

David Engel

From: The Vasbys [kvasby@smallbytes.net]
Sent: Thursday, October 09, 2014 6:12 PM
To: Undisclosed-Recipient:;
Subject: Lincoln High Newsletter - 10/9/14

LINCOLN HIGH NEWSLETTER

This week's topics:

1. What have you done since graduating from High School? Where are you living now?
2. What are your kids doing?
3. What memorable thing happened in one of your classes at Lincoln High?

and responses:

Editor's note:

Your teacher, Mr Cleworth's, mailbox has been full for the past 3 months.

Does anyone know if he's OK?

Chad Lewis - chad.a.lewis@comcast.net

3. Pushed future wife, Karen Peters, into the closet in Mrs. Broker's JR English class, desk and all, and shut the door. Just tight enough fit that she couldn't extricate herself. Had to fess up when Mrs Broker noticed the hole where the desk & Karen should have been.

Roger Fritz - fritzcat11@yahoo.com

I know this is not one of the topics but I throw it out anyway:

I hear concerns that the ability and interest of younger generations to use tools is fading. When I was young my dad worked for Garbers who had a scrapyard. Pops would bring home old typewriters, motors and other small mechanical devises. I would take them apart to see how they worked and then Pops would haul a box of parts back to the scrapyard. Now I'm working with the local church for their annual rummage sale. Some of the stuff people donate are items that are not working and cannot be fixed. I started taking them home and dissembling them. It's great fun, requires few tools and provides insight as to how things work and are put together. This might also be an alternative activity for all those grand kids out there who spend too much time on their computers.

Jack Sultze - jsultze@verizon.net

Gary Simmet: Gary and I reconnected, thanks to this newsletter, several years ago. They were going to the Phoenix NASCAR race. I must have written something about NASCAR and they contacted me. I have season tickets to the Phoenix races so they booked a room at the same hotel I always use. One thing that I remember vividly about Gary is, I immediately recognized him. You know, when you haven't seen someone for 40 years, you figure you're going to have to squint and close one eye to recognize them? Gary looked EXACTLY the same as when he was in high school. I didn't know Ginny and hadn't talked to Gary since high school but in about two minutes it was like we were life-long friends, both so easy to be with. I feel really bad for Ginny. They seemed to have so much in common and were like buddies.

Milk-man: I remember that we had one but can't remember what he looked like. I do remember going out to get the milk that was left by our door and finding a short tower of ice coming out of the bottle with the cap sitting on top of it.

Behind the woodshed: I think most of our parents might have been jailed. For me, it was "Wait until your Dad comes home". The waiting was the worst part. And me? Absolutely I would have been arrested but, because they were disciplined as they grew up we were never embarrassed by our kids in a restaurant and didn't worry about them breaking someone's nik-naks when we visited. They learned boundaries at an early age and, I believe, were happier for it. Our grandchildren were brought up pretty much the same way. The great-grandchildren are a different story. They are of the "spare the rod" generation. Very little discipline and I am sure they are not as happy as the kids, grandkids were. I refuse to go to a restaurant with them.

Linda & I moved to southern California a couple months after graduation on an invitation from a relative that we could stay with them until we got settled. I worked in retail until 1971, then took a job as a sales manager for the envelope division of, go figure, a very large paper company. In 1991, tired of the politics and other nonsense that often come with a management job with large corporations, and 1-1/2 hour commutes into Los Angeles, I left to partner with a friend, an ex-boss, in a very small envelope company, 5 employees (with a 7-minute commute). We grew that business to 150 employees. I retired a little over a year and a half ago. Linda (Appel) has always been a stay-at-home mom/grandma/great-grandma.

We have lived in Claremont, CA, in the same place, for a little over 40 years.

Our two daughters, age 40 & 49, each live just a short walk from us. They have each given us two granddaughters, and two of those girls have given us two great granddaughters and one great-grandson. They all live in Claremont. Our son, he's 47, lives about 20 minutes from us. He works at the company I retired from. He and his wife hope to soon open a brewpub, and he's a big Packer fan. The Packers and beer!

Jean (Dykstra) Kruchten - jeankruchten1054@yahoo.com

Enjoy the newsletter every week. Thanks for all your hard work, Kent.

I worked in the hospitality industry up until 2009. I then left the job I had for 18 years and went to work at Sauk Prairie Memorial Hospital. It is a great place to work. I decided to retire last year and am totally enjoying retirement.

My oldest daughter, Carmen, is HABA manager at Woodman's Supermarket in Menominee Falls, WI and her husband, Steve, is a 'Corporate Guy', as we call him, for all the Woodman's stores. He is based out of the store in Oak Creek, WI

My daughter, Gwen is a real estate agent for Keller Williams Honolulu. Her and her husband Vern also own VW Homes, a construction and remodeling business. They live in Kaneohe' on the Island of Oahu.

Pete Smullen pete_smullen@hotmail.com writes:

For those interested in doing their own research on climate change, I refer you to this page at our very own NASA's website:

<http://climate.nasa.gov/scientific-consensus/>

In part, the page says: "Ninety-seven percent of climate scientists agree that climate-warming trends over the past century are very likely due to human activities, and most of the leading scientific organizations worldwide have issued public statements endorsing this position."

Editor's note: Is that the same NASA that President Obama has given a new mission?

NASA's New Mission: Boost the Muslim World's Self-Esteem ...

<http://humanevents.com/2011/07/26/nasas-new-mission-boost-the-muslim-worlds-selfesteem/>

Interesting history?

From Jack Sultze - jsultze@verizon.net

During the 1500s:

They used to use urine to tan animal skins, so families used to all pee in a pot. Once it was full it was taken and sold to the tannery. If you had to do this to survive you were "Piss Poor". But worse than that were the really poor folk who couldn't even afford to buy a pot. They "didn't have a pot to pee in" and were the poorest of the poor

Most people got married in June because they took their yearly bath in May, and they still smelled pretty good by June. However, since they were starting to smell, Brides carried a bouquet of flowers to hide the body odor, hence the custom today of carrying a bouquet when getting married.

Baths consisted of a big tub filled with hot water. The man of the house had the privilege of the nice clean water, then all the other sons and men, then the women and finally the children; last of all the babies. By then the water was so dirty you could actually lose someone in it. Hence the saying, "Don't throw the baby out with the bath water!"

Many houses had thatched roofs, thick straw piled high with no wood underneath. It was the only place for animals to get warm in the winter, so all the cats and other small animals (mice, bugs) lived in the thatch. When it rained it became slippery and sometimes the animals would slip and fall off the roof. Hence the saying, "It's raining cats and dogs." There was nothing to stop things from falling into the house. This posed a real problem in the bedroom where bugs and other droppings could mess up your nice clean bed. Hence, a bed with big posts and a sheet hung over the top afforded some protection. That's how canopy beds came into existence.

The floor was dirt. Only the wealthy had something other than dirt, hence the saying, "Dirt poor."

The wealthy had slate floors that would get slippery in the winter when wet, so they spread thresh (straw) on the floor to help keep their footing. As the winter wore on, they added more thresh until, when you opened the door, it would all start slipping outside. A piece of wood was placed in the entrance-way. Hence: a thresh hold.

In those old days, they cooked in the kitchen with a big kettle that always hung over the fire. Every day they lit the fire and added things to the pot. They ate mostly vegetables and did not get much meat. They would eat the stew for dinner, leaving leftovers in the pot to get cold overnight and then start over the next day. Sometimes stew had food in it that had been there for quite a while. Hence, you guessed it, the rhyme: Peas porridge hot, peas porridge cold, peas porridge in the pot nine days old."

Sometimes they could obtain pork, which made them feel quite special. When visitors came over, they would hang up their bacon to show off. It was a sign of wealth that a man could, "Bring home the bacon."

They would cut off a little to share with guests and would all sit around and chew the fat.

Those with money had plates made of pewter. Food with high acid content caused some of the lead to leach onto the food, causing lead poisoning death. This happened most often with tomatoes so for a long time tomatoes were considered poisonous.

Bread was divided according to status. Workers got the burnt bottom of the loaf, the family got the middle, and guests got

the top, or the 'upper crust'.

Lead cups were used to drink ale or whisky. The combination would sometimes knock the imbibers out for a couple of days. Someone walking along the road would take them for dead and prepare them for burial. They were laid out on the kitchen table for a couple of days and the family would gather around and eat and drink and wait and see if they would wake up, hence the custom; "holding a wake."

England is old and small and the local folks started running out of places to bury people. So they would dig up coffins and take the bones to a bone-house, and reuse the grave. When reopening these coffins, 1 out of 25 was found to have scratch marks on the inside and they realized they had been burying people alive. So they would tie a string on the wrist of the corpse, lead it through the coffin and up through the ground and tie it to a bell. Someone would have to sit out in the graveyard all night (the "graveyard shift") to listen for the bell; thus, someone could be, "saved by the bell" or was considered "a dead ringer."

Fact or fiction, you decide (or Google it!)

David Engel

From: The Vasbys [kvasby@smallbytes.net]
Sent: Monday, October 06, 2014 9:30 PM
To: undisclosed-recipients:
Subject: Topics - LHS Newsletter - Oct 9th

1. What have you done since graduating from Lincoln High? Where are you living now?
2. What are your kids doing?

Editor's daughters are:

Oldest daughter - Heather is a librarian at the Menomonie Public Library and her husband, Rick Remington, is the Conservation Director at the Western Wisconsin Land Trust - <http://www.wwlt.org/about-west-wisconsin-land-trust/staff/>

Daughter Tara works at the University of Wisconsin - <http://www.wisc.edu/directories/person.php?name=TARA+VASBY>
Her husband, Mike Hottman runs the Pickel Tree in Deerfield - <http://pickletreerestaurant.com/>

Youngest daughter Naomi Blohm is a commodities broker & market advisor for Stewart - Peterson in West Bend - http://www.stewartpetersongroup.com/about_us_0011/Our_People_0048.html
and appears monthly on the Market to Market TV show of Iowa Public TV
http://www.iptv.org/mtom/story.cfm/marketanalysis/11819/mtom_20140516_3938_marketanalysis

Naomi's husband, Chris, is an electrical engineer at <http://www.shallbetter.com/>

3. What memorable thing happened in one of your classes at Lincoln High?

Editor remembers getting a bottle of mercury out of the chemistry class closet and coating pennies with it to make them silver colored.
Probably a definite no-no these days!