

# Lincoln Lines



## COVER STORY

## Metamorphosis

What makes ping pong paddles turn to tennis rackets, dart games change to bow and arrows, and toboggans take shape as surf boards? Why are loafers replaced by sandals, umbrellas more useful than boots, ski suits forsaken for swimming suits and tops lowered on convertables? Because it's *spring* — that's why.

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# Lincoln Lines

## LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL

WISCONSIN RAPIDS, WISCONSIN

Vol. 2 — No. 5

MAY 5, 1965

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### SCHOOL AFFAIRS

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#### JUNIOR PROM

Tonight is the special night everyone has long been waiting for — Prom Night.

Painstaking planning and thought have gone into the preparations for the gala affair. Thousands of problems arose to hinder the hard-working juniors and tolerant advisors; however, all have survived and will attend tonight to bask in the splendor of the theme — MOONLIGHT AND ROSES. The juniors wish to thank Mr. Steve Hanson, junior advisor; Miss Juneau, decoration advisor; business agencies who loaned necessary items, all the eager juniors who planned, painted and pounded, and the patient parents who put up with it all.

Anyone attending tonight is promised a memorable evening filled with enchanting music and roses, roses, roses.

— Patricia Knorr.

#### AFS ASSEMBLY

"If I take T.V. home, I won't see anything but the blank screen," said Kalpana Sharma, Indian AFS student, at an assembly Thursday, April 22, in the field house.

To begin the program, Roger Fritz, president of the student council, introduced a panel consisting of Mr. Boudreau, faculty advisor to the student council; Karen Goetzke, Americans a-

broad representative to Norway; and Mike Ryan of the junior class.

In answer to questions posed by the panel, Kalpana described the dating and marriage customs, religious practices, standard of living, educational programs, and caste system of her native country, India. In giving her reaction to our country, Kalpana said that she was mostly impressed by the high standard of living, integration of boys and girls, teacher-student relationships, television, and especially snow. To close the program, Kalpana chanted in her native tongue, Hindi, a Hindu prayer to the goddess of knowledge.

— Beth Wherley.

#### SENIOR GIRL' TEA

The Parent Teacher Association has again sponsored a senior girls' tea which was held May 6, from three to five p.m. at the Episcopal Memorial Hall.

Miss Frances Nairn, Mrs. Collet, Mrs. Rene Jackson, and Mrs. Frank Allen formed the reception line, and Mrs. James Gilbert presented the welcome. Mrs. Roger Hornig and Mrs. Charles Sigbardt entertained the group with a musical comedy. Mrs. Ken Anderson was chairman of the tea which followed the program.

This senior tea used to be a tri-city event sponsored by the AAUW, but,

order from top to bottom — Norm Arendt, Rocky Siewert, Jerry Schneider, and Pat Buzza; however, two of last years' team members, Bob Dent and Tom Arendt, got off to a late start and are expected to be back near the top shortly.

The Raiders have already defeated Baraboo, 5 to 2, in the opening meet. In this victory, the top five netters showed considerable considerable strength in the singles. The Raiders still have nine dual meets and two tournaments coming up.

The Raiders should take second in the conference and sectional meets with only Rhinelander ahead of them. By working hard, the netters just might upset the favored Rhinelander team and take first place in the conference as well as the sectionals.

— Norm Arendt.

## BASEBALL

Coach Bill Bonesho's Red Raider nine opened the baseball season with a smashing victory over the Pointers. The Raiders showed power and defense as they breezed to a 7-1 victory.

The Rapids line-up shows an abundance of right-handed swingers, including Mike Stenerson, Jim Szelagowski, Ron Bord, Dale Krondstedt, Gary Fandek, Gary Dempze, Wayne Lambert, and Dennis Brabham, with Mike Duval being the only port-side batter.

The infield against Point consisted of Fandek at third, Dempze at short-stop, Lambert at second, and Duval at first. Shagging down the long ones were Stenerson in left field, Bord in center, and Kronstedt in right. The battery consisted of Szelagowski and Brabham.

Other Rapids pitchers are Duval, Dennis Kornatowski, Dave Zellmer, Jack Heugal, and Scott Keating, while Dennis Ross and Del Dietzler are reserve catchers.

— Tom Dekarske and Del Dietzler.

## STUDY HALL REVERIES

Here I sit at my little desk in study hall 206. As I gaze around me, I see that everyone is sound asleep, but why

not? It's first hour!

"Carl, Carl, wake up." Carl mumbles something.

"Have a hard night, Carl?"

Carl replies, "Agg, no sleep, I'm tired. Let me go to sleep."

"O.K. Night, Carl."

Now my hopes of talking to someone are lost, so I turn to the windows for some excitement. Down there lies Lincoln Street and Grand Avenue. Ah, but such dull, dull streets they are at this early hour. Can you imagine! No one is dragging up Grand Avenue or squealing his tires on Lincoln Street. Unbelievable! And safer, too (our advisor adds this thought).

Fhrummm. Fhrummm. Here comes a semi up Birch Street preparing to round the corner at Lincoln. Oh, no! Oh, no! Don't hit those pretty little yellow lights on the safety island. Smash! Fhrummm. Fhrummm. First gear-hang on tight, and away he goes.

Here comes someone up the front side-walk. I wonder who the poor tardy soul is. Oh — it's only somebody's parent coming in for a conference.

The squeal of tires, the smell of rubber, and here they come over the hill — two white police cars! Oh, no, it can't be. I guess I'm beginning to see things.

"Yes, Miss Larson, I'll get to work."

I take one final peek out the window. There goes Angel down Grand Avenue. Angel is that beautiful, shiny, navy-blue Grand Prix that everyone is talking about!

Now the shuffling of books is heard, for the bell is to ring in fifteen minutes. This is the liveliest moment of the morning.

"Carl, Carl."

Ugh."

"Tim, wake up Carl. You have to go to Psych, room 108, Mr. Bollom, remember?"

"Oh, yeh, that, ugh. Later, O.K.?"

Well, I see there is no sleeping for me this morning, for it is now time to watch the clock tick off the last twelve minutes.

I really should take advantage of these first hour study halls in room 206, for this precious hour and three minutes comes to me only every forty-six hours and seventeen minutes!

— by Sue Nelson



## SOCIAL SECTION

### KOOK'S KORNER

"Wake, for the sun shineth  
And the grass greeneth  
And the sky blueth.  
'Tis spring. Tra-la-la."

I am just getting you in the mood for some poetical news. Margo Jean Utech, Poetress Lauretess, wrote a poem about some rotten logs that, after inspiring her, fell to pieces. Now it is my just honor to present to you a real poem.

#### *Ode to the Driftwood*

The driftwood lies on the shore  
That once was the ocean floor.  
It lies there so lonesome,  
So won't you take home some,  
And it will be lonely no more.

Bobbit (Roberta) Alberts' 5" x 8" x 2" purse contains besides the essentials of pen, pencils, eraser, lipstick, compact, and comb, one bubble gum wrapper, one dentine gum wrapper, a spare pair of glasses, a brocade bag with a gold cord, billfold with no money, and an M & M Fruit Chewies wrapper.

Are you bored with life? Mike Krueger has a few remedies:

Carry a scissors wherever you go and watch for dotted lines.

Go tell it to the mountain and wait for someone to answer.

Make it a habit to touch every tree you see.

Kally (Kalpana) used to take singing lessons and practice on the roof. Maybe she was accompanied by the Fiddler on the Roof.

April 30, 1965, 150 seniors went to court. Disappointment, underclassmen; they weren't all naughty. They were just attending a mock trial held by the lawyers of Wisconsin Rapids.

At the G. A. A. playday, Kathy Hahn met five gals named Kathy and one girl named Kathy Hahn from Wausau.

Have you heard? Evelyn Hill has new contact lenses!

Soon Debby Holt will proudly display a head of 18" green hair. She sent all the way to Germany for it just so she could be a witch!

"Ring around the rosy. Okay, children, it's time for your nap now." During

the last week of April, some senior girls had the thrilling experience of being kindergarten teachers for a day. Comments from them included, "OH, it was divine. I put the kids to sleep and overslept myself." Kindergarten is fine, but it spoils you for high school." Thefortunates who took part in this adventure were: Ann Richie, Martha Craner, Sue Nelson, Becky Anderson, Kathy Hahn, Marilyn Mantey, Jeanette Miller, Leslie Wolfe, Roberta Van Ert, Becky Zuege, Kathy, Chris Hero, and yours truly.

Surprise! Teachers count the days 'till vacation too. Ask Miss Fleischauer how many.

Please, if you are one of the lucky ones who escaped without being caught, use the correct terminology. You skipped, not played hookey. In grade school you played hookey, in high school you skip, and in college you cut classes.

Girls grumble about having to run around the track for talking during roll-call in gym class. Listen to this: I was gazing out of my study hall window and saw two boys running around the block. I guess we girls better not complain.

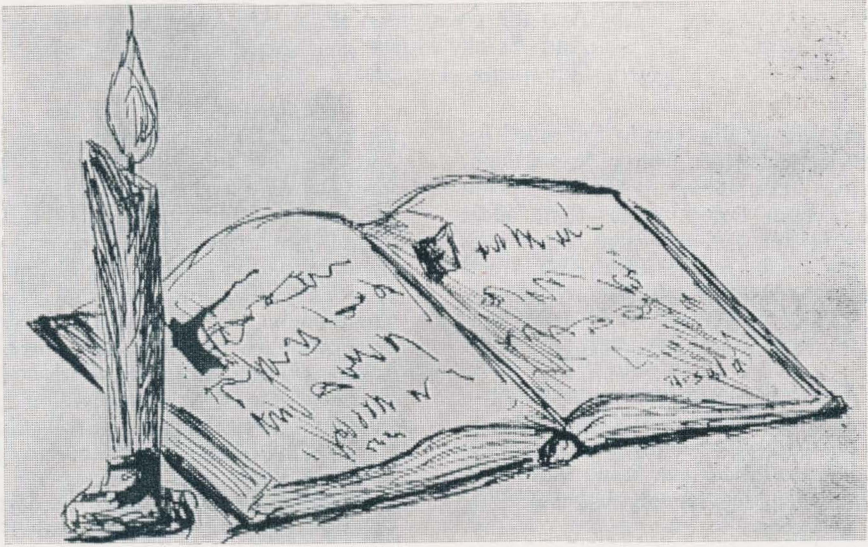
Speaking of gym boys, Dave Ketchum almost broke his neck on the trampoline. He was showing off and landed on his head instead of his feet.

Lenore Crothers, on her way to ski at the World's Fair, got held up in Chicago because of a mistake in reservations. She finally got everything straightened out and some people were going to pick her up at LaGuardia airport. Naturally, she landed at Kennedy airport instead.

My fans can start living again. I have given my hour talk. Speaking of fans, I shall be glad to autograph your fabulous Lincoln Lines if you furnish the pens. I'll even autograph your books if you want me to.

— by Ursula.

# Literary Lore



## WHAT IS SPRING?

Spring is a precise and delicate thing.

It is a touch of pink in an apricot bloom; the golden smile of a daffodil; water in an irrigation canal; the sound of a tractor in a field.

It is the way you feel when you get up in the morning; the glint of sunlight on a windowsill; the underground noise robins hear as worms work their way below the surface of a lawn.

Spring is a yellowish twine strung from overhead wires to ground stakes around a vegetable garden; lambs dozing in the sun.

Spring is a farmer sifting soil between his fingers; weeds burning along the road; a house cat watching a bird.

Spring is seed going into the ground; or the laughter of children.

It is a big, fluffy cloud coasting across the sky; raindrops making rings in a puddle.

Spring isn't something you check on a calendar, or are alerted to by the Farmer's Almanac.

It's suddenly being able to bend over with ease and tie your shoes in the morning. It's going inside the house and forgetting to shut the door. It's taking a handful of bills from the mailbox without making a single remark to your wife.

Spring is when you dream of tomorrow and enjoy today. It's when you forget to turn on television.

It's a gentle stirring inside, that insists you walk instead of wait for a bus.

It's when you breathe deeply.

It's that fleeting moment of time, each year, when you suddenly become you.

It's when you say "good morning" and mean it.

It's a moment of good will and pleasant thoughts.

It's when God speaks, and you can hear Him.

— Jeanne Carlson



## THOUGHTS

I am sick  
Of all affected  
Things.  
If I could,  
I would  
Smash  
To smithereens  
This honeyed  
Nightmare.  
Gauzy film  
Enwraps  
My brain,  
Blinds  
My eyes,  
And causes me  
To grope,  
Tortured  
And Illusioned.  
Oh! it  
Is dark  
Outside.  
Why?  
Because  
In shadowy corners  
Of my mind  
Lurk somethings,  
Screaming with fear.  
Ha!  
I chased them  
Away.  
This farce  
Is hilarious  
And I will . . . laugh.

— Polly Huffman '68

## THE MOON IS A SILVER CANOE

The moon is a silver canoe  
Down dark stream carelessly slipping,  
Gliding past sentinal boughs,  
Through churning clouds, bobbing and  
dripping.  
Floating on currents unseen,  
Flashing its silvery sides,  
Guided by glittering stars,  
On through the darkness it rides.  
The moon is a silver canoe  
Traveling the river of night,  
As, chased by the warriors of dawning,  
It silently slips out of sight.

— Judy Hanneman '65

## WHO CARES FOR AN OLD MAN?

His garden lies fallow, and his stamp collection is covered with dust. He no longer walks by every day to the corner store for the evening paper — the news of the day concerns him not. Last week he was swept off to the land of germs and white sheets without a struggle, for he is very old and knows his time has come.

They say he once stood straight and proud like a strong, new skyscraper, but now he bends and sags like a tired haunted house. All that remains of the thick black hair of his youth is several thin gray strands which seem almost ashamed of their meaningless existence. His hands, once strong and confident in a friendly handshake, are now cold and bony like the skeleton's phalanges. With day of chronic, terminate illness, his once masculine scent of Havana cigars and Old Spice has been replaced by the stench of decayed flesh. The voice, though seldom heard now, trembles and cracks as he asks for a drink of water; it shows no trace of the strong baritone that once led the church choir to choral victories. His heart, always full of love and hope, now merely pumps blood with an irregular, bored beat.

Staring into space, his eyes have a very slight glint as though they can already see the golden gates of heaven. Or perhaps the glint is merely the reflection of the sad sun trying to warm the eyes of lead; in any case, he shall very soon be dead.

— Beth Wherley — '65.



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F O G

The fog is red.

It slowly envelopes the world.

You go to bed at night, and when you awaken it has encompassed us all.

The strong cannot fight the red cloud, for they, being mortal, need the moral support  
of the yellow Apathetic.

But the Apathetic don't help; they are Cowards. They don't understand.

The Cowards look to the white sun for aid, but it has turned red before their very eyes.

The Strong look back to the moon, very Blue, but cast aside by the Weak.

The fog cannot be stopped now — it can only destroy itself. It won't though; the  
Apathetic won't let it.

No longer are the Yellow Weak afraid of the fog, for they, too, are red. They com-  
pliment the fog.

The small number of Strong White combat the fog as best they can. It is hopeless.  
They have been defeated by the submissive Yellow — the Apathetic.

Weather is talked about, but what can be done about it? Nothing!

The Fog reigns — Let the people tremble.

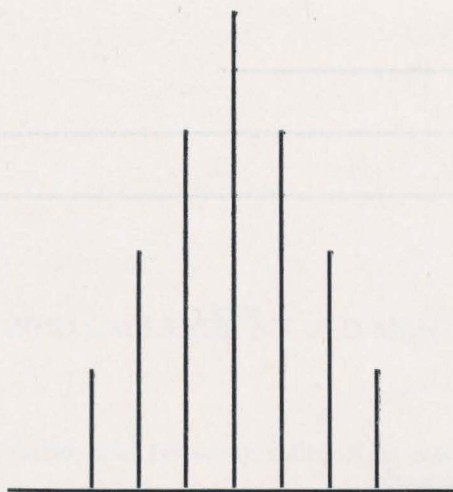
— Stacy L. Schultz '68.

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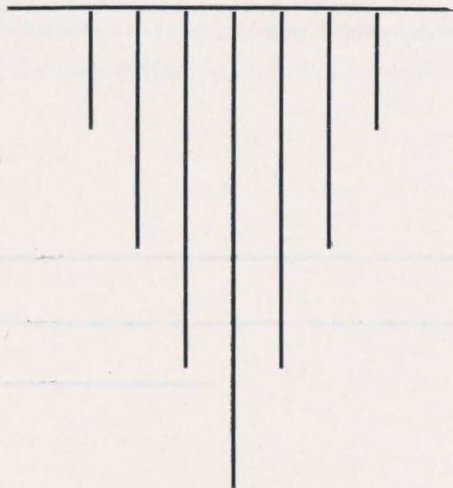
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## LESSON

The strings are out of tune;  
Each stroke is drawn in haste;  
My fingers crowd for room;  
My vibrato's lacking taste.  
Day by day a further note;  
The fingering grows surer;  
My bowing needs a little vote;  
My tone's becoming purer.  
The sessions — there are many;  
The ear becomes more sharp;  
My wrists are loose, not tinny,  
For now I play with my heart.

— Sally Kostusak — '65.





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