

From: [The Vasbys](#)
To: [Bill & Shirley \(Black\) Hartley](#)
Subject: LINCOLN HIGH NEWSLETTER - 10/14/21
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This week's topics:

1. Ever get snowed in? When? Where?
2. Ever escape something/some place? What?
3. Bathroom - Seat up or down? Toilet paper over or under?
4. Ever raise chickens, ducks, or? When? Still doing it?
5. Get your Masters or PHD degree? Subject? College?
6. Watch dog ever alert you to a problem? What? When?
7. Been to a cave? Which? Memories?
8. Crew cut? When was your last one? Or still sporting one?
9. Ever keep a diary? Still got it? Bring back memories?
10. Whatever else you'd care to write about.

and responses:

Norm Arendt - normarendt@gmail.com

I received my PhD in safety engineering in 1998. I had three undergraduate degrees in English, geology and mathematics. When I remarried after Kathy passed, Lucie encouraged me to get the degree since I was firefighter and safety director at a large consulting firm. Proved to be very beneficial and I still use knowledge in my retirement years. Since part of degree was in epidemiology helpful during pandemic. Still teach safety, do presentations, and perform safety audits for select clients.

Jack Hesterman' - Assumption '63 - jhesterman@uwalumni.com

Keeping a diary: In 1975, I had an engineering project in Iran and moved my wife Barb and three small children to Tehran. In looking forward to this experience, I decided to keep a daily journal to document our experience. We were in our 20's and the kids were small and we had no idea what we were getting ourselves into. Now it is so fun to go back and read about the daily thoughts and experiences we had all those years ago. Well, I stopped writing in my journal when we returned to the U.S. in 1976 but on January 1, 1979, as part of a New Year's resolution, I started writing in my journal again. I have continued to write every day since so I now have a library of journals covering all of our family activities since 1979.

Lenore Haferman - lenorehaferman@yahoo.com

1. We were living in what they called Baby Village. It was the early June, a huge snow storm came up, when we went to leave for school, we could not open it because it opened outward. I had to call that I could not get there.

3. It is not fun sitting down and sinking in because the seat was left up.

Roger Fritz - fritzcat11@yahoo.com

#3 Seat is always down. No fun "dropping in" in the middle of the night with the

lights out. Paper should be "over" so I can find and more easily find the end.

#8 Had crew cut all thru HS but let er go in college. First time home raised a lot of comments. The beard thing never took with me. Too many bare spots even now.

#10 I'm thinking of trying out for the Packer place kicker position.

Donald 65 & Donna Rehman - zakons@comcast.net

2. Ever escape something.

Yes, a fire in a beautiful hotel in Plymouth, Michigan. We were attending a beautiful wedding at St. John's (it used to be a monastery years ago) . It's now a resort with beautiful grounds and long glass hallways where the monks prayed & walked. It has a chapel for 100 people that has the pews going lengthwise, like Lady Diana had at her wedding. Just gorgeous. The reception was in a beautiful room also. We were there from Friday evening till Sunday.

We arrived Friday afternoon and enjoyed the evening. We went to our room for the night. Don put our valuables inside the room safe, including the car keys etc.

Around 2 am over the loud speaker in our room, we were alerted by a manager that we were supposed to leave the hotel, because of a fire. (a nice gentle voice, loud enough to wake us up.) We were told to leave the building and go out to the parking lot. He repeated it a couple of times.

We got dressed and went out to our hallway. We instantly could smell the smoke. We were on the 2nd or 3rd floor of like 5 floors. The people weren't panicked, but went out orderly. (We were lucky, because it was pretty warm that evening.) The parking lot had a few hundred people outside. Some came out wrapped in blankets & just underwear. I can't remember if we took a jacket or not. This place is popular for Catholic weddings. Many brides were holding their wedding gowns in their arms. After awhile, I happened to turn around and we were back to back with the mother of the bride, from Columbus , Ohio. That was kind of cool. We are best friends of the brides family. Some people went to their cars, because they had their car keys. We only had our room key. Some people didn't take their room keys. It took forever for the fire dept to come, because it was out in the country. It ended up being a fire in the laundry room, under the main bar area. We were outside until, like 4-5 am.

Finally the fire was put out. We did find our bride in the parking lot, & she never even thought to bring her bridal gown out with her. You really aren't thinking when there is a fire and you smell the smoke. You just want to get out.

We were allowed to go back into our rooms. And the hotel gave us all a free breakfast buffet the next morning, which was nice. The wedding was suppose to be at 1 pm but was changed to 2 pm Saturday afternoon. They had a nice reception & dance that evening.

That place is booked up a couple years ahead of time for weddings. That day the chapel had weddings every hour. Plus they have multiple reception rooms. Our bride and groom lucked out because they called that same January and some couple just cancelled their wedding the day they called.

Ironic the wedding was in the year 2007. The most popular wedding date that year! 7-07-2007.

A wedding to remember in more ways than one. They also gave each guest a scratch off lottery ticket at their table place setting. (one guest won \$500 on her scratch off. I won \$2). Even with the fire, it was one of the best weddings ever! (The fire damage was in the laundry room and the bar above was off limits afterwards) The hotel/resort was fantastic to the guests. They came outside with blankets for whoever needed them. 5 Stars!

Gene Santoski - k9utq@solarus.net

THANKS for all your efforts and time putting together the newsletters. MUCH APPRECIATED!!

#3 Seat down/ Paper over

#7 Been to several caves over the years including Crystal and Cave of the Mounds in Wisconsin, Mammoth and Carlsbad.

Most memorable were the Buckner Caves in Kentucky. Went there twice with Boy Scouts. These are "wild" caves with no lighting, stairways with railings or tour guides. You're on your own!! Had to wear jump-suit type coveralls, gloves, hard hats and provide our own lighting in the form of headlamps and battery lanterns. It was really spooky. We had to enter by crawling feet first down a hole where we could then turn around and crawl on our hands and knees for a distance before

getting to a huge room with 30 ft ceiling. Another area, we had to crawl on hands and knees about 100 yards to get to another large cavern. Bat dung (guava) all over the place. When we got out, we took off our coveralls and gloves and threw them into a provided dumpster at the entrance and put on clean clothes to wear to the campground where we showered.

Quite a memorable experience and one that I don't care to do again at my age!!

#9 Never kept a diary but keep a logbook (paper and electronic) of all my ham radio contacts over the last 63 years!!

Toni Weller Olsen - LHS '64 - tonicrafty@gmail.com

10 - Whatever else. . .

This is a little quirky, but I like finding things in thrift stores that seem really old-fashioned. Office supply stores used to sell these, maybe in the 1960's, for people who sent a lot of mail and didn't want to lick a lot of envelopes or stamps.



Some of us remember when you had to moisten stamps. So you put water in the ceramic rectangle and used the roller to moisten the stamps or envelopes. Very low tech. Sometimes you'll see the larger size of this stamp moistener in an antique store, but I like this smaller size, about 2-1/2 inches wide. I also like the name of the Milwaukee company embossed on the bottom.



Dick Trudeau LHS '64 - dickmerry77@hotmail.com

EVER RAISE CHICKENS, DUCKS, OR ???? - For 42 years we lived on 5 acres just outside of Eagle, Idaho. For the last 25 of those years we raised 4 or 5 head of cattle each year. We'd buy them in the spring when the grass started growing and sell them in the fall when we ran out of grass. I'd go to the livestock auction and mingle with real cattlemen who new what they were doing. We'd buy 500 to 600 pounders and sell them when they were about 1000 pounds.

Initially, this city boy from Wisconsin barely knew the difference between a steer, a heifer, or a bull. After making a few bad purchases I learned to buddy up to experienced cowboys for advice. They'd point out the flaws that I couldn't detect. As the cattle entered the arena my new found friend would elbow me and say something like "thems the ones you want". Cattlemen and farmers are some of the best people you'll ever meet.

Learning auctioneer's language and styles was an education in itself. Sometimes you'd think they're speaking Chinese. Once the auctioneer stopped the auction, looked up at me and more or less said "hey dumb-ass you're bidding against yourself".

Every once in a while I'd unknowingly buy some crazy ones. I bought two that had just come off the range and didn't want anything to do with suburban living. They

busted through our fence, neighbors yards, gardens, and fences until we cornered them about a mile away. Back to the auction they went.

Getting them herded up and back to the auction in the fall was the real challenge. We didn't have the basic equipment that real cattlemen have such as loading chutes, etc.. We learned early that the trick was to get the critters addicted to grain. You can make a thousand pound steer stand on its hind legs and dance a jig once it's hooked on grain. Our procedure was to get them into our little corral and back the stock trailer up to the gate. My job was to cuss, kick, and prod the reluctant devils into the back of the 20 foot trailer and then slam the door behind them. Merry's job was to stand at the front of the trailer with a bucket of grain. Once they started heading her way she'd drop the bucket and bail out through the side door. You know your wife's something special when she can stand her ground against 5000 pounds of stampeding cattle. She got pretty good at it. I think it was the "for better or worse" part of our wedding vows that got her into that trailer.

Two years ago we moved into our new house and out of the cattle business. I miss the SOB's. Not so sure about Merry.

Bill Cammack - billcammack@hotmail.com

#3. Toilet paper definitely goes over because you can find the end, which is always hiding, much easier. The toilet seat up or down is a real dilemma. If the seat is down, the man must first raise it and when the task is completed, he must lower the seat. If the seat is left up, all the lady has to do is lower it. She can leave it down and when the gentleman comes in he only has to raise it. This cuts out one step which, at our age, is important!!

Bob Schmidt - 2803chopper@gmail.com

Well, in the last news letter, I shared the fact that our Scottie pup, which we're picking up on November 9th, was going to be named Murdoch or Forbes. I heard from a number of you and all said they preferred Murdoch. I talked to a number of guys in Carefree and they all said, hey-man, for a male dog, you gotta go with Murdoch. Well I shared this information with my wife, and I held my ground. If any of you ever get out to Carefree AZ., you'll have to stop in and say hi to our Scottie.....Dewar.

