

It's time for . . .

Unthanksgiving

by Elsi Senniger

Thanksgiving is really a wasted holiday. By the time it arrives, everyone is too busy planning for Christmas to worry about being thankful for anything. The papers use good space urging the world to be thankful, but, after hours of conscientious thinking, what does the average American come up with? "We're thankful for food, and shelter, and education, and . . . uh . . . friends . . . and . . . well, lots of things."

The government ought to proclaim a holiday to replace Thanksgiving; some observance that would really mean something. Unthanksgiving Day would be appropriate. Think of all the things there are to be unthankful for! All good citizens could be studiously unthankful for prejudice, slums, corruption, crime, the cold war, cheating; the list is endless.

Corresponding with the spirit of the day, perhaps each family could have a dinner of some particularly unappetizing food. The rest of the day, of course, would be spent in being unthankful. Nothing would be done about these anti-blessings—that would defeat the purpose of the day—but each person might concentrate on being as unthankful as possible. Even the littlest children would participate, meditating on rainy days, broken swings, and torn balloons.

The next day everyone would go about his business as usual, but, instead of the normal, musky atmosphere, there would be a remarkable freshness. In fact, the air might stay clear until the next year, when America could indulge in another day of true unthankfulness.

Crackups evident among Statesmen

What is the common picture of the typical American teenager? It is one of healthy, ruddy-cheeked boys and girls. The picture of Webster teenagers, or at least a segment of them, is one of frail, broken-boned boys warily threading their way through the halls. It is a tragic drama with lots of cast support; and to make matters worse, most of the players support casts.

Action on the gridiron has taken its toll of wrists and ankles this season. Touch football tapped Guy Allen, Jim Harkey, and Ron Perkins with no light touch. Jim and Guy suffered broken wrists and Ron had his ankle broken while they were playing "touch". Tackle football, a presumably rougher game, claimed only two victims:

Bob Dunstan, who broke his ankle in a game, and Jim Durham, who fractured his wrist in practice.

The crack of the bat mingled with the crack of bones as Gary Pieper broke his wrist and Tom McCawley broke his ankle while they were playing baseball. Even sitting down can be dangerous. John Stockham's ankle was broken while he was sitting in the front seat of a car that plowed into a bridge railing.

Perhaps all these casualties should form a "Cast and Crutch Club", or maybe a "Splint and Sling Society"; and with the basketball and wrestling seasons just beginning, new applicants for membership should be shortly forthcoming.

College questions confound seniors



To the high school senior, insecurity is not knowing the right answers to the questions on his college application form. Or, more accurately, forms. Because he is insecure, the student fills out many, many forms.

Why is he insecure? Perhaps because questions like these determine his destiny: Has he ever committed a felony? What was his mother's name before she married? What is his parents' favorite community activity? Woe be unto the student if he is inclined toward crime, his mother has the wrong maiden name, or his parents are mixed up in the wrong activities!

In view of such questions, the senior must craftily calculate answers so that he gives the proper impression. For instance, how

clothes? Ordinary clothes? Aha! Here is a question needing careful analysis. Different colleges have different ordinary clothes. Do different ordinary clothes weigh differently? Does the college heavily favor the plumper types or does it lean toward the skinnies? Insecurity is not knowing the right answers.

Insecurity for the hopeful senior is also the shattering question: When and from what high school does the student expect to graduate? Expect! Do they know about the "D" in chemistry, the "D" in French?

And the grueling queries go on and on: Is he married? (Married?!) What motivates him? What instrument does he play in the band? Is he a draft board member? Is he emotionally stable? Good question!

Cameras capture student response

During your mathematics or history classes, do you aggressively take part in discussions or do you cower behind the student in front of you to avoid being called on? Or, are you completely oblivious to the discussion because you're engrossed in the latest Ian Fleming mystery? Psychologists are interested in such classroom conduct.

Last week in an attempt to study the interaction between students and teachers, professors from the University of Missouri videotaped several Webster classes. The four instructors who participated in the experiment were Mr. Boulding, history teacher, and Mr. Brucker, Mrs. Bickley, and Miss Van Diggelen mathematics teachers.

Although the cameras were partially concealed in large boxes, teachers agreed that students were very conscious of being filmed. "I saw a couple of people look out of corner of their eyes to see if the camera was on them" quipped Mr. Brucker. He added that "there are a few students in my classes who should seriously consider television performing as a career." Miss Van Diggelen remarked that the students were "a little more subdued" than usual. Mr. Boulding observed that students seemed to be "trying to impress whoever is watching that they are well-behaved."

With the films, a team of psychologists will analyze behavior without criticizing students or teachers of differentiating between average and gifted classes.

The cameras are completely remote-controlled and can change from close-up shots to distance



by Carolyn Vesper,

Once when traveling the Great Midwest I stopped to tie my shoelaces. Now this might seem insignificant to the casual reader, but one must stop and examine the background of this action. What psychological disturbance does it indicate? Did I have a happy childhood? Did my great-aunt Maude beat me often? Have I adjusted well to peanut butter sandwiches?

To completely understand the true meaning of the act, one must consider the time, place, environment, culture, altitude, air pressure, pollen count, and other vitally important aspects of the surrounding area. One must dig far back into the past and unearth relevant information regarding my first words, the name of my favorite white rat, and the amount of Pabulum I did not consume on January 3, 1947.

Oh poobah, one says in disgust. What in the world has this to do with tying shoelaces? Well, it is simple: my first words, spoken at age three weeks, were "Shoo-gurgle-shooooo"—uttered with profound reverence. On January 3, 1947, I was eating hastily and spilled the entire dish of Pabulum on my mother's lace dress, causing her to cry out in some consternation, "Oh my lace is ruined!"

And my favorite white rat's name was Buster Brown, but that connection with shoelaces is too tenuous to mention.

Everything ties in. The child is the father of the man. You can see the significances. Every action is caused or influenced by a previous one—we can't escape ourselves.

I think I'll start wearing loafers.

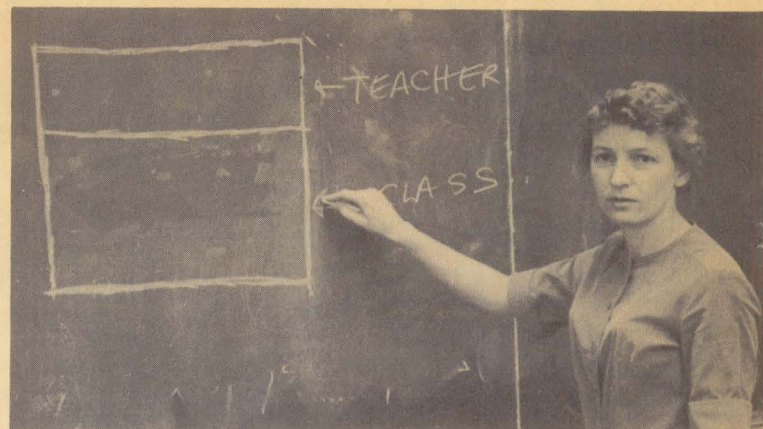


Photo by Paul

Miss Van Diggelen, algebra teacher, illustrates the manner in which the videotaped class sessions will be shown. The head and shoulders of the teacher will be shown in the upper third of the screen while as much of the class as possible will be shown in the lower portion.

shots without manual adjustment.

After the films were shot, the teachers were allowed to view them. "I learned that I had a lot of nervous habits that I was not aware of," remarked Mr. Boulding, "I take off my glasses, put them down on the desk, and then put them on again." Miss Van Diggelen discovered that she uses "certain phrases quite often" and "uses more gestures" than she thought.

When asked to comment on the effectiveness of the program, the teachers agreed that the psycholo-

gists couldn't possibly film a typical class period without completely hiding the cameras and microphones, and without keeping the project secret. Mr. Boulding suggested that perhaps another reason the program was not as effective as it could be was "that the students felt that the film would be shown to the P.T.A."

Students enjoy Otto Schmidt

Otto Schmidt leaped from his trampoline into the hearts of the Statesmen attending this year's first paid assembly. Mr. Schmidt, former Mr. Ohio, captivated the audience's attention with his daring gymnastic stunts both on and off the trampoline, with an original piano composition, "Your Dreams Can Come True," which will be the theme song of a new movie, "All of These Things."

Mr. Schmidt began his career as a Sunday-school teacher and planned to be a minister. However, he decided to expand his interests, and began an athletic self-improvement program.

After being struck by an automobile driven by a drunken driver, Mr. Schmidt spent three years as a convalescent. His doctors said that he would never walk again, much less perform. However, the vigorous Mr. Schmidt would not succumb to this fate. He believes, "If your heart is in your dream, you can achieve whatever you want." Now, Mr. Schmidt is not only walking, but also performing double back flips at scheduled assemblies.

Jane Cooley, a student assistant, was impressed by Mr. Schmidt's talents. "It's hard to believe that anyone could do so many things and do them all so well."

Jane MacGreevy "declares" in full

Senior Jane MacGreevy memorized not only the familiar "We hold these truths to be self-evident . . ." passage, but also all the obscure "He has refused to . . ." grievance lists of the Declaration of Independence. Jane learned the entire 1600-word document for Mr. Harold Ferguson's American history class.

She used as many of her five senses as possible in her studying. After eight hours of reading, writing, and reciting, Jane said she was ready to use her sense of taste and nibble on the page of paper.

Jane's purpose behind all her toil was to do something that no one in the school had ever done before. When Mr. Ferguson made the assignment to memorize a section of the Declaration of Independence, he casually mentioned that none of his students had ever learned the whole document.

Before class Jane told Mr. Ferguson that she had memorized the whole declaration. "He didn't believe me," she said.

Her recitation was long; "I talked for about 20 minutes." When she finished, her classmates applauded.

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