

**From:** [Kent Vasby](#)  
**To:** [i](#)  
**Subject:** Lincoln High Newsletter - 9/13/12  
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## *Lincoln High Newsletter*

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### **This week's topics:**

1. **Your memories of 9-11-2001**
2. Schools started again. **Your memories of your first day at school.**
3. **Talking birds.** Your experiences with parrots, parrakeets, mynah birds, and ??
4. **Tropical fish** used to be all the rage. Anyone still have a fish tank?
5. **Fracking** - anyone live where they're using it to get gas and oil out of the ground? Your thoughts?
6. **C-rats, K-rats, MRE's, and P-38's.** Your memories of eating "out" in the military.
7. **Divots.** I watched McIlroy win the US Open today. Seems a shame they tear up the fairways when they hit the ball. Shouldn't there be a more "environmentally friendly" way of hitting a golf ball? Maybe slide a sheet of teflon under the ball?
8. Let's have some fun - **Suggest a caption** for the picture of Hillary Clinton and Vladimir Putin.

### **and responses:**

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9/11: I was three blocks away from the WTC when the second plane went in. NOT a fun day.  
Tom Hornig [thornig@vonbriesen.com](mailto:thornig@vonbriesen.com)

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Chuck Hinners [chuck@crgfinancialconsulting.com](mailto:chuck@crgfinancialconsulting.com) writes:

It was 0830 on 9/11/2001 as I sat in the Pancake House on University Avenue in Madison and watched Richard Z Kabaker, a well-known tax lawyer and former CIA agent nod to an acquaintance as he walked toward the table where I was on my second cup of Earl Grey tea while trying to decide which version of strawberry pancakes to get while I listened to Dick wax eloquently about why he didn't like using the Wisconsin loophole to send wealth through multiple generations without "the little bastards who never even knew my clients live high off the hog".

Dick tried to teach me gift and estate tax law in the summer of 1973 using studies of appellate tax cases to make arcane nuances of the rule against perpetuities, powers of appointment, life estates and hereditaments flow into my almost closed mind. Instead I looked forward to 6 more months of boring make work before our class would march to the State Capitol, sit before seven men in robes who resembled ruddy mud turtles and have Dean Bunn move our admission to the Wisconsin Bar, then cross

the street to the Federal Court House where the father of a future governor would welcome us to the Federal Car with the admonition that we were now free to charge people for what we told them, just like Dick Kabaker did at the big Jones Day Law firm in Cleveland before he came to Wisconsin to teach a bunch of arrogant narcissistic lawyer wannabes.

“Only the good die young!” Kabaker ejaculated, and I’m going to live to be 128”, as he wrote §2042 on the chalkboard on the day after the 4th of July 1973 which fell on a Thursday and then whirled around and as the class heard, “and you, you SOB, are going to live to 129” as the chalk chunk bounced off my chest. I awakened from that reverie as he sat down with his usual puckish grin and announced that “Arab terrorists hijacked a plane and flew it into the World Trade Center” and my mind leapt forward 28 years 2 months and 6 days waiting for a punch line that never came.

2. September 2, 1952—Howe School Morning Kindergarten, West Side, Etta Lowery. Heilman, me and 24 other kids wondering what London Bridge had to do with my fair lady.

7. Rory McIlroy won the U.S. Open in June. Today—September 9, 2012—he won the tournament formerly called “The Western Open” which is now the third stage of the FedEx Cup, a season ending series of four golf tournaments where “the rich get richer” and golf, like life in general rears its ugly head and rewards excellence. Tough shit for the guys who don’t have guts enough to win. Yes, there are probably several thousand golfers on the planet who are good enough to win a major tournament, but most of them have enough piss in their blood that they can’t take the putter back standing over a six foot put with real money on the line. Sports psychologists charge tour wannabes thousands of dollars to get them over their fear of success. The shrinks get paid and the pigeons still haven’t the guts to ram home ten footer when it counts, but they can make a decent living on the tour. How many of you have heard of Arnold Palmer? Palmer won four Masters titles each biennium beginning in 1958 and pocketed a total of \$68,500 for the four victories, about the same as Steve Stricker won today for finishing twelve shots behind McIlroy. McIlroy won \$1,440,000 to match the amount he won in Boston last week. To put this all in perspective, McIlroy’s two checks in the last 168 hours work out to \$17,142.86 per hour.

Golf fans and wine drinkers recognize the name Frank Nobile whose family owns New Zealand wineries that Frank promotes to oenophiles when he’s not holding forth on The Golf Channel. Nobile is relevant here only because OVER HIS ENTIRE 10+ year tour career he earned \$5,000 LESS than McIlroy has earned in the last week. The laws of physics require a golfer to apply several thousand RPM of spin to a golf ball in order to control its flight. The ball must be struck by a club moving over 100 miles per hour. Shots hit with a driver from a tee fly 300 or more yards when struck by the likes of McIlroy and Tiger Woods. When the ball lies in grass, it must be pinched from its lie with an iron club travelling slightly slower than the driver, but following a downward path that reaches its nadir several inches in front of the spot where the ball lay. Golf is plain dirty when played at the highest level. It is much dirtier when played by weekend hackers who think they buy the real estate that they play upon.

Caddies like Steve Williams, Bones McKay, and Joe LaCava earn 8 to 12 % of what their bosses win in a tournament. They are well paid to repair the divots, rake bunkers, and keep track of their bosses’ equipment. Caddies revel in the dirt. Golf enriches its best players because it is the essence of capitalism and American excellence. Rory McIlroy will earn more than a billion dollars if he keeps playing at his current pace and lives to middle age. Tiger Woods has already earned more than a billion. Palmer’s total earnings from endorsements and his own business acumen are likely more than Woods.

Golfers are entrepreneurs. They have no union, they keep each others score and call penalties on themselves. They stay out of jail. Golfers not good enough to be professionals are called amateurs. They run around the country playing in tournaments, paying all their own expenses, and eating at Ruth Chris’ to Waffle House and everywhere in between. Most amateur golfers are addicted to golf, but can’t quit. They mumble to their spouses in an unintelligible pidgin brogue. Many go insane, some go broke, and some go into treatment. In the long run they all end up selling insurance and die of cirrhosis, syphilis, or are eaten by alligators or mad geese. South Carolina is full of them which explains a lot right there. Florida has even more which explains the 2000 election.

Even after all of this propriety of aging amateur golfers at uppity country clubs, golf remains dirty. E.I.

duPont deNemours & Company, Roy Plunkett, and poly tetrafluoroethane be damned, the rules of golf do not allow for the insertion of Teflon under the ball in order to clean up the game. Rule 13 is specific in requiring that the ball be played as it lies. In the tournament just completed this week, Dustin Johnson hit his ball into a woman's purse on one hole. You might think that given Rule 13, Johnson would have had to hit the ball out of the purse. The Old Scots who first promulgated golf rules in 1744 thought otherwise, and rightly so. Most golfers then were men, and they knew damned well that gentlemen kept their noses to say nothing of their clubs out of women's purses. Even though Teflon was 194 years in the future, the Scots opted to keep golf properly dirty. They even invented clubs to play balls from wagon wheel ruts, rabbit scrapings and sheep shit. Even the current US President who I've heard plays a lot of golf won't stick his nose into this, though he will stick it plenty of other places it is even more unwelcome.

Oh, and Arnold Palmer? He won a total of \$1,861,857 during his entire career on the regular tour which spanned 26 years. Off the course Palmer has become his own brand and is affectionately know as "The King". Woods, McIlroy and all those other rich brats are lucky they were born under the rule of a benevolent despot like Palmer rather than in someplace like Saudi Arabia, Kazakhstan, or Namibia where they cut your hand off for filching a golf ball.

8. I was the paminyatchik who lived on your block in Park Ridge. I have more to offer you now than I did back then. We can hook up at my Dacha in Baku while Bill is at the convention endorsing that ignorant arab who masquerades as your boss

Chuck Hinners

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Tom Lehr [lehrtom@AOL.com](mailto:lehrtom@AOL.com) writes:

First, thanks again for all your efforts with the newsletter. We all appreciated being kept up to date.

The tropical fish topic hit home. As a kid I raised and bred several kinds of fish and wonder how my mother tolerated me. I had to give it up for a long time, but when I was working in the Middle School here in Sierra Vista (AZ) it was fortunate that the librarian agreed to let me set up a marine tank in the library for the kids. By the time I retired, we had accumulated a 125 gallon reef tank, a 90 gallon marine mixed tank, and a seahorse tank (with some fry "born".) We even had an octopus hitchhike with some live rock. In addition to those we had a couple freshwater tanks and a 6 foot vivarium with a very cool soft shelled turtle. The kids took care of the critters as a club. The whole school enjoyed them and we had students come from other schools. In our moderately successful efforts to downsize and simplify our life, we are down to one small marine tank at home. I would say that anyone who raised tropical fish back then is totally amazed at what is available and possible now in the hobby.

This is just a P.S. to my response about does anyone still have fish. At the risk of violating all sorts of copyright laws, I am sending along a photo of a [new marine polyp called Green Bay Packer](#) from Live Aquaria.com. If you aren't sure if the fish hobby is alive and well, check out [liveaquaria.com](http://liveaquaria.com) (part of Drs. Foster and Smith, a giant pet supply company in Rhinelander.) Very cool stuff for the fish geeks.



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Ursula Nogic [unogic@yahoo.com](mailto:unogic@yahoo.com) writes:

Way back, we girls were the 'Birds' - and we did a lot of talking, didn't we. Still do, many of us. Today, I'd like to share my exciting moment meeting Ann Romney in her bold pink blouse, fitted dark jeans, boots and matching belt - looking quite dashing at a Women for Mitt Rally in Leesburg Va horse country at a riding academy, right up the road from Reston where I live.



I don't remember a more impassioned, vocal, frenzied political display that the 500 women loyalists sustained for two hours. Had they all been in Tampa, they would have lit the place up. I didn't get to shake Mrs. Romney's hand, but did get a wonderful photo op afterwards w one of the horses.



My talking bird was a super smart crow we named Sam, raided out of its nest by my brothers, raised by me. Initially on pancakes then whatever. Very loving, protective pet who did speak but unclear in which language. Used to follow the school bus to Vesper Elementary, find my brother's classroom and perch on the window til recess when she'd play with the kids.

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Candace Caylor [klorkatz@att.net](mailto:klorkatz@att.net) writes:

1. I was at work checking meds and counting narcotics when admitting personnel called me into the waiting room. I was working in SLMC New Berlin Urgent Care. Our lobby was the only TV in the the medical building. Everyone was coming there all day to see what was happening. We had hardly any patients the whole day. Everyone was in shock and disbelief about what was happening.
2. My first day of kindergarten at Irving School was great. I was excited and could not understand why this little boy was crying and didn't want his his mom to leave. I thought he was so silly. Miss Iverson had to hold him most of the morning.
3. & 4. No talking birds or tropical fish.
5. I hear it is a very expensive process.
6. Did not have the privilege--lucky I guess.
7. It gives the grounds keepers something to do and guarantees their job security?
8. Oh what a hard choice. I couldn't make my mind up between these two:  
"Bill did it, so can you"  
"Your place or mine?"

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Don Solie [dg.solie@hotmail.com](mailto:dg.solie@hotmail.com) writes:

Who doesn't have memories of 9-11-01? I was in Orlando, FL attending our customer conference for Fiserv Insurance Solutions and just completed conducting a quick (30) minute sales meeting designed to motivate our life systems sales force. When we concluded we left our meeting room to discover TV's posted all over the Hilton Hotel showing smoke billowing out of Towers 1 and 2.

I was supposed to be leaving for one of the Disney golf courses to play in a tournament, actually did join some of my associates in the drive to the course only to be met by massive numbers of green and white security vehicles blocking entrance to the course. They closed everything but the hotels that day, and that was the first and only time I was aware of the very large and efficient Disney Security Force. Many thought we were a future target that day.

I also had the responsibility to assist one of our newest clients, a lady from Church Pension in Manhattan. It seems her husband was scheduled to take a deposition at the World Trade Center that day

and she couldn't make contact via hotel phones or her cell phone. I had our communications people assist her and she received good and better news. It seems her son came down with a sore throat that morning, and as a result her husband cancelled his 10 AM appointment.

The Hilton kept sufficient staff on board to feed the 500 or so Fiserv guests a decent dinner, and the next morning we had 7 buses show up taking attendees to 7 locations throughout the US.....NY, Chicago, Cedar Rapids, IA, SC & NC, and one heading to the west coast. All the airports were closed and we wanted to get people back home as quickly and painlessly as possible. We had two cars loaded with 10 people destined for Houston and Dallas also, and those of us driving to Dallas spent 17 hours getting there.

My boss (President of Insurance Solutions) asked me to spend a few minutes with him as his soon to be ex-wife had contacted him that morning explaining that her sister couldn't be reached and she worked in one of the upper floors of one of the towers. He asked if I could round up our communications folks to attempt to contact her since we were successful for our NY customer. Unfortunately his sister-in-law was a victim of the terrorist plot. Tony was having difficulty communicating with his soon to be x , and since I was one of few her knew her he asked me to spend some time with her on the phone while he was attending to his responsibilities getting customers and employees set for trips home. I wasn't of much value other than to pray with his X which wasn't exactly what she wanted at that time.

I was supposed to be in NY that Thursday to meet with Church Pension's executive management committee, and when we finally convened about a month later I recall their CIO explaining to me that he heard what sounded like a jet flying down 5th Avenue. Their offices are at 5th Avenue and 39th. I recall with great clarity the tears in his eyes as he recalled the day's events, the losses, and the fact that they requested all employees to remain at the office that evening, brought in cots, food, and necessities to avoid contributing to the mass confusion on the streets. He was a responder and never had his suit cleaned to remove the debris that accumulated as he performed his emergency duties.

Just some thoughts, nothing unusual, but vivid memories.

As for the photo I think Clint would say. on behalf of Hillary....."Bill and I don't do that anymore, haven't for twenty years, and I don't think he'd be of help to you either!" And I thought Clint's line pertaining to lying Joe Biden was great, "Joe's a grin with a body behind it".

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Dan McGlynn [mcglynnfam@charter.net](mailto:mcglynnfam@charter.net) writes:

C-Rats: Though they were usually a secondary food source for me, I was partial to the B-2 unit . . . which, I believe (and I KNOW someone will correct me if I'm wrong) contained the pound cake AND the cheese spread. I also liked Ham & Eggs, Chopped . . . but was probably in the minority on that one. More to the point . . . Roger Gray (who is being dragged, kicking and screaming, into the digital age) just gave me a number of things during Labor Day weekend to scan for him. He has posted previously from his "Diners, Drive-ins & Dives-Vietnam" series. He's pictured below with some Vietnamese fast food that he and his team were delighted to invite to dinner. (He's at the business end of the snake, but it was already on its' way to the spit). Tastes like chicken. A lot more could be said here, and not all of it Freudian. I'll leave that for Rog. Having taken a couple of ski trips to Colorado with him, I CAN testify that his foraging/hoarding skills have survived the passage of time. And could show up next to you on a buffet line when you least expect it.



The picture below is not food-related, but Roger will contend that it is LHS-related. This copy of The Divine Comedy was in his side pocket, and was damaged by the same bullet that went through his thigh. He wants you (and probably Alice Hayward) to know that 1) it demonstrates that we didn't just read pulp

fiction over there (though MY former teachers would be unsurprised to learn that Dante didn't fare well in competing for my attention, at that time, with Sgt. Pepper and The Doors), and 2) that he had just read the passage most commonly paraphrased as "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here". Which was fitting . . . because those rock 'em, sock 'em, you-gotta-love 'em South Vietnamese troops who were with him? You guessed it . . . ran off and left him. As Roger is fond of saying (by way of Kurt Vonnegut): "So it goes".



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"When you finally get rid of him, give me a call."

What the hell? Bill does it all the time...

Number 8....Meet me out back after the last session and don't have any under pants on...Marcie [Basler]  
Ortscheid

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## **Lloyd Foster Obituary**

Lloyd P. Foster, 93 passed away peacefully at home on Sunday September 9, 2012.  
Lloyd was born June 27, 1919 in Olivet, Ill to Professor William and Lula Foster.

He graduated from High School in Georgetown, Ill in 1937. He graduated from John Brown University in 1942. He graduated from Northern Illinois University in 1946. He graduated from Garrett Theological Seminary in 1950. He served as a student pastor from 1940-1948 in Illinois while attending school.

Prior to serving many churches throughout Wisconsin he ministered to the Cherokee Indians in Oklahoma in 1946.

### **1962-1969 He served as pastor at the Wisconsin Rapids First United Methodist Church**

After his retirement from service as a Methodist clergyman, Lloyd made his home in Janesville. During his retirement he enjoyed travelling and collecting marbles with his wife, Myrtle. He was an active member of the River of Life United Methodist Church in Beloit.

He is survived by his wife, Myrtle " Janesville.

Children:

Fred (Sherry) Foster (**LHS 65**) " Beaver Dam, WI - [freddfoster@charter.net](mailto:freddfoster@charter.net)

Lloyd (Kay) Foster " Cantril, Iowa

Bob (Letty) Foster " Beaver Dam, WI

Trish Foster " Weston, WI

John (Judy) Foster " Wausau, WI

David (Mary) Haas " Janesville, WI

William (Mary) Haas " Boulder, CO.

Deborah (Nol) VanEst " Blackstone Heights, Tasmania, Australia

Daniel (Pam) Haas " Janesville, WI.

LuAnn (Dennis) Slattery " Wis. Rapids

Naomi Wiltzius " Boulder, CO.

26 grandchildren and 16 great grandchildren.

He is also survived by Old Blue, the dog.

Funeral - September 16, 2012 at 1:30p.m. - River of Life United Methodist Church - Beloit, WI