

From: [The Vasby's](#)
To: [Allen Eimerman](#)
Subject: LHS 64 & 65 Newsletter - 8/15/03
Date: Thursday, August 14, 2003 10:15:46 PM

Editor's note: Well, the editor got his first virus! The "Blaster" blasted me! Had no idea how I contracted it since I am ultra careful with e-mails, have Norton anti-virus, ISP has a virus filter, etc. Well, it got past all the safeguards and I was extremely concerned that I would be spreading it to the 1696 others in my e-mail address book!!!! Had those of classes of 55/56/57/63 pass on an alert but guess that you got the virus if you were simply logged on to the internet! Thanks Microsoft! Any of our LHS lawyer alums want to start a class action suit against MS for not sending us the patch? The editor theoretically had "automatic" updates from MS about twice a month and faithfully installed all of them. Guess they forgot to include the critical one.

New readers:
Sharon (Solberg) Mahoney (64) - mahoni66@wctc.net

E-mail address changes:
Echo (O'day) Keller (64) - erkeller@wctc.net

The day of JFK's death I was in Mr. Goetzke's class. He went in and out of the classroom several times to give us news bulletins and Jim Wiseman kept us up to date on the political spin. Everyone was in shock. I think the world changed that day for all of us, especially the naive seniors of LHS.

Barbara Thalacker ('64) windrowtsr@aol.com

Kent,

Where was I?

Sitting in Elmer Winters US History class. Wild Bill Miller had another US history class across the hall. He knocked on Winters' door in the middle of our fourth hour class. This was not unusual, for teachers routinely interrupted classes. Winters and Miller discussed the situation in muffled tones, unintelligible to any of us in the class.

Winters had a short upper lip and appeared to be always smirking. He returned and announced to the class that:

"Mr Miller has just informed me that President Kennedy has been shot in Dallas. He is in the hospital and his condition is listed as critical, which can cover a multitude of iniquities. That is all the news we have for now.

My next memory was of Miller returning to the door followed by Bob Goetzke's voice coming from down the hall announcing:

HE'S DEAD

I was looking at Judy Bowers and she was crying.

I was too stunned to feel or remember any emotion at all.

We had a basketball game at DC Everest that night and we went and played it and won. The game the next night at Neenah was cancelled and not played until January 1964.

I remember Mrs Kennedy looking on as Federal Judge Sarah Hughes administered the presidential oath to Lyndon Johnson aboard Air Force One

I remember Oswald, Tippitt and Jack Ruby

It was only 40 years ago.

Chuck Hinnners (65) - chuck@crgfinancialconsulting.com

Marcia (Olson) Ziarko (65) healermiz@aol.com writes:

Kent,

Hope you and the class are enjoying the summer. This is a story of only 9 days of ours but, they were great. I know this is long, feel free to shorten if space requires.

My husband, Ron, and I just returned from our trip to Washington D C where Ron's Viet Nam reunion of the 114th Aviation Company was held. We left 108th street in Oak Lawn, Illinois at about 10:30 a.m. on July 29th and went directly to Dunkin Donuts at 122nd street for our fix of french vanilla iced coffee. At that point I got a cell call from a friend wanting to know how far we had gotten. She thought we were leaving early, at which point we laughed hysterically. By noon we had made our way to Hobart, Indiana, 25 miles down the road. We are easily distracted and had stopped a couple times. By 1:00 p.m. we were leaving the Borders book store in Hobart and were on our way at last. We actually drove to somewhere in Pennsylvania before finding a motel room.

Day 2: We head out at 9:00 a.m. Not to the turnpike but, in search of the Harley shirt we promised our son David. By 10:30 we are zipping along on the turnpike at a whopping 45 mph. Construction!!!

Much to our dismay, we reach D C at rush hour. Our directions to the hotel were very clear but, there is no such thing as being in the right lane for your exit in rush hour. We saw the hotel but couldn't get to it in the traffic. In our search for the hotel, we passed the side of the Pentagon that was hit by the plane on 9-11. WOW! Security!!! There is a lot of fence and many soldiers armed with machine guns. After the shock wears off, we were reminded of the horror of that crash and flooded with emotion.

We are finally checked in at the hotel (DoutleTree, Crystal City) and the reunion begins. We vow to leave the car parked until it is time to go home. We are welcomed by comrades and their families. The hospitality room is filled with memories but, not just of war. The guys remember their friendships and lost comrades. There is a lot of laughter and catching up. Stories are flying in every direction.

Thursday: We relax and visit with friends

Friday: The reunion committee has a very tight schedule to be kept. There are air-conditioned buses to take us to the White House for a tour then off to Capitol Hill. After that we are whisked off to Arlington Cemetery for a memorial service for a member who passed this year and is interred there. Then back to the hotel, dinner and to the hospitality room.

Saturday: The members hold their meeting while wives and families have some free time. In the evening buses again are loaded and we are off for the Wall. The group is allowed to hold their memorial services there. The park district has provided chairs on the lawn and roped off an area for us. The colors are posted, the National Anthem is sung and the Pledge of Allegiance is recited; the colors are retired. The emotional level is extremely high. The sun is setting, we are facing the wall, and remembering each of the 70 fallen comrades as their name is read and a candle is lit in his honor. If we can just hold back the tears, just another minute, we can't. The entire place is filled with tears as taps is played. There is time to spend at the Wall and many are making rubbings and taking pictures of names of friends and family to carry home.

Sunday: Many board buses to the National Cathedral. Later we catch the trolley for a guided tour of the city. We are impressed by the architecture and the knowledge of the tour guide. The banquet is the final function of the reunion. We are all dressed up and the tear stains are wiped away. We are all at attention and the colors are posted, the Pledge of Allegiance is recited, the colors are retired and there isn't a dry eye in the house. These are not tears of sorrow but, tears of pride and love for the country represented by that flag. Dinner is done and the reunion is over for 2 more years.

The reunions are so good for these guys. Many have not dealt with the pain of their time in Viet Nam. This is a time of healing and remembering the people as well as the events. And since 9-11 you can bet

that each and every one of these heroes would gladly report if called to serve and fight for the honor and freedom of this, the greatest country in the world. We are so very privileged and proud to be citizens of the United States of America.

So we leave Washington D C. We have had a wonderful time and seen so many monuments and learned a great deal. But we are eager to head west. We decide to take the scenic route and head toward West Virginia, Kentucky, Indiana and finally home, Illinois. It takes us three days to finally get here because we are easily distracted and make a few stops. And of course, we now have Harley shirts from 5 states for David.

We also brought home a book that is documented and verified stories from the members of the 114th Aviation Company for the years of 1963 through 1972. Our sons were thrilled to get their own copies of the book. We hope the book will help our sons to better understand what their dad went through and you can bet that most of these stories are not in the history books.

If you were in the military and are asked to attend a reunion, I urge you to go. It will be an event that you will not ever forget. There are still members of the 114th Aviation Company that have not been located. If anyone knows someone from that unit, have them contact me and I will put them in contact with the group.

Marcia (Olson) Ziarko

Restaurant review.



The Rosewood Supper Club is a new place (formerly Jimmy's) out on Plover Road about a mile out of town. Judy and I went there last Friday night. Decor and tables are somewhat formal but in keeping with the image the owners wanted.

While they do have a Friday night fish-fry for \$7.95, Judy and I opted for the regular menu items in order to get a feel for their everyday cooking. They have been open for just more than a month and seem to be doing all the right things.

We started with drinks from the bar and they were quite good and moderately priced at \$3 for a Manhattan or Old fashioned.

We both had salads instead of soup and they were excellent. Fresh mixed baby greens with romaine, leaf lettuce, etc.

Salad dressings were very good with large chunks of cheese in the blue cheese dressing.

Judy opted for the tempura battered shrimp and I had the tournedos of beef with bearnaise sauce as entrees.

Both the entrees were excellent, but the shrimp were not "tempura" as I know it. Instead they came with a crunchy coating that was probably better than tempura. My tournedos were very flavorful and cooked to a medium rare. The bearnaise sauce seemed to be flavored with sage instead of the usual tarragon, which I found interesting (maybe the chef opened the wrong seasoning?) but not objectionable and actually quite good. He might find a different name for the sauce instead of "bearnaise" should they continue to serve it. I had a baked potato which was excellent and Judy opted for the German potato salad which they serve on Friday nights along with the Fish Fry. Some of the best German potato salad we've had in a long time.

Roger Sweet and his wife were eating there as well. I knew Roger from his days in Fort Atkinson as a radio announcer before he moved to the Rapids. He's still announcing part time for a station in Stevens Point.

Rog and his wife had the fish fry which Roger really enjoyed and his wife didn't. Seems the breading on the deep fried fish is bordering on being "Cajun" and you have to appreciate spicy food to enjoy it. The Editor will definitely order that the next time around!

The entrees are all in the \$10 to \$20 range with most of them around \$15.

The staff still seemed a little unsure of themselves but service was excellent considering they've only been open for a month. Our waitress asked if we wanted dessert shortly after we had started on our entrees, if that gives you a clue.

All in all, a very enjoyable meal for us to celebrate our 33rd anniversary.

The owners, Orrin Ninneman, Jr (LHS 82) and his wife, Ann, posed for the camera. Jack Ninneman (LHS 83) is a co-owner as well.



Hope you survived the "full moon" of 8/11! Any interesting tales to tell about what happened that day?

Pat Barton (64) sends this questionnaire to her class!
Kent,

I would like to run a short survey in the next newsletter.

My questions to your readers:

- 1) What in your opinion, makes you decided to COME to your class reunion?
 - 2) What are you expecting when you get to the reunion?
- and
- 3) What was the most memorable event at a past reunion, that you would like to see repeated?

Send your comments to: alpat@charter.net **Pat Barton '64**
