

# Wayne County Press

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Telephone 618-842-2662

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## Career In Military

### Gary Kennett Serviced AC-130U Gunship: Was On Honor Flight

Dear Editor, how time flies! The last time I wrote a letter to the Pink Press was 41 years ago while I was on active duty with the United States Air Force and stationed outside the metropolitan area of Tokyo, Japan. I wrote that letter for the 95th Pink Press saluting the Fairfield High School class of 1959 at the coxing of my parents Deneen and Imogene Kennett of Fairfield. They passed away in 2003 and 2007, respectively.

As a bit of background, I was born and raised in Fairfield and graduated with the class of 1959. After graduation, I attended Southern Illinois University for a brief time before joining the Air Force in January 1961 for what I thought would be a four-year enlistment. However, I made the Air Force my career and had duty assignments in Florida, Mississippi, Ohio, Texas, Virginia, twice in Japan, the Republic of South Korea, and the Philippines. I joined the Air Force with seven other boys from Fairfield: Charles Baker, Larry Dickey, Ray Johnson, Tom O'Leary, Danny Tate, Charles Slankard and Bill Xanders. After our basic training, we were never assigned to the same location.

After eight years in Japan (1977-1985), my wife Yoshiko, daughters Michele and Stacey, and I returned to the US and were based at Wright-Patterson AFB near Dayton, Ohio. I retired from the Air Force as a Chief Master Sergeant, the highest enlisted rank, in September 1992, culminating in a 32-year career. After my retirement, I was employed as a Logistician by a private company to support the acquisition and fielding of the Air Force's AC-130U Gunship. If you are curious as to the role of the AC-130U Gunship, I recommend that you Google it. You will find it both informative and interesting. I worked on the AC-130U Program for 18 years before moving to a Civil Service GS-12 role supporting the acquisition of the HH-60W helicopter for the Air Force. So, after 32 years of active duty, eighteen as a contractor and five as a Civil Servant, I retired in May of 2015 for the final time. During my time in Japan, my family and I had the opportunity to fly numerous times on military aircraft to go sight-seeing and shopping in Seoul, Korea. We also had the opportunity to fly on a military aircraft to Iwo Jima (Sulphur Island) and tour the island in-



Gary Kennett was photographed with his daughters, Michele and Stacey, who are both employed at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base.

cluding Mount Suribachi. The battle for Iwo Jima, fought in World War II (WWII), from February to March 1945, resulted in 6,900 American and 18,000 Japanese casualties.

Following retirement, I volunteered at a local hospital for six years registering and aiding patients with their appointments. I also rekindled my love for golf, started playing three to four times a week and joined two leagues. But now, I am experiencing

golf withdrawal due to the Ohio winter weather. On a positive note, I did get to play golf twice after Christmas when our temperatures soared into the lower fifties. I also took part in the Air Force Marathon held each year at Wright-Patterson AFB. I finished two half marathons and several 10K and 5K races before my knees made me quit. I also traveled to Japan four times; twice with my grandson so that he could meet and visit with his

grandmother's family and experience Japanese culture and customs.

On September 24, 2024, I had the privilege of experiencing a "trip of a lifetime." Honor Flight of Dayton "Honors Yesterday's Heroes" by taking veterans who served from the beginning of WWII (December 7, 1941) through the end of the Vietnam Era (May 7, 1975) to see the national

Continued on Page 3



Phillip Churchill was photographed with his neighbor and friend, Michigan Gov. Gretchen Whitmer.

## Phillip Churchill Built Extensive Lawyer Career; Nearing Retirement

Lansing, Michigan  
Hello Wayne County Pink Press!  
It's Phillip Churchill, Jr., writing to you from the Great State of "Pure" Michigan.

A little refresher about me, I was born and raised in Michigan until I moved to Fairfield in 1979. I attended 7th and 8th grade at Jasper and Merriam Grade Schools and graduated from FCHS - Class of '85.

Fairfield was a great place to grow up. I formed lifelong friendships that continue to this day. Although I moved away a long time ago, Fairfield is still "home." My mom, Shirley Churchill, and my sister, Dianna Richards (and her kids and now their kids), still live in Fairfield.

After graduating from FCHS, I attended McKendree College in Lebanon, then moved to Atlanta, then to Chicago, and then back to Michigan. I went to law school and "planted roots." I can't believe it, but I've been living in Michigan for over 30 years.

I've had an amazing career. I was an assistant prosecuting attorney; a plaintiff's attorney representing the sick and injured; an insurance defense

attorney representing "the dark side"; and, for the last 20 or so years, I've been assistant general counsel for Blue Cross Blue Shield of Michigan. I love my job and the work I do, but I'm already part of the generation planning for retirement and making room for the next generation.

I've had a few great loves in my life, but I never got married and I don't have any kids. I have a very active social life and I serve on several charity and volunteer boards. I love to travel. My goal is to travel more.

I will be in Fairfield for the 2025 Fall Fun Fest. It will be my 40th class reunion. Here is a recent picture of me and Michigan's Governor, Gretchen Whitmer. She is my neighbor and my friend. We all affectionately call her "Gretch," "Big Gretch" or "that woman." I hope she is the next President of the United States.

I'd like to add that the lighting in this picture is bad and I really do have more hair. But since it's a great picture of Biggy Gretch, I'll use it.

PHILLIP CHURCHILL JR.  
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## Jim Stovall Says Fairfield Schools Prepared Him For Electronics Career

Villa Rica, GA  
I have been very fortunate in building my family and career over the last 60 years since I graduated from FCHS. I have been blessed to have been married to Sue Spinner Stovall, of Huntingtonburg, Ind., for 53 years. We lived in Lilburn, GA for 39 years. We have three children, Sarah Jane Bush, 49, of Carrollton, GA, married to Joey Bush, with two sons, Grady, 17, and Emmett, 14; Derek James Stovall, 45, Kennesaw, GA, married to Alejandra Escoto Stovall, 42, one son, Santiago, 10, and one daughter, Emma, 7; Todd Alan Stovall 36, Woodstock, GA, married to Katy Pitchford Stovall, 34, with two sons, Wyatt James, 6, and Ethan Louis, 3.

After graduating from FCHS, I went to the University of Illinois for two years, studying civil engineering, but not very successfully, and, since there was a war waging in Viet Nam and the Draft Lottery had not started yet, Uncle Sam called.

I wanted to get some electronics training so I started talking to the recruiters. The Air Force and Navy wanted four years, but the Army wanted only three, so I signed on with them. After basic training, the first year would be all electronics training, which sounded great. My Military Occupational Specialty would be Fixed Ciphony Repair. Ciphony means encrypted telephones, but the key word was Fixed, meaning "too big to carry on my back." On February 23, 1968 I signed the document that said I would get out in February, 1971. For a 21 year old, that sounded like an eternity. I'll bet every veteran remembers the exact day he or she went in.

Basic was at Ft. Leonard Wood, Missouri, which is a part of the world suited only for an army base. It was still

winter and the day that I left Ft. Leonard Wood is still the happiest day of my life. I caught a ride to St. Louis and took in a Cardinals game that same day. I know, ladies, the happiest day of my life is supposed to be getting married or the birth of my children, but I'm just telling the truth here.

My electronics training was in Ft. Monmouth, New Jersey. This is one of the most beautiful posts in the army, near the Jersey Shore and not too far from New York City. However, it was the Army and the harshness of our lives that caused some of my buddies to quickly get very close. We had some wonderful times.

The second happiest day in my life was when I found out my duty station after Ft. Monmouth. I was working on a wiring rack, when a friend walked into the room and said, "Stovall, your orders are posted." My immediate reply was, what is the APO (Army Post Office?) He said, "New York." I yelled with great joy, because that meant I was going to Germany. APO San Francisco would have meant Viet Nam. Two of 14 in my graduating class went to Germany, the others ended up in Nam.

After discharge from the Army, I spent one year in Evansville working for Southern Indiana Gas and Electric Company. While at SIGECO, I met my future wife, Suzanne Spinner of Huntingtonburg, Ind., who was working there too.

Sue would come over to the engineering area to use our copier. I had been watching her for a few days when I decided that I should talk to her when she came over. As she was standing at the copier, I walked up ready to give her my best smile and say hello. She turned and immediately asked me, "Are you in my way?" The always confident and talkative Jim Stovall had



The last photograph of all four Stovalls, Brenda Gillison, Beverly Dilges, Jim Stovall and Judi Stovall Black.

nothing to say after that. Later that day, I saw her leaving and asked her out on our first date. I've always said we met "reproducing."

After we married on March 18, 1972, we moved to Colorado where I was enrolled at Colorado State University in Fort Collins, studying electrical engi-

neering. Over the course of the next 5 1/2 years, Sue and I both found several jobs and I graduated with a Bachelor of Science in Electrical Engineering, enhanced our skiing skills, and learned to enjoy being a fan of the Denver Broncos.

During our second summer in Colo-

rado, I took a job with an engineering consulting firm that sent us to Vail for the summer. What a job! I drove around Vail Mountain supervising the construction of the underground electric power lines serving some new ski lifts that Vail Associates were installing to continue extending the skiing

area of Vail Mountain. Vail was only 11 years old at that time. Seeing a town grow up and the ski area develop into an absolutely wonderful place has been a highlight of my life. After graduating, I went to work for the same engineering firm, getting to spend five summers in Vail.

When my daughter Sarah was 18 months old, we moved to Atlanta and I found a job with Scientific-Atlanta which was my career for the next 34 years. We designed, manufactured and sold products which allowed electric utilities to reduce electric usage of air conditioners when the electrical systems were severely overloaded. I continued my education at GA State University and earned my MBA. A New Jersey Company, Comverge, bought Scientific-Atlanta utility division in 1999 and I worked with them for 12 years.

With our children and grandchildren living on the west side of Atlanta, Sue and I decided to build a house in Villa Rica, GA. I am doing some substitute teaching at the local high schools, I work a few hours a week at the Ace Hardware in Douglasville, GA, and am writing a book about my father-in-law and the way he earned a Silver Star in Alsace, France during World War II. I still love my wife and the children still want to do things with us. Our grandchildren are smart and happy. My parents and the Fairfield schools prepared me well for the world that I would find after I left FCHS.

JIM STOVALL  
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# Petroleum Engineer, Brad Aman, Spent Career In Oil Business

Oklahoma City, Okla. I am Brad Aman, a proud FCHS Class of '75 member. I have been married to Sue Ann Reeves since 1978, and we have three children.

Our son Guy and his wife Tiffany live in Dickinson, ND. They have three children: Joanna, Henry, and Joseph. Guy works as a construction superintendent for Continental Resources, overseeing all dirt work operations for the company.

Our son Michael and his wife Megan reside just outside Houston, Texas, where they have one daughter, Elizabeth. Like me, Michael is a petroleum engineer and works for Talos Energy.

Our daughter Sallie and her husband David live in Edmond, OK. They have two sons, William and August. Sallie started her career in the oil and gas industry but has since transitioned to NextEra Energy, where she works as a reliability engineer for wind farms.

My parents are Arvis and Wilma Aman. My dad retired from the family well-servicing business started by our grandfather, and my mom retired after raising five kids. They raised our family on 11th Street. It was a great neighborhood to grow up in. Lots of guys to play with—Keith Wooldridge, Bill Book, Mark and Denny Holler, the Hollet brothers, the Tribe brothers, and the Vinson brothers to name a few. After 60 years, our parents moved to the corner of 6th and Center.

My only sister, Pam, is the pride of our family. She lives with her husband, Joe Holman, across the street from our parents. One of my twin brothers, Doug, and his wife, Julie, are at the other end of 6th Street. His twin, Rod, and his wife, who is also named Pam, live in St. Charles, Missouri. My youngest brother, Greg, and his wife, Laurie, have their home in O'Fallon, Missouri.

The oil and gas industry has played a significant role in my life, my fam-

ily, and many classmates. I graduated from the University of Missouri—Rolla with a degree in petroleum engineering and have been fortunate never to be laid off in a field with many ups and downs.

After graduating from college, we moved to Denver, where I started working as a drilling engineer for Chevron. After three years in various positions within the company, we decided to return home. I took a job with Farrar Oil in Mt. Vernon. After 19 years, we sold the company to Continental Resources. I then continued to work in Mt. Vernon for another five years with Continental before relocating to Enid and eventually to Oklahoma City. We live in downtown Oklahoma City, where I continue my work with Continental.

When I was born, I was fortunate to have 13 grandparents, including grands, greats, and great-greats. My paternal grandparents, E.O. and Sallie Aman, and my maternal grandparents, Raymond and Edna Samford, lived in Fairfield. As the oldest and first grandson, I felt "special" and spent much time with them. Additionally, being the first and oldest nephew meant I received much "special" attention from my aunts: Janie Aman Wallace, Evelyn Samford Doty, and Ruth Samford Temple.

I made great friends through church, school, and summer sports. Since I lived on the south side of Main Street, I attended Center Street for kindergarten. Then, I went to Northside for two years before returning to Center Street and on to FCHS. I was actively involved in the youth group at First Christian Church alongside classmates Greg Burgess, Jim Cable, Jon Miller, Richard Harriss, Steve Kincaid, Coy Bruce, and Roger Curry. The church provided a foundation for my Christian faith that I rely on to this day.

I wasn't good enough to play school sports but lived and breathed little



Brad's daughter, Sallie and her husband David Noelsch and William and August.

league baseball during the summer. My teammates included Victor Griswold, Steve Griswold, Gene Cravens, Carrol Ewing, and Leslie Ewing. Victor, Steve, and Carroll's dad helped coach us from time to time. Sandy Robinson's brother, Robbie, also played, and their dad, Bill, assisted with coaching.

Most of my nonacademic activities revolved around the band. Richard Harriss and I played trumpet next to each other. Steve Griffin, David Wells, Greg Burgess, and Kirk Wallace played trombone behind us, and Jim Cable played the French horn in front of us. Tanya Gale led us down the field as the drum majorette. We had one year with Norman Hills, two with Larry Wagner, and one with Eric Behmer. Although he didn't deserve it, we aggravated the dickens out of Wagner. We were all on a band trip to Northern Illinois during the fall of Saigon. Several of us stayed up late watching it unfold, wondering how it would impact us.

Tom Wickham was my behind-the-wheel driver's education instructor, and Brian Kurr and Larry Theivagt were in my driving group. On Friday of Homecoming weekend in 1974, the electronic scoreboard on the football field went down. Mr. Horner sent everyone in the driver's education car to Greenville to pick up a replacement part. We returned just in time to join the parade before it turned down Main Street.

Although I received my learner's permit early in the year, I didn't complete the driving portion of the course until early November. My September birthday and the Driver's Ed Schedule meant I was likely the last person in our class to get a driver's license. Car-



Brad's son, Guy Aman and his wife, Tiffany and three children, Henry, Joanna and Joseph.

mi was the closest facility for obtaining a license, and it closed at 4:15 PM. On the first day I was eligible to take the driver's test, my mom picked me up at 3:30 PM and took me to Carmi. She looked forward to reducing her taxi obligations for me and my four siblings. My Aunt Evelyn was aware I now had wheels. One of my first solo drives was to pick up an order of French fries from Reaban's and deliver them to my sick cousin, Staci Doty Eastman.

The bowling alley was a popular hangout for me and many classmates. I even helped take care of the shoe money behind the counter whenever Randy Pilcher had to free up stuck pins. It was a sad day when Fairfield lost that hangout spot.

I drove my grandpa's old field car during high school, college, and early marriage years. If you ever rode with me, you might remember the smell of crude oil coming from the gauge line in the trunk. We were lucky that Steve Griffin didn't cause the car to explode when he lit a cigarette. The car was almost identical to Pam Sutherland's car, which worked to my advantage on several occasions. Whenever I was accused of a traffic violation, I could say, "It must have been Pam!"

During our senior year, we had two foreign exchange students: the proper Guido Knaeps from Belgium and the always-entertaining Chris Steinmueller. The class of '75 swept Miss Fairfield our senior year. Miss Fairfield 1974 was Audrey Toussaint, with Dian Felix and Sandy Robinson as runners-up. Dian also won the title of Miss Congeniality. Connie Hassinger, from the class of '75, was the retiring queen.

Always good to see Butch Driggers for lunch when he comes to OKC on sales calls. Larry Vest and I have hooked up to watch the homecoming parade over the last several years.

Every generation has its experiences, and ours is no exception. We were born during the space race and witnessed humans land on the moon. President Kennedy was assassinated when we were in first grade, and Nixon resigned just before our senior year began. In sixth grade, we experienced the turmoil of 1968 following the assassinations of Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King Jr. We watched the college riots after the Kent State incident in seventh grade. Those of us in the oil and gas industry have seen oil prices fluctuate dramatically, ranging from less than \$3 per barrel to over \$140 per barrel. We've also experienced many positive events. The U.S. hockey team's victory over the Russians, the fall of the Berlin Wall, and the USSR's dissolution.

Working in the oil and gas business, I work with many people from all backgrounds and geographic locations. The guys who grew up in large metropolitan areas don't understand the bond you have with classmates who share kindergarten through high school. Fortunately, we grew up in Fairfield and Wayne County, where everyone looked after each other, no one locked their doors, and everyone knew your business.

I'm looking forward to seeing everyone in October.

BRAD AMAN



Brad's son, Michael and his wife, Megan, with daughter, Elizabeth.

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### Greetings Readers of the 136th Pink Press!

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# Gary Weaver Grew Up Poor, But Many Rich Memories

Murfreesboro Tenn. I was born 1950. We lived on a farm eight miles north of Fairfield Illinois past Jasper school with my grandparents Harry Carter and Jane Carter. Joe Carter lives there now. We lived about 1/2 mile from Charlie Harris. He was a member of the Shelton gang. I sometimes rode my bicycle past Charlie's house. I waved to him and he waved back. Charlie was usually setting on his front porch with a shotgun in one hand and a pistol in the other hand. Years later we learned Charlie Harris moved to Amarillo TX and worked at a pawn shop until he died in his 90s.

We were poor people, but I didn't know that because everyone was poor like us. I attended 1st, 2nd, grade school in town then 3rd and 6th grade school at Jasper school. We moved a few times looking for work but always returned to Fairfield every summer. My father got a job in Mt Carmel so I attended Mt Carmel high school, then WVC college, then SIU college.

I had a lot of relatives in Fairfield; grandparents, five aunts, five uncles, 11 cousins. We had about 100 Carter relatives in Mattoon. I still have Carter family in Fairfield, Geff and Cisne.

In those days school was out three months every summer June 1st to Aug 31st. No matter where my parents were I spent every summer with my grandparents in Fairfield and spent weekends and holidays with my grandparents in Fairfield.

My cousin Brad Carter lived in town. He would always come out to the farm for the whole summer, and we got into lots of trouble. Grandfather had several broken bicycles so one summer we repaired two bikes then rode eight miles into town to get a five cent ice cream at Dairy Queen.

One summer we built a small 3"x 6" boat from old barn lumber. It leaked so bad we had to scoop water out fast as we could with a coffee can to keep it

from sinking. One summer we had a go-cart. We rode it 8 to 10 miles in all directions of grandparents' house on gravel roads. We took turns driving it while one of us rode on the back hanging on to a gas can. Then the engine ran out of gas and we filled up the tank then swapped drivers and rode back home. We rode the go-cart 8 miles to Jeff once to get ice cream and a root beer.

The following summer we had a mini bike. We could not go far, and there was no way to carry a gas can.

We had an oil well about 500 ft behind the house plus a 100 ft diameter salt water pond. The oil well pumper guy made devices that produce about 1 gallon of drip gasoline from the oil well every day. We used the free gas in the go-cart and mini bike. One night in July after dark about 9:35 pm we poured about 10 gallons of gasoline on the salt water pond then shot a flaming arrow at the pond from about 500 ft away. All of a sudden there was a 500 foot tall flame in the sky for about 30 seconds then it was gone. About 20 or 30 minutes later grandparents were listening to the radio that reported about 60 people seeing a huge flame in the sky. People in Wayne City, Geff, Albion, Fairfield, saw the flame. A police officer driving home from work saw the 100 foot flame also. I heard it was in the Fairfield newspaper but I never saw the paper. As I recall this was about July some time between 1962 and 1965.

I think it was 1963 when my cousin Brad Carter got a bag of foaming agent from the factory Airtex and threw it in the fountain near the town square. Fairfield newspaper front page showed 6 foot of foam blocked the road coming from Albion. The fire department came and washed all the foam away. I wish I had seen that, I saw the photo in the newspaper.

I think this was the first year that I owned a car 1966, Thanksgiving or



Gary Weaver is shown with John, Daniel, Diane at Niagara Falls.

Christmas weekend. My cousin Brad Carter said, come with me I need your help. We drove to Fairfield city park, and he said, stop here at this walk path. Brad put on some big wooden BIG FOOT shoes, and he wanted me to pick him up several blocks up the road.

It had been raining and the big shoes made some good foot prints in the mud. I drove back to Mt Carmel, and my cousin said BIG FOOT sighting was in the Fairfield newspaper. LOL. The following summer Brad Carter and I worked for a farmer planting

corn. The farmer gave us an old 1950 Plymouth car for free. He let us have free gasoline too. The car was gutted inside with no seats front or back. We tried to get a sofa inside the car so we had something to set on. The sofa would not fit through the door so we

used a cutting torch to cut the entire body off the car. We drove that car up and down all the country roads for about two weeks. We were getting bored with the car and needed some excitement so we drove all the way through Fairfield, we turned around at the Dog House restaurant and went back. While parked at a Red traffic light the car smoked so bad the light could not be seen. Brad was driving and I had to stand up high as I could to see over the smoke to see when the traffic light turned green. LOL. We never did that again. Smoke almost choked us both to death parked at a Red traffic light. LOL.

Winter came we pulled snow sleds behind the car at 20 mph. When 20 mph became boring we did 30 mph then 40 then 50. One time my snow sled went out of control. Sled went down into a ditch then up the other side. I went 30 ft up into the air then landed in the soft snow. Summer came and we were looking for something exciting to do so we pulled an old truck tire 60 mph behind the car on the gravel road and took turns riding on the tire.

One summer we learned how to make hot air balloons with a large plastic cleaners bag, 6 soda straws, 18 birthday candles. After lighting the candles it took about 1 minute for the balloon to get warm enough to take off. 18 candles were easy to see in the dark sky at night and we followed them to see how far they would go. At first they only went 4 to 5 miles. As we got better at building the balloons they went 10 to 18 miles. Candles went out 1 by 1 and soon the balloon could no longer be seen. On a night with a full moon we could see the shadow of the balloon as it slowly landed.

I have cataracts so bad I can barely see. Fix all the typos for me. I have eye surgery in January.

GARY WEAVER  
3606 Dixie Ln.  
615-692-9113

## Dennis McConnell Now Retired In Houston; Took Trips To Australia, London

Houston, Tex. Today, I saw a Facebook post from Bruce Reeves soliciting articles for the Pink Press. If you enjoy this, please thank Bruce. If you do not, then kindly keep your opinions to yourself.

2024 saw the third anniversary of my retirement. I like to tell people it took me three days to get used to retirement after 47 years of work. Of course, I retired just before the 4th of July three day holiday, so that helped ease me into retirement mode. Although neither one was my "dream job," I was blessed because I enjoyed my years of work.

My wife and I had recently (now almost five years ago) moved into our new home, not newly built but new to us. Our moving day was April Fools' Day, April 1st, 2020, the first day of mandatory Covid 19 lockdowns. We were not sure that the movers would come until they actually arrived that day as originally scheduled. They proceeded to move our furniture without any problems.

With Covid lockdowns, it was difficult to meet our new neighbors. More than half our neighbors are also retired.

Fast forward, in the spring of 2024, we took our first trip to visit my son and his family in Sydney, Australia. When people ask what he does, I say he is a "consultant" because I do not know what he actually does. We went in our springtime which of course is Australia's fall, supposedly a great time of year to visit. It started raining the day we arrived and rained every day until we left. Later, my son texted that the sun had appeared soon after our plane departed. Fortunately, we took our raincoats and had a great time visiting the zoo and botanical gardens.

We returned home to enjoy the hot, dry, but humid Houston summer along with the hurricane. Thankfully, we personally did not suffer any damage. The electricity was out for about 24 hours, but thanks to the crews working to restore power, it was a relatively short period of time. I have a great respect for the men and women who work to keep the lights on.

My Dad, Everett McConnell worked over 30 years at Wayne White Electric and was called out many times on stormy nights or during icy weather to get the power lines back up. So a shout-out to the dedicated men and women who perform an often-dangerous job so the rest of us can sit comfortably at home.

In the fall, we squeezed in a trip to London to visit my youngest son and his family. We managed a short side trip to Amsterdam. It was fun taking the train under the Chunnel from London into France. In London we enjoyed beautiful, cool, fall weather. I had the pleasure of taking my granddaughters to school, often walking with them.

All-in-all, 2024 was a good year. I think any year that we see the 55th anniversary of one's high school graduation should be considered a good year with much to be thankful for. I am cer-

tain 2025 will prove to be an interesting year.

May this blessing be for all who read this:

May the Lord bless and keep you,  
May the Lord make His face shine upon you and be gracious to you,  
May the Lord look upon you with favor and give you peace.

DENNIS MCCONNELL  
1969 graduate of FCHS

## Gary Kennett Was On Honor Flight...

Continued from Page 1

memorials in Washington, DC. However, there are few surviving veterans from World War II, known as America's Greatest Generation. The trip was free for the veterans and their guardians and included airfare, bus transportation, and meals. My daughter Stacey went as my guardian. We

traveled to DC on a chartered American Airlines flight along with 150 other veterans, guardians, and nurses.

My wife of 51 years passed away in November 2013. Both of my daughters live in the Dayton area and are employed at Wright-Patterson AFB. Stacey is a Civil Servant and the Chief of Media Relations for Wright-Patterson AFB. Michele is employed as a contractor and works at the Wright-

Patterson AFB Medical Center supporting the Air Force's Tri-Service Care Program for military personnel, retirees, and their families. I have one grandson, Erique, who lives in Las Vegas and one granddaughter, Michalea, who lives in Dayton with her husband Keyon. I also have three great grandkids: Arriyah 9, Julian 12, and Keyon Jr. 14. My brother Jerry and his wife Carol live in Apoka, Florida as they

opted for the warmer climate! Thank you, Wayne County Press, for allowing me to share the last 41 years of my life in a few paragraphs. I congratulate you on another edition of the Pink Press and I hope that the tradition lives on as it is uniquely Fairfield!! Go Mules!!

GARY KENNETT  
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Charlotte Stahl is shown with her husband, Ron, and Marti and Bob Hawkins.

## Deeanna Clevenger Lived In Multiple Locations; Now Retired In San Diego

San Diego, Calif.  
Hello Fairfieldians, It has been 45 years since I left Fairfield. I moved to the Chicago area soon after my mother passed away from cancer in 1979. There, I worked as a Medical Lab Technician for 2 1/2 years at which time I met my husband while vacationing with my friend/room mate in Freeport, Bahamas. After a year of long distance relationship I visited Jim where he was living and working in Alaska on the Trans-Alaska Pipeline. I quickly fell in love with Jim and Alaska. We were married in Fairfield at my home church, First Christian Church, in January 1983. I worked at the hospital lab in Fairbanks for five years. We had our first child, a daughter, at Fairbanks Memorial Hospital in 1986.

Shortly after having our daughter, Laura, we found out my mother-in-law had pancreatic cancer. Jim had just finished up his undergraduate degree at University of Alaska Fairbanks and since there were not a lot of prospects for jobs we decided to move down to Northern California to be near Jim's mom and dad for the remainder of her life. Jim applied to Stanford University Business School and much to our surprise got accepted. So, we lived on campus for two years while he attended business school. My mother-in-law passed away the summer between the two years of Jim's program in June of 1988. Two weeks before his graduation I delivered twin daughters who weighed 8 lbs 2oz and 7 lbs 9oz! Keep in mind, Laura was just two years old at the time. Needless to say, I had my hands full for many years.

Jim took a manufacturing management job at Otis Elevator where we lived in Bloomington Indiana for the next eleven years. I was fortunate to be able to stay home with the girls until they all went to school. I took part-time jobs then such as; playground monitor and preschool teaching assistant. By 1999 Otis was starting to close its doors to manufacturing so Jim left and took a job managing a Mexican elevator factory in Rosarito Beach, Baja California for Mitsubishi Electric.

Thus, we moved to the San Diego area in 2000 where we lived for 17 years in a neighborhood in Chula Vista. I wanted to put the girls in Christian school, so I got a job as a teaching assistant at the elementary school affiliated with their school. I taught 4-6 graders who were struggling with school for various reasons.

In the year 2005 I took a job as Staff Research Associate at the University of California San Diego working in the Kawasaki Disease Research Center. My duties included managing the lab, processing and cataloging the samples from the Kawasaki patients, and extracting DNA and RNA from blood, saliva, and skin from them and their family members for the study. The traffic got so bad over the years that I was spending 1 1/2 hours each way to and from work everyday. I decided to retire at age 62 in 2018 and have not regretted that decision, even though I enjoyed my job.

In 2017 we found our current home in the foothills of the mountains east of San Diego. We really love it out here except when the winds blow from the desert and the humidity sometimes dips down to 4%! Our favorite seasons are winter and spring because summer and fall can be too hot and dry.

Our oldest daughter, Laura moved to Austin, Texas in 2020 when she lost her event planning job here. She works as a wedding planner in the hill country outside Austin. Our twin daughters are still here in the San Diego area. Sarah followed in my footsteps and works as a Clinical Laboratory Scientist in a local hospital. Lisa works as a supervisor in licensing at the Sheriff's Department and her husband is a police officer for the city of Chula Vista. They have given us two grandchildren; Savannah who will turn 5 in March and Wesley who will turn 2 in March. Of course, we think they are the cutest kids in the world! My parents were Vernest (Johnny) and Doris Clevenger. I grew up most

of my life out in Crestview Terrace. I had only one sibling, Chris my older sister who married a Chicago boy and has lived in that area for 50 years. As I stated earlier our mom died in 1979 from cancer and our dad died in 2003 from age-related causes. Some of you may remember mama running the daycare center on First Street in the little house that the high school bought. Many of you probably remember my dad working behind the counter at the Post Office where he retired as assistant post master.

I consider it a privilege to have grown up in a safe little community sheltered from much of the craziness of the world. My best memories are playing at my grandparents' (Orville and Mary Musgrave) farm on the Burnt Prairie blacktop with cousins and friends and swimming at the pool in the park. Of course, I didn't appreciate Fairfield as I should have, but realize when I am back to visit what a "gem" it is. I always drop in at Carnaby Square where you get that small town experience of shopping. I am pleased to see new businesses like the coffee shops and such, also.

I look forward to visiting again soon. Until then, I pray for blessings for my little hometown!

Your friend,  
DEEANNA CLEVINGER SCHERRER

### In Memoriam

In grateful memory of my father, mother, and sister, Ray, Evelyn and Roxie Musgrave.

One of Dad and Mom's favorite verses:

"For though I be absent in the flesh, yet I am with you in spirit, joying and beholding your order, and the steadfastness of your faith in Christ." Colossians 2:5

MISSED AND CELEBRATED BY A GRATEFUL DAUGHTER AND SISTER, VANESSA MUSGRAVE

## Charlotte Hawkins Stahl Busy With Family In Sunny Florida

Ft. Myers, Fla.  
Hello to all. Ron and I are still in North Fort Myers, Fla. which is on the south west side of the coast. We are south of Sarasota and Punta Gorda.

We were fortunate not to have damage after the latest hurricane. The winds were fierce, but our community of 55 and older had no damage. An antique bus from a classic car restoration was blown into one of canals. Just a mile down route 41 had several homes, but the touch down only took out a couple mobile homes. Along the beach areas it was a different story... Ft Myers Beach, Sanibel, and Bokeria. They all had heavy damage. Most people were displaced and homes were leveled by the water. Yes, lots are being sold at astounding prices and 15-foot concrete pillars to provide safety for wash out forceful waters are being built to replace beach homes. All prices are extreme for insurance and land.

Weather here is always a plus. One exception was this January. It is our winter and has been in the 50s at night and 70s during the day hours. For us that means jackets and sweat shirts, long sleeves, even hats and gloves, and maybe some heat after dark. Just a reminder, we don't have or use coats. Sweaters are rarely needed except for air conditioned restaurants.

One nice benefit is that my immediate family: son, daughter, and brother all have moved within 20 minutes of us. My son and wife bought a new home after living in suburban Chicago. Both boys are in the technology field. One lives in Iowa and the other near Dallas. Next, my daughter, her husband and high school son moved from California to a more rural farm type area.

This spring I am going to Cancun, for the Texas grandson's Indian style/Hindu wedding. We are all learning a lot about her culture and the four-day event. My culturally correct clothing is

being sent from Mumbai, her family's home. I've been told larger sizes are not available off the rack. Each day has a theme and at least two clothing color changes. So far everyone wears white, yellow, and colorful garments including henna tattoos, turmeric tossing while wearing yellow, Bollywood dancing, and eating Indian and Mexican cuisine. I am waiting now for my tunic style pants and drape for the ceremony to arrive. Seems like one suitcase with two changes a day may be a challenge.

My husband is not going because of his celiac food allergy. He has a second trip to Mayo Clinic in early February for a mangemia bleed Mayo treated two years ago. The VA has been helpful for Ron's medical needs. Generally he is doing well and has been able to play golf in our community.

Our daughter and hubby are urban farmers (via YouTube) planting fruit trees and vegetables in raised beds. From fire captain to building a concrete grill, raising bees, chickens, turkeys and putting in solar panels, he stays busy. My daughter who is an audiologist taught second grade last year. Her 19-year-old son who attends a private school while playing on the golf and baseball team is waiting to pick a college for fall. His grades qualified him for a full Florida scholarship.

I tried Classmates for a while, but very few responses so maybe there are not enough people of my age left to participate. I have spoken to Janie Aman, Rose Garden, and Reta Mathews. Periodically I get to see my cousin, Roberta George Onstott. I am in a book club and take bridge lessons. I was asked to leave Majong because I need more practice. They say play on the internet...My recliner gets a lot of my attention these days.

The doctors here have great business. That becomes part of our social/weekly schedule. There are lots of plac-

es to eat and our clubhouse has many social events. We sit on our driveway after 4 until 6 to chat with golf cart passers by. Currently I am still downsizing from an 8x10 storage unit.

I have fond memories of growing up in Fairfield. Thank you Edna Mann for instilling the curiosity in me to travel the world. I have been to many countries and have lots of photos. Teachers can inspire, and I was fortunate to get to be one and to teach those from high school to babies how to talk, read, and function in their world.

I regret not finishing my PhD, but I am satisfied and happy to have done so much.

CHARLOTTE HAWKINS STAHL

**Kiley Gwaltney,  
Star Athlete, A  
Construction Engineer**

Sherman, Ill.

This is Kiley Gwaltney son of Vernon and Mary Lou Gwaltney. I graduated from FCHS in 1992. My wife Sara and I reside in Sherman IL. I have worked for the Illinois Department of Transportation for the last 28 years where I'm currently the Construction Engineer for District 6. Sara is a PreK teacher for the Williamsville school district.

We have three children: Gabrielle, Caroline and Griffin. Gabrielle will graduate from Central Michigan University with her Doctorate in Audiology in May. Caroline is in her first year of medical school A.T. Still University in Kirksville, Mo. Griffin is a freshman at Williamsville High School where he is active in running and swimming. I have fond memories of my years at FCHS and continue to wish the Mules good luck

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# Angela Mathews Ash In Georgia; Owes Fairfield Women

Alpharetta, Ga.  
My name is Angela Mathews Ash, I am the daughter of Reta Harlan Mathews and the late Charles Preston Mathews. I graduated in 1986 from FCHS. My brother Tad lives in Walnut Creek California and graduated in 1984. I think this fall we may have a reunion with the class of 1985 and it would be so fun to see everyone!

I have lived in Johns Creek, GA for the last 20 years with my husband Art, and our two dogs Gracie and Finn. Our two kids are grown now, and Ben is 26 and lives and works in Denver, CO for Deloitte. Ben and his fiance Erika love nature and outdoor sports and activities the area offers. So much so that they have planned their wedding next October so we all can enjoy a little Colorado time.

Kate, our youngest, is finishing her master's in entrepreneurship through FSU and lives in Savannah. Kate prefers the southern climate and has accepted a job with the Alzheimers Association as a Manager of the Walk Against Alzheimer's and fundraising.

My dad was a part owner and head of the printing department at Wayne County Press. He hoped that the tradition of the Pink Press, which his dad had started, could continue. Before social media (Facebook, Instagram) or even the internet, the Pink Press was a way for people to stay connected. My mom shared that sometimes they had north of 70 letters for each issue. My Uncle Tom is trying to keep the ship afloat but without participation, it might not continue.

I live in a suburban area north of Atlanta. My daily routines include lines in stores, and always traffic on the roads. I do have access to most things at my fingertips but you pay the price with time getting there. In a small community, there are many wonderful advantages, and I think the local paper is one of them. I may be biased but am so grateful this tradition continues.



Angela Ash, second from left is shown with Sam Huntington, Kate's boyfriend, Angela, husband, Art Ash, Kate Ash, brother, Ben Ash and girlfriend, Erica Foose, Tony Angel, Tad and Reta Mathews

I learned through my parents' example that it is important to invest in your community. Despite my community being much larger, I work for the

Star House Foundation with at-risk 4th and 5th graders. My impact may be small in a big world but know every little bit counts from many female role

models in Fairfield's example. While the kids were growing up I worked in retail for about 10 years. A friend recruited me after she opened

a couple of stores in our area. Truly one of the most talented and hard-working retailers I know is Kristy Hornung. Fairfield is so fortunate to

have a business like Carnaby Square. My late grandmother, Marge Mathews shopped there her whole life. My mom, myself, and my daughter all love what Kristy sells. She has an incredible style that caters to multiple generations.

Another amazing Fairfield resident is Linda Monge. Academics never came easy to me but she was an exceptional teacher who always made you feel anything was possible. She is still contributing and educating Fairfield students at Frontier Community College. I continued on to U of I and got an MSW from Loyola. I studied so hard, but if I hadn't had teachers like Linda Monge I may not have kept trying.

Another female powerhouse is Dr. Lauren Williams who I want to mention. After her medical studies in Chicago, she returned home as a surgeon. She was amazing when my mom ran into some skin issues that needed surgery. She is competent, patient, and kind. So happy she is making Fairfield her home.

My aunt Kim Mathews is another amazing business owner in Fairfield. She is the third generation at Kincaids Hardware. Kim was always the one in the family who could fix anything. So smart, hard-working, and got the job done. She continues to be at the helm and gives so much of herself to this family business.

As I close I dedicate this writing to my mom, Reta Harlan Mathews. She has blown us away with her business smarts, tenacity, and friendships after my dad passed. It hasn't been easy but she rounds out the women I am proud to know and have learned from in Fairfield. My Uncle Tom continues to keep the press going. Thank you, Tom and the amazing staff at the press for all you do. Wishing everyone a blessed 2025!

ANGELA MATHEWS ASH

# Tina Nation In Kentucky; Wife Of Sam Nation

Providence, Ky.  
Hello everyone,  
I am Tina Nation, the widow of Sam Nation.  
Sam and I were born and lived in Fairfield most of our lives. So many great memories made there.  
Sam would always visit K and M and Barbwire to visit with his coffee

drinking buddies and take cookies he would make.  
He missed his friends as did I, along with my aunt Shirley Tullis when we moved.  
He also missed his son and grandkids, which he never saw very much.  
We moved to Providence, Ky in September 2022 to be close to family. This

little town is smaller than Fairfield. The closest Walmart is 30 minutes away.  
We sold our home in Fairfield and moved into a 500 square foot apartment that our daughter set up for us on her property. Boy did we have to downsize.  
Sam's health really started declin-

ing after our move. He passed away Aug 29, 2023. I sure do miss him. Life just isn't the same.  
I live surrounded by 10 acres my daughter and son in law own. They have chickens, six hunting dogs, three German shepherds.  
I rescued a little puppy, Buddy just two weeks after Sam passed away. Re-

ally we rescued each other. He keeps me very busy.  
In the summer I like to spend time in my daughter's pool. Take care of my flowers and watch my hummingbirds. I also enjoy family cookouts.  
I don't visit Fairfield very often, too many bittersweet memories.  
I must close. Wishing everyone

health, happiness and joy.  
Much Love,  
TINA NATION  
8134 State Route 293 South

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- 7 Use your debit/credit card chip instead of swiping your card whenever possible.
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# Michelle Laughlin Adams Made Pact To Travel Extensively More

Dear Pink Press,  
Clarksburg, Calif.

Happy 2025! I am Michelle Laughlin Adams, graduate of Cisne High School class of 1989. My parents are Darrell and Beverly Laughlin of Johnsonville. Hello from Clarksburg, CA! My family and I moved to California in August of 2019.

I am working at Church Investors Fund in Elk Grove, Calif. I celebrated five years here in the Accounting Department and received a promotion to Staff Accountant. I really enjoy what I do and the new tasks I have taken on. In addition to all of the duties for the company, I also provide bookkeeping services for three churches with a few more to be added in the coming year. Never a dull moment here. My days are full.

My husband, Sandy, is the pastor at Clarksburg Community Church. He has been pastor of the church for five years. The church is growing and it's exciting to see what the next year holds. We have been so blessed to be a part of this church and enjoy living in the community. I lead our worship team and get to sing a couple of Sundays a month. We have a blended church model with contemporary music and choir/hymns.

Our son, Samuel, is in 9th grade this year. He participated in Cross Country this fall and did a great job for his first season of long-distance running. He is now taller than dad and loves to show that off. He is very social and loves hanging out with his friends. He somehow convinced us to get a bearded dragon this year and has really enjoyed taking care of his new pet. We named the dragon Marmalade because of his coloring. It's interesting having a tiny dinosaur in our house. If Sam had his way, the house would be full of critters.

I made a resolution for 2024 to go somewhere every month. It could be a day trip, a weekend away, a long vacation, but it needed to be somewhere new and different. As I look back on the year, I think I fulfilled my resolution. We explored our state, adventured out to new places and revisited some of our favorite places. We made

it to Disneyland this year. That was such a fun time, and we had beautiful weather in February for that trip. While we were there, Sam and I participated in a Pokemon Go event at Rose Bowl Stadium. He had a great time and I enjoyed being at the actual stadium. I was amazed at the number of people and the vast range of ages that participated.

I went with a friend to Hawaii this spring. It was my first trip ever, and I fell in love. We went to Pearl Harbor, the Bishop Museum, drove to the North Shore and explored. What an amazing experience. I've already decided that I need to go back!

My niece, Haley, got married this summer so we enjoyed time with the family to celebrate her wedding. We also had friends visit this summer and took them north to see the redwood trees. That area might be my favorite place that we've visited here in California. I traveled for work this fall to Myrtle Beach. I was able to fit in some beach time along with work which made me happy. Then in November, we went back to the Outer Banks to celebrate Thanksgiving with Sandy's parents and another couple. We went several years in a row when we lived in Pennsylvania and it was a nice trip back during that time of year. We always enjoy visiting the historical sites and the beautiful beaches. Sam participated in his first deep sea fishing adventure. He caught quite a few fish and provided dinner that night.

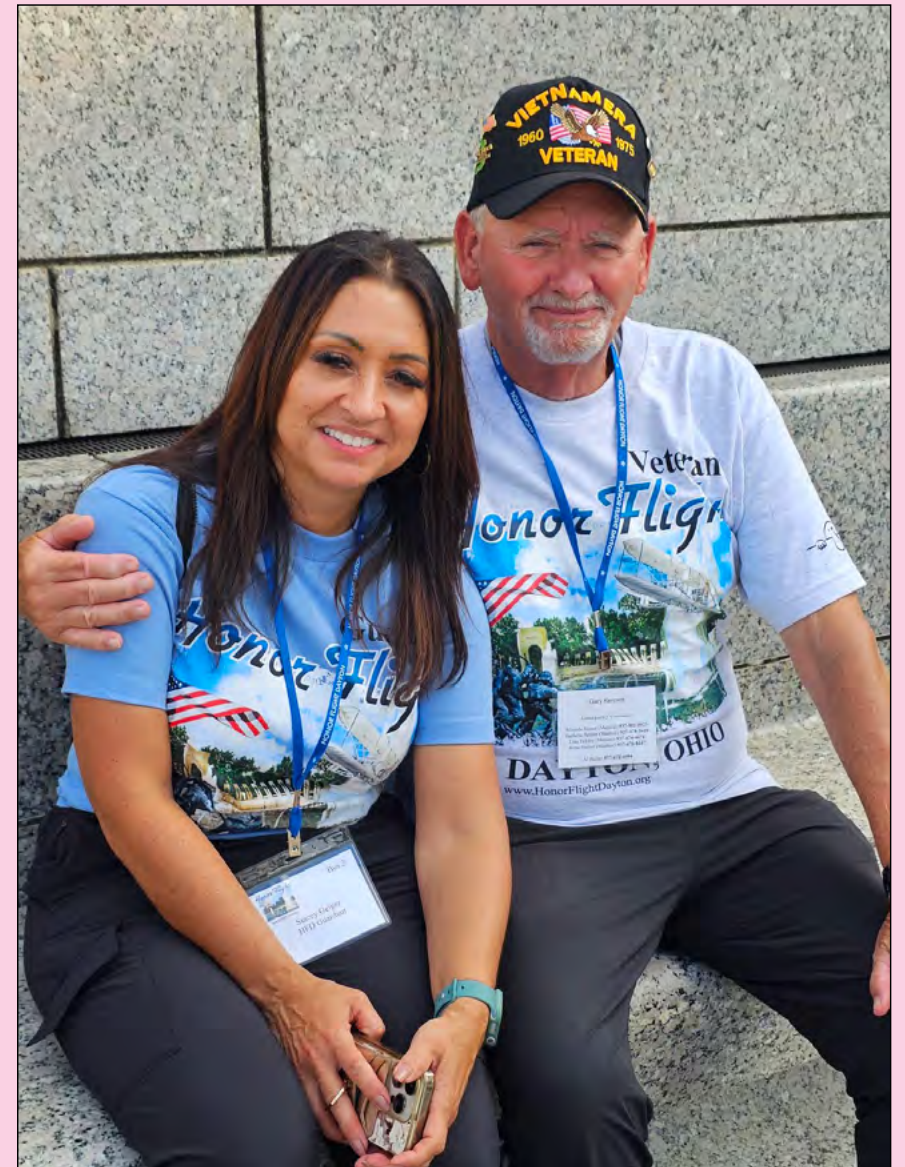
We are well and enjoying California. Sam is fully a teenager now and that brings new experiences and situations. Being a teen boy mom can be exhausting! I love that he has lots of honorary grandparents, aunts and uncles in our church. They are such a blessing to us all. We are embracing West Coast life and enjoy the experience even five years later.

I continue to be thankful that I can be a part of such a unique small town experience with the Pink Press. Thank you for keeping the tradition going. I wish you all a blessed 2025!

MICHELLE LAUGHLIN ADAMS



Michelle Adams is shown with her husband, Sandy and son, Samuel.



### Honor Flight

Gary Kennett with his daughter, Stacey, who served as his guardian on a military Honor Flight.



Michelle with husband, Sandy and son, Samuel, while traveling.



Sandy and Sam while visiting Hollywood Studios



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## Larissa Smith Family Took Full Blown Disney World Trip

Evansville, Ind. Hello everyone. I'm Larissa (Smith) Branstetter. My mom is Joselene "Jo" (Moats) Smith and she still resides in Fairfield. I've written to the Pink Press once before and thought I would give an update this year.

I still live in Evansville, IN and am married to David Branstetter. Our children, Ava and Walter, are now 14 and 10 respectively.

Ava is in the 8th grade. This fall she had to decide what high school program she wanted to be in next year. There are several different ones you can choose from in the Evansville high schools, including but not limited to health services, a law program, Early College, and a technical and careers program. She applied to Early College and the law program and was accepted by both. She made the choice to be in Early College and is looking forward to it in the fall.

Walter is in 4th grade. He loves video games and coding. He enjoys the STEM program at school. He hopes to make his own video games in the future. He is very creative and loves to draw.

In October 2023, we took a trip to Walt Disney World. We decided that was the year for a big family trip as we had never gone on one before. We visited all four parks, Magic Kingdom, Epcot, Hollywood Studios and Animal Kingdom.

First, we went to Animal Kingdom. We took a train ride to a remote area at the back of the park and drew with one of the Disney animators. She walked our group through drawing the dog from COCO. It was a lot of fun to see how everyone's pictures turned out. We also went to the Pandora section of the park and rode Flight of Passage. My niece's, Jamie (Opell) Marcos, husband helped in getting that ride set up and running on site. It makes you feel like you are flying over the skies of Pandora from the movie, Avatar. We just had to ride it knowing family had been a part of the magic.

The next day we went to Magic Kingdom. We rode several rides, including

Space Mountain, Haunted Mansion, Carousel of Progress, Pirates of the Caribbean, and Tron. We also went to the Hall of Presidents. David had been to this park as a child so it brought back a lot of memories. There are also a lot of interesting foods at Disney. We made sure to try the Nutella and Fruit waffles while we were there. That was a short day because they closed early for a Halloween event. That gave us time to relax at our hotel, Pop Century.

On day three we went to Hollywood Studios. They have a Star Wars area there. We made sure to ride the Millennium Falcon, Rise of the Resistance, and Star Tours. While we were there, David and I made lightsabers and the kids made droids.

Walter is not the biggest Star Wars fan so he got a "robot" instead. Although I think he might be coming around with some of the new Star Wars TV series but he won't admit it. Haha. We saw a couple of shows in Hollywood Studios called the Indiana Jones Adventure and the Muppets in 3D.

By our last park day, we were exhausted but we pushed through and went to Epcot. We had a lot of fun riding Guardians of the Galaxy and Ratatouille. The Food and Wine Festival was going on while we were there. It was exciting to eat different foods from around the world.

Needless to say, we were all ready to get back home by the end of the week. Never a dull moment with us though. A week after we got back, the timing belt on the vehicle we drove there broke and we ended up getting a new engine. It was such a blessing that this happened about a mile or two from our house instead of on the way to and from Florida.

This spring we are planning on going to Nebraska to see David's uncle. This happens to be close to where my cousin Peggy (Smith) Dickey lives so it will be nice to see her family too while we are there. Peggy was from the Cisne area growing up. Hopefully there will be no more adventures with our vehicles while we are on our trip.

Sincerely,  
LARISSA SMITH BRANSTETTER



Earline, far right, is shown with her family, left to right, Jeff, Kimmra, Aubrey and Owen Hingher; Reed, Tammra and Robert Cascio.

## Earline Obrecht In Tennessee, After Years In Sales

Franklin, Tenn. I am Earline (Milburn) Obrecht, FCHS class of 1963, writing from Franklin, Tennessee. I moved down here in June 2013. Franklin is a beautiful town a few miles southwest of Nashville. I love living here.

I worked for the Wayne County Press in advertising sales for 25 years before moving down here. I loved working there. I met lots of new people

and made lots of new friends.

I was married to Bob Obrecht of Cisne until his passing in 1979. We have two daughters. Tammra (Obrecht) Cascio, a graduate of Ole Miss Law School, lives in Madison, Mississippi. She is an attorney, owns her own consulting business and is a lobbyist. Tammra has two sons. Robert (22) is a senior at Ole Miss and will graduate in May. He is also in his first

year of pharmacy school. Reed (19) is a freshman at Ole Miss in pre-law.

Kimmra (Obrecht) Hingher, an MBA graduate from Harvard, and her husband, Jeff, an MBA graduate from UCLA, live here in Franklin close to me. Kimmra and Jeff are both in marketing. They have two children. Owen (18) is a senior in high school and will be attending the University of Tennessee next fall. Aubrey (16) is a sopho-

more in high school. She helps with an after school elementary program and is an assistant teacher with preschoolers at church.

Tammra owns a condo in Oxford, Mississippi, home of Ole Miss. We go there frequently to visit with her and her boys.

I am so blessed to have my wonderful family. God is good!

EARLINE (MILBURN) OBRECHT

## Chalon Harris Traces Arrival Of Family In Wayne County

Sandpoint, Idaho My name is Chalon Harris. I was born and raised in Wayne County, and I graduated from FCHS 72 years ago. Looking for adventure, I went to Alaska; met and married my wife Karla there, and "pioneered" there, living in a log cabin I built which lacked running water, electricity, phone, TV, or even a radio.

In some respects, our lifestyle was similar to my Harris ancestors in Wayne County 213 years ago. However, I learned to fly, formed my own air taxi flying service, and became a "bush pilot." Due to disabilities received from an attack by a bull moose, I had to give up flying and sell my Denali Flying Service. My wife and I now are retired and living near Sandpoint in north Idaho.

I brought a trophy white moose back with me from Alaska. It is not an albino, but a white moose. I claim that it is like a "gold watch" given to a faithful employee at the end of his career. Only in my case, the Lord gave it to me because I had both shoulders dislocated only the week before that hunting trip, resulting from an attack by a bull

moose. The accident disabled me to the extent I had to sell my Flying Service. Unable to fly, I took up writing, and now have four books to my credit.

The end of the Revolutionary War and the establishment of our Constitutional Government had taken place a mere 33 years before Isaac and Gilliam Harris first camped in what is now Wayne County, in 1812, being the first white settlers here. Gilliam was my great great grandfather.

The following mentions my early Harris ancestors as found in Chapter 3 of the book, 1884 History of Wayne County Illinois: Isaac and Gilham Harris (brothers), with their families, had spent the winters of 1812-13 in a camp, near where Nathan Atteberry's farm now is, bringing their hogs from their home in Big Prairie, White County, on account of the superior mast of that locality. And in 1814, as stated above, the families moved into the county as permanent settlers. Aunt Betsey Goodwin was then 12 years old, and from an interview with the old lady in 1880 by the editor of the Press, we extract the following interesting reminiscences: Her father, Isaac Harris, built

the first cabin ever erected within the borders of Wayne. Mrs. Goodwin was 12 years of age then, and has a very distinct remembrance of that first log hut, with its dirt floor, carpeted with bear skins (and it took only four bears to supply the carpet). Mrs. Goodwin is 77 years old, and promises fair to live out the century. Her mother lived to be 91, her grandmother to be one hundred and seven, making a visit to Ireland after her one-hundredth year.

When I was in high school, I had no idea how many students I may have been related to. I have recently discovered that I have ancestors and relatives buried in 13 cemeteries in Wayne County.

Our family tree contains many teachers and a few preachers.

My sister Lori, and her husband were both teachers, along with my niece, my Grandmother, my Grandpa and Grandma Harris, two of my Mother's sisters, my great grandmother Della Pettijohn, and on and on.

Aside from Gilliam and Isaac Harris, my family tree includes the Dickeyes who settled north of Simms and formed the Dickeyville Community.

Some of my other ancestors, the Pettijohns, served in the Revolutionary War. For their service, they received land grants in southern Ohio, along the Ohio River. After a short stay in Ohio, John Pettijohn, his wife Deborah Little Pettijohn, and their five children moved in 1838 to near Rinard, in northern Wayne County, Illinois. John and Deborah had three other children while living near Rinard.

These early settlers were not subject to any authority outside their own families. They survived by their own hard work, ingenuity, and resourcefulness. They were of the caliber of men and women who stood up and fought against British authority during the Revolutionary War. This attitude of resisting harsh and tyrannical Ruling Authority was a novel idea, and is wonderfully expressed and explained by Rose Wilder Lane in her book, The Discovery of Freedom. I urge everyone interested in tracing the progress of human rights and freedom to read it.

CHALON HARRIS

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Dean Caudle is photographed with his wife, Stacy and son, Jonathon.

## Dean Caudle's Many Memories Of Fairfield; Town More Modern

Shiloh, Ill. Greetings Wayne County folks! I have never written a story for the Pink Press before although I have read many over the years. My name is Dean Caudle, and I graduated with the class of 1986 at FCHS. I attended Fairfield Center Street Grade School before moving to Jasper Grade school in 5th grade.

I lived in Fairfield until I moved to Granite City, Illinois in 2004. We then moved to Shiloh, Illinois, which is a small town just outside of O'Fallon, Illinois in 2014, where we have lived for the past 10 years. My wife is Stacy Atteberry-Caudle who grew up in DuQuoin, Illinois. We have been married

for 21 years. We have one son, Jonathon, who is a sophomore at O'Fallon High School and is on the high school baseball and wrestling teams.

I graduated from SIU-Carbondale in 2000 with a major in Accounting. I am a licensed CPA in both Illinois and Missouri. I have worked as a Financial Controller for a large construction company in Madison, Illinois for the past six years.

I have lot of great memories of Fairfield and Wayne County and still visit occasionally. As you know, a lot has changed. I am old enough to remember the old skating rink near where DiMaggio's is now. I remember Reaban's where Taco Tierra is now. I re-

member Druthers where the bank is now. I remember Sears where my dad worked for many years where the Rent to Own place is now. I am old enough to remember Food Park and Red & White Grocery Stores. And even though it hasn't been gone that long, I did work for a time at Airtex. I sadly remember the theater being destroyed in a fire.

I see a lot of changes for the better. The town looks more modern than it was in my day. Many improvements have been made to the roads, the hospital, the West End of town, and it brings me joy to see Frontier College, which I graduated from now having sports teams. Perhaps my son will play for them in a couple of years. I remember my time at FCHS as a quick four years. I don't remember all my teachers' names, but a few I recall are Don Wood for Accounting, Linda Monge and Tom Bishop for Math, Tom Wickham was my Drivers Ed Instructor, Sue Odum was one of my English teachers.

I am glad I am able to keep up with my classmates and others through Facebook. I still like to eat at DiMaggio's and New World Chinese Restaurant when I am in town. As the college continues to grow it gives me joy to know that will help the town continue to thrive and go on long after I am gone. Those are the things that come to mind as I type this.

Thank you for all the memories of reading the Wayne County Press over the years. I always looked forward to each new issue and I can still remember my mom driving around the block, letting me out and go inside and putting my coins in the dish and picking up the fresh smelling copy of the Wayne County Press and heading home to catch up on all the news. Before the internet this was our lifeline. Good sharing with everyone and take care.

DEAN CAUDLE  
FCHS class of 1986

## Doyle Worlow Says Good Old Times Trending Back

Girard, Ill.

Dear Pink Press, I am Doyle Worlow, the youngest of four children of Bill and Freeda Worlow. Growing up a long time ago on a farm in Wayne County was a good way of life. It was a simpler way of living during a simpler time in history. The "Pink Press" edition always stirs up those memories. This year it got me thinking that maybe some of those good old times are trending back today. Let's see if you agree.

**Education:** We attended a one-room schoolhouse. There was only one other student my age when I attended the Antioch School. We had one teacher with students of many ages. One teacher handles all lessons, lunchtime, recess, and discipline. Mostly men taught back then. The teacher was challenged to keep students of different abilities and interests engaged in the learning process. We had the typical mix of class joker, chatty talker, very shy, very smart, teacher's pet, etc. Which one were you? If you have older siblings, you probably understand what it is like to be labeled with the prior reputation associated with your older sibling when you started school.

What is there today that is like that one-room schoolhouse? Homeschooling! The number of parents who are now homeschooling their kids continues to grow. Many of the parents who do homeschooling have joined together to create periodic shared times for all their kids to be together for learning and other activities. COVID sure did a number on all of us and rapidly threw teachers, parents, and students into a form of electronic homeschooling that is still used in many ways even today.

Yes, we walked to school, but it wasn't uphill both ways. It was, however, a two-mile walk from home to school. After the schools were consolidated, I rode the bus. Being typical boys, we would laugh about the times we acted up on the bus. Years later, after I retired from driving a semi-truck, I became a school bus driver. That experience sure brought back a lot of memories - and paybacks.

**Nutrition:** We ate what we raised. My folks worked three different gardens every year. One was down by the creek in case of a dry year. Another garden was located on top of the hill to weather a wet year. The third one was near the house for easy access. We raised corn and soybeans, as well as chickens, cows, ducks, and goats. We had good food without chemicals. Mom had lots of shelves of canned goods from which she insisted us "kids" needed to take home some of whenever we came back to visit with our own kids. Today we see how popular organic, farm-to-table, and farmers markets have become. Our Saturdays were our "go to town for trading" days. We would trade or sell some of our items for other things we needed. What do we have today? Co-op groups for many kinds of food.

I must confess that I did not enjoy (or even tolerate) the rooster. After getting flogged in the barnyard, I didn't want to have anything to do with chickens ever again. My wife teases me about not eating chicken. She thinks it would be a great way to get revenge - eat the chicken!!

**Outdoor Time:** Growing up on a farm meant being outside a lot. We played outside on the old swing, in the pond, with the goats, in the hay-loft, on the bicycles, with the horse, etc. In fact, my first bike was made by my brother from various scrap pieces he found. He was a natural born mechanic. He could take anything apart and put it back together. Not all of us can get that second part to happen. I rode my bike for two miles over to my best friend Harold Gene's house. We



Doyle Worlow with his bass fiddle.

were determined to break in a stallion that his dad got. We saw it done in the movies. One day that horse reared and really threw me off hard. We persisted, but never did get that horse broke. Later on, I got my own horse

Continued on Page 9

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Pictured left to right are Jo Tribe, Kathy Tappa, Jack Tribe, and Mike Tappa on one of Kathy and Mike's trips to Fairfield to visit with Jo and Jack.

## Kayla Gwaltney Keck Busy With Family, Real Estate

Hello Pink Press Readers-Kayla Gwaltney Keck here. The middle child and oldest daughter of Vernon and Mary Lou Gwaltney. New Hope class of 1990 and Fairfield class of 1994. My mom asked for us to pass along a little update on how life has been treating us—and being the “good” child that I am of course had to comply.

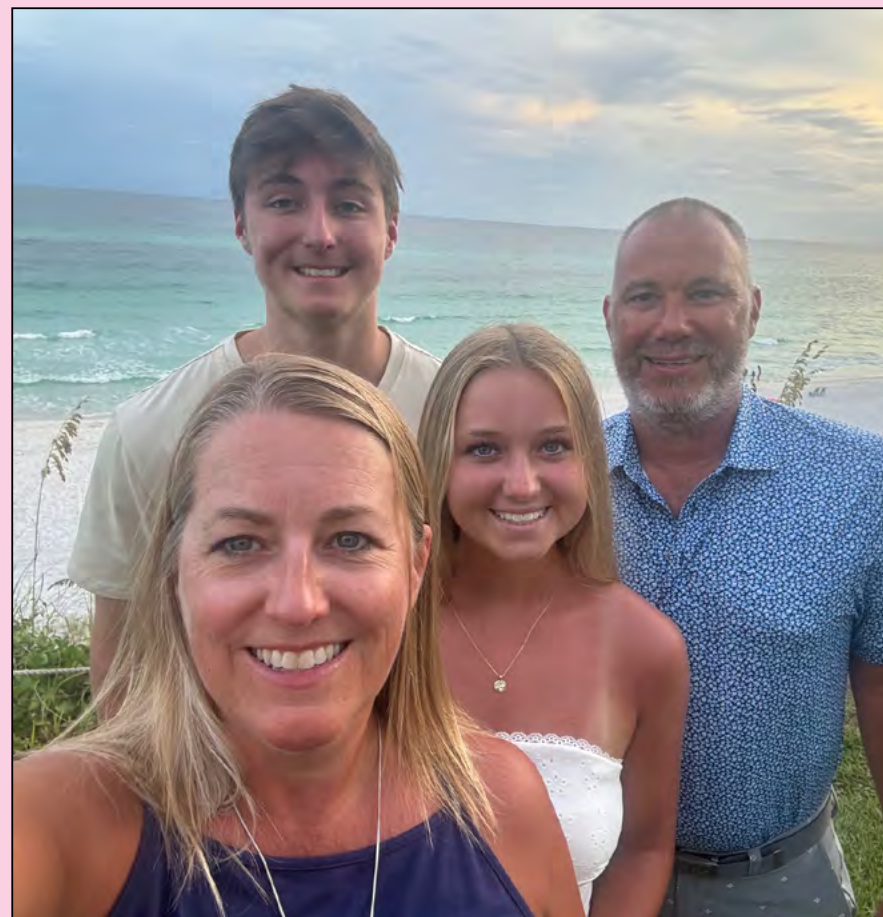
My family consists of my husband of 22+ years Fred and our two children: Will (20) and Lyla (17). Fred is a successful attorney and although he does just about everything minus family law, municipal law is his area of expertise. He is currently the city attorney for both Freeburg and Troy. It's an exciting time for us as well because as of March 1, he will be opening his own practice with a former co-worker. The practice will be named Keck, Brown & Brown—and I am so proud that he is taking this leap of faith.

Our son, Will is currently in his second year of college at Missouri S & T studying Engineering Management. He joined Pi Kappa Alpha (Pikes) fraternity and serves multiple executive roles for them including: Special Events Chair, Social Chair and Rush Committee. He enjoys participating in numerous intramural sporting events. Will is ahead on credit hours so he is planning a co-op semester next fall to gain some “real” world experience and still plans to graduate with his class in 2027.

Our daughter, Lyla is a Senior at Belleville East High School. Lyla loves to stay busy! She excels in school and currently is a #1 in her class. She is taking several Pre Med classes and is leaning to going that route as we discuss where she heads to college next year. And she never met a club or organization she didn't want to join and serves on the executive committee for most. Of course, in true Gwaltney fashion, she is extremely competitive. She has played soccer since she was little, and we travel all over the country attending her ECNL events (elite clubs national league) where she represents St. Louis Scott Gallagher club. She also managed to play for her high school and we are looking forward to finishing her final season this spring.

I have had a career in real estate for almost 30 years. I started working for a local new construction builder which eventually led me to getting my license. I love interacting and helping people with their home buying/selling journey. It is an avenue I never thought I would pursue but feel very blessed to have found. In addition to work, I enjoy numerous community activities including attending church (with my sister who ended up moving less than 15 mins away from me), reading, working out, traveling and watching Big Ten college basketball whenever possible! As I near the “empty nest” stage I also hope to be able to up my travel game to possibly match my little sisters!

Best wishes to all. Go Mules.  
KAYLA KECK



Kayla Gwaltney Keck is shown with her husband, Fred, and children, Will, and Lyla at the beach.



Kayla Gwaltney Keck is shown with her family at their home

## Residents Preserving Community's Charm

Dear Reader,  
My husband and I wanted to express how much we enjoyed our time in Fairfield. We had the pleasure of visiting our friends, Jack and Jo Tribe, on a couple of occasions. While there they showed us around your wonderful

little town. We were able to see how your residents take great care in preserving your community's charm.

On both our visits we were also able to check out a few of your local restaurants, where we experienced, not only great food, but also found our experience to be warm and inviting at each

place. Everyone was super friendly!

We felt that Fairfield offers to all who live there, as well as to those visiting, a sense of belonging, which is rare in today's world. We definitely hope to visit again one day.

Warmest regards,

KATHY & MIKE TAPPA

## Doyle Worlow Says Good Old Times...

Continued from Page 8

and named him Tony. My dog Wimpy was by my side for all my adventures. I sure hope you had a pet growing up. We had farm chores to do and I can still hear my mom tell us to get the chores done before daddy got home from work. I helped other farmers when I got older. I learned a lot about farm machines and crops and

working hard. These days many kids go away to a summer camp to enjoy outdoor time in the country away from all the electronics. They learn new skills and meet new friends and make memories.

**Hand Made:** My mom could make anything. She sawed an entire picket fence by hand because she wanted one. She did needlepoint, crochet, dried flower arrangements under glass, etc. I have a peacock needlepoint piece my

mom made, and my wife has a peacock mosaic piece her mom made. I hope you have such items to treasure from your family. My mom could take apart hand-me-down suits from relatives and make suits for us kids. She filled our yard with flowers and plants of all kinds. Many were “starts” shared by friends. She made things from whatever she had or could find. The same was true of her cooking. Mom could make the best of anything! How she managed the heat temperature on a wood stove to make all of it is unbelievable to me. As we all do, she learned from experience. Dad once told me you could bounce her biscuits off the walls when they first got married.

Today handcrafted items are very popular. Craft shows and shops and fairs offer all kinds of handmade treasures and tasty treats. It's kind of like antiques. We had a house full of antiques back when no one was interested in old furniture. Mom was a bargain hunter and loved the old pieces. That saying about “if the walls could talk” makes me wish those old pieces could have shared their stories from the places they had been.

**Old Friends:** After all these years, we are blessed with many friends. The “old” part may represent the person's age or the number of years of friendship. Many friends are from working years, neighborhoods, churches, shared interests, organizations, etc. We enjoyed music parties, family reunions, Sadie Hawkins dances, pie suppers, barn dances, birthday parties, and party line phone calls (3 longs and 2 shorts). We have countless pictures in “cloud” storage. Letters and stamps are rare. We have FaceTime and text messages and lots of ways to stay connected now. Friends are a treasure.

Once again, we thank everyone who has made the Pink Press possible for all these years. It is our hope it can continue.

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# Beverly Dilges Enjoying Family In Alabama

## Spent Many Years Working As Secretary/Seamstress In Fairfield

Pell City, AL  
I am Beverly Stovall Dilges, daughter of Walter "Stovie" Stovall and Mary Pauline Waud Stovall, and I was born in McLeansboro, but after attending seven years of elementary school there, we moved to Fairfield, along with the three younger children, Brenda, 10, Jim, 4, and Judi, 2.

We moved in 1951 as Dad had accepted a job with Earl Jukes, who owned Mid-East Supply at that time. We attended church and Sunday School at First Baptist Church and became members there after we had accepted Christ as our Savior and were baptized at the appropriate time. We went to Center St. school and then high school where we all graduated.

I graduated in 1956 and started attending Lockyear's Business School in Evansville, IN. Having taken shorthand and typing classes in high school, I was able to graduate with my business degree the next summer, 1957, and accepted a secretarial job in the Sales Department of International Steel in Evansville. I very much enjoyed that job and the sales people. In 1960 I received a call from Mead Johnson Co., Evansville, and accepted a secretarial job with their Pabulum Division, and soon our division was transferred to a new Division of MJ called, "The Edward Dalton Co.," as the company was now selling Metrecal to Fair Trade businesses. I enjoyed meeting new people. My roommate since college, Janet, and I became good friends with two lovely gals at Mead Johnson who also roomed together and we four rented a house on the East Side and moved in 1963. It worked out to be a wonderful experience for us as we four kept in touch and met up as much as possible. As we married and had children, our children grew up and moved on and three of us lost our husbands. In 2023 Marty passed away and Janet and I have Winona and her husband left of the eight of us. A real blessing were these gals and their families.

In 1965, our mother passed suddenly. As Jim and Judi were still in high school, I quit my job and moved back to Fairfield. Our brother Jim graduated that year and Judi started her senior year. I accepted a job as "Girl Friday," as Jack Vertrees called me, at the Fairfield Cable TV as it was almost built and opened in September of 1965. I met John Dilges (Strand Theater) and we started dating and married in 1957. After we married, I accepted a job with John Robison, Sr. at the law office of Marshall, Feiger, Robison and Quindry. I really enjoyed the secretarial work (and as a paralegal of which I was not). When John Robison, Jr. became a part of the firm, I also worked



Brenda and Alan with children and some grandchildren at Jack's Cross Country Race.

for him. I quit working for them at the end of 1972 to go home and raise our daughter, Christina, born February 22, 1973. I intended to go back to the office after she went to school, but I had built up my sewing business and I did alterations for almost 50 years. I worked for Carnaby Square and a lot of friends and new friends. Loved that!! John and Christina didn't seem to mind my being at home and working my business around our family activities. John passed away in February of 2011 and I continued to live in my house till I moved to Pell City.

My sister, Brenda and her husband moved with their four children to Pell City, AL in 1978 and we visited in the summers. Chris graduated high school in 1991 and Eastern IL Univ., Charleston, 1996 and moved to AL to be near her aunt's family and Kim, their youngest, as they were the same age. She was employed right away and lived in Anniston where she worked so John and I also drove down for Christmases as well as the summer trip and special occasions. In 2006 Chris and Brett Isom, of Leeds, AL were married and continued to live in Leeds until their daughter, Aubrey, was starting the first grade and they moved



Kim, Brenda's Daughter and Brad, Judi's son.

to Trussville where they still reside. Brett is employed by the Greater Birmingham Area Planning Commission but works at home most of the time. Chris splits her time at UAB working in Birmingham and at home. Aubrey is now a high school freshman and is quite busy with all her activities of a 15-year-old.

In the summer of 2023, at age 84, I said "I am not going to drive down there anymore." I moved in November of '23 and lived with Brenda and Alan for five months when I found an apartment I wanted in town. I really

are much cooler. Lots of sunny days in our North Central area and after the rainy days, everything looks beautiful. The town and the lake areas are very pretty and a lot of new stores have opened and the doctors with specialties come over on certain days so we don't need to drive into Birmingham most of the time. Birmingham hospitals are well-known world-wide and are so appreciated.

Our sister and her husband, Brenda and Alan Gillison, graduated with the class of 1958 and married in 1959. They have lived together 65 years, in Fairfield, in Homer, Michigan and Joliet, before moving to Pell City, AL in 1978. They have four children and all four children, and I, live within 10 minutes of their house on the Logan Martin Lake. They have always loved to have family and friends in, but I am sad to say they are not in good health, and their children and grands have taken over the care of the house and property and the entertaining. Our deceased sister's four children were down from Illinois last week for a couple of days and we had a great visit with them at their lake home.

Our brother, Jim Stovall, age 78, lives in Villa Rica, GA and I have been visiting with him and Sue for a few

days. Jim has written his own Pink Press letter so I am just mentioning him being our brother and lives about 90 miles via I-20 between him and me and the Gillisons in Pell City. He came over to Pell City last Thursday and stayed with me but most of the time we spent with the Gillisons, and we drove to Villa Rica on Saturday. We went to a couple of libraries today to find a book club book for me and found some others we either borrowed, bought or got for free. I will attend his Writer's Guild with him Wednesday morning, and Sue will drive me home later that day. This will give her the chance to visit with Brenda and Alan. So wonderful to have family so near.

Our sister, Judi Stovall Black, passed December 23, 2020, from a short illness with cancer. She was survived by her husband, Ken Black, and her four children Kari Lane, Brad Payne, Shad Payne, and Chere' Witges and their children and grandchildren. We all were happy to see and visit with her children and one grandchild who drove down last week from Illinois and Kari from Newburgh, Ind..

I wish you all a great life and blessings from God!

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*Greeting Pink Press Readers*

# Many Memories Growing Up In Fairfield

## Sue Reeves Aman Wasn't Allowed Near Bozo's; Enjoyed Visiting Sofie's

Oklahoma City, Okla. I loved growing up in Fairfield. The place and the people had a huge impact on the person I became.

I grew up in a wonderful neighborhood where I visited our neighbors daily. One of my favorite places was Warner's Grocery Store. I was always fascinated watching Glen Warner cut meat—steaks, roasts, pork chops, and poultry—each piece neatly arranged and labeled. Mr. Warner would weigh the meat, wrap it in white paper, and tie it with string. Our neighborhood had a second grocery store, D&J, with a giant wall of penny candy. Many neighborhoods had grocery stores where residents could shop, buy on credit, and socialize. Whenever our mother needed something to complete dinner, we would walk to the store and charge it.

Almost every day, I stopped by the home of Bobby Neal Young's parents, Elmo and Genevieve Young, to watch the only color TV I knew existed. (I thought Bobby Neal's last name was Neal.) Genevieve always had a snack ready for me. I loved visiting Mrs. Young's house, Bobby Neal's grandmother, to watch her sew.

I would cross the street to Horace Johnson's house, where he let me cut wood chunks with his foot-pedal saw. Then, I walked down the block to jump on the Theofanopoulos trampoline, a real neighborhood attraction. Mrs. Gianopolis, our backyard neighbor, was always welcoming to a scruffy tomboy like me.

Mrs. Rickard lived across the street and often sat on her porch strumming "Illinois Loyalty" on her guitar. She claimed our dog, Rusty, talked to her. Her son, Glen, lived next door, and Lyndall was a great neighbor who taught me how to skip.

I loved wading in Johnson Creek and catching crawdads. Much of my childhood was spent playing in Katie and Gene Large's yard, where Kenny, Kar-

en, Debbie Hallam, and I would dam the ditch along the street until the city came to clear it out. Lee Zigler would pick up Karen for high school, and they would give me a ride, too, which felt cool as a freshman.

Tad Mathews was born when Rita and Preston lived next door. Our mother took me to meet the baby, and I thought I was witnessing a miracle; he was such a beautiful little guy. Down the street, Mac Martin and our dad raised fighting gamecocks until the neighbors complained about the crowing roosters.

After supper, all the kids in the neighborhood came out to play. We played croquet, kick the can, wiffle ball, 'andy over' throwing a ball over the roof, and hide-and-seek. I loved playing Cowboys and Indians with Karen Large. We didn't have stick horses, so we rode brooms that we imagined were Indian ponies. We were always Indians because they were the bravest.

Until the 1970s, cars did not have seat belts or car seats. My three brothers and I often wrestled in the back seat, arguing over who was encroaching on whose space, which drove our dad crazy. He removed the handles from the back doors to prevent us from opening them while driving. After I grew up, I often wondered, "What would have happened to us in a wreck?"

My brother Bruce tied me up and, with the help of my twin brothers, Kim and Kent, lifted me onto the top of the refrigerator. They managed to get me down just before our parents came home. My brothers were in charge when our parents were away, and everything that happened during that time remained a secret between us. We would clean up any evidence as if we were covering up a crime scene.

I was at the pool when they raised the metal doors at 1 PM. They kicked me out at nine that night. I went home for supper and then back to the pool.

There weren't two sessions; it was just one long day filled with jumping, diving, and splashing with friends from all over Fairfield. It was also where I first met some kids from the county. During the summer, I walked to the park, often getting my flip-flops (my daughter cringes when I call them thongs) stuck in the oiled and chipped pavement. I loved being on the swim team. Jamie Martin McDowell was the most beautiful diver I ever saw compete. Throughout high school and college, I worked as a lifeguard, and I have a basket pin that I treasure.

I could walk uptown. I started at the Index and bought two malted milk balls for ten cents. Then, I went to the newsstand to see the interesting things to read and the models you could buy to build. I loved the smell of the nuts roasting at Murphy's dime store and watching the fish swimming in the tanks. Murphy's was my bathroom stop. The bathroom was at the back of the store, and they kept a bottle of Evening In Paris on the sink. I thought it smelled wonderful. Across the street, at Rexall's, I liked to buy a marshmallow Coke—handmade at the soda fountain. My brother Kent Reeves and father-in-law Arvis Aman (from a different era) worked as soda jerks for Walt Blackburn, who owned Rexall's. What a store—soda fountain, drugs, cosmetics, and school supplies. I wasn't allowed to go into Bozo's pool hall, but Sofie's was a very special place to visit. Sofie wore two pairs of glasses and smoked a pipe. The walls were loaded with guns, and you could get food from the griddle, treats at the soda fountain, and handmade candy. Sofie was our neighbor and a friend of our mother's. I'm old enough to remember Uncle Andy and Yaya.

During the summer, I would follow the trucks that sprayed mosquito fog, probably DDT. For Halloween, I went trick-or-treating every night for a week. After dinner, I would put on

my brother's clothes, blacken my chin to create a beard, and tie a bandana to the end of a stick—I was a hobo. I made repeated visits to the homes that gave out the best treats. Our mother told us stories about men who knocked on doors during the Great Depression asking for food, so I considered my costume to be that of a vagabond adventurer. I don't think kids dress up as homeless people today.

I spent my Saturdays at the Strand Theater and Sundays at the bowling alley. You could call the theater to find out the current features and schedule. "Strand Theater, this is a recording..." The schedule didn't matter much since the movies looped continuously. We could go to the show whenever we wanted and stay until the movie looped back to the part we had missed. If it was a good movie, we stayed to see it twice. The smokers stood at the back of the theater to watch the movie. John Dilgiss patrolled the theater for misbehaving kids. He flashed his light at me, and I was removed for talking. The Easter show at the Strand was my favorite annual event. I could watch a movie for the price of one egg. The Strand collected the eggs the Lions used to hide for the Easter egg hunt at the park the next day. There were so many kids at the Easter show that I sat on the floor. In winter, the bowling alley was full of kids bowling or playing pool in the winter.

In Kindergarten, Mrs. Baker spanked me when I touched a key on the piano on my way to the bathroom. In fifth grade, I had to sit in the corner at the back of the room, away from the rest of the class, to stop me from talking. It didn't work. In eighth-grade homeroom, I was assigned the closet in the back of the room as my locker space because I couldn't be trusted with a locker in the hallway. I was often asked, "Aren't you that nice Reeves' boy's little sister?" I did not live up to the legacy of my brothers.

The food at North Side School was fantastic. The cooks used vegetables from their gardens, made homemade rolls, and baked blackberry cobbler from berries they picked. I never ate at school after moving to Center Street. I took my thirty-five cents and walked to the Uptown, where I could buy fries at the restaurant and a soda from the machine at the motel. Later, I explored downtown. There was a virtual smorgasbord of places to eat—The Sani Cream, The Diner, The Grill, The White Kitchen, and Sofie's. I added Holsteins' grocery and the S&S to my options in high school. I loved the onion rings at S&S. Once my friends got a car, the Dairy Queen became a go-to spot.

When I was in school, you could still buy sugar-filled soda from the machines in the hallway, and the high school had a student smoking lounge. Trucks in the student parking lot had a gun rack with a shotgun in the window. Boys went hunting after school and always carried a pocketknife.

I babysat for Jessica and Abby Mathews. When Tom Mathews learned I had never been on a motorcycle, he picked me up for a babysitting job on his motorcycle. I was so scared by the experience that I have never ridden a motorcycle again.

Mrs. Feldman taught me how to clean lab equipment, and I think of her when I use her method to wash dishes. One of the best parts of my school days was being a part of the band. Mr. Newcomb taught me to read and appreciate music—the gift of a lifetime. I had hoped to play the oboe or the French horn, but I discovered that you didn't choose your instrument; Mr. Newcomb assigned each student an instrument. He placed the smart kids on the oboe or French horn. The piano players ended up in the drum section. I was assigned the clarinet. Newcomb was right. I loved playing the clarinet. I wasn't as good as Dian Robinson, but I continued

to play it through high school and at the University of Illinois.

My teachers at FCHS were outstanding. When I attended the University of Illinois, I realized I was much better prepared in math and English than many of my peers from suburban Chicago schools. They had taken advanced courses but didn't seem to understand the basics. My Algebra professor told me I didn't need to attend class; I could just show up and take the exams.

The university was a culture shock for me. I was surprised to see skydivers landing naked on the Illinois Quad. It took me a moment to realize why everyone was looking up. On April 20th, the Quad was filled with people lounging and smoking marijuana. People from Chicago pointed out that I spoke with a twang. They laughed when I said I wore tennis shoes instead of sneakers, 'warshed' my clothes instead of washing them, ate dinner at noon, and didn't order a pop. I had never needed to make friends; they were ready-made in kindergarten, and we shared all twelve school years. My parents knew their parents, where they lived, and who they were related to. The U of I was full of people and cultures entirely new to me. I remember standing before the graduate library, thinking, "Dorothy, you are not in Kansas anymore."

Over seventy people were at our FCHS 50th Class Reunion in Fall 2024. It was great to see how friendships last and are rekindled. When you share a childhood, you form a very special bond. Small towns make big friendships.

Fairfield was a great place to grow up. My brothers, Kent and Bruce Reeves are lucky to still live in Fairfield. Thanks to cell phones, we text or talk almost every day. The people made growing up in Fairfield special; they were and still are fantastic.

Thank you, Fairfield.  
SUE REEVES AMAN

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*"If ever there is a tomorrow when we are not together, there is something you must always remember..."*

*You are Braver than you believe  
Stronger than you seem and  
Smarter than you think.*

*But, the most important thing is,  
even if we are apart, I will always be  
with you!*

**-Winnie The Pooh**

**During this time of the 136th annual Pink Press, let us pause once again to remember those we have served. To anyone who lost a loved one in 2024, may we offer our continued prayers, love and understanding.**

**January**

Paul Lee Frazier  
Randy Lee McGaha  
Wilma (Hooper) Lichtenberger  
Rosemary (Matthews) Judge  
Beverly (Thomason) Clements  
Domenic "Mike" Walton  
Treva (Meyers) Barnett  
Betty (Holmes) Hodge  
Johnny Franklin Kerr  
Stella Kay Isaacs

**February**

Bennie Clifford Tyree  
Ronald Norbert Johnson  
Eloise (Blackford) Carlock  
Ruby Louella Wood  
Anna Lou Taylor  
Nichelle Renee Dalton  
George Thompson  
James Harold Brown  
Johnnie "Terry" Powell  
Jane Ann Best  
Jimmy Wayne Sweat  
Cheryl Webb  
Melinda Hays  
Lonnie Murphy

**March**

Kenneth Roderick Lackey  
Stella Ann Lee  
Jerry DeWayne Reid  
Melvin Vertice Staton  
Mary Catherine King  
Alan Ray Barnett

Brenda (Stennett) Beeson  
Angie Jacko

**April**

Jeffrey Michael Ravellette  
Nancy (Matthews) McGill  
Christopher Steven Gish  
Ronald Lee Crews  
Luella Mae Scarbrough  
Christine (McCormick) Ashley  
Deborah Lynn Potter  
David Anthony Pruet  
Martha Jane Mason  
Denise (Schoenborn) Zurliene  
Carroll "Arnie" McKittrick  
Sally Ann Lee  
Harlan Brent Opell  
Charlotte (McGill) Colyer  
Virginia (Laird) Johnson

**May**

Albertha (Ash) McNew  
Debra (Gottfried) Welty  
Dollie (Butler) Thomason  
John Delbert McCullough  
Charles "Chuck" Barnett  
Majorie B. Wood  
Robert N. "Bob" Simpson  
Lewis Ray Farmer  
Majorie Marie Hanley  
Kenneth Ray McGill  
Teresa Ann Keyser  
Richard Lloyd Parker  
Jackie Lee Middleton  
Shirley (McNeely) Pilcher

Traci Jo Cisne  
Robert Melvin Russell  
Charles "Phil" Helm

**June**

Lois Mae Cherry  
Hershel Wayne Moore  
William Michael Weccle  
Angela Ruth Large  
Joyce Stark Haynes  
Barbara Grace Simpson  
Willard Lee Lang  
James Lee Welty  
Ivan Edward Holler  
David Kent Bradham  
Denna (Carter) Anderson

**July**

Joë Franklin Porter  
Rebecca (Cunningham) Hildebrand  
Phyllis Lee Sutherland  
Betty Jane Warren  
Alice May Straube  
Linda (Brown) Hoskins  
Carol (Coatney) Boyles

**August**

Carroll Lee Grimes  
Reba Lucille Clemmons  
Michael John Doody  
Nancy Joann Smith  
Norman Ray Carpenter  
Mildred Juanita Lear  
Richard Lee Boston

Debra (Dugger) Allison  
Marilyn (Tullis) Church  
Anita Rae Cushman  
Fairy Louise Taylor  
Melba (Koontz) Cargill  
Bruce Wayne Scott  
Jackie D. Harshbarger

**September**

Susie (Riley) Headley  
Patricia "Pat" Ford  
Sherry Kay Rockett  
Patricia Amma Gale  
Wayne Deon Blessing  
Gerald Wesley Horn  
William Bradley Worley  
Pamela Joy Jones  
Norman Lee Schell Jr.  
Dorothy Alberta Scott  
Dorothy Marie McGuffin  
Melvin Morris Vaughn  
Robert Gene Truran  
Patsy Jane Cooper

**October**

Brent Alan Evans  
Randall Scott Anderson  
Samuel Alva Weber  
Cheryl Lynn Trader  
Diana Jo Maxham  
Clemence Marie Wells  
Bruce Allen Stephens  
Joseph Ben Downen  
Carman (Skinner) Kunc

Virginia (Clevenger) Taylor  
Donna (Clevenger) Turner  
Frank William Wodicker  
Barbara (Perry) Milner  
Linda Christine Reid

**November**

Teresa Ellen Maguire  
Charles Albert Cushman  
Barbara Sue Hohlbaugh  
Timothy Michael Wolfe  
Darrell Thomason  
Cathy Sue Bevis  
Thomas Edward Vaughan  
Alice Marie Marshel  
Leo Clifford Doty  
Stacy (Damen) Newton  
Helen Louise Miller  
Garnettia Louise Hooker

**December**

John Fred Reed  
Nadine Louise Padgett  
Kenneth Roy Johnson  
Donna Mae Tullis  
Joy Ann Pilcher Crocker  
Eddie Dean Brooks  
Shirley Bernice Melton  
Donna Jean Collins  
Martha Ann Farley  
Manuel Angel Miranda  
Charles "Charley" Thomas  
Debra Arlene Caldwell  
Ray Jackson Jr.

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*We apologize for any  
omitted or misspelled  
names.*



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