

David Engel

From: The Vasbys <kvasby@smallbytes.net>
Sent: Thursday, October 31, 2019 1:40 PM
To: Bill & Shirley (Black) Hartley
Subject: Lincoln High Newsletter - 10/31/19



Responses to previous topics:

Candace Caylor - klorkatz@att.net

There was an interesting article in Sunday's Journal/Sentinel about ghosts in Wis. buildings. There are 4 locations and Wis. Rapids caught my eye. There is a TV show titled "Truth or Legends in Your Hometown" to be aired next year but no provider was named. The building was "First Ward School". I never heard of a school by that name but know that Irving School supposedly is haunted.



I googled First Ward and found it was Irving School. I messaged the author questioning the name. Apparently that was the name when it was first built. It was changed to Irving School in the 20's. I said I thought it should still be referred by that name as most people alive today would only know it as Irving. I went to Irving School kindergarten thru 4th grade. I know many of you also did. Does anyone, especially those of you still living in the Rapids, know how Irving School got the reputation of being haunted?

This week's topics:

1. You're a survivor? Of what?
2. What's the best type of cheese? Why do you think so?
3. Any European relatives ever visit you? Where from? When?
4. What TV show do you think the readers need to check out? Why?
5. Any athletic injuries from HS/College bothering you now? How?
6. Favorite sayings of your parents, friends, co-workers?
7. What are your favorite pizza toppings? Like pineapple on pizza? Thin crust or Chicago style?
8. Have an erector set, chemistry set or easy bake oven as a kid? What did you make?
9. What was your military specialty? Ever use it in civilian life?
10. Got a question for the readers?

and responses:

Jo Ellen (Davis) Immel (67) - jimmel49@msn.com

7. Portesi's cheese, sausage and yellow onion. Best pizza ever!!

Kathy Gotter - gotterkd@yahoo.com

My favorite saying is: "It is what it is". This just reminds me that there are some things in life that you can do something about and some things that you can't.

My favorite pizza is still Portesi's. My husband and I both love thin crust pizza sliced in squares with lots of cheese, Italian sausage, fresh mushrooms and raw onions on top after it's cooked. We do have another pizza place that we found down in the Milwaukee area and actually we go to the one in Mequon called Zaffiro's.



We get the "EBF" which means everything but fish with a paper thin crust. It is worth every penny. I am now sitting in Oklahoma where my husband is black powder hunting. The temperature today and tomorrow is going to be in the mid-30s, wind chill in the teens tomorrow and rain. Either one of these pizzas would really go well right now. I just have to suffer through until next week and then I can go back to Southern Florida. The upper 80s low-90s sounds really good right now. Happy fall to everyone. The Fall colors are really beautiful now down here in Oklahoma.

Just a short message to the class of 64. Remember our next class reunion will be on July 24th, 2021. Any suggestions are welcomed from classmates. And now it's the time if you would like to come and you would like to see some of your old friends hunt them down or let us know so that we can try to get everybody there something. We're using this forum and our Facebook page at the LHS class of 64. Dick Arnoldy you wants to work on getting more classmates there. So if you have anything specific that you would like to ask him please contact me and I will give you his

contact information. My email is gotterkd@yahoo.com let me know if you want to keep it casual like we did this year out at the shelter at Lake Nepco or if you have other ideas for venues. We are trying to keep it simple and inexpensive so it's more conducive for everyone to attend. Judy Jackson and I are the committee so far. We haven't gotten to the point where we're bombarding the committee from this year to see if they're interested in working on the next one. The two of us knew immediately that we were willing to do something again.

Hope to hear from the former classmates. And Class of 65, good luck on your reunion for this coming year.

Dick Trudeau LHS'64 - dickmerry77@hotmail.com

YOU'RE A SURVIVOR? OF WHAT? -- Heck, at our age we're all survivors!

One incident in particular comes to mind.

It was early 1965. I was out with three friends namely Eric Sydanmaa (LHS '64) and two guys from Assumption, Dave Hell and Phil Ginter. We closed up the Riverside Bar and headed back to Rapids. Eric had been encouraged by one of our female classmates to give him a call sometime. By the time we got to the car his judgement was impaired by alcohol and hormones. Eric was driving his parent's new Ford 2-door with a pretty powerful engine. We spun gravel all the way out to the highway and turned left back to Rapids. He never let off the gas pedal. We watched the speedometer climb passed 100 mph before shouting to Eric to slow down. It was too late. At the first curve he over corrected and lost control. We were told later that we left skid marks for a couple hundred feet and then rolled 4 1/2 times before coming to a stop upside-down on the opposite side of the highway. It took a few seconds to realize that we were all alive, but trapped inside. The roof of the car was flattened down to the level of the body. The smell of gas leaking from the tank permeated the scene. We were in a panic to get out.

We tunneled our way out the back window between the trunk and the ground. I was the first one out and made my way to the middle of the highway to flag down help. The first car never saw me waving my arms in distress and missed me by inches. If I were a cat I be down to 7 lives by that time! Other patrons of the Riverside finally stopped and summoned the ambulance. All four of us "survivors" were taken to the emergency room of Riverview Hospital cut and bruised, but alive. I've tried to include an old faded picture of the car after it was hauled to Polansky's repair shop on Grand Avenue. When I look at the picture I can't help but realize it was a miracle that we weren't all killed.



At the time I don't think the four of us considered ourselves as survivors. We were 18 and 19 years old and invincible. Dying was for old people. With age comes wisdom and an appreciation of our mortality. Living or dying oftentimes hinges on the most minor of factors. One spark and four young men would have had funerals in closed caskets. I defied death once again seconds later trying to seek help. What determines who lives and who dies? Is it luck or divine guidance?

There's a sequel to this story that might be shared under the topic entitled "Have you ever been required to give testimony under oath?"