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University High Highlights 12/12/1962

University High School

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Scholars Recognized

The following sixty eight students have been listed on the honor roll for the first marking period (September 10 to November 9) of the 1962-63 school year:

Alpha, four A's, no mark lower than a B: S. Callander, S. Eglund, A. Carr, J. Heersma, R. Holaday, K. Luke, B. Margolis, J. Norris, R. Pearson, D. Riege, A. Rosegrant, S. Sprau, T. Sykes, D. Szmuskovicz, P. VanderBeek, C. Van Deventer.

Beta, three A's, no mark lower than a B: F. Abnet, J. Blankenburg, P. Clements, R. Dew, N. Fox, C. Galbraith, R. Gilkey, R. Glaser, M. Groulx, J. Harada, J. Patton, S. Perkins, J. Rhuland, C. Speck, K. Stillwell, S. Stillwell, M. Trimpe, P. Wallace, C. Zyenbaard.

Gamma, two A's, no mark lower than a B: W. Barr, S. Betz, B. Brannock, K. Brune, C. Carter, D. Coggan, J. Davidoff, T. DeCair, D. Gladstone, D. Gray, J. Greiner, J. Hotneier, A. Householder, S. Hoy, K. Humphrey, C. Manske, S. Masters, J. Maus, R. Nadelman, K. Nelson, S. Nelson, K. Nielson, V. Nunes, K. Palmer, L. Prange, R. Siwik, D. Stevens, B. Stulberg, J. Stulberg, K. Sykes, W. Todd, K. Vande Giessen, W. Wichers.

All Amendments Passed

Last Thursday, the student body voted on the constitution amendments. The results have been tabulated showing that all the proposals have passed. With the approval of the amendments, the new constitution should now be more clear and explicit in its wording. It is hoped, also, that the amendments will allow for an even smoother functioning of the student council and the student activities by providing a certain freedom in the collection of students' fees. The student council is to be congratulated for its efforts to improve and for the work accomplished.

Choir to See Musical

The annual choir trip is scheduled for December 29. The group will leave Kalamazoo at eight A.M. and return about twelve that night. The choir will be taken to Chicago to see the musical "Carnival." This story captures the mood of the carnival people in a simple, touching, light hearted way. There will be a few extra seats and these will be open to any 'U' High student. Anyone interested should sign up in the choir room.

UNIVERSITY HIGH

Highlights

KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

DEC. 12, 1962

VOL. 24 NO. 3



Christmas Activities



Set For December 19

The Christmas Formal this year will be held December 22 from 9:00-12:00 at the Student Center. Silver and purple, the main color theme of Silver Serenity will be used throughout the decorations as was learned from Barb Percy, committee chairman. Music for the dance will be provided by Don Neal and his band with special intermission entertainment.

The committee chairmen for the dance are Mike Schau, tickets; Sue Starkweather, publicity; Denise Gladstone, announcements; Sue Betz, refreshments; Barb Percy, decorations; Dawn Goodrich, entertainment; and Don Koets, clean-up.

Tickets for the dance will go on sale three weeks in advance and may be obtained from Mike Schau for \$2.50 per couple.

Bands and Choirs Combine

The annual Christmas concert is scheduled for December 13. As a tradition, the high school and junior high bands and choirs will perform the Christmas selections. The bands, under the direction of Mr. Robert Grill, and the choirs, directed by Mr. Jack Frey, will begin their program at 8:00 p.m. The concert will be open to the public, free of charge, and will be held in the high school gymnasium. All are urged to attend and share the Christmas spirit in music.

This year the Christmas assembly will be held in the gymnasium on Wednesday, December 19 from 12:40 to 1:40. The assembly will differ from past years in that the regular assembly and the Christmas Sing will be combined.

The band and the choir will be there to lead the singing and Sharon Warfield will sing a solo. Various students will present readings pertaining to Christmas.

Coming Events

- December 14—Basketball game; South Haven here. After game dance.
- December 19—Christmas Assembly, Gymnasium 12:40
- December 19—Christmas vacation begins at 3:10
- December 21—Basketball game; Paw Paw there.
- December 22—Christmas formal; University Student Center, 9:00-12:00 P.M.
- December 26—Basketball game; Portage here.
- December 28—Basketball game; Plainwell here.
- January 3—Classes resume at 8:10 a.m.



Seasons Greetings



Bear Blunders

Jim Jenkins' home training is showing through in Junior English. He does not believe in the casual practice of using informal first names. When he is called upon in class, he refers to Moby Richard, since he doesn't know Moby Dick well enough.

* * * * *

The girls' gym classes are beginning to wonder if physical education is for the girls' health, or for resource purposes for Mrs. Spieler's sociology courses.

* * * * *

In the Chemistry Lab, Carl VanWyk was sucking some solution into a pipette. We knew he always was hungry during the 11:15 class, but eating before lunch will spoil anybody's appetite especially if the appetizer is sodium iodide.

* * * * *

During a Chemistry demonstration a student teacher asked, "How can you tell if electricity is being conducted?" Jim Willson suggested, "Try smelling."

* * * * *

Mr. Bise didn't get his planned material covered in a recent U. S. History class. The bell rang but the electric clock said 11:50. Did someone say that Tom DeCair sat next to the plug?

* * * * *

In a sophomore English class Sue Hamilton got up to give her demonstration speech. Keeping in mind that an unusual or startling introduction is a good method to get the attention of the audience Sue said, "I was going to give a speech on swimming but I lost the top of my bathing suit—so, I'll give one on golf." Don't lose the club, Sue!

* * * * *

While melting glass in science class Pat Gallagher accidentally put his fingers in the flame. Tell us Pat, do fingers melt as fast as glass?

* * * * *

While Mr. Nuzum was trying to think of the name of a flask, Irene Barr remembered it. After hearing the name, Florence flask, Mr. Nuzum remarked, "I knew it had something to do with women because it looks like one." Really Mr. Nuzum!

* * * * *

To all the Driver Ed. students that have been scared out of their seat belts by ominous rumblings and sinister shakings of car 563, be it known that the State has promised us a new one which should be here shortly before 1970.

* * * * *

A bright Latin student in Mr. Kotecki's second hour Latin class asked Mr. Kotecki where Apollo was shot, and Mr. Kotecki replied, "Right in the sixth paragraph." I wonder what Latin scholars would think of that.

The Christmas Star

At eleven o'clock on Christmas Eve the street was cleared of pedestrians except for one man slowly making his way towards the park. He was not of an age considered old in these days of wonder drugs, year long "fun in the sun," retirement cities and senior citizens bursting with good health and energy. However "old" and "worn-out" were the best words to describe him. It was not so much his clothes which deserved these adjectives for they, although well-worn, were clean and mended. Nor was it his face which was comparatively young and unlined. Instead it was his spirit, or rather his lack of it, that made him seem far older than his actual age. With bent shoulders and shuffling walk he resembled a mechanical doll which had been wound up and put out for a walk. His face was as expressionless as though it had been painted on and through his eyes the gaily colored lights which decorated the street were merely garish spots of red and green.

The man reached his destination, a lightly frosted and snow-covered park bench, and sat down. At first he kept his eyes fixed firmly on his folded hands and his mind fixed firmly on his past life, a subject which was frequently in his thoughts. Suddenly he raised his head and looked at the sky. Perhaps it was only a coincidence or perhaps there had been some kind of divine intervention. At any rate he did look up and above the hard, staring lights of the city he saw a star which immediately caught and held his attention. It wasn't really shining like the rest of the stars. Instead it was glowing softly and to the man's confused mind it seemed to be glowing just for him—trying to tell him something. "Come," it said, "Come to me. Here you will be safe. Here you will be loved and protected. Come now. Come quickly." The star filled the whole sky, blotting out the buildings, the park and even the bench. The man blindly stretched out his hands. "Oh please," he gasped, "Please let me reach it in time. If only I can reach it in time. Then everything will be all right. Oh please, let me . . ."

The patrol car pulled up to the curb and two policemen got out and walked over to the figure lying face down on the snow covered pavement. As one of them rolled the body over something slipped unnoticed from its hand. Something that shimmered and gleamed and gave off tiny sparks until it landed in a snowdrift where it was extinguished.

"Sure is a shame, Al," said one of the policemen, "You know, dying like this on Christmas Eve and all."

"Yeah, it sure is," replied Al, "But look at this guy's face. He must not have know what hit him. He looks as happy as a baby. I wonder why."

—Corky Martin

Lasting Impressions

Sparkling
is the snow that reflects the
Shimmering
stars on Christmas eve.
Gaily
the children tumble about and glide their
Gleaming
new sleds down the bumpy hill.
Joyous
is the season with the
Jingling
of bells harmonizing with bustling crowds.
Goodness
fills the atmosphere when able hands reach from
Tired
pockets to restore a grateful soul.
Curiosity
mounts its peak as all
Watchful
eyes hunt for secret presents.
Startling
is the view of
Glittering, glaring, capturing
urban scenes of the holiday.
Captivating
is the sight of branches weighed by icicles and
Fleeting
deer bounding across the country terrain.
Beautiful
are the hearts of every being as
Solitude
of mind and happiness of spirit mark their thanks.

—Pamela Jane Schneider

Bulldogs Plowed Under By Cubs Friday

Johnson Scores 11

The Cubs will hope to raise their total of wins here Friday, when South Haven comes to town. The Rams will be bouncing off a 52-44 loss suffered at the hands of the Plainwell five last Friday. The Cubs are predicting a tough battle.

Last Friday, as the snow was falling quite heavily, 'U' High snowed under their Vicksburg opponents. The Bulldogs were not able to connect on many of their shots as they made 8 out of 66 goal attempts. The Cubs were very deadly as they pumped in 28 of 58 tries. The Bulldogs hit 16 of 35 free throws while the Cubs sank 14 out of 28 token tosses.

A sophomore, Steve Johnson, led the night's scoring with 11 points. Teammate Vince Hodge followed with 9. 'U' High was never in trouble as the regulars had built a commanding 29-9 lead before the subs were sent in by coach Barney Chance. The substitutes, or go-team, who played most of the game, racked up 37 points to the start-er's 33.

After a close-fought loss to Allegan, the Cubs never looked better as every man got into the scoring column. The loss was the third straight in as many starts for the Bulldogs. 'U' High now has a 2-1 season record.

Honoring . . .

Ron Creager and **Vince Hodge** for being selected on the All-City and All-Conference football teams as well as receiving All-State honorable mention.

Rick Russell and **Jim Giachino** who were named captains of next year's football and cross-country teams respectively.

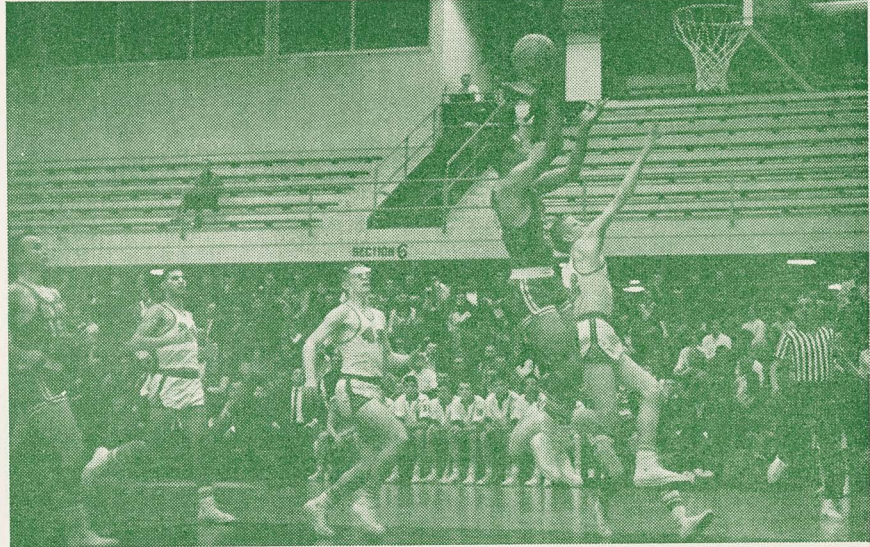
Jim Giachino for being selected the most valuable runner on the cross-country team and **Ron Creager** for being selected the most valuable football player for this year's teams.

Bradley Hodgman '60, now at Stanford University, for having two poems chosen for publication. "A Sonnet on a Curious Junkyard" and "Once There Was Music," appear in the current issue of *Contact*.

Rick Russell for being selected on the second team All-City football squad and along with **Scott Wagonmaker** being selected on the second team All-Conference squad.

Mark Mrozek and **Jerry Quandt** who were selected the most improved lineman and back respectively on this year's football team.

Len Wade the most valuable reserve football player this year while **Al Mulder** was chosen the most improved.



Douglas Lyttle, Photographer

Future Nurses Plan Events; Inside Intramurder

'U' High's very active Future Nurses Club is planning a busy schedule for the Christmas season. Currently they are engaged in bringing a little ray of cheer to the Douglas Home for the Aged. The group has decorated boxes and filled them with homemade cookies. They will deliver them in person Thursday, when they will have a chance to go into the patients' rooms and talk with them.

On December 27, the club will spend a day in Ann Arbor visiting the excellent school of nursing and the outpatient clinic at the University of Michigan. This is a rare privilege, and any 'U' High girl interested is invited to attend. There will be a \$1 fee to cover traveling costs.

The Future Nurses Club also plans to visit Fort Custer. Among their intended speakers are: a student nurse, a practical nurse, an occupational therapist, and resource people from other related fields. To those girls interested, it is still not too late to join.

Terpsichore Beckons All

The first after-game dance will be after the South Haven basketball game on December 14. It will be held in the school gym. There will be ping pong, card playing and dancing, all of this for a small cost. It will be lots of fun so let's all be there after the game.

As a basketball, I find life most strenuous when the "Intra-Murder" basketball season rolls around. I can remember games of previous years. I was certainly battered around by such a bitter enemy as Scott Wagonmaker. It was not unusual to be kicked or stepped on. My twin brother was even punctured last year. I suppose however, life will be just as rough on Thursdays this year when the grueling "Hames' Hackers," "Tobias' Trophies," "Manske's Maulers," "Starkweather's Sluggers," "Haradas' Hot Shots," and "Williams' Wonders" get on the floor (literally). Yet adviser Walters is optimistic with his sixty-three prospective "football players."

If I thought I was in bad shape—I was crazy. My cousin has almost been drowned. He is the "belle of the ball" at the Wednesday Water Polo games. He said he was held under for almost two minutes. Still those human beings wouldn't let up. (What happened to the boy holding the ball?) Although battle-scarred my cousin still gets glimpses of sponsor Nuzum's smiling face, who seems to enjoy the games more than the players, yet he's not the one being held under.

I was put in the office for the night last week when I heard Ken Calhoun say "there are track and weight lifting programs set-up on a very informal basis for any boys interested in working out during the winter. It should help the boys not involved in basketball that will play spring sports this year." At least none of my relatives cannot be injured in these programs!

Christmas Customs In Other Countries

Christmas is celebrated in all Christian countries as the birthday of Christ. Since, only 29%* of the world's population are Christians, the people of many continents, like Asia and Africa, do not celebrate a Christmas. December 25th just passes on like any other day, so, oddly enough, there are more people who do not know the meaning of Christmas than those who do.

What is it like in the other Christian countries? In the villages of France, Christmas Eve is a night of merrymaking, feasting, and the lighting of the Yule Log. At midnight, everyone is silent while each lights a Christmas candle—a little taper streaked with many different colors. Then everyone rushes out to church to celebrate the Noel. On the way home everyone is merry and gay, and the town is dotted with lights from the houses while they eat supper, which sometimes lasts till morning. Part of the excitement is when the children find their shoes or slippers filled with sugar plums and other such sweets.

In Guatemala, Honduras and Mexico, the children enjoy a Pinata party. The pinata is a jar filled with candies and sweets and is hung by a rope from a tree. Then the neighborhood children all come and one by one: they are blindfolded and given a stick and attempt to break the jar. When hit squarely, the gaily decorated jar breaks and the children all share the goodies, while the one who broke it is the hero of the day.

The houses of Spain, Mexico and Italy are not decorated with evergreen, as we do in America, but instead, they decorate with the Nativity scene, shadowy caves made of paper stones, lambs feeding on green cardboard fields, and figures of Mary and the Christ Child surrounded by a halo of light. Lots of countries decorate mainly with candles and it is said to be a bad omen if the candles do not burn brightly.

Christmas time is very special for a Czechoslovakian girl. On December 4th, she picks a twig off a cherry tree, and puts it in water. If it blossoms by December 25, she will most likely get married within the next year.

On Christmas Eve the children of Russia go from house to house shouting and singing in the neighborhood until finally the people come to the door and give them candies and goodies.

The second Sunday before Christmas is Mother's Day in Yugoslavia. One of the children sneaks up to his mother and ties her legs, and then all the rest of the children come rushing in shouting, "It's Mother's Day, Mother's Day! What are you going to give us to keep us away?" And then

the mother gives them each a small gift and she is untied. The next Sunday is Father's Day, and is celebrated in a similar manner. On Christmas Day, the whole family goes to church and afterwards feasts.

When the first star appears on Christmas Eve, the Poles begin their feasting. One chair is left vacant for the Holy Child, and a few straws are scattered on the table. The roasting of the Christmas pig is a very important custom in Poland and Serbia. Serbians keep their houses open for three days after Christmas. Friend or enemy is said to be welcome. Also the Yule Log is kept burning during this period. One member of the family stays up during the nights and watches the Yule Log to make sure it doesn't burn out, for if it should go out, it is believed the family will have an unusually bad year.

And so, we find the answer to "What is Christmas" varying from country to country. For the majority of people Christmas does not exist; in some of the smaller, more religious nations, Christmas has a deep and rich religious feeling.

—Martha VanderBrook

*World Book Encyclopedia, Vol. 14.
Published in 1951, pp. 6867 & 6868.



Christmas is . . .

big swirling snow flakes, that cling to your hair and coat, but turn into little pools of water when you enter a warm store.
bright lights, mostly red and green, all flashing and with little misty rings around them because of the falling snow.
store windows filled with cardboard Santa Clauses that all have fat stomachs and fuzzy white beards.
the loud clanging of the Salvation Army bells, that sound so nice from a distance, but almost crack your ear drums when you come close.
Strings of bare light bulbs hanging over temporary forests of fir trees, waiting to be sold and then decorated by eager little children.
strands of colored lights looping around bushes in front of houses with wooden reindeer marching across the lawns and roofs.
a certain spirit in the air that makes people speak pleasantly to strangers and allows them to forget their troubles and become swept away by the joy of Christmas.

—Barbara Platt

I'm Always Behind

Once I was happy, but now I'm forlorn.
Because my black turtleneck's tattered and torn.
Now I'm looked at by everyone with scorn.
And all I ever do is sob and morn.

Because of this my girl friend ditched me.
Even though I own a brand new M.G.
She turned up her nose and ignored my plea.
And left me alone in my misery.

The Reason Why:
The wearing of turtlenecks was just a fad.
And now the guys are buying MG's like mad.
My girl goes with the owner of the MG I once had.
And with a thousand turtlenecks I'm so sad.

—Jane Hotneier





Dearest Santa:

I'd like a dolly for Xmas. Make sure it's a live one.

Jon Ernst

Dear Mr. Claus:

We would like an exciting, original, poetic, romantic, and easy to decorate name for the prom.

Respectively yours,
The Prom Committee

Santa,

I'd like all of my war stories printed and published so young people of all ages can enjoy and marvel at them.

Mr. Fox

Dear Santa,

We'd like all the chairs in the library sanded down so we don't run our nylon stockings on them.

All the 'U' High girls

Dear Santa,

Please send me some magic sails so I won't foul out of all the races next summer.

Donny Coggan

Santa Baby,

I'd like an endless number of round trip tickets to U. of M. Those weekend visits get awfully expensive. Maybe you could make the last ticket one way.

Lynne Sorlie

Future Homemakers Take General Mills Test

During first hour and homeroom period on December 4, the Betty Crocker Future Homemaker of Tomorrow test was given to all interested senior girls. The fifty minute test, put out by General Mills, contains 150 objective questions and an essay. It is machine scored by the Science Research Association, and is designed to determine the all-round homemaker of tomorrow.

The girl receiving the highest score at 'U' High will receive a pin and a certificate of merit at the annual Honors Assembly. She will then be eligible to enter the state-wide contest. To the state winners will go a first prize of a \$1500 scholarship and an educational tour of New York, Williamsburg, and Washington, D.C. The second prize will be a \$500 scholarship. After the state homemakers have been determined, they will enter a national contest where a \$5000 scholarship will be awarded as the first prize.

Last year, 'U' High's Future Homemaker was Elaine Northam.

Christmas In Berlin Along The Wall

The slender barrel of steel was pulling a heavy ache across my shoulder, so I lifted the leatherstrap and let the rifle slip down to my side. I blew some warmth into my cold gloves and rubbed them together vigorously. As I reached for a cigarette in my coat pocket, my eyes ran along the line of tall dark houses sitting across the street. Bright wreaths hung on the doors and fat Christmas trees smiled and twinkled from the windows.

Soft quiet snowflakes began to land on my head and slide down the front of my helmet. As I leaned against the cold rough bricks of the wall behind me, I thought how ironical it was that Christmas should be sitting so close to this barrier of violence and misunderstanding. I was glad that people could laugh and hang a wreath on their front door, forgetting the ugliness across the street for a little while. Maybe these peaceful snowflakes would hide the wall until Christmas had passed.

But what about the people who lived east of the wall? Would Christmas be able to reach their hearts and fingers? I turned to look at the shuttered windows of the silent apartment buildings on the other side of the city. As my eyes climbed to each empty window sill, they found no trace of Christmas laughter. Then my gaze stopped near the roof of one building. In a small dark window, someone had hung a Christmas wreath—a wreath of twisted barbed wire.

—Sue Egland



Check-Mates

Jeff Rhuland was recently asked this question. "Where do you spend your spare time Jeff?" He replied, "Why at the lake, man, to look over the Boudes." He didn't mention whose house he was at, but I have a strong suspicion it was Carol's place.

If you see Mary Lou Sutherland with a Blank(enburg) expression on her face, it may be that she's thinking of Jeff.

Kathy Dana is really zoomin for Zomer, isn't that right Don?

Diane Johnson says that Carl doesn't like to Waltz, but he sure can twist!

Portage High School and Sharon Kulcsar have been seeing more of Jim Jenkins than 'U' High has.

Fritz Johnson has found that not only sugar is sweet, but that Candy (Stanlake) is too.

Graduate Joe Schneider isn't waiting until May to see Nancy.

Nielson has been Karen a lot about Steve Ginsberg lately.

Nancy Hamilton had developed a taste for Campbell (soup), right Steve?

Rick hustles and Russells to see the Dawn each day; it must be a particularly Good, rich site.

Jerry Quandt seems to have come a Cross a girl named Sue.

Nancy Maxwell and Carl Moe have more than the first letter in names in names in common. They also eat lunch in the same room, all by themselves.

Martha VanderBrook has been known to have sent letters to U. of M. Are those letters addressed to the Dean, or is that his name?

Carol sure can Con(rad) boys, can't she Kim Gildea?

You Dutchmen really stick together, don't you, Nancy VanEck and Bunkie VanderSalm?

My Little Woman

I dream of my girl with her Miss Claroiled hair.
Born like a fume, in Engel's putrid air.
I see her stumbling on the Davis street stairs,
Mad as a hornet, screaming out her cares.
Many were the things I dreamed she said to me,
Like, "Pick me up you dumb fool, I just fractured my knee!"

I dream of my girl in her cast, oh so white,
Even with that sneer she sheds a lovely light.

I dream of my girl as I save her from the strain
Of picking up things she threw at me in vain.
Her smile has vanished as her crutches blister her hands,
Gone like the dead fish washed over by the sands.
Now she may love me but I really don't know,
The last thing she said to me was "go boy, GO!"

I dream of my girl but it only pains my heart,
At my picture she only throws dart after dart.
I see her standing with her crutch in the air,
But I fade into blackness, a new part in my hair.

—Lynn Sorlie

Mission Accomplished

The phone rang; I picked up the receiver and broke out into a cold sweat as I heard the dreaded voice of Joe Molinsky on the other end.

"Got a job for ya this evening," he said in a low voice. "Be here at seven o'clock sharp. It's goin' to be a tough one tonight. You'll be outnumbered three to one."

My hands were trembling as I hung up the phone. I liked this kind of work but each new assignment brought on a wave of fear and anxiety.

When I arrived at Joe's, he described my adversaries to me. There were three of them. The two were brothers, the other was a girl, a blonde. Their temperaments were unpredictable and they were apt to fight ferociously. One of the brothers carried a gun. I had to have them captured and penned up by 8:30 at the latest. This limited my time severely, but I cleverly planned my attack so that my task should be terminated in the allotted time.

First I would employ the Strategy of Delay, a military technique invented by Nathaniel Greene during the American Revolutionary War, and found to be very effective in both large and small scale conflicts. According to this theory, one exhausts his enemy before attacking him. Then I would set up a trap with bait desirable to these characters. The enemy clearly showed signs of exhaustion after about an hour. I rigged up my trap and it worked. I sprung on one of the brothers. Suddenly out of nowhere jumped a ferocious dog. I quickly released my grip on my foe who disappeared like a flash into the darkness. Then I heard the "bang" of a gun. I dived for cover, panting with exhaustion and fright. I mopped my wet forehead with a handkerchief, and then continued the chase, I spotted one of the brothers lurking in a dark corner. I quickly sprang on him, grabbed him, hauled him to "headquarters" only a short distance away, and penned him up.

Luck was on my side now. I captured the girl, who fought desperately but uselessly. I cornered the other brother, the one with the gun. To avoid battle, I begged, "All right now, the game's up. You might as well give up." He contemplated this plea for a quarter of an hour. Finally he surrendered and we went to "headquarters" trailed placidly by the dog.

When we arrived, I spotted the other two and growled, "You'd better start saying your prayers."

My heart melted as three little voices all joined in unison from their cribs saying, "God bless Mommy, and Daddy, and Gramma, and Grampa, and even the babysitter." I flicked off the light, picked up their miniature French Poodle, and tiptoed lightly down the stairs.

—Jane Hotneier

Christmas Question

When I was a little, little girl, and Christmas drew near, all my thoughts were centered on what I thought was in those packages under our Christmas tree. Now, since I've grown older, I think also of those children who haven't anything like I have. I think of the poor families that don't have a Christmas tree, presents, or even clothes for themselves. When I sit down to Christmas dinner, I pray for them. I pray for the children missing the hustle and bustle of last minute shopping, the trimming of the Christmas tree with close friends, and the excitement of opening their presents to find just what they wanted.

I wonder just what they are doing now. They probably aren't eating a Christmas dinner as I am. Is this just another day for them? Another day like yesterday, and all the yesterdays before? How I wish I could share with them some of my joy and love of the world around me. They must need it! Did God mean for it to be like this? Some richer and some poorer? Was that what Jesus died for?

—Kathy Moore



Reminder to Students

This is a reminder for students to send in suggestions that you might have for the next issue of the Highlights concerning your views on school, local, or national problems. Letters are to be signed and given to Mr. Kotecki.



What he says—

She's not your type.
I really told her off!
Oh, he wouldn't give me a monitor report.
I figured I wouldn't remember what I learned cramming last night anyway.

That assignment was a breeze.
What exam?

I'm telling you the truth!
Now would I lie to you?
I admit it; I told you a lie.
Say, old buddy.
I never saw you before in my life!
Oh! Is this your locker?

He likes her.
She really told him off.
She gave him a monitor report.

He was going to cram for the exam, but he got in a poker game and could not get out.
He forgot to do the hard part.
What exam?
He's lying.
He's still lying but he won't admit it.
He told you the truth.
He needs some money for a date.
It's time to pay the money back.
You just caught him taking a sandwich out of your locker and eating it.

—The translation—

The Theorist

Once there was a goat,
So fat he couldn't float;
He tried and he tried,
But drowning was always implied.
Once there was a cat,
So fat he could not scat;
He tried and he tried,
But no scooting was implied.
Once there was a corn flake,
So fat it could not bake;
It tried and tried,
But no baking was implied.
Now, because he was fat . . .
The cat could not scat;
The goat would not float;
The flake would not bake.

MORAL—Since I have presented you with homogeneous examples on the subject of plumpness, a correlation of these examples may be represented invariable with this theory: If pink elephants fly, and teachers swim—goats will not float, flakes will not bake, cats will not scat, simply because . . . THEY ARE FAT !!!

—Joe Koenig

Season's Greetings