

Lincoln Lines



COVER STORY

Art work for this issue was done by Ursula.

★ ★ ★

TO THE STUDENTS

In case you have not noticed that there are no photographs in this terrific issue of LINCOLN LINES, there aren't. The reason for this is very basic; we have no camera. But, we plan to remedy the situation in the near future. In the meantime, we've put our staff artist to the supreme test and she has done us proud! Please bear with us; use your imagination, and save your LINCOLN LINES; the artist is going to be famous someday and this artwork will be valuable.

— The Editors

★ ★ ★

In one day and out the next
Went Mr. K.
Voters, *you* decide
Which way U. S. A.

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Lincoln Lines

LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL

WISCONSIN RAPIDS, WISCONSIN

Vol. 2 — No. 1

OCTOBER 30, 1964

SCHOOL AFFAIRS



EAST VISITS WEST

The lovely young lady brought to us by the American Field Service this year is Kalpana Sharma from India. She is now a member of the Paul Brown family here in Wisconsin Rapids.

Kalpana remarked that she had often dreamed of coming to America, and now she reports that living here is even better than she expected! As for Lincoln High School, she says, "I love it!" At first she was a little confused about why the students must change classes. In India the students occupy the same room all day, and the teachers change. Kalpana thinks our system adds to the informality we already have. She feels both students and teachers are "very friendly and very frank." Another thing that puzzled her was the amount of homework American students take home each night. There isn't as much emphasis on homework in India because testing is considered more important.

Before leaving her native land, Kalpana had to pass her high school examination. Matriculation consists of twelve three-hour papers written over a period of fifteen days. This ordeal appears to be difficult enough in itself, but our poor friend had the chicken pox at the time. She was so miserable that she took part of the test sitting down and the other part standing up. In spite of this handicap, Kalpana passed the test with honors; therefore, she is considered a scholar in India. She is the recipient of the National Merit Scholarship award and this AFS Scholarship to the United States.

Kalpana's classes this year include English, speech, American problems, and physics. Her ambition is to be a physicist.

We all hope that Kalpana's stay in Wisconsin Rapids will be pleasant, and we wish to extend to her a belated but warm welcome!

FOREIGN EXCHANGE

After having read the first line of that long-in-coming letter from the American Field Service, I composed myself to the degree where in I merely shouted, "Mother!! I'm going to Norway!!" Thereafter followed more shouts of joy, expressions of disbelief, excerpts read aloud from the letter, and all climaxed by an outburst of tears. When I finally settled down, convinced that the letter was real, I read the other material that had accompanied the letter. My host family had sent their application to New York and this, too, was forwarded to me. From this I learned I would have five brothers and sisters: Wally, 17; Gerd, 16; Ulf, 14; Jarle, 9; and Ann-Karin, 6.

Papa was an electrician and Mama was the "Keeper of the phones" which we surmised to be the switchboard operator for the area.

Lebesby, a small village of about 100 people, was to be my home. There was only one store, but it had everything. There were no theaters or social centers so they hoped I wouldn't be terribly bored with them. We would be doing a lot of camping, hiking, fishing, and swimming. Naturally I would see the midnight sun and possibly some herds of reindeer. Everyone was looking forward to having an American as a member of the family. I had no doubt that the whole summer would be educational and exciting.

On June 26, at 4:00 a.m., I stood at our front door ready for anything. Armed with my passport, vaccination record, and a good-luck-troll I began my longest journey.

Flying out of Milwaukee on a Fan Jet was quite an experience in itself. Much to my disappointment, the only eventful happening was that two Girl Scout leaders boarded the plane and didn't smile. Once in New York, I had been instructed to go right to the AFS Building which was situated directly behind the UN Building. Several of us students had ample opportunity for sightseeing.

June 27 at 12:00 noon, the *M. S. Seven Seas* set sail. For ten days we apprehensive Americans talked to and learned from our amused European chaperones. We were taught the origin and basics of our respective languages

and were orientated about the country and the customs of the people. When we weren't studying, our chaperones kept us busy other ways. The recreation committee sponsored treasure hunts, scavenger hunts, forums, a pool packing party, a ship's newspaper, seminars, deck sports, a college bowl, and individual interviews. The day before disembarkation was the Captain's Dinner which ended our trip across. It was hard to believe that the time had gone so fast, but on July 7, 600 teenagers docked in Rotterdam. We Norwegians, after going through Customs, went directly to a special train which took us through Holland, Germany, Denmark, and Sweden to our destination, Oslo.

At this point, my hopes and fears were at a maximum. I stayed one night in the capital city. Early the next morning I flew from Oslo to Banak, changing planes once. Stepping gaily off the plane in Banak and looking around for my family, I was horrified to see they were not there! Trying not to panic, I waited in the airport for what was actually only a half hour. Suddenly a small ski-jacketed form burst through the door, ran over to me and said, "Have you been waiting long?" I instantly recognized my sister, Wally, and we walked arm in arm to the car where the rest of my family was waiting. I knew then that my summer had really begun.

— by Karen Goetzke

LETTER FROM GUNTER

Editors Note: This letter was sent to the students of Lincoln High School from our last year's AFS student Gunter Donner.

Dear Mr. Allan, teachers and students,

Do you still remember last year's AFS student from Germany? Well, I just wanted to let you know that I had a good trip back to my home.

Tomorrow my school starts too and by the time this letter will reach you I will be back in the old way of German school life. But I will never forget this wonderful experience to live with you in Wisconsin Rapids. I only hope that someday I can return and say "hello" to all those good friends I made in your town. The excellent help which I got from the friendly teachers and the students, especially I want to mention Jim Natwick, my American brother, Bob

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and Dick Dent and Tom Schneider made it possible for me to adjust very quickly to your way of living. By this way I want to thank all of you once more and hope that you continue to have an AFS student every year because this Lincoln High is the ideal school to have one.

Thank you again and "Auf Wiedersehen."

Your German Student,
Gunter Donner

BOOSTER CLUB

The Booster Club, organized by Denis Kester and sponsored by Mr. Egeness and Mr. Straussman, has the following objectives: To promote school activities, to do all the jobs the student council assigns, to keep the campus clean, and, most important, to bring the school spirit up to the highest peak possible.

In order to promote school spirit, the Booster Club is trying to get its own cheering section for games and pep assemblies. Also, it is encouraging members to sign up for the buses to go to out of town games and is considering making up cheers other than those used by the Pep Club. The Booster Club is willing to give skits at pep assemblies when asked to do so.

The requirements for membership in the club are that one be a senior boy, that one wants to help the school, and that one will be willing to give up some time to contribute to the club's activities. If any senior boy fulfills these requirements he is welcome to join the club.

The Booster Club held elections for council members, and the results were as follows: Denis Kester, chairman; John Knolinski, vice-chairman; Tom Sparhawk, treasurer; Dan Appel, secretary; Dick Brundige, sergeant at arms; Roger Gray and Dick Dent, council members. The council will submit ideas to the club, and the club will carry the ideas out if it sees fit.

POLITICAL ACTION COMMITTEE

For this election year, the American problems students have organized a political action committee to stimulate the interest of the senior students who, in a few years, will themselves be able to vote for their candidate. No one candidate is going to be specifically endorsed, but the club members will be able to back the candidate of their choice. If they do not wish to back any candidate, they will be able to help with getting people out to vote this November 3.

Tom Schneider was elected as the committee chairman, and the chairmans of the three sub-committees are Al Plisch, chairman of the planning committee; Dan Love, chairman of the camp district committee; and Tom Dekarske, chairman of the get out the vote committee.

If any senior student is interested in becoming a part of this political action committee and has not yet signed up, please contact any of these chairmen.

— by Margo Utech

STUDENT COUNCIL

Student Council officers for this year are Roger Fritz, president; Dave Feith, vice-president; Jill Worm, secretary, Jerry Jackson, treasurer; Mike Stenerson, chaplain; and Bill Bushman, sergeant-at-arms.

One of the new additions in school will be signs with arrows and exit numbers for fire exits. The plan for these was submitted by Kathy Aschenbrenner's committee. This plan will limit the confusion during fire drills.

There has been some talk of a change in the dress code for Lincoln students, but Bill Bushman's committee suggested that the rules remain as stated in the student handbook. Everyone was in favor of this proposal.

Watch the homeroom bulletin board for the results of Dorothy Galloway's committee report on the Student Council's controlling dances and for other important measures.

— by Pauline Landon

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A CHEERLEADER SPEAKS

We cheerleaders for 1964-65 are all ready for a full year of leading the teams and student body to victory. On the varsity squad is Marilyn Brahmsteadt, captain; Margaret Riemer; Dorothy Galloway; Barb Reinicke; Mary Jo Luedtke; and Lorna Thomas.

On the B-squad is Kathy Aschenbrenner, captain; Barb Billmeyer; Julie Dhein; Patti La Porte; Sue Rhein schmidt; and Bonnie Thalacker. Our advisor is Miss Johnson.

We have been preparing for this year's cheering since early last summer by holding practices three nights a week. At these practices we originated new cheers and motions, practiced old cheers, and discussed Lincoln's school spirit. We have put much thought into the pep rallies and skits and have planned new ways to create more pep among the student body of LHS. Now that school has begun, we usually hold practices Thursday and Friday noons and sometimes after school.

The varsity members and a few of the B-squad members attended the Messmer High cheerleading clinic in Milwaukee on October 17. We were invited to spend a full day at Messmer High School in order to meet other cheerleaders from the state, to learn new cheers and new ways to create pep among the student body, and to present a cheer of our own. Miss Johnson and Miss Larson traveled with us.

So far this year, the varsity has introduced the whisper campaign and two new cheers. The whisper campaign didn't have enough participation. Everyone was supposed to join in on the fun of whispering the slogan of the week to friends, classmates, teachers, and especially to the cheerleaders. The one-hundredth boy and girl to say the slogan to a certain cheerleader won a prize. The "Beat Chippewa" winners were Kathy Joosten and Mike Whitrock. What did they win? Well, next time participate and maybe you'll find out by winning it yourself.

— by Barb Reinicke

LATIN CLUB

Latin is a dead language,
It is plain enough to see,
It killed off all the Romans,
And now it's killing me.

The dead language has had what might be called a rebirth in Lincoln High School. Latin Club is four times as large as it was three years ago. We are sure the reason for this is the scholarly attitude of Lincoln students.

Our officers for 1964-1965 are Silvia Hafermann, President; Al Macha, Vice President; and Gary Flaminio, Secretary-Treasurer. With this slate of officers the year ahead promises to be interesting.

— by Jean Captain

SKI CLUB

Attention Schussboomers and Ski Bunnies!

Early in November before the snow starts to fly, the first meeting of the Ski Club will be held. This will not be strictly a school club, but an organization made up of interested adults in the area, also. The main purpose of the club is to take ski trips to some of the better ski areas in Northern Wisconsin and the Upper Peninsula. It is planned that help and instruction will be given to beginning skiers. The Lincoln High advisor, Mr. Egeness, urges all interested students to listen for the announcement concerning the time and place of the first meeting.

— by Chris Hervi

DRAMATICS CLUB

The Dramatics Club presented its first workshop play of the year, "The Murders of Miriam," to the club members on Wednesday, October 21, at 7:30 p.m. The success of the one act play, directed by Susan Hanneman and Rosemary Van Beck, justified the four long weeks of rehearsing.

Participants were Kay Jewell, Dave Feith, Carol Genis, Jim Mann, Tandae Winegarden, and Ron Karnatz. Other members of the Dramatics Club assisted with props, scenery, and make-up.

"The Murders of Miriam" is the story of a young detective, Michael, and his wife, Miriam. Miriam feels that Michael is too successful for his own good. Because of this she plans the perfect murder to show him that he can't solve every crime. The result of her plans provides an unusual climax to this play.

— by Rosemary Van Beck

EDITORIAL

LINCOLN LINES is now entering its second year of existence.

Last year, journalistically speaking, we had an ideal publication. There was, however, some discontent in the student body. Our magazine was "dead" and "wasn't interesting."

This year, in an effort to revive our corpus delicti, a few changes have been made. It has been a policy of this publication to print the news unbiased and without opinion in the the articles. This will remain the same. The literary section, too, will be the same. The social section is our attempt to come half-way. Also, in the next issue, a letter to the editor department will be included. These letters will come from you, the students. To publish a diversified and interesting magazine, we need contributions from diversified and interesting people. Any articles, original literature, letters, or social news can be deposited in the Publication's room anytime.

Help us make LINCOLN LINES your magazine.

— The Editor

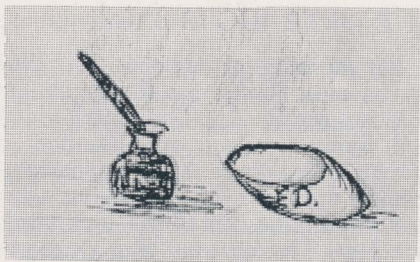
EXTRAMURAL SPORTS

Extramural sports are those played in competition with other schools. At the present time, the WIAA (Wisconsin Interscholastic Athletic Association) limits girls extramural sports to playdays, sports days, and workshops. Even these are limited to two per school per year.

Miss Cobleigh attended a conference in Eau Claire pertaining to girl extramurals. As we went to press the results of this meeting were not known, but there will be a report of this meeting in the next issue.

Reader's opinions on the subject of girls extramural sports are welcomed. Write them down and leave them in the Publication Room (next to 219) or give them to Jean Captain. Please sign these statements as any opinion worth expressing is worth claiming. Everyone has an opinion on this subject and we want yours.

— by Jean Captain



OUR PRINCIPAL SPEAKS . . .

School Spirit

Many students and adults refer to School Spirit as a magic spell or a mystic atmosphere that surrounds past situations or foreign groups, situation that is used as a reference point or thermometer depending upon the speaker or author. Sometimes it makes one feel that is goes hand in hand with the adage, "The grass is always greener on the other side of the fence."

I would rather define School Spirit as an ever present quality that reaches into every corner of the school program and is spelled out by the majority with five letters: P - R - I - D - E .

Whether it's pride in knowing you are receiving instruction under the tutelage of a fine dedicated adult or whether we join together in a fun event in the school assembly, school spirit reigns in the minds of the willing and sincere. There are others that must participate in an organized activity, seeking a different type of excitement. There are those that must be consistently on top in order to feel a so-called school spirit. Many must feel they are wanted in an activity that suits their taste. These concepts are all fine and have their place in the school program.

No, we are not able to have one individual or a dozen individuals define School Spirit and then say this is it! Now we are up — or now we are down. When thousands of young adults are brought together in a situation with many opportunities and then are guided by many dedicated instructors, a true school spirit is bound to be present.

Why don't you contribute to this invisible luxury?

— by Mr. Allen

AS A PLAYER LOOKS BACK

Eau Claire

In the Eau Claire game the Raiders expected to find an inexperienced team. The greater part of the starting line and back-field of last year was lost through graduation. We wanted to pressure Eau Claire and make them make mistakes. Because Eau Claire had a good passer, we figured on an air attack.

When game time rolled around, we found that we were sound defensively. Eau Claire gained nothing on the ground, and in the air lanes they were stifled; however, with the last plays of the game, Eau Claire passed for a large gain to set up a touchdown. Offensively, we couldn't function in the last three quarters and lost the game 7 to 6.

Rhineland

We expected Rhineland to run around the ends because of the good left halfback, but we were told to watch for him to come up the middle, too. Rhineland had a big right end who had been hit many times with the quicky pass in past games. Using this information, we held the Rhineland team to one touchdown.

Our offense was, again, a failure. The Raider team scored no points and even gave Rhineland two points on a safety.

Chippewa Falls

Chippewa was reported to have an offensive that at times spread itself over the field. The team had one halfback that did all the running, and he liked the sweep to the left side. When he flared, he was the main pass receiver.

Chippewa did exactly as we had expected, and the Raider defense never gave the opposing team a chance to work efficiently. The Raider offense was the best of the year, running up 13 points.

Merrill

Our scouts emphasized the fact that Merrill had a good passing team. In the preceding games they had passed well. The running attack, although weak, was a threat also.

In the game, Merrill oddly stayed on the ground a good part of the time. The team couldn't move against the stout Raider defense. The only play in which they got yardage was the screen pass in the first half. This hole was quickly closed as the game progressed.

Marshfield

The Marshfield team had size this year, so we were told. The main threat was a 200 pound fullback, Le Morne, for whom we were to watch off left tackle on first down. Whenever Le Morne was in Marshfield's backfield at left halfback, we were to key on him. In previous games he had usually thrown the option pass. The wingback on the Marshfield team usually gave away the flow of the play.

Marshfield's playing was much as we expected. The fullback did the greater part of the running, but to the right side, not the left. The opposition used the option pass play which resulted in a touchdown. The Raider offense could never quite get going. The defense, which had been tremendous in past games, made mistake after mistake, providing Marshfield with the opportunity to make touchdowns. Wisconsin Rapids lost the ball game at a score of 13 to 6.

— by Peter Anderson

INTRAMURAL SPORTS

This fall our newest athletic coach, Mr. Egeness, has done a fine job of organizing an intramural football league. There are two teams in the freshman-sophomore division and six teams in the junior-senior division.

The freshman-sophomore teams, their captains and records are as follows:

The Court, Jack Sachtjen, captain, with a 0-5 record; Lucky 8, Gary Pagel, captain, with a 1-4 record.

The teams of the junior-senior division, their captains and records are as follows:

The Spartans, Dan Appel, captain, 3-2; the Leftovers, Harland Diggles, captain, 0-5; the Hooterville Hops, Bob Kohls, captain, 3-2; the Rushers, Mike Casey, captain, 3-; the Winners, Dave Nelson, captain, 5-1; and the Rejects, Jere Dhein, captain, 6-0.

The Winners and the Rejects, both undefeated, met on Monday, October 19, in the showdown game of this season. The Rejects took advantage of a poor Winner secondary and defeated the hard-nosed Winners 33-21. Had time been no factor, the Winners might have emerged victorious because they nearly overtook the Rejects after being down 20-0 at halftime.

— by Ron Feutz

MONDAY MOURNING

Oh, how wonderful to be able to walk the halls Monday morning with your head held high, very high. The team won Friday night and it's a welcome change. When you wander through the corridor (as much as possible) you usually meet a coach, if the coach is seen with a big grin and if he ribs you, the game films showed good play. If the usual sour puss frown is seen — watch out!

As the final buzzer rings, I hustle down to the locker room, put on my mildewed uniform, and take my time going to the stage where the projector is set up. When all the players are ready, the coaching staff walks in with a carefully guarded reel of film. The film has every mistake made by every player, and, once in a while, a good play is shown. As the reel is placed in the projector, those who played Friday night move in front of those on the chairs and keep low. There is sudden silence as the projector starts. The head coach narrates the film with his usual vivid expression as the plays appear before a sullen audience. Strange, but no matter how much yardage the team made, he always has a chance to yell at someone. I don't think he's overlooked a missed assignment yet. Even when you do the job, there is still a comment on another way to do it better.

A most unfortunate incident was when some fourth stringer brought up the idea of the Letterman's club buying the athletic department a new projector — one that can run various segments of the film in slow motion. The lettermen came through and are watching the same plays, seeing the same miscues, and hearing the same complaints over and over again.

But Monday mornings could be and soon may be worse. The coaching staff is soon going to invest in a telescopic lens.

— by Mickey Walters

★ ★ ★

Amid cries of "We want the River Jug," four bus-loads of Raiders rolled into Point. Two hours later these same buses were traveling back to Rapids, ringing to the chants of "We've got the River Jug." And how! The Rapids Red Raiders rolled over Point, 42 to 0.

The Raider defensive line was again fantastic. Point got into Raider territory only twice, and both times they were stopped on their own side of the Rapids 20. The usually-sputtering offense of the Raiders was more than equal to the task of securing the River Jug, as the offensive line blasted tremendous holes in the Point defense through which Tom Parsons and Pat Parmeter roared for two touchdowns apiece.

Chris Gorski had a perfect night, going 3 for 3 in point-after attempts in addition to intercepting a Point pass and running it back for a TD. Rapid's other score was notched by Ron Bord who returned a Point punt behind great blocking by Pete Anderson and Dale Kronstedt.

— by Tom Dekarske

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Wham! Ugh! Ouch! No, that's not really a street fight in the gym. It's just the girls playing speedaway, better known as "Duck everybody, Jo-ann's going to kick off again."

To see what the Freshmen think of speedaway, we found two of them and asked them. Freshman number one's reply was "Ick, ick, double ick!" Greenie number two replied, "Triple ick." I guess that means they don't like it.

In contrast, a senior was recently heard to refer to it as "a great game." So cheer up girls, it's not really so bad; someday you may even enjoy it.

Did you know that football is fast becoming a girl's sport? To prove it, we already have our first casualty of the season. Judy Hannemann is walking the hallowed halls of Lincoln with a fractured big toe nail.

Physical education classes this year promise few changes or additions over last year's program. However, Miss Westendorf informs us that she is an addition for the good.

The future contains many sports and activities besides speedaway. And each sport has that section of students that appoint themselves "critics for a month." This variety of sports adds interest to our days and exposes us to many activities that will be useful in later life. We owe our physical education department more that we realize and a very good way to start the year would be to show them our appreciation and cooperation.

— by Jean Captain

KOOK'S KORNER

My name is Ursula. To be more precise, it's Ursula Alexandra Kochanowski, but my friends call me Shirley (in honor of my grandmother). The purpose of this column is to summarize all of the previous old bits of social news. I hope my memory holds out; otherwise, this will be a flop. (It might be one anyway.) Well, here goes.

Andy Spees is proof that "chivalry is dead," according to Mr. Purchatzke. When asked to shut off the lights for a chemistry movie, Andy attempted to reach the light switch from a sitting position instead of getting up. It would have been all right except for the fact that he was sitting with his legs on either side of the desk and could move only a little way toward the wall. After almost falling out of his chair and tipping the desk over, he was saved from his embarrassment by Sandy Schmelter who had turned off the lights for him. Mr. Spees, you had better teach your son either to be a gentleman or to sit with his legs together.

Wayne Lambert, on the other hand, is a perfect gentleman. When Fay Fawley injured her foot, who carried her books for her but Wayne. At first she had a hard time convincing him that he should take her purse, but now it looks like he is enjoying himself. He plays catch with it.

Notice to fellows in gym classes: everything you say in the locker room can be heard in Mrs. Kumm's biology room by way of an air vent.

I am wondering if anyone else has ever had an experience like the one I had this year. I was eating lunch with Judy Bowers when suddenly I felt a weight on my skull. I looked up and there was a tray on my head. A freshman boy was resting his lunch on my head while he was waiting for a place to sit down.

Tim Foley and Sue Bender, do you have any classes together? I hope not. The teacher would have a hard time keeping your attention focused on him.

Talk about silly freshman grils? I have two friends (seniors) who are in even worse shape. When told to go outside to play speed-a-way, they followed

each other out to the baseball diamond. The poor unfortunates finally realized what they had done when the boys came charging out on the field. Now they don't trust each other to lead themselves anywhere. Hey, wait a minute, it's football field, not diamond, right?!!

I had better be signing off for now before I make a fool of myself. Besides, a Mrs. Hayward English test awaits me in the morrow. Do you know what Mrs. Hayward told our class today? She said that she used to have trouble with certain parts of grammar when she was in school. Seems impossible, don't it? Excuse me, doesn't it?

If anything humorous or unusual happens to you or to any of your friends, make sure you let me know. Then you may be able to read about yourself in the next issue of *Lincoln Lines*. All you have to do is write your experience on a piece of paper with the names and grades of all the people involved and then drop it into the Chatter Box in the publications room. Gee, I'm beginning to sound like a commercial, so I will sign off before you turn me off.

Till next time, remember that a day of work never did anyone any harm, but come to think of it, neither did a day of rest.

— by Ursula Kochanowski

TEACHERS TELL

The new teachers were interviewed to find out their impressions of Lincoln High School. These are their comments:

Mr. Hendrickson, Math: "Look at the hallways. Too many people with no place to go."

Miss Haberkorn, Sophomore English: "I have been impressed with the students and their participation and interest in extracurricular activities. I hope it continues."

Mrs. Nelson, English: "I am very happy with my new job. I like it much better here than where I was."

Mrs. Krause, Sophomore and Junior English: "It's changed! So many more students and it's so less impersonal than when I went here."

Miss Westendorf, Gym and American History: "The congeniality of the faculty is surpassed only by the friendliness of the students."

Mr. Egeness, American History: "This is my first year of teaching. I don't think I could have made a better choice as far as the students and the school are concerned."

Miss Breu, Home Economics: "Two things made impressions. First, the beauty — especially Nepco Lake — all those evergreen trees. And, second the friendliness of the students and the faculty which makes anyone's settling in a new community much easier."

Miss Stephenson, Librarian: "Both the students and faculty are very friendly. I find, both in my classes and in the library, the students are eager to learn and study."

— Pat Koop and Sue Sampson

DULL SCIENCE CLASSES?

Mr. Purchatzke's sixth hour chemistry class is soon to make a proven fact out of the familiar theory that by sixth hour most students are eager to start their jaunt home.

Why else would Bob Schmidt fall completely off the stool and onto the floor? It must have been because he was thoroughly exhausted.

Colleen Nelson, why do I always see you trading stools with your fellow students? Is there really that much difference in the size, or are you just fussier when you get tired?

Sue Nelson and John McGregor have much difficulty in using their bunsen burners. Sue, please don't knock yours over onto the desk anymore, especially while it's lit. O.K.? It's getting quite cold for fire drills!

John really has a cute habit. He likes to pick up his bunsen burner immediately after he has turned it off. We are all in a hurry to get out of school, but isn't that rather painful, John?

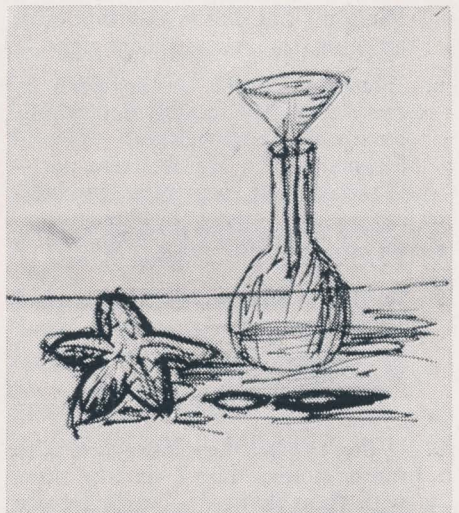
One of Mr. Pesko's chemistry classes has really started off with a bang. A junior girl dumped her gunpowder mixture into the sink, and next she threw in a match. Was she surprised when it exploded! There have been incidents of burned fingers in all the classes. It seems that juniors and seniors just can't remember that glass is hot after it's heated.

The least exciting of all science classes is Mr. Carlson's physics class, or so we are told. Mr. Carlson has found out the real story about Chuck Hinners' leg. To quote the teacher himself, "That woman he chases around with kicked him."

Our physics teacher has discovered a new method of locomotion in the classroom, roller skates. It hasn't been proven how he went about obtaining a pair, but students in some of his classes have actually witnessed Mr. Carlson roller skating across the room.

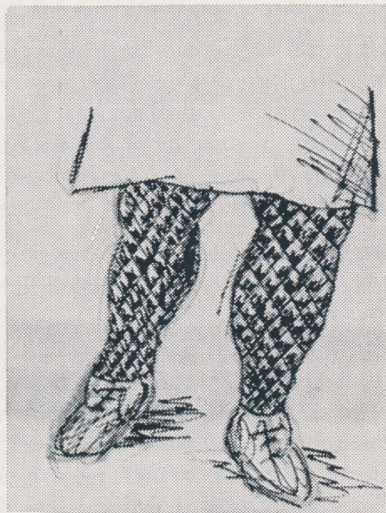
After Marcia Rokus "fell" out of the physics class window, she decided to start a "Be Kind to Students Campaign." In reality, Mr. Carlson just figuratively threw her out to help solve a practical problem. He usually just uses books but has found that students are much more efficient when he wants to stress a point. Mr. Carlson is dedicated to the belief that girls take physics not for physics' sake but rather for the sake of the large number of boys that take it; however, I don't believe that any girl would struggle through the tortures of the class merely for the sake of sitting next to some extra boys.

— by Pauline Landon,
Pat Koop and Lenore Crothers



SOCIAL SECTION

WHAT'S THE CRY? Black nylons!
 WHERE ARE THEY? On the legs of
 half the population of girls at L.H.S.
 WHAT DO YOU THINK OF
 THEM?



1. "Looks like they want to belong to the Black Moslem faith."
 — Jim Vallin
2. "Eekkuek!!!" — Linda Muth
3. "I like them, I really do, I think they're sharp, I really do like them!" — Judy Jezwinski
4. "They're terrible!" — Mr. Wagner
5. "They're for the birds!" — Eileen Paulson (The Beatles say that birds are girls, so I guess you're right.)
6. "Some girls will do anything to cover their legs, and I don't blame some of them either!" Harold Siegmann (To Harold from me — "I noticed you keep yours covered")
7. "Since I'm wearing them right now, I LOVE 'EM!" — Helen Brown
8. "I think they're really sharp! I know some of the teachers think they hide feminine beauty, but I really like them."
 — Dorothy Galloway
9. "I don't think they look good with sports clothes, but I do like them with dress clothes." — Janet Iverson
10. "Black nylons are strictly for formal wear. They're very exquisite and appropriate in their place, but their place is not in school."
 — Anonymous
11. "They look fine on girls, but on boys, ugh." — Three Who Wish To Remain Anonymous
12. "Blak!" — Bob Manley
13. "They're just ridiculous!"
 — Jerry Schneider
14. "I think they're awful."
 — Bill Jefferson
15. "I like 'em!" — Jo Davis
 "I hate 'em!" — Bill Gleue
16. "I think they look like they came out of the Roaring Twenties."
 — Margo Utech
17. "They're O.K. but they wouldn't look good on boy." — Martha Holt
18. "I think thy're real cool and sophisticated." — Carolyn Ray
19. "I don't like the textupred ones."
 Carol Davis
20. "Mary's look great! (I'm prejudiced)" — Dick Dent
21. "They're interesting." — Mrs. Gross
22. "They kind of ruin a person's appearance; big black legs."
 — Pat Groeschel
23. "They look like something that came out of my grandmother's grave." — Ted Krause
24. "They look sharp on girls that have skinny legs. Girls with fat legs look like frogs in them."
 — Sharon Mike
25. "They look like a minnow net."
 — David Ehlert
 — by Sue Rasmussen,
 Linda Hemp and Pat Mahone

* * *

*What Do You Think of the Boys
 Wearing Their Football Jerseys
 To School?*

Here is what some people have to say:
 Don Reeves: "Lousy, they're all ripped

— good color, though.”

Dave Feith: “I don’t believe in scare tactics, politics, or gilding through the halls.”

Linda Porter: “They look good and husky.”

Alan Johnson: “Neat, but they are sort of baggy.”

Chris Collett: “Sharp!!”

Jim Hardison: “I like the idea, but not the jerseys.”

Mike Ryan: “BLAH.”

Mr. Folgert: “Fine. They indicate who the players are.”

Mr. Marshall: “Good idea because it creates a better atmosphere among the members of the student body.”

Vicki Lecy: “Well, they’re not form-fitting.”

Mr. Jorgenson: “I think that it is a good idea for two reasons. One, it introduces the football players to the underclassmen and new students, and, two, it arouses enthusiasm.”

Dick Dent: “I think they should be worn every Friday so people can tell who’s on the team.”

H. Brown: “It distinguishes the men from the girls.”

Mr. Hendrickson: “Nothing spectacular about the shirts, but what’s in them, “WOW!”

Bill Jefferson: “I’m jealous!!”

FRESHMEN LOOK AT LINCOLN

Ever since the first day of school the freshmen have had a chance to look at Lincoln. For the first couple of days many were staring at the school with open mouths and bulging eyes. But now that it’s old stuff, many developed their views of it.

Roy Henke thinks the lawn needs mowing. Carleen Smits wonders why the boys are so shy. Bev Joling never saw such crowded restrooms.

Sharon Mike really was confused. She was in a junior English class a whole week before she realized she was only a freshman. She acted her normal self and was put on detention. She has a drinking problem; the water tastes like bleach. Lots of freshmen think Lincolmites are tops at digging their elbows into freshmen’s backs and ribs when around the stairways. Sharon Mike says the older Lincolmites are tremendously helpful. Many are eager to

tell any freshman boy where the girl’s locker room is.

Cindy Keuntjes still doesn’t know where to get tickets for the fourth floor elevator. Where’s the elevator in the Little Theater? She likes the young, intelligent teachers.

Gary H. likes the wide variety of activities. Joe says there are just too many kids and too many teachers, too.

Fred S. thinks we have a good football team. Roy Henke summed it up by saying he thinks high school is really different from grade school but is, as a whole, pretty good.

— by Janice Van Stedum

SCHOOL DAYS

The end of summer is here at last
And now our faces turn
From the fun we’ve just put to our past
To what we now must learn.

We always treat our teachers the best
We never balk or fuss
Who knows? Perhaps they’ll postpone a test
Because they pity us.(??!!)

From essays, equations, and hour talks to
Termpapers to compile.
Library obligations are due;
We’re busy for awhile . . .

But then our breath is taken away
As football season starts.
The excitement of Homecoming Day
We carry in our hearts.

The holidays find us unified
Around the Christmas tree.
We’re wishing loved ones were at our side.
How happy it would be!

These are just part of the joys we know,
We work, then earn some fun.
We support our school in joy and woe,
We hail the name, “Lincoln!”

— by Judy Bowers

DISCOMFORT

As I walked out into the lonely, moonless night I was slapped in the face by the damp, chill air of October. My breath turned to smoke as I walked along, and my very bones felt the stab of the autumn wind cutting through my inadequate clothing. In time, my fingers and toes became numb, my ears began to ache and sting, my nose became as red as that of Santa's Rudolph, my teeth clattered together to the tune of "Baby It's Cold Outside," my knees knocked so that I could scarcely walk, and the tears of cold running down my face almost turned to ice. Feeling as stiff as an embalmed corpse, I arrived at my destination, the homecoming bonfire.

Within fifteen minutes I removed my mittens, scarf, and jacket. The heat from the crackling flames thawed my fingers, toes, ears, and knees, quieted my clack-teeth, and melted my icy tears. I felt streamlets of perspiration running down my body which had been covered with goosebumps only minutes before. I exhaled not slow, smoky breaths, but heavy, not pants like those of a furry dog on a hot summer day. My arms were stiff, not from being whipped by the cruel wind, but from being pulled in opposite directions by equal forces of extraordinary strength.

Although I felt like the object of a tug-of-war, I was sad when the snake dance ended and the excitement died out along with the last flames of the fire. I walked home, returning with regret to the discomfort caused by the uncontrollable forces of nature, and leaving with sorrow the discomfort caused by man and his spirit.

— *by Beth Wherley*

ALL IN A NIGHT'S WORK

How they dazzle, glitter, shimmer,
Sparkle, spangle, flame and glimmer
While they hold their viewer puzzled to their lore
Then when Dawn quite suddenly awakens,
The stars at once are taken
Back to where they were in rest the day before.

— *by Helen Schoechert*

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