

"Spring"

Winter fades slowly as daylight lingers a wee bit longer each day! A soft breeze stirs up the waters of Lake Superior and we hear the soft swish of the waves upon the shore. The sun warms the waters of the ponds, and pollwogs dance in the shallows while peeper frogs burst into a melody that announces the arrival of spring.

Wild geese are heard overhead on their return trip north to build their nests and raise their families.

Rain replaces the white fluffy falling snow and brings forth the first flowers on the forest floor and rivers of melting snow

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began flowing down the street.

These are just some of the things that I remember as I was growing up in Redridge.

I remember working feverishly with some of the guys one day trying to build a dam across the street between Brinkmans and Mehrings and Kapp's on the opposite side of the street to catch the run-off of melting snow from the hill above.

We chose that spot because of a clay bank along the side of Mehring's yard that would supply us with the materials to build our dam.

Once we had the water

under control we continued to build it higher until it approached 4 foot deep.

Brinkmans geese were out that day and they had their first swim of the year in our newly constructed dam, and they had the time of their lives.

Then disaster struck when the store delivery wagon came along to deliver supplies to Polkinghorne and Couch's up at the top of the street.

That wagon went right through our dam putting a gash in the center which caused our dammed up water and mud to rush down the street.

Brinkmans yard was protected from the water and

mud by some logs lying on that corner but the bulk of the mud and water went right smack into Mrs. Bice's yard on the other side of Brinkmans and from whom each one of us caught the devil.

Over the days afterwards the rest of our dam disintegrated and flowed slowly down the street. Brinkmans geese had to search for another swimming hole and our dam building days were ended.