

Headlight



Written by the students of Marblehead High School for our school and community

www.mhsheadlight.weebly.com

Were We Smarter Back Then?

Shanna Smith
Design Coordinator, Senior

We've all done it—look at an old photo and think, "What possessed me to wear that?" I can name a few: the gauchos that took over my wardrobe in elementary school; the turquoise-and-pink crocs with sparkly Jibbitz I wouldn't leave my house without. As trends change, many of us shudder at the thought of our old wardrobe and decide that we are much more stylish now. But maybe we had it right before.

Pants have gone through a whirlwind of change in the past ten years. Picture thin, baggy pants that dance when the slightest movement is made. They come in all colors, but most prefer darker shades. The width of a girl's thighs doesn't matter; the airy pants sway loosely around a girl's legs as if they couldn't care less about her body type. They go crazy in the wind—leaping back and forth effortlessly—yet they are loyal to their wearer and never expose an inappropriate amount of skin. What you are imagining is gauchos.

Now picture girls' pants in 2013. Skinny jeans and leggings—the tighter the better. In all colors: light, dark, bright, and pastel. Some girls are modest and wear looser-fitted pants; others feel no shame.

I must put a disclaimer in here that not all teenagers dress this way, and there is certainly nothing wrong with the

style choices of the girls who do.

Anyway, think of the easy mobility, the comfort, and the airiness of gauchos. Now take skinny jeans, a much-thicker, stubborn pant material that hugs a girl's thighs, only allowing stiff movement. The buttons on the bottom can make sitting down uncomfortable and, most importantly, a girl's thighs are much more noticeable, which introduces the risk of self-consciousness.

Yes, maybe skinny jeans "look better"—or at least we believe they do at the moment. But now do you understand what plagued you to wear those baggy pants in the would-have-been-cute family photos? And pretend you live in 2005 instead of 2013. Aren't those baggy pants actually kind of cute?

Here's an even bigger former-fad: Crocs. Look at any picture of me from 2004-2006 and your eye won't miss my bright, plastic, sandal-like shoes punctured with intentional holes to allow for ventilation. Jibbitz, small shoe charms that fit in the holes of the shoe, covered my Crocs. The idea is kind of like charms on a charm bracelet; you buy the shoes first and then you acquire charms one-by-one, often putting them on your birthday list. The back straps are cool, too; you can switch backings with someone who has different color Crocs to allow for even more color. The result was a bunch of young girls wearing multi-colored Crocs everywhere

they went. Embarrassing, right?

It shouldn't be. The inside is covered in elevated dots, sort of like the braille writing you might see on hotel door room signs. This sounds strange and almost painful, but it couldn't be more comfortable. Also, the back strap flips upwards, so you can wear them backless when you're playing outside with your friends. Then, if you want to go on a long walk, you can put the straps back down. You don't even have to worry about Crocs getting damaged in the water; they're waterproof! Look at all the options you have with Crocs: swap straps, put in Jibbitz, raise the strap, splash in puddles! All my flip flops let me do is break the Y-shaped strap. And then end up in the garbage.

So, as weird as it sounds, maybe there's intelligence in former trends. And maybe society will go back to these trends one day. I would like to point out that both Crocs and gauchos are still desired by consumers and are still being sold; they're just not seen as often. In other words, they might be paving the way for a comeback. So the next time you ask the inevitable, "What was I thinking?" after seeing your old style choices, remember: there was a completely adequate reason for it.

Nothing Gold Can Stay

Caroline Hooper
Student Affairs, Senior

The famous poet Robert Frost wrote, "Nothing gold can stay." These four words strung together like bulbs on holiday lights can be interpreted in numerous ways, but the word that rings a bell with me is "gold." I interpret Frost's use of the word gold as meaning the precious things in life.

Several weeks ago the high school experienced their own version of losing their "gold." Spirit Week is a traditional three day event at the high school when students get to express the unity within their grades and dress up in ridiculously fun costumes. On the first day of Spirit Week this year, November 25th, halfway through the day students were asked to take down the decorations that adorned their respective class's hallways. Since many of the decorations did not comply with the fire

regulations, students were asked to remove them. Hours of hard work and delicate effort were put into creating beautiful and eye-catching decorations. Every grade had a theme. The seniors in student government chose the colors for each class to work with during Spirit Week. Senior class colors are traditionally red and black and centered upon a theme of The Great Gatsby. Juniors were assigned purple and green. Sophomores worked with brown and yellow, and the freshmen class worked with blue and green. Each decorated hallway that morning was a blur of incredible artwork, bright colors, and decorations that made students stop and stare. To see a class bond together, simply over the fact that they united to decorate one hallway at their high school was amazing.

When each grade was called into the auditorium, we were told that, unfortunately, our decorations needed to be taken down

as they were fire hazards. As seniors began walking back down the Foreign Language wing, I saw decorations already on the floor. They were ripped down, stepped on, and walked passed like some students didn't even take into consideration the hours others had slaved over these beautiful decorations.

Although it seemed unfair to many students, even to me at the time, I would like to remember the hallway as it was before the decorations were ripped to shreds. Our hallway was sparkling; the entire school was sparkling. The spirit in the high school that day was palpable. I choose to look at this blip as something that we will always remember. Many of those decorations were gold; they just couldn't stay.

Winter Celebrations

Ryan Callori
Sports Editor, Junior

The temperatures are dropping, and the snowflakes are just beginning to scatter around Marblehead. Once again, winter has come knocking. To kick off the season, the Marblehead Chamber of Commerce threw together a fantastic weekend of holiday festivities. The annual Tree Lighting Celebration took place on Friday, across from the town's National GrandBank. The massive evergreen was illuminat-

ed at 7 p.m., to music by Pat Runne and the Zacklys, a local North Shore band. The next morning, kids dragged their parents down to the State St. landing for a bright and early town tradition, Santa's arrival by lobster boat. Festivities began at 9 a.m., with live entertainment from "A Dancer's Dream" dance studio. The Landing Restaurant provided free hot chocolate and apple cider for all. Following Santa's arrival, many of the families stopped in the restaurant for lunch. This reporter was working the pub that shift and will

confirm without a doubt that it was one of the busiest days in recent weeks.

Throughout the weekend, folks were out and families were having fun. As people milled around, the Christmas Parade proceeded down State St., through Washington St, and onto Pleasant St. A decked out trolley, graciously sponsored by a few local real estate companies, carted Marbleheaders throughout town, while making stops every half an hour in Old Town. It was great to see this celebration again take to the streets of the town.

Alix Segil
Reporters in the Field, Freshman

I hear the scream of "GO!"
I see them sprint
Red and black flash before my eyes
They run so fast I feel a thrilling breeze
Off they go into the woods
Will they ever reappear?
Time goes by,
And over the corner something catches my eye
I see a stampede of racers coming my way
As they stride for the finish line,
letting nothing get in the way
At the last stretch, they give it their best,
And they always finish proud!

As a project for Headlight staff, staff members wrote poetry to practice different forms of writing. Alix Segil, Reporter in the Field wrote this article about a final race. This poem is titled, "The Final Race."

Headlight Happenings: **UPDATES FOR HEADLIGHT STAFF**

* **We do not meet for the next two weeks; please continue writing your interviews. For those writing articles, make sure you meet your deadline.**

Upcoming Deadline:
Issue: Thursday, January 9th
Due: Sunday, January 5th

Meredith Piela Morgan Hardwick
Liam Reilly Amber Born

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