

THE ROCKET

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WHERE IS CHRISTMAS ?

It seems that so often when we think of Christmas, we think only of the negative aspects. We think of the money-hungry stores and the everlasting rush of the whole season; the headaches and the indecision about what to get for whom. If there is any anticipation it's usually about what we'll get from so and so and how much did it cost. Yet, when we examine this we might question whether our hopes are about the right things. Maybe we have lost the real Christmas Joy or Spirit.

I could go off at this point, into a long thesis on the over-commercialization of Christmas -- but I won't. True -- there is need for reform. It does concern me that in the hearts of a half million store managers the only thought is to get rich quick or that this is the season when liquor sellers put the real pressure on. Never the less the real thing which disturbs me is the hearts of Christians everywhere. We have been given this wonderful Advent Season as a time for preparation for receiving the good news of Christ. To most of us, however, it becomes a season filled with parties, programs, concerts, and shopping trips topped off by a Christmas dinner we're too tired to enjoy. These things can serve as preparation for Christmas -- making our hearts ready for Christ -- but all too often they become stumbling blocks for us. We listen to the gaiety but forget why there is laughter. We hear the music but don't listen to the words. We buy the gifts but forget why we give and, indeed, the giver. I believe it's up to each of us as Christians to put Christmas back into its proper perspective. It's up to us to take time out of the hurry to think on the things which Christmas really is and truly prepare ourselves for God's perfect Gift to us. Then and only then will we be prepared for Christmas.



CHRISTMAS GLISTENS

Christmas, through the years, has grown to mean many things to many people. However, the central idea is the nativity of Christ which is celebrated by His followers in a festival in honor of His birth. Because of the popularity of the occasion, with its many customs and traditions, the festivities have been carried over into the weeks before and after this day. This period of time is known in the Christian Church as the Advent or Christmas season. Another word for this season is Yuletide.

The Feast of the Nativity, Christmas, was not celebrated separately in the Church until the fourth century. It happened to come at the same time as the pagan festivals during the winter solstice. The Church, not wishing to abolish the ancient customs, transformed and gave them new meaning.

Many of the customs we use today at Christmas had their roots in these pagan ceremonies. Evergreen, with which they decorated their homes during the festive season, is used by us today as a symbol of eternal life because it remains green in winter when the leaves of other trees turn brown and die. The pine tree, with its little point on top which points to God in heaven became the Christmas tree. Its gay decorations have special significance also. The star on top represents the star of Bethlehem which shone down on the Christ Child and guided the wise men. The bright lights and candles represent Christ as the Light of the World.

There is special meaning behind gift giving. The gifts exchanged among friends to bring joy and gladness are in honor of Christ, who was God's great gift to man. With gift giving comes Santa Claus who actually once lived. He was born in Asia Minor close to the third century and became a famous, kind, and good bishop. He threw three purses filled with gold into their rooms. These large dowries enabled them to catch husbands. After that, any unexpected gift was associated with Nicholas. Holland was the first country to adopt him as the patron saint of Christmas. Today he is known all over the world by many names: Kris Kringle, Pelznickel, Yule Tomton, La Befana, Petit Noel, and Chriskingle.

'Twas a week before Christmas, and all through the school
 Not a creature was stirring from desk, chair or stool
 Late papers were shoved under doorways with care
 In hopes that our teachers would soon find them there.
 Ardent prayers had ascended to God up above,
 "Lord help in these finals if you really do love."

'Tis said that some students, when finals they take
 No more preparation than this ever make.
 And I under Niles—that course is a snap
 Had just settled myself for a brief classroom nap.
 When out in the hall there arose such a clatter
 I jumped from my chair to see what was the matter.

When lo, in my sleep-laden sight there appeared
 A vision of grandeur, one not to be feared.
 'Twas a man clothed in raiment of clerical hue,
 His suit a dark gray and his tie a dark blue.
 A man who enjoyed good food to indulge
 As was shown by his large equatorial bulge.
 From the gleam on his pate which he polished forthwith
 I knew in a moment it was Dr. Truesdale.

He paused in the hall and chose a soft seat,
 Then summoned his cohorts, the very elite.
 Here Hovey, Here Slaby, Here Herb and Ostwald,
 Come out for a moment, out in the hall,
 Come Meyers, Niles, Tossenberger and Janssen,
 Truesdale, Hartman, Lind, Keinke and Aderhold.
 Now gather round closely and heed what I say
 For soon comes to Bonduel a reckoning day.
 Let's surprise all the children, each student so dear,
 and bring to each one some real Christmas Cheer.

We'll forget about finals through these next few days,
 Burn all the term papers, give everyone A's.
 You know that for knowledge these people so crave
 That to higher learning each one is a slave.

Why, Krueger and Mueller, classmates so true,
 Do twice as much work as most students do.
 And Aaron Beilfuss, the student, I'm glad to relate
 Has turned in Niles' paper just twenty weeks late,
 But poor Billy Brecken hasn't a chance
 To pass an exam, he's so tired from the dance.
 Harv Westphal, Tom Westphal, the Hovey lad too
 All passed comprehensives as Bonduel men do.
 They're tried from their labors, poor lads one and all
 What do you think of my plan, Dr. Weix?

and then Dr. Weix drew himself to full heights
 (I stood on a chair just to keep him in sight)
 My thought "he began," is not an negation,
 For this plan will set up a right relation,
 Fond students and faculty, long at odd ends,
 Will find in a moment that they are good friends,
 However, I think, lest their studies they shirk,
 Next quarter we'd best give to each, extra work.
 And so twas decided on that fateful day,
 The meeting broke up and they all went away.
 And each as he passed me gave such a nod,
 As one might expect from the passing of God.
 And Fibs called down from his place on the stairs,
 "Merry Christmas to all, and a Happy New Year."

And after they'd gone my spirits did raise,
 With visions of grade cards, and nothing but A's,
 No papers to carry, no books to be read,
 No extensions of courses to bother my head.
 Why, this is like Heaven, the city so fair,
 No sorrows, no parting, no darkness up there.

Then my ear was disturbed by a voice soft and low,
 Its ring was familiar, "Come on now, let's go."
 And back to this world of things as they are
 My slumbering conscience was brought with a jar.
 So now I'm convinced, things are what they seem,
 My city called Heaven was only a dream.

The Music of Christmas

The music of Christmas comes in many forms. It is the gentle moving pastorage of the shepherd watching his flocks. It is the glorious singing of the angels in praise of the new-born Christ. It is the reverent hymn of a thankful and reverent congregation. It is the glory of Handel's "Messiah" and the tiny but happy voice of child enthralled throughout by the wonder and mystery of a God-given miracle and the multi-colored lights.

Christmas is the mighty tone of a trumpet and the peacefulness of a flute. Music is the expression of feeling and mood. The music of Christmas expresses joy in the coming of God's most precious gift. It expresses thankfulness for the gift of a Savior. It expresses hope for a brighter future.

The music of Christmas comes from all over the world, from people of every race and color, and from all types of individuals. There is the child-like hymn of Martin Luther, "From heaven above to earth I come" with its last phrase identical with the closing phrase of "A Mighty Fortress is Our God." There is the beautiful "Adoramus Te Christe" by Palentrina. There is the joyful exultation of Mary in Bach's "Magnificat."

Christmas is hope. Christmas is joy. The music of Christmas is God's return for his gift to us.

Merry Christmas in Twenty Languages!

Swedish—God Jul.
 Danish—Glaedelig Jul.
 Italian—Buon Natale.
 Portuguese—Boas Festas.
 Brazilian—Feliz Natal.
 French—Joyeux Noel.
 Finnish—Hauskaa Joulua.
 Dutch—Vrolijk Kerstfeest.
 Chinese—Kung Ho Sheng Tan.
 Spanish—Felices Pascuas.
 Rumanian—Sarbatori Sericite.
 Czech—Vesele Vanoce.
 German—Froeliche Weihnachten.
 Greek—Kala Christoughena.
 Japanese—Ku-ri-su-ma-su (phonetically from English) O-medeto.
 Norwegian—God Julog.
 Polish—Wesolych Swiat-Bozego Narodzenia.
 Russian—S Rozhdestvom Khristoviyim.
 Serbian—Kristos Se Rodi.
 Korean—Sogtan Ul Chukha Hamnida.



What I Want For Christmas!

- Roger Barkhaus-A lawnmower
- Joe Klosterman-A new car
- Mr. Burke-Only Senior English Classes
- Sharron & Nancy-Move Gresham-to Bonduel
- Mrs. T.-More corners in main room
- Mr. Weix-Less corners
- Marna & Eldean-Apples
- Mr. Reinke-A megaphone
- N.B., S.A., E.O.-More Nichols
- G.A.A.-More ice skating at the Arena
- Sandy & Tom-Longer Nights
- Clem B.-I've got what I want.
- Mr. Hanson-More "get up and go."
- Sandy Bahr-More wedding and anniversaries.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

"Do you believe in Santa Claus?"
The boy wanted to know.
The old man stood there quietly
Watching the falling snow.

"Believe in Santa Claus?" he
thought,
"The very idea's absurd."
But somehow to this little boy
He couldn't say a word.

"Well, do you sir?" then asked the
lad
As if he were going to cry.
And to the old man's great surprise
He heard himself reply.

"Of course I believe in Santa Claus!
Don't you?" he asked the boy.
He saw the child's face light up at
once
With thoughts of Christmas joy

"It's funny," thought the old, old
man
"That such a thing as this
Can give a child so much of hope
And fill his life with bliss."

As he turned and walked on down
the street,
His heart felt warm and gay.
For he knew he'd helped another
Have a merry Christmas Day.



TOP FIVE CHRISTMAS TUNES

1. Blue Christmas
ELVIS
2. Wonderland By Night
3. It's Christmas Everywhere
4. A Christmas Auld Lang
Some
5. Merry Christmas Baby

When the party starts and the night is young
Go and find where the mistletoe's hung
And a standing there is a pretty miss
Get yourself a mistletoe kiss.

If she looks at you with wondering eyes
Just pretend it's a big surprise
You can find romance and alot of bliss
Thru a simple mistletoe kiss.

While your arms around her
Your heart says you found her
And you ought to sound her
With your love all around her.

When the party's over and there you are
What do you say to her ma and pa
They will understand when you tell them this
Blame it on the mistletoe kiss.



★ Unscramble these Christmas words

1. remey hitcrasms
2. olhly
3. tgcisokn
4. atсна luacs
5. itemoslte
6. enereird
7. rsnspete
8. lihges
9. prpgwani arpe
10. hitcrasms rete
11. niep ogubhs
12. adcyn nceas
13. lebls
14. ipen oncse
15. uetlydie
16. nelga ofod
17. ertwah
18. dcnslea
19. esnsaos ertgniags
20. pahpy wne ayre





THE CHRISTMAS STAR

I wish I could have been the star
That shone so clear and bright
Up in the sky, so long ago,
On that first Christmas night.

I wish I could have led the men,
And heard the angels sing,
And brought the shepherds to the
shed
To worship Christ the King.

I wish I could have shone all night,
And stayed there all the while,
And could have seen the loveliest
sight—
The Baby Jesus smile.



CHRISTMAS NUTS TO CRACK

1. A nut made from cream
2. A seashore nut
3. A vegetable nut
4. A nut that is the side of a room
5. What nut should be given to bad children?
6. What nut is uncooked bread?
7. A nut imported from South America
8. A nut named after a girl
9. A nut popular in Ohio
10. What nut is a canned vegetable?
11. What nut is a box?
12. What nut is a hot drink?
13. Your answer when the check says,
"What are you going to do with me?"
14. What nut is on your foot?

Now that it is Yuletide everyone is walking around with their noses in the air. You would think everyone was stuck-up, but they are only looking for mistletoe hanging from doorways, light fixtures, etc. This is hard on Ma who has to make sure that all the fly dirt is off the fixtures and that the ledges above the doors are dusted, etc.

Of course there are always opportunists around, too. They stake themselves along a mistletoe runway and hope to catch some pretty girl unawares and get the required kiss. That is just as bad, Dad says, as the young fellow who brought his own red ear of corn to the corn husking bees years ago. Ma blushed when he said that but I didn't catch on right away.

Actually Christmas has a continued influence on the world today. Culture of Christmas is even affecting jail-birds. I was reading the other day where one was talking to the other in the pad. He said, "It was the night before Christmas and all through the house, not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse. Then I tripped the burglar alarm and all h-e-double-toothpicks broke loose." I suppose that right then he figured that he should have stayed home and darned socks. At least he didn't gain entrance to the house by climbing down the chimney.

Remember the time when we were kids and we drew names for exchanging gifts. (By the way I hear there is a high school up North in the sticks where they don't do this any more. Hats off, there are some thinkers up there.) Then everyone kept it a secret whose name they had. That was the good old days. Now adays the only thing that is kept a tight secret is a woman's age. The women even beat the security boys in the Pentagon at this art of keeping a secret.

Well-----throwing kidding aside, as well as knocking on wood, I, the editor of QUEBODY'S BUSYBODY COLUMN, incorporated on December 11, 1960; wish you a very merry Christmas vacation and a happy New Year's Eve party.



FOR YOU

This is a season for giving gifts—
Piling them under the tree.
I've one I'd like to give to you.
Here it is—for you—from me.

My gift is arms full of packages,
Shopping in the frosty night.
It's the eyes of excited children
Told of Santa and his flight.

It's the cozy feeling of eggnog
Before a fireside glow.
I give to you friendly caroling,
And sleigh rides over the snow.

Yours is the quiet of church that eve,
And decorating the tree.
It's the bustle of family dinner
And the smiles you always see.

I give you the joys of Christmastime;
All the smiles and family fun.
But give a little to all you meet—
There's more than enough for one.



Joyous Christmas





"Dear John"

GOSSIP COLUMN

How I Get "Chills and Fever" everytime we meet "By the Light of the Silvery Moon." Remember when we played in my "Doll House" and you would ask me "Am I the Man?" I told you yes but then you got mad at me and went to play with your "Rubber Ball" I told you this was "The age for Love" but you said you had "Wabash Blues." Now I'm crying snowflakes and thats why "It's Christmas Everywhere," I Love you as much as I love "The Puppet Song." Please "Come Back" to me.

"Your Other Love"



★ **RECIPE FOR A MERRY CHRISTMAS**

Would you have a Merry Christmas?
Then this secret you must share,
Do something on the quiet for
A lonely soul somewhere;
Forget yourself occasionally,
Take time to get a view
Of how the other fellow feels,
It may do much for you;
Don't try to think in world-wide
terms,
Just stay within your sphere.
You'll find that folks right close to
home
Have need of kindly cheer.
And now you know the secret,
friend,
I leave it up to you,
This won't become effective 'til
It's practiced all year through!



BLESS ME

Lord, bless me not with ivory towers.
Bless me not with worldly powers.
Give me not great wealth untold.
Give me not hard, lifeless gold.
Deny me beauty. Deny me grace.
Deny me attire of silk and lace.
But grant me, Lord,
The grandest power that you can
deem.
Grant me the power, Lord,
To dream.

RECIPE FOR A CHRISTMAS DATE

Start with 2 cups of laughter
Add 2 cups of snow
Then 1 cup of holly
And a sprig of mistletoe

Now stir in some joy
By adding a boy
And throw in a kiss
For a moment of bliss

A wish on a star in the sky
In the beautiful wintery white
Hoping your wish your favorite
GUY
Night after night after night

New Year's Resolution's

- Kathy F.-"I don't think it should be printed."
- Sharon Lotto.-"I can't think of any."
- Barb D.-"Remain true to Neil, as always."
- Judy Roloff.-"Why ask Me?"
- Nanci M.-"Ha-Ha-Ha!!!!!"
- The Senior English Class.-To find Mr. Burke a girl.
- Mary Jo S.-"why do you want to know?"
- Ruth P.-"I never keep'em, why make'em?"
- Judy Radloff.-"Behave myself."
- Toby Schick.-"It's not New Years yet."
- Mickey Young.-"I go by them all"
- Sandy Surdell.-"Huh"
- Sheillah Labutzke.-"?????????????"
- Judy Orlando-Rose Brook?????"

- Why are so many kids going to Rosebrook?
- How does Rodger B. like his haircut?
- Why does Marty W. go to Green Bay so often?
- Why was K. F. disappointed when Bobby Foulkner wasn't at Cecil Sat. night?
- Does S. K. still have a crush on Bob Wians?
- What happened to the tail light on Judy Stern's car?
- Who's been stealing candy from the Home Ec. Room?
- Who wrote those Christmas Orders to Santa?
- How come Clem's car was so steamed up after the Weyawega game? Can you tell us Nanci?
- Does J. K. really like B.B.?
- Why didn't the girls at N.B. party get to school on Monday morning?
- Someone tell J.O. to steer with the skid?
- Why is C. B. waiting so anxiously for Dec 22?

★ **A PROVERB**

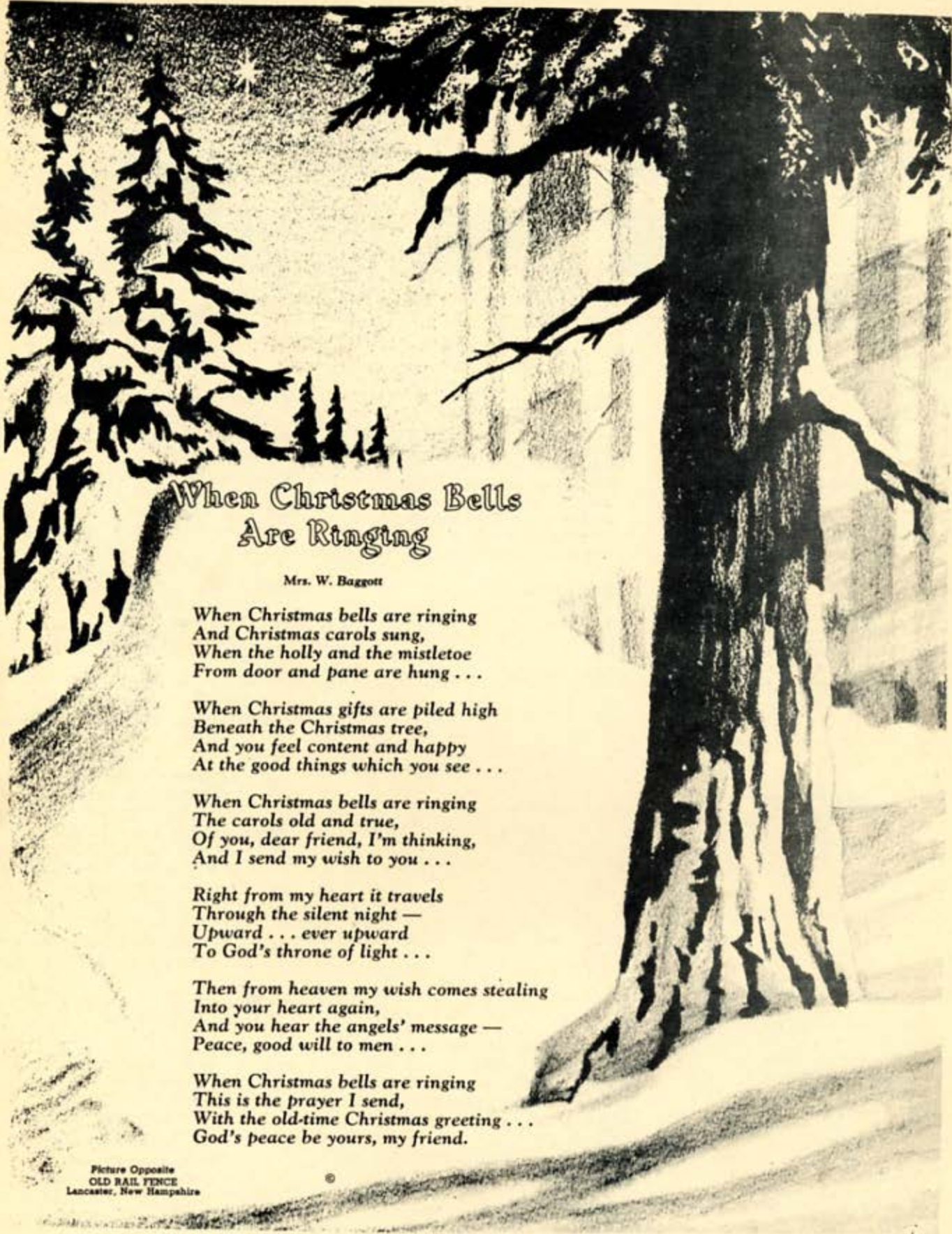
Once upon a wintry night
In a town not far away,
The children of an orphanage
Awaited Christmas Day.

And when that blessed morn arrived
And the children ran to see,
They found that not a single gift
Was left before the tree.

But soon their hearts were lifted
And their smiles began to show,
For through the home rang music:
Songs that all young children know.

They found that churches left them
Songbooks folks had thrown away.
To the children they were priceless
As they sang from them all day.

So this year while you're shopping
If you think of this you'll find,
That it's not the money spent that
counts
But the thought that lies behind.



When Christmas Bells Are Ringing

Mrs. W. Baggott

When Christmas bells are ringing
And Christmas carols sung,
When the holly and the mistletoe
From door and pane are hung . . .

When Christmas gifts are piled high
Beneath the Christmas tree,
And you feel content and happy
At the good things which you see . . .

When Christmas bells are ringing
The carols old and true,
Of you, dear friend, I'm thinking,
And I send my wish to you . . .

Right from my heart it travels
Through the silent night —
Upward . . . ever upward
To God's throne of light . . .

Then from heaven my wish comes stealing
Into your heart again,
And you hear the angels' message —
Peace, good will to men . . .

When Christmas bells are ringing
This is the prayer I send,
With the old-time Christmas greeting . . .
God's peace be yours, my friend.

Picture Opposite
OLD RAIL FENCE
Lancaster, New Hampshire

STAFF SAYS MERRY CHRISTMAS

