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Lincoln High Newsletter

Susan (Rice) Hammel Gourmay@myxmail.net writes:

The Rice's would make the trek to Ishpeming, Michigan for Christmas each year. My maternal grandmother's house was grand!

A big staircase that we would anxiously descend in anticipation of what was under the tree. All the relatives would come and we would have gifts and dinner and a wonderful time.

My favorite gifts were always from one aunt and uncle, Blanche and Roy. They were "well traveled" in those days and did their Christmas shopping in Chicago. Probably the best one ever was a jewelry box with a dancing ballerina inside.....after opening and eating we would drive 10 miles to my other grandma's in Negaunee for more food, gifts and fun. She always had "pop" in glass bottles in the basement that were such a treat....strawberry!

It was usually bad weather and it took us a long time to get there so we would stop in Green Bay at McDonald's for lunch and Richard and I would have a contest to see who could make their French fries last the longest. Needless to say they were cold and gross by the time they were finally gone.

My grandpa Rice would put his tie around his neck to the back so he wouldn't spill gravy on it and when it was time for pie my grandma would say, "Garfield, we have apple, pumpkin and raisin pie, which kind would you like?" and he would say "yes, please".

Happy Holidays to everyone!

Susan and Ron Hammel

Nancy (Porter) Huisman huismann@bellsouth.net writes:

Kent and Judy,

First off hope you both have a great Christmas and santa is good to you both and your families.

Christmas was always a big deal for us. Linda(my sister) and my dad would always go to the woods and pick out a tree and bring it home. On the way they would decide whether it was going to be a regular green tree or if they would flock the tree with artificial snow. Mother and I would get all of the ornaments out and have that all ready, then we would all decorate the tree together. But the best fun was prior to christmas ,when Linda and I figured out where they hid some of our stuff. One year dad had made a rocking horse with a black braid and he was a black and white paint horse. One of us would sit on the top step and the other one would ride him awhile then we took turns, crawl space behind the furnace they thought was somewhere we would never look ha! We found a couple of great dolls there that yr and we played with them for at least a month before Christmas, and we were the most excited kids cuz we got to play with them for real after Christmas.EXCEPT when we opened them and Linda says oh I have yours I want the one with the blond hair. My parents about craoked. And of COURSE asked how she new one had blond hair and she blurted out that she liked playing with that one cuz it had blue eyes like her. Needless to say we never found stuff after that , think dad hid it in the attic. We always had one special gift from Dad ...perfume. he always picked out our perfume and we all had different kinds. He said mine was easy ,he knew I liked the spice

smells because I always used his old spice when I ran out of perfume of my own (I still like the smell of old spice). He finally figured it out when it was empty and he knew he hadn't used that much. :)We always had a christmas eve buffet at the house and friends and relatives were invited , we still do that to this day with some of the the same foods we had way back.

We used to go to my grandparents house for christmas dinner in Merrill(Irma) and grandpa always had the horses and sleigh set up to take rides in after dinner, we always made the big loop through the hills and the woods and then to tug lake to ice skate for awhile. Then back to the house and grandma used to make these incredibly big fat gingerbread cookies and sugar cookies. I have her recipies and use them to this day. Christmas was always exciting and busy and mysterious, my dad used to hide things and always bought mother something red , one year he forgot where he hid her present and Linda and I said wheres the thing you hid for mom and we told him where it was. We could find anything. We have kept some of the old traditions and Linda has kept some I didn't , we each have our own ,ours is the charlie brown christmas tree and I have the original star that is some 20 yrs old . and it MUSTgo up every yr. It has paper chains and hand made snow flakes and play dough ornaments the kids made and of course the tin foil star. plus it really is the stragliest and best looking tree there is. No tree stand just the crossed boards and its real , the tree dealers look at you like you have truly lost your mind when you buy the tree,(they usually end up giving it to you). now Josh and Reilly expect the tree also. Great fun second time around.

We wish everyone a merry christmas and a happy new year.

Nancy (Porter)Huisman

Kent,

What happened to Herschleb's dairy? I understand they went out of business and sold off everything in the building. I was shocked to see it empty and for sale on a recent trip thru town. Maybe you can shed some light on this.

Thanks,

Jim Nickel jnickel206@aol.com

"Kathy Gotter" gotterkl@sbcglobal.net

Sends this:

You will love the ending.....

Tom finally decides to take a vacation. He books himself on a Caribbean cruise and proceeds to have the time of his life - until the boat sank.

He found himself swept up on the shore of an island with no other people, no supplies... Nothing. Only bananas and coconuts.

After about four months, he is lying on the beach one day when the most gorgeous woman he has ever seen rows up to him. In disbelief,
he asks her, "Where did you come from? How did you get here?"

"I rowed over from the other side of the island," she says. "I landed here when my cruise ship sank."

"Amazing," he says. "You were really lucky to have a rowboat wash up with you."

"Oh, this?" replies the woman. "I made the rowboat out of raw material found on the island. I whittled the oars from gum tree branches; I wove the bottom from palm branches; and the sides and stern came from a Eucalyptus tree."

"But ... but .. that's impossible," stutters Tom. "You had no tools or hardware. How did you manage?"

"Oh, no problem," replies the woman. "On the South side of the island, there is a very unusual strata of alluvial rock exposed. I found if I fired it to a certain temperature in my kiln, it melted into forgeable ductile iron. I used that for tools and used the tools to make the hardware." Tom is stunned.

"Let's row over to my place," she says.

After a few minutes of rowing, she docks the boat at a small wharf.

As Tom looks onto shore, he nearly falls out of the boat. Before him is a stone walk leading to an exquisite bungalow painted in blue and white. While the woman ties up the rowboat with an expertly woven hemp rope, he can only stare ahead, dumbstruck.

As they walk into the house, she says casually, "It's not much, but I call it home. Sit down, please. Would you like to have a drink?"

"No, no thank you," he says, still dazed. "Can't take any more coconut juice."

"It's not coconut juice," the woman replies. "I built a still. How about a Pina Colada?"

Trying to hide his continued amazement, he accepts, and they sit down on her hand-woven couch to talk. After they have exchanged their stories, the woman announces, "I'm going to slip into something more comfortable. Would you like to take a shower and shave? There is a razor upstairs in the cabinet in the bathroom."

No longer questioning anything, Tom goes into the bathroom. There, in the cabinet, is a razor made from a bone handle. Two shells honed to a hollow-ground edge are fastened on to its end inside of a swivel mechanism. "WOW! This woman is amazing," he muses, "what next?"

When he returns, she greets him wearing 'nothing but vines' strategically positioned, and smelling faintly of gardenias. She beckons for him to sit down next to her.

"Tell me," she begins suggestively, slithering closer to him, "We've been out here for a really long time. I know you've been lonely. There's something I'm sure you really feel like doing right now, something you've been longing for all these months. You know..."

She stares into his eyes. He can't believe what he's hearing!

"You mean ...", he swallows excitedly, "We can watch the Packer game from here?"