State Highlights 4/17/1957

Western State High School
Easter Program
At Kanley Tomorrow

"And he bearing his cross went forth into a place called the place of the skull, which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha:

"Where they crucified him, and two others with him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst."

John 19:17 and 18

"Now upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came into the sepulchre . . . Two men stood by them in shining garments (and said) . . . Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

"He is not here, but is risen . . ."

Luke 24:1-6

Presenting this message of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection at the annual Easter assembly in Kanley Chapel will be the State High Choir, with Patti Paull as soloist.

Also on the program, Thursday, April 18 at 11:00 A.M., there will be a girls' trio from WMU as guests and Bob Awgaitis as student speaker.

Math Club, Active for Fifth Year
Sponsors Detroit, Ann Arbor Trip

"Three men on a bear hunt left their camp, walked fifteen miles due south, then fifteen miles due east, and then shot a bear. From the point where they shot the bear back to their camp was exactly fifteen miles. What was the color of the bear?" Puzzled? This is just one of the problems members of Math Club have solved over the past five years.

The Math Club, which numbers approximately thirty members, meets monthly, with Mr. Weber and Mr. Hackney as sponsors, to have fun with and develop a new interest in mathematics. This year's officers are: John Boyd, president; Craig Babcock, vice-president; Rosemary Burnett, secretary; and Dave Schroeder, treasurer.

Some of the interesting topics covered have been the principle of electronic computing machines, mathematical fallacies, and the principles of high fidelity sound reproduction. During the recreation period, members work mathematical and mechanical puzzles, play chess, work cryptograms, or engage in the game of battle ship; refreshments are always served during this period.

On April 29, the Math Club is sponsoring a trip to the General Motors Technical Center at Detroit, where members will be shown the applications of math and physics in experimental work. They will also visit the Phoenix Project at the University of Michigan, where experimental work on atomic energy is being done.

Speech Regionals, April 30

State High's forensic department has just finished enjoying its latest triumph. At the District Contest on April 4 at Portage High School, State High made a startling sweep, winning three of the four events it entered.

State's winners were Carole Lemon, Interpretative Reading; Bob Awgaitis, Humorous Reading; and David Schroeder, Extempore Speech. Sandra Taylor took second place in Interpretative Reading.

The first place winners from State High will engage in the Regional Speech contest on April 30 in the Little Theatre with speakers from 12 other schools competing.

The April issue of Wilson Library Bulletin carries the article, "Elementary School Library Council," by Miss Jean Lowrie. Miss Lowrie is currently working toward her doctorate in library science at Western Reserve University.
Bit o' Wit

Royalty reigned supreme at the Carnival! KEN HARTMAN captured the "ugly man" title while the 1857 Sweetheart crowns went to JAN CORRELL and JIM BROWN.

In 8:15 Home Ec. class, the student teacher asked what some of the ways found out about marriage. Piped Mary Smith, "TRY IT."

Bert Cooper came to the conclusion that if we keep saving lives, we will have to starve the babies. You needn't go to extremes, Bert.

Miss Crisman asked Tom Moyer how he knew that 50 was the LCD. Tom replied, "Well, it just comes naturally."

DOING SEAL SLAPS, ELEPHANT WALKS, and other equally charmingly named stunts has the girls in 11:15 gym in a rather painful mood. You'll be able to move in a week or two.

When Mr. Engels asked for volunteers for driving on Science Day, Harry Howard, owner of a model A, ventured, "I'VE GOT ROOM FOR TWO."

When our NEW STUDENT COUNCIL PRESIDENT was questioned about being dressed-up, he remarked, "I'm on the go." Bert, don't go too far. We need you.

The current rage in sociology class is the use of a lie detector. What's the matter, Mr. Jerse, TOO MANY FORGED HALL PERMITS?

Larry C., having a brainstorm, suggested that couples dance around the track for an unusual attraction at the dances. Larry, the girls have enough trouble TRYING to get the boys to dance without racing around the track after them.

While leaning against the wall during class, Jim Woodruff accidentally turned off the lights. He explained that he was just tired after a hard day's work. The REAL REASON might be that Kenwyn G. is in that class.

Mr. Weber has a new one! Now, instead of "chalk and talk" it's "SKETCH AND DISCUSS." This should make for better, more original answers.

All were alarmed when Linda Jo C. came to school with a patch over her eye and explained that she had fallen off her horse. In the afternoon she laughed, "APRIL FOOL," as she took the patch off.

Poor KAREN J. has never had her name in the paper—not for trouble nor nothin'! How's this, Karen?

Two Who Were There

"Kill him!" they screamed.

"Clear those people away from here," bellowed the Roman soldier.

I will never be able to live with myself anywhere. The townsfolk were yelling that I should be murdered rather than he; still I worked on. I checked and rechecked the cross trying to stall and possibly find a mistake in construction. No matter how hard I tried I couldn't find an error. Why did I ever join this vengeful Roman army?

"Begin nailing!" cried our superior.

The men of war dragged Jesus to my side and laid him upon the cross. The sky was as black as my own soul. I drew the first spike from my pocket and placed the pointed tip upon his palm. I reached for my hammer and on trying to lift it, my hands became weak and the hammer turned to an overpowering weight.

The leader spoke and I raised the sledge to two feet and let it fall, driving the tapered metal deep into the wood. Christ's twitching caused me almost to miss the first blow. Strugglingly I pounded the other hand and two feet to the cross.

I told the captain my job was finished, but he commanded me to put a fifth spike in his side. I begged with our head man, but he said I would die also if I failed to carry out his orders.

I walked back to the body of the Lord and knelt beside him. My breathing became deep and I had to gasp for air many times. I turned toward the angry crowd and asked their forgiveness for what I must do, but they failed to heed my plea. I turned my head back and began the final operation. I raised the nail to his side, and aiming the mallet head downward, struck the final blow. It pierced his side as if a knife had stabbed my heart.

I looked up and murmured, "My God, what have I done?"—Ed Gemrich

The slightest movement of his head drew an unnoticed groan from Samuel's dry lips. Even the wind tugged unmercifully at the swollen hands tacked to the wooden cross. Pain had almost ceased to be in his thoughts, for now other things came into Samuel's mind, crowding out even fear.

The crime he had committed was not worthy of this agony. That money would never have been missed if the old men had not awakened at that moment. Why did he, Samuel, have to die in this terrible way?

His life had not been a good one, Samuel realized that; but now he would never have the chance to prove himself! Because of that stupid, whining, accusing old man, he was hanging on a cross next to another criminal and a shabby Galilean. The injustice of it was unbearable! He had to die a criminal's death. He, Samuel, was an outcast!

He turned his head slowly toward the man at his right. The Fisherman was a simple looking man, not at all the kind that might be crucified. His forehead was covered with dry blood-rivulets which had oozed from deep scratches around His hairline. His hands were swollen like Samuel's, red with the pull of the nails at the flesh, and the dry lips were still mumbling quietly.

"King of the Jews. If He were so all-powerful, why was He hanging on a cross surrounded by two common, dirty criminals? Why didn't He save Himself from this terrifying torture and unending agony?"

Time limped uncertainly on. Samuel grew weaker, his head bowed in deep exhaustion, pain, and despair. How could he escape this horrid death?

Panic, hate, and fear flooded Samuel's mind, causing him to shout out at the Man beside him, "Are you not the Christ? Save yourself and us!"

Now the criminal across from Samuel was aroused. His voice cut the air, hurled derisively and suddenly at the hate in Samuel's eyes. "Do you not fear God, since you are under the same sentence of condemnation? And we indeed justly: for we are receiving the due reward of our deeds: but this man has done nothing wrong."

Samuel laughed. But as the Christ and His newest disciple died peacefully on their crosses, the other one struggled in deepest agony.

—Pat Anderson
Weather Forces Rescheduling Of Many Spring Meets

Diamond Season Starts; Cubs Smack Wayland 9-1

This year's edition of State Hi's baseball team has won one game and been frozen out of three others. In the game which they have played, the Cubs cruised Wayland 9-1 on the sparkling three-hit pitching of Larry Johnson, Weldon Johnson and Glenn Hess.

The game, which was shifted to Wayland at the last moment after the field in Kalamazoo was declared unusable, was played with the temperature just five degrees above freezing. Although the Cubs gathered only six hits, three by Vern Wade, and one each by Mike den Otter, Jim Kemerling, and Randy Crockett, they took advantage of the 12 walks dealt by Wayland pitchers, Frank Stankey and Chuck Regan.

The three Wolverine games with Plainwell, Allegan, and Portage are to be made up at later dates.

Webster On Vacation

Backhand—Shot not used on State's tennis team.
Bat—A big stick designed to torment a little ball.
Bean ball—A pitch accidentally aimed at a batter's head on purpose.
Bullpen—A place where many wild stories are heard.
Caddy cart—A movable vehicle whose best use is running over wild goers.
Foul tip—The result of one who isn't keeping score, being bat bay, chasing foul balls were just too much for one guy.
Golf ball—A little sphere that hooks, slices and never goes straight.
Golf ball—A little sphere that hooks, slices and never goes straight.
Golfer—Person anxious to get out of the direction of Mr. Ray Deur, are planning a 20 day camping trip to Florida, starting July 8. High spots will include, Marineland, Miami, Key West, Silver Springs, Cypress Gardens, Mammoth Cave, Lincoln's birthplace, and an optional flight to Havana, Cuba.
Beau Bait

A certain beautifying agent finds time to cause embarrassment when shades from "Real Red" to Ultra Violet or "Sassy Sassy" come in contact with a boy. His opinion is based on such things as "PermaStick," "No Smear," and/or "Coty 24." Each of these is accompanied with a "shade name." This intricate profession of "naming" has brought the cosmetic industry a fabulous business, for if a girl has a pink shade just named "Pink" and a dance comes up, something like "Sweet Talk" proves more inviting; thus a sale is made. This illustration might prove the theory of "women are the weaker sex," but shade such as "Queen of Diamonds," "Cherries in the Snow," and "Fire and Ice" prove a challenge in being able to find an occasion or a new outfit to go with it. (And they say women are dumb?)


I Never Joined a Sorority Because...

1. I had never danced with a man in my life, and I did not want to.
2. I didn't fill out a sweater and I didn't look attractive in a sleeveless low-cut gown.
3. I didn't like the idea of having to room with the same girl all quarter.
4. I am a Midshipman. --Annapolis "Femme's Log"

Mad Hatter

New? ... Yes; Different? ... Definitely. Interesting? ... No, it's more on the peculiar side.

Expensive? ... Yes. Accessible? ... Definitely. Practical? ... No, unless one can wear a pan cake and like it.

What is it? ... Oh yes, it's a hat. Definitely? ... a Paris model? ... No, it was concocted by the U.S. teenager.

Description? ... Oh yes. Hard to explain? ... Definitely. Has it flowed? ... No, but some things that have been borrowed from Elvis Presley.

Sideburns you ask? ... Yes. Dark brown? ... Definitely not; they're pink! Oh no, but it's true it has the feminine look and takes the place of ear hangers. (And they say women are dumb?)

Tom B. was an interested spectator during the basketball game at the Carnival. Sue C. is a cute cager, isn't she, Tom?

Bob A. has all the luck! He won the grand door prize and dated Carole S. all in one night.

The Farewell Song

That Victory played.

With sentiment

Was laden.

He twanged upon

The heartstrings of

An instrument

Called Baden!

—Amused Bystander

Arion C. had his history literally poured into his brain the other day! Ask Sally D. what possessed her when she let that book fly!

The opera proved to be interesting to a number of newly converted musicsingers. Deanna W. and Jerry C. were humming a tune when they left together, and a number of boys had to go back stage to find what they wanted! We'll get them cultured yet!

Insisting that he had heard two bells, Judy G. was ready to leave class. Much to her embarrassment, it was only the first one. Hearing bells—a sign of love?

Have you ever been confronted by a woman judge? Ask Dave F. and John G. about their recent experience.

In monitor meeting Mrs. Monroe asked if Evey was Carl's "kissing cousin." Marilyn, sitting next to Carl, turned a trifle red.

Linda C. has been having Sunday afternoon visitors these past few weeks. That pool table is an asset, isn't it, Linda?

Sandy B., what is this about you tying up the telephone wires from here to Holland?

Some exceptionally lucky senior boys are planning a trip to Florida during vacation. One of them said they may never come back until June. Have fun, but do you think you will graduate?

The junior staff at State is being enlarged. Mary S. Nancy H., and Marilynn W. are taking lessons from willing Western fellows on the correct methods of team pushing.

Black-eyed Susans are blooming early this year. Sue H. says she ran into her brother, but you wonder when you remember that Cullen had one a short time ago.

John G. likes to do math problems; but when he does them for a certain central sophomore, they come out wrong.

Tim L., beware! There are two fair maids in pursuit of you. They both have a jet in common; one in the hair, the other in the feet.