From: The Vasbys
To: Bill & Shirley (Black) Hartley
Subject: Lincoln High Newsletter - 10/8/20
Date: Thursday, October 8, 2020 5:58:54 PM

Responses to previous topics:

Toni Weller Olsen - LHS '64

I'm kind of red-faced because I said in the 10/1 newsletter that I voted for the first time in 1964.

The Voting Rights Act of 1970 lowered the voting age to 18, so I could NOT have voted in 1964. Wishful thinking on my part.

Could you include this correction in the next newsletter?

This week's topics:

1. When did you have your 1st car accident. How old were you?

2. What ever happened to _____? Classmate, HS friend, neighbor.

3. Blacksmith memories.

4. Astrology - Jupiter,Mars and Saturn are currently in the night sky. Significance?

5. Respond to a scam phone call? What happened?

6. Any reader know sign language? Why did you learn it?

7. Bit by a tick this summer? Lyme disease?

8. Having Zoom meetings? For what?

9. High school football memories.

10. Trump caught Covid. Your thoughts.

11. Whatever else - maybe a topic for next week?

<u>and responses:</u>

Ursula Nogic - unogic@yahoo.com

Blacksmith Memories. My brother Bill sculpts Iron. His website is: BoleslawKochanowski.com

He's scheduled to complete a major sculpture at a roundabout into Stevens Point in the Fall of 2020.

Marvin Nieman - gunworks@wctc.net

What ever happened to Marlys Marti? She was nice to talk to. But I had to get away from my parents.

Too many WW2 vets that had a hell of time fighting that war.I never thought they could drink that much but...Also one ended it all in our place and I found him.

I was too ashamed to bring kids over,lived in Dave Freund's house all I could.

I didn't think I belonged any where. So I tried working until I dropped. Gave me and the girl who wanted better in life and willing to work and get dirty with me - Patt Kuehl. But along the way I lost so may buddies. The one's on the air, Patt is the youngest of her family of eleven and they became my adopted family but now down to three.

Who was your favorite teacher? - Mine was Bob Goetzke, he even sang at our wedding. He was a believer in you need two wings for the eagle to fly.but I'm afraid if someone gets reelected it's all over no more two wings. I hope I'm wrong.

Bye Marv KZ9I

Candy Caylor - klorkatz@att.net

My accident was a memorable one! Since my dad was sheriff, he insisted that we live in the sheriff's apartment above the jail. (We were the last family to live there as it was turned into offices). I hadn't had my license very long and was attempting to park our car in a parking spot in the jail parking lot. The spot was below the window of the offices and next to a city police car. Yes, I hit the squad car and made a big scrape and dent along the whole driver's side of the car. And several deputies saw it and were laughing. Needless to say I didn't laugh. I was mortified.

Dick Trudeau LHS "64 - dickmerry77@hotmail.com

WHEN DID YOU HAVE YOUR 1ST CAR ACCIDENT? -- My first car accident took place in the spring of 1965 when I was 18 years old. I touched on this subject a few months ago under the topic "Are you a survivor". There's more to the story.

It was around March or April of 1965 when I and my friends Eric, Phil, and Dave closed up the Riverside Bar and headed back to Rapids. We were driving Eric's parents new 2 door Ford with a powerful engine. We were going well over 100 MPH when we lost control and rolled over 4 1/2 times and ended up in the ditch on the opposite side of the road. This picture testifies to the fact that all four of us could have been killed.

The ambulance took us to the emergency room of Riverview Hospital. None of us appeared to be seriously hurt. The emergency room personal were tending to our cuts and bruises when two Sheriff's deputies walked in. They were obviously interested in getting the facts of the accident. Suddenly, Eric shouts at me from across the room "DICK HE WAS COMING RIGHT AT ME, WHAT COULD I DO? I was momentarily confused, but then I realized that Eric was going to have to explain to his parents how he managed to destroy their new car. He concocted the story that another car came into our lane and forced him to take evasive action causing the accident. The fact of the matter was the 4 of us were young, drunk, and stupid and the sole cause of our brush with death. The cops weren't buying the story and walked away shaking their heads. Little did I know that the accident was to have lifelong repercussions. Now for the rest of the story.

Six months after the accident I was working on the line crew of the Water and Light Company in Rapids. I had taken the semester off in order to earn enough money to go back to college. Since the accident Merry had gotten married. Fatherhood was in my future. My teenage antics were over.

I was on the job site when two guys in suits approached and asked to talk to me. They introduced themselves as attorneys from Eric's insurance company. I joined them in their vehicle where they explained that they needed to get the facts surrounding the night of the accident. One of our friends had lingering back issues resulting from the accident and had filed a claim against the insurance company. They pulled out a tape recorder and advised me that they were going to take my testimony under oath. The words DO YOU SOLEMLY SWEAR THAT THE TESTIMONY YOU ARE ABOUT TO GIVE WILL BE THE TRUTH, THE WHOLE TRUTH, AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH, SO HELP YOU GOD have little meaning until YOU are the one raising your right hand. For God fearing individuals the course of action is an easy one. Others have to be reminded that lying under oath and orange jump suits go hand in hand.

They had my attention! Ultimately, I knew they were going to get to the real question, i.e., did another car force us off the road and cause the accident. I neither

lied nor told the truth. I simply said "I can't testify to what Eric saw, but I didn't see the other car". I didn't support my friend, but I didn't disclose the truth either. It's been a guilt trip for me ever since.

A few decades after the accident I find myself working as an Internal Revenue Agent responsible for auditing the largest companies in Idaho. Although my job required an accounting degree, most of the issues I was faced with didn't have anything to do with debits and credits. My challenge was to wade through some of the complicated transactions companies create in order to determine their tax consequences. The transactions are often structured to provide the best tax advantage, but in reality, have a totally different effect. The reality is hidden in the minds of the company officials who created the deals. Reality prevails!

I tried to convince my co-workers that we should use our authority to put company officials under oath and take sworn testimony. My suggestion was rejected. "They're just going to lie to us anyway" was the typical response. Of course, none of my peers ever got their butts raked over the coals by a couple of insurance company attorneys. I knew better. I knew my best chance of getting the truth was to put company officers under oath, so on occasion I did so. One particular incident stands out.

I was about to take sworn testimony from the CEO of the company I was examining when he spoke these memorable words, "DICK, YOU DON'T HAVE TO PUT ME UNDER OATH. I QUIT BULLSHITTING PEOPLE A LONG TIME AGO. THE PROBLEM IS YOU CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT BULL SHIT YOU TOLD TO WHOM, BUT THERE IS ONLY ONE TRUTH AND IT'S A LOT EASIER TO REMEMBER" Therein lies the lesson we've all learned over years. Lies and deceit complicate life, whereas the truth simplifies it. It doesn't matter whether you're a teenager trying to avoid the wrath of your parents or a CEO protecting the interests of your company. It's all the same.

I think I've gone beyond what Kent had in mind when he proposed this topic, but it conjures up some old memories. Thought I'd share.

Len Ironside - ironside.len@gmail.com

#1 - I can hardly remember that far back. My first car accident was when I was fifteen. On a snowy Sunday afternoon a couple of my buddies and I decided to go to Point to see a female friend of mine. My parents had taken my brother back to college in Madison. The 1959 Chevrolet Bel Air was just sitting there in the garage.

We drove to Point. Saw the girl, started for home. It was snowing real hard. But I was taking drivers education, so I knew just what to do.

Coming back into Rapids on highway 54,when we got to 32nd street, a car pulled out in front of us. No problem. I was taking drivers ed. Pump the brakes. I did! And we started to spin. And spin. Down the road. Coming at us was a 57 Chrysler. Almost missed him, but at the last second my car spun the other direction. My left rear bumper hit the rear door of the Chrysler. $257. About $10 damage to my car. (cracked tailight.) I got out, checked with the other driver, and went to a nearby business to call the police.(no cell phones back then) The police arrive. The other driver gets in the front seat of the squad car. I in the back. The driver gets out his license and displays a badge. Now I know I'm in even bigger trouble. The officer asks for mine. I tell him I don't have one. And he roars "you don't have one?" I get a ticket.

Now the cops question is how are you going to get the car home? He won't let me drive it. So I call the Friendly Fountain; get George Zimmerman on the phone and ask him if he can get a ride out and drive the car home. He arrives in Tom Mc Evers chopped and channeled black 50 Ford. The cop says "if that's the kind of people you hangout with, you will be back in trouble real soon ".

Back home I await my parents arrival home. When they get home, I show dad the broken tail light. He plants a size 10 on my backside. It wasn't a good night.

I went to court,and got a small fine and lost the privilege to apply for my drivers license until thirty days after my sixteenth birthday.