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From: The Vasbys [kvasby@smallbytes.net]
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Lincoln High Newsletter

This week's topics:

- 1. Did you ever go on a "snipe hunt"?**
- 2. New Fall programs are on TV - Do you like any of them?**
- 3. What tastes or smells trigger memories for you?**
- 4. Have you ever witnessed an accident and stopped to assist?**
- 5. Did you ever have an encounter with a skunk?**
- 6. Anything else you'd care to write about.**

and responses:

Roger Fritz - fritzcat11@yahoo.com

#4...While in Saudi Arabia in 1985, I was stopped at a red light , to the left of another car at an intersection of two four lane roads. The light turned green and we both started to go. I looked left and saw a large SUV coming very fast. I stopped but the car to my right kept going as my vehicle blocked his view of the oncoming SUV. The SUV plowed into the car and spun it around several times. Someone called the police and I went to see if the people in the car were OK. The three Koreans were OK and I gave them my name and phone number. The SUV driver was also OK but neither the Police nor the Saudi driver wanted my name which I offered on a business card.

About six weeks later I got a call from a Korean who said they had been unable to get their driver nor the two passengers out of jail. The Saudi had said that they , the Koreans , had run the red light. I asked the interpreter from my company to go with me to the jail and talk to the police. He advised me not to go and that I may also do jail time for not telling the truth. We went and when my story matched what the Koreans had been saying, they let the three Koreans go free, but not until two weeks later.

Jim Natwick - jjnatwick@gmail.com

Snipe hunt...cub scout camp at ,If I remember, --Hinners where are you--at the local Adawagam girl scout camp at the end of Chestnut street. Then we were told the story of campers having the blood sucked out of them with a six inch hole in their chests by.....a central wisconsin mosquito! Of course a snipe was to be an imaginary creature. little did i know that there really is such a ..Bird.

Last skunk was one my dog got into while pheasant hunting in Iowa. Fortunately no one was injured--except the skunk--after we blasted him. And the grass was wet so the dog lost most of the spray by the days end.

The only new fall programs that are any good are the football games. And lately if you are a Badger fan...not so good.

When I smell the after shave lotion POLO it sends me back into the early 80s when I was dating a guy that wore it all the time. As for the fall programs I can't say I like any of them, just a bunch of stupid people all trying to be funnier than everyone else. Don't really watch much television, rather get my nose in a book.

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

What smells trigger memories??

We were just back in Rapids after several years to celebrate the 50th reunion of the Class of '63. It was really great to see so many old friends from both Assumption and Lincoln. The instant we got out of the car at the hotel the smell of the mill brought back memories of growing up in the Rapids.....although I don't think it is as strong as it used to be! Back in the early '90's my wife's parents moved from Wisconsin Rapids to be near us in Jackson, Michigan. I can remember getting into their car months after they moved and still being able to smell the mill.....and it always smelled pretty good to me!!!

Jack Hesterman jhesterman@uwalumni.com

Karen (Goetzke) King - yayaec@ymail.com

Tastes, smells and sights reminiscent of Grandma's house. Lemon Oil, glass cleaner, starch and moth balls just for starters. Grandma's house was the cleanest, most organized place on the planet. She washed clothes in a wringer washer, hung them outside, often even in winter, and ironed them, all of them, not sure about socks but I wouldn't doubt it, even the dishtowels which she carefully rolled, not folded, each pressed towel arranged in the drawer so the embroidered day of the week showed up top. Grandpa's work shirts hung evenly inches apart from one another, creases even, collars up, dark blue trousers carefully folded on hangars, right beside her flowered house dresses and sturdy cobbler aprons, uniforms for the two of them lined up waiting for the next day's day's work. The smell of sunshine and starch greeted with every closet door opening or drawer pull.

There was never a fingerprint on the hall door mirror nor bathroom mirror despite the fact that company rolled through her home daily. Was it Windex? Not sure of the brand, but it did come in a spray bottle and she used it often and the fragrance lingered. Lemon oil made each floor and lovely old piece of furniture glow and the sweet smell stayed in the house. Sometimes we were allowed to go to the attic, just to browse, and we grand kids loved to open the upstairs storage space to let the aroma of moth balls rush over us. It was especially pungent on the hot summer days.

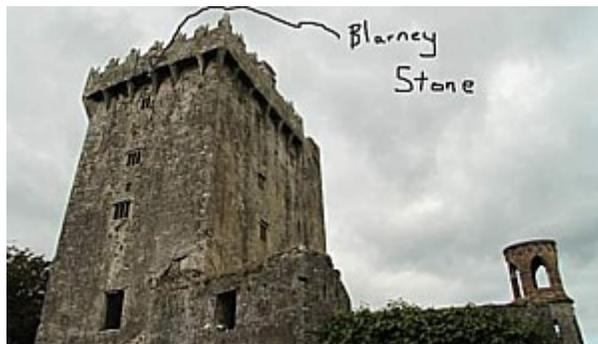
We lived 200 miles away so we did not visit so very often and when we did we had to get up at 1 a.m. to start traveling at 2 a.m., my dad's notion and no one else's favorite idea, but he liked to maximize our time on the weekend but I digress...When we arrived she wrapped us one by one in a bear hug and kissed us each on both cheeks, and then hurried us into the back kitchen. But I would first walk through the house to make sure everything was exactly where it was last time, the conch shell, the iron horse, the lamp with the frilly shade, her Bible along with her white gloves and a pack of Chick-lets ready for church the next day, the the ceramic doll with the homemade sweater. And everything was always in place. It was a joy to me, even as a child, that in a fast paced world of people changing their minds, their attitudes, their styles, the distance between us, that Grandma and her dust free house would always look and smell the same.

Lest you think her house seemed like a hospital, those cleaning smells were always secondary to the apple pie or roasting chicken, pork hocks and sauerkraut in the oven, cinnamon from the rice pudding, it didn't matter, everything smelled and tasted better there, plus always "good hot coffee" as she would say, percolated and waiting in the shiny coffee pot.

A whiff, a taste, a glimpse often takes me right back to the comfort of her home.

Barb Cammack - barbaracammack@hotmail.com

Missed last week. I did kiss the Blarney Stone in Ireland and did not catch any germs from those who kissed before me. Bet there are others who wish to remain silent even though it was fun bending over backwards (high up) while an older man held on to me.



We lived in front of a walking/biking trail in Frankfort, IL. One evening someone rang our doorbell dripping blood and asked to use our phone. I did not hesitate to let him in, clean him up (without gloves) and let him phone his wife. He was biking and hit a bar on the trail because it was dark, fell off his bike, which was smashed up and needed help to get home-15miles away. He apologized for being dumb to the time at night and looking so scary. He was probably in his 50's so I did not think he would pose a threat--I just played a good Samaritan and all went well.

Kathy Gotter writes:

I would like any member of LHS class of 64 to please contact me, Kathy Willems Gotter, by email at gotterkd@yahoo.com so that I have new contact information for our 50th reunion to be held next year. Anyone who is interested in helping, please let me know. Thank you to the few of you who have already contacted me. Let's work for a great 50th. We are also thinking of combining with Assumption class of 64. Any thoughts? I have heard good thoughts about the class of 63 reunion.

Young boy learning to be a man!

