



Augsburg Victory - -

Augsburg came within the proverbial whisker of losing its grip on first place this weekend. In both games, only a third quarter margin of 6 and 7 points respectively saved the necks of a tiring opposition.

Like Elliot, the Australian miler, our JV got off to a slow start, but once in the lead were never seriously challenged. Never until the last quarter, that is. If all five starters had suddenly been dumped in the freezer they couldn't have been colder, as these statistics show: Fourth quarter totals, Bitburg-3 field goals, 2 foul shots; for 8 points. Augsburg: 5 foul goals and 5 foul shots for a total of 15 points. Check these figures and you will see that Augsburg doubled our last stanza tally. Good thing we got an early edge!

The varsity game was similar to a prolonged 100 yd. dash, nip and tuck right down to the wire. After a hotly contested first half, the lights showed, Bitburg 21: Augsburg 23. Mantle is notorious for his seasonal batting slumps, and Bitburg seemed intent on copying his pattern fourth quarter. Both baskets got an equal workout during the third period as Bitburg hit for 12 and the visitors 15. Then the tempo changed. A sudden spurt by Moore and Patrick sent

Augsburg to a squeaky victory. Bowers and Coleman, hitting 17 and 14 respectively, led home scoring, while Patrick with 19 and Moore with 14 headed the Augsburg five.

Saturday proved a real run away for the JVs, with Morrison ripping the cords for 19, and Stiff pumping in 16. The loose-playing, slippery fingered Augsburg quintet seemed to think the ball a banana peel, as Stiff repeatedly stole it and galloped in for dead sure shots.

Again the Varsity fought Augsburg all the way, and almost pulled a win out of the mounting fire. Leading 32-31 at the half, they graciously gave 8 points to the visitors during the third eight minutes, score standing as: Bitburg 43-Augsburg 50. The last quarter was a racing, quick affair, more frenzied near the end than a beheaded chicken. With 18 seconds to go and the score 63-65, Bitburg made a desperate attempt to save the game. Seconds later the buzzer sounded and rang down the curtain on a fine but short home-team rally. Scoring was well-rounded for perhaps the first time, with 4 of our men, Tipson-17, Bowers-15, Coleman-13, and Turner-10, hitting double figures. For the Augies, More sank 13, and Richly, from the key, plopped in 17. Final score: Bitburg 63, Augsburg 65.

Don't lose hope though, we still are very much in the tournament running, and no-one, but no-one, is going to knock us out.

Summation of a Study Hall

A rustle of paper,
A thud of books,
A titer, a giggle,
A few dirty looks,
A quick glance
at the clock
Then all is still,
There's only one moment
more until...

THE BELL
Carol Maxwell

Mafia Eliminates

The G. A. A. Volleyball Tournament has finally gotten underway. With two out of seven games played, the Mafia, one of the 11th grade teams, is in the lead. With two Freshman, Sophomore, and Junior teams, the Seniors are sure of competition. The teams in the tournament are: Freshman: S. S. Girls and The Sweatshirts, Sophomore: B. B. Babes and Powder Puffs, Junior: The Untouchables and The Mafia, and the Seniors with only one team: The Elites.

Dee-Dee Thrower

Matilda Gives Suffering Advice

Dear Aunt Matilaa,

I have a very unusual problem. I have a very large nose and no matter how hard I try, I can't make it seem smaller. I tried combing my hair over it but it only looked like a mountain growing out of a muddy field. I also tried darker make-up but this only made it look like I forgot to wash my face.

The only success I had was typing a big red bow around it. Even that didn't hide it but it took the attention away from it.

Please help me. I'm getting so tired of standing three feet from the mirror and sleeping on my back. And I would love to sit in the front seat of the car for a change. Can you help me?

Nosey

Dear Nosey,

Did you ever try bending your nose? It could be worked into a very attractive headpiece and it would bring a mirror much closer. As for sitting in the front seat, just turn your back to the windshield and sit on your knees. Won't it be nice to see where you've been for once?

Aunt Matilda

Dear Aunt Matilda,

I am madly in love with Irene Pussycat. It just doesn't seem right. My mother said you could help me. Can you?

Yours truly,
Buster Bulldog

Dear Buster,

Life is a curious thing, but we must remember that Irene is a kitty-cat and you are a bulldog. Remember that she can claw as well as purr.

Auntie M.

Dear Aunt Matilda,

I think I've gone insane! It seems as if everything is going right. This just couldn't be. Why am I so happy? Why can't I hate people? Why do I smile in the mornings? I can't understand the sudden change in my usually miserable life. Help Me!

Smiley

Dear Smiley,

You're sick! Just don't move. I have a phone call to make. Some nice men in little white coats will be by shortly. Now don't move. Just don't move!

Aunt Matilda

Dear Aunt Matilda,

My problem is that I don't know how to get a girl to notice me. I'm not really too bad looking for a healthy, red-blooded American boy. I am six feet tall and weigh 97 pounds. I used to think that girls did not like me because of my blue hair, but I don't have hair at all anymore so it couldn't be that. Please, Aunt Tilda, what do I have to do to get a girlfriend?

Long, tall Baldy

Dear Baldy,

For a healthy, young, red-blooded American boy, it certainly is unusual that you don't have a girlfriend. Most girls are conformists and like boys to be the same way, so why don't you grow some more blue hair?

Jr. Officers Take Look Into Past and Future

This young Miss from the Junior Class is a well-known fixture at B.H.S. Her light brown ringlets are often seen bouncing down the hall on the way to F.T.A. or flag twirlers' practice.

She claims to be from Bowling Green, Kentucky, but has lost all trace of her southern drawl.

She thinks Bitburg has a relatively low school spirit but offers suggestions for improvement. "What we need are more males and a pop club," she says. Chances are someone as peppy as this girl would be among the first to join.

She likes swimming, dancing, and pizza; also Kenny Evans. She collects records and has a special weakness for the Kingston Trio. All in all, Phyllis Reed makes the type of student any school would be proud to have, especially B.H.S.

He is a sixteen year old, five foot, eight inches tall young man. He is vice-president of the Junior Class. He was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, on November 10, 1944.

He is very much interested in girls, math, and music. He especially enjoys the recording of "Theme From the Unforgiven." Under the heading of dislikes comes officious people.

He would like to attend West Point and major in math, and for his career he wants to work in Nuclear Physics in the Air Force.

As hobbies he enjoys fishing, swimming, and riding motor-scooters. He likes real fast Rock'n'Roll.

His gripes are teachers who interfere with the Junior class fund raising ideas, and teachers who let personal feelings interfere with class teaching.

This is what he thinks; that he is too pessimistic toward raising five hundred dollars for the prom, that he talks too much about himself and that we have a wonderful opportunity to tour places in Europe.

His name is Mike Beruman.

This Miss was born September 16, in Baltimore, Maryland.

She is active in G.A.A., chorus, and is also a cheerleader. In years long passed, she was secretary of the Junior Red Cross.

Her favorite singer is Johnny Mathis.

For entertainment she likes to go horseback riding and enjoys all kinds of gymnastics.

Kids, Plants, Fish

The room mothers of Class 7-C are Mrs. Crampton and Mrs. Jones.

The new people in the 7-C Class, who have not attended this school before are Sandra Blais, Dolores Lowe, Kathleen Roberts, and Willard Bobbit.

During homeroom period each morning, we give reports on the latest news.

We have many nice plants in our homeroom. There is an African Violet from Margaret Church, and a Wandering Jew from Yvonne DePrater. Dean Engel, Elizabeth Wagner and Cathy Jones have also brought in plants. Elizabeth Wagner has the job of taking care of them.

In 7C, we also have a very interesting aquarium which was contributed by Dean Engel. He also contributed four Zebra fish. Chris Tampas contributed a Mexican Swordtail, Tropical Catfish and some plants. Terry Mayfield gave four small Guppies.

The aquarium is equipped with pump, aircator, light and cover. Its capacity is about ten gallons of water.

Dean Engel has been placed in charge of our aquarium.

Chris Tampas, Terry Mayfield, and Dean Engel have since transferred to 7-D.

She says she is too unorganized and too independent.

When asked what she thought of the school she said "There isn't enough school spirit and suggests a pep club to improve this."

This interesting young lady is Pat Bussey.

P.S. She asked that I mention due to circumstances beyond her control she is unable to attend class meetings and Judi Law is acting secretary.

Upon Awakening

I open one eye,
And look to the right,
At the alarm clock,
And morning's bright light,
Slowly, I swallow
To test for sore throat,
Then move both my arms
As if rowing a boat.
No sore throat at all
No aches, pains, or sties,
I'm perfectly well
On this day I despise.
"It's Monday, bleak Monday,"
I think in a daze.
"I must go to school
On this darkest of days."
Carol Maxwell

I am Lost - Beat Poem

I Am Lost

When I was walking in the woods
one day
In the very early month of May,
I started to freeze
When along came a breeze
That shook the trees
As I started to sneeze.
I'm lost, I'm lost, I'm lost!
I came around a bend
Where I saw a wild hen
That stood on its en'
And was off again.
I'm lost, I'm lost, I'm lost!
I picked up a stick and gave her
a whale,
Then I was hot on her trail.
The stick came down and hit her
on the tail;
Then I noticed "she" was a he-
quail.

I'm lost, I'm lost, I'm lost!
I met Blackie, the snake
And asked the way to the lake,
But he gave me the shake.
Boy, was he a fake!
I'm lost, I'm lost, I'm lost!
Over on the lawn
Behind the pond
Was bad daddy, the fawn
Out with his chick, a blon'
I'm lost, I'm lost, I'm lost!
Through the fog
I saw a dog
Who was barking at a frog
Seated on a log.
I'm lost, I'm lost, I'm lost.
All night long
I heard the owl sing his song
As I was running along.
If I had my way, I'd be long gone.
I'm lost, I'm lost, I'm lost.
I had no fear
Because the day was near.
When it was clear
I was getting out of here.
I'm lost, I'm lost, I'm lost.
—David Orr

Kings - Princes

"Until philosophers are kings,
or the kings and princes of this
world have the spirit and power
of philosophy, wisdom and political
leadership meet in the same
man, ... cities will never cease from
ill, nor the human race."
—Plato, The Republic