
From: The Vasbys <kvasby@smallbytes.net>
Sent: Thursday, April 6, 2017 3:18 PM
To: Undisclosed-Recipient;;
Subject: Lincoln High Newsletter - 4/6/17

LINCOLN HIGH NEWSLETTER

This week's topics:

1. Memories of living in a barracks or a dorm.
2. Still in contact with a former roommate?
3. You go skiing this winter? If you found snow that is.
4. Can you name your eight great-grandparents?
5. Anyone still paying cash at the store? Nobody ahead of me in line does.
6. Are you a vegetarian? Are you healthy?
7. You are undergoing physical therapy for what? Is it working?
8. You feel empathy for...
9. Do you have an internet "virtual assistant" that talks to you?
Are you worried about eavesdropping by whomever?

and responses:

Lenore Haferman

I am using physical therapy. I had three staples and three screws put in my left foot on March 18th, 2016, and the bones are still not healed, and the tendons are shrinking. It is an ongoing thing because of arthritis. I am lucky I have the kind that eats up the muscles or tendons. LUCKY ME.

Pete Smullen

1. Memories of living in a barracks or a dorm.

We had been training at Marine Corps Base Quantico to learn about amphibious landings. It was August 1965 and it was miserably hot and humid. Our month there would finish with our very own amphibious landing. There were about 400 of us "trainees."

We ran the obstacle course nearly daily for three weeks to get us "in shape." We then trained extensively on the firing range with the weapons we would use. In my wildest imagination, I would never have anticipated I would learn to field strip an M60 machine gun blindfolded. We attended classes on tactics and procedures, then hit the exercise field, with calisthenics and running until we were thoroughly exhausted. Did I mention it was a really hot and humid August in Virginia?

After several weeks of training, it was our time. We were roused at 0500 and told to "hit the mess" then assemble in front of our barracks at 0600 with all of our gear. We suffered through a serious gear inspection, then were marched, double-time, over to the pier to board our troop transport.

The troop transport had seen service in WWII. It was about 500 feet in length and had very high sides. We were marched on board, then each platoon followed a sailor to our assigned quarters. We wove our way through narrow passageways and down ladders until we were ultimately told, "This is it." "This" was a small compartment completely filled with beds--racks, as they were called. Each rack was two feet by six feet. They were stacked six high, with about eighteen inches between racks. There was a narrow aisle down the middle, and rows of racks on both sides. Small lockers were at the end. I'm not sure how many of us were stuffed in there, but stuffed we were, for the next three days. By the end of 24 hours, it reeked. By the end of four days, no one cared.

Did I mention this was a WWII ship? It didn't have air conditioning. It gave me a serious appreciation for those marines who served in WWII in the Pacific. They were on board these types of ships for weeks. We underwent more training: where to go, what to do and how to do it.

On the fourth morning, we were awakened at 0200 and told to hit the mess, then assemble topside at our assigned station at 0300. Shortly after that, we clambered down cargo nets about 40' high and into our awaiting LCVPs. For those who have never had the pleasure, LCVP stands for Landing Craft Vehicle Personnel. It looks just like the one's you've seen in movies about D-Day. Did you know it has a flat bottom? That's so it can land on a shallow beach and lower it's forward bow/ramp so marines or tanks or jeeps can drive onto the beach. What that flat bottom does to the ride is something else.

Our landing was to take place at 0515, just at dawn. However, somewhere between 0330, when we started circling with other landing craft a couple of miles offshore, and 0515, someone decided it was too rough to land. That same person decided it was also too rough to climb back aboard our troop transport.

So we circled a few miles off shore, in our flat-bottom landing craft, for hours. There were 36 of us trainees aboard our little craft. Add to that number the coxswain and his assistant, and our Marine sergeant. That makes 39 people rocking from side to side in our flat bottom boat, and sometimes rocking from bow to stern depending on which way we were turned to the waves as we circled. And circled. And circled. Every time we hit one spot on our circle, we were inundated with diesel fumes from our exhaust. After a short period of time, we had 39 seasick people on board. Some violently seasick.

Finally the seas subsided and we headed for shore, about eight hours late. As we lined up with our particular wave of landing craft, gunfire and explosions erupted. While we knew deep down that the gunfire and explosions on the beach weren't going to kill us, things got so hectic that most of us forgot that little detail. As we made water landings on the beach, fellow trainees entered the assault on Sea Knight helicopters, flying low overhead. We all envied them.

I had the joy of carrying my M-1 rifle, my 90 lb backpack and the tripod and base for the M60. At one point on the beach, I was so exhausted that I dropped and pretended I was dead. Our Marine sergeant came over, kicked me, and asked what I was doing. I told him I had been killed. He told me, in no uncertain terms, that I was dead only when he said I was dead. He assured me he hadn't, then kicked me again to get me moving. I have never been so thoroughly exhausted in my entire life. When the battle was finally called, every single one of us dropped in place and stared at whatever was directly in front of us.

Not quite a dorm or barracks, but that troop ship sure brings back some vivid memories.

Don Solie

5. I met with Frank Abagnale and learned that one should best pay with a credit card instead of a debit card because identity theft amount is limited on credit cards. He said that cash is fine, but you subject yourself to being mugged by carrying large amounts of cash.

If you ever have the opportunity to hear Frank speak, don't miss it! I've heard him twice and met with him personally.

9. After spending 40 years in information systems including hardware evaluations, management, and sales I can tell you unequivocally that one is best served depending as little as possible on technology. Putting it simply, NOTHING is "hack" proof!

Roger Fritz

River Falls was just starting it's hockey program and I got a roommate from Minnesota who played on the team. Without any facilities, the players brought their hockey gear back to the dorm to dry out. Our room smelled bad through much of the winter.

I took two sets of my dad's old boxing gloves to school and we used a empty storage room as a gym. Some of the bouts were better than the fights on TV. My highlight was when I took on the floor bully and put him on his butt.

Lynn DeLong

2. Still in contact with a former roommate? - The roommates that played in a band with me I still have contact with these days. It is similar to the partners I had during my days in law enforcement and the people who were in fraternal and service organizations with me. Their numbers are dwindling as they move to far off places or their final placements.

4. Can you name your 8 great-grandparents? - Yes, due to our family bible and the ancestry work we have done.

7. You are undergoing physical therapy for what? Is it working? - Been going to PT since May 9th, 2016, after a fall that resulted in two brain bleeds, an aortic hemotoma, plus fractures of the clavicles and scapulas, partial fractures of the 6th, 7th, and 8th thoracic vertebrae, complete fracture of the T9 vertebrae, plus fractures of multiple ribs. The PT rehab professionals have helped me regain strength, balance, agility, and stamina. They moved me from a wheel chair to walker to canes to independence. My lifting has moved from impossible to limits of 2 pounds and then progressing 4, 8, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 60, and 120. The benefits of the therapy included decreased pain and spasms and this also meant the decrease in the use of medications.

Hospital based therapy is on a break now as I work on assessing my functions of daily living. It will not restart as long as I do not start sliding backward, which my family, friends and neighbors will not allow.

Linda (White) Sullivan

#9. Do you have an Internet "virtual assistant" that talks to you? Are you worried about eavesdropping by whomever?

I talk to Alexa all the time. She gets The Four Seasons, The Supremes, the BeeGees and lots of other oldies music for me in a snap. She tells me "Goodnight," when I tell her I'm off to bed and "Good morning," when I get up. She tells me jokes, spells words for me and she likes to play "20 Questions." When she can't get the answer right and I tell her she's an idiot she always says to me, "Now, that's not very nice." So, am I worried about the Feds or anyone else eavesdropping on me? That would be a no! I figure since the Feds haven't already visited me by virtue of reading my Facebook page, then I'm probably in the clear.

Don Wylie

3. Yes, I skied a lot this winter. It was a winter of big changes in temperature and rain. Rain on some days and snow on others. Cross country skiing fizzled in early February. Downhill ski hills were able to make a lot of snow. We ran Blackhawk to March 5th. Cascade was fully open for another week while Tyrol Basin and Devil's Head shut down more than half of the slopes in mid-February. I heard the Rockies got a lot of natural snow and skiing was great.

An El Nino developed in the Pacific and we got a warm wet winter which often happens with El Nino. The big drought ended in most of the west and we're getting a lot of tornadoes in the south. I know a lot of classmates head to the south and southwest these days. Did you have a good winter, or did you get a lot of storms?

Ed note: Did we have El Nino weather two winters in a row?

Ursula Nogic

8. Empathy? On a day when I'm feeling optimistic, I can find aspects of most everyone and everything to feel some empathy toward them. Perhaps it's simply realizing my own flaws that helps me relate to others. On the other hand, if I'm crotchety or excessively tired, or simply out of sorts, empathy is the last thing on my mind. Quite the opposite really. My snarky retorts, indifference, or just a frosty demeanor can make me feel much better, even if the other party is oblivious to my negativity.

Jack Sultze

Pay cash? Not very often anymore.

8. I feel empathy for the refugees in the middle east. They have lost everything and have no homes to go back to. One of the charities I support is UNHCR (United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees). They set up mass refugee camps for refugees all over the world. The head of many of the families in the camps are still children themselves. I encourage everyone to check out their website and, if you can, make a donation or, better still, set up a monthly donation to help provide an cash-flow stream to the organization. It was good to see our President, today, pledge financial support to Jordan to help cover the cost of the huge number of Syrians pouring into their country. With their cities flattened, they are likely to be there for a long time.

Ron Karnatz

Dorms and Barracks: I lived in the dorms at UWSP for four years and had a fine time. Developed lots of friendships. I do still keep in touch with several. I travel with one of my former roommates and his wife from time to time and just visit. Another of the guys I got to know well in the dorms enlisted in the army and was stationed all over the US and the World. Char and I did visit him and his wife at various locations. I did live in barracks in basic and in AIT.

The barracks at AIT [Advanced Individual Training] in Denver were like some rooming house rooms. After AIT I was stationed at the Burn Center in San Antonio and had a slot in a barracks but lived with two other Wisconsin guys in a house off-post. While in Vietnam, I did live in a sort of a barracks when possible. I also lived in a metal shipping container for almost six months while in Vietnam. I still think about the experience.

Cash at check-out: Char and I use lots of Scrip (like gift cards) from the church and school. We even take them to Florida with us for various restaurants. This past winter in Florida I paid for all of my other purchases in cash except gas (clothes, bait for fishing, restaurants that did not participate in the Scrip program, admissions fees and more).

Ron Feutz

Talked with Dan Love (freshman roommate, UWSP) a few years ago. Sounded just like Dan.

Physical therapy? I guess you could call it that. Started weight training about a year ago, simple workout in my basement "gym." Squats and deadlifts have cured my life-long tricky back. I can split wood (my main heat source) for half a day and not be crippled the next. It's really been a miracle for me. If anyone's interested, see the "Starting Strength" website and get the book, and also the follow-up book "The Barbell Prescription" for us old farts. Proper form is everything.

Kent Vasby (Fort Atkinson, '58)

Roommates & the military:

I reported for USAF Officer's Training School 55 years ago. One of the first questions they asked our group was, "Does anyone know how to type?" Not being familiar with the military axiom "Never volunteer for anything," I and another guy raised our hands and we became roommates. OTS barracks had 2-man rooms.

Anyway, we were given the task of typing up the results of most every activity that trainees participated in. Marching drills, confidence course, etc. But since we were typing, we didn't have to participate in the events ourselves, which didn't bother us in the least.

He and I met up again in Germany a few years later. He succeeded me as Rod & Gun Club Officer when I returned to the states.

My roommate in Germany was Al Troyer. He outranked me by one serial number. We had an apartment in Wurzburg. I still remain in contact with both roommates and all three of us retired from the military with 20+ years.

Al Troyer has become a rose expert in Albuquerque: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NGeB8hLldzw>

