From: The Vasbys
To: Bill & Shirley (Black) Hartley
Subject: Lincoln High Newsletter - 8/20/20
Date: Thursday, August 20, 2020 5:42:30 PM

This week's topics:

1. It's getting scary. What is?

2. I'm depressed. Are you? Doing anything for it?

3. Lots of motorcycles on the road these days. Is yours one of them? Where do you go? Harley?

4. Your pet can do tricks? What?

5. Steam train memories.

6. Major fires you've witnessed?

7. Memorable elementary school building features.

8. Picture of you in your "funny" covid mask?

9. Write a prayer for America!

10. Whatever else you'd care to write about.

and responses:

Lynn DeLong - deelongg@gmail.com

Kent, 1 & 2 caught my attention. I would refer anyone using these terms to seriously consider a visit to their physician and/or take a visit to WebMD. On WebMD, use WebMD Symptom Checker. It is designed to help you understand what your medical symptoms could mean, and provide you with the trusted information you need to help make informed decisions. Many patients complaining of "Depression" have other comorbid conditions, for example: anxiety, anemia, flu,

Tell WebMD What You Think

For a full list of symptoms, visit the WebMD Symptoms A-Z
This tool does not provide medical advice It is intended for informational purposes only. It is not a substitute for professional medical advice, diagnosis or treatment. Never ignore professional medical advice in seeking treatment because of something you have read on the WebMD Site. If you think you may have a medical emergency, immediately call your doctor or dial 911.

You can always call your local - Human Services - Crisis Services - In Wisconsin Rapids and surrounding areas:
Call 715-421-2345

Chris Gorski - cwgorski@yahoo.com

Motorcycle rides- I still ride my Harley frequently mostly alone with no passengers. Once or twice a month I try to get Kathy to go with me with a bribe, "lets go to Culvers and get a turtle sundae" and sometimes it works. What I really wanted to share with readers is the restoration of my deceased brother's 1975 BMW R6-60. He last rode it in the early 1980's, was in an accident with it and never rode it again. Knowing that I loved motorcycles of all kinds he left me his. I finished restoring it the past winter and have been riding it quite often this summer. I tell my friends "if I need to lose a little bit of belly fat I ride my Harley but if I just want to smoothly cruise down the rode I ride the Airhead". Here's a pic.

Lenore Haferman - lenorehaferman@yahoo.com

The only answer I would have, is that we still ride our motorcycle. Some day trips up north, otherwise in the area.

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

My mom, 92 years old, Phyllis Lewis, died from Covid on Aug. 8. A nice article about her appeared in Monday's Rapids Tribune. Please think of others and wear a mask.

https://www.wisconsinrapidstribune.com/story/news/2020/08/17/coronavirus-wisconsin-rapids-family-remembers-phyllis-lewis-died-covid-19-wood-county/3386104001/

Dick Trudeau LHS '64 - dickmerry77@hotmail.com

LOTS OF MOTORCYCLES ON THE ROAD THESE DAYS -- Yes, one of them IS mine. I've owned at least a couple dozen motorcycles in the last 55 years, none of which was a Harley. I'm down to one bike for now. It's referred to as a "dual sport" (Kawasaki KLR 650) and is ideal for traveling the gravel and dirt roads of the West.

Google pic

A few years ago I blew a front tire on this bike and went down going about 50 MPH. I survived with nothing but some serious road rash. The experience convinced me to sell my "road bike" (Honda ST 1100). The thought of laying it down on a highway at 75 MPH in heavy traffic undermined my enthusiasm for highway riding. Twelve years ago I bought the Honda ST 1100 from a guy in Florida. I rode it across the southern U.S. back to Idaho. When riding the freeway through Houston, Texas I found myself in bumper to bumper traffic going 70 MPH with a semi truck no more than 30 feet behind me. Terrifying!

MAJOR FIRES YOU'VE WITNESSED -- About 10 years ago I had just finished a round of golf and a couple beers and sat down in my recliner for a nap. I had noticed the smoke from a fire about two miles away. An hour later I awoke to the sound of helicopters and airborne tankers roaring overhead. The distant smoke had turned into a range fire fueled by dried grass, sagebrush, and 30 MPH winds. The fire had made it to within a quarter mile of our house. Embers the size of volleyballs were floating overhead. We had a cedar shake roof so I set up a lawn sprinkler on the roof and proceeded to video the scene from that lofty perch. Tankers and helicopters were dropping water and retardant while million dollar homes were going up like matchsticks. Propane tanks were shooting hundreds of feet in the air. In the meantime, the wind blew down the ladder that I used to ascend the roof. Our subdivision was made up of five acre tracts so my neighbors were either too far away to hear my calls for help or had already evacuated. I was stuck on the roof for quite a while when a neighbor drove by and heard my pleas for help. Our home survived and none of our neighbors died.