radio. As we all like to
brag, with no TV, we spent our childhood ? playing outside until the
street lights came on and after dark catching lightening bugs and putting them in jars.

We did play outside and we did play on our own. There was no Little
League. Ball games were "pick-up" and played on vacant lots sharing
baseball mitts because only the few had them. No kid had a two-wheeler
bike until about 1946 when "Victory Bikes" were sold (no chrome,
flimsy frame, very thin wheels). We did have our nice City Park on North Walnut that still IS today, and many of us can still remember playing there. Also the swings that we swung in were still being used until recently, until they were replaced for new and I suppose better. To play in the water, we turned the fire hydrants on and ran through the spray.

The lack of television in our early years meant, for most of us, that
we had little real understanding of what the world was like. Our
Saturday afternoons, if at the movies at the Arcadia Theatre, gave us newsreels of the war and the Holocaust sandwiched in between westerns and cartoons.

Telephones were one to a house, often shared and hung on the wall.
Computers were called calculators and were hand cranked. Typewriters
were driven by pounding fingers, throwing the carriage, and changing
the ribbon. The Internet and Google were words that didn't exist.
Newspapers and magazines were written for adults. We are the last
group who had to find out for ourselves. Do any of you remember the magazine that we could subscribe to in grade school called The Weekly Reader? I think that was something that most of us really looked forward to.

As we grew up, the country was exploding with growth. The G.I. Bill
gave returning veterans the means to get an education and spurred
colleges to grow. VA loans fanned a housing boom. Pent-up demand
coupled with new installment payment plans put factories to work.

New highways would bring jobs and mobility. Remember how we all had high hopes and almost a promise that US 70 ? would go through Olney? That would have made Olney bust at the seams if that had happened! The veterans joined civic clubs and became active in politics. In the late 40s and early 50s the country seemed to lie in the embrace of brisk but quiet order as it gave birth to its new middle class (which became known as Baby
Boomers).

The radio network expanded from 3 stations (NBC, ABC, CBS) to
thousands of stations. Also Olney kept up with the changing world and we had our own Radio Station WVLN! We all had the feeling that “we’re moving on up now”!! The telephone started to become a common method
of communications and "Faxes" sent hard copy around the world. A
neighborhood television set was a rare phenomenon (circular B&W 10"
screen). Most families could not afford such a luxury, so as kids,
we'd head to the closest TV appliance store, Crackles Appliance was one in my memory, which always had a TV in the sidewalk display window, where we would watch Milton Berle and his Texaco Comedy Hour and, sometimes, even a major league ball game from New York City.

Our parents were suddenly free from the confines of the depression and
the war and they threw themselves into exploring opportunities they
had never imagined.

We weren't neglected but we weren't today's all-consuming family
focus. They were glad we played by ourselves ? until the street lights
came on.?? They were busy discovering the post war world.

Most of us had no life plan, but with the unexpected virtue of
ignorance and an economic rising tide we simply stepped into the world
and started to find out what the world was about.

We entered a world of overflowing plenty and opportunity, a world
where we were welcomed. Based on our naive belief that there was more
where this came from, we shaped life as we went.

We enjoyed a luxury. We felt secure in our future. Of course, just as
today, not all Americans shared in this experience. Depression poverty
was deep rooted. Polio was still a crippler. The Korean War was a dark
presage in the early 50s, and by mid-decade, school children were
ducking under desks. Russia built the Iron Curtain and China became
Red China. Eisenhower sent the first ? advisors? to Vietnam, and years

Later Johnson invented a war there. Castro set up camp in Cuba and
Khrushchev came to power.

We are the last generation to experience an interlude when there were
no existential threats to our homeland. We came of age in the 40s and
early 50s. The war was over and the Cold War, terrorism, civil rights,
technological upheaval, global warming, and perpetual economic
insecurity had yet to haunt life with insistent unease.

Only our generation can remember both a time of apocalyptic war and a
time when our world was secure and full of bright promise and plenty.
We have lived through both. We grew up at the best possible time, a
time when the world was getting better, not worse.

We are the Silent Generation, ? the last ones. ? The last of us was born
in 1945, (and a lot of us were born at the Olney Sanitarium on East Main St. where most or all of the Doctors were of the Weber Family, or the Jackson Hospital, where Dr. Jackson practiced.) More than 99.9% of us are either retired or dead, and all of us believe we grew up in the best of times! Especially those of us who came from Olney!

Harvey Zimmerle

Class of 1957

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 Kathy Hursta

gmkat@hotmail.com

I received the below email asking for information that I am hoping someone who reads the Olney Memories can help with this.

Please have anyone with information contact Richland Co Genealogy Society richlandcogensoc@hotmail.com and I will make sure the information is forwarded.

Please include your name so credit can be given to them.

Thanks Ann,

Kathy Hursta

Society President

Class of 1974

**Subject:** Furniture store

My Mom recently inherited my great-grandmother's dresser.  On the back of the dresser, it says "BR Cooksey Furniture, Olney, IL ".  We think this may have been my great-great uncle's dresser, as it also has initials written on the back which match his.  We were trying to get information on when the dresser was made.  If it is my great-great uncle's, it would probably have been late 1800's.

Do you have any information on this store?

My Mom and I love antiques, and we were thrilled when we found that information on the dresser.

According to the censuses records, the furniture company was in business about 1910-1920.

Thank you,

Carol Hawkins

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Pete Weber

peetmd@hotmail.com

Does anyone remember a ketchup/catsup factory in Olney and where it was located?

Pete Weber

Class of ‘63

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Ann Weesner King

Pianoann97@aol.com

Below is a picture of my mother and dad, Chris and Venus Weesner with Flicka pulling the sleigh one weekend after a heavy snowfall. I am wondering if any of you remember seeing them or possibly being lucky enough to ride in the sleigh as they went around town giving rides to people as they saw my dad and mom pass by. I am not sure of the date but imagine it was in the late 60’s or early 70’s. This picture was taken by the Olney Daily Mail and they published it in the ODM newspaper. I just scanned it from the original newspaper for the OM’s. 

 I have typed below what is under this newspaper picture so you can read it better. ☺

 “Richland County’s big snowfall of 8 1/2 inches over the past weekend packed the roads with ice and snow that enabled Mr. and Mrs. Chris Weesner to hitch their horse Flicka to this old time sleigh for a good old-fashioned sleigh ride. The Weesners were out in the sleigh both Saturday and Sunday, and many small and large “children” were able to get a ride in the sleigh, something that is a rare experience today due to snow tires and the lack of adequate snowfall. The Weesners were not able to get the sleigh out last year because of the small amount of snowfall, but they have been able to make up for it over the weekend. The jingle bells on Flicka add to the nostalgic scene of horse and sleigh coming down the street.”

Ann Weesner King

Class of 1960

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