

From: [The Vasbys](#)
To: [:](#)
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Lincoln High Newsletter

Editor's note: There will be NO newsletter next week. Judy and I will be attending a Methodist Church "Archives & History" conference in Winona, MN.

This week's topic: Remembering the 4th in Wis Rapids.

We went to the fireworks here in Minocqua last night and were reminiscing about watching fireworks as a kid. I remember taking a blanket to Witter Field and lying on the ground to watch the fireworks over our heads. I remember them as very pretty but way too loud for my ears! It was also fun to see the "grunder displays" with flags, animals, etc. We don't have those in Minocqua!

Happy summer to all. I think it is finally here!

Sue Peaslee Schulte sueschulte3@yahoo.com

Sue (Christensen) Weimer sjweimer09@gmail.com writes:

My very first date was on the 4th of July with a boy I had met while spending lots of time at the White Sand beach on Lake Wazeecha. We double dated with friends who had a car and went to the Carnival at Witter Field. We had a great time until it started to rain. I remember that it rained because when I got wet, my red- Red Raider sweatshirt turned my white shorts pink---embarrassing! I had to be home by 10:00pm. because after all I was only 14 years old! (almost 15)

Every 4th of July as far back as I can remember, the neighborhood got together for a picnic. Most of the time it was at the little grocery store down the street from our house. As usual there was lots of people and lots of food. The kids got together and played softball or went to the beach. I remember going to watch the fireworks that were shot off over Lake Wazeecha back then. We had a big old inboard motor boat that leaked and didn't run very well. My Dad worked on it until he got it running and then we would pile as many people as possible in the boat and go down the lake to where they were shooting off the fireworks. I remember the colors were only red, green, blue, white---nothing fancy like they are today. Needless to say, when my Dad started the motor to head for home, it wouldn't start. We never did get a round trip motor boat ride in that boat. Guess that was part of the fun of it---the challenge to see if "this trip" it would start!

This 4th of July my husband Paul and I sat out on the driveway and watched the fireworks. Guess the crowds aren't as appealing as they use to be. Is that a sign?

Dave Zach dzfxdxt@yahoo.com writes:

Over the weekend I recieved an email from the IRS. In the letter it stated that there was a problem with my tax return, and that I needed to send them identification documentation. This looked way wrong to me. I took the letter to my tax preparer for confirmation, and sure enough it was a fake. Obviously an attempt at identity theft. I was told this morning that the IRS **DOES NOT** use email to notify you of a problem. They will use the US mail, or if that fails, they will call.

Notify family and friends..

Don Solie dg.solie@hotmail.com writes:

Kent,

I don't have any memorable recollections regarding July 4th festivities in WR, however I have encouraged my neighbors in Dallas to become more patriotic and celebrate our country's birthday. Each year that I am not visiting somewhere or vacationing over the 4th (this would be the greatest majority) I conduct my own July 4th event, so to speak. My family enjoys a couple days together at our home spending most of the time in our pool enjoying the typical 100 degree days that are full of sun. We make plenty of noise, but the neighbors don't complain because at the core of the noise (and what I call my celebration) is "the Bose" turned up very high playing Sousa's marches and patriotic songs such as God Bless America, America the Beautiful, This Land Is Your Land, My Country Tis Of Thee, Song of the Patriot, Battle Hymn of The Republic, Dixie, God Bless America, and we support this with IU marching band's versions of many college fight songs including On Wisconsin and of course Hail To OI' U.

My neighbors apparently don't mind the volume at which we set "the Bose", and in fact they have complimented me on many occasions for the fine collection of patriotic music I've accumulated. One must listen closely because he has alluded to me as "a flag waiving patriotic nephew of my Uncle Sam" which is a verse from Johnny Cash's rendition of the Song of The Patriot. They also get a kick out of seeing our grand kids (all two of them) marching around our home carrying little US flags as they have their own parade.

While our girls were growing up it was our tradition to attend both the Richardson and Plano July 4th parades. Both had a unique feature called the "lawn mower brigade" as many years they had 50 to 100 people march (and push) the entire parade route with their lawn mowers blasting! It was always a favorite. Now that we have grand children the mowers have given way to the more traditional participants and my family has preferred our own home grown celebration around Grandpa's pool.

I would like to share an event that my daughter experienced last week, and it has absolutely nothing to do with July 4. She has been tutoring our 9 year old grandson this summer to improve his math capability. Last week Reagan (yes he is a name sake for Ronald) told his 6 year old sister, Kendall, to call 911 and tell the police that he was being abused. She did call 911 but left the phone and didn't share her issue. The Plano police dispatched two officers to their home, they knocked loudly at the door, and my daughter thinking it was someone trying to sell something ignored the knocking. Soon the door bell was ringing and one of the officers tapped on a window from which he could see them. My daughter (still unaware of the 911 call) responded and asked if she could help the officers. Their response was to explain the call and ask if there was a problem. Kendall ran upstairs and Kristen called to her inquiring whether she placed a 911 call. The answer was "Reagan told me too!" Kristen explained that Reagan was upset having to review math during the summer and told Kendall to place the call. The officers understood and explained they were proud of Kendall for making the call, but she shouldn't call unless there's a true emergency. I'm not aware as to how they explained "true emergency" to a six year old. Reagan didn't want to waste the visit so he asked the officers if it wasn't child abuse to make a boy study during summer when school isn't in session. The officers tried to explain that it wasn't child abuse, but they understood that it seems unfair to have to study math rather than enjoying summer vacation. Quite a shock for my daughter, very embarrassing, and very very funny when she shared the story with the grand parents!

I'm sure many of you have funnier experiences to share, try it, we're interested and at this stage all of us would enjoy a laugh other than observing the joker we've got masquerading as POTUS!