

# Lincoln Lines



## COVER STORY

The cover this month bears the traditional Lincoln High School emblem. This crest appears on all junior class rings as well as official school papers. Heading the crest is the lamp of learning flanked by the scales of justice. The winged foot of Mercury signifies the swiftness of learning and the pillar, the academy founded by Socrates.

The art work on the cover was done by Jerry Feith.

## Coming Game Schedule

Dec. 13 — Stevens Point P.J. Jacobs  
(Here)

20 — Lincoln at Rhinelander

Jan. 3 — Merrill (Here)

10 — Lincoln at Marshfield

11 — Lincoln at Eau Claire  
Mem.

17 — D.C. Everest (Here)

24 — Antigo (Here)

Feb. 1 — Wausau (Here)

7 — Lincoln at P.J. Jacobs

14 — Rhinelander (Here)

21 — Lincoln at Merrill

22 — Lincoln at Wausau

28 — Marshfield (Here)

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LINCOLN LINES is published quarterly during the school year by the students of Lincoln High School. Subscription by mail is \$1.00.

# Lincoln Lines

## LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL

WISCONSIN RAPIDS, WISCONSIN

Vol. 1 — No. 1

DECEMBER 13, 1963

### SCHOOL AFFAIRS



Looking back over the two major school events so far this year, LHS'ers may well be proud of their ability to arrange and participate in school activities such as homecoming and their talents as exhibited in the operetta.

Homecoming activities opened with the traditional bonfire and the snake dance. Excitement continued Friday as the pep band marched through the halls, and as the students packed themselves into the gym for the skit and crowning of the Homecoming Queen for 1963.

Mary Ann Stenerson, with her court of Judy Hall, Diane Erickson, Chris Hamilton, and Kathy Willems appeared on the stage, and Len Ironsides, captain for the homecoming game of two-fold importance accepted the gilded football presented to him by Mary Ann.

Rain which fell in the evening dampened the float, the field, and the fans, but spirit of students persisted with the hope that the Raiders would win a victory for their homecoming and also win

the River Jug from their all-time rivals at P. J. Jacobs in Stevens Point.

Of course, the defeat was disappointing, but in spite of this and the bad weather, Raider-backers enjoyed themselves at the annual dance, with music, this year provided by Dick Schroeder and His Orchestra.

\* \* \* OPERETTA \* \* \*

As their presentation of the Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein musical, "Show Boat" got under way on November 14 and 15, the music department students at Lincoln High caused a variety of emotions.

The story includes the tragedy of the romance of Julie and Steve and the happiness, followed by the heartbreak and eventual reunion of Magnolia and Gaylord. These events take place from the 1880's to 1927; from the Show Boat to the Chicago World's Fair and back to the Show Boat.

Excellent characterizations and singing were shown by all members of the cast, which included Bill Jackson as Windy, Keith Overturf as Steve, Tom Schneider and James Hardison as Pete, Becky Anderson and Jill Fletcher as Queenie, Joanne Miller and Linda Adam as Parthy, Barbara Martin and Cynthia Hafermann as Ellie, James Natwick as Frank, Gunter Donner as Rubberface, Elaine Rued as Julie, Dick Dent as Gaylord Ravenal, Mike Ryan as Vallon, Sylvia Hafermann and Judy Hanneman as Magnolia, and Bob Dent as Joe.

The effectiveness of the vocal selections including "Ol Man River," "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man," "Only Make Believe," and "You Are Love," was attributed to a great extent to Mr. Cleworth. Mrs. Frenzel did an outstanding job as dramatic director, as did June Lee Haertel as dance director.

Credit is also due the orchestra and its director, Mr. Liska, for its fine musical accompaniment which helped to make "Show Boat" a success.

# SCHOOL AFFAIRS



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## NATIONAL MERIT

One of the purposes of the National Merit Scholarship Qualifying Test is to identify able and promising young people throughout the nation and to encourage them to continue their education. Taken in the spring of 1963 by 700,000 students, this three hour battery was administered in 16,500 high schools.

As one means of encouraging youth to perform to their maximum abilities, recognition is given those students who distinguished themselves in the Merit Program. This year Lincoln High School boasts two semifinalists, Kathy Engel and Larry Gazeley, in the competition.

In order to be considered for a Merit Scholarship these semifinalists must take another examination — the Scholastic Aptitude Test of the College Entrance Examination Board. About 97 per cent of the semifinalists repeat their excellent performance on this second test. The scores on this test along with a record of the individual participant's extra-curricular activities, special interests, academic record and the school's endorsement are submitted to the national selection committee.

When the necessary forms have been received by this panel of experts, they in turn award a Certificate of Merit to these Finalists qualifying them for a Merit Scholarship.

Merit Scholars are chosen by the evaluation of test scores, high school grades, creative achievements outside the classroom, qualities of leadership, community citizenship, extra-curricular activities, and recommendations. Financial need is determined after the committee has made its selection. Only insufficient funds on the part of the committee prevents awarding every finalist a scholarship.

John Stalnaker, president of the National Merit Scholarship Corporation said about 32,000 students throughout the country in addition to those eligible for scholarships are being recognized for their performance on the qualifying test. Barbara Thalacker received such a Letter of Commendation. "Although they did not reach the status of semifinalists in the current Merit program, we wish to call attention in this way to their achievement and academic promise," Stalnaker said.



*Miss Ferguson speaks to seminar pupils*  
SOCIAL STUDIES SEMINAR

A new course being offered at Lincoln High this year, Social Studies Seminar, introduced a new type of education to our school. This course offers a chance for above-average students to study such topics as American economics, politics, and the Non-Western world.

Offered on a half-credit basis, the class meets three days a week the first semester and twice a week the second semester. The first unit of study which the twelve participating students took up was politics. Such topics were taken for report as *Political Deadlock 1963*, by Larry Gazeley, *The Philosophies of Walter Lippmann*, by Mary Morzinski; *Conservatism*, by Guy Somers; and *The Warfare State*, by Barb Thalacker.

The paper written by each student is comparable to a research project. Each student is considered an "authority" on his topic when it is brought before the class for discussion. Before the students discuss each paper, they are assigned references from books concerning the topic which will give each student a larger background on the topic. As the paper is discussed, students may ask questions of the author and present their opinions for discussion.

Miss Ferguson, seminar instructor, evaluates each student on his knowledge and intellectual abilities, consisting of the ability to use generalities to predict consequences, intellectual skills such as communication, reading, and organization, attitudes and values, appreciation and sensitivity, group co-operation and consensus, selection of research materials, and recognizable development of new interests and desires.

In wandering through the halls at L. H. S. for the last few months, one would be sure to find many clubs busily working on one thing or another. Some news which has been brought to particular attention concerns the Dramatics Club, the French Club, the Science Club, and the Audio-Visual Club.

"The Florist Shop," a one act play, was presented to the Dramatics Club on October 9, in the Little Theater.

The main idea of the comedy was to get Mr. Jackson, who had been engaged to Miss Wells for fifteen years, to propose to her.

In the cast were Mike Kruger, Marilyn Brahmsteadt, Margaret Riemer, Neal Deering, and Carol Genis.

Student directors were Dorothy Galloway and Lorna Thomas. Also they helped with the operetta.

Looking in on the French Club, we found that a few interesting things were going on. As a result of the elections held October 1, Diane Erickson was elected President; Judy Jezwinski, Vice-president; Karen Peters, Secretary; and Sandie Hazell, Treasurer.

At an evening meeting on October 29 as Beth Wherley called out "Le Gravy Train!" in came "Schultz," a huge great dane owned by Karen Goetzke. It had been planned that "Schultz" would come in and take part in a commercial which was part of a skit presented by Mr. Marshall's third year French class. However, the dog became frightened with his audience and walked past Beth who held the Gravy Train. All Schultz wanted to do just then was leave.

After the business meeting and the skit, refreshments were served, and the club members danced. Future meetings will be held on the third Thursday of each month.

Another club, this one interested in further study of science, the Science Club, has been active under its new slate of officers; Lynn DeLong, President; Sue Holy, Vice-president; and Polly Kachel, Secretary-treasurer. So far this year, the club has heard speeches presented by Mr. Carlson, Mr. Purchatzke, and Mrs. Kumm on new versions of science teaching. Later in the year, chemistry students will be participating in the Junior Academy of Science under Mr. Purchatzke. Friday, December 6th,

the Science Club sponsored an all school dance.

On yet another scene, the Audio-Visual Club has been preparing their annual radio play which is broadcast over the WFHR radio station. This year's production is entitled "Sorry, Wrong Number." The play is a serious drama which involves an invalid woman who overhears a telephone conversation about a murder being planned. When she tries to tell what she has heard, no one will believe her.

New officers of the Audio-Visual Club are as follows: Lenore Crothers, Secretary-treasurer; Jeanelle Miller, Vice-president; and Mike Kruger, President.

Many other clubs have been active participants in school affairs and will receive mention as the year progresses.

## FOLK SINGING

America is listening to the folk singers. All over the country people are responding to the sensitive and varying moods of music. Whether the gathering is a "sure enough" college hootenanny or a group of high school kids strummin' their ukes, the result is the same. Everybody has fun.

The hootenanny with guitars strummin' and banjos plinkin' is a result of the new trend in American music. Such groups as the Chad Mitchell Trio; Peter, Paul, and Mary; and the Gaslight Singers shake the walls of the colleges and universities. "A hootenanny is to folk singing as a jam session is to jazz."

The false image of folk singers in the minds of many Americans is gradually being broken down. Formerly pictured as bearded, belligerent bongo players, the folk singers today are being recognized as qualified performers. Audiences can feel the genuine sincerity of a group such as Peter, Paul, and Mary.

Many folk singers are not Americans. Talented singers from countries such as Africa, Ireland, and Australia sing songs of their native lands to contribute to the wealth of folk music. Whether the students are joining in to sing a rousing song like "Worried Man" or humming along to a lovely ballad such as "The Whistling Gypsy," the enthusiasm is contagious.

## PERSONALITIES

Perhaps one of the charms of our folk music lies in the fact that it reflects America's history. The song "Take This Hammer" represents a Southern slave and his quest for freedom. In contrast, "Scarlet Ribbons" is a gentle, contemporary ballad with a universal meaning. Folk songs range from ballads to witty satires such as "The John Birch Society." Folk music is for everybody. Join in!

— Toni Weller



### PRINCIPAL ALLEN

A graduate of Iowa State Teachers' College and the University of Iowa, Mr. Allen spent six years as a coach and teacher, and three years as a principal in Anamosa, Iowa. As a newcomer to Lincoln, he feels that the school's buildings, grounds, and facilities are "about as nice as you'll find" and expresses pleasure that students, on the whole, are taking pains to keep Lincoln in good shape. Although Lincoln is, in his opin-

ion, adequate for the number of students, next year's addition of about 150 students will bring about problems of order. Being optimistic, Mr. Allen thinks that, with the student body co-operating, those problems can be eliminated.

While it is a fact that our new principal considers Lincoln students "very good as a whole," there are several ways that he feels they could improve. Students could get together with our student council. Then, too, there should be an occasional review of the section of the handbooks pertaining to dress and actions. Also, student leaders could probably have a lot to do with the hall conduct. Mention was made of using student monitors during passing periods and at lunch.

In regard to extra-curricular activities such as dances after games, and twirp season he expresses the opinion that they are very definitely an integral part of the school program, and should be continued under the proper supervision. They are, he said, handled nicely and orderly, but shouldn't take up too much of the teachers' time on weekends.

— Colleen Nelson

### GUNTER DONNER

Gunter Donner, this year's foreign exchange student from Nurnberg, Germany, lives with the Natwick family while attending L.H.S. Gunter enjoys school at Lincoln very much, although it is quite different from his school in Germany. All the 1200 students are boys, and the high school term is nine years long. However, just a few weeks ago, Gunter received a message from home saying that under a new system, thirty girls had been admitted to the school.

In Germany, one begins high school at the age of ten or eleven if he has passed the required entrance examination. Upon completion of nine years of high school, one takes another examination to determine entrance to college. Those who fail the preliminary test to enter high school go to a special school which is similar to our vocational school. This type of school lasts four or five years.

The school day in Germany is quite different from ours. It begins at 8:00 a.m. and the final bell rings at 1:00 p.m.

## PERSONALITIES

Fourteen subjects are required, and these are distributed throughout the week. The required subjects are English, German, math, Latin, biology, history, geography, phy. ed., art, music physics, and chemistry. Any elective such as French, typing, and shorthand are taken after 1:00 p.m. One interesting fact is that the teachers move from classroom to classroom rather than the students.

There are no inter-school athletics in German schools. There are, however, city sponsored leagues which one may join by paying dues. Gunter played soccer under this system. He also enjoys such sports as skiing, skating, swimming, and ice hockey. Here at Lincoln, Gunter is out for wrestling and track.

The dating cusoms in Germany vary greatly from ours. Germans don't begin to date until they are sixteen. The girls pay their own way, and provide their own transportation. Until they are seventeen or eighteen years old, the boys never see the girls parents.

We would like to wish Gunter a pleasant stay in Wisconsin Rapids.

### WERNER ZIMMERMAN



Werner Zimmerman, an exchange student under the Youth For Understanding Program, is from Alfeld, a small town in the province of Hanover, Germany. The town has been in existence for one thousand years, but it has been commissioned as a city for only six hundred years. Werner says Alfeld is about the same size as Wisconsin Rapids, and it also has a paper mill.

In Germany, Werner lives in a two hundred year old house which, accord-

ing to him, is large by American standards. He has one older sister, and one younger sister, and one younger brother. His father is a minister at the Lutheran Church in Alfeld. During his stay in America, Werner is living with Reverend and Mrs. Chell.

In Germany, Werner attends a gymnasium which is equivalent to our junior and senior high schools. At the gymnasium, Werner studies German, English, Latin, Greek, mathematics, geography, world history, chemistry, and physics. During the course of each year he studies fourteen different subjects. Since he only has classes in the morning, he has six or seven subjects a day. The afternoons are used for study and organization meetings. Soccer, a favorite sport in Germany, is usually played in the afternoons also.

While studying at Lincoln, Werner is taking American history, American problems, English II, speech, and orchestra. He said the first few days of school were kind of hard, "finding all those crazy rooms." In Germany, the orchestra Werner played in had only strings. Here, he enjoys a full orchestra.

We hope Werner's stay in America will give him a very good idea of what we are like, and we wish him the best on his stay and in his studies at Lincoln High School.



Congratulations to Jim Weisman, LHS quarterback, named to a defensive safety position on the Wisconsin Valley Conference All-Star team. Jim, a senior, was the third smallest man named to the defensive team.

Among those receiving honorable mention were Lincoln's fullback Eldie Grimm and defensive end Len Ironsides. Len is also a senior.



## FOOTBALL

Now that all the shoulder pads and helmets and jerseys have been turned in and all the sideline quarterbacks have retired to call the basketball games, it's finally safe to review Lincoln's 1963 football season.

Not much can be said about three of the games. Eau Claire, Everest, and Antigo were, by far, superior ball clubs. They ended up 5th, 15th, and 4th in the final ratings.

The most heartbreaking defeat came at the hands of Marshfield. The Tigers sent a large Raider crowd home smarting from a 21-20 loss, more sure than ever that it's the close ones that hurt the most.

Our arch-rival, Stevens Point, still has the river jug. They came out on the top of a 20-14 score and ruined our rain-drenched homecoming.

The highlight of the season came with our 19-14 victory over Merrill. It was the first game we had won since October 21, 1961, when we beat Rhinelander 19-13.

If our season is judged on its win-loss record alone, then, it was a failure. But we, the students of L. H. S., have this to say: "We won a moral victory. Last year our record was 0-8; this year it was 1-7. Lincoln is on its way up. We're through losing. To Everest and Antigo and Point and Marshfield and Merrill and Rhinelander, we say, "Next year, watch out!"

## WRESTLING

*by June Collman*

Saturday, November 30th, marked the beginning of the Lincoln High School 1963-64 wrestling season. Reedsburg Invitational Tournament was the initial test of our top 12 boys.

Back with us this year are seniors Jerry Feith, Gil Jacobs, Jack Roller, and Lenny Ironsides, and junior Dick Reeves, all former letterwinners who did an outstanding job on last year's varsity team. The outlook for this season is bright. Roger Harring, who replaced Ken Hurlbut as head coach is optimistic.

In the past, our wrestling teams have enjoyed almost unbelievable success. In the few years that Lincoln has offered wrestling as a competitive sport, the dual meet record stands at well over one-hundred victories to less than a dozen defeats. Our school has produced two state champions, Gary Berg in 1960 and Doc Weller in 1961, and every year has seen at least 3 to 5 boys traveling to Madison to participate in the state tournament there.

Wrestling offers more personal satisfaction than perhaps any other sport. This is so because a boy on the mats is all by himself; he has no one but himself to blame for his mistakes if he loses; he has every right to take full credit for a victory. It is a unique sport, in that boys of any size and weight can participate. Weight classes start at 95 pounds and continue as follows: 103 lbs., 112 lbs., 120 lbs., 127 lbs., 133 lbs., 138 lbs., 145 lbs., 154 lbs., 165 lbs., 180 lbs., and Heavyweight.

Despite the success of wrestling at L. H. S., the amount of support that students have given the team in the past is all but commendable. A handful of loyal fans have turned out at each meet to cheer on Lincoln's most successful athletic team.

Why don't some of you who have never attended a meet give it a try? Learn how each match is scored. Wrestling is fun to watch if you know how. In fact, those of us who follow wrestling even dare to argue with disbelieving basketball fans that our favorite sport is, by far, more exiting and challenging to watch than theirs. The only way you're going to find out is to come and see for yourself.



## *Literary*

## *Lore*

### LEAVES

The cycle of seasons recently brought about the fall of the much celebrated autumn leaves. With vigor and enthusiasm each yard is raked by anyone who can be forced to do it. In each family the orders follow the chain of command, down to the lowest member who is old enough to handle the job.

The undertaking, begun in the morning by digging the rake out from the multitude of other inaccessible tools in the garage, takes most of the afternoon. It is especially nice if the rake has a definite place, in which it is always found, but this never happens. The car must be moved by someone much too busy to do it, taking valuable working time. When moved, the car opens to view the entire panorama of gardening tools which, although never used or even moved, always seem to bury the essential rake.

In the actual raking, various methods are used. Usually, starting at one end of the yard and working toward the other is best. A windless morning is usually best for such an undertaking, but a windless morning is not a sign of a windless day. The leaves are usually raked and in a pile when the wind comes up. The pile is immediately scattered and the trees from all over the neighborhood all their leaves to the bountiful supply ahead at hand.

After the wind has died down, in the very late afternoon, is a good time to rerake the leaves, but the raker has to leave them in a pile because it is too late to get a permit for burning. The pile is one hundred percent more effective than a newly washed car, killing a spider, or a Navaho rain dance. It will be rained upon!

Leaves get soggy when they are rained on. Dry leaves burn superbly, but it is another case with soggy leaves. If they can be forced to burn at all, they smoke, and it takes a veteran of a teargas war to tend the fire. The wind can be counted on to keep the smoke near the ground and near the person who is burning the leaves.

Although unpleasant, the burning of the leaves is accomplished, bringing a feeling of pleasure and self-confidence to the winner of the battle against the beautiful autumn leaves.

The next morning is bright and white from the snow that has fallen during the night. The removal of the snow begins with digging the shovel out from all the other inaccessible tools in the garage . . . . .

— D. Feith

## INFINITY

He was in the garage, working on his and his father's project. The project was a canoe and as he drilled, conuter-sunk, and drove screws, he was contented. He was contented with being a homosapien. He has happy to be shy and earth, fire, water, man and God, and love. He hummed a nameless, tuneless tune and the sweat dripped from his face.

He became aware of another someone in his span of vision. He looked. There was a small boy. The child was familiar. A small child lived around the corner where some new people had recently moved in.

The child carefully inspected every detail without touching, without sound or expression.

He continued work. The child was no bother. The little fellow toddled about, careful to keep out of the way, strangely quiet for a child so young and interested. He saw the child put a screw into his mouth. His mouth was filled.

The worker said, "Better take that out, might hurt yourself."

The child removed it, wiped it on his little corduroy overalls, put it back in the box, and closed the lid. No sound was uttered, no expression given.

After a considerably long time the youngster spoke, "Hi," he said.

"Hi there, big stuff," returned the older. "What's your name?"

The younger said nothing.

After a long moment the child said, "Scotty."

"My name is Bob," said the older as he held out his hand.

They shook on it. The little hand was lost in the bigger one.

"Hi," said the younger. He was silent then. He picked up a screw and studied it.

"You had better not put that in your . . ."

"What's this?" asked Scot.

"A screw."

"Sru, — sru, — sru. What's it for?"

"I use it to hold the wood together." The humming was gone, never to return.

"Why?"

God disappeared. "Because its strong and holds wood together well."

"Why?"

"Because of the little edges on it, gives it a good grip."

"Why?"

The fire died. "Well . . . Because they're strong."

"Why?"

"To hold the wood together."

"Why?"

"So it doesn't come apart."

"Why?"

The earth leapt to the sky and both came crashing down. "Because . . . Because then all this work would be for nothing."

"Work?"

The love was drowned as the water flowed violently to the vast emptiness of the sea. "Yes, You see, my dad and I are building a boat, and its work. We use screws because they are good and they hold the wood together well. If it works, I'll be happy, and my dad will be happy."

"Why?"

"Because it will have been a success."

"Why?"

"Because we worked hard."

"Why?"

"So we would have a good boat."

"Why?"

"So we can have fun."

"Why?"

"Because we like too!"

"Why?"

There was a long pause. There was deep thought — and man, in a timeless time of profound silence, became defeated, — and yet defeated. "I don't know, Scotty, I don't know."

And Scotty said, — "Why?"

— Brian Athorp

## TIME MARCHES ON

I haven't been around such a very long time,  
Yet I can remember when a child's dime  
Bought more than just a candy bar;  
When you wished, not on a satellite, but on a star.

I can remember when children had a ball  
Playing cowboys and Indians, not Communist guards on the East Berlin Wall.  
They used to prop a blanket on a couple of sticks and call it a tent;  
Now, unless they have the real thing, they aren't content.

To a little boy, a gurgling sound deep down in his throat  
Would suffice for the sound of a .22 or a motor boat.  
Now, to rate among the other boys, he must prove  
That all his propellers and engines move.

Most children can't look at the sky and imagine the sea  
Unless there's not a cloud in sight and it's a blinding blue.  
Children's games aren't composed of pretend as they used to be,  
How many backyards have you seen lately transformed into a zoo?

I suppose that children like it this way,  
But if I could go back, I'd still want to play  
Games of pretend and imagination,  
Not with piles of batteries and games of let's destroy the nation.

— Rosemary Van Beck

## ASPHALT JUNGLE VERSUS THE WIDE OPEN SPACES

As I look out my window  
I see the street below  
And throngs of scurrying people  
Backed by spire, tower, and steeple.

I wonder if these people know  
How trees, and grass, and flowers grow;  
How newborn calves and kittens look;  
Or how the gurgling sound is made by a brook.

They run and shove and push and shout,  
But do they know what life's about?  
Have they ever watched the pine trees rise  
From tiny seeds till they reach the skies?

Have they ever beheld nature like this  
And felt such deep satisfaction and bliss?  
I doubt if they have or ever will  
Experience this feeling or know this great thrill.

Pity the people who live in this way,  
Toiling and slaving, for what?, every day.  
They will never know my life and may never care;  
These people are caught in the Asphalt Jungle's lair

— Rosemary Van Beck

## I CAN GO IT ALONE

As far back as I can remember, I was proud. My middle name was Tough; my motto was "Independent." I guess my dad pounded that into me from the start. "Stand on your own two feet, Lance," he said. "Don't take charity."

I listened to him. I thought a lot of my dad. He was strong, independent. He did everything for himself. I wanted to be like him. Well, I tried.

I guess the first time I rejected help was when I was in school. I really needed it. I was slower than the rest of the kids. But I wasn't soft. I didn't have to ask for help. Who wanted to be smart anyway? High school was pretty rough. I got to know the truant officer pretty well. He bugged me.

I didn't let anybody find me a job either. I did it myself. I pumped gas in a hick station on the outside of town. Business was slow. My paycheck got smaller each week. I thought I'd better quit before the station folded. A friend of my dad's offered me a job as a salesman. But I didn't take it. The idea of doing everything alone, of brushing off people who wanted to help, had become a creed.

I'm not feeling sorry for myself. A lot of guys were having a rough time. But they took whatever they could get. Not me. I was gonna do it alone. I'd show everybody. Some day I'd have something to be proud of.

I did a good job of going it alone. Nobody ever gave me a handout. Or advice. I had kind of a reputation for being hard.

Ma had some kind of philosophy she got out of a book. "No man is an island," or something. She'd always wanted the best for me. Ma died when I was nineteen.

Things were bad after that. I couldn't find a job. The only way I could get something was to take it. So I decided to do that. The rest of the guys thought it was a good idea, exciting anyway. They said it would be everybody for himself so I agreed to let them join me. We planned everything pretty careful. Thought we had it made.

Everything went okay except for a couple watchmen we hadn't counted on. We had to hide in the storeroom. My hands were cold and wet.

They knew we were in there and started coming toward us. Todd was scared. I picked up a piece of pipe from the floor. Todd was trying to explain some sort of a plan of his. But I didn't listen. I wanted to do it alone.

There must have been an arrow right over our heads. They were walking right toward us. I panicked. I threw the pipe at them and screamed to the guys to run. I guess I threw the pipe better than I thought. It hit one of the watchmen and knocked him down. He hit his head on the corner of a wooden crate. I did it. With no help.

"We're ready if you are, kid."

"Ready? Yeah, sure. I'm ready."

Maybe I can do this alone. It never worked very well before. But maybe just once. Maybe I can die alone. I wonder if this is what my father would call pride.

Why did I listen to him? How could I have known? When is a guy supposed to know when not to listen? I guess I'll have to tell Ma she was right.

"Well, here's the room, kid. Sit down and I'll buckle you in. Anything you want to say first?"

"No. And I don't need a strap."

"Whatever you say. Should I call the chaplain?"

"No thanks," says a fool. "I can go it alone."

— Sharon Joosten

As I walked through the forest tall, I sang a song of love.  
But when I stopped, the song did not, for the birds carried on above.  
And the breeze in the trees and the whispering pines played a melody so sweet  
While the crackling leaves on the forest floor were the bass beneath my feet.  
As the trees and the breeze stopped their sweet melody, the sound of a car was heard.  
And I wondered why that thing called man interfered with the song of the bird.

— *Lorna Thomas*

### QUESTION A STAR

Oh, little star, bright shining star, up in the heavens fast,  
Will you shine on and twinkle too and will you always last?  
And were you put there just to shine and give light evermore?  
And why can't I stand up and fly into the heavens soar —  
To touch your shining golden frame and silver lining too?  
Oh why did God make all those stars and why did God make you?

— *Lorna Thomas*

### MEDITATION ON BLINDNESS

How can you know (my son) the blue of sky,  
The piercing bright of an October day,  
The brown and orange of a falling leaf?  
You'll never see the laughter in one's eye  
Who loves and radiates the spark of it.  
My son, I plead, I cry — — — I cry for thee.  
Don't ask me why. Perhaps it's meant to be  
To go through life without a way to see.  
Stand strong my son. Cry not against the world.

— *Barbara Thalacker*

## IN MEMORY OF JAMES N. JUSTESON

There are no words to express a feeling adequately; the feeling of a family's grief; the feeling of emptiness in the hearts of loved ones; the feeling of companionship which is now lacking to his friends since Jim was called to rest just two weeks ago. It comes to mind that Jim, only a junior this year, has left our world with so much yet unexperienced. The society in which we now exist as students was the only phase of life he came to know. What of the future? Perhaps college, a career, and a family would have followed if he had remained here. Yet, that which he did, he did well. Thus, we hope that he has attained his goal, the goal which should be permanently fixed upon our minds and upheld at all times . . . the quest for eternal salvation.

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