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## University High Highlights 12/16/1959

University High School

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## Cast and Committees Work on "Our Town"

Would you like to know what it's like doing homework for math from the top of a step-ladder? Or riding a milk wagon drawn by a horse that really isn't there? Or would you like to know what goes on in the minds of the bride and groom at a wedding? Or what the people of this earth look like to those who have departed from it? These are some of the questions that will be answered in scenes from **OUR TOWN** by Thornton Wilder, the all school play to be given January 15 and 16 in the Little Theatre. Curtain time is 8:00, and tickets will be sold by members of the Dramatics Club and the cast.

This is a year of dramatic changes for the annual play. First of all, the play is a departure from the conventional set with realistic props. The stage manager moves about casually, bringing on a few pieces of furniture and calling people on the stage and dismissing them as he demonstrates what life was like in Grovers Corners, New Hampshire, at the beginning of the twentieth century. He even takes us into a graveyard to hear from those who have left Grovers Corners, for as he says, "... people are never able to say right out what they think of money, or death, or fame, or marriage. You've got to catch it between the lines; you've got to overhear it." This play offers entertainment, action, humor, but more especially insight into how its characters think as they go about their daily lives.

A second change this year comes with a new director, Mr. Arthur Christensen, who has been a capable director of high school plays before he came to 'U' High and has also had much experience acting in and helping to produce civic plays done by adult groups. Miss Bernyce Cleveland will work with committees from the Dramatics Club producing the show, and Miss Barbara Gaylor will assist with costuming. The date, too, is a shift from the usual October date to January, thus enabling more athletes to participate.

A promising cast has been selected from among many very capable students who tried out. These are the people who will be virtually living at Grovers Corners until January 15: **The stage manager**, David Stulberg; **Dr. Gibbs**, John Rutherford; **Mrs. Gibbs**, Charlotte Calhoun; **George Gibbs**, Richard Bennink; **Rebecca Gibbs**, Kate MacDonald; **Mr. Webb**, Michael Bildner; **Mrs. Webb**, Polly Lawson; **Emily Webb**, Inez Dale; **Wally Webb**, James Baker; **Mrs. Soames**, Lydia Garneau; **Howie Newsome**, John Richardson; **Constable Warren**, Peter Trimpe; **Simon Stimson**, James Allen; **Professor Willard**, Alfred Curtenius; **Sam Craig**, Ronald Schutz; **Joe Stoddard**, Robert Lee; **Joe Crowell**, William Bildner; **people in the audience**, Sue Russell, Jean Giachino, Carolyn Meretta.

## UNIVERSITY HIGH

# Highlights

KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

DECEMBER 16, 1959

VOL. 21

NO. 4

## Assembly Sparks Christmas Spirit "Winterland" Formal Tops Festive Season

Climaxing a week of pre-holiday activities, the Christmas assembly will be held in Kanley Chapel this Friday, December 18. The program, which will start at 10:45 and last about 45 minutes, will be centered on the Christmas story, taken from Scripture and narrated by John Rutherford. The choir, under the direction of Mr. Jack Frey, will sing a number of familiar Christmas songs to illustrate the reading. Austra Sweet will be the soloist, singing "What Child Is This?" Organ prelude and postlude will be by Janet Morris.

Following last night's Carol Sing, in which a large number of 'U' High students participated, the band held its annual Christmas program in the gym this noon and the first part of fifth hour today. Playing under the direction of Mr. James Hause, the band led the student body in singing many of the well-known Christmas songs.

Bustling with seasonal cheer, 12 homerooms have filled 25 Christmas stockings with toys, unspoilable food, jewelry, books, and toilet articles. The fattened stockings were sent to the Red Cross Agency, which will distribute them in Kalamazoo.

While this was being accomplished, other Service Committee members were baking and selling cookies to raise money for Christmas decorations

to be used at the School for Mentally Retarded Children. A tree was trimmed and several presents were purchased for use at the school.

Through the misty setting of a skating rink on December 21 at the Student Center ballroom, will be 'U' High's Christmas formal, "Winterland." The dance will take place from 9:00 to 12:00, and the tickets are \$2.75 per couple and \$1.50 stag. Alumni will be admitted free.

The ballroom will be decorated with Christmas trees shining with blue lights while the windows will be trimmed with wreaths. Mr. Don Neal and his band will play dreamy music and Mr. J. Schiavone will take pictures to be sold at \$1.50.

Equally important with the cast are the people who work behind the scenes and in "the front of the house." R. Light will act as the real stage manager with R. Howard on lights, both assisted by R. Lee and W. Shepherd. On props are R. Baker, chairman, J. Slaughter, J. Giachino, R. Dew, and M. Sheets. B. Peelen is chairman of costumes with help from B. Fox, S. Russell, C. Douglas, A. Stafford and P. Noble. The make-up committee includes M. Olson, chairman, J. Lambeck, M. DeKorte, K. Nelson, K. Gunnette, J. Tracy, S. Vanderbrook, M. Burling, J. Pemberton, C. Cox, G. Gibson, A. Potter, D. Moore, A. Sweet and C. Griggs.

H. Burnett is chairman of publicity with the following members as her committee: F. Sprau, B. VanBlarcom, M. Boyce, C. Schoenhals, K. MacDonald, G. White, R. Yzenbaard,

S. Householder, M. Masterson, S. Buchanan, and K. Zwergel. The committee for the cast party consists of L. Forsleff as chairman, G. White, L. Hackney and A. Stafford. J. Sisson is chairman of ticket sales, and her committee members are S. Stillwell, J. VanPeenan, S. Bahlman, S. Morgolis, and L. Garneau. R. Robinson is chairman of programs assisted by S. Sprau, D. Boudeman, J. Richardson, F. Fleckenstein, D. Isaacs, V. Kent, and C. Bennison.

### In Sympathy

The students and faculty of University High School extend their sincerest sympathy to the family of Mary Jane Boudeman, a member of the Freshman Class.



## A Star to Follow

If I had a star to follow  
As did those wise men when Jesus was born,  
I would use that star as a remembrance  
Of him on that Great Morn.

As I look up into the sky,  
I see a star shining bright.  
Shall I follow that star as the wise men did?  
Or shall I see just a bright light?

I choose to follow it,  
In hopes that I may find  
The treasure that is God's son,  
So little and so kind.

I will follow the star where it leads me,  
Though I have no gift of Gold,  
Follow it with my heart;  
I'll be bold:  
I will follow that star.

—Roberta Quiring

## Brothers

I stood on the pavement before the church, alone with my thoughts. I stood and I waited, for the bells would ring at any moment, signifying the close of Christmas services. I was to meet my best friend and spend Christmas evening with him.

I was a stranger before this awe inspiring church. This great Catholic cathedral, with the statue of Christ placed prominently on a plateau, high above the sidewalk, was not familiar to me. How strange it was for me, a Jew, to be spending part of Christmas day in front of this magnificent church of Christ. The music, which filtered through the closed doors in muted chords of harmony, was not "my" music. As the strains of the carols blended in perfect harmony with the slowly moving traffic, I again looked up at the statue of Jesus, today taking his place in the souls of Christians everywhere, for the one thousand, nine hundred and sixtieth year.

I gazed at the statue . . . and recognized a Jew. I thought about that for a moment. Certainly it was not an original idea; it just seemed a little more thought provoking on this day of days, His birthday. It was strange, I thought, how one man, a representative of two great religious groups, could symbolize such an accentuated difference between these same two groups of human beings.

My gaze wandered from the statue up to the Cross, surrounded in all its glory by fern wreaths and holiday lights. Maybe it was coincidence, I reflected, that the cross, symbolizing the Crucifixion, the Death of Christ, is so different in meaning from the Jewish star, carried at the head of Jewish caravans and symbolizing life. Still another wedge was thus produced in the widening gap in my thoughts between Christianity and Judaism.

Then, as if by chance, my attention reverted to a suddenly familiar sight, the statue of Christ. I had seen it before and it had symbolized Difference, but now, in this moment of sudden recognition, only thoughts of Likenesses crowded into my mind. Here was a Jew, "King of the Jews," how different could his beliefs or believers be? The Christmas spirit, reigning supreme during this season of good will, succeeded in breaking through my shell of "I have a belief, you have a belief, let's just keep them two separate ideas." I thought about the meaning of the golden rule, and how, when translated from Hebrew into English, it meant the same thing, "Be Humane." I thought about the Christmas carols, now being sung, and suddenly I realized that these chords of beauty were not meant to leave me out, but, quite to the contrary, were meant to include me, not as a fellow Christian, but as a fellow human being, sharing this season of "birthday-like" joy.

The sounds of car horns broke through the evening air. As similar as those "beeps" and "toots" are the beliefs of Christianity and Judaism, I reflected; yet, in their own way, they are as different as the cars making those reverberating roars.

People were now pouring out of the church, hurrying to get home, yet smiling outwardly, feeling that something that makes this season so different from all others.

My friend was saying his last good-byes. As he hurried toward me, I knew what I would say, the only thing one "brother" could say to another "brother" on this certain day, "Merry Christmas, Bob, Merry Christmas for every day this year." And he answered me, his Jewish buddy, in the same excited, yet meaningful tone, "Merry Christmas, Dave, Merry Christmas for many years to come."

—David Stulberg

It would be very quiet.  
There would be no chimes . . .  
no frosty and smiling carolers . . .  
no choirs chanting at midnight services . . .  
no Salvation Army bells clanging on Main Street . . .

There would be few shoppers . . .  
no Christmas clubs for weak souls . . .  
no gift searches . . .  
no department store Santa Clauses in faded red suits . . .

There would be no need for the miles and miles of ribbon and paper . . .  
no hundreds of cards to address . . .  
no letters to enclose . . .

There would be no Boy Scout tree sale on Joe's Used Car lot . . .  
no defective strings of tree lights . . .  
no gleaming glass balls . . .  
no glowing candles . . .

There would be no smells and tastes of cookies . . .  
no fruitcakes . . .  
no special candy . . .  
no eggnog . . .

There would be no spirit without Christmas, not without celebrating it, for even those whose religions do not recognize it are affected by it, without having **December 25** written in red or purple or green on the calendar . . .  
without its ways and traditions . . .

They are expressions of that spirit . . . like giving a tired man a ride through the heat of the day . . . letting a hurried housewife go ahead of you in the supermarket . . . buying a friend a birthday gift when you really wanted to buy yourself something with the money . . . helping a tearful, lost child . . .

The spirit glows like a bright star each day of the year. It is one of charity, sacrifice, and love. It is our reflection of God's love for us as displayed in the Christmas miracle.

—Alice Terry

## My Presents

When I was just a baby of one,  
All I wanted was a gun;  
And later on when I was two,  
What I wished for was a choo-choo.  
Being a big boy, aged three,  
I wanted my own Christmas tree.  
As a four year old I was huffy,  
And demanded a cocker puppy;  
But five was my most magical year,  
The one most filled with fun and cheer,  
For then I gave away a toy,  
And discovered the happiest Christmas joy.

—Sharon Glendening



# Christmas Is For . . .

## Little People

The heart of Christmas is a very fragile and delicate thing, perhaps easy to hurt or break. Yet it is inclosed in one of the noisiest packages that you can imagine. The package is in constant motion back and forth, up and down, around and around. It is one of the most fascinating things in the world. As a matter of fact, people have written many books about this package. It gets in more things than you can think possible and you wonder how it can do so much at one time. You sometimes wonder if all packages are like this one.

This package's heart is in almost all things, but one stands out and that is Christmas. A person might be a strong believer in religion, but this package would let you hurt it before it would not believe in Santa Claus. It is a great follower of this man Santa and defends him at every corner. This little package can hardly wait for this one day a year when Santa brings it all the things it wants and some times things it doesn't! It loves to watch the Christ child in the stable under a tree and on television. This package is so happy at Christmas eve it can not sleep, and by the time the holiday is over, the former "perfect angel" has turned into a little demon which does everything it can just to get you mad.

This little package which just adores Santa and is so mischievous may be running around your house. He is about the age of five, is three feet tall and has plump cheeks. He can do anything he wants and yet, with one look, he can solve all your problems and grievances and help you retain your Christmas Heart.

—David Stafford

## Older People

In the eyes of a grandparent, there are no persons in the entire world so good as his grandchildren. He thinks of each as "The Littlest Angel." Because of this image he works very hard to produce something that he can be proud to present to the best children in the world. Tales may be told of the children's misdeeds, but he just passes over them and thinks that something is wrong and won't accept the story as true.

As Christmas comes closer, he listens very closely to hear clearly each wish, and he tries his hardest to be the best Santa. Being an intelligent person, he never promises anything, but deep down he knows that he will toil very hard to fulfill that desire. He undertakes every task with the idea that it is a huge skyscraper that he is building, and so it must be planned very carefully and be carried out to the most minute detail. He puts as much of himself into these projects as engineers put into the Empire State Building.

A grandfather not only works hard, but is as sly and quiet as a corrected school teacher. He operates cautiously, too, being careful that nobody enters the room while he has a project on his work bench. By working in complete privacy he receives added benefits: not only are the children surprised but also their parents marvel at the gifts and the quality of workmanship that has gone into them.

The grandfather himself receives many tangible gifts from the family, but none so great as the happiness that fills his heart when he sees the children's eyes shine like lights on the tree. This happiness has a value as great as any other ten events in his long eventful life. His own devout

Christianity has given him his goal: to love and inspire his grandchildren to give of themselves as he himself has done.

—Thomas DeVries

## A Prayer

How often I must turn to Thee,  
To ask for help, security.  
So many times I may not say  
How much You mean to me each day.  
Your eternal spirit, always near,  
Helps me in strife, helps me in fear.

For this, I'm thankful.  
It was in time of fear and strife  
That You came into human life.  
Bethlehem's babe, a gift of love,  
Announced Your spirit from above.  
Now as this Christmas  
time draws near,  
Excitement comes, with joy and cheer;  
But let there be another birth  
Of love in me now on this earth.

Amen  
Anne Cassidy

## Ad Astrum per Aspera

In days of old, the decorating of Christmas trees was a happy and unifying part of family life at the yule season, but I have known this night to be a hullabaloo and fierce (but easily forgotten) argument.

The first step is Dad's bringing the big tree home. Usually the first to disagree, I gawk at it and wonder how any dad could have possibly picked out the obviously homely Tannenbaum.

"Oh, Dad, it's just too long and lanky; there aren't any branches here and look at that crooked trunk."

After we decide it will have to do, my brother tries to make it stand up in the standard. Now my father has assumed his chair of supervision and Tim and I struggle with this prickly bunch of needles. As the too small standard proves itself inadequate, the tree falls, adding to the mounting dissension.

When it has been tied to the window, the lights are strung around it. This, too, is all wrong when you step back and look at it. So they are replaced here and there until everyone, too tired and upset to disagree, says it will do.

In the progress of hanging the bulbs, it is a sure thing that mother's favorite will be broken. And oh, those lovely icicles—they are without a doubt the worst.

Yet, finally the ordeal is completed and suddenly I doubt whether there is a prettier tree in town!

—Ann Shaw

## You and Me

The last minute scurrying for that final gift that has to be just perfect.

A quiet period of meditation for the "Greatest Gift of All."

The caroler singing cheerfully for all to hear him.

A young child's first taste of the holiday candies which are in store for him.

A teenage girl making her own Christmas cookies.

Father relishing that savory turkey.

The aroma of pudding being cooked just right.

A young man receiving his first "wiff" of the mistletoe with his favorite girl.

Little brother getting a glimpse of Santa Claus at the local department store.

Seeing that big package under the tree with your name on it and wondering what's in it.

Observing with reverence the old, old Christmas story.

Youngsters listening to Mom and Dad trying to creep quietly downstairs to place the gifts.

The first sounds that you get from the tape recorder you've been hopefully wanting.

The time for your first big formal dance.

The iceskating, skiing, and tobogganning that you do during vacation.

—Eglis Lode

Marcia Sheets won second prize for her entry in the annual Exchange Club poster contest advertising Newspaper Day.

Others entering from 'U' High art class were Marjorie Boyce, Susan Buchanan, Holly Burnett, Larry Mercure, Kristine Nelson, Rosemary Sugden, and Betsi Van Blarcom.



## The Unseen Miracle

Hope. The word sticks cloyingly in my throat. Only fools believe in anything beyond their own power. Look at them, those dreamers of Israel, out there clinging to some cloud-borne prophecy. Look at them, trudging along through the heat, sweating in the choking dust, each one bowing to the whim of a pagan emperor. Multitudes of them, uprooted from their homes, pushing onward, returning to the city of their people, returning that the will of Caesar might be obeyed. There they walk, looking toward the city of David, sustained by an inward strength, as if preparing for a homecoming.

Blind fools! Don't you see the misery around you? Feel the shimmering heat rising in waves from the glare of wasteland; hear the snap of whips over the backs of straining animals! Look at your children, exhausted and whimpering, and your elders, kneaded into lumps of clay by the press of bodies. An aura of menace cloaks every movement until the very colors form grotesque and shapeless patterns pulsating along the desert.

If only one of you would acknowledge your suffering! Pain, cruelty, death—these are here forever. No magician will make them go away. Why . . . why do you grasp at any hope? What are you waiting for? If only one of you, anyone, would help me!

Help me, rabbi, walking along with half shut eyes, lost in prayer. Help me, young boy, wise beyond your

years, and you woman, riding so serenely on your little donkey; let me find the secret of your love!

Behold me, woman, don't just smile at me with that elusive radiance; give me truth! But no, you ride on to fulfill your magnificent destiny alone, for what can you know of the struggles in my heart? How could you give me an answer?

Why do you now turn to stare at me with your great blue-black eyes? You are different from the others; It is as if your gaze were piercing through my very thoughts. Now you bend to speak to the man walking beside you. He looks up, surprised, and is walking toward me. A cloth is being pressed into my hand. Like a statue, I stare at the whiteness swimming before my eyes. A sign! I have been heard! The cloth is a robe for a babe. My heart reaches out like a tree stretching its limbs toward the sun. Words, familiar, yet new, come racing through my brain. "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and his name shall be the Prince of Peace."

The others are not dreamers, groping blindly for deliverance, but seekers of a Messiah that will come! Words break through my foggy senses, asking for directions in return for the cloth. "Go," I say, "to the inn by the well," while in my heart ring out the words "Go, seek ye a child, the promised one of Israel. Go to the city of David; find Him by the inn at the well."

—Gail White

## Yule Title Waves

**Christmas Vacation:** A period of the year that is the "bridging point" between the school year and summer vacation. This time of year traditionally drives parents insane and give teachers what is known as a "recovery period."

**Noel:** What there is in the word, "sauerkraut."

**Christmas Tree:** An object that puts joy in a child's heart, pains in Dad's back, and those wonderfully sappy pine needles all over your best rug.

**Santa Claus:** Once a "jolly old elf" who rode around in a sleigh drawn by eight reindeer, he now rides around in helicopters. This present-day St. Nick is quite a boy as he appears on numerous television stations simultaneously or is spotted on every street corner in the city.

**Christmas Gift:** Formerly a token of friendship which the recipient wouldn't think of returning, it now is a means of trade, which is invariably returned by the receiver to its place of purchase for any item that person really wants.

**Christmas Spirit:** Better known in the plural form of spirits, it may consist of bourbon, whiskey, scotch, rye, or the "innocent Yuletide eggnog." This traditional object of the season is designed to promote good cheer and to take a person's mind off of his troubles. However, it sometimes backfires and replaces those troubles with new ones, such as traffic tickets, smashed fenders, or broken friendships.

**New Year's Eve:** A time when friends get together to greet the new year. Refer also to "Christmas Spirit."

**New Year's Resolutions:** Vows that are made to be broken so as to furnish an excuse for making them again next year.

**Christmas Shopping:** A sport played by men, women, and children. This involves dodging heavy traffic, beating the other person to that present you wanted to buy, finding out the size of dress that Aunt Mathilda wears, and at the same time trying to balance a precariously perched budget. These games are played until a day known as "Christmas Eve," at which time the final game is played. This game, usually much rougher than the others, for speed is a prime factor, commonly goes under the name "Last Minute Rush."

—Robert Lee

## I Radiate the Season

Over nineteen-hundred years ago I was the star which led the shepherds and the wise men to Bethlehem to see the baby Jesus. I made a halo around the Christ Child's head and helped God show the world his most wonderful gift to mankind.

My splendor did not end there, however, for I am always present during the Christmas season. Have you not seen me even now as the Yuletide draws near? God's gift was not to be forgotten and he has made me one of the ageless symbols to remind the world of the birth of Our Savior.

Of all things connected with the Christmas season, nothing is so vivid or omnipresent at my lustrous light, for I am a part of the miracle of Christmas. My magic glow will never be forgotten so long as Christians worship God and believe in the Christ Child. As part of the Yuletide season I am in the home, the park, the city, the church, and in the heart of all who celebrate Christmas.

Years ago in the home a simple pine tree was made into a symbol of Christmas. But a barren tree was not enough and soon my brilliance, in the form of shimmering candles, was added to make the symbol more meaningful. Now these trees are covered with beautiful ornaments, and then with dazzling colored bulbs my vivid luster is added.

In the park I again cover massive trees and send beaming rays down to illuminate nativity scenes in all their glory.

I am found in the street as the townsfolk string blazing lights to add gaiety to their cities and villages.

Placed high on the altar of the church in the form of a star my radiant beams shine down upon all, as once, the guiding star, I shone down upon the Christ Child.

Just as the dazzling light of the Yuletide is present to be seen by the eyes of man, there is a small glow in the heart of man to be felt by all. I am both these lights, for I am the light of Christmas.

—Beth Fox

Fri., Dec. 18—Christmas Assembly, 10:45, Kanley Chapel. Christmas vacation begins 3:10. Basketball, South Haven, there.

Sat., Dec. 19—Basketball with Marshall, here.

Mon., Dec. 21—Christmas Formal, "Winterland," 9:00-12:00 P.M., University Student Center.

Tues., Dec. 22—Basketball, Holland Christian, here.

Tues., Dec. 29—Basketball, Portage, here.

Mon., Jan. 4—Classes resume.

Fri., Jan. 8—Basketball, Plainwell, there.





Notes of "Silent Night" fill the Christmas air as carolers are on their way.

## Reindeer Express

Dear Santa:

I am an English teacher. When I was adding up the senior grades, my old adding machine broke down. My new grading system is getting so complicated that an adding machine can no longer handle it, anyway. Therefore, I want an IBM calculator. It doesn't have to be a big one, just one that can accommodate 50 different grades along with OK's, pluses, and minuses.

You're probably wondering why I believe in Santa Claus . . . so do my students!

Hopefully yours,  
Arthur Christensen

Dear Santa:

Last week after Swing Band, I was so hungry that I stopped at a grill and got a pizza. By the time I got home it was late and Mom thought I had been parking with a girl.

Would you help me to find a way to convince her I wasn't with a girl? Thanks!

Jim (Tight Spot) Baker

Dear Santa:

Will you please send me a set of golf clubs for Christmas, because eye want to be just like my daddy and Dave Hamilton.

Yours on the Links,  
Tommy Cooper

P.S. Eye like winter golf to.

Dear Santa:

Just before lunch every day I have Latin class. Everyone is hungry then, especially me. I carry my lunch in paper sacks and it always smells so good that I can't keep my mind on my Latin.

I would like to have a metal lunch bucket so that when I get to Latin class I won't bother Miss Kraft and the other students.

Expectantly,  
Bob Pearson

## A Child's Impressions

Frosty windows and tingly air,  
Gifts galore and food to spare,  
Santa Claus with his curly white hair—  
A child's impressions at Christmas.

Gay colors that dazzle little blue eyes,  
Undercurrents of suspense and surprise,  
Hopeful glances and wistful sighs—  
A child's impressions at Christmas.

The awesome beauty of the towering tree,  
Aunts and Grammies calling, "Come kiss me!"  
Things not to touch, but only to see—  
A child's impressions at Christmas.

The house decked out in greens and reds,  
Strange rustlings about after going to bed,  
And big solemn thoughts for such little wee heads—  
A child's impressions at Christmas.

Gifts beneath the Christmas tree piled,  
The wondrous story of the little Christ child,  
The love of a mother, tenderly smiled—  
A child's impressions at Christmas.

—Inez Dale

Dear Santa:

I don't want anything for Christmas. I'm happy with what I have now—Alan Mimms.

Yours truly,  
Judy Van Peenan

Dear Santa:

For the last month, our former busy evenings of homework have been invaded by even harder reading assignments. English novels are O.K., but after so many pages of Amelia Sedley, Joseph Sedley, and Becky Sharpe we have no desire to read anything.

Please help us find a way to get a little peace.

Wearily,  
The Seniors

Dear Santa:

I have U.S. History right after lunch at 12:45. I am always so full and tired that I can hardly keep awake. Only last week the student teacher had to wake me up to give me a note from the office.

Can you find something to keep me awake?

Dormantly yours,  
Dave Hinz

Dear Santa:

I am writing in desperation. When school re-opens in January, I will have to report to my biology class which is the better fighter—a lion or a tiger. No book I have found tells. Do you know? If not, please bring me one lion and one tiger for Christmas. I will write you the results of the fight if you wish.

Thank you,  
Bob Maxwell



## Gary, Indiana, in Winter

The snow  
on the road in front  
writhed like snakes whipped in the wind  
to their den.  
The tall, grey smokestacks  
dimmed by the snow-seeping soot and smoke  
slipped by like shadows  
to their winter's convent.  
A Negro stamping the snow cold from his feet  
stood black like the naked trees along the street.  
The big truck rode the snow  
through red neon, white blinking,  
green flashing lights muffled with the city's roar  
while the snowflakes whirled  
and danced death  
and died on the windshield.

—Bradley Hodgman

## My Most Miserable Christmas

Two years ago, about Christmas time, I was learning how to drive in our second car, a 1949 Chevrolet. This vehicle was called "The Bomb" because it was likely to explode any minute. "The Bomb" was indirectly the cause of my most miserable Christmas.

My sister was having a pre-Christmas party, and our icy driveway was filled with cars. This was the time I chose to practice driving at dark even though the gear shift was unfamiliar. Somehow my mother was persuaded to assist me in my undertaking and as I backed up the driveway, she was sitting backward in the front seat to act as a guide. For some reason, Mother thought I was about to mutilate the fender of a late model Cadillac which was parked in the path of "The Bomb." She screamed. I slammed on the brakes. With a look of severe pain, my parent crashed backwards into the dashboard. Mother's injury, although not serious, brought on my most unhappy Christmas.

It was this incident that made my parents realize I had "driving on the brain," and that I was too young to be thinking about such things.

I awoke late Christmas morning and staggered into the living room. There, under the tree, were my presents. I am proud to say that at that moment I was completely happy and satisfied with my gifts although they were small in quantity and significance. It is only now, when I think back on that terrible Christmas morning, that I realize I had been somewhat slighted under the tree. After peering through the packages, into most of which I had already snooped, I ambled groggily into the kitchen. I wasn't particularly hungry, but from force of habit I opened the refrigerator and projected my weary head inside. Finding a snack, I pivoted to make my getaway. Suddenly I felt a sharp pain in my side as I fell against some object that was unknown to me. Upon regaining my senses, I happened to notice that the cause of my agony

was a bright red bicycle. Several thoughts raced through my mind as I stood before the obstacle. Just as I had concluded that the bicycle wasn't for my fifteen-year-old sister, in burst my parents.

The remainder of my story isn't much to tell. The bike was mine, and I hated it. After all, it was such a juvenile gift for a boy who could drive a car. Many children my age would have appreciated a gift such as this; I didn't. Then and there I swore never to touch this—this thing, the cause of my misery. As time has passed on, my outlook toward the vehicle has changed somewhat. I still persist I was too old for such a present. Now it is evident why I received the bicycle, and I appreciate its value. More than ever, I am anticipating the day when I obtain my license. If I buy a car, surely the first thing I will sell to make a down payment will be that awful bike.

—Harold Reames

## Those Who Have Eyes

I cross a bridge  
on a windy day  
and count  
each lamppost.  
My footsteps hastening,  
I am not aware  
of the beauty  
of the day  
surrounding.  
Once across there is no  
turning back.  
I cannot regain  
what I have lost.  
Thus . . . life  
Is but a bridge  
on a windy day.  
Too busy counting the lampposts  
I fail to realize  
each day's earthly blessings  
given me.  
For, on the other side  
they are no more  
and I have not another chance.

—Diana Boudeman

## This Is Hanukkah

Because the Jewish holiday, Hanukkah, and Christmas come at the same time of year, there are people, many of them Jewish, who believe that the observances are similar in meaning. This is not true. The reason for this belief seems to stem from the fact that at Hanukkah time Jewish parents give gifts to their children as Christian parents do. I would like to explain why and how Hanukkah is celebrated by millions of Jews throughout the world.

In 175 B.C.E. Antiochus Epiphanes became King of Syria (of which Palestine was a possession). As a result, the Jews became his subjects. He disliked the Jews because they refused to accept the idol-worship of the Greeks. Antiochus believed that he was God and deciding to destroy the Jewish religion, he issued orders forbidding the observance of Jewish laws.

One day a Jewish woman, Hannah, was ordered to appear before the King together with her seven sons. All the King's officers and a large group of spectators were gathered. He ordered Hannah's eldest son to bow to the image, Zeus. The youth refused and was given the choice of bowing or death. He chose death. The second son was summoned and chose the same path as his brother. So it went until all of Hannah's children had been taken from her. When Hannah saw the last of her sons led off, the strain became too much for her and she, too, died.

The King, all other efforts having failed, decided to destroy the Jews' most sacred possession, the Holy Temple at Jerusalem. He left the Temple in shambles. Holy ceremonial objects were stolen and Jewish women and children were torn from the Temple's sanctuary and sold on the auction block to the highest bidder.

In the village of Modi'in a man named Mattathias of the Hasmoneans family saw a soldier approach a Jewish altar and kill a pig as a sacrifice to his pagan gods. Mattathias, not being able to bear the sight nor the smell of this evil deed, plunged his dagger into the King's soldier. Realizing the consequence of his deed, he summoned his five sons—Judah Maccabee, Jonathan, Johanan, Eleazer and Simon. With a band of patriots, the Hasmoneans fled into the hills.

Antiochus sent four armies in and even resorted to using elephants, but was unsuccessful in defeating the Jews led by Mattathias and his sons.

Antiochus had but one last strong hold, Emmaus, a town on the road to Jerusalem. Judah Maccabee readied his men for attack. The armies clashed and the Syrian commander soon bowed to mark victory for Judah Maccabee. And so, in 165 B.C.E. the Jews returned to Jerusalem.

When they reached the Holy City, their joy turned to bitterness. The Syrians had done their work



thoroughly. Dirt and desolation met the eye everywhere. The Hasmoneans entered the Temple Area and saw the Scrolls of the Torah torn to bits and scattered about. Statues of Greek gods and goddesses had been placed in the Temple. Swine had been sacrificed on the Holy Altar.

The people braced themselves and set about their tasks. They cleaned the Temple thoroughly and on the twenty-fifth day of Kislev (December) in 165 B.C.E. the Temple was rededicated. With a little flask of oil, the only holy oil that could be found amidst the destruction, they re-lit the great Menorah.

When the Jews first made the Hanukkah Menorahs, they knew that it was forbidden to imitate the seven-branched candlestick of the Temple. Besides, they wished to commemorate the little jar of oil that was lit when the Temple was rededicated. For that reason a special Hanukkah lamp was designed for the festival of lights with an individual shaft for the sham-mast (servant candle) by which all wicks were lit.

Exceeding all expectations, the oil in the Menorah miraculously lasted for eight days. Since that time, the Jews have celebrated Hanukkah, "dedication," for eight days each year, in commemoration of the Festival of Lights and the Triumph of Freedom.

Hanukkah is a gay festival. It is marked by the lighting of candles in the home, beginning with one candle on the first night and adding one on each following night of the holiday. There are no special Hanukkah services in the synagogue. At the regular evening service, however, the candles are lit just as in the home. Another custom of Hanukkah is the giving of gifts. The original custom was the giving of money (Hanukkah gelt), but it has changed through the years.

This is Hanukkah.

—Karen Colby

## A Lost Friend

Where did he go? When did he leave? Why, he didn't even bid me farewell . . . maybe he left before I arrived.

Is he lost in the competition among people, each of whom is trying to buy the biggest, most expensive gifts?

Was he trampled in the stampede for the prettiest holiday attire? Did you crush him in your rush to buy your outfit for the Christmas female?

Maybe he was disposed of along with the old Nativity scenes which were replaced with frolicking elves, stuffed Santas, prancing reindeer and frosty snowmen. Did he get packed in a box with the Bible stories?

Could the large department stores have fired him when they began their post-Halloween, Christmas sales campaign? Did you see him crawl away as stores began to advertise gifts for Mom, Dad, Sis and Uncle Harry?

Did someone, on his way to a seasonal cocktail party, run him down?

Maybe he is imprisoned behind the closed doors of a near-empty church.

Why did he go? How can I get him to return? I must find him. What happened to that dear friend, the True Spirit of Christmas?

—Marilee Masterson

## I Resolve . . .

. . . not to accept any report cards four months after the end of the semester (Mrs. Jarman)

. . . to revive Caesar and his army for the purpose of demonstrating their tactics in my Latin classes. (Miss Giedeman)

. . . to hang a formal portrait of Venus in the front of my room to keep the boys' attention when the girls' gym classes are outside. (Miss Kraft)

## Christmas Cajoling

These famous old Christmas standbys (?), dedicated to all those with mistletoe in their hearts, holly wreaths around their necks, and plum pudding on their chins, are to be sung with that happy, free, feeling that accompanies all pre-Christmas chemistry tests.

Deck the halls with CASE-S of BOBBY,  
tra, la, la, la, la, at good OLD 'U.'  
'Tis the season for Miss HOLLY,  
clothed in WHITE, this happy yule.  
JOHN we now our BONNIE apparel,  
ha, ha, ha, joke's on you, this gay tide.  
Sing we now of peppy CAROL,  
Wie geht es, you sly one you.  
See the blazing GILL before us,  
Now we bow and now DEPREE.  
Strike straight, JOHN, and join DOLORES,  
Crumpets and tea on this fair day.  
Follow me to GARY'S barrel,  
Some for me and a lot for LOU.  
While I tell of school-tide treasure,  
We'll march onward, two by two.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jolly old AL TERPSTRA, lean your nose this way,  
Don't you tell a single SCHAU, what I'm going to say.  
CRISMAN time is coming ROON,  
Now you dear HER-MAN, whisper what you'll bring to me—  
A blue slip if you can!

## With Contrition

As I entered the city of Jerusalem, I noticed something very strange about the atmosphere. My blood quivered; I felt it shake against the sides of my veins. I looked up at the sky; it was red and black, just as if blood and sadness mingled within each other. Curiosity led me to a near-by inn where I asked about the sky and the feeling in my body. The innkeeper, a friend of mine since I am an innkeeper in Bethlehem, told me that three men were being crucified on the Hill of Calvary. He had been so busy that he wasn't sure of the details.

Being more interested, I went directly to the hill where I saw three men nailed to crosses, just as my friend had said. The first thing that I noted was the large cross in the center. The man on it stood out beyond the other two. There was something mystical about him. I asked a person standing near me who this man was and why he was being crucified. He informed me that this man was on the cross because he claimed that he was the Son of God. He had been seen speaking to lepers, cleansing the untouchables, curing the ill, and giving the blind eyes and the deaf ears. How marvelous this man was! Why didn't the mob realize this? Why, if he was of divine origin, didn't he free himself?

As I was thinking about this, my head bowed in humility and my eyes rested on a woman weeping at the foot of His cross. Although her face was red and stained with tears, I knew that I had seen her before. Again I asked the man about her, but he knew only that she was the victim's mother. Yet this was enough information. My mind went back thirty-six years.

It was the time in which Caesar Augustus had decreed the new tax. It was late in December. Every room in my inn had been filled when they came to the door. Oh, how common those two looked! The woman was heavy with child, the man, poorly clothed. It did not fill my heart with sadness when I told them that there was no room. Only as they were leaving, did I think of the stable.

As this incident ran through my mind, I fell to my knees saying, "Oh Lord, forgive me for I knew not what I was doing. Why did Your Son have to be born in my stable?"

And a voice answered, "Be not filled with remorse, for it was meant to be! Our Savior was born in a manger and crucified on a cross by His Holy Will."

I shuddered as I realized that an angel had spoken to me. Soon, I knew that this was right. The best often appears unlauded and unrecognized.

—Lynn Larzelere

Oh, Christmas Tree,  
Oh, Christmas Tree,  
Thy leaves are so unchanging.  
That's because you have needles.



# Cagers Stretch Win Streak; Rams Next

## Athletes' Feats

Special congratulations to the basketball team on their fine early season performances. Keep up the good work!

### Last Word About '59 Football:

Congratulations to Jim Birch, Terry Duncan, and Tom Vander Molen on their selection to the various All-State football squads. Dave Hamilton received honorable mention also.

Several football squad members were tops in their respective departments in the Wolverine Conference: Passing, Hamilton; pass reception, Dave Stafford; kick-off returns and punting, VanderMolen.

Four Cub boys were honored by being chosen as members of the All-Conference Team: Birch, Stafford, VanderMolen and Duncan.

A special honor was presented to Duncan when he was chosen to be a member of the All-State Dream Team and so spent a very wonderful weekend in Detroit.

Progress report on Dick Colby's towel: It attacked a basketball player the other night!

## Reserves Gain Big Margins Over Comstock, Allegan

The "big" little Cubs have an unbeaten string of three games tucked neatly under their belts thus far. Coach Kenneth Beighley's reserves have shown hustle and uncanny shooting in their first two games.

In the first game, the reserves crushed the Comstock Colts, 62-19. Bob Engels and Tom Cooper were the big "guns" with 12 points apiece. The best part of the Comstock game, besides winning, of course, was that every team member scored points.

In the Allegan game, the reserves looked sharp in shellacking the Allegan reserve unit, 64-45. Bob Engels was the team and game high scorer with 21 points.

## Basketbrawlers Invade Gym

Intramural, alias "intramurder," basketball has started its formidable season under the direction of Mr. Barney Chance.

Its members consist of boys who are not participating in freshman, reserve or varsity basketball. Six teams have been chosen for this season with game scheduled on Fridays after school or on Thursday evenings. These will continue concurrently with the varsity season.

## Cubs Corral Colts; Trample Tigers

The games against Comstock and Allegan showed much potential in this year's team. The hustle of the starting line-up and the deliberate play of the substitutes have given the team a great start. The cagers have scored a 68-53 win over Comstock and a 54-37 win against Allegan.

In the game with Comstock, David Stafford and David Hamilton were the leading scorers with 20 and 18 points, respectively. Hamilton's terrific out-court shooting and ball handling were of great help to the team while Stafford's inside scoring and rebounding ability were in tip-top shape. Close behind Stafford and Hamilton in scoring was Dennis Ketcham with 13 points. Tom VanderMolen and Tim Duncan had 7 and 6 points, respectively.

At Allegan it was the same story. The Cubs were very strong scorers and took the taller team with ease. The team's hustle was shown at the end of the second quarter when they were ahead 32-14. The scoring was not so high as the Comstock game, but Hamilton had 15 points and Ketcham, 14. Stafford and Mike Goodrich racked up 8 points each.

Coach Earl Borr has built up much desire to win in the team and has bolstered this by playing the entire squad in both games.

## Swimmers Form Club; Plan Team Next Year

A boys swimming club has been organized under the supervision of Mr. John Berryman and student teachers Mr. Amos Cofield and Mr. Raymond Campbell. The club welcomes all prospective members and meets every Thursday after school in the pool.

Officers elected are Steven Maloney, president; Alan Heath, vice-president; Larry Mercure, secretary; and Mark Pearson, treasurer.

Planned for the coming year are the possibility of a swim meet with Central's reserves and the use of Western's new natatorium. The club's aim is to stimulate interest in swimming so that a regular team might be formed next year.

On the first day of Christmas,  
My true love gave to me,  
A partridge in a pear tree.  
On the second day of Christmas,  
He got mad and took it back.

Leading the league at the present time is Gary Roon's team, which has a record of 2-0.

## Bulldogs Fall, 66-42

The high spirited, hustling Cubs stretched their string of victories to three by defeating the Vicksburg Bulldogs 66-42, Saturday night in Western's Field house. With a 2-0 record in conference play, they travel to South Haven Friday night to face the high flying Rams.

Vicksburg had a slight height advantage, but the Cubs did a tremendous job on the boards, scoring many of their points from close in. Fine rebounding by Dave Stafford and Tom VanderMolen was one of the key factors of the victory. Al Terpstra, making his first appearance of the season after recovering from a broken nose, came off the bench to score six points and to grab several rebounds.

High scorer of the game was Stafford who tallied 15 points; he was followed by Dave Hamilton and VanderMolen who totaled 13 and 11 points respectively.

The alert guards, Hamilton and Mike Goodrich, kept the Cubs moving and hustling with fine ball handling and passing. Although Goodrich only scored seven points, he did an excellent job of passing to set up many other scores.

The hard-fighting reserves, who also have a string of three victories, defeated the Bulldog unit 43-25. High scorer was sharp-shooting guard, Bob Engels, with 16 points.

The inspired Cubs, playing high quality basketball, never trailed in the varsity contest. Coach Earl Borr used nine substitutes who scored 17 points toward the Cub cause.

## Committees, Swing Band Plan Red and White Revue

Although the Red and White Revue does not come until the end of March, the various committees are starting to plan for the event, which will be one of the biggest of the school year. The executive, or co-ordinating, committee has been formed and is comprised of R. Howard, chairman; P. Hames, publicity; R. Lee, swing band; E. Manske, hospitality; and J. Rutherford and R. Robinson, programs.

The swing band is also under way and promises to be one of the finest that the Red and White has ever seen.

Members of this band are: Saxophones: R. Lee, Terry Duncan, H. Crede, K. Nielsen and E. Grubb; trumpets: J. Baker, J. Brunner, M. Bildner and R. Slemmons; trombones: D. Clapp and L. Chojnowski; bass: P. Hames; piano: W. Riley; drums: J. Van Riper. The band could use one more trombone.