



Lincoln Lines

COVER STORY

The cover photograph of Lincoln High School is a black and white enlargement of a color transparency which was taken by Sandra Schmelter.

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Lincoln Lines

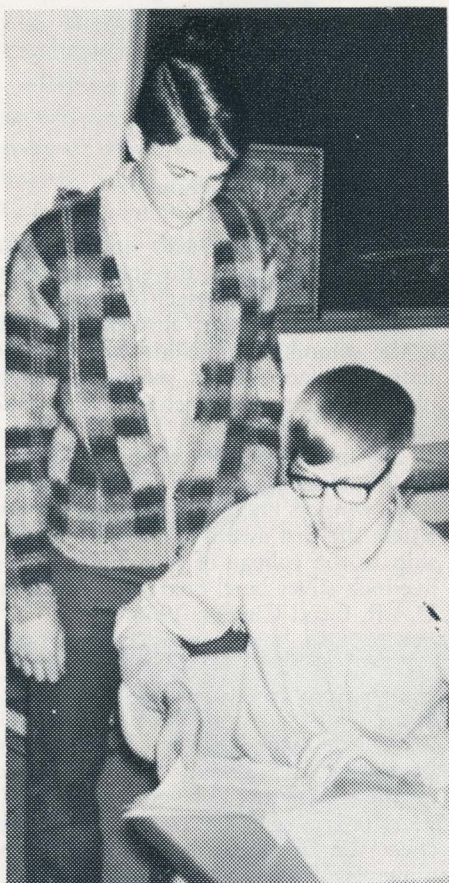
LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL

WISCONSIN RAPIDS, WISCONSIN

Vol. 3 — No. 4

MARCH 16, 1966

SCHOOL NEWS



Two of Lincoln's debaters, Jerry Schneider and Jerry Gilbert, are pictured above. Jerry Gilbert also placed second for this area in the American Legion oratorical contest held at Marshfield.

DEBATE

The debate team, coached by Mrs. Frenzel this year, consisted of Jerry Gilbert, Ken Carlson, Bill Jefferson, and Jerry Schneider. Participating in contests in Wausau, Merrill, Eau Claire, La Crosse, Rhinelander, Stevens Point and Antigo, they brought home first place trophies from Wausau and Merrill.

In the district meet held at Stevens Point, the team won six and lost no debates. From there they participated in the sectional meet, also at Stevens Point, in which a score of three wins and three losses was made.

Because of the strength of this season, Lincoln's debate team is Wisconsin Valley, as well as District, Champs.

"It was really a worthwhile season, and I enjoyed coaching the squad. I'm looking forward to next season," were the opinions of Mrs. Frenzel.

— Colleen Nelson

ART CONTEST

The Art Club this year sponsored an Art Contest with prizes awarded for the best work in the following categories: oils, water color, pen and ink, sketches, artex, pastels, and crafts. The entries were judged on originality, theme, and skill on Wednesday, February 25. The judges were Miss Robinson, Mr. Terry Dennis, and Mr. Robert Hansen. The work was exhibited in the trophy case in the gallery during the week of March first. Possible plans for sale of pictures are being made.

— Sue Lang

ONE - ACTS

On February 23 and 24, the Drama Club presented three one-act plays; "Little Prison," "Pink and Patches," and "The Wall."

"Little Prison" is a comedy. The characters are Daisy, played by Penny Houston; Pearl, played by Claudia Plawman; Miss Blanche Bundy, played by Lynda Reddick; Miss Ellison, played by Marsha Splitt; and Mrs. Richardson, played by Susan Hanneman.

The second play, "Pink and Patches," is a tragic comedy. The characters were portrayed by Elizabeth Porter as Texie, Don Klingforth as Rexie, Virginia Nendza as Ma, and Debbie Sultze as Mrs. Allen.

The third play is a tragedy entitled "The Wall." The characters were Jim Hardison as Zohar, Shirley Zalabsky as Tonda, Clark Nelson as Mallor, Jim Tischer as Krawitz, Carol Smith as Matisse, Dave Feith as Ryko, and George Collar as Mayo.

Mrs. Frenzel directed the plays with Sue Hanneman as her assistant. Sandy Schmelter was the stage manager. Committee chairmen were scenery and setting, Kathy Joosten; properties, Shirley Zalabsky; sound effects and lights, Rod Schmelter; prompter, Kathy Brody; costumes, Virginia Nendza; publicity, Dorothy Galloway; and ushers and tickets, Pam Jewell.

— Sue Rasmussen

DAR AWARD

The Daughters of the American Revolution Good Citizen Award has been presented to Sylvia Hafermann. She was selected on the basis of her dependability, service, leadership, patriotism, personality, and unselfish interest in family, school, community, and nation.

Selection of a school D.A.R. Award is made by the faculty scholarship committee which selects three girls who fulfill the above requirements. From these three the senior girls select one who becomes the "Good Citizen" from her school. Sylvia's name has been sent to the State Chairmen of the D.A.R. Good Citizen's Committee. The state chairman will forward her a questionnaire to be filled out and returned.



Sylvia Hafermann

From this completed questionnaire list of Good Citizens, the state chairman and her committee select one girl, on a merit basis, from the answers returned to the committee. This girl becomes the state first place winner; second and third place winners are selected in the same manner.

The first place state winner receives a \$100 Savings Bond or a \$75 scholarship. State winners enter the National contest where the first award is a \$1000 scholarship to the college of her choice and a five-inch silver bowl engraved "National D.A.R. Good Citizen, 1966."

— Bonnie Thalacker

PHOTOGRAPHY CLASS

Camera bugs will be interested to know that photography has been added to the Lincoln High curriculum this year. It is a semester course which teaches the fundamental principles of photography and dark room work.

A student learns how a camera works and the principles involved in taking good pictures. The work of the lens, shutters, and diaphragm is studied in detail.

Dark room work consists of developing films, making contact prints, and enlarging. The principles behind this work are studied in the classroom and applied in the darkroom. Besides class time, the student spends some outside time in the dark room.

Students have taken pictures of various groups and also have turned in projects, series of pictures which tell stories. Additionally they take and process pictures for the annual.

— Sandy Schmelter

COPPER CARNIVAL

Instead of giving “pennies for your thoughts,” the craze was “pennies for your favorite Copper Carnival Queen Candidate.” The lucky winner of the contest was Joanne Crabb, a well-known and popular face around school. Joanne was sponsored by the cheerleaders. She belongs to Dramatics Club, G.A.A., German Club and is, of course, a B-squad cheerleader.

Joanne likes tobaggonning, dancing, going to basketball and football games, and she just “loves to play with Marsha Splitt’s puppy.”

Joanne, as queen, received a beautiful bouquet of twelve red roses.

Runner up to Joanne was Bobbi Bacon, a junior sponsored by G.A.A.

— Pat Knorr

A NEW FACE

A new student this semester at L.H.S. is Mike McCaffery, registering here as a junior. Coming from the small town of Stanley, Wisconsin, he feels that he has decided advantages in coming to a larger high school. He told me that the areas of study are so much more complete and varied, and the teachers are better qualified, he feels, because they are not afraid of new ideas. As a whole he likes Rapids better because it’s larger, offers more things to do, and culturally has more opportunities.

Many of you have heard this description of him: “He’s a brain.” In getting to know Mike, you will find that he is intelligent and loves to discuss ideas. His favorite areas are sociology, theology, and philosophy. This, however, has not meant for him a dull life. He has done a lot of hitchhiking and has gone as far away as Florida. After completing school (He plans to go to Warthurg College in Waverly, Iowa.), his dream is to hitchhike around the U.S.

Mike’s philosophy about life is, “I’m glad I’m me and I’m glad I’m here now.” Something very heartening to think about, right?

— Bonnie Thalacker



Joanne Crabb



Bobbi Bacon



Mike McCaffery

PEOPLE



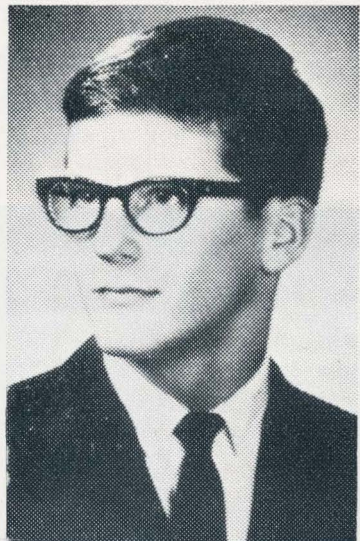
Dave Feith



Donna Peterson



Linda Luebke



Andy Spees

National Merit Finalists

NATIONAL MERIT

"Especially surprised and thrilled!" These words from Donna Peterson cover the emotions felt by the four National Merit Scholarship finalists. This year, the finalists from our school are David Feith, Linda Luebke, Donna Peterson, and Andy Spees. They began by taking the National Merit Scholarship Qualifying Test in November, 1965. Their scores were high enough to rank them in the top one per cent of the nation's high school seniors and they were semi-finalists in the National Merit Competition. They received an application blank for a National Merit Scholarship which they completed, and each wrote a composition about himself. Their next step was to take the Scholastic Aptitude Test in December and a very unusual thing happened. All four of the semi-finalists from this one high school made the rank of finalist. They are now part of a group of 14,000 students representing one-half of one per cent of the high school seniors in the United States. From these 14,000, 2,000 will be selected, on the basis of their compositions, as recipients of the National Merit Scholarships.

Next year both Linda and Donna will begin studying at Madison and Eau Claire, respectively, in the field of medical technology. David is also going to Madison where he will major in chemical engineering. Andy plans to attend the University at Oshkosh, but he has not decided on the field of study.

Both Andy and Dave have lettered in wrestling although Dave joined the disability list when he tore ligaments in his knee. They are both also members of the student council. (Dave, the president, was featured in the November issue of *Lincoln Lines*.)

Donna is the only senior left with a 4.00 average. She and Andy are both in Science Seminar. With Dave, she participated in the Superior Student Guidance Program for the University of Wisconsin. Dave, Linda, and Donna also all belong to the National Honor Society.

We wish the best of luck to them in their further National Merit competition and in their future studies.

— Bonnie Thalacker

EDITORIAL

It has been brought to my attention that it is now time for another issue to be headed by one of my enlightening editorials.

Recently around school there has been a rebirth of school spirit; example: Rapids had more students at Point than Point had for the Point-Rapids game. Even the extra-curricular activities have begun to buzz; example: the Copper Carnival has established itself as an annual event. It has gained so much prominence (or notoriety) that the local businessmen have cheerfully donated prizes. These businesses donated prizes to the event:

Johnson Hills
Gift and Luggage
Anderson Drugs
Junior Miss
DeByle's
Pasquale's
Brauer's
Abel's
Woolco

In four years I have never seen a more enthusiastic student body. Look at the pep assemblies, our more spirited basketball team. The statistics show, in general, championship potential. We have done it before and we will do it again — in every field.

— J. Hardison

SOME ARE MORE EQUAL THAN OTHERS

I'm writing this on Valentines Day, 1966. People's hearts are full of love. They show this love by giving valentines. But all this makes me sick! How can a person show or talk about love for someone else with the world in the shape it is in? The Viet Nam crisis is growing more ferocious, showing man's contempt for man. We have the Negro problem in our own country. America, the country of freedom—freedom, yet we persecute another human being because his skin is darker than ours. We have equal rights: a Negro has to sit in the rear of a bus; he can live in slums, and be called *nigger*, *blackie*, *boy*, and other names used to show him to be our colored equal. They say we are to love one another. How do we show it?

We have our heroes in the Klan, this group of heroic and very brave men who run around hidden in white sheets and burn crosses in back yards. They beat old men, rape young women, scare young children, and bomb churches. In this great day and age we have men, our own equals, persecuted because they are dark. To me, either Valentine's Day should be discontinued or it should be renamed the great Contempt Day. You may call me anti-social or against tradition, but in a world of such violence, how can we have such a day?

— John Bollman

NEWS FROM NEIGHBORS

Are you ready for something new and different? The Lincoln Lines Social Section decided it may be fun and interesting to hear what students in different schools are doing.

On February 1 at Tomah High, a large cheering crowd turned out to witness the annual Senior-Faculty basketball game. This wasn't an ordinary game. The teachers came out in style with their wild costumes and wild cheerleaders. It must have paid off though. They left with their second consecutive win over the seniors. I'll bet that was fun.

At Beloit Memorial High the girls are now playing basketball. Now I know we're not the only ones who have to face up to that rugged sport in gym. I wonder if they'll get as many bumps and bruises as some of our girls got?

In the Racine area schools, a radio program entitled "Teen Age Party-line" is beginning. This resembles "Teen Beat" on W.F.H.R. School activities, coming events, sport scores, and other items are announced and discussed and the top tunes of the day are played.

The third and fourth year French students in Beloit High are sponsoring a Gala Mardi Gras for the first and second year students at Racine Park.

Way up north at Bethel High in Bethel, Alaska, a Winter Carnival was held on February 4, 5, and 6. The carnival included dog sled races, ski-do races, native dances, movies, booths, prizes, parades, and a dog-mushers' dinner. Doesn't it sound like a blast?

One of the cheerleaders at Bethel High unfortunately broke her leg. She can't participate in their practices at 8:30 before school and 4:30 after school each day of the school week.

At Dillingham High in Dillingham, Alaska, the teams are called the Wolverines.

In Sheboygan's North High, Miss Oettinger, the swimming instructor, clad in gym clothes was assisted into the pool without warning on February 11 by some helpful students. I wonder if that was as hard as getting our Miss Johnson and Miss Westendorf in the showers last year?

North and South High School students in Sheboygan did a very wonderful deed. On February 18, they sponsored a benefit dance for two-year-old Judy Kregel of Sheboygan. Judy is in need of an expensive heart operation.

— Barb Reinicke

PEOPLE PECULARITIES

Some people like to be individuals. That's good. They show their individuality in their hobbies, their dress, and activities. Has anyone noticed that Dorothy Galloway wears a different ring to school every day? At last count it was one hundred and twelve, wasn't it Toots?

Jim Hardison has a hobby too, I hear. Not too many people can brag of that type of collection, I bet. What design are these dishes by the way? Hey, some guys are really economical. They save their hair-cut money by having friends-do-it-yourself haircuts. If you've seen two guys running around who look as if they've been scalped, it's Bruce Brandt and Claude Hamlink.

Mr. Carlson and Mr. Purchatzke receive a shock every time Sheri Roth wears her orange-yellow matching outfit. Even the shoes match! Can you imagine the results if this becomes a fad?

— Pat Knorr

OH! THE JOYS OF SKIING!

On December 28 and 29, the Cristy Critters went on their first ski trip to Big Powderhorn and Indianhead. The two buses left at the unearthly hour of 4:00 a.m. After freezing on the bus, we arrived at the lodge and finally got unpacked. We were off for the hill, Indianhead, the first day. The slopes were great but when it comes to falling we found the slopes were too soft to land on. The worst part of that day was riding up the chair lift. The chair lift was way up in the air, and the wind blowing in our faces was a torture. After we arrived at the top of the hill, the lift had to be stopped to chip out the people that were frozen to the seats. If anyone wonders what it's like to fall off the chair lift, Pat Parmeter seems to know how it feels.

Noon time was a blessing because it gave us hardy skiers a chance to break the icicles from our nostrils. However, upon entering the lodge, we found it highly impossible to find a place to sit down. After eating a hardy lunch of a hamburger and a coke, it took a lot of stamina to go back out into the subzero, windy, weather.

At the end of the first day everyone was cold, tired, and hungry. Back at the lodge we managed to warm up and get dressed for supper. Hans Hanson, Bill Brandl, and Dorothy Galloway had a mad craving for the cupcakes we were served. Then members went to a dance in nearby Ironwood.

After the dance it was time to get to bed in preparation for another big day of skiing at 7:00 a.m. the next morning. Sleep was somewhat impossible because the other people staying in the lodge had a party in the next room. Dorothy Galloway thought she was hearing people calling her name all night.

The next morning came too early. Many beginning skiers had trouble getting up the next morning. Joyce needed help to get out of bed. After breakfast, we were off for Powderhorn. It was considerably warmer the next day and toward the end of the day, we had trouble getting to the bottom of the hill. Another welcoming feature was the padded chairlifts. Cris Collet had hard luck

the second day when she came down the hill without any tips on her skis. At the end of the day we loaded up the bus and started for the long trip home. We made one stop at Minoqua for supper. Just as we were ready to leave, a policemen boarded our bus and told us we were to have stolen a bubble gum machine from one of the restaurants. Everyone was lined up on the side-walk like a gang of hoodlums. Mr. Egness saved the day when he found the bubble gum machine under the counter in the restaurant. After that episode we were on our way home again.

When we arrived at our "home sweet home," there was the problem of separating the skis from poles and the boots from the suitcase. Some people had no ride from the school to get home so three brave girls took skis, poles, boots, and suitcases and started hiking it. It is evident with all that stuff and only two arms apiece that they didn't make it

— Patti LaPorte

NEWS SHORTS

Little bits of news running through the halls of Lincoln High School . . .

It seems that Kirby Anderson tries to stay away from the T.B. Scott Library as much as possible these days — wonder why that could be? Maybe Linda Luebke has some thoughts on the subject . . . To Sue Rheinschmidt and friends — have you driven into any garages lately? . . . How do you like some of the senior guys with their "golden locks" cut off? . . . Gary Brockman and Royce Boyles seem to have difficulties in reading lately — right guys? . . . Bill Jefferson — it's really too bad you couldn't make the speech contest in Marshfield. Hope you got over your sudden illness . . . It seems a few of the senior girls have had a little trouble with back doors getting stuck. Been climbing over many seats lately, Patti LaPorte, Rita Wertheimer, and Bonnie Thalacker? . . . How are the

SOCIAL SECTION

"Y" dances in Appleton, Randy Thomas? . . . Mrs. Hayward, our heartiest congratulations with the new family member . . . Why the new padlock on your locker, Mary Jo Luedtke? . . . Jim Jacob seems to like the halls of L.H.S., especially during first hour . . . Get many mysterious poems lately, Bonnie Thalacker, or are they such a mystery? Are red roses really your favorite flowers, or just if they come by the half dozen? . . . Wayne Kolo, do you always carry Pepsi bottles in the back seat of your car? . . . Mr. Goetzke — any other letters to the Student Council lately? . . . Linda Herzberg, how do you like your new car? . . . Cindy Hafermann, do you ever agree with Jim Hardison on anything? . . . John Bollman, what happened to your jaw one Friday night? . . . Hans Schionemann, do you know which foot to put forward when you see a green flag? . . . and aren't you too big to wear short pants around school? . . . Mr. Bollom, now just what is the exact definition of psychological feedback? . . .

Congratulations, Mr. Purchatzke, on the new son . . .

Rumor has it that Charlene Kautzer is trying to get in good with Linda Porter. Any reason, Char? . . .

Barb Hein visited the history classes — with a little help from Mr. Wiebe . . .

Hey! Faye Pierce got a valentine from Jan Holy. The whole English class read it first. I guess it was real cute! . . .

Did you know Terry Northwood's birthday is on Groundhog's Day. They celebrated it together this year . . .

Jack Sachtjen made the honor roll this semester. Miracles do happen! . . .

Marcia Brown wants to be a dishwasher when she gets big — was that dishwasher? She really wants to be as far from dishes as possible.

— Pat Knorr and
Dorothy Galloway



Dear Simpson,

My problem is that I have a small car with a small engine and not enough power! How can I make others believe that it is a big car with a big engine, and has a lot of power?

— Insulted

Dear Insulted,

Put lead in the front of your car and challenge everybody to down-hill races. And remember, "good things come in little packages."

Dear Simpson,

I just love to watch girls, especially when they are playing basketball. But every night my teacher puts me on detention so that I can't watch the girls play. Teachers are very mean. How can I overcome this problem?

— Mr. E.

Dear Mr. E.,

Convince Mr. Swartz to move detention hall to the gym.

Dear Simpson,

I think I have a problem, but I'm not sure. I have a friend that has lots of problems and is always telling me all of her problems. Now it isn't so bad hearing about problems, but I have problems of my own without listening to more problems. So, I would like to know how to have my friend stop telling me all of her problems so I could get my own problems solved. Any suggestions?

— Has Problems

SOCIAL SECTION

Dear Has,

You're right, you do have a problem. You might solve your problem by having your problemteller write to me.

Dear Simpsen,

Help! I have a very serious problem. I have fallen in love with a car. I keep pictures of my lovely little car in my room and go to see it whenever I can. But it seems impossible for me to own one. What can I do?

— *Worried*

Dear Worried,

Buy stock in General Motors.

— *Simpsen*

P.S. Especially if you are a senior — I suggest you buy a wagon to temporarily cure you of your feeling, and when you're older you can buy a car.

Dear Simpsen,

Isn't automation wonderful. It is so time-saving and inexpensive. Take, for example, our report card system. It is sooooo fast, and easy, and inexpensive.

Just think, the teachers don't have to go through all that work of making "F's" on our report cards any more. Now all they have to do is the usual work of totaling our grades, using Mr. Carlson's "finegle factor" and then mark the grades down on some complicated computer card.

And furthermore, it is just no work at all for our office personnel to sort and pack and mail the cards. To carry it further, the post office, the railroad men, the truck drivers, the computer company men all have very little work to do with the handling of these cards. The computer data processes have no trouble converting all the information to magnetic tape and running it through the computer. Then again there is just no work involved in repacking, resorting, and reshipping all of these cards.

And it is all so efficient, too. I remember last year when we got our cards only about a month after the semester was over. And that computer just never makes any mistakes; for example, our schedule cards: 1800 mistakes on 1900 cards.

This system is much more inexpensive than the old system wherein the students carried their cards to each class and had them marked by their teachers. It costs only pennies (thousands of them) to hire people to sort and pack these cards. The cards cost very little, not to mention the postage or freight charges going to and from Milwaukee. And of course it costs nothing for the computers to run off 1900 cards with three or four copies. All the data processes, postmen, secretaries, railroad men, shipping clerks, work for the fun of it.

Yes, automation is wonderful. It saves all that work, and time, and money.

Note: I really miss the good old days when the student would walk up and be eye-to-eye with the teacher as the teacher marked a big red "F" on his card. This is about the only real drawback of this new automated system.

Respectfully submitted,
Ron Davis

P.S. These views are not necessarily my real opinion. I was in a bad mood at the time of writing. I was mad because the infallible computer had sent my report card to a fifth grader living on Fourth Avenue.

Ron,

No comment other than I like that "Respectfully submitted" bit.

— *Simpsen*

Dear Simpsen,

I have a problem. My boyfriend just recently bought a new dark blue "Jon-Jon" hat. Unfortunately he did not buy me one. I want one, but I haven't got any money to spend on one. My only other alternative is to steal his hat. How can I do it without hurting his feelings? (He likes his "Jon-Jon" hat.)

— *Hopelessly Hatless*

Dear Hopelessly,

In the morning, when he is gazing into your eyes, just grab it and stick it in your purse. Take it home and embroider "Hopelessly Hatless" on it. He won't want it back with that on it.

SOCIAL SECTION

Dear Simpsen,

Help! There is a group of people at Lincoln that hate me. They all have a distinct advantage because they are all teachers. I am very conscious of this hate! What can I do? I am considering suicide so hurry!

— Hate Conscious

Dear Hate,

You're right. Just reading your letter made me dislike you. As to teachers, however, they're really very sweet people, even if some of them don't show it. On the subject of suicide, I should think that lying down in front of 103 just before the noon buzzer rings would be quite effective.

— Simpsen

Dear Simpsen,

Can you help me?

The other day I smashed my car up. I got a "B" from Mr. Carlson for physics. I lost my Valentine. My mother gave me some money. I haven't done anything bad for a month.

Can you tell me about these strange occurrences and what they mean?

Help me! — Bewildered

Dear Be,

Your mother may be hinting that you didn't get her a Valentine.

— Simpsen

Dear Simpsen,

What's wrong with girls nowadays? Don't they realize what they're passing up? I am the greatest guy on earth. I am a full 17 years old, tall, handsome, intelligent, and muscular. (Also a little shy.) When will they get smart? Every time I talk to one she turns and walks away. What could be wrong?

— Only me, Muhammed A.

Dear Only,

A. You're not No. 1 but you have consulted me (I mean him).

B. There's nothing wrong with girls (you are a sick boy).

C. Maybe you need a secret.

DRAGSVILLE:

STUDENTS VS. FACULTY

Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. We're going to see a great afternoon of quarter-mile competition here at the annual Sixth Street drag races in sunny Wisconsin Rapids! We've just heard the 3:35 buzzer, so we're going to take you down to the track and try to catch the first event.

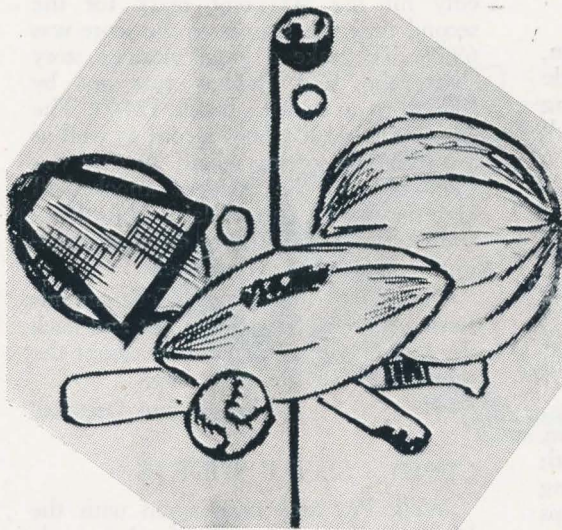
We see Doug Nieman pulling up to the fire-up line in his white '65 GTO, 326 cubic inches chained to a 4-speed running that machine. Doug is the favorite in the first race . . . Oh no, what is this? Can it be? The GTO doesn't have a chance; it's Mr. Carlson and his hot '59 Ford! It's rumored that Mr. Carlson has recently installed two new rubber bands into his car and it can't be beaten!

Pulling up to the line for the second event is Jerry Peters and his red '65 Chev' 327 . . . Oh, no, not again; it's Mr. Swartz and his moving '56 wagon. He's just greased the treadmill on his bomb and he gets fifty per cent more torque out of the squirrels running on it. That car has real power-a-go-go! (Would you believe power-a-no-go?)

Let's step over to the trophy case and see what these two victors will receive. Ah, an even more powerful Van de Graaf generator for Mr. Carlson so he can show Pam Gleue some more shocking experiments. And for Mr. Swartz, perfect, a one piece statue of Lincoln with attachments for screwing into the floor.

Next year we'll show those faculty drivers a thing or two. Oops, better get out of the way; here comes Mr. Weibe in his tough '57.

— Steve Miller



RAIDER WRESTLERS

The Wisconsin Rapids wrestling team has nearly concluded another successful season. They had four wins and two losses in conference competition and an eight-three dual meet record over-all before going into the conference tournament February 5. The wrestlers that placed at that tournament were Dave Feith (fourth), Rod Engle (third), Don Strezewski (second), and Larry Bunde and Clark Nelson (first).

Next were the state meets, February 12, 19 and 26. These meets are divided into three parts: the regional, the sectionals, and the state meets. To qualify for the state meet each wrestler must take a first or a second in the regionals and in the sectionals. In the regionals Wisconsin Rapids participated against eight other schools and qualified two wrestlers for the sectional meet: Clark Nelson, second, and Don Strezewski, first. After winning his final match, Strezewski was reported to have said, "Nobody beats a Pollack!"

Mr. Devlin's team should do well at the Portage sectionals and the following week at Madison. If Strezewski and Nelson do the best they can it will be a fine end to a fine season.

— Andy Spees

HAPPY MEMORIES

It is always a happy memory around Lincoln High when a Raider team defeats a Point team in any athletic event. Friday, February 11, was no exception. The Raiders had a very mild first half and went to the locker room at the half with the score board showing that Point was ahead by six points.

After a very inspiring half time talk by coach Cepek, the Raiders came back, taking charge of the game like a dictator during a revolution. They played defense like it was going out of style and controlled the boards like Jolly Green Giants. During the course of the comeback, Point's Paul Louma and the Raider's Jim Saeger were thrown out of the game with the general consensus that Saeger was unjustly ejected.

A well balanced scoring attack also helped the Raiders on to victory. Dresdow led all scoring with 16; Dempze followed with 14; Saeger, 13; Jacobsen, 12; Ebsen, 11; and Blanchfield, 8. At the final buzzer the Raiders had won by a score of 76-57.

INTRAMURALS

The intramural basketball leagues are all wrapped up. This year was most successful, as a great number of teams came out to play. A large number of spectators surrounded the floor as the two leagues, the freshman-sophomore and junior-seniors, played to their respective championships through elimination tournaments. The freshman-sophomore league was won by Kuppier's Poles, Dick Kupskey Bill Haas, Jim Pierce, Guy Caves, and Jim Calverly.

The junior-senior championship was decided on the basis of two out of three games between the Mike Doughty Captained Bruins and the We 7 headed by Tom Babcock. The We 7 consisting of Tom Babcock, Bill Bushman, Chris Northwood, Ron Allison, Bob Rember, Mike Stenerson, and Dale Chris Hagen came out on top after two hard fought games.

We should recognize Mr. Egeness, the head of the intramural sports, for having done a fine job for us.

— Dale Hagen

BASKETBALL NEWS

We, the editors of this sport section, have decided to try something a little bit different this time: we are not going to give a long description of the ball games, but instead we will give just a few of the highlights.

The Lincoln Raider Freshmen had a highly successful season this year under their coach, Mr. Peterson. They experienced only a few defeats as they have looked particularly good in several of their ball games. This team has a lot of fine potential.

The Lincoln sophomores are at present enjoying an excellent season with a 15-2 record with one game remaining on their schedule. If the team keeps improving, we see a couple of conference championships coming. We would like to note that the B-squad beat Eau Claire Memorial's B-squad, which is always quite an accomplishment. Probably one of the most explosive sophomore games in the Lincoln record books took place when they played Eau Claire North's B-squad. When the final horn sounded, the score was 98-37 in favor of the Rapids.

Those who have attended Lincoln's basketball games have noticed that we also have a basketball team made up of juniors and sophomores. This team plays on nights when the Raiders are scheduled for non-conference games with teams in the Big Rivers Conference. These juniors also play on the Varsity, and the sophomores also play on the B-squad.

Turning to the Varsity now, we see they, too, are having a pretty fair season with a 11-6 record at the present time. In this sport section, one will find a descriptive account of the last Point-Rapids game. As you probably know, the Raiders have a 9-3 conference record. The Raiders had a chance to get at least a share of the conference title in their game with Rhinelander at the Fieldhouse, but they blew the game and the championship and ended up in second place. The first Rapids- Merrill game saw the Raiders shoot to a new conference scoring record. At the end of the first quarter in that game the Raiders had a 38-11 lead. By halftime the fans realized that the Raiders would undoubt-

edly hit the 100-point mark for the second time this season, as the score was 69-28. To make a long, glorious story short, the Red Raiders just got by Merrill in an exciting finish, 124-71. The 124 points set a school record as well as a conference scoring record. In case you didn't know, the Raiders knocked-off eighth-ranked Eau Claire North a couple weeks ago. It was quite an exciting ballgame; ask Mr. Cepek.

The State Basketball Tournaments started early in March; get out and back the team. We will have more about the tournament in the next issue.

— Saeger and Dresdow

CINDY'S SPORT SHORTS

Well, I'm back once again with the latest on what's up on the feminine side of the sports field.

On Saturday, February 12, Barb Ryun, Mary Jo Luedtke, Katie Foly, Jo Davis, Mary Gerzmehle, Pam Gleue, Carol Kostusak, Cynthia Regan and our advisors, Miss Westendorf and Miss Liazuk, attended a Volleyball Day at Nekoosa.

We were received by the hostess, Gloria Luebecke, and before the day was over found ourselves contenders for either the first-place gold colored volleyball or the second-place silver one.

The Lincoln girls earned 30 points for winning all three of their matches and 9 points in the relays for a total of 39 points, sufficient to give them first-place. Nekoosa won both second and third and Adams placed fourth.

Back on the homefront, the girls have just about finished their season of basketball and are now waiting to see which class team will play with the teachers.

Mary Jo Luedtke, Katie Foly, Nancy Henke, Kathie Brody, and advisor Miss Liazuk, Miss Cobleigh and Miss Westendorf all took a trip to LaCrosse January 15 to learn the new and review the old points of basketball. Some type of episode seems to have taken place on the trip in which protesting girls were forced to get out and run around the car, but such is life; besides, Mary Jo needed the practice for track season.

I must leave you now, for my study hall time is running short. Until next time, happy sporting to you.

— Cynthia Regan

Literary Lore . . .



IT'S LIKE THIS . . .

When a tree grows up
it sees a bit farther,
When a bird flies higher,
it finds the air somewhat thinner,
Until a fish jumps
it never goes beyond the surface,
And it is when the mink is trapped,
that it fathoms the motive of the steel . . .
Tell me, friend, that a young boy
is any different.

— M. P. McCaffery '67

THE DOORWAY

When first I stood in the doorway of openmindedness,
A gusty breath of freshness touched my skin.
While breathing deeply of its expanding timelessness
I felt an exciting tingle within.
There upon the threshold of new existence,
I glanced back at the dead and silent past;
Stepped forward, then, without the least resistance,
Knowing that I was truly born at last.

— Nita Oberbeck, '66

The horizon rose to meet the sun.
Nature's bellows slowly gave movement to the air,
And the naked oaks stood erect
As if to show their strength to the warmly clad evergreens.

Then nothing moved as the cold of the arctic
Stole in during the sun's absence.
Even the waters pulled hard covers over themselves for protection.
All life entered an eternity of frigid hell.

But a glow appeared at the end of the earth.
The bellows again moved and life returned to this place.
And the streams uncovered,
And the wind lost its bite
And carressed this place with its hands.

It is always this way;
The sun always returns.

— Ron Davis, '66

HEADLINES

I sit and stare. My brain is a confused
mass of jumbled patterns, leaping and
hiding from Organization.

I try to think. But for some reason the
light is gone. In the dark blankness
of my mind, I stumble.

A thought appears. Out of the chaos,
there, for a moment, is Order.

But soon it flees; I am alone with an
impression of blankness which leaves
me feeling empty, wondering.

I fail the test.

— Colleen Nelson '66

WIND

The wind is cool, kite playful;
Melting snow like a mud-happy child.
A talking wind, carrying bird calls,
 children voices, dog barks.
It's a leave-rustling wind
Racing through bare-limbed trees,
Forcing a path through the pines,
 sighing deeply, and
Brushing by empty corn stalks.
Winter-stiffened grasses are hardly moved.
Yet it's bored; quickens its pace
At each new playmate's face,
Even daring to flirt with me
As it whispers by my ear.

— Gloria Zager '66

JAZZ

roundywind
twists
a bubble of
laughter.
oh.
happiness
so sharp
is
death-keen
blade.
shadow
contortions
smaccckkk

joys

— Polly Huffman, '68

BETWEEN

Silence. Then

a bell rings, footsteps sound, doors
open, lockers slam, bodies are jostled,
voices rise, swirling and echoing.
Multitudes thin into small groups, and
then into ones and twos.

Then . . . Silence.

— Colleen Nelson '66

THE SEA

Today I stand at the edge of the sea,
Alone at the rim of the swelling sea.
My feet are bare in the bone-white sand.
Slipping waves from the green-blue sea
Carressingly curve round the spot where I stand.

This is my first time to look at the sea
That echoes the essence of far away lands
The past and the future lie deep in this sea
While I stand alone, on the edge, in the sands.

— Nita Oberbeck, '66

MUSE

Sometimes I wander down a road
Saying nothing to my silent companion, and thinking much —
Thinking of the petty problems that seem so monumental,
Thinking of the small joys I want to shout to all who can hear,
Pondering my smallness, insignificance, and unimportance
Yet finding my place.

And then, out of the still silence
A friendly bark teases me,
Puts my soaring mind back in place
And I return to the World of action and, sometimes, little thought.

— Colleen Nelson, '66

THE BROOK

Like a joyful child at play,
The rushing brook runs on its way,
Playing catch with the leaves,
Racing with the breeze,
Never tiring, racing throughout each day.

But then, alas, it joins a stream
Which shatters all its youthful dreams;
Then to the river and on again,
Farther and farther, to the great ocean —
Caught up and devoured from the scene.

— Marilyn Hendricks, '67

DEATH ON THE TRACKS

A battered body found on the tracks today —
It's rumored he is a tramp
There
Just by accident.

A battered body found on the tracks today —
Some say he is a lonely man
There
Because of his grief.

A battered body found on the tracks today —
Been told he is a stranger
There
Looking for inspiration.

A battered body found on the tracks today —
I'd rather not think about it.

— Tama Collett '66

PICKLES

Cucumbers are all quite well
When they're in their place, they're swell;
But after picking for more than an hour,
The thought of a pickle turns me sour.

I worked and worked for pennies a day;
During lunch break I would stay
Out in the fields to earn a cent.
Everyone thought my mind was bent!

But when payday came that week
All the others were quite meek.
My check was the best of all;
I really made a great big haul.

"Instead of money," I was told.
"Instead of copper, silver, or gold,
We are giving you a prize —
A jar of pickles, *giant* size!"

— Joy Berg, '68

TWO VIEWS ON WORDS

Secret of Poets

The English language is poisoning beautiful writing. In expressing aesthetics, it is in its terseness a complete loss. Men no longer see a bird and then describe it as the nervy, industrial wearer of brown frock, black bib, and skull cap. Oho-noo! They see a sparrow and nothing more. Do they see a tree like a graceful, misty light-green waver of flickering silver coins? Not in your life. They see a popple which becomes a dead memory unrefreshed by descriptive words.

The American Indian was always caught up, not with mere nouns, but with vivid imageries, actions and smiles. I often wonder if it was the slow, unhurrying, elemental way of life that brought about the elaborate timelessness in his reflections or if it was the other way around. Was it because he had time to envision the bird in his hand in all infinite detail or was it because he took time and thereby slowed the "development" of his "culture"?

Poets possess this timelessness where men do not. Poets — themselves creatures of freedom, strolling through a wilderness of simplicity with a soul worshipping detail and a spirit enchanted by words. Wherever they wander —

from "some scarred slope of battered hill" to the "leaping greenly spirits of trees" — this be the secret they carry with them.

— M. P. McCaffery

A Gift for Words

"He has a gift of words," they say. If one is not inclined to believe such a statement, he must, in order to be assured of its truthfulness, conceive of some significance from the said words. Does the gifted person say, "The plumaged warmblooded vertebrate characterized by paired organs of flight who hastens to be the most punctual will secure the fattest of the long, slender, soft-bodied, creeping animals?" or will he say, "The early bird gets the worm?" Will he say "The consumption of an edible product of a particular tree every time the earth chances to pivot once upon its axis postpones the arrival of the professional carefully trained in the tampering with the healing arts?" or will he say, "An apple a day keeps the doctor away"? He may proudly say, "The domicile of any individual of the human race certainly appears to be his stronghold fortified against all eternal forces," but if he had a gift of words he would say "A man's home is his castle."

— Gloria Zager

FALLING STARS

Have you ever seen
Stars falling, reflected in a
Pool, and noticed their astral opulence, and
Their waxy sheen and how they look like
Lilies sent from Heaven?

They are a gift of God, blessing
This pool.

— Mike Ryan, '66

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