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University High Highlights 12/17/1958

University High School

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Honors Merited by 62

Students whose grades merited placement on the honor roll for the first half of this semester are as follows:

ALPHA (Four A's with no mark lower than a B): James Albert, Robert Awgaitis, Benjamin Cannon, Sue Correll, Philip Fox, Natalie Glaser, David Hamilton, Sally Householder, Judith Larzelere, Lynn Larzelere, Polly Lawson, Judith Lyttle, Janet Morris, Richard Nielsen, Anne Potter, Corrine Praus, John Rutherford, Richard Strube, David Stulberg, Gail White, Mary Wise, and Brian Wruble.

BETA (Three A's with no mark lower than a B): Thomas Betz, Bonita Blankenburg, Jon Carlson, Thomas DeVries, Elizabeth Fox, Jean Giachino, Charles Henry, Susan Hilgart, Marilee Masterson, David Murray, Ward Riley, Susan Schroeder, Frances Sprau, Thomas Wierman, Sherry Wilson, and Judith Woodward.

GAMMA (Two A's with no mark lower than a B): Marilyn Beattie, Janice Betke, Allen Dowd, Jon Edwards, Michael Greiner, Steven Hammond, Jane Harada, Paula Hosick, Mary Householder, Patricia Johnson, Kathleen Kersjes, Robert Keyser, Patricia Linn, George Lode, Gretchen Maus, Mary Peelen, Sandra Riley, Robin Robinson, David Schau, Carol Schoenhals, Susan Tiefenthal, Vicki Vanderberg, Susan Van Riper, and William Whitbeck.

New Bridge Club Opens; More Members Needed

"One heart, two spades, three hearts, I pass" is the lingo spoken at the new Bridge Club. Although this club has been established only a few months, its popularity has been increasing steadily. This new organization is under the able leadership of Mr. Barney Chance, who has taken a very active interest in its promotion.

The club is made up of students who know, or want to learn, the basic fundamentals of bridge and who meet every other Monday night in the school cafeteria.

Recently elected officers who give the meeting a business like manner are: President, Gary Shoudy; Vice-President, Linda Rogers; secretary-treasurer, Lynn Larzelere.

The main purpose of the organization is to make available a source of entertainment and enjoyment for the students. The club welcomes any newcomers who wish to join. They do not need to know how to play the game, for learning it is one of the club's aims.

Brian Wruble was initiated as Science Club president on December 3. There was a lecture on radar interception at this meeting. Similar topics have been selected for future meetings.

UNIVERSITY HIGH

Highlights

KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

DECEMBER 17, 1958

VOL. 20

NO. 4

Yule Events Create Festive Mood

Assembly, Formal, Caroling Accent Season

A "live" nativity setting will create a different effect on this year's Christmas assembly, to be held Friday at 11:15. Mary Peelen, as the Virgin Mother, Herschal Hill, as Joseph, and Peter Landt and John Quiring, as two shepherds, will depict the manger scene throughout the program.

Christmas Fanfare, sung by the choir, will open the assembly. The audience will then sing Silent Night, after which the Reverend Louis Grother of the Zion Lutheran Church will give a Christmas message. Jean Buelke will next present O Come Unto Me from Handel's Messiah.

Following a choir number, **Two Kings**, Robert Awgaitis will give his thoughts on Christmas. Kathleen Kersjes at the piano will play O Holy Night.

Featured next will be an adoration scene. Weldon Johnson's small brother, Susan Harada's sister, and Christine Cooper's brother, representing three different races and dressed as the three kings, will adore the Baby. They will be accompanied by Weldon, Susan, and Christine. During this, the student body will sing O Come All Ye Faithful. Concluding the program, the choir will present Handel's Alleluia Chorus.

The busy, exciting week before Christmas will be highlighted by the Christmas formal for students of 'U' High and their guests. The dance, called "La Veille de Noel," will be at the University Student Center ballroom on December 22, from 9-12.

The ballroom will be beautifully decorated with a sleigh, Santa Claus, and reindeer, all which are by the courtesy of Gilmore Brothers Store.

Making music for the dance will be the "Modern Men," a talented group from M.S.U.

Stephanie Wenner and the Social Committee are in charge of all arrangements for this annual event.

This afternoon the traditional caroling with band accompaniment pealed forth from the gym as all expressed the real holiday spirit in song.

After two noontime practice sessions, the students from 'U' High went out to lighten the evening of some of Kalamazoo's residents and, by singing Christmas carols, to give them a slight push into the Christmas spirit.

Jean Buelke and Lee Mimms led the carolers at the Home for the Aged, the Senior Citizens' Home, the residence of Mrs. Robert Beisel, who directs the teen page for the *Gazette*, and that of Mrs. Virginia Jarman.

After singing to these people, the carolers went back to school to get warm and have some refreshments.

Results of Eye Tests Back; 18 Need Treatment

From the City-County Health Department have come the results of the Technician Massachusetts Vision Screening in which 'U' High students took part in November. Out of 343 high school students, 18 have been referred to eye doctors. Official notice will be sent by Mrs. Fred Beeler to the parents of the 18 students.

Looking Ahead

Mon., Dec. 22—Christmas formal —9:00-12:00, University Student Center Ballroom

Tues., Dec. 30—Basketball, Portage, here

Mon., Jan. 5—Classes resume

Fri., Jan. 9—Basketball, Plainwell, Portage Gym

Fri., Jan. 16—Basketball, Holland Christian, here

Sat., Jan. 17—Turnabout Dance

Jest for a Laugh

"Judi Lyttle, how do you plead, guilty or not guilty?"

"I plead not guilty, sir. I ACCIDENTALLY placed my chemistry work book too NEAR the hot oven, and its corner got scorched. I removed it as soon as I smelled SMOKE."

"That's all right, Judi, you don't have to MAKE UP an EXCUSE. Just getting tired of chemistry. Right?"

* * * * *

"But you DID say a 3 x 5 card!" This was probably the remark Jean Ann Giachino gave Mr. Sack the other day. Jean decided that a 3" x 5" card was TOO SMALL so she brought her SPEECH on a 3' x 5' card. SOME people just NEVER give up!

* * * * *

Wanted: A REMEDY for stage FRIGHT. If Joe Sugg can be cured, the quartet, which also includes Jim Birch, Terry Duncan, and Weldon Johnson, MAY furnish more noon hour ENTERTAINMENT in the gym.

* * * * *

"But that's what you asked me!" This was the reply Linda Barak gave Jean Buelke the other day. Jean asked Linda on what she had WRITTEN her theme and Linda brightly replied, "TYPING PAPER, of course!"

* * * * *

Mr. Engels met an old FRIEND when he took the freshman basketball team to Allegan. THIS time when he saw his friend, he kept 5 miles UNDER the speed LIMIT.

* * * * *

Girls, the SHADY character with the real HE-MAN muscles has at last shed his disguise. There was a CRASH, and draping over his arm onto the movie projection room floor was the window SHADE he had nonchalantly pulled down. Sorry, MUSCLE man Larry Chojnowski, we tried to keep the girls away, but you let the SECRET slip.

* * * * *

"Sit up, Allen Terpstra. If there were a FIRE, Mike Goodrich would TRIP over your feet and never make it outdoors!" exclaimed Miss Giedeman. Under the GLARING eyes of Mike, Allen shot up in his chair. It's evident that you don't want to DIE young. Right, Mike?

* * * * *

Say there, Betty Coggan, Roberta Quiring, and Judy Jacobson, doesn't Gilmore's SANTA have a nice soft LAP for LITTLE girls? Did he give you candy canes?

* * * * *

Do you know what you get if you add hydrochloric acid to a mixture of nitric acid, sulfuric acid and zinc? In 8:15 Chemistry, Pete Landt decided you get an EXPLOSION.

* * * * *

During history class, a student teacher asked if there was anyone present from ANOTHER country. All was quiet until Fred Allen chimed in, "I'm from TEXAS!"

Christmas Is . . .

Feeling . . . the joy of loving and being loved, engulfing everyone, from the oldest "child" to the youngest babe.

Music . . . the clear, sweet chime of church bells and the young voices of children singing carols.

Giving . . . the many packages, gaily wrapped or in plain white tissue, round or square, both to and from us.

Color . . . gleaming, brilliant lights, multi-colored candies, cookies, mistletoe, and holly.

The tree . . . a fragrant smell, a glitter of lights, ornaments, and tinsel. It may be big enough to touch the ceiling or small enough to set on a table; it can be green, pink, white or blue.

An aroma . . . turkey and dressing, ham and sweet potatoes, freshly baked and decorated cookies, fruit and spice cakes.

Light . . . a tiny, plain candle, a broad fancy one. Some are shaped like Santa, his reindeer, his sleigh, snowmen, choir boys, bayberry candles, all producing light. There's the always welcoming front light while a spotlight on the door stresses "Good Tidings."

Anticipation . . . the half-suppressed giggles of children as they lie in bed or peer around corners, listening and looking for Santa . . . the gleam in every one's eye as he casually rattles a package . . . the upturned noses as the oven door is opened.

A custom . . . a tree being decorated late on December 24 . . . stockings placed carefully right where Santa can't miss them . . . the annual fruit cake and egg nog . . . friends stopping in and carolers singing at the door.

Love . . . love for our Saviour, our friends, and our family.

Peace . . . the quiet, restful air of joy, hope, faith . . . the sight of children's faces as they drop their dimes in the collection plate . . . on earth, good will toward men.

—Janice Pemberton

And It Came to Pass

And it came to pass . . . It was Christmas. A tiny, tear-streaked face thrust itself into a crumpled pillow. Quaking, golden curls echoed violently shaking sobs from within. A five year old heart throbbed so achingly that its smart could be felt throughout the whole body. With each cry that burst forth from the raw lungs, the figure cringed and distorted.

"Oh God," she bitterly complained, her words stifled by the muffling depths of the pillow, "Mommy said—she promised me that if I prayed to you about Daddy, you would really listen to me. So God, I asked you awfully hard, 'Please, please make my Daddy happy and well for Christmas, and I won't ask for anything else.' But you didn't hear me and now it's too late!"

She raised her head from the wet pillow to gasp more air and then dug it deeper into its old hollow.

"Now my Daddy's dead, and all because you wouldn't answer my prayer! He isn't well, he isn't happy, he isn't even alive! I hate you, God!"

Finally, all remaining strength having been completely drained by the pleading and desperate discourse, exhausted, betrayed, the little girl fell into a fitful quiescence, intermittently stirred by unconscious sobs.

And it came to pass . . . It was Christmas again. The young, tear-stained face had been transmuted by

four score years into a wrinkled mass of pain torn flesh. The springy, golden curls had been supplanted by age into matted, cream-white stands of limp floss. A crippled body moved only in fits of physical agony, and the heart fluctuated in a feeble quiver.

In her mind, the old lady was aimlessly begging for relief, for peace. Suddenly her groping thoughts fell on a past Christmas—eighty years ago. She vaguely recalled how mournfully unhappy she was, how tormented and broken she felt. But her sorrow had faded in time, leaving only a deeply embittered feeling toward God.

Then she saw her father, whose suffering was no less than hers now. The old lady remembered that the only time he was not in unbearable pain was the time he fainted into an unconscious sleep . . .

Slumber, rest, peace . . . Slowly she realized that God had answered her prayer, that He had bestowed them a Christmas blessing. When her father died, he was made well, he was made happy.

The frame writhed as a twinging pang shot through it. "Oh God, forgive me! How could I realize?" And thinking of a former Christmas plea, she begged, "Make me well, make me happy, give me rest . . . peace."

And it came to pass . . .

—Judith Lyttle

Behold!

You have come to me out of a place which I know not. Do you come to study the fear which has seized my heart? Do you come to ponder why this man was permitted to see the Miraculous Vision? Do you come to hear words of wisdom? To hear prophecy?

I don't understand all that my eyes behold. I am a rough and a poor shepherd, unlettered, unlearned. I know not why I receive this vision.

My station is the lowest of many. In my years I have erred and strayed from the paths of righteousness. I have fought and cursed. Often for my evils have I been struck with a stick. I am a miserable one, but I am a Jew and a firm believer.

Yet to my very eyes did come the Miracle of Heaven. I did see this as clearly as you can see a darkling lamb in the flock. This did I see as clearly as the cane in my hand. I am filled with wonder and fear.

As the night comes, cool and sweet, I guard my flock against thieves and wolves. A hundred such nights had I seen. These each brought a promise of nothing.

I ate simply, for though I watch a fat and fruitful flock, I may not eat of them. I supped on fruit, on leavened bread, on cheese, and sweet water. It was late in the night, but I could not rest. I cursed myself and stalked audaciously among my sheep.

Then came the Wondrous Visitation!

A brightness like that of a thousand candles shone in the sky. Night became as day. Day became silver and shining. I feared for myself and for Bethlehem that we now tasted the searing flames for our sinfulness. This had happened to another city of old, for its evil and sin—a story which had come from my father and his father before him. And Bethlehem was a city of evil and drunkenness and brawling and sin; of this I was sure.

Because of this, I feared to look upon the flaming light, lest I, too, should be turned into a pillar of salt. I hid my eyes in the deep grass of the hillside, and I did tremble, for I was sore afraid. Then did I seek prayer, but my tongue would not move, and my throat was like the burning desert sands.

Then out of everywhere and nowhere did come a great and solemn voice. It was filled with gentleness and strength. It asked me to rise, which I did, although I don't know what motivated me, for I was shaking so.

This great voice said: "Fear not!" It rolled in the hills and valleys, it bounded against rocks and crevices, and it echoed and re-echoed in my ears.

I looked up to face the mountains of light. I was filled with great pain. I then beheld the Angel of the Lord standing before me, but there was

much fear within me because I couldn't listen to him.

He said in words of gentleness that on this day had been born in Bethlehem, the City of David a Child, who was called Savior. The voice related that the Child lay in a stable wrapped in swaddling clothes. Such had I been taught as a child. It did not come easily to me that this was now so, in my time.

As the magnetic star pulled my feet toward Bethlehem, I began to realize that CHRIST THE SAVIOR WAS BORN! —Lynn Larzelere

Leger Tourbillon

Christmas is a "leger tourbillon." From basketball games to formals, every moment is sparkling clean and tinglingly alive with fascinating people and new experiences; all is a "light swirl."

A stocking cap comes hurtling down a snow-laden slope, supported by a petite figure chubbied with layers of excess clothing. Tobogganing, skiing, ice skating and the stomach flipping sport of riding flying saucers is in its prime. The area is clustered with young and old participants of these many sports. But soon, la neige etincelera sous les étoiles, and all will be placid again.

Last minute shoppers, grumbling that they should have started earlier but actually knowing they couldn't miss this mad melee of dizzy lights, stepped-on feet, packages banging from all sides, tired salesladies, swirls of ribbon and gaudy wrapping paper, accept this as all part of their leger tourbillon.

Damp mittens, dripping boots and the smell of wet wool accompany all who arrive at the basketball game. The team looks a bit nervous and small, agree the alumni, but to a lowly freshman girl, the short-panted muscular athletes are each a combination of Atlas and Adonis.

With relatives tucking away gifts and adding his own special twisting and twinkling ornament, soon the evergreen is silvered with tinsel and shimmering with glory from bough to bough.

Groups of pinkish, blue-cheeked carolers, adding their own special spark to Christmas, make everything warm, right and glowing.

Bobby-pinned heads and masculine sweat shirts prepare for the Christmas dance, at which puffy formals like the foam from a cascading avalanche soon will be swirling endlessly in a one night stand of sheer fantasy.

A wintry, frost-bitten man in the moon grins on this harried Christmas Eve. His radiance turns the snow to a blanket of diamond dust, the shimmering air lifts a layer of snow, twists it, drifts it and throws it again and again, to make the scene a leger tourbillon.

—Penny Scott

Cool Yule

Twass the day before vacation and all through the school, not a pupil was studying not even a fool.

All the books had been tossed in the corner with haste, in hopes that good CHARLIE would sweep them to waste. The lockers were slammed and left in hurry

by students homebound, their minds free from worry. The week elapsed quickly as they laughed with delight and discussed all the gifts that would be under the tree overspread with bright lights. CHRIS in her kerchief,

RICH in his cap, had just hung up the phone after an hour-long chat. Then out on the lawn there arose such a clatter: ROBERT LEE had slipped down, his bundles all scattered.

Away to the window BILL flew like a flash, slipped on a throw rug and went down through the sash. Out on the snow

he was angry and blue, for he had thought it was MARTY, or STEPH or SUE.

But instead it was NORRIS, who sat in a sleigh, calling his reindeer, who had just flown away: "On HACKNEY, on WALTERS, on WEBER and DEUR."

But each came back for each had a chore to make all his classes not too much of a BORR. Down the last chimney MISS CARTER now crept with fees for her books that should not have been kept. Now I'll quit all this nonsense and finish this right:

"Merry Christmas to all and to all a Good Night."

—Anonymous

A Christmas Prayer

If as a spirit Christ came back
To visit Christmas Day,
Would He hear from in our hearts
What we ought to say?
Or would He hear of discontent,
Of greed which in us lay?
Oh, Lord, we ask forgiveness
On this Your Holy Day.

Around the world it echoes
"Our Lord was born today!"
And never in our thinking
Let us get astray
Of why we always celebrate
Every Christmas Day.
Keep Christ in every Christmas
Oh, Lord, for this I pray.

—Jane Harada

Tribute to a Friend

He had heard about and even seen everything that the new religion was built on: the Man's lowly birth with angelic heralds, his brilliant intellect, the fulfillment of the prophecies, even the miracles. He knew of all of these—and yet he could not believe. No matter how much he might have wanted to, he could not believe. To his thinking, the Messiah had not come, and he lived as he had always lived, fulfilling all the obligations of the Mosaic Law, performing the age-old ceremonies still pregnant with meaning. He followed those beliefs for which the Romans had tormented him, the Romans and countless others before them. He followed his beliefs because he knew they were right; there was simply nothing else to do.

His neighbors, converts to the new Faith, laughed at him, ostracized him. He suffered untold hardships and yet he continued to do what he thought was right, what he felt he had to do.

The centuries passed, he was always in bondage, always moving, always practicing his religion and living its tenets in spite of almost overwhelming pressures. He would not, could not do anything but what his conscience directed. And for this they drove him out of whatever country he happened to be in. So he left, he left and took with him his valuable professional talents and exceptional mind. They drove him out and the country was barren.

Wherever he went, they would not give him peace. Yet he suffered quietly and lived his life in the best way he knew how. But they would not let him alone. In Germany, they tracked him down, tortured him, insulted his status as a human being, brutally murdered him in the gas chamber. Still, he did not die.

Even here, in this country, pledged as people are to freedom of worship, they senselessly bomb his synagogues. They harbor filthy, bigoted things about him in their minds. On all sides they unconsciously bombard him with alien beliefs, both good and bad. And yet he patiently resists. He goes on following the dictates of his religion and courageously lives his faith. In spite of what most of his fellows do, he upholds things they only seem to: the brotherhood of man, selfless charity, and the supreme importance of the family in the molding of the individual and as the basis of society. This his conscience directs and he quietly and fearlessly does as he thinks best.

As for me, because of the way he lives and all the unjust oppression he has suffered, I admire and respect him. And if I did not think that I were doing right in being a Catholic, then I would be proud to be what he is: I would be proud to be a Jew.

—Robert Awgaitis

Three Reports

HEROD: Get in here now, you quaking swine!
Amuse me while I drink my wine;
Don't stand like women by the door
Or I'll peel your heads 'til I reach the core!
How many boys have you killed of late?
Is your slash of red on every gate?
Ah, now; speak here without delay.
What would you three tell your king, today?

SOLDIER 1: Fifteen dead by my silver blade, Sir.
All of them sons of the laboring trade, Sir.
Still in my ears their mothers are crying!
Before my closed eyes, young bodies are lying!
These hands that were mine are sticky with red
Of loves of the living and lives of the dead.

HEROD: Silence! So you slew fifteen?
Now there's a sight I wish I'd seen.

SOLDIER 2: I killed ten of a higher breed, Sir,
Merchantmen's sons in the way decreed, Sir.
But, as I stabbed, within my breast
I pitied their mothers so distressed
And I knelt on the ground and asked for death
To take from me my worthless breath.

HEROD: Hush, fool! When you have done so well,
Be glad, as I, of the tale you tell.

SOLDIER 3: A taxer's son was all I slew, Sir,
On a crib of jewels and a robe of blue, Sir.
But that mother sobbed with the common cry
That fills poorer homes when I pass by.
And here I stand, a man grown tall
With tears that burn me as they fall.

HEROD: Quiet!—What a sickening bellow
Comes from you, my lovely fellow!
You say you killed a taxer's son?
I call that, man, a job well done!
What better way to kill that thing
Who would take from me my place as king
Than to stick that babe that is clothed the best,
Skewer him in his jeweled nest?
Well done, I say! Come have a drink
That will meet your glance with a luscious wink
—No! I've had enough of sipping.
Let me see your sabers dripping.
Don't drink with me! I am your lord!
Bring me trophies on your sword,
Crimson trophies, warm and sweet
That I may watch them cease to beat!
—Ho? Do I see faces gray?
That's not the color for today,
Young men! It's red, a color fine,
The hue of blood and my rich wine.
Rich red wine—Don't stare at me,
You humble jug of sanguine tea!
I am the king, the only rule,
Never that young, pretending fool.
Well, men, continue. You've whetted my taste.
On with your stories. My time's not for waste.

SOLDIER 1: We've told you our all, Sir,

SOLDIER 2: There is nothing more;

SOLDIER 3: There's grief in each house, now, and blood on each door.

HEROD: You say that there are no young males in my land?
You are all my slaves here. Bow low where you stand!
Now, wine for my soldiers, wine all around!
Rattle my throne, here. See that it's sound!

(Continued at bottom of next page)

Tiny Angel

Her two year old eyes are astonished.
 She watches the tree become silver and beautiful.
 She sees the happy boxes.
 The angels have unzipped the clouds and snow falls everywhere.

She touches a silvery piece of tinsel suspended on a prickly branch.
 An enchanting box and a crinkly ribbon speckled with gold.
 The "hot" fire snaps at her chubby hand and she remembers "NO."

She hears her big brother singing "Jingle Bells,"
 Her father reading a quiet story from the Bible.

She tastes a frosty Santa Claus cookie.
 She reaches for " 'nother one."
 The furry "doggie" and the warm bottle comfort her—

She sleeps. A tiny angel. The heart and the spirit of Christmas.

—Christine Cooper

Santarellus

Another little boy, number 421, the weary floor walker observed, went up the steps to be pulled onto Santa's lap. The child leaned against the gigantic padded stomach, stretching toward the golden ear. Santa bent forward, trying to hear the small voice. A gummed eyebrow pulled the wrinkles, and he reached an incongruously thin hand to smooth it, then, "Ho, hoing" and promising, slid the boy from his knee. The aged eyes filled with pleasure as they looked down a waiting line so long that their power faded before they reached the end. Santa lifted a little girl with black hair and eyes who said that she wanted him or one of his reindeer. The wooly beard twitched into a thin smile. Golden and pink girls, wanting dolls and baby brothers, came and sat on Santa's knees; ice-cream-covered men marched up with military secrets of planes, trains, and cars. Another little girl wanted a daddy, and she petitioned him while her mother waited nervously. A thin boy started up the steps when the five-thirty bell rang; Santa assured him surprises, but he turned away, disappointed.

A few girls called "Merry Christmas, Santa," as he passed their counters, shuffling toward the employees' locker room. He took off the thin velvet suit with the patches across the knees and hung it away, sadly.

Outside, the jangling of a Salvation Army bell echoed. He walked away, stopping to gaze at an extravagant store window. Spun angels floated 'round a silvery tree standing above dolls in silver white and blue dresses,

ice skates, stuffed, fuzzy white dogs and cats, and a satiny polar bear. Snowflakes danced down to Christmas carols played on an angel's harp. Two silver stars dropped from the sky, and an angel rested them in space.

People blurred past, mostly commuters, juggling odd-shaped packages of toys as they hurried to their trains. A few couples dreamed about the beautiful windows. Evergreen and tinsel decorated the lamp posts, glowing in the dusk.

Automobiles observed their brightly painted faces in the shiny black mirror while they waited at intersections. Two or three horns blasted, and the traffic began to move, sending up exhaust fumes to cling in the damp air. A policeman's whistle shrilled and the traffic stopped again.

He turned onto a street of solemn brown-faced houses with few signs of Christmas. In place of colored lights, beer cans lined window ledges. As he came to the steps, he noticed a boy sitting on the first drop. His face was also turned away, disappointed.

"Hello," he said.

"Hi," replied the boy, sullenly.

"You know it's Christmas eve, Sonny? What's Santa going to bring you?"

"Aw, cut it!" the boy snapped. "There ain't no Santa Claus!"

"Suppose I told you I was Santa?" The boy looked up. "I'd say you was just an old man."

The old man opened the door and walked into the black room.

—Alice Terry

The Gift

Into your hand will be placed a priceless gift. Examine it carefully. There is no price tag on it. One wouldn't have any idea how to place a price tag on the greatest gift of all. You cannot weigh it because no scale can balance its value. There is no scale and there never will be any scale devised by man capable of weighing such an immeasurable object such as this. A movie star's income is as nothing in comparison; yet it is given to beggar and executive alike. The giver asks only that it be used justly and wisely.

This jewel, rare and unique, is not displayed in any store window, for it is too large; yet, on the other hand, it is too small to be seen by a microscope. It cannot be purchased nor can it be sold. No other treasure holds the possibilities offered by this gift; none can surpass its golden splendor; but yet, as beautiful as it is, no one can distinguish its color or make-up.

Of all gifts, this is the most precious. It has been offered many times before and soon from the depths of unending love it will be given again. It will be left to you to discover the rich, silver thread which runs through it. Only with the greatest care will the jewel retain its luster. Carelessness, selfishness, and ingratitude will tarnish the brilliancy, break the unspoiled thread, mar the perfection. When this gift is treated correctly, your heart, mind, and body will glow with such a sparkle that everyone about you will be attracted by these magnificent rays of good hope. Guard it closely, lest it slide through weak fingers from the grasp of your hands. Gaze upon its faultless beauty. Accept it as it is offered from the heart of the giver. Consider it the most treasured of your possessions, for of all gifts it is by far the greatest.

What is this gift of unending joy? It is the gift of the New Year.

—Donald Ketcham

... Through a Baby's Eyes

"Babies lay sleeping, all through the still night, all unaware of earth's greatest surprise." Frank Kingdom.

Babies—how much we are like them at Christmas time! We play and cry, eat and sleep, and wish to be coddled. Our eyes, like a baby's still not accustomed to the world, skim and even miss the true meaning of "earth's greatest surprise." The simplicity which Christ knew when He first saw the world through a baby's eyes is often left out of Christmas.

The humble beginning of a baby, born in a stable, clothed in things too large for Him and having a young man, an exhausted woman, barn animals for companions—these we can scarcely associate with Christmas surroundings.

But someone did! The most important member of Christmas did;

SOLDIER 1: (to other soldiers)

Do you think we should tell who we saw there last night?
 Passing over the hill and away out of sight?

SOLDIER 2: Shall we tell of the strange sort of glow they possessed?
 Shall we tell of the bundle the mother caressed?

SOLDIER 3: No! Let us keep silent! Someday, by this deed
 The world may rejoice for a king that we freed.

—Susan Tiefertal

the Christ child was born in this humility.

How much better were the things He had, which we always seem to ignore: the singing of the angels, the worship and love of Mary and Joseph, the love of God, and an ornament in God's sky which far surpassed anything derived from our earthly factories.

How privileged Mary, Joseph and the shepherds were. They knew, while the rest of the world "lay sleeping", oblivious of the fact that God had given them His most precious Son.

This fact is so simple. How complicated we sometimes can make it!

On the first Christmas night, God looked down through a baby's eyes. Now, on this Christmas, almost 1958 years later, are we going to look with our "baby eyes" and see the true and simple meaning of Christmas—the Christ?

—Elizabeth Manske

Handicap Holiday

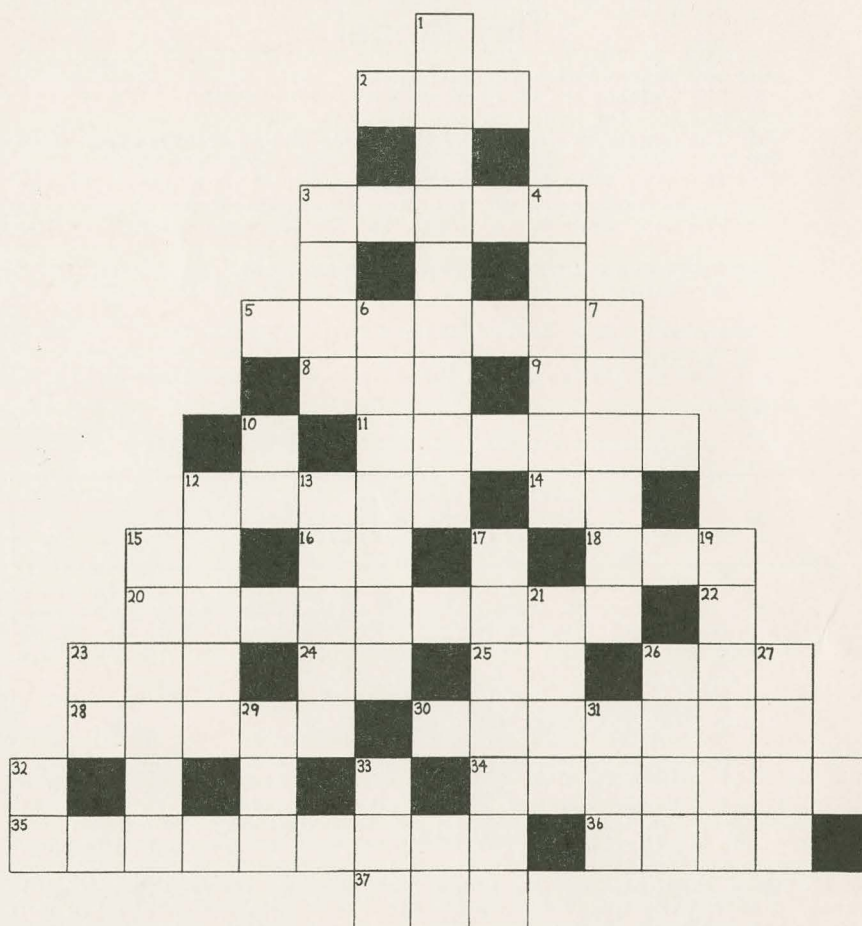
Rivulets of sweat rolled off Crusades' flanks, blood poured from his cracked sesamoid, a small bone in the foot; yet his hoofs continued to beat a tattoo across the turf.

Thinly clad and barely able to withstand the pushing of the crowd, John, with tired, defeated eyes watched the finish of the Christmas Handicap.

For a moment hope surged through John's withered body as Crusade gave one final effort to win. The courageous chestnut thoroughbred, unmindful of his pain and agony, valiantly vied for the lead. For a second he was racing stride for stride with the leading horse, and then slowly Crusade edged forward. The added exertion pushed his hoofs deeper and deeper into the turf, forcing additional pressure onto the cracking bone.

A furlong from the finish Crusade finally broke stride, his head snapped backward and the pounding motion of his legs immediately ceased. The animal crashed heavily to the turf, screaming in agony and twisting uncontrollably. The sesamoid had snapped abruptly and his leg was shattered from pastern to knee.

John instantly left the rail and fought blindly to squeeze through the crowd. He felt suddenly weak and sick, and his hands were clammy with sweat. But he pushed through and stumbled uncertainly toward the paddock. He couldn't bear to think of Crusade's twisted body or the dying jockey that had been thrown head first into the rail. Instead he thought of home, of his patient wife and their toddling grandchildren. That thought too, was painful. Earlier that day, confident of the money he had bet on Crusade in the Handicap, John had happily reassured his tiny family of a plentiful Christmas. But Crusade was dead and the race was lost. There would be no presents that night; there would be no gaiety and happiness when he returned home.



Across

2. "From the top of his head to the - - - of his toes"
3. Latin word for **Mother**
5. Adepte - - - - -
8. To allow
9. Neuter pronoun
11. High spot of Christmas vacation
12. What Grandpa will do after the Christmas meal
14. Junior boy with a Morris Minor car
15. Small frosh girl, short red hair
16. "And - -, an angel . . ."
17. Second vowel
18. Pour prendre conge (abbrev.)
20. "Hmatriscs" unscrambled
22. Article
23. Exclamation of surprise
24. Vermont (abbrev.)
25. Blond sophomore boy, seen lately with Sandy Govatos
26. Collection of memorable sayings of a person
28. "Not a creature was stirring, not even a - - - - -."

30. Dark-haired sophomore girl, Connie - - - - -
34. Country which gave us the Christmas tree
35. Boys will be asking for an advance on this for the formal
36. Weather pointer
37. Opposite of beginning

Down

1. Kiss-influencing parasite
3. Very abundant around Christmas
4. Famous cathedral is located in this German city
6. Winter necessitates this on car windows
7. Dry tongues are glad when the supply of these are gone
10. Freshman girl with a bandleader brother
12. Joan, Sandra, Ginger, and David - - - - -
13. Abundant tree in Mary and Joseph's country
15. Christmas gives us two weeks leave of absence from this
17. Came forth
19. Jesus performed his first miracle at a wedding here
21. Toward the sheltered side
23. Lee's brother
26. American Medical Mission Association (abbrev.)
27. Freshman Cassady's first name
29. You do this with a needle
31. English Revised Version (abbrev.)
32. Junior class treasurer
33. Number of Judi's in Junior Class

As John slowly gained the courage to make the journey homeward, he gazed longingly at the normal American families pushing good-naturedly by. Somehow the happiness and security they felt was void in John; he was a gambler and his life's fortunes would forever be ruled by luck.

—Cheryl Koons

Crafty Cubs Defang Bulldogs by 42-40

Holland, Allegan Take 'U' High in Openers

'U' High's basketball season, now under full swing, found the Cubs with a 1-2 won-lost record last Friday. In the opening skirmish of the campaign, the Red and White bowed in a well-fought game to the big team from Holland Christian, 50-35. The first home contest saw the Cubs lose a thriller to the Tigers of Allegan, 41-40, in a game that wasn't decided until the final seconds.

Coach Borr's team fought hard against the Bengals in the opening conference game for both, but lack of experience gave the deciding edge to the foe.

The first half of the encounter was strictly a ball control game, shown by the 15-13 lead Allegan held at half time. The fighting Cubs showed good potential, though, when they countered with three quick buckets to forge into a second half lead and go on to tally an excellent 17 point third period. Leading scorers for 'U' High were Tom Brown and Dave Hamilton, each pumping in 10 points and followed by sophomore Dave Stafford with 9.

In the annual opener with Holland Christian, the Cubs, despite a poor shooting percentage, held their own for a half. But the Maroons with too much offensive punch, pulled away in the second half and went on for the win. Again, it was Tom Brown along with Tom VanderMolen leading the team, each pouring in 9 points.

This year's reserve cagers have fared quite well, losing their opener, also to Holland Christian, but coming back with a hard fought win over Allegan J.V.'s. Outstanding players on Coach Beighley's squad have been Tim Duncan, Art Gaylord, and Bob Gill.

Honor Grid Standouts

Although the 1958 football season is over, it is not too late to recognize a few boys who made several all-star teams. Members of this year's *Gazette* All-City team were: Tom Brown, end; Terry Duncan, back; Joe Sugg, center; John Todd, tackle, and Tom VanderMolen, back. These boys, along with the other players and their coaches, were feted by the Optimists at the Burdick Hotel.

In addition to making All-City, Joe Sugg was selected as a member of the WOOD-TV area All-Star squad. Tom Brown was named to the All-Southwest Michigan football team as a guard. Both boys made numerous All-State selections.

Congratulations to all of these fine football players and their coaches.

Intra-Murder Basketball Thrives

Each Tuesday night for the past five weeks at 6:30 p.m. the intra-mural, or perhaps more properly termed the intra-murder, basketball teams at 'U' High take the floor in the hilltop gym.

As of last week's play Jon Carlson's team held the league's lead. Close behind, however, was Erwin Doerschler's "Back Door Trots." Other captains are Robert Hackman, Joe Sugg, Jim Birch, and Tim Lenderink.

The individual scoring race, including the first four games, also is very tight. John Todd is first, leading Tim Linderink by one point; trailing close are Jon Carlson and Mike Schrier.

The schedule has been tentatively set to include three rounds of five games each. In all probability the team emerging as champion will be the team with the most victories. A play-off between the three division winners has also been proposed, and this will be discussed at a later date.

This intra-mural league, which was started last year, is one of the few of its kind in this area and is conducted under the efficient supervision of Mr. Barney Chance.

Intra-mural basketball was created for the benefit of all the male students of 'U' High except those on the varsity, reserve, or freshman teams, and all eligible boys should feel free to join.

Co-ed Gym Tested; Dancing First Activity

One, two, three, four, one, two, three, four—these numbers have been constantly running through the minds of the students in 9:15 gym class. This year, they are acting as "guinea pigs" for a new experiment.

Under the direction of Mr. Robert Soderman, boys' phys ed teacher, and Miss Dawn Stone, gym student teacher for the girls, co-educational dance instruction has started. The new experiment has been in progress for five of its six week period, and the results, according to the instructors, are quite favorable.

This is something relatively new in contrast to previous gym classes and has possibilities for use in the future. Not only dancing, but other activities could be interjected: volleyball, golf, tennis, and maybe bowling.

If this new venture is successful, the coming years will ring with both male and female voices during gym classes.

Big Rams Next Prey

Last Friday night the 'U' High Cubs squeaked past Wolverine Conference foe, Vicksburg, by a 42-40 score. This win evened the Cubs' conference record to one win and one loss.

The next match for the Cubs will be with South Haven Rams, at Portage. South Haven has been predicted to be a title threat in the league.

The game was nip and tuck all the way to the final buzzer. Although 'U' High was ahead most of the way, Vicksburg was never more than five points behind.

Dave Stafford led the scoring parade with 12 points. He was followed by Tom VanderMolen with 9 and Tom Fleckenstein and Dave Hamilton with 7 each.

One of the Cub heroes was Jon Edwards, who entered the game in the fourth period after Stafford had fouled out. Jon put new life into the team by scoring 5 valuable points. It was he who blocked the shot that would have enabled Vicksburg to tie 'U' High, forcing the game into overtime.

The future varsity squad split the opening games to Allegan and Parchment, 25-40 and 38-33, respectively. The game against the Allegan Tigers, a shaky one, was the Frosh's first, but they came back the next week to nip Parchment by a close margin.

The little cagers have promising sharp-shooters in Tom Cooper, with a total of 24 points, and Bob Engels with a slight edge of one point over Cooper.

The starting five are Tom Cooper, Bob Engels, Dave Warren, Jack Simpson, and David Wilson.

Pre-Dick-tions—

—by Colby

'U' High vs. South Haven

South Haven has been tabbed by the experts as a possible title threat in the Wolverine Conference basketball race this year. What it lacks in height, it makes up for in speed and spirit.

The Cubs have made an inauspicious start in basketball, but much of it is due to inexperience. This should be a closely fought game, but I give the edge to 'U' High.

'U' High 40—South Haven 39

'U' High vs. Portage

The Mustangs from Portage have fielded this year probably one of the strongest basketball teams in the area. They have height, speed and scoring punch, a combination hard to beat. This is possibly the best team the Cubs will face this season.

Portage 60—'U' High 42

Merry Christmas

The car was warm, and from the radio came the contented sounds of Christmas advertisements, merrily trying to sell their merrily price-slashed Christmas sales to their potential merry customers. The wind whistled about his open no-draft. He hated winter and contemplated not going to the office Christmas skating party.

He had been alone since nine o'clock, driving, and was still about 120 miles from home. His eyes were beginning to get tired from the incessant flow of bright lights of the slow moving traffic. Sleep had almost caught once before, but he was confident he could make it.

"And now for the eleven o' clock news: State police have been issuing repeated warnings concerning the severity of the storm and of the dangerous road conditions. Already since this afternoon six people . . ."

He turned the radio down. He had heard enough of the winter storms. I am completely conscious of the storms, he thought.

Outside the wind was sweeping across the desolate fields, piling drifts even across the road. On each side was the snow, tinted blue by the cold, star-filled night. It reminded him of the sea, the snow-covered fields as vast stretches of water and each ripple of snow, a wave.

The traffic began to dissolve, and as he came to the top of a hill and over, he caught a glimpse of a valley into which he was going. For a split second, he was startled, for the valley was smothered in the blue darkness. It was like a dream. At the same time he felt very fatigued, but it was a restive fatigue because it was warm and comfortable inside while outside the snow was piercing the air with its iciness.

"Clang! Clang! Clang! All's well . . ." The sound blurted from the radio and then disintegrated into the deathly silence. Classical music began to float from the radio. He felt at peace, all thoughts of his office and the money problems he had to endure completely obliterated. The memories of his youth flooded him, making him sad.

He chuckled.

The thoughts came back, though, making him more sad.

He could remember when he worked in the boiler room of an iron ore ship on the Great Lakes, dirty and hot. The headlights cut a path into the snow and snowdrifts on the road, and he followed the beam. And then he remembered how he had got his B.A. in Business Administration, but couldn't get a job, and during the war how he had stepped on a mine and was sent back to the States with a leg injury.

To all sides of him were the snow-covered hills with naked trees scattered along the road. Then he had come back and got a job as an executive and was now in his eighteenth

year there. What had he done with himself? He had worked hard all his life, for what?

He slumped to the wheel, asleep. The snow blurred, the valley spun, and a barren tree emerged. There was a crash of broken windows and a thud of metal against wood. The wind streaked through the broken windows and over his crumpled body.

The radio was still going on, and a voice broke through the wind:

"Well, that's all for tonight, folks. Remember drive carefully and a Merry Christmas."

The wind carried away the sound, shrieking, and pushed the heavy snowflakes into the beam of the headlights, making them dance.

—Bradley Hodgman

Hilltop Viewpoint

—Scrivener Covert

I hope the right article gets in this column—I misplaced my gift and card lists and I think I may have given them to Miss Giedeman. (Double disaster because I didn't check the spelling!)

I've just returned from shopping for the impossible person on my list—Uncle Elmer. Of course, there are other eternally sought gifts which no store gets until after Christmas, but at least, you know what you're looking for. It was inspiring, though, milling crowds under twinkling decorations and lines of children waiting to see Santa. But the prices! Mr. Hackney never prepared us for the juggling of money between the cost of presents and formal tickets. But after many nights, the valiant spirit of the lads will conquer the situation, and they will drag their fair lasses off to the ball (I hope).

In a few days vacation will be here, and we can spend the days slipping and sliding from toboggans to skis to skates to call the wrecker service to pull us out. Also, don't forget to skid to a few games—the team wants our support for Christmas.

Snow swirls down onto all those smiling faces. Bah, humbug? No sir —MERRY CHRISTMAS!

G.A.A. Sponsors New Modern Dance Club

A Modern Dance Club has been started at 'U' High this year and meets on Wednesday from 3:30-4:30 in the elementary gym. It is sponsored by the G.A.A. and led by Miss Lillian Dzialak and Miss Carol Pasek, seniors at Western. Both girls are majoring in physical education and have had much experience in this field.

Modern dance is different from other types of dancing because it interprets a mood. The girls are planning a program for the end of the year and anyone interested may attend.

Cheerful Earful

"Mark" one up for **Mary Davidson** . . . as a matter of a fact "Mark" up two for her. Both **Mark Pearson** and **Mark Wenner** asked her out.

Jack Simpson's roving eye has alighted upon the eighth grade and he likes what he sees. Come on, you freshman girls, the junior high shouldn't offer much competition.

What is the secret charm holding **Dick Colby** to Paw Paw? Could it be **Paula Clair**?

Alan Mimms, **Art Gaylord**, **David Stafford** and **Eglis Lode** are four boys that aren't going to be left out. They have already asked **Cathy Roberts**, **Judy Jacobson**, **Carol Maus** and **Sandy Govatos**, respectively, to "La Veille De Noel."

Sue Schroeder insists she studies at the college library, but word is that she "accidentally" meets a college man there.

Raise the flag, roll the drums, give a cheer. **Tom Moyer**, the "bachelor" of the Junior Class decided to give dating a try.

Chris Cooper has decided it is best not to throw snowballs early in the morning especially since she fell on her face while trying to bombard **Bob Hackman**.

"Dancing all night" at Portage's Christmas formal, will be **Judy Grubb** with **Grant Frielink**.

Details—Terry insulted **Jim Birch**. **Liz** hit **Terry**. **Terry** charges as **Liz** dodged. **Terry** fell down four stairs. Boom—!

What is so interesting in Mattawan? A lot, according to **Nancy Bean** and **Charlotte Calhoun**.

Bill Bildner, there is a certain girl that would like to **Correll** you.

If you see **Roberta Baker** staring into space with a sweet smile on her face, you can be sure that she is dreaming about **Buzz Barthold** and the heavenly Christmas formal.

Mary Peelen has gained $\frac{1}{4}$ of an ounce since last Friday. The reason for this is that she began wearing **Dave Hamilton's 'U' High Pin**.

The newspaper staff is distressed—**Katie Johnson** has a "secret love." Better be careful . . . we've got reporters everywhere.

Some spectators at the basketball game with Allegan were contented. These in particular were the **Schutz twins** and their dates, **Burlene Gildea** and **Leslie Schwarz**.

Jim Thurston will kindle the New Year with his old flame, **Sally Vind**.

Nancy Neal is very "Kozy" at parties. **Larry Kozel** makes sure of that.

Beth Peelen is moving closer, but **Dave Wilson** still won't be "the boy next door."

Sue Ann Russell will be floating at Central's formal with **Gordon Nichols**.

Those **Hoopengardner** girls have been whirling around 'U' High lately. **Bob Tracy** and **Chuck Henry** are responsible for putting **Sara** and **Julie** in orbit.