

Lincoln Lines



7/15/14

COVER STORY

— Reflection —

Ursula wants us to see the cover not as just a cover, but as a reflection. A reflection of us, all of us. The Christmas tree in the cafeteria should now be a symbol. Let us pause to reflect this Christmas.

*Table of Contents . . .*3 — 6 *Editorial Comment*7 — 10 *School Affairs*11 — 14 *Sports*15 — 19 *Social Section*20 — 22 *Literary Lore*

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Karen Goetzke

SPORTS EDITORS

Jean Captain

Tom Dekarske

EXTRACURRICULARS
EDITORS

Roger Gray

Dave Feith

CIRCULATION EDITOR

Judy Jezwinski

PROOFREADING EDITOR

Beth Wherley

LITERARY EDITORS

Beth Wherley

Judy Jezwinski

BUSINESS MANAGER

Roger Gray

SOCIAL EDITOR

Ursula Kochanowski

ADVISORS

Mrs. Broker

Miss Fleishauer

* * *

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

THIS ISSUE'S WRITERS
AND REPORTERS

Peter Anderson

Lenore Crothers

Pauline Landon

Jackie Sautner

Barb Bacon

Kathy Hahn

Margo Utech

Judy Bowers

Pat Koop

Sue Sampson

Pat Mahoney

Chris Hervi

Janice Van Stedum

Key Jewen

Ronald Feutz

Ronald Karnate

Gene Hafermann

Patti Maher

Judy Ehlert

Judy Kirchhoefer

Helen Schoechert

Bobbie Albert

TYPISTS

Mary Kruger

Lonnie Seefluth

Sharon Spencer

Joanne O'Dell

Lenore Crothers

Betty Jackson

Nancy Newman

Helen Schoechert

Marcia Olsen

Sue Rheinschmidt

Bobbie Albert

Lincoln Lines

LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL

WISCONSIN RAPIDS, WISCONSIN

Vol. 2 — No. 2

DECEMBER 23, 1964

SCHOOL AFFAIRS

MAGAZINE CAMPAIGN

November 30 was the first collection date; December 9 was the last. During those 10 days the students of Lincoln High School raised \$4,150.00 in magazine sales.

Every day, chairman Bill Bushman could be seen hard at work in room 210 tallying sales, figuring individual, room, and total collections. He and his committee were responsible for the daily announcements which kept the rest of the student body informed of the progress. Mr. Boudreau, Student Council Advisor, explained that the money from this student council project would be used for the American Field Service program and for other activities.

As is the custom, the highest homeroom (that is the homeroom with the highest sales per person) was awarded a pizza party. This year, Mr. Noonan's homeroom students were the lucky recipients. But then it seems that any raising nearly \$20.00 per student really deserves a pizza!

Mrs. Frenzal's homeroom placed second with a total of \$332.18 and Mrs. Broker's was third, totaling \$264.77. The three top salesmen were Chris Mattheis, Alyce Jacobs, and Joanne Fleming.

Now that it is all over, the working committees and Mr. Boudreau have breathed a sigh of relief and a breath of satisfaction, well content with the results and the campaign.

SKI CLUB

The Christie Critters are heading for the hills! Anyone want to come along? Membership is still open in the newly formed Lincoln High Ski Club. Interested skiers should pay their dues of \$1.00 to the treasurer as soon as possible in order to join the group on December 27 and 28 on a tri to the Northern ski hills. The trip will include one day of skiing at Indianhead in Michigan's Upper Peninsula, probably the best ski hill in that area; and one day at Whitecap, a popular hill in Northern Wisconsin. The group will spend the night at the Hamilton Inn, a nearby lodge. This promises to be an exciting trip!

In recent weeks the club has been busy. At one meeting the club acquired its new name of Christie Critters. A christie is ski lingo for a technique of turning on skis.

Election of officers was held with the following results: president, Tim Foley; vice-president, Merry Aschenbrenner; secretary, Joann Miller; treasurer, Roger Gray; and corresponding secretary, Pete Anderson. With this slate of officers the club has gotten off to a good start. Membership has been reported at 110 paid members as of December 14.

Mr. Egness, the club's sponsor, explained the C.U.S.S.A. (Central United States Ski Association) to the assembled skiers, who unanimously decided to join it. This will enable the club to receive reduced rates at all ski areas that are sponsored by this organization.

— by Christine Hervi

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Dear Editor:

In your last issue there was an article on intramural sports. The article was on the game between the Rejects and the Winners. The article pointed out how the Rejects took advantage of a poor Winner secondary. Of the five touchdowns scored by the Rejects, two were scored running through the line as were all the extra points. Both teams had their first teams there, and the Rejects emerged on top because it was a better team. Time was not a great factor as one of the Winner's linemen, who wrote the article, contended! The Rejects took a 20-0 lead and the Winners never were closer than 12 points. The Rejects had the ball as the game ended. If time hadn't run out the Rejects would have scored another touchdown and made it more humiliating for the Winners than the defeat they did suffer.

In the future I hope the articles written by this writer aren't discolored by his mental compensations and prejudices.

— by Jere Dhein

Dear Mr. Dhein:

In all due fairness to you and your team, I must admit the Winners were never closer than twelve points to the Rejects. However, the Rejects had not scored in the last ten minutes of play, while the Winners had scored three times in that period. True, the Rejects had the ball, but it was in their possession due only to a kickoff by the Winners who had just scored a touchdown. Also, the Rejects had the ball inside their own five yard line, and it is questionable whether the Rejects could have scored — especially since they had been unable to score in the previous ten minutes.

— by Tom Dekarske, Sports Editor

WITH RINGS AND BELLS

You've waited a long time for this, but, here it is, the special Christmas edition of *Lincoln Lines*. Nearly bursting at the seams with articles, essays and important chatty material, it is actually a combination of two magazines into one even greater edition for the Christmas holidays. We hope you take pleasure in our efforts.

Speaking for all the members of *Lincoln Lines*, I wish you a very Merry Christmas and a very Happy New Year.

— by Karen Goetzke

EDITORIAL CHALLENGE

The football season of 1964 is over. Our team fought its heart out but finished with a less than .500 record.

To the seniors it was more than just the end of a football season. It was the end of their high school football careers, and it was their last chance to give Raider fans a team they could be proud of. But, now the season is over. Gone, too, are the practices, the seven-man-sled, and the sting of hot showers on sore shoulders.

Did our seniors give us a team to be proud of? Anyone who followed the Red Raiders knows they did! Parsons, Gorski, Kosek, and Reeves were All-Conference, and Walters, Witt, and Grunden received honorable mentions. Witt was also elected to the Channel 7 All-Stars.

The team as a whole improved greatly over last year's poor showing. The defensive unit held Rhinelander to nine points and Antigo to twenty, and these teams were co-champs for the Valley. The offensive unit blasted Point off the map with forty-two points. Both units were composed mostly of seniors.

This presents a challenge to the class of 1966. Can you do as well as the class of 1965? Can you improve this year's records? Are you in the same league as Vallin, Reeves, Walters, Kosek, Wylie, Szelagowski, Parsons, Witt, Dietzler, Grimm, Gorski, Anderson, Fritz, Natwick, and Grunden? Some of you have already shown that you are. It is up to you people to set next year's pace.

— by Tom Dekarske

PROGRESS — SLOW BUT SURE

Thursday, November 5, the Wisconsin Interscholastic Athletic Association took over control of girl's extramural athletics. The ban on girls' sports has been lifted in an effort to remove voids in the total educational picture.

The members of the *Lincoln Lines* girls sports staff agree that opportunities for girls should be extended to girls' sports, and we also agree with the WIAA that this should be a slow and careful process. Because of lack of facilities and trained coaches it will have to be a slow process. But more important, athletic events should emphasize teamwork and good sportsmanship. Boys' athletics at the present time are out of proportion in that there is a great deal of pressure on their show-

ing. Girls' sports should be developed with the idea of avoiding this pressure.

There have as yet been no visible changes in girls' sports, nor will there be this year. The first sports to be effected will probably be golf, track, and swimming. Sport's days will also become popular within the next few years. The sport's days will allow teams from various schools to compete. This does not allow regular competition but it is a step towards equality for the feminine gender.

— *by Jean Captain*

TEACHERS ARE GREAT

"He's great!" said a student when asked about his teacher. But what would prompt a student (or anyone, for that matter) to say such a thing about a teacher? What makes a teacher great?

Teachers come in assorted sizes, weights, and colors. They have various interests, hobbies, religions, and beliefs, but they share one creed: to help each student reach the highest possible degree of personal development.

A teacher is a composite. He must have the energy of a harnessed volcano, the efficiency of an adding machine, the memory of an elephant, the understanding of a psychiatrist, the wisdom of a Solomon, the tenacity of a spider, the patience of a turtle trying to cross the freeway in rush-hour traffic, the decisiveness of a general, the diplomacy of an ambassador, and the financial ability of a Wall Street wizard. He must always remember that he teaches by word but mostly by example.

A teacher may possess beauty or grace or skill, but he must also possess love — a deep abiding love of and respect for students individually and en masse. He may teach mathematics, English, typing, drafting, history, Latin, science, or physical education. But he must also manage during his six hours to teach manners and morals to students whose parents have despaired of the task during their eighteen hours.

A teacher must possess many abilities. He must not mind explaining for the tenth time the intricacies of trigonometry or English grammar to the whole class and then explaining it again to one student who wasn't listening. He must be able to judge between encouraging a student and pushing him. He must have a cooperative, democratic attitude

without letting the students take over. He must have a wide variety of interests in order to keep up with the active minds of his students. He must possess a sense of humor, a consistent disposition, an interest in the pupils' problems, a flexibility in methods of teaching, a generosity in praise, and an unusual knowledge of his subject.

The teacher who is simply a practitioner can be satisfied to teach just a subject — and hence to lecture, to drill, to train, to assign, to give tests and grades, and to discipline. But the teacher who is concerned about the spirit and lives of the students realizes that the teaching task requires a positive relationship with the students, an entering into their lives in order to move into new worlds of thought with them, and even the serving as a model for them to follow.

For all this, teachers are paid more than an unskilled worker but less than the garage mechanic, more than the grocery clerk but less than the mailman, more than the ditchdigger but less than the truck driver.

What really makes a teacher great is that he wouldn't trade jobs with anyone he knows. He likes to teach.

— *by Judy Kirchoefer*

SPEAK UP!

Right now I am sitting in a class dominated by girls. In fact, I'm the only boy in the room. If I didn't have eyes, I'd say I was the only person in the class!

Sometimes I think my hearing ability is poor. This theory is disproved every time a teacher makes a statement. I, being of varied opinions, would like to comment on it. As I raise my hand, a manly, muscular female in front is called on. If I'm lucky I'll be able to tell she's saying something. Usually all I hear is other unknowing students talking among themselves. When he does call on me, I render my opinion and all he says is "Yes, that's exactly like Miss Previously-Called-On said before you." Frustration! Anger! Disgust! It is also most depressing when in a debate, correcting a test, or participating in other class activities that are oral.

If any quiet girls with soft feminine voices are reading this essay, take heed and *Speak Up — So I Don't Lose My Temper!*

— *by Mickey Walters*

CHRISTMAS FOR ONE

I started to write and I thought a column like Holiday Humor would make this paper a swinger. But what good is a title without the humorous feeling to finish the article? I said to myself, "O.K., Judy, let's face it. You can't be a clown at Christmas. Write what you feel." So, for what they're worth, here are my feelings.

I don't know why but Christmas puts a lump in my throat and I can't think of the right things to say. When at last I think of something fitting, the moment is gone or I find it hard to speak.

I find myself among family and friends. Every Christmas hears me say, "This has been the best Christmas ever." I'm all wrapped up in my snug little world and then without warning I find myself in an entirely different setting. I sadly gaze out the window and I realize that somewhere out there in the midst of holly and Santa Clauses there is someone who is alone this Christmas Day. I find myself on the outside looking in. I find myself in his shoes and it is in his shoes that I take a walk.

Things that once meant so little are now uppermost in my mind. I had decided to go window shopping and here I am slowly walking from window to window. If I had a real friend I'd buy him anything he wanted this Christmas. People are walking two by two or in groups and here I am all by myself. But they don't seem to mind. They're talking about catching trains and if it'll snow. In one window I see children's toys. The dolls are wearing faces that make them almost irresistible. There's a shiny, red fire engine and a soldier — wouldn't someone love these? If I would have had one of those when I was small I would have been so proud. But now I'm reminiscing so I must move on.

There's a jolly Santa Claus on the corner yelling, "*Mer-ry Christmas!!*" People are bustling by doing their last-minute shopping. Everyone has a place to go. Everyone but me. I have only four walls to go home to — that's all. I'm looking for a friendly face now and I see many but they only see me on the surface. They can't see the real me.

It starts snowing as I trod the path homeward. The wind chills my every movement. But I soon arrive at the even colder place I call "home." I prepare myself for the loneliest day of the year.

Continuing to gaze out the window, I converse with my mother, but deep inside I know I'm between two very different worlds and moving away from the window to the warmth within, I feel very thankful that I can choose the world in which I want to be a part.

— by Judy Bowers

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

Santa Claus, that delightful myth of Christmas, shall again encircle the world on Christmas Eve to fill the stockings of all good boys and girls. In great anticipation, children assume their best manners, write furtive letters to the North Pole, and finally, on that great night itself, lay out cookies and milk for their hero and benefactor, Santa Claus. But the question is, do modern children really believe that the jolly old soul actually flies through the air in a reindeer-drawn sleigh, slips down a chimney, leaves his presents, and goes on to every other home in the world that same night?

How can a child, brought up in a world of satellites and atom bombs, see any logic in the idea of Santa Claus? Perhaps until he goes to school and is made fun of by the cynics of the first grade, until he can read in the newspaper that the local chamber-of-commerce will buy Santa a new suit, until he realizes that Santa is in three department stores simultaneously; until this hard realization sets in, he *can* believe in the existence of the bearded gentleman of the North. This faith of little children is very beautiful, and it can be retained as the children grow into old men and women.

When some people lose faith in Santa Claus, they never really can let themselves believe in anything again. They are unable to accept a God, love, friendship, sincerity, or other values which must be taken only on faith. These people are afraid they will be disillusioned as they were when they discovered Santa was just a pillow and a phony beard.

Perhaps this pillow and phony beard are symbols of something much more profound than presents and fun. Perhaps Santa himself is the embodiment of all beautiful, intangible values which exist only through faith. Santa Claus is not just a delightful myth; he is the soul of life itself. Yes, there is a Santa Claus.

— by Beth Wherley

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

I will never forget the days when I had to keep away from dreaming to make my dream true. The dream that comforted drowsy eyes and aching hands after studying for fifteen hours a day!

But there is a vast difference between dream and reality. Everything seems so beautiful though undefined on a foggy day! But the charm of a dream vanishes when everything is clear.

The first thing that appealed to me in America was not the skyscraping buildings or long rows of cars running down the streets of New York, but the frank and friendly nature of an American girl.

We disembarked at Kennedy airport in New York. We had to go through the the customs. The officer who was checking my baggage suspected me and started asking questions, looking piercingly. I could not bear this. I was standing in a corner, trying to wipe away the rushing tears, feeling awfully lonely and helpless. At once I felt somebody's soft hand on my back.

Attention, Sophomores!

The tuberculin skin testing program will be held at Lincoln High School on January 12. For their own health protection, we would like all sophomores to take advantage of this free program.

Mrs. Janet Mensching, R.N.
City Nurse



"Are you tired?" a soft, sweet voice came. I cannot express what I felt, but there was something wonderful in that voice that sympathized with me that I was not lonely and helpless. There was someone who did care for me! And you can't imagine, but this feeling was very soothing for a girl who had come from a distant land.

I held her hand tightly. She was a girl from A.F.S. Today she is my fast friend.

As I came across more Americans, I realized that it is in the blood of Americans to be very frank and friendly. They are not formal at all. They will go to a stranger and shake hands with him and talk to him as if they know from ages.

— by Kalpana Sharma

NORSK JUL

I can see them all now — Wally and Gerd scurrying around the kitchen creating large, creamy cakes, sweet waffles, and maybe some American fudge. Ann Karin is standing near the cupboard patiently waiting for the bits of dough the gracious bakers occasionally hand out. Ulf and Jarle vie for the beaters as soon as they are removed from the mixer while Mama and Papa look on from the sidelines.

It's Christmas in Norway as well as in the United States. Preparations there will include baking luscious cakes and cookies, decorating the house and Christmas tree, and making and hiding gifts for exchanging Christmas Eve.

Christmas Eve day will offer a grand dinner of not turkey, but fish, boiled potatoes and gravy, bread, butter, and rhubarb jam, lefse (like pancakes), and pudding. After everything is cleared away, the family will assembly in the living room to open the packages brought by Santa Claus. At the same time tape recordings will be made of the children's squeals and thank-yous to be replayed after the holidays.

Later, when the neighbors come in for coffee to share the festive spirit, little Ann-Karin will say, "Mama, just think how different Christmas must be in America!"

Gledelig jul, alle sammen!!!

— by Karen Goetzke

THE 1965 AHDAWAGAM

The theme for the 1965 Ahdawagam is an Indian one. The Ahdawagam is to show how a day in Lincoln High School compares to a day in an Indian village. This is a special village because it happens to be situated at the present site of Wisconsin Rapids. The Indians once called this place Ahdawagam — meaning two-sided River — because the rapids were divided by a huge boulder here.

The Ahdawagam will begin with your arrival at the village at day break. The Lincoln High School students and faculty populate this village. The freshmen are the papooses, since they still have a long way to go to become chiefs. The sophomores are the Indian children; they are playing war games and getting ready to assume control of the village when they grow up. The juniors are the braves; they are young warriors who help keep the village going by hunting, fishing and fighting. The seniors run the village as chiefs since they have the experience to direct others. Behind the chiefs are the faculty who are the elder chiefs; their job is to offer guidance and wisdom to all members of the village.

The editors, Martha Craner and Elray Molberg, along with the co-editors, Sheri Roth and Donna Haferman, are working hard to construct this village. Chris Hervi and her staff are making final sketches of the village. The whole Ahdawagam staff is working to make this year's Ahdawagam the best.

— by Margo Utech

SCIENCE CLUB

Interested in space biology, D N A, or physics problems? Well, the students in Science Club are furthering their interests by doing an experiment in any scientific field they wish. When they complete their projects, they may enter them in the Junior Academy of Science if they meet the necessary requirements.

Mrs. Kumm, Mr. Purchatzke, Mr. Pesko, Mr. Carlson, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Jorgenson, Mr. Bonesho, Mr. Sunde, and Mr. Devlin as volunteer project supervisors will be very helpful in making these projects successful.

In the future the club also hopes to visit such places as the Planatarium in Point and also hear guest speakers.

— by Judy Jezwinski

DEBATE

This year's debate team, sponsored by Mr. Folger, is debating whether nuclear weapons should be controlled by an international organization. They are divided into two groups: the affirmative, who usually can show some need for international control, and the negative, who usually attacks the plan.

The purpose of the affirmative is to show a plan that fits the resolution and to present the need of adopting their plan. To prove that their plan should be adopted, they may bring out such ideas as the danger of accidental warfare, the spread of nuclear weapons among poor nations, and the possibility of the rise of an irrational leader like Hitler.

The negative also presents a plan that attempts to prove why the affirmative's wouldn't be feasible. One reason for this could be the inability to trust the Russians. For all we know, they may have hidden bombs and thus have an advantage over the United States. They also might say that there is no need for a plan because if nuclear weapons are controlled or eliminated, the Soviets' conventional forces will have advantage.

All together, the affirmative and negative presentation takes one hour: ten minutes per speech for first affirmative, first negative, second affirmative, and second negative. Then there's a rebuttal: five minutes per speech for first negative, first affirmative, second negative, and second affirmative.

All in all, debate seems to be quite exhilarating. If you don't think so, ask Tom Schneider, Bill Jefferson, or Kathy Wilson of "A" team affirmative or Jerry Gilbert or Jerry Schneider of "A" team negative.

— by Kay Jewell

THE LETTERMEN

Last year our lettermen presented a special movie projector to the atheletic department of Lincoln. This year President Charles Hinnners will present to the department twenty-four red blazers with a LHS crest. These are to be worn to out of town basketball games and wrestling matches. They will undoubtedly add to the already good impression of our athletes who represent us so well.

As you see, our letter winners are trying to be something more than be supersalesmen. Their high-pressure salesmanship is benefiting Lincoln

— by Mickey Walters



CHRISTMAS CONCERT

The annual Christmas concert was held Sunday, December 13, at 4:00 p.m. Preceding the concert, background music was played by Connie Bidwell. To open the concert, the band played "Roman Carnival," "Reflective Mood," and Overture Miniature."

Following the performance by the band, the choir sang "He Is Born," "A Star So Moving," "Listen to the Lambs" (soloist Judy Hanneman), "Winter Wonderland" (soloists, Sylvia Hafermann and Bob Dent), and other Christmas songs accompanied by Mrs. John Goggins at the piano.

After the presentation by the choir, the orchestra played "Marche Fantastic," "Symphony 4 in A Major," "Christmas Celebration," and "Three Songs for Christmas."

Before the finale, Mr. Cleworth invited all former members of the choir to join in on the "Hallelujah Chorus." Many walked up to the stage, took their places, and the finale began.

— by Bobbie Bacon and
Linda Bell

FOURTH ANNUAL SYMPOSIUM HELD AT MADISON

MADISON, WIS. — A total of 122 high school students accompanied by their teachers representing thirty-nine high schools throughout Wisconsin took part in the University of Wisconsin's fourth annual Junior Science, Engineering, and Humanities Symposium held on the University's campus at Madison, November 5-7. These outstanding students heard many of the University's scientists and scholars discuss topics under the general theme "Youth, Science, and the Future of Mankind." Here a teacher and a student are seen looking over a computer with Stanley Schlee (right), computer operator at the University. They are chemistry teacher, LeRoy Purchatzke (left), and student Alan Plisch. Other Lincoln students at the convention were Jim Nickel and Tom Dekarske.

GERMAN CLUB

Santa paid his first visit of the 1964 Christmas season to Lincoln on December 9. He was checking up on the members of the German Club's party. Santa, along with the appearance of Ozzie and his Rubbadubs, surely made the party successful. Gifts were exchanged by the people present. Punch and little treats were enjoyed.

On December 23, the members of the club will visit homes to sing German Christmas carols. — by Ron Karnatz

SCHOOL AFFAIRS

BRIGADOON

While the fifth hour chorus and the Art Club were hammering and painting to create effective settings, the sixth hour chorus studied the vocal parts and script of the musical show. While the stage crew was playing with various shades of lights and the make-up crew dabbled in eyeshadow, the orchestra was preparing the several selections. As the dancers were highland flinging and the choir members were selling tickets, the directors screamed and yelled and pulled their hair.

November 12 and 13 came. Each night the audience slowly filled with parents, students, ad dyed-in-the-wool showgoers. Backstage were many nervous kids waiting for the curtain to open. Some could joke but others had set serious expressions on their faces. Overheard were these remarks:

Dick Dent: "Hey, what happened to Mary with my good luck kiss?"

Gene Hafermann: "I'm not nervous. If I get through my first song I'll be all right."

Jim Hardison: "Egads! There's an audience out there!"

Tom Schneider: "I won't have any bad luck tonight. I had it all last night."

Leland Helke: "Gee, there's a bigger audience tonight."

Sylvia Hafermann: "I sure hope Dick knows his lines."

Judy Hanneman: "I hope Gene doesn't put the bread in his pocket."

Pamela Metzger: "What if I forget my song?"

Cynthia Hafermann: "I hope Tom and I get the laughs Pam and Jim did."

Bob Dent: "I'm glad this is my last year!"

Margo Utech: "Where's the rosin?"

Mike Ryan: "Yech, barf! My nose itches from this make-up. Would someone aim me for the stage? I don't have my glasses on."

Judy Jezwinski: "Where is the rosin?"

Soon, however, the inevitable did occur. Curtain opened and the show did go on.

Thursday night Dick Dent did a marvelous job as Tommy Albright and Sylvia Hafermann as Fiona fairly glowed as she sang her way into the hearts of all. Jim Hardison as Jeff and Pam Millenbah as Meg came through with a tremendous addition of comedy, especially during the shed scene. (Jim does a very nice impersonation of a tree, also.) Mike Ryan (Mr. Lundie) hobbled on and off stage quite well con-

sidering he is such a nice, *young* man. Bob Dent (Charlie) with his usual brilliant performance sent chills up and down the spines of all young girls (some older girls, too). Sue Goggins and Becky Anderson (Jeanne Mac Laren) both turned in heart-warming performances.

Friday night, Tome Schneider blurted out an unexpected "Miami Beach." (He also did a great impersonation of the same tree.) Tom charmed everyone with the lightness of his speech and natural humor. Cynthia's shining personality radiated over the crowd in a Molly Brown-like performance. Gene Hafermann (Tommy) and Judy Hanneman (Fiona) put forth a sincere performance convincing the crowd that love *does* conquer all.

The funeral scene proved to be tremendously impressive. As the remorseful Gary Flaminio (Archie Beaton) carried the body of his dead son Harlan Diggles (Harvey Beaton) the emotions of everyone were brought out by Sue Alverson (Maggie) who gracefully mourned the dead boy in a dance.

In the final scene, as Tommy said good-bye to New York and returned to Brigadoon, a part of each of us went with him, out of the modern world into fantasy.

All Nancy O'Neil could say afterwards was, "Boy, I wish I could be here one more year. I'd really ham it up. I love it!" Kathy Schill announced, "I'm pulling curtains next year. I get up on that stage and I can't stop laughing!"

It seems Cindy Coley, Mary Jo Leudtke, and Kathy Schill got the giggles during the funeral scene.

One could never mention all in one article and give proper credit to all, because everyone involved in *Brigadoon* did his share and more. But special recognition should be given for the excellent jobs done by Mr. Cleworth, head of musical and dramatic direction; Mr. Joseph Liska, Junior Orchestra director; Mrs. June Lee Haertel, ballet and special dance director; Jackie Hall, student director; and Marge Thedens, assistant student director.

"We canna'" express how great mighty Brigadoon was; who here could ever deny the show's success?

— by Jackie Hall, Kay Jewell
and Judy Ehlert

DRAMATICS CLUB

Anyone who has listened to P.M. announcements probably wonders what in the world a Gabawachee is. Hearing it associated with the words, "cast" and "crew," you've probably gathered by now that it's the name of a play. Well, just for the record, we'd like to try to lift the rest of the cloud. A Gabawachee is simply this. It is what a person becomes if he hates to be clean! It lives in the forest and always has a beard. Gabawachees (*ch* as in *chirp*) are not to be confused with Gabawakees (*k* as in *krunch*). Gabawakees live in trees, not in the forest, and have wings. There is a world of difference.

Don't worry, the Dramatics Club and Thespian members haven't all reverted to their second childhoods. The Gabawachee is this year's new money raising project. We have added one more event to our public showings. This year, besides having the Night One-Acts and the All-School Play, we're going to give a Children's Matinee. The Matinee will consist of two plays shown at 4:00 some weekday afternoon (the date and times are still indefinite). "Little Black Sambo" and "The Gabawachee" are the two features.

"Little Black Sambo" will be a repeat of the same play given two years ago during the night One-Acts. Cast for this play isn't entirely decided on yet.

The Gabawachee, however, is well under way. Lynda Reddick and Tandae Winegarden play the two Gabawachees. Miss Lonesome is played by Carole Genis, Miss Scaredy by Virginia Nenza, and Miss Prim by Kay Jewell. The directors are Dorothy Galloway and Lorna Thomas.

With everyone busy trying to raise their grades after the annual first quarter flop, practices have been limited. However, in a last hurried effort it was preieved by the Dramatics Club members as a radio play behind a closed curtain. The play was accepted, and the vote was to plan the matinee for sometime after Christmas. So it's A.O.K.; counting and all the signals are go. Give us a hand and tell all your little brothers and sisters about it. We know they'll enjoy "They Gabawachee"!

— by Lorna Rae Thomas

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD?

Well, here we are, fun rocketing off into another action packed basketball season. Let's look into the future and try to anticipate the game in the forthcoming weekend.

What's this! It seems my eyes are playing tricks of illusion on me. Is that Beverly Rheel down there coaching the . . . girls? It can't be. Let me see. Why, there's the elongated Linda Caves down there rebounding in place of Bruce Ristow. Ron Grunden is missing, and in his place we find that fast-moving, hard-fighting Lynda Reddick. Mighty Jim Szelagowski has been replaced by the hot-shooting girl with the broken arm. But what is this? Bill Heilman is down there. I should know that Bill wouldn't miss a game, especially if the rest of the squad is girls.

Now I can tell the rest of the unpredictable lanky line up. Dorothy Galloway, commonly known to her team mates as "Dead Eye Dorothy," is standing down there beside Beth Wherley. The freshmen are represented by the magnificent Jacque Miller. This should prove to be a history making basketball match.

But what's this? Here comes the heroic regulars. It seems that the excited boys got their tennis shoes completely mixed up and just now finished figuring out what size fits whose foot.

This leads me to believe that our school has nothing to fear. If the team can't make it, the G.A.A. squads are here.

— by Patti Maher

INTRAMURAL SPORTS

Archery has been added to the lineup of intramural sports at Lincoln this year. Fifty-five boys, freshmen through seniors, signed up for the competition. The competitors had six shots from each of three distances: thirty, forty and fifty yards. Dick Bretl won the tournament, but only after a shoot-off due to a tie between him and Don Tessmer.

An intramural basketball league has also been organized this year. Twenty-two teams are signed up with ten in the freshmen-sophomore division and twelve in the junior-senior division. Varsity basketball squad members will referee the games. Read more on intramural basketball in the next issue.

— by Ron Feutz

TWO WEEKS OF BASKETBALL

Ah, the joy of putting a small ball through an even smaller hoop. Thus begins another year of basketball. In the space of one day, many lads cast off the padded and bulky covering of football uniforms and emerged as slim, sleek young men once more.

The last football game was on Friday night, and the next Monday, November 2, Lincoln High School began basketball practice. Of course, the age-old problem of too many ducks in one pond arose. Alas, not all could find a position on the team. Twenty-five young lads went into the battle and when the smoke cleared only twelve emerged. These twelve have gained the very special privileges of getting to stay in their beloved school an extra three hours a day beside receiving special criticism on every action on and off the court by their mentor-coach, Dale Rheel. Other enchantments of a basketball life that the twelve enjoy are cold suppers (only two hours late) and cost-free sleeping pills. But those who have the habit of running after a small ball for a couple of hours a day never seem to have a problem sleeping and hence take no pills.

The twelve thinclads are as follows: Bruce Ristow, Ron Grundeen, Bill Heilman, Chris Gorski, Jim Szelagowski, Jim Saeger, Greg Dresdow, Mike Casey, Mike Doughty, Greg Ebsen, Bob Rember, and me.

You, the reader, most likely have found Ristow, Grundeen, Heilman, Saeger, Dresdow, and Casey trying to get as close as possible to those little round hoops. When the game gets to its frenzied start, they jump up and down, crowding and pushing their lowly opponents to oblivion. Don't be to angry at these lads, for they just can't be looking out for their opponents all the time as they are so tall, powerful and quick while their opponents are so flimsy. If you watch carefully, you may get a glimpse of Slimbo Ristow losing his elbow in an enemy's stomach. Slimbo simply loves hanging from the basket. These chaps under the basket are named forwards and centers.

Out farther from the basket is another

group called guards. The guards consist of Gorski, Szelagowski, Doughty, Ebsen, Rember, and me. Because of their stunted size, they run around trying to get the lads underneath the basket dizzy so that they themselves can sneak close enough to put the ball through the round hoop.

For the first two weeks of practice, these twelve youths were busy as beavers endlessly running, jumping, and hanging from the basket to rehearse for their first game at LaCrosse. It was disastrous. Since then these 12 have won 3 and lost 3. Not bad, for two of the games they slipped in were non-conference. However, the game at Point . . .

RAIDERS IN THE PANTHERS' PIT

The traditional rivalry between the Red Raiders of the Rapids and the Stevens Point Panthers lost none of its excitement in the first clash of the 64-65 season. As usual, the game went down to the wire.

Wisconsin Rapids journeyed to the Panthers' Pit and found them still licking their wounds from the trouncing given them by the Raiders in football earlier. Rapids went right to work to counterbalance this and within a few minutes the score was 10-5 in favor of the Raiders. After that things began to go poorly for the Raiders because of a wave of turnovers, and the Panthers inched ahead. The score stayed close the entire game except in the fourth quarter when Point pulled ahead by nine points with 1:40 to go. The Raiders, realizing they had best get to work, fought back with eight straight points, only to find the time run out at a score of 59-58 for Point.

Rapids was in trouble most of the game, especially 6 foot, 6½ inch senior center, Bruce Ristow, who drew three personal fouls in the rapid fire struggle of the beginning of the game. This reduced his effectiveness for the rest of the night. The score by quarters was 14-13; 28-24; and 46-40 with Point in the lead. This was the Raiders' first setback in conference play and the third overall loss.

— by Pete Anderson

LOOKING BACK AT CROSS COUNTRY

Cross Country is a sport which many people know little about. It consists of running from two to two-and-a-half miles across the country side. Each team has eight runners, who at least start the race. At the end of the race the judges take the number of the places of each of the first five runners from each team and total these numbers. For instance, if a team's first five runners finished first, third, fourth, sixth, and eighth, it would have twenty two points. After the scores are totaled, the team with the least number of points wins. You may ask, "If only five runners count, what do we have the other three for?" These three may be able to finish ahead of the other team's fifth man and thereby give the other team more points.

Now that everyone thoroughly understands the sport and how it is scored, you can think back upon the Cross Country scores which came over the P.A. system. Most of the time Lincoln had the lowest number, meaning, of course, that we had won. The fact is that the varsity had a 5-1 record in dual meets, and the varsity also finished third out of six in the Wausau Invitational, fourth out of seven on the conference meet, and fifth out of ten in the Sectionals. The Junior Varsity had a 6-0 record in dual meets, finished third in the Wausau Invitational, and tied for first in the conference meet.

Now that you understand Cross Country you should go to some of the meets next year. The meets are usually on Tuesday or Thursday nights after school. Even though we had a great season this year and are losing some of the best runners ever to run at Lincoln — runners like Dave Jacoby, Tom Schneider, Gene Hafermann, Allen Eimerman, Jim Mann, and Dennis Wagner — don't lose heart.

From the looks of things, next year's team should be great with Bob Johnson, Jerre Jackson, Larry Bunde, Jerry Schneider, Andy Spees, Jim Newman, Pat Marsh, Len Werner and many members of that promising B squad, all coming back to make next year's team even better.

— by Gene Haferman
and Bill Heilman

A GREAT BEGINNING . . . A QUESTIONABLE ENDING

After being nipped 50-44 by LaCrosse Central, our Raiders bounded back to smash Everest, 95-54. Big guns on offense were Bruce Ristow, 22 points; Mike Doughty, 18 points; and Greg Dresdow, 19 points.

The Raider defense was primarily man-to-man, but Coach Rheel apparently experimented with a new combination of man-to-man and zone. In it, the two guards play man-to-man while the two forwards and center play a zone. While it was at first puzzling to Everest, the new defense did not stop their junior forward, Kennedy, who hooped 18 points.

Fortified by this win, the Raiders marched on to defeat Antigo 60-46 in a game that was closer than the score indicates. Only a hot Raider second quarter and a stout fourth quarter Rapids' defense pulled the Raiders through.

Gathering momentum, the Raiders steam-rolled over an Eau Claire North quintet, 80-66. This game was close only in the first moments. The Bruce Ristow bombed 10 points and had a game effort of 24 to put the Raiders in front to stay.

The Raider steam-roller suffered a steam shortage when it met the Neenah team. Neenah took an early lead and in combination with poor Rapid's passing and red-hot Neenah shooting held it for the rest of the game.

The Point Five smashed our steam-roller, sending us to a one-point defeat. The Raiders pulled from a four-point deficit to a one-point but to no avail. Now Coach Rheel must remake our piece of equipment into an effective machine.

— by Tom Dekarske

PINNING THEM DOWN

Buzzzzzz-School's out! Up to the locker, on with my coat, and get with the books. With no meetings, I might as well see who's working out in the gym tonight.

As I enter the massive fieldhouse I see many of our dedicated athletes. There are some wrestlers: Larry Bunde (103), Dennis Strozewski (138), and Bill Loken (133), who look like they are running off five pounds of ham, potatoes, salad, and coke they enjoyed this weekend. Here come the Manns — Dennis (95) and Jim (112). Start run-

ning, fellows. Here come the massive muscular mat men of our squad: Dick Reeves (165), Joe Kosek (180), and Ron Witt (HWT). Looks like they're going to wrestle in back. Hey, you're not basketball players! There's Clark Nelson (154) lifting weights. Here comes Andy Spees (120) and Al Eimerman (127), more basketball players. Here comes Coach Devlin being passed by a late Dave Feith (145). Scatter, wrestlers!

At the time of this writing our wrestling squad had a record of 1-1. They lost to Point and handily defeated D.C. Everest. They also placed fourth at the Reedsburg Tournament where we had but one champion, Dick Reeves, a senior, who went to State as a sophomore.

— by Mickey Walters

A NON-SKIER'S OPINION ON SKIING

Me? Go skiing? No thanks. I don't want to spend my Christmas vacation in the hospital.

I never could understand why people wanted to jump off a hill and take the chance of not only breaking their legs, but their necks, too. Maybe they're trying to prove to themselves that they're not afraid. "I'm brave. I'm not afraid!" They have to keep saying this to themselves because, at the last second, they might chicken out. It's too late then; there's no turning back. Me, I'd just whistle a happy tune. That's the sane person's answer by the shortest, safest way.

About this meet at Dyracuse the other day, I overheard some people say that they had to bring in a thousand tons of snow. Around here we're always griping about the snow and how we wish it would disappear. So it disappears and what happens? They "import" so that a bunch of ninnies can jump off a hill and land on the seats of their pants! I hope the people from where they get the snow are happy, because I'm not.

Don't get me wrong, I'm not all against winter sports. I must say that I prefer the good ole "terra firma." How about you other non-skiers? Speakup! Take action against these happenings. How about starting a club? If they can have a Skier's Club, we should start a Non-Skier's Club. We've got to show the world that we're not all "nuts." From one wishing to remain anonymous for obvious reasons! A non-skiing friend, Room 224, Row 2, Seat 3.

SKIING FUN

This article is directed to those of you who don't participate in that bone-breaking, toe-freezing, and wind blind-winter sport, skiing. It's a fun sport.

For those of you who haven't experienced a typical day of skiing, let me clue you in. You plan to ski all day Saturday. Friday night you stay up to all hours of the night doing homework and getting ready to go. You fall into bed at 1:30 a.m. but are too excited to sleep. At 3:00 a.m. you're on your way. (You know that's even before the sun gets up!)

By nine o'clock you reach your destination thoroughly tired and barely able to stand. But you console yourself with the thought of the fun you'll have. You wearily take skis and boots in hand, taking care not to clobber anyone with those skis! Now, into the lodge to put your boots on. First, eight or ten pairs of socks go on. Then for the tug-of-war with your boots. Ahh, success! Oops! Forgot to lace your boots. Two hours later your boots are laced and your hands blistered.

You now venture out into the thirty degree below zero weather. Burr, that's a mite chilly, but how exhilarating! Off come your mittens to fix your ski bindings. Now your skis are on, but your hands are frozen; but you must expect a little discomfort. You try to walk to the tow (that is, with skis on).

After falling ten or twenty times, you reach the tow line. Forty-five minutes later you reach the tow. Now, how to get up it? Grab the rope and *hope!* Oops, jolt, chash! Maybe you put one hand behind you. You pick yourself up and try again — oh, success. Oh, a curve and rock, the tow goes up, you fall and get run over by thirty or forty skiers before the rescue team comes to your aid.

They get you to the top; now to get down. Let's add that there are miles down, so on the first turn take it easy. Position — poles in place; push off. Hum, not bad, there's a tree — wonder how to lean? There goes your sleeve. Here comes a curve; too bad you don't know how to take it. You fall and roll the other two and a half miles to the bottom with one ski on because your releases didn't work.

You pick yourself up and brush yourself off just in time to hear the announcement that the tow is closing.

SOCIAL SECTION

Off with the skis and you trudge into the lodge to take off the boots. Right about now you have doubts as to your feet — if they are there or not.

You finally get home and exhausted, drop into bed. The next morning you can't move, but by some miracle you're alive, and your feet are thawed out. Your body has taken on these funny black and olive marks all over, and, oh, how they smart! After two to three weeks in bed, you're ready to resume a somewhat normal pattern of life, that is on crutches, you know.

The word comes down that there is snow on the slopes and there will be a big skiing party next weekend. Naturally you can't get back on the slopes fast enough.

Such is the life of a skier. I hope I have given you a valuable insight on the exciting field of skiing. Wouldn't you like to learn to ski? We'll never quit!

— by Sue Nelson

HAVE
A
MERRY
CHRISTMAS
AND
A
HAPPY
NEW YEAR

LOVE

Love knows no season,
It needs no reason.
A small babe lies safe in his mother's arms;
A pre-school child shares her many charms.
Then school starts for a little child;
A pretty teacher tames even the most wild.
High school age, the time for dating,
Wall flowers wish for a computer's rating.
Then comes marriage with its bliss;
Takes a lot of love to maintain this.

— by Bobbit Albert

EOTELTSIM ???

If you saw some *Eoteltsim*, what would you do with it?

"I'd turn it upside down," said Kathy Wilson.

"I'd look again or else check my glasses," replied Sue Luehrs.

"I'd forget about it," mumbled Dennis Spencer.

"I'd consult Miss Ferguson for a definition," stated Kathy Wackter.

"I'd sit there and stare at it; then laugh like a fool," thundered Gary Sonnenberg.

"No comment," came from Norb Simonis.

"Hold it to a mirror," smiled Steve Schroeder.

"I'd look and see if a girl was anywhere near it," whooped Harold Fitzgerald.

"I would pronounce it; what else?" jeered Jim Ellis.

Ahhh, it seems Harold is on the right track, as any Chinaman who reads from right to left could affirm.

— by Sue Rasmusus

PSYCH, ANYONE?

Oops! There goes another one. They're invading these hallowed halls of Lincoln. If you even get within speaking distance, they start to psychoanalyze you! It's that psychology class — going to the seniors' heads. You don't believe it? Well, read on!

Sue Nelson's getting so bad in that class, that she had to take a lie detector test. Remember the results, Sue?

Sharon Little leaves in the middle of class to look for pictures of handsome guys.

If anyone wants to get Bill Heilman riled, just ask him about the man who wanted to go down the elevator. Bill insists he wanted to go up. Nice try, Bill.

Jim Weber put up a great fight when he stood up for the donkey who couldn't choose between the two hay stacks. Didn't you ever solve that conflict, Jim?

Have you heard that Chris Gorski was found mentally unstable? Well, he was only one of the many, according to the ratings from the mental health inventory.

The class was given another mental health test in which they were to find a policeman riding his motorcycle in a landscape scene . . . In case anyone is still looking, we have a hint. Turn your paper upside down, and we'll find him

SOCIAL SECTION

hidden among the rocks.

Anyone been having delirium tremens? Ask Pauline Ellingson what's wrong. She'll know.

Joann Miller's studying the psych book again. She must be getting set to help us win another good class argument. It never hurts to try, anyway.

The movies are really a highlight of the class. Did you ever know that messages are sent by little men throughout your system to the man with the mustache in your brain? This movie was only for those class members who considered themselves in possession of a brain.

Do you dream in color? How many hours a night do you study? Do you daydream often? Cheer up if you've been answering a couple dozen questionnaires. They're only semester psychology projects, quite harmless.

Don't let this article frighten you into staying out of the halls. This semester's psych class will soon come to an end, and, who knows, next semester's batch of psych students may even be better, although, it's doubtful!

Finally, speaking in behalf of the first semester psych students, we would like to say, "Happy honeymoon, teacher."

— by Judy Jezwinski,
Lenore Crothers and Janice
Van Stedum

FELLOWS AND GALS — THEIR FADS AND FANCIES

Remember the wig hats and the elephant bracelets? Also the last year's varn to learn how to knit, so you could knit your best guy a sweater for Christmas? Well, this school year has seemed to add its share of fads to the growing list too.

The colored stockings frequently seen on Melody Heitman and these crazy textured ones seem to have made a hit with many girls. Cries for these have apparently been heard by Sue Schmidt, Lorna Thomas, and Sue Alverson.

Another fad seems to bring back the Roaring Twenties. The purses which hang with a strap from the shoulder show evidence of this. Barb Billmeyer and Sue Rice are frequently seen holding up these purses.

Boys like to be noticed too, and those gorgeous, fuzzy, wool jackets worn by Harry and Tom Babcock, Chuck King, Craig George, and Jim Saeger, are out of this world!

Now, before I close, since these days

find us involved in the atmosphere of Christmas joy, I would like to wish everybody a Merry Christmas!

— by Pauline Landon

Hey guys! Are you still wondering what to get that special girl for Christmas? Check the fantastic sale ads below. You're sure to find the ideal gift for her . . .

A pink mink, guaranteed not to stink, just \$678.01 plus tax.

Princess shoes in groups of three for the girl that grew another foot in the past year. These may be had for as low as \$50 a trio.

Lady Jane Hair Spray, just released on the market. It won't be sticky, won't smell; it's non-greasy, won't make your hair stiff (Ingredient: air) the remarkable price is just \$5.00 an ounce.

Give her a ring. We have bells that ring in any key you like. \$5.00 per bell is nominal.

Say it with flowers . . . We just got in a whole carload of fresh dandelions preserved from last summer. \$6.00 for the larger ones, \$5.00 for the slightly wilted ones are the low-low prices.

Get her some perfume from the exotic jungles of Africa. Winners, these are made from the biggest, finest bananas of Africa. If you're an Ape, you won't be able to resist her. \$9.00 an ounce is a give-away.

Above items are on sale at Wearies' Department Store in the Twilight Zone. Sale expires on December 25, 2001.

— by Pat Mahoney

THIS AGE OF SPACE

Santa, I have always wondered,
How do you ever find your way
To all the children in the world
In just one tiny little day?

You must make quite a lot of stops
To deliver all those toys,
And climb down lots of chimneys
Of all those girls and boys.

But please be careful, Santa dear,
When you drive that sleigh at night,
For we've sent up lots of missiles
And some things called satellites.

I'd hate to hear a crash above
And then look up and see
That you've collided with a rocket
And met your destiny!

— by Linda Jackson

SOCIAL SECTION

DAD'S DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS

'Twas the day before Christmas, when all through the town
The shoppers were scurrying, with smile and with frown.
The stockings were waiting to be hung with care
In hopes that Saint Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were all pulling on Mommy's skirt
The faces were streaked with tears and with dirt.
They wanted to stay and have one more glance
To see if Old Santa had left, by chance,
When out on the street, there arose such a clatter —
Mom ran from the store to see what was the matter.
And there I was, fit to be tied —
"Let's get these kids home, Mother!" I cried.
The walk was wet with new fallen snow —
Kids were wet too — from head to toe,
When what to my wondering eye should appear
But a cop by the car with a grin ear to ear
Writing a ticket so lively and quick
I knew in a minute it wasn't St. Nick.
More rapid than an eagle Mom darted about
From counter to counter — and then came a shout,
"Come David, come Oscar, come Suzy and Pop
To the back of the store — to the back of the shop.
The price tags before the wild hurricane fly
When they meet with a shopper, mount to the sky!
Half-price is the cry and what do you think —
I'll finish my shopping in less than a wink."
And then in a twinkling I heard in my ear
"I'm finished, I'm finished. There's nothing to fear.
We'll get the kids home in plenty of time
And everything's going to turn out just fine."
I sprang to the car and away we did go
To relax for a minute before the big show
On Christmas morning, when I'll stand big and tall
And say "Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas to all!"
— by Judy Kirchhoefer

LETTERS TO SANTA

Dear Santa,

Please bring me a better understanding of chemistry because I have a whole semester left. Also bring a Terry Doll. I have been as good as possible.

Pauline Landon

Dear Pauline,

Your understanding of Chemistry might be improved if I wouldn't bring a Terry Doll. How about an Einstein Doll that passes tests?

Santa

Dear Santa,

Peas breng me a wegun an a kar to pull it wis. Also a protable barre. I am a good boy. Ill leve oo some kookies n milk.

Love,

Terry Szelagowski

Dear Terry,

Mrs. Santa thinks we'd best take a rain check on that portable and bring you a dictionary complete with an English tutor.

Santa

Dear Santa,

For Christmas, dear Santa, my reputable friend, I would consider it a RARE privilege to receive a genuine Louisville Slugger bat stretcher, preferably light beige.

Very devotedly yours,
Dave Ferk

Dear Dave,

My honorable cohort, provided I can find one, it shall most assuredly be yours.

Santa

P.S. Remember to leave me some goodies. Hint hint.

Dear Santa,

I would like 365¼ free tickets for the school activities.

Terri

Dear Terri,

I can arrange for the ¼ ticket, but I don't know about the other 365.

Santa

SOCIAL SECTION

Dear Santa,

I would like a complete guide to Mrs. Hayward's English course, with sample tests and answers. Also send a complete guide to Mr. Carlson's physics tests.

Jim Nickel

Dear Jimmy,

Sorry Jimmy, but we're fresh out of that bloomin' good guide to Mrs. Hayward's tests. I'll see what I can do about Mr. Carlson's, though.

Santa

Dear Santa,

This year I would like an electric typewriter, a baby grand piano, a new winter wardrobe, and a 1965 model sports car. A driver's license would help. Please bring a simplified copy of next week's *Observer*. Noon hours are too short to read the regular editions.

A life-long admirer, Linda

Dear Linda,

The typewriter is a possibility, but I don't think the rest and me could fit. It's those small chimneys these days, you know. I'm working on the *Observer*, but Mr. Goetzke is running slight interference.

Santa

Dear Santa,

I want to get a teddy bear to keep me company. Thanks for last year's gifts.

Cindy Davis

Dear Cindy,

Your teddy bear is on his way.

Santa

To the students,

Merry Christmas, a Happy New Year.

Mr. and Mrs. Santa

— Sue Sampson and Pat Koop

HAVE YOU HEARD?

Have you heard about Roger Fritz's approaching Santa Claus in the Montgomery Ward Store and presenting him with a Christmas present list? He wanted (1) a pair of safety skis which would help prevent him from breaking a leg on his first ski trip; (2) \$147 to pay the Student Council debt. He's president, you know. (3) \$147 to buy Marilyn's Christmas present. He can't very well get it at the Junior Miss, can he?

"That's quite a list," mused Santa. "I'll have to check in my big book to see if you've been a good boy."

"Never mind checking," answered Rog. "Just bring me a safety latch for my old skis." — by Pauline Landon

DOES LINCOLN HAVE ENOUGH CHRISTMAS SPIRIT?

One day, walking through the halls at school, a friend said to me, "You

know, it doesn't seem much like Christmas, does it? . . . This school just does not have that spirit!" I was thinking about what she had said when I went to bed that night, and then came the wildest dream . . .

It was the day before we get out for Christmas vacation. As I entered the school, Smash! It was an up-roar! Mr. Jorgenson, standing at the door and dressed in a Santa Claus suit, greeted me with a "Ho Ho Ho, and Merry Christmas." He then asked me if I was a good girl, and since I gave a truthful answer, of course he gave me a candy cane.

As I walked down the hall, I had to cut my way through tinsel that hung from ceilings to floors throughout the whole school. All of the students in the halls had bells on their shoes, creating an enormous racket of jingles.

As I traveled up to the second floor, I saw the same thing along with some added features. Pickles was walking down the hall playing his own version of "Jingle Bells" on his electric guitar, and Paul Miller hammed it up by accompanying him with his sharp-sounding drums. Then the Blue Jays (Joan Wendt, Joan Koch, and Jenny Krings) decided they would really fix it, so they sang along with them.

When it was time for the bell to ring, it wasn't the same ol' dead buzzer that we usually hear, but instead they had Christmas Chimes.

When I walked past Mr. Pesko's room and saw him busily mixing some elements and compounds together, I asked him what experiment he was doing. He said not to bother him because he was in the process of preparing his favorite Christmas cookies. He was having just a little trouble trying to bake them over his bunsen burners.

As I walked into Miss Robinson's office practice class, I heard "Jingle Bells" again. She had the students typing to it in rounds. The electric typewriters took the lead, the others followed, and the adding machines and calculators came in last. Linda Muth was out of tune — wouldn't you know it.

If you bought your lunch in the school cafeteria, the menu consisted of giant pop-corn balls, Christmas cookies, and all kinds of Christmas candy. For desert was a chocolate Santa Claus or Christmas tree. You could have your pick.

SOCIAL SECTION

After lunch I stopped in the gym and saw Bruce Ristow and some of the other players on our fine basketball team practicing their baskets. Instead of playing the game, Horse, they played Reindeer.

In 103, sixth hour, there was really a mess! It seems that Mr. Daly hadn't done any of his gift wrapping yet so he was having all of the students in there do it for him. Paper was flying all over the place, students were running around in complete disorder, and Janet Slattery was screaming because she got all tangled up in some ribbon and couldn't get out. Across the room there was more trouble. It seems that Donna Linzmeier was holding her finger on a ribbon that Joan Parker was trying to tie in a bow; Donna forgot to pull her finger out in time. It's still in there, and whoever the gift is for will get Donna, too!

Instead of the bus pulling up that night, along came Santa in his sleigh to take the students home. It was just too much for me. I said, "This has got to be a dream!" and I gave myself a big pinch and Bingo! I woke up. When I saw the wise friend that day, that had said that Lincoln didn't have enough Christmas spirit, I gave her a big lecture. I told her how I felt Lincoln had plenty of spirit, and if it had anymore, it would be over-doing it!

Merry Christmas, Everyone!

— by Pat Mahoney

KOOK'S KORNER

Hi, fans! Here's the Kook again. But, before I proceed any further, I have a word of warning to all the readers of this column. Don't call me Ursula Alexandra! If you insist upon addressing me by a name other than Shirley, make it Ursula, Urs, Kookie, or Alex, but *not* Ursula Alexandra. I happen to have an inferiority complex and think that I'm being laughed at when anyone calls me that. Now, on to better things.

Here we are with Christmas vacation just around the corner. It seems too good to be true. For some people it is. Janice Van Stedum and Pat Chariton will be spending some of their vacation in the hospital having their tonsils removed. Well, at least they'll be able to eat all the ice-cream they want! Speaking of Van Stedums, Janice isn't the only one. Her sophomore brother Ernie had an operation recently to help to make him grow. So far it hasn't helped too much. Ern is asking Santa for another foot for Christmas — to add to his height, that is.

Tom Dekarske asked me to pass along this stale joke. It seems that Mr. Goldwater is in the hospital, too. Hit by a landslide, I think. If I've revived old wounded Goldwater supporters, remember, Mr. Dekarske, not I, composed that masterpiece. While we're on the subject though, here's another; Knock, knock. Who's there? Barry. Barry, who? Forgotten already? Anyway . . .

My dear friend, Pat Mahoney of silk stocking poll fame wants me to inform all the readers that the terrible rumor about her driving on the sidewalks is false. But knowing Pat, I tend to put it more in the category of a "false lie" which I interpret to be the truth.

Joe Jung, I think you're trying to gain popularity the hard way. Tipping a tractor on yourself can be pretty serious business. Chris Mattheis had his chance to be a hero, though. The way I heard it, he lifted the tractor off of Joe and then, holding it with one hand, dragged Joe out with the other.

Now, here's a want ad I've been paid \$5.00 to include: *Wanted:* junior and senior boys to take senior girls to the Senior Christmas Ball. All volunteers report to the Publications room after school.

Teachers, when in need of order in the classroom, do as Mrs. Krause does. All it takes is an "Excuse me for interrupting you, class . . ."

Did any of you seniors attend the freshman party? There surely were lots of invitations written on a lot of blackboards in a lot of senior class rooms! Speaking of seniors, some of them seem to be returning to their childhood days, at least in study hall. Playing marbles seems to be a good way to revive old memories.

Not to mention a definite name, but there is a certain sophomore girl who runs around madly pulling off "fruit-loops" from shirts. Poor girl. Or, should I say, poor boys? (Incidentally, fruit-loops are the slender loops found on the back of stylish boys' shirts).

John Slinkman and all other kids who will be trying to pass their drivers' tests during vacation, good luck!

I'm sorry to have to say this, but the end is near. Thanks for all of the funny happenings so many of you have contributed. For those of you who still have not, remember that the place is the publications room, right next to 219. Any humorous or unusual incidents will be welcomed.

— by Ursula

Literary Lore



A T R I B U T E

Gettysburg, Waterloo, Yorktown, New Orleans, Flanders, El Alamein, San Juan Hill, and Pusan; English, French, Swedish, Spanish, Korean, German, Japanese and American; there they lie — thousands upon bloody thousands — burned, slashed, gassed, shot and blown into an eternal life by that which is known as war.

There they lie — men of sword and shield, musket and saber, ball and shot, bayonet and grenade, plane and tank. General Pickett and the high water mark of the Confederacy, General Washington's capture of Yorktown, Old Hickory's gallant stand at New Orleans, Roosevelt and his Rough Riders, Rommel, MacArthur, Patton, Ike, and Napoleon — famous to all — made famous by the bloody corpses found in the mangled mutilated masses. The living are able to bask in the glory of victory or hide in the dark lonely shadows of defeat — the immobile dead decay on the harsh surface of a cruel world.

The generals wine and dine, diplomatize and politic; the dying feel the trickle of dirt or grass at their barren ribs. Commanders command and soldiers soldier. Commanders command and soldiers die! Who reaps the brass braid and glory of wonderful rewarding war? Not the dead for they are dead and decaying upon the harsh surface of a cruel world.

Charge! and the soldiers charge.

Stand! and the soldiers remain.

Outflank, march, destroy, attack, occupy or retain — the Soldiers respond like the pawns on a chess board, bound by the rules of war and punishment of desertion.

Where are the fighters of these wars? Wining? Dining? Diplomatzing or politicing? They're decaying under acres of undissimilar headstones or decaying in masses born of a cruel war and immense graves or their bones are strewn, just bleaching here and there, about a once violent countryside.

— by Mickey Walters

PASTURES GREEN

Leaves fall,
Suns shine,
Flowers bloom,
Day is mine.

Shadows cast
A tree so lean;
The sun sets
On pastures green.

— by *Helen Schoechert*

OUR FAMILY CAR

Our family car is a sixty-one Biscayne, one of the cheaper Chevrolet models. It boasts six roaring cylinders and four wheels (with regular hubcaps). Perhaps its greatest claim to fame is its color, a rather pretty beige. Any car enthusiast would undoubtedly refer to it as "a real dog." One glance from the status seeker would likely provoke this remark, "Any little six cylinder car with a body like that could not possibly have any pickup, traction, or maneuverability." I guess it's true! Our car can't claim any of the big impressive words that you see in all the glamorous full page ads. We could never say that it had two independent front axles to share the shocks and smooth the road. It doesn't have new Twin I Beam suspension or a torque converter with universal joints. To say its space was larger, its look longer, or its go greater could only be true if it were being compared to a fat basset hound.

What our car does have is a dependable character. It's a common car without all the little luxuries. Yet common as it may be, it has uncommon abilities. Loaded to the hilt with camping gear, it crossed the continental divide five

times in one day, spent that night unprotected in an August snow storm high in the Rockies of Colorado, and still started promptly the next morning. Serving in the capacity of a pick-up truck, it has carried desks, skis, dead deer, trees, lawn mowers, and even live rabbits. Its most amazing feat was carrying six enthusiastic cheerleaders to Eau Claire and Antigo and emerging completely unscratched.

Most people fail to see the hidden virtues of our car and frequently ask, "When are you going to get a new little compact with bucket seats?" They reason that since two of my brothers are gone, we no longer need a rugged car and can now buy something with class. Soothingly my dad always answers, "Oh, sometime soon, I suppose." Why doesn't he (pardon the expression) set the date? To be perfectly honest, I don't think he ever will. The conservative, practical car will probably always be in the Thomas garage. The general consensus of opinion at our house runs something like this, "We Thomases would rather fight than switch!!!"

— *Lorna Rae Thomas*

OLD

Snow falls quietly
As I sit alone thinking
Of days gone by and dream
Dreams of ages ago.

Old and unwanted,
Shriveled and wrinkled.
I sit waiting for that thought
And waiting for that dream.

Lost are the days of fun I used to know.
The people I used to meet on the streets
Are unknown to me now.
A breeze has blown my life away.

Alone in this room I sit
And watch the snow flakes fall
Like my life.

— by *Sue Christensen*

WHEN THEY CAN'T GO TO SLEEP

Children are great ones for not being able to go to sleep! Whether they're too hot or too cold, they hear noises, or they just aren't tired, there's always something the matter.

My belief is that children should be put to bed to go to sleep, and not to nag Mother until she lets them get up again to watch just one more television show. A common occurrence in many homes, while putting children to sleep, goes something like this:

"Mommy, I'm hungry. Can I have a cookie?!"

"Come on, just one, dear."

"Mommy, can I get up when Patti goes to sleep?"

"We'll see, darling."

"Mommy, I have to go potty," and so on. If you ask me, this is a barrel of monkey business. I'm not against catering to children once in a while, but something like that seems ridiculous. Why should children get in a habit like this? They are put to bed to sleep and that's what they should do. To avoid the common "Mommy, I'm thirsty" routine, here is a suggested pattern to follow when putting children to bed.

First, one must give them either a glass of water or milk with a cookie or graham cracker to munch on. This is so they can't suddenly become thirsty or hungry once in bed. Next, one should escort them to the bathroom, where they will brush their teeth and go potty. I mentioned escorting them to the bathroom so that they can't out-smart you by saying that they never made it to the bathroom when you told them to go the first time and pipe out with, "Can't I go now, Mommy?" While all this non-

sense is going on the television should be turned off so that they don't suddenly become involved in a program far beyond their mental capacity. They never show such intelligence when learning the alphabet or new concepts in arithmetic. Now with strict orders to go to sleep you tuck them in. The lights go out and it is quiet. The thought that this might be the first night all week that you won't have any trouble with them passes through your mind, but is quickly shattered when the bedroom door clicks shut.

"Mommy, don't close the door all the way." "Mommy, there's noises outside." "Mommy, Patti's fooling around."

Finally the patience is lost and you threaten, "Now you kids go to sleep or I'll come in with the fly swatter!" Again it is quiet.

This is the way putting children to bed should go, smooth and quick. Those last few statements the children usually succeed in squeezing in no matter how many books you've read on the subject, so we'll consider them part of the routine.

"Finally asleep?" you ask yourself. You aren't sure but you venture to wrap the Christmas presents anyway.

Thum, thum, thum. What's that? It never fails, one of the darlings is out of bed. You hear the bedroom door handle turn and the tiny feet come closer. Between trying to conceal the present and trying to control your temper, the poor child doesn't seem to have a chance. She's nearer . . .

"Mommy, you forgot to kiss me good night." Can you punish someone like that?

— by *Pauline Landon*

WHEN I WAS FREE . . .

When I was free from fear and hate and harm,
Coiled safely in my mother's womb,
I could not be hurt by man's unthinking words,
Nor shall I be when in my endless tomb.

But now I search for solace in a familiar place
And coil up like an embryo — knees against my head.
I can escape the cruel and debasing world
By hiding helpless in my happy womb-like bed.

My life cannot be spent forever lost in sleep,
Fettered to a bed by an umbilical cord of fear.
But I was born with a protective caul
Which covers me with tears when harm comes near.

— by *Beth Wherley*

MERRY CHRISTMAS

M is for the Merry ol' Soul
Who makes his home at the cold, North Pole.

E is for the tiny Elves
Who help Santa fill his shelves.

R is for the eight Reindeer
Who draw the sleigh from far and near.

R is for Rudolph's big red nose
That guides the sleigh wherever it goes.

Y is for Santa's Yearly call
That brings gifts and cheer to one and all.

C is for the Chimney black
Where Santa enters with his pack.

H is for the Holly berry
Like Santa's nose, red as a cherry.

R is for the Rooftop white
Covered by fresh snow last night.

I is for the Imprints so clear
Left by Santa and his reindeer.

S is for our Stockings bright
We hope Santa will fill tonight.

T is for the Tree of beauty
We all hope Santa does his duty.

M is for the Mistletoe — — —
What it's for I do not know.

A is for this Awful poem
Bet it sure has made you groan.

S is for Season's Greetings sublime,
Sent to you from *Lincoln Lines*.

— by Linda Jackson

— LIST OF SPONSORS —

MONTGOMERY WARDS

BRAUER'S

JOHNSON'S JEWELERS

SAVE MORE SUPERMARKET

JUDGE'S LAUNDRY AND CLEANING

JUNE-LEE HAERTEL BALLET SCHOOL

CLARK CHEVROLET

LEWIS' SHOE STORE

BOB'S SUPERETTE

BOWLMOR LANES

ANDERSON'S DRUGS

ABEL'S

SWEET'S GROCERY

CONSUMERS SUPERMARKET

SCHROEDER'S

MODERN SHOE REPAIR

THE WOOD COUNTY NATIONAL BANK

GEISLER'S PAINT STORE

GENE CASEY OLDS

WILBERN'S

NEIPP'S HARDWARE