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University High Highlights 4/1/1960

University High School

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CLARENCE HACKNEY says school spirit must get all FIRED up!

The hallowed faculty of Western Michigan University Campus High School has recently increased its roll call by one teacher. The new addition (see picture) promises to enormously increase the intellectual span of the school's faculty. IVAN IVANOVITCH comes to this school with two very interesting specialties and he will employ his superior knowledge in these fields to teach the subjects of "Educational War Stories" and "Russian Roulette." In 1951 he completed his Ph.D. thesis on the "Mathematical Probabilities and Risk Factors in Russian Roulette." This explains his present condition, for during his research he conducted an experiment for which he used a Gatling gun and all blank cartridges except one, and in the absence of a more realistic target, he used himself. The experiment proved a success and a failure all in one shot.

Comrade Ivanovitch has five wives and a child who have just moved from Alaska to join him in their little bungalow in Milwood.

i have a problem
yes
what to do?
confusion

I'll never find my answer
an answer

o who will know
not a doctor
a lawyer
the police
my minister
never

who
is Lan Anders?
a fortune-teller
perhaps
my answer

but from my memory
the Question
, lost, lost, gone.
—d. d. dummings



Ivan Ivanovitch

As I walked into class today, "Miss G." asked for my news story. Since I hadn't finished it, (I hadn't even started it), I told her that I'd get it out of my notebook and hand it in after class.

I'm supposed to write a news story on the statement made by Mr. Hackney that 'U' High's school spirit isn't up to par. First, I'd better set my literature book on my desk and look as if I'm listening to her lecture on some guy—I think his name is Ralf Walldoe Emersun.

(The reason for the following blank space is that "Miss G." didn't like my approach to the school spirit problem, so it was cut from the master copy. Nobody had any better idea, so, you may make up your own introduction or use the space for scribbling).

Why have a school spirit anyway? Who needs a ghost hanging around here? Things are dead enough as it is. ("Miss G." will want proof of this, but all she has to do is look at her Journalism Class).

Concluding this statement Mr. Hackney stated—

("Miss G." just asked me to spell **shivallry**, and as you can plainly see, I missed it).

To summarize I'd say Mr. Hackney —(Whoops, the 3:10 bell just rang. Oh well, another day—another zero)!

Mon., April 4—No Journalism Class due to—ahem—unfortunate circumstances pertaining to this issue of the **Highlights**.

Fri., July 1—Sorry, the football game with Kalamazoo Central has been canceled due to snow.

Wed., May 11—Choir will return from Chicago trip.

Fri., June 3—We see unusual things happening around 'U' High. Don't we, Inez Dale? Tell us, **WHO** was climbing down the ivy on the outside of the building?

Seniors Plan to Drink—Tea

lots of our Band Mem

Lots of our band members went to Lansing, Battle Creek or somewhere on February 30 and 31. They went to play their instruments.

The kids at those schools really seemed to like the music which the band appeared to play; namely, "Fizzle" by Tom, "The Nutty Muggers," by Dick, and "Dis Pension is Not," by Harry.

The band has sort of a full sked—, schedul—, calendar in front of them. The White and Pink Review is coming soon, maybe.

UNIVERSITY HIGH *Highlights*

KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

APRIL 1, 1960

VOL. 21 NO. 10

Energetic Educator to Become Coach

Mr. William Fox, the new football coach, announced today that football would begin Monday. Although there is a little snow left, never fear because Fox is here.

Practice will start Monday morning from 8 to 10. If you run into a schedule difficulty, don't worry! You'll only be marked absent from the first two classes.

Assistant coach for this year's "KAPERS" is Mr. Robert Winters. There are two managers for the team. Jim Birch and Dave Hamilton will be ready to give the boys water.

Mock U.N. Assembly Held

On April 1 1960, a mock United Nations Assembly was held in the Littlest Theatre. The assembly was supposed to be beneficial but was not because too many arguments arose (typical, but not beneficial).

Al Curtenius, representing the United States, brought up the touchy problem of abandoning nuclear tests. He was strongly opposed by France (Dick Howard) and Russia (John Rutherford). The bickering between France and the U. S. was ended when the U. S. remarked that it was about time France was intelligent enough to produce an A bomb. The Frenchman shook his fist at Curtenius and said, "I'll get you later."

J. Rutherford began to taunt Curtenius by asking if the U. S. had convicted Finch yet or if they were too busy trying to exterminate Caryl Chessman.

Bob Lee then lumbered across the stage and asked if there were any questions concerning the U.N. There were none so the assembly was dismissed.

18 pt. ? giniaG ytiralupoP 25 cts.

With the advent of many new people to our campus, comes a new sport which has no special name. It is rapidly growing in popularity. The rules are as follows:

Equipment: The same as in football except for modest alterations:

1. Shoulder pads for the left shoulder only and a helmet with a rear view mirror for the unfortunate people who don't have four eyes.

2. A ball made of any soft material such as steel, with diameter of not less than 24 inches nor greater than 35 inches. It must not weigh less than 31.5 lbs. nor more than 51.3 lbs.

Object of game: Carry ball across opponents' line (if you can find it).

Playing field:

1. Dimensions: none definite

2. Surface: concrete (prevents grass stains)

Rules governing play: No eye gouging, hair pulling, or use of profane language. Other than these, **anything** goes.

Anybody interested in starting an intramural league, contact Mr. Walt G. Rogers.

P.S. Because of excessive amount of damaging body contact, no football players will be allowed to participate because of their fragility.

Ant-ology

Because I am the first in this hemisphere to know, I feel it is my responsibility to give you an urgent message.

It is a universal truth that all cows have ears. Not that the matter is important to the exigency of my problem; moreover, I thought I would state a sound fact before delving into the point at issue.

Since the weather has been extremely beautiful these early spring months, I took it upon myself to explore nature's newly "opened doors." My first encounter was that of a colony of ants. Quite unaware of my presence, they proceeded to disclose this frightful fact which I have stumbled upon.

Unfortunately, at this time I was being beckoned by a familiar dinner bell.

As I think back on the exploration of ants, I know it is important that I should tell you the color of the earth at this location. It is an acorned, tree rooted, and muddy picnic ground.

... I'll finish next hour.

Homeroom Officers Elected (Whoops, no room this issue.)

I Have a Problem

it seems everyone are having the ites now i does not suppose you know what the ites is anyway my cat. Had the ites and still dose and you know what i cant find my pillow itm usta got losted in the snuffle see-ah let me explain i dont have a great ability in. Finding things once their're lost and anyway my cat has the ites but um would you please scratch my back my teeth itch and nayway like i am saying i dont feel so hot or cold either for. That matter and anyway let me explain about this ites my cat, Had the ites in fact everyone has the ites and now i cant find my cat and ...

: : : : : ! ! ! * * * ! ! ! ; ; ; :

(please supply your own punctuation)

'Athlation' 'Spend sporta' Overrun Campi

"Take my situation for example, though sixteenth man on the cross country team, an outfit which finished first to no one this year, I am still required to purchase my own shoe laces, dental floss, tutti frutti runners' gum, and other essentials required in the rigorous training for our fine spectator sport. This abhorrent situation is due completely, solely and otherwise entirely to one phase of our athletic program, that being 'spend-sporta.' High school athletic salaries have not risen, are, at present, remaining stagnant, and seemingly, will not increase, though the cost of living, especially for heavy dating, easy living, thriftless athletes, is ascending faster than the world's high jump record."

This is the story being discussed in every locker room corner on the hilltop. This is the outrage which is tearing our well coached, finely coordinated, perfectly conditioned and previously well paid athletes apart at the very core of their magnificent, money-lined heart strings. Here is a scandal that could break the muscle bound, well shoulder padded back of the cub athletic machine. Within the month tutors could be dismissed, books dusted off, and the Wolverine wrangler might again be known as "Study 'U'dy." The athletes have tried for a raise. First they went to the Varsity Club treasury, then to the coaches' cookie jar; the principal's piggy bank was next. Nowhere was money to be found, let alone bought. The players in desperation are now turning to the spiritless, money grubbing student body for support. The situation was aptly summed up by impoverished Big Bobby Blockbuster in a tearful, though touching recitation.

"Me is heart busted, me parents is shock-ted, me hole family is bitter-ted at this scandalicious goings on. It's like taking food from a baby what have no teeth. The teams' only hope is that the understanding student corpse—er—body will subsidize us athletics 'till this here depression is over."

The issue is actually a simple one. The facts are as clear as a football field on Saturday night. The athletes must have money to perform effectively. Team spirit, color day, and "hip boom bom bom bim" are no longer sufficient

Dear Students of 'U' High,

The teachers here at 'U' High have come to a complete agreement concerning our poor overworked "children." When a student feels the pressures of studies bearing down upon him, he will be free to take a week's vacation to relieve the tension.

The class hours have been changed to half hour sessions with a twenty-five minute break. This break may be used in any manner the student wishes.

Report cards will be taken home on a voluntary basis, providing the students do not clutter the waste baskets with them.

The most important and drastic change will be in the building. Early in the fall a new 'U' High shall rise with rooms fashioned after a suite in a penthouse on Fifth Avenue.

Yours Truly,
April Fool

To 'U' in the Twilight Zone

KAZOOSVILLE, MICH. June, 2060 —I (the fool today) am pleased to have the opportunity to be here at this centennial of this training school. First, I would like to review the history of this "institution." Around the year 1960 the University saw things boom and with it so did our old home-stand, 'U' High. That year saw many new plans discussed and old ones "rehashed."

(Gone fishin')

(Back again) But with this good came the bad, for teachers were having problems of overpay. Therefore robots were installed. This also brought problems because these machines didn't have the "soft touch" causing our expenditures on glassware in the chemistry labs to go up. Oh! those monsters!

(Out to lunch)

Well, getting back to the job. With this new era of time came the space age when 'U' High took to the sky and developed new limits. First was the achievement of getting a 'U' High in every country on the home planet, earth. Then 'U' really took off and within 20 years had an "institution" on every major planet and space station.

(Fooled ya', didn't I!)

But the mother school hasn't seen any revision within a hundred years. That's right. The same mice in the band room, the same dripping pipes in U. S. history, the same crumbs in the cafeteria, the same worn cracks in the walls—the same 'U' High. Therefore, my hair-brained friends, I propose that in the future, 'U' High strive for internal improvement.

Tariff Infiltrates Congress

The ninth Continental Congress has just passed the annual School Year Tariff. This bill stipulates clearly that a school year tariff will be yearly mustered up by the students instead of semi-annually as the case has been. Dullards giving wrong answers will be expected to pay a fine not more than doubled but less than half the original assessment set on their semi-perennial return. The assessor will be expected to collect from the lower ten percent of the student body eleven percent of the original tariff.

Since this law was established by the crass of the Congress, it represents their every motive. The formula for figuring the tariff out is to take the number of classes you are taking and times it by the total number of books needed.

Faculty Run Ragged

Congratulations for the good performance at our faculty intramural track team meet!

Monroe, still in the race, ran to a glorious victory by keeping her distance of four feet in front of Crisman. Around the third curve, you could hear her panting, "Depechez-vous, depechez-nous, allez, allez!" In an interview later, she admitted that French was too hard to pronounce and she had a difficult time holding her position.

Cleveland stuck it out to capture second place, but she said afterwards that it was a trying time.

Deur had to leave the race to capture the white mice that escaped from his pocket when the gun went off.

Frey took third place singing "You Can't Win 'em All."

The seam in Gaylor's skirt gave way eliminating her before the race began.

Hackney and Weber tied for fourth place but couldn't understand why, at running three kilometers an hour on a three and a half kilometer track, it took them two hours.

Renshouse quickened her pace for a fifth place when she saw the Mona Lisa at the finish line. She had to be carried off the field after receiving an orange and red ribbon.

Sack failed to start because of Mark Antony. His heart broke when he remembered Antony's coming to bury Caesar and not to praise him.

Christensen and Fox placed sixth. They said later that they would rather fight the Civil War than run another race.

Winters dropped the gun after starting the game. It went off and so did he.

Sorry to say, Borr never got there. He received a speeding ticket and didn't dare to drive the rest of the way.

Tennis Team in Fine Shape Colby Loses Weight

When the season starts for 'U' High tennis men this spring, they will face such opposing forces as East Smiths-ville; Hidden Roca City; The Mont Tem Blanc Horrors; and the conference champs, Kyoga Heights. Captain Richard Colby and coach pro tem., Mr. Carl Engels, will lead the team into their physical year. Richard is majoring in botany this year, a course being taught by Mr. Carl Engels and Mr. Samuel Reuschlein, "agronomist," and psychologist. Mr. Reuschlein was educated in higher agronomy at Umony Tech and received his DA at the Jensen Barber School.

Second only to Mr. Colby is Bradley Hodgman, who is majoring in tennis psychology and the living habits of migratory mink. Mr. Hodgman will go on to the San Diego Zoo after graduation for graduate study in the care of flamingoes.

Rich Colby says the squad is expected to be fantabulously good this year with the highly skilled but greatly unorthodox play of Mr. Robert Gill, who expects to study the trapping and keeping of Garboons at Zeemart University. Mr. Colby also explained that up and coming young star Mike Goodrich would be playing a good game this year as soon as the rest of the team is able to teach him what "deuce" means.

Mr. Colby said he wanted to leave the fans with these words from the book, **Which Are the Most Crafty, Water or Land Animals?**—"Though the boys throw stones at frogs in sport, yet the frogs do not die in sport but in earnest."

I Led My Life

Oh dear! This coffee is so weak . . . Well hello, Carol! How are you? You're on what kind of a campaign? Stand up straight campaign? Gracious, what's that child going to think up next? Was that Eglis Lode scraping his feet? I just know that I'm going to have to "brain" that guy! . . . Why doesn't Tom Moyer swallow that water? If there's anything I just can't . . . "Comin' down the mountain on a rainy day; when ya see me comin', better start to pray" . . . Tom! Oh, Tom DeVries! Come here a moment! Tell me, Tom, were you really telling jokes to Dave Stafford and Dick Bennink yesterday while you were so diligently making the dummy of the sports page? Ha, I knew he would say that! . . . I just wonder if what I hear about Dave Hinz is really true? . . . Ye gads, that doggone bell scared . . . Oh, that was the last bell! . . .

Salute, discipuli! Take out pencil and paper, please. What! You're not going to? That's right. Today is April Fool's Day! Well, well, you just wait 'til tomorrow.

Who's Missing Feet?

In a recent interview with federal mediators, reporters found that the strike against English is about to end. The teachers are willing to give in, so now "Mad Magazine" will be considered good reading material for all students and will be put on recommended reading lists.

* * * * *

Several startled 'U' High students observed a chariot parked outside Miss Kraft's house one evening last week. We suspect that she had a splendid opportunity to put her knowledge of Latin to use.

* * * * *

Dr. Perkins, equipped with tear gas, dashed in to quiet a revolt in the lunchroom last week. The story released was that the senior boys were upset by . . . well, they are easily angered. Regardless, the riot was put down and food is now being served as usual.

* * * * *

Because of many requests, Coach Reuschlein says that elevators will finally be installed here so that battered baseballers and shook-up shotputters won't have to waste their valuable energy running the three-minute mile between floors.

* * * * *

Tom DeVries was once a 97 pound weakling—at the age of two days.

* * * * *

Uncongratulations to us! We are currently receiving attention from the A.K.C. (All-Knowing Censors). Unfortunately, we have been printing non-factual material such as essays, features, and poetry. Our proofreaders have been sentenced to ten lashes with a wet galley.

* * * * *

A rash of April Fool jokes are reported to have occurred in the 6:15 classes. For one: Apparently Eglis Lode spent 3½ hours studying basketweaving last night after Lyle Hohnke told him there was a test today. It's too bad there is an assembly, Egg; class doesn't even meet today.

* * * * *

The 'U' High girls have revolted! Mr. Walters, who impulsively stopped the next shipment of 'U' pins, is in fair condition after the gals, mad as hornets, demanded "their jewelry" back.

* * * * *

In relation to the above, Jim Albert has agreed to set up a launching pad atop 'U' High Hill so the S.C. can send their reply via nosecone.

* * * * *

Dave Stulberg set a new world's hundred yard dash record. Unfortunately the mark was not allowed to stand because he used roller skates.

* * * * *

Warning to all would-be prosecutors: This paper is fully protected from libel suits by Floyds of London.

ischialgic interlacing

- I. Buy practice yarn, knit this over several times until reduced to shreds.
- II. Find socks pattern easy enough for your simple brain, yet tricky enough to look complicated.
- III. Find out his sock size. Give yourself three days to get enough nerve to call his mother and ask her for it; if nerve fails, ask him and spoil big surprise.
- IV. After telling him how much he will love hand knitted socks, drop large hint that this is the first thing you have knitted.
- V. Begin socks . . . beat dog for messing up yarn . . . drop five stitches . . . learn to control temper . . . knit row backwards while watching "Twilight Zone" on T.V. . . . realize simple design is not simple enough for simple brain . . . give up socks.
- VI. Buy him \$18 crew neck sweater and convince relieved boy he didn't need new socks anyway.

Honor Roll Chosen
List of 387 Selected
(Sorry we lost the list)

Last night, while Finettes Sandi Govatos, Mary Howard and Jane Mahoney were practicing their trio for the annual water show in the Western Michigan University pool, Jane Mahoney discovered that a black spider was swimming happily beside her. With a gurgling scream Jane began to thrash wildly about in an effort to get away from the small insect. Seeing her distress and wishing to help her, Jane's teammates swam over to her. Upon seeing the poor spider struggling to keep afloat, they also began to splash madly.

To the tiny spider it was like trying to swim in the middle of a typhoon. Gasping for breath he went down once . . . twice, and at last still fighting vainly for his life, he went down for the third and final time.

A few minutes later, tender-hearted Chris Cooper appeared on the scene. Seeing the little spider's plight, she quickly calmed the swimmers and scooped the spider from the depths of the pool.

After waiting a few seconds to see if the insect showed any signs of life, she administered artificial respiration for fifteen minutes, but to no avail. The spider was dead.

In honor of the small bug all the members of the Finettes Club will wear their bathing caps at half-mast for three days.

Evolution Revolution

by Roy Walters

There has been a great stir among World History students of past and present. Mr. R. G. Walters is changing the old familiar blue book for a different volume!

This will mean the discarding of all of his familiar tests, lectures, and jokes. There will begin a new file of mimeographed tests, no longer in the strict true and false, completion, mix-match and essay form. He will have to throw away the chart on Henry VIII's wives and his diagram of death by Japanese suicide.

Perhaps, if the new book is larger and takes more time, even the accounts of the last six football games (one of the most exciting parts of class) will have to be disregarded.

Peanut Planters on Parade

In spite of the annual peanut planter picnic, Uh Igh is proud to announce the formal opening. The new members of this club state that their purpose is to plan some plans to develop their purpose. At the second first meeting, the officers were chosen by a clothes vote. Them are: President, Jean Geecheeno, VICE president, David Spilly, Secretary, Ruth Eyesonbarred.

On account of the fact that nobody has got school spirit, the first project of these group will be to take up a collection at the next faculty meeting, and so everybody can have their spirits, as we all should ought to.

As their motto for this year, Mr. Dooer, the group's little helper, has suggested,

"It's clever, but is it art?"

It was unamously rejected.

Overheard This Morning . .

"Why should I look in the mirror?"

"I must be getting a cold. The syrup smells like motor oil this morning."

"But you told me today was Saturday."

"Who put the peroxide in the hair tonic bottle?"

"I wonder where these tire caps came from?"

"You mean you set the clocks a whole hour ahead?"

"Ouch!"

"A little gasoline in the radiator wouldn't keep it from starting unless you also . . . you did?"

"What lipstick?"

"Nonsense, officer. Of course, I have plates on."

"Whadd'ya mean, half an hour late? My watch says quarter to eight and so does . . . oh."

"Eeek! A frog!"

"Has anyone lost a piece of chewing gum?"

"You mean there isn't an assembly here this hour?"

"Hello, police? I'd like to report an auto theft. It's a blue 1954 . . . never mind."

"And it was my new sweater!"....

"Who put toothpaste in the Oreos Creme sandwiches?"

"I could have sworn I turned the furnace back on."

—by Gus and Em