

# Back in the day...

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**10 YEARS AGO**  
**March 25, 2008**

Tuscola Stone Quarry employees were awarded for their safety practices. They had zero accidents in 2007. Employees awarded were Jay Carter, Jennifer Thomas, Mary Dilliner, Pam McDowell, Beth Floyd, Tim Byrd, Jason Patterson, Alan Shoemaker, Rodney Hatten, Robert Miller, David Duke, Kris Bratten, Dean VanCleave, Bruce Carter, and manager Dan Foltyniewicz.

Tuscola Rotary Club's annual auction brought \$10,000 to go toward funding scholarship programs, youth activities, charitable organizations, and other causes.

North Ward third graders enjoyed having an Easter egg fashion show with plastic eggs decorated to a theme. Winners of the contest were: Third place, Jerry Miller and Kara O'Hearn; Second place, Madalyn Wallace and Kelsey Gobert; First place, Logan Hale.

Third through sixth grade students who participated in Biddy Basketball created a "thank you" display for Greg and Donna Campbell. Their efforts made Biddy Basketball a successful and fun learning experience for the students.

**20 YEARS AGO**  
**March 24, 1998**

The American Legion Auxiliary selected Amanda Griffith as the representative for the 1998 Illini Girls State. Darcy Voyles was chosen as her alternate in case Griffith could not fulfill her responsibility. The girls were chosen by Auxiliary members based on their academics and interest in politics and government.

The Environmental Protection Agency issued a warning to the city as a result of non-yard waste materials being dumped in and around



The hair and fashion may help date this photo, but do you recognize this group? If so, let us know at The Tuscola Journal. Your efforts will be rewarded.

the yard waste collection site. People from Tuscola and surrounding communities were using the site as a dumping area for furniture, building materials, and various other items. The issue was a result of lack of monitoring and control at the site. If the dumping had continued, the city would have been forced to shut the site down completely.

Patti Waters of the Tuscola Community Foundation presented Barb Utterback with a donation for BETHS Place, a shelter for victims of domestic abuse.

**30 YEARS AGO**  
**March 22, 1988**

Marvin Jones retired from the position of chairman of the Douglas County Republican Central Committee. He commented, "It's time to move on. I've served my time." However, he still pledged his support to his successor.

Nine TCHS students were

inducted into the National Honor Society. Mark Kalmar, Heather Gaddy, Marianna Albin, Tag Adkisson, Matt Washburn, Jennifer Moorhead, Geoff Miller, Elizabeth Lincoln, and Teri Kyle were inducted. Students who were already members were Mike Middleton, Julie Kohlbecker, Laura Berg, Susan Harris, Amy Griffith, Laura Kimball, Janet Roper, Sherie Winans, Colleen Swihart, Susanna Ross, and Margie Nauta.

WDZ, a former Tuscola Radio Station, honored Curtis Marsh. He was the announcer for the station for many years, where he worked with many personalities of which some became nationally known. 1988 was the station's 67th anniversary, and they officially recorded the day as Curtis Marsh Day.

**40 YEARS AGO**  
**March 23, 1978**

The Littlefuse, Inc. plant in Tuscola was at capacity and

was expected to expand. Tracor, owner of Littlefuse, had plants located in Watseka, Centralia, Tuscola, and Piedras Negras, Mexico, along with a parent plant in Des Plaines.

There were five candidates that filed for election to the Tuscola School Board. Running for re-election were Robert Reeder and Delbert Grimm. New candidates were Robert D. Travis, Teresa J. Johnson, and Donald R. Chappell.

Three ladies were honored by the Tuscola Lion's Club for their assistance with service to club activities in the community. Lloyd Ashwill presented pins to Nancy Lansky, Barb Utterback, and Willa Dorsey.

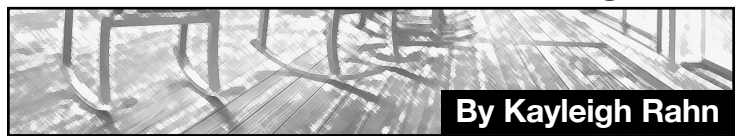
**50 YEARS AGO**  
**March 21, 1968**

The 1968 Miss Tuscola candidates were Kit Koehne-mann, Jeannine Hall, Donetta Goodpasture, Connie Schrodt, Barbara Bailey, and Cheryl Carmine. The pageant was judged by Jan Jones, Don Truman, and Tom Trent. William Rogers was master of ceremonies, and June Foley was chairman of the pageant.

The TCHS band directed by William Kisinger received the only superior rating, girls' chorus received a superior rating, and mixed chorus an excellent rating in the Class B Area IV school's music competition. Both choruses were directed by Karen Vandall.

1967-68 Warrior varsity cage squad members were given special recognition at their annual awards banquet. Mark Seip received the MVP award; Bill Cook, free throw champ; Steve Leonard, most improved; Mike Waters, captain-elect; and Kevin Ryan, sportsmanship award. The squad was coached by Bill Burress.

**Yellow Farmhouse, White Rocking Chair**



By Kayleigh Rahn

There's a wooden cutting board on my bathroom counter. As I was quickly brushing my teeth this morning before running out the door for a daycare drop off, coffee stop, and finally to the office, Nora handed the hefty board to me as if it were a typical moment in our daily routine.

"There you go," she said, a phrase she says as one word, and off she ran to the play room.

Without thinking twice about where she came across the kitchen item, I placed the board on the stone counter and headed for coats and the door.

Along the route to the door I came across the colorful, bath time, Styrofoam letters on the living room windowsill and nearly a dozen tiny pastel socks lining the keys of our piano, not one match to be found.

I let Nora remove every pot and pan from the cabinet Monday night so I could empty the sink of dinner dishes. I told her thank you and used the opportunity to wipe down the shelves in the cabinet before refilling the sink with the now dirty pots and pans. As I was up to my shoulders inside the cabinet wiping down the far corner, she began to hand me the roles of Reynolds wrap, Saran wrap, and wax paper. Those ended up on the kitchen counter and, again, I took the opportunity to wipe out the drawer.

Mondays and Tuesdays are tough in the Rahn household. Press day is Tuesday in our office. So Sunday is a day to catch up on email, and Monday night is typically a writing night for this Mom. Tuesday we lounge. Wednesday we reorganize, re-straighten, and attempt to put the house back in decent fashion.

However in the meantime, our house becomes scattered with displaced shoes, disheveled dishtowels, and discarded babydoll pants. Baby combs, wooden blocks, and my ear buds (Nora's favorite item to pull from my computer bag) can be found in the oddest places.

If you come to my door at any point during the first two days of the week, it's likely we will do everything in our power to keep you in the entryway to avoid the awkward explanation of why a play kitchen teapot is haphazardly stuck under the couch cushion.

I commend parents of multiples and those with more than one of a certain age. That certain age that propels your toddlers into a premature state of independence. Everything from eating to putting on socks must be an autonomous process or else the highest level of disrespect will be assumed.

We're there. Oh boy, are we there.

While refolding the same three bath towels for the fourth time, I found myself attempting to remember what we did with our time before Miss Nora.

I know we've always thought we were busy. There was never a time I felt as though we had an abundance of free time, but I don't know how we spent those busy days. Those days as renters in a condo on Newkirk Street. Before there were home projects and a little girl to chase.

I remember Doctor Who dates on the couch and recognizing the Oscar nominated films.

That's right! It's coming back to me now. We had a gym membership, and we were familiar with the menu at the newest restaurant in downtown Champaign.

We watched every inning of the Cardinals' battle for a World Series title and visited friends in neighboring cities for the St. Patrick's Day weekend.

I loved those beautifully busy days when the dishes were always done and laundry could be sorted, washed, dried, and folded in about two hours on a Sunday morning.

It was guaranteed we would see 11 p.m. on a Saturday night without the same chance of seeing 9 a.m. Sunday morning.

Today we never miss PBS morning cartoons and have become familiar with how to find deals on wipes and fruit pouches. Without a doubt, in the last two weeks we've spent more time at Ervin Park's toddler playground than we have lounged on the couch.

Before having kids no one warns you about the scientific process needed to match baby socks and you will take a combined 2.34 million steps out of your way to walk around the Little Tikes Cozy Coupe that will never not be in the way.

Laundry is a never-ending process and, yes, my first chore after work will be to wash and then replace the cutting board in its proper place.

I know one day this will become easier, and in other ways it will all become more difficult. For now, I'll appreciate the simplistic cycle of running after a toddler and picking up the pieces as we go.

my **Personal side**

By Craig Hastings



So I've been sharing with anyone who would care to listen and some that probably didn't about some of the unwanted distance that grows between children and their parents as our children grow older. Sure, there are some responsibilities that we as parents hope to leave behind as our child mature and become more capable to do for themselves. But, there are some duties of parenting that I've had to sadly watch fade away as my boys have grown older and do for themselves as I watch from afar...but not too far.

I've taken some heat from friends over the years because I still do too many things for my boys that I probably should make them do or do without. I remind you my boys have lived the divorced parent saga since they were 8 years and 6 years old. They are 16 and 14 now. Fortunately their mother and I have continued to live in the same town and have gotten along quite well since our divorce. We have shared the boys' time 50/50 for eight years. It could be that divorced parents try harder to satisfy their children in order to not fall out of favor with their children and to avoid letting the favorite scale tip one way or another.

The truth is I never changed a thing I did or didn't do for them since the divorce. I don't believe their

mother did either. I guess it's our fault that we never let them grow and take on some of their own responsibilities and do for themselves. To this day I still make their beds, do their laundry, put their dishes away, pick up what they leave behind, and never make them mow the yard. I think this is somewhat how their mother treats them too. I still volunteer to do things I know they need to get done but haven't. I'm not defending myself because I know I'm the one doing wrong here.

What they both do well is walk into the kitchen and take on a feeding frenzy when the mood hits them. Lukas will usually always have a handful of books after school, which I did finally stop carrying in for him when I pick him up from school. I also stopped accepting text messages coming from their bedrooms asking me to bring food or drink to them! It's been a tough few years accepting that they no longer need me to do everything for them. It's as though I think I can stop time and stop them from growing up if I don't change what and when I do things for them. I want them to need me, but I also realize that's a dangerous thing because anything could happen at any time to me, and then what?

We've all known those parents that hurry up the growing up process so to no

longer carry the burden of others so they can spend more time doing for themselves. I haven't been able to read to that chapter yet, and I'm actually stuck reading the same sentence over and over. Well something happened two weeks ago that makes me right; maybe. It was good for me but bad for youngest son Lukas. Lukas broke his arm at school and now is living life with a cast on his left arm for about six weeks.

Guess what? This broken arm means that I have to do more things for Lukas than I've been doing. Things I used to do and reluctantly surrendered because everyone told me I must. When staying at my home Lukas gets Trump Tower executive privileges. I wait on him for all his needs. I even have to wash his hair for him which I haven't done for him in years. The first few days he needed me to put his socks on for him and help get the broken arm filtered into his

shirt sleeve. I get to make sure he keeps his arm elevated on a pillow when he's lying down and for a day or two someone had to pull his bedding up on him at night. I'm telling all of you "someone had to" but maybe that's not the entire truth.

You see, I told Lukas I had to help, because he might hurt his broken arm if he did these things for himself. I'm getting a chance to stroke my own ego here by making Lukas believe he really does still need his dad. Another confession: I broke my left hand during an eighth grade basketball game and neither of my parents helped me do a thing at home. They didn't help me, because I didn't need the help and probably neither does son Lukas. However, I convinced Lukas that I do need to help him so no one tell him any different please. I'll never hope for broken bones to happen to my boys, but I'll keep practicing for the day just in case!

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**THANK YOU**

The FFA Alumni say thank you!

The Tuscola FFA Alumni Chapter would like to thank the entire Tuscola Community for a very successful chili supper and pie auction. The event grossed a new all-time high. The proceeds help sponsor FFA scholarships and send FFA students to leadership camps.