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 Offer Students
 Cultural Scope**
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**GCM Students
 Laud Christmas
 In Art, Writing**
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Vol. VI, No. 4

FALLS CHURCH, VIRGINIA

December 22, 1967

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SCA Dance Sets Holiday Mood



Barbara Lamon

Connie Hoffman

Mary Woodward

Wendy Edwards

Marcia Skalnik

Tomorrow night the SCA transforms the GCM girls' gym into the throneroom of a Medieval castle for the annual holiday dance, "A Christmas Carol." Beginning at 8:30 p.m., the dance will feature the presentation of the 1967 Christmas Court, and crowning of the senior girl selected queen.

Medieval Atmosphere

To the music of Marshall's "Sound of Sixty-Eight," one of the

five senior candidates, Mary Woodward, Barbara Lamon, Connie Hoffman, Marcia Skalnik and Wendy Edwards, will be crowned queen. States dance chairman, Linda Browder, "The atmosphere of the dance is the most important thing. The entire gym will look like a castle and we hope to bring to the students the spirit of Medieval Christmas."

All five of the girls on the court

have kept high academic and extra-curricular records while at Marshall. Mary, who has already been admitted to the College of William and Mary, is editor of the yearbook, a varsity cheerleader and finalist in the area Junior Miss Pageant.

Overall Activities

Barbara has a variety of interests including business and home economics. She has been a varsity cheerleader for two years. Layout editor

of the COLUMBIAN, Connie is also a member of the Keyette Club.

Leading lady in the recent production of "The Mouse That Roared," Marcia is very busy in all aspects of the school. Director of Madrigals and Concert Choir, she is a member of the Keyette Club, SCA Cabinet, National Honor Society, and is a National Merit Semi-Finalist.

President of the Keyette Club,

Wendy was chosen Daisy Mae at the Sadie Hawkins Dance. Aiming at a career in art, she is also active in GCM dramatics.

Murals, Banquet

Creating the overall mood of a Medieval castle will be achieved with wall murals, a large high-backed throne, and a banquet table on which refreshments will be served.

NASP Winner!

Cockrell Qualifies For Finalist Rank



Rosalyn Cockrell

Senior Rosalyn Cockrell is one of 1028 students in the United States selected as finalists in the National Achievement Scholarship Programs.

This February, more than 200 of the finalists will receive four-year scholarships to the college of their choice. The amount of the scholarship depends on the college and the financial situation of the student's family.

Basis of Tests

Rosalyn was chosen as a semi-finalist from 35,000 applicants in the program because of her high scores on the National Merit Scholarship Qualifying Test. This fall she took another test, consisting of verbal and math sections. On the basis of this test and numerous forms she filled out, she became a finalist.

"I didn't really expect to become a finalist. I was surprised and pleased," notes Rosalyn. "I filled out so many forms," she adds. "Some asked questions like, 'How many books have you read this year?'"

Hampton First Choice

Hampton Institute in Hampton, Virginia is her first college choice. "I want to go to a college that's strong in liberal arts, but I want to concentrate on biochemistry. That will probably be my major."

Marshall Teachers Plan Summer Trips To English, French 'Cradles of Culture'

Ever dream of rocking in the cradles of culture? If so, you will want to consider the summer study programs of the American Institute for Foreign Study and the International Studies Association.

Mrs. Carol Tindall, a Marshall English teacher, and her husband will be chaperoning the AIFS sponsored group of Marshall and Langley students to study at the University of Durham in Durham, England. Mrs. Laurie P. Williams, French teacher is the ISA supervisor for the Institute of Touraine, in Tours, France.

Besides studying in the universities about British and French culture and language, the students will visit the actual sights of history-making events.

Study and Travel

Leaving here around July 17, Mrs. Tindall's group will arrive in Durham where they will study and enjoy English culture for about six weeks.

Mrs. Williams, who is acting as group supervisor but will not chaperone the trip, states that her group has similar plans. "The four-week study course will be followed by an

American Express tour of Paris, French provinces and Switzerland."

Participation in both activities is limited not only by the \$775 to \$885

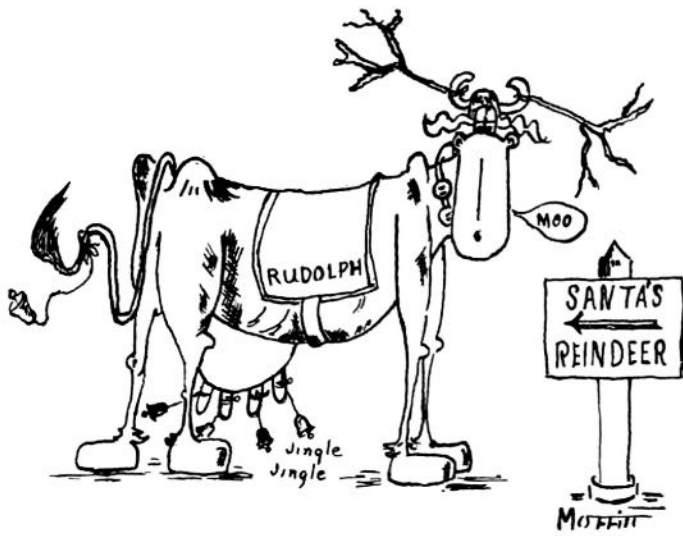
cost, but by the selectivity of the organizations. The two institutes insist on teacher recommendations and academic excellence.



Seniors John Boronow, Scott Moore and Kathy Oberg stop for a moment before their game on WRC-TV's "It's Academic". Marshall competed against Regina High and Northwood High on the quiz show and emerged in second place, behind Northwood. The Giant Food Corporation awarded GCM \$100 to be used for scholarships for its participation in the show.



"Oh well, it's a job"!



Total Teacher

The definition of a total teacher is one who is not only concerned with his students in class, but shows enthusiasm toward their interests, their plans, and their school. One of these total teachers was Mr. Raymond Schultz.

Retired after 35 years of teaching in Ohio, Mr. Schultz came to Marshall four years ago to again devote his time and talent to teaching United States History. Since then he has taught hundreds of juniors the subject which interested and inspired him, trying to make their enthusiasm match his.

Not content with only in-school activities, Mr. Schultz worked diligently with the athletic department, selling tickets at the gate for football games, or just sitting in the stands, as one player put it, "yelling and screaming and making faces at the refs."

The Athletic Department was not the only group to benefit from Mr. Schultz's leadership and interest. Organizer of the Future Teachers of America Club, he spurred the members into action—raising money and presenting programs. Worried about club membership, he avidly pursued students who were interested in teaching, urging them to join.

Often expounding on history as the basis of civilization, Mr. Schultz held a belief that we could well apply to him. "Look to the past to guide the future."

Candid Comments

The Season to Be Jolly?

By Mike Cascio

Christmas time means many things to many Marshallites, but there are certain occurrences which mark the season for a number of Statesmen, including myself:

- ... Hearing "Little Drummer Boy" every five minutes on WEAM and WPGC as they race to drive listeners crazy with "Solid Gold."
- ... At least one insulted minister getting upset over "The Barbra Streisand Christmas Album."
- ... Receiving Christmas cards one week after Christmas from those people who wouldn't have sent you one unless you sent them one first.
- ... Charity organizations coming out of the woodwork to ask for contributions, such as Father John's Home for Lost Dogs, The Nearsighted Indian Relief Fund, and the DAR Drive to Collect Stamps for Needy Servicemen Overseas.
- ... Sports commentators calling the American Football League the "AF of L" and the NCAA, the "NAACP."
- ... Bob Hope and the traveling company getting shot down over Viet Nam and then giving an impromptu show on Hill 891 in the DMZ.

- ... Noting the absences of the Washington Redskins, Maryland U., and Marshall High in post-season football games.
- ... Watching outdoor Christmas tree stands stage a "burn-in" Dec. 26 when they find out that GEM's \$1.98 pink plastic tree outsold the American Legion's \$2.00 red, white and blue Scotch pine special.
- ... Drew Pearson pinning conflict of interest charges on Santa Claus for failing to bring gifts to his children.
- ... TIME Magazine printing a cover story on "Is Santa Claus Dead?"
- ... Noting Christmas Day crowds at Seven-Eleven and area laundromats.
- ... Seeing classmates inadvertently wear the same new sweater three weeks in a row after Christmas.
- ... Former graduates becoming disappointed when they return to GCM and no one recognizes them.
- ... Watching the big ball on Times Square fall on New Year's Eve, killing 19 and injuring 68. Congress follows with a bill outlawing New Year's Eve, Times Square, and the numbers 19 and 68 in the hope that this will deter future violence.
- ... Many wild parties on Dec. 31 celebrating the New Year, and of course, George C. Marshall's birthday.

Cinema and Stage

Holiday Vacation Offers Opportunity To See Varied Area Entertainment

By Linda Stone

Christmas vacation offers Marshall students afternoons and evenings to enjoy the cultural advantages of the District and Northern Virginia. The city of Washington provides many varied theatrical and cinematic features over the holidays, a few of which are described below, plus the beautiful Pageant of Peace on the monument grounds. Take advantage of the opportunities and see a good movie or play over the holidays, in fact, see several!

CINEMA

"Gone With the Wind"—The epic Civil War tragedy returns again with bigger sound and picture to recreate Margaret Mitchell's tale of love and war in Georgia. Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh, Leslie Howard, and Olivia de Havilland star in the film that has been acclaimed as the greatest account of emotion in the South during the Civil War. Showing at the Apex Theater on Massachusetts Ave.



"GONE WITH THE WIND"

"Camelot"—The Broadway musical of Lerner and Lowe appears as a motion picture starring Richard Harris, Vanessa Redgrave, and Franco Nero. The triangle romance between King Arthur, Queen Guinevere and Lancelot is set against the fantasy background of the Round Table and the mystical land of Camelot. Although panned by many critics as lacking just about everything needed for a good motion picture, others claim that Miss

Redgrave's performance saves the dreamy quality of the romantic musical. Showing at the Warner, Thirteenth and E. St., featuring 2 p.m. matinees next week.

"Far from the Madding Crowd"—Featuring shining performances by Julie Christie, Alan Bates, Terence Stamp, and the English countryside, "Far from the Madding Crowd" presents Thomas Hardy's moralistic story about a British country girl and the two men who try for her affections and the one vagabond soldier who receives it. Spectacular shooting of English scenery helps the brooding plot, and the talented stars improve the sobriety of the story. Showing at the Uptown on Connecticut Ave., also offering matinees.

THEATER

"The Great White Hope"—The first production of the new drama by Howard Sackler that explores the racial tension in the United States before World War I will run Dec. 12 through Jan. 14 at Arena Stage on Sixth and M. St., S.W.



"The Nutcracker"—Two productions of Tchaikovsky's Christmas ballet, "The Nutcracker" will be presented in Washington during the holidays. At Lisner Auditorium at George Washington University the National Ballet will dance the suite Dec. 24-Jan. 1 at various show times. The Washington National Symphony and Washington Ballet will present the program at Constitution Hall Dec.-Jan. 1.

"The Grand Music Hall of Israel"—The group of young Israelis that has been touring the country with their varied musical program settle at Shady Grove Music Fair until Dec. 24.

PAGEANT OF PEACE

Started during Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower's term as President, the "Pageant of Peace" forms a beautiful center of activity for Washington's holiday season. Beginning with President Lyndon Johnson's lighting of the National Christmas Tree, the pageant includes musical programs on evenings on the Monument Grounds, beautifully adorned with trees from the fifty states.

Statesmen of the Month

Council Selects Oberg, Moore; Voting Goes to SCA Meetings

The Statesmen of the Month for December are Seniors Kathy Oberg and Scott Moore. Nominated with four other seniors by a committee of the SCA, the students are elected by the House of Representatives.

Outstanding in both academic and athletic achievement, Kathy has been on varsity hockey for two years while maintaining an average high enough to keep her in the National Honor Society. Chairman of the SCA Orientation Committee, she engineered the Big Brother and Sister Plan for freshmen, and works actively on all council projects. This month she represented Marshall on NBC-TV's "It's Academic," the only girl on the three-member team. President of the French Club, she is also a member of the French Honor Society.



Kathy Oberg

Scott is rated high in Marshall academics, concentrating mainly on math and science. President of the Math Club, he is a member of the Math Team and the "It's Academic" squad. Scott serves the Senior Class as treasurer and works backstage as a general helper in dramatic productions.



Scott Moore

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Silvio appraises the value of a Christmas tree ornament while Luisa finds some American decorations to her liking.

Silvio, Luisa Note Home Holidays

Suzi Rice, '69

What would Christmas be like with three different "Santas," two trees, and no snow? These are just a few of the customs that AFS Seniors Silvio Serafini of Italy and Luisa de Menezes of Portugal experience in their homelands.

"Felic Natal" (Merry Christmas) is the cry in Portugal during the Yuletide season. Christmas is marked a family affair as special church services, a turkey feast, and gift-giving unite relatives and close friends.

"Leaves and silver stars are hung on the walls," Luisa illustrated. The family Christmas tree, erected one week before Christmas, is adorned with glittering balls, strings of electric lights, and tinsel. Nearby is a clay nativity scene, made annually by the children in Luisa's family.

"The Portuguese equivalent of Santa Claus is called 'Father Christmas,'" she explained. He comes, bringing gifts from the Christ Child on Christmas Eve. Usually, one of Luisa's older brothers or uncles dresses as the fat jolly old soul in a red suit, sporting a white beard. After he has left, the excited children tear open their presents.

Like many American families with relatives fighting in Vietnam, the Portuguese also "pray for peace" during Christmas. As Luisa puts it, "The main hope of the people is that the fighting that is presently going

on with some of our colonies will stop. Many of our young men are dying in these wars."

The Italian Christmas is a gala celebration spread out from the second week in December to New Years Eve. According to Silvio there are three different gift-giving occasions in this period.

Dec. 12 marks the beginning of the festivities when one great Christmas tree is put up for the town. Family trees are decorated much as they are in the United States.

The night of Santa Lucia is Dec. 13. "Santa Lucia was a young martyr during the time of Christian persecution. The eve of the thirteenth she comes to put presents under the tree for all the children," Silvio explains.

On Christmas day the stores glitter especially bright for the judging in the town decoration contest. The bedecked town tree radiates Christmas spirit, and the peace of a quiet nativity scene steals over the church. "The day is spent with family and friends, and no one is left out," Silvio says. Presents are distributed

from under the tree amidst mounting happiness and good will. Christmas cards are sent to literally everybody. "I spend the most money on Christmas cards," Silvio grins.

Huge bonfires flame up at 6 p.m. the night of Dec. 30 in every village, as the townspeople gather to hear the eldest prophesy the next year's harvest. "They go home to a midnight supper, finding that La Befana, the folklore figure of a good witch, descends on the houses and leaves behind her stuffed stockings tacked over the fireplace," Silvio explains.

The Italian weather for this time of the year is cold, but it rarely snows in the lowlands. "The weather for Christmas is like California's," relates Silvio. However, he laughingly admits, "I've never been there but from the pictures I've seen, it has to be like it."

'Old Country' Traditions Shown Unlike America's

Candy May '70

Many people are familiar with the Christmas customs of the major European countries. But few people know the Christmas customs of Switzerland, Norway, Poland, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, and Armenia.

In Switzerland, on Christmas Eve, young people on their way to midnight church services visit nine fountains. From each fountain they take three sips of water because, according to legend, if this is done, the young people will find their future husband or wife waiting at the church door.

In Norway, there is a custom called "ringeinsulen", which means, "ringing in Christmas". This custom consists of ringing the church bells throughout the country at four o'clock in the afternoon on Christmas Eve. The bells are a symbol of welcoming Christmas.

People fast the entire day before Christmas in Poland, and then have a sumptuous feast on Christmas. One chair at the festive table is traditionally left vacant for the Holy Child. A few straws are scattered on the table to remind everyone of the stable in which Christ was born.

Yugoslavian children celebrate three holidays during the Christmas season. The second Sunday before Christmas is celebrated as Mothers' Day. While their mother sits quietly, preoccupied with her sewing, the

children stealthily tiptoe into the room and hurriedly tie her feet to her chair. They chant, "Mothers' Day, Mothers' Day, what will you pay to get away?" The mother then gives her children their gifts as payment for her freedom. On the next Sunday, Father receives the same treatment, with the same, happy, prosperous results.

The Serbs (of Yugoslavia) have several traditional Christmas customs. They believe they will have bad luck if the Christmas log, or "badnyak", burns out. Therefore, someone vigilantly stands watch over the log all night to make sure a fire is burning constantly. A Serbian Christmas cake, called "chestnista", contains a silver coin, and whoever finds the coin in his piece of cake will have good luck.

In Czechoslovakia, a girl immerses a cherry twig in water on Dec. 4, and if the twig blossoms before Christmas Eve, she will marry sometime during the year.

The Armenians eat fried and boiled spinach on Christmas Eve, because they believe that the Virgin Mary ate spinach on the night before Christ was born.

MERRY CHRISTMAS
DAVE
from Susie

The Sound of Sixty-Eight



Wishes You a Merry Christmas
and a Happy New Year
for the big beat in rock & soul

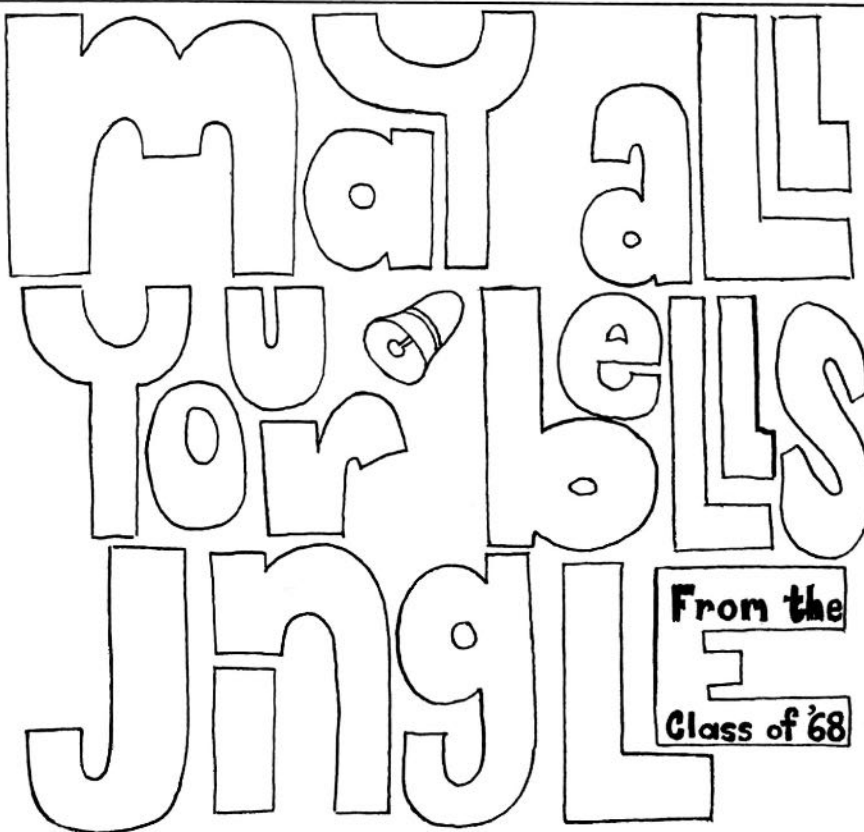
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Merry
Christmas
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7 CORNERS
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War Holidays in Viet-Nam



Tim Holmberg and Bill Asp '69
Can you believe a Christmas Day
Seven thousand miles away,
Dodging mortar and sniper fire,
Rescuing men in need so dire?
Bombing missions and strafing runs,
Ambushes and ack ack guns.
Four letter words about Johnson's
war,
Hidden spikes in swampy moors,

Gangrene, dysentery and open
wounds,
The fierce howl of the wild monsoons.
Dak Tho, Da Nang, and even Saigon,
All surrounded by Viet Cong.
Traitors, cowards, mud and lice,
Is there time to worship Jesus Christ?

Guess Who?

Steve Crisman '68
Zooooooooooooom, Zooooooooooooom,
Screeeeeeeeeeeeeeeech,
stomp stomp stomp stomp stomp,
puff puff, stomp stomp, puff puff puff,
Whieeeeeeeeeeeeeee—pow— ouch,
HO HO HO, HO HO HO, HO HO HO,
Whieeeeeeeeeeeeeee,
stomp stomp stomp stomp, puff puff
puff, stomp stomp stomp,
Screeeeeeeeeeeeeeeech,
Zooooooooooooom.

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The Keyettes
extend
Holiday Greetings
to the
Entire Student Body

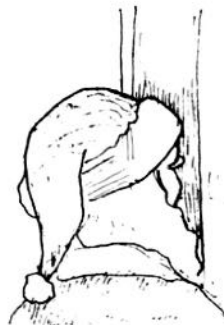
Unidentified Flying Object?

Regina Herbert '68
"Officer O'Reilly? Dis here's
Chollie over at da Security Bar'n
Grill. Ya got a couple o' minutes,
O'Reilly? Yeah dis is one night ya
won't believe!

"Foist off, I'd like to report a UFO.
Yeah, dat's right, O'Reilly, a un-
identified flying object! . . . Well
sure I'm gonna tell ya about it!

"It's like dis: me an' da boys was
in da back room having a little poker
game. It was a crucial moment:
Freddy was jest gettin' ready to call
Hank's bluff when all of a sudden we
hear dis high pitched jingle-type
noise—far off at foist, but den gettin'
closer. We thought mebbe it was
some kids; but Christmas Eve's about
the only time them brats ain't out
tryin' to make trouble for me. Any-
way, den dere's dis sharp crackin'
noise—sort o' like a whip, I guess—
but we figure it must be some kind o'
backfire coming from da thing. So we
moved out da door so's we could get
a look at it. Ya should o' seen it,
O'Reilly! A big oblong shaped thing
flyin' right over us! It was pretty
scary though 'cause it wasn't goin'
straight—it was twistin' an' turnin'
all over da sky. What?? Naw, it
wasn't movin' fast neither. Yeah, dat's
another odd thing about it. It wasn't
all lit up like most people say. If it
wasn't for da noise, I bet nobody'd
never notice it! Dere was only dis
bright, red light at da front, sort o'
guidin' da whole contraption! Oh
yeah, one more thing, O'Reilly, it
looked like it was headin' for Central
Park.

"Hold on a second, will ya? . . .
What? Naw, nothin' big. Some guy
wandered in sayin' he just got mugged
in Central Park. Yeah, he's OK. But
dere's something about him dat really
looks different . . ."



"Santa Who...?"



Working the Night Shift

Ken Rogers '68

Drawing the Christmas Eve shift
three years in a row! What's the
matter with those guys down at the
station. Oh well, I shouldn't worry.
When I'm promoted to detective next
month, I won't ever have to worry
about drawing a beat.

There's old Missy in her corner
again. Guess she never will give up.
All the times she's been run in, you'd
think she'd learn. Oh, I won't say
anything tonight. Let her off the hook
for once.

"Say what's that guy . . . Hey,
you! What are you doing by that
bridge?"

"You stay away from me, cop. I
warn you, I'll jump if you come any
nearer."

"Say, now listen buddy. I'm just
here to help you. Come on down
from there and we'll talk things over."

"There isn't anything to talk about.
You just stand back and mind your
own business."

"Look, you can't do this on Christ-
mas. Christmas is a time to be thank-
ful and joyful; not a time to feel
sorry for yourself."

"Now why shouldn't I? My busi-
ness has just about failed and nobody
wants to use my services. Claim it's
too much trouble and they'd rather
do it themselves."

"You know, I run a toy service
company. We make and deliver all
our toys to most of the world market.
Everything had been going fine until
this year. That's when my employees
decided to go on strike. They claimed
they wanted more credit for what
they did each year. All of them were
tired of me being such a figurehead
while they were nothing."

"And then all my truck drivers quit.
My so-called foreman, they said, was
communist oriented and they didn't
want anything to do with him."

"But did you get all of your ship-
ment out?"

"Yeah, we just barely made it.
This past week has been the worst,
though. That's why I feel the way
I do."

"Well, look, just think of next year.
You can always get better help and
who knows, you might have your best
year yet."

"Um, maybe you're right cop.
Thanks a lot."

"Oh, by the way, take off that silly
red suit. That could be part of your
problem right there."

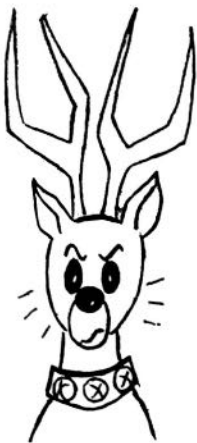
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'Your Nose So Bright..' Amos Follows A Star Path



Sharon Garner '69

There seems to be some misunderstanding—nay, worse—a nonunderstanding about the existence of a certain reindeer named Rudolph. Where the impression that a Rudolph exists originated and receives its support is difficult to discern. Clement Moore's "The Night Before Christmas" fails to mention Rudolph among the nine deer, nor could I find him in the Who's Who or dictionary.

As a member of X.M.A.S., a crusade to eliminate excess saints I immediately embarked upon an all-expense paid flight to the North Pole.

Upon Santa's testification and careful re-examination, Rudolph as Exhibit A was proved to exist (much to my disappointment, for I had so wanted to shatter another American myth).

Not content to rest idly in that vacation paradise, the North Pole, I

seized upon investigation question number two. Why and/or how is Rudolph's nose red? There are many rumors in present circulation, needless to say. I perused them all carefully. First and foremost, the generally accepted theory is that Rudolph is being paid by the G.E. people to advertise their merchandise, explaining the rather bulbous appearance of his nose and also explaining how Santa gets his discount rates from the company in question.

Rudolph steadfastly denied this charge and blinked crossly at me as I tried to screw his nose out of the socket. I was only slightly shocked to find it firmly attached, but that fact shed no light on the mystery.

Having run out of assumptions, I decided to ask Rudolph himself. Speaking of his nose in glowing terms, I finally said, "Hey, Rudolph, what happened to your nose?"

"Ho, ho, ho," he replied, "wouldn't you like to know?"

"Yes," I responded, "That's why I asked."

"Go away," he said sternly. As he began lowering his antlers and rushing, I followed his advice.

Undaunted, I next asked Santa Claus, "Hey, Santa, what happened to Rudolph's nose?"

"Oh, I'm glad you asked me!" he said, bouncing up and down on his jelly bowl belly. "Rudolph is rather touchy on the subject."

"Well, one day," said Santa, "as I was packing a chemistry set for the benefit of some happy boy's father, I dropped a bottle of acid."

Without hesitation Rudolph cleverly inserted his nose in the junk. "Poor dear has never recovered," Santa chuckled. "He's such a Nose-it-all."

"Yuk, yuk," I laughed appreciatively, knowing full well I was on Santa's probationary list.

Not content with this simple explanation, I did a litmus test on Rudolph's nose. It did indeed prove acidic.

Returning from my fun-filled spy mission and musing over Rudolph's poor nose, I suddenly wondered, "Why is Santa's nose like a cherry?"

Grace Stoen '71

"Come on, let Amos tell his story." "Well, one night about three months ago, I was sitting with my flock when all of a sudden a big bright star and a thousand angels appeared. The angles told me to follow the star and at the end of my journey I would find something very valuable. So I did. The star guided me to a stable. You know what I found? A baby!

"There were many shepherds and kings there and they all were fussing over a baby. So I left a little disappointed, 'cause I had hoped to find gold and jewels, but what did I find? A baby."

"Just your luck, Amos."

At Dawn

Bill Brownell '70

The world was engulfed in darkness, and a peaceful silence hung respectfully over it. New fallen snow lay unmarred in its exquisite splendor, giving a new life to an old world, a life of gentle, quiet resplendence. A bright, oval moon glowed iridescently through the biting morn air, and small points of light twinkled knowingly in the vast expanse of heavens; but the quiescent atmosphere of the dawn remained. Perchance this quietude was of habit, perhaps it was invoked by the earth itself, but as if in remembrance of something, the silence prevailed.

The McLean
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AFRICAN VIOLETS A SPECIALTY

Boondock Bells

Kathy Mitchell '70

When I was on Guam four years ago, we sang this instead of "Jingle Bells":

"Boondock Bells"

Here we are on Guam,

Without a hope for snow.

Under a spreading palm,

A typhoon sure can blow.

Santa Claus will know,

What the tropics won't allow.

Instead of riding eight reindeer,

He'll be riding a carabao.

(Chorus)

Boondock bells, coconut shells,

Sticker-burns all the way.

Oh! What fun it is to ride

On a carabao cart today.



pins 'n
pendants

- Bright as a Butterfly
- Delightful as a Kitten

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and
1442 Chain Bridge Rd.
McLean, Va.

Spray Can Christmas

George Martin '69

Combining promotional surge

With its can of spray snow,

The mad shopping urge

Is the Christmas we know.

New ultimate toy with new ultimate cost

But amidst the expense a spirit is lost.

This Name Brand society

Now terminating His stay,

Of what used to be—

A past Renaissance; now fallen prey.

Emotion extinguished in a commercial wave

Where only an X marks the silent grave.

Seething corrupted values of mine

Plastic Nativity from Sear's catalogue

Friendships tagged by a dollars sign

All chasing reality lost in a fog.

Lost in this shuffle a feeling is drown

The post-mortem feeling of Christmas renowned.

BUS — AIRLINES — RAIL

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STUDENT or TEACHER
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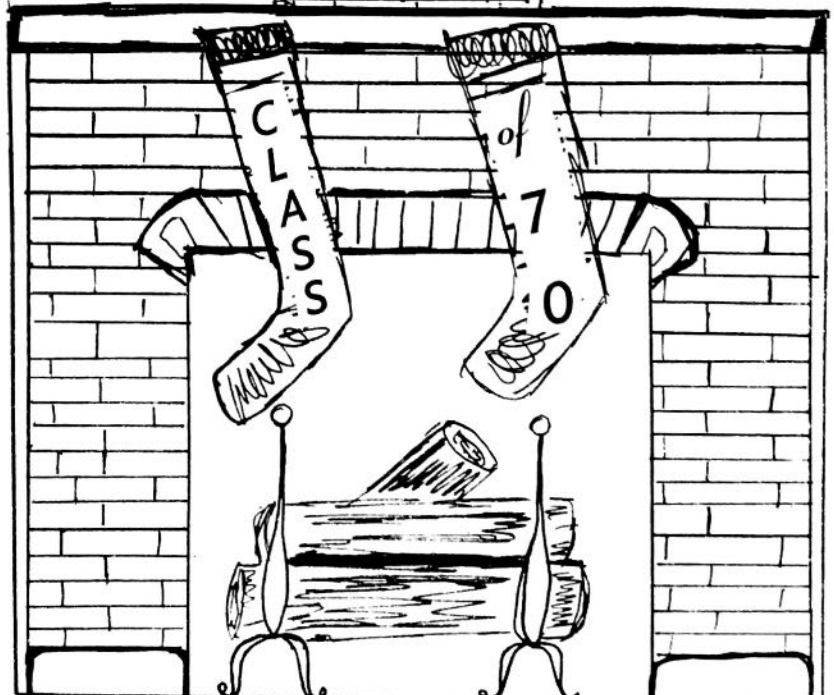
USA TOURS

CHARTERS

Merry Christmas



65-67 Were Great



Three Days Before Xmas A Hanukkah Celebration

John MacGamwell '68

'Twas three days before Christmas
and all through the school,

The students were thinking about the
coming of Yule;

The kids were excited without a doubt
In hopes that soon they'd all be let
out;

But until then they all stayed in their
classes,

While visions of a snow fall they
saw in flashes;

And the teachers were tired, and all
of the staff,

Because all of the kids would just
sit there and laugh;

When there by the windows arose
such a clatter,

They sprang from their desks to see
what was the matter;

Away to the windows they flew
as insane,

Pulled down on the latch and threw
open the pane;

The sun was hidden by the overcast
sky,

And the cold rushed in from the
windows nearby;

When, what to their wondering eyes
should appear,

But an actual snow storm, a blizzard
to fear;

Yellow objects appeared a making
such fusses,

The students had actually seen the
school buses;

More slowly they came as if in a
slumber,

And kids whistled and shouted and
called them by number;



"Now twelve! Now sixteen! Now
five eleven!"

On nineteen! On twenty! On one
forty seven."

To the front of the school! To the
back and the side,

The time had come for the home
bound ride;

They listened intently as the intercom
hissed,

"The buses are here and you are all
dismissed."

Then the bells in the halls sounded
a happy ring,

And the kids rushed from their
classes ready to sing;

There eyes—how they twinkled!
Their dimples how merry!

As they sped to their lockers with
books to carry;

They donned their coats and through
the halls they did go,

For they were all ready to get out
in the snow;

The buses were filled and as they
rolled from the school,

One could hear them a wishing to all
a COOL YULE!

Bill Asp '69

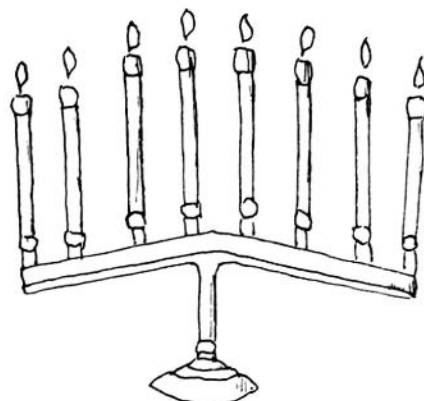
The door flew open and Grand-
father and uncle Abba came in, their
spirits high and adding a pleasant
glow to the general atmosphere. The
severity of the winter, lack of money
and food seemed to be forgotten as
they made the rounds, hugging and
kissing all the relatives huddled in
the cold apartment at 99 Zarabowsk,
and some of the cheer of the Hanuk-
kah season seemed to be revitalized.

Grandfather, after the hubbub and
discussion of the present situation
subsided, suggested that we get on
with the ceremonies as we all had to
be back at our own homes before
curfew. He took the seat at the head
of the long dining table, which could
seat 35 or more people and would
have, had not some dear ones already
departed, and lit the candle symboliz-
ing the first day of Hanukkah. After
the prayers and songs, the presents
were exchanged. They were usually
of old costume jewelry and second-
hand scarfs and jackets, but at least
the spirit of giving was alive and
well, and for some it was the best
they could do. My present slowly
came down the table and I saw that
indeed I was fortunate, for my gift
was from Uncle Yakob and Aunt
Emma. They had been able to save
most of Emma's fur pieces and, for
the conditions now, they were rea-
sonably well off. I opened the small
box and gasped at the wonderfulness
of their gift. Razor blades! Almost

priceless objects in some parts of the
city. But now they were treasured
pieces of steel and they could have a
double purpose. I gazed at the small
thin scars on my wrist.

Grandfather took his wineglass in
his hand and started to rise. His
mouth started to move and . . . blat
blat blat blat blat! The cry of the
machine gun wailed through the cold
night as we hit the floor. Silence.
Then the rough sound of the bullhorn:
"Achtung! All Jews in this section!
All Jews in this section! Report in
kah would be. Life or death?"

20 minutes to 222 Talmagaza for re-
settlement to the frontier. Bring only
bare necessities. Leave all valuables
in your homes. They will be shipped
later. Achtung! All Jews in this
section! All Jews in . . ." The voice
faded as the truck rumbled down the
street, replaced by the precise click of
the S. S. march. I stared at them and
looked again at my razor blades and
my wrist. I wondered what my
present for the next 7 days of Hanuk-
kah would be. Life or death?



Reflections of Aftermath

Linda Stone '68

The faint pine scent and the soft
hiss of the logs on the fire make me
tired and I lie back in the green
chair and wiggle my toes until they
are hot and prickly. Red and green
wrappings are crackling, burning in
the fire place, and around the tree
lie the gifts that an hour before were
unknown and wonderfully mysterious

in their holiday clothes. Perfume, a
new slip, dad's cigars, and three kinds
of bath powder rest on the ten year-
old glittered cotton that protects the
carpet from the brittle green pine
needles that shower from the dry tree
when it is jolted.

Dinner smells float in from the
kitchen and I wander around not
wanting to do anything, yet feeling

restless just sitting. Changing clothes
provides a diversion and I scramble
into a new skirt and sweater and use
some new perfume. The first time you
wear new clothes is always the best.

Aunt and Uncle arrive from
Pennsylvania and shuffle in bearing
another gift to unwrap: striped
pajamas that come from Sears. I
smile gratefully and wonder how
much they cost.

Tennessee Ernie's voice floats into
the dining room and I pause with a
piece of turkey halfway to my mouth
to hear the final chorus of "God Rest
Ye Merry Gentlemen." He certainly
has a resonant voice. Uncle and Dad
are condemning their bosses and why
The Company never advertises the
right things in the Sunday paper. My
aunt yawns and tries to talk over
them.

Tennessee and the chorus go into
"Silent Night" with hushed reverence
and we go into the fruit cake with
simultaneous fork lifting. We look
furtively at the mountain of dishes
piled on the kitchen cabinet, then look
away again, saving the chore for mid-
night when the company would leave.

I excuse myself and go down to the
basement and play the piano badly.
Why do they print "Away In a
Manger" with five flats?

I reflect that Christ was a very
wonderful man and what he said
about turning the other cheek was
beautiful.

Squinting at the Star of Bethlehem,
I wonder if Santa Claus is a Christian.

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23rd Psalm Revised

Lynn Boller '70

In "pastures green"? Not always;
sometimes He

Who knoweth best, in kindness
leadeth me

In weary ways, where heavy shadows
be.

And by "still waters"? No, not
always so;

Sometimes the heavy tempests
round me blow,

And over my soul the waves and
billows go.

But when the storm beats loudest,
and I cry

Aloud for help, the Master
standeth by,

And whispers to my soul,
"Lo, it is I!"

Remember this, while all of you are
Merrymaking, He who came
from afar

Announcing His glory with a star,
He is now laid to His peaceful rest,
Knowing that now, we have the best,
His mission accomplished; the end
of His quest.



Midnight Sounds

Barbara Dutchak '69

Listen.

Yet not looking into the night that mourns her bright spirit—
the royal star, one thousand years and more
a guide through the dark hours,

which comes no more since some forgotten midnight,
when looking into the night's pools,
the brilliant saw not the shining hope of itself,
but made to glow instead a dark lily.

Dark of many rains—and these sorrowing,
o'er an early aging of their
birthmate, future deathmate,
the earth.

And thistles, leaning over the pools,
pricked the soft star beams,
and, startled they withdrew
to probe back into vague, distant
memories of an ancient dawn,
the first creation, when purple streaks
opened to lavender skies,
and thistles reached with softer fingers,
bathing in the high, proud color of the morning.
Now the star is gone. But the lily has grown.

Don't look out, then, but listen.

Into the waiting of the night will come a chorus
which, taught by a creator's host,
has not dared to sing but on this night—
this only night of which are spoken words of hope.

And come together they will sing.

In strength. The roaring of waterfalls,
whispering of blown trees,
the rain's staccato,
the minor note of winds mellowing all.
A mighty sound that grew of a creation,
and wandering blows, searching for
some Eden-land of song,
or genesis of beauty,
or spirit for communion.

Music that joined the heraldry of
the birth of one man
which yet was not less worthy
of such song
than was the first creation.

No need to look . . . But listen!
For even voices die,
if sung unheard.

Night Time In the North



Paul Stephan '69

The cold light from the stars bore
down through the crystal sky. Cover-
ing the sky from every edge of the
pine-lined horizon, they fought for
brief acknowledgement of their pres-
ence. There seemed to be more star
than sky.

But no star. No single flashing
monument to past ages that forced it-
self into my eyes, nothing that I could
call home for the next few seconds of
eternity. There was no star, there
never was any star, no star ever
heralded the birth of any carpenter's
son, it was a useful lie for some
people but nothing else. I still looked
for the star but it wasn't there.

The wind bit across my neck,
freezing the moisture that rose to the
surface of my skin into an icy lining.
Here the air was free, at least for the
time being. No man had yet used it
to dump the garbage of his factories,
I could still smell the trees and the
ground and the month-old crust of
snow that covered everything but the
roads. I breathed harder, facing the
cold wind and the full sky.

No factories meant Canada, Canada
meant I was no longer inside the
United States, the United States
meant Vietnam and I-A and hell no
I won't go. Six months and I missed
the factories, missed the automobile
exhausts and the smoke and walking
a concrete sidewalk. Christmas trees
and people lined with tinsel.

During the day I studied at Mon-
treal University, nights my culture
was obtained from the Canadian
Broadcasting Company. They love

culture up here—brawny and rustic
Canada shows the way to the U.S.
If they had any money the situa-
tion comedies would run amok over
the airways; only poverty preserved
their intellectual dignity and self-
righteousness. The CBC would show
Gomer Pyle every night if someone
would sponsor it and everyone had
enough money to buy the product;
so would Montreal U., if they broad-
casted television.

Bitter land, my adopted mother and
a mirror of your southern neighbor
in black and white. My flight has
ended here for the moment, but if I
cannot live at home it will be even
harder accepting any other place.

I cannot see the lights on the trees
that flash on and off, I can't see a
Santa Claus waiting at every street
corner in Montreal, but the lights are
here and Santa won't be long coming,
ho ho ho and give me some money.
The trees hide my view, but nothing
else keeps them from migrating up
from New York and Miami Beach to
leap right into the hearts of all
Canada, white and rosy Christ Child
and reindeer that light up at night.
Canada is or will be America, just
colder during the winter.

Happiness can be found in a doll
that talks and wets all around the
world. If I run away from the United
States, I must run away from man-
kind. I ran away from the United
States.

Looking from this hill, I can see
black trees jumping away from a blue
sky embroidered with glitter and fire.
Are they eating turkey now, first
grace being given by Father and our
colored neighbors freezing in their
shacks? Tonight I shall have ham-
burger, and our neighbors will still
freeze.

No single star stands away from
the rest, none ever did, not now and
not two thousand years ago. I'm look-
ing anyway.

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Jews Observe Feast of Lights

Susie Schulz '69

The Jewish Feast of Lights or
Hanukkah is celebrated at nearly the
same time as the Christian holiday
of Christmas. The festival commemo-
rates the valor of Judas Maccabaeus
and his armies who scattered the
Syrian persecutors. This Feast of
Dedication also recalls the subsequent
rededication of the Temple in Jerusa-
lem after the Maccabean victory over
the Syrian Greeks. The Temple had
been completely destroyed in 164 B.C.
by the Greeks and was reconstructed
by the Jews following their return
to Jerusalem.

The traditional kindling of lights
for eight days beginning on the 25th
day of the month of Kisle, dates
back to the legend of the miraculous
cruse of holy oil. When the Temple
was rededicated, the cruse burned for
eight days.

Hanukkah is observed in the syna-
gogue by ceremonies of songs of
praise. In the home it is celebrated
by the lighting of candles, by tra-
ditional pastimes, and by the ex-
change of gifts. Hanukkah usually
occurs during December near the time
of the winter solstice.

Running parallel to the New Year's
holiday is Rosh Hashanah, the Jewish
anniversary of creation. This is the
beginning of the religious year and is
the day of spiritual and moral re-
generation of the heart. Rosh Hash-
anah is a time for stock taking and
heart searching for the Jewish people.
It is followed ten days later by the
Day of Atonement or Yom Kippur, a
day of fasting and penitence.



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Marshall to Cage After Holidays

By Mike Cascio

The GCM basketball season will re-open after the Christmas vacation on Jan. 5, when the Statesmen play host to city rival Falls Church in the District opener.

Concluding its non-District, pre-holiday series of four, the varsity basketball team took on the Jefferson Colonials last night, but the results were too late for inclusion in this issue.

Starters Seen

The starting Statesmen for 1967-68 include returnees John MacGhee, 12, co-captain, Tom Efrid, 12, John Brown, 11, and Bob Page, 11. Co-captain Mark Page, 12, sat out most of the opening contest because of a knee injury suffered in football.

Making his debut in the GCM basketball lineup is Freshman Greg Pearson. His hustle and drive, as seen in the b-ball openers, proved to be a valuable surprise. Pearson may become a key man on the team, providing his potential carries through.

Edison Edges

Producing a dramatic second-half surge, the Statesmen were the victims of a 53-51 overtime loss to Edison in the season's b-ball opener.

Down 31-19 at halftime, an impressive showing all-around by GCM was capped by a 20-ft. basket by Bob Page with 15 seconds remaining, leaving a 51-51 tie at the "final" buzzer. With five seconds left in the three-minute overtime period, Edison's Greg Johnson sunk a quick jump shot. A final Marshall attempt from the floor by Greg Pearson was in vain.

Bob Page netted a game-high of 23 points, while Pearson hit for 15, eleven in the fourth quarter. Marshall held Edison to eight points in the fourth quarter, while scoring 19 to bring the game to a tie.

GCM Whips Stuart

After falling to T. C. Williams, 79-48, the night before, Marshall came back last Saturday night to defeat J.E.B. Stuart, 67-47.

Stuart faced Marshall minus 6'6" star Jim O'Brien and could not keep pace without him. The Statesmen took command in the second period and led at halftime, 32-27, and kept the lead till the final buzzer.

Bob Page hit for 22 points as the Statesmen handed the Raiders their first loss. Greg Pearson and Mark Page combined for 25 points.

Other Results

In preliminary action, the junior varsity topped Williams, 51-46, and also raced past Oakton, 50-37, on Saturday.

Preceding the varsity romp over Stuart, the Senior basketball stars downed the "Faculty Fivers," 58-53.

GCM B-Ball

GCM	Opponent
51 Edison	53
48 Williams	79
67 Stuart	47

Jefferson
Jan. 5—Falls Church*—H
Jan. 6—Stuart—A
Jan. 12—McLean*—A
Jan. 13—Fairfax—H
* District Games

Going into last night's game, individual scoring totals for GCM are as follows:

	Individual Scoring		
	G	F	T
MacGhee	5	8	18
B. Page	21	12	54
Efrid	5	1	11
Pearson	16	4	36
Brown	6	2	14
M. Page	4	4	12

Marshall Rolls in Openers

Matmen Tune for Victories

Seeks Spectators

"The prime asset in wrestling is courage," says Coach James Hoy. His wrestling boys got off to a "pinning start" by taking the season opener, 49-3, against the Langley Saxons.

With quite a few practices scheduled for the holidays, the wrestlers hope to keep on a winning track starting Jan. 5 against Lee, and against perennially tough Falls Church Jan. 12.

Wins First

Although the opening match was dotted with forfeits in Marshall's favor, all five weight classes in the 120- to 145-lb. bracket won handily over Langley. Consecutive pins by Dave Davis, 12, Raj Richardson, 12, and Dennis Mitchell, 11, and decisions by Mark Zabel, 12, and Jeff Johns, 12, capped the victory opener.

The varsity matmen then dropped the Mt. Vernon match, 26-13, as Mark Zabel, Rich Ragan, and Raj Richardson were GCM's only winners. Jeff Johns struggled to a tie with his opponent. Ragan's victory, in the 165-lb. class, was the only pin all night.

JV Wins Two

The JV made it two in a row by knocking Langley and Mr. Vernon. Led by Captain Stu Rundle, the well-balanced JV is keeping the varsity members on their toes. JV Wrestling Coach Everett Cloud is looking for a victorious season to match pace with the varsity winners.

The junior-varsity wrestlers face the Oakton varsity tonight at 7:30 at Oakton in their only match not preliminary to a varsity match.



Larry Deskins follows through with perfect form in the opening JV contest with Edison.

JV Following Varsity Slate; Frosh Prepare

Following the same schedule as the varsity, Marshall's JV basketball team also faced the Jefferson Colonials here last night. Chalking up a previous 2-1 record, Coach Jim Miller's all-underclassmen junior varsity has been gaining experience with four freshmen and the rest sophomores. The only variances from the varsity schedule are the two Oakton contests, in which the JV faces the senior-less Oakton varsity.

The junior varsity is led by 5'11" Freshman Dinky Jones and Frosh Tony Pearson, brother of varsity star Greg. Other standouts include Larry Deskins, 10, and 6'2" Dennis Shell, 10.

Dumped in Opener

The junior varsity dropped their first game to the Edison JV by a score of 65-45. Dinky Jones hit for 11 points, and took down 11 rebounds for GCM.

Frosh Start Jan. 5

After the holidays, the Freshman b-ball team opens its season against Herndon Jan. 5 and Falls Church Jan. 9. Coach Don Miller and his boys have been practicing since November, at roughly the same pace as the varsity and JV.

Four freshmen have already gone on to varsity and JV competition. Greg Pearson is a varsity starter and his brother Tony is a JV star, while Frosh football star Dinky Jones and his brother Bill made the junior varsity squad.



TOP—Statesman John Brown speeds past an Edison defender and passes to Tom Efrid (in background). BOTTOM—Varsity Coach Smith, with towel in hand, follows GCM on the court while team members watch from bench.

Booster Club Seeks Thrust, Spirit To Raise Money, Assist Athletes

By Jack Flynn

In the field of aerodynamics, in order for a "booster" to leave the ground, it must have thrust. Lots of thrust. The Marshall Booster Club is waiting for a "thrust" of members to get it on its feet.

The newly-initiated club, presently claiming some 80 members, sets two goals. "We are simply trying to raise money for the school and for the athletic program," notes Mr. Henry Carter, president.

Father of Kathy Carter, 9, and Gary Carter, 11, Mr. Carter is quick to add, "This organization is for the entire school, not just the parents of athletes."

To Raffle Mustang

The Booster Club's first money raising project is selling raffle tickets for a 1968 Ford Mustang. Mr. Carter aims to sell 4000 books for the Feb. 1 raffle. Optimistically he points out, "If we can get enough response we would like to raffle it sooner."

In spite of the club's efforts, however, rate of membership lags behind. "The failure or misunderstanding of the students to realize the importance of the club and to stress to their parents its import-

ance has caused our slow start," explains Mr. Carter. "I do feel, however, there is still plenty of time to get a larger membership."

Helps Athletic Dept.

Some of the recent Booster efforts include the purchase of duffel bags for the teams, dinner for the varsity football team before each game, and the Falls Sports Banquet, co-sponsored with the Athletic Department.

"The club is out to benefit the entire sports program, girls and boys, and not just the major sports," stresses Mr. Carter.

Needs Money, Members

Yearly membership to the organization is available for five dollars per family. Information can be obtained through the Athletic Department.

Depending solely on money raised, the club is planning more activities. Tentative plans include bake sales, a "sock-hop type dance," and the continuation of fund drives.

"We've been collecting at stores since the club was started," Mr. Carter adds. "Private business establishments have donated contributions. Once we get a financial base, we will definitely benefit the school by helping the Athletic Department."



Jeff Johns takes down his opponent in last week's Hammond match.