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State Highlights 12/12/1956

Western State High School

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Charming Suzanne Lennartson has been chosen this year by the senior girls and faculty as the D.A.R. Pilgrim. Suzanne more than surpasses the character qualifications set by the Daughters of the American Revolution, who will now honor Sue locally as well as with other schools' choices at a state luncheon in Lansing. The further choice of the State Good Citizen will receive a $100.00 U.S. Savings Bond, gift of the national society.

During Sue's four years of high school, she has served as a member of five committees and has engaged in three clubs. Sue's competent leadership is acknowledged by her fellow students who continually have realized this ability and have elected her to a variety of positions. Among these have been secretary-treasurer of her homeroom, citizenship committee chairman, vice-president of the student council, and secretary and vice-president of the Spanish Club.

Along with Sue's school activities in the Blue and Gold Review and the pep band, she still has found time to earn the grades of a very good student and be an active member in her church.

Sue's patriotism and dependability are shared with all with whom she comes in contact. She has become a friend to everyone with her wonderful personality and radiant smile. A more deserving person would truly be hard to find for the honor of D.A.R. Pilgrim.
Bit o' Wit

It was one sophomore's observation that "Elmer must have really blown his top." He was referring, of course, to the ceiling of the band room—it's LYING ALL OVER THE FLOOR.

Describing a certain girl, one freshman boy asked, "What more do you want?"

"Well, what else do girls have?" questioned the other. Ah, ah, ah, WATCH THAT!

Kim Sebaly got a large charge the other day in 8:00 Chemistry. He thought he had lost his hand. Volt-UNTEERING CAN BE DANGEROUS, can't it, Kim?

"About one person out of every ten... outside an institution is mentally ill," notes a recent newspaper article. Question of the week: IDGH?

And sickle on his class door. It's only the influence of their thermometers was passed around for 8:00 Chemistry. Mr. Vuicich is sleuthing around try-ING at it.

Sandra Schau and Tammy Augustie heads to Larry Mercure who is interested in it. Chance exhorts, "It's still in sight. The Christmas season and its accompanying coverlet of snow bring it nearer. Will you help?"

—Mary Stelma

This Is Peace?

"Peace on earth, good will toward men." During the Christmas season we hear this phrase echoed in word and song. In due reverence we have set aside December twenty-fifth to commemorate the birth of Christ, whose entire life was dedicated to peace and good will.

We as a people are, also, according to our constitution, dedicated to these fundamentals, but our very lives are contradictory to this.

"I don't trust anything those Commies do," is the popular feeling today. If the Soviet bloc makes a proposal, the average American repudiates it with little or no consideration. We try to lure people away from Communist thinking with strategic loans of food and industrial goods. This constant struggle for alliance—peace?

Teenagers in constant rebellion against teachers and learning exist in many of today's schools; high school boys participating in drag races; juvenile delinquency. Are these promoting peace?

Hurting words cut the air when tempers are aroused. These fragments of thought often make two basically agreeable individuals sworn enemies. Does this promote peace?

Torn by race riots, the cities of the South are burning with controversy. "Sure, we love our neighbors," say many, "but Joe over there doesn't count; he's black." In the North, where integration is accepted, you hear, "Oh yes, we have colored people in school, good athletes, you know, but I can't be friendly; they're different." Good will toward men?

A cheerleader is attacked in Grand Rapids, Michigan, after a football game. Reason: her team won. A high school student "using" another to make him or her more popular; cliques of teen-agers snubbing other groups because "they're poor; they live on the other side of the tracks."—are these methods of promoting good will?

"Peace on earth, good will toward men" is our far-reaching goal. However, it is still in sight. The Christmas season and its accompanying coverlet of snow bring it nearer. Will you help?

—Mary Stelma

You'll Never Know

Have you ever watched people on Christmas morning? The confusion and the gaily colored paper and ribbons rustling and rattling around may not bother them, but to a dog—it's murder!

I was a Christmas present once myself, but after that first day I'm glad Christmas only comes once a year and I know the way to the seclusion and peace of the kitchen.

I always head for the kitchen first because all the food is kept there and for the morning hours, food is least on their feeble human minds. So, while they're all flopping around like a school of dry-docked fish, I enjoy a little heaven.

But, as usual, it doesn't last long. First Mom comes out and starts gathering up all kinds of pots and pans, not caring in the least if she disturbs me.

Aromatic odors begin to fill my nostrils. It torments me to stay here any longer; so I recline to a corner of the now quietly buzzing living room. No one even bothers me. The kids are all occupied with their new toys and games and "the ol'man" is too busy trying to work Mickey's electric train.

As soon as I get settled, the relatives arrive and I'm shipped off to the basement because I "might scare Cousin Ronnie or lick Cousin Linda's new dress and it would be ruined."

Afternoon surrenders to evening. The last of the relatives have gone home, and the games and toys have been abandoned.

"Where's Duke? I haven't seen him all day!"

At last! I'm back in the family again! I sure live a "dog's life!"

—Nancie Gay

Christmas Candles

Christmas candles are like angels, with their halos softly glowing;

They're like fingers, guiding, pointing,
out the way to those not knowing;

Christmas candles, flames of hope, giving life to those forgotten;

Melt away but start a new life,
in a different place and form;

Christmas candles are renewers, of faith, and hope, and peoples' joy;

But more important, they're reminders, of God's great gift to all mankind.

—Frances Sprau
Gift For A Boy

Go sing your carols to someone else! Go on, get away from me! I don't want your Christmas cheer or your "Silent Night" or your dirty "Reb" accent either. Go on, get!

Look at them! They're there, just oozing with love for Christmas. Love, my foot! All it means to them is a day of sleep and a hot meal. I don't know any better. I've lived it too if I'd had all that; but I don't and right now there isn't a man on earth who hates this day of Christmas more than I do.

That's right, Lord. I hate it. For three months now I've been in this sadger hole of a cell. By day, I'd sit there on the floor, just watchin' the cracks creep up the walls and the mud clots get wet and drip down; and I'd think not of home or the war, but of Christmas. By night, I'd crouch in the corner, listenin' to the cold as it charged through the window bars and trampled what body warmth I could find. When I got numb, I'd fall asleep on one to dream of that day and oh yes, the little present the "Rebs" had promised me. The minutes passed slowly, but the months, fast. The long awaited day had arrived.

Look out there, Lord. See the snow a-twirlin' and a-whirlin' around. See how it lands on everything, good and bad. You're a snake-like knot. You landed on my "present," that long yellow rope with the snake-like knot. Of course, I don't get it today, nobody gets hanged on Christmas Day. "Why not?" you ask. I'll tell you why not; because Your Son was born then, because those hypocrites who call themselves Your people had their hearts filled with charity and love for mankind. Their saint-like reverence would shrink in horror if I were already dead. Well! What are you waiting for? We may be crazy, Yank, but we all decided to include ya in the prisoner exchange. Ya'll gonna be leavin' tomorrow. I heard them, Lord; I'd see their pitying looks but for my tears. A boy's tears are a small return for your gift... my life, my faith, and my manhood. I swear should I fight again, I'll be a man and it comes to hanging, I'll die with a man's faith. As a boy, I thank you for this gift.

Carole Lemon

My Happiest Christmas

When I was four, my father went overseas to serve in the 102nd General Hospital. On the occasion of his last leave, my mother and I went to "Grandpa"'s house. "Goodyear." It was my private hope that I would accompany him, but the train conductor intercepted my attempt to mount the train. My father explained, man to man, that my place was at home helping my mother and taking care of my small sister and baby brother.

Two dreary years and two lonely Christmases passed without the guy who was the central figure of my world. Sometimes I would dream that he was hurt and dying and I would cry for him in the night. My days were filled with a wordless dread and an aching loneliness.

Then in December of 1945, we received a cablegram that he was embarking from Paris and expected to be home for Christmas.

The day arrived in a fever of polishing silver, cleaning windows, baking cookies and excited anticipation. On the twentieth my Day called from New York. In my excitement I disposed of my bubble gum on my uniform and expected to turn for my gift... my life, my faith and my manhood. I swear should I fight again, I'll be a man and it comes to hanging, I'll die with a man's faith.

My dad's train was due at midnight on the twenty-third. At bed time that night, after my brother, sister and I were scrubbed 'til we should like the lights on the Christmas tree, we were put to bed. The other two children obediently fell asleep, but I lay awake listening for the sounds of the car that would bring my father home. I thought of the banner waving from the second story of the house, saying, "Welcome Home, Captain Cooper," of the paper weight I'd made at school with the bright new penny stuck in the clay and with this inscription, "Good Luck, Dad."

That year Santa Claus and presents were very secondary to the returning of my dad, the man I felt had won the war.

At last, his train long delayed, he was home and I was perched on his shoulders, my arms tight about his neck, my eyes examining his tired face. The other two children, who couldn't remember him, were also clamoring for his attention. It was a Christmas I'll never forget. Nothing could add or detract from the wonder of it. No other Christmas will ever equal it, the Christmas my dad came home.

-Bert Cooper
The Red Chain

“Deck the halls with boughs of holly,” whispered a small uncertain voice as its owner carefully draped a paper chain on the polished doorknob. The bright, construction-paper red of the decoration accentuated the ugliness of the glaringly clean, barren halls, a fitting accompaniment to the evening, for only a short time before, the usual somber silence of the institution had been broken. The last peaceful phrases of “Silent Night” and the gay shouts of “Merry Christmas” that the young carolers had tossed back to the wide-eyed children remained hidden in the dark corners. The trimmed door opened and clicked shut as the childish figure entered the room now thick with the bustle of bedtime business. The tired, strident voice of the mistreated retarded girls automatically repeated the Lord’s Prayer. The unkind lights blinded and the youngest dropped off into an imaginative world—their only substantial source of happiness, love, and security.

Laura, however, remained awake. Dreams no longer satisfied her hand-capable mind, for the barren halls of her brain had also been brightened by a small paper chain. The radiating decoration had illuminated the dead passages of Laura’s thoughts, bringing to light the heretofore unrealized desires lurking there.

Before the chain, in one of the rooms of Laura’s memory, stood a Christmas tree, her lone and simple symbol of Christmas. A plate of turkey and a bowl of jiggling, red cranberry sauce, a miniature manger scene containing a ridiculous, bumpy camel, a staring caroler, a “volunteer,” laughing forcedly, a sprig of holly stuck rakishly in the hair of a staid, one of the bags of hard candy always found at the foot of Christmas trees began bubbling Christmas tree light, and a shimmering strip of tinsel surrounded the tree—signs of a special kind of happiness and a certain innocence.

Now an enormous package of mar-velous gifts, given in the Christmas spirit by an anonymous community service club, contrasted conspicuously with the plain bits of the humbled Carson’s, put Laura’s thoughts in perspective. The paper trim had compensated for the inferiority with-standards. It was calm as she rose and walked slowly past me to the stairs. As she reached the half closed door, suddenly the voice stopped. I sat still and the echo of the words seemed to ring from the walls. And then the door opened at the top of the stairs. A shaft of light stabbed down the cold stairway and glanced from the walls. A voice followed the light. “In an hour Anne Boleyn shall be in hell!” The light retreated up the stairs and the door banged shut.

When the door opened again after a chilling eternity of silence, the light fell full on a woman in a long red gown ornately fashioned with diamonds and pearls sewn into the cloth. Ropes of pearls hung around her neck. The expression on her face was calm as she rose and walked slowly past me to the stairs. As she passed me, I clutched at her skirt to keep her there with me. She half quenched her pace, and the skirt ripped in my hands. I sat transfixed as she climbed the stairs.

“I am a prisoner, madam, wake up!” I looked up drowsily and saw two men standing above me. They gently half pushed me, half carried me up the stairs. At the top, the brightness of the late afternoon sun almost blinded me. I looked at my companions’ faces and tried to smile. One sternly said, “Madam, you should have kept with your group. They have been looking for you for hours. You will find them down the hall in the room to the right of the door.”

I thanked them and walked away.
Behind me, I heard one of them say, “We have trouble with that kind quite often. She wandered away during the guide’s lecture about Henry VIII and his wives. Just after the changing of the guards, we realized she had disappeared nowhere for her. In fact, one of the men actually looked in that cell where she was. He yelled down, but there was no response.”

I walked slowly trying to grasp what the man had said. As I neared my friends, I finally unclenched my hands. I looked down horrified as a lush, red piece of jeweled cloth fell to the floor.

There’s a Song in the Air

The day is an ordinary one. Settled in the office marked BOYS’ ADVISOR, “Good King Wenceslaus” admonishes those happy-go-lucky senior boys with the supposedly calming words, “Rest You, Merry Gentlemen,” and as the choir rehearses under “Jolly Old Saint Nick,” “O Faithful Pyne” remarks admiringly, “Hark! the Herald Angels Sing!” Meanwhile “The Three Kings,” BRAD H., DICK C., and FRED A., impatiently await the 3:05 “Jingle (of) Bells” While Shepherds Watch Their Flocks upstairs in the study hall. “The First NEWELL” HET-RICK, a member of “The Holly and the IVY” LEAGUE, moans because the phone is out of order and it’s going to be a “Silent Night.”

Everyone is looking forward to the “Twelve Days of Christmas” vacation when “Angels From the Realms of Glory” come home from college. Holiday basketball games will cause the members of the pep committee to “Deck the Halls” and send out a plea—“Come All Ye Faithful fans so we won’t have to hide “Away in a Manger,” but shout “Joy to the World” instead. Later, “I Heard the (carol) Bells on Christmas Day” for “It was past a Midnight Clear” and Dad blew his top all the way to “The Little Town of Bethlehem” and back.

That’s “Auld ‘Gang,””

—Your Christmas Reporter

A Child Grows Up?

No more begging to stay up and wait for Santa, no more rushing downstairs on Christmas morning yelling at the family to look at all the wonderful gifts, no more new dolls with soft hair or tarantulas that glow in the dark. Yes, things have changed. You are no longer in first grade, or third, or fourth, or even sixth; you are in high school. What a sad outlook on life, but are you really as hardened to the wonders of Christmas as you think you are? The sleepless hours on Christmas Eve. You aren’t excited; you just can’t sleep. On Christmas morning you wake before the family, but lie in bed because you are too old to be the first up. Then you go downstairs and see the tree with the beautifully wrapped gifts surrounding it. Even now you don’t weaken. With assumed nonchalance you seat yourself in front of the tree. Eagerly your younger brothers and sisters grab for the nearest gift with the tag: To Jean, or Bill, or Jim, or Sue from Santa Claus. You throw a knowing look at your parents as the wrappings begin to fly.

“Oh, look at my soldiers!” “See my new game.” “Hand me that present over there.” “Hey, that’s mine.” And so goes the conversation among the younger set. They are half way through their gifts while you are still carefully folding the paper from your first.

Then you see it: the new dress or hunting rifle you have longed for. Reserve thrown to the wind, you join the rest by madly flying from one side of the tree to another grabbing for this box or that.

The gifts are opened, the adults settled around the fire drinking coffee, and with a sheepish grin you sit with the younger ones excitedly examining your presents. Once again you are captured by the thrill of Christmas, for you still aren’t as old as you think you are.

—Marilee Masterson

Mood of Winter

Twirling snowflakes, dashing together, fall from endless space. With no warning a desolate-sounding wind grabs them, tearing and ripping them into a fearful blizzard. Wind-blown, the snowy sheets land only to be hurried upward again, whipping across the wheat fields that only a few months ago swayed with the winds and shimmered at the sight of the sun.

On the chilling blizzard travels, striking the thick-furred animals huddled together in the corner of last summer’s pasture. The glow of cold shows on the cattle’s petrified faces. Their bodies stand as though nothing could ever move them. One can not see their shut eyes or snow-beaten faces.

Again the layers of snow land and scatter over the frozen ground, but only until the next savage wind catches up and swoops them on.

Raging against the distant farm buildings, the wind carries the snow between, shutting each building off from the other. Not a voice can be heard or a light seen through the howling blizzard. Clinging to each other, the flakes wipe across the cracks in the barn’s sides, catching sometimes a horse often falling to the ground. There the snow waits. Perhaps it will soon be cut into by a shovel, walked on, or buried into by a snowplow curling down the road. Yet now the blizzard is at a standstill, calm, and untouched, silently waiting.

—Ruthann Bryan

Jewel of Hope

Christmas is like a jewel of a thousand brilliant facets. Each is a part of the jewel. One may be for tradition, another for fantasy, and another for brotherhood. Of course, these are only three out of thousands of facets. This jewel, this Hope, stems from the heart of the jewel itself, which glows everlastingly with hope.

The story of the Manger is one which best of all fills our hearts and minds with hope. It shows us that we are not just a mechanically run Universe. There is love and understanding put into the making of our Universe, a Creator who knows and cares how it is run. Best of all, the story teaches us that we are not alone in the world, that there is a magnificent Power to guide us.

Another hope with the coming of Christmas is that of a new year ahead, a chance to start over, to change our bad ways and emphasize the good. A new year adds strength to us and a new light to our lives.

In this wonderful Christmas season we all have another hope. It is the thought of our family reuniting or joining in a stronger bond which often brings hope. It is a hope for new and everlasting relationships and love. The inner joy and peace which it brings is a marvelous thing. Hope brought Christmas and Christmas brought hope.

—Sue Van Hoeve

Scrooge Rises Again

Who said Christmas spirit? Bah! Humbug!! That person should be put in jail for uttering such vile words! I have so much trouble with people collecting money for the poor. They say that I have no Christmas spirit. Does anyone really have true Christmas spirit? Let us examine this question.

Christmas is the commemoration of the birth of Christ, but it has become simply a celebration on which presents and money (I have most of it) are exchanged. True, a certain good feeling comes into peoples’ hearts at this time, but this good feeling is neither thought about nor understood.

It appears that Christmas spirit has become coated with a veneer, and people are afraid to search in their hearts for gratefulness that our earth was blessed by Christ on that cold winter morn almost two thousand years ago. I believe that this gratefulness should be more prevalent in our thinking at Christmas time.

When I find that this so-called Christmas spirit is actually instilled in people, Ebenezer Scrooge, will stop saying, “Bah! and Humbug,” whenever a charity organization says, “Why, Mr. Scrooge, where’s your Christmas spirit?” —Ebenezer Scrooge as told to Mike Decker
His First Christmas

Two feet of snow had fallen the day before and it was plenty cold; the snow plows were out at three in the morning, and by the time the Russian refugee was out, the streets were clean, the sidewalks brand new white. He had been in the country four months now, and on this Saturday morning he just wandered around, the town looking in store windows, for he had not much money to spend. The whole town was decorated. At 9:30 the stores began to open. He was dressed in a Navy pea jacket and had a huge furry hat on, for it was 15° with no sun. He reached in his pocket and pulled out the ten dollar bill he had been saving for this occasion, and he was going to spend it today.

He was going to buy a present for his best friend, the little man who had coffee with him every morning at 7:15. He went from shop to shop, for this was December 23, and the stores would be closed tomorrow. Finally he went into a novelty shop and found what he had been looking for, a small music box which played the tune "Oh Come All Ye Faithful." On Monday morning, Christmas day, he went to the small coffee shop at seven. He waited for about twenty minutes and the man didn't show up. He called to the waiter and asked if he had seen the little man. The waiter with a tear in his eye told the refugee that the little man had died, but that he had given him a week ago a small package for the refugee. The waiter went behind the counter and brought a small package all wrapped up. As the refugee unwrapped it, he wondered to whom he'd give his present. The gift the little man had left him was a small music box which played the tune "Oh Come All Ye Faithful."

On this Christmas Eve, thousands of last-minute shoppers hustle from store to store hunting for items to give to friends or loved ones, hoping to find the one gift for this person alone. Overhead, flashing electric billboards in bright reds and greens announce their season's greetings to all who pass below and sparkling displays and holiday settings are in evidence in all of the shop windows. Everywhere are the trees, large and small, pitted with their brightly colored or gaily bubbling lights of red, blue, yellow—all colors. These denizens of the forest are draped from head to foot with lengths of shimmering metallic icicles.

The myriad of swiftly scurrying shoppers on the sidewalks adds to the gray gloom of the cold night with the constant squishing of their boots in the slush left by the multitudes passing before them.

The street is crawling with slowly creeping automobiles. Their presence is marked by the distinctive clatter of the chains, the hums of a dozen different kinds of snow tires, and the omnipresent blaring of horns.

On every corner is a jolly roly-poly bearded gentleman, whom all passers-by recognize as Santa Claus. The merry ringing notes of his clanging bell and his laughing "Thank you!" as a coin tinkles into his pot makes Santa a friend of all who are warmed by the circle of cheer radiating from him.

The churches, giving forth their air of the Christmas holidays, await the miracle to enlighten the hearts of millions once more as it always will.

These are all certainly sights and sounds in evidence only at Christmas time, but the real joys of Christmas are seen and heard when a child sneaks downstairs early Christmas morning, being careful not to make a sound, and his eyes widen and sparkle with delight and surprise at what Santa has left for him. The wild whoops and shouts reaffirm the joys of Christmas to all! —Carl Kiino

Increase Your Blessings

New Year's Day to many people is merely one following parties, or a time when important football games are played. To a few more seriously-minded people, it is a time to budget and save! We can organize so that our work is completed on time. We may boost our grades by studying conscientiously for exams (hard as it may seem). We should actually try to get along with our families and to realize that teachers are trying to do something besides complicate life.

Above all, New Year's Day is a time to look back and ahead. We have made many mistakes during the past year, but we've learned. Perhaps for the first time we have realized the importance of such advice as "be yourself," or "tell the truth before the situation becomes more complicated." Through many oversights, our nation began to realize the equal rights of all persons to live, learn, and work together regardless of race or color.

Most important we certainly can "count our blessings." The year has held much for us, for our country. We have had peace; as we joyously celebrate the birthday people in wartorn countries flee as the sounds of gunfire approach. We have made many discoveries which will benefit our lives. Great progress in medical science has been made; the wonderful inventions which will benefit our lives. Great progress in medical science has taken place in surgery, as well as the wonderful inventions which will make our lives more gratifying. We trust we have gained a better understanding of our neighbors both here and abroad and have learned much about the true beliefs of those under dictatorial government. The reasons for our friends' convictions have been made clear for us.

We hope the New Year will hold much more, but if it is true, we will have to contribute much to it. We must not expect world agreement if we constantly criticize others or quarrel with our friends. We cannot anticipate much pleasure from life if we constantly see the derogatory side of it. By using our talents to give to others we receive much in return. Let's not just compose new resolutions, but a new and better year.

—Alice Terry
Cubs Bump Bulldogs; Rams Here Next

Hardwooders Grab Premiere Show

A fighting, eager, but green State High basketball team surprised tough Holland Christian 55-54 in the opening game for both clubs. 1,100 fans witnessed the upset at the Western Michigan College gym.

A sensational last second field goal by Dave Fuller prevented what may have been an overtime contest and was a thrilling climax to the Cub victory.

Dick Howson, big forward, led the Cub scoring parade with seven baskets for 14 points. Center Jim Weeldreer and sharpshooting Cullen Henshaw each threw in 12 points. High scorer for the losing Dutchmen, and for the game, was Dave Klaver who hit for 15 points.

The game was nip and tuck through the first three quarters, but with five minutes left in the ball game Holland was well ahead 49-43. Their big lead soon dissolved, though, in the wake of a fast break basket by sub Clarke Godfrey, two charity tosses by Fuller, and a bucket by Howson.

Then Herm Tules hit two free throws, and back in the lead, but a free throw by Weeldreer and a goal by Fuller gave the Cubs a 52-51 lead with 1:33 left. Two free throws by Vern Wade with 22 seconds left umped the Cub lead to 54-51, but five seconds later Wade fouled Klaver, who made his first charity toss and intentionally missed the second. The ball fell to the hands of Warren Otte, who tipped it in to tie the score at 54 all.

With the clock running out, State hustled down court and slipped the ball to Fuller who let fly with a jump shot. The ball fell through the hoop just as the buzzer sounded. Fuller was carried off the floor by the happy Cubs.

The Cub reserves also won a thrilling ball game 38-36. Tom Brown tossed in 14 points in the victory.

State High Downs Vicksburg by 58-28 Edge

A tall and improving State High basketball team finally got rolling last Friday and blasted hapless Vicksburg 58-28 in a Wolverine League Conference game witnessed by 1,200 fans in the Vicksburg gymnasium.

The Cubs, who were behind 2-0 in the game, took advantage of some poor break patterns and jumped to a 17-4 first period lead.

The game was never close after halftime and 44-20 at the end of the third quarter, had too much height for the Bulldogs and, besides, their fast break was devastating throughout the whole game.

Cullen Henshaw led all scorers with 16 points. Dick Howson had 14 and big Jim Weeldreer dropped in 10 markers. Dave Brown, Vicksburg guard, led the Bulldogs with 10 points with no other Vicksburg player scoring over four points.

The win, which was the second in four games for the Cubs, was a do or die situation. If the Cubs had lost this game, they would have virtually put themselves out of title contention.

The State High reserve team, after a very slow start, also came through with a victory, 36-25. Tom Brown led the little Cubs with 12 points.

State will be host to a tough South Haven quintet this Friday at 8:30 p.m.

Passin' It Around

The toys for tots drive was a success, according to the basketball players. The team got back from Hastings in time for refreshments.

Bob Kohrman has high hopes of getting in a varsity basketball game this season. Bob faithfully practices ripping off his warmup uniform so he can get into the game in a hurry.

The Cubs had lost their last game to Allegan's aroused trimming on long set shots and jump shots to miss, Eddy and John Stroud hitting outstanding games.

Mr. Chance was thinking hard about the basketball game the Friday of the Allegan game when a summons came in for Martha Roth. After looking around the class and not seeing her, he remembered that she was not even in his class ... Coach must get cold hands. He has a pair of the loudest mitteners on the campus.

There has been a noticeable absence from the ranks of the cheerleaders since Pat Borgman "retired." Pat has been one since her junior high days and she really has been appreciated.

There seems to be increasing interest in the football players are so conscious about making records that when Vern Wade was told he had a temperature of 101, he was amiable to know, "Is it a record?" Vern may not be too light on his feet, girls, but he sure can stomp across that gridiron! Vern was recently named on several All-State teams.

Just before the Vicksburg game, Coach Chance was informed that Jim Weeldreer has quite a high time with his girl friend, and the Coach gave Jim a bit of practical advice: "Lay off women!"

Tigers Tip Hilltoppers In First Conference Tilts

State High's cagers were disappointing in their Wolverine League opener, losing to Allegan's aroused Tigers 51-42. Allegan was paced by forwards Larry Grewe and Loyd Eddy, both playing great ball. The Tigers also displayed great depth, all nine men who got into the fray playing outstanding games.

Vern Wade, substitute, but playing most of the game at guard, headed the Cub attack with ten points. Captain Rich Howson and Cullen Henshaw also chimed in, netting nine markers apiece.

State High jumped to an early 5-4 lead, but it soon melted into a 12-9 deficit by the end of the first quarter. The Bengals maintained a slim lead throughout the remainder of the first half and walked off the floor at intermission with a 27-23 edge.

The Cubs' height advantage was disregarded by Allegan, who controlled the boards by virtue of the rebounding of Grewe and Barry Nana.

The Tigers pulled away from the Cubs in the third period by outscoring them 17-10. Allegan wasn't able to miss, Eddy and John Stroud hitting set shots and jump shots from the keyhole.

The Cubs started the final eight minutes intent on erasing Allegan's 44-33 edge. State began to creep up on the Tigers, but in the final three minutes, the Cub offense was chilled by Allegan's freeze. The Cubs just couldn't get the spheroid, and began to foul excessively. Allegan capitalized and stretched their lead, and at the final buzzer, it was Allegan 51-42.

Cub seconds bowed to Allegan's fine reserves 45-42 with Brown again leading the scoring for State.

Christmas Eve

The snow is sifting
Gently to the ground
Not waking the children,
Not making a sound.

The chimneys have stopped ringing,
And snow is still falling,
Except for the wind
Singing soft on the hill.

The snow piles up deeper
Under the Christmas trees and leaves,
And all things are peaceful
On this Christmas Eve.

—Christine Cooper

A hero is one who knows how to hang on a minute longer.
A Ray of Hope

Round little faces peering around the corner of a rose-hued roof brimming with Christmas cheer...a dancing tree sprinkled with shining spheres and a rainbow of twinkling lights flooding the happy faces with astonishment...odd shaped blocks in gay wrapping papers transforming an artist’s picture of Christmas morning...yet this is not a portrait captured on an easel, for there is blood running in each stroke of the brush and the undestroyable heartbeat of freedom loving people transformed into each radiant color. The heartbeat? It belongs to the Hungarian refugees brought to the United States and enjoying their first free Christmas.

Little balls of enthusiasm scampers into the room, delighted at what Santa has brought; simultaneously, a crystal ball falls from the tree and crumbles to the floor like a crisp cracker. The scattered sphere focuses a picture of how their lives, too, had been broken into pieces of lost hopes. A heart sick family then, now they are filled with a new courage as they find a home with open doors and people wanting to share their joys, fun, and friendship.

These freedom starved people now stand at a frost-etched window on Christmas Eve. Scanning the horizon is a mirage seen differently through each pair of eyes. The children see Santa in his sleigh bringing goodies, a heartsick family then, now they are filled with a new courage as they find a home with open doors and people wanting to share their joys, fun, and friendship.

Grab A Hep-py New Year, Too!

Twas the night before Christmas and all through our joint, Not a cat was a-stompin’, do you get the point? Our stockings were hung by the window with care, They had been worn six weeks and needed the air.

The kids were all snoozin’ on Pop’s old pool table, With visions of Elvis and that chick Betty Grable. Mom in her pin curls, Pop in a state, With a nightmare of bills all charged by his mate, Then out in the back yard, there arose such a din, I fell out of bed and bruised up my chin.

I staggered to the window, cleaned a spot and looked out, In time to see S. C. with red suit and goot. His jivie red T-Bird he parked by our gate; The loot that he brought was real second rate. Opening the door, he shoved in the stuff, Turned on his heel and was gone in a huff. He sounded his horn and stepped on the gas, Rung rubber a block; no one he let pass.

Sitting down in his seat, he turned on a light That said, “Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night.”

—Larry Mercure