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State Highlights 12/16/1953

Western State High School

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State Highlights

Volume XV

Kalamazoo, Michigan, December 16, 1953

Number 5

Christmas Plans Are Now In Full Swing



Santa pays an early visit to State High. Greatly interested in hearing him read to them are: Back row: Win Howard, Jim Elsmann, Don Kilgore; Second row: Mary Jane La Plante, Joan Parkes, Judy Scott, Diane Pullan, Santa Hawkins, Judy Bree; Seated: John Garside

Coach Walters Winner of State Aviation Contest

Coach Roy Walters, aeronautics teacher here at State High, has had the honor of being selected state winner of an aviation contest in connection with the 50th Anniversary of Powered Flight. Mr. Walters is spending this week in Washington, D.C., all expenses paid, attending meetings there with other winners and high officials of aviation concerning aviation education. The week's program will be climaxed Thursday evening with the Wright Memorial Dinner.

The contest involved the selection of four teachers from each state (primary, intermediate, junior high, and senior high levels) who have done outstanding work in the preparation and use of additional materials to promote interest in aviation. Coach Walters' entry included a pamphlet he compiled concerning his aeronautics class.

COMING EVENTS

Friday, December 18: Carol sing in hall at 12:30 p.m. Christmas vacation begins at 3:00 p.m.; basketball game with Portage, there.

Saturday, December 19: Basketball game with Grand Rapids South, there.

Monday, December 21: Christmas formal at Walwood; Christmas music by band and choir, Station WMCR-FM-7:00 p.m.

Tuesday, December 22: Basketball game with Vicksburg there.

Monday, December 28: All Chopin program by Martha Braden - Station WMCR - FM - 7:00 p.m.

Tuesday, December 29: Basketball game with Hastings - here.

Monday, January 4: School reopens; Our Driver Training Course - Station WMCR - FM - 7:00 p.m.

Tuesday, January 5: Assembly in Little Theater at 2:00 p.m.

Saturday, January 9: Basketball game with Otsego - here.

Formal Dance to Climax Events

This year's Christmas Formal will be held, as usual, in the Walwood Ballroom, December 21, from 9:00 to 12:00. The social committee is busy making plans for the dance which will feature Ray Fifer's orchestra. Theme for this year is "Moonlight Sleighride" and from all reports, the decorations are going to be something special. Price of tickets will be \$2.00 per couple and are being sold in the hall this week at noon and after school.

The committee chairmen are as follows: Decorations, Nancy Woodworth and Annette Douglas; publicity, Ann Malotte; refreshments, Tamsin Malone, Ann Burgderfer; programs, Liliane Malone; tickets, Joanie Peelen; entertainment, Lois Fuller; chaperons, Joyce Owen. Liliane Malone will act as general chairman for the dance in place of Carol Hartman, who is leaving for California.

The traditional Christmas assembly will be held tomorrow, December 17, at 2:00 in Kanley Chapel on the West Campus. The choir will present Christmas selections under the direction of Mr. Frey. Polly Allen, Dick Wilsey, and Gary Forsleff will give talks of a Christmas nature.

The assembly committee promises that this annual assembly will be as enjoyable as the services in previous years.

The Friendship and Service Committees are again extending helpful hands. On December 17, committee members will divide into groups and sing Christmas carols at various places including Borgess, Bronson, Fairmont and State Hospitals, plus the home for the aged.

The Service Committee will also be engaged in writing letters to servicemen. This committee may later head the making of a scrapbook for veterans.

A carol-sing will be held during the noon-hour tomorrow, December 17. The band is furnishing background music for the carols, as well as playing a separate number, "A Christmas Festival," by Leroy Anderson. This piece is a composite of the most familiar Christmas songs. The band will set up by the campus bookstore, and the rest of the students are asked to please sit on the stairs.



According to mistletoe tradition, those who stand beneath the white berries are entitled to a kiss. Now, the degree of the kiss, passionate to cold, depends on the deservingness of the kissed. The kisser uses his own discrimination on the degree to be used.

On the hearty and exuberant gym classes, Miss Large plants a panting and athletic type kiss on each student's cheek. Thus she shows her appreciation of the work-out the girls have been getting on their volley ball skills.

Mr. Leonardelli and Mr. Jerse embrace all senior students and give them passionate smacks for turning their term papers in on time. (???)

A hen-pecked husband's kiss (which is hardly a kiss at all) is given to the kiddies who scheduled both Ray Fifer and Bobby Davidson to play at the Christmas formal. It seems one of the bands heard about it and really were excited. The social committee handled the situation, however, and everything is on an even keel again.

The junior class is given only candy kisses. Let's hope you'll use them for a candy sale to support the senior prom. You are going to be mighty surprised how fast spring will be upon you! (Take heed).

Naturally the sophomore boys would like to kiss the sophomore girls (to what degree we will not ask), but the senior boys have taken all the gals over, leaving the sophomore boys feeling mighty low. Suggestion—There is a freshmen class!

A pat on the back as well as a kiss goes to all the freshmen who got up enough nerve to ask a girl to the formal. Have a good time, boys, and watch your chances under the mistletoe!

State Graduate is Soloist

Alene Watterworth, '50, had the contralto solo part in the "Messiah" at Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa.

She also has a 15 minute TV broadcast daily, a children's devotional program of prayer and songs.

Legion to Sponsor Speech Contest

Mr. Sack has met with representatives from the American Legion to discuss rules for the forthcoming speech contest sponsored by the Legion. This contest will be handled through the government classes and will be open to juniors and seniors. National winner will receive a \$4,000 scholarship.

A Little Boy and Christmas

In the night outside Cramdon's department store, the snow was falling slowly, each flake sparkling in the light from the display windows like minute, gem-encrusted feathers. And oh, such windows! Every one was adorned with an abundance of shining toys-bicycles, electric trains complete with miniature cities, storybooks containing bright pictures of crystal palaces, and over all was cast the magical spell of Christmas decorations-shiny foil stars, angel hair in shades of pink and blue as well as white, and cardboard reindeer with silver bells on their harnesses, all of which indicated that Christmas was not far off. A few late shoppers hurried along the street in front of Cramdon's to catch the 6:00 o'clock bus so that they might reach home in time for their evening meal.

On the snowy sidewalk, a slender boy of about 12 years walked slowly toward the store front. He stopped when he reached the display window full of toys and gazed yearningly at the objects within. The window appeared to the boy to hold warmth and happiness in its bounds and to make the darkening street outside become gloomier than before. The electric train in the center caught his eye. The glowing windows in the bright red caboose and those in the train station denoted a tiny world that was complacent and happy with no thoughts of the discontent which lurked just outside the store window. With a sigh, the boy walked away from the window, for he knew that nothing there could ever possibly find its way to his home on Christmas morning. He knew that very few things ever came his way and when they did, his many brothers and sis-

ters claimed their share, too.

As the boy came to the next street, he noticed a building at the end of it that he had never seen before. Being curious, he walked in the direction of the building, which proved to be a cathedral. He thought it odd that he never noticed it here before. The grey stone church had a tall spire which reached up into the heavens like a long pointing finger. The heavy door was standing open to the night so the boy decided to step inside for a moment to warm himself. Once in, he was fascinated with the beauty of the setting. All was in darkness except for a multitude of candles on the white-robed altar. The candlelight was reflected in the polished silver and gold of the chalice, which invited every comer to partake of its mystic communion. The spirit of that holy place filled the boy with sudden, unexplainable gladness. He fell to his knees in front of the altar rail and prayed to God for help. Although his own action surprised him, he was immensely pleased that he had done that. As he rose to his feet, he thought he heard a voice from the darkness say faintly but clearly, "May the peace of God that passeth all understanding be yours this Christmas time."

Then, knowing that shiny electric trains weren't all of Christmas, he went out of the cathedral into the snowy night.

—Fritz LaCrone

Rhythm - - -

At Random

On Friday, January 29, the first of three Tri-City Band Concerts will be held here. The bands taking part are State High, Allegan, and Paw Paw. The out-of-town bands will arrive on Thursday for two special rehearsals before the Friday night performance. They will be the guests of the State High band members overnight. The hospitality of any students outside of the band that wish to house any band members overnight or for meals will be greatly appreciated. Guest conductor will be Leonard Meretta from Western Michigan College.

Plans are in the making for the Blue and Gold Revue. Anyone wanting to help or having ideas for this show, please contact Charlie Straub.

The Pep Band, a smaller section of the regular State High Band, is furnishing music for all the home basketball games. The organization, under the direction of Dr. Belooof, includes J. Morris, C. Rice, S. Van Valkenberg, P. Kievit, C. Sutton, R. White, M. Palmer, J. Forward, H. Jennings, J. Baxter, M. Howard, B. Burlington, D. Burlington, C. Straub, and P. DeKorte as the regular players. Substitutes are A. Walton, M. J. LaPlante, J. Simcox, A. Shand, H. Roodbergen, B. Forrester, G. Longjohn R. Drummond, D. Sabo, R. Van Horn, D. Sackett, and P. Leach.

This Friday at 2:00 the choir will sing Christmas carols in the halls.

The Blue Shawl

It was bleak, cold December 24 as a small boy was plowing his way through the four foot drifts of snow to the barn on a farm in North Dakota not far from the Canadian border.

Old timers swore it was the coldest they could remember since the turn of the century as the mercury hovered at thirty below zero even in midday.

The boy's features were hardly distinguishable underneath the scarves which he wore to protect his face from the biting cold. He wore an array of coats and pants and was so wrapped that he reminded one of a small bear cub wallowing in the deep snow.

It was after dark and the boy carried a lantern for light. He was on his way to relieve his brother who had been all day tending the precious fire in the barn which was so vital to the existence of their livestock.

The barn was not far, possibly a hundred yards and the boy was soon at the door. He was greeted warmly by his brother who was more than glad to be relieved, and after some last minute instructions, the brother left for the house.

The boy was alone with his thoughts now. He mused to himself that it wasn't so bad here in the barn with the smell of things he'd grown up with and learned to love, and you weren't so cold if you sat close to the fire.

Thoughts of tomorrow also occupied his brain for he knew that it would bring Christmas and presents and good hot food. As he sat there thinking all these warming thoughts, he suddenly realized how like the scene before him was to that of the stable where Christ was born nearly two thousand years ago.

The cows, the sheep, the hay, the very lantern's light, made it complete to every detail. It must have been cold like this then, too, he said to himself putting another log on the fire. Oh, what he wouldn't give to see with his own eyes the Christ Child. He moved closer to the fire, but even at a distance of three feet it was hard to feel any heat.

He had his father's prized gold watch with him to tell the time so that he'd know how much longer he must remain in the frigid barn. He dug down amongst the layers of clothing until he felt the little round lump. He pulled it out, read the time as 10:30, and then struggled to replace it in the original pocket.

Ten-thirty he thought to himself; the time is going quickly maybe it won't be as long a night as I had expected.

He readied another log for the fire and then lay back and watched the flames lap at the logs. He fought off the first signs of drowsiness by quickly sitting up, but a half hour later found him easing back again.

Soon he was unable to resist any longer and his lethargy gave way to sleep.

They say dreams are influenced by previous thoughts and this must have been the case, for the shivering boy soon had visions of the nativity.

He was a young shepherd boy who had come with the others to visit the Christ Child. It was freezing there too, but he was afraid to complain in the presence of the Baby and the regal wise men.

He'd always wondered if the Christ Child really had a halo and now he saw it, a glowing, golden ring about four inches above the Infant's head.

He was thinking this was worth a hundred electric trains and was apparently unconscious of his shaking when the Virgin Mary turned and spoke to him offering him her shawl. He took it hesitantly, but as soon as the garment was around him, he was no longer cold. He was warm all over and was comfortable for the first time that night as he lay down to sleep with the thin blue cloth over him.

That night the fire in the barn went out and when they found the boy in the morning, he was smiling as he lay there covered by a woman's sky blue shawl.

—Al Gemrich, '54

Club Reviews Trip

The members of last year's Travel Club met at the home of Joan Daugherty, a State High graduate, for the showing of films and slides taken on their summer trip. Slides which were taken by Joannie Peelen, Janyce Babcock, Bob Graff, Bob Herman, and Mr. Deur brought back pleasant memories to the group. Snapshots by other students were also a feature of the party.

The successful party concluded with refreshments.

New Play to be Given

The Play Production club is currently engaged in work on a one-act comedy. This play, "The Trysting Place," by Booth Tarkington, will be presented at an assembly in January. It is to be an all student production. The director is Tom Elias; assistant director, Nancy Watterworth; stage manager, David Herman; make-up and costumes, Nancy Hotneier; props, Mary Lou Spitters; and programs, Carol Stimpson.

The cast is as follows: Mr. Ingolsby, Charles Maloney; Mother, Mary Joy Sawyer; Jessie, Nancy Wagner; Rupert, Tim Light; Mrs. Curtis, Mary Lou Spitters; Lancelot, Don Marshall.

Listen! It's Christmas

Christmas is in the air. You can hear it all around you.

In the city the busy feet of many people passing by mingled with the ting-a-ling of the Salvation Army bell, the impatient horns of tied-up autos and the jolly chuckle of the chain store Santa Claus all say, "Christmas is here."

On the farm the rasp of the saw or the chop of the axe as the chosen tree falls to the ground, the scolding by Mama to wipe your snowy feet before coming inside and to stay away from the freshly baked cookies, along with the crackle of the logs in the fireplace at evening tell you, "Christmas is here."

At our house it's heard in the voices of those gathered in good fellowship, in the restless tossing of excited children trying to sleep, in the rustle of tissue paper as last minute gifts are wrapped, in the carols on the radio, in the sound that only a Christmas bell makes as it hits the floor, and in the big, fluffy, white snowflakes as they settle down giving us that white Christmas we all have hoped for. Yes, Christmas is here.

Do You Want One?

When the announcement came out that Santa had in his possession one and only one XIPHIAS, a Highlights reporter went to ask several Hilltoppers just what they would do with a XIPHIAS if they received one under their Christmas tree. According to these answers, a XIPHIAS is a very versatile object!

Janet Weaver—"I'd put it in my drawer for 5 years, and then take it out to see if it had changed any."

(Note: It sure would!)

Dave Herman—"I'd give it to our next-door neighbors."

Carole Edgerton—"Use it as an experiment for social problems."

Tim Light—"I'd butter it and eat it."

Jean Hoag—"I'd keep it for a pet."

Paul DeKorte—"I'd put it in a safe for safekeeping."

Don DeVries-(Not the little one)-"I would play with it."

Mary Joy Sawyer—"I'd will it to Carole Edgerton."

Al Glendening—"Put it in my ear, where else?"

Charlene Schultz—"Give it to Larry, of course."

Diane Pullan—"Take it to bed with me."

Dick Wilsey—"I'd give it to Libby for a teething ring."

Bob Johnson—"I'd probably send it back."

Mr. Deur—"I'd blow on it and make some music."

For the benefit of these mixed-up kids, Webster's Unabridged Dictionary defines a XIPHIAS as: A common swordfish.

Christmas in Extremes

The bell over the entrance door of the toy store jangled merrily. It was late Saturday afternoon, a week before Christmas. The day had been extremely busy for all of us clerks who had been waiting on shoppers since early that morning.

I was replacing the walking dolls in the glass case when my attention was abruptly summoned by the person who had just entered the store. I straightened up and met the cool stare of a very smartly dressed woman who was obviously a bit out of sorts with the world in general. Standing sedately beside her was her prim little daughter, about nine years of age, carefully outfitted in stylish navy blue coat, hat, aind patent leather shoes, and looking rather bored. The mother's request was short and to the point.

"I would like a pair of doll shoes large enough to fit the 'Terri Lee' doll." Her high heel shoe tapped rhythmically on the tile floor.

I promptly furnished her with what she had demanded and asked her if I could help her with anything else.

She curtly told me that her daughter had everything else. She also aired her philosophy on Christmas. "It's useless," she said. "There is nothing more to get for Elizabeth. The store's are all so crowded anyway with every sort of person, that I hate to go inside them. I always receive some of the most ridiculous presents, too. I'll have to return them after Christmas."

As the mother and the "poor little rich" girl left the store upon my hearty "Merry Christmas," I turned my attention to my next customer who was smiling at me from beneath a plain red scarf that was a bit raveled on the ends. Her wrinkled face portrayed a look of contentment and eager anticipation although her clothes were worn and unbecoming. Her gaze was fixed on a beautiful doll whose price tag I knew was above her financial means. She greeted me and asked to see the doll that had caught her fancy. I placed it before her and answered her query about its price. Her smile altered a little, but returned slowly but surely as she spoke half to herself and half aloud. She was convincing herself that she didn't need that new scarf that was in the window at Gimble's, that she could make the pound of hamburger meat in the ice box and the cans of soup in the cupboard stretch farther than she had originally planned; and that somehow, in some way, she could make enough money to buy that doll for her small daughter who had been at home, sick in bed, for the past two months.

"She's been such a good child, m'am," the woman explained. "Never

a complaint, never a frown. She's always reminding me when I forget to smile that I shouldn't look glum since I know about the Christ child being born. Right now at home, she's trying to make ready for the coming of baby Jesus. She's an inspiration to me, all right. She must have that doll. She deserves it more than anyone else I know." She finished with a stifled sigh on her lips, and I must admit there was a silent choke in my throat as well.

The pleased woman gave me her name, asked me to put the doll by for her on layaway, and handed me two wrinkled dollar bills which she had withdrawn from the bottom of her large black bag.

As she left the store, expressing her sincere thanks to me and her glad wishes for my Christmas, I couldn't refrain from comparing those two previous customers who were in such striking contrast to one another. The first had been caught in a web of materialism and an attempt at a Christ-less Christmas while the other was seeking the real Christmas spirit. The second mother had been anxious to give of herself, and it is only then that one may truly give and receive the spirit of Christ in mind, and soul, and heart.

—Polly Allen, '54

D.T. Conference Held

The Teenage Safety Conference held December 3 in Walwood Hall was regarded by all present as a huge success.

Much former misunderstanding was removed by safety officials' admission that they no longer regard all teenage drivers as dangerous maniacs. They realize that only a small minority of teenagers drive that way. They also admitted that drivers from 20 to 25 should be considered separately from teenagers.

The best hope for reducing the increasing carnage on American highways seems to be improved and enlarged driver training courses.

Two excellent speakers who gave the group much information and many ideas were Municipal Judge Clark M. Olmstead and Mr. M. R. Darlington, Jr., director of the Inter-Industry Highway Safety committee.

The teenage representatives from nine counties discussed problems of interest to teenage drivers during morning and afternoon sessions. As a result of these meetings, 26 concrete resolutions were recommended by the entire group to improve traffic safety.

The Wild Winter Wind

The wild winter wind beats over the hills,
Throwing the clouds of drifted snow
Through spirals, swoops, and heaven-bound swirls,
Pushing them on like fear-driven chargers
Across a still and senseless sky.
Wild, unconquered, savage—unto the end of time.

And yet, with all its energy
So vast and widely spent,
What other use but freezing us
Has its great presence lent?

—Victoria Wenner, '56

Amos Enjoys a Holiday

My name is Amos. I'm a mouse. Most likely you didn't know that I, too, am at State High. But I don't go to classes or go home at night. I live here, right behind the trophy case on the second floor.

You aren't the only ones looking forward to Christmas vacation. Just think—after Friday, peace and quiet. No more having much worry whether my ¼" legs will carry me to get out of the way of the thundering mass of giants that emerge from classes every hour! Right after Thanksgiving vacation I became a little careless and almost had my tail smashed by some huge saddle shoe up by the drinking fountain.

No more girls dropping some monstrous volume on me. No more of that infernal noise in between classes. It gets so I can't even eat my cheese in peace and quiet anymore.

How about coming with me on a mouse's-eye view of the halls during vacation? Boy, it's quiet! The first thing I will do is go into the study hall and eat my Christmas dinner. There's almost always some crumbs that you so thoughtfully leave for me at noon. Then after a short snooze under the radiator, I'll go on my rounds to see what I can see.

First, though, I squeeze into the room right across from the study hall through a secret passage of mine and have dessert. I have my choice of almost any kind of candy bar. (Hope they won't notice a corner or two chewed off.) Scooting down the hall, I go into the library and sniff around until I find what I was looking for. A book on how to build mouse-traps. Luckily it's on the bottom shelf, so I carefully chew up the pages so no one can read it. People can't get that educated!

Next stop is the choir room down in the basement where I have more fun running up and down the keys of their piano. This is my own arrangement of Amosmousemusic.

Being pretty tuckered out after this bit of exercise, I go back upstairs to my nest behind the trophy case. After carefully arranging the blue wool scarf that I found under one of the lockers, I settle down for a long winter's nap.

'Twas the Day Before Vacation

'Twas the day before vacation and
all thru the hall,
Not a person was studying; they
they were having a "ball."
Their coats were all hung in their
lockers with care,
In hopes that 2:50 would soon be
there.

Mr. Jerse was nestled all snug in his
room,
Giving some unfortunate student the
"boom."

Miss Crisman was in her office and
Dr. Bryan in his, too,
Both sitting there thinking of some-
thing to do.

When up in the hall there rose such
a clatter,
The three sprang from their quarters
to see what was the matter.
Away out the door they flew like a
flash,
Two steps at a time, oh boy, did they
dash!

The lights as they shone on the brown
tile floor,
Gave a peculiar glow to what lay
before.
When what to their wondering eyes
should arise,
But one of the students in a Santa
Claus disguise.

He said, "Come join us, there's no
cause for alarm,
It's the day before vacation and we
mean no harm."
So they called the whole faculty and
when all joined in,
One could scarcely hear because of
the din.

Santa had his pack there with pre-
sents for all,
And the spirit of giving reigned thru
the hall.
This jolly old man had plenty to give,
And hoped the receivers an easier
life would live.

For Peelen and Sebaly, upon their
request,
Lots of pretty gals, the kind they
like best.
Instead of giving Dinny a Christmas
turkey
She'll get from Santa a gift of Berky.

For Joe Gillis these'll be a souped-up
car,
For racing on slippery roads from
here to afar.
Next on the list was freshie John
Garside.
To him a lounge chair to sit by the
fireside.

He saw Mr. Lindquist, the bookkeep-
ing master,
So he left a present to make class
time go faster.
To Mr. Weber he gave a shovel to
clear a path
So he could get to his room to work
on math.

For Birch, Griffith, Littig and Tyler:
automatic typewriters brand new
With earphones that work when
thought into.

Santa Claus had a great big smile
For Margaret Borton had all her
wants in an alphabetized file

Sondra, Stevie, Cathy and Pat
Comfortably on the floor they sat,
Saying their Christmas prayer again,
"We've waited patiently, dear Santa,
ah . . . men!"

To Julie Davis, with a personality
that's sunny,
For paying off debts, Santa gives
money.

Al Howard wrote in for a card and a
kiss,
Santa promised it to him from some
generous Miss.

Nat Borgman wants to "get in the
swim,"
Here's a ticket to Florida to be with
her Jim.

"Step up Mr. Leonardelli, the next is
for you,
A wonderful future for Lucia will
make you happy, too."

For Harriette Howe here's a ball and
chain
To keep John home thru snow and
rain.

To Miss Ebert to give her 10:00
o'clock class,
A bottle of vitamins for pep that
lasts!

Santa looked over his list and called
up a crowd,
Gave a medal to the boys who seemed
the most proud.

"To the boy who thinks the most of
himself" was inscribed on each
one.

Imagine their surprise. Run, Santa,
run ! !

So the day before vacation was the
very best yet,
Enjoyed by all of the high school set.

MERRY CHRISTMAS AROUND THE WORLD

Denmark: "En glaedelig Jul"
Germany: "Froehliche Weihnachten"
France: "Joyeux Noel"
Greece: "Kala Christougenna"
Hawaii: "Meli Kalimaka"
Spain: "Feliz Navidad"
Hungary: "Boldog Karacsonyt"
Italy: "Buon Natale"
Japan: "Kinge Shinnen"
Latin: "Felicia Christi Natalicia"
Lithuania: "Linksmu Kaledu"
Norway: "Gledelig Jul"
Poland: "Wesolych Swiat Bozego
Narodzenia"
Portugal: "Feliz Natal"
Romania: "Sarbatori Ferecite"
Russia: "S' Rozhdystvom Hristovim"
Turkey: "Ichok Yilara"

Glancing into Santa's Workshop

Here we are in Santa's workshop at
the North Pole. It seems that a few
State High kids volunteered to help
Santa prepare and deliver his pack-
ages. Let's take a walk around and
see who's here.

First of all, at the Information
Desk, we see Chuck Maloney with
that scholarly look on his face. We
overhear him tell "little Al Wise"
that the "Baby Doll Dept." is "down
the hall and to your right, little boy."

There's Millicent Hafer and Con-
nie Fricke—they seem to be in charge
of all the gifts going to tiny people,
while Judy Bree, over to the right of
us is packing and planning to de-
liver all the presents that go to Mich-
igan State.

There's Bob Britigan hard at work
—helping Santa write a book entitled
**What Every Eligible Bachelor Should
Know**, while Barb Born is very busy
proofreading the copy. Dona Endsley
is also in this publishing department.
She is editing a booklet stating her
"philosophy" to be delivered to her
fellow Social Problems classmates.

Over in the "Expensive Gifts Dept."
we find Judy Scott. She has been
named the manager of the "There's
A Ford In Your Future" section.

Ann Carleton and Bob Mabie are
helping Santa with his mail by an-
swering all the letters from young
lovers who are undecided as to what
that important gift shall be.

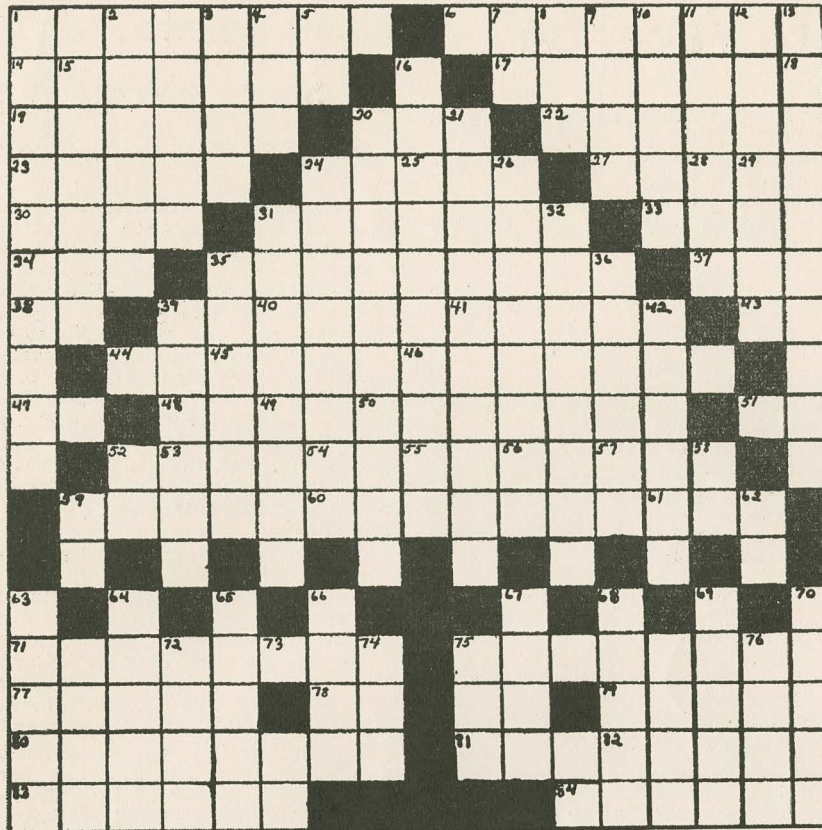
In the "Manufacturing Dept." we
find Joe Gillis, who seems to be turn-
ing out something in great quantities.
Oh yes, "little black books." Miriam
and Dorothy are packing bottles of
bleach, which will be sent out to the
senior girls at State.

Next we see Alan Howard and
Carolynn Buder, who are helping
Santa pack and deliver diamond rings
to all the senior girls who are "going
steady."

The student teachers are busily
working in the "Pill Dept." packing
pills to cure the headaches produced
by all the questions thundered at
them by the students.

Finally we come to Liliane Malone,
who is wrapping gifts in glittering
gold and silver paper with the origi-
nal touch that is hers alone. At the
moment she is concentrating on sil-
verware patterns, and we see her
selecting her list meticulously with
"French Scroll" for Arlette Brod,
"Southern Charm," Ann Burgerderfer,
"Chapel Bells," Carolyn Buder, "Pre-
lude," Martha Braden, and "Roma-
tique," Barbara Stuart.

As we edge our way back to the
entrance we spy Chuck Ocvierek har-
nessing Santa's reindeer and realize
that Santa is about to embark on his
annual trip around the world.



HORIZONTAL

1. Object thrown in winter
6. Dave ———— (V.)
page at Lansing
14. Now on sale for \$3.50
17. Proper name for Sam
18. A pronoun
19. A Christmas carol
20. Division in a play
22. Shiny silver on Christmas tree
23. A path in the woods
24. Abbrev. for an electric company
25. He blew his ———
27. Initials of Finnettes' president
28. To look
29. One of the great lakes
30. To go wrong
31. Red-nosed reindeer
33. Another form for heron
34. A person not a gentleman
35. Birthday of Jesus
37. Larry ——— tig
38. Soph. girl who lives on Arcadia
ct.
39. Popular Christmas song
43. Spanish preposition for in
44. Stand under this and get a kiss
47. Abbreviation for our country
48. ——— With The Wind
50. A blonde cheerleader's last name
51. Neuter pronoun
53. Matt's little brother, ———
g —
54. Second note of scale
55. Initials of Polly's sister
56. Exclamation of pain
57. U. S. writer of horror stories
59. Bob ———— a
60. Senior "politician"

61. Opposite of old
71. Biology, social problems student
teacher
73. Advertisements (Abbrev.)
75. Perfect participle of "eat."
76. Merton's initials
77. To disagree
78. Freshman Nancy in choir
79. Senior girl with blue frames
80. A day for special eating
81. Good ———
82. Junior Joan interested in speech
83. Party on Dec. 21
84. Soph. football player named Bob

VERTICAL

1. Old man with white beard and red
suit
2. "——— Christian Sold-
iers"
3. What Warfield tosses through the
basket
4. Synonym for everyone
5. —. —. / M.F.T.
7. Initials of a speech teacher
8. Grain fed Santa's reindeer
9. Word for beloved in French
10. Served at the Christmas formal
11. "Here we come a —————
ing"
12. A malt beverage
13. Well-known Christmas carol
15. Scandinavian country
16. Sr. Sandra in art (initial and
surname)
20. Roman officer
21. Tournament held in King Arthur's
day
24. The sound made by our drinking

Stranger in the Corner

In the parlor, in the corner
Our naked prisoner waits;
His feet are cleaved off sharply,
His arms hang heavy with prickly
weights.

From the dusty, dirty boxes
Glittering balls and stars come out
And are hung upon his branches
As the children sing and shout.

And so he stands so solemn
And submits to bumps and shouts
As he's draped with cutting tinsel
To its purpose he has doubts.

Now he stands and waits so
patiently
Till the adorning is seemingly
through,

Even in old decorations
His viewers see him "brand new."

Why all this celebration?
Why the packages under my bough?
He asks himself wonderingly
As the room grows quiet now.

In the darkness there while he
stands alone
The angel on his head does say,
"Be happy, dear friend, be not sad,
Today is the Christ child's day."

I have a purpose to perform then:
To beautify a special day,
And he glows in the warmth of
the angel's words,
Very contented, happy and gay.

- fountain
26. Percy's initials
31. Tom Howson's brother
32. Seventh word in Lord's Prayer
36. Legend of "———
Hollow"
39. Senior pitcher on baseball team
40. Nate's initials
41. VanPeenan's nickname
42. Outfit made famous by Dorothy
Lamour
45. Therefore
46. Winner in a recent speech contest
49. A musical sound
50. Mr. Schoenhals's first name
52. A Greek letter
54. Initials of soph. sports star
55. Popular blonde senior girl
56. Preposition
58. Senior Ed's initials
59. Initials of teacher in H. R. 219
62. Senior boy who works at museum
63. Senior boy who plays cornet
64. " . . . and visions of ———
— plums danced in their heads"
65. Chairman of social committee
66. First name of author of **So Big**
67. First name of our newest cheer-
leader
68. Boys' adviser
69. Happiness
70. Sr. trombone player
72. Latin pronoun for you (S.)
74. Bashful
75. ——— Tide



The Way the Ball Bounces

We still have a few flashbacks from the football season: Brooks Godfrey was State Hi's contribution to the the All-Southwestern Football team. Congratulations, Brooks . . .

A week ago Sunday the local winners of the Gazette "player of the week" honors saw the Detroit Lions defeat the Chicago Bears. Coach Walters drove the State contingent consisting of Jim Hawkins, Don Kilgore, John Warfield and Brooks Godfrey over to Detroit and it was heard that "a good time was had by all" . . .

The football team presented gifts to Athletic Director Fred Stevens and Coach Roy Walters in recognition of their leading the team to the best season in 13 years. We feel that this was a good way for the boys to show their appreciation of their two coaches' indispensable and invaluable guidance . . .

This year's basketball team shows balance as exhibited in their season opener with Holland Christian when Matt Peelen, Bob Miles, and John Warfield each contributed 9 points to the Cub cause . . . We expect the squad to do well in league play this year and feel that the valuable experience they gained in their first gam will aid them throughout the year in defending the league co-championship.

Hi, Captain!

Let's meet John Warfield, captain of the State High '53-'54 basketball team. He comes from a family of seven and his father is a minister.

Continuing with this thumbnail sketch of this interesting personality, we find that John stands six feet even and tips the scales at 145 pounds.

John is one of the sharpest dressers in the senior class and, incidentally, is senior president. His favorite record is "One Mint Julep" and he relishes a dish of spaghetti and meatballs. He plans on a naval career, possibly coming back to college on the G.I. Bill.

Over the week-ends John can be found with Margaret Moragne, his steady girl from Central. John takes her out in his "sporty" '41 Chrysler, with fluid drive!

While attending State High, John has received varsity letters in basketball, football, and track and has handled many positions of responsibility for his class.

State Edged Out, 36-35

Tell me, Hoiman

It was the annual basketball game between Higsby High and South Dunkelsmith, one of bitter rivalry. Herman Fittle was taking Gertrude Greengrass to her first basketball game. What a mistake!

As they entered the gym, Gertrude said, "As cold as it is outside, Hoiman, you'd think the coach would make them wear their long underwear!"

"No, Gertrude, they wear those short trunks because . . ." Herman didn't finish his sentence. (What was the use?)

Finally the game got underway. No sound except the chomp-chomping of Gertrude and her seven sticks of gum.

"Hoiman, why does that silly-looking man in the striped shirt make them jump so high for the ball? Why doesn't he just give it to one of them and save them all that work?"

Silence.

The official's whistle blew. "Oh, he was traveling!" exclaimed Herman. Again silence.

What was inevitable finally came. "Hoiman," asked Gertrude with a quizzical look on her face, "why do they call it 'traveling'?"

"Well, you see, Gertrude . . ." he tried to explain.

She interrupted him. "Oh, *that's* why they call them trunks that they wear!"

Silence.

"Hoiman, why are all those boys lined up like that?"

"The other team just got a foul so we get a free shot," answered Herman.

"Do we get our free shot at a fowl, too, Hoiman?" she asked.

Herman was slowly turning blue. "Now let me watch the game, Gertrude. Oh, they just made another basket! That makes the score 49-46."

"Hoiman!" she exclaimed. "I finally get the point of this game. For every basket they make they get two points."

Herman beamed. So Gertrude understood after all.

"But, Hoiman," she said coyly "That doesn't seem nearly as hard as making those baskets of bamboo underwater like those Indians do in South America."

Herman groaned. He didn't say a word; he just gave her 17 more sticks of gum, hoping she would silently choke on it.

Practice for Portage

Hopes of defending their Wolverine Conference Co-Championship in basketball were dimmed as the Cubs lost a sloppy ball game to the South Haven cagers, 36-35, on the home floor.

Neither team displayed exceptional brilliance during the ball game, but what hurt the Cub cagers most was lack of accuracy from the free throw line, as only five of eighteen charity throws went through the nets. The South Haven Rams, on the other hand, made good on twelve free tosses, which offset the State High field goal edge and gave them a slim margin of victory.

The game at times resembled football rather than basketball, which accounts for the thirty-one fouls which were called in the game.

The Cubs led early in the ball game 5-1, only to see the Rams forge ahead 19-11, as the first half neared its end, but Matt Peelen, high point man for the game, went to work for the Cub quintet, leaving the score 22-19 at the half time.

The lead changed a few times in the second half with the rebounding and scoring of Peelen taking the major burden of the State High efforts.

Finally the Rams took a 36-35 lead, on two free throws by Nelson and after that "froze" the ball allowing State High only one shot at the net.

Peelen led both teams in scoring, garnering a total of 17 points, but no other Cub could get over five points.

The State High reserve aggregation swamped the South Haven seconds 63-16, aided by John Fleckenstein's 10 points.

The cagers will seek their initial triumph this Friday against the Portage Mustangs in another Wolverine Conference game.

Miriam—(arriving late at a game)
"What's the score, Don?"

Don "Nothing to nothing."

Miriam—"Oh goody, then we haven't missed a thing!"

* * *

Freshman—"May I kiss you?"

Senior—"Jeepers! Another amateur!"

* * *

Sandy's Dad—"What's the idea of bringing my daughter home at 3 o'clock in the morning?"

Phil—"Well, sir, I have to be to work at 7."

Santa Goes Modern

Santa is modernizing himself nowadays. Science is making him lazy. Back when Santa was first originated, his work was uncomplicated, everything was simple and easy to understand. Now science permeates all the corners of his pack.

Let's look at some of the toys that are now given for Christmas presents as compared with some of the ones that used to be given. When a child was given a toy, it was once a stuffed doll or a quiet resemblance of a train or a car. Now, the doll walks, dances, sheds tears, drinks through a straw, and there is even on market today a new doll that "puckers her lips and kisses and has a heart beat," and I am not talking about the girl you happen to be going with.

For the boys, instead of a faint resemblance to a train or car, there are electric trains that load and unload themselves and puff smoke. The cars, instead of being pushed or pulled, actually have motors to run by themselves. horns, and sets of tools to repair them. For boys who used to be satisfied with chemistry and erector sets, there is now on the market an "Atomic Energy Laboratory" complete with a Geiger counter, a cloud chamber, and a fluorescent screen for watching the decay of radioactive materials.

All of the toys of yesterday were made piece by piece and assembled by hand. Now, one minute you see a pile of junk and the next minute you see a "Mechanical Helicopter Kit-Instructive and fun to make. It assembles with screws, needs no glue. Completed model is seventeen inches long. Has Gyro-Friction motor that rotates propeller as 'copter taxis. Has everything from rescue ladder to pilot."

Toys are now being made from different materials that they used to be, too. Some that formerly were made with sawdust, rosin, and starch mixtures are now made with plastics. Paints used to be a heavily pigmented coating with a hide glue base. Now there are all sorts of finishes including nitrocellulose lacquers, high vacuum metal finishers, and others that require a thorough knowledge of chemistry to understand.

Obviously, Santa and Christmas have been changed by science. But the fundamentals of the spirit of kindness and concern for all mankind remains the same. "Peace on earth, good will toward men" will live forever in the hearts of men, unless they have one of those new mechanical hearts.

—Bill Patmos, '54

Christmas in sight and sound has come to the cafeteria these days. Students in grades 7-1 have decorated it and play records of carols.

A New Year Toast

A toast to the New Year,
God bless its fate.
Death to the old,
It has kept its date.

Look to the future,
Think not of the past.
Enjoy this coming year,
It may be your last.

Progress we've made,
In the past 52 weeks.
Don't prophesy the future,
You're allowed no peeks.

A toast to the New Year,
A prayer for many more.
That burning question still remains:
What's ahead in '54?

Festive Fashion Notes

Holiday time is party time and clothes always play an important part in adding color and sparkle to these events. Girls will probably be wearing those new gaily colored felt skirts with the unusual designs on them. Velvet and taffeta skirts are also appropriate. Jersey blouses and jeweled sweaters make a nice top, and for real dressy occasions a velveteen halter top is smart. With matching pearls and earrings these are nice for teas and open houses. Also nice for these occasions are knit suits, which come in loads of colors.

The boys go for the new and stylish vests worn under suits and sports coats for the dressy parties. They're available in flannels and wool knits. If a party isn't that dressy, an argyle sweater worn over a white shirt and with matching socks looks neat. A beautiful plaid flannel shirt also makes the gals stand up and take notice. The light grey flannel suit, white shirt and contrasting tie remains on top for the dressy season, but gaining in popularity is the dark, dark charcoal flannel suit worn with a french cuffed, button down collar pastel shirt and a black knit tie.

For the formals, the gals are choosing newer type materials like silk shantung and faille, but net and taffeta are still the old favorites. Many formals are being made with tiny shoulder straps and halter tops, but there's no cause for disappointment, boys, they're just as revealing as ever. Shades of red and white are the top color as always, but dark green is rather pretty, too. For that little extra sparkle, a rhinestone necklace and earrings are just the thing. Perhaps a little extreme, but different are the little sequins and sparkles which can be put on the fingernails over some of that silver or pearl polish. Naturally, a boy can still depend on his navy blue suit, or if he's lucky enough, a tux to see him through the formal season.

Scott's Scoops

These weeks haven't been bursting with news. You kids will have to get on the ball and do some nice scandalous things!

Wonder why Julie Davis and Jim Boylan wear each other's rings if they aren't going steady?

Joanie Parkes had a big shindig a while back and almost everyone from school was there to help her celebrate her birthday. Jon didn't quite make it on time, but made up for his late arrival by rushing all the other gals. Also hear some things were taken from the party.

Could there be a torch burning between Helen Alman and Jim Burger, Julie DenBleyker and Don Marshall, Martha Braden and Kit Light, and Dinny Lintvedt and Gordie Berkhausen? ? HMMMMMMMMMM?

The formal season is upon us and it's always interesting to see who takes who. You can count on the steady couples being there, but aside from them we'll see Jim Elsmann and Diane Doubleday, and Bobby Miles and Fran Miller whirling past Polly Allen and Don Moss. You can look for Pat Borgman and her Central man gabbing on the sidelines with Barb Burling and Gary Birch and with Jan Correll and Clarke Godfrey. Joanie Kohrman and Joe Scott and Jean Morris and Ron White will be seen there, too. Ellen Davis isn't telling anyone who she's going with; maybe she and her date just want to make a spectacular gra-n-n-nd entrance—Who knows ! ! !

About this time of year there is usually an unofficial poll of class cuties. What do you think of these?

Freshmen; Priscilla Todd, John Garside

Sophomores: Mary Roberts, Bobby Miles

Juniors: Sue Locke, Guy Hess

Seniors: Stevie Malone, Ron Kilgore

It's about time to get out the old crystal ball and see what's in store for '54.

The couple situation in State will remain about the same with the single sophomore girls setting out for Ron and Don Kilgore, Matt Peelen, Charlie Straub, Jiggs Harbour, and maybe even some of the others that are soooooo hard to pin. Good luck, gals!

This side of the crystal ball is awfully bright and it's caused from the senior girls' sparklers. I'll predict a few more in '54.

The ball also shows that the freshmen's green is wearing off and many new cuties are to be expected. Carol Schutz, Robin Limpus, Karen Wilkins, Alice Osterberg, and Alice Mabie are just a few.

Observation of the week:

"Although most new cars come equipped with automatic transmissions, one-armed drivers still use the conventional clutch . . ."

