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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. Activities you used to do - but not any more.
2. Your best bowling score was.... When?
3. Remembering "extinct" automobiles. You had one?  
Mercury, Oldsmobile, Plymouth, Studebaker, Hudson, Packard, Falcon, etc.
4. What is your "community involvement"?
5. How did you celebrate Valentine's Day?
6. For those many readers that have never written in:  
Where are you? What have you done since high school?
7. Anything humorous happen to you lately?
8. Whatever else?

### and responses:

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

8. Memories of Wisconsin Rapids: I don't know if any classmates listen to country music, but Tim McGraw has a song on country radio called "May We All." One of the lines in the song goes something like this: "May we all grow up in a red, white and blue little town." That's how I think of Wisconsin Rapids in the late '50s and early '60s--a great place to grow up, watch parades on the 4th of July, and watch a river flowing right through town! It seemed to have everything a kid could need.

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

Thanks again for putting together this News Letter, you're making a difference in all of our lives. Here is one if you need it.

Extinct Cars:

When Kathy graduated from LaCrosse in 1971, she got a job here in Ft Atkinson as a Councilor at a Sheltered workshop. Once starting her job and considering she would finally enjoy regular paychecks she decided to buy a new car. Her budget was \$2000 so my vote was a VW Bug , Their MRP was \$1646 well within her budget. I suggested the Beetle because they were good on gas mileage plus very safe when driving in winter conditions. She came very close to purchasing one but then saw a Ford Pinto and decided to test drive one.

Well, she feel in love with it and was very insistent on purchasing it instead of a Beetle. The only indecision on her part was whether or not to pay an extra \$50 for the vinyl top. She splurged, bit the bullet and went with a white Pinto with a green textured vinyl top, total price was \$1695 (By the way, while visiting friends for the weekend in Sommers WI near Racine, I walked out to her car on Sunday morning with our suit case getting ready to drive back to Fort, opened the door and discovered that both front bucket seats were gone. Someone had stolen them the night before. Our friends gave us two lawn chairs to sit on so we could drive home. We both made it all the way back without falling off the chair, holding on to each other when turning corners. Would have made a great Farmers Insurance commercial.)

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Roger Fritz - [fritzcat11@yahoo.com](mailto:fritzcat11@yahoo.com)

I now live on a large lake in rural Virginia which attracts lots of well off retirees. Typically they come here from all over, live a few decades then move to smaller houses or in with their children. They then need to get rid of many of their possessions and donate them to our church. My wife and I and six other people spend the year picking up, sorting, and storing the stuff" We often donate appliances, medical equipment, and furniture to needy families. Much goes to Good Will, Habitat For Humanity, or other local charities. Some is just junk. I take that home, dismantle it and recycle it for the metals, circuit boards, wire etc or to repair it. My shop is a mess because I save interesting items to show the grand kids how things work or because I'm a hoarder. Just helping old fokes clean out their "stuff" is often much appreciated. In the fall we have a big yard sale and donate the money raised.

I'm sure many of your readers have or will face downsizing and can relate to the issue of disposing of excess "stuff".

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Chuck Hinnners - [Chuck@crgfinancialconsulting.com](mailto:Chuck@crgfinancialconsulting.com)

Bill Hartley probably knows this guy! - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=U9XFqL-3KfU>

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Leslie (Wolfe) Fitz - [rfitz750@outlook.com](mailto:rfitz750@outlook.com)

I loved bicycle riding. We biked California beaches, & streets of beautiful cities - Vancouver, San Diego, Salt Lake City- as well as small towns - along river paths & down country roads. Unfortunately. In recent years I've developed a balance problem which I've mostly overcome through physical therapy. But bicycling is still beyond my skills. How I miss the breeze in my hair & the sense of freedom I enjoyed. ( ATVs & motorcycles are fun but a bicycle is best!) If you have a bicycle, go for a ride & celebrate!

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

I use to run but not any longer now I walk, now that I am on Medicare I have silver sneakers I really use that and walk at the YMCA 4 times a week. We have a great work out center here and I try and get out there 4 days a week also. I know to keep healthy I have to keep this body moving and I am going to try yoga. It's cheaper to exercise then to pay for medicine, and doctors.

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A man is waiting for wife to give birth.

The doctor comes in and informs the dad that his son was born without torso, arms or legs. The son is just a head!

But the dad loves his son and raises him as well as he can, with love and compassion. After 21 years, the son is old enough for his first drink. Dad takes him to the bar and tearfully tells the son he is proud of him.

Dad orders up the biggest, strongest drink for his boy. With all the bar patrons looking on curiously and the bartender shaking his head in disbelief, the boy takes his first sip of alcohol. Swoooooop! A torso pops out!

The bar is dead silent; then bursts into a whoop of joy. The father, shocked, begs his son to drink again. The patrons chant "Take another drink"! The bartender still shakes his head in dismay.

Swoooooop! Two arms pops out. The bar goes wild. The father, crying and wailing, begs his son to drink again. The patrons chant, "Take another drink"! The bartender ignores the whole affair. By now the boy is getting tipsy, and with his new hands he reaches down, grabs his drink and guzzles the last of it. Swoooooop! Two legs pop out.

The bar is in chaos. The father falls to his knees and tearfully thanks God. The boy stands up on his new legs and stumbles to the left.... then to the right.... right through the front door, into the street, where a truck runs over him and kills him instantly.

The bar falls silent. The father moans in grief. The bartender sighs and says, "That boy should have quit while he was a head."