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State Highlights

Volume XVIII

Kalamazoo, Michigan, December 12, 1956

Number 4

State High Swirls Into Christmas Rush



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 continuously 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.

Formal, Assembly, Caroling High on List

The time has come to put the old vocal pipes in working order and polish up the dancing shoes. The Christmas Spirit has again invaded State High, bringing with it a flurry of committee meetings, hurried conversations (concerning Yuletide activities) during "breaks," and harrassed faculty sponsors pushing and prodding plans into shape.

Foremost in the minds of the majority of State High students is the Christmas Formal, this year under the supervision of Carol Schutz and the Social Committee. Bobby Davidson's band has been engaged for the affair, to be held at Walwood Ballroom on Thursday, December 20, 9:00-12:00. The theme will be "Christmas Cotillion."

The Service committee, with Mary Carney as head, has been putting its plans into action. Christmas stockings, which have been distributed to the homerooms, will go to the T.B. Sanitorium, old age homes, and wherever else the Red Cross feels they are needed. Items to fill these stockings are hard candy (no perishables, please), pocket-size books, small games, whole nuts, wrapped popcorn balls, chewing gum, costume jewelry, toilet articles, pencils, stationery and other items which would please an invalid.

Thus far, tentative plans concerning Christmas caroling are for the evening of Monday, December 17. The group will meet at school, then divide into smaller groups and proceed to the State Hospital, T.B. Sanitorium, and old folks' homes. Refreshments will be served afterwards

for all of those who are interested, and the committee hopes there are many. Further announcements will be made.

Fran Arbuckle and Marianna Dooley have charge of the Christmas Assembly, to be held in Kanley Chapel at 10:15, Tuesday, December 18. Jackie Baden will be organist for this year's program which includes a solo by Paul DeKorte, congregational singing, and a Christmas reading. The choir will present the "Story of Christmas."

The annual all-school "sing" sponsored by the band will be held in the main hall during the noon hour December 19. Besides the favorite carols, the band will play "Christmas Festival," a medley of Christmas tunes arranged by Leroy Anderson, and "Sleigh Ride," also by Anderson.

X-Ray Unit in City

A mobile chest X-Ray unit is being sponsored in Kalamazoo by the City-County Health Department through the Michigan State Department of Health. This unit makes it possible for all persons fifteen years and over to receive free chest X-Rays. Schedule for the X-Rays is as follows:

Oakland Drive (Parkwood Grill, 815 West Michigan) December 12—Noon to 8 p.m.

Washington Square (City Parking Lot) December 12—Noon to 8 p.m.; December 13—10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; December 14—8 a.m. to 4 p.m.

630 North Burdick (Collison's Market) December 12—2 p.m. to 8 p.m.; December 13—10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; December 14—8 a.m. to 4 p.m.

1747 West Main Street (Arney's Market) December 13—2 p.m. to 8 p.m.; December 14—8 a.m. to 4 p.m.

The Political Club has elected its officers: President, Jon Carlson; secretary, Fran Arbuckle; and Treasurer, Jean Buelke.

The club has had two very interesting speakers: Dr. Weber of WMC, and Mr. Dalm, Kalamazoo Prosecuting Attorney.

WMC Singers To Appear

Western Michigan College Men's Glee Club, under the direction of Mr. Jack Frey, will entertain State High students on January 15 at 8:15 a.m. in the Little Theater.

Mr. Frey has conducted these assemblies of the Glee Club for the last three years, and since every one has been a rousing success, this will not be an exception.

Timely Reminders

- Fri., Dec. 14—Basketball, South Haven, here.
- Tues., Dec. 18—Assembly, 10:15 a.m., Little Theater.
- Wed., Dec. 19—Christmas vacation begins at 3:05.
- Thurs., Dec. 20—Christmas formal, Walwood Hall.
- Fri., Dec. 21—Basketball, Holland Christian, there.
- Fri., Jan. 4—Basketball, Portage, there.
- Mon., Jan. 7—Back to school.

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 Sebalý got a large charge the other day in 8:00 Chemistry. He thought he had lost his hand. VOL-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: COULD YOU NAME THE 35 AT STATE HIGH?

Has Mr. McKee forsaken "Hamlet" for "Mary Had a Little Lamb?" Only in his 8:00 class. ALL ELSE IS TOO DEEP for Dick Howson.

Spanish classes are becoming musically inclined. Ask Bob C. how he felt when Mrs. Monroe sang to him "Tell Me That You Love Me"—IN SPANISH BESIDES.

An unsuspecting college observer was led to believe that Mr. McKee's 8:00 senior English class was a tenth-grade mentally retarded group with Mr. McKee the student teacher. NOW WAS THAT NICE, BOYS?

On the length of definitions Mr. Chance exhorts, "It's like a girl's skirt: long enough to cover the subject but short enough to be interesting." Well, that's one way of LOOK-ING at it.

If you see Sandra Schau or Evelyn Kiino leaping around school with UPRaised HANDS, don't be alarmed. It's only the influence of their modern dancing in gym class.

Mr. Vuicich is sleuthing around trying to find out who drew the hammer and sickle on his class door. One clue heads to Larry Mercure who is always following him around shouting, "I HATE DICTATORS!"

In the 11:15 science class a clinical thermometer was passed around for careful examination. You guessed it! Gene Bombich broke it. THERE'S ONE IN EVERY CROWD.

The Toys for Tots drive brought out the juvenile tendencies in a few of the "campaigners." CLARKE GOD-FREY (our Elvis Presley protege) found a uke in good condition while BURLNE GILDEA hated to part with her atomic disintegrator.

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 Communistic 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 it 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 rela-

tives 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!"

—Nancee 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 out 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, maybe I'd love it too if I 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 badger 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 enough, I'd fall asleep only 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 has arrived.

Look out there, Lord. See the snow a-twirlin' and a-whirlin' around. See how it lands on everything, good and bad. See how it lands 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 have hearts filled with charity and love for mankind. Their saint-like reverence would shrink in horror if man even thought of killing on Christmas. However, wait for that split second between midnight and morning and you'll find the self-appointed good-will ambassador standing there with the rope in his hands.

It's strange . . . I never saw Christmas quite like that before. Maybe it's because I was a boy; boys see things so differently. I waited for it just as I did this time, except then it meant everything happy and good. Nobody thought of their troubles. People sang and laughed, "kids" had snow fights and even my great-aunt would let a smile creep past her stone scowl. There were lights, a warm fire and all sorts of presents with little ribbons. There was church, also. I remember how pure and holy everything seemed, how the carolers' singing used to send shivers up my back . . . made me feel as I knew what God really was. Naturally, boys never talked about things like that but for myself, I felt that Christian charity in my heart. I loved and understood God . . . if ever there was a time to die, it was then when I had a boy's faith.

Yes, then, before I was old enough to see the real world or to feel the hate one man can have for his brother or to await a death that takes more from one's cause than it gives or to taste the bitter paradox of a delayed hanging . . . delayed because it was Christmas.

I have only a few minutes left . . . Lord, if only I had a boy's faith . . . if only I could believe in You . . . I just don't know. Maybe I am still a boy. If I were, couldn't I lose my faith by experiencing what is for a man? I guess I could, but I was sure I was a man. It was more than the uniform and gold buttons . . . more than the gun. O God! I was so sure I was a man. Did I lose everything in these past few months?

Those "Rebs" sure didn't waste any time getting here. Look at them, staring as 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 if it comes to hanging, I'll die with a man's faith. As a boy, I thank you for this gift.

—Carole Lemon

Paging Mr. Claus

Dear Santa,

Look in that big red sack of yours and see if you can find these presents for the students of State High, will you please?

1. A bandroom with a ceiling that won't come down when we hit those high notes.

2. Longer noon hours with more activities.

3. A gallon jar of nerve pills and rubber cars for the Driver Training Class.

4. Hardworking, talented, ambitious students for Miss Crisman and Mr. Norris.

5. Soundproof doors on the junior high band room for the benefit of 2:15 classes in the basement.

6. A machine that delivers milk for the first nickle rather than the second.

7. An eight month school year because even numbers are luckier and easier to figure.

8. Oh, please, please, if nothing else, uniform heating in all rooms.

Sincerely yours,

All those hardworking, ambitious students of State High

P.S. If you have any frames from last year's New Year's resolutions, we could give them to the girls to frame their "Elvis" pictures and thus improve the looks of their lockers.

—James Persons

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 the train to say "Goodbye." 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 days passed 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 hair, and with that gum shaved off, the bald spot was my battle scar.

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 shone 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 paste-laden 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 mistress softened slightly as the unwanted and misunderstood mentally retarded girls automatically repeated the Lord's Prayer. The unkind lights blinked out, and the youngsters dropped off into an imaginative world—their only substantial source of happiness, love, and security.

Laura, however, remained awake. Dreams no longer satisfied her handicapped mind, for the barren halls of her brain had also been brightened by a small paper chain. The radiating decoration had illuminated the back 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 cran-

berry 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 mistress, one of the bags of hard candy always found at the foot of her cot on Christmas morning, a 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 marvelous gifts, given in the Christmas spirit by an anonymous community service club, contrasted conspicuously with the plain bits of the humbled past huddled under the tree. The red chain of human appreciation had been draped carefully over the doorknob of Laura's life.

As the ornament hung there accentuating the emptiness of the halls of her brain, greed, jealousy, self-pity, revenge, and extreme inferiority undoubtedly began to form in her thoughts. If she could have one gift, why not lots more? Since other people were wanted, then Laura, too, should be loved. Her unfortunate plight perhaps became heavier, and revenge compensated for the inferiority within her.

Christmas had ceased to be a series of symbolic details in a room of Laura's mind. The paper trim had come, but it had proved itself to be weak and unsubstantial, and a slowly breaking heart thumped in the breast of the sleeping child.

Out in the hall a red chain fell from a polished doorknob and broke.

—Patricia Anderson

A Christmas Surprise

Paulie was stunned. The message hit him like a ton of bricks. The maid helped him dress and they went quickly to the car.

As they drove along, he heard the sounds of celebration in some houses; others were brightly lit with Christmas light. He heard a few people walking on the sidewalk and wishing others "Merry Christmas." This was Christmas Eve. Paulie had everything ready for it. Not only was it Christmas Eve, but it was the night of his parents' return from a vacation in Europe. Everything was planned, right down to the pair of socks he was to wear. Then this. Paulie couldn't quite conceive of it all in his young mind. He only knew what the message said.

He shivered, not from the cold, but with the apprehension of what was to come. His nanny's hand in his gave him a slight sense of security.

As he entered the room, bright lights momentarily blinded him, and then he saw it, a small baby sister, from England, for a beautiful Christmas Gift.

—Susan Harada

Holiday Echoes

Trees with their bowed and bonded limbs

And stars a-shooting over head

All come on Christmas wings

When small children are snug in bed.

Then, too, there's Christmas music

Echoing through every town and house

Whose carols fill the gladdened heart

Before they end and on night depart.

And through the stillness of bright dawns

Christmas reappears in quiet tranquillity

And settles for more than days or weeks

Enlightening and helping all those weak and meek.

And though it may for months depart, In trees, presents, or old candy tarts

It remains with us all by burning coals

In its light spirit on our hearts and souls.

—Cheryl Koons

Realistic Reverie

Slowly I walked down the cold damp stairs. My hands reached out to feel the clammy walls and my eyes searched the darkness for anything that I could see ahead.

As my feet were automatically reaching for the next step, I tripped and fell when I came to the solid floor. My fears were expressed in a hushed cry as I found myself sprawled on the hard stones which made up the floor. I lay there for a few minutes wanting to scream for help, but I knew no one would hear me through the thick wall of the castle. I slowly sat up. My hands felt over the hard floor. Close by was the wall. I crawled over to it and leaned my head against it. I closed my eyes against the frightening darkness and tried to rest my mind.

As I sat there, I became more and more sure that somewhere I could hear the sound of guards marching. The sound finally stopped.

For the first time I realized that there was someone else in the cell. I tried to be quiet to hear better. I heard a muffled sob across from me in the darkness. The sobs increased and turned into words and then phrases. "My beloved . . . Henry . . . not for death . . . forgive him." Half in prayer, half chant. 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 quickened her pace, and the skirt ripped in my hands. I sat transfixed as she climbed the stairs.

"Wake up, madam, wake up!" I looked up drowsily and saw two men standing above me. They gently half pushed me, half carried me up the steps.

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 was gone. We searched everywhere for her. In fact, one of the men actually looked in that cell where she was. He yelled down, but there was no answer."

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. —Alice Mabie

There's a Song in the Air

The day is an ordinary one. Seated in the office marked BOYS' ADVISOR, "Good King Wenceslaus" admonishes those happy-go-lucky senior boys with the supposedly calming words, "God 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" HETRICK, 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 (curfew) Bells on Christmas Day" for "It was going past a Midnight Clear" and Dad blew his top all the way to "The Little Town of Bethlehem" and back.

That's "Auld 'Gang,"

Syne(d),"

—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 trains that blow smoke. 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?

There are still 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 on the floor before 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 hurled 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.

Blasting 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 but more often falling to the ground. There the snow waits. Perhaps it will soon be cut into by a shovel, walked on, or burrowed 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, Christmas. One may be for tradition, another for fantasy, and another for brotherhood. Of course, these are only three out of thousands of facets. These all stem 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 always adds strength to us and a new light to our lives.

In this wonderful Christmas season still another hope is restored. 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, I, 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 a 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."

—Mike denOtter

Yuletide Memories

Our family has experienced Christmas in many places and ways: In Indonesia, The Netherlands, and here, in the United States.

The first Christmas I can remember occurred in Indonesia. Indonesia's climate is a tropical one, so there isn't any snow nor Christmas trees. There are many "evergreen" trees as all plants are green the year round there.

As the holiday was drawing near and we did not have a Christmas tree, our family wisely decided that we must get a substitute. The trouble was, what should we use? My father then said that we could use the branch of a chimara tree. This looks very much like a conifer, except that it is larger than a Christmas tree and its long semi-needles droop down. There happened to be a chimara tree on the corner a block away; so we broke off a branch. This we decorated and used as a Christmas tree. I have heard a story that some persons put ice cubes under the tree and sat on

them to get the "true" feeling of Christmas.

In the Netherlands the biggest difference in customs is the exchange of presents before Christmas and the religious attitude. Where I lived, people had a "Sint Nicolaas Feest" on December fifth. Christmas itself lasts two days, the second day being known in England as Boxing Day. During those days we went to church and exchanged, but little presents, for in Europe Christmas has a deeper religious meaning than in the United States.

When our family came to this country, I missed December fifth. I soon got over it, though, when I discovered Santa Claus.

—Richard Strube

This Season Tingles The Senses

In the mad rush of 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 deni-

zens 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 tire 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 serious-minded people, it is a day to make resolutions, usually forgotten by February first.

How many people really think of what New Year's Day can mean? It's a wonderful time to start over! We are left rather deflated by Christmas shopping; hence, it is a time to begin 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 has begun to realize the equal rights of all persons to live, learn, and work together regardless of race or color.

Most important are 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 holidays people in war-torn countries flee as the sounds of gunfire approach. We have made many discoveries 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 to, 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 felicity to others, we will 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 56-54 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 might 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 Weeldreyer 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 to put Holland back in the lead, but a free throw by Weeldreyer 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 upped 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 into 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 flipped 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.

Christmas Eve

The snow is sifting
Gently to the ground
Not waking the children,
Not making a sound.
The chimes have stopped ringing,
And now all is still
Except for the wind
Singing soft on the hill.
The snow piles up deeper
Covering grasses and leaves,
And all things are peaceful
On this Christmas Eve.

—Christine Cooper

A hero is one who knows how to hang on one minute longer.

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 with just a few seconds gone in the game, took advantage of some poor Bulldog passing to set up many fast break patterns and jumped to a 17-4 first period lead.

The game was never close after that. The Cubs, who led 32-16 at 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 Weeldreyer 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 three 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 just in time for refreshments . . . Bob Kohrman has high hopes of getting into 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 basketball team is certainly grateful for Bert Cooper, not because he saves the games or anything, but because he livens up the dull road trips with stories about Priscilla. The team is getting to know more about Priscilla than she knows herself.

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 mittens 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 . . . It seems the football players are so conscious about making records that when Vern Wade was told he had a temperature of 101, he was impatient to know, "Is

Tigers Tip Hilltoppers In First Conference Tilt

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 chipped 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 Jerry 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 on long 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.

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 Weeldreyer has quite a hot time with his girl friend, and the Coach gave Jim a bit of practical advice: "Lay off women!"

Now It's Out

Ah, Christmas is in the air! Everywhere you go you can feel the anticipation of its coming, and it's quite easy to overhear a few wishes. That's our job as members of the triple S., that is, Santa's Secret Stool-pigeons. Want to hear some of the latest?

When we went past DENNY SABO, we heard him sadly tell PAT A. that if anybody rammed into his car again, it would be the end of it. Maybe Santa can knock out some of the more recent dents.

DICK COLBY wants a new joke book because he's afraid he'll run out of remarks for biology class and everywhere else, too. But, that's highly improbable!

MR. LASKARIDES wants an extra pair of lungs, just in case his give out during a gym class.

BURLENE GILDEA and LINDA ROGERS want to get "intoxicated"! Oh no, beg pardon. They want to get "Intoxication." That's a perfume.

PHIL NANTZ and JOAN SIMCOX just want each other. Well, looks like that's already been fulfilled.

MIKE PLATT wishes his brother DAVE would let him ride to school with him once in a while because it gets cold at the bus stop.

LEE MIMMS wishes all the theatrical agents would stop trying to get him to sign their contracts. They know he considers his schoolwork much more important.

JOHN BRUNNER wants another foot—of height, that is!

The PERRY and SCHUTZ twins wish people would learn to tell them apart! Oops, well, you know what we mean.

DICK BORN doesn't want another boy in French II. He's having too much fun the way it is.

JAN CORRELL wishes all the boys would stop putting her car on the sidewalks and lawns. JOHN GARSIDE, of the "Clockers," won't always be around to help her.

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 wrappings 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 scamper 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 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.

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, their parents, new life in a free land. Like string puppets, all eyes are turned upward where the star of Bethlehem shines its glorious message through the window pane, telling them of their free birth in their new found home. How the star glistens over each roof top, scatters blessings and brings reassurance to those in need!

—Sandra Taylor

Ear to Ear

Tom B. needs practice on his pool game. Losing three times to a girl doesn't help your morale, does it, Tom?

In 12:40 study hall Steve H. asked one of the girls to put his stiff leg up on a chair for him while he groaned dramatically. Getting to be quite an invalid, weren't we, Steve?

Paul Smith and Sandy Rex are looking forward to the Christmas formal. It must be that school plays start something besides the director's ulcers.

Judy G. was seen downtown looking at rings. Better watch out, Jim C.

Dates have been spent in rather unusual ways, but here's one that takes the "O" in odd. Herschel H. and Lynn L. lounged in the back seat reading comic books!

Pat Borgman says that she really isn't pinned. Her birthday present is only a pin of friendship, so don't let it scare you away, boys!

Comstock is a pretty neat town as are the boys in it. Right, Sandy Quandt?

Don Simmons and John Thomasma have a secret desire to accomplish while at State. Monkey suits would help, wouldn't they, boys?

There is a tight race in the "Car Wrecker Association," but Ken H. still holds a slim lead over Penny L. and Priscilla who are tied for second place with three wrecks each.

We know you're a second Benny Goodman, Frank, but we don't think he had lipstick on his reed! Giving lessons in your free time?

The Daugherty brothers are dating two girls from Central and having the neatest time of their lives!

There's a new interest in the Sophomore Class! How about letting us in on some more, Ginger and Tom?

Some one said that Sandy S. has a "crush" on a senior basketball player. Come on, Sandy, who is he?

Bob Bommersbach would rather spend his Saturday nights in a different locale. Who or what is the attraction at Portage, Bob?

Those senior girls sure keep quiet about who they go out with. Give us a little hint, Barb B. and Mary S.

Brad H. and Pam, Denny B. with Bonnie, and Tom V. M. with Marty B. were three "frosh" couples seen walking downtown one Saturday night. Enjoy "Teenage Rebel?"

Any donations will be greedily accepted by Wendy Locke. She left her shoes at a horse show in Chicago...?

Several people certainly enjoyed Katie's party, but John Boyd got tired of the refreshments the other kids were having and got his own!

Wally K., did you know that pretty little reddish blonde in your class is on the loose? You'd better not let this opportunity pass by!

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 shagged to the window, cleaned a spot and looked out.
In time to see S. C. with red suit and gout.
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.
Settling down in his seat, he turned on a light
That said, "Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night."

—Larry Mercure