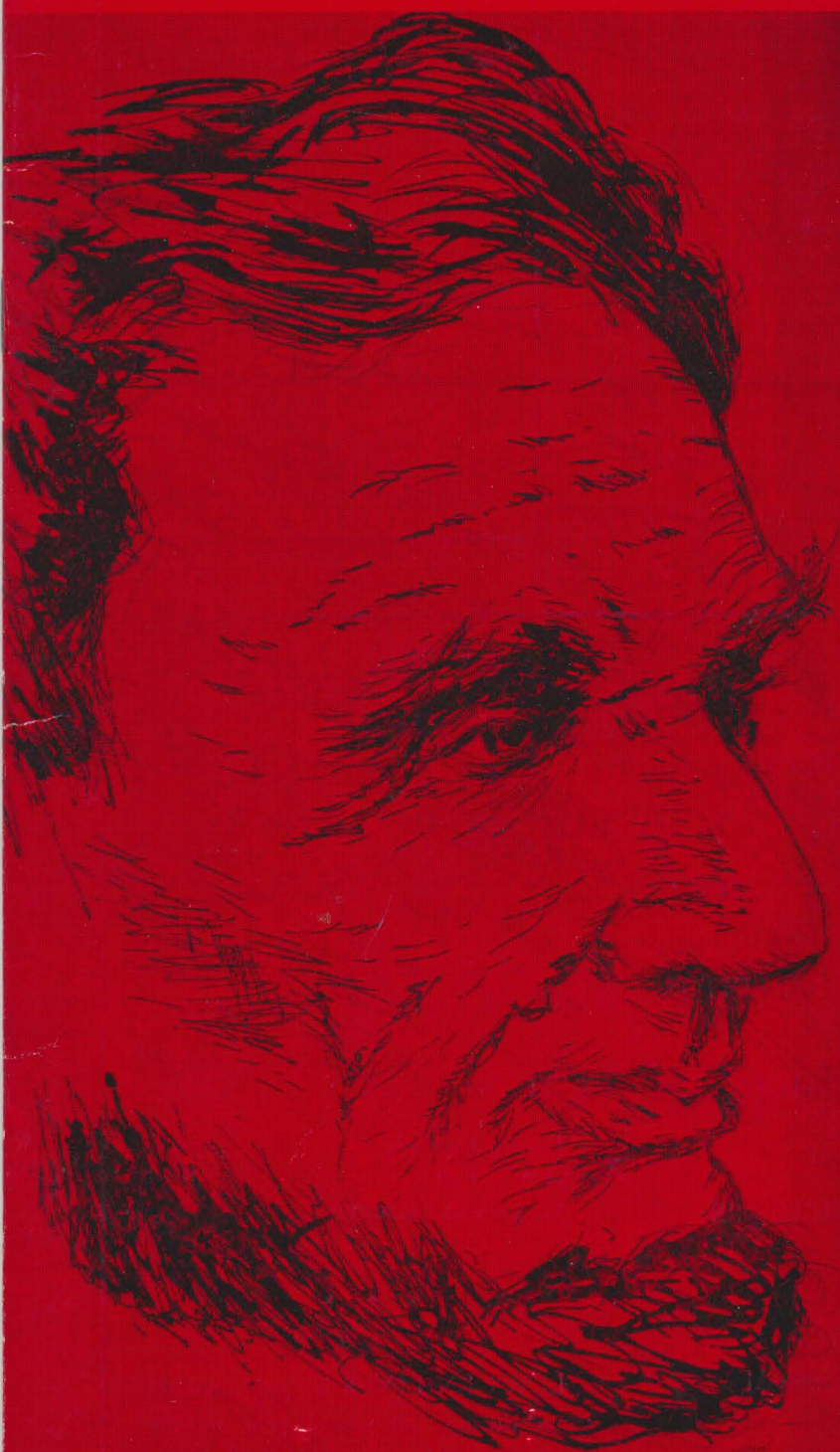


L I N C O L N L I N E S



COVER STORY



Since 1908 the statue of Abraham Lincoln has seen thousands of students pass through the doors of Lincoln High School — students representative of the Lincoln tradition of interest in others, sportsmanship, humor, and achievement. We hope the theme of this issue will help everyone to live up to this great tradition.

Table of Contents . . .

3 - 7 *School Affairs*

7 *Editorial Comment*

8 - 10 *Sports*

10 - 16 *Social Section*

16 - 19 *Literary Lore*

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Lincoln Lines

LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL

WISCONSIN RAPIDS, WISCONSIN

Vol. 2 — No. 4

APRIL 9, 1965

SCHOOL AFFAIRS



WISCONSIN F.B.L.A. WEEK

Governor Warren P. Knowles on Monday, January 25, took time out from his busy schedule to sign a proclamation designating the week of February 7-13 as Wisconsin Future Business Leaders of America Week. During this week the school throughout the state which have F.B.L.A. chapters devoted numerous activities to better business education and the promotion of more F.B.L.A. chapters. Each day of the F.B.L.A. week was set up to concentrate on a different area of business.

On Monday, February 8, it was local, state, and national F.B.L.A.; Tuesday, February 9, F.B.L.A. in the school; Wednesday, February 10, F.B.L.A. in

the home; Thursday, February 11, F.B.L.A. in the community; and Friday, February 12, F.B.L.A. and you.

The proclamation reads as follows:

Whereas, young Americans interested in business and commerce serve to promote sound business leadership for the future, and

Whereas, Future Business Leaders of America, an association of these students, represents more than forty high schools in Wisconsin, and

Whereas, the Wisconsin chapters will further emphasize good business activities and strive to promote more F.B.L.A. chapters in preparation for their twelfth annual state convention to be held in

Green Lake on April 9 through April 10.

Now, Therefore, I, Warren Knowles, Governor of the State of Wisconsin, do hereby proclaim the week of February 7 through February 13, 1965, to be Future Business Leaders of America Week in Wisconsin, in recognition of the interest shown by these students and their advisors in providing Wisconsin students with a richer learning experience in preparation to enter the business world.

The state F.B.L.A. organization will evaluate the activities of F.B.L.A. week at their state convention to be held at Green Lake on April 9-10. More than 500 students from high schools all over the state will be in attendance at that time. Plans have already been made to hold F.B.L.A. week as an annual activity of the Wisconsin chapter in the future. There are approximately 3,000 high school students in the Future Business Leaders of America organization in our state.

Saturday, March 27, several students tried their luck and tested their ability in business as they served as clerks for a day in Johnson Hill's department store.

— by Sherry Trickle



*Brenda Marti — Linda Bell
F.B.L.A. Day*

A PRACTICE TEACHER'S VIEWPOINT

Have you ever wondered how a practice teacher feels after his first experience of teaching? Does he discover that he has enough intestinal fortitude to handle the class, or does the class have enough big guys like Bruce Ristow to handle him? Mr. Mueller, a practice teacher for speech class, reveals here some of his secret feelings that may answer your questions.

In answer to why he chose teaching, Mr. Mueller said, "I like people and there is no better profession than teaching in which to share other people's experiences and to come in contact with so very many people in a single day."

I asked Mr. Mueller to relate some of his experiences, especially humorous ones, in his teaching here at Lincoln. "I plead the Fifth Amendment," was his reply. But, I can hardly blame him. After all, who wants to ruin a career before it really has a chance to get started!

Mr. Mueller says that after his experience of practice teaching, he is more ambitious than ever to pursue his teaching career. So he says now. His trial isn't over yet.

Isn't there a song that points out that if a person keeps on smiling the whole world smiles with him? Well, Mr. Mueller should have a very bright future as he believes in "smiling no matter how tragic the situation."

— Judy Jezewski

FORENSICS

Lincoln High School students who received "A" ratings at the Sectional Forensic Speech Contest held March 6 at Marshfield are Susan Hanneman in Interpretive Reading of Poetry, Mike Kruger in Interpretive Reading of Prose, and Bill Jackson in Non-original Oratory.

The students who received "B" ratings are Debby Holt and Kathy Reynolds in Memorized Declamations, Barbara Reinicke and Barbara Hedin in Play Reading, and Cynthia Regan in Original Oratory.

The students who received "A" ratings at the district Forensic contest held at Stevens Point on March 22 are Susan Hanneman and Mike Kruger. These two students, competing against 2,000 other students, will represent Lincoln at the State Forensic Contest at Madison on April 10.

At this contest Susan Hanneman will present a new poem reading and Mike Kruger will present a selection from *Gone with the Wind* by Margaret Mitchell.

— Mike Kruger

SCHOOL AFFAIRS

THE MOUSE THAT ROARED

Who or what can roar?

A mouse can roar of course!!

Who or what says a mouse can roar?

The Mouse That Roared, That's who!!

War has been declared on the United States by Fenwick!

By Fenwick? What in the world is a Fenwick? Where in the world is Fenwick?

Don't let this upset you. I'll answer all your questions. This event will take place May 5, 1965, as the curtain goes up for the performance of the play, *The Mouse That Roared*.

Fenwick is a small, almost microscopic nation in Euope. Any more information than that I don't know, except that it did declare war on the United States — only in the play, of course.

Did I hear you say that that is a silly name for a play? You say everyone knows mice can't roar? Well, let me tell you this: in the Grand Duchy of Fenwick they do. Fenwick is a different kind of country and odd things happen there.

Now, seeing that you know something about the Grand Duchy of Fenwick, I think I can continue about the subject of this war. It seems that the Grand Duchy of Fenwick has only one export, a special wine called Pinot Grand Fenwick. When an American company starts to make a wine like it and uses the same name and label, Grand Fenwick declares war on the U.S. To see the hilarious effects this has on a professor who is perfecting a new hydrogen bomb, the President of the U.S. and his cabinet, a general who is to protect this bomb and the professor and the President, and the Grand Duchess of Grand Fenwick and her assistants, be sure to come to this play.

This all school play is directed and produced by Mrs. Frenzel by special arrangement with the Dramatic Publishing Company of Chicago.

The characters include Jim Hardison, Dave Feith, Clark Nelson, Mike Ryan, Barb Reinicke, Margaret Reimer, Liz Porter, Bonnie Thalacker.

Carol Smith, Carol Genis, Lorna Thomas, Lynda Reddick, Penny Houston, Ron Karnatz, Barb Billmeyer, Cathy Meils, Kathy Brody.

Robin Dickinson, Kay Jewell, Royce Boyles, Dorothy Galloway, Marilyn Bramsteadt, Bill Jefferson, Jim Mann, and Cynthia Regan.

— Ron Karnatz

HOURLY TALKS

Once again the time has arrived when all seniors are starting to give their final research projects, commonly known as the hour talks. The underclassmen hear much about this project, but they learn more of the terror and panic of giving the talk than how one goes about preparing the project.

Hour talk subjects, which are chosen before Christmas vacation, include mental illness, crime, drug addiction, water pollution, population explosion, alcoholism, and some forty other subjects dealing with problems in our modern society.

The first step, research, requires every senior to make first a tentative outline of what he wants to cover and then to read all the available books, magazines, and pamphlets on his chosen subject. When he knows something of his subject, he then writes his three letters and arranges for his three interviews.

Usually the student completes this phase of his research several weeks before his talk to allow plenty of time to make his illustrative materials, prepare his presentation, and worry. Then, on the day before the talk, he gives his teacher a final, neat bibliography and enough copies of his outline for the whole class. The next day he arrives at class bright eyed after a good night's sleep and calmly and coolly entertains his classmates and instructor for from thirty to forty minutes.

Several weeks later, when he receives his grade, he will find that he has been marked on his attitude to his subject and audience, voice, mannerisms, confidence, organization, knowledge of his subject, and sources. If, while giving his talk, his gum rolls out of his mouth (that actually happened to one of Mr. Nelson's students several years ago), he may find that his grade has suffered.

— Joan Parker

SCHOLARSHIPS

At this time of the year, one of the things that seniors anticipate is the awarding of scholarships. One of the most honored scholarships is the Legislative A Scholarship which is awarded automatically to the top three senior students of the graduating class. It pays \$190 for tuition to a State University. The legislative B Scholarship is applied for on the basis of financial need and leadership qualities. It also pays \$190 for tuition to a State University.

Other scholarships ranging from \$100 to \$4,000 are awarded by the state tax-supported colleges. Non-tax supported or private colleges award scholarships depending on rank in class, financial need, leadership, recommendations, and scholarship.

An example of scholarship awarded on a nation-wide basis is the National Merit Scholarship based on a competitive examination.

Scholarships awarded by the city of Wisconsin Rapids include the American Association of University Women Scholarship, a nursing scholarship by the Riverview Hospital Auxiliary, the the VFW Scholarship, the American Legion Scholarship, and the Thorp Finance Scholarship.

Lincoln High School awards four scholarships, the Mrs. Oliver Reinhart Scholarship, the Hornigold Science Scholarship, and, new this year, two English Department Scholarships.

Some people think that thousands of dollars of scholarships are left unclaimed each year, but this is not true. There are not many that aren't being used. Although it's too late for the seniors to apply for most of these scholarships now, the junior class should begin thinking about these aids to a college education.

— Margo Utech

THE HORNIGOLD SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIP

In memory of Mr. Alfred Hornigold, who was a science teacher at Lincoln for thirty-nine years, a one-hundred dollar scholarship is being offered to a Lincoln senior interested in science as a career.

The selection of a recipient will be made by a committee approved by Mr. Clausen. The selection will be based on scholarship, interest, and teachers' predictions of the success of the candidate.

At the beginning of each semester of the recipient's freshman year at college, a fifty dollar check will be sent to the school of his choice toward payment of his tuition. If the student withdraws from college or discontinues his studies in a scientific field, he will be asked to refund the money.

The Hornigold family wishes to build up the fund so that more or larger scholarships can be given in the future.

— Judy Jezwinski



Judy Jezwinski

JUDY JEZWINSKI RECEIVES DAR AWARD

Judy Jezwinski is the recipient of this year's Daughter of the American Revolution good citizen award for Lincoln High School senior girls. This award is presented annually to the high school senior who best exemplifies the qualities of leadership, dependability, service, and patriotism. Three girls are chosen by a committee of faculty members to be candidates. From these three the senior girls choose the finalist.

At a local luncheon Judy and several other area finalists received their DAR pins. Now Judy will enter into the state-wide competition. If she wins, she will receive a \$100.00 U.S. savings bond and the opportunity to enter the national contest.

At present Judy holds various jobs at Lincoln. She is secretary of the Science Club, president of the French Club, circulation manager of *Lincoln Lines*, and is the girl representative of the senior class. Previously she has held offices in pep club, GAA, Future Nurses, and was a homecoming attendant.

— Karen Goetzke

PROCRASTINATION

Cassandra and her friend Penelope are walking home from school. Burdened with textbooks, Cassandra complains, "Honestly! I just don't know when I will ever find time to do all this homework. I study at least until midnight every night. My teachers all give me so much work I never have any spare time."

Let's follow Cassandra through an hour of her study at home. She enters the house, slams the door, greets her mother, drops her wraps on the nearest

chair, and immediately plunks herself down at her desk for study. Taking her literature book, she begins to read the assignment, an essay by Emerson. After skimming over the first paragraph, she says to herself, "This certainly makes no sense," and jumps up from her desk to get a snack. Returning to her desk, she plows through several more paragraphs when she remembers that her favorite rock and roll program is on the radio. Tuning in the program requires longer than a few seconds, for it results in a heated discussion with mother concerning the volume. Finally, sitting down again at her desk, she slips in a few minutes of concentrated study before she hears the thump of the newspaper at the door. Thinking of her teachers' commands to keep abreast of current events, she runs to the door to get the paper, sinks back in Daddy's easy chair, and begins to read the comics. After thoroughly devouring "L'il Abner," "Priscilla's Pop," and "Ben Casey," she remembers her English assignment awaiting her at her desk. She manages to delve through at least three more paragraphs before the phone rings. The caller is one of Cassandra's friends asking what the English assignment is. Cassandra obliges the friend by giving her a ten minute, detailed recitation of the difficulty, length, and insanity of the impossible assignment that the teacher had some nerve to assign. Because her mother orders her off the phone, Cassandra reluctantly returns to Emerson and plunges through four more paragraphs. Exhausted by this taxing experience, Cassandra looks at her watch, is amazed that she has been studying for an hour, and decides that it is time for a study break.

— Beth Wherley

A REPLY TO A FAN

(Editor's note: This letter was printed in the last issue of *Lincoln Lines*. Because of the controversy it caused, we are printing a reply.)

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

Dear Ursula,

I would like to gain your acquaintance, Ursula, not because of your great devotion for me but because I have a great desire to put you behind bars for forgery. Your letter has caused me considerable embarrassment. Readers happen to think that I, not you, wrote that letter. I may be good, but I'm not conceited. It would never have occurred to me to indulge in such self-esteem. Show your face, knave, that I might seek revenge.

The real
Ursula Alexandra

CONGRATULATIONS WRESTLERS!

The Lincoln wrestlers are champions of the Wisconsin River Valley Conference. The mat kings journeyed to Marshfield to garner the crown and three champions: Dick Reeves (165), Clark Nelson (154), and Andy Spees (120). Taking second place points were Jim Natwick (145) and Larry Bunde (103), and third place winners were Ron Witt (HWT) and co-captain, Al Eimmerman (127).

The newest addition to the antique trophy collection is a shiny '65 model furnished by the Red Raider grapplers. It is of the big first place style that they won at the regional tournament. Chipping in first place points were Ron Witt, Clark Nelson, Bill Loken (133), Andy Spees, and Pat Buzza (95). Second place point getters were Dick Reeves, Jim Natwick, and Larry Bunde, with co-captain Joe Kosek (180) taking third in his class.

Those taking a first or second place at the regionals went on to meet sectional competition. Here Ron Witt and Dick Reeves took second places to qualify for the state meet. Reeves, who was voted most valuable wrestler, suffered a severe neck injury and was forced to forfeit his championship match and berth at state.

In summary, the team won eight of the ten dual meets and took first in the conference regional and fourths in the sectionals and Reedsberg tourney. Reeves had the best record (21-1) followed by Spees (19-3-2), Nelson



Sports

(13-4), Bunde (13-5-1), and Witt (14-8).

Perhaps the most influential and unheralded part of this successful team was the work of coaches Devlin and Bollom. Both finished their first year in Rapids athletics tremendously successfully.

A special salute to those graduating seniors — Kosek, Reeves, Witt, Loken, Natwick, and Eimmerman — who worked so hard and represented us so well. To the underclassmen: keep up the Red Raider wrestling tradition of winning.

— Michael Walters

BAMBOO RHYTHM

Some time ago the girls in the physical education classes spent a couple of days doing bamboo rhythms. In case the reader is not familiar with this unusual dance, bamboo rhythms involve a person hopping between two poles which are being clapped together. The idea is to keep your ankles from being fractured between the poles while maintaining a graceful appearance.

Miss Westendorf worked with a group of interested girls, namely Cindy Hafermann, Sylvia Hafermann, Katie Folie, Trish Knorr, Pat Jenson, and Judy Winters.

After working out a routine the girls, with Judy Hanneman announcing, entertained the fans at the half-time of the Merrill-Rapids game. They displayed with accuracy and grace the art of bamboo rhythms.

— Mary Kruger

INTRAMURALS

While golf, tennis, and baseball are just starting, the boys' intramural volleyball leagues are gaining momentum. There are two leagues — a freshmen-sophomore league and a junior-senior league. While it is too early to make any predictions yet, one of the best games scheduled has already been played. This was in the junior-senior league where the Silencers beat the favored Mikalobs. Barring any dark horses or sudden catastrophes, this game just might have decided the championship already. But, with only two days of competition past, this could prove to be a rash statement.

More on volleyball next issue after things have gotten into the groove.

— Tom Dekarske

ON THE RIGHT TRACK

Raider track fans should be very happy this year, for the Raiders should have a very strong team.

Ron Grundeen could have a monopoly on the high jump, while he and Dick Dent form a great twosome on the high hurdles. Andy Spees and Dick Reeves are the best pole vaulters, while our milers are Bob Johnson and Gene Haferman. Greg Dresdow will throw the shot and Terry Jezewski will be a busy boy this season competing in at least three areas, the "40," the broad jump, and the mile relay.

— Tom Dekarske



Jim Hardison's gyrations helped boost school spirit at several games.

GOLF

March 24 the golf team had its first meeting. Forty young hopefuls showed up to learn that this year a ten man junior varsity team would be included. This group will practice at the new Ridges Golf Course, while the seven man varsity group will continue at Bull's Eye.

Returning lettermen for the varsity are Chuck Hinners, Chris Gorski, Mike Casey, Dale Hagen, and Pete Anderson. The only graduating letterman was Eric Sydanmaa, but considering he was top in the valley, the loss will be felt.

If the weather begins to break, Coach Noonan hopes to begin practice by the first part of April. The first meet is to be held April 30. Six dual meets follow, all leading up to the conference meet at Rhinelander.

—Pete Anderson

GIRLS VERSUS FACULTY

GAA basketball came to a climax with the juniors playing the faculty. The juniors were chosen because of their victories over the other class teams. Of course the faculty won, but then they do have a few more years experience than our juniors.

Also, the faculty played three games against an all-star team of girls. The girls won the first game; as a result, the teachers asked for a rematch which they

won. They then played the third game to break the tie. The teachers came out victorious.

The faculty team was made up of three gym instructors; Miss Cobleigh, Miss Westendorf, and Miss Johnson; one physical education minor, Miss Ferguson; and some great athletes such as Miss Brandeen, Miss Haberkorn, Mrs. Frenzel, and Miss Larson.

— Mary Kruger

NEW APPARATUS

"Is that ever nice!" "Are you kidding?" "What?" "When?" "Where?" Yes, sports enthusiasts, it is true; Lincoln High School does have one. It arrived a week ago. It may be in a storage room or tucked in a corner, but it is here!

Somewhere in this vast institute of nooks and concealed rooms there is a box with the usual markings, "THIS SIDE UP, HANDLE WITH CARE. OPEN HERE." But this box has an unusual content. The new *trampoline* has arrived!

Freshmen, sophomores, and juniors may now rejoice, and seniors may perhaps hope that two months is long enough to assemble the trampoline and put it to use.

By the 1965-66 school year, the trampoline, as well as the new balance beam, will become a regular part of the physical education program.

— Kathy Hahn



KOOK'S KORNER

Here's the old Kook again! I am just recovering from my brother's broken arm. I am recovering because when he came home from the hospital, I had to become his nurse, his servant, his slave! Now he is finally in school, so I am beginning to revive. My brother had to have his arm operated on, and while I was waiting for him, I sat in a chair in the hospital hallway and read my chemistry. But my efforts were disrupted by students walking down the hall. They all went into the same room. First there was Don Reeves and a friend. Then came Dave Nelson, Ron Witt, Bob Dent and many more. I caught sight of Candy Hagen and Patti Maher walking hand in hand. And finally after every one had left, Guta Puppils and Rose Kronstedt came tripping along. They got to the door, then changed their minds and came back. Finally a nurse came up to me and asked if I knew that Dick Reeves and Chuck Hinners were in the building in room 306. I said no. She took me to the room and went on with her duties. Chuck saw me first, and do you know what he did? He said, "Well, if it isn't Ursula Alexandra Kochanowski!" If he hadn't happened to be an invalid at that moment, I would have socked him right in the nose. Since he had a broken leg, all I did was kick that. Dick was nicer. He happened to be in agony because his head was in traction, and his only pillow was a tiny towel. I finally found out why Dick was so kind. The two straps that held his head together were open and he wanted me to fix them. I did and Chuck

Social Section

threw him a pillow. Dick grunted; the nurse came in and took the pillow, and I left the room to go to my brother's room.

While we're on illnesses . . . Mrs. Hayward's students: you may thank me for the time Mrs. Hayward was not in school. I coughed in English class and the germs floated to the front of the room and overwhelmed Mrs. Hayward.

One morning I was combing my hair in the restroom when a girl actually came sliding in on her seat with her legs straight out in front of her. The funny part is that she refused to get up until he had laughed for a full five minutes. Unfortunately, I fail to recall her name.

Miss Fleishauer came into fourth hour study hall in 206 one Wednesday to find her desk in the corner where the dictionaries belong. It had taken Chris Gorski and Bill Heilman two full minutes of effort and energy to budge it, and that little Miss Fleishauer pulled it all the way back unassisted. She received a standing ovation.

Girls in gym class seem to be in their second childhood. They run like mad, jump into a sandpit, roll around for a while, and come out giggling and dirty. This game is known as "long-jumping." Miss Westendorf was partaking in this delightful game, also, and she broke her baby finger.

Upon receiving the senior call cards, Mr. Nelson was anxious to prove his pitching ability to his classes. He proceeded to throw box after box in an underarm pitch to each student (remi-

niscent of his days on this softball team). The only casualty was Dick Dent, and that was only because he forgot to duck.

That's about all for now. I hope every one has recovered from quarter grades. Have a nice Easter vacation and come back doing all sorts of crazy things I can write about in the Korner.

— by Ursula

OUR FUTURE COOKS

Crash, bang, ouch! Hustling, bustling, dishes breaking, soup boiling onto the floor; is that what you think that you would see if you walked into Mrs. Nelson's fine cooking class? Well, let me tell you brother, sister, or whatever you might be, you're positively wrong. Mrs. Nelson has everything and everyone (even me) well organized, and everything goes off right on schedule. If in first hour, the girls follow a schedule similar to this: Before entering the kitchens, all put on aprons and hair nets. These latter truly beautify! Then, at 8:30 sharp, action! Two girls from each kitchen march to the supply table and get all food needed that was ordered the day before. If a person forgot to order something, she doesn't get it! She makes whatever she is to make without it. Can you imagine hot chocolate without the chocolate? After all supplies are assembled, preparing the meal begins. Each girl is given whipped cream. I accredit my success with the whipped cream to Cheryl Hasenohrl, who kept telling me to use the electric beater. I was quite determined that the hand beater was better since it was smaller and didn't look like it was ready to fly away on me as the monstrous electric one did. If I hadn't taken her advice, I'd probably still be standing there beating that soupy cream! Talking about the machine age implements reminds me that some of the girls try their very hardest to bite their cans open since they don't know how to use the electric can opener.

At 9:00 sharp everyone is supposed to be seated at the tables and then comes the worst part. We have to eat it! To make it even worse, it always seems that no matter how much we cut down our recipes, we always have too much. Everything that is made must be eaten.

Marilyn Mantey and the girls in her kitchen made enough salad to feed the whole high school. Her comment was, "It was delicious, but oooh!" We are given fifteen minutes to stuff it all down and at 9:15, we jump up, clear the table, and do dishes. It seems that every pot and pan, dish and piece of silverware from the kitchen is dirty. We had so many piled on the cupboards one day that Carol Rusch was washing the ones that I had already dried. As the clock ticks away faster, we slam dishes, dump garbage, and figure out where each dish came from. Everyone is rushing and feels sure that she won't be finished on time, but . . . at 9:30 everything looks clean and shiny and we are rushing out of the kitchen, tearing off aprons and hair nets, and, "buzz," the bell rings and it's time to run clear across the building for the next class.

If the ordinary housewife has to put up with that procedure for each and every meal, I don't see how so many are still surviving today! I don't want anyone to get me wrong. I really like this class the most of all, and the best part is laughing and joking about how awful it is and how all the little things go wrong. I'd love to tell you about some more of the boobos, but I don't think the fellow classmates would appreciate that too much and might decide to cook me for the next meal! You could ask Sue Mortimer about the eggy pudding, though . . .

All of you underclassmen girls, be sure you sign up for senior homemaking III when you are seniors, and guys, why don't you try to get a boy's cooking class going. It's a blast!

— Pat Mahoney

MY BOYFRIEND

My boyfriend is a conceited jerk.
He really thinks he's grand.
His high opinion of himself
Is more than I can stand.

He thinks he is all my dreams come true,
My ever guiding light,
He thinks I'll be his willing slave,
And most of all, He's right!

— Anonymous

CORN

Corn: It's short for corny, just in case someone might not know. I just wanted to make you aware of some of the corny things that go on around here —

Get that Ursula Alexandra Kochanowski, writing letters back and forth to herself, commenting on the fine art work she does. That's corny!

And Donna Linzmeier — some fool idiot friend of hers likes to take her American Problems book so she doesn't have it when she's suppose to have it in class — just to be mean! Such corny friends you have Donna!

Ron Linzmeier, cousin of Donna, runs around with people's hands drawn on the back of his shirt. Ooh, that's corny.

Linda Muth (George) told me, under pressure, that under no circumstances should I mention her name in *Lincoln Lines* again — so I won't say a thing about corny George.

And if corny Jamie Zastava should tell you that she has a ten dollar purse from Johnson Hills, don't believe it.

Did Bob Jacobson (Jake) ever try to tell you anything? Don't believe anything he says. It's all a bunch of corn!

If you're ever busily typing away on your electric typewriter, and all of a sudden, plunk, it shuts off, just turn around and you will see that corny Susie Mortimer holding the plug in her hand and grinning from ear to ear. That's more corn.

And Larry Grimm — he's just plain corny. He can't even pronounce people's names straight!

And oh! That Maxine Skibba — she's always peeking in windows during noon hour — those she shouldn't be peeking in. She's quite corny too, you know.

Not only are some students at Lincoln capable of producing corn, but the other day we had two of the teachers in the act! Miss Johnson was chasing Miss Westendorf around the gym trying to give her some imaginary something that Miss Johnson didn't want! I never did find out what it was, but maybe it was some corn.

Anyway, the whole point is that there are a lot of corny things, ideas, and people around, and this whole article is corny and without corn, this would be a mighty corny world today.

— Corny Pat Mahoney

INCOME TAXES

Well, that time of the year is here again when many of our parents are scratching their heads and figuring out their last minute income taxes. Maybe some of you saw some of the seniors groaning and scratching their heads about a month ago, too, and it was for the very same reason. True, most of them don't earn enough to file any income tax yet, but a select few — Mr. Goetzke's students — spent a whole week figuring John Doe's and Mary Smith's income tax problem! It will probably be very useful knowledge to those students in future years, but right now it was quite a task for many of them.

Even working the hardest math problem or trying to write an English theme cannot compare to figuring out income taxes. The first five parts aren't too bad, but of course a person may run into complications if he doesn't know whether Mary or John is single or married or how many dependents there are. Having solved this problem, a person is confronted with instructions something like this — to get the answer to line 24, turn to part 8, section 19, and complete the 20 questions listed there. Carry the answers from these questions back to line 24 and proceed as directed. This goes on for about twenty lines and then, lo and behold, finally an answer. Golly, poor Mr. Doe has to pay this year too! Wait, Mr. Goetzke is giving the correct answer. Oh no! What was that? The correct amount was three cents more? Guess it'll have to be done all over again!

I'm sure quite a few seniors found themselves in this predicament. Here are a few comments from them to either verify or contradict this statement.

John Huisheere, the once Future Business Tycoon of America, has now decided to keep his earnings under \$10,000. He replied, "I prefer the short form!"

Dan Love, Republican representative, answered, "I feel that we're entitled to all we earn."

Standing under the Bill of Rights' freedom of speech, Al Plisch voiced his opinion as, "It was unfair and unjust!"

Joann Miller put her comment in words everyone could understand, "There aren't any words to explain it. It's putrid, putrid, putrid!"

Mathematical wizard Kathy Wittenberg replied, "It was easy except I always multiplied wrong."

Mary Dhein said, "I like it. All you had to do was use your brain and it was easy." Good thinking there, Mary.

Terry Cassiani's comment, "No comment." Can't say as I really blame her. There aren't any words to explain it.

Of course, there has to be one hero in the crowd. Jere Schroeder casually answered, "It was a snap!"

Sympathetic Shirlee Kath replied, "There should be more refunds instead of balance dues," and Sharon Dallman commented, "I like it since I passed the test." Wonder what her answer would have been otherwise!

As if she were in kindergarten, Jill Kohnen said, "It's O.K. It's a lot of 'busywork.'"

And finally, our way-out friend Shirley Joling replied, "I thought it was sort of ISH! Above our heads, like."

What's that? My comment? I plead the Fifth Amendment. If I were to answer, I would be sure to incriminate myself, and my grade has probably dropped enough already just by writing this article!

— Linda Jackson

STUMBLING BLOCKS IN THE HOMEMAKING DEPARTMENT

It is rumored that Mrs. Nelson's seniors are going through their second childhood. The girls, under the leadership of Marilyn Mantey, were reported to have taken their pails and shovels to get snow. Obviously the girls liked playing in the snow because it took three hours instead of one to make the ice cream.

Sewing, like cooking, is not always fail-safe. Here are some of the goofs that Miss Breu's students would rather forget:

Sewing in a zipper upside down

Cutting off the material too short

Sewing the back to the front with one piece upside-down

Armholes sewn together

Sewing zig-zag without knowing it

Ironing with a cold iron

Tell me, Betty Bubla, who is the big eater that can eat sixty-five pounds of

meat per serving, and, also, who allows for eighty-five pounds of bone in her meat plan?

— Virgie Nendza

LETTERS TO THE EASTER BUNNY

Dear Easter Bunny,

Last year when you brought my Easter basket, you didn't do too good a job. First of all, you hid it where I couldn't find it. This year try better. Also, all the candy was very fattening. Bring me the dietetic type this year. I'd like a blue bow better than the pink ones you send all the time. I hope you don't feel too bad about the criticism because, as you know, no one is perfect.

In deepest sympathy,
Carol

Sir:

For my hour talk on Easter Bunnies, I am interested in obtaining information concerning your organization.

Do you operate Bunnyland as a corporation? Approximately how many bunnies do you employ for the distribution of your eggs? Are you open for business year-round or only at Easter time? Do your aged rabbits get governmental subsidies when they reach retirement age? What is the compulsory retirement age? How many labor unions have the bunnies formed, and have they been successful at getting shorter working hours, more pay, and paid vacations? Do you sell stock on the New York Stock Exchange? (I wanted to buy some twenty or so shares for Problems class, but I couldn't find you listed. Somebody goofed.) Does your company have access to a chicken farm or do you have a special kind of bunnies? Are your bunnies colored or do you have pink, red, turquoise, and green chickens? Please enclose pictures.

Please rush this vital information to me before Easter. Send some sample eggs, too. Thank you for your cooperation.

An hour-talk student

Dear Easter Bunny,

I am eighteen years old and a senior at Lincoln High School. I have been a good little boy and want a whole pile of candy for Easter.

There will be some carrots and lettuce for you on the kitchen table.

Love and kisses,
Bruce Ristow

SOCIAL SECTION

Mr. Easter Bunny
Briarpatch Avenue
Woodsville, U.S.A.

Dear Sir:

At this writing I am forty-one years old. My earliest recollection falls somewhere short of Easter during the fourth year of my life. By simple mathematics we discover that I recall thirty-seven Easters. Your records will substantiate that during the past thirty-seven years I have placed thirty-seven orders with your organization for consideration. As you know, none of these requests were honored. Please find listed below the requests that were unfulfilled and were my deepest disappointments.

1. 1927 "Fatty" Arbuckle got the job with "our gang."
2. 1930 No fire truck this year.
3. 1933 Babe Ruth got *my* berth with the Yankees.
4. 1936 Jackie Cooper got to play Tom Sawyer.
5. 1939 *You* didn't send my request on to Shirley Temple.
6. 1941 *You* let Harry James have Betty Grable.
7. 1947 I didn't get my professorship at the U. of W.
8. 1956 After four sons, where's my daughter?
9. 1962 The School board said that *You* had never mentioned that I would accept the principal's job.
10. 1965 This will be thirty-eight years straight if you slip up on the fire truck again.

Respectfully yours,
C. Spees

P.S. It's hard to keep faith in an organization that is so derelict in its duties.

Dear Peter Wabbit,

My mummie just told be that bunnys don't way eggs. Are you half chicken? Or, do you have connections with Chicken Little? This year be sure to hardboil *all* the ggs — especially the ones I carry in my lunch bag. Oh yes, last year I had a pink Easter outfit and you gave me yellow eggs. YICK! This year keep it in mind that I have a blue outfit.

Terry Cassiani

Kind Sir,

If I may trouble your Rabbitship for a minute, I would like to bring to your attention a very serious problem. There seems to be some doubt as to your existence. I know you exist because if you didn't I wouldn't be writing this letter. I think the problem is becoming more and more serious every year. Why, just last year a little friend of mine had the very gall to ask about the validity of the claims stated by his parents. I thought that this year you might enclose an autographed picture and plastercast paw print with each Easter basket. If that fails, you might try some personal appearances. You had better explain where you live, how you get your eggs, how you avoid rabbit traps, and similar details. You must act now, your Rabbitship! Look what happened to Santa Claus.

Sincerely yours,
William A. Schenck, Esq.

Dear Mr. Bunny,

I would appreciate it very much if you would put something half-way decent in my cottage-cheese box this year. Last year the jelly-beans were so old I couldn't even crack them with a sledge hammer. No offense, but you sort of gyped me last time.

Yours forever,
Jim Vallin

Dear bunny,

Please send me the following:

- (a) Something for my classes — Have my students learn proper pronunciation so I can understand them. (It's Russer and not Russia; woik and not work.)
- (b) Something for humanity — freedom and equality NOW!
- (c) Something for me — and A.P.B.

M. Slonsky

Dear Mr. Bunny,

I'm writing you this letter because all my friends agree that you have the wonderful power to grant very special wishes. This wish is very special to me, so please, Mr. Bunny, can you ?
Thank you so much.

Sammy Kins

P.S. I promise to eat the yolks in the eggs from now on.

SOCIAL SECTION



The Ahdavagam staff at work.



*Sue Latourelle, Elleen Paulson, and Bobbie Albert
were surprized by the camera.*



The tumbling team takes a bow.

OLLIE

An aged man, his gestures, slow,
Reveal the gray of days gone by
Forever; yet a strong man he is,
Like the mossy stones in nature's brook.

His face is carved like Egypt's Sphinx,
With eyes that melt the Arctic land
To keep the young and happy man
From guessing he is one unique.

Shoulders hunched and, by the window,
Gazing at the fields beyond the woodpile,
He recalls the last green years
Before the sun baked creek and pond.

Three markers lie in crude succession:
This blackness came with nature's curse.
It took his every care for living,
Made weary legs to trod the earth.

I see his face now in the shadows
That hide the silver drops of memory
And sorrow; the movement in his chest is slow . .
How many Ollies do you know?

— *Judy Bowers*

THE ROSE

The leafy trees did beam with pride and joy
Because of their red rose which was so pure.
It's beauty was silent, sublime, and coy;
It proved that God had made it sure.
So delicate and fragile it did seem,
Yet underneath its surface there did thrive
Such bright strength and deep courage so to deem
The plant itself to force all thoughts to give.
Despite the thorns which on its stem did jeer,
Its petals were soft and cool to touch.
How pleasant it would be to keep them near
And to enjoy them always very much!
Don't always judge by appearances alone;
Down under may lie some courage unknown.

— *Susan A. Hanneman*

COME

Come to me, Happiness;
Laugh away my sorrows.
Come to me, Joy;
Excite my troubled mind.
Come to me, Faith;
Reform my soul of sin.
Come to me, Love;
Take away my fears and incline my
Heart to be wonderful.

— *Sue Christiansen*

THE RECKONING

I have just been confronted with a startling realization: I have no friends. I walk down the halls alone, waving and talking to no one and receiving only cold stares and indifference wherever I turn. Why? The answer is simple: me. I look in the mirror and see a person who is neatly dressed, fairly good looking, but who has a look in the eyes that denotes one who has just received laughter as an answer to an important and very solemn question. I notice that the look is oddly unfamiliar and out of place. The look it has replaced was one of — of what? Scorn? Ridicule? Condescension? Here, then, is the reason.

People could see it coming, of course. They told me, "You're losing friends left and right because of your attitude." "Don't ever bother to complain when you've lost all your friends because you treat people like dogs." And some gently hinted, "It really pays to be nice to people — not just the ones who can help you climb the social ladder, but everyone."

And I laughed, and laughed, and laughed some more. Finally I became the class clown. I laughed at everything and everyone, trying to show how sophisticated I was by degrading people and making wisecracks at inopportune moments. It got to be so bad that I frowned when anyone tried to be nice to me; I lapped up insults. Through all this hollow hilarity I told myself how

popular I was. I couldn't have been farther off the track. Then I realized my mistake. I thought I could redeem myself by being nice to people, not being funny, and getting good grades. So every day I dragged out the old compliments. Day after day I gushed, "Your hair looks so nice." "Where did you get your outfit? I just *love* it." People paid less and less attention. "Your culottes and kneesocks match perfectly" gets pretty old after a while.

All the time I thought I was improving. People, it seemed, were taking me more seriously. But I still wasn't satisfied, so I asked a good friend of mine how he managed to be so well-liked. I finally got his answer: "I don't give a hoot about anything." I was game, so I tried that. Everything went in one ear and out the other, it appeared. But it was just an appearance, a show. My best friend deserted me. On the outside, I didn't give a hoot, but inside I wanted to crawl in a hole and die. I felt this way for about a week, and then I found another "best friend." I was kidding myself all the time because I knew that friendships take years in building. But I told myself it would last. Needless to say, it didn't, and I added two enemies to my ever growing list. The list of people I could call friends grew smaller and smaller. Finally there was only one list. Today I am completely alone.

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