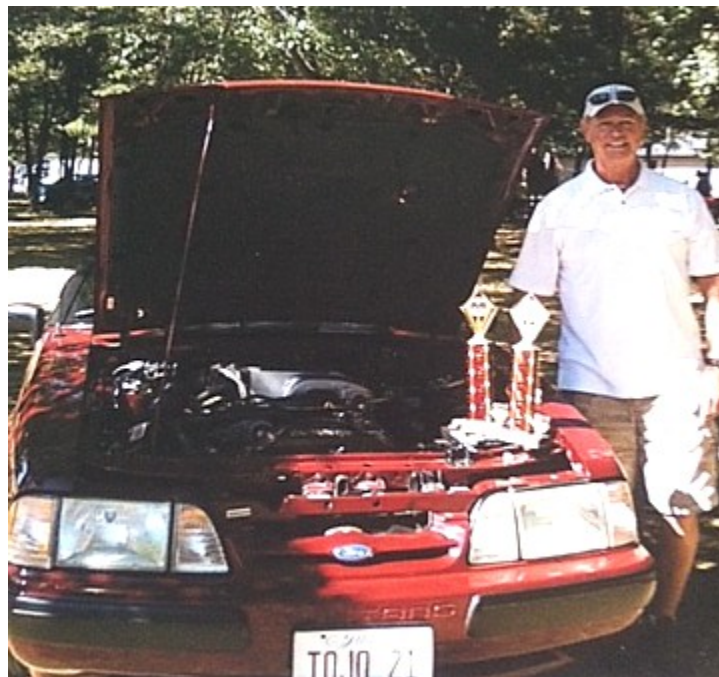

From: The Vasbys <kvasby@smallbytes.net>
Sent: Thursday, January 14, 2016 1:35 PM
To: Undisclosed-Recipient;;
Subject: Lincoln High Newsletter - 1/14/16

Lincoln High Newsletter

Responses to last week's topics:

Larry Johnson - LHS '64 - Bloomington, IL - larjhn@yahoo.com

1. Have personalized license plates on my 1988 Mustang 5.0--- "TOJO 21". I purchased the car in 1994 and my son, Tom, drove it his senior year in High school (not in the snow). His nickname was TOJO. Roger Clemens was his favorite baseball player wearing number 21 while with the Red Sox at the time. After high school he was off to college with a different car, and I kept the Mustang as my "toy". Following my retirement in 2006, I did some modifications and updates, but kept the same plates, and now just drive it for fun in the summer. The attached photo was taken a few years ago at the Cruise and Car Show in Wisconsin Rapids.



2. Yes, I have worn a cast. In the summer of 1963 I needed to earn some money, so responded to a help wanted ad in the Tribune looking for workers to pick cherries in Door County. After my parents signed the necessary permission papers, a number of us from Rapids boarded a bus heading for Egg Harbor. It's been so long ago that I don't recall all the boys from WR on the bus other than Jerry Heineck, Cal Arnold, and Sonny Altman (I think). If any of you readers were on that bus, I'd like to hear from you. The cherry orchards are still there, located south of Egg Harbor on Horseshoe Bay Road.

On a rainy day about a week into the adventure while picking from a ladder, my foot slipped off a rung and I fell backwards about 4 feet to the ground. Landing on my back and shoulder, I could feel something snap in my left arm. A supervisor took me back to the barracks in his pick up truck seeming to hit every bump in the road. I rested on a cot in the barracks while they decided what to do with me. Eventually, I was taken in the truck to the hospital in Sturgeon Bay where they took x rays, and eased the pain. My arm was broken in two places, one inside the joint where it meets the shoulder, and another above the elbow.

The next morning I was put to sleep with ether (ugh), and Dr Beck proceeded to set the fractures. When I woke up, I found myself wrapped in a plaster cast from my hips to my neck with my left arm in the cast extended over my head. What? For a broken arm? Dr Beck found it to be the only way he could do a proper alignment for the bone to heal in both places. The next day, my parents came to retrieve their son. Dad had to restrain his chuckling upon seeing my cast until after Dr Beck described his procedure, and left the hospital room. "What have gotten yourself into this time?" Mother was not so amused.



Fortunately, our family car was a '59 Rambler 4 door sedan, one of the only cars at the time with a reclining front seat. Without the Rambler it would have been a most uncomfortable ride home. After healing at home for the month of August, the cast was taken off at Riverview hospital in time to start the new school year at LHS. At least the timing of this accident was such that I wore just a sling, and not the big cast, on the first day of class. The attached photo of me at age 15, with my buddy Duke, was taken in front of our home on Birch St. The back ground is now the site of McMillan Library. The street heads up the hill to the old LHS building.

3. Took two R&R's to Australia while serving in Vietnam. One in 1968, and another in 1969 after extending my tour for 6 months. Saw the sites in Sydney during the day, and hit the bars at night. .Played golf one time. Aussies drive on the wrong side of the road. Otherwise, just enjoyed the time off.

9. Class clown was George Dallman.

Thank you Kent, for all your good work on the newsletter.

1) no personal plates

2) no cast ..fortunately

3) no trip Australia..yet... but on my bucket list :) my 9 yr old son is buried at foot of Bottlebrush tree (he played in his Little Tyke fort under BB tree and when cemetery lead us to a spot for burial to our amazement was at foot of BB tree..God ordained .. BB tree origin is Australia I was told)...a friend went there and brought me back a table center pc basket made of plastic BB tree blooms in memory of Ryan ..needless to say I hope to go there someday

4) rode in dad's studebaker but we mostly had Packard's ... never a Ford ..as a home mechanic he deeply disliked Fords :
0

5) no unusual proposal with #1 or #2..may be a # 3 (the charm) this year ...he is 100% Italian..and very romantic so will see ;)

6) never heard of F F

7) no fires although firemen called when smoke started coming out of oven ..I turned it on not knowing babysitter had put one of those 2 feet bags of popcorn in oven to save counter space ..grrr ..kids 7, 5 , & 3 loved that the firemen came to there house :)

8) snowbound several times at elementary age when Sparta had snow storms that closed school ..snow banks were good 5' plus many times

9) class clown..why does Roger Fritz name pop in head ..didn't know him well at all ..but think had some classes with him... could that be a true thought?

10) think my Mom suggested to be a nurse since I cared for her elementary through high school.. I got a financial scholarship for nursing but when I saw curriculum (I only had General Science in hs..not even biology) I switched to business.. after working for Bd of Ed Adult Ed/Congressman/District Attorney as Consumer Investigator/Model Cities Education Coordinator/IBM marketing and 20 yrs stay at home Mom at about 55 I started doing Sr Caregiving full time doing pik lines/Eliostomy care (cleaning & changing)/wound care/catheters/wound vacs..etc ..now Hospice care ...all on the job training (no licence like CNA etc) sooo my Mom kinda got her wish looking over hedges of heaven (she passed on in '87 at age 69)

Sue Weimer - susanweimer2@gmail.com

#4. My folks had several Studebakers during my growing up years. I thought they were ugly so I was happy when, just before I got my driver's license, they traded it in for an Oldsmobile.

#5. My husband Paul asked me to marry him while we were out having dinner with his late wife's family. He stood up at the table and after getting every one's attention, he asked me to marry him. It took me a while to get over the shock but of course I said yes. He took me out to look for an engagement ring and thought he could just pick it out and buy it and walk out with it right away. When he found out it wasn't that easy, we left the store and as we were walking through the mall he stopped and asked a man if he would take our picture. Paul got down on one knee and asked me to marry him again and slipped his Police Academy ring on my finger.

This week's topics:

1. Anyone still ice-skating? If you can find ice, that is.

2. Do any of your grand-kids know how to play Red Rover, Dodgeball, London Bridge, Anni Anni Over or skip rope?

3. Ever have a close call?
4. Do you still carry a hankie and use it?
5. Ever pick up a hitch hiker? How did that go?
6. Your GPS ever give you wrong directions?
7. Still corresponding with any of your military buddies?
8. When did you get your first phonograph?
9. When was the first time you held a gun?
10. What vegetable do you still refuse to eat?

and responses:

Leslie (Wolfe) Fitz, Farmington, NM - lfitz@sjrmc.net

Ice Skating: After Christmas, our five grandchildren came from Albuquerque to spend a few days. The city had put in a small artificial pond so we tried it out – even “pops” put on ice skates! It was their first time and though the artificial ice is not as smooth, they had a good first experience. The three younger ones were adopted from Ethiopia two years ago – it’s such a gift to us to give them all new experiences and memories. They like hearing about how I skated after school on an ice rink with a warming house and how “pops” skated on the creek when he was a boy. One of the wonderful things about grandchildren is: they listen to our stories!

Caught in a snowstorm: At 19, in January, I dropped out of college to follow my honey to California, where he was in the Seabees in a Construction Battalion School. I knew come spring he would be going to Nam. In a snowstorm, I went to Mosinee to catch my first plane trip – anywhere - to Chicago. I caught the last plane out before the Mosinee airport closed down. But, not to Chicago – it was already closed. Instead, I was on my way to Minneapolis!

I was just a dumb kind on an adventure and did not have a clue where I was going. However, it never occurred to me I wouldn’t figure it out.

I overheard a big guy on the plane say he played for the Bears and was flying to LA. Naturally, when we landed in Minneapolis I followed him – right to the men’s room! I waited and then followed him to check-in and then to the plane. Whew!

The flight to LA was over-crowded. Happily I was seated in first class – when first class was classy and people dressed up to fly. My travelling companion wore the only mink stole I’d ever seen or would see again. She was drinking what I believed was champagne from a fluted glass. I devoured my first Rueben Sandwich and have never had one as good! I was all eyes and excitement! My mink stole lady told me I could have my honey paged and she even hung out with me until I laid eyes on him. What a reunion and how amazed I was to see palm trees moving in warm breezes - after coming through a mid-west snowstorm. Oh to be so naïve and full of wonder again!

I always enjoy the newsletter and everyone’s contributions.

Ron Karnatz - karnatzr@wctc.net

Greetings Kent and Judy; We have been watching the Wisconsin weather and are very glad that we are in Florida even if there were tornadoes and thunderstorms near us Saturday night. We only had the thunderstorms with some high winds and lots of rain. As far as the topics for this week I have not ice skated for 30 years. I decided that my ankles didn’t like it and the rest of me did not like the cold weather needed for ice. I did take the kids when they were young. I did enjoy

going to Witter Field skating and hanging out in grade school and high school. It was probably more the hanging out than the skating. As far as vegetables go, I know know if Kale is considered one, that is one thing that I will not eat.

Wishing everyone a warmed New Year.

Norm Arendt - njarendt@tds.net

Do not ice skate. Back does not allow it. One fall is all it would take to really injury me.

No grandkids.

Lots of close calls. Was safety director for the consulting firm prior to retirement and out on many construction and field sites. Had many close calls and saved many contractors employees from serious injury in the course of employment. One time I grabbed and then pushed a contractors superintendent out of the way of a swinging over head load.

GPS units are generally about 10-years out of date for roads. Have many times been given wrong directions but fortunately knew the right directions.

Chris Gorski - cwgorski@yahoo.com

Hi Kent, be careful what you wish for, you may get overwhelmed again, Here you go;

1. Ice skating: Our pond out back finally froze over thick enough so that I could clear off snow for our hockey rink and set our two hockey goals. I began playing and teaching hockey to my grand children years ago when they were quite young. I went skating often at the Mead field ice rink while growing up and enjoyed it so much that I wanted them to experience how much fun it is. Now that they are growing older we don't play as much as we used to so I've taught my golden retriever, Emma, how to be a goalie. Obviously we don't use a hockey puck, but rather a tennis ball. She has become quite an accomplished goalie, blocking most of my shots, stopping them by catching them in her mouth. Now that our rink is open, that is the 1st place she heads for when we go out for our exercise walks. Never thought I would be playing hockey with my dog during my golden years, but then again, I never thought I would make it to my 70's (this July I hit the big number) What a wonderful journey it has been, though. I hope the same is true for all of you.

Randy Cox - wi9cox@gmail.com

I haven't ice skated in years.

3 grandkids in Florida and don't know them.

Close call? Stuck my tongue on a mail box when I was young , other then that vietnam was another story--I'm still here!

Keep a hankie in my back pocket all the time.

I've hitch hiked and picked up hitch hikers,neither one is a good idea.

GPS-wrong directions? my compass has always worked.

Military buddies? no, but have shared alot with other vietnam vets.

Got my first phonograph in highschool.

Got my first gun whenI was 12 and regret to this day shooting a racoon. Vietnam had something to do with those regrets. Today I have 3 concealed carry licenses and guns, hoping I'll never have to protect someone or myself.

I refuse to eat spinach (didn't want arms like popeye).-----

Kent, ask us about our personal history, about our secrets and what we would do over again, but differently.---- at our age who cares any more what others think and it's a good way of getting things off our chests-----go LINCOLN!

Jack Sultze - jsultze@verizon.net

Red Rover, Dodge ball, London Bridge, Anni Anni Over: The kids still play dodgeball at school. The other games, except for skipping rope, most kids probably have never heard of.

GPS & wrong directions: Ours did get confused once and had us going in circles in a college parking lot.

First phonograph: I was probably about 11 or 12 when I got my own phonograph. Linda thinks she was 7 when she got hers. She recently bought herself a new one. She has hundreds of 45s and prefers listening to them on that little phonograph over playing them on the turntable connected to our system.

First gun(s): I think I must have been around 12. I had (still have, stashed away somewhere) a .22 rifle and a 10 GA shotgun. I think kids of that age were able to purchase ammunition. We went out plinking or shooting at gophers, chipmunks and squirrels whenever we wanted – no adult supervision.

Yucky vegetables: Sweet potatoes and squash.

Marcie [Basler] Ortscheid '65 - marcie.ortscheid@ki.com

My family was raised on vegetables, my mom didn't like meat so we had veggies and chicken. I am so glad I love vegetables because when I watch television and see how the beef is harvested and the animals are treated it makes my stomach turn. Just a side note...Hope the Packers win and then we go onto the super bowl, when that happens Green Bay is so much easier to live in, when they lose Green Bay is awful with tempers short...

Linda Edwards - ledwards6112@hotmail.com

GPS...a friend and I were traveling up the coast of Maine a couple of years ago. We were looking for a Wyndom hotel but ended up at a nursing home instead. Would have stayed but they were full. Haha!

Don 65 & Donna 67 Rehman - zakons@comcast.net

7. Still corresponding with any of your military buddies?

I have had a long career playing in rock & roll bands, and before I left for the Air Force in 1965, I was a member of the Zakons.

In 1965 I was stationed at Chanute Air Force base in Rantoul, Illinois as an instructor. While stationed there, a group of instructors organized a rock & roll band, called the Changing Tymes. We played the local area, including bars, the University of Illinois. Generally we played every weekend.

I lost contact with all the band members when I went overseas. Just this past December, one of the guys contacted me on Facebook. He said he was looking for some of the guys he used to play in a band with while in the service. One of the questions he asked was if I went by the nickname "Pickles". He gave enough details to make me think maybe I did know him. He also went by another name that at first threw me off. We texted back and forth and sure enough, we made a connection. He had information on a couple of the other guys.

Just the week before my wife and I were talking about not having many pictures of many of the bands I played in. One week later, Leonard, "Lenny", sent me a few copies of pictures of the Changing Tymes band, 50 years after we broke up. What a wonderful Christmas surprise. (All because of Facebook)

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The following is not one of this weeks topics, but it might be of interest to someone.

My wife and I adopted a beautiful 3 week old baby girl 35 years ago. We found out about her on December 22 , 1980, and she came into our family on December 23, 1980 at 3 weeks of age. (We only found out 2 weeks before, that we were finally approved for an adoption. ...About a 2 year process.The agency told us that maybe 6 more months before we would get a baby, not just 2 weeks..) We had zero baby supplies , but we were super excited to get the phone call.

My wife worked as a full time Kmart supervisor back then. She was supervising 14 checkouts , on December 22nd, when she received the call that we were new parents. The customers were so sweet. One man said, " The lines were so long that when I got in line, you weren't even pregnant, and I get to the end of the line, you're a mother !" Quite a memory...Just remember , this was during Christmas rush time. Not one customer complained. That also was my wife's last day of work. The agency required the mother to stay home full time for 6 full months after the adoption.

Who could ask for a better Christmas gift? (We also got engaged one Christmas Eve years before.)

Fast forward to this past December. Our daughter got to meet her birth mother and 2 sisters & 1 brother , that none of us knew ever existed . She flew out to Arizona to meet them in person on December 4 th. It turned out to be a wonderful meeting, and closure for all of them. Her adoption was a closed adoption, so we never really knew much about the birth family. We knew very little of her background. We only knew her birth mother was only 16 when she had her and that the birth mother was the youngest of 14 siblings. Plus her mother had passed away before this. Not a good situation to bring a newborn into.

Melanie never dreamed that she would end up being the oldest of 4 siblings. We found out that they tried searching for her, but had no luck. We had the choice of keeping her first name or pick out a name of our choice, which we did.

The siblings did know she existed because the birth mother always had a birthday cake on her birthday, and they sang Happy Birthday to Nicole. (her given name at birth) we named her Melanie. We thought that was a sweet tradition of the birth mother.

It took Mel a couple years of searching to find a connection. (Ancestry.com & Facebook)
In Illinois an adopted person 21 years old can get a copy of their original birth certificate, and register to find birth parents. The birth parents can also register to find the child they gave up for adoption . Her birth mother didn't know of this law since she moved out of state.

Mel located her brother first on Facebook, but he rejected her request to be a friend. He said she looked like one of his sisters, but maybe him knowing her as Nicole not Melanie, he didn't make the connection. He feels stupid now for rejecting her after finding out the whole story.
Melanie went back to ancestry.com & Facebook and found the youngest sister. (10 years younger). Again connected thru Facebook.

A year later Melanie, this last December 4 th, she flew out and they all met in person. She said she was excited and scared both . It all worked out great. They connected, and learned much about each other's lives.

The one question her birth mother asked her was, Were you in your adoptive parents home at Christmas? The answer was yes. December 23 rd.....she was so happy with that answer. She was hoping that she was not in a foster home at Christmas.

Four days before Melanie left to meet them, she asked my wife to make a " small picture album of her life to give to the birth mother." My wife said, there is no way you can put 35 years into a small album. So she spent a couple days at Walgreens making an album of 150-200 pictures. Plus a CD to give to each sibling and Melanie too. They were all overjoyed to see her life in pictures. The birth mother hugged the album and said she wanted to see it first. Mel had to explain each picture. The birth mother said after seeing the album, that she felt peace that she had made the right choice to give her up for adoption. She also could now forgive her own father now, for telling her adoption was the best option.

Melanie has thanked us over and over again for the life we have given her. The siblings had a rough life, but stuck together thru the rough times. The siblings plan to come here and visit her this coming summer. They communicate often through emails, texts, and FaceTime. We feel it was closure for them all. She found out her birth family health background , which made her happy. We doubt if she will ever find her birth father, but she is happy.

She keeps saying, I only have 2 parents. She calls her birth mother by her first name. We are just happy, there is closure and answers to the mystery. She goes, I can't believe one day being an only child to having 3 siblings the next.

One after thought: We were puzzled to when and how to tell her she was adopted. Partly because the neighborhood kids knew that she was adopted. We wanted her to hear it from us, not outsiders. We still hear stories yearly of people, teenagers finding out they are adopted and they all seem to be bitter not knowing . Very bitter.

My wife's one uncle never found out that the woman who raised him was really his aunt and not his own birth mother , until HE WAS 65 years old !!!! He found out at this ladies funeral, that she wasn't his mother, that his real mother died giving birth to him. He was bitter , felt betrayed until the day he died.

One day when Melanie was about 2-3 years old she was in the other room watching cartoons. She walks into the kitchen and asked my wife what does adopted mean? The two of them were home alone. My wife asked her where did you get that big word from? Mel answers, Bam Bam is adopted! Sure enough , Bam Bam was adopted in the Flinestones. My wife goes BINGO!!! So she sat her down and explained what adopted means, thanks to Bam Bam... She had Mel repeat what she had explained to her. She repeated it pretty right on. When I came home from work, and we were eating dinner, my wife told Melanie to tell me what she had learned today. She remembered it, and told me in detail, what adopted meant and where and how she had come into our lives/ family. Every few months we would ask her again so it was fresh in her mind.



We thank Bam Bam every day. What a blessing for us.

Karen King - yayaec@ymail.com

1) Last time I went ice skating was 3 years ago. After my beloved fell, not just down, but on me, and my knee hurt for a week, but thankfully I did not break, I took it as a wake up call for my osteoporosis and me. To add insult to injury I had my leg checked out by the doc and suggested I get a day or two off of work, but he said, "No. The best thing for that knee is to keep it moving, so yes, you should keep your shift."

7) No military experience but I keep in touch with one of my college friends from 1965. We have not seen each other or even talked on the phone since then, but we write to each other a few times a year. We went through a granola phase in the early years, then we both took bellydancing at the same time, and we have a fondness for Hugh Laurie's band and each went to a concert, all discovered after the fact. There have been many similarities and we often think we'd have been good neighbors. This is the year we're going to try and meet somewhere between our homes.

10) There is no vegetable I've tried so far that I refuse to eat. I have learned they don't have to be canned or cooked to death which makes a huge difference. Favorite meal ever is roasted root veggies.

Toni Weller Olsen - LHS '64 - tonicrafty@gmail.com

Question 2 - I'm kind of old school when it comes to games, and I'm looking forward to playing checkers with my 6-year-old grandson. We work puzzles and will try Pickup Sticks soon. My granddaughter is only 3, but we'll play Jacks when she's older. Board games like Scrabble and Monopoly will be fun too. Part of the fun of grandkids is re-living things from childhood.

Gene Hafermann - genehafermann@charter.net

1. I never did skate that much and certainly not anymore.

2. Doubt it.

3. Yes. Twice with electricity. Once attempting to cut down a tree that was leaning on a power line and forgetting that the tree contains water. Luckily I have on rubber boots and the chains saw had rubber handles, but I still felt the shock. The other time was my attempt to clean dust off heating elements in an electric furnace without turning off the power using a wet rag on a stick. That stupid move gave me a jolt that landed me on my butt 10 feet away.

4. Yes. I always have a hankie and sometimes I even use it to blow my nose. Other times it comes in handy as a rag.

5. Yes. Last hitch hiker I had was back in college at UW. I was driving across campus in a rain storm and a guy basically threw himself on my hood begging for a ride ... which I gave him. Also gave some guys rides to college as I traveled to Eau Claire from Wausau during first 2 years of college.

6. Yes, when I used my Garmin, I had several times it kept taking me in circles and I had to stop and ask. I haven't had that problem with Google Maps on my smart phone, but have gotten off track when I lost my cell connection.

9. First time holding a gun I was probably 7 and shooting a BB gun.

10. I still have a hard time eating brussel sprouts and don't really care for cauliflower, avocado, or cilantro.

Bonnie (Brandt) James - chtbon@uniontel.net

Hi and as usual, you do a great job with the LHS newsletter. As for the grandkids playing those games, they all "played" at the campground when they were younger so access to internet and games wasn't available until they were older. Now, of course, they are upper high school and college and beyond so that has changed.

As for the GPS, ask the family and they will all say it was me and not the GPS so problem solved.

As for holding a gun, my husband "encouraged" me to go deer hunting the second year we were married. He learned very quickly, that was not a good idea. First thing was, the rifles are much too loud, second thing, I always worked the night shift so you sit me somewhere quiet and I am going to take a nap! End of hunting idea!

And for the last item, anyone that knows me will automatically know, no vegetable!! Only when it is raw! Why spoil a good raw vegetable with heat?!

Getting pretty tired of this cold weather here in Wisconsin, of course, but I have started the countdown to moving to the campground. 97 more days!!

Pat Barton, class of 64 - bpwpat@solarus.net

6. GPS.....My 'turn by turn' got really upset while we were driving in Madison. One of the ramps was CLOSED, but the GPS kept telling us to 'turn left in 1000 ft, 500 ft, turn left, etc.....well, we went straight and it took several turns to get us and the GPS headed in the right direction. But GPS is a great tool.

9. I now own a pistol. I come from a hunting father and all 3 brothers hunted. I went to the practice range many years ago, but got to wanting my own gun a year ago. I have attended the classes, and have my concealed carry permit too. The ownership gives me a sense of security and pride. (no, as yet I do not make use of my 'permit'.)

Roger Gray - wolfstyr3@aol.com

Yes, I still ice skate but only get out about once a year. Although I have access to the Pettit Ice Center I much prefer an outdoor rink...like Witter Field.

Close Calls: Many stupid ones involving cars during my Junior and Senior years ... and beer too. A narrow miss (mere feet) at the curve going to the bridge at Lake Wazeecha. I couldn't make the curve as I was going way too fast and shot by in front of an oncoming car on the curve.

Got chased by a chopper on very foggy night on the same road coming into town. In those days you could turn off all the lights and "go dark". I coasted into Rod's Tavern to avoid using my brake lights and waited it out.

Military: Ft Bragg demo training involved 10 troopers rigging up C-4 charges and placing them on a steel slab. We then connected all the charges with a "ring main" so all would fire at once. We were all stationed around the slab and the instructor would inspect our work. As he came to the last soldier, the soldier picked up his 1/2# shaped charge device which was already primed with a detonator (blasting cap)...and we all watched in slow motion as the cap fell out though still attached to the ring main and and hit the steel slab point first. Then we all went to change our fatigues. (later this happened again with many being hurt and killed)

On a parachute jump I had my air stolen by another trooper when I passed over his chute. My chute then collapsed and I began free falling until I could "shake it out" re-inflate my canopy. I then went to change my fatigues.

Viet Nam: Too many to count and probably many I never knew about. But, one day I had the handset cord shot off while I was calling for artillery. Another time I had my canteen top shot off. In both cases I never knew it had happened until later. On four distinct occasions my team and I were the recipients of "friendly fire." In three cases we were in "danger close" to the enemy targets and had to call for help. We were 20 miles out and only 175mm guns could reach us...at that range they had a plus or minus of 1000 meters from the target. When you're 25-50 meters apart and in danger of being over run, you make the call. I still have some of the shrapnel.

In another instance, we fixed the enemy and were sneaking out and way higher ups diverted a B52 strike to our target. Besides fragmentation bombs they were using CBUs...cluster bomb units...which spread out large number of smaller "bomblets" over vast areas. It was after midnight when they told us to "run" ... and why. How we made it out of the danger area in the dark of night and in the jungle was simply fear. It was one heck of a fireworks display and way too close for comfort. The last ones were mis-identified troops in the open. We didn't wear US Army jungle uniforms but rather tiger stripes. Choppers spotted us and rolled in with Huey Cobra gun ships. We finally contactd a FAC...forward air controller...and he was able to call off the attacks. No one was hit.

I still carry a hankie but use tissues. My Mom said a gentleman always carries a hankie.

GPS error...you bet. New Berlin to Wis Rapids is about 175 miles but my GPS with the most efficient route claims it is only 120 miles. In Door County, the roads will disappear and the GSP will show you traveling cross country in the farm land...admonishing the driver to get back on the road.

Jim Natwick - jjnatwick@gmail.com

This is an update on me.

As most of you know, I had just gotten out of the hospital at the time of the reunion, but then went back into the hospital a few days later. Ended up sometime in there with spinal meningitis and was in a coma for 3-4 days, but popped out of it.

From June 1, 2015 until the present, I have been in a hospital 6 times, and a nursing home once (present----for 6 days) with 3 stays over 6 days.

At the present, I am being held to resolve a small meningitis episode. (The first hospital stay in June was for a fall down my steps resulting in 5 broken ribs, collar bone, shoulder blade, c-5 crack and 6 day stay.)

In the mean time, the docs did an MRI and a pet scan to try to determine if any active tumors were still back in my sinus'. I have a very rare cancer, -nasal pharengial- (sp). Not too many people in the US get this form of cancer, which turned out to be a stage 4 ---not good.

Since June, I have been eating through a stomach tube, and have not had any taste or smell, so no drinks, steaks or regular food... I have lost my hearing in my left ear and 25% loss in my right ear. A semi-permanent loss of balance and pain occurs, causing general loss of any thing but slow, short driving.

And I have been able to drive my 87 mercedes 560sl conv. only about 1000 miles since I bought it. sigh. Makes it difficult to drive in, Jim



Ed note: All of you keep Jim in your prayers!