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## University High Highlights12/13/1961

University High School

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## J. Harada Announced As D.A.R. Pilgrim



A kind word, an ever-ready smile, a helping hand sometimes without recognition, . . . such is Jane Harada, this year's D.A.R. Pilgrim. Every year at this time, a senior girl is selected for the Daughters of the American Revolution Good Citizenship Award. The winner must be outstanding in leadership, dependability, service, and patriotism. Jane has these qualities and many more. Her leadership and service are illustrated by the many positions of responsibility given her by her fellow students. During Jane's four high-school years, she has served as homeroom president, Student Council representative, Inter-School Council representative, Friendship Committee chairman, and Student Council vice-president. Jane has been a member of Finettes, Science Club, Pep Committee, Tennis Club, and the Prom Decoration Committee. She has been both a reserve and a varsity cheerleader and was chosen as Football Homecoming Queen this fall.

At home, Jane is one of six children: five girls and a boy. All except Susan, who is at the University of Colorado, are younger than Jane. In her spare time, she especially enjoys music and reading. Trying her hand at the pen, Jane has written some beautiful poetry. She loves art and has done some lovely work of her own.

Jane's hopes for the future include literature and philosophy at Cornell University, University of Michigan, or Radcliffe College. Success, for a girl like Jane, is certain.

### Season's Greetings From the Staff

## UNIVERSITY HIGH

# Highlights

KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

DECEMBER 13, 1961

VOL. 23

NO. 4

## Activities Lend Sparkle to Holidays Assembly, Formal, Caroling Top Events

The stillness of Kanley Chapel, the laughter of little children having a real Christmas, the rapid swish of a formal, happy voices singing familiar carols: the action and spirit of the Christmas season are typified in each of these.

The Christmas Assembly Friday at 11 a.m. in Kanley Chapel will feature three student speakers. Paul Terpstra presents the Christmas story from the Bible; Judith Grossnickle, an original oration; Thomas Wilcox, a reading. The call to worship and the closing will be led by Susan Lee. Also participating in the assembly will be the school choir and a brass quartet. The quartet, which includes David Clapp, Patricia Gary, Richard Russell, and Stephen Wheeler, accompanied by Carol Schoenhals on the piano, will play several Christmas hymns.

As is traditional, the day of the assembly, December 15, will be considered dress-up day.

A Christmas tree of stars will shine for "Twilight Interlude," on Monday, December 18, in the University Student Center Ballroom from 9 to 12 o'clock, while students are dancing to the music of Don Neal and his band.

"Twilight Interlude's" network includes general chairman, Elizabeth Peelen; chaperones, Kayla Conrad and Kathryn Moore; decorations, Martha McKinney; entertainment, Michael Schau; programs, Roberta Baker and Anne Cassidy; publicity, Lynn Sorlie and Helenruth Yntema; refreshments, Susan Smith; tickets, Lou Ann Forsleff and Michael Schau.

A trio, El Dorados, will provide special entertainment during intermission.

Chaperones who have been invited are Mr. and Mrs. A. Christensen, Dr. and Mrs. M. Conrad, Dr. and Mrs. J. Correll, Dr. and Mrs. W. Gladstone, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hause, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Kemerling, Dr. and Mrs. E. Perkins, and Mr. and Mrs. N. Schoenhals.

The Service Committee project for the Noel season is providing a Kalamazoo family with all the trimmings of Christmas. This will include giving them a Christmas tree, gifts, and a private party.

## Talent Show at Hospital

At 7:30 on Monday, December 18, the annual talent show at the State Hospital sponsored by the Inter-School Council will get under way. Acts from seven different schools in the Kalamazoo area will be presented, followed by group singing.

Mark VanLiere, a senior at Loy Norrix high school, will be the Master of Ceremonies. Two acts have been entered from 'U' High. Sue Reavis will do a minstrel act and the Combo Five, an instrumental group, will play.

## Charity Dance Dec. 21

"Le Pere de Noel" (The Father of Christmas) will be featured as the theme at the Teenage March of Dimes Benefit Dance, December 21, from 9 to 12 p.m. in the WMU Student Center Ballroom. The band will be the Twilights at this \$2 per couple dance.

Invitations will be extended to all seniors in Kalamazoo County, who may also bring a guest from any grade or school. Areas included are Climax-Scotts, Galesburg-Augusta, Kalamazoo, Parchment, Portage, Richland, Schoolcraft, and Vicksburg.

General chairman of the program is Diane Walker, a Western student; dance chairman, Bill Sanderson, Loy Norrix; chairman of the decorations committee, Anne Stafford, 'U' High.

Other city and county officers include Barbara Scott, county treasurer, Barbara Percy, city co-chairman, and Terry Sykes, city treasurer.



## 'U' Never Noodle Now

When Sally Stillwell had a little trouble with a distilling experiment in chemistry, the helpful student teacher came to her aid and managed to BLOW THE WHOLE THING UP! Nice work!

Algebra II was enlivened the other day when the student teacher read the following announcement: "All boys interested in intramurals should meet after school in the locker room with MRS. WALTERS."

Recently the French I class, discussing perfumes, passed around a small bottle of Sortilege. After reviving a few moments later, Joe Stulberg was heard to mutter dazedly, "NO WONDER THEY ALWAYS GET THEIR MAN!"

John Richardson now knows the value of ad libbing. At the conclusion of the second act of "The Night of January 16th," the head flew off his gavel. Not a sound came from the house as everyone stared. Quoth Judge Richardson, "Silence in the court!"

When the announcement about the Future Nurses Club went around, Mr. Nuzum protested the fact that boys weren't included. Maybe if you asked them nicely, they'd let you join anyway.

In Latin II, Fred Lawrence translated a sentence as, "For many days Hercules had been expecting." Didn't you mean "waiting," Fred?

When asked if our war orphan, George, had any brothers and sisters, Sue Callander stated, Yes, but I don't know which is which." Really, Sue.

Mr. Goff, 2:15 U. S. History student teacher, confused all the hard working, conscientious, note taking students when he remarked, "I don't think you will have to take notes on this; JUST REMEMBER IT."

In physics, Dave Wilson and Jane Harada put the same problem on the board. Noticing the different answers, Dave decided to be a gentleman—'LADIES FIRST.'

## Choir to Present Musical, 'Destry Rides Again'

This year, following the precedent set last spring, the choir will present a musical. After considering three, "Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," "Anything Goes," and "Destry Rides Again," they have decided to do the last.

The musical will be presented this spring at a theater yet to be decided.

## As Spirit Fills the Air

Snow  
Glitters and shimmers or  
Lies like a cotton sea, fluffy and  
Light. Or perhaps just a flake on a window pane  
Shines.

Candles are  
Glowing and shedding out  
Warmth. They are symbols of quiet and  
Rest to all men. Though their glow comes from fire, they are  
Peace.

Trees  
Covered with tinsel and  
Balls dressed in scarlet and gold mixed with  
Others of silver; the top of the tree holds a  
Star.

Bells  
Silver and golden are  
Clanging and clashing in harmony  
Making a melody, lifting one's heart with a  
Song.

Hearts  
Singing so gloriously.  
Voices are rising momentarily,  
Rising so joyously, shouting out lustily:  
MERRY CHRISTMAS!

—Linda Prange

## Almost the Same

I remember how sad I felt on Christmas Eve. Here it was Christmas, just the same as always. The same warm glow of friendship, the eager anticipation, the Christmas Eve service at the church, and Christmas day with the family. Yet this was different. Aunt Marilyn wasn't here. She was thousands of miles away, across the ocean.

I hastened upstairs to my room to dress for the church service. As a finishing touch to my dress, I added a small pin Marilyn had given me last Christmas. My mind wandered and I wondered what kind of Christmas Marilyn was having on the Air Base. I had a hard feeling in my throat, and I choked back tears.

Christmas day was gay and bright. The boys bounced with eager anticipation all through breakfast. We opened the presents, each exclaiming with ah's of delight over our gifts.

I started picking up bits of ribbon and paper from the floor, but Mother stopped me by producing a large box. She carefully opened it and handed each of us a package.

You could almost see the warmth and love flow out of the box. This was from Marilyn. I held her package close and I felt a warm glow. It was almost as if she was in the room. Everyone was silent.

"Merry Christmas, Marilyn," I whispered silently.

—Karen Frey

## 64 Place on Honor Roll First Quarter

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

**Alpha** (Four A's with no mark lower than a B): Frederick Buckman, Roberta Dew, Lynn Harrison, James Heersma, Sally Householder, Alan Karr, Polly Lawson, Keye Luke, Barbara Margolis, James Overton, Todd Panse, Anne Potter, Carol Schoenhals, Susan Sprau, Kenneth Stillwell, Sally Stillwell, Winship Todd, and Cheryl VanDeventer.

**Beta** (Three A's with no mark lower than a B): Barbara Brannock, Kathleen Brune, Mary Carman, Patricia Clements, Patricia Dew, Dan Duckenbrodt, Sevin Ergin, Karen Frey, Martha Groulx, Gary Hallam, Lucia Leonardelli, Leslie Levin, Jeffrey Rhuland, David Murray, Maris Rushevics, Terry Sykes, and Marie Trimpe.

**Gamma** (Two A's with no mark lower than a B): Irene Barr, William Barr, Susan Betz, Susan Beukema, Gay Blanchard, Susan Callander, Anne Cassady, John Buelke, Thomas Cooper, Lou Ann Forsleff, Denise Gladstone, Jane Greiner, James Hinz, Jane Hotneier, Ann Householder, Susan Lee, Katy MacDonald, Carol Manske, Susan Margolis, Courtney Martin, Peter Miller, Karen Nielsen, Duane Riege, Henry Todd, Craig Speck, Rosemary Siwik, Patricia Wallace, Mary Beth Wise, and Caryl Yzenbaard.



## Acrostic

**C** hildren, laughing and playing,  
show

**H** appiness, we are praying . . .  
grateful for

**R** iches—so many! And so  
many moments to give

**I** nfinite thanks for our  
greatest gift—to live and

**S** howing our love for Him now,  
when we feel it so,  
shall we forget

**T** omorrow? And leave Him again,  
although we will be losing the

**M** eaning? The love and the joy,  
for all people, all places?

**A** lways remembering his graces  
to us, we'll be

**S** haring our precious blessings—  
“and the greatest of these is love.”

—Anonymous

## 'Tis the Season for My Folly

Ecstasy bounded through the halls at 'U' High at 3:11 on December 15th. The occasion—Christmas vacation had just begun. I, too, found myself bounding through the hall, but I will have to admit that while I slowly pulled my foot out of the janitor's pail of water sitting at the bottom of the stairs, my spirit was slightly dampened along with my quickly stretching socks. I then walked over to Jim to make sure I had a ride home. After finding out he was taking Sue home, I skipped joyfully to the telephone to call my mother to come get me.

Slipping down the hill to the car, I bumped into many other excited students all heading home for the holidays. Suddenly, before me, I saw one of the sophomore girls carrying a Christmas tree that she had used in her demonstration speech. We talked briefly about the vacation ahead as I helped her pick up the ornaments that lay strewn on the ground after our collision. Then it was off to the car where Mother was waiting patiently.

Reaching home, I found a freshly cut evergreen waiting to be trimmed. With the true spirit of Christmas, I dragged the tree into the living room to start the joyous task. Leaving the tree there, I raced to my room and rapidly removed the sheet from my bed to place under it. Then I found that the trunk of the tree was too large for the standard. I felt quite qualified in using a hatchet because of my previous training with one at Girl Scout camp. You should have seen those chips fly!

I was glad now that we hadn't thrown away our old newspapers as

they came in handy to fill the excess room in the standard when I finally fitted the tree.

I glowed with pride as I reached the living room with all the decorations from the attic because I hadn't broken a single one. Carefully laying them on the floor, I gleefully tossed tinsel on as many boughs as I could hit. As I surveyed my work, I discovered that some parts of the tree were more heavily laden with the silver glitter. I readily abandoned my worries, though, when I remembered what my piano teacher had said about contrast being the essence of beauty. Carrying this idea out further, I put all the red balls toward the bottom of the tree, blue in the middle, and green and yellow ones at the top.

Finding the string of lights, I fastened an end to the top branch. Luckily it was white so I knew I wouldn't have to change it later. Swinging the cord around the top of the tree and looping it around several branches was one of the best ideas I had had yet. This way I wouldn't have to tie each light and I wouldn't have to move the ladder all around the tree. The string of lights was just right and ended up right at the plug-in. The only problem I faced was that the end that plugs into the wall was at the top!

Finally the tree was trimmed and I set about picking up tinsel, broken balls, evergreen needles, and wood chips, and wiping up pitch that had somehow gotten on the living room rug, hall rug and walls, and door knobs down the hall.

At this point I think I had better tell you that I don't believe in Santa Claus, but there is something that

makes me wonder a little. The next day when I came home from shopping, the tree was completely redecorated. I know nobody in my family knows how to trim a tree . . . except me, of course!

—Judith Van Peenan

## Christmas Gone Astray

A hurriedly painted billboard of Santa Claus, the multi-magazine advertisements with Christmas, store windows featuring pine trees surrounded by merchandise and the holiday-siren music, luring the public into the death of their pocketbooks, are recognized as the first warnings of Christmas. Christmas through the eyes of the commercial world is that of a hustling for necessary merchandise later to be used as gifts. The gift giving idea, first originated by the three kings presenting gifts to the Christ Child, has led store-owners to the belief in 'survival of the Christmasiest.'

Late November adverts the four weeks of preparation and seemingly eternal rat-race which eventually subdues with the happily enjoyed 24 hours of Christmas. Upon this basis the public, by changing its environment, is placed in the so-called 'spirit of Christmas.' Store windows, especially, become entranced with various articles being displayed. The cheerful Christmas music, combined with the ding-ding of the Salvation Army collectors and the joyous decorations, add to the proportions for the 'Christmas spirit.' The public, fascinated by this environment, is thus seduced into stores by almost every method possible. For instance, a brand new Falcon car to be given away on Christmas Eve may fancy the interest of a lady enough to have her walk four blocks to that store in order to purchase a pair of gloves.

Commercialism at Christmas, however, is not limited here. Through television and radio, people become brainwashed with commercials dealing with 'the perfect gift for Dad.' The scene of a pack of Marlboro cigarettes and a cup of Sanka coffee awaiting Santa with his tattooed sleigh is only slightly exaggerated. Through magazine advertisements, also, one cannot escape the dilemma which causes every other page to exhibit some sort of yuletide reminder. A favorite example: the wife giving her husband, dressed as Santa Claus, a carton of Kents, is seldom omitted from the weekly magazine. The daily newspaper, about this time, even gets brave and prints the Christmas message in red or green ink.

These, then, the obscurers of the true meaning of Christmas, hide much of its real enjoyment and are, thus, only profit devices which to some are more important. By diverting its attention, the public is thus led astray from the happiness of the 'spirit of Christmas.'

—Willard Quandt



## The Old Man and the Season

Snow was rapidly covering the grey sidewalks, making streets slushy in an effort to thwart every passing vehicle. The delicate flakes were hiding the glittering, gaudy Christmas ornaments that encircled the city. The people, hurrying below and around its whiteness, caught a yuletide gaiety, for who could not?

It was a week before Christmas; every heart swelled with excitement and anticipation of the day that had always represented happiness, security, and being together with one's family.

The snow innocently spread a sparkling facade over every object it could embrace. It tried to conceal an aging white-haired man in its maze of whiteness. But he was bold and outwardly indifferent to the snow and the gaiety. Inwardly he was as cold and grey as the sidewalk on which he was traveling. He had lost the spirit of his surroundings as he concentrated on his every step and excluded the city from his thoughts. The man was pensive, contemplating the fact that his gloves were unmatched, for the left was of expensive brown leather and the other of knitted blue wool. At that moment his head lifted, revealing a winning face. The cause of his irritable condition was the blatant, piercing ring of the Salvation Army bell, pleading that passersby give to the poor and hungry.

The old man quickened his steps as if overly eager to reach his destination. For seven blocks he kept up an astonishingly swift pace. Reaching the eighth block, he was forced to stop a moment to catch his breath. As he rested, the buildings around him, and the glittery decorations hanging on the street corners became fuzzy and far away. It must be the cold, he flatly assumed, ignoring his pounding heart and throbbing head.

Jerkily he walked to the nearest door, grasped the knob and entered a church. Not being a religious man, he turned in haste to the door, but was stopped by the harmonious stains of a youthful choir.

In my youth, he thought, I was among those singing the beautiful Christmas hymns. He quietly entered and slid into the back pew. While the choir sang, the old man sat in a receptive mood and the indifference that had held him melted away. Presently his spirit mingled with the joy of the songs. The choirmaster turned his head to cast a friendly smile and a nod upon his audience.

After practice the boys rushed noisily to get their coats, but one boy

lagged behind, as if wishing not to have to venture outside in the bitter winter storm.

"Come on out and join a snowball fight," shouted a little boy to the lagger.

"No, I haven't got my gloves today and my hands get very cold when I walk home," the boy softly answered.

A lively, freckled face boy retorted, "You never seem to have your gloves." But his comment was lost among the clamor of his companions racing to the exit.

A sharp pang cut the old man's heart as he heard the boy, for he remembered saying those same words as a child. He left the church delaying no more to reminisce.

Returning by the same route as before, he again heard the ringing of the bell but didn't wince at it clanging. He smiled, reached into his pocket and after placing a contribution in the large grated pot, continued on his walk. He disappeared into the encompassing snowflakes swinging his arms and revealing cold-reddened hands.

It is said that many shoppers forgot for a moment their rush and paused to notice an old man humming as he passed on a Christmas night.

— Susan Bahlman

## Ana Maria Alvarez Visits School Here

"Como esta usted?" is a suitable question for Ana Maria Alvarez, preferably called Anita, who comes from Mexico City where she is a student at a girls' school.

When asked, "How do you like America?" she replied, "Es diferente." Anita likes Kalamazoo because of the size and because it is very pretty. She likes 'U' High, too, because of the boys that go there (that's what she said!) and the politeness and friendliness of all the students. Anita was waiting for snow because she had never seen any before.

Anita is here primarily to learn English, for in Mexico a person who can speak English can get better wages. Her Mexican curriculum consists of 13 or 14 subjects each year and girls remain in the same class for all of high school.

When Sue Margolis visited Mexico this summer, she stayed with Anita's family and this friendship is one of the reasons that Anita is here on a return visit. She will stay in Kalamazoo for about two months.

## Wait, Santa! You Almost Forgot!

On the night before the night before,  
Santa stays up all night,  
He finds himself faced with the awful chore  
Of getting our presents just right.  
So to aid the old boy a little more,  
Here are some things we forgot to write.

DAVE ROEKLE's guitar strings? A little bit rusty!  
A roll of steel wire would take care of that.  
BOB HARDIN has found his new curlers aren't trusty.  
Quick! Rollers for him or his hair will go flat.

JACK TOBIAS would like a new front tooth;  
He exclaims, with some vigor, "The old one pinches!"  
DENISE GLADSONE, dear Santa, won't be hard to soothe.  
She'd be quite happy with a few more inches.

NANCY MAY, tired of those washable tints,  
Would like something in pink that would really be new.  
JARRY PLATT, losing that brown summer tan,  
Needs a sun lamp, and a bottle of Coppertone, too.  
A fellow who doesn't give too many HINZ,  
JIM merely would like to be "Legs-'62."

JOHN RICHARDSON has his eye on a wig!  
Doesn't care about length; just so it's gray.  
And Santa, our KIRK really isn't too big  
To have that red scooter on Christmas Day.

MR. NUZUM would be content with a girl friend;  
He could then go on hay rides like the rest of the guys.  
The wishes of THE SENIOR BOYS?

Censored, sorry.

So we really do hope that this list comes in time.  
We've given our best to this writing to you.  
You'll find nothing redundant; it even has rhyme.  
Signed,

US

P.S. MR. WALTERS likes lollipops, too.



K. MacDonald, J. Schau and P. Brunner wrap gifts for children.



## Christmas Is Magic

Christmas is magic. It can change a dreary December day into a fascinating day of love. It can fill children with the joy of the discovery of Santa Claus and the gifts he has brought them. It can replace the wintry chill of a person with an inner warmth of happiness and joy. It can change a hard businessman into a gift giving, jovial person. It can fill the snow covered streets with happy people scurrying about on last minute Christmas errands.

At this time of year, most of us hear the story of the first Christmas nearly two thousand years ago. We hear of how it came to pass that Mary and Joseph ventured forth to Bethlehem where the Christ child was born. We hear of the multitude of the heavenly host who said: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

"Peace, good will toward men." is the theme around Christmas time. But as Christmas and New Year's Day pass, this feeling of peace and good will toward men somehow fades. As the weary wintry days pass on and on in nearly endless style, we tend to forget the warmth of the holidays and the joyousness of the coming of Christ. We retreat into our shells of selfishness and lack of concern for others. The people who, transformed by the magic of Christmas, gave willingly to charities and to collections for the poor, appear to have forgotten about them. The spiritual warmth of Christmas cools to the apathetic feelings of a person who is too busy for such things.

On the world scene, the thoughts of "peace on earth, good will toward men" are overshadowed by war threats and counter-threats. Peace and good will toward men are distant and unclear when one talks of nuclear bombs capable of destroying all human life. Beating the Russians to the moon and winning the cold war can be much more important than our relations with other men.

The magic of Christmas is wonderful, but it is too short lived. To be really effective, it should be carried through the year. To make our community and our country a better place to live, we should all try to retain within us a bit of the magic of Christmas throughout the year. We should strive to arrive at a world where we have "... peace, good will toward men."

—James Toohey

## The Innkeeper

"What do you want? No, I'm not getting up, it's too late and I'm too tired. I don't care who's outside, can't you see I'm sleeping? I can't even rest for a while and have someone else carry on. What's wrong with you fools? All right, all right, I'll go, but sooner or later you've got to turn others away when the inn is full. Now, come and watch me and follow my example!" The old man rose from his bed and started for the stairs.

Although his lined face made him look much older, he was a man about 60. He had the face of one who had worked hard and long. He had a slight limp as he crossed the floor and was bent over with age. The other inhabitants, who were up this dark, dreary night to gamble and drink, now seeing the keeper coming, quieted down and eyed him scornfully. Very few had ever gotten on the right terms with the old man, for he was coarse and harsh.

The old man turned to see if the two lads were following him and finding them hanging back, he gave them a sour look and gestured with his hand to hasten.

"Leave the door open just a fraction and listen. After this there must be no more rousing me from my warm bed to do such nonsense."

The man angrily pulled the door open and stepped a little way out. The night was appalling. The wind was shrieking vehemently; there was thunder clapping and lightning flashing everywhere. A person could hardly walk around without stumbling or being shoved by the swiftness of the wind.

At first, the tired man didn't see anything, but soon his eyes adjusted to the bleak night. He saw a young woman on a donkey and a man comforting her. As they stepped up to him, he noticed that the woman had tears in her eyes and yet she had a joyful expression, too.

The man was the first to speak, "We have looked everywhere for a place to stay, but they are all full. My wife . . ."

The old man hindered any further words. "I'm sorry, but my inn is also full. There is no place left around here. You will have to continue on to the next town to find shelter. I can't push others out of their beds for you. You are just too late. I have no time, and I'm tired. Please leave me alone."

As the young couple turned to leave, the old man saw the last hope in the younger man's eyes die. He felt sorry for them, but there was nothing he could do. Giving them a last look, he noticed how tired they looked. Skimming the sky, he saw that soon the rain would start to fall. But what of the lads listening? They

(Continued on Page 6)



(Continued from Page 5)

would laugh if he didn't turn these people away and would make a fool of him in front of everyone.

Turning to them he said, "I am uneasy. I think I will take a walk."

Outside again he hurried to the travelers. Suddenly he realized he really had nothing to say to them. He heard his cows bellowing in the stable and wished they would be quiet. The stable! Yes, of course. Surely it would at least shelter them. The young couple happily agreed to spend the night there. The innkeeper led them to the stable, helped them bed down, and talked with them.

Soon the old man hurried back to the warmth of the inn. As he made his way toward his room, he paused on the stairs and thought of what he had done. A ray of happiness crossed his face as he remembered the look of the travelers when he had given them a stable. Bah! He had a great deal of work to do in the morning and he was tired.

As he continued up the stairs, he glanced out the window. With wonderment he gazed at the heavens. The night had taken on such an extreme change. It looked warm and soft and it seemed as though light was glowing down on the stable. "Ha," he thought, "I must be getting tired. I guess I do need sleep; I must rise early in the morning."

—Karen Gunnette

## The Child of Christmas

Wandering through the wintery white  
Ever searching without a light  
Hoping to see that marvelous sight.  
Where is the Child of Christmas?

He was born, the angels say,  
In Bethlehem midst all the hay  
Where in a manger He will sleeping lay.  
He is the Child of Christmas.

From the fields the shepherds came  
To see the child of almighty fame.  
Bearing gifts to Him was their aim.  
Honoring the Child of Christmas.

Guided by a single star  
Came the Wisemen from afar.  
One year later the three men are  
Journeying to the Child of Christmas.

Angels sang their hymns of joy  
To the little newborn boy,  
While His enemies sought to destroy  
The newborn Child of Christmas.

Mary and Joseph, the chosen ones,  
Bathed in joy for their little son.  
Remembered by all, forgotten by none  
Our Lord, the Child of Christmas.

To Him now our praises ring.  
We owe to Him 'most everything.  
The heavens, the earth, the birds that sing.  
The Child of Christmas, our Savior and King.

—Terry Sykes

## Do You Know Why

Santa rose up the chimney with a bound?  
There was a tack in the fireplace.

Rudolph's nose is red?  
He had a rough New Year's Eve.

Not a creature was stirring?  
Read a little farther and you'll find that they were all asleep.

Santa wears a red suit?  
Because it doesn't show the lint from his fake beard.

Santa drives a sleigh?  
Cars don't fly.

People hang holly wreaths on their front doors?  
No one could see it if it were on the back door.

We put presents under the Christmas tree?  
Ever try putting them on top?

People have Christmas parties?  
To take in the holiday spirit(s).

Santa hires elves to do his work?  
As yet there is no Elves' Union.

We decorate the Christmas tree?  
Have you ever seen one decorate itself?

We sing Christmas Carols?  
Because the school song doesn't fit the organ music.

Christmas Eve comes right before Christmas Day?  
Have you ever heard of Christmas Eve before the 4th of July?

## Honoring . . .

Judith Larzelere, '62, who has been awarded a scholarship at Radcliffe College.

Martha Van Peenan, '59, for being selected one of the "Little Sisters of Minerva" by the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity at Northwestern University.

## Math Club's First Reunion To Be Held December 27

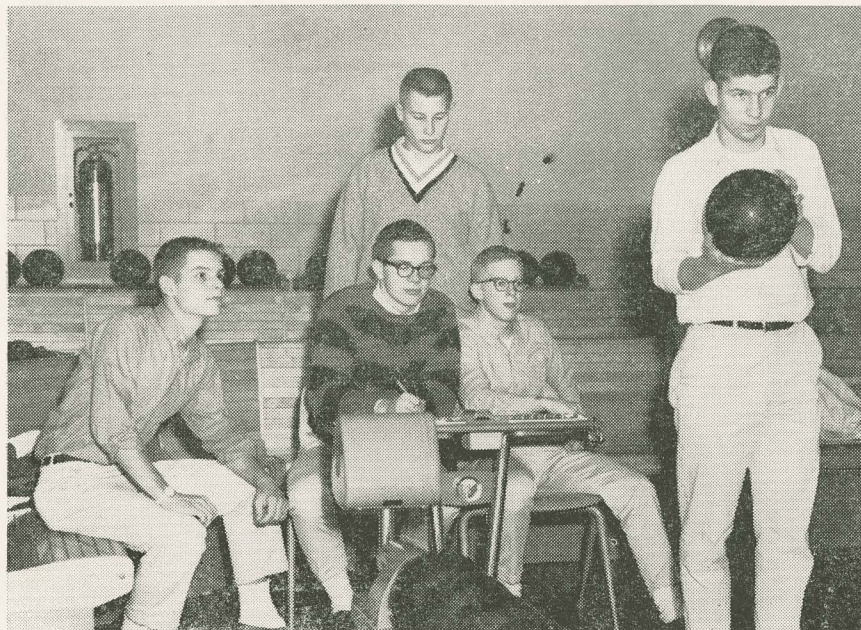
Christmas time is one of reunion, and the Math Club is planning to have just that. Club members from the past four graduating classes are to be invited to this month's meeting. This is the first time that the club has tried this idea.

The gathering will be held Wednesday, December 27, at the home of Mr. Clarence Hackney. It will consist of a business meeting, a puzzle period, and a movie. If possible, there will be short reviews by various graduates on their college math courses. These will be followed by refreshments and informal conversation.

Those who have assisted in planning this month's meeting are Frank Abnet, Fred Buckman, Dawn Goodrich, Paula Hosick, Jim Lawrence, and Karen Nielsen.



# Cubs Bitten by Bulldogs; Eye S. Haven



League members R. Maxwell, J. Willson, C. Speck, M. Jacobson await turns as J. Manske is poised to bowl.

## 46-38 Loss Third In Row for Cagers

This Friday night, December 15, the Cubs will invade South Haven and attempt to break the losing streak that has afflicted them since the first of the season. South Haven's (0-3) green squad should be a good match for the locals' (0-3) likewise green crew. Since both teams are looking forward to their first victory of the season, it should prove to be a tension filled game. Having scored 18 points against Plainwell last week, Steve Wessling, South Haven's junior center, will undoubtedly be a big threat to 'U' High in Friday's clash.

The Cubs lost an error-filled contest with Vicksburg last Friday night in Western Michigan University's Fieldhouse, 46-38. Having started out on the wrong foot by trailing 21-4 in the first eleven minutes, they never came closer to the Bulldogs than seven points. Vince Hodge was high scorer for the local team with 10 points.

An earlier clash with Allegan ended in a thrill-packed but unfortunate 65-57 defeat for Coach Barney Chance's team. Paced by Tom Cooper, Hodge, and Jim Vaughn, each scoring 12 points, the Cubs showed great improvement against the Wolverine Conference favorites from the previous defeat at Comstock, 56-46.

## Reserves and Frosh Lose

The only basketball victory of the year thus far for a Cub team came when the reserves won their opener from the Comstock second unit. In the most recent contests, the reserve and freshman teams both dropped tight decisions to corresponding teams from Vicksburg. The reserves, who play in the preliminary to the varsity game this Friday at South Haven, lost 39-34 despite a 12 point effort by freshman Jeff Rhuland. The freshmen, who play here Friday after school against the South Haven frosh, led in their game for the first 31 minutes of the contest only to lose 33-31 in the final minute. Jack Engels led the frosh with 12 points.

In previous games the reserves topped Comstock 57-43 and were crushed by Allegan 46-21, giving them a one win and two loss record to date. The freshmen lost their only previous game to Allegan 35-29 in compiling their no win, two loss record.

Reserve coach is former Western cage star Lyle McAuley, who captained the Broncos in his senior year. Freshman Coach Bob Miles is a former outstanding 'U' High athlete, who starred at 'K' College also.

## Herd in the Den

Laurels to Bill Bildner, Pete Miller, and Kirk VanBlaricom for being named to the Greater-Kalamazoo football team. Pete and Kirk also received honorable mention on several all-state squads.

Congratulations to Ron Creager, football, and Tom DeCair and Steve Ginsberg, cross-country, for being elected captain and co-captains of their respective teams for the '62-'63 year.

While the Cubs were warming up at the Comstock game, Don Koets met with disaster! As he drove in for a lay up, his warm up pants FELL DOWN. Better have those snaps checked, Don!

John Harada, former 'U' High student who is currently attending Cranbrook, has recently been inducted into the 'C' Club after receiving his varsity letter in tennis as a freshman. John is also on the varsity wrestling team.

Future basketball prospects look good with three freshmen making the reserve team this year: Steve Johnson, Mike Low, and Jeff Rhuland.

Bruce Williams, reserve basketball player, made three points in the last four seconds of the Comstock game!

## Bowling League Organized For Saturday Morning Play

The Bowling League of eight teams, starting its third season, meets every Saturday morning at the Bowlatorium Lanes. Each boy is charged one dollar and five cents for three games and shoes.

The boys will start team competition after the holidays, but are practicing and establishing handicaps already.

The league was organized two years ago under the sponsorship of Mr. Ray Deur. For the past two years the league has bowled at Airway Lanes, but this year a change was made so that the top five bowlers may compete in the city league. The Bowlatorium also provides free instructions, cokes for the three high bowlers on the basis of handicaps, and a picnic for the league at the season's end. Mr. Deur and Mr. Clarence Hackney are co-sponsors this year.

## Annual 'Intramurder' Begins

Captains for this year's intramurals are Tom Beattie, Bill Bildner, Peter Miller, Todd Panse, Kirk Van Blaricom, and Dave Wilson.

The first meeting of the season was held under the direction of Coach Roy Walters. After a practice session on Thursday, December 7, games will begin tomorrow.



## The Greatest Gift

Abdar buried his face in the coarse woolen blanket. His nose itched with the pungent camel and leather smells, and one dark wet curl fell in his eyes, but he could not move his arm to brush it away. The swaying made him dizzy; his cramped limbs were a dull and senseless lump. Every few minutes his left foot fell asleep. He shook it feebly, but the only result was a tingling feeling and a snort from the camel. The voices of the three strangers droned on. Abdar yawned loudly, but they did not hear him. That was the only fun part, he thought,... that he was hidden perfectly. Even if they found him, they couldn't very well send him back. He smiled.

That morning was a year ago to Abdar. It was impossible to think of the gloomy halls of the palace, and even gloomier Herod in his musty robes. This place called Bethlehem had snatched up every fragment of his mind. The past hours were colorful confusion. It had started out like every other night; by midnight the palace was chaos. Three strange-looking men had arrived for the night, but it was not their exotic appearance which brought Herod to the throne chamber in his nightclothes, a candle dripping a frenzied path on the Persian mosaics underfoot. The news they brought was fantastic, incredible. Abdar listened breathlessly while they spun their tale before the disbelieving monarch. Magic cocks and mystic stars...something of a child...a king... a savior for the world, had burst from their parchment lips. With perfect faith, his mother had once told him of such a child, and now he, too, believed. This morning he had run away from the palace to go see this child. A stowaway on a pack camel was the best he could do.

Suddenly the swaying stopped and Abdar let himself sink into numb oblivion. He could hear voices, but could not distinguish what they were saying. Carefully he lifted a corner of the blanket and peered out, blink-in in the dazzling sun. The three old men were conversing quietly under a grove of fig trees only a few hundred feet away. If he climbed down now, they would surely see him. As his eyes adjusted to the light, he noticed that were looking at a shining object which one of them held. It appeared to be a golden flask of the sort used for temple incense. He then saw that the others, too, each held something which glittered in the glory of the desert noon. One had a silken bag trimmed with scarlet, and the other, a small box richly embedded with a sort of bluish stone. So deeply engrossed in their shining possessions, they did not see Abdar as he slid to the ground and slipped behind some low bushes. Intending only to stretch for a moment, he fell asleep

with his cheek pillowed in his arm, and in his hand a leathern bag containing all his wealth...a few coins of little worth.

All night and into the next day, Abdar slept. He was awakened at last by a gentle voice. An old man knelt beside him, his clothes tattered and weather-beaten, his face worn, yet kind. Abdar got to his feet and stammered out his thanks. With the man was a young woman on a donkey. Her face, too, looked tired and worn, but over her visage was a beautiful, ineffable serenity. In her arms, pillowed against her threadbare robe, was a tiny baby. The child slept, and as it slept, it smiled.

The man explained that they had been traveling since the night before, and still a long journey lay ahead. He was afraid that the mother and child would not survive the desert heat, and even if they did reach Egypt, there would be no place for them to go. The young woman, who had been gravely watching the man and boy, now got down from her beast and came forward.

"Dearest husband, could not we take this boy to his city on our way? It would be no harder for us, and we surely cannot leave him here."

The man looked at her with blank wonderment.

"Come, it is settled," she said to the boy. Abdar later thought that he had heard the man sigh deeply at those words.

By nightfall, the desert had changed to a brick roadway. The torches of the great city shown out before them as beacons in a sea. Soon came the time for them to part. Abdar thanked the woman and smiled at the babe. He pressed his small bag of gold into the man's hand.

"You take it. I have no need of it now. I would have given it to the new king in Bethlehem, but now I shall never see him. Your child is fairer than he, to me."

The woman opened her lips to speak, but her husband motioned her to be silent. As they rode down to Egypt, there were tears in Mary's eyes.

—Nancy Fox

## Bethlehem: Road to Peace

"A Savior has been born" proclaimed the Wise Men as they departed for Bethlehem, "who will inspire us, teach us, and bring peace to all peoples of the world." This resounding hope lifted the dismantled spirits of many people; this thought is what keeps many people alive today. But how far must one travel before he reaches this destiny that echoed through the hearts and minds of those people on that bright, glorious night 1,961 years ago? If the events of modern history were to be steps of the three Wise Men going to Bethlehem, how far would they have traveled? How close would they be to their destination?

The United Nations—founded on the hope that this organization would be a contributing factor in the establishment of world peace. A dream... shattered by a Russian veto, a Red Chinese membership bid, and the lack of power to administrate more forcefully... a dream, if proven successful, that would be a major step toward Bethlehem, a major step to peace.

"The boiling pot of Africa," the Congo—home of a backward and illiterate people, engulfed by much pressure from the world powers and organizations and in constant danger of war. Freedom and equality are almost unheard of. Is this a step towards Bethlehem?

Hiroshima—a city in Japan almost completely devastated by the explosion of the most powerful bomb ever dropped under wartime conditions. Yet, for some people, this tragic example seems to have stimulated rather than subdued their interest to build bigger and more destructive bombs. Why? To maintain peace?

Germany—a country that has felt the brunt of two World Wars, including the deaths of many fellow countrymen incurred while defending their country and the destruction of a dream to be the sole ruler of the world. Again, after spending twenty years of hard labor in rebuilding, Germany is faced with the threat of war over boundaries and the rights to enter the East and West sectors. Disputes between world powers have led to the tremendous expansion of military men and arms, to fear in the minds of every person in the world, and to the testing of the most powerful nuclear bombs ever made in the history of mankind, providing blasts capable of annihilating the human race. A sign of peace among peoples of the world?

A Negro—standing on the outside, watching with envy the thousands of young men and women push and shove into crowded classrooms, a privilege and opportunity that he, himself, however, was denied, the reason being that the color of his skin was a little different from most people; so he was not regarded as a normal person who has the normal privileges. And yet, he lives in a country that advocates "all men are created equal, all men are free and can exercise their freedoms, and all men have equal justice under law." Segregation is equality? Deprived of the chance to educate one's self is justice?

As years pass into history, opportunities for the advancement of faith, education, and peace continue to increase. It was proclaimed 1,961 years ago that these goals would be accomplished. How long will it be before we reach our prophetic destiny? How far is it to Bethlehem?

—Joseph Stulberg