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State Highlights

Volume XVI

Kalamazoo, Michigan, January 19, 1955

Number 6

Parisian Cafe Inspires 1955 Blue and Gold

Dimes Go Past Goal By 61 Feet

The crowning climax of a week's slogan, "Ask for your change in dimes," was an actual March of Dimes down the Women's Gymnasium floor last Friday before the Pep Assembly. During the week, Mr. Engel's class measured the length of the floor and found it to be 114 feet long. With sixteen dimes to a foot, 1,824 dimes were needed to cover the distance. On Friday all the students in the junior and senior highs lined up on each side of the gym and placed their dimes end to end in a straight line. After the last dime had been put in place, the line not only spanned the entire gymnasium floor but extended 61 feet into the corridor. The grand total for that March of Dimes was \$301.80. The campaign was such a huge success that it may well become an annual affair here at State High. In fact, students already are planning to better this year's total in 1956.

State High's campaign was just a small part of the nationwide drive, Teens Against Polio (TAP), operating under the National Foundation For Infantile Paralysis. During the month of January, millions of young people all over the country are proving that they, too, can fight, as well as adults, against this crippling disease. Teenagers everywhere are racking up astounding records with this TAP polio-fighting program—their own division of the March of Dimes. From border to border, teenagers are organizing block parties, swimming parties, cake sales, teen can. teens, and dancing in the streets in order to raise money for the March of Dimes.

Library Wants Titles, Ideas

There is now a P.T.S.A. Library Committee. They wish to post a list of book titles as gift ideas for the library and want students' suggestions as to what additional books they would like to have there. Students are asked to put the suggestions in the box in the library. From these and other sources, Miss Lowrie will make the gift list.

Gifts could be made by individuals, classes, as a gift book from each magazine sale, as memorials for friends, or for graduation.

Choir, Band Also Headline February 3, 4 Show

The Blue and Gold Revue will be held February 3 and 4, Thursday and Friday, at 8:00 P.M. in the Civic Theatre.

In the first half, a script written by Mike Palmer and Peter Platt, around a Parisian Cafe motif, will provide continuity for the display of selected talent in the style of a revue. The program for the first half is as follows: Boys Glee Club, directed by Mr. Jack Frey, "Boogie Duet" by

Carol Hartman and Connie Kuzinga; "Sisters," vocal duet, Ellen Davis and Nancy Watterworth; "Dig That Square Derby," skit directed by Mr. Sack; "The Soft Shoes," soft slipper dance routine, Jim Causey and Peter Platt; "The Man That Got Away," vocal solo, Patti Paull accompanied by Dianne Sabo; "Chiu-Chiu," marimba solo, Gary Forsleff, with Dean Griffith at the piano; Skating Act, Ruthmary Werly and Danee Taylor; "Flight of the Bumble Bee," clarinet solo, Frank Ell; "Look Me Over Once," vocal solo, Barbara Stewart; "Jazz Pizzicato," dance interlude, Astride Jakobson and Carole Lemon; "Burning to Sing," soap opera, Carol Hartman and Tim Light; "Ten Little Bottles," record interpretation, Dave VandeWalker; Trampoline Antics, Phil Noggle, Dick Fouch, and Garry Birch; "Dark Eyes," Girls' Triple Trio, accompanied by the Swing Club.

In the last half of the show the choir and the band will perform. The choir, directed by Mr. Jack Frey, will sing three songs, "Malaguena" by Levona-Warnick, "I Dream of You," Goetschiess-Ringwald, and "Holiday" by Boland-Simevne. The band, directed by Dr. Elmer Belooof, will play "Toulon Overture" by Pares, "Concerto for Oboe" by Cimarosa, featuring Michael Palmer as soloist, "Midnight In Paris," by Conrad, "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," featuring pianist Dianne Sabo, and "So-long Song" by Morrissey.

The Blue and Gold Committee and the band members are selling tickets now, with general chairman Howard Jennings; publicity-Dianne Sabo; tickets-Phyllis Kievit; staging-Gerry Longjohn; hospital-Nancy Watterworth; choir representative-Allen Davis; student representatives-Barb Born and Peter Platt in charge.

COMING EVENTS

January 21 — Friday. Basketball, Allegan, there. Pep Assembly.
January 22—Tri-City Band Concert at Allegan, 8 P.M.
January 26 — Wednesday. Basketball, Vicksburg, there.
January 28 — Friday. Basketball, South Haven, here.
February 2—Wednesday. Administrative Assembly, 12:30-1:00, Little Theatre.
February 3, 4—Blue and Gold Revue, Civic Theater, 8 P.M.
February 4 — Friday. Basketball, Portage, there.

Sabo Wins Plane Trip

As the first social event of the post-Christmas season the aeronautics class sponsored a sock hop record dance, THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY.

There was an innovation of drawing for various prizes including a grand prize of an airplane trip around Kalamazoo, which was won by Denny Sabo. Also, there was a prize given to Annette Douglas for giving the dance its name; second prize went to Margaret Borton. Other prizes were tickets to the State Theater, won by Bruce Jennings, a car wash won by Paul Weber while two pints of oil were given to John Simcox. Phil Leach has an hour of pool coming and Dave Fuller won a dollar towards a dinner at Wagner's. A box of chocolates was given to Judy Rock and Frances Miller won a dollar certificate for records at Grinnell's.

Other prizes given away were free lubrication and cakes.

Dave VandeWalker provided the special entertainment of the evening with some of his pantomimes.

On Saturday, January 15, the Math Club went to Ann Arbor to attend a conference of various other math organizations from around the state. This came from a panel discussion which the club gave before the faculty members last year.

EXAM SCHEDULE

January 24—	10:00	8:00-9:50
	11:00	10:00-11:50
January 25—	9:00	8:00-9:50
	12:30	10:00-11:50
January 26—	8:00	8:00-9:50
	2:00	10:00-11:50

Sugar 'n Spice

by Larry 'n Bryce

Surprise, everybody. After punching through the Kuder Preference Test (and they weren't just 'poking fun' either) some of the senior girls found out that they have been labeled by fate to be mechanics and a couple boys are destined to become social workers.

Several of the freshman boys have been seen venturing into Miss Crisman's office lately. Going south, it's two doors earlier, fellas.

While we are on the subject of strange sights, what is this we hear about Tim O. and Dave B. crawling around the gym floor during the college girls class?

Book reporter's lament: "But we were on vacation!" The kids in the 8:00 English IV class had better polish up their reading glasses.

For all you racing fans we've got some hot tips on some speedy protozoans: Races held during lab periods of the advanced biology class. All bets can be placed with Don Moss.

A spike-covered hearing aid for Dennie Sabo. Another one of Dr. Beloo's morsels of elocution down the trumpet!

Students rant and students rave; Homework isn't what they crave, But since the teachers hold the floor, We consequently get lots more.

The other day in 12:30 French, a tired (not bored) student slumbered off into dreamland. When awakened by a question, he asked, "Me?" Mrs. Monroe replied, "Oui, oui, oui!" Pete Platt chimed in, "All the way home!"

The Sophomores have a wit in their class. Since they are studying Julius Caesar, Miss Cleveland found this bit on the board one day: "We have come to bury Caesar, not to read him!"

This past summer Tim Light purchased a Swiss watch with a small alarm. In French class he had forgotten about it when suddenly the whole class went to pieces with the sounding of bells. Don't get so flustered, Tim, it's smaller than you.

Barb Stewart fell into her locker the other day and couldn't get out. With the help of two pals, (male or female?) she regained her balance and continued down the hall to class.

Say, that basketball coach is getting absent-minded. The other night he waited twenty-five minutes at the men's gym for his wife to come after him until he remembered where the car was — right across the street where he had parked it.

Is This You?

The girl rapidly looked over the summary of the English unit on which she was soon to have a test. English was one of her weak subjects and these unit tests really sent the shivers up her spine. Her last moments of study were broken up by the shrill voice of Miss Buckout. With an air of authority the middle-aged teacher told the pupils to ready themselves for a quiz. The girl slipped the paper under several other sheets of paper quickly, then grasping her pen tightly, wrote the heading on the top sheet of paper that lay on her desk. Miss Buckout began writing the questions on the board.

At first, the girl didn't have too much trouble as she had studied some, but when she reached the tenth question, the answer to which was a date, a puzzled look came over her face. Then a vague plan began to form in her mind. She gave her classmates a glance. They were all working hard and Miss Buckout, after inspecting her students' work thus far, was busy at her desk. Now was the time; no one would notice just one little peek. Would that be cheating even though she thought she knew the answer, but just wanted to make sure? Was this any worse than people in the lunch line who dump two desserts together when no one is looking, or the boy who flips a zinc penny into the change box at the donut counter and takes three cents in change, or the kids that convince Dad that they need a dollar for something when they really don't?

She gritted her teeth and slowly began slyly to slide the top papers over so she could see the written sheet. Within those few seconds, she thought of many things concerning honesty: the sermon she had heard the previous Sunday at church, the girl who had deliberately kicked her opponent in the shins in a soccer game last week, the card "shark" who knew nothing but dishonesty, students cheating in colleges and how disgusted her friends and she were when discussing it. Yet, even in a small way, here she was, about to do the same thing. Should she?

Just then she sneezed loudly and aroused some of the students who glanced back her way. Then, as she felt all eyes seeing through her plan, she turned in her seat. The papers, which she had been holding all this time, fluttered to the floor. She realized only one thing now; Miss Buckout knew of her scheme! What a fool I am, she thought.

—Anne Doyle

Downbeat BY "MR. HOWIE"

The Tri-city Band Concert will be held in Allegan, January 22, at 8:00 P.M. in Griswold Auditorium.

Participating bands are Paw Paw, Allegan, and State High with conductors Mr. R. R. McEmber, Mr. L. D. Scheid, and Dr. E. R. Beloo, respectively. The massed bands' guests conductor is Mr. Michael Listiack, who has been teaching music at South Haven for the past 25 years. He is one of the most successful music teachers in the state of Michigan.

Band members will stay in the homes of Allegan band members Friday night after attending the Allegan-State High basketball game.

The State Highlights is published approximately every two weeks during the school year.

Members of the Journalism Class make up the following staff: Gary Birch, Jack Burke, Darlene Chapin, Anne Doyle, Bryce Forster, Ted Garneau, Jane Haney, Carol Hartman, Howard Jennings, Larry Littig, Tamsin Malone, John Schensul, and Danee Taylor.

Essence

I laugh and shout for Life is good;
Good to me, and if I could
I would do more.

I jump and run for Life is fun;
Fun for me, as anyone
can see.

I sit and weep for Life is sad;
Sad for me when I am bad
to you.

I think and sigh for Life is queer;
Queer to me when I hear
strange things.

I stop and stare for Life is strange;
Strange for me—a range
of mystery.

I live and love for Life is short;
Short for me without support
from God.

I am happy and full of cheer;
Life is good, Life is fun.
Life is sad, Life is queer.
Life is strange, Life is short.
But best of all—
Life is here!

Arch Rivals to Clash at Allegan on Friday

Vox Valli

"Hey!"

Hardly had this lusty syllable reached my ear when I was sitting bolt upright in bed, wide awake.

"What? Who said that?" I cried, while vainly trying to reach the wall lamp which was now fleeing up the wall ahead of my groping fingers.

After my speaking, all was silent. Finally I cornered the lamp, but it was as though it were hours before the light went on.

"Well?" I asked.

"Well what?" said the voice. "Who are you to get impatient? I've been trying to get through to you for a long time."

"You, WHO?" Somehow, I felt that I was contributing very little to the conversation at this point.

"You human beings say the walls have ears. Well, then we can have mouths, too."

With this somewhat disturbing statement, I decided the whole thing was just a dream and settled back, waiting for the figment to on by.

It didn't. It went on talking.

"It is time I said a few words," the room continued. "I've been listening to all the things that go on and, first of all those Earl Bostic records have got to go. Are you sure they aren't warped or something? I don't mind the soft music, but that jazz stuff sends shivers up and down my plaster."

"Do you have to mess around in those smelly oil paints? Speaking of paint, I could use a little myself."

"You could be more careful when you shove the bed against my side, and please, watch it when you pound nails into my south wall."

"From now on, when you do your homework, try not to keep kicking my mop-boards. You also seem to make a special point of dropping your size twelves on my nice, varnished bottom. How would you like me to drop my floor boards on you every night?"

Right here I solemnly resolved never again to indulge in pickle sundaes (at least, not at bedtime) and calmly tried to smother myself with the pillow before the alarm rang.

Specimen 00902: Dig This!

Mystery lurks in the shadows of a laboratory, and a high school lab is no different from that of a professional. For instance, let's take an average day in a biology class, with a below average student.

Our pupil has just dropped the delicate microscope on the table, strolls over to the specimen table, and picks out a healthy drop of amoeba-infested water. He slops the

(Continued on page 4)

Free Throw

by Ted Garneau

A hustling State High basketball club had a wonderful vacation, at least as far as basketball goes, for they accounted for two wins and one loss. Yet at that, the loss was really a moral victory. The Cubs beat Portage 51-33 and Vicksburg 55-34 and lost a spine tingling game to Grand Rapids South 55-52. Nine boys played exceptionally well; Pete Parker, Bob Miles, Al Wise, Nate Taylor, Chuck Warfield, John Fleckenstein, Bob Beisel, Jack DeKreek and Dallas Weybright. Way to go, you guys.

State High's varsity basketball team went down to Fort Wayne on Sunday, January 9, to watch the Ft. Wayne Zollner Pistons win a professional basketball game from the Minneapolis Lakers. All that went enjoyed the trip.

My crystal ball tells me that Allegan will nip the Cubs 52-49. Here's hoping I'm wrong.

Seconds Chalk Up Another

Last Friday night, January 14, the Reserves won again. This time it was over the Plainwell seconds in a tense, close game. The final score was 36-30, but it wasn't that way at half time, State was behind 18-19. Wade, Howson and Godfrey did a fine bit of defensive work, while Fuller and Brown both starred offensively with 10 points each.

TROUNCE OTSEGO

In the preliminary game, January 7, the reserves whipped Otsego's seconds 66-50. The first half of the game was a fast one and a tough one. At the end of the first quarter State was behind 7 to 9, but that was the last time they trailed in the game. Defensively everybody starred, but singular outstanding work was shown by offensive scoring such as was done by high point men Vern Wade and Dave Fuller with 25 and 14 respectively.

MANY SHINE IN EARLIER GAMES

State High's reserves earlier season wins included a 50-32 victory over Portage, with J. Kemerling, D. Fuller, J. Brown putting in fine defensive jobs while V. Wade was high point man by scoring 21 points; beating Grand Rapids South 39-19, with C. Godfrey, R. Howson and V. Wade getting in some of the best defensive work while offensively, J. Brown was high scorer with 12 points and D. Fuller close behind with 10; and defeating Vicksburg's reserves, 48-30. Vern Wade starred defensively in this match and again J. Brown and D. Fuller were high point men, even up with 10 points each.

Cubs Nip Trojans

State High won its fifth straight Wolverine League game with an exciting victory over Plainwell Friday night to remain tied with Allegan for first place. This week the Cubs are priming for the showdown with Allegan.

Early in the Trojan game State High looked like a sure thing. The Cubs roared to a 12-3 lead in the opening minutes, using their fast break to good advantage.

But Plainwell tightened their defense and with Afman pacing the comeback, Plainwell went ahead and left the court at halftime with a 24-21 edge.

Afman and Stapert kept Plainwell on top during the third period, but the Cubs worked the ball better and closed in the score at 32-31.

At the start of the fourth quarter State High hit three quick baskets, two by Pete Parker, to move ahead 37-32. This lead was never relinquished as the Cubs played controlled ball the rest of the way. However, after four minutes, Plainwell tightened the score to 41-40 with thirty seconds left. A free throw by Chuck Warfield made the score 42-40 with twenty-seven seconds left. Plainwell got in one more shot, but missed. State High took the rebound and ran out the clock.

The top scorer in the game was Plainwell's Bob Afman with 15 points. Pete Parker followed with 14 for the Cubs.

The two teams will meet again at Plainwell February 15 in what should prove to be another good game.

STEAMROLL OVER OTSEGO 66-34

On Friday, January 7, the State High Cubs traveled to Otsego and crushed the Bulldogs. Only in the first few minutes did the Bulldogs threaten. State High owned a comfortable lead at intermission.

In the third quarter John Fleckenstein rimmed the hoop with 11 points. Al Wise and Pete Parker, however, tied for high point honors with a total output of 12 points each. Then came Chuck Warfield with 8. Everybody on the team played in the game and all scored.

The Otsego game was State High's most balanced attack this year.

Critic Praises, Advises

"I am always an interested reader of the **Highlights**," stated Dr. John V. Field to the journalism class when he visited here recently. As supervisor of high school journalism in Michigan, Dr. Field gives constructive criticism to staffs.

All's Well That Ends

Test days are occasions associated with quiet, solemn classrooms, worried and haunted classmates, and alternate hope and despair. Here is a scientific analysis of what happens to the average high school student on a test day!

11:30 P.M. to 6:31 A.M. Has dream of the entire faculty, clad in purple tuxedos, busily engaged in tearing up a diploma.
6:32 Awakes from troubled sleep, feeling like nothing at all.
6:33 Wishes to be in Tahiti.
6:37 Washes savagely. Soap in eye, no towels.
6:42 Button on dress refuses to function. Rips it off in desperation and puts pin in button's place.
7:00 Greets family with a grunt. Bears their efforts at encouragement with grimaces.
7:05 Eats hearty breakfast of one crust and one cup of coffee.
7:20 Departs, slamming door.
7:25 Sneers at traffic cop.
7:30 Arrives at school.
7:31 Tries to think of what the teacher said and how he said it.
7:32 Opens science book.
7:33 Closes science book.

7:41 Looks at watch.
7:42 Asks friend the time.
7:43 Wonders what time it is.
7:45 Has serious talk with self. Decides there is nothing to fear.
7:47 Begins to tremble.
7:53 Arrives in classroom. Manages a sickly smile and faint greeting for the teacher.
8:08 Wonders if the pain might be appendicitis.
8:10 Coughs.
8:15 Pain in stomach becomes acute.
8:20 Looks out window. Envis child in baby carriage.
8:30 Feels inspired. Writes something.
8:50 Hands in paper with a silent prayer.
8:55 Dashes hysterically for the hall.
8:56 Thinks of correct equation for that problem.
8:58 Recognizes fellow sufferer. Compares answers. Comforts self with thought that the same test will be easier next year.
3:20 P.M. Arrives home.
3:22 Answers all questions with, "I'll know when the grades come out."
3:24 Coughs.

—Ann Burgderfer

Alarm Clock Blues

Ding-a-ling-a-ling—dong and that wild alarm clock goes off again! This is nothing new or out of the ordinary because it does that every day. I think this is the worst way there is to wake up, the best reason being that it usually rings during one of my better dreams. Like yesterday, I was just getting ready to open my birthday present which I thought might be a ring when, of course, the screwy alarm went off. Today's story is about the same. I was on a date. You know how it is getting ready for that last kiss, and wham! There goes that alarm again.

Even after the alarm goes off, I need those extra five or ten minutes of rest to find out how my dream comes out. However, this brief interlude is disturbed by my mother when she calls for the last time. Her words are well-spent because I hop right out of bed—finally. I still can't help thinking, though, that if she wouldn't bother me, it might keep me from daydreaming in English class.

Getting up is no easy matter for me as you know from reading this story. This might be one of the ways my big toe got so black and blue. May have helped that chair to get in the path to the light switch, too. Wow! That cold water splashed in the face snaps me out of the alarm clock hangover in a hurry, and the feeling of lethargy probably caused by those extra minutes of "beddy-y-by" and the "cool music" of the radio, obviously designed to make my mother think I am getting up.

So up I am and hustling into my

clothes, and I am off for another day of school, which is something like waking up all over again. Nightmare is the word best describing the way the 8 through 10 a.m. classes go for me, for I am always getting called on and never know where the class is in the book. This rates a good mark?

Might be I found out how that kiss came out.

(Continued from page 3)

water on the slide and shuffles back to his microscope.

Let's join our industrious student about ten minutes later. He is on his third mount, as he ran the low power lens through two other slides. At present, he has just located a likely-looking object to study. A light twist of the fine adjuster brings the object into clear focus.

It's unbelievable, incredible! The instructor is amazed at the beautiful specimen. The lines and color are exact! The movement is slight, and the light is hitting at just the right angles. A dash to the library is necessary to determine the exact name of this thing.

A quick glance at the reference head brings us to page 369. The suspense is unbearable. Hands are wet with sweat, and beads of perspiration stand out on every forehead. At last! The specimen is sighted. It is known as the leg of an animal, arthropoda, insecta, orthoptera, arcuirdia, schistocera, americana. We occasionally call it an American Grasshopper.

Carol's Cubbyhole

Whew! What a relief! Vacation is over. Most of us had to come back to school to rest up. Rest up? Now we are faced with those everpopular, everpresent exams. I cruised out of the cubbyhole to see what little tidbits I could shovel up before hitting "ye olde midnight oil."

A couple Friday nights ago, ANNETTE DOUGLAS used some jet propulsion toward Canteen. I understand it was a Central man. Here we go again!

What's the matter, DAVE BAIR? Don't you know where your evening's date lives? Poor MARY JANE had quite a wait. Guess that new hair cut didn't clear up your eyesight much.

Wedding bells may be tinkling in the near future for JOYCY OWEN and her man, who, by the way, is the owner of that sharp pin.

Gosh! Now the guys can't even stay in Kalamazoo. How about that, FRED K., DAVE S., and JOHN C.? Good thing Plainwell isn't very far away.

One nice little lady had a tender slumber party during vacation. She goes by the name of NANCY H. That phone bill must have really gone sky-high, because the girls were on it all night. What's with this, JOHN SIMCOX and LARRY LITTIG?

A small spark has started to kindle into a nice size flame between SUE LENNARTSON and GARRY BIRCH. Fireman JENNINGS is about to sound the alarm.

Ho Ho! I caught MARTHA ROTH passionately gazing at JOE PASSAFIUME. What have we here?

The frosh and junior classes are going great guns, especially for GAIL BUCHANAN and DENNY PERCY. They're going steady, no less.

Hmmmmmm. ANDY LENDRINK and JUDY ROCK? Not bad, not bad at all.

Oh, these gals with visions on dear old Central High. Now ALICE MABIE has the bug. What ARE we going to do?

Notice to PETE PLATT and AL WISE: Let's get these weekend TRIANGLES straightened out, as a special favor FOR ME. Thank-you muchly.

While on the subject of weekends, the last one brought an unusual group of students to the State Theatre. Some of the senior girls have mad crushes on some of the seventh grade boys (and vice versa) so, RONNIE SCHUTZ and NANCY WOODWORTH, MIKE PLATT and JOANIE PEELEN, BOBBIE SCHUTZ and CAROL HARTMAN attended a very fine motion picture. What a ball!

We must cut this bit of fun and chatter now, and say Goom-bye so those studying for exams can study harder. HAR! HAR!