



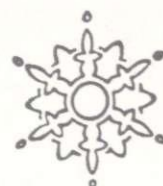
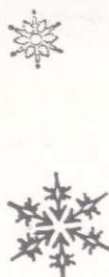
REBEL ROUSER

TF South H.S.

Vol. 11 No. 7



December 20, 1968



DAR Honors Christie

On December 6, 1968, three Senior girls were chosen by their class of candidates for the Daughters of the American Revolution Award. These girls were Christie Beres, Judy Gasquoine, and Linda Illo. Last week the faculty at South voted Christie the recipient of this award. All of the girls have been active during their years at South.

This year Christie is vice-president of National Honor Society, Guidance Office worker, and student assistant at Nathan Hale

School. During her junior year she was a cheerleader, editor of the Guidebook, worked in the Dean's Office, a member of Junior National Honor Society, prom committee chairman, and a member of FTA. She was also in the follies last year. Christie was a sophomore cheerleader, as well as assistant editor of the Guidebook, and Dean's Office worker. In her Freshman year she was a member of Pep Club. This year Christie was a Homecoming Queen Candidate. After graduation, Chris will attend Illinois State University. She would like to major in Math or Elementary Education.

Judy Gasquoine was in Freshman Girls Chorus, Freshman Girls Club Board, Student Council Representative, Pep Club, Terrapin Club, Dramatics Club, and Russian Club. She was a Sophomore Rah-Rah, Student Council Representative, Deans Office worker, and Russian Club member. Also, during her Junior year, she was a Deans Office worker, in the Follies, a Student Council Representative, and we also saw her bouncing around at basketball games. This year, Judy is the President of Student Council, a cheerleader, a Deans Office worker, and was on Homecoming Court. This coming fall, she will enter

Pre-Veterinary Medicine at Eastern Illinois University. Later she would like to take Veterinary Medicine at the University of Illinois or Purdue Lafayette.



Linda Illo

This year, Linda Illo is a member of National Honor Society, president of Girls Club, student assistant for Mr. Drobnak, and she is in the Gifted Student Program. She is also a member of GAA this year as well as in her other three years at South. Last year Linda was a member of FBLA, on Girls Club Board, in

the Follies, and a student assistant. She served as Prom general chairman last year. During her freshman and sophomore years she was a member of Russian Club. Her future plans are to go to the National College of Education in Evanston, Illinois, where she would like to major in elementary education. Linda would like to teach kindergarten or handicapped children.

The Daughters of the American Revolution will honor one girl from each of the fifty states, selected from the Senior Classes of Public, Private, Parochial Senior High Schools, as excelling in the following qualities which determine good citizenship:

DEPENDABILITY - Truthfulness - Honesty - Punctuality

SERVICE - Cooperation - Helpfulness - Responsibility

LEADERSHIP - Personality - Self-control - Initiative

PATRIOTISM - Unselfish Loyalty to American Ideals

The aim of this project is to pay tribute to youthful character and to call attention to those qualities which are desirable in good citizens.

The faculty selected Chris as the girl who will represent South. Her name and address will be sent to the chapter sponsoring the



Christie Beres

school. The winning girl in each state will receive a Government Bond of \$100 maturity value or a \$75 scholarship at the college of her choice. The National Society gives a \$1,000 scholarship to the National Good Citizen winner. A \$25 Savings Bond is given to the winner of each of the seven Illinois DAR Divisions. The Good Citizen selected by each high school will receive a pin and certificate of award.



Blow Your Mind

As you read this you are probably just getting back from that psychedelic utopia of the mind known only to pot smokers and LSD takers. However, being proper students of TFS, the cause of your trip was not LSD but the sweet staccato, rumbling, Christmas carols recently thrown at your brain 2nd period. Slightly reminiscent of Ulysses' sirens these specially trained agents succeeded entirely in their mission of sabotage. This being to transport students' minds away from their studies to an ecstasy their week wills could hardly tear away from. Playing on the emotions, their shrill

chantings brought many students to tears and a feeling of love, brought almost to a dangerous point as it filled the school. But, as the mole returns to his hole, so these couriers of pleasure soon departed and left the school physically the same. Mentally, the students' memory-filled minds will be useless the rest of the day. Heh, heh, heh...OK?

(Ed's Note: This creativity by one of our hard-working reporters describes, in case you missed it, the carolling in the halls today. Presented during 2, 8 and 9, the singing was from the golden throats of TFS's choral groups.)



Judy Gasquoine



Victorious debaters, Ron Schultz, Chris Wiedman, Ron Doeve, Teri Pasquerella, Marilou Van Laningham, Janet Dillon, and Debbie Sowinski, display their Rockford Tourney first place trophy.

John Van Drie and Debbie Sowinski competed in extemporaneous speaking. John distinguished himself by finishing fifth among all participants in this event. Representing TF South in original oration were Marilou Van Laningham and Marilyn Rea, who were the fifth and second orators in the tournament respectively. Teri Pasquarella and Marilyn Rea competed in oral interpretation. Teri was awarded the fifth place overall award, and Marilyn, the only contestant at the tournament to compete in two events, finished first in the oral interpretation event.

In gaining any sweepstakes award, it has to be a team effort. TF South's speech and debate teams were truly united in producing the highest team score among the forty schools competing for such coveted recognition.

Postscript Staff Busy

Work is well under way on the 1969 yearbook and far ahead of previous years' schedules. With the large portion of pictures already taken, the page layout work has begun. The yearbook is planned in what is called a "dummy book". It is the rough draft of the actual yearbook, and all arrangements appear here as they will in the final product.

Many new ideas are going to be used this year to make the book distinctive. The yearbook will be partially financed by a money making project sponsored by the journalism classes. They will sell multi-colored decals of the school mascot for 25¢.

The staff members for the yearbook have been appointed. They are: Kathy Neuman, advertising manager; Paul Warn, sports editor; Becky Bonnar, underclass editor; Liz Kersten, senior editor; and Frank Mazzocco, student pho-



Postscript editors Barb Sroka and Kathy Miller are working diligently on the 1969 yearbook. They say the yearbook will have a new look.

Powerful Speakers Sweep Stakes

On Saturday December 7, 1968, the Thornton Fractional South speech and debate teams participated in the first annual Rockford College Invitational Speech and Debate Festival. TF South again distinguished itself as one of the leading speech and debate powers in the state by winning the sweepstakes trophy as the overall winner of the speech and debate competition at the tournament. They competed against forty schools throughout Illinois includ-

Arlington, Joliet West, Belvidere, University of Chicago, University High School of Normal, Highland Park, Evanston, and Elgin. The regular local powers such as Rich East, Thornridge, Thornton, and D. D. Eisenhower were also in attendance.

Representing TF South in debate were Janet Dillon and Ron Schultz as affirmatives, and finished the day with a 2-2 record. Ron Doeve and Chris Wiedman debated on the negative side of the question and

Peace Thru Sleep

For all those students who are growing tired of the war on campus, for all the soldiers who are fighting for the world or for peace, and for all the parents of all the people who are tired of anything, there is now a solution.

Let Christmas be celebrated this year in the form of a truce. A simple agreement between everyone to abide by a few rules—for twenty hours keep quiet, open mouths only to eat or smile, soldiers lay down your guns, students lay down your rocks, police lay down your clubs. As a matter of fact, everyone lay down.

What a peaceful moment it would be if everyone in the world simply took it easy for a day and fell asleep all at the same time. A miracle could happen the next day with everyone well rested and at ease. And who knows? Maybe Santa Claus would come during the night... REALLY!!!

Christmas Brings Hope

Do you feel much like celebrating Christmas this year? Is there much of the Yule spirit after looking at the past months' headlines?

Martin Luther King is assassinated. There's always the Viet Nam War. Bobby Kennedy is shot. The poverty stricken areas are no longer hidden. Strikes and sit-ins are seen everywhere. A glance around the world finds definite patterns of violence and revolution.

Is this the time of "peace on earth" and "good will toward men?" Yet hope may be found in looking at the time when Christmas began. We see the world wasn't all sweetness and light the year Christ was born either.

Caesar's and also Herod's palaces abounded with assassinations and murders. There also was the unforgettable New Testament story of the slaughter of the infants in Bethlehem.

Violence and rebellion were accepted as the normal way of life. There were uprisings of slaves and minority groups in Jerusalem. Poverty and diseases were worse than can now be imagined.

God initiated Christmas at that time not in spite of problems and troubles but because of them. It's then seen that Christmas this year should be celebrated with more joyful prayer and hope than ever. We NEED Christmas.

Rebel Rouser

Co-Editors

Debbie Ruth
Pat Walsh

Photographer

Frank Mazzocco

Sports Editor

Paul Warn

Advisor

Mr. Joseph H. Hyde

Reporters—

JoAnn Ditter, Jeannie Eddins, Ellen Fogle, Thomas Gleim, Pamela Hastings, Sherry Jastrab, Liz Kersten, Edith Lange, Carol Mizanin, Al Seymour, Harry Smith, Tony Stoklosa, Robin Tiltges.

The Rebel Rouser is published bi-monthly, except during school vacations and holidays, by the journalism students and staff members of the newspaper at Thornton Fractional South High School, 18500 Burnham Avenue, Lansing, Illinois. Student subscription rate for the paper is \$2 per school



The D.E. classes brought a touch of Christmas time to their room with this display of a young boy anticipating Santa Claus.

Red Christmas

By Jim Oldenburg

(A Kremlin Carol)

We know how Christmas goes in the United States but picture if you will a Moscow sentry post on the wintry night of December the 25th. (Translated naturally)

"Comrade, look out to the west. I see an unidentified flying object approaching."

"Impossible! Our missiles would have brought it down. Unless of course, it is secret government plane."

"No, look closer," the original sighter pleaded, shielding his eyes from the snow, "it is a crazy capitalist dressed in a red suit. He's got something in the back of his vehicle. It must be a bomb!"

"Of course, what else would a capitalist bring?"

Running back into their guard station, the two men threw themselves to the floor, expecting the blast to come at any moment.

Instead of a blast, the faint jingling of bells came to their ears. Cautiously, they rose to investigate. Through the dark and the snow was a strange wonderful sight.

"Impossible!" said the first guard as they neared the scene, "There is a fat clown on a sled with funny-looking horses hitched in front. This cannot be!"

"Da, it is. I see it too," the second guard testified "Those are reindeer. I remember them from Siberia." He shook with cold at the very thought.

Creeping closer, the puzzled sentries saw that the supposed bomb was actually a large sack. The driver was a very plump, old man (as they judged from his long, white whiskers), who had been laughing since the moment they came upon him. His "Ho-Ho-Ho's" were driving them crazy.

Gathering up extra courage, the first guard addressed the peculiar man in red, "Who are you? Do you have your passport and papers?"

"Papers?" the old man laughed, his belly shaking like a bowlful of jelly, "Why I have everything, gentlemen. Anything which delights the heart and warms the spirit!"

"You are an agent on important mission for the Premier?" the second guard questioned.

"Why, yes, you might say I'm on an important mission," he answered, brushing snow from his red cap, "And I guess I'm an agent for your Premier also. I am an agent for all people. But instead of secret information, I deal in good cheer."

"What is in the sack?" motioned the two confused men with their guns.

"In my sack" chuckled the old man. "Many things. What do you desire?"

"Right now," grinned the first guard, "all I desire is some hard vodka to thaw out my skin."

"Ah!" exclaimed the man in

he triumphantly withdrew the bottle.

Delighted, the guard motioned his partner to get some glasses. "Strictly illegal merchandise, of course," he smiled to his white-bearded benefactor, "but we will make careful examinations!"

As soon as the other guard returned, they began their inspection. An hour later, the jolly, red-clothed man implored them.

"Gentlemen, I really, must be going on my rounds. But I must admit I'm at a loss as to the address of your premier. Could you possibly direct me?" Vodka spurted from their lips.

"Vot! Are you mad? The Premier will see only authorized officials and dignitaries. And at this time of night not even they!"

"You might say I am an ambassador from the North Pole."

"Northern Poland? Well in that case, we might be able to get you in."

The journey through the Kremlin astounded many on-lookers. The fat one had to be a Soviet general, they thought. Only a general would dress so flamboyantly.

"What is the meaning of this?" screamed the premier as the trio came merrily into his office, "Who is this man in red? You guards will be shot for this brash intrusion."

The two drunken sentries staggered back in fear, but the chubby stranger stepped bravely toward the premier's desk.

"What you need," he said, "is a little courtesy and consideration. That will be your Christmas gift. Pity more people do not have it. Then Christmas would be every day." The old man waved his hands in front of the premier's face and waited.

There was a short silence and then the premier spoke to the three, "Gentlemen, please be gracious enough to accept a seat." He got up and pulled out some chairs, but the guards were to dumb-founded to move.

"Would you gentlemen care for a drink?" the premier offered.

"Never touch the stuff," the guards replied, "Against (Hiccup!) regulations."

"Well!" the man in red proclaimed, "It looks like my work here is done. Walking sprightly to the window, he looked outside to where his sled was waiting. "Wait!" called out the premier, "I didn't even catch your name."

"In many nations and many languages," the jolly man said as he stepped through the window, "I am known as the spirit of Christmas."

The three men stared in awe and respect as the enchanted sled pulled by the flying reindeer disappeared into the night.



Is This Christmas?

The sun is just beginning to rise. Soft snow is swirling 'round the streets and alleys of suburbia. Almost 6 o'clock and all is quiet.

An angelic expression resting easily on his young face, Junior appears to be eternally asleep. Mom and Dad are dead away after being up all night wrapping packages and "celebrating."

Christmas morning. A magic moment that should last forever. But the hands of Junior's clock-radio inexorably reach up to grasp the exact hour of six.

"We wish you a merry Christmas!" blares forth with the ferocity of a Chicago cop. Leaping from his bed, Junior races down to his parent's room screaming "It's Christmas, it's Christmas!"

Father slowly, painfully opens his eyes. Seeing the time he turns over and curses imaginatively into his pillow. Mother raises herself on one elbow and shakes her husband saying, "Come on, dear. It's Christmas, Junior wants to open his presents. Come on now."

After checking the magnificent

array of curlers on her head she stumbles down the stairs with Daddy. Dad flips on the lights and there, in the middle of the room, in all its glory, is an 8 foot, \$42.50, orange, fiberglass "tree."

Artfully decorated by Mr. Bob. And the only thing Curlier Cora has to say is, "Be careful, Junior; don't touch the tree, dear."

Junior sits impatiently as Mom and Dad exchange the usual robe and box of socks. Junior presents a box of handkerchiefs and a couple of pot holders and the preliminaries are officially concluded. With amazing savagery, Junior goes to work on the remaining 96 packages.

One hour later Dad is asleep on the couch. Mom is in the kitchen pouring lukewarm coffee mumbling, "Watch the tree, dear; watch the tree." And Junior? He's wallowing in a sea of wrapping paper, broken toys and ornaments contentedly munching a chocolate Santa Claus as strains of Silent Night drift down the stairs.

Christmas nightmare #2 an allgorian massacre

by Tom Ross

we have progressed so far—from a manger and straw to a neon-lite stainless steel tree, that revolves on its axis and promises to be "the idol of christmas" at a maxime fee...

our tree dressed in artificial light sparkles and staggers the imagination. its sterile ornaments, dreams of men like glass explode one by one as it forms a void.

with the swiftness of a blindmans blink, the tree grows hairy arms and feet and it screams to the wind... "come on, lads...come on the world is ours now don't waste time onward."

frost from his voice stings the sad bourghs of snow thousands of humanoid christmas trees, their eyebulbs a'glow parade to the cities and march to lone homes. they smile at the people. they freeze them with groans. eating everyone's presents, they spit out the ribbons to tie up their victims and squeeze them with metal contractions-agonizing spasms. "Don't waste time!"

we are buried in the red and melting slush the trees grab our ankles and drag us to touch the others, dead, as we are thrown on a cone shaped pile—we rise—looking through half-closed sunken eyes there is light...dark...utter realization. they wrap us with strings of lights. an unholy electricity shoots into my mangled body. the fifth point of a star is plunged into my head. my eyes, once windows, now lightbulbs instead.

i am the top of this human christmas tree the dead upon dead are all i can see—where fattened stomachs lie next to blood-stained mouths the dead upon dead-soused and silent.

we cannot live with... they are. they are. we cannot succeed with... they see. they see. we will not survive with... they be. they be. the products of our imagination.

metal trees have left now—all humans-dust-once slain yet on one small corner of this wasteland a forgotten manger remains. its contents are

frozen.

Season's Greetings



May the Holy Babe inspire us
toward a joyful and peaceful world



This year's first winter pep assembly on December 6 introduced the students to the winter sports and their participants. The Rebel Roundballers pose for their

portrait, while Coach Kiester assures the student body of a fighting team. Is Mr. Flowers smug about a Rebel victory?

SENIOR DIARY

Dec. 2 - The Pumpkin-bat has been confiscated and "Sac" Murray vows revenge.

Dec. 3 - Jerry Stefaniak announces his involvements in the syndicate and gets his hall locker bombed.

Dec. 4 - Class officers pick and announce the class committee chairmen. (Kill the officers!)

Dec. 5 - Paul Barclay reported his white pants stolen and was unable to attend school.

Dec. 6 - Class of '69 institutes something new at TFS - an Apathy Assembly.

Dec. 9 - Congratulations to our DAR nominees: Judy, Christie, and Linda.

Dec. 10 - Mimi Reid and Kris Anderson, after returning from choral trip, are provided with 10 easy lessons on "How To Protect Yourself And Your Valuables While Visiting The Museum of Science and Industry."

Dec. 11 - Aptitude at borrowing answers from your neighbor is measured as seniors take the Air Force Test.

Dec. 12 - Much weeping and gnashing of the teeth is carried on as SAT scores are picked up at Miss Heckleman's office.

Dec. 13 - Two senior guys are seen sitting on Santa's lap at Field's, asking for a date for tomorrow night's Girls Club Dance.

Cast Begins

Ask "what's up" to forty kids at South, and what answer do you get? Why, ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD, naturally.

Even though the tour is two months away, recollections of past experiences coupled with plans for the future already fill the auditorium. This year the troupe will definitely visit six high schools, besides traveling to St. Joe's College, with possibilities of giving additional assemblies elsewhere.

The 1968-69 cast members are Brent Brinkman, Roy Bloom, Terry Brown, Bill Conley, Doug Cutler, Mark Gapinski, Bill Hastings, Frank Mazzocco, Dave Palenik, Marty Lane, Bob Paswinski, Kerry Dunivan, Larry Fields, Mike Wagner, Tom Ramsey, Don Rieess, Ron Relich, Tom Ross, Jack Wiers, and Jon Windhauser.

The girls going are Carol Bendell, Marcia Anderson, Jeanne Eddins, Sue Gramse, Sherry Jastrab, Kathy Johnson, Marilyn Stone, Lynda Willer, Debbie Watson, Sherri Whitehead, Kim Milazzo, Barb Smirniotis, Becky Bonnar, Pat Wozny, Marsha Wojciehowski, and Linda Plaskowy.

Concert Coming Up

It's "Red and Gray" and "January Jamboree" time in 503, as the Varsity Band slips into the duo role of pep band and concert band with the winter season.

In an effort to supply music for all home basketball games, Mr. Wonnell has divided the Varsity Band into two sections of 42 players each, called the Red and the Gray Pep Bands. These two bands will divide up the games and do their best to fire up the team and student body.

On the more serious side, the instrumental music department is pointing toward its winter band concert, to be given on Thursday, January 16th, at 8 p.m. in the auditorium.

Organizations participating include the Varsity, Junior Varsity, and Stage bands. Making a guest appearance at the concert will be the Meistersingers and Double Sextette to sing the title song, "January Jamboree."

This selection was penned by Mr. Wonnell and will be performed for the first time at the concert.

The 65 piece Junior Varsity Band will lead off the concert. Two of their selections are "The Niagara Overture" and "Brazilian Sleigh Bell."

The 87 piece Varsity Band is working on compositions that range from contemporary show music like "Selections from Mame" to the quiet beauty of a chorale by J. S. Bach. The band is proud of its flute section and will feature all fifteen of them in a number appropriately entitled "Flutes, Flutes, Flutes."

The Stage Band, after its efforts with GUYS AND DOLLS, has turned its attention to the world of Big Band music and will recall the days of Glenn Miller with Jerry Gray's composition, "A String of Pearls." They will then jump back into the late sixties with such now tunes as "Another One of Them" and "It Came to Brass."

All in All it will be a fine night of entertainment. That's "January Jamboree" on January 16, 8 p.m. Don't miss it!

SC Spreads Joy

Well, here we are, one last day of school before Christmas vacation. Decorations are up everywhere, the weather is turning toward winter, warm fireplaces are burning in living rooms, and all the last minute gifts are being bought. But some people just aren't that lucky. Many children have never known a Christmas as you and I are used to. In a time of trouble in the world, many young men are away from home serving their country...our country. "Christmas is Love" and "Giving is better than receiving" should be the thoughts in our hearts. This is what Student Council tried to generate this Christmas.

During Citizenship Week, November 18 - 22, Student Council sponsored "Tag Day". With the

money received from the TF South student body, Student Council visited an orphanage in Hammond, Indiana. They distributed small gifts and a lot of happiness to the children there.

For the third year Student Council has sponsored a drive to send Christmas cards to our boys in Viet Nam. Cards were sold all week by Student Council members outside the cafeteria during the lunch hours. It only took a nickel to show a soldier away from home you cared. Kool-Aid and gum were also packaged and sent to Viet Nam. These things may seem little to you, but they mean a lot to the servicemen over there.

The chairmen of the Student Council Christmas project were Joyce Scheidt and Kathy Aloia. Publicity chairman was Janet Neumann.



The Student Council collection box is busy here. Pat Banet, Pat Pierkarski, Harry Baran, Mike Wachowski, and Kathy O'Dell, help spread a little joy with their gifts of cards and candy.

Senior News

The next few months will be busy ones for the class of '69. Committee chairmen have been chosen for the following committees: Senior Assembly - Carol Brauer and Jerry Fritz; Class Wills and Prophecies - Pat Sartini and Ron DeValck; Class Colors and Flower - Marilyn Stone; Senior Week and Banquet - Linda Jensen and Liz Kersten; Class Gift - Debbie Ruth and Frank Mazzocco and Class Motto - Alberta Tilendis. These chairmen will need help from everybody in our class.

Congratulations go out to three senior girls nominated for DAR, Chris Beres, Judy Gasquoine and Linda Illo.

R T Predicts

When asked about this year's prediction for the Mathematical Association of America Test, Mr. Thompson said, "Well, we didn't come anywhere near the prediction last year, so maybe we ought to be more realistic this year. Out of the schools in Illinois that took it there were a lot of good scores. We were not in the top 10%."

"Well, if we did 90th last year... we have a lot of good guessers, and Math III has quite a few guessers. Let's be realistic and say about 20th."

"I don't know if I want to say 20th. Let's try 30. 30 is a good number for this year." March 11 will be the date of the test.



Sleep

For all those students who are growing tired of the war on campus, for all the soldiers who are fighting for the world or for peace, and for all the parents of all the people who are tired of anything, there is now a solution.

Let Christmas be celebrated this year in the form of a truce. A simple agreement between everyone to abide by a few rules-for twenty hours keep quiet, open mouths only to eat or smile, soldiers lay down your guns, students lay down your rocks, police lay down your clubs. As a matter of fact, everyone lay down.

What a peaceful moment it would be if everyone in the world simply took it easy for a day and fell asleep all at the same time. A miracle could happen the next day with everyone well rested and at ease. And who knows? Maybe Santa Claus would come during the night. . . REALLY!!!

Christmas Brings Hope

Do you feel much like celebrating Christmas this year? Is there much of the Yule spirit after looking at the past months' headlines?

Martin Luther King is assassinated. There's always the Viet Nam War. Bobby Kennedy is shot. The poverty stricken areas are no longer hidden. Strikes and sit-ins are seen everywhere. A glance around the world finds definite patterns of violence and revolution.

Is this the time of "peace on earth" and "good will toward men"? Yet hope may be found in looking at the time when Christmas began. We see the world wasn't all sweetness and light the year Christ was born either.

Caesar's and also Herod's palaces abounded with assassinations and murders. There also was the unforgettable New Testament story of the slaughter of the infants in Bethlehem.

Violence and rebellion were accepted as the normal way of life. There were uprisings of slaves and minority groups in Jerusalem. Poverty and diseases were worse than can now be imagined.

God initiated Christmas at that time not in spite of problems and troubles but because of them. It's then seen that Christmas this year should be celebrated with more joyful prayer and hope than ever. We NEED Christmas.

Rebel Rouser

Co-Editors

Debbie Ruth

Pat Walsh

Photographer

Frank Mazzocco

Sports Editor

Paul Warn

Advisor

Mr. Joseph H. Hyde

Reporters—

JoAnn Ditter, Jeannie Eddins, Ellen Fogle, Thomas Gleim, Pamela Hastings, Sherry Jastrzab, Liz Kersten, Edith Lange, Carol Mizanin, Al Seymour, Harry Smith, Tony Stoklosa, Robin Tiltges.

The Rebel Rouser is published bi-monthly, except during school vacations and holidays, by the journalism students and staff members of the newspaper at Thornton Fractional South High School, 18500 Burnham Avenue, Lansing, Illinois. Student subscription rate for the paper is \$2 per school year.



The D.E. classes brought a touch of Christmas time to their room with this display of a young boy anticipating Santa Claus.

Red Christmas

By Jim Oldenburg

(A Kremlin Carol)

We know how Christmas goes in the United States but picture if you will a Moscow sentry post on the wintry night of December the 25th. (Translated naturally)

"Comrade, look out to the west. I see an unidentified flying object approaching."

"Impossible! Our missiles would have brought it down. Unless of course, it is secret government plane."

"No, look closer," the original sighter pleaded, shielding his eyes from the snow, "It is a crazy capitalist dressed in a red suit. He's got something in the back of his vehicle. It must be a bomb!"

"Of course, what else would a capitalist bring?"

Running back into their guard station, the two men threw themselves to the floor, expecting the blast to come at any moment.

Instead of a blast, the faint jingling of bells came to their ears. Cautiously, they rose to investigate. Through the dark and the snow was a strange wonderful sight.

"Impossible!" said the first guard as they neared the scene, "There is a fat clown on a sled with funny-looking horses hitched in front. This cannot be!"

"Da, it is. I see it too," the second guard testified "Those are reindeer. I remember them from Siberia." He shook with cold at the very thought.

Creeping closer, the puzzled sentries saw that the supposed bomb was actually a large sack. The driver was a very plump, old man (as they judged from his long, white whiskers), who had been laughing since the moment they came upon him. His "Ho-Ho-Ho's" were driving them crazy.

Gathering up extra courage, the first guard addressed the peculiar man in red, "Who are you? Do you have your passport and papers?"

"Papers?" the old man laughed, his belly shaking like a bowlful of jelly, "Why I have everything, gentlemen. Anything which delights the heart and warms the spirit!"

"You are an agent on important mission for the Premier?" the second guard questioned.

"Why, yes, you might say I'm on an important mission," he answered, brushing snow from his red cap, "And I guess I'm an agent for your Premier also. I am an agent for all people. But instead of secret information, I deal in good cheer."

"What is in the sack?" motioned the two confused men with their guns.

"In my sack" chuckled the old man. "Many things. What do you desire?"

"Right now," grinned the first guard, "all I desire is some hard vodka to thaw out my skin."

"Ah!" exclaimed the man in red, "Let me look into my bag." After a few seconds of fumbling,

he triumphantly withdrew the bottle.

Delighted, the guard motioned his partner to get some glasses. "Strictly illegal merchandise, of course," he smiled to his white-bearded benefactor, "but we will make careful examinations!"

As soon as the other guard returned, they began their inspection. An hour later, the jolly, red-clothed man implored them.

"Gentlemen, I really, must be going on my rounds. But I must admit I'm at a loss as to the address of your premier. Could you possibly direct me?" Vodka spurted from their lips.

"Vot! Are you mad? The Premier will see only authorized officials and dignitaries. And at this time of night not even they!"

"You might say I am an ambassador from the North Pole."

"Northern Poland? Well in that case, we might be able to get you in."

The journey through the Kremlin astounded many on-lookers. The fat one had to be a Soviet general, they thought. Only a general would dress so flamboyantly.

"What is the meaning of this?" screamed the premier as the trio came merrily into his office, "Who is this man in red? You guards will be shot for this brash intrusion."

The two drunken sentries staggered back in fear, but the chubby stranger stepped bravely toward the premier's desk.

"What you need," he said, "is a little courtesy and consideration. That will be your Christmas gift. Pity more people do not have it. Then Christmas would be every day." The old man waved his hands in front of the premier's face and waited.

There was a short silence and then the premier spoke to the three, "Gentlemen, please be gracious enough to accept a seat." He got up and pulled out some chairs, but the guards were to dumb-founded to move.

"Would you gentlemen care for a drink?" the premier offered.

"Never touch the stuff," the guards replied, "Against (hiccup!) regulations."

"Well!" the man in red proclaimed, "It looks like my work here is done. Walking sprightly to the window, he looked outside to where his sled was waiting.

"Wait!" called out the premier, "I didn't even catch your name."

"In many nations and many languages," the jolly man said as he stepped through the window, "I am known as the spirit of Christmas."

The three men stared in awe and respect as the enchanted sled pulled by the flying reindeer disappeared into the night.



Is This Christmas?

The sun is just beginning to rise. Soft snow is swirling 'round the streets and alleys of suburbia. Almost 6 o'clock and all is quiet.

An angelic expression resting easily on his young face, Junior appears to be eternally asleep. Mom and Dad are dead away after being up all night wrapping packages and "celebrating."

Christmas morning. A magic moment that should last forever. But the hands of Junior's clock-radio inexorably reach up to grasp the exact hour of six.

"We wish you a merry Christmas!" blares forth with the ferocity of a Chicago cop. Leaping from his bed, Junior races down to his parent's room screaming "It's Christmas, it's Christmas!"

Father slowly, painfully opens his eyes. Seeing the time he turns over and curses imaginatively into his pillow. Mother raises herself on one elbow and shakes her husband saying, "Come on, dear. It's Christmas, Junior wants to open his presents. Come on now."

After checking the magnificent

array of curlers on her head she stumbles down the stairs with Daddy. Dad flips on the lights and there, in the middle of the room, in all its glory, is an 8 foot, \$42.50, orange, fiberglass "tree." Artfully decorated by Mr. Bob.

And the only thing Curlier Cora has to say is, "Be careful, Junior; don't touch the tree, dear."

Junior sits impatiently as Mom and Dad exchange the usual robe and box of socks. Junior presents a box of handkerchiefs and a couple of pot holders and the preliminaries are officially concluded. With amazing savagery, Junior goes to work on the remaining 96 packages.

One hour later Dad is asleep on the couch. Mom is in the kitchen pouring lukewarm coffee mumbling, "Watch the tree, dear; watch the tree." And Junior? He's wallowing in a sea of wrapping paper, broken toys and ornaments contentedly munching a chocolate Santa Claus as strains of Silent Night drift down the stairs.

Christmas nightmare #2 an allgorian massacre

by Tom Ross

we have progressed so far—from a manger and straw to a neon-lite stainless steel tree, that revolves on its axis and promises to be "the idol of christmas" at a maxime fee...

our tree dressed in artificial light sparkles and staggers the imagination. its sterile ornaments, dreams of men like glass explode one by one as it forms a void.

with the swiftness of a blindmans blink, the tree grows hairy arms and feet and it screams to the wind... "come on, lads...come on the world is ours now don't waste time onward."

frost from his voice stings the sad bourghs of snow thousands of humanoid christmas trees, their eyebulbs a'glow parade to the cities and march to lone homes.

they smile at the people. they freeze them with groans. eating everyone's presents, they spit out the ribbons to tie up their victims and squeeze them with metal contractions—agonizing spasms. "Don't waste time!"

we are buried in the red and melting slush the trees grab our ankles and drag us to touch the others, dead, as we are thrown on a cone shaped pile—we rise—

looking through half-closed sunken eyes there is light...dark...utter realization. they wrap us with strings of lights. an unholy electricity shoots into my mangled body. the fifth point of a star is plunged into my head. my eyes, once windows, now lightbulbs instead.

i am the top of this human christmas tree the dead upon dead are all i can see—where fattened stomachs lie next to blood-stained mouths the dead upon dead—soused and silent.

we cannot live with... they are. they are. we cannot succeed with... they see. they see. we will not survive with... they be. they be. the products of our imagination.

metal trees have left now—all humans—dust—once slain yet on one small corner of this wasteland a forgotten manger remains. its contents are

frozen.

Rebel BB Off to Slow Start

The Rebel Roundballers took it on the chin for the second time in as many starts at the hands of the Bradley Boilmakers on December 6. The Rebels jumped off to a 17-2 lead in the first quarter when with three and a half minutes left in the period Paul Warn picked up his fourth foul. At the conclusion of the period the Rebels were ahead by 2 points, the clock showed no time left, but the buzzer had yet to sound. Bradley had the ball out of bounds and somehow managed to score, evening the score at 13 all.

Bradley started the second quarter with two quick baskets and it looked as if the Boilmakers were going to pull away, but the Rebels kept fighting and midway in the second period came within two points. With 32 seconds left in the half, one of most questionable calls this reporter has ever seen was called, it was a foul and it put Paul Warn out of the game. The game was up for grabs and I came to the conclusion: Only at Bradley could four sports be seen

at one time. . . FOOTBALL, HOCKEY, HAIALAI, AND (remnants of) BASKETBALL.

The score at the half was 33-25, with Bradley on top. The officiating improved in the second half but the Boilmakers started pulling away with cripples. One man hurt the Rebels and that was Pete Hanold. Pete scored 17 of his total 26 points in the crucial third quarter. After this it just seemed the ball would go in for them but not for the Rebels. The final score Bradley 70, the Rebels 53.

The following night, Bob Oderwald, scoring in double figures for the second time, led the Rebels to the closest thing yet to a victory in three starts. A near capacity crowd in the Rebel Gym saw the Rebels pull out to a 6-2 lead and apply a full court press. Fine defense along with inspired team play saw the Rebels leading at the end of the first quarter 20-12.

Defense was the word of the evening as the Rebels just plain out hustled the Bremen Braves.

The first half ended with the Rebels holding a 39-29 lead.

The second half started with a few quick baskets for the Braves as they came within two points, 39-37. Dale Robinson picked up his fourth foul with 2:25 left in the third quarter. A few seconds later with the score tied at 46 all Paul Warn picked up his fourth foul, and just seconds after that Robinson fouled out, having played a fine game on the boards and on defense. The lead at the end of the third quarter went to the Braves with a five point edge 55-50.

The fourth quarter was quite a see-saw battle seeing the teams exchange two point leads, when with four seconds left Bremen was ahead by two points. The Rebels had the ball out of bounds at mid court, but just could not score. The final score: Bremen, 66, the Rebels, 64.

P. S. SPORTS

by Paul Warn

Today's topic is basketball. In the weeks to come I am going to take the winter sports teams one by one and report the progress and insights of each. Basketball so far this year, is at the lowest point in South's history. The lack of experience, height, and bench strength is to blame for the first three losses and possibly for the first losing season for head coach Jack Kiester. In the opening game we faced Munster. This, in mixed opinion, was a poor piece of scheduling, because of the fact that Indiana starts practice earlier than Illinois, and also has a few games start on our teams west of the border.

Our second loss was at the hands of Bradley, a conference

powerhouse in basketball. They also had a few more games under their belt by sweeping the Danville Holiday Tournament. Bradley was a well balanced team that has to be the favorite to take all the marbles in the conference this year.

In our third game, we came close but fell short of victory by only a single basket to the Braves of Bremen. This, by far, was our best game so far. We rebounded well and played a little better defense.

So far this year the crowds and spirit at the games has been good. But time will tell if the spirit will keep up even if the team doesn't fare well later in the season.



Wrestling Opposition Strong

The varsity wrestling team has suffered through a disappointing series of early season meets.

In their two home meets the wrestlers have managed only a split. The first meet of the season was a loss to Thornton; but the second home meet, on December 6th, was a victory over Bradley.

In their first travelling meet they were defeated by Thornridge. In the Thornridge meet the only wrestler to score a win was Junior Marty Murrin, wrestling in the 145 weight class.

The team has met some extremely strong teams in these first meets. The varsity team members and the entire squad are all working diligently to improve their season record.

The varsity team according to weight classes are:

- 95--George Nadasdy
- 103--Steve McGilvery
- 112--Tim Gavin
- 120--Rod Maravella
- 127--Dan Lemonier
- 133--John Pranger
- 138--Tony Nadasdy
- 145--Marty Murrin
- 154--Ed Murphy
- 165--Ron Diamond
- 180--Bud Jenkins



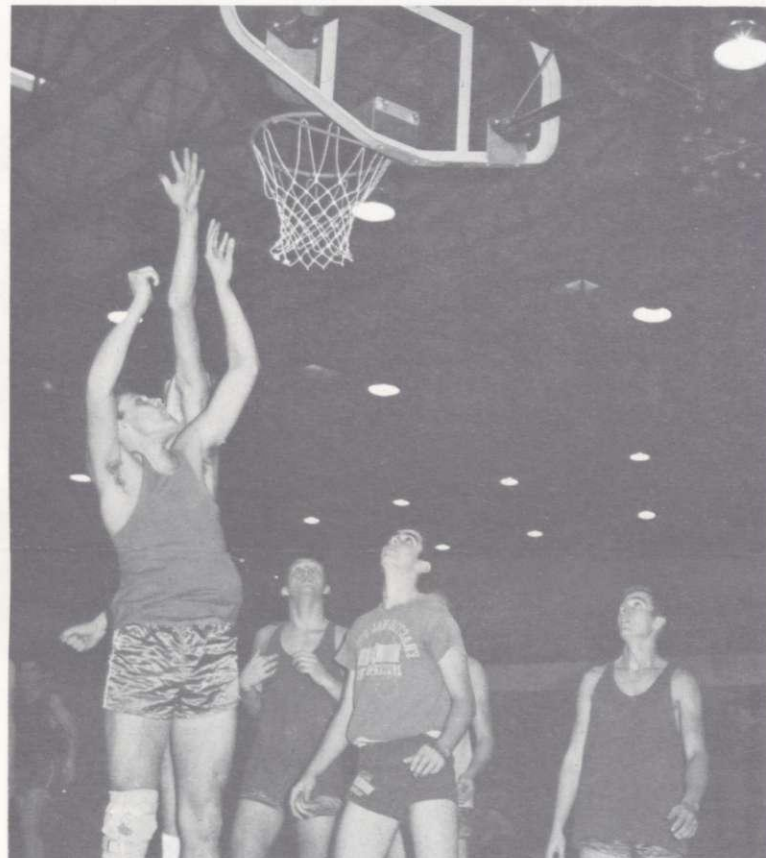
Rebel Matmen jump up to congratulate Dan LeMonier for his efforts against Bradley.

Heavyweight--Rich Ebbens

These wrestlers are anything but secure in their positions. There are many boys working continually to gain positions on the varsity team.

Among the challengers are let-terms:

- 112--Dave Junker
- 120--Randy Whyte
- 120 Dan White
- 133--Glenn Armstrong



Dale Robinson goes up for two in a Rebel practice session. Wayne Brumm, Chris Begley, and Bill Haub wait their turn for a chance at the ball.

'Practice Makes Perfect' Is Swim Team's Motto

A great display of hard work has been shown at the first three meets on the swim schedule. At Vinley Park in the Southeast Relays, South placed second, with men such as Jim Pienkowski, Chuck Hansen, Mike Sailor, and Don Rowley taking firsts for varsity. The frosh-soph medley relay was captured by South with Tim Hekotoen, Dave Tiltges, Mike Slcich, and Ted Enloe doing the swimming.

T F South then faced Bloom on December 5, and defeated the Trojans twice: Varsity, 57-38 and Frosh-Soph, 54-41. The F-S match was close and was determined by the South win in the last event. It was a great demonstration of what happens if the Rebels prepare themselves physically and mentally for a meet.

Each winning two events were Tom Reeb (200 individual medley and 100 butterfly) and Bill Farmer (200 freestyle and 400 freestyle). Don Rowley and Dave Thomas helped pad the win with their single victories. Chuck Roseen, Wendell Hartzo, Don Rowley, and Mike Sailor aided the team by conquering the 400 yard freestyle relay.

Two time winners for the frosh-

soph team are Tom Madix in the 150 yard freestyle, Mike Slcich in 50 yard butterfly, Tim Hekotoen in 50 yard backstroke and Ted Enloe in 50 yard freestyle. If these boys continue doing such a great job, the frosh-soph can share the prospects of successful season with the varsity.

At the Hillcrest meet, here on Saturday, December 7, the f-s team won by a score of 58-37. The above boys were victors in that meet, and so was Chris Hildebrand, who won the diving event. He displayed his fine ability and was entitled to the win.

At the writing of this article, the next contender on the schedule is Thornton, who gave South a good thrashing last year. The entire team hopes to make an improvement in this year's outcome, and they can do it if they continue to work as a team rather than as individuals. Thornton has always been a tough foe, but this may be a South year for numerous victories.

Possibly the key to great success this season will be in the Christmas practices. If the swimmers dedicate themselves to practice during this period, they can be one of the outstanding teams in South's history.



Enthusiasm is generated by Varsity Cheerleaders Diane Watts and Paula Cublak

at the December 6 pep assembly.

Kathy McGrath and an invisible partner groove at last Saturday evening's Girls' Club Dance. Music for the dance was provided by the Caravans. Chairmen for the dance was Kathy Archer

