



C. Wayne Douglas

April 30, 1926 - June 24, 2015

Charles 'Wayne' Douglas, 89, passed away on Wednesday, June 24th, at the VNA John and Betty Charlier Hospice Center in Evansville. He had resided at the Holiday Village prior to his illness.

Wayne was born and grew-up in Witcher, West Virginia. He entered the United States Navy following his graduation from high school in 1944. He served in the Pacific Theater of Operations for the duration of WWII. After his discharge from the Navy, Wayne attended and graduated from the University of Charleston in Charleston, West Virginia.

Although planning to go into education, Wayne found himself working in the clothing industry, first as the manager of a department store and then becoming a manufacturer's representative for several exclusive clothing designers. He traveled throughout the Midwest and South, showing and selling these clothing lines to department stores and boutiques. He and his late wife, Joyce Ann (Birdsong), owned and operated a small dress shop on Evansville's eastside for many years, selling these exclusive designer's samples.

Wayne enjoyed dancing, cooking, fishing, football and golf. Wayne was a true gentleman, always gracious and considerate. He never met a stranger and he never missed an opportunity to tell those around him how much he appreciated and cared for them.

He was preceded in death by his beloved wife, Joyce Ann, his son Matt, 9 brothers, 2 sisters and his parents.

He is survived by his niece, Kathie Payne, of Richland, Indiana, whom he loved dearly and who cared for him following his wife's death, and her husband, Steve Payne, who was his best friend and fishing buddy, niece Kim (Jerry) Chastain, of Mt. Vernon, great-niece, Chrissy (Eric) Mills, of Evansville, who assumes care of his beloved cat, Kiki, great nephew, Matt Payne, of Evansville, great nephew Jerry Lee Chastain, Mt. Vernon, and extended family and friends.

Wayne requested any memorial donation be made to St. Jude's Children's Research Hospital, 262 Danny Thomas Pl., Memphis TN 36105 or the University of Charleston, 2300 Maccorkle Ave Se, Charleston, WV 25304.

The family extends much gratitude to the loving and respectful care provided by the VNA Charlier Hospice.

There will be no services.

Tribute Wall



“ C. Wayne Douglas

January 16, 2023 at 06:53 PM



“ *By the way, he was also a racist. I was only 19 when he let it drop that all the "niggers were going to riot and break into people's homes and stab them to death." I was so shocked to hear such language, even as long ago as it was, that I didn't know what to say. Very young, I didn't have the courage to confront this bigot. He was a terrible human being on the inside while he thought he charmed on the outside. Though he believed himself polished (perhaps because he learned a few new vocabulary words from Reader's Digest each month), he was an average, tasteless, talentless, unoriginal blowhard.*

Ellen Douglas

Ellen Douglas - July 13, 2018 at 04:56 AM

“ Wayne Douglas was a complete and utter imposter, a weak man who ran from his responsibilities and turned his back on his blood family. He divorced my mother, whom he left with NOTHING to continue the adulterous relationship he had begun with her unbeknownst to our family. Not that he hadn't done this before--he had. It's why we had to move to another town, to get away from the scandal of his carrying on with a married woman.

Wayne even stole my mother's only family antique, a Tiffany-style lamp, and gave it away to a woman owner of a boutique he sold to. He didn't even ask, he just took. One day we simply notice it, along with my father, was gone.

It was in the divorce decree that he pay my mother alimony. After all, she had been married to him for 25 years. He was also supposed to pay for my college education. I asked him about it one day, and he puffed up and said no document was going to make him pay anything he didn't want to. My mother lived in near poverty. She could not afford a car and had to take the bus to work every day for years to and from a small apartment she rented. She spiraled into a depression from which she never emerged.

He also turned his back on the truth of my brother, who was arrested for exposing himself to minors several times. When I called my "father" to ask him to help with bail on one occasion, he yelled at me that I was a liar and hung up the phone. Naturally, he did not want to be on the hook for any money he might have to pay. My brother tried to have a relationship with his father, but it was always at Wayne's convenience. Once, when my brother lived in Cincinnati, Wayne had a reunion of his old Navy buddies. He traveled from Indiana to meet the boys but never bothered to tell my brother. I guess it wasn't convenient for him to spend time with his son.

This is a man who did not know who or what he was. He pretended we, his blood family, essentially didn't exist. His harridan of a wife saw to it that often we could not get through to him by telephone. My mother would call him every so often--after all, he was the father of her children--but it wasn't until they sold a piece of land they co-owned until he was more than happy to speak to her. Because he was getting money from the sale.

He was a gladhander until the day he died, and I hope he suffered. Knowing the narcissist he was, he was probably, unfortunately, without guilt.

This is the unvarnished truth about this coward.

Ellen Douglas

Ellen Douglas - July 13, 2018 at 04:39 AM

TC

“ *This is from Timothy Cablish, a blood relative nephew, referred to by his estranged daughter, Ellen, elsewhere here within. My best memory of "Uncle Wayne" was in the happy days of unmarried youth. He decided we should make a "buckeye slinger". For about zero outlay, since we had the needed galvanized roofing nail, and some strong string. Missing only a limber stick about 3ft. long and a supply of buckeye ammo we ventured "up" Witcher Creek. After he cut the limber stick, we gathered a bushel of buckeyes in no time. Later, back at the house we threw those buckeyes into the Kanawha River, like there was "no tomorrow". It was amazing how far those buckeyes would fly. I shall never forget your kindness to me and day of "The Buckeye Slinger" Uncle Wayne. Love, and an expanding void, Tim, and Hounds*

Timothy Cablish - July 08, 2015 at 04:42 PM

PD

Tim it has been eight years since I lost contact with you and Uncle Wayne. I just learned of his death in 2015 today. I don't know if you are still alive it in restitution I am apologizing for the trouble I caused you in 2012. As it turns out I was bipolar with manic and paranoid thinking I spent over 78 days in psychiatric hospitals. After discharge I had a thyroid ablation and the rest is history. I am still married to Felix for 39 years. We both have had cancer and his is much more serious than mine. If you are still alive and can find it in your heart my phone number is +13046902626. I no longer have a land line

Penelope Daniels - August 17, 2020 at 02:37 PM

BH

“ I had the pleasure of getting to know Wayne and Joyce thru their visited to East Branch Library. They both loved books and would come in and share their latest reads with us. Wayne always had a story to tell and a smile on his face. He will be missed but he is with is beloved Joyce again...and so begins a new chapter in his story.

Beth Heil - June 29, 2015 at 10:01 AM