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**From:** The Vasbys <kvasby@smallbytes.net>  
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## Lincoln High Newsletter

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### This week's topics:

1. Essay question: Suppose you are an alien visiting earth for the first time. What are your impressions?
2. Been to Canada lately? Where? Why?
3. When was the last time you bought shoes in a shoe store?
4. Did you have "Senior Skip" days at Lincoln? What did you do?
5. Did you marry someone from outside the midwest? How did that happen?
6. Gone anywhere and really felt out of place?
6. What's the most intoxicating experience you've ever had?
8. What's the first funeral that you can remember?
9. Have you ever been to a mind reader?
10. Your daily horoscope came true? How? When?

and responses:

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Lynn DeLong

The first funeral that I can remember was that of my maternal grandfather, Fredrick B Kalkofen.

His life story is interesting but I will save that for another day. His funeral had a great impact on me, because I was taken to meet the funeral director, John Bradley.

Mr. Bradley treated the four year old with great warmth and a memorable presence. After a few minutes, I rejoined my cousins.

We were told that Mr. Bradley was a war hero and been given the Medal of Honor, the highest award our country gives. There was mention of a flag raising and a place called Iwo Jima. It was years later that I saw the movies in which his actions were replicated.

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John Bradley, the last surviving Iwo Jima flag-raiser, died in 1994. Had he been alive to see the movie version of his son's book, "Flags of Our Fathers," he would have been embarrassed by the attention.

"I don't think he would care for all the fuss," his youngest son, Tom Bradley, said before the special screening. "But he would think it's important that all those who see the film will have respect for veterans."

Everyone in Antigo knew John Bradley. Everyone knew he was in The Photograph. Everyone knew he didn't want to talk about it, so they didn't ask.

Bradley, a funeral director in Antigo for decades, shunned publicity and rarely spoke of the flag raising and iconic photograph that was turned into a postage stamp and memorial in Washington, D.C. Even his wife and eight children knew little about his experience.

After he died at 70, his family found three cardboard boxes with memorabilia and letters he had secretly saved. They were stunned to learn he had been awarded the Navy Cross, second only to the Medal of Honor.

Continue reading: <http://www.jsonline.com/news/wisconsin/29205464.html>

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Pete Smullen

For question 1, you said essay, so here goes:



“Helmsman Bloncck, take the ship to the third planet, and go into a high stealth orbit.” said Capt Sherplk. He always did that aloud, even though “Helmsman Bloncck” was really the AI that ran the ship, and made all the tactical decisions itself. No, that’s not quite right. Bloncck WAS the ship. He was merely a passenger.

The ship had departed three weeks ago, and all he could do was work, eat, sleep, read and play games against “Helmsman Bloncck”. He was the only game in town, as it were. There were several ambulatory AIs aboard, but they still hadn’t acquired any sense of humor or sense of adventure, unlike Bloncck. Psionic brains still required too much energy to make a portable one with sufficient capability to attain humor or adventure. It wasn’t the energy required to run the brain. It was the energy that was required to keep the brain cold ... as in near-absolute zero. An AI needed to be as large as Bloncck in order to attain sentient nirvana ... at least according to me. The ambulatories, however, are VERY smart.

He was on a science mission for the Galactic Intelligent Life Observation Station (GILOS), which was a laboratory run by the Space Directorate, which was a branch of the Physical Sciences Collaborative, which reported directly to the head of the Science Division of the United Galactic Government. He, Sherplk, was merely a principal investigator, a small cog in the overall scheme of things. However, he enjoyed his job.

GILOS had detected alarming emissions from this particular solar system that were associated with gravity-wave experiments. Any species that tried to solve the gravity-wave conundrum could be counted on to do one of two things. They would either collapse their solar system into a black hole, or discover how to escape the seeming limitations of the speed of light. Or both. Since an additional black hole in the galaxy would seriously disrupt the Web of Gloxkxnr, which would, at a minimum, perturbate research, trade and tourism for several years. Or, at its worst, cause many billions of deaths. Thus, another black hole was to be avoided at all costs. All costs. It was his recommendation that would determine this species’ fate going forward.

“Hey, Flex, anything new?” He and Flexxn, another principal investigator, had been monitoring gravity-wave spikes as they approached this solar system. Flexxn is an AI that he first met at the University of Aries when they were both undergrads in the gravitational physics department. They became fast friends and had worked together since graduation. As the suspect solar system loomed larger, they had identified six locations on the third planet that were “active”.

“Actually, Bloncck already started our research protocol and has been monitoring all of the broadcasts coming from the third planet for all the routine key issues ... war, belligerent rhetoric and the like. He’s documented instances of everything we filter for, and has identified many, many specific instances,” said Flexxn.

“Ouch, on a scale of one to ten, how bad is it”, I replied.

“Well, they do show some sense of diplomacy,” stated Flexxn, “although they demonstrate high levels of complicity within that. Unfortunately, between the myriad governments on a politically fractured planet, they rate 9.3.”

“Too bad. We’d better dot all the ‘i’s and cross all the ‘t’s then,” I mulled. “I’d hate to call for an extinction event if there is some hope for this species.”

“Bloncck has it all,” continued Flexxn. “He has documented rampant discrimination on every continent. They have incarcerated fifteen percent of their population. There are opposing philosophies everywhere and there seems to be absolutely no sense of compromise. They kill each other on a routine basis, both at the personal level and at the national level. Not only are we going to recommend an extinction event for this planet, we’ll need to classify this species as a

major threat to other species throughout the galaxy. We'll need to accelerate the timeline. There is no hope they will ever become peaceable; they appear to thrive on animosity and vengeance. They are organized to kill the other sentient species on the planet for food."

I paused, thought for a moment, and said, "As senior researcher aboard, I won't do that without additional documentation and physical evidence. Prepare to infiltrate the major centers of politics and see if we can find some reason for hope that they can be spared." I hoped that was true; however, I doubted it.

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Toni Weller Olsen

3. Actually I was in a shoe store today, Off Broadway Shoes in an outlet mall of Reno. It may be part of a shoe store chain. Although I didn't buy any shoes, my friend did. The store was big, with shoes displayed on tables that seemed to go on for miles. It was different than the cozy little shoe stores of my childhood in the Rapids.

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Roger Gray

Shoe Store? - Allen Edmonds Shoes Port Washington, WI, est. 1922...I just bought a new pair of laced, leather soled, casual dress shoes (i.e. not wing tips or capped toes). They fit to perfection and they can be re-crafted totally from leather uppers to cork footbeds to full leather soles & combo heels (leather with rubber inserts) as I just had done to another pair of faithful friends. I got my 1st pair while on a business trip to Omaha in 1985...re-crafted twice & finally retired in 2003. Miss them.

Yes, you are fitted by someone who knows how to use the silver metal foot sizer. You can get different sized shoes if your feet aren't the same.

If you want to try them out, don't miss their factory summer tent sale...great savings on all styles from dress to driving to hand sewn to golf.

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Chris Gorski

7. Most intoxicating experience: I went thru Special Forces Jump (Airborne) School at Ft. Bragg, NC, just prior to leaving for assignment in South Viet Nam. I will never forget my 1st static line jump. We were all lined up single file with our packed chute's tethers clipped to a static line (like a clothes line running down the inside wall of the plane) so that when we jumped out of the airplane our chute's tether would pull out our chute so that it could begin deploying (filling with air).

When the go / no go light changed to green, all jumpers proceeded to the open door in rapid succession then when at the door paused until the GO command was given.

When I got to the door and looked down I thought, oh shit, do I really want to do this? Then I heard the command GO and I jumped out. The 1st jolt was from air beginning to fill my chute, the 2nd jolt then a bounce was my chute fully deploying. I then looked up to make sure my chute fully deployed just in case alternative action was necessary. No lines tangled, everything looked good so I relaxed and just began looking around as I floated down.

Then the experience hit me, the only sound was the air moving across my ears, there was no other sound. It was so peaceful, almost as if I went deaf. In any event, I made 5 jumps to get through jump school, 2 combat (500 foot) jumps in Nam, two water jumps when going through COC training in Nam and then made 7 free fall (recreational sky diving) jumps before packing up the chute for good, ending the addiction.

Only had 1 minor malfunction in making all of my jumps. It was a Mae West, which is when one or more of your chutes lines gets over the top of your chute dividing it into two 2 smaller chutes instead of one. Only concern is that you descend faster than normal but fully survivable.

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Gene Santoski

We've been to Canada on two occasions in recent years. In 2012, we drove from Rapids to Alaksa and back. This took us up to Manitoba, then Saskatchewan, then up through Alberta and British Columbia, and finally the Yukon. By the time we returned home, we had put on 10,300 miles!

In 2014, we drove up to the Atlantic Provinces (Nova Scotia, Newfoundland/Labrador, Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick. Both were great trips!

It has probably been 15 years since I purchased shoes at a shoe store (Shippy's in Steven's Point).

My most intoxicating experience was at a nephew's baptism party some 35+ years ago! I also got baptized (and very sick) after consuming too many Snowshoe Groggs!

First funeral was back in the 50's at my grandfather's.

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Jack Sultze

Essay question: Suppose you are an alien visiting earth for the first time. What are your impressions?  
Depends on where I landed. Las Vegas, Detroit or Syria... Homs or Damascus.

Canada visit? Only once, on a side trip from an Alaska cruise that took us to the Yukon Territory. You have to see it to believe it.

Shoes from a shoe store? It has been a long time. I buy my shoes, Wrangler Jeans, most of my shirts, and even underwear online.

Senior Skip Days? If we had them, I didn't know about it. I actually don't remember skipping school, ever. Odd, since I was a terrible student.

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Barbara Cammack

The first funeral I remember was my grandmother's. I was 10 and until that week I didn't know she existed. She had a nervous breakdown and was in a mental facility for her remaining years (about 55). My mother never spoke of her as people didn't discuss mental problems. It was a shock on many levels.

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