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Sent: Thursday, June 8, 2017 3:10 PM
To: Undisclosed-Recipient;;
Subject: Lincoln High Newsletter - 6/8/17

LINCOLN HIGH NEWSLETTER

This week's topics:

1. Do you have a question about the Rapids or school that you'd like an answer to?
2. Your memories of Herschlebs
3. What are one or two of the things on your "bucket list?"
4. Did you ever buy too much of something just because it was on sale?
5. Do you find you're asking yourself, like I do, is it Alzheimer's or just old age?
6. Does your mind have a mind of its own?
7. Did/do you belong to any clubs?
8. What are you good at?
6. Who was the class clown of your high school class? Why?
10. Whatever else.

and responses:

Dick Trudeau LHS '64

Herschleb's -- It was only a couple blocks from our house. I still remember what we paid for malts and shakes in the late 1950's: 15 cents for 3 scoops of ice cream, 20 cents for 4 scoops, and a quarter for 5 scoops. Although, if I had a nickel to burn I usually spent it on baseball cards. I remember the shotgun the owner hung over the doorway. He labeled it "hare remover." I remember the dairy a couple blocks from Herschleb's. It was either Glebke's or Fisher's Dairy. On our way home from Robinson Park after our neighborhood baseball games, we'd stop at the dairy and purchase small glass bottles of chocolate milk or orange drink for 2 cents. They would make us drink it on the premises and return the bottles. We could get a heck of a belly ache for less than a dime. Couldn't do that at Herschleb's.

Bucket list -- New Zealand and Washington DC. I'm a history buff and ashamed to say I've not visited the Smithsonian and all the monuments etc. associated with our country's history.

Clubs -- A number of wildlife organizations, motorcycle and gun clubs.

What am I good at -- Being humble.

Toni Weller Olsen - LHS '64

2. Memories of the Rapids -- Lilacs all over town blooming in the spring, 4th of July fireworks at Witter Field, malted milk shakes at Herschleb's when I was growing up a few blocks away, playing at Robinson Park in summer, ice skating at Witter Field, church bells on Sunday mornings, that pretty Episcopal church on Grand Avenue across from the post office, going to Woolworth's on West Grand to buy five-and-dime stuff. I could think of more, but these popped into my head fast.

Pete Smullen

3. What are one or two of the things on your "bucket list?"

Just this week, I added a new item to my bucket list. I found out that Nutella has just opened the first Nutella Cafe in in the United States, and it is in Chicago.

I don't normally allow Nutella in the house as I am absolutely addicted to this elixir of the gods. I see it, I eat it.

You can read all about the cafe here: <https://chicago.eater.com/2017/5/22/15676730/nutella-cafe-chicago-photos>

Kaaren (Berg) Brehmer

I am making a really wild guess that I have the most memories of Herschleb's!!!



A lot of good memories and a lot that are not so good. We still have people ask us when we are going to re-open. We tell them that after 12 years of retirement we have gotten smart enough to not even think about it. Our daughter recently noticed that the window air conditioning unit in the factory room had fallen out. She took the opportunity to look in and snap a couple of pictures. I was surprised to see that a sign I had posted was still there. It was made of super durable tag board and marker. The rest was too sad to even think about. The neglect of the present owner really shows. That said, we are really enjoying our retirement. The best part is being able to spend our summers in Boulder Junction in our very own place.

Bill Hartley

First, let me thank you, Kent, for coming up with interesting, thought provoking topic suggestions every week. I'm sure you are bringing out some responses you would not see otherwise. Keep up the good work. We appreciate you.

2. Herschleb's: I loved that place! When I was young, my mom and dad and I would visit there frequently, often at the drive-in for ice cream cones to-go. Then we'd just go for a leisurely drive around town to eat them. They had the best ice cream!

Later, as I got older, we would frequent the counter stools and scarf up floats, malts, sundaes, or whatever else was cool at the time. It was also a great hamburger joint, too. I remember visiting the dining room they opened up later on for lunch.

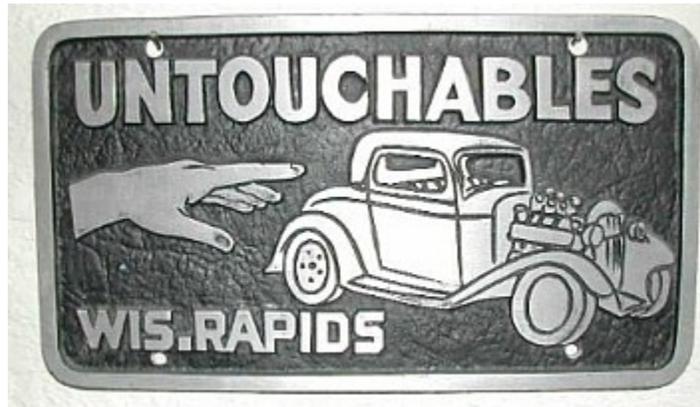
The picture you picked is especially meaningful to me, as I had one of those late 90s land yacht Buick Roadmaster wagons with the wood grain sides for a while.



I took mine on a trip out Route 66 through Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona in 2010. They were awesome vehicles, getting 25 to 26 MPG regularly on the highway. The last of the great highway cruisers.



Clubs: I belonged to the Untouchables Car Club for several years during and after high school. At the time, there were three car clubs in Rapids -- us, the Creepers, and the Eliminators. Often we would have club activities together, and representatives would attend each other's meetings to learn of event plans and coordinate efforts.



We were about safety and helping other motorists, mostly. We had "courtesy cards" we would give to anyone we assisted along the road. In those days, cars (and especially tires) weren't as reliable as they are today, so flat tires and dead batteries, flooded carburetors, etc. were fairly common. We would always stop if we saw someone in need of help. I think it was partly to help improve the image of hot rodders in the community, and partly because we enjoyed helping people.

We would have drag races from time to time--race from a stop to the end of a quarter mile. At first, it started out on a county road alone, then later with someone from law enforcement demonstrating their radar equipment at the end of the quarter mile, giving us our speed. As we progressed, we organized club trips to the real drag strip in Anoka, Minnesota, just North of Minneapolis.

Then the track at Kaukauna opened, and that cut our travel distance in half. Long about that time, we acquired a "club car" -- a Henry J coupe, into which we put a Chevy engine over at John Sawaska's dad's concrete plant. Ron Dykstra would tow that to the strips with his big 1958 Oldsmobile. We never won anything with it, but we had a great time and learned a lot.

I think the car club experience was one of the most valuable of my youth. So many lessons were learned about teamwork, getting along with and helping others, sharing the glory, fixing and "souping up" cars, and just life in general in the Untouchables.

