

From: [The Vasbys](#)
To: [Bill & Shirley \(Black\) Hartley](#)
Subject: LINCOLN HIGH NEWSLETTER - 4/22/21
Date: Thursday, April 22, 2021 6:42:11 PM



This week's topics:

1. Getting groceries home delivered during Covid? Happy with it?
2. Best job? Worst job? First job? Last job?
3. Eat at a restaurant lately? Where? What did you have? Any good?
4. Ever feel like you were living in an alternate universe? How?
5. Ever travel in a limousine? Why?
6. Going anywhere this summer? Where?
7. Sorority / fraternity memories.
8. Golfing lately? Where? Score?
9. When did your ancestors immigrate to America? Where from?
10. Habla Español? Use it lately?
11. Topic for next week?

and responses:

Chuck Hiners - chuck@crgfinancialconsulting.com

8. Golfing lately? Where? Score?

Golf is not a word, it is a sentence. Golf and tennis are the only sports we had in high school that still have wide acceptance for competition for our age bracket. Hard to find 21 more guys to suit of for football. Keith Fisher ('63) was still playing basketball in 2008—don't know about now. Know a few guys who are masters swimming competitors in their 70s. Dave VanderMeulen who coached basketball at Pittsville after playing at Wisconsin was still playing basketball when I last saw him 5 years ago. Softball and baseball ain't the same, so don't go there. Tom Schneider is likely still a great tennis player, but pickle ball seems to be the rage now.

I play in a dozen or so Kentucky and National Senior tournaments each year. Have won a few of 'em here and there over the last 63 years.

In 2020 most tournaments were canceled, but these are all on schedule to be played this year.

We have been fortunate to meet many fine people from all over the country. I played with Maury Povich (Connie Chung's husband) in a tournament in Savannah GA 10/26/2013. I keep track of every shot I hit, tournament or otherwise and have statistics on spreadsheets going back to the days of Lotus 1-2-3. We met Arnold Palmer at his course, Latrobe CC in PA in 2016, two months to the day before he died. He was at the tournament all 3 days plus the practice round day. He was truly the king of golf and a wonderful gentlemen. He made it a point to meet all 90 of us who had come to play at Arnie's place

Heilman got me interested in golf in 1958 and we played a lot as kids at Tri-City and Bull's Eye. Eric Sydanmaa and I were teammates at LHS and he became a pro before going into business with Pitney-Bowes in Chicago. He never finished college and served in Vietnam. He was way smarter than me, for sure!

My daughter Heidi played 4 years at UW and we have won the WI father daughter tournament twice. She is married to Jeff Kaiser, who gives lessons and custom fits clubs. I caddied for Jeff in the 2019 Qualifying for the PGA at Bethpage in NY. He missed qualifying by 2 shots but made a nice check for trying.

In a fair world I should be dead, but life ain't fair and neither is golf which is why I love em both.

P.S. I am a Seenager. (Senior teenager)

I have everything that I wanted as a teenager, only 60 years later. I don't have to go to school or work. I get an allowance every month. I have my own pad. I don't have a curfew. I have a driver's license and my own car. The people I hang around with are not scared of getting pregnant and I don't have acne. Life is great. I changed my car horn to gunshot sounds. People get out of the way much faster now. Gone are the days when girls used to cook like their mothers. Now they drink like their fathers. I didn't make it to the gym today. That makes five years in a row. I decided to stop calling the bathroom the "John" and renamed it the "Jim". I feel so much better saying I went to the Jim this morning. Old age is coming at a really bad time. When I was a child I thought "Nap Time" was a punishment. Now it feels like a small vacation. The biggest lie I tell myself is "I don't need to write that down, I'll remember it." I don't have gray hair; I have "wisdom highlights"! I'm just very wise. If God wanted me to touch my toes, He would've put them on my knees. Last year I joined a support group for procrastinators. We haven't met yet. Why do I have to press one for English when you're just going to transfer me to someone I can't understand anyway? Of course, I talk to myself. Sometimes I need expert advice. At my age "Getting lucky" means walking into a room and remembering what I came in there for. I have more friends I should send this to, but right now I can't remember their names. Now, I'm wondering: did I send this to you, or did you send it to me?

Toni Weller Olsen - LHS '64 - tonicrafty@gmail.com

1. Groceries during Covid - I've continued to go to the grocery store instead of having food delivered. Since I'm still able to do my own shopping, I want to pick out my own groceries. Whenever I go to Walmart, usually in the early morning, I see customers in the parking lot having groceries or other things brought out to their cars. Not for me at this point in my life. Not yet anyway.

6. Summer travel - Houston is on the agenda for sure, since we have a son and daughter-in-law there. Hope to make it to Wisconsin too. It's about 1900 miles from Reno to Wisconsin OR Houston, so the choice will be flying or road trips. Enjoying the scenery on a road trip is good, but getting somewhere fast can be nice too.

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Bill's uncle owned a limousine as a personal car. At the time, our children were 2&4 years old. They loved to sit on the "jump seats" which could fold down if not being used, which was novel to them. We had returned from living in Hawaii and were looking for housing in the south suburbs of Chicago. After we had toured a two flat unit and then moved in we had a good laugh with our downstairs neighbors. Karen had seen us arrive in a limo, both Bill and his uncle had trench coats on so she called the landlord and said, "you'd better rent to these people because they could be the mob." And it was little old us, Bill starting a new job and we were poor as could be. We became friends, Bill, as an insurance agent soon insured the landlord as well as the friends downstairs. But the area was Calumet City, which had mob affiliations in the past, so it was not so funny after all.