
From: The Vasbys <kvasby@smallbytes.net>
Sent: Thursday, June 22, 2017 1:41 PM
To: Undisclosed-Recipient;;
Subject: Lincoln High Newsletter - 6/22/17

LINCOLN HIGH NEWSLETTER

This week's topics:

1. Health hints - Any medicines, home remedies, procedures that have worked for you?
2. Afraid to speak your mind in public places these days?
3. Hitchhiking - Did you ever hitchhike or give someone a ride? How did that go? Would you do it today?
4. Hey guys, what were your favorite "parking" places when you and your girlfriend went out back in the high school days?
5. Goodwill and St Vinny's - Buy stuff from them? Take stuff? Work/volunteer there?
6. Remembering the area movie theaters - Working there, watching movies, favorite candy you bought there, etc.
7. Ever get bit by a tick and contract Lyme disease? Still suffering any after-effects?
8. Watch the US Open? What did you think of the Erin Hills golf course?
9. Ever encounter a wild "critter" that scared the heck out of you?
10. Anything else you'd care to write about.

and responses:

Nancy Whitlock - thenanc@aol.com

Waaay back when I was 20 my friend and I hitchhiked Europe for 6 weeks. Visited 8-10 countries. We stayed in hostels or a park bench. There were a couple of incidences that were not fun, but we were able to "fight" our way out of them. Other than the few rides, the rest of the people we encountered were very nice and curious of the two American girls traveling in their countries.

Hitching was the way the European kids traveled, but even at that time I would never have hitched in the US. I guess that is where I got my travel bug for now. Next trip coming up in November will be my third trip to Budapest.

Ed: What's in Budapest?

Barb Cammack - barbaracammack@hotmail.com

CURIOUS AS TO WHETHER ANY OF YOU HAVE PLAYED AT ERIN HILLS OR HOW THEY GET FOLKS TO DRIVE OUT AND PLAY. IT LOOKED LIKE MY WORST NIGHTMARE OF GOLF; AND I DO HAVE GOLF NIGHTMARES.

Gene Hafermann - genehafermann@charter.net

For some reason I'm in a reflective mood tonight as I have connected with some old friends today.

Anyway, related to Health Hints, I have found that Organic Coconut Oil works well on my feet. I used to have bad athletes foot, but not since I started applying that oil every day before putting my socks on. It also is good to cook eggs in if you like coconut. Something I haven't yet tried, but when I talked about not liking what onions and beans do to me related to gas, a bonus niece and nephew told me to try probiotics. They swore by these and I will try.

The only time I personally hitch hiked was back in my early college years when Christine Hervi and I had gone to the Waupaca chain of lakes for the day and on the way home (with an old car of my dad's that didn't have a gas gauge) we ran out of gas. At that time few if any gas stations were open on Sunday. Anyway, we had to hitchhike to a convenience store in the middle of nowhere to get some gas and then hitchhike back to the car. We made it home just in time to watch Armstrong land and walk on the moon. When I had my own car and was driving between Wausau (where I went for my first 2 years of college) and Eau Claire (where my twin sisters went), I did pick up college kids once or twice who were going the same way. And once on the Madison campus in a downpour, a guy basically laid on my hood and begged for a ride across campus and I gave it to him. I might still pick up someone like a college student, but not if I was with someone else.

I have donated lots of things to St. Vinney's and Goodwill. When you marry for a second time and each have a house, you end up donating a lot of duplicate things. We always check with family first to see if there is a need, but then prefer to donate over having a garage sale. I like using Free Cycle because you can choose you gets the items. And I used to donate to Goodwill until I realized that they are for profit and really don't have a mission of helping people like St. Vinney's does. So now, we generally donate to St. Vinney's and take the tax deduction. Personally, I have never bought something at either place, but based on what I have donated, I expect if I needed something I might find there, I would try that. I also donate building related objects and tools to Habitat Restore, and I have also bought stuff there.

My only significant encounter with a wood tick (not deer tick) was on my back where I could only feel what I thought was a mole growing (and I was not with a partner at that time). When I asked the doctor to check it he laughed and pulled the fully engorged tick out of my back.

I did enjoy watching the US Open and seeing how the pros took that course apart in the almost ideal conditions. My wife noticed Holy Hill and since she has never been there, I intend to take her there on July 1 enroute to a birthday party in Brookfield. And I also hope to at least drive into the clubhouse at Erin Hills.

The only time I ever faced a critter when I didn't have a weapon was on a hike in Arizona near Saguaro National Park. My partner and I encountered wild boars near dusk, but it turned out that they were more afraid of us.

Now that I have had successful prostate surgery and follow-up radiation (that ended in March), the next health issue I need to deal with is severe aortic stenosis. I am scheduled for a catheterization on July 3 to check my old bypasses from 2001 surgery and to evaluate whether I am a candidate for an aortic valve replacement via a catheter. Basically I need a little more plumbing work so I won't need to keep taking a cart when I golf.

This dissertation should suffice for another year. Cheers, Geno

Chris Gorski - cwgorski@yahoo.com

US Open - Erin Hills is a beautiful but intimidating course. While most courses on the PGA tour measure 7200 yards, Erin Hills measures slightly over 7800 yards. Combine this with the normal everyday wind common to its open links layout, it has the potential to be one of the most difficult courses on the tour. However, this past weekend was a perfect storm for making the course play unusually easy. The combination of rain and lack of any wind (except for Sat morning) resulted in an exciting lights out charge by 8 or more players, any of which had the chance to win as they teed off Sunday morning. Some will say the course was too easy for these pros and Erin Hills will not get another major for 10 to 15 years. I say when 4 of the words top players including Dustin Johnson, the number 1 ranked player, missed the cut and didn't play Sat and Sun, Erin Hill's got her revenge and will ever be known how she shut down the very best player on the tour. And, as a side note, Sunday was some of the best golf you'll ever watch. Compared to witnessing the PGA at Whistling Straights, Erin Hills made for much better entertainment.

Don Solie - dg.solie@hotmail.com

2. In this attack first and confirm when it's convenient Environment I still speak my piece , and at times I don't wait for an invitation. We're moving more and more into an environment where executing some individual's first right (free speech) actually impedes the right to free speech for others. The left is filled with anger, hatred, and jealousy. This provokes similar responses from the right and /or those who've earned the right to be heard. I'm concerned that the poorly or ill informed are gaining more attention since they speak with no authority and often, no knowledge.

Like I said I speak my piece, and I do welcome an informed response. I earned my right to speak as I did invest four years defending the right for others' to express their rights.

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

I use Vicks for all head colds, and chest colds... I used it for my kids and I use it for myself, smear it on my neck and chest, put on an old flannel night gown top and let it work. When we were kids my mom put some in hot water over the stove with a towel over our head and she had us breath the vapors, always worked.

Pete Smullen - pete_smullen@hotmail.com

9. Ever encounter a wild "critter" that scared the heck out of you?

Back in 1967, a college classmate of mine invited me and a mutual friend to spend a week at his parents "camp" in Florida. We didn't know what a "camp" was but weren't about to ask and show our ignorance. It sounded like a terrific offer so we both immediately said, "Sure! Sounds like fun."

We had no idea how much fun it was going to be. We first drove down to Tarpon Springs, Florida. Mind you, Tarpon Springs was still a real Greek fishing village back then. It didn't have any of the gift shops you see now; it was all business.

Since I'm a nut over work boats, I was in heaven as we drove alongside the piers covered with nets and floats, with dozens of rugged work boats tied up alongside. The crewmen were busy repairing nets, cleaning their boats or otherwise gainfully employed.

We pulled into a parking lot adjacent to one of the smaller piers, stopped, and were told to grab our luggage. We then headed to ... a boat? We climbed aboard, stowed our gear and motored out into the Gulf of Mexico. After a while, we headed for a small building out on the water. Turns out the camp was a stilt house.



We pulled alongside, tied up, and scrambled onto the dock/deck that surrounded the lodge. It was very rustic, which suited me to a "T", and the view was absolutely stunning.

We quickly settled into a routine ... when the sun went down it was sleep time. The camp had no electricity nor any lights of any kind ...and when the sun went down that far offshore, it was DARK and got dark rather quickly. We also awoke when the sun came up. The sun seemed to light the water on fire, and it was really bright out ... nearly impossible to sleep late. We would fish, take the boat into Tarpon Springs to explore, drink beer and play poker. It was idyllic ... and perfect for the week before our graduation from college.

So what does this have to do with a wild "critter" you say. I had learned how to scuba dive a few years before, and they had equipment at the lodge. I would normally not dive without a buddy, but the water was only 10' deep and calm as could be. What could go wrong?

I had been down for about twenty minutes, exploring the local flora and fauna, when a Goliath Grouper swam into view.



He was HUGE and I was fascinated. An average adult weighs about 400 pounds. I followed him, enjoying the lazy motion of this gentle giant as he made his majestic way through the Gulf waters.

Did you know that this grouper's eyes can turn independently? Neither did I. As I swam alongside and slightly above him, he kept one eye looking at where he was going, and the other kept swinging over to look at me. It was a little creepy. At one point, his eye swung over to look at me, then turned further to look behind us. I turned my head to look behind and saw a ... SHARK! A shark was following us, or me.

I will readily admit that I panicked. I doubt I have ever swum that fast in scuba gear. I headed straight for the lodge which, fortunately, was only about sixty or seventy feet away. I swam directly onto the dock/deck, not bothering with the ladder, and sat there out of breath and pumped full of adrenaline.

My buddies had seen my mad dash, and we talked about what happened. They both laughed and told me they knew something was up as they saw my frantic swim. They said they didn't know one could actually do the freestyle when wearing scuba gear but that I had done it.

Other than that damnable shark, it was one of the highlights of my young life. And I thank him frequently for not attacking me.

Dick Trudeau LHS '64 - dickmerry77@hotmail.com

Kent just made a liar out of me! I promised to pass up this newsletter, but once again he proposed topics too good to pass up.

HITCHHIKING -- Two of the most memorable experiences of my life are related to hitching a ride. I'll limit my space in this newsletter to just one. The other one will have to wait.

It was July of 1972. I had just taken a job in Boise, Idaho with the federal government and was instructed to go to San Francisco for six weeks of training. I left Boise as the sun went down planning to drive as far as I could before resting for the night. My planned route took me through Eastern Oregon and Northern Nevada. There is no more desolate country in the U.S. than Eastern Oregon and most of Nevada. The geography is a moonscape consisting of thousands of square miles of sage brush and rattlesnakes and almost no people.

Around midnight I was on a stretch of US 95 about 30 miles north of the Nevada border that was straight as an arrow for about 10 miles. There was no other traffic except for the set of headlights coming in my direction several miles away. When the vehicle was about a quarter mile away he suddenly swerved into my lane destined for a head-on collision. It was one of those "what the hell" moments one could never contemplate. It was clear that he wasn't about to change course, so at the last moment I headed for the ditch. I was half on the shoulder and half in the ditch when he screamed by me blowing his horn as if claiming victory in a game of chicken! I sat there for a moment watching his tail lights to make sure he wasn't about to turn around and finish whatever game he was playing. I never saw him again.

Before driving back onto the road I stepped outside to examine my car and the ground I was parked on. The night was dead calm. I was leaning on the fender of the passenger side trying to recover from the adrenalin rush I had just experienced and make some sense out of what just happened. Suddenly two shadows came running out of the sage brush and one of them was carrying a rifle! It was "what the hell" all over again. It was like I was starring in my own horror movie! They were out of breath and face to face with me before I could jump in the car and make an escape. They asked if they could "hitch" a ride to Winnemucca, Nevada 100 miles away. I was speechless. I didn't want to say yes and was afraid to say no. Finally, I said "guys you may have the gun, but I'm not going anywhere until you tell me what the hell's going on here".

The explanation was straight forward. They had been fishing at a reservoir 25 miles from the highway. At dark they packed up and headed for home. They ran out of gas several miles from U.S 95. Rather than walk the gravel road to the highway they decided to take a shortcut a couple miles through the sage brush. They didn't want to leave the rifle in the car so they packed it with them. It was a one in million chance that I was forced off the road at the spot they found the highway.

They turned out to be pretty nice guys. We pulled into Winnemucca about 2 AM. I let them off on the main drag. I can still see them walking right down the middle of Main Street packing that rifle. I just kept on driving. I was too wired to sleep.

MOVIE THEATERS -- Who can forget the Palace Theater in the mid-1950's. The Saturday Afternoon Matinee was a treat for every kid in Rapids. For a dime we could watch a double feature movie and 5 color cartoons. Roy Rogers, Gene Autry, Rex Allen, Tex Ritter, Lash LaRue and Rocky Jones, Space Ranger were our heroes. What a festive atmosphere. It was like WOODSTOCK for 10 year olds. Favorite candy? Spearmint Leaves for me.

CRITTERS -- I was hunting Chukar partridge in the high desert of Idaho one cold November morning. The rattlesnakes should have been denned up for the winter. Unfortunately, the one I stepped on hadn't gotten the message! Nothing in this world gets your attention like a rattlesnake. They actually make more of a buzzing sound, but who wants to call them

"buzzsnakes"? It was slow to react, but when it did, it was one PO'd rattler. Try holding your dog by the collar with one hand and shooting a rattlesnake with the other hand some day.

Kaaren (Berg) Brehmer - kaarenknits@solarus.net

From a couple of weeks ago- - Someone mentioned the "hare remover" at Herschleb's. We have it hanging on the wall of our living room at our summer cottage. We even put a "hare remover" sign under it!!

This week:

6. Tom Poulos' daughter lived across the street from us for several years. It didn't take long for us to figure out that if Tom's granddaughter was with us, we all got in free. When they quit making their own ice cream at the Sugar Bowl we made it for him. If Tom was taking tickets he sometimes let us in free.

9. I had a real "critter" experience last week. I was on the way into the house with a bag of groceries when I noticed a hole in the driveway that hadn't been there before. The snapping turtle was sitting on it laying her eggs! It's a good thing I looked down when I did. This morning we discovered that our bird feeder had been knocked down in the night and that a garbage can of seed had been tipped over. Never a dull moment in the northwoods.

Toni (Weller) Olsen - tonicrafty@gmail.com

5. Thrift stores - I'm kind of a nut for organization and uncluttered closets, so I frequently take stuff to our local Goodwill. If I have gently worn clothes I no longer like, off they go to the thrift store. Reno has another great thrift store called Assistance League. Everyone who works there is a volunteer, and all profits go right back into the community. Some of the people who get help from Assistance League are: homeless high school students who might need some clothes, assault victims who need clothing and personal grooming items, and senior citizens who qualify for supplemental groceries. The thrift store also contains a "senior craft" shop where all items are new and handmade by seniors. Profits from these items go directly to the seniors who made them.

Lenore Haferman - lenorehaferman@yahoo.com

I did not hitchhike much but I have given rides and it was fine. I take and buy from St. Vinny's and Goodwill. I worked the candy counter at the Rapids theater. Yes I have had Lymes disease two times, I have bad arthritis so I do not know if I have any after-effects.

Lynn DeLong - ledelong@cox.net

KENT, Thank you for doing such a great job of keeping us in touch and making us think and share.

1. Health hints - Any medicines, home remedies, procedures that have worked for you?

Over the years I have depended upon my voice to teach, testify, speak and sing. In the 1970s, my voice was cracking and a fellow agent introduced me to "Smokers Disks" which were an instant cure to my periodic voice problems. The name has change now to "Throat Disks" but with same results. They are available online from Walgreens and Amazon.

Though I get many medical journals, there are only a few sources that I recommend as plain enough to help the masses. They are: WebMD, <http://www.webmd.com/> ; American Cancer Society, <https://www.cancer.org/> ; American Heart Association / American Stroke Association, Heart.org , www.strokeassociation.org , and stroke.org .

2. Afraid to speak your mind in public places these days? - Afraid only of my wife who wants me to be a peacemaker and not stir up any trouble.

3. Hitchhiking - Did you ever hitchhike or give someone a ride?

I did take a 50 mile trip that ended with a five hour journey. It was a short wait to get a ride from someone who knew me. Twenty miles later I was dropped off for a three hour wait for a State Trooper who threatened to arrest me. He gave me a ride to jail where the local Sheriff's Department gave me a ride to the next countyline and a deputy was there waiting for me for the final stretch. Just love those LEOs. Now I would call the LEO's first for the ride. Ed note: LEO = Law enforcement officer

5. Goodwill and St Vinny's - I buy much electronic gear(test gear, speakers, recorders, wire, etc.) and metal and art from them and take other thing in as donations.

9. Ever encounter a wild "critter" that scared the heck out of you?

I have encountered bears, snakes, spiders, and wolves without difficulty. Pepper spray, mace, and Smith and Wesson offer good protection but knowledge of "critters" behavior helps most. The critters that we fear the most are the Homo Sapiens; we seldom take a trip without encountering either a drunk driver, road rage, domestic abuse, animal abuse, or other forms of deviant behavior. We always call the LEOs and stick around to help. If someone is injured, we provide aide. If someone is endangered, we separate the opposing parties. I do not recommend everyone take on the risks that we do, but please be alert and call 911 to report crimes and risky situations.

10. Anything else you'd care to write about. It is 127 degrees here today in Mesa AZ.. It is another inside day.

