

Van Doren Gives Students Good Advice About School

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Books stretch the mind—the most elastic a human being possesses. The student who forms the habit of letting this experience happen to him will never lose it, though he may exercise it less in later years. In college he is expected to read books as he once read articles or stories; to take in the whole of along argument or exposition or narrative; to keep the parts of it before him as he reads, and to see them in their natural relation; to live with an author for hours or days or weeks; to venture through new worlds as if he had a right to be there. The world of a college is many worlds, all of which will be new to the young traveller. His passport is his desire and his ability to read. He will come back a richer person than the one who went. He may or may not be able to tell his parents what he has seen, but in time they will be glad he took the journey, for it will have made him the independent soul they wanted him to be.

He will have attended classes and listened to lectures, and participated in discussions. These are essential to the college experience, and no substitutes for them have ever been found; yet the reading of books, whether the student buys them or borrows them from the library, is just as essential. And its peculiar feature is that it is done alone, at night or at strange hours, when the student is his own master, bent upon cultivating the mind that is uniquely his. This mind of his is of course engaged in a rivalry with other minds which their owners are cultivating at the same time and place; for a college has many

Sea-going Mouse Relates Nautical Adventure 'Tail'

I was a mouse on Magellan's first ship to go around the world. Of course Magellan was a cat and he had twenty-five other cats as his crew. All of the cats on board "hated" mice except for one whose name was Freddy.

Now Freddy was jolly old guy although he was a bit dumb.

One day I was sitting in my mouse hole which was in the captain's quarters, when suddenly I smelled some cheese. Now I was crazy about cheese and it was pretty rare for a mouse to be able to get it on this ship. So I peeped out my hole and there I saw it lying on the table. All I would have to do is get it before anyone saw me. I tiptoed out, crawled up on a chair, and then sprang for the table. But, just then I heard the captain coming so I lay down on the cheese and covered myself up with a piece of bread. Then the captain walked over to the table, picked up the bread, cheese, and me in the middle. Just then I felt something sting very badly. I turned around and I saw that I had no tail. The next thing I knew I felt someone shaking me. It was my mother. She was telling me to be quiet because I was waking up my little brother, Squeaky.

—by Janis Slipp
Grade 5

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good minds in it; students are competitors as well as peers. But no form of competition is more genial; it is a race for happiness, not mere triumph. And one very important by-product emerges: the student who reads well learns to write well. There is the closest correlation between these gifts.

The good student borrows books when he has to; he buys them when he can. Nothing is more natural than the desire to own a useful or delightful book; to keep it on a private shelf; to mark it up if need be. The habit of buying and reading books is the clearest indication of an educated person, whether in or out of college. But it starts in college, for any student who is genuinely there. It is a habit he will cherish as long as he has life.

to Ginny Kent, with my best wishes that she'll always be calm and happy.

I, Molly Young, leave to Mr. Kolinski a used pair of ear-plugs which I use in study hall and with which he can dull the noise in his biology classes.

I, Dorothy Blankenship, will to all of next year's seniors the ability to get through one more year at B. H. S. and to Coral Coleman my government book.

I, Jim Warman, after two years at B. H. S. leave my Letterman's Jacket to Jim McClung, to Mr. Rayburn and Mr. Everitte my A. A. card, and to Linda I leave my burlap sack.

I, Tom Johnson, do will the following things: to Jerry Taylor all used cigarette butts which Steve Miller left me, to Pat Lange the

ability to slide through government, and to all the coming Seniors the hope that they will have an English teacher who is as good as Mr. Rayburn.

I, Gail Gunther, after two years at B. H. S. and being of as sound a mind as possible after that duration of time, leave to Phyllis Jacobs my long, green socks and blue skirt because she is blind anyhow. I also bequeath to Kathy Sager my ability to get out of homeroom and then get caught.

I, Ronnie Cochrane, of the city of Bitburg, Country of Germany, being of sound mind and memory, do hereby make, publish and declare this to be my last will and testament, hereby revoking any will or wills heretofore made by me. I leave to Danny Miller a copy of my High School diploma, to Jim McClung a girdle, and to Sandee Pica all my love.

I, Linda Cardinale, being of sound mind and body do therefore make my first and last will and testament in honor of these underclassmen. To Kathy Rubens I will my grateful ability to sing and my well-used, spine chilling maracas. To Sherry Priest a full years supply of straight pins so that in Home Ec. she won't have to hear endless pleas of "Sherry, may I borrow your pins?" To John Parrish my ability to be in French class on time. And to Carol Coleman my special guaranteed box of powder to prevent tickling to use in her next school in remembrance of Bitburg (P. E. locker room, period 3).

I, John Almon, will to Mr. Elliott my ability to wear ties, to everyone

who is stuck here, Bitburg and it's liquid sunshine, and to a future senior my reputation as a good dresser.

I, Tish Ward, being of sound mind (regardless of popular opinion) bequeath to Sandra "Wonder Girl" Yount and Rosalie Dye my collection of piano "concertos" and my library of excuses for avoiding class; to Kathy "S" Sager a written synopsis of arguments against some contemporary authors, for use against Miss Finocchi.

I, Chris E. Isbell, of the city of Bitburg, County of Eifel, Country of Germany being of sound mind and memory, do hereby make, publish, and declare this to be my last will and testament, hereby revoking any will or wills heretofore made by me. To BIG JIM MCCLUNG all my wonderful teachers I have been lucky to have this last year. (If he ever makes it). To John Patrick Bowers my ability to play basketball (he needs it) and to Tobie Pines and Blake Leonard all the love and happiness that Julie and I have had.

I, Chris Walsh, bequeath to Mr. Rayburn, that Elizabethan dandy, two packs of unused razors, to Mr. Kolinski, the mad genius of the laboratory, my tennis racket, and to Miss Cayley, all my misplaced Brownie-points.

I, Dan Frederick, will my ability to play soccer and get kicked in the shins to anyone who's unlucky enough to inherit it, and a new pair of soccer shoes to Mike Turner.

WE the Senior Lettermen, happily will to Mr. Elliott our Athletic Training Handbooks and all our other comic books... plus one dozen poached eggs.

Elementary Students Wax Poetic About Springtime

In Spring

In spring I can fly my kite
And watch the spring stars
As they sail across the night.
All the birds are singing
Their song is of cheer.
Good news they are bringing.
Lee Dehmow

Baby Animals

In spring babies are born,
Colts, fawns, kittens and puppies,
Lambs, calves and others, too.
They pass the day
With romp and play.
In spring babies are born.
Jill Burton

It Happens in Spring

This is really spring
And all the birds are singing.
All boys and girls are swinging.
All lawnmowers are moving.
All the children are playing,
And this ALL happens in spring.
All grass is growing.
All flowers are blooming.
Donny Simms

One, Two, Three

One, two, three
Vacation time for me.
Flowers blooming everywhere
And I am going here and there.
Susan Lehmann

In the Spring

Big children, little children,
Play in the spring,
Big children, little children
Hear birdies sing.
Big children, little children
All like the spring.
But when the spring is over
They can't do a thing.
Pam Skalberg

In Spring

In spring you can see many things.
Birds flying are spreading their wings.
The trees are big, the bees are making honey.
The people sell it for money.
Dennis Columbus

The Spring is so Gay

The grass is so, so gay
And the flowers are all blooming so pretty.
The birds are chirping so merrily.
Mothers come out with their babies so small.
They teach them so many things that you couldn't count them all.
And there are many, many other things about spring.
Marilyn Nielsen

It's Time for Fun

The sun is bright as the light,
And the trees are green as grass,
And it's fun to swim with my brother.
It is fun to play with children in summer.
Andy Adcock

In Spring

In spring I play
All through the day.
The birds are singing
While I am swinging.
Diane Kehrer

When It Becomes Spring

When it becomes spring
The grass turns green,
The flowers bloom,
And birds seem to say,
"It's spring, it's spring."
Kim Taylor

Aunt Matilda Writes Again; Gives Readers Good Advice (?)

Dear Aunt Matilda,
My life is miserable. I'm failing every subject, lost my girl, have no money, no friends, no car, no house, no relatives, no nothing. Is my life worth living, or shall I go ahead and end it all?
No Nothing

Dear No Nothing,
Certainly your life is worth living. I have no education, no guy, no house, no friends, no relatives, and no nothing, too. Maybe we can get together!?!
Aunt Matilda

Dear Aunt Matilda,
I'm writing you in hopes that my lost and loved one will read it. He left me for another girl and my heart is absolutely broken. Darling, please come back to me. I need you so much. I simply can not live without you.
Lost and Lovesick

Dear Lost,
This is just a disguise. Hang on dearest. I am commmming!
Aunt Matilda

Kiss Killer Jack

Kiss Killer Jack was born on Killer Island. One day he rode on a shark killer to cross Killer Lake. When he got across Killer Lake he saw woman with a beard and with a cigar in her mouth. He decided to go over and to get her and take her to his Killer Island, but another man was there so he pulled out his killer sharp-shooter and killed the man and kissed the woman. On their way back to Killer Island he saw a jelly fish swimming in the lake so he took out his killer spear and speared the jelly fish. Kiss Killer Jack said, "This is what we use for dessert on Killer Island." When they got to the island the woman took off her mask and there stood George Goble.

Dear Auntie,
I have a problem. The Prom is coming up and I am an old enough boy to be going to my first prom. The only problem is that I don't have a date. Do you think it would be alright if I take my mother? She understands me.
First Prom

Dear First,
Why don't you take your father instead? I'm sure the two of you could have a nice game of checkers while all the music is playing.
Aunt Matilda

Taken from Knight Life

CHILDREN LIST CIRCUS DELIGHTS

I like clowns. They are funny. I saw a clown at the circus. I am a clown. I do things that are funny.
Myron Spears

I am gray. I am an elephant. I can do tricks.
Jim Cauthen

I want to be the man on the trapeze. A trapeze is fun. See me go up, up, up!
Ricky Warner

I am a clown. I can do funny tricks. My face is funny!
Sharon Farr

I am a trapeze lady. I go up, up, up. Oh, is it fun!
Debra Buddin

I am a clown—a funny, fat clown! I can do tricks.
Janice Holt

I am black and I have red on me. I do tricks that are funny. I like to do them. I am a circus pony.
Katleen Quinlan

I am a horse on the merry-go-round. I go up and down and round and round. Children like to ride on me.
Denis Jones

Young Ladies Demonstrate Gym Prowes

This big event took place Tuesday, May 16, at 1930 in the school gymnasium. The purpose of this program was to show the parents what the students have learned in music and physical education this year and to raise money to pay for the awards given by the Music Department and the Girls' Physical Education Department.

The sponsors of the program were the following: Mrs. Bella Sanders, Chairman, and Mr. John Sanders, assisted by Mrs. Margi Fox and Miss Caroline Calkin. Mrs. Sanders' reply to whether or not she thought it would be a success was, "ABSOLUTELY!"

The demonstrations which took place were band, beginning baton, advanced baton, flag twirling, drill team, tumbling skit, exercises from seventh-grade, and from high school girls' physical education classes.

This array of events, from modern to Chinese, was quite an enjoyable performance.

—Rita Littleton

4th Grader Finds Magic in Books

Here is an adventure. What awaits Beyond these closed, mysterious gates? Whom shall I meet? Where shall I go? Beyond the lovely land I know. Above the sky. Across the sea. What shall I learn, feel, and be? Open the strange doors to good or ill, I hold my breath a moment still. Before the magic of your look What shall you do to me—Oh Book. Nellie Sue Wilbanks