

Lincoln Lines

SPECIAL PICTURE SUPPLEMENT



IT'S RATHER IRONIC — AGAIN

Well, it's happened again. The LHS matmen are well on their way to another successful season and lay claim to the best record of any Lincoln varsity team thus far. In dual meets they have only one defeat, which came early in the season when they were relatively out of shape and not prepared. In the conference they are still undefeated. The Red Raiders are a good bet if you're picking a champ at the conference meet.

This year's attendance at matches (which is miserable) has been made up of four groups: the wrestlers, the wrestlers' girl friends and girls who want to be wrestlers' girl friends, a group of ever-faithful athletes, and parents.

I'm sure these hard working (try it some time) boys would appreciate your support.

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

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Lincoln Lines

LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL

WISCONSIN RAPIDS, WISCONSIN

Vol. 2 — No. 3

JANUARY 29, 1965

SCHOOL AFFAIRS



JUVENILE DELINQUENCY PROGRAM AT P. T. A.

Upon a request from the Student Council, Lincoln High students were invited to the P. T. A. meeting held Tuesday, January 12, which dealt with juvenile delinquency.

A skit, arranged by Mrs. Newman and directed by Jim Hardison, brought out the fact that students need their parents in the P. T. A. It also pointed out that the P. T. A. magazine is informative on many parent-student subjects. The cast consisted of Cynthia Garatz, Nancy Newman, Dick Dent, Mike Ryan, and Jim Hardison.

Mr. Thomas then introduced the panelists: Judge Willis, Judge Strands, Mr. George Allen, and the moderator, Mr. Boudreau.

A brief history of the beginning of juvenile courts in our country was presented first by Mr. Boudreau. He also briefly distinguished between an adult court, which punishes the offender, and the juvenile court, which rehabilitates the offender.

Judge Willis went into more detail on the difference between adult and juvenile courts. He explained the three phases of a juvenile court hearing, two of which are legal and the third both legal and sociological. Judge Willis stated that he was against publishing names of offenders under eighteen years of age. He felt that a child should be given equal opportunity instead of being branded in the society in which he lives. A child before society isn't a criminal, but he is someone with a problem.

Judge Strands presented a picture of what happens behind the scenes before a child reaches juvenile court. A social worker is assigned to the offender's case and finds out everything about his background as well as his present-day living. This report plus testimonies by parents, the defendant himself, and other witnesses are presented in juvenile court. One reason Judge Strands felt that young people get into trouble is because their mental growth is behind their physical growth. "They have the strength and energy of adults, but not the maturity or restraint that should accompany them." Since the teenagers are the citizens of the future, Judge Strands said a person should "always be soft-hearted when dealing with children but never soft-headed."

Mr. George Allen spoke on the prevention of juvenile delinquency as well as working with juvenile delinquents. He emphasized that it is possible to work with the results, but it is also necessary to work on the causes. He felt there is a lack of community demand to do something about these children. Leaders of voluntary youth organizations have said that it is difficult to get adults who are interested in tackling this problem. He has been told that a youth center isn't needed here because the "good kids have enough to do." On the other hand, a voluntary referee at a Lincoln game said that "something was missing from the Lincoln games." Mr. Allan also spoke about a survey being made in our community to find out if the juvenile delinquents are the same kids who are participating in community youth organizations, such as Boy Scouts, school or church clubs. Out of two hundred and twenty delinquents, he found that only thirty-four were involved in one or more youth organizations. There was nothing to fill the leisure time of the other one hundred and eighty-five juvenile delinquents. Mr. Allen concluded that "prevention begins with community concern."

A question and answer period followed in which many pertinent questions were answered by the panelists.

— by Judy Jezwinski and
Janice Van Stedium



THE SKI TRIP

On Monday morning, December 28, forty-seven enthusiastic, bright-eyed skiers assembled at five a.m., ready for their trip to the hilly north. After several hours of riding cramped together, they arrived at Harrison Inn. Tons of luggage were deposited while ski boots went on.

The first day of skiing was on Indian-head Mountain. The skiers were on the slopes after noon and came in at four-thirty. Bowling, pool, dancing, and supper occupied the evening. There was an ice pond available but only Pat Jensen showed up with skates.

Most of the beginners, which consisted of half of the bus load, spent the evening comparing bruises. Lynn Simmet was the only hospital case, but she had only pulled a ligament. Mr. Egness spent most of the afternoon at the hospital with her, but he got a few runs in just before the lift closed.

After a sleepless night, the skiers went on to Big Powderhorn Mountain. At first, icy slopes made skiing rough, but later it snowed. Even though the slopes improved, the girls' hair didn't. Most of the snow bunnies looked like they had spent the afternoon in a drift. As everyone prepared to leave, a few of the slalom experts couldn't find the bus. They got extra cold.

On the way home the hungry group harassed Mr. Hervi to find a restaurant. A couple of towns failed to produce any. Something happened to Tri-City's Bus, but after it was repaired, it rolled into a poor, unprepared restaurant. A couple of skiers had to help fill orders. Everybody filled up and slept the rest of the way home.

— by Pat Jensen

YOUTH COUNCIL

A meeting was held Thursday, January 14, for the purpose of seeing if Wisconsin Rapids needs a youth council to give youth more say in our community.

Mr. George Allen of the County Welfare Department told the meeting that if a youth council was organized in our area, it would be run totally by the youths themselves. All the youths of the tri-cities would be eligible to join. Mr. Boudreau has consented to be the adult advisor if a council could be organized.

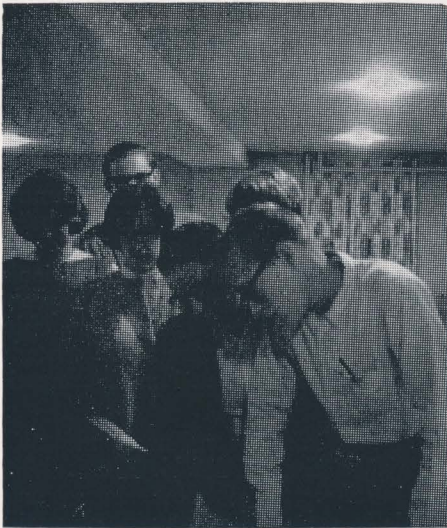
It also was suggested that some time a youth center could be established where anyone could go for pleasure. Mr. Allen told the meeting "Tonight it's your show. It's all yours."

Committees were set up under Tom Schneider to contact all the clubs in the schools of the area to inform them of the organization of a youth council.

Temporary officers were elected by the group which was present. The temporary president is Becky Zuege and the temporary secretary is Judy Jezwinski.

Anyone interested is welcome to join and to bring his friends to make this the best youth council in the state.

— by Margo Utech



A F S

Everyone here knows what fun is and in northern Norway the word has the same definition.

I'll never forget the second day of my stay in Lebesby. Still snuggled under the lusciously thick comforter and thinking how pleasant it would be just to lie there in bed for a few more minutes, my sister Wally called from across the room, "Karen, let's go swimming in the sea!" "Fine," I endorsed, bravely tossing off the coverings. The coolness of the morning air was quite impressive even inside, but outside the sun was bright and anticipation replaced the coldness in me. A quick dip before breakfast — "Well, there's a first time for everything."

Racing downstairs, out of the house, and across the road, we were there. Wally plunged right in and began swimming toward the little fishing boat anchored out near the center of the area. Not wanting her to think Americans are cowards, I, too, plunged in — and out! I had forgotten that this was the Arctic Ocean and had been illusioned by the little red arrows on the map indicating warm currents in that particular fjord. I learned later to think warm thoughts while swimming, and, by the time I left I could swim for a full five minutes before I began to shiver!

One day Wally suggested we take a trip to the mountains. It sounded like a wonderful spur-of-the-moment idea, so we packed up in about fifteen minutes and, with the neighbor girl, gaily set off. We tramped through woods, raced over hills, and skipped through fields. Suddenly, a mountain stream blocked our path. With no available bridge and no available material to make a fast bridge we decided it would be easier just to walk through it. Believing myself as confident and capable as the others, I shrugged off the offer of help by my friends. I carefully placed one foot in the icy water and promptly fell in the swift current. After that the hills seemed to grow larger and appear more frequently. We ceased tramping and began trudging. What seemed like hours was only two, and we finally collapsed in a valley, near a lake, in a perfect silent atmosphere. The only sound was that of the water gurgling over the rocks in the lake. We set up the tent, built a campfire, and roasted plse, which is like sausage, only different. That night, we, as all campers do, sat outside near the fire and sang songs. I had to admit on the

way home the next afternoon that in spite of my weary bones aching, it was well worth the trip.

Not all of our time was spent in our trio. There were a lot of other kids nearby and some who came from a few kilometers away. Some times ten of us would go swimming or on a picnic, or once we went to a dance by boat. One of the boys won a rod and reel in a contest and a big cream cake as the door prize. The next day we had a party to celebrate his good fortune and eat his cake. Occasionally we went salmon fishing in the midnight sun or berry picking on an island. We spent hours at Ifjord drinking *Solo*. (Ifjord is actually a bus stop but has an enormous lounge-type room and *Solo* is an orange drink). Most of the time we just stayed home and played records and danced and talked. Later we would make coffee and sandwiches and read each other's fortune from the grounds left in the coffee cup. And on many occasions, Wally and I would just walk, to nowhere in particular. However simple the pleasure, it always seemed greater because we invented it ourselves.

— by Karen Goetzke

SENIOR HONORS READING SOCIETY

A common occurrence in the Lincoln halls is the cry, "Help, did you find the theme of this mixed-up book?" Don't panic! That's just the distress cry of one of the eleven seniors in Honors Reading Society. It signals the approach of one of those inspiring evening discussions.

These seniors have found a recipe for arriving at the theme of a novel — pool your ignorance, mix well with the hints supplied by Miss Sisley and Mrs. Hayward, and simmer in a heated discussion for two hours. However, this method does not guarantee a result that will be completely agreed upon by all parties involved.

At the present the group is reading *Lord of the Flies*. They recently finished *The Creative Process* and *Teen-Age Tyranny*. These two books show the wide range of material covered by the group — from a study of genius at work to a portrait of today's adolescent society. For added energy for the literary discussions, refreshments are served.

— by Marcia Rokus

FUTURE NURSES

President, Sue Peasley; Vice-President, Virginia Hagen; Secretary, Joan Parker; Treasurer, Bobbie Albert; along with the advisors: Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. Menching, and Miss Breu; have kept the Future Nurses very active.

All the members took part in making the Hootenanny a success. Another activity of the club was making snowmen, choir boys, and santas to hand out at the hospital and the infirmary just before Christmas.

This year, the club is planning on giving two scholarships each in the amount of seventy-five dollars to two deserving students who are entering Nurses' Training. Any interested member must write an essay on *Why I Want to be a Nurse*, must have attended a certain percentage of the meetings, and must have worked on a certain number of committees within the club.

Next on the agenda will be a fundraising project and plans for a spring trip.

— by Judy Jezewski

EDITORIAL

Wisconsin has taken a timid, but significant step forward with the approval of high school athletics for girls under control of the Wisconsin Interscholastic Athletic Association.

Far too long have high school and college girls been shoved into the background when it came to athletics, not only in Wisconsin but in the country generally. Vivid proof of this has been the poor showing in International and Olympic competition by this nation's young ladies. Admittedly, in recent years the girls have fared better, but only because a few states were aware enough to develop outstanding female competitors.

Now Wisconsin, in small measure, joins that far-sighted fold. The WIAA has been careful to point out the emphasis in the girls' sports programs will be on participation and sportsmanship. This is to say, that inter-school competition will not be fostered and the girls program will not resemble the boys situation in any way.

We concur that this movement of girls in sports in our high schools should be developed carefully. However, we hope it will not be permitted to dissipate into a "mamby pamby play time." And though it apparently is not in the mind of the WIAA to make girls sports interscholastic, we, on the other hand, hope that in time and under proper direction and control, interscholastic competition will be set up in certain sports for those girls who, under this increased interest in sports, most certainly will rise above the average and thereby need keener competition.

But all this in time.

For now, it is enough that the course for girls . . . all girls in sports in Wisconsin has been charted.

EDITOR'S NOTE

The above editorial was televised over WSAU-TV on November 29, 1964. Because it pertains to competitive girls' sports we feel that it should be of interest to our reader.

We agree with the sports staff of WSAU that girls' sports should someday resemble boys competition with one exception. We feel that spectators should not be encouraged to attend the game as this would put a great deal more pressure on the participants than is desirable.

We would like to express our appreciation to Mr. Mark Zelich of WSAU-TV for permission to use this editorial.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

I would like to congratulate Miss Ursula Kochanowski on her stupendous job of artistry in the past issues of *Lincoln Lines*. Her superb talent combined with some of your great writers makes your magazine a pleasure to read. Three cheers for Ursula and a job well done!

Truly,
Ursula Kochanowski

RAIDERS' BASKETBALL

The Red Raider thinclads have certainly had their ups and downs this year. The team puts on brilliant exhibitions, yet, on the other hand, the ball seems to fail to bounce the right way, and the team fails to really move.

At one point the Raiders had a three game winning streak only to see it go into dust with four straight losses. Coach Rheel realized that a lot was wrong in the system and set out to remedy our illness. Probably most pronounced was the poor defensive effort the Raiders were producing. The cure for this was a type of four man zone defense with one man sticking with the most dangerous enemy. The other point Mr. Rheel found hurting the Raiders high hopes was the fact that the guards were not scoring. The medicine for this was quite simple if the Marshfield game can be used as an example. Mr. Rheel told the guards to shoot and keep shooting until the opponent's defense began to come out to stop their shots. This would give the big men more room to work under the basket.

With his careful doctoring, Coach Rheel pronounced the Raiders ready for their old rival, Marshfield, who came into the Raider's hallowed ground sporting a three game winning streak. The Raiders seemed in top shape. The first quarter found both teams nip and tuck, but then Coach Rheel's wonder drugs began their work and the Raiders opened up a fourteen point lead in the second and third quarters. The game ended with the Raiders a convincing seven points ahead, 79-72.

On analyzing the game, we find that the two guards, Doughty and Ebsen, sparked the game with their fifteen and twenty-six points respectively. It was their shooting that brought the defense out to give tall Slimbo Ristow room enough to come through with a sizzling thirty points.

Coach Rheel and the Raiders are confident that their pains are cured and that they are on the road to recovery. The impressive Marshfield victory is an example of what is to come from the healed and healthy Lincoln thinclads.

— Pete Anderson

KOOK'S KORNER

I guess I asked for it, but that's beside the point. First I told, then I threatened, now I beg. Please, please, don't call me Ursula Alexandra. Please?

If this column has a touch of melancholy in it, it's because of what all you people are calling me — U.A. However, duty calls, I must lift my heart and pen to better things and meet my deadline.

We've all heard of many reasons for people getting married, but here is an entirely original one from Mrs. Hayward. "People get married so that they can have someone to share a joke with." She meant the kind of joke where someone says something funny and you can not laugh in his face so you turn to your wife or husband and your eyes meet and you both have shared the joke. See? Mrs. Hayward was just illustrating a point in *Pride and Prejudice*. While on that novel, fellows, here are some names with special connotations that you can call your girls. Call her Liz, and she's bewitching and perceptive. If you say Jane, your girl will know you think her to be charming and loving, or make it Lydia and she's stupid. And if your girl is intolerable, a Mrs. Bennet should shut her up. (Mrs. Bennet is the stupidest form of stupidity.) Here is something to get back at the guys with, girls. Mr. Darcy, the perfect dreamboat; Wicham, charming but sneaky; Bingley, a perfect amiable guy; and Mr. Collins, the male equal of Mrs. Bennet. If this sounds good, try reading the book. It's the most ironical, comical manhunt ever. Englishly (like scientifically) it's a satirical novel, but Ursacly it's a roaring comedy.

Remember that Janice Van Stedum and Pat Chariton were supposed to get their tonsils out over Christmas vacation? Janice's are now souvenirs in a bottle of formaldehyde. Pat's are still in her throat. The doctor decided they can't come out for awhile. They seem to have deposited poison in her blood stream which has to be cleared up before the tonsils can be removed.

For all you underclassmen who have been wondering why all the seniors are in a daze these days; the seniors are in a daze because they are beginning to realize all the work that is waiting them in their hour talks. You'd be in a daze, too.

We have a Sir Lancelot at LHS. Or, rather, a Lady Lancelot. Back in the days when the maidens were playing a match of volleyball in the arena, one big, black knight (or girl) served the ball so high that it got caught in the rafters. Who should come to the rescue but Lady Westendorf with a dozen volleyballs which she used to knock down the captive one, and all the maidens lived happily ever after.

Ever have a froze nose? Ask Jean Captain how it feels. She tells me it's a prickly sensation and the best way to overcome this tragedy is to wear a snow-pack on your nose. Here's a handy reminder: it looks like a mosquito stung the tip of your nose when actually frost has bitten it.

Located in Mr. Pesko's chemistry class is a giant graduated cylinder full of water. Two mothballs are swimming up and down in the water. This is all right. Perfectly scientific upon first glance, but upon closer examination it can be seen that the two mothballs have faces! One is smiling and the other is frowning. Mr. Pesko, what is that supposed to mean? A voodoo on all chemistry students, perhaps? Hey, wait a minute! I'm not that great a chemistry student, am I? Could one of those voodoo dolls be meant for me? Good grief! I'd better cut out this horsin' around and get into my chem book.

Bye now!!

WHAT DO THEY LOOK FOR?

What do girls look for in boys?

Diane Reimer says honesty, good disposition, and a sense of humor. Marcia Rokus agrees on the need for a sense of humor. Debbie Exner looks for anyone cute with a pleasing personality. Lynn Simmet wants a sharp fellow with a blue, black, and white car. Nancy Adams wants someone humorous. Lynn Barker knew what she looked for until she finally got — Dan Love — a Republican.

Are you 6 foot 2 inches, exceptionally intelligent, brown or blue-eyed, polite, big-built, but not forward? Suzanne Nelson is looking for you! You're not fussy are you, Suzie?

Judy Winters looks for politeness, personality, and looks. Barb Feith wants a blonde guy with a black and blue speckled car.

Katy Paul and Randi Hagan look for L.P.S. Ask *them* what it means. Linda Jackson only looks for those who look for her first.

Just any big hunk is okay with Mary Dhein. Kathy Wittenburg says it's not what to look for but where. Gail Szelagowski looks for an army uniform.

Pauline Ellington is looking for an army guy who's understanding enough to put up with her delirium tremens.

Julie Cwiklo is looking for someone with enough manners not to complain about her red hair. Sally Hall looks for arms long enough to go around her.

Some teachers are still looking. Cobbie says he must share her interest in sports. Miss Brandeen insists he be someone with lots of money in his pockets.

Putting these qualities together, what do we get?

A sharp, big, tall, funny, honest, Republican soldier with manners and brains who's athletic and has money, a psychology degree, a black and blue and white speckled car and long arms — is that asking so much?

— by Janice Van Stedum
and Linda Schmid

SEMESTER EXAMS

We've just passed that wonderful time of year we all look forward too. A time when all the students of Lincoln are confronted with, "Friday we will have the first part of a three part semester test. It will cover everything..."

Surprise! The student in front of you almost falls out of her seat and Sleepy Jake bolts up as if the bell had rung.

Then began the digging up of past assignments, the deciphering of old class notes, the taking of new notes, and the late hours of (pardon the expression) cramming.

Finally, D-Day arrives. A nervous student follows his feet into the classroom while his heart is beating the Flunking March. Lady Luck has disappeared, leaving in her place a blank mind.

After the test each student silently vows that he will be prepared for next

semester. Well, here we are in next semester, and I think we all know what is happening.

— by Sue Sampson

A BAT - TY ENGLISH CLASS

On the day of January 8, sixth-hour, loud and shrill screaming sounds penetrated the halls of Lincoln High School. Anyone would have thought that those bugs from Liverpool were around, and some girls were after them. As I investigated the matter, I found that there wasn't one English Beatle in sight, just an ol' American Bat. It seems that Mr. Main's freshman English class had a visitor that day. A poor, defenseless, little bat was taking his afternoon nap up on their wall. When discovered by some of the students, you can imagine the results. With girls screaming and trembling the whole episode just had to have a big, brave hero step in, so along came _____. (He wishes to remain anonymous for self-protection from higher authorities.) He got out his weapon, a nicely sharpened pencil, and threw it at the little invader's head. The helpless, wounded mammal fluttered down to the floor. Some kind soul couldn't stand to see it lying there, suffering in pain and agony, so he put it out of its misery by slamming a book on top of it. I don't know about the funeral details, but I'm quite sure the little fellow is now resting in peace.

— by Pat Mahoney

FADS THAT USED TO BE

Look out for the elephants! If you had your bracelet on, you wouldn't have to worry. The bracelet I am talking about is the elephant-chaser-away bracelet that most of the kids wore last year. If you don't know what I am talking about, I'll explain myself. The elephant bracelets were a piece of rawhide worn around the wrist. (The left wrist works better.) As long as I had my elephant bracelet on, I never saw or got stepped on by one single elephant.

There were some kids who didn't believe in our bracelets, but we believers knew how they worked. Because some of the kids are still wearing their bracelets, I guess they are strong believers. Who knows, maybe the fad of wearing elephant bracelets will come back. I hope so. It is a lot of fun!

— by Jackie Sautner

SOCIAL SECTION

THE DILEMMA, DIAGNOSIS, AND DELIVERNANCE OF A TROUBLED SOUL

Doctor: Uh-huh, I see. You've been feeling a little unusual lately. Do things from the past keep bothering you?

Patient: Oh, do they ever! Especially since I couldn't remember them.

Doctor: You couldn't *remember* them?

Patient: Oh no — I couldn't have remembered them if somebody had come up to me and shouted them in my face. My mind's a blank and I bump into many objects. People, I think.

Doctor: You bump into objects? Can't you see them?

Patient: Sort of — just a big blob here and there. My eyelids just want to close all the time, and when I try to open them it feels like needles pricking my forehead.

Doctor: Say, maybe you need an eye doctor.

Patient: Oh no. It was *him* that sent me to *you*.

Doctor: Well, perhaps you're anti-social and people just upset you to the point that you want to obliterate them completely — so you don't see *people* — you see blobs!

Patient: Well, I get all shook even when people aren't around me. Like at night when I'm in bed. I keep having the same nightmare.

Doctor: H-m-m . . . another symptom — tell me, what is your nightmare about?

Patient: Well, I always see five ghosts coming toward me. They wag their fingers at me in prophesy and they say bad things about me.

Doctor: Go on.

Patient: (hesitating) They all try to give me books, books and more books! I run into the library and they take each book from the shelves and beg me to take them. I yell, "No — No!" as I run out the door. But they run after me yelling, "You'll be sorry — You'll be sorry!" I run and run and I hear their footsteps close behind me. They chase me until I've run into a room with only one door. They all rush in and stand there, grinning. Then together they chant, "I told you so — I told you you'd be sorry." I wake up every time at 3:30 a. m. and

I'm shaking all over. I can still hear their echoing voices and chilling laughter. A cold sweat breaks out and I feel like crawling the walls. I get a suffocating sensation within me and I can't breathe! Then a fog comes over me and before long I realize it's time to go to school.

Doctor: You say it's time to go to school?

Patient: Yeah. By the way, the last few weeks have been murder— five semester tests!

Doctor: (seeing the light, he beams) Well, well, my friend. You have nothing to worry about now. I *know* what is bothering you!

Patient: You *do*?

Doctor: Why, of course! Semester exams have gotten you down!

Patient: But what should I do? The nightmare won't go away.

Doctor: Well, the next time those five people offer you all those books from the library, be sure to take them. Oh — and don't forget to return them on time because they charge 2c a day for every late book. The only other suggestion I can make is to make sure you run into rooms with more than one door when those people are chasing you.

Patient: But that was just a dream and the tests are over.

Doctor: (feeling faint) Dream? Oh yes, of course . . . a dream.

Patient: Hey, doc, you don't look too well. Maybe you should lie down.

Doctor: Oh no, I'm fine. Really — I'm fine. Well, I hate to rush you, but I have a teacher waiting.

— by Judy Bowers

SUPER SENIORS!

Of all the students in the school
The Seniors are the best,
Because they're so much wiser
And smarter than the rest.

The little freshmen are too shy
The sophomores aren't much bolder,
And juniors seem to think they're great
Because they're getting older.

But see the noble Seniors reign
As Lincoln's most prized creatures.
Who knows? Successful Seniors may
Someday replace the teachers!

— by Karen Goetzke

WHAT DO FRESHMEN THINK OF LINCOLN

Half a school year has passed and now that the freshmen are well in the swing of things — well, most of them anyway, I went around to some of them to get their reaction to their first half a year at Lincoln.

First of all, I decided to see who was in the cubbyhole by the vocational addition. There were three freshmen boys who looked like they were having a pretty good time. When asked about school, Bob Schmick said, "I like it better than grade school." No wonder, with all the fun we all know that Bob has around here! Jeff Follendorf replied, "A little boring." If he is having a boring time here, I'd hate to see him when he was having fun! Then some shy, reserved freshman yelled, "Everybody's stacking my locker!!!" Maybe he wants to remain anonymous because he stacks afew himself.

Another said, "I like it." The same goes for Susan Johnson. When asked her opinion, Chris Boll answered, "*Ich*," and Linda Loomans said, "*Ditto!*" Nothing like presenting opposite opinions, is there?

Then as I wandered up and down the halls, I bumped into Mike Wittenberg. Lucky I saw him, for he was surrounded by such a crowd of people! He's so charming, you know. His comment, "At least there are lots of girls . . .!"

Turning the corner, I was almost run over by Jim Schroeder. He was carrying so many books that he couldn't see where he was going. That kid's such a brain. He answered, "It isn't too bad. Especially English." English is good for more reasons than one, isn't it Jim?

Then I ran into Jill Jackson. There's an enthusiastic go-getter if I ever saw one. She's always ready to pitch in and get down to business. She answered, "It's all right . . . except for the work!" Well, maybe there are two Jill Jacksons.

Along with Jill was Claudia Plawman. She's about three feet, six inches tall by now. She commented, "School is school, a disappointment!" We're all sorry to hear that, Claudia.

All Gary Mueller said was, "Wow!" That can be taken several ways, Gary.

Marcie Iwanski said, "Well, it's better than grade school. It's O.K.," and Terry

Kroening answered a short and sweet, "Good."

Janice Jaecks replied, "It's all right, I think." I wonder what she's thinking about to make her decide one way or the other.

Well, here are a few opinions I've gathered from the freshmen here at Lincoln after their first eighteen weeks of high school. If you are one of the "few" freshmen who don't like school, cheer up. There are only three and a half more years to go! And life does get better as your position on the totem pole is heightened.

— by Linda Jackson

SEMESTER STIMULATES SLEEP

January 19, students in Mrs. Hayward's fifth hour English class were met at the door of room 212 by Jim Natwick. "Shhhh" he warned and pointed towards a figure slumped over one of the desks. As we all tip-toed to our desks trying to stifle chuckles and giggles, the poor, unsuspecting soul remained motionless, lost in slumber.

Soon, however, Mrs. Hayward came to his rescue. Gently shaking his shoulder and musically announcing the correct time he bolted up, grabbed a pencil, and prepared himself to take notes. Then, glancing to his right, something seemed strange. Frantically turning to his left, again to his right, and then straight back, he yelped, "Holy mackarell!!" and sped out of the room.

Poor _____, semester cramming finally got the best of him.

— by Karen Goetzke

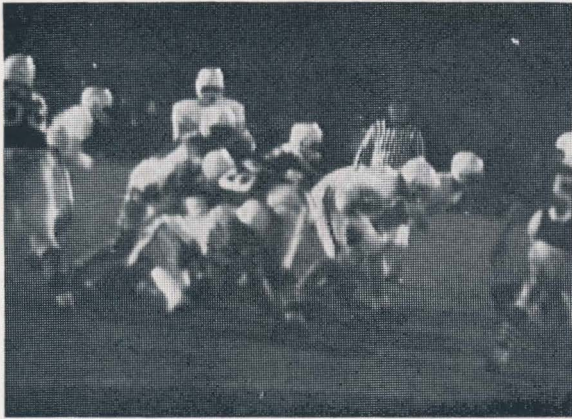
THE DOLL

You know she always loved you
Though now you sit alone
Dirty and neglected
You even seem to moan.

You must go to the attic
There's no one left to play,
It's cold there, and lonely
But here you're in the way

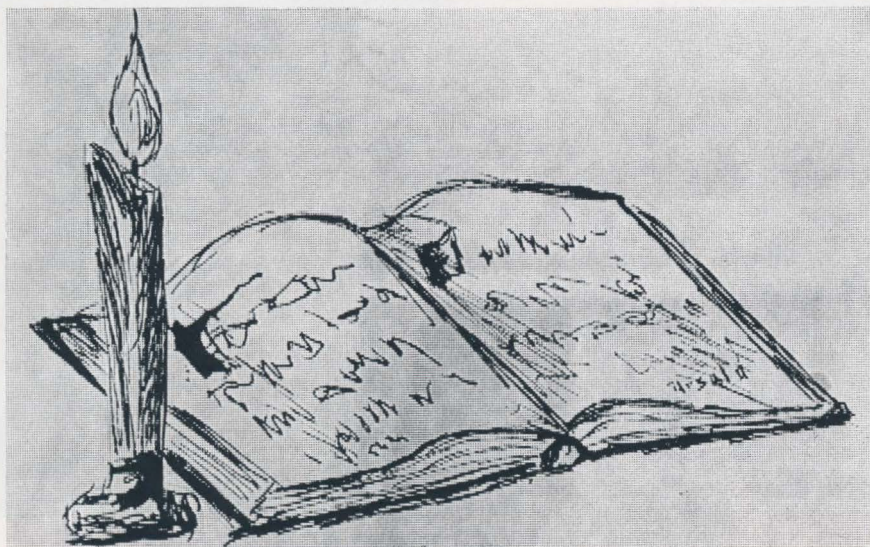
—PICTURE SUPPLEMENT—

REMEMBER HOMECOMING?





Literary Lore



ON A CITY STREET

Screeeeeeem — — click — — screeeeeem — — click — — chirp — — Roaaaaaa
rrrrrrrrrr! There goes Rockwell's '57 Chevie with two fours on a 327 equipped with
four on the floor. As the customized mint-green bomb disappears in a cloud of oil,
gas, and rubber — perhaps some day I could have — — oh forget it! Beep Beep Beep
Honk Honk EEEEEEEEEeeeeeeee, and through the intersection. I hear the kids
from Lincoln just got out. Whoooooshshshsh — — chirp. There goes Walker in his
father's big Caddie. Once the big pig gets going, there's no stopping it.

Screeeeeeech !! Darn you Cynthia. If you would ever learn to drive, the
whole state would be much safer. Crazy girls think there isn't anyone else on the road.

Tickatatickatickarumblerumblerrattlerattlerattletetickarattlerumble, screeeeeeech.
Grabowski's machine is not overly impressive. The old Studie has seen better days
and today isn't one of them. The sight of this antique is lost in a blue smoke screen
emitted from many points along the rusty exhaust system. Hmmm, must be burning
diesel fuel today.

Whooshwhoooooosh — — Walker's Caddie is keeping right up with Rockwell.

All of a sudden "Repent, you sinners; salvation is the only answer," is heard
from half a figure extended from a car window. Apparently the eighteen year olds
found their way to their own places of entertainment, or it could be those going the
road of illegality.

No, it can't be. It is. What a bunch of loud, boisterous, wild, and fun-loving
teenagers. The back of that pickup looks mighty cold, but it hasn't affected the
singing, laughing or screaming of those girls. I bet that truck hauled more girls and
parties than anything else.

Swishshshshshsh — — Nice weather to put your top down in showoff. Why don't you button your winter coats now?

For Pete's sake, grandpa, let's get the big Ponch rolling. You're making me nervous, and I'm not even coasting behind you. What a shame! A 390 Ford with a hydrostick wasted on some little gray-haired grandmother who can barely see over the dashboard. Whooooooooosshshshsh - chirp. Maybe it was'n't a waste.

The big clock on the bank says it's time to go home and finish your creative writing. Good-bye, music from the fountain, hard cement of the law offices on which you were sitting, and good-bye Main Street.

— Mickey Walters



ALPHA AND OMEGA

The morning dawns with spears of red and gold.
In nature's world the life begins anew.
The birds in song, the flowers in bloom unfold.
The fleecy clouds sail softly through the blue.
The midday rises quickly o'er the earth.
The future happy, bright, and warm it lay.
The warmth is needed not from flame or hearth.
The children 'round are gathered here to play.
The shadows lengthen, darkened clouds increase.
As sunshine fades the chills of night prevail.
The lightning flash and thnuder groans increase.
In dead of night the silence does not fail.
The life of infant, youth, and aged told.
The freedom, glee, and pains are not foretold.

— Sharon Schmidt

SECRETS OF THE SEA

The sea so calm, so blue, yet dark and deep,
That still can bail and churn in worst of storms,
Has many secrets it will always keep.
E'en though traversed by all the various forms
Of life; the fish, the birds, machines with men;
Who look for the hidden fantasies
That make life last to four-score years and ten;
That feed the hungry living near the seas;
Who never seem to satisfy themselves
With living as the good Lord wants them to;
It keeps its secrets hid in many shelves
And only lets a few things come to view.
So men, be happy with just what you have
And learn to live together, then, in love.

— *Bonnie Thalacker.*

THE BUCK

His heavily antlered head he held so vain
While in his bed of leaves he safely lay.
He heard the wily hunter in the lane
And knew the every move the hunter made.
This wise old buck, he knew and understood,
While young he learned the lesson of the gun.
He sensed that from this man could come no good
And knew that from this foe he'd have to run.
So stealthily he rose upon his feet
And bounded toward a thicket that was near.
The startled hunter witnessed his retreat
And sent his bullets wildly towards the deer.
The danger's past, the hunters have gone home;
Now once again The Buck is free to roam.

— *Clark Nelson*

THAT LAST STILL NIGHT

There was a chill in the damp night
air. Our tennis shoes had grown wet
from the dew formed upon the thick,
uncut grass. All was silent except for
the muffled sound of crisp vegetation
under our four rubber soles. Hand in
hand, down the hill, past the once
blooming garden, over the leaf carpeted
floor of the lonely orchard, and along
the weed-ridden dirt road, we walked.

The cloudless sky was freckled with
reverent stars, and the moon was a
small fragment which would soon be
nothing. Walking — in stride, out of
stride — hand in hand in the still
vacuum of the world about us.

The time passed so quickly — too
quickly. Spring, summer, and now
good-bye. The time is near — too near.
Back over the dirt road with its many
weeds, through the orchard with all its
dead foilage strewn about, and past the
garden that may bloom again some
spring day, and inevitably that short
climb up that mild slope to the event-
uality, we walked.

The hill is behind us, as is the spring
and the summer. The cold air is less
noticeable now. The freckles overhead
have faded. The time has come. Our
four rubber soles divide into pairs in
that last still night.

THE MESSAGE OF SNOWFLAKES

Ah, little snowflakes, soft and still you lie
Among your varied friends upon the ground.
You deftly show me how the snows imply
Uncertainties by which our lives are bound.
How easily you lead my mind astray;
I'm soon comparing people's lives with snow.
You point out all the infants born today
Who soon will blossom, die; as nature goes.
Alike are newborn babes and snowflakes fresh!
You both delight and bless the ones you meet.
A man in prime is like a snowflake mesh;
You both are light and lively, young and fleet.
But just as snowflakes melt and soon are gone,
So similarly men are dead anon.

— Sylvia Hafermann

FOOL THE WORLD

We arrived at the bus station around two o'clock a. m., and I was shaking like a leaf. This was my first trip to Chicago. I was going to spend ten days with Dotty Mertsy and her family. This trip was my farthest from home, and for the longest time from home. To sum up my emotions about the excursion, I was scared!

The time seemed to drag. I thought my bus would never load up, but it finally did. When I got on, I had the tremendously large selection of one vacant seat. So I plunked myself down in it. The seat next to me was occupied by a teenager, who, I found out later, was from a neighboring town. Within a few minutes, we became friends. After telling her how scared and excited I was, I asked her if she was, too. She said no and took up a cigarette and lighted it. From her appearance she seemed hoody and experienced. Her hair was ratted and her clothes were on the tight side. From her speed and actions, I judged her to be a woman of the world.

We arrived in Milwaukee in the early hours of dawn, and she asked me if I had ever been to Milwaukee before. I replied that I had been there a good many times.

It wasn't long after that before we were on the outskirts of Chicago. In the distance the skyscrapers were outlined. My worldly pal kept saying, "It's so big."

"Haven't you been to Chicago before?" I asked.

"No, I've never been to Milwaukee before," she replied.

When we arrived at the bus depot, I was to meet Dotty at the information booth. I asked my friend if she would like to come upstairs with me. She agreed; we got our luggage. I spotted an escalator going to the ground floor and got on it. She just stood at the bottom of the escalator looking at me.

"Come on," I said.

"On that?"

"Yes, haven't you ever been on one before?"

"No."

Spotting Dot, I said a few final words and departed. Leaving my new friend, I felt sorry for her and those like her. She was trying to be something she wasn't, big and grown up. No matter where she went, her front would be discovered.

— Sue Rheinschmidt

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