



Left to right—Coach Fugate, Bob Warren, Gary De-mitto, Don Aubertin, Chuck Neilsen, John Petersen, Mike Turner, Joey Butler, Kelly Coleman, John Bowers, Bobby Tipson, Mike Batsel, Lonnie Stiff, Coach Elliott.

Wurzburg Out-Shoots Junior Baron Netmen

That's the byword of BHS' first two games, almost. We almost whipped them, almost didn't make it back, almost showed the "Overseas Weekly" sportswriter. But almost isn't good enough, and this is the first and last time I'll need to use the word.

The Varsity and Junior Varsity traveled to Wurzburg Dec. 9 by bus—Wells Fargo, Coach Elliot calls it. The first game was to be played on the 10th, at 3 o'clock. About one hour previously, the J. V. S. had met and been beaten by

Wurzburg. I can't describe this game in detail, as I missed a part of it, but can say that height and shooting eye had a great deal to do with their defeat.

The Boston Celtics couldn't have looked much better than the Varsity during the game's first quarter. Four straight buckets by John Bowers, a guard, two by Kelly Coleman, and another by I've forgotten who, put the team way out in front as the first quarter ended, 14-4. The rest of the game was a sad picture in comparison with these first eight minutes. While we racked up only one basket and a foul shot, Wurzburg connected to the tune of 13 points. Halftime showed a deadlock, 17-17. The second 16 minutes were a repetition of the previous eight, Bitburg got colder and colder, Wurzburg burned like a bonfire. Final tallies showed our team on the short end of a low scoring game, to the tune of 29-43.

Lose Second Game

Next day, tip-off time was 10 o'clock, and today Bitburg was going to be a winner. We boxed out their big center, who had pushed in 12 points the first game, and held him to a measly 5 points, over which he is probably biting his fingernails. But however great we may have looked in spots, the fact remains that we didn't manage to smother Wurzburg in this second encounter. During the first three quarters, the strings on our basket got a fine workout, but the last eight minutes we gave them an uncalled-for rest. We showed Wurzburg how to win those first minutes, but they came back in the final leg to take it. There's not much excuse for losing a ballgame like this second one, I only wish we had another chance to play them. Taking the games by quarters, we were a walk-away champ. All told, we took one quarter the first game, tied one in that same game; and lost two. If you remember we smeared them during the first three quarters of the second game, and lost the last. The grand total: Bitburg—4 quarters Wurzburg—3 quarter, tied-1 quarter. The final score—Bitburg-45, Wurzburg-53. Think I'll send a recommendation to the NBA that we play the game by quarters, it might prove a real boost to the game.

Mike Turner

Mike Turner's Poem — Sunk

SUNK

quiet—no sound, warm bed, all darkness.
sleep—like a cosy mist—drowns out the world
drip!—hideous sound—all awake now.
the faucet—cold floor on bare feet grind and grind—hand bruised, head sleepy
silence—soft, smooth sheets drifting away on a cloud—relaxed tink!—cloud splits—back to reality anger!—rushing feet—where's the hammer?
clang!—relief, broken faucet—no-o-o sound
splat like a frog into bed
sweet life—sleep hits hard
ss ss ssmwne-- e lBvs
s s s s s S! blackness—much sound—return from the dream
jump! Ugh!—stubbed toe
rush to the kitchen—slippery floor
groggy—swisssh!—bad fall
hammer, chisel, saw!—faucet out the window
cork rammed in
like a cow—collapse on the mattress
thick, fat sleep—velvet sky
cool water—wetness like a dead fish
cold seeps up—cough!—funny dream
skin diving—clear blue ocean, very much ocean
snorkel raised above the salty sea—pure fresh air—choke!—swamped all so blue and cool—and wet
strange dream—great combers rush in
white caps whip about
whip—cream! slurp—very coolish—soaked and shivering
gurgle! tink! water... blurp... spills in
sinking in the ocean like a stone glurg!—blueness, blackness—clear sandy bottom—glunk! blib! only bubbles, race to the top—noise—water pours in—plumber pounding at the door
go away!—back to sleep
so still, and void and wet and... blurp!—brwwumph!
bubbl!

Mike Turner

Volleyball Spotlighted In GAA Schedule

G.A.A. meets every Monday after school. At present the sport which is being played at the meetings is volleyball, everyone's favorite indoor winter sport.

If volleyball is not for you several other games will be played at other times of the year. For a full list and the names of managers check the the bulletin board in the girl's locker room.

Even if you didn't sign up for volleyball at the beginning of the year you are welcomed in the gym Monday, after school.

The Baron Staff

Editor Helen Case
Co-Editor Donna Dell
Sports Editor Mike Turner
Junior High Editor Jan Donneson
Typists Judy Priesmeyer
Helen Case
Photographer Jack Timme

Two Seniors Outlined In Profile Sketches

He is seventeen years old, 5 foot 10 1/2 inch young man. He has brown hair, hazel eyes, and a warm smile. He is president of Bitburg's wonderful 1961 Graduating Class. Born, October 4, 1943, he comes from Bucyrus, Ohio.

Among his likes are sports, electronics, girls, and the recording "Lucille." Among his dislikes are conceited people and those who talk about others.

He would like to attend the University of Colorado and become an Electrical Engineer. Sometime in the future he wants to get married.

As a Junior

As a Junior he was co. chairman of the Junior-Senior Prom. At present he is a member of the Letterman's Club and played guard during the last football season.

Under the heading of, hobbies, comes outdoor activities, including hunting, fishing, skiing, and swimming.

His main gripe is having people (like Gail) interrupt conversations (interviews).

He thinks he is too quick tempered and is of the opinion that this Senior Class, over last year's, is better and is more equipped, mentally, to face "the adult world" or life.

(He likes to talk, when he has something to say.)

His name is Dan Fredrick!

She is a seventeen year old, 5 foot 7 inch young lady. She has black hair, and brown eyes. She

Officers Elected For Local FTA

The students of Bitburg High School have started a Future Teachers of American chapter with the help of Mr. Giorgi, our sponsor.

The club's first meeting was on December 14. At this meeting we discussed the requirements of the officers and the ways in which we may earn the F.T.A. pin.

At the second meeting on January 11, we selected our officers who are: Lois Jacobs, President; Everett Warmac, Vice-President; Evelyn Eubanks, Secretary; Dianna Derkach, Treasurer; Carol Maxwell, Parliamentarian; Jimmie Lee Harrod, Historian.

Our next meeting is scheduled for January 25, 1961.

is Treasurer of the Senior class. Born March 16, 1943, she comes from Texas, and is mighty proud of being a Texan.

Among her likes are progressive jazz, Frank Sinatra, dancing, Volley ball, night football, and fried chicken. Among her dislikes are conceited people and those who talk about others.

She wants to attend the University of Colorado and become a Master Hair Stylist. She also wants to come back to tour Europe, sometime in the future.

She is active in G.A.A. and is editor of the annual staff, was the teen club treasurer, and is a member of the National Honor Society.

Her hobbies are collecting record albums, ear rings, and rings.

In her opinion there should be more males in Bitburg, and other schools. She says "the boys should outnumber the girls." She also thinks that this year's teachers are better than last year's. According to her there is not enough cooperation between teachers and students. She says the students this year are more mature.

Her name is Bonnie Goana.

High School Want Add List

- Wanted—one Senior class trip... by the Seniors
- Wanted—Hawk at Spang... by Kitten
- Wanted—one girl(blond)... by Bob L.
- Wanted—a couple of thousand dollar bills... by Miss Alison
- Wanted—one boot-bearing boy... by Judy P.
- Wanted—one Go-Kart... by Jack Timme
- Wanted—one day of absolute quiet in the library... by Miss Finocchi
- Wanted—Al at Trier... By Dee-Dee
- Wanted—one blue Porsch... by Al H.
- Wanted—everything to turn out alright for "Daddy"... by Twix
- Wanted—John S.... by Juli H.
- Wanted—Mike Wray... by Marilyn Brooks.
- Wanted—Wayne W.... by Nana C.
- Wanted—John C.... by D.D.

Aunt Matilda Knows All - Tells All Too

Dear Matilda,

I have a problem. I have the maddest crush on this certain boy in school. He finally asked me for a date, and I was in seventh heaven! All night long I kept hoping that he'd kiss me. Every time he'd look at me I'd turn and give him my sweetest smile, but he'd always turn quickly away. When he took me home, he took me into his arms and I smiled. He turned away and jumped in his car and drove away. When I was in my room, I looked into the mirror and wondered what was wrong with me. I smiled, and there, stuck in my teeth was a piece of spinach! What will I do?

Spinach Hater

Dear Spinach Hater,

Find yourself a vegetarian.

Matilda

Dear Ant Matilda,

I have a problem, I am very much in like with a boy in my kindy-garten clazz. He iz 6 and I am 5, so he ignorez me. What kin I do to brake the monopoly?

From a Hart-Broking Skool Gurl, BJW

Dear BJW,

By doggies, you do have a problem there, but age can't stand in the way of true love. Maybe he doesn't notice you. Try some subtle tactics to attract his attention, like tripping him, kicking him, or yelling in his ear. Don't throw yourself at him though.

Auntie M.

Dear Aunt Matilda,

I have read your column for years and you always seem to give good advice to everyone, so maybe you can help me.

Last year I got a disease of the head and had to have all my hair shaved off. The thing is—it never grew back. Every time I meet a nice guy I like a lot, something always happens. Either he pulls my wig off or I lose it—one or the other! I'm always teased about this. I was thinking seriously of killing myself, but I just couldn't do that!

What can I do?

Hairless

Dear Hairless,

Why don't you try Hollywood? Yul Brynner needs a good leading lady.

Auntie M.