

Headlight

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

Joel Karz
Sports Editor, Senior

For years, Marblehead football had been looked upon as something of a joke. The blowout loss was a trademark of the MHS squad, and usually the game was not complete until the opposing team's second and third stringers took their turn at scoring a touchdown. Participants for the team were hard to come by, and even harder to come by were real players. The Marblehead community was accustomed to this losing environment, and even when some big wins came along, the few fans that existed knew it wouldn't last. In the 2007-2008 season, the high school team finished 4-7, a result which showed overall improvement but at the same time included a disappointing 1-4 conference record.

Down at Gatchells Park that year, something very different was happening. As they closed out their last practice of the year, the 8th grade Marblehead Magicians were enjoying another dominant season. Unlike the town's varsity football program, this team was no stranger to success. From 6th grade until 8th grade, this team lost a total of one game. The success of this group of boys was the product of both a talented bunch of young athletes and enthusiastic, knowledgeable coaching staff. This was a team that expected to win every time they came out onto the field, and their attitude was no different as they prepared for their final game boasting an undefeated record.

But winning isn't everything. In youth football, the emphasis of the sport is less on winning games and more on learning the values the game teaches. So in the final practice of the final season of

this group's youth football career, it was only fitting that they were given the chance to learn a little from their role models. A bunch of seniors on the high school squad along with coach Chervovetz came down to say a few words to our team. It didn't matter what they had to say; every kid in the youth football was captivated by their presence that night. These were the guys that played on Friday nights, under the lights, in front of the crowd. These were the guys whose names and numbers we all knew as if they were professionals playing on TV every week.

Everyone listened intently as the seniors spoke. They reminisced about their season and their careers, giving us the clichéd "work hard," "school comes first," and "respect your teammates and coaches" messages. These values and lessons are important for kids and teenagers to learn, but a kid in shoulder pads, kneeling in sweat and mud after a practice, cannot quite grasp their true meaning. However, something one of the players said stuck with me. He talked about how when he was in youth football, the high school players came to talk to his team and it meant a lot to him. The player, after making this point, repeated it again, this time emphasizing how clearly he remembered this experience and how it felt like "just yesterday" when he was a youth football player. It almost seemed as if he had a sudden moment of realization, of just how fast football, high school, and perhaps his life, seemed to be flying by. As he and the other players wished us good luck in our upcoming final game, I couldn't get the thought out of my head that one day, I too would look back, as a high school senior, upon youth football and my

childhood experiences.

In 2009, the varsity team finally broke through and won the conference. For most of our class, sophomores that year, it was a season of going up against the starters at practice, playing in JV games, and watching from the sidelines on Friday nights. This is an expected fate for a sophomore football player, and it was no damper to the thrill ride of that season. Having a brand new coaching staff that year meant adjusting to a new system and new attitudes, of which between then, freshman year, and youth football, we had seen many.

Whoever the coaches were, they must have been doing something right. After a huge win on Thanksgiving, and a playoff game victory, the team was headed to the Division 3 Super Bowl at Gillette Stadium. Nobody would have believed you if you told them five years earlier that Marblehead would play in the Super Bowl in 2009. The situation was almost surreal, and even players who would be lucky to play two special teams plays were filled with nervous excitement. Marblehead lost that day, but just seeing those seniors up on the jumbotron inspired the younger players on that team, players that hoped to one day be seniors playing for a division title of their own.

Today, that group of younger players comprise the 21 seniors on the Marblehead football roster. This is a group that has grown together as young men, and as football players, over the last four years. Some of us have been together longer than we have known how to do long division. Some of us claim they were never taught long division. All long division aside, this group has forged a bond that can never be bro-

ken. Certainly, winning has contributed to the camaraderie of the group. But much more meaningful than the winning these guys have achieved is simply the experiences we have had together. It's why this article is called "A Winning Experience," and not "A Tradition of Winning" or "Can't Be Beaten." As much as our determined seniors want to win this year, the experience of football isn't about winning. No high school footballer plays to learn; he plays for his team and to win. But what he will end up taking away from it is much more than a series of letters in the win/loss column. It's his understanding of loyalty, of respect, of sportsmanship, and of never giving up. You'll be hard pressed to find a better way in the world for a junior-high schooler to learn the importance of teamwork than through the example of a football team. Everybody on the team needs to give his best possible effort to the benefit of the entire team.

Where else is better for a young man to learn to never give up, than for him to learn it in this fourth quarter of the last game of the season, locked in a tie game? There happened to be, four years ago, a tie game in the fourth quarter, a game that happened to be the last one these Magicians' youth football career. The 8th grade team finished undefeated that year, but their biggest win was never seen on the scoreboard. Their greatest achievement was becoming a team, better yet, working together successfully as a team, something they would never forget how to do in sports and in life.

Joel is a starting linebacker and a captain on this year's football team.

Time Warp

Alex Stein
Editorial Manager, Senior

In the last year we have seen a growing trend of television shows and movies that take place in previous decades or time periods. Take a look at some of the new and returning shows this fall. ABC's Pam Am, HBO's Boardwalk Empire, AMC's Mad Men, and my favorite NBC's Playboy Club (if you haven't watched this show yet, I suggest starting now because it is one of the best shows that have aired in a long time.) All of these shows take place between the 1930's and the 1960's. While others may not enjoy this recent trend, I welcome it. Even though I didn't live during this time period I really enjoy taking a step back in time and living in a period full of three piece suits and black and white TVs. It's a welcome hour that removes us from the chaotic days of Facebook and Xbox. It's funny how even though we have all these technological inventions like 3D television and iPhones we still revert back to the times when we had none of these.

The quality of these shows is not being short-changed in the slightest. Mad Men and Boardwalk Empire are winning in ratings and consistently winning Emmy and Golden Globe Awards. Some critics may say that we are producing shows in previous time periods because we are simply running out of ideas. I don't agree. A creative and interesting story showcasing life in the 50's attracts my attention much more than a procedural cop show, a genre that is certainly shooting it's way off the airwaves. How many people can get shot, stabbed, or run over by trucks in one week?

In a similar situation, shows like Hawaii Five-0

and Charlie's Angels are making comebacks by reinventing their characters in today's era. The same is being done in the movie industry in 2011, in the year that is being hailed as "the year of the remake." Almost every week a movie comes out that is a remake of an old movie. In one week, The Thing is being remade as a prequel to John Carpenter's 70's horror flick. Recently we were treated to a remake of The Smurfs, Straw Dogs, True Grit, and Fright Night, among many others. The film industry is focusing on producing remakes right now instead of original ideas. Personally, I don't see a problem with that- as long as they are unique. This trend may be because of in the current economy, remakes are a safety with the mantra "if it worked in the past then it should still work today." Remakes are a safety to ensure companies can make a quick buck (see the Lion King, classic example of a cash cow). This has both worked and backfired. Fright Night, a successful cult horror film in the 80's barely held its weight when it was released in August. It has worked immensely for Rise of the Planet of the Apes, an original prequel using the name of a classic SciFi film in the 60's. This has guaranteed a sequel (possibly planet of the apes, considering the monkeys already rose?) due to its 130 million dollar intake. Regardless though, whether the TV show is a smash hit or taken off the air in 2 weeks or the movie is a blockbuster or a flop.

Personally, I'm a huge fan. Being a movie buff, I've always appreciated old cinema, and any outlet that takes us back to a previous decade that removes us from our hectic lives is a win in my book.

Coming from Charter

Alex Kerai
Headlight Staff,
Freshman

(This is the second in a multi-part series on Alex's transition to Marblehead High School.)

The first day of High School began on a Tuesday. I woke up to the sound of Joe Perry's guitar blasting through my room. I hit snooze and went back to sleep. Then Steven Tyler's voice and the piano of Dream On woke me up. I hit snooze again but knew that I had to get up at some point. Better now than never. I got up, got dressed, and walked to the kitchen. I grabbed a muffin and sat down to eat. I never had time to do this at Charter. At Charter I would have had to leave by (and no later than) seven fifteen, eat at Charter and wait for the doors

to open. With Marblehead High, I would eat at home, and walk to school.

I finished eating and grabbed my backpack. I walked to the High School and saw some of my friends from Charter waiting in the foyer area. It was before school started and we were all waiting to get into the theater. We compared schedules to see if anyone we knew would have classes with us. I didn't. The clock hit seven fifty and the grade filed (okay, maybe it was more like a crowded surge to the entrance) into the theater. As we walked in, there was Mr. Weinstein standing with the Vice Principal near a podium. He welcomed us all to the next four years of our life. We clapped and listened.

All of us went to our homerooms next, and as I walked, I stared in awe at a building many times larger (and more complex) than Charter. At Charter, we only need to know five rooms: the math and science room (which could be our homeroom), the language arts and global studies

room (which could also have been our homeroom), the music room, art room, gym, and where ever foreign language was going to be held. It was very simple. One floor. This: three floors, many wings, many more rooms. It was going to be confusing, but as Max (and everyone else I'd talked to) said: you get used to it after the first week. They were right.

There were new people to meet, too. There were kids from Veterans, Hillel, Tower, and others including kids who moved here. At first, I stuck with people I knew from Charter. But that become hard since most of them weren't in my classes (they were in the ones that were in the other block). So I become reacquainted with kids I had met from Pleon or from Glover. It worked, and I knew more people. I met other kids from clubs like Headlights and from the Sailing Team. It turned out to be a good first day.

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