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Western Michigan University

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University High Highlights 3/13/1963

University High School

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Science Projects Prepared

The annual Junior High Science Fair, sponsored by the junior high Student Council, will begin on March 21, in the Walwood Ballroom. The fair consists of projects that seventh and eighth graders have entered from one of the following categories: physical sciences, biological sciences, mathematics, and group projects. Some fifty contestants are expected to display their projects on March 20, for the junior high P.T.A., and again on March 21, when they may be viewed by the general public. The student chairman in charge of the fair is Paul Scott.

All projects will be assigned numbers until after the judging. They will be rated on the following criteria: creativity, evidence of scientific thought, thoroughness, skill, clarity, and dramatic value. Ribbons will go to the winner of each category in the seventh and eighth grades for 1st, 2nd, and 3rd places. To the blue ribbon winners, the junior high P.T.A. will present a five dollar gift certificate which may be used to purchase a book.

One of last year's entries was a rough wooden board with the following inscription:

Here Lies

Tim Vander Meulen;

He and His Project Blew Up.

The junior high science teachers sincerely hope that there will be no such casualties this year.

What is a Ballhooter?

How well do you know your occupations? Could you give an accurate definition of a ballhooter, a chillerman, an eyeletter, or of a flocculator operator? If you desire to learn about these unusual vocations you should play the new game "Know Your Occupations." Each week a bulletin will be given to all students who are interested in this unusual game. The game blanks may be secured at the office. On the quiz-sheet there will be a list of occupations, and after each occupational title there will be a list of possible answers to choose. Each week there will be a new quiz, and the new quiz sheet must be handed in by the following Friday night. Papers must be handed in before the deadline or they will not be eligible for the judging. After the judging is completed the winners of the contest will be announced.

This new game has a deeper purpose than just supplying the student body with a challenging contest. Mr. David Gillette, the originator of the program, firmly believes that this new game will enhance a student's knowledge of the various vocations. Knowledge gained from this program should greatly aid a student in making a well-founded decision in choosing his or her occupation.

UNIVERSITY HIGH

Highlights

KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

MARCH 13, 1963

VOL. 24 NO. 6

Revue to Be Reviewed Saturday



Pictured left to right are: Dawn Goodrich, Sue May, Sue Southon, Susie Smith, Sue Steven, Judy Light, Julie Slaughter, Dianne Ketcham, Carol Whitfield, Jo Northam, Pamela Schneider, Sue Beukema. —Photo by Schiavone

This year's annual Red and White Revue to be presented on Saturday, March 16, at the Loy Norrix auditorium promises to be one of the most exciting events of the season.

Preceding the Revue, the Band will present a short concert, and the choir will provide the vocal selections. Highlighting the Revue will be the Kickline, choreographed by Carol Whitfield and Julie Slaughter; a boys kickline; dance routines by Carol and Vince Hodge, and many fine vocal numbers by Sharon Warfield, Ken Stillwell and others. The Revue will also feature excellent instrumental talents and pantomime.

General chairman of the event is Frank Abnet and committee chairmen are as follows: Hospitality, Sue May; Tickets, Sue Beukema; Stage Manager and Light Chairman, Bob Hardin; Set Production, Mary Wise; Set Designer, Ingrid Nelson; Make-up, Chris Nelson;

Script, Jim Tooey; Programs, Judy Light; Publicity, co-chairmen Roberta Dew and Nancy Fox.

Tickets may be purchased for \$1.00 from any committee chairman or at the door on the evening of the performance. Curtain time is scheduled for 8 p.m.

Chess Club Commences

A new club, the Chess Club, has recently been added to the activities at 'U' High. Organized by Ross Rutherford, the group meets solely for the purpose of stimulating interest in chess among the students of 'U' High. Meetings are held every Thursday evening at Ross Rutherford's house; anyone interested in chess is welcome. At the end of the year the group plans to award a prize to the most improved player.

Bear Blunders

Congratulations are extended to Pat Gallagher and Kim Gildea for outrunning Carolyn Chapman's wolfhound. Does she always let that dog out when you come, fellows?

* * * *

French is the language of love, and Herby Williams and Tom DeCair can't seem to find anything else to talk about but each other's girl friends.

* * * *

It seems that Jim Wilson has a son or is it a brother? Better get up on your French Jim or people will begin to get the wrong idea.

* * * *

Mr. Kotecki recently got a bit confused when discussing the theme topic of dating customs. In explaining about dating customs, he intermingled the topic of mating customs. Calamity commenced. Now really, Mr. Kotecki, isn't that a little bit forward?

* * * *

Mrs. Monroe was teaching Sue Walsh judo lessons during lunch one day last week, so Sue would be able to handle John. It really must have worked; John wasn't in school Monday.

* * * *

The 3rd hour history class got a taste of early America when their student teacher passed around a plate of hardtack. He pointed out that it was good for people on diets but we decided that we preferred Metrecal.

* * * *

It is hoped that when our building is being remodeled something will be done about Mr. Kotecki's room. It seems as though his classes are in danger of catching pneumonia from the cool spring (?) breezes which come through the large hole in the wall.

* * * *

A world geography student teacher with eagle eyes, was slyly watching several students passing notes. Seeing his interest, Judy Van Peenan penned a little message using several appropriate epithets. Upon confiscating the note, he quickly read and pocketed it. My, what a red face you have, Mr. Hathaway!

Hall Benches Renovated

Probably by now everyone has noticed the presence of the cheery red and white benches in the halls. These benches were formerly the splintery, dirty, cobweb bottomed benches that adorned 'U' High halls.

Seven members of the Service Committee sanded, shellacked and painted the benches. They are: Sue Callendar, Jane Hotneier, Ann Householder, Vera Nunes, Greg Russell, Lynne Sorlie, and Marsha Williams. For their efforts in helping to make 'U' High a more pleasant place, the students' appreciation is here publicly expressed.

Good Ole Joe

He was the most incongruous looking creature I had ever seen. Over the field he tramped, wearing huge paratrooper's boots laced up to his knees, a sheepskin jacket hanging open over red insulated underwear, and a whole rack of medals from the Royal Canadian Air Corps on his chest.

"You must be Joe," I ventured. "We want to get in to Loch Manituik, but the rapids are too rough after that storm last night. They told us in Hawk Junction that there is an old logging trail going down below the rapids, and that you have a jeep."

"Yeah, I gotta' jeep, young lady, but that ol' rabbit path ain't been used much in the last ten years. The Algoma Railway closed down that old mill at Pivott Falls, and there ain't nobody 'ceptin' trappers goes in there anymore. Nope, I don't think that's where you folks really want to go."

This wasn't our first camping trip into the wild country of northern Ontario, and I assured him we were pretty tough. After a demonstration of my knot tying ability, I practically had him convinced I was a native. Then my folks drove up with a car and a trailer that you could hardly see for our camping gear, and we plummeted down to the bottom rung of his estimation.

Staring at the enormous pile of gear we had managed to haul with us, he had at first showed disbelief, then utter contempt. Without a word he began transferring baggage from our car to the jeep. First, gear was piled on the roof, and then the canoe was lashed down on top. Six week's groceries were piled into the rear, and the rest of our junk we stashed away in a trailer hooked on behind. Just when we had about finished securing the second canoe on top of the trailer, Joe let out a disgusted grunt.

"I think maybe there's one thing you forgot, mam the kitchen sink."

In spite of his cutting remark, we did finally get packed, and while we loaded ourselves, Joe lay down on the horn. Mom, Dad, and one of our two dogs squeezed into the cab with Joe. My sister and the other dog sat up on top of the groceries. There just wasn't any place left for me. If I climbed on top, the low hanging branches would surely scrape me right off; and there was nothing to hang onto on the trailer. With no other choice left, I climbed up onto the dirty green hood of the old jeep.

During all these arrangements, Joe was still lying on the horn. We soon found out why. Out of the woods loped the biggest, blackest dog I had ever seen. She had fantastically long, skinny legs, and her short ears and shaggy coat were faintly reminiscent of the wolf. This first impression was heightened when she jumped up beside me and showed some very long, yellow teeth—giving me to understand that I was to move over and make room.

"Oh, that's DeeDee," Joe said. "You're sittin' in her fav'rite spot." Encouraged by DeeDee's growls, I was sure I didn't really want to sit there, and I squeezed in on top of the groceries.

Then Joe started the jeep. A great shudder began somewhere deep inside the machine and grew until even the ground around us seemed to be shaking. DeeDee, standing on the hood, braced her four legs for the initial shock of the take-off. With a great lurch we plunged forward.

In the three hours it took us to cover that five mile stretch of logging trail, we felt we had really gotten to know the gruff, lovable old man and his vicious dog. The first contempt had faded from his eyes, and as we boarded our heavily listing canoes, he awkwardly handed me one of his cherished medals. DeeDee chased down the beach after us and Joe stood on the shore waving until a bend in the river took us out of sight. We never saw them again.

—Cheryl VanDeventer

Voice of the Students

Something new was added this year to boost school spirit—the highly contested "Spirit Jug." This was a contest based on the efforts of the individual classes to promote school spirit and sportsmanship. The seniors walked off with the Jug this year by placing first in the yelling competition and pep assembly skits, and for their many, many posters. This should carry on to be a tradition at 'U' High and should prove to be very beneficial for the spirit and well-being of the student body. This Homecoming was a prime example of the ideal relationship that should exist between the faculty and the students.

—Mike Schau

All-Star Band March 30

Eight 'U' High band members will be going to Constantine on March 30, to participate in the annual All-Star Band Concert. The names of the eight are yet unknown, since the All-Star selection committee has not sent 'U' High its choices. Music students from all of the schools in District 11 join in forming a concert band. The musicians, during their stay in Constantine, are housed with the citizens. Although their main function is to present a concert, the students are provided with such activities as a banquet, a talent show, a dance, and church services. The All-Star band will give its performance on Sunday afternoon, March 31, in Constantine, of course.

Honoring . . .

Dave Wilson, '62, for making the Dean's List his first semester at the U.S. Military Academy, West Point.

Lynn Larzelere, '60, for being chosen runner-up in the Indiana state-wide "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" contest at Indianapolis. Lynn is a junior at Purdue University.

John Harada's Hot Shots for taking first place in the Intra-Murder basketball competition; and John Manske's Maulers for finishing second.

Vince Hodge, who finished third in the Wolverine Conference scoring race, and was named player of the week for the Greater Kalamazoo area.

Nancy Fradenburgh, '62, for having been elected correspondent and publicity chairman for the Delta Theta chapter of Alpha Phi at Western Michigan University.

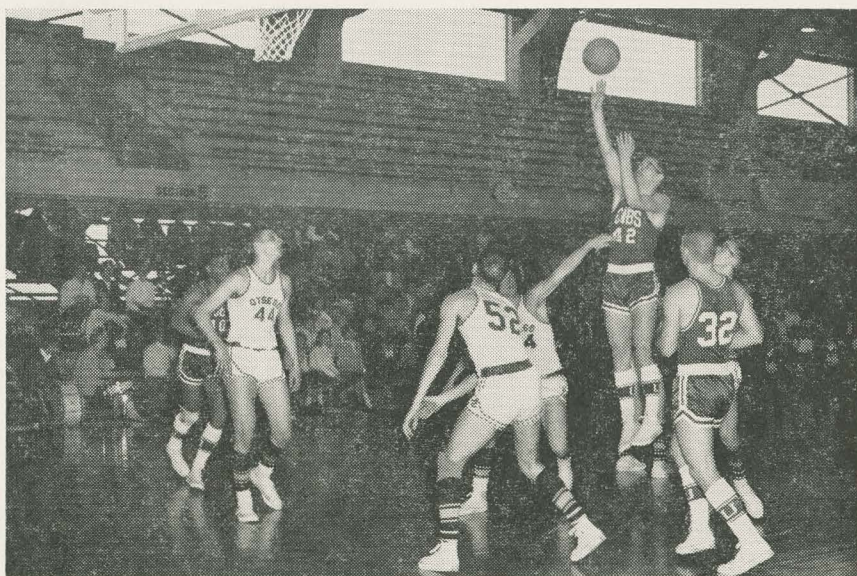
Irene Barr, Jane Greiner, Robert Pearson, Joseph Stulberg, Marie Trimpe, Cheryl VanDeventer, and Caryl Yzenbaard, who were recently elected to the 'U' High Honor Society.

Freshmen, Reserves Finish Successful Cage Season

With the basketball season now completed, the Reserve and the Freshmen ball clubs view the season in retrospect. The Reserve team, coached by Mr. Lyle McAuley, wound up with a 9 and 6 record. Led by the great out-court shooting of forward Mike Low, the team finished with an impressive victory over Otsego. Pete VanderBeek and John Noble, two mobile and agile players, also aided Low as did Andy Patton and Al Mulder. The others on the team, Bob Hammond, Jerry TerBeck, Mark Mrozek, Terry Scott, Henry Todd and Gregg Chance, combined to make this season a fairly good one. Coach McAuley promises some good material for next year's Varsity.

On the Freshman scene, the Ninth Graders compiled the great record of 11 wins and 4 losses. Coached by Mr. Donald Capps, the Freshman club was quarterbacked by speedy and accurate-shooting Bunkie VanderSalm. VanderSalm and the other starters, Jeff Blankenburg, Doug Callander, Mike Carr and Tom Roon, combined to hammer out a fine winning season. The rest of the team, Bob Correll, Steve Campbell, Dave Hathaway, Bill Jackson, Tim Null, Dave Pruis, Tom Schwarz, Rog Starkweather and Tim VanderMeulen did their fair share to help the starting five reap the benefits.

This has been good experience for all and Coach Capps will send some good men to the Reserves next year.

Defense Secret to Cubs' Success
Fired-up Squad Captures District Title

'U' High players are: V. Hodge 40, J. Koets 42, and D. Rhoades 32.

—Photo by Schiavone

Last Friday night, with the year's best cheering section behind them, Coach Barney Chance's Cubs literally ran their way into the regional tournament. The hustling Cubs built up a nine point lead at half time and increased it two more by the end of the game to give them a 50-39 decision over Plainwell.

With the emphasis on defense, the Cubs forced the Trojans to take poor percentage shots, a fact which accounted for Plainwell's shivering 19.3 shooting percentage. The Cubs on the other hand, worked the ball around and through Plainwell's 3-2 zone defense to get their high percentage shots. The Cubs took no more than two or three shots past 15 feet while capturing their tenth win in eighteen starts.

While the Trojans were missing 50 shots during the evening, Duane Riege, Vince Hodge and Pat Gallagher kept the Cubs on top by grabbing 13, 12, and 11 rebounds respectively. Riege and Hodge also provided the scoring punch by netting 31 points between them; Riege was the high scorer of the night with 18.

The Cubs advanced to the district finals by beating the Parchment Panthers, a team which brought in an impressive 13-3 record, by a convincing 57-43 score. Earlier the Cubs managed to even their regular season play at 8-8 by defeating a stubborn Otsego crew 58-48. Captain Jerry Quandt turned in a fine performance by tossing in 18 points.

Searching . . .

One perfect snowflake falls from the emptiness of nowhere, Why?

A falling star cleaves the blackness with a silver spear of radiance. Why?

Each new day is ushered in on the heels of a screaming sunrise and bid farewell by a velvet sunset. Why?

The snowflake falls and a baby is born. He is perfect, for in him lies the seed of life, untarnished and waiting. From the emptiness of nowhere is born with him the hope of a human so pure and uncorrupted as to have the mysteries of generations open their secrets to him. But in that instant a babe first views life, he cries.

A falling star illuminates the night and a young man has a vision. From this vision comes the quest for knowledge, and from this knowledge he may explain a miracle, or the simplicity of life. And for one instant the depth of this man's thoughts are held sacred on the pedestal of the common man—and then, they too, are forgotten.

Each new day is ushered in on the heels of a screaming sunrise and bid farewell by a velvet sunset.

Man is born, and lives and dies. Why? Only such a man can tell us.

—Julia Birkhold

Study Hall Tact

During the course of a study hall period it often becomes necessary not to break, but "to" bend the study hall rules to suit your own specific needs. For the student that finds it physically impractical to walk to the waste basket to throw away a piece of paper (in other words lazy) it is necessary to find some other means of transporting his unwanted paper to the waste basket. There are several ways to go about this. He could just throw it in the waste basket, but he would probably receive a monitor report and cause a general disturbance in the study hall necessitating his removal and subsequent appearance before his governors. That is to say he might cause a riot in study hall and get sent to the office. This method could be used however, if the right moment was chosen before launching his missile. This moment would have to be that critical time when the monitors naively walk around the study hall to check the tops of desks to see if they have been written on by anyone in their study hall.

The most flagrantly misused rule in the study hall is the one stating that a student should only have two talking permits of two minutes each for a whole week. But so often all you would like to ask a person is how long an assignment is or if you could borrow their eraser or pencil. Writing a note on a piece of paper and dropping it in front of the person you'd like to ask the question of is often times the best policy, providing that it is dropped face down, naturally. Many times note passing can be done most effectively when one student will go to the back monitor to receive a hall pass and stick a note to the back of the monitor's desk. Then the next student comes by and picks up the note. All of these suggestions might seem almost infallible but this article has been written by a monitor who has seen them all fail.

Grey Day

Today was a grey day. You know the kind I mean. It's the kind of day where there is no sun and the fog covers the earth and a sort of misty rain falls and it looks as though God has given up the whole thing for a while. That's the kind of day.

I like it that way. It's the kind of day where you can walk in the rain without an umbrella and not get wet. You can whistle and not have to worry about anybody hearin' and wondering what's the matter with that girl, whistling in the rain, and besides it's unladylike to whistle, but they don't hear because they are hidden in their houses. You can walk down the middle of the street after dark and watch the reflections of the street lights on the wet pavement and on the pools of water, and think, and you don't have to worry about cars because they're all hidden in their garages, too.

It's the kind of day where you can walk along the sidewalk and look into the pools of water and see the reflection of the trees and the sky and if you stare long enough your brain starts to mix around and spin, and go veering off into the wildest directions where you hadn't the least intention of going and where you won't go again until the next pool but it feels good to shake your brain up a little and to feel the thoughts fly in and out, and maybe you could solve the problems of the world if only you had a little more time and . . .

That's the kind of day I mean.

—Rosemary Siwik

Your Stamps, Lady

One of the amazing and sometimes amusing facets of modern American life has been the advent and growth of a small brightly colored piece of paper known as a trading stamp. There are red ones, blue ones, plaid ones, and the "granddaddy" of them all—the green stamps. Business men have fought them, legislators have attempted to outlaw them, but the housewife loves them and has formidably battled for these tiny scraps of colored paper.

It has often been said that an aspiring politician would never dare cast unfavorable remarks about any race or religion. Not long ago a news commentator mentioned that politicians have now found that a third forbidden subject has been added to the list of things never to be criticized—the eagerly sought trading stamp.

In California last summer the State Patrol upon stopping to aid a motorist in apparent trouble discovered a highly indignant woman who was furious, not because she was stranded, but because she was unable to make it a mile further down the road to a station which gave stamps.

A cartoon in one of the current magazines shows a small plump woman walking away from the grocer's checking stand, blissfully licking stamps and placing them in her book as the grocer yells to her "But lady, you forgot your groceries."

Another current cartoon portrays two women standing beside their wrecked cars which have obviously collided and one woman saying to the other, "I'll give you 200 stamps and let's just forget the whole thing."

It's always amusing to note the zeal with which these small sticky "jewels" are collected by people who have been repeatedly told that they are paying in one form or another for their cherished stamps. This idea they refuse to accept. Instead, they go merrily along year after year "licking and sticking" joyously anticipating the day they will be "choosing and picking."

Check-Mates

It seems that **Jerry Quandt** has been seen **Cross(ing)** the road for **Sue**.

Kathy Ambro went out to catch a **De(mink)** but it seems that she captured **Brom** instead.

Maury Lyon is **Pattin(on) Andy's** back quite often lately. Why is that, Maury? Is it because of his basketball achievements?

Pat Dew and **Pat Raher** seem to have found that they have more than first names in common.

Mary Howard found **Ivory, Jim**.

Kim Gildea certainly has **Gallagher** down **Pat**. They're always seen together.

Hints for Dental Patients

Have you ever noticed the peculiar talent dentists have for asking questions when your mouth is so full of fingers and drills that you can hardly gurgle? If they must interrogate you, it seems that common courtesy would demand that they ask "yes" or "no" questions; but no, they persist in asking silly little questions which to answer require that you articulate around drills, mirror, vacuum picks, and two pairs of hands.

To those who are plagued with inquisitive dentists and nosey assistants, the following guide rules may prove helpful:

1. To answer a "yes" or "no" question, a hearty grunt will indicate your affirmation, while a low esophageal gurgle will be recognized as a negative reply.

2. Questions regarding your health, schoolwork, and last Friday night's date, require no answer.

3. If emergency conditions develop, the Morse code is an internationally recognized mode of communication. Wiggle your left eyebrow once for a "dit," and wink for a "da"—like so: dit dit dit da da da dit dit dit, (S.O.S.).

4. (P.S. If you have long, curly eyelashes, the aforementioned procedure would not be recommended as the dentist might think you were flirting with him.)

We snooped . . .

Dear Diary,

Last night I dreamed that I was on the All-American Basketball Team. Of course I had the highest point average with 32 points per game. After every game the team would carry me around on their shoulders. It was really fun up there.

Truly,
Terry Scott

Dear Diary,

I got my hair cut today and nobody recognized me. They all think my head shrunk.

Until later,
Julie Birkhold