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University High Highlights 12/11/1957

University High School

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Sparkling 'Curious Savage' in Spotlight

Excellent Work Done by Cast, Committees

By David Anderson

Tomorrow and Saturday, December 14, at 8:00 p.m., the Dramatics Club of University High will present the humorous play, 'The Curious Savage,' by John Patrick, Miss Berniece Cleveland, with the able help of Mr. and Mrs. Clark Natwick, Grace Kovatch, and Patricia Peterson, college students, is again in charge of capably directing the production to be presented in the Little Theater.

Centering around a rich widow committed to a private institution, the play is designed to show the comparative saneness of the 'guests' of the home, and the unbalanced world outside. One of the 'inmates,' Fairy May, played by Rebecca Bahlman, fancies herself as a beautiful girl with a very exciting background. Her parents have supposedly given her a rich knowledge of books and music while she herself has garnered experience from capture by gypsies, trickery by a fortune teller, and giving blood to the Red Cross.

George Brown plays Hannibal, a retired statistician, who can play only two notes on his violin. Florence, Susan Schroeder, wrongly believes that her son, John Thomas, is still living. Another 'guest' is Jeffrey, played by David Anderson. He is a piano player with a huge invisible scar along his face. Elizabeth Garneau plays Mrs. Paddy, who says nothing but lists the things she hates.

The doctor of the home, played by Michael Platt, is a fair and patient man of many talents. Karlene Gunnette has been cast as the nurse, also played by Rebecca Bahlman, fancies herself as a beautiful girl with a very exciting background. Her parents have supposedly given her a rich knowledge of books and music while she herself has garnered experience from capture by gypsies, trickery by a fortune teller, and giving blood to the Red Cross.

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These are they whom the wealthy Mrs. Savage, Sandra Rex, meets as she enters 'The Cloisters.' She is a woman who all her life has been refused the things she has always wanted to do. After the death of her husband, she begins to let herself go, dyeing her hair blue, becoming an actress, and founding numerous memor-

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Mixed with Mirth

MR. LAWRENCE WELK ENGELS has finally done it! Yes, in 8:15 chemistry he revealed the secret of his wonderful "bubble machine that you've all heard so much about."

Chuck Henry, not knowing how to get to the pool from the locker room, inquired about it. Unknown to him, he was given directions to the GIRLS' LOCKER ROOM. Embarrassing, Chuck?

During one weekly free typing period, Mr. Chance noticed that Wendy Englesome's letter was completely unreadable. Fearing that Wendy was making too many errors, he started to help her, but discovered that she was composing the letter to one of her Latin American friends in SPANISH.

Mr. Vuich's fortunate 9:15 class has been honored with THE PREMIERE SHOWING OF "HANGARAMA." This unique method of showing movies is produced by noisily ripping a movie screen off the standard and hanging it up. Clever??

WARNING TO SAFARI HUNTERS: Be on the lookout for Australian possum, last seen in the vicinity of 'U' High on Dave Schau's back.

Edison would be shocked if he heard Dick Blow's philosophy on lighting. Even though the physics student teacher carefully explained that you should always have two lights on instead of one, DICK INSISTED IT'S BETTER WITHOUT ANY!

Carole Shepherd explicitly stated to attentive 9:15 history students that "at this time there was a westward movement moving south." At that rate, it's wonder they EVER got there!

An orchid and a huge holly wreath to: PEGGY BENOOF AND MARY STELMA. University High is proud to have these semi-finalists for the National Merit Scholarship. to LARRY MERCURE, SANDRA REX, AND SUE FAUNCE for placing first, second, and fourth respectively in the Exchange Club Poster Contest...

Pianist Kathy Kersjes was rather upset when Mr. Frey suggested not using any piano for rehearsals. Well-meaning Mr. Frey quickly assured her that he was NOT trying to put her out of a job.

Mr. Engels asked Marv Baldwin how much he weighed and Marv proudly replied, "Oh, about two hundred."

"Hmm," calculated Mr. Engels, "that's A NICE, ROUND FIGURE!"

This... Is Christmas

Christmas is something you can see, smell, taste, hear, hold in your hands. If this is reality then, Christmas is real:

The bitter, sharp taste of pine needles, idly sucked upon.
The sight of new-fallen snow billowing softly like giant, frozen, white waves against stark rail fences.
The sound of tearing wrapping paper fiercely ripped and finger-nailed open by a small, desperately eager child.
Logs, tough and grainy to the touch, hauled and stacked, ready for the festive rites of Christmas.
The biting, clean smell of a frosty morning so cold it freezes your nostrils and makes it hard to breathe.

Christmas is also something you cannot gaze at, sniff, savor, listen to, for Christmas is the birthday of Jesus Christ, and who can hold a birthday in his hands? Only in the heart can you hold a Christmas:
A deeply reverent chant raised with a solid faith that centuries of persecution can not lessen.
A packed church early in the dawn united for a time in adoration of a baby born in an era so remote it is hard even to visualize.
The pilgrim who risks his money, his time, even his life in trouble-infested Palestine to see where Christ was born so humbly in a manger.

Christmas is a time for giving:
Gifts offered in a genuine spirit of joy and thankfulness for experience shared.
Token gifts inspired by a desire for personal gain in return.
Prizes for services rendered.
The package from home that brings a little happiness into the life of a serviceman, lonely in a foreign country.

WHAT IS CHRISTMAS? Christmas is the good inexorably woven into the tangled fabric of our daily lives. We cannot rip it out or change it without changing ourselves, so tightly are we bound up in it.

Does 'U' Carol Lot?

Deck the Halls, and all that folly, Falalalala, la la, la, la.
I can hardly now feel jolly, Falalalala, la la, la, la.
I don't care for yuletide zest, Falala, Falala, la, la, la!
I just flunked an English test, Falalalala, la la, la, la.

'U' High's kings of sport are we, Reuschlein, Borr, and little R. G.
We are leading League's proceedings Following yonder cups.
Oh, cups of wonder, cups so bright Cups which show who won the fight.
Onward leading, still succeeding, Lead us to thy perfect light.

God Bless Ye, Merry Giedeman, Let nothing make you sigh, "He who taught you 'seem' to use, Did not go to 'U' High, I'll save you all from saying seem And syntax that's awry."
Oh, lessons that make our speech correct, spe-ch correct, Oh, lessons that make our speech correct.

"T," said Miss Crisman, dean of girls, Smoothing her dress and patting her curls.
"Of wisdom I will give some pearls."
"I," said Miss Crisman, dean of girls.

"I," said Budd Norris, paratroop, As through our records he did snoop, "I'll teach him how to jump through a hoop."
"I," said Budd Norris, paratroop.

"T" said Doc Bryan, glasses a-twinkle, Clearing his treat and grinning a wrinkle, "Join you in giving this matter a thinkle," "I," said Doc Bryan, glasses a-twinkle.

"I," said Carl Engels, test tubes all fumey, "I don't think chemistry needs to be gloomy."
Sometimes we're shocked when things get so 'boomy'.
"I," said Carl Engels, test tubes all fumey.
Kindness in Combat Boots

I wandered down the street, squishing my feet and trying to avoid the piles of rubble that were in my path. On either side of the street were the pathetic hovels and half-shattered buildings so abundant in this war torn country. The ravages of famine and disease were evident on the pinched, drawn faces of the inhabitants.

The sky was a grayish blue and thin slivers of black smoke could be seen spiraling their way to the heavens. A cold breeze slid into my coat, making me shiver. I pulled my coat closer around me and continued toward my destination.

“Home for Christmas.” Bah! I hadn’t seen home for three years. I reached the post office, my destination, and yanked open the heavy door.

“Hi, Sarge. I’ve come to pick up the mail for Company C.” Sergeant Miller peered at me wearily from behind his paper and sighed with regret...

“Mail train’s been derailed seventy miles up!”

The words hit me as a knife hits a stone wall. Then I felt a sickening sense of spirit and the earth concealing the debris under the frozen earth. This made me feel

soft

white blanket. Now I could

walk briskly, effortlessly back to camp.

—Stephanie Wenner

A Word about Temptation

The modern interpretation of mistletoe is far from what it should be. This younger generation is too often concerned with having fun than with the outcome of the obviously juvenile art of kissing. They don’t realize that diseases may be spread and illness or even death may result. Many of my friends have been permanently disabled by being embraced by the harmful after effects of this ever increasing fad. Their teeth have been removed, tonsils taken out, and appendages amputated. This writer is the picture named it to as long as she wrapped it around her throat, the gratitude in her eyes warmed me. As the feeling of warmth spread through her being and heavenly peacefulness enveloped me. I walked briskly, effortlessly back to camp.

Notes Afloat

Mr. Jack Frey’s songsters are off on a new beat. The choir is performing a trial run of the difficult act of singing without accompaniment. This is a method of practicing which is often used by older groups. It puts more strain on the “parts” of the harmony and requires a great amount of concentration. This idea may not be used permanently, but it is hoped that every individual choir member will be improved by it.

Mr. Arthur Eresman is certainly keeping his band “marching” at a staccato rate, even with football season concluded. As the whole band helped to pep up the bleacher-seaters and spur on the team during that season, so will the “Pep Band” provide the “big beat” at home basketball games.

As the name suggests, this smaller group of band members will produce a gaiety in the cheering section to help make the season of the hoop a success!

Sidewalk Incident

A man leaned against the scraping brick of a cold structure. He didn’t bother to draw his loose jacket across his body but instead let it billow in the wind to pin him to the wall’s rough surface, making no protecting gesture and completely oblivious when the gusts blew through to the wall.

The building was not tall, nor one of those enigmias of towering mud and concrete which leered down from dizzy heights, Nor was it shining and beautiful. Dust and grime, thrown from countless whirling wheels, clogged its pores. The filthy sidewalk along the base of the building was littered and dirty. Bits of glass, blowing papers, pieces of bright ribbon and scraps of evergreen swept along, not unlike the hurried humans who had left them to the mercy of the streets. This was New York, and it was Christmas.

Earlier that day, crowds of shoppers had pushed and joggled past their scene. Some had looked curiously at the human being leaning despondently against the building. One or two, tipsy with Christmas good will, had offered him coins which were promptly refused with blunt rudeness. But most people, bent on errands of their own, ignored him completely.

Now it was late at night... his business hours. The multitudes of buyers were gone and the crowds of the night people were even diminished. Still they stood there, he and the building. The twitch at the corner of his mouth was sardonic, his eyes filled with mocking laughter. But it was not really laughter that filled his mind. All day he had listened to the voices of people talking about Christmas. He felt a wrenching, consuming contempt for Christmas; yet even if you had asked him, he couldn’t have told you why. He just didn’t understand it. It was something too big for his mind to comprehend, in an instinct related to that of a dog when his master beats him for a crime he doesn’t understand.

The man spat on the sidewalk and completely oblivious when the wind to pin him to the wall ‘s rough surface, making no protecting gesture and completely oblivious when the gusts blew through to the wall.

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The other man stared, then turned and ran, ducking into a nearby alley. The passer-by looked for a minute, then hesitated only a moment, then held out his wallet and on impulse said, “Merry Christmas, Sir.”

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The man tensed and drew just away from his resting place. Slipping his arm beneath his coat he gained confidence from the stinging cold of the object his fingers enclosed. Defly stepping in front of the passer-by, he shoved the dark object toward him and ordered sharply, “Your money, mister.” The stranger hesitated only a moment, then held out his wallet and on impulse said, “Merry Christmas, Sir.”

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—David Anderson

—Jean Buelke
Jul Recollections

Most people in looking back on Christmas may remember best certain toys or long trips, but I recall such things as Kott bular, luteisk, and Julotta. Until I was eight, my family always spent the holidays with either my father's or my mother's relatives. When very young, it was difficult for me to comprehend just how there could be two such different observances of this inspiring and happy season. As I grew older, I came to realize that the Carlson's Jul celebration was a reflection and continuation of their Swedish traditions acquired many years ago in the country of their birth. My mother's family, well into the fourth generation 'Americans,' had only the immediate pleasures of the group to be consulted.

In the true, old world tradition, yuletide festivities at my father's home began on Christmas Eve with the traditional family dinner and its array of such strange sounding foods as: luteisk, Julost, sulta, kott bular, and always the vitez grot baked with its hidden prophetic nut whose finder was to be the next in the family to be married. (This seemed a silly idea to me at that time.) I learned—and after much persuading—that many of these delicacies were often only Swedish counterparts of American food.

No food could have held my interest really, for Santa Claus's visit was always on the schedule. Hardly was the table cleared before the loud knock on the front door heralded his arrival. Since I was usually the youngest grandchild present, it was my honor to open the door for him. I remember being surprised that this great man should also be a Swedish visitor. In time, however, I detected the similarity between the Swedish dialect of the Jul visitor and that of my grandfather. I could never compare, though, for my mother's relatives. When very young, I expected to be present at Julotta, the larger part of this day. After the feast served late in the afternoon but with fewer evidences of Swedish tradition than the Jul Eve one, we hurried off to the church again for the annual children's program where successful performances, I'm sure, were always assured by either threats or bribes. Even visitors like myself were permitted to participate in the latter part of the program, for amid the jingling of bells and much stamping of feet, Santa always appeared and brought a sufficient supply of candy, apples, and oranges for everyone attending the service—even the adults.

Thus, within twenty-four hours, my father's family had ushered in the blessed season in much the same way Sweden had been doing for generations.

—Jon Carlson

That Christmas Long Ago

When on this night the shepherds lie, 
Angels cascade from the sky, 
Singing of joy and peace for all 
And of the crafty rulers' fall.

Born unto Mary in the manger neat 
Is a baby boy, so lovely, sweet. 
He comes to save the world from sin; 
With hope we will love and follow Him.

—Patricia Lynn

'Twas the Night before New Years

'Twas the night of the new year and all through the house, 
All the cats were rockin' to Elvis Preslouse.
The shoes were thrown in the corner with care, 
In the hope that mother would soon not be here.

The dancers were snuggled close in their arms, 
Taking delight in each other's charms.
With Ma in her wrapper and Paw in his frock, 
Things really got going when they tried to Bop.

Then from the den there came such a noise, 
'Twas the night of the new year and all through the house, 
'Twas the night before New Years...

He turned to the boys who were standing quite near, 
With a wink of his eye and a twitch of his ear, 
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his car, 
With all the kids watching and laughing, oh brother.

He was chubby and plump, a jolly old cop, 
And his badge was all tarnished with ashes and soot.

He reached down and picked up a bottle of beer; 
Now catch them! now catch them! or your wagon I'll fix.
He was dressed all in blue from his head to his foot, 
He almost was killed when it caught my mustache.

Now watch them! now watch them! or your wagon I'll fix.

With a hot rod cop with siren in gear, 
He turned to the boys who were standing quite near, 
And his hat went one way, his glasses another.

With a grin full of fence and chrysanthemums, too, 
He was dressed all in blue from his head to his foot, 
And his badge was all tarnished with ashes and soot.

With aaron his forehead and blood on his nose, 
He laughed when I noticed his buttons had popped.
With a wink of his eye and a twitch of his ear, 
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his car.

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With a wink of his eye and a twitch of his ear, 
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his car, 
He was dressed all in blue from his head to his foot, 
And we knew we'd escaped without a mar.

He got in his car and sat at the wheel, 
Started the motor and took off with a squeal.

Now catch them! now catch them! or your wagon I'll fix.
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Another Boy of Bethlehem

A small, bright crack appeared in the bleakness of the wall. It widened, disclosing a fleeting portrait of a raucous, boisterous throng, colored by the clamorous tongues of men and women together and all from a background of warm wine. The small boy slid cautiously through the opening and pulled the heavy door shut behind him, erasing the picture again in the dust of the inn, where the innkeeper filled the doorway.

“We have no room!” he shouted. Then, glancing past the couple to their donkey, “well, we do have room for your donkey in the stable, but none for late coming jackies like you!” The enormous laugh rumbled low and beat the time for the more supplementary chuckles from within.

“By my wife—” began the stranger.

“Were you our beast, we could lodge her better.” The somnolent laughter echoed on, even after the door had slammed shut.

The words of his father resounded through the boy’s brain, vibrated in the corridors of his mind, causing him to wonder. One was taught to respect the words of one’s father, but these had been acrid, curt, insulting. The woman was in pain, and nothing was being done to alleviate it. The boy and his enigma watched from their hiding place.

The donkey, temporarily unattended, wandered slowly toward the open stable door. “Sir,” yelled the boy, darting from his position in the shadow, and flailing his arms in the direction of the delinquent animal. “He will mix with ours.”

“Kindly watch my wife, will you, boy? I’ll fetch the beast from among yours.”

The lad sidled toward the woman, eyeing her shyly from beneath his eyebrows. Her face was calm, but a slender hand reached out and clutched his sleeve. Her face—how different it was. In its radiance, it appered to glow!

Suddenly she began to move. She was almost running. “Joseph!” She reached the door of the stable and entered.

The youth lifted a small bundle from the dust of the road and dashed after her. Perhaps there were clothes in here for the new baby.

He halted before the door. Above shone a light, so astonishingly bright and magnificent in its splendor that all but the mower over which it shone looked lowly and deflected. And there shone a glorious tone that in their majesty harmonized even the mundane clatterings of the earth!

Who were these people of Bethlehem, so wonderful that even the heavens paid them homage? Certainly some king and queen greater than Herod, himself.

The weight of his previous puzzle grew heavy once more, and he sank humbly to his knees. Cradling the couple’s shabby bundle in his arms, he whispered sorrowfully, “And my father had no room for you in the inn.”

—Suna Tiefenthal

Maiden under Mistletoe

It’s Christmas Eve, the party’s on; Boys, their dates are taking! All are dancin’; all, save one.—Who’s waitin’ for his maiden.

She whirled away with his good friend To the music serenadin’. In the doorway he ponders how He’ll win back his fair maiden.

Above this door there hangs a leaf, Withered now and fadin’. Beneath it stands the teenage boy, Awaitin’ for his maiden.

That single leaf, so small and dark; With berries it is laden. The boy beneath it looks, then smiles, While waitin’ for his maiden.

The music stops; she soon glides back, Her lover’s glance evadin’. He beckons her, now, to his side; He kisses his fair maiden.

The girl, surprised, now slaps his face With looks that say, “sour!” And to her steps his good friend, To “rescue” the poor maiden.

A fight ensues, but finally The chaperone’s invadin’. She speaks, “You both apologize To this distraught young maiden.”

The two shake hands and in this time The girl’s again paradin’. The moral? Never trust the mistletoe To let you hold your maiden. —Susan VanRiper

Saint (Sput)nik

Every year millions of children are blessed with gifts of all kinds during the celebration of Christmas. This fall Saint Nik came a little early and deposited in the laps of mankind two earth satellites by the name of Sputnik and Muttnik.

When a child receives a Christmas present, he likes to brag about it and show it off. Russia, who has received this gift of satellites, has certainly not held back the fact that she has received the best gift. Sometimes when a child receives a gift, he has to attain skills in order to use it. In the satellite game Russia already has mastered the rule book and is in the process of developing variations of it. In the meanwhile, the United States is trying just to get hold of the rule book. Perhaps, in order to catch up, we will have to write more and better letters to Saint Nik; we will have to put all our resources into the drive.

Aside from the rivalry of the countries, there is the biggest item of all as far as Saint Nik is concerned. What presents will he bring mankind in the future? How will we use them to further our knowledge?

The subject of exploration of outer space is one so exciting that it makes a person nervous just to think about
it. There are two possibilities here. The first one is that Saint Nik may cut down the value of his presents and maybe cut them off altogether. This could come about through the failure of the human race to conquer space. Thus mankind would be re-
signed to further explore the earth and the secret of life itself. But it is also possible that through some great civilization could revert to its barbaric beginning.

Fortunately, there is a brighter side. If Saint Nik should feel generous, his achievements are unlimited. His gifts would enable man to explore the universe and find the destiny of mankind.

Now, during the yuletide season, remember that as the satellites skim across the sky, they are a gift to mankind and they carry his hope for the future.

—Robert Kohrman

Stockings Get Bigger

Small children's first idea of Christmas is Santa's displayed in store windows and exploding with laughter, but they also recall a mother's face as she smiles blissfully on a tiny bundle in a cradle of hay.

A third grader jumps for joy when he spies candy canes straight from fantasy land sticking to each lamp-post. He manfully helps Dad lug the evergreen into the living room and begins to bury its foliage behind reflecting balls and colored lights.

However, he realizes that there is a special significance in the star which adorns the top branch.

A younger boy feverishly rips the wrappings off his presents while a moment later he leaves untouched, for a moment, his presents as Mom unties the shredded ribbon and peels the roll of scotch tape off the handmade gift, so diligently fashioned by small hands. Tantalizing odors, stomach stuffed with turkey, disdain for relatives' endless kisses, snow fights complete a ten year old's December 25.

Junior high initiates the felicity of parties, toboggan rides, a down-the-nose look on the idea of hanging stockings and the budgeting of allowances for gifts.

Sixteen years after one's first Christmas a question often voiced is, "What shall I wear?" Aside from the whirl of parties, the teen-ager realizes this season isn't intended entirely for social life, for a deeper, more important idea becomes clear. One's mind ridicules the department store Christmas, the "outdoing the Joneses" attitude, and the over-commercialized Christmas. These new ideas replace part of the fun of Christmas and one finds himself nostalgically thinking back to those 'perfect' Christmases when he sat on Santa's knee whispering special secrets.

—Mary Householder

The Heart of Christmas

The heart of Christmas is a busy heart. Beating out the days. At first slowly, pushing the people into the feeling. White рееде white prance in a store window. White snow falls to make the ground clean with its look. Color is in the red gift boxes and the cheeks of children.

The pulse quickens. A Santa on a city corner rings the faster rhythm with his bell. The people hurry by. Old, young. Poor, wealthy. All with someone in mind. Only the mail is slow with Christmas rush.

Now it is December 25. The presents beneath the tree are opened. But wait. The beat grows to its intensity. Church bells chime its meaning.

—Susan Hilgert

1958: A Challenge

There are voices roaring with expectation, triangular hats placed carelessly on laughing faces, hors blat-
ting jovial spirits, red, pink, blue fattened balloons dancing with boun-
cy finesses, chilled, diminishing ice cubes audibly clinking in each of forty-seven individual glasses, people casualing to festive music. New Year's eve, a party; it's a spirited event!

To numerous people, 'celebration' is the sole significance of the initiation of a new year. To others, this marks the arrival of potential, unprecedented opportunity.

What might come wrapped in this novelty package of 365 days, tied casually with progress? Could a man, as Abraham, Lincoln who bravely abolished slave labor by his strong belief that "all men are created equal," establish congenial relationship with our bitter aggressors?

In acute contrast to him, our civilization needs, is desperate for well-developed intelligent scientists. The present condition of this country has reached a "too confident" status with the common words which assure the nation, "We will always be leaders; there is nothing to worry about." We have no patent, we must worry. Our nation is behind, lagging, following. Proof, material proof, lies in this visible launching of an intercontinental ballistic missile. We must actuate our resources and capable men before our destruction decides. Possibly stuffed into our New Year box will be a kind which can comprehend this necessity and impress the relaxed, apathetic United States.

We might hope for a man, an amazing man, a Jonas Salk, whose determination and knowledge led to his destiny, the discovery of a com-

bat of polio. Medicine marches forth against cancer, tuberculosis, muscular dystrophy. Our lives could perfect the eradication of these evils. One of us, though it sounds fantastic, may determine our fight for survival by transforming the radical killers.

To you, it may be more rewarding, and glorious to think seriously of your own upcoming accomplishments. Do not appear small, trivial! Each is of primary importance. Gaining friends, acquiring essential knowledge, developing into a mature adult, learning to understand people and problems could be your ultimate goals. Opportunity is presented with the beginning of a new year, saturated with unlimited promise.

Still, the yellow, pink, blue, somewhat deflated balloons, continue to bounce, completely oblivious to the mystic challenge ... a new year.

—Sallie Spaulding

Festival of Lights

During the Christmas season when most of you are discussing the coming holiday with undeniable ecstasy, the people of the Jewish faith will celebrate their holiday also, the Festival of Lights or Hanukkah as it is more commonly called.

Hanukkah usually occurs during the month of December and has a duration of eight days. On each of these days, at dusk, a candle is lit plus the 'Shommos' or head candle, the second night two. Each night the Shom-
mos, until on the eighth night eight candles plus the Shommos are lit. On any of the nights gifts are exchanged among families and friends.

In 168 B.C., after Antiochus IV was ruler over Syria, he ordered all Jews to abandon their synagogues and worship his gods.

The temples and all religious scrip-

tures were destroyed. The heathen
priests sanctified the temple to their god, Zeus. Zealots were made on the holy arch. Many of the Jews were killed being martyrs, trying to defend themselves and their synagogues.

At the time Judah Maccabaeus ruled over the Jews, Judah raised an army and although it was smaller than Antiochus, his generals could defeat the latter's time after time. In his humiliation Antiochus threw himself into the sea and was drowned. The enemy departed.

Judah assembled the people and they went to the Temple in Jerusalem to purify it. After it was purified and rededicated, Judah went to light the lamps, but although only enough holy oil was found to last one day, the lamps burned for eight days and eight nights until new holy oil could be prepared. This truly was a miracle.

In commemoration of the rededica-
tion of the Temple, Judah decreed that each year hereafter, eight days were to be set aside to celebrate the triumph of Israel in its struggle for freedom.

—Linda Barak
**Allegan Steam Roller Flattens 'U' High**

**Cubs Hone Claws for Bulldogs**

This Friday 'U' High will face Vicksburg in Kalamazoo in a battle of two winless teams. The Cubs and the Bulldogs have lost twice decisively and should be hungry for a victory. Vicksburg lost its opener to Paw Paw and was dismantled at Kalamazoo by Plainwell TL-55. After the Vicksburg encounter, Tom Vandenhoed took to South Haven on December 20 and will face Holland Christian and Buchanan at home during Christmas vacation.

Last Friday, Allegan handed 'U' High the worst defeat it has ever had in the Wolverine League. The Tigers, with all five of last year's starters back, jumped off to a 15-7 first quarter lead and coasted the rest of the way to post a 62-30 victory.

Allegan, playing alert basketball, taking advantage of the Cubs' numerous errors and hitting a fine 40% of their shots, was too hot for the hapless high hoopers to handle. The Tigers were led by Gary Hilecki who dumped in 13 points. Center Bill Pritch and three-year veteran Larry Green controlled both boards while guards John Stroud, Loye Eddy and Hilecki made it miserable for the Cubs in backcourt with scrappy defensive tactics and smooth ball-handling on offense.

In complete contrast to the fine game of Allegan was 'U' High's brand of basketball. Coach Earl Borr's cagers had the score doubled on them for the second straight game. As at Holland Christian, poor shooting (though on an improved 18.5% of their shots against the Tigers), and unsteady floor play spelled defeat. Bob Kohrman, turning in a creditable performance, was high man with 6 points and Tom Brown, despite a dislocated finger, rebounded well. Both stood out in defeat. The Cubs should with more game experience be able to stay on the floor with their opponents.

In the reserve preliminary contest, the Cublets dropped a thrilling 25-23 decision to the little Tigers. Freshman Dave Stanford and senior Bob Grewe both doubled up. Bob Grewe controlled both boards while guards John Stroud, Loye Eddy and Hilecki made it miserable for the Cubs in backcourt with scrappy defensive tactics and smooth ball-handling on offense.

**Hollanders Swamp Cubs**

Holland Christian's polished offensive and defensive game towered over the 'U' High Cubs by an impressive 54-18 margin. This opener for both clubs took place at the new Holland Civic Auditorium.

The Dutchmen had a decided advantage going into the ball game in that they had six weeks more practicing time than the somewhat awkward Cubs.

Jim Weldreyer, whose tactics netted high scoring honors (6 points), looked a little rougher than rough around the edges as did the rest of the team with a .077 field goal percentage.

Coach Earl Borr, making his debut as head basketball mentor, substituted his 12 players freely trying to find the most effective combination.

**Save the Ump!**

Americans have long considered the right to question authority and to express their opinions as their inherent rights. This is true particularly in the sports world, where it is common knowledge that umpires and referees are blind. Both fans and participants take great pride in baiting an official who, even while on top of his game experience be able to stay on the floor with their opponents.

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**Three Male Glee Clubs To Harmonize January 14**

On Tuesday, January 14, the 'U' High students and faculty will be entertained royally by the massed voices of over 200 talented vocalists. Our own 'U' High Boys' Glee Club will host the Allegan Glee Club and the Western Michigan University Men's Glee Club. Each of the three groups will sing a few numbers separately and for a grand finale, will combine. The clubs will perform under the baton of Mr. Jack Frey.

Last year, as many of you remember, Western's Glee Club sang alone, and it was quite evident that everyone enjoyed that. So this year, with three outstanding groups instead of one, we can really look forward to a remarkable display of talent.
Long, curly lashes, dampened with tears, rest on pale cheeks. Scratchy music from a worn radio tries to soothe an aching heart. She slowly raises her head and walks across the room. A shiny, silver ball, hanging from the Christmas tree, gently brushes her arm as she passes. She flings her arm violently against the ball and it breaks into thin silvers on the floor. The radio attracts her attention.

She hears “Contributions to the orphanage show the true spirit of Christmas in this town and make the holiday a little happier for the orphans.”

“Why should I contribute money to help the orphanage, when I can't even see it! Those orphans are better off against the ball and it breaks into an aching heart. Little tinges of an indescribable feeling tickle her spine.

The children say, “Merry Christmas, Mrs. Jones,” and this new feeling floods all resentment out of her mind. The carolers depart. She closes the door and goes to the Christmas tree.

Her feet crunch on something and she bends to scrape up the bits of glass into her palm. With these in her hand, she says to herself, “True Christmas spirit. Does it make any difference whether I see it or hear it and feel it, as long as I have it?”

Two days later an envelope, containing a letter and a check, arrives at the orphanage. The letter begins “Merry Christmas, children…”

—Polly Greiner

(Continued from page 1)

More about ‘Curious Savage’

(Continued from page 1)

ial funds. As a result, her greedy step-children, played by David Schau, Alice Terry, and Robert Lee, send her to the home so she cannot squander away any more of “their” money. One of the sons is a famous senator, famous because of his unnecessary filibustering and investigating. Her daughter is the marrying type, mostly to foreign-siders. The third is the judge, who is quite often overruled by his dominating brother and sister, and more often by higher courts.

Sally and Judy Dargitz are aptly headed the big task of collecting props for the stage while Janet Sheets plans the cast party. Linda Chojnowski is chairman of advertising for the production and Terese Skinner is in charge of ticket sales. Make-up and costumes are responsibilities handled by Susan Harada and Mary Peelen, respectively. Linda Shand and her committee have produced the modern programs, and Marilyn Beattie is the General Business Manager.

Harry Howard is the head of the staging crew. Some of his more active helpers are Robert Koets, Jerome Van Tassel, Susan Faunce, James Woodruff, Joy Gaylord, Kenwyn Gibson and Rick Light. Richard Howard is doing a big share of his work with Mr. Keith Bailey, technical director. Frances Sprau has designed the program cover and has built a model of the set to scale. David Sheldon and Timothy Estes have done admirable jobs on lighting and sound, respectively. Patricia Linn has also been very active, helping out whenever she is needed.

Into the Light

John Van Riper successfully shot an eight-point buck, and now is on the prowl for a two-legged “Dear.”

Woody Boudeman is under the impression that he’s a “cat.” Is this a case of mistaken identity?

Burr Gildea, who is that “college man” of yours? We know his name is Jim; tell us more details.

Let’s face it! Kenny Gibson looks nice with her hair any shade. Why not try red for Christmas?

Dick Howard and Claudia Heersma can now rejoice. Their names have finally been printed together in the Highlights.

Bob Chapman had better concentrate on his driving when returning home from Hastings. That poor deer he hit!

It’s been noted that Sandy Schau has been gazing toward Central and a tall, red-headed boy. Let’s rescue this fair maiden, guys!

The icy winds of December have possibly blown Becky Bahan and George Brown back together. Everyone’s crossing his fingers for you two!

Is it that bright red sock on your broken foot that is attracting Mary Howard with such great force, Larry Grogge?

Jan Pemberton really enjoys those afternoon walks going home from school. John Brunner is the company!

Ruth Ann Howard likes the Portage games so much! What has Portage got that ’U’ High hasn’t, Ruth, Jerry?

The only mar in Sherry Wilson’s Chicago weekend was the loss of a date with a De Pauw “college man.” Mumps can be such a nuisance!

Someone is always determined to be different! Carl Kiino is eagerly anticipating handing his unique “ray and greed” Christmas stocking.

The freshman flag was flying high when Alan walked Roberta by. But down the hall the senior two, Tee and Don were nothing new. Sophomores gave a tremendous hand when in came Mary Beth and Dan. But alas, poor Juniors, you’ve lost the flight.

Unless we see Steve with Linda White.

To win this game, just get going. And now let’s really make a showing!

’Tis the season of wishful thinking — but some of our shy students need someone else to pass the word along to Santa for them: “Dear Santy, please bring us Dave Hamilton. He’s so unobtainable otherwise. Hopefully, The sophomore girls.”

“... and most of all we want to go to the Christmas formal. Please send us invitations from the junior boys. Love from the junior girls.”

“Give us strength to survive until Christmas vacation.” Frantically, The Teachers.