

LINCOLN I N E S





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Lincoln Lines

LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL

WISCONSIN RAPIDS, WISCONSIN

Vol. 3 — No. 3

DECEMBER 22, 1965

SCHOOL NEWS

THE CHRISTMAS CONCERT

On Sunday, December 12, 1965, the music department of Lincoln High School presented its annual Christmas Concert. The entire program was designed to promote the Christmas spirit.

Those who arrived early were able to view the decorated trees as a holiday mood was created by Karen Pac's organ presentation of familiar Christmas Carols.

Then, at precisely, 4:00 p.m., the chimes sounded and — as tradition dictates — the band, under the direction of Mr. Hornig, opened the program with Bach's "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring." This was followed by "Valse des Fleurs" from *The Nutcracker*. Then cornetists Wally Ives and Bob Crouse were featured in "Concerto in B-flat for Two Trumpets." The Band concluded with "Greensleeves" and "American Overture."

The choir, directed by Mr. Cleworth, entered singing "Oh Come All Ye Faithful." Its program opened with "Do You Hear What I Hear" and continued with a "Danish Christmas Round" featuring soloist Pam Millenbah. Then came "To Us Is Born Immanuel," "Dream, Bethlehem," and "The Twelve Days of Christmas." "As Lately We Watched" with solist Lee Helke and the familiar "Silent Night" concluded the choir's performance.

Mr. Liska next conducted the orchestra in Bach's "Chorale and Invention," "Gesu Bambino," a medley entitled "The Children's Corner," and "Christmas Festival." The choir then joined the orchestra in the annual finale, the "Hallelujah Chorus."

— Jerry Gilbert

SENIORS' HOLIDAY FORMAL

It is again that time of the year when people's spirits are gay and happy. It is also the time for the Seniors' Holiday Formal.

The formal this year is at the Y. M. C. A.'s Consolidated Room on December 30 from 8:00 p. m. to 12:00 p. m. Pam Gleue is general chairman of the event. The decorations will be made by the girls from materials donated by them.

The Chesebros, a three piece orchestra, has been hired for the event. The buzz around school seems to indicate that many girls will be wearing long formals, although this should not eliminate the appearance of street length formals or cocktail dresses. Barb Reinicke, if she ever finds a pattern, is having hers made, and the other gals are going to have busy weekends searching and scouting for THE dress. The event promises to be memorable — imagine our guys and gals transformed miraculously by formal attire to blend with the holiday splendor.

— Rita Wertheimer and
Jackie Sautner

VOICE OF DEMOCRACY

Jim Hardison is the winner of the nineteenth annual Voice of Democracy Contest. This contest is sponsored by the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the Ladies Auxiliary to the V. F. W. The purpose of the contest is to give sophomore, junior, and senior students an opportunity to write and present a script on a patriotic theme. This year the contestants prepared scripts on the subject of "Democracy: What It Means To Me."

303 Jim's speech has been taped and sent

to the District Contest where it will be judged on content, originality, and delivery. If he wins, his script will be sent to the state contest. Each state winner wins a five-day all-expense paid trip to Washington, D. C., where he will compete in the finals. The national winner receives a \$5,000 scholarship and the runners-up receive scholarships of lesser amounts.

On the local level, others who placed were Roger Newman and Tim Eisenhert.

— Sue Rasmussen

MAGAZINES FOR SALE?

A. F. S. Project

All
For
Success

This could have been our motto for this year's magazine campaign. If so, we have lived up to it by getting out and selling subscriptions. Some of this money will be used to sponsor our A. F. S. student.

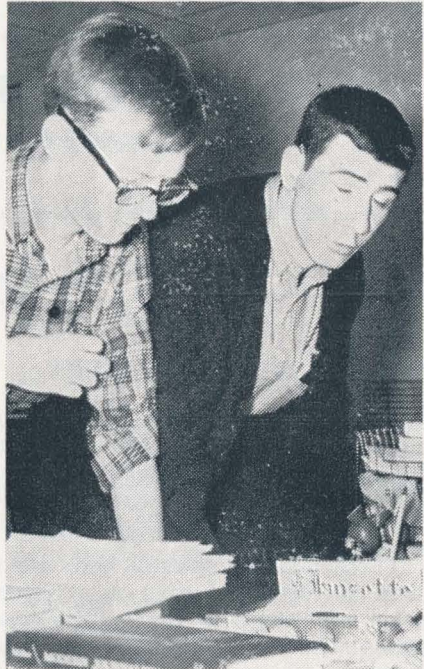
We have uncovered unexpected salesmanship ability in the seven grand-prize winners:

| | |
|--------------------|----------|
| Alyce Jacobs | |
| Room 219 | \$205.90 |
| Hans Schionnemann | |
| Room 308 | \$130.55 |
| Larry Tague | |
| Room 214 | \$ 93.85 |
| Mike Casey | |
| Room 219 | \$ 77.40 |
| Tom Erickson | |
| Room V-3 | \$ 65.65 |
| Judy Wolfe | |
| Room 213 | \$ 61.45 |
| Paul Oesterreicher | |
| Room 216 | \$ 59.30 |

All together there were thirty-seven people who sold over \$20.00 worth of magazines.

The greatest effort was put forth by Mrs. Broker's homeroom, 219, which sold \$581.06. They will be rewarded with a coke and pizza party.

Pat Knorr and
Bonnie Thalacker



Mike and Jim

TOGETHERNESS

Would you think of separating such great teams as Laurel and Hardy, Mutt and Jeff, Allen and Rossi, or the Smother's Brothers? Of course not! We feel the same way about Hardison and Ryan. Though I don't think there are many true blue LHS supporters who don't know them, I am speaking of Jim Hardison and Mike Ryan, who together have been responsible for arousing much of the school spirit here at Lincoln.

They have been the best of friends for five years, ever since eighth grade, and like they say, "Opposites attract." Mike is very active in Young Republicans, being a former chairman; Jim prefers not to think of politics. Their personalities are anything but copies of each other. Mike seems the more conservative of the two and seems to do a slower burn when angry, while Jim goes more for fads and is more impetuous. Their physical appearances are different too. They both are tall but Jim is much darker while Mike is blonde and wears glasses.

I asked Jim what he liked to do besides "goof off." His answer, naturally, "Goof off!" He gets a kick out of doing

things to make others laugh. He loves to act and plans to teach speech and drama. Next year he wants to study at Stevens Point, the University of Chicago, or the Pasadena Playhouse, Pasadena, California. His two favorite actors are Jerry Lewis and Dick Van Dyke.

For living life, he bases his ideas on three quotations. First, "You're only here once, so enjoy it the first time around." Then he approaches all his tasks with the idea of "Act as if it were impossible to fail." He measures his life by this one: "He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved once." He told me, "I can't stand not being active." He especially looks lively at many of our games where he dons his costume and becomes our Red Raider "mascot."

When I asked Mike Ryan what he enjoyed doing, his answer was more lengthy than Jim's. "What do I enjoy? Oh. I like music, playing the guitar, singing, listening to other people's problems, going to YGOP Conventions, and, naturally, passing Mr. Carlson's physics tests. Then I do like dramatics, especially musicals." Mike is going into the field of sales management and marketing, and next year he will go either to Point or Whitewater.

His philosophy on life: "Enjoy it; you don't live forever." It's not that Mike believes in all fun and games, but that life is an experience to be lived to the fullest.

Many of you had a chance to see them as they shared the lead in this year's operetta, "The Music Man." Together they belong to Dramatics Club, the Booster Club, choir, and National Thespian Society, and Explorers. They each have their own hero to look up to. Mike's hero is Jim Hardison, and Jim's hero — you guessed it — Mike Ryan. They chimed in, "Together we belong to the most elite club — US!"

— Bonnie Thalacker

SUPER SALESWOMAN

I am sure we all are aware of the magazine sales campaign that was going on the past two weeks. One girl, Alyce Jacobs, was a very outstanding saleswoman.

Alyce, a senior from Mrs. Broker's homeroom, has been an exceptional saleswoman in all of her four years at Lincoln. As a freshman she sold \$112.87 for top honors. As a sophomore she was number five with \$67.00 and as a junior, the number two salesman with \$104.00. This year Alyce outdid herself by selling \$205.90 worth and in so doing established an all-time Lincoln record. She made the homeroom's total goal of \$102.00 the first day all by herself.

Alyce says she lives in a neighborhood of people who are very willing to help our school projects. She has kept a list of those she has sold magazines to and has gone back to them each year.

When asked why she gives so much effort to magazine sales she gave this answer: "The foreign exchange program is an excellent program, and I feel I should do the best I can to support it."

With an attitude of this nature, how could she help being on top?

— Chris Jacobsen



Alyce Jacobs

EDITORIAL

If you remember my last editorial, you'll recall that I said I wasn't going to lecture. In this column I'm not pulling any punches: I'm lecturing, and now that I told you so I'll bet that you won't put this paper down until you read what I've got to say. Christmas is a special time of year. It is the time when a person is supposed to forget himself and try either to improve the world around him by "giving of himself," or remembering what happened in a small town about 1,965 years ago. Just think how different the world would be if that inn keeper had taken off his shoes and beat it on a barrel of olive oil instead of letting that couple have that stable.

Now, always there is a touching story at Christmas time that points out some sacrifice a person makes at Christmas. The one that I am thinking of right now is "A CERTAIN SMALL SHEPHERD" written by Rebecca Caudill. This is a story of a little boy who, to his misfortune, was born mute. Like you might expect, Jamie grew and became somewhat of a problem child. When Christmas rolled around, his school decided to put on a play. After a disagreement about parts, Jamie was finally cast as a shepherd. Then, when the story seemed to be going too well, a sudden snow-storm called a halt to the play and all festivities. Jamie's family sat at home and became hosts to a family that had a coincidental resemblance to another Biblical one. The mother was "near her time" and looking for a place to rest. They were allowed to stay in the family's stable where the baby was born. After hearing about the new arrival the next morning, Jamie ran to the fireplace and felt the toe of his stocking. Yes, there was the dime, just as on other Christmases. Hurriedly he emptied his stocking. With the orange in one hand and the shepherd's crook in the other, he made his way to the stable. Father and sister, still watching, saw his shepherd's robe, which he had donned, a spot of glowing color in a white world. Father opened the door. Without looking to the left or right, Jamie hurried up the aisle. Father and sister followed him. Beside the pallet he dropped to his knees.

"Here's a Christmas gift for the child,"

he said clear and strong.

"Father!" gasped sister. "Father, listen to Jamie!"

The woman turned back the covers from the baby's face. Jamie gently, laid the orange beside the baby's tiny face and hand.

"And here's a Christmas gift for the mother," Jamie said to the woman.

He put the dime in her hand.

Father, trembling with joy and wonder, fell to his knees beside Jamie.

"Surely," the woman spoke softly, "the Lord lives this day."

"Surely," said Father, "the Lord lives this day and all days. And he is loving and merciful and good." In the hush that followed, Christmas, in all its joy and majesty, came. And it wasn't so long ago.

This is a good time to end and say that I hope all of you and yours have a *Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year* and that with each gift you receive, you give something of yourself.

— Jim Hardison, *Editor*

COUNT THE BLESSINGS

At the time of this holiday issue of *Lincoln Lines* we are a few weeks away from the mid point of the school year at Lincoln High. I think this is a good time to collect our thoughts and possibly use some of our recent history to guide us during the remaining months of the '65-'66 session.

Specifically, to what am I referring? Certainly, it is obvious that hundreds of students are striving daily to earn respectable marks in their subjects. Upon visiting many classes, one soon senses that the interested students are seeking more than a grade; they are really concerned about obtaining *An Education*.

As one moves from the classroom into the halls and places of assembly, it is also obvious that many want to be a part of the total growth picture by participating in co-curricular or extra-curricular activities.

Rather than quote cold statistics derived from honor rolls, size of squads, numbers in small or large groups at Lincoln, let's look at specifics that have occurred in *Your High School* during the past few months. Although all of these events or successes may not be directly a part of "you" still exposure can be contagious and maybe after reading further you may feel more than "Pride"

... you may feel like joining those that are "With It."

Did you see?

The eagerness of the freshmen as they prepared to go to their first classes at Lincoln?

Did you see?

The concern . . . and in many cases the satisfaction of parents as they received the "Progress Report" about their student?

Did you see?

The volunteers, from the Future Teachers of America, ably assist at Parents Night?

Did you see?

The fine Homecoming activities that were so capably organized by Student Council, Foreign Language Clubs, and Pep Club members?

Did you see?

The total participation by the student body as they attired themselves in red and white for Homecoming?

Did you see?

A group of dedicated "footballers" emerge as Wisconsin Valley Conference Champions?

Did you see?

A Booster Club "pitch in" and clean up the remains of the Homecoming bonfire?

Did you see?

The National Merit semi-finalist represent L. H. S. as they appeared on T.V.?

Did you see?

The precision band perform at various programs and activities?

Did you see?

The cross county team move out for a vigorous race?

Did you see?

Student Council members and Booster Club members assist in the formation of safe traffic pattern for student drivers?

Did you see?

The newly formed DECA Club staging a dance for all students after the ball game?

Did you see?

Students as a part of the Armistice Day Program?



Mr. Allen

Did you see?

An aroused pep section, all doing their part at games?

Did you see?

That certain student pick up the scraps of paper on the floor?

Did you see?

The students working unselfishly in the many facets of the Operetta?

Did you see?

The enthusiastic play of boys in noon intramurals?

Did you see?

That relieved expression on the student after a conference in the guidance office?

Did you see?

The girls from the early bird P.E. class demonstrate a synchronized dance step at the half time of the game?

Did you see?

The Science Club, after school, planning a worthwhile project?

Did you see?

The A. V. Club members and stage crew helping arrange equipment for a program?

Did you see?

The trophy won by the L.H.S. debate team?

Did you see?

The members of the Speech Club reading public address announcements?

Did you see?

The "hustling basketball team" get a standing ovation?

Did you see?

The orchestra and chorus members perform at an inspiring level?

Did you see?

The wrestling squad go through their training sessions?

Did you see?

That "willing group" gather around the teacher's desk after school, seeking additional help?

Did you see?

Things that have been more worthy, but inadvertently omitted — If so — Don't worry — we have more than a semester to include you — and more ahead —

What else — — "Home of Champions"

— Mr. Allen

MR. SWARTZ SPEAKS

As 1965 draws to a close, and as we await the beginning of the New Year, I wish to congratulate the great majority of our student body for their fine attitude and worthwhile accomplishments. Many of the accomplishments may not have received publicity, or earned some reward. Many may not have occurred at school, but at home, in the community, or within the individual himself. I consider anything that has helped you to become a better individual, no matter where you started, to be a worthwhile accomplishment. You have had difficulties and setbacks, but no one working toward a goal is without them. You did not get by without putting forth the necessary effort. You did not figure that you were entitled to success unless you earned it. You have taken advantage of the many opportunities at Lincoln High, and with these opportunities extended to you, there is no excuse for going back instead of ahead. You have succeeded on your own account. The school and staff have given guidance and encouragement, but you had the will and the energy to pitch into your work and now find yourself doing a good job with opportunities for continued accomplishments.



Mr. Swartz

For the new year, keep the following in mind:

"I Won't" is a good-for-nothing.
 "I Can't" is a quitter.
 "I Don't Know" is lazy.
 "I Might" is just waking up.
 "I Will Try" is on his feet.
 "I Can" is on his way.
 "I Will" is at work.
 "I Did" is now the Boss.

Anonymous

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year and have a nice vacation.

— Mr. Swartz

TO THE EDITOR:

So I says to myself, "Myself, Christmas isn't the same anymore, is it?"

Myself says, "Nope, it just doesn't seem the same as it used to be."

That's the truth, too. It sure doesn't seem the same. It seems like it comes and goes too fast. It seems like it is just another vacation from school. Sure, the spirit is still there, but it is not as strong or long-lasting as it used to be.

Even the music is different now. It used to be that we would hear Bing Crosby's immortal voice singing, "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas," or else we would hear all the old 78 R. P. M. records of Christmas organ music.

That is not the way it is now though. Now we hear some Chipmunks or Reindeer singing an off-key version of "Jingle Bells" or some other light, gay Christmas song. We even hear new up-and-coming singers singing songs like "Santa is a RAT FINK."

I am not saying I don't like it, but that it just isn't the same anymore.

Even the participation in Christmas affairs is different. It used to be that people started to prepare for Christmas a long time before it ever came. They planned their big meals and gatherings. They picked out a tree nice and early. They did all their shopping a long time ahead. They just slid into the swing of things and took time to enjoy and benefit from this season of good cheer.

In the present day and age there are just two short parts to Christmas. Everything happens all at once. "Quick, quick, quick! Christmas is coming! Buy a tree! Do the shopping! Send cards! Quick, quick! Get a turkey! Invite guests!"

And then all of a sudden Christmas is here. "Quick! Get up and get dressed! Go see Grandma! Go to Church! Open gifts! Take movies! Go to bed! Get up! Everyone's coming; get the dinner ready! Work, work, work! - - - Whew! Gone at last."

Is it really the same as always? Heavens, no!! But it sure is fun, and my favorite time of year.

— Ron Davis



INTERVIEW WITH SANTA

Well, there I was walking through eye-level snow at the South Pole. I muttered and fumed. But nothing made me any warmer. I stopped at the friendly As-You-Travel-Ask-Us Eskimo Information Center. "Where do I find this feller . . ." I consulted my notes. "Santa Claus?" The Eskimo broke into peals of icy laughter.

"Bud," he said, "you're on the wrong end!" I dashed off an angry letter to our editor and set off for the North Pole. By the time I got there I was a rather disheartened young man.

Santa was hard to find. After all, how many little old men do you see running around the north pole with a long beard and a red suit? Not very many! I walked up to him and said, "Mr. Claus . . ."

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" he broke in, "Just call me Santa!"

"Er-I-ah-ok -. I'm a reporter for the *Lincoln Lines* and I-er-ah-would like to interview you."

"*Lincoln Lines!*" he burbled. "You kids sure get around!"

"Yes, Mr. Claus — er, Santa! I would like to hear your views on Christmas."

"Oh, wonderful time! Yes, wouldn't be without it."

"I sort of thought you'd say that Mr., uh, I mean Santa."

"How do you feel about children?"

"Mrs. Claus doesn't want a large family."

This floored me. "But, Santa!" I exploded.

He said, "Oh, forgive me! I've got so many things on my mind. So many children to make happy this season. Come in! and get warm."

We had a rather nice chat, Santa and I. I learned that Rudolf has a fluorescent orange nose this year, plus antler fog lights. Santa has still got the same old sleigh. Aside from that, there is nothing new to report. Santa says, "Have a very Merry Christmas and a double happy New Year."

This is your roving (shivering) reporter signing off at the North Pole. "Hey, wait, Mr. er-ah- Santa . . . I'm supposed to catch a ride back with . . .

I wanna go home!"

— Bill Schenck

LETTERS TO SANTA

Many of us have heard the *Letters to Santa* program that has been on the radio for the past week or so. This program seems to be dedicated to the younger set, however. With this in mind we have added to this issue a column where you, the students of Lincoln, may express your wishes to Santa. Here are a few of the letters I have received in the past week.

* * *

Dear Santa,

I would like a five foot, four inch blonde doll of the Swedish decent. I would like her to come in pink clothes driving a TORNADO. Send her in time for the Holiday Senior Formal on December 30.

Mike Casey

P. S. Send Mrs. Broker more patience to deal with John Bollman.

* * *

Dear Santa,

Air Conditioning for our office, even in the winter!

Women's Phy. Ed. Department

* * *

Dear Santa,

All I want for Christmas is a B. B. gun because my brother won't let me use his. If I can't get that, I'll take a MILLIONAIRE if that is okay with you!

Lin Bender

* * *

Dear Santa,

I've been real good this past year and I helped my mother a lot. I helped Mommy feed the alligators in the basement. She says I am very helpful and rewards me with a doggie donut. You can see I'm an especially good boy so I should get an especially big load of presents. I would like a big wad of Kathy Wachter's gum, and a G. T. O., a nurse's outfit for my G. I. Joe, a straight A report card, and a state champion trophy for our basketball team.

Bob Moore and Jack Sachtjen

P. S. There will be some sugar and cookies for you and your reindeer just inside - somewhere.



Dear Santa,

I've tried very hard to be a good girl this year because I haven't seen you around my house for a couple of years and I miss you. The first thing I want to ask for is a pair of contact lenses for reasons I do not wish to state. Secondly, I have a friend who is very bashful and doesn't know how to write very well. I wish you could send her something that would keep her from getting so depressed! I might suggest a good knuckle sandwich for her "friends."

Last but not least, I would like a little money. It does come in handy once in awhile. I'd like to cheer up my friends with a little Christmas spirit!

Love,
Trish

P. S. I left a new red light bulb for Rudolph and a new twin engine motor for your sleigh.

* * *

Dear Santa,

Please make sure that you have room in your sleigh for a boy that is five feet eight inches tall. He should also have brown hair and brown eyes. For some odd reason I also like the name Jerry. If you can't find a boy that fits this description, forget it. I'll wait for one. I would also like a pair of roller skates so that I can skate around in circles, especially Mead Circle. I have been a real good girl so please try to bring me these presents.

Faye Pierce

SOCIAL SECTION

Dear Santa,

I want

- 1 — A car
- 2 — a girl
- 3 — a tape recorder
- 4 — a girl
- 5 — a radio
- 6 — a girl
- 7 — a teddy bear
- 8 — a girl
- 9 — lots of records
- 10 — a girl
- 11 — a trip to Bermuda
- 12 — and lastly a girl

and Santa, if I get the right girl you can omit items 1-3-5-7-9-11.

Please give me what I want Santa! There will be some "cocoa" and rum cookies to keep you warm.

Love,
Jimmie Hardison, Jr.

* * *

Dear Santa,

We have all been as good as could be expected this year in Mr. Brekke's first hour problems class. We almost reached our goal in the magazine sale. Because of the War on Poverty Program we will only ask for a few things: (1) a colorful bulletin board with lots of pictures, (2) easier tests, (3) a vacation from *Observer* reports, (4) and at least two or three parties this year.

Lots of love,
Mr. Brekke's Home Room

* * *

Dear Mary - OOPS! Dear Santa,

Thank you for the brunette doll that you gave me last year, but this year I want a Missing Mary doll. She should have blonde hair, blue eyes and be about 5'5" tall. PLEASE make sure she cries, laughs, loves, and kisses.

Can't wait any longer,
Robby

P. S.. I would like a one way ticket to Menasha, too. Thank you!!!!

* * *

For me Santa, all I'd like is a little more understanding from a few people!!
THANK YOU!

Dorothy Galloway

Good old St. Nick,

Well it's time for my annual plea for mercy and forgiveness. This year I promise I won't roll little old ladies down hills (without just cause). I'm sorry about the salt in the milk last year but it seemed pretty funny at the time. This year I still want the scholarship to Bitaska State University for girls. Also I'd like a pair of alligator skin socks and a matching shirt. And most of all, I want a Chatty Cazzie doll. They're made in Michigan.

Yours ever so humbly
(and greedily),
Terry Northwood

* * *

Dear Santa,

Mr. Cepek says I would like a book on how to shoot free-throws. I will leave the rest for you to pick with a few specifications. (1) short (2) blonde etc.
—————!!!!

Love,
Jake

ALUMNI NEWS

Years come in and years go out. People's lives change-but memories bring back the old.

Now, as another school year here at Lincoln has reached its half way mark-with Christmas as a time for home comings and family gatherings-some kids may be wondering what some of the "old" kids are doing.

Nancy Bennett has been attending River Falls State University along with Nancy Lohman, Roger Fritz, Don Berg, and June Collman. Maybe some of you Seniors remember Jenny Junkman. She goes there too. Nancy says, "Most of us like R. F. It's a friendly little school in a friendly little town." It's twenty-eight miles from the Twin Cities which even makes it more desirable. The kids make use of Tyrone Guthrie Theater and the famous Walker Art Institute. For the sports fan there is the Twins Stadium, which is only one hour away.

Nancy has only one plea: A WORD TO THE WRESTLERS AND MR. HARRING: "One of the coaches at R. F., Mr. James, said he had better have

The spirit of giving and of helping always is strengthened during this season. Some classes have been constructing unique Christmas cards. A student group is sending Christmas cards to soldiers in Vietnam. City groups are also doing their share. The Jaycees are giving underprivileged children a shopping tour.

And, of course, Santa Claus is always around! If you missed his pony and sleigh ride down Grand Avenue on December 11 (and I know a lot of you didn't), don't be too disheartened. I'm sure he'll show up in one of the local areas sometime before Christmas Eve.

Shopping this time of year always presents problems. Especially for that certain guy. Right, Jackie Sautner, Carole Genis, Mary Maher, Chris Collett, Nancy Henke? The favorite gifts this year seem to be—whoops, I'd better not say.

Ever try just taking a walk? It's really enlightening to see all the sparkling decorations on homes, warm lights spreading over the streets and the ecstasy on people's faces. And speaking of decorations, who's going to kiss who under the mistletoe *this* year?

If none of these ideas interest you in the slightest, you can always do homework!

— Tama Collett

FRENCH CLUB PARTY

On December 22, the French Club will hold its annual Christmas party in the high school cafeteria. As the date approaches, I, a third year French Club veteran, can't help looking back with nostalgia at parties gone by.

Last year's party started unusually well. Jim Hardison led the Christmas Carols. Off we went, singing merrily, to the nearby houses. Thanks to Patti LaPorte, everyone came in contact with flying snow.

After getting thoroughly soaked, we headed back to the warmth of the cafeteria. Denny Ross, one who doesn't waste time, headed straight for the refreshments and made sure he got his twenty-five cents club dues' worth.

On the other hand, Ron Allison and Terry Jezwinski, who aren't particularly fond of food like Denny, spent most of their time with the girls.

Does this appeal to you? If so, you too can become a member. The price is twenty-five cents and a year or two of French class. As a third year veteran, I'd say "Well, well worth it."

— Jan Holy

THE CHRISTMAS SEASON

The night is soft and gentle. It is Christmas Eve. As I sit curled up in an easy chair in front of the fire, I watch the snow gently cover everything with a soft blanket of white.

I wonder what some of the other kids are doing for Christmas?

Since Christmas commemorates the birth of a small baby boy born in Bethlehem, in the city of David, some 2,000 years ago, who came to be called Jesus Christ the Saviour of men, the churches' doors once more open to tell this story through the Christmas programs. Perhaps that is where some of the kids are now.

Yes, Colleen Nelson mentioned to me that she would be an angel tonight while Dale Mehlbrech would be a shepherd. Wonder if they're nervous? Dorothy Galloway gets to be Mary while Lorna Thomas, as a first reader, narrates the story. But one thing bothers me — will Janice Kirchhoefer really be a piece of straw?

Who can forget the small little children that hurry up to recite their pieces so that they can get the bags full of candy when they return? I hope that no one gets the bags that Dave Johnson helped fill. He put some of Vicki Cotey's cranberries in 'em, but the only problem was they weren't fresh. Wonder how Jenny Krings and Vallie Wotruba are working out as helpers.

And what would Christmas be like without the caroling and singing? I can almost hear Barb Sutton and Bonnie Osenga singing their duet now. Sue Johnson is probably singing in her church's choir now. It is wonderful to hear the Story in music. Margaret Riemer and Ron Grunden are probably getting ready for the Christmas Eve service at midnight.

Besides the program, Christmas is also the time for coming and going. Martha Holt is probably out in New York now

and Debby is in Utah having the time of her life with Tom. Jim Canfield is out in Iowa. Colleen is probably in Milwaukee with Yvonne Koch. Well, at least she won't be lonely. Wonder how Joyce and Kay Sturm are in Alabama. Bet they miss the snow. I wonder where Mr. Hendrickson is since he wanted to be anyplace except Wisconsin Rapids. I think Sue Johnson and Peggy King are the reason for this. Where can I send Mr. Marshall's Christmas card? He was going far, far away to some heavenly state but I don't know the address. Well, at least he's probably having a Merry Christmas there.

My, it seems like everyone is gone this Christmas. Wonder if Rapids is a ghost town? Oh, no — I remember Mary Jo Luedtke was all excited because Dick Dent would be coming home from Flint, Michigan. Wonder if Bob Dent is home for Colleen; probably. If Bruce Ristow makes it here from Montana, I'll know it just by seeing him around with Pam Muth.

I wonder if the Great Lakes is frozen over. I hope Bob Shaver makes it over to Barb's all right. Maybe I should call. (Don't be silly, Sue, they don't need to be talking to you right now).

Mike Michaelson is coming home and will see Georgia Nelson and Rick Garrison is coming from Wayland, Beaver Dam, and will see Carol Smith.

I bet Janice Kirchhoefer's glad to see her sister home from Eau Claire. I'm glad my sister is here to stay. I bet it gets lonely.

Tomorrow! I can't wait! Just think! A big turkey and ham, potatoes and gravy, corn, salads, and for desert, pie and snow ball ice-cream.

I hope Tom gets over here early tomorrow so we can eat sooner.

Wonder how Chuck King and Margie will enjoy their meal.

Jenny Krings plans on having Ron Stowell over, too. Maybe if Tom wants to, we can ride over and see them after dinner.

Terry and Pauline will be going over to her Grandma's, she hopes. That seems like the true kind of Christmas dinner.

I bet Jean Jirschele and George Matthews, Scott Keating and Penny Houston, Carol Gennis and Terry, and Denny Jevnick and Barb will be together

sometime during Christmas day because I always see 'em together everywhere.

It sure is beginning to snow out. That means that the kids who are going on the ski trip for school will have a great time. Patti La Porte, Dorothy Gal-loway, and Pam Metzger are also going to Powder Horn and Indianhead. Wonder if the guys know they're going.

Ah, just think — a whole week's vacation. What am I going to do with all this time? Wonder what parties are going on? Lets see, Jenny Krings, Sherri Roth, Pat Knorr, Vallie Wotruba, Pam Muth and Chris Berg are all having a twenty-four hour party. Wonder if anyone will raid it?

Just think of all the senior guys and gals that will be going to the Holiday formal at the "Y." Pam Gleue's in charge and I bet she sure is busy.

Some kids probably don't know that the Y.M.C.A. is having two dances. One is a pay dance and one is free. Bet more kids will show up at the free one.

With all this snow, I hope Tom and I can go on some skating or tobogganing parties. Oh well, if there isn't anything else to do I suppose I could go over to Sherry Habeck's and have a housewarming party.

Well, it's getting late and Santa will soon be here so I'd better go to bed. I hope all Lincolnites are having the merriest Christmas ever.

— Sue Kohnen

SCHOOL'S OUT!

Finally! The day is here when we get out of school for Christmas vacation. All the students are keyed today. Bill Bushman, Bob Rember and Chris Northwood are talking as fast as the speed of sound in their classes. They must have mechanical mouths because they just don't seem to stop. Cindy Davis has a red hot pen; yet it seems to draw pictures on anything that gets under it. With the talking and drawing, frantic glances from everyone are noticeable as they hear the clock click to eleven thirty-five. Buzzzzzz. Jim Ellis and Mike Duval are the first ones out the door with the rest of the class on their heels.

Back from lunch. Wait a minute — not everyone is! There's the buzzer and Ron Pruss right with it, just in the nick of time! All the corners are lively with the leadership of Royce Boyles and Ron

Bord to help things. Mr. Brekke walks into his "problems" class and it seems to be a little quieter. The time's really poking along, but this class is just about over.

Last hour! Everyone is talking and squirming around. Pete Patrick is on the other side of the room talking to Mrs. Frenzel and Margret Taylor. What a day! It's almost over for me, anyhow. Buzzzzzz.

That's it for me! Glad I'm an early bird! Another hour for the rest of the students. Too bad. Oh, the freedom of vacation!

— Hartley Arsta

YES, L.H.S. ERS, THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS!

Do you have strong feelings about the legend of Santa Claus? (Notice I said legend and not myth, in this way, comparing him with Paul Bunyan and other heroes). For you who do seriously believe or disbelieve—you now have a chance to air your opinion.

It started with an argument one night on the bus. The subject was, "Is there a Santa Claus?" Cheryl Dupree seriously believes there is, and David Tomfohrde just simply laughs at the idea. They couldn't reach a decision so they each decided to circulate public opinion polls. At the time this goes to print, the totals stand at 300 people who believe and 25 who don't. So, this is a call to those who want to be counted: find either Cheryl or Tom and add your name to the list.

— Bonnie Thalacker

CRISTY CRITTERS

The Cristy Critters Ski Club had an organizational meeting in November when officers were elected. They are Rocky Siewert, president; Hans Hanson, vice-president; Patti LaPorte, secretary; and Mike Stenerson, treasurer.

The first ski trip has been planned for December 28 and 29. Reservations have been made at the Bessemer Ski Lodge, and the club will ski at Big Powderhorn and Indianhead.

Since the snow has been very slight

around here, many members are eager to head for the big snow country. Dorothy Galloway says she's going to try her hand at the big hills. I understand Barb Reinicke doesn't want Moldy to go on the trip by himself. Seems like Carol Smith is bringing a guest from Wayland. I hope Bruce Roth and Sara Glenn take advantage of the slopes rather than the lodge this trip. John McGregor plans to test his new Head skis but there appear to be other plans for his skis. Rocky Siewert and Jack Worm hope to come home with whole skis this trip rather than broken ones. Let's hope the club can return full of spirits and without injuries.

— Patti LaPorte

HELP STAMP OUT SANTA CLAUS

In this modern age of protest songs and demonstrations, I feel it is up to us, the future leaders of this great country, to put a stop to the devious activities of Mr. Santa Claus. This Mr. Claus is creating havoc in our democratic country. He is an absolute non-conformist who insists on wearing a bright red suit trimmed with white fur. He realizes that the future of America lies in its young people; therefore, he associates only with them. You may have noticed how he takes the innocent young children into his confidence by bouncing them on his knee and giving them free lollipops. After this warming-up process, he probes into the children's minds and fills them with all sorts of propaganda. He tells them that no matter what they do, he will be watching. They either do what he says, or else. After he has successfully frightened the children out of their wits, he promises all sorts of wonderful rewards for the children's obedience.

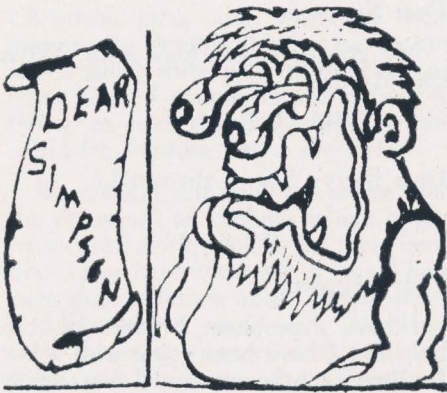
As you can see, dear friends, this man must be stopped before he corrupts our entire country. His suit proves he's a Red, his free dispersal of goodies is obviously communistic, he spreads propaganda, and, like many a tyrant, he rules by intimidation.

Signed,

Hatta Blow

President of the Jack Maple Society.

— Elaine Ehlert



Hello gang:

You are just about to read a new column, devoted to your problems and written by another-me-Simpson W. Rattlebatten. This column is nationally read, and you're very fortunate to have it in your paper.

Any problems should be addressed to me, Simpson W. Rattlebatten, c/o room 219 or the Publications room.

(signed) Simpson W. Rattlebatten

P. S. I refuse to accept any letters addressed "Dear Simp."

* * *

Dear Simpson,

I want to have my boyfriend's teddy-bear bronzed. The problem is that he insists on sleeping with it, and he's afraid that it'll be too cold if it's bronzed. I think he'll be able to keep it longer if it's bronzed. How do I get it away from him?

Puzzled.

Dear Puzzled;

I would suggest that you accost him at night, tie him up, throw him into the bushes somewhere, run up to his house, climb in through his bedroom window, take his teddy-bear, leave a note saying, "I'll be right back, signed Teddy" (he'll probably believe it), have it bronzed, and give it to him. Is that clear?

* * *

Dear Simpson,

Every year about this time I run into the same problem.

It all starts on December 23. The neighbors' teen-age monsters come running home from school as if they'd been set free from Alcatraz. And the two fol-

lowing days are filled with the most hideous noises. Bells clangle. Chimes beller. And I swear I even heard someone singing something about joy in the world! Bah! Humbug! And you should see the lights they hang on the trees. They're all different colors and there's even a star on top. Everyone knows that a star doesn't belong on top of a tree.

The night of the twenty-fourth everything reaches its peak. I'd swear the next-door people were a little juiced. But despite the noise I go to bed at the usual 9:00. Along about midnight, I hear the most awful sounds as if a herd . . . a herd of antelopes were up there. Then I hear a groaning, crashing noise in the chimney. But ha, ha, I fooled this thief. I closed the chimney. As the noise dims away, I hear a faint ho, ho, ho!

Please Simpson.

I need help..

Can you solve my problem?

Scrooge

Ignore it, Scrooge. Explaining it to you would be a waste of time. Just eat dinner and go to bed; you may find out something interesting.

* * *

Dear Simpson,

One of the teachers is jealous of me because I never miss the basket when I throw paper away. He said if I ever miss he will put me on detention. Now I am afraid to throw paper away because I fear I will miss the basket. How can I overcome this fear?

Sue Johnson

Dear Sue:

The best way to overcome this fear, of course, is to get some extra training. It is too late to try out for the varsity basketball team, but perhaps you could get in on the intramural program. If so, hog the ball a lot and shoot often. As your accuracy improves with that

SOCIAL SECTION

big ball through a little basket, you'll become deadly with a little wad of paper shot at a big wastebasket. If you miss once, though, and your teacher puts you on detention, threaten to leave L. H. S. and go play for one of your conference basketball foes. Those guys need all the help they can get.

Simpson.

* * *

Dear Simpson,

I have a problem. Just about every day in school if I got to bed early I get tired in school. I can't always go to bed late because I would get bored just sitting around.

I fall asleep at least once a day in classes. What can I do to keep awake in school?

Hartley Arsta

Dear Hartley,

Hiding a *Mad* magazine in your book is usually quite effective. If all else fails, you could try to pay attention to your teacher. I recommend this as a last resort, however.

Simpson.

* * *

Dear Simpson,

I'm a five-foot tall shrimp. My problem is this year's onslaught of freshman who have hit L. H. S. Because I am so small, the greenies shove me into lockers, push me around in the halls, and protract me from the hot lunch line. They claim they can't see me — hah! I'm getting sick and tired of being bumped and bruised, and I'm sure many other short girls feel the same way. Please, sir, isn't there something that can be done to preserve us little ones?

Help!

Barb Hedin.

Dear Barb

My advice to you is to become a ventriloquist. Then when somebody pushes you, you can say (Mr. Carlson-like), "O.K. Don't get pushy." Otherwise, get a big dog.

Dear Simpson,

My girl-friend has long arms. What should I do?

Barry's Boy.

Dear Barry's Boy: Gain weight.

* * *

Dear Simpson,

I have a problem. I hope you can help me. I have been going with a boy for three months now and I don't know what to get him for Christmas. Many girls are getting their guys sweaters. What do you think? I hope you can help me decide. Sign me . . .

In a stew.

Dear In:

Naturally, I'd have to know more about this fellow. However, generally quite popular is having his baby shoes bronzed, getting him a "do it yourself Eskimo Folk dance record," or perhaps just giving a warm, reassuring handshake would do.

JUL I DANMARK

It is a big help that I am here and not in Kalahari, now that I shall celebrate my first Christmas without my parents and outside my country, for it seems to me that there are a great many similarities between the way most people in this corner of the world celebrate the birth of Jesus Christ and the way we do. But let's try to take a look at a typical December month in Denmark.

Our ship happens to arrive in Copenhagen November 27, and it is a Saturday. We spend a gay night at various "places"! The next morning we walk from our hotel — "Richmond" — for four minutes to the nearest church, and I show my American friends how we in the Old World start the Advent month. A large wreath with four white candles is hanging down from the white ceiling, and one of the candles is burning. Next Sunday two will burn and so on. When we in the afternoon take a walk through the Stroget, a pedestrians' street without any bicycles or cars, we see how great decorations are being set up. The stores are all filled with many wonderful

Christmas gifts, and when we next morning go through the city we see the streets filled with busy, rushing or any other kind of people, and everybody is trying to find the best thing in the world for someone he or she likes.

If we could just smell the aroma from the thousands of kitchens where housewives are baking cookies for their families! They have often got a "real" help from their children, and a certain peace is falling down along with the white snow that stops the electrical trains and trams and makes many men push or leave their cars!

My American friends tell me that Christmas is being celebrated on December 25, and they listen carefully when I tell them that our plans are on December 22 the kids get out of school for thirteen days, and we'll finish our buyings. On December 23 the tree arrives early in the morning. A green Danish Christmas tree, I tell them. They say tell me it looks like the trees from Wisconsin.

Then on Christmas Eve we'll go to church at four o'clock, and before we drive home we shall pay a visit to the cemeteries where usually candles are burning on the graves of the many young people that died twenty to twenty-five years ago.

At home we eat rice porridge, goose, and cake, and an almond will be hidden somewhere in the porridge, and the lucky finder receives a marzipan pig. Afterwards, the candles are being lighted, and the family walks around the tree singing Christmas songs. When the kids become really impatient they and their parents all crawl under the tree where the gifts lie.

And after a couple of hours the night is still, the night Christus was born nineteen hundred sixty-five years ago, which is still being celebrated in many places all over the earth.

Now when you pray, my friends, pray that the beauty and cleanliness that fills everybody's soul will stay there.

— Hans Schiönnemann

A BASKETBALL PLAYER'S WEEK

A basketball player experiences a very different life from anyone else in school. It is one of joys and sorrows, one of aches and pains, and one of energy and fatigue. Let us now take a look at a typical week of a basketball player.

After a long rest over the week-end, he goes to school refreshed and ready to tackle the world. His day is high-lighted with anticipation of the evening's practice.

If you wonder why a basketball player skips rope, you must realize that he goes through about ten minutes of pre-practice drills. At the beginning of practice, he goes through various loosening-up exercise for the sometimes excruciating practice that follows. These drills are for conditioning as well as to develop basketball skills. Following these drills, the team works on things that the coach feels will be needed in that week's particular game. Practices vary little from day to day except in length.

The basketball player goes to bed a very tired person at night. He awakes to find that someone has put on a light in his room. Between the yawns and groans, he realizes that it isn't a light at all, but that morning has arrived all too early as far as he is concerned. He goes to school on this and succeeding mornings until the day of the game, not having the same anxiety for practice or the willingness to tackle the world as he does on game days.

The day of the game, the basketball player is usually a bundle of nerves. He feels the anxiety in various ways. Butterflies in the stomach and cold perspiration on the hands are a couple of common examples. These are all forgotten with the opening tip of the game.

The joys and sorrows previously mentioned, are those of a sweet victory or a bitter defeat. The aches and pains are those of sprained ankles or bruises. Energy and fatigue are the elation created by the love for the game or the exhaustion caused by an all-out effort of playing the game to the full tilt. If you see a limping, sometimes disgusted boy with dark lines under his eyes, it is probably a basketball player.

— Jim Saeger

VARSITY BASKETBALL

Mr. Cepek's debut season as the head basketball coach at Lincoln High School has thus far been very successful. The Raiders had their troubles in the first game of the season, but since then they have played pretty fair basketball.

In that tragic first game for the Raiders, they had the normal first game jitters and first game mistakes. LaCrosse Central out rebounded the Raiders by quite a bit, and that was the story of the game as Central won the game, 72-68. Despite the loss, the Raider's Gus Dempze gunned in 22 points and Jim Saeger had 14 to lead the Varsity. Enough said about the first game.

The Lincoln High Raiders redeemed themselves in the next game. In this ball game, the Raiders did everything they were supposed to do; they rebounded well, which set off their fast break, which in turn was just too much for Marshfield as Lincoln won the game 104-41. Guards Greg Ebsen and Gus Dempze played outstanding basketball as they got 27 and 21 points respectively. The two guards got most of their points on the fastbreak as Jim Saeger did a fine job rebounding and starting the fast-break. This was quite an impressive way to open the conference season for the Raiders.

In the third game of the season the Red Raiders easily handled the D.C. Everest ball club. The Varsity controlled every part of the ball game as they went on to win their second conference game of the year by a score of 73-52. The Raiders showed a balanced scoring attack with Saeger getting 14, Casey 13, Dempze 10, and Dresdow 10.

Wisconsin Rapids then travelled to Antigo to meet the Red Robins. Antigo surprised the Raiders as they jumped out to a 14-6 lead at the end of the first quarter. However, by halftime the Raiders held a slim 29-25 edge over the tough Antigo club. The Raiders held on in the second half and went on to win 57-50. Mike Casey led the Rapids ball team with 17 points, Blanchfield contributed 11, and Saeger and Dempze had 10 each.

The night after the Antigo game the Raiders travelled to Neenah for a Saturday night non-conference game. Lincoln

jumped off to an early lead only to see the lead dissipate to one point by the half. Wisconsin Rapids outscored Neenah 18-8 in the third period and went on to win the game 62-50. Again the Raiders showed a fine balanced scoring attack with Dresdow getting 14, Dempze 13, Ebsen and Saeger each 12.

Two road games on two consecutive nights composed a tough weekend for the Raiders, but more was to come as Wausau was to come to the Fieldhouse three days later. Three games in five days is a hard schedule for any team; however, the Raiders came through again. The Wausau team is a team blessed with great heights as they didn't have one man on the squad under 6'. Wausau out rebounded the Raiders, but the Raiders out scored the Lumberjacks 84-71. Dempze had 24 points in the ball game, Blanchfield had 14, Casey 13, Ebsen 13, Dresdow 11, and Saeger 8.

One other interesting fact about this year's ball team is that they are currently ranked fourth in the State UPI Basketball Poll. Let's back our team, and hope they continue their winning ways!

— Greg Dresdow

JUNIOR VARSITY BASKETBALL

The Lincoln High Junior Varsity basketball team is off to a good start this year with a 5-1 record so far. However, Mr. Hillstead's players have been involved in several close games.

In the season opener in the Fieldhouse, the Raider jayvees got by La Crosse Central 52-51. Dave LaChapelle and Joe Zouski led the Raiders with 16 and 11 points respectively, and both did a good job in the rebounding department.

Surprisingly enough, D.C. Everest gave the jayvees quite a scare. LaChapelle and Zouski along with Jim Schroeder provided the come-from-behind punch. The Raiders came from a 7 point deficit to tie the Evergreens in the last quarter, and they went on to win 44-42 in overtime.

In the third game of the season for the junior varsity, they easily handled the Marshfield jayvees. Ten of the Raiders broke into the scoring column led by Sam Michaels with 12 points, Schroeder with 11, and LaChapelle with

11. The Raiders controlled the backboards in the ball game also as they went on to win it 68-34.

Led by LaChapelle, Michaels, and Jim Galloway, the Lincoln High jayvees came from behind again to squeak by Antigo 51-49.

Speaking of squeakers, our junior varsity was involved in another overtime game, this time with Neenah. Joe Zouski pulled down 21 rebounds in addition to scoring 11 points for his best performance of the season. LaChapelle had 12 points in that contest as the Raiders outscored the Neenah jayvees in the overtime period to win 47-44.

With the Raider junior varsity enjoying a 5-0 record, they were met with a little disaster as a fine Wausau team, beat them 63-55. Michaels had 14 points, LaChapelle had 13, and Schroeder had 13, also, in the losing effort.

Nevertheless, we are sure that this year's junior varsity will continue in their winning ways as did the Lincoln junior varsity of the past two seasons.

— Greg Dresdow

FRESHMEN BASKETBALL

The freshman team appears to be doing a creditable job this year posting two victories over one defeat. In their 53-46 victory over John Muir, they beat them in every category. They shot 42% from the field, 71% from the charity stripe, and they took a slight edge in the rebounding department.

At Marshfield, the team was defeated by a 45-38 score. Marshfield had a slight edge in the shooting departments of that game.

In their latest encounter, the team eeked out a 34-33 victory over Stevens Point. At the end of the third quarter, the score was 34-22. It looked like a sure victory, but there were a few tense moments in the fourth quarter when the team failed to score. There seemed to be a loud yet inaudible *Whew!* when the game was over.

— Jim Saeger

LINCOLN WRESTLING

The wrestling team at Lincoln has never had a losing season, and I think that Mr. Devlin's '65-'66 team will be no exception. In the season opener at Reedsburg the Raiders took fourth place against the top eight teams in the state. In that tournament Dave Feith, Gary Fandek, and Clark Nelson won seconds; Rod Engle and Larry Bunde won thirds; and Andy Spees and Don Strezewski won fourths. The next varsity competition was a triangular meet in the Lincoln fieldhouse. There were three teams, and each one wrestled the other two in one afternoon. The Raiders beat New London and were beaten by a strong Portage team.

The next match was at Everest, an always strong team. We had an eleven point lead going into the last three matches and then everything seemed to go wrong. The Everest team won 26-24, but I think we'll show them who's got the best team at the conference tournaments.

The rest of the year looks good for the Raiders. Although several teams look tough, Coach Devlin feels that we will have a good season.

The home meets for the rest of the season run as follows:

Tuesday, January 11 — Wausau

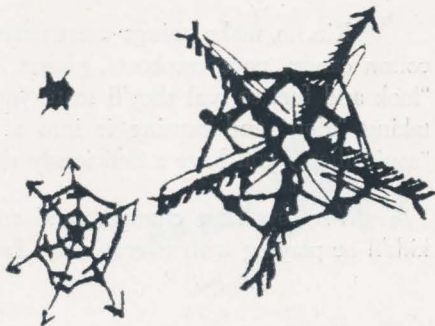
Thursday, January 20 — Marshfield

Thursday, February 3 — Stevens

Point

"B" matches start at 6:30; "A" matches start at 7:45.

Andy Spees





Literary

Lore

TOYS

Years ago, children would wait for Christmas in gleeful anticipation of the keen gifts they'd receive: rag-dolls, sling-shots, fire-trucks, cowboy guns, sewing sets, and countless other little, cheap, and simple but appreciated gifts. Today, however, if a child were to receive such gifts, I'm afraid a horrible traumatic reaction would result, for toys today just aren't as simple as they once were.

Take a rag-doll, for instance. It didn't do anything. It didn't talk, nor walk, nor make funny noises, nor blow bubbles, nor pout, nor kiss, nor ride bicycles, nor hug its mommy (by means of pressing a button on the chest), nor have a \$500 wardrobe. It just lay there, looking with button-like eyes at a little girl. Dolls today, however, have all of the aforementioned traits, plus several others, and leave nothing to a child's imagination. Actually, it might be easier and cheaper to adopt a real child.

Sling-shots and cowboy guns are out, too. Time was when a kid was perfectly happy to say "Bang, bang. You're dead." In fact, the only outstanding thing about the guns was the fact that they'd fire about 100 shots without reloading. Today, guns are different. One variation is the multi-gun. A child, not content to shoot ten or twelve people, wants to gun down a whole army and consequently contents himself with one weapon consisting of a rifle, sub-machine gun, flame thrower, rocket-launcher, anti-tank gun, anti-aircraft missile, super-secret-signal-sender, and multi-numerous other super accessories.

Another popular variation is the spy gun, which doesn't look like a gun, but rather like a radio, camera, briefcase, finger, book, shoe, belt, hat — you name it. With one of these, a kid can shoot everybody, and they'll never even know it.

Kits to make things are extremely popular as well. There are kits to make cotton candy, popcorn, boats, planes, bookends, cookies, pop, and even bugs which "look and feel so real they'll scare your friends to death." These bugs are made by taking "glop" and putting it into a mold. After this "glop" hardens (or sort of "squishifies") you have a deliciously realistic spider, scorpion, or cockroach.

Yes, toys have changed, and are changing now. I can't help wondering what kids'll be playing with twenty years from now. Think about it.

—Mike Ryan, '66



SENSES OF SNOW

Out of my window I see trees bending low with their load. Fence posts, merry, each with its own stocking-cap! Stark outlines drawn in soft leaded pencil. Telephone pole soldiers standing at posts of attention, almost ginger-man like with their frosting.

I sense a time of cold, desperate determination.

I feel transported to a world quite foreign to the one I left as I went to sleep last night.

I decide to venture out in the evening world of the first snow. Small flakes are still floating down from imaginary pillows to nestle in hollows.

I laugh as one finds its way to my nose; it studies me quizzically as if it finds nothing funny.

I hear underfoot the squeak and crunch of dry powder snow. Faraway sounds — traffic in the distance, children skating a few blocks away — connect themselves strangely in the new world and are softly muffled by whiteness.

The quietness gathers me up . . . and yet, remaining aloof, seems to engulf me. A dog barks. A passing car shhhhhhs it to silence.

As I open a door and return to the old familiar world, I release the new one — now slipping miles away (though just outside the door).

Colleen Nelson, '66



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