

## David Engel

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**From:** The Vasbys [kvasby@smallbytes.net]  
**Sent:** Thursday, November 20, 2014 3:38 PM  
**To:** Undisclosed-Recipient;;  
**Subject:** Lincoln High Newsletter - 11/20/14

# Lincoln High Newsletter

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### This week's topics:

1. Editor's challenge - Visit someone in a nursing home or assisted living and write up YOUR experience.
2. Remembering Grand Avenue in the 60's - tell us about the places you shopped, the proprietors you knew, the things you bought.  
Are any of the stores still there?
3. Healthcare and health insurance. If you're on Medicare, do you find it necessary to have secondary insurance? Can you recommend any?
4. Did you give/get something other than the typical diamond ring when you got engaged?
5. Going steady in high school. Did it last forever? Or not?

### and responses:

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Jack Sultze - [jsultze@verizon.net](mailto:jsultze@verizon.net)

Linda and I were going steady in high school and, it isn't forever yet, but eventually will be.

Nursing homes: I have visited people in a few over the years. If my time comes, I hope for a bullet instead.

As for assisted living, my experiences have been entirely different. All I have visited have been extremely nice. Of course, all of them are also quite expensive. My Mom lives in Friendship Village in Schaumburg, IL. She started in the independent living section about 10 years ago. She is now 96 and has been in the assisted living section for about seven years. She is extremely happy there. It really is very nice with a large, professional staff. Before she moved there we looked at several facilities around us, in California, thinking that she would want to live somewhere warm (she had been living in south Texas). She chose living near my sister instead.

Health Insurance: We purchase a Blue Shield supplemental, PPO plan and their drug plan. They both pay what Medicare doesn't. The PPO plan gives us the freedom to choose most any doctor that we want – silly because we seldom go to a doctor.

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Lynn DeLong - [ledelong@cox.net](mailto:ledelong@cox.net)

Winter vacation in Arizona??

My next door neighbor is looking for roommate for this winter. She is nurse practitioner and is rehabbing from a redo of a hip replacement that went bad. She is now cleared to go back to work, but is looking for someone to do light housekeeping, cooking and do errands. Lots of free time.

She will furnish a private room and bath, food, laundry, etc. She does quilting and have professional quilting machines and a lot of fabric.

Let me know if you are interested in getting away from the frozen northland for a few weeks or months. I will set you up for a phone call.

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Kaaren (Berg) Brehmer - [kaarenknits@solarus.net](mailto:kaarenknits@solarus.net)

1. I have spent the better part of the time from May 31 until now making almost daily visits to a nursing home and then to assisted living. My 97 year old mother broke her femur into 5 pieces and had surgery, spent 100 days in the Wisconsin Rapids Care Center and is now residing at The Renaissance. Her care has all been absolutely wonderful and she has made a successful transition from living on her own to needing a little help. As her family, we have also been given excellent treatment throughout the whole process. She seems to really like her little apartment and still does her own cooking—mostly oatmeal in the morning and heating up what we put in her refrigerator and freezer. The home she and my dad built in 1948 is now on the market. She is a delight to visit and is keeping active with the activities there. The transition was very easy for us as we had done this a few years ago with my mother in law. Some of my sisters are not dealing as well with it. It helps that Tom has been a regular visitor there as he makes his rounds taking communion to people from SS Peter and Paul. The staff is always willing to do what we need and keeps us up to date and keeps Mom on the move.

3. We always had to pay for our own health insurance so were really relieved when we hit the age for Medicare. We choose Security Health to manage our care and have been very happy with everything. They have 3 plans to choose from. We chose the least expensive one and have been very pleased with it.

4. My engagement ring was pearl. The wedding band had tiny diamond chips on it. Tom inherited his grandmother's wedding ring and some years later we had the whole thing redone. I no longer wear rings at all—a habit I got into working around machinery at work.

5. Going steady in high school---we were married 47 years in August so I guess it lasted!

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Pat Barton, LHS class of 64 - [bpwpat@solarus.net](mailto:bpwpat@solarus.net)

Kent, I think we are all frozen solid here in Wis. with the snow and winds lately! Thanks for giving us a 2nd chance to respond.

However,

1. My husband and I took communion to a nursing home in Wis. Rapids once a month for probably 4 years. We met some really nice folks. Many had the ability to carry on a conversation, but a few were not too responsive at times. I was always surprised at the changes that one month could make to a patient.....some were doing better, some worse. We also found former neighbors there, and sometimes we knew the patient's visitor. We volunteered because we hoped that by doing so, when our time comes, if it does, that someone will visit us in the nursing home. These folks were well taken care of.

3. Yes we have secondary insurance. It is Advocare, headquartered in Marshfield. Very easy to work with. Rated very high when compared to other insurers.

5. Yes, I went steady in high school. I married him and it lasted for 23 years and two children. But then, we 'grew apart.' No, I would not do it that way again...except for the gift of having kids.

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Linda (Heil) Pluke (JEHS '67) - [nolin46@charter.net](mailto:nolin46@charter.net)

Hi, I'm not an LHS Alumna, but found your questions interesting and am married to Nolan Pluke ('64).

1. Nolan and my oldest brother, Ron Heil, visited my dad's assisted care facility the other day. Dad (Norman Heil) reached for something on his nightstand and ended up breaking two ribs! He is 91 years old. Ron and Nolan transported him to the doctor's office to confirm the diagnosis. My dad is the only one of our parents still living. I was thankful that Nolan was willing to help his father-in-law out in time of need. Dad is at Hilltop on 25th Avenue and we are very happy with his care.

2. The store that I remember the most was Montgomery Ward on the corner by the river. I remember picking up catalog orders there. Then there was DeByle's across the street, and Heilmann's (or did DeByle's occupy the same building? Also spent a lot of time at Johnson Hill buying clothing, including a wedding dress. Those stores have been gone for many years and/or converted for other uses.

3. We started on Medicare on 9/1/2014. We have been getting huge bills lately from Marshfield Clinic, so Nolan decided to call them last week. Even though we had them make copies of all of our Medicare and supplemental cards, they failed to enter them into their system, so Medicare was not being billed. We are feeling a bit lost as to where to get answers. We do have supplemental insurance through Security Health. We're are still too new at this to recommend anything, but would welcome other comments that may help us. We both signed up for [www.mymedicare.gov](http://www.mymedicare.gov), so that has shed some light on things.

4. Nolan gave me a diamond in a parking lot in Milwaukee in August 1968. We planned our wedding in three weeks, got married September 8th, and he was off to the U.S. Army by 9/11/1968, and in Vietnam by February 1969.

Sincerely,

P. S. I enjoy your newsletter, since I knew some of the classmates, so it's nice to follow their lives.

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Leslie Fitz - [lfitz@sjrmc.net](mailto:lfitz@sjrmc.net)

Oooops! Thanks for the reminder.

Going steady – yes, indeed it did work out for us. It'll be 49 years for us this in July, 2015. We met at 16 and we raised each other. We survived and thrived through 2 tours of Viet Nam, raising 3 children, one who was a special needs child and passed away, many wonderful camping trips in tents and finally campers, many backpacking trips, 2 weddings, both of us completing our educations while married and raising children, and seeing our children through first cars, college, and serving in the armed services. I could go on and on but let it suffice to say Bob is still the love of my life, my knight in shining armor and my best friend.

Thanks for the opportunity to say what a wonderful life we've had – only because God has abided with us – we owe Him big time!

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Karen (Goetzke) King - [yayaec@ymail.com](mailto:yayaec@ymail.com)

Beginning in Girl Scout years when we volunteered at the local nursing home, I developed had a heart for visiting people I know and then getting to know the others I meet along the way. There is such wisdom and so many stories to be heard, so many folks who sit day after day wanting to visit with someone or just sit with them in silence. Now I'm as old as some of the people I see there, but I can continue to spend time listening or sitting quietly,. I like to think of it as abiding.

I have two vivid memories of women I visited in the nursing home, both now deceased. The first had advanced Alzheimer's disease and was mostly non verbal. Some days cheerful. Some days not. And I've always thought those patients are more aware of their condition than they can project to us. . But this day as I sat by her bed retelling the stories that made us friends and speaking of her husband and children, I repeatedly used the phrase, "Do you remember ?" and then brought up an event. At some point her eyes filled with tears and she angrily said to me, "Don't you know I just don't want to remember!" And the pain in her face and her voice told me she was somewhat aware of what she had lost. So I quit talking, held her hand and cried with her.

The other event is somewhat brighter. A second friend, same condition. This woman also had congestive heart failure and two repaired hips and her legs were so swollen it made it difficult for her to exercise so she was wheel chair bound. She was a person who had vivid memories of abject poverty as a child and in her married life and when she was still in her home, she hoarded food in complete terror that she would be destitute and unable to buy again. So I had to laugh when the lunch lady came around with the cart at the table and cheerfully announced, "We have chicken and beef for lunch. Which meal would you like?" There was a long, long pause, and when she finally looked up at the woman she replied, "Both."

Okay, so one more because I just thought of it. This one male, another Alzheimer patient, again, not communicative beyond a nod or a head shake sometimes. Mostly we just got that long stare when we spoke to him. His wife was visiting also and we were talking about his history and his family. She related that he was raised in a totally Norwegian household and was baptized and confirmed in a Norwegian speaking church. He only learned English as he left the farm and got an outside job. So just for fun, I spouted one of the two Norwegian phrases I remember, "Snakker du Norsk?" (Do you speak Norwegian?) And he sat bolt upright in bed and in English he shouted, "Holy Christ!" This followed by a stream of Norwegian, none of which I could translate but could only smile and nod, encouraging him to continue. It was a great moment for the three of us, but no, it never happened again. And by the way, the only other phrase I remember in Norwegian is "Please pass the butter."

And in memory of Gary Flaminio, I'm so glad we reconnected in 2001 and that we had many times to visit with him and his wonderful wife Renee. I'll always remember his smile and his laugh, his beautiful baritone voice singing happy birthday to me on my answering machine and of course the dancing of our youth. Heaven knows we disagreed about a variety of topics, including one of the least prickly, who is a better singer, Andre Bocelli or Josh Groban, but it never came to fisticuffs and our conversations always ended with I love you, my friend. The one thing we always agreed on was that the friendships you make in your youth, that are strong enough to endure, are golden. I've got Josh on CD for him right now.

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Chris Gorski - [cwgorski@yahoo.com](mailto:cwgorski@yahoo.com)

#### Grand avenue memories

I believe the year was 1954, at that time I was going to school at Sacred Heart and my mom, dad and older brothers, Stanley and Steve, were living in a two bedroom house on Daily Avenue. If you do the math I was 8 years old and in the 2nd grade. Life was good, we had just gotten our 1st TV, B&W, I got my 1st big boys bike, a 26 inch hand me down from my brother and I no longer had to stay in our yard to play. The new rules were very simple, tell mom where I was going, be home by noon for lunch and be home by 5 for dinner.

One day while riding my bike to town to visit Perry's Sports Shop and dream about the neat stuff he had, I decided to check out the soda fountain a couple doors down from Perry's. The name of the place was either "The Chatterbox" or the "Friendly Fountain", I'm sure many of you remember the place. Wow, was I in awe of that place once I walked in, pin ball machines, a pool table, a juke box and all sorts of snacks for sale, everybody having fun. I'll never forget the song that was playing on the juke box as I walked in, "Rock around the clock tonight". It definitely was the coolest hangout because no adults were there except for the man behind the counter. I visited this place a couple more times mostly to enjoy the excitement, even played the pin ball machine once or twice (for a nickel for 5 balls). Then, once I let it slip out that I had been there, my mom freaked out, told me it was off limits and I couldn't go there again. It was my 1st taste of the "Wild side" and I'll never forget it.

I have other fond memories of places on Grand Avenue, the Rapids theater (1st place I put my arm around a girl), the Wisconsin theater, Johnson Hills with their elevator operator and Woolworths with their snack counter and cool toys for sale, the Army Surplus Store where I bought my 1st pair of skis having bear trap bindings. Last of all, Grand Avenue was a great strip to cruise once you got your driver's license and better yet, once you got your own car.

Boy, Those Were The Days!

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Ron Karnatz - [karnatzr@wctc.net](mailto:karnatzr@wctc.net)

Kent, I am a volunteer driver for Wood County through Health and Human Services. I drive many elderly people from assisted living or senior housing to medical appointments in Marshfield. I have gotten to know many of my "clients" well and have heard many interesting stories. One gentleman pointed out the swans in the cranberry marsh. Another gentleman explained the coal train schedules. One lady was giving me an oral history of Port Edwards. I truly enjoy driving the "older" generation.

Thank you again for all of the work that do you with the new letters. I often share items from the Military Newsletter with friends.

Happy Thanksgiving.

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Linda Edwards - [ledwards6112@hotmail.com](mailto:ledwards6112@hotmail.com)

My favorite store was Johnson Hills. It was such a classy, elegant establishment, especially through the eyes of a young, small-town girl.

I have supplemental insurance thru Security. It is the Advocare Essence plan. Some copays but not bad. \$57/month. Prescription coverage is decent.

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### In Memoriam



**Gary (Tiny) Flaminio, 67 died Sunday, November 16th at Mount View Care Center.**

He was born April 25, 1947

He is survived by his wife, Renee (Beste), Sons, Dominic, Wausau, Nathan (Isa) Florida.. Brothers, Jeffrey (Mary) and Russ, sister Renae (Craig) Noble and Dyan (Jasper) McDowell.

Gary was preceded in death by his parents, Kenneth and Barbara Flaminio and brother, Randy.

Mid-Wisconsin Cremation Society is assisting family at this time.

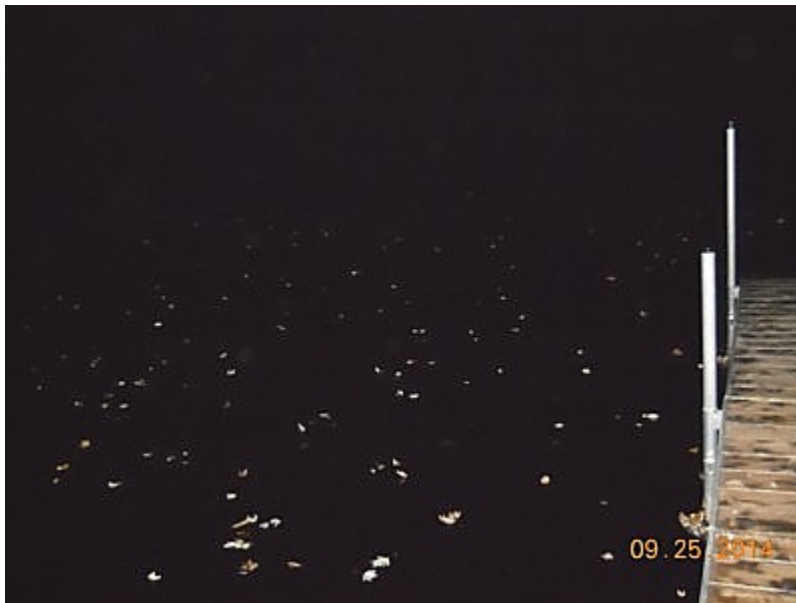
**Editor's note:** A classmate (1958) of mine at Fort Atkinson High School sent this for this week's Fort High Newsletter..

**I thought it worth including in the LHS Newsletter!**

John Olson (58) - [olson146@hotmail.com](mailto:olson146@hotmail.com)

Kent, I must have been feeling a little maudlin a couple of months ago when I came up from the river (which is frozen almost all across it's width now) and wrote this for no particular reason. If you need something for this week's letter you could include this bit of drivel for filler, or not, your call. It's one of those "you had to be there" kinds of things. All I ask is that no one email me with grammar corrections; I didn't always pay attention in Ms. Marshall's (our English teacher) class, but some of my classmates know that.

Tonight, after finishing some outside work a little before 7, I walked down to the river to sit on our dock's bench.



It was completely quiet, except for the sound of a single coyote howling back in the woods, while I watched thousands of leaves marching down the river in perfect time with the current.

Their rows were irregular, not at all like the parades we are used to seeing with the marching bands or servicemen in their tight formations, but this parade made up for their lack of marching alignment by sheer numbers and, as far as I could tell, no beginning nor end.

These leaves were obviously not the normal and regular leaves that fall to the ground and lie there waiting for the rake and burn pile, or perhaps resigned to just lying on the wet ground to await rain and snow and eventual moldering away. No, these lucky thousands, perhaps millions, of river leaves, unscripted, had fallen in and joined countless others on the river and were going somewhere; they surely didn't know where but were just as surely not done with their life cycle yet. Simply lying on the cold, wet ground was not their fate; they were destined for greater things, even though they couldn't comprehend what lay ahead.

They were mostly silver maples, but there were ash, some white birch, and even an occasional red pine needle pair, and a few others I couldn't identify. This procession of mixed species was eerily quiet, with not a command being given, but still, you could tell there was some kind of discipline at work here. Brown, red, silver, white, different races if you will, all traveling together, in silence, without acrimony or dissension, and all with an apparent single destination.

Some were floating just below the surface of the water, some turned upside down and just at the surface, but many of the more fortunate leaves were upright and supported by the surface tension of the water. Some of these were curled and

appeared to be reaching back into the sky from which they'd fallen. These lucky soldiers seemed to proudly oversee those of lesser rank, but marched on with them at the same pace, there being no wind to hurry them on their way, or perhaps to impede progress by pushing them back upsteam into those who followed behind. All these thousands maintained their distance from one another except for the unfortunate few whose progress was interrupted by an unwanted eddy that caused them to swirl for a bit before they found the courage to step out again into the current to rejoin their fellows, not to be denied their chance at glory on the field of some unspecified battle.

The only other thing that marred this inexorable march downstream were a pair of merganser ducks I had disturbed off the big rock which they had chosen for their night's rest across the river from my dock . These fearless two swam upstream against the current and into the swarm of oncoming 'paraders' until I lost sight of their progress, apparently not in the least dismayed by being outnumbered by the downstream progress of the opposing army.

I sat there until almost full darkness, long after the coyote had perhaps found supper, or love, or just the companionship of others of his kind. Perhaps the same companionship that these river leaves had found while fearlessly and unknowingly proceeding down the river to wherever it was they were going. But now, the sad part: I could have told them about the dam and falls some four miles downstream that would change everything for them... but I held my tongue. Desertion is not possible in this leaf army and it was not my place to disturb the process, to sow despair among the ranks, or to interrupt the quietness of the evening. So I left them to their fate.

## David Engel

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**From:** The Vasbys [kvasby@smallbytes.net]  
**Sent:** Wednesday, November 19, 2014 11:30 AM  
**To:** Undisclosed-Recipient:;  
**Subject:** Fw: Gary Flaminio passed away

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

**From:** [Gary Flaminio](#)  
**To:** [The Vasbys](#)  
**Sent:** Tuesday, November 18, 2014 10:11 PM  
**Subject:** Re: Fw: Gary Flaminio update

Dear Classmates,

Tiny's body died on Sunday morning, November 16th.....**BUT HIS SOUL SOARED!**  
Knowing this comforts me through the tears and sadness.

Thank you for your prayers, cards, visits, posts in the newsletter and support.  
I am honoring Tiny's request that there be no service. If you put on some music  
and dance your heart out, you will be celebrating his life.

Renee Flaminio [g.flaminio@frontier.com](mailto:g.flaminio@frontier.com)

This is a great picture! I miss his smile.

Tiny still loves the ladies!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Thank you. I'll print this out and take it to him.

On 8/12/2014 11:15 AM, The Vasbys wrote:





Kathy Cole, Tiny, Judy Vasby at his home 6 years ago.

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

**From:** [Gary Flaminio](#)

Hi Kent,

Gary (Tiny) asked me to send an update to the newsletter.

On July 28th Gary's condition was changed to "life threatening".

We were told that it could be as little as a month's time. Gary is not afraid of death and looks forward to meeting our Lord on the other side. For those of you that believe in the Lord, Jesus Christ and the power of prayer, Gary and I are both asking that you would pray that He is merciful and would take him from this life sooner than later.

After lunch is the best time to visit. Please be aware that as things progress, he will sleep more. A card with a memory from the "good old days" would also be nice. I can put them on his bulletin boards. They do not have phones in the rooms.

Gary Flaminio - Room 2315  
Mount View Care Center  
2400 Marshall Street  
Wausau, WI 54403

Thank you.

Renee Flaminio



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