

**From:** [schultzmti@aol.com](mailto:schultzmti@aol.com)  
**To:** [chuck](#)  
**Subject:** Re: Lincoln High Newsletter - 7/6/06  
**Date:** Tuesday, July 11, 2006 5:43:33 PM

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Do we know who Judy dated??? Obviously not Billy. Billy mentioned Steinway once in passing, something about them both being frequent players (duets?). Did, "caddy" derive from a "little nobleman" as a cadet or as a, "low fellow" like a cad? (from Life at Happy Knoll) Certainly nit would be a, "low-fellow" (or a "down-low-fellow" if he were to turn black and gay, as opposed to pasty and gray).

Dismissively, a wonderful word, I have always liked, "an air of cultivated disdain" (perhaps as a way to view a wisby fish fry).

Five (5) vodka's, I guess mixed the way Billy likes them, which would be pretty stiff, that would come out to about 10oz (do you think wayne has that much blood in him?) that would be about three really good Martinis  
30z Gin/vodka 1/4 oz dry vermouht. I might could drink that much Irish, but haven't lately. Is steinbeck a boozier too? Do he and Billy ever go to the, "Flats" together?

Judy Jackson dated someone...? Not that dildo with the 50's chevy and th dirty blond swept back hair, what was his name?? I think he was class of '64 with Judy. Am also trying to remember her girl friends, probably Diane Ericson, Cow-Tits-Snyder (mrs. beaver), joanne willhorn, and barb Tallywacker (who used to whack mickey's tally). As I recall Judy was in the Sally Plummer sort of class, no Cathey Bell, she. And of course there was marty pomainville, that walked like a duck (even before she met toomey...old roomie).

Nick and BC, One night when Nick was taking Jane Jefferies to a motel, he called one of his brother to set an alibi, in the back ground he heard DEEP BREATHING, Nick said, Is some one else on the line?" BC said, "It's Dad." (Not, "Pater here!) BC told him to, "be careful" He may not have wanted the Jefferies as in-laws (John was not a bad guy, didn't he go in with Harvey LaChapple for awhile?) Jane was a bit hefty, but Cwiklo was none to slim either. I always liked Jane. Remember Mary Ellen Kriha [sp?] she and that floozie chris patric (her mother was the LaChapple's cleaning woman) were big chums, Mary Ellen's brother John was a sort of "Customer's man" Conway kind of guy.

Say Hi to Billy

-----Original Message-----

From: [chuck@crgfinancialconsulting.com](mailto:chuck@crgfinancialconsulting.com)  
To: [schultzmti@aol.com](mailto:schultzmti@aol.com)  
Sent: Tue, 11 Jul 2006 2:55 PM  
Subject: RE: Lincoln High Newsletter - 7/6/06

Billy does not remember Judy Jackson. We had a Spanish teacher at Howe in 7th and 8th grades named Maria Olson who married GI Jimmy and moved to Wisconsin. Judy Jackson was the editor of the Howe newspaper and came into our class one day to inform Mrs. Olson that she wanted to interview her for the newspaper. Billy's initial

response was growwwffff! JJ was wearing a green sweater and Billy sprung a woodie right there in Spanish class, but 45 years and hogsheads of vodka have erased his but not my memory. I related the above to him yesterday, but he reacted rather dismissively.

Chas and I are going to Rapids on Saturday to play in the Lee McCarville memorial golf tournament at The Ridges. We are going to play with Billy and John Steinberg, Billy's golf Buddy and former CFO of Consolidated Papers, the position Ira Boyce held. The analogy is eerie, since Billy will be filling in for GW, Steiny a/k/a the rodent for Ira which I guess leaves me and Chas to personify BC and Nick. Naaaaaaaaaaaaah. the originals are much better.

The grand tradition of the golf caddy is dying in favor of the golf cart in order to generate more revenue for courses. The golf cart was supposed to speed play which it will do if everyone plays golf. However, the cart has bred an evil side-cousin, the beverage cart. I will give you a vodka report on Billy. The over/under line is five (5). Since there will be no caddies, nit would be appropriately "keel-hauled" under my cart. We will be sure to be traversing lots of gullies, rocks, and other detritus in search of errant shanks, sclaffs, slices, and duck-hooks.

cch

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-----Original Message-----

**From:** schultzm@aol.com [mailto:schultzm@aol.com]  
**Sent:** Thursday, July 06, 2006 8:00 PM  
**To:** chuck  
**Cc:** wheilman@wctc.net  
**Subject:** Fwd: Lincoln High Newsletter - 7/6/06

As I recall Judy Jackson was not a bad looking girl, who did she marry? I had to look her up...she was prom queen with that IRS dildoe prick Trudeau, who married merry Mellon haul-your-ashes-brenner another IRS toadie. How did nit miss being picked off by the IRS, did he file in his wife's name, could we turn in he and his partner in crime. felon griski? (I hope Trudeau wasn't poking Judy, she was more a Hodag type; like Phobia Suds and Jean Eeeeeeck)

Hope you both are doing well, Billy how was your 4th? Did Bull's Eye have fireworks, hav you skinned any more metcalfs?

-----Original Message-----

From: The Vasbys <kvasby@smallbytes.net>

To: Nancy (Sabota) Timm <hntimm@tznet.com>  
Sent: Thu, 6 Jul 2006 17:57:15 -0500  
Subject: Lincoln High Newsletter - 7/6/06

# *Lincoln High Newsletter*

*Memories of then! News of now!*

**New Readers:**

**Judy Jackson (64)** - jbbbjackson@hotmail.com

**Rose Ann (Jackan) Tillery - Assumption (65)** - rtillery@bsc.net

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**Nancy (Adams) Warner nlw@wctc.net (65) writes:**

Kent,

Ed Kreckler and I had a great trip down to Burkburnett, Texas, to visit with **Larry** lastime@classicnet.net and Judy **Snyder**. We went on our Honda Gold wing, and made it down there in two days. It was very warm, 103 degrees, but still a lot of fun. Larry and Judy were wonderful hosts, lots of "southern hospitality", way too much good food. They took us back into Okalahoma, to the Wichita Mountains, where the view is terrific, and at the foot of the hills is a place called the "Meers Store".  
<http://www.meersstore.com/>

Cold beer, and the hamburger comes in a pie plate, and FILLS the pie plate! As you go into the driveway, you pass the beef that they will eventually serve. The place does not take checks or credit cards, but the food is so good, there is always a line to get in. It was once a post office, but has been added onto numerous times, and has a working seismograph measuring earth's tremors. The Wichita Mountains are great for cycling, as well, although we took Larry's truck. He also took us through Fort Sill, where Geronimo was locked up, and that base is still very active. Interesting trip, that I wish had been longer.

**Nancy (Adams) Warner**

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**Rose "Rody" (Jackan) Tillery rtillery@bsc.net (Assumption 65) writes:**

Kent & Judy,

Thanks for the e-mail about Earl Appel's obituary. By co-incidence, my Mom went to high school with Earl's wife. They always called her (Speedy) Appel & they've been lifetime friends & played bridge for years & years. They were invited to my folks Anniversary last summer but Earl was quite sick at that time also.

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**Editor's note:**

Went to the Wis Rapids fireworks on the river on the 4th and it was absolutely

stupendous!

25 minutes of non-stop action with 3 to 5 air-bursts in the sky at all times!

I thought the "finale" had occurred three times before it actually did!

Absolutely the best fireworks display I've ever attended or seen on TV!

Kudos to those that sponsored it!

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**American Life in Poetry:**

BY TED KOOSER, U.S. POET LAUREATE

Most of us have taken at least a moment or two to reflect upon what we have learned from our mothers. Through a catalog of meaningful actions that range from spiritual to domestic, Pennsylvanian Julia Kasdorf evokes the imprint of her mother's life on her own. As the poem closes, the speaker invites us to learn these actions of compassion.

*What I Learned From My Mother*

I learned from my mother how to love the living, to have plenty of vases on hand in case you have to rush to the hospital with peonies cut from the lawn, black ants still stuck to the buds.

I learned to save jars large enough to hold fruit salad for a whole grieving household, to cube home-canned pears and peaches, to slice through maroon grape skins and flick out the sexual seeds with a knife point.

I learned to attend viewing even if I didn't know the deceased, to press the moist hands of the living, to look in their eyes and offer sympathy, as though I understood loss even then.

I learned that whatever we say means nothing, what anyone will remember is that we came.

I learned to believe I had the power to ease awful pains materially like an angel. Like a doctor, I learned to create from another's suffering my own usefulness, and once you know how to do this, you can never refuse.

To every house you enter, you must offer healing: a chocolate cake you baked yourself, the blessing of your voice, your chaste touch.

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***Hoeing* by John Updike**

I sometimes fear the younger generation will be deprived  
of the pleasures of hoeing;  
there is no knowing  
how many souls have been formed by this simple exercise.

The dry earth like a great scab breaks, revealing  
moist-dark loam —  
the pea-root's home,  
a fertile wound perpetually healing.

How neatly the great weeds go under!  
The blade chops the earth new.  
Ignorant the wise boy who  
has never rendered thus the world fecunder.

As with many poems worthy of the name, this poem shows the magnificence of the unthought. The simplest of productive acts, hoeing, turns out to be richer than we'd (and weed) expected.

And yet, the poem is explicitly concerned about the passing of this act. The poem says that our history has ruptured; the generations before us have hoed, and the new generation hasn't. It's taken an important change to bring about this little change; this is the context the poem assumes. Given this rupture, it seems that Updike is set on preserving the meaning of the act for a time when his generation has passed. But in so doing, Updike destroys the simplicity of the exercise. Will hoeing be the same for us after reading the poem? Now that it stands revealed as a complex act that shows the depth of our relationship to the earth, can we ever just hoe again?

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