

From: [The Vasbys](#)
To: [i](#)
Subject: Lincoln High Newsletter - 6/7/12
Date: Thursday, June 7, 2012 2:35:02 PM

Lincoln High Newsletter

This week's topics:

1. The High Cost of Dying.
2. Memorable Flat Tires.
3. Angie's List
4. Popcorn
5. Tree houses
6. Military Brats
7. Chamber pots
8. Go-Karts
9. Movie Projectionists
10. Driving in the desert.

and responses:

Tom Horning thornig@vonbriesen.com writes;

1. The High Cost of Dying. Pry up a manhole cover and make deposit.
 2. Memorable Flat Tires. Last week on the way to a hearing in Milwaukee – needed to be on time. BANG !! Not Good. The good news: My partner was 15 minutes behind me – scooped me up and away we went. On Time. I PHEW. (Yes, I actually CAN use a cell phone – I know – hard to believe !!!).
 3. Angie's List - I deny knowing or ever meeting Angie !!!
 4. Popcorn - Stop off at Sundance Theater. The Best: Orville's (not Wright !!!).
 5. Tree houses - I tried, but the year old maple just couldn't hold it !
 6. Military Brats - No, but growing up with "Rog" as my father at times made it seem that way !! ("Practice, Practice Practice !!!).
 7. Chamber pots - Yes, but the contents tasted "funny," so only once.
 8. Go-Karts - Yes – often at the Dells. Damn little kids used to beat the heck outta me. GRRRRRRRR.
 9. Movie Projectionists - I recall my Uncle Tom screaming for Billy (son) to retrieve the splicing tape. Which was the only comic relief in watching hours of family trips. UGH.
 10. Driving in the desert. I never drive in my desert before eating it – usually destroys the flavor, not to mention the presentation.
-

Judy (Hanneman) Vasby jvasby.office@gmail.com writes:

Chamber Pots - When I was a child, until about age 6, our home along Kellner Road did not have an indoor bathroom. We used an outhouse by day and a chamber pot at night. The outhouse was down wind of the house, as in, south east of the kitchen porch door. In the summer, there were bugs and smells to contend with. One didn't linger. In the winter, no bugs or smells, but you still didn't linger! I remember the commotion when a goose fell in the hole!

We did have a pitcher pump in the kitchen, so you could call that indoor plumbing. But Mom had to pump water and heat it on the stove for cooking and dish washing and baths. We took baths in a big tub on the floor of the kitchen and shared water. What 3rd World country did I come from?!

It was really an exciting time when our family got hot and cold running water inside the house, including a small bathroom taken from a corner of the kitchen. It had a bathtub, but soon was rigged with a shower wand, as well. Having hot water and this "throne room" really saved us all a lot of time. But my mother benefited the most by having her work load reduced.

The next big renovation was Melmac. What a wonder- light weight dishes that didn't break when dropped. When the box of Melmac dishware came in the mail, Mom held a smashing party. We took the cracked and chipped china dishes and slammed them hard into a big bucket, and she threw them away.

After taking care of two funerals, I wrote out mine. I said no embalming, no service. I am for cremation. I want the money and time for a party to celebrate life, and I said no funeral food!

I want fun food with music, and drinks. At the end of it I wrote, but if you do not do this I won't know anyway. As a kid we did use chamber pots, the bad part of it was having to empty it out.

Lenore Haferman lhaferman@sbcglobal.net

Karen (Goetzke) King yayaec@ymail.com writes:

The high cost of dying: Green burials are less expensive than traditional but not available in most areas: A wooden box and no frills. Ever since the kids were little I've told them to supply me with a thermos of hot coffee and then send me off to nowhere on an ice floe. I always figured by the time the coffee was gone I would be too. Next option would be cremation and put my ashes in the backyard (I know that's not legal) but in so doing I could finally stop the constant businness and just stay home! In practical terms I really believe less is more. Keeping it simple would be the ultimate respect all the way around. And although it's easy for me to speak of the inevitable, I'd really prefer not to go today...

Sherry (Trickle) Cleveland scleve@wctc.net writes:

When we are at our place in Florida for the winter, this is the golf cart we use to get around in our park. Al decided to take it all apart and paint it in Green Bay Packer colors, just for something to do. Can't mistake which one is ours now!



