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UNIVERSITY HIGHLIGHTS is published this year by the English III journalism class. Members of this section are David Anderson, Rebecca Bahlman, Linda Barak, Marilyn Beattie, Jean Buelke, Jon Carlson, Charles Henry, Susan Hilgart, Mary Householder, Cheryl Koons, Gretchen Maus, Richard Nielsen, Juliana Peelen, Sandra Quandt, Ginger Schau, Susan Schroeder, Sallie Spaulding, Joe Sugg, Susan Tiefenthal, John Todd, Robert Tracy, Martha VanPeenan, Susan VanRiper, Stephanie Wenner, and William Whitbeck.

Contributions from the student body are always welcome.

UNIVERSITY HIGH *Highlights*

KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

DECEMBER, 11, 1957

VOLUME 19 NUMBER 4

Sparkling "Curious Savage" in Spotlight

Excellent Work Done
by Cast, Committees

By David Anderson

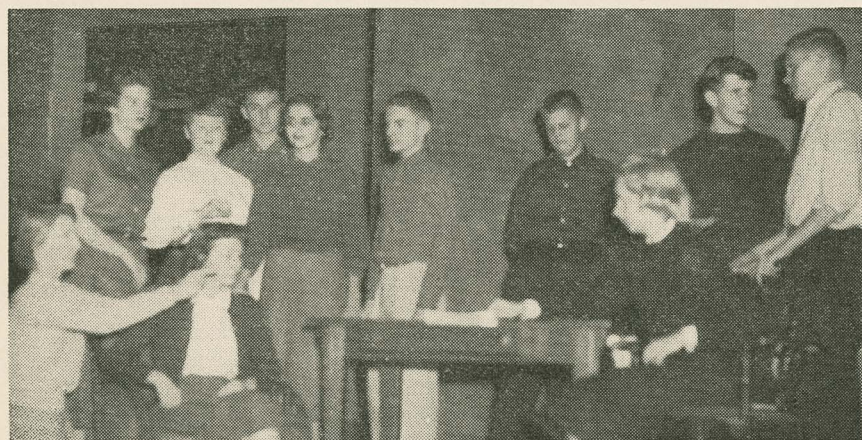
Tomorrow and Saturday, December 14, at 8:00 p.m. the Dramatics Club of University High will present the humorous play, "The Curious Savage," by John Patrick. Miss Bernyce Cleveland, with the able help of Mr. and Mrs. Clark Natwick, Grace Kovatch, and Patricia Peterson, college students, is again in charge 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 a likeable leader.

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-

(Continued on page 8)



"Shame on you, and you, and you!"

Winter Winds Whisk in 'Mistletoe Magic,' Annual Chapel Service, Caroling

University High's annual Christmas formal, under the name of "Mistletoe Magic," will be staged December 23 at the University's new Student Center, on the west campus, from 9-12 o'clock.

Judging from previous formals, decorations should be good and a \$2.50 admission will be charged per couple to help pay for these.

"O come, all ye faithful." This will be the cry to 'U' High's student body for the evening of Tuesday, December 17. On this date, from 7 to 9 p.m., the Friendship Committee will sponsor the annual Carol Sing.

Students will meet at school, then divide into groups and proceed to different areas of Kalamazoo. Afterwards there will be refreshments served in the cafeteria.

Further announcements will be made later this week.

With resounding organ chords, bowed heads and voices united in traditional Christmas hymns, University High students will again observe the birth of Christ at their annual Christmas Assembly. The service this year

will be December 19, at 11 o'clock in Kanley Chapel. It will be a dress-up, go-to-church assembly, and is always one of the most beautiful services.

The full University High Choir will add to the reverence of the occasion by giving their efforts in song. A student speaker and other student talent will be featured.

LOOKING AHEAD

Fri., Dec. 13—Basketball, Vicksburg, here

Thurs., Dec. 19—Christmas Assembly, 11:15 a.m. Kanley Chapel

Fri., Dec. 20—Pep Meeting; Basketball, South Haven, here; Vacation begins

Mon., Dec. 23—"Mistletoe Magic," 9-12, University Student Center

Fri., Dec. 27—Basketball, Holland Christian here

Fri., Jan. 3—Basketball, Buchanan, here

Mon., Jan. 6—Classes resume

Fri., Jan. 10—Pep Meeting; Basketball, Portage, here

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 Eaglesome'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. Vuicich'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 a wonder they EVER got there!

An orchid and a huge holly wreath to: PEGGY BELOOF 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 fingernailed 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.

—William Whitbeck

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-ech correct,
Oh, lessons that make our speech
correct.

"I," 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.

"I," said Doc Bryan, glasses a-
twinkle,
Clearing his throat 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
fume,
"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
fume.

—Peggy Beloor

Kindness in Combat Boots

I wandered down the street, scuffing 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 G."

Sergeant Miller peered at me woe-folly 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 surge go through my body. Sergeant Miller looked down at his paper and said no more.

My combat boots were heavier when I slouched out of the post office. I stood on the steps and stared at the sky. This made me feel closer to home, knowing that my family was under the same "roof" that I was. Then, as if a giant were sifting his flour, the snow began to alight upon the earth concealing the debris under a soft white blanket. Now I could barely put one foot in front of the

other. The thought of my buddies' disappointed faces was a burden to me. So buried was I in my thoughts that I nearly stepped on a forlorn little girl who was crouching against a rain barrel for warmth. I stopped and looked down at her. She wore a bedraggled army jacket, that would have rated an "F" in inspection, and her feet were wrapped in rags. Her face and hands were red and cracked, chapped from the cold. Impulsively I pulled off the red muffler that my fiancée had so painstakingly knitted for me and handed it to her. As she wrapped it around her throat, the gratitude in her eyes warmed me. As the feeling of warmth spread through my being, a heavenly peacefulness enveloped me. I walked briskly, effortlessly back to camp.

—Stephanie Wenner

A Word about Temptation

The modern interpretation of mistletoe is far beyond 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 and disfigured 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 of health, having never taken part in this ridiculous show of immaturity. Despite many temptations, I have remained aloof from all wicked, disastrous plots against me and have become a stalwart bachelor. This is the life. No one to worry about, no one to tell me when to be home; I'm really on my own, just because I was strong and didn't yield to the conformity of slobbering over a woman, if you'll excuse the vulgar language.

Mistletoe, I'm sure, is the cause of the current trend toward kissing. We, the adults, are at fault for associating this parasite with a thing as religious as Christmas. The teenagers, or young adults as they selfishly want to be called, have the thought that kissing is acceptable all the time, not just under the mistletoe at Christmas. I have heard of, though never seen, embraces lasting several seconds, and the thought chills me. To think that these will be the leaders of tomorrow! What will these grownup adolescents do in a conference of the Big Four: start kissing one another amorously?

It is up to us, the mature adults, to discourage kissing. To do this, we must begin by outlawing mistletoe. Soon children will realize that we are right, that kissing is against all etiquette. This can be accomplished only by having a concentrated effort by all parents to dedicate themselves to this problem as I have done here.

Rights Protected by
—David Anderson

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, allowed a bitter 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, not one of those enigmas of towering steel 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 which ran 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 shifted position slightly.

The clack of footsteps heralded an approaching figure. 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. Deftly 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."

The other man stared, then turned and ran, ducking into a nearby alley. The passer-by looked for a minute, then continued on his way. The building alone was left to brace itself against a new gust of wind.

—Jean Buelke

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 spirit and the "boogie beat" at home basketball games.

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

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**, **lutefisk**, 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 continuance of their Swedish heritage 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 **lutefisk**, **potatis korv**, **Jul ost**, **sulta**, **kott bular**, and always the **vite 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 next on the evening's 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 Swede; 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 grandfather always seemed to be off on some urgent errand at just about the same time.

Despite my protests, full enjoyment of my gifts had to be postponed until the next day. Children and adults alike had to retire early if they expected to be present at **Julotta**, the five A.M. worship service attended by all Swedes faithfully, if sleepily. I know now that too often the nodding heads I observed did not indicate agreement with Pastor Bergren's message. Even though my mother and I could not understand a word that was sung or spoken, we caught the festive spirit. The meaning of **Glad Jul** was conveyed to us by the sparkling, majestic tree, flickering candles on the altar, and the rapt and happy faces around us. After the last **Hosiana** had been sung and happy greetings exchanged with too many people (I thought), we finally were able to escape home for a family breakfast.

It was only after this that I had the opportunity to enjoy my gifts, some of which were not equally appreciated by the sleeper members of the family.

Visiting, enjoyment of gifts, and preparation of the dinner consumed the larger part of this day. After the **Jul** 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 Swedes 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 real 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,

That the dye in my socks turned a vivid turquoise.

I sprang from my chair to see what was the matter,

Fell down the stairs with a sickening clatter.

Away through the door I ran like a flash,

Tripped over a light cord and fell with a crash.

I tore open the shutters and threw up the sash,

And I almost was killed when it caught my mustache.

The moon on the breast of the new peeled off rubber,

Gave the smell of midday to a garbage can scrubber.

Then what to my wondering eyes should appear,

But a hot rod cop with siren in gear.

He was a fat little driver, so lively and quick,

I knew right away it was Crawford Broadric.

More rapid than eagles his cohorts they came,

And he screamed and shouted and called them by name.

"Now Duggen! now Potter! now Darby! and Trix!"

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

To the top of the turn, through the neighbor's stone wall,

Now crash away! smash away! peel away all!"

So up to the corner those hot rodders flew,

With a grill full of fence and chrysanthemums, too.

And there was the tinkling I heard down the street,

When fender and glass, just happened to meet.

As I drew in my head, and was turning around,

In through the door the cop jumped with a bound,

He was dressed all in blue from his head to his foot,

And his badge was all tarnished with ashes and soot.

A couple of guns he had slung on his hip,

Fell out of his holsters and caused him to trip.

His hat went one way, his glasses another,

With all the kids watching and laughing, oh brother.

With a bruise on his forehead and blood on his nose,

He fought for some dignity as he arose.

He turned to the boys who were standing quite near,

Who were now looking at him without any fear,

He was chubby and plump, a jolly old cop,

And I laughed when I noticed his buttons had popped.

With a wink of his eye and a twitch of his ear,

He reached down and picked up his bottle of beer;

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his car,

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.

But we heard him exclaim as he dug out of sight,

"Happy New Year to all and to all a good night ! ! ! !"

—Paul Weber

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 back-ground of much rich, warm wine. A small boy slid cautiously through the opening and pulled the heavy door shut behind him, erasing the picture again in the black velvet which the inn donned at night. The slim, brown figure padded slowly toward the rear of the inn, gazing raptly at the moon with her heavenly family of stars and swung his arms in the soft breezes which wafted the scent of sweet grasses from the hills of Bethlehem. He wandered over to the stable, squatted, and leaned back against the door. He felt better.

From inside the inn came a long, deep, resonant laugh, one so big that no single room could hold it, and it brimmed over into the quietness of the night. The boy resented its intrusion. That would be his father, the innkeeper. The flow of wine must be swift as a river tonight—good business and more money. Nothing could bring out joy in his father half so well as a pecuniary jingle.

With his father and the guests now were his brothers, his ten brothers, twenty marching feet in the forces of mighty Herod's army. Father was very proud of his older boys. Said he, "The one advantage to this present business of taxation is in the fact that one can see his family again—oh, and of course, a few money paying guests!"

This lad that sat at the stable door was usually proud, too, but the glory had been diluted by that liquid which his brothers were pouring, guzzling, and even drooling on their uniforms. The youth cleared his throat and spat the sight out on the ground. Then he rose and went into the stable.

The animals, their rest undisturbed by the celebrating in the inn, did no more than to nod sleepily at him as he began to spread and fluff a small pile of hay. He would sleep here tonight. It was probably the quietest place in town. The boy ambled to the doorway, sat down again, slowly stretching his legs before him and began to throw small pebbles at his feet.

But what was this he saw! A man and a donkey which carried a human load, a lovely woman, were approaching the door of the inn. Dropping his stones, the boy crept silently forward to watch. Gently, the man was helping the lady from the donkey. Was she sick? No, she was going to have a baby.

The man knocked softly on the door. Receiving no response, he renewed his effort with more force. The ponderous

door swung wide slowly, and the plump body of 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 jacks like you!" The enormous laugh rumbled low and beat the time for the more supplementary chuckles from within.

"But my wife—," began the stranger.

"Were she your beast, we could lodge her better." The sonorous 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 shadows 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 appeared 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 manger over which it shone looked lowly and dejected. And was there singing? Yes! Glorious tones 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 tradin'!
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 are degradin'.
And to her side 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 Muttink.

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 on 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 resigned to further explore the earth and the secret of life itself. But it is also possible that through some great war, civilization could revert to its barbaric beginning.

Fortunately, there is a brighter side. If Saint Nik should feel generous, the possibilities of great 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 Santas displayed in store windows and exploding with laughter, but they also recall a mother's face as she smiles blissfully on a tiny baby laid 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 year 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 reindeer 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 Hilgart

1958: A Challenge

There are voices roaring with expectation, triangular hats placed carelessly over laughing faces, horns blating jovial spirits, red, pink, blue fattened balloons dancing with bouncy finesse, chilled, diminishing ice cubes audibly clanking 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 carefully 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 the New Year box will be minds 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 contemporaries can perfect the eradication of these evils. One of us, though it sounds fantastic, may determine our fight for survival by triumphs over these radical killers.

To you, it may be more rewarding, and glorious to think seriously of your own awaiting accomplishments. Do they 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 vision.

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 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 plus the Shommos, 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., when Antiochus IV was ruler over Syria, he ordered all Jews to abandon their synagogues and worship his gods.

The temples and all religious scriptures were destroyed. The heathen priests sanctified the temple to their chief god, Zeus, and sacrifices 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 Maccabeus 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 rededication 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

Running Account—

—William Whitbeck

Quite logically and naturally, the subject of school spirit is near to us all at this time. Probably some of you know that University High was beaten by Holland Christian in the first game of the season. Granted the game was ragged at times and granted that our students were vastly outnumbered by those from Holland, yet our fans could and should have made an effort to be a credit to this school and to the team playing for us.

Perhaps it is useless, because they are so obvious, to point out the glaring parallels and differences between this game and the last one of the previous year. Both were played in the same gym and under similar conditions, but it is here that any comparison ends. Behind at the half, the State High team was cheered to within two points of East Grand Rapids by an aroused student body. This time 'U' High was also behind at the half, but one doubts whether anyone will contend that our cheering section communicated anything but a lackadaisical attitude to schoolmates on the floor.

The team will undoubtedly improve and so must we as fans, for we have an almost statewide reputation to uphold. It is up to us and us alone. Let us not again let down our basketballers, who so desperately need our wholehearted support!

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 the play, couldn't possibly see so well as a person seated fifty yards away from the action. The baseball season is opened with the umpire's traditional "Play ball" and the fans' quick retort "Kill the ump."

Many amusing stories are recorded in the annals of sports about the official's sight, or rather lack of it. A few years ago, during the first game of a doubleheader, the fans vehemently criticized the two umpires' decisions. In fact, they even showered the field with selected bottles of favorite beverages whenever the umpire's call went against their hometown heroes. When the twenty minute period between the two games had elapsed and the two teams had returned to the field ready to start the second game, someone noticed that the two martyred umpires were

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 swamped by Plainwell 71-25. After the Vicksburg encounter, 'U' High travels 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

Hollanders Swamp Cubs

Holland Christian's polished offensive and defensive game trounced 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 Weeldreyer, 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.

missing. After a thorough search of the ball park, the vanished "blind men" were located, sitting in the top row of the bleachers each calmly sipping a cold bottle of beer. When the fans and players asked why they were up in the stands rather than on the field where they belonged, the two umpires informed them that since the crowd in the stands apparently could see the game better, they had decided to call the second game from the same vantage point.

One night after an excitingly close basketball game the captain of the losing team approached one of the referees and bitterly remarked, "It sure was a terrific game, sir; too bad you missed it."

These simple stories illustrate one of the most important lessons of life. Every sports fan, even though he may sometimes be carried away by his emotional enthusiasm, will admit the need for an impartial arbitrator who can call the play fairly. Probably during this sports year we may disagree with many of the referee's decisions. A person with real sportsmanship will contain himself from verbal outbursts and let the coaching staff offer criticism to an official if it is necessary. In fact, it might even be a good idea to compliment an official after he has called a good game. By doing this, we not only will be doing a favor to our own reputation but also will be increasing the stature of 'U' High.

—Jon Carlson

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 hilltop hoopsters to handle. The Tigers were led by Gary Hileski who dumped in 13 points. Center Bill Pritchett and three year veteran Larry Grewe controlled both boards while guards John Stroud, Loye Eddy and Hileski 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 Stafford and Tom Vandermolen led Coach Sam Reuschlein's losers with 11 and 10 points respectively. This was also the second setback for the reserves.

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.

Into the Light

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 slivers 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 than I am! At least they can see their Christmas tree; true Christmas spirit!"

Just as these thoughts pass through her mind, she hears soft, off-key voices singing "Silent Night." She quietly

crosses the room, her mind full of wonder. She opens the front door and the singing becomes louder.

The happy mood of the young voices brings peace to her surging heart. Little tingles of an undescrivable 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 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

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 foreigners. 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 heading 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.

Up to Date

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 Bahlman** 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 Groggel**?

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 gred" 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 fight

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**.