

Back in the day...

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10 YEARS AGO Jan. 13, 2009

The Tuscola Rotary Club welcomed nine new Rotarians, increasing membership by 26 percent to 43 members after a successful membership drive. The nine newest members were Frank Lincoln, Carl Nichols, Chad Hausmann, Richard Kidwell, Brian Moody, Dianne Seaman, Vicki Durham, Greg Hastings and Kevin Kauffman.

Substantial evidence was found against Rod Blagojevich for abuse of power, making it the first in Illinois Political History. The vote was 114-1 in favor of impeachment with a single "no" vote from Rep. Milton Patterson (D-Chicago) and a "present" vote from Rep. Elga Jefferies (D-Chicago).

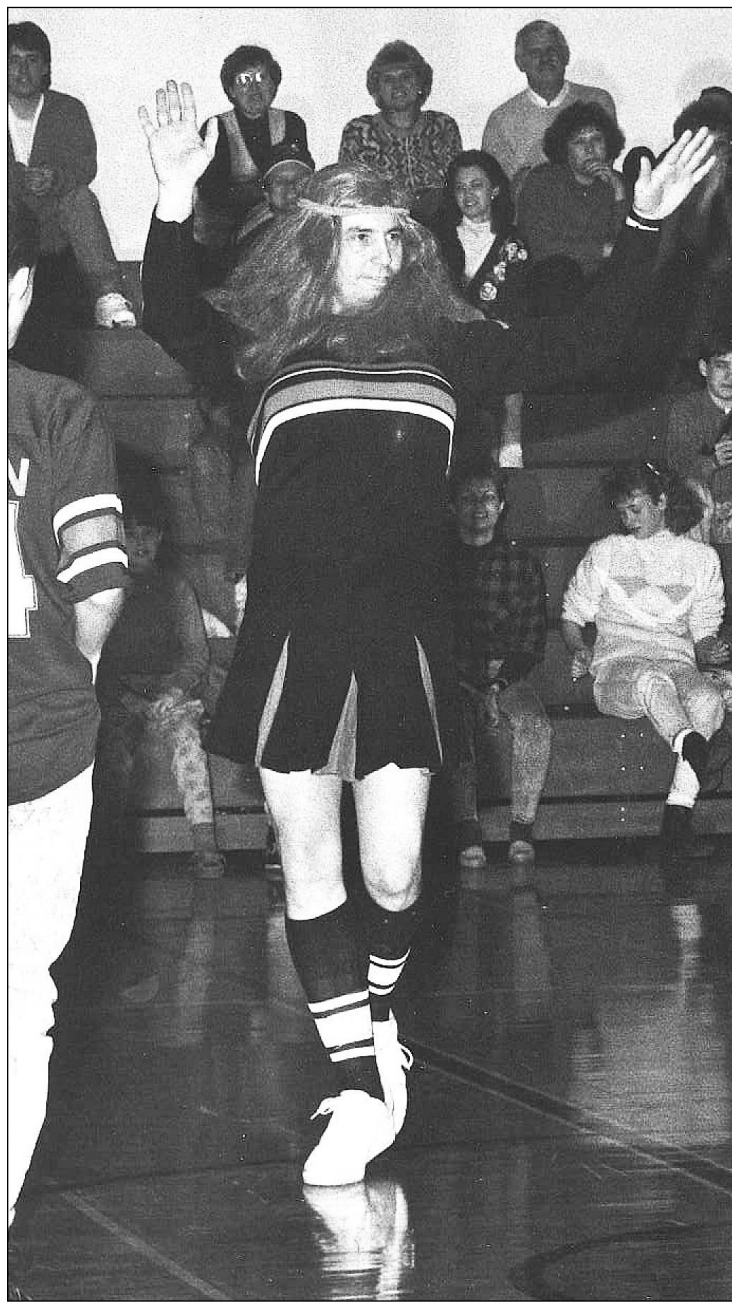
Cellular One made its grand opening on Jan. 15, 2009 at the Tanger Outlet Mall. A ribbon cutting ceremony was held by the Chamber of Commerce along with door prizes, refreshments, special offers, and even a radio broadcast on WMCI.

20 YEARS AGO Jan. 12, 1999

Several cars from an Illinois Central Railroad line derailed overturned in the snow near F. H. Jones Lumbar. Twelve cars were involved in the derailment, most of which were empty. One car was hauling denatured alcohol but was discovered to not be leaking.

Navy Petty Officer Stanley A. Pruemmer returned home after completing a month deployment in the Eastern Pacific Ocean. He was aboard the USS Fire, which was home ported in Everett, Wash. The USS Fire was capable of hitting enemy targets hundreds of miles away with its various types of missiles. Along with the missiles, the USS Fire supported two helicopters with sonar and torpedo capabilities.

After record-breaking



Do you recognize this Warrior superfan? If so, drop us a note at The Tuscola Journal.

snowfall, Jim and Margaret Stilwell braved the sub-zero temperatures to hold the "ground-breaking ceremony" of the Amishland Country Village. The 100,000 square foot building held many Amish style shops and businesses, an 800-seat buffet, a bakery and a general store.

30 YEARS AGO Jan. 10, 1989

High winds ripped through Arcola knocking down powerlines, leaving residents without power, and destroying buildings. It was not yet determined if the

winds were a tornado in the area, but it sure made for a lot of clean up. That same day a tornado destroyed nearly 1/4 of the homes and businesses in Allendale.

Jennifer Michelle Gensler participated in the Junior America Show in Lincolnshire after her photo was chosen by a selection committee. Jennifer was second runner-up in Little Miss Sweetheart in Tuscola prior to being selected for Junior America.

The Warriors boys' JV claimed a victory over Sulli-

van in double-overtime. Regulation play of the match-up ended in a tie of 52-52. During the duration of the game, neither team held more than a four-point lead. Scott Zane's 17 second-half points kept the Warriors in contention for the eventual 64-61 victory.

40 YEARS AGO Jan. 11, 1978

Ronald and Janet Cannon of Atwood were the parents of the first baby born at Jarman Hospital in the new year. Robert Shane Cannon was born on Jan. 7.

Nobel Eblin was selected as "glass person of the year" by his employer Bacon and Van Buskirk Glass. Eblin was selected from more than 300 employees.

The Warriors won the consolation championship at Jamaica by beating ABL 77-64.

The Tuscola Rescue Squad freed a Michigan woman who had been trapped in the cab of an overturned semi truck following an accident on Interstate 57.

50 YEARS AGO Jan. 9, 1968

Douglas County Circuit Clerk Thomas E. Van Voorhis reported a busy year in his office. The office filed 97 probate cases, 114 criminal cases, 316 small claims cases, and 1,601 traffic cases. Of the 67 chancery cases, 61 were divorces.

The Tuscola Warriors posted their fourth Okaw Valley Conference win by overwhelming Cerro Gordo 88-58. It was the tenth victory for the undefeated Tuscolians.

Sheriff Gene Miller reported 13 stolen cars, 82 traffic arrests, and 45 burglaries within the previous year. The office investigated one armed robbery, which was solved by an arrest in Decatur.

Vault Art Gallery sets three January classes

January might seem to be the month to slow down after the hectic holiday season, but not at the Vault Art Gallery.

Artists at the gallery are hosting three classes during the month of January, with the first one set for 1-3 p.m. Friday, Jan. 11. Sara Holmes of Tuscola will teach an "All About Lavender" class.

Students will learn about a variety of lavender essential oils and more. Participants will make lavender linen mist, lavender pillow sachet and lavender culinary sugar. Lavender refreshments will also be provided. The cost includes all supplies. This class is already full, but check with the Vault on Thursday for any cancellations or to be added to a standby list.

Barbara Hicks of Camargo will teach the next class, "Amaryllis Watercolor Painting Workshop," from noon to 3 p.m. Thurs-

day, Jan. 17. Hicks will teach students how to paint an amaryllis flower and students can either use a pattern drawn up by Hicks or use their own for the class. The cost to register includes supplies, as well as a light lunch and bottled water. The registration deadline is Tuesday, Jan. 15, and there is a class limit of 12.

The third class of the month, a "Lampshade Painting Class," takes place from 2-4 p.m. Saturday, Jan. 19, with Jan VonBokel of Argenta at the helm. Most mass-produced lampshades are on the dull side, but not in this class, with the final product that is only limited by the student's imagination. Students will provide their own lampshades (white works the best), while paint and other materials will be supplied by the cost of registration. The class is limited to 12 people. The deadline to register is Thursday, Jan. 17.



Submitted photo

"Lampshade Painting Class" led by Jan VonBokel will be the third class this month at the Vault Art Gallery and will take place 2-4 p.m. Saturday, Jan. 19.

To register for any of the classes, visit the Vault Art Gallery in person, call 217-599-1215 or send an email to thevaultarts@gmail.com.

For more information, go to the Vault's Facebook page at:

www.facebook.com/VaultArtGallery

Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor:

Now that we are back in school for the 2nd semester, I want to remind everyone to be careful as you travel before and after school hours.

Many of our students bike and walk to school even in the colder weather. They count on drivers to look out for them as they cross our busier streets.

Also, while we realize it does take time for our busses to load and unload, please do not pass a school bus with amber or red flashing lights flashing lightly. These lights are to warn motorists that children are getting on or off the bus.

The law requires you stop before meeting or overtaking a school bus which is

loading or unloading passengers on a two lane roadway. You must remain stopped until the stop signal arm is no longer extended and the flashing lights are turned off.

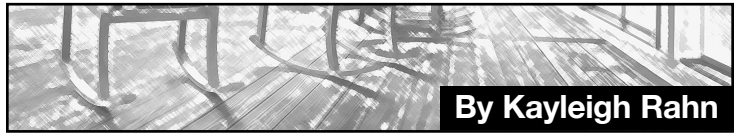
Illinois law says the driving privileges of a motorist passing a stopped school bus will be suspended for 3 months on the first offense and one year for the second

offense, if the second occurs within 5 years. Additionally, the fine for the first offense is \$150 with the second offense being \$500.

Please travel safely and look out for our students. Thank You

Michael Smith
Superintendent
Tuscola CUSD #301

Yellow Farmhouse, White Rocking Chair



By Kayleigh Rahn

After attending six family Christmases in four days, William and I took a vacation day together on Dec. 26 to simply be at home, stay in our pajamas, and figure out where to tuck away all of Nora's new toys.

That morning after breakfast, William and Nora settled in for a movie, while I made my way upstairs to organize Nora's closet. I was beginning to couple new outfits gifted in the days before when that all-too-familiar sinking gut feeling hit me. Typically this happens in the middle of the night, in the shower, in the car, or while out to dinner with friends. It means I've forgotten something major, usually having to do with work.

I took a mental inventory of my to do list before our next press day, and I realized I hadn't forgotten a thing and tried to shake that empty feeling. It was the holidays. I was exactly where I should be. Every item related to work had been taken care of or could wait until the following business day. There was not a single work-related item that needed my attention.

It wasn't that I'd forgotten anything, I was simply feeling guilty for being disconnected for a few days, and I became angry with myself for it. That's when I realized I had fully neglected my 2018 New Year resolution; however, I'm not sure why it took me 360 days to realize I'd failed.

At the office we learn a lot about how people live their lives. It's part of our job through feature stories, meetings, community outreach, and, of course, through the publication of obituaries to learn how our community members spend their days. I've always been intrigued when the title of homemaker pops up; however, at the close of 2017 it hit me that I was not a homemaker in any definition that came to mind. And, if no one with the title of homemaker resides within our house, who makes it a home?

I guess that falls to me. And William, of course. However, we have parallel roles in our places of work and spend about 50 hours, give or take, at the office each week. Even while we are home, we regularly answer phone calls and emails related to work, and with work always on the burner, who has time to dust the baseboards and make lavender-scented homemade play dough with the kid?

Every single mom on social media, that's who.

So, like any other good, self-deprecating, millennial mom, I made myself of dream board and set out to make 2018 the Year of the Homemaker. On my board I pinned a "good home cleaning schedule," a list titled "103 words of affirmation to encourage your husband," and, yes, a homemade play dough recipe.

The mommy bloggers of the world live for this and so would I in 2018. Practice makes perfect, so if I worked a little each week by 2019 I'd planned to have it all by being a working-outside-the-home homemaker. Sure, I'm busy, but everyone is busy. I was motivated and determined. Then life happened. And I did none of it. At any and all aspects of this mission I'd failed.

As I came to this realization, I lied down on Nora's bedroom floor to recover from the shattering noises inside my head as I realized her ceiling fan needed dusted about two months ago and the area rug in her bedroom had all of the dog's hair on it. Wait, is the dog bald? No. She's not? Good. More hair can cover the house before she sheds again this summer.

How do other moms do it?

I admitted defeat and headed downstairs to my husband and daughter who both greeted me with a smile.

Nora hopped off her dad's lap and met me on the couch for snuggles. She wiggled her body under my arm, yawned and began to twirl a curl of hair at the back of her head. She was calm, relaxed, and there wasn't even lavender scented homemade play dough involved.

This is her home, and William and I make it her home, not with the brilliant blog posts, but with love, snuggles, and laughter.

The best homemaker I ever met was my grandma, Nora Quick, for whom my daughter is named. She was a beautician by trade turned farmwife.

Every single day of my Grandpa Quick's farming career she made three square meals, she ironed the bed sheets, and she dusted the floorboards.

However, when I think of visiting their house, I don't remember any of that.

What I do remember is playing with her handheld mirror in her dressing room and how it felt for her to brush my hair after a long day of play before a sleepover at her house. I remember the way my grandfather smelled of Lava soap and Cornhuskers lotion, and that we watched Antique Roadshow together after he'd spent the day in the field.

On the contrary, my mom and dad have worked full-time everyday of my life. And the ranch house in Parkview where she and my dad live will forever be my home. We never had endless summer days of DIY, and when my mom had vacation time it was usually spent "catching up around the house" (much like our day-after-Christmas hideaway was spent). However, growing up my brother and I had a happy home filled with love every single day.

Home isn't a what but a who.

So maybe it's not that I failed in 2018, but my homemaking looks a bit different than my grandmother's or the blogger moms' of the digital age.

It's no better or worse. Simply different. And as long as Nora and William are OK by that, I'll call our house a home.

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ONE THING
THAT
GUARANTEES
WEIGHT LOSS
RIGHT NOW?**

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WHATISMYONETHING.COM