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**From:** The Vasbys <kvasby@smallbytes.net>  
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## LINCOLN HIGH NEWSLETTER

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### This week's topics:

1. Any Thanksgiving mishaps?
2. When's the proper time to put up the Christmas tree? Should it be fake or real?
3. Who taught you to sing, play the piano, play an instrument?  
Still remember how?
4. Get your deer?
5. Anything else you'd care to write about.

### and responses:

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Toni Weller Olsen - LHS class of '64 - [tonicrafty@gmail.com](mailto:tonicrafty@gmail.com)

Question 2 - When I was a kid, our Christmas tree always went up on Dec. 18. I even knew a few families back in the day who put their tree up on Christmas Eve! Since the 1970's, our tree always goes up the second week of December. I love a real Christmas tree, and we've always had one in the 46 years we've been married. I can understand, however, those people who don't want to deal with falling needles and frequent watering to keep the tree from drying out. I really think the important things are your family traditions that go with Christmas. The ornaments I hang every Christmas bring back a lot of memories. One of my sons liked white Christmas lights on the tree, and my other son liked colored lights. Our solution? White lights one year and colored lights the next!

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Nancy (Olson) Whitlock - [thenanc@aol.com](mailto:thenanc@aol.com)

Number 4 made me chuckle. We spent our Thanksgiving in Chicago with our son and family. Our stay was cut short because of weather moving into MN. We don't enjoy driving in rain, sleet and snow so we headed out about 4pm. The sign for a rest area appeared, we cheered and I proceeded to drive over a deer in the middle of the freeway. A pickup with trailer either hit the deer or some poor hunter lost it off of his trailer.

While in the rest area my husband looked under the car and said some things were loose and lots of hair, blood, guts and gore. We were only 60 miles from home and continued on.

Number 3: I still can not sing, play an instrument so I leave that to my kids and husband. Corky is a retired instrumental band teacher and still has his own New Orleans style brass band. Very entertaining.

Kent thanks for your work with this newsletter.

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Barb Cammack - [barbaracammack@hotmail.com](mailto:barbaracammack@hotmail.com)

When you are in your home thru out the season a live tree is wonderful. We were almost never home long enough to "keep a live tree ".

Both my brothers and I took piano lessons from Mrs. Clausen, the superintendent's wife. She was calm and very nice. She gave lessons in her home.

I once had a jello mold slide off the plate and countertop--who needs it anyway?

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Lenore Haferman - [lenorehaferman@yahoo.com](mailto:lenorehaferman@yahoo.com)

We use a fake tree, I got tired of still finding tree needles in my carpet in July. It is also there when I am ready for it. I put it up Dec. 1st and the grand kids love helping.

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Marcie [Basler] Ortscheid '65 - [marcie.ortscheid@ki.com](mailto:marcie.ortscheid@ki.com)

I was in Las Vegas for Thanksgiving and I never saw so many Packer shirts on people in my life even here in GRB, but on Friday after the loss I didn't see a one and people sure were upset. Seems like a lot of bets were put on the Pack to win and when they lost - yikes. Someone told us that the Packers are the favorite team in the US..love to hear that. I did put \$20.00 on the Pack to win the super bowl, probably will not happen but I had to back my team, when I left it was like 7 ½ to one. Let's hope.....

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

2. I begin setting up Christmas decorations Friday after Thanksgiving. Currently we have a fake tree, it is just easier with two cats who otherwise would want to climb or chew on a natural tree.
  3. I took piano lessons when I was in 2nd and 3rd grade, but gave them up. I was never good at it, but I enjoy listening to piano artists on CD.
  5. As the 'really' busy time begins as we prepare for Christmas, remember to be KIND to each other, and have patience with your fellow man. Put a smile on your face and kind thoughts in your heart. Happy Holidays to all my classmates!
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Gene Hafermann - [genehafermann@charter.net](mailto:genehafermann@charter.net)

2. Normally we put up our Christmas tree a couple weeks before Dec 25, but this year we will probably just have a small artificial one in our rental house while we finish construction on our new house. But in a normal year we prefer to get a real Frasier Fir because we like the look and the smell.
3. I guess my mom and dad taught me to sing, but it wasn't really formal training. We just all sang as a family and were taught harmony singing as early as second grade in parochial grade school. The closest I ever came to a voice lessons was tips COACH Cleworth gave me in high school choir. My mom tried to give me piano lessons, but I never had the patience to practice. Work on the farm and sports took precedence.

4. Did not find the deer I shot with my cross bow. So I fed the coyotes this year. Next year I should have more time to hunt. This year the new house is more important. Looking forward to moving in sometime in January.

Based on recent tests, my prostate surgery 6 weeks ago appears to have been a success. I'm healing fine and able to do most of the things I need to ... albeit a little slower than in the past.

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Gene Santoski [k9utq@solarus.net](mailto:k9utq@solarus.net) sends this:

### **Words From The Past**

A not so elderly (65) lady said something to her son about driving a Jalopy and he looked at her quizzically and asked what the heck is a Jalopy? OMG (new phrase!) he never heard of the word jalopy!!

So they went to the computer and pulled up a picture from the movie "The Grapes of Wrath." Now that was a Jalopy!

About a month ago, I illuminated some old expressions that have become obsolete because of the inexorable march of technology. These phrases included "Don't touch that dial," "Carbon copy," "You sound like a broken record" and "Hung out to dry." A bevy of readers have asked me to shine light on more faded words and expressions, and I am happy to oblige:

Back in the olden days we had a lot of moxie. We'd put on our best bib and tucker and straighten up and fly right. Hubba-hubba! We'd cut a rug in some juke joint and then go necking and petting and smooching and spooning and billing and cooing and pitching woo in hot rods and jalopies in some passion pit or lovers lane.

Heavens to Betsy! Gee whillikers! Jumping Jehoshaphat! Holy moley! We were in like Flynn and living the life of Riley, and even a regular guy couldn't accuse us of being a knucklehead, a nincompoop or a pill. Not for all the tea in China!

Back in the olden days, life used to be swell, but when's the last time anything was swell? Swell has gone the way of beehives, pageboys and the D.A.; of spats, knickers, fedoras, poodle skirts, saddle shoes and pedal pushers. Oh, my aching back. Kilroy was here, but he isn't anymore.

Like Washington Irving's Rip Van Winkle and Kurt Vonnegut's Billy Pilgrim, we have become unstuck in time. We wake up from what surely has been just a short nap, and before we can say, I'll be a monkey's uncle! or This is a fine kettle of fish! we discover that the words we grew up with, the words that seemed omnipresent as oxygen, have vanished with scarcely a notice from our tongues and our pens and our keyboards.

Poof, poof, poof go the words of our youth, the words we've left behind. We blink, and they're gone, evanesced from the landscape and wordscape of our perception, like Mickey Mouse wristwatches, hula hoops, skate keys, candy cigarettes, little wax bottles of colored sugar water and an organ grinders monkey.

Where have all those phrases gone? Long time passing. Where have all those phrases gone? Long time ago: Pshaw. The milkman did it. Think about the starving Armenians. Bigger than a bread box. Banned in Boston. The very idea! It's your nickel. Don't forget to pull the chain. Knee high to a grasshopper.

Turn-of-the-century. Iron curtain. Domino theory. Fail safe. Civil defense. Fiddlesticks! You look like the wreck of the Hesperus. Cooties. Going like sixty. I'll see you in the funny papers. Don't take any wooden nickels. Heavens to Murgatroyd! And awa-a-ay we go!

Oh, my stars and garters!

It turns out there are more of these lost words and expressions than Carter had liver pills. This can be disturbing stuff, this winking out of the words of our youth, these words that lodge in our heart's deep core. But just as one never steps into the same river twice, one cannot step into the same language twice. Even as one enters, words are swept downstream into the past, forever making a different river.

We of a certain age have been blessed to live in changing times. For a child each new word is like a shiny toy, a toy that has no age. We at the other end of the chronological arc have the advantage of remembering there are words that once did not exist and there were words that once strutted their hour upon the earthly stage and now are heard no more, except in our collective memory. It's one of the greatest advantages of aging. We can have archaic and eat it, too.

See ya later, alligator!"

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### **Kids say the darndest things**

A kindergarten pupil told his teacher he'd found a cat, but it was dead. "How do you know that the cat was dead?" she asked her pupil. "Because I pissed in its ear and it didn't move," answered the child innocently. You did WHAT?!?" the teacher exclaimed in surprise. "You know," explained the boy, "I leaned over and went 'Pssst!' and it didn't move."

One summer evening during a violent thunderstorm a mother was tucking her son into bed. She was about to turn off the light when he asked with a tremor in his voice, "Mommy, will you sleep with me tonight?" The mother smiled and gave him a reassuring hug. "I can't dear," she said. "I have to sleep in Daddy's room." A long silence was broken at last by his shaky little voice: "That big sissy."

It was that time, during the Sunday morning service, for the children's sermon. All the children were invited to come forward. One little girl was wearing a particularly pretty dress and, as she sat down, the pastor leaned over and said, "That is a very pretty dress. Is it your Easter Dress?" The little girl replied, directly into the pastor's clip-on microphone, "Yes, and my Mom says it's a bitch to iron."

When I was six months pregnant with my third child, my three year old came into the room when I was just getting ready to get into the shower. She said, "Mommy, you are getting fat!" I replied, "Yes, honey, remember Mommy has a baby growing in her tummy." "I know," she replied, but what's growing in your butt?"

A little boy was doing his math homework. He said to himself, "Two plus five, that son of a bitch is seven. Three plus six, that son of a bitch is nine..." His mother heard what he was saying and gasped, "What are you doing?" The little boy answered, "I'm doing my math homework, Mom." "And this is how your teacher taught you to do it?" the mother asked. "Yes," he answered. Infuriated, the mother asked the teacher the next day, "What are you teaching my son in math?" The teacher replied, "Right now, we are learning addition." The mother asked, "And are you teaching them to say two plus two, that son of a bitch is four?" After the teacher stopped laughing, she answered, "What I taught them was, two plus two, THE SUM OF WHICH, is four."

One day the first grade teacher was reading the story of Chicken Little to her class. She came to the part of the story where Chicken Little tried to warn the farmer. She read, "... and so Chicken Little went up to the farmer and said, "The sky is falling, the sky is falling!" The teacher paused then asked the class, "And what do you think that farmer said?" One little girl blurted out, "I think he said: 'Holy SHIT, a talking chicken!!!'"

A certain little girl, when asked her name, would reply, "I'm Mr. Sugarbrown's daughter." Her mother told her this was wrong, she must say, "I'm Jane Sugarbrown." The Vicar spoke to her in Sunday School, and said, "Aren't you Mr. Sugarbrown's daughter?" She replied, "I thought I was, but my mother says I'm not."