

From: [The Vasbys](#)
To: [Nancy \(Sabota\) Timm](#); [Don Solie](#); [Mark Suckow](#)
Subject: Lincoln High Newsletter - 5/24/07
Date: Thursday, May 24, 2007 3:58:33 PM

Lincoln High Newsletter

Linda (White) Sullivan (64) lasully@aol.com writes:

Kent:

Last week Mary (Dhein) Bauss wrote about her first job playing piano for Mrs. Haertel's dance classes. She asked if any of us remembered the ballet studio which, is why I am writing.

I took ballet lessons from Mrs. Haertel from 1952 until 1961. My sister Diane also played piano there for a couple of years oh, probably around 1953 to 1955. Our parents thought it was "special" that she was the accompanist for my solo's at the dance recitals. At the time, "special" for me would have been if my sister, and her piano, would have slipped off the stage of the Lincoln High School gym. She is 8 years older than me and life during those years, with her, was not fun. Back then, I would never have imagined that she would end up being one of the most important people in my life, let alone my best friend.

Anyway, Mary was right, Mrs. Haertel always smelled of White Shoulders perfume which to this day, my sister and I have never forgotten. I can vividly remember carrying my little blue suit case with white embossed lettering saying, "June Lee Haertel Dancing School" on it. Inside it held my leotard, ballet slippers and toe shoes along with one pair of rabbit fur toe pads and one pair made with lambs wool. All of us would come in the back door, run down the steps into the basement, change into our leotards and be ready for class exactly on time. No late comers.

Some mothers would drive their daughters to class and then sit on a folding chair during our lessons. Since my family lived, for a couple of years, in the same row of buildings that Mrs. Haertel's dance school was connected to, (house on the corner of 7th and Grand), I was always in the dance studio even when I didn't have lessons. In fact, for the first whole year after Mrs. Haertel started her school I sat over there all of the time but my parents wouldn't let me take lessons. Finally, Mrs. Haertel spoke to my mother and told her she might as well let me take lessons because I was there all of the time anyway. So my mother conceded. I can honestly say only one persons mother remains in my mind today as a Mom who always sat there gleefully watching her daughter. That was Mrs. Rued, Elaine (Rued) Dix's mother. She always had the dearest sweetest smile on her face as she'd sit there, with her purse on her lap, having what seemed to be the best time of her life.



Enclosed is an old photo I ran across recently which was taken during one of our recitals. The only person, besides myself, that I am sure of in the photo is Martha Pomainville. She is pictured on the left, yours truly on the right. I think maybe the girl at the top is Donna Virginski. I have no clue as to who the other girl is. If anyone can I.D. her I'd appreciate it. I'm also not sure what year this picture was taken; guessing I'll say 1957.

From: Chris Gorski karma@karma-inc.com
Subject: My 1st Job

Hi Kent:

Meant to get this off to you last week.

My 1st job was as a sub on a paper route. I think I must have been 10 years old because I had gotten a brand new Hercules skinny wheel 3 speed "racing" bike that year and I used it on the route. I can't remember who I sub'd for, but I do remember what a reality check the experience was. I started right after Christmas delivering the daily Tribune and then a Sunday morning paper, don't remember if it was the Milw Journal or not, all I remember is that the Sunday paper was really fat.

My route was on the West side of the Rapids including some downtown Main Street locations. I think the count was around 30 on weekdays and almost that many Sunday papers.

The 1st problem I encountered was trying to ride a skinny wheel bike thru snow with a 20 to 30 lb bag of papers slung over the front handle bars, resting on the front fender. Most of the time I had to push my bike until half the load was gone, then if there wasn't too much snow or if it wasn't to slippery, I could ride it for the rest of the stops. The real challenge was on Sundays because, depending on how many fliers were in the paper, the bag got so heavy that I needed help lifting it up and over my handle bars. I remember numerous times that the bag was so heavy that it collapsed my front fender onto the front wheel, forcing me to take half a load first, make the deliveries and come back and load up the balance. About a month into the job, whoever hired me as their sub quit, and the route was permanently mine. Being a good little Catholic boy, I accepted the responsibility, didn't complain, and struggled every day with that route until Little League practice started. I then had a respectable reason to quit the route. The moneythough, was good. I think about \$20.00 a month, and by Spring, I still had money left over after replacing the dented and bent front fender and bald front tire on my bike.

Wow! Good response to the first time job question. For me, I remember being quite young, say 12+/- and having pissed off my Mom. I don't remember what I had done but she thought a little manual labor would do me good. She took me to the King Henry's parking lot early one summer morning where a bus picked up a load of folks of various ages to pick beans. I think this had some connection to Sampson's Canning Co.? I picked beans all day and when it came time to weigh out at something like \$.03/lb, I had earned \$1.29 Ed: 40#'s of beans was a lot of beans!

Roger Fritz FRITZCAT11@YAHOO.COM

Don Wylie don.wylie@ssec.wisc.edu writes:

My favorite teacher was Mr. Wagoner in math - crew cut with the bow tie. His trigonometry was one of the most useful course I've ever had. He also had some catchy sayings to help us remember stuff like chief "Soak a toe ah" for which side of a triangle is divide by the other in trig functions. Also say "Pair ah bow lah" to spell parabola.

Mr. Geotzke's American Problems also was great. We all did the "hour talks" in that one. I took Political Science in college expecting another great experience was very disappointed because it was all B.S. where as Mr. Geotzke was always discussing something interesting. Does anyone remember his description of the Outdoor Drive in - Passion Pit?

Also Mrs. Broker in English. I must have been a challenge since it was a lesser subject in my grade school. Mrs. Broker gave me

a lot of extra help. I got nailed for tossing a girls purse out her window. When some very observant teacher quickly came to her room to point out who the villan was, she looked at me and said "Don, I've got you now." I wasn't sent to detention. I got to do my time in her class after school where she tutored me on basic sentence structure. I really needed it too.

Ken, you've awakened my old brain cells. Our freshman year we had an old boy's gym teacher, Mr. Torresani. He was an icon at LHS that taught many classmate's parrents. One night at the Blackhawk Ski Club I met Libby Torresani, a 10 year old girl. I asked if she had any relatives in Rapids, and she didn't know. It turned out she's Mr. Torresani's great granddaughter. She's now teenager in gymnastics. Her Dad, Mark, also runs a biathlon (cross country skiing and rifle shooting) program at Blackhawk. So if anyone wants to try the biathlon, come over and see Mark Torresani (who's as nice as his grandfather).

Chuck Hinners is sending you a lot about some of the LHS coaches.

One thing that I remember is the last week Buck Nystrom coached football. We had snow on the ground and I wore a pile of sweatshirts to prevent freezing.

As we waited for the coaches to start practice on Monday night Mick Walters was speculating "what's Bucky going to wear?" Then out strode Bucky with his Michigan State letter jacket, in shorts, no hat or gloves or sweat pants, and dragging his whistle. We were kicked into high gear so we didn't get cold, but practice lasted past 6 pm that night.

We moved onto the field under the

lights to schrimage. The cold numbed my arms so I couldn't feel the bruises, we thought that was neat. The assistant coaches wrapped towels on their heads and were freezing their buns off. But Bucky was full of fire as usual not showing

any problem with the weather. He truly lead by example.

Too bad that our bad season got him fired. While the Bucky was firey tough he also was nice guy to talk to and a great motivator.

don wylie

Chuck Hinners chuck@crgfinancialconsulting.com writes:

Carl "Buck" Nystrom played at Michigan State for Duffy Daugherty. Graduated in 1955. Then he was an assistant coach at Colorado in the early 60s. A recruiting scandal in which Head Coach

Sonny Grandelius allegedly used a slush fund to lure prospects resulted in the whole staff getting sacked.

Out went Buck and he fetched up in Rapids with his "Buck Truck" with the Michigan license plate

He was fired after one year and an 0-8 record, by a gutless school board, allegedly for being too hard on the players. His luck would change. Rapids loss, North Dakota State's gain.

Buck went to North Dakota State as the line coach and was able to recruit a lot of Wisconsin guys to play for NDSU. Among them was Steve Krumrei (AHS 66) who starred in three sports at NDSU and was and All-American in football and baseball. Both Steve and Buck are in the NDSU Hall of Fame. The link announces that Buck's son, Kyle was just named assistant head coach at NDSU.

http://www.gobison.com/ViewArticle.dbml?SPSID=11850&SPID=695&DB_OEM_ID=2400&ATCLID=248784

Other Bison with Wisconsin roots were Jim Ferge of DC Everest (65), Bruce Grasamke of Wausau Newman (67), Bob Hyland of Assumption (66) and Tyrone Braxton of Madison Memorial who played for the Denver Broncos for 13 years.

Larry Scheibach was a graduate of Oshkosh and taught history during his 2 year stay at LHS. He preceded many of his sentences with the prepositional phrase "When I was in college..." Scheibach was like a

big kid. He would romp around the practice field, sometimes in street shoes since he couldn't wait to get to practice. He carried a clipboard everywhere. He whacked all of his players on the helmet with the clipboard, flat side first. If you took your helmet off, you caught the clipboard's corner on your temple.

Scheibach left coaching for business. What goes around comes around, if a generation later.

Larry married Penelope Bucher and they had two sons Brian and Mark. Both were excellent golfers and Mark matriculated at Wisconsin as a freshman in 1991. He red shirted and had to put up with me for five years.

This was during my tenure as assistant golf coach. I did all the traveling with the team. Mark was a member of the 1993 and 1994 teams that won Big 10 Championships.

Roger Harring showed up at LHS in August of 1963. He came to Rapids from Ladysmith. Tom Parsons and I used to be on the lookout for Harring's brown woody wagon. It was a late 50s Fairlane station wagon with the license number K-13-602. Harring wanted his players to run or jog everywhere, so we had to pay attention when we were walking. More than once we ran away from other kids we were walking with to show Harring that we were in training.

Harring had a style that was more soft-spoken than Nystrom, but he was successful in getting Rapids back in the winning football tradition. He left Rapids in 1969 to coach at LaCrosse where he won 261 football games in 31 seasons. He is a member of the College Football Hall of Fame.

Jack Cepek came to Rapids in 1959. He was hired as a gym teacher at Howe and Mead Schools. He was 26 years old and fresh out of the Navy. Jack went on to a distinguished career at Lincoln. He coached the LHS baseball team in 1963, and was an assistant basketball and football coach from 1962 until he took over as head basketball coach for Dale Rheel in 1965. In his first year he led the Raiders to the state finals where they lost to Milwaukee Lincoln 75-62. Milwaukee Lincoln was led by Fred Brown who played for Iowa and Seattle in the NBA and Clarence Sherrod who played for Wisconsin. Perhaps the best player on the Lincoln team was John Rushing according to Sherrod who is retiring as legal counsel of the Madison School Board later this year. Despite all of the Milwaukee Lincoln firepower, Cepek's team never gave up. Only a fourth quarter blitz led by Rushing and Brown enable the Milwaukee team to win the game.

Cepek was inducted into the Wisconsin Basketball Coaches Hall of Fame in 2002.

All of these guys were coaches who led by example. They did not accept any excuses or bullshit. There were no mulligans. They saw black and white, just like it is out there!

They didn't play favorites. Neither do I. They can all share some credit for whatever good qualities I might have and take blame for none of my many faults.

hinnners

Mr. Gatti because he was creepy, had long yellow fingernails and I think slammed Hinnners up against some lockers.....gross!

Susan Rice Hammel rohammel@myxmail.net

Candy Caylor Klorkatz@aol.com writes:

If you went to Howe School how can you forget Miss Pitch ? Not only did she teach math--- my most hated and worst subject of all time in any form--- she taught my mother! She seemed ancient and really came from the "old school" when it came to teaching and discipline. I'm sure if you are honest, she literally could scared the Hell out of you. However, when the Brave's were in the World Series against those hated Yankees,she allowed us to listen to some of the games on our transister radios [you remember those, don't you?] She was a great baseball fan so, she couldn't be all bad? There were many other "unforgettable" teachers for a lot of different reasons, but she does stand out. On the other hand, because I loved phy ed I really liked our Howe school phy ed teacher, Miss Krueger.

Gene Hafermann genehafermann@charter.net writes:

In high school, my favorite teachers were Mr. Winters - American History ... because he made the subject interesting (I was actually in his class when JFK was shot) and Coach Cleworth because he made choir fun and I learned a lot about music and performing from him. Sports wise, Coach Cepek was my favorite. I probably learned the most related to my career from Alice Hayward - English. I really didn't like her, but I learned a lot from her - especially about writing. And there's a whole other story about her and me that I will recount in another newsletter.

Least favorite would have to be Mr. Carlson - Physics. In today's environment he would most certainly have been in big trouble for sexual harassment.

Marcia Ziarko writes:

Okay you red-blooded Americans... let's see how you do on this test:

Very interesting questions. How well would you do if you took the citizenship test. Try this out - educational and fun. 24 out of 30 is considered a passing grade. Supposedly 96% of all High School seniors FAILED this test...AND if that's not bad enough, 50+% of all individuals over 50 did too!!, and we

**WONDER why America 's in the shape she's in?
Go to the link below.
Take the test and be surprised at what we don't know.**
|At: <http://games.toast.net/independence/>

From: Dent, Richard

I thought this was marvelous. Hope it is enjoyed by all.

God bless,

richard

Subject: Getting Old!!!!

An elderly gentleman had serious hearing problems for a number of years.

He went to the doctor and the doctor was able to have him fitted for a set of hearing aids that allowed the gentleman to hear 100%.

The elderly gentleman went back in a month to the doctor and the doctor said, "Your hearing is perfect.. Your family must be really pleased that you can hear again."

The gentleman replied, "Oh, I haven't told my family yet. I just sit around and listen to the conversations. I've changed my will three times!"

Two elderly gentlemen from a retirement center were sitting on a bench under a tree when one turns to the other and says: "Slim, I'm 83 years old now and I'm just full of aches and pains. I know you're about my age. How do you feel?"

Slim says, "I feel just like a new-born baby."

"Really!? Like a new-born baby!?"

"Yep. No hair, no teeth, and I think I just wet my pants.

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An elderly couple had dinner at another couple's house, and after eating, the wives left the table and went into the kitchen.

The two gentlemen were talking, and one said, "Last night we went out to a new restaurant and it was really great. I would recommend it very highly.

The other man said, "What is the name of the restaurant?"

The first man thought and thought and finally said, "What is the name of that flower you give to someone you love? You know... the one that's red and has thorns."

"Do you mean a rose?"

"Yes, that's the one," replied the man. He then turned towards the kitchen and yelled, "Rose, what's the name of that restaurant we went to last night?"

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Hospital regulations require a wheelchair for patients being discharged.

However, while working as a student nurse, I found one elderly gentleman--already dressed and sitting on the bed with a suitcase at his feet--who insisted he didn't need my help to leave the hospital.

After a chat about rules being rules, he reluctantly let me wheel him to the elevator. On the way down I asked him if his wife was meeting him.

"I don't know," he said. "She's still upstairs in the bathroom changing out of her hospital gown."

Couple in their nineties are both having problems remembering things. During a check-up, the doctor tells them that they're physically okay, but they might want to start writing things down to help them remember.

Later that night, while watching TV, the old man gets up from his chair.

"Want anything while I'm in the kitchen?" he asks.

"Will you get me a bowl of ice cream?"

"Sure."

"Don't you think you should write it down so you can remember it?" she asks.

"No, I can remember it."

"Well, I'd like some strawberries on top, too. Maybe you should write it down, so's not to forget it?"

He says, "I can remember that. You want a bowl of ice cream with strawberries."

"I'd also like whipped cream. I'm certain you'll forget that, write it down?" she asks.

Irritated, he says, "I don't need to write it down, I can remember it! Ice cream with strawberries and whipped cream - I got it, for goodness sake!"

Then he toddles into the kitchen.

After about 20 minutes, the old man returns from the kitchen and hands his wife a plate of bacon and eggs.

She stares at the plate for a moment.

"Where's my toast?"

A senior citizen said to his eighty-year old buddy: "So I hear you're getting married?"

"Yep!"

"Do I know her?"

"Nope!"

"This woman, is she good looking?"

"Not really."

"Is she a good cook?"

"Naw, she can't cook too well."

"Does she have lots of money?"

"Nope! Poor as a church mouse."

"Well, then, is she good in bed?"

"I don't know."

"Why in the world do you want to marry her then?"

"Because she can still drive!"

Three old guys are out walking.

First one says, "Windy, isn't it?"

Second one says, "No, it's Thursday!"

Third one says, "So am I. Let's go get a beer."

A man was telling his neighbour, "I just bought a new hearing aid. It cost me four thousand pounds, but it's state of the art It's perfect."

"Really," answered the neighbour. "What kind is it?"

"Twelve thirty."

Morris, an 82 year-old man, went to the doctor to get a physical. A few days later, the doctor saw Morris walking down the street with a gorgeous young woman on his arm. A couple of days later, the doctor spoke to Morris and said, "You're really doing great, aren't you?"

Morris replied, "Just doing what you said, Doc: 'Get a hot mamma and be cheerful.'"

The doctor said, "I didn't say that. I said, 'You've got a heart murmur; be careful.'"

A little old man shuffled slowly into an ice cream parlor and pulled himself slowly, painfully, up onto a stool. After catching his breath he orders a banana split.

The waitress asked kindly, "Crushed nuts?"

"No," he replied, "Arthritis."

Quote of the Year

"The American Indians found out what happens when you don't control immigration."