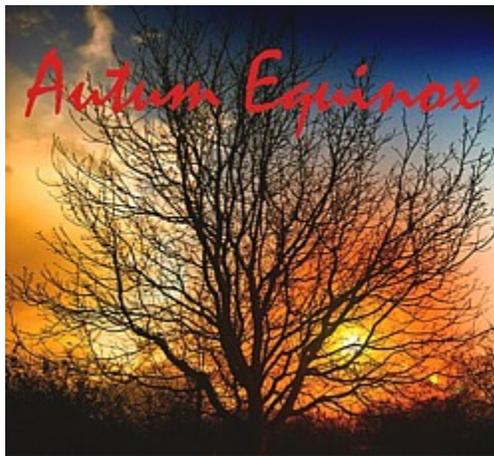

From: The Vasbys <kvasby@smallbytes.net>
Sent: Thursday, September 22, 2016 3:08 PM
To: Undisclosed-Recipient;;
Subject: Lincoln High Newsletter - 9/22/16

LINCOLN HIGH NEWSLETTER



Responses to previous topics:

Sandy Beyer

Still can tomatoes and home made salsa. The store bought stuff just doesn't taste as good.

My first daughter's name, Monea, came to me in a dream. Never had heard the name before or after for that matter.

Lots of times I'd like to relive if I knew then what I know now.

Thanks for all your hard work on the newsletter. I really enjoy it

Bill Severson

I remember the Ed Gein story like many others. Being so close to Wis Rapids was a big deal . Our father was always a curious guy so I remember him driving past the farm to see what was up. The trip, however, was not a big deal because someone decided to burn the place down before he got there.

This week's topics:

1. What were the "goofy" dances we did in the 50's and 60's?
2. How did you celebrate your 18th birthday? Go to a beer bar?
 3. Who did you walk or ride with to school?
 4. Still got any 33/45/78 records? What are they?
 5. Gals, ever get an orchid corsage? Who from?
6. Got a medical condition and you'd like to get another opinion from the readers?
 7. Ever get food from a "roach coach"?
 8. Ever sell a literary or artistic work?
9. Ever have a serious car crash and get injured? How did it happen?
10. Anything else you'd care to write about.

and responses:

Pete Smullen

4. Still got any 33/45/78 records? What are they? -- Interesting you should ask now. I have stored my albums for a long time, but just a month ago, I started selling them on eBay. I've been moderately successful. My oldest is a Pat Boone album titled "Stardust" which dates from 1958. My favorite is probably "Louie Louie" by the Kingsmen from 1963.

7. Ever get food from a "roach coach"? -- I worked at "Electric Boat" (EB) in Groton, Connecticut for over ten years. EB had only one product: nuclear submarines. When I first started, EB employed 23,500 people at that location. There were 5,000 people in design & engineering, who were almost entirely first shift folk. The other 18,500 worked in the shipyard, and approximately half of those also worked first shift. On an average day shift, there were almost 15,000 people at work.

A large two-lane public road separated design & engineering buildings from the shipyard. At about 11:15, the street vendors would start to arrive. By 11:29, there were about 300 roach coaches lining both sides of the street for several blocks. At exactly 11:30, the shipyard gates opened and thousands of workers streamed onto the street, each lining up their favorite roach. The street was jammed, but every one was well behaved, although boisterous. No car dared challenge that throng.

At exactly noon, the shipyard gates closed, so at about 11:59 there was a stampede to get back inside. That's when the engineers and designers came out, at a little more relaxed pace as no one was going to close a gate on the clock.

The food? If it was less than great, that vendor would not survive, as there were too many other vendors eager for their business.

Choices? Every available option you can imagine. Daily you had a choice of German, Italian, Vietnamese, Mexican, British (can you say bangers and mash?), along with deli sandwiches, steaks, fish, lobsters, pizza, hamburgers and hot dogs. They were all terrific.

I frequented quite a few vendors. However, being from Wisconsin, I had my favorite at least once a week: brats. Johnsonville brats. Bill butterflied each brat, grilled it over a hot grill, and then, when it looked perfect--slightly charred on the surface with the fat oozing out--he would grab it with tongs and thrust it into hot oil for about ten seconds, then

serve it with sauerkraut. Man, was that good. I figured more than once per week and my arteries would surely clog within the year.

Renee Flaminio

1. Stroll - Hand Jive - Locomotion - Twist - Mashed Potatoes - Monster Mash - Swim The Freddy - Hully Gully - Lindy Hop - Steve Harding - I am sure you can come up with some more! Brings back great memories!
 2. Had a party at Duck Island in Wausau, WI
 3. My sister and I road the city bus to Wausau Senior High
 4. I cannot even begin to remember all of the 45's and 33's that Tiny has. If he were still with us, Tiny would have no problem telling you all the different artists. Beatles - Temptations - Al Hirt - Bee Gee's - Four Seasons - Rod Stewart - The Supremes
-

Lynn DeLong

1. What were the "goofy" dances we did in the 50's and 60's? At Mead, 7th and 8th grade teachers were great about teaching us basic ballroom steps. My brother was four years older and he and his girlfriends taught me rock and roll steps. As we entered the 1960's, many new dances came out that were connected with new artists, such as Chubby Checker and "The Twist," "Pony Time," and "Limbo Rock." There was also the Stomps and the Strolls. Working at the YMCA gave me a chance to learn new steps before the next dances. At the State Fair, I was an escort to Miss Wisconsin and Alice in Dairyland and other dignitaries; these special ladies helped me learn the popular ballroom steps.

2. How did you celebrate your 18th birthday? I thinked I worked the weekend and did not go to the beer bar?

4. Still got any 33/45/78 records? Yes. What are they? Too many to list.

9. Ever have a serious car crash and get injured? On Jan 12 2009, a drunk driver coming from a drug deal gone wrong (her boyfriend was shot and they were fleeing from there). She drove through Police radar at 89 mph and t-boned the driver's side of my car (\$16,500 damage to car and \$300,000 damage to me).

Letter to the Editor

Chuck Hetze

Kent, I would like to inform you that my mother (Ruth Hetze) died on the 20 day of September. She was 96 years old. Services pending.

Remembering Mom's Clothesline.

THE BASIC RULES FOR CLOTHESLINES: (If you don't even know what clotheslines are, better skip this.)

1. You had to hang the socks by the toes... NOT the top.
2. You hung pants by the BOTTOM/cuffs... NOT the waistbands.
3. You had to WASH the clothesline(s) before hanging any clothes - Walk the entire length of each line with a damp cloth around the lines.

4. You had to hang the clothes in a certain order, and always hang "whites" with "whites," and hang them first.
5. You NEVER hung a shirt by the shoulders - always by the tail! What would the neighbors think?
6. Wash day on a Monday! NEVER hang clothes on the weekend, or on Sunday, for Heaven's sake!
7. Hang the sheets and towels on the OUTSIDE lines so you could hide your "unmentionables" in the middle (perverts & busybodies, y'know!)
8. It didn't matter if it was sub-zero weather... Clothes would "freeze-dry."
9. ALWAYS gather the clothes pins when taking down dry clothes! Pins left on the lines were "tacky"!
10. If you were efficient, you would line the clothes up so that each item did not need two clothes pins, but shared one of the clothes pins with the next washed item.
11. Clothes off of the line before dinner time, neatly folded in the clothes basket, and ready to be ironed. IRONED??!! Well, that's a whole OTHER subject!

And now a POEM...

A clothesline was a News Forecast, to neighbors passing by,
 there were no secrets you could keep, when clothes were hung to dry.
 It also was a friendly link, for neighbors always knew
 if company had stopped on by, to spend a night or two.

For then you'd see the "fancy sheets", and towels upon the line;
 you'd see the "company table cloths", with intricate designs.
 The line announced a baby's birth, from folks who lived inside,
 as brand new infant clothes were hung, so carefully with pride!

The ages of the children could, so readily be known
 by watching how the sizes changed,
 You'd know how much they'd grown!
 It also told when illness struck, as extra sheets were hung;
 Then nightclothes, and a bathrobe too, haphazardly were strung.
 It also said, "On vacation now", when lines hung limp and bare.
 It told, "We're back!" when full lines sagged, with not an inch to spare!
 New folks in town were scorned upon, if wash was dingy and gray,
 as neighbors carefully raised their brows, And looked the other way.

But clotheslines now are of the past, For dryers make work much less.
 Now what goes on inside a home, Is anybody's guess!
 I really miss that way of life, It was a friendly sign
 When neighbors knew each other best... By what hung on the line.