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State Highlights

Volume XVIII

Kalamazoo, Michigan, November 7, 1956

Number 2

Premiere Showing Of Smash Hit Soon



Back row: D. Platt, P. Anderson, K. Johnson, J. Cross, K. Kersjes, L. Mimms, M. Smith, W. Kent. Second row: G. Buchanan, S. Schroeder, Third row: G. Brown, C. Van Riper, B. Garneau, B. Awgaitis, R. Burnett, J. Woodruff, S. Taylor. Not pictured: S. Rex, P. Belooof. (Photo by David Schroeder)

"Father Knows Best" Set for November 16, 17

"And the 'girls.' They saw enough to keep their tongues busy for years."

"Didn't one of them say it would go no further than 'we girls'?"

"Jim, when something goes no further than 'we girls,' it's like going no further than the Associated Press."

What will go no further than the Associated Press? Will we read about it? No. But if you're interested, make it a point to see the State High presentation of "Father Knows Best" on November 16 and 17 in the Campus Theatre.

Tickets can be purchased from members of the cast and Play Production Club for 75 cents each or two for \$1.25, with curtain time at 8 p.m.

Recently released from the well-known television show of the same name, the hilarious comedy raises the question, does father really know best?

The well-meaning father is played by Dave Platt, who is ably supported by Gail Buchanan, his charming and patient wife. The plot centers around their teenage daughter, Betty, portrayed by Katie Johnson, and her boy friend, Ralph Brinkworth, acted by Jerry Cross. The younger Andersons, Bud, played by Lee Mimms, and Kathy, by Sandra Rex, add to the complications.

To make matters worse, George Brown, as in insistent repairman, enters frequently, causing additional chaos.

Appearing as Mr. Brinkworth is Wally Kent and as Officers Johnson and Perkins, Bob Awgaitis and Peggy Belooof.

The Anderson children's friends are played by Rosemary Burnett, Cathy VanRiper, Sandy Taylor, Mary Smith, Kathy Kersjes, and Jim Woodruff.

The "Bloomer Girls" are presented by Beth Garneau, Pat Anderson, and Susan Schroeder.

Helping behind the scenes as committee chairmen are J. Quiring, business manager and S. Taylor her assistant; C. Standish and J. Baden, advertising; A. Terry and T. Skinner, tickets; J. Perry and S. VanHoeve, props; R. Burnett and L. Shand, programs; J. Van Tassel and J. Siwik, stage managers; J. Peelen and P. Greiner, scenery; M. Stelma and M. Roth, make-up; M. Olson and P. Belooof, costumes; and J. Sheets, cast party.

Timely Reminders

Friday, November 9—Football with St. Joseph, there. End of first marking period.

Saturday, November 10 — Turnabout dance, 8:30 P.M., Women's Gym

Wednesday, November 14—Administrative Assembly, 12:40, Little Theatre

Thursday, November 15—Football-Cross-Country Dinner

Friday, Saturday, November 16, 17—"Father Knows Best," 8 P.M., Little Theatre

Class Officers Begin Work

The Freshman Class elected Larry Groggel president, Ron Schutz, vice-president, Frances Fleckenstein, secretary, and Mike Platt, treasurer.

Presiding over the Sophomore Class will be Dave Anderson, president, Jon Carlson, vice-president, Sue VanRiper, secretary, and Dave Taylor, treasurer. Collecting dues, appointing a committee to look into the possibility of having a concession stand at basketball games, and sponsoring the melodrama booth at the school carnival are all on the class agenda.

The Juniors chose for their officers Tom Lawson, president, Carl Kiino, vice-president, Sandy Taylor, secretary, and Terese Skinner, treasurer. Some of the plans under development are the collecting of dues, the sponsoring of a dance, and the selling of pennants at school and basketball games.

Voted into office by the Seniors are Jim Betke, president, Robert VanPeenan, vice-president, Judy Grote, secretary, and Denny Sabo, treasurer.

Presiding officers of the Play Production club are J. Quiring, president; K. Gunnette, vice-president; S. Taylor, secretary; and J. Perry, treasurer.

the farewell concert, June 5. Plans are not yet made concerning the District Band Festival in Kalamazoo, March 1.

Newsical Notes

It was with sincere regret that State High heard of the death of Mrs. Leoti C. Britton. She was choir director here from 1927-1950 and is particularly remembered for the outstanding performances of Gilbert and Sullivan operettas given by the choir under her leadership.

Formations, drum signals and half-time shows are now being forgotten as the band resumes its concert stature. Tentative plans for the coming year are the Christmas Sing, December 19; an exchange concert with West Aurora High School, Aurora, Illinois, February 2; the Blue and Gold Revue, March 2; exchange concert with Aurora, here, April 6; and

Bit o' Wit

Jan Correll, WE KNOW YOU LOVE YOUR VOLKSWAGEN, but please take it to the garage and get it fixed. You're getting to be quite a traffic menace with all that stalling.

The VIEW FROM THE STUDY HALL WINDOWS IS ENHANCED CONSIDERABLY on Monday and Wednesday. It sure will be too bad when weather changes and girls' gym classes are forced to stay indoors.

If you ever offer Vern Wade a piece of candy, be careful! HE WAS SO HUNGRY in bookkeeping he knocked the box right out of Mr. Chance's hand.

There's trouble in 10:15 U. S. History class. Every day when they get to an important part of a discussion, a milk truck drives up and drowns out the teacher. How LUCKY can you be?

Barb Burling HAS SO MUCH ENERGY in gym that Miss Hainks needs a chain to keep Barb on her side of the field. Must be the law of gravity.

Miss Kraft was telling her Latin students her name and gave this little anecdote: "My name is Miss Kraft, as in CHEESE."

Penny Scott was embarrassed the other morning when she opened her locker. What did you say the TITLE OF THE MAGAZINE WAS, Penny?

ATTENTION! All Spanish and French class males. Don't wear Mennen products if you wish a good grade. Mrs. Monroe has a small dislike for the good governor.

If you went by one of the geometry classes recently, you would have seen the class looking at the ceiling. It appears that Sally Spaulding and Mary Wise were looking at GEOMETRIC PATTERNS up there, and the rest of the class got interested.

WAS MARTHA BOUDEMAN PLAYING FOOTBALL when she tackled her desk in study hall? Speaking permits are hazardous sometimes.

Jon Carlson shrewdly observed that the reason for the Suez problem was that the U. S. didn't give a DAM. (Aswan, that is.)

Sue Conner, how do you expect to keep those valuables locked in your locker WHEN YOU CARRY THE LOCK AROUND WITH YOU?

One of the Freshman boys was horrified at the bad English of a Detroit Tiger player. Upon referring to the Tiger's English he said, "If I were him . . ." What's with YOUR English, BRAD HODGMAN?

"Life is an Ecstasy"—Emerson

I just set an incredibly dirty little brown sparrow free from the confines of our garage. No one knows how long he had been imprisoned in that formidable, dusty place, but he was exceedingly grateful when the doors to freedom were opened. One can imagine that he had ceased to take life for granted during his enforced confinement and that all of his lost luxuries had become extremely desirable to his weak little body. Perhaps he was recalling life as it had been. The taste of the buzzing black bugs, found in the cool green grass of the marsh below, the feel of the round, ripe little seeds slipping down his throat, the touch of the warm sun and the cooling breeze, the comfortableness that overcame him as he settled in his snug nest—all undoubtedly passed through his tiny mind, dimming starvation for a moment, making death seem far away. Life does, at death, become an ecstasy.

So it is with man. Life, it appears, is more appreciated at the End than at the Beginning. As an "old-timer" listens to the excited chatter of his grandchildren, he longingly repeats the enjoyment of the "good old days." For an instant he forgets the long, cold trudges to the never-heated school house, the early hours of the morning when he stumbled out of bed to do the chores, and the grueling work at harvest time. Youth becomes more desirable as death approaches. Our homes, all of the juicy steaks we've had in our lifetime, that new dress we just bought or the first time we ever went hunting, the football games, the dances, our first job are among the things we recall as we become older.

Yet we are not so narrow-minded as our feathered friend. Food and comfort do not blot our minds against the less selfish things of life. Love, friendship, the beauties of nature, pure happiness, the glory of God, and the intangible codes of existence are always left standing when physical objects are torn down.

Joy can be found in an abandoned field. Many persons displaced by war have enjoyed the supreme silence and beauty that is in such a place. Companions made in the common cause of battle can take the place of television and the opera.

Life is always worth escaping from the "garage" and beginning again. It is a series of miracles, some good and some bad; therefore the ecstasy in life is the anticipation of what is to come. If your team always won the football game, what would be the use of playing? If there were only one party or only one candidate running for the high office of President of the United States, the high spirit of democracy and the right to vote would be demolished with no fight, no honest thinking on the part of Americans. The exciting part of the whole thing is looking forward to the outcome and taking an interest in the process. There would be no variety, no enthusiasm, no accomplishments and no faith if everything were a joy and all could be obtained with a blithely simple act of happiness.

As I have said, all of these things become apparent as one nears the end. Thus some people start attending church or begin to appreciate the knowledge they have collected and stored in their minds. If the End were the Beginning, life would be an ecstasy for everybody. There would be no need for us to be caught in a dusty building to appreciate the comfort of a warm nest.

—Pat Anderson

Artists Sculpture Masterpieces

The art classes have been working with paper sculpture for some time now and have had some excellent masterpieces.

Paper sculpture starts out with lines on a flat surface. Color and texture are added and are the blueprints for the object.

When desirable shapes, forms and lines are obtained, the actual build-

ing or sculpturing begins. Flexible construction paper is used, along with pins, paste, glue, and trimming ornaments. The paper is twisted, cut, turned, slashed, curled and folded until the shape and size are right.

Many of the students are very talented in this phase of art and a few of the better sculptures will be put on display in the showcase.

Passin' It Around

Every day at football practice during calisthenics, a voice from the back row pipes up, "Get to work, number 34!" Maybe you'd better, Decker . . . It sounds as if the football team has a group of cavemen for ends. Everytime one of them hits the blocking dummies, there's a loud "Umph!" . . . You can't tell what some of the members of the football team wear under their jerseys; some even wear pajama tops! Right, Ken?.

We hear that the cross country team has found a new, faster way of travel. What's this about you fellows riding a freight train? . . . Jon Scott has been trying to get a swimming team at State High. Although we have no pool, Jon plans to use the State Hospital stream where he has been swimming for the last two or three days . . .

During the Allegan game, one of the centers had to get into the game between plays. I'll bet you've never run so fast in your life, eh, Tom? . . . It seems that Coach Laskarides and one of his players have different ideas of getting loose, eh, Gerald? . . . After the Otsego game, Coach Walters told the team to take their uniforms and try to get some of the dirt out of them when Larry Johnson chirped, "You mean take a shower in our uniforms?"

Banquet to Fete Gridders, Harriers

The annual banquet honoring this year's football and cross-country squads will be held Thursday, November 15 at 6:30 p.m. in the Parchment Community House. Acting as chairman of the dinner is Mrs. H. C. Kemerling.

The gathering's for everyone who would like to attend, and student and adult tickets will go on sale in the near future.

Punch will be served between 6 and 6:30, with dinner following. Afterwards a guest speaker, selected by Coach Walters, will talk. Concluding the entertainment will be the presentation of the awards for achievement and the announcement of the 1957 football and cross-country captains.

Basketball Drill Begins

Basketball practice has started for all varsity candidates not participating in football. Coach Chance and co-captains Rich Howson and Dave Fuller have started building what they hope will be another championship team. The sports page in the **Highlights** of November 21 will feature a complete basketball preview.

State High Faces Powerful St. Joe

Your Shake Is Showing

"Shake!"

Beware of this invitation, for the handshake, which can mean many things, is also a dead giveaway of anyone's personality. This is especially true at the end of a game. The shaking of hands in athletics is a show of sportsmanship between the players. What kind of show depends on them.

The rapturous winner is a very distinctive example. He usually shouts, jumps up, and grabs the hand of his opponent, practically swallowing his adversary in his enthusiasm.

The sympathetic handshake is worse because the game, at the time, could easily be forgotten. This person comes up consolingly, reaches for his opponent's hand and acts as if he were going to pat it. In this handshake he tries to declare his sorrow in winning and such expression of grief is very unconvincing.

In the loser there are many more types. There's the player who takes ten minutes to reach his opponent after it's all over. When he gets there, he looks away, gives the victor his hand, and quickly withdraws as if the winner had a contagious disease.

The worse kind of handshake is the "limp fish" type. Without fail, this is the player who looks strong enough to rip up telephone books. He usually walks apathetically to his rival and presents a hand so limp that it appears lifeless. He leaves it in the other player's hand until that person voluntarily drops it.

Another type of loser comes up so disconsolate looking that one feels taking his hand is like accepting one more thing from him as tribute.

In addition, there's the winner or loser who brushes through a hand so quickly that when one starts to shake, the hand has disappeared.

Finally, we have the person who doesn't even bother to shake at all and leaves his opponent's and extended in the empty air, wondering why society has accepted the handshake as a form of social exchange. For as was said in the beginning, the handshake is a dead giveaway of one's personality.

"Shake?"

—Sue Hodgman

Classes of '58 and '59

"Red Boats" by Claude Monet is a visible tribute to the memory of Dr. Howard Coleman Jackson, an alumnus of State High School. The picture was presented to the library by the classes of 1958 and 1959 in recognition of his outstanding medical work in Kalamazoo.

Otsego Blocked Out 42-8; Cubs In Second Standing

Friday night, State High's football team travels to St. Joseph for its final game of the season against the powerful Bears of the Big Four Conference.

A Cub victory over a strong St. Joe team would certainly be a great way to close the season and would greatly improve State High's ranking in the area and in the state. Added incentives for the Cubs are that this will be the last game for all the Seniors on the team and that St. Joe defeated Portage 25-6.

State High scored three early touchdowns and went on to trounce upset-minded Otsego 42-8 in a Wolverine League game at C.A.A. Stadium. Coach Walters' Cubs now are assured of the runner-up spot in the conference.

From the opening kickoff State High was in command. The Cubs scored on the fifth play from scrimmage on a beautiful 66 yard run by John Boyd. Larry Johnson missed the try for extra point, and the Cubs led 6-0.

Later in the first period Otsego scored a safety by trapping Johnson in the end zone, but Vern Wade came back with a spectacular 75 yard touchdown jaunt that put the Cubs ahead 12-2 at the end of the quarter.

Early in the second quarter the Cubs drove deep into Otsego territory and on a fourth down situation, Larry Johnson booted a sensational 35 yard field goal to move State ahead, 15-2. Johnson then proceeded to bring the crowd to its feet again on an 85 yard punt return for a TD. "Mr. Toe" kicked the extra point and State was safely ahead, 22-2.

Then Otsego, led by the running of Dick Seekman, marched 67 yards in 7 plays for its only touchdown. The placement was missed and the Cubs still led 22-8.

State High squeezed in another first half TD on a tremendous 44 yard pass from Jim Brown to Cullen Henshaw. Ken Hartman ran the extra point and State left the field leading 29-8 at halftime.

State dominated play again in the second half, but picked up only two more touchdowns, both by Brown. The fine quarterback bulled over from one yard out to climax a 60 yard, third period drive. Ken Hartman again ran for the extra point. Brown closed out the scoring when he intercepted an Otsego pass and hustled 20 yards for the TD.

Chef on the Loose

A few years ago you couldn't drag a man into the kitchen. Now a steam roller couldn't chase him out. The quiet homey kitchen of yester-year has erupted into the smoke-filled free-for-all of today. The only hope for the fairer sex is that her better half may blow himself to bits, thus eliminating her problem; for, along with the push button age of the kitchen has come the push button brain of the male.

Years ago when meal time came, Mom would disappear into the kitchen and an hour later the table would be filled with everything the human mind could imagine. But that day has become a memory since Father has taken over.

Before any man will lift a table-spoon, however, there are a few simple but nevertheless important steps he must take. First, he must be properly dressed. This means he must have an apron with all sorts of jokes and snappy sayings on it. Next a hat that looks like a chicken coming to rest. No man would even consider starting a meal without these necessities. Now, he must find the proper place to do his cooking, and of course, this is the back yard. Out here has been placed a large shiny barbecue with all the accessories. Then, when the preliminary bout of transferring half the kitchen to the back yard is

over, the main event begins.

After spending three-quarters of an hour lighting the fire and waiting for it to die down to red hot coals, the man of the house attacks the meat. This must be T-bone steak. No substitutes can be made under any circumstances. Not only is it against the rules but you would shock your guests to death if anything else were placed before them. The thick pieces are placed on the grill and Father and steak disappear into a cloud of smoke. After 10 minutes both reappear. Father covered from head to toe with soot, smoke and grease, the steak looking like his twin.

In the meantime the other half has been in the kitchen preparing the rest of the meal. Now, an important thing to remember is that everything must be on the plates awaiting the main dish so it won't get cold.

After Father's long hard struggle and the tedious waiting by the guests, both are rewarded by a nice piece of steak, burnt to a crisp and black as dirt.

This not being punishment enough, the cook frequently roars in a loud but proud voice, "Have you ever had a piece of steak taste like that?" Take it from me, you can honestly say NO! !

—Jerry Cross

Last on the list we come to the scourge of the highways, the Nemesis of all conscientious drivers like myself, the billboard ad. It is difficult for one to keep his eyes on the road if every few feet he is confronted by a beautiful girl, scantily clad, naturally, telling him to drink Schlitz or smoke Old Briar.

From my viewpoint, one broad generalization can be made about advertising—don't take it seriously.

—Cullen Henshaw

Out To Get You

"A mink coat car at muskrat prices." If you happened to be listening to Ed Sullivan's television show one Sunday night and had not immediately left the room when you saw that the commercial was about to be shown, you would have heard this catchy phrase applied to one of America's foremost automobiles.

Of the many advertising slogans daily on television or radio, this particular one catches my attention faster and holds it more securely than any other I have yet heard. Perhaps it is merely the sound of the two words that attracts me, but more likely I believe it to be the gapping contrast between 'mink' and 'muskrat.' We all know the difference in the price of the pelts of these two animals. In turn, it is easy to transfer our thoughts from these animals to automobiles.

Another method of advertising which I find interesting is that of giving the customer redeemable stamps. The number of tokens depends, of course, upon how much money is spent. These valuable pieces of paper come in various assorted colors, such as green stamps, red, blue, black, or even some of the colorless variety. They all serve one purpose: to convince the buyer he is getting something for nothing.

Ear to Ear

The Los Angeles fog had its effect on State High students. One Saturday night **Carl K.** found a long dent on his car that wasn't there before. **Dave C.** went as far as to get marooned on an island, and it is rumored that **Bo V. P.** didn't go over 15 miles an hour. We know, **Bo**, the longer to get home the better.

Ron and **Bob S.** didn't give much notice for their party, but **Leslie S.** with **Larry G.** and **Dawn I.** with **Jack B.** didn't mind.

Jean B. has taken great interest in old cars, especially those with rumble seats. Right, **Don P?**

Howard J. claims he ran into a door knob, but we know different. What was her name?

It's been circulating around that **Beth G.** and **Peggy B.** have been going in for **BALLOONS** lately, preferably Iowa ones.

Good authority says that **Kathy K.** made a trip to Lansing last Wednesday, but she's not telling whom she went with. Why not, **Kathy?**

It seems that **Sandy Rex** has been turning to Battle Creek for more than her breakfast lately. If it's not a letter, it's a telephone call. **Carol R.** writers letters, too, preferably to one soldier friend.

Woody B. with **Gail B.** helped make up a carload that went to a Junior party. Somehow that evening **Ruthie's** car was pushed down the road by some mischievous boys, but at the party's end what should be back in place but said car. Those key-taking goblins are the worse kind, aren't they, fellows?

Ed G. and **Mary O.** went to a square dance the other night. Any stars out, **Ed?**

Now that **Rick L.** has inherited Tim's "Atom Bomb," the neighbors can look forward to many more hours of roars and growls from the old jalopy.

Saturday when **Sue H.** told her dad that she and **Cullen H.** had a date, he told her it was lights out at eleven. To quote Sue, "The lights went out at eleven!"

Judy G. and **Jim C.**, **Mary C.** and **Frank E.**, **Nancy B.** and **Craig B.** were the newest pairs of "hayseeds." Between hayfights did you ever finish those doughnuts at the Monitor shindig last Friday?

Burlene G. just can't decide on whom to ask to the Turnabout. One thing for sure, she's going to get a boy that can drive.

Mike W. has had an interest at St. A. for some time. We also have another St. A. fan; how about that, **Jim B.?**

That isn't a scatter pin **Judy R.** is wearing, but how do you still keep a Central sophomore on your string?

Surname Scramble

John not mammal
John not fish—
John Boyd?

George like sun
Sun like George—
George Brown.

Sandy drive car
Sandy not know how—
Sandy Rex.

Rosemary try to cook
Rosemary not know how—
Rosemary Burnett.

Dave come to river
Dave see no bridge—
Dave Wade.

Deanna scared
Deanna pale—
Deanna White.