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From: The Vasbys [kvasby@smallbytes.net]
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Lincoln High Newsletter

Editor's note:

Wishing the Class of 64 a happy 50th Reunion this weekend!

Send a group picture if anyone takes one.

This week's topics:

1. Which was better? Red beach or White beach?
2. Did you ever catch any fish in Wazeecha?
3. Memories of the Brig

and responses:

Judy (Hanneman) Vasby - jvasby.office@gmail.com

White beach: In those days it was a large basin of sand that got very hot in the sun. Lots of space for sun bathers on towels. No staining of suits and towels or feet, which happened at Red Sand beach. You could buy drinks and ice cream treats on busy days. We lived about a mile away, and I rode my bike there almost every day during the summers of 7th & 8th grade.

Now White Sand is mostly grass with a patch of sand at the bottom of the hill.

Kathy Gotter - gotterkd@yahoo.com

I remember both beaches but spent almost everyday after 8th grade riding my bike to the white beach. Susie Heath Kromenaker lived around the corner and it was just so much fun. Sue Nelson and Leeann Kubisiak lived in the area so spent time with all of them. Going to Children's Choice had benefits. Baby oil with iodine was the fry tonic of the day. Lucky I don't burn and never have. Such fond memories.

Chuck Hinners Chuck@crfinancialconsulting.com writes about the Brig - [see attachment](#)

Lynn DeLong - ledelong@cox.net

I spent three summers life guarding for Wood County. Both beaches at South Wood County had merits and problems. Red Beach was a baby sitting beach where kids were sent or dropped while their parent(s) went to the ball fields, shelter house or picnic area. The unsupervised youngsters usually found ways to get in trouble, e.g., stepping in over their heads, getting locked in the bath house, or leaving the beach and when a parent returned it caused a human chain search of the water and then a search of the surrounding area while the drunk parent ranted and wailed. The "Red Sand" stained many garments. Not much first aid activities; usually small cuts from the pop-tops from aluminum cans; remember the originals came off the cans.

White Beach was less of a baby sitting beach and more of an adolescent play ground. The unsupervised youths found ways to get in trouble, e.g., swimming outside the booms, sitting on the logs, disappearing off the raft, sliding down the dam, getting cut by those pop-tops, or running into each other on the beach. The injuries were often more traumatic, e.g., deeper or longer cuts, sprains, strains, fractures and the occasional fight. White Sand was frequented by some voyeurs and sex offenders; luckily some neighbors kept an eye on the parking lot and beach house and the deputy sheriffs made frequent passes.

Did you ever catch any fish in Wazeecha?

I learned to fly fish by spending many early evenings tossing poppers from bank near the dam. It was fun catching blue gills and other sunfish. For big fish, I fished the bends that came close to shore. I once fished off of a north side dock and placed my keepers on a rope stringer.

After a about 30 minutes, my catch seemed to be overly heavy. As I tugged on the string, it got easier to pull up; many of the fish were gone and others were present in head only. I put another fish on with my minnow harness on it; the next pull brought up a 30 pound snapper turtle. I was tempted to make turtle soup but released it and took away a good story.

Don Solie - dg.solie@hotmail.com

1. I wasn't a frequent "beach nut", but the few times I visited my preference was White Sand Beach. Most likely because it was closer. The summer of 1965 represented the most usage, and that was because we'd drive to Bidwells in Kellner and consume several beers to block the heat. George Zimmerman, Bruce Zanow and I were visitors a reasonably frequent basis. If I remember correctly, Kellner was closer to Red Sand Beach so White Sand must have appealed to the ladies more than Red Sand, I don't recall that we had a preference.

2. I used to fish below the dam at White Sand before I attended high school...no more fishing after that. We caught perch and small Walleyes. One exception, I did ice fish at Wazeecha a couple times, but the lour (no pun intended) was drinking schnapps not fishing. I think my cousin Denny and started a fire in my uncle's ice shanty, and he didn't turn us in so we got away with it.

3. I left WR in late 1965 and didn't visit the Brig much if at all. I had a fake ID and used it to attend Golden Gate.

Kurt Halverson - kurt2541@yahoo.com

In the fifties and sixties White Beach (no Red Beach red sand stains) had ten times the crowds Red Beach had. The WB parking lot was larger then than now. Instead of being blocked off it ran through to the Beach Road residential area. The parking lot and beach would be packed. There was a life guard on duty and a large raft with a platform diving board. One time we picked up a friends Renault Dauphine unaware to her, and carried it into the pine trees above the beach. She couldn't drive it out. Eventually we carried it out.

The Hotel Dixon Brig was part of our evolutionary bar patronage. First there was underage Plover drinking. Then Buzzs and Riverside, followed by Michaels and the Brig. I started dining at the Brig with my parents and grandparents in the fifties. The food was very good. In the mid sixties my fathers quartet was booked to play at the Brig on Saturdays and my

wife and I would drop in to chat and listen. The crowd then was somewhat older. In the late sixties the quartet started playing at Wilberns and a younger crowd took over the Brig. The Hotel Dixon/Brig owner was Bill "Spider" Boehm. His son Dick Boehm tended bar at the old Brig and opened the new Brig building bar & restaurant until it closed.

Sue Weimer - sjweimer09@gmail.com

1) Which was better, Red or White beach?? I lived about 3 blocks from the White beach. At the age of 6 my friend Pam Metzger and I would walk down to swim. We both knew how to swim at that age (parents made us pass a swim test before we could go) and so by 1pm everyday we be there. At that time there was at least 1 lifeguard on duty. We weren't allowed to swim out to the raft at that age but we did anyway. Had to be home by 5pm for supper. By the age of 10 we could go back to the beach after supper but had to be home before dark. Sometimes we rode our bikes to the beach and we didn't worry about anyone taking them. We wouldn't be able to do that sort of thing today. What a shame! I became a lifeguard at that beach and loved it! That was one of the best summers of my life. Growing up living by Lake Wazeecha was the greatest!

2) Did you ever catch any fish in Wazeecha? Absolutely. Again, my friend Pam and I would fish off the dock that my folks put out in front on our house. We would dig worms out of my Mom's flower garden and go fishing. Didn't catch anything big but had fun. My Dad would fish off the dock sometimes after supper. He caught some nice bass on his fly rod and would bring them up to the house. He would fill the kitchen sink with water and put the bass in and let it swim around for a while so my sister Candy and I could see it and then he would let it go back in the lake. My Mom wasn't impressed. She wouldn't cook fish or allow it to be cooked in the house so he never kept any of them. As it happened, I married an ardent fisherman and we fished on that lake many times. We caught bass, walleyes and plenty of pan fish. Great memories.

3) Memories of the Brig. Didn't spend a lot of time there. Lunches at noon when I worked in the mill office and an occasional drink after work. Do remember Crabby Dick though.

Thanks Kent for jogging some wonderful memories.

Marcie [Basler] Ortscheid '65 - marcie.ortscheid@ki.com

My sister Maxine LeMieux worked at the Brig for years, great food.



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