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**To:** [Michael Roginski](#); [Sandra \(Robenolt\) Kohnen](#); [Bruce Ristow](#); [Susan \(Rice\) Hammel](#); [Beverly \(Rheel\) Szelagowski](#); [Donald Rehman](#); [Diane \(Reber\) Klawikowski](#); [Alan Plisch](#); [Nancy \(Pedersen\) Bean](#); [Susan \(Peaslee\) Schulte](#); [Tom Parsons](#); [Kay \(Overturf\) Van de Loo](#); [Marcia \(Olson\) Ziarko](#); [Shirley \(Olson\) Singer](#); [Linda \(Olson\) Hellerud](#); [Jerry Ohm](#); [Toni \(Oberhuber\) Howard](#); [Jim Nickel](#); [Nancy \(Newman\) Giggee](#); [John Nelson](#); [Jim Natwick](#); [Gene Moon](#); [Linda \(Mitchell\) Leitzke](#); [Joann \(Miller\) Foss](#); [Paul L. Miller](#); [Linda \(Meier\) Tavener](#); [Jon Matthews](#); [Chris Mattheis](#); [George Mathews](#); [James Mann](#); [Robert Manley](#); [Theresa \(Malcolm\) Obermeier](#); [Charles Machon](#); [Ron Lorbeck](#); [Thomas Looock](#); [Larilyn Loewen](#); [Charles Lewis](#); [Patrick Lauby](#); [Judy \(Larson\) Martin](#); [Janet & Larry \(Slattery\) Lassa](#); [James Kuhn](#); [Mary \(Kruger\) Weaver](#); [Mike Kruger](#); [Maureen \(Kronstedt\) Daczkowski](#); [Sally Kostusak](#); [Howard Korslin](#); [Doug Kopelke](#); [Patricia \(Koop\) Gregory](#); [Jill \(Kohnen\) Morman](#); [Ursula \(Kochanowski\) Nogic](#); [Joan \(Koch\) Fisher](#); [Sue \(Klevene\) Atwood](#); [Judy \(Kirchhoefer\) Lagerbloom](#); [Gary Kegler](#); [Shirlee Kath](#); [Ron Karnatz](#); [Shirley \(Joling\) Engelsman](#); [Mary \(Johnson\) McKeel](#); [Jerry Johnson](#); [Judy \(Jezwinski\) Monarski](#); [Linda \(Jackson\) Leder](#); [John & Julie \(Cwiklo\) Huisheere](#); [Thomas Hornig](#); [Paul Holberg](#); [chuck](#); [Evelyn \(Hill\) Shrednik](#); [Charles Hetze](#); [Sandee \(Herzberg\) Boyles](#); [Terry Hebble](#); [Cheryl Hasenohrl](#); [Paul Harshner](#); [Steve Harding](#); [Judy \(Hanneman\) Vasby](#); [Bob Hall](#); [Kathryn \(Hahn\) McKinney](#); [Candy \(Hagen\) Koch](#); [Gene Hafermann](#); [Ron Guernsey](#); [Ron Grundeen](#); [Capt. Roger Gray](#); [Chris Gorski](#); [Karen \(Goetzke\) Winegarden](#); [Anita Godin](#); [Mary \(Giese\) Matthews](#); [Kathleen \(Gash\) Clark](#); [Richard Frost](#); [Roger Fritz](#); [Fred Foster](#); [Michael Foley](#); [Jill \(Fletcher\) Studinski](#); [Gary Flaminio](#); [Ron & Elray \(Moberg\) Feutz](#); [Dave Ferk](#); [Darlene & John \(Zuege\) Estlund](#)  
**Subject:** Lincoln High Newsletter - 1/29/04  
**Date:** Thursday, January 29, 2004 8:52:59 PM  
**Attachments:** [Jibber pattern.xls](#)

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## *Lincoln High Newsletter*

### **E-mail address change:**

**Mary Morzinski (64) - [morzinsk.mary@uwlax.edu](mailto:morzinsk.mary@uwlax.edu)**

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Hey Editor !!!

All this talk of fish fries, and eatery opportunities, has this poor Atkins plan guy drooling!

Many of our local fish fry places now offer alternates to the usual fish fry menu. The place I go offers just fish and a tossed green salad. The batter is very light, and low carb. Extra fish are added to provide bulk to relace the normal sides you get with a fish fry. I have noticed that many eatery places in our area are starting to provide Atkins type alternatives...

**dave zach.. [dzfxdxt@yahoo.com](mailto:dzfxdxt@yahoo.com)**

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### **Reminiscences**

**I would like to recommend a book I just finished. All of you that like to reminisce would enjoy it.**

Title: **"Standing in the Rainbow"** by Fannie Flag,

author of **"Fried Green Tomatoes"**

The story takes place in a small town from the 1940's through the 1990's. Here's an excerpt you may enjoy:

Before he left to go back to the airport, Bobby decided to take a walk around town. He had not

been home since his mother's funeral all those years ago. As he walked down streets where he had once known every face he passed, there were now strangers who had no idea who he was. They thought this was their town. Streets and houses that he had once known as well as the back of his hand had all changed. He walked along his old paper route but here were strangers in the old Whatley house, strangers sitting on the porch where the Nordstroms used to live. He cut down a few alleys, which years ago had seemed twenty feet wide, and was surprised to see that they were just narrow little footpaths, lined with garbage cans. He had not remembered so much garbage. He walked by his house. He and Anna Lee had sold it a few years ago and he was glad to see it looked just about the same, only so much smaller than he remembered. Everything was much smaller. Downtown was just a block long. It had seemed so much bigger, like an entire city, as he remembered it. He stopped in front of the window of the Morgan Brothers department store and wondered how they had managed to get a winter wonderland in that little window. The barber pole was gone. Almost every business on the street was closed for good, except for the hardware store and his dad's old drugstore. The glass doors to the old Elmwood Theater were chained shut, and a poster of the last movie shown there, in '68, was dusty inside the glass frame. He stood outside on the sidewalk and stared up at it. God, he thought, the hours he had spent inside, the theater filled with screaming children and squeaking seats being flipped up and down. The green tin light sconces up the sides of the wall, a place so dark you would be blind for a few minutes as your eyes adjusted, until you could make out those little white lights on the floor by each row seats and you would head down the aisle, your feet carpeted by some wonderful soft, multicolored maroon and pink and green stuff leading you deeper into the theater, closer and closer to the big screen, where life was exciting and full of a million possibilities and dreams. He walked over and peered inside the lobby but could not see much. He did not know if it was because of the Jim Beam but as he stood there he could almost hear the large glass machine popping corn. He could taste the salty, buttery taste of that popcorn in the greasy red-and-white-striped bags. And even though the diner had closed years ago, he could still remember the tangy taste of mustard and chili on the hot dogs, washed down with bottles of ice-cold Orange Crush. And as he went by the drugstore he could taste all the root-beer floats, lemon and strawberry sodas, the banana splits, and the steaming hot fudge sundaes he had eaten over the years.

So many sounds and smells. He thought, I must be drunk. He walked back to his car and got in and sat there alone. It was fall and the leaves were just beginning to turn and a thousand new memories flooded his mind.

That time. That place. That feeling. What he would not give to get it, to find it again for a day or even an hour, but he knew it was as impossible as trying to catch smoke in your hand. How could anyone know, when he or she was living it, that they would someday look back with longing, that these would be the good old days? No one tells us, "This is the happiest you will ever be in your life." Why had he wasted so much of it dreaming about going to other places? For the first time, Bobby realized the thing he missed most in the world was gone forever and he sat there and cried like a baby. He wanted his childhood back. He wanted to go home, walk down the hall, and climb into his old bed, and wake up with his future laid out before him on a red carpet. He wanted to go back to when a day seemed to last an eternity and the field behind the house was a vast expanse that led to magic places and the swimming pool was as long and as wide as a like. When your best friend was your blood brother and all the girls though you were cute. He wondered whatever had become of the Bubble Gum King of 1949? That boy who was going to fly planes, jump freighters to Orient, be a cow boy, and do so many wonderful things.

Nothing too terrible. He had just grown up.

The book is available in paperback. There are 67 copies of the book available thru the South Central Wisconsin Library system (including Madison & Wisconsin Rapids) You can reserve a copy here:

<http://www.linkcat.info/ipac20/ipac.jsp?profile=dial#focus>

Hey! Judy's working part-time at the McMillen library! Have to drum up some business!

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**Editor's restaurant review:** Judy and I went to Misty's Menu on Hwy 13 in Saratoga for fish last Friday night. Judy had the broiled cod with french fries for \$6.95 and I had the pollock fish sandwich with clam chowder for \$4.95. The clam chowder was pretty good but the clams were very tough. Both Judy's fish and mine were **quite** overcooked and tough! French fries were very good. Coleslaw had a very interesting flavor of cucumber or watermelon. Pretty good once you got used to a flavor that you normally don't associate with coleslaw. Judy had a Diet Pepsi that she sent back because of a strange flavor. I tasted it and it didn't taste like Pepsi should taste. It was a "fountain" mix and not from a bottle or can. Would we go back? Probably, but not anytime soon.

## Do Chinese people get hungry an hour after they eat American food?

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A tribute to our Armed Forces overseas - <http://www.armedforcecontribute.com/index.php> Takes a while to load on a dial-up line.

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**Editor's note:** Want a great salmon recipe? Try this! I love it! - [http://www.salmonoftheamericas.com/fav\\_silver.html](http://www.salmonoftheamericas.com/fav_silver.html)

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**I do indeed remember my jibber!** I only had one however, it was hot pink and my older sister made it for me. Maybe that's why I remember it so vividly. I loved it. Upon seeing the note in the last newsletter, I sensed a challenge. So, off to the "leftover" yarn basket I went, found some graph paper, and about 6 hours later had recreated the jibber I remembered so vividly. I did not use angora yarn so that the stitches could be seen easier. I then transferred my scribbled graph to an Excel Spreadsheet. See the attachment for my pattern and a picture. Note: I've heard that the young girls today tie them around their heads like a head band. (Tied at the back of neck). "second time round" is so much fun !

**Patt (Kuehl) Nieman** [gunworks@wctc.net](mailto:gunworks@wctc.net)

Class of '64

**Editor's note:** The "jibber" attachment requires the Excel Spreadsheet "reader" to open it. You can download for free at:

<http://www.microsoft.com/downloads/details.aspx?FamilyID=4EB83149-91DA-4110-8595-4A960D3E1C7C&displaylang=EN>

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Regarding making jibbers:

I remember jibbers well... also nose-warmers! I used to wear both! I know of a yarn shop lady who makes them and has patterns for them. I'm not sure if she makes them to sell to others though. You'd have to ask her. Her name is Martha. She owns Martha's Yarn Emporium in Stevens Point, a real neat shop right near the college on Isadore Street. You could call her to get any

info or patterns you may need. Her sister assured me she DOES have patterns and has made them. She also has a website: [www.marthasyarnemporium.com](http://www.marthasyarnemporium.com) which has a lot of info that may help you. Her store phone number is 715-342-1911, but they are closed Sundays and Mondays. You could also e-mail her at: [martha@marthasyarnemporium.com](mailto:martha@marthasyarnemporium.com)

I hope this helps!

**June Terril** (Mike '65)

E-mail: [rybicki@wctc.net](mailto:rybicki@wctc.net)

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LENA WAS awakened from a deep sleep at two AM by her husband Ole who handed her a glass of water and two aspirins.

"What's this for?" she asked.

"It's for your headache," he muttered.

"But I don't have a headache."

"Gotcha!"

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