

On the Road

School Band & Chorus Attend W'baden Concert

Everybody who attended the Massed Band Concert was at the school at 6:00 a.m. and ready to go. When the bus was loaded, it made quite a spectacle—music stands, instruments, people. A big surprise came when the bus stopped at Spangdahlem and picked up ten more musicians, stands, instruments, and suitcases. The trip wasn't as bad as expected. We arrived at Wiesbaden at about 11:30.

At one o'clock the whole orchestra met and practiced for a few hours, broke up for dinner, then back to school for more practice. We finally realized this

wasn't going to be a vacation. Mr. Sanders said the chorus members were hoarse, and the band members felt as though they had the lips of Ubangies.

We slept in the homes of Wiesbaden students Sunday and Monday nights. All day Monday there was more practice, with lunch and dinner at the General Von Steuben.

The practice was well worth it and the concert was quite a success. Mr. Sanders received a bouquet of flowers for being the best conductor.

The bus was late returning on Tuesday, but we all made it back to Biiburg with memories of a really fine time.

Greg Storms

Tadpole Learns About Winter

There was a little tadpole that was just a head and tail, who wanted to know what winter was. He thought and thought. He thought that winter was a time to sleep. He thought that winter was a cold and bad time to be out. He thought that winter was a bad time to swim in the pool. But he didn't know what winter was. He hoped and he hoped but NEVER found out.

He asked his father what winter was and his father answered, "No, I don't know what winter is."

He asked a little frog. The frog answered, "No, I don't know what winter is."

He asked the wisest frog in the pool. The frog answered, "No, I don't know what winter is."

The little tadpole got sleepier and then he went down to the bottom to take a nap. But he said, "I'll take a short nap."

Days and days went by; finally the day came. When he surfaced, what a big surprise he had! "Is this winter?"

"No, you slept through it."

"I did?"

"Yes, you did."

"I did not."

"Yes, you did."

"Well, I know one thing. It must be a cold time and a bad time to be out and a good time to sleep."

(Second Grade, Room 8)

Bits of Knowledge?

Happiness is like a kiss—to appreciate it you must give it to somebody else.

★

Don't marry for money; you can borrow it more cheaply.

How to Gather Rocks or . . . Way-out Rock-ology

One cold Monday, Mr. Crandall, a man who lived in Houston, Texas, thought about taking a trip to another planet. He drove a mile away to his pal's house. Mr. Crandall told his pal, Mr. Haggerty his idea, but Mr. Haggerty didn't think it was such a good idea. Mr. Haggerty didn't think they'd stay alive if they didn't stay on Earth.

Mr. Crandall was so annoyed with what Haggerty said that he said he heard of a woman that had reached Mars and got back safely.

Mr. Haggerty agreed to go; since a woman got back safely he probably could.

"Fine!" said Mr. Crandall to himself.

In three more weeks they bought

a spaceship and gathered two more men who wanted to go with them. One man was Mr. Lepre, and the other was Mr. Killian.

In spring they started for Mars with three space suits for each of them.

At the time people on Earth would have autumn, the men reached Mars. They put on the space suits and went outside. They found red rocks and brought them in the ship.

"Well," said Crandall, proud of himself, "It's time to get back to earth."

In springtime again they saw a ball with blue and green.

"That's the earth," shouted Crandall. "Stop the ship!"

"How?" asked Haggerty.

"I don't know!" said Crandall.

"Oh, don't you worry. It will land

Teenager Sums Up Reasons Why Americans Love Home

My name is Lester Cornell from the New York TIMES, and I'm doing an article on the American teenager in Europe. Won't you join me? Fine.

We are now walking down a quiet corridor. Pardon me, what's that you said? Oh, in five seconds it will be jam packed with high school students! Oh dear, I forgot, this is a school, isn't it? Ring—ng. Oops, excuse me, pardon me, sorry. What traffic! Let's talk to that good-looking fellow.

"Hello there, my name is Lester Cornell and I'm doing an article for the New York TIMES entitled, 'The American Teenager in Europe.' How do you like living here?"

"I like it a lot, but I'd sure like to go home."

"By the way, what's your name, age and grade?"

"My name is Roger Scott; I'm fifteen and a sophomore; I come from Atlanta, Georgia."

"You said you wanted to go home—why? You've got all the comforts of home here, a nice apartment, Teen Club, Snack Bar, church, movies, and girls."

"I can't quite put it into words. When I was back home, I wanted so much to come to Europe. You know how everyone says its so great. Well, Europe is a really interesting place; it's the land of our forefathers. But you just can't find any place that will top the U.S.A. There are also the advantages, like being able to drive into a drive-in and see a show, and like being able to get a nice hot fudge sundae at the drive-in stand without getting out of your car. And again there is the choice of females. All of these things add up."

"Well, Roger, that's fine, but those are all material things."

"Well, I'd feel safer if I were home. At least I would know that, if anything did happen, I would die on my own native soil. An

American doesn't realize how much he loves his country until he has had to live abroad a few years."

Thank you, Roger."

And indeed he is right. We don't seem to realize how fortunate we are to live in such a grand country. So, next time you salute Old Glory and sing our national anthem, do so with a new appreciation, admiration, vigor, and respect. Remember, the United States of America is only as free and good as you make it.

—Wanda Landon

Student Council Selling Patches

Chris Isbell designed the crest that the Student Council officers are selling. He is receiving \$5.00 for designing the crest and winning the contest in which thirty people participated. The crest is to be used for a plaque for the front of the school.

The money from the sale of patches is to be used for some worthy project for the students at B.H.S.

Linda Holcomb

Skippy Skunk - Hero, Brings Water Home

The Timid Skunk

Once upon a time when everything was silent, there lived a little skunk named Skippy. Now this little skunk lived in Ohio and was the most timid skunk in Skunk Valley. The skunks called him Skippy because if any other thing came up to him, he would jump away from the animal or thing that came up to him. After he'd jump away, Skippy would give the biggest, stinkiest skunk smell you ever smelled. Because he smelled so much no other skunk wanted to play with him.

No Water

Skippy lived in a state called Land of No Water in his day, but

Entomologists Discovers Fly

The entomologist rushed into the laboratory and cried: "Gentlemen, I have been studying flies for many years and I have just made a startling discovery. Watch this experiment." He took a fly from a matchbox, placed it on the table and shouted: "Fly, quick march."

The fly immediately walked across the table, and when it reached the edge he called upon it to about turn and the fly turned round and walked back. "Now," he said excitedly, "watch this." He then proceeded to pull the legs off the fly. He placed it back on the table and once more: "Fly quick march." The fly did not move. "There," he cried, "do you see. If you remove the legs of a fly, it becomes stone deaf."

in our day called Ohio. All the people that lived in Land of No Water were sad because their children were getting thirsty and every week their husbands had to go to the next state and get water.

Skippy to the Rescue

Skippy, that stinky little skunk, had gone on a vacation to the north. When he went north he heard that the people in Land of No Water were suffering from lack of water. Skippy was not going to be timid now because he had to save his friends and his country. Skippy decided he would put up his tail and stink some water down into the long ditch and the big hole in the ground. Skippy finally stunk a lot of water down to Land of No Water. He made some go into the long ditch and some into the round hole in the ground. You should be very happy because the long ditch was the Ohio River after it was filled with water. The deep hole was Lake Erie after it was filled with water.

The Hero

All the people in Land of No Water were very happy that Skippy had stunk all that water down to fill the big water gullies. The people of Land of No Water were thankful that Skippy Skunk had done so much for them that they gave him the prettiest, shiniest medal you have ever seen. When you go to Ohio go to Lake Erie or the Ohio River. When you get there you'll see a statue of The Hero, Skippy Skunk, with his medal. With this happy ending I'll leave you.

—Betty Hamilton
(6th Grade)

Eleven Students Combine Definitions of Springtime

In the spring grass gets green, flowers grow. We can go out to play. We can go on a picnic.

—Ginny Cartia

Seniors Plan 'Western Day'

Did you have your spurs, hats, scarves, boots or pistols with you? If you did then you were part of the big Western Day sponsored by the Senior Class on April 14. Western Day included a big Texas-style dinner and a dance afterwards. Prizes for the best costumes were awarded.

The Indians were yelling and screaming and the cowboys were running like mad. Davie Orr with his derring and Pat Haney in her leopard-skin slacks were the last ones to depart. As a result Pat Haney ended up running around B. H. S. with a golden-tipped arrow through her head. Also injured was Martha Jonas, who received a slug in her hand, and I can assure you it wasn't just passed to her. And then Bob Cook, alias Wyatt Burp, was strolling about twirling his troublemaker and showing off a dent put in his badge by an Indian arrow.

Henry Morris cleverly rigged up an arrow on a coat hanger so that when placed under his hat it looked as though he had an arrow through his head.

There was a rumor going around that Wild Dick Mace would have a fight to the finish at high noon in front of the school with the Kid Conway Polites, to see who's the smallest man in school. Unfortunately the fight was called off by Mr. Trull because the grass was growing back from the winter and he thought maybe the blood might stain it and keep it from growing.

Even the teachers got into the act. Upon entering Room 48, no surprise to Home Room 9C, one found Mr. Giorgi dressed as Matt Dillon.

Nancy Stephens
Dick Mace
Jim Thrower
John Anderson
Tom Auge

I can play outside in the sunshine in spring and this is really spring now.

—Paul Brown

I can have fun when it is spring. I can play in my sandbox and then I can go for a walk and I can see the flowers and the farmers will let the cows and horses out to eat.

—Mike Kelly

It is a spring day. I can climb trees. I can see tadpoles in the rivers.

—Barbara McLeod

We can go for a walk in the spring. Children can play outside. Children like to play.

The robins come back in the spring. The people can mow their grass in the spring.

—Ricky Harris

When the flowers grow you can swing up and down. Then when the rain comes you cannot play outside.

—Kenny Carnathan

The birds come to sing. You can play outside. The pussywillows come out in spring. The pigeons come out in spring. The foxes come out in spring. The coons come out in spring. The rabbits come out in spring. The skunks come out in spring.

—Debbie Johnson

I can pick flowers for my Mother then. I will put them in a jar with water. Then the birds will come out and sing good morning to you. He likes you.

—Kenny Looney, Jr.

We can go fishing. The birds come out and the leaves go on the trees.

—Jeanette Strader

The pretty butterflies come out to play now. Boys come out to play with the butterflies. The boys go, too.

—Gary Moser

You can go for a good ride in the car.

—Donna Gilbert

(First Grade, Room 14)

Whats A Big Shot?

Big shots are only little shots who kept on shooting.