

Petersen 100



Call of The Wild Hepcat Hits Germany

At first the sound is barely discernible, then it increases in volume until it becomes a rumble that shakes the whole building. Three hundred cramped forms rise. Eager, clammering hands grope for door handles and all doors are flung wide open. Multi-colored streams pour from every doorway and meet in a clamoring, scrambling mass. The floors and foundations tremble under thundering feet. It's a battle for survival!

Belongings are clutched with grim determination. Some hug notebooks, the girls cling to their boy friends, the boys cling to their girl friends, while others clutch bologne sandwiches in a grip of "until death do us part." Nothing is safe in the mad scramble. Flowery handkerchiefs, combs, pencils, purses, tubes of "Passionate Pink" and even shoes are lost never to be seen again.

There are three thoughts in the mind of each creature in the mob, — stomach — food — eat —! Visions of soup, sandwiches, hot-dogs and hamburgers, swim before their eyes. Yes, it's the call of the wild!

The swarm surges forward. It's like a cattle stampede. A teacher (Mr. Giorgi? Mr. Sanders? or maybe Mr. Trull) directly in its path, feels the floor tremble beneath him. He turns and sees the hunger-frenzied mob coming faster and faster towards him. His eyes bulge and his face turns a deadly white. The mob comes closer and closer. With a scream of terror he turns and runs, his arms waving frantically. The mob comes closer, still closer. Now he can feel their breath on the back of his neck. He screams again as he realizes his fate. But wait! There's a doorway ahead, on the left. If only he could reach it. His legs churn in a wild effort to reach the opening. Only a few yards to go! But now the mob is treading on his heels! In a last desperate attempt, he dives for the doorway. He made it!

It finally reaches the school doors. They swing open and the mob pours out. It breaks up, each going his own way.

As the last, starved member of the mob leaves the school building, the door is slammed behind him. The teachers unlock their doors and peer out cautiously. They may walk the halls safely once more—at least until 12:40.

Man, I was real hep at the prospect of stearin' my toadstompers on the grovin' German soil, but when I bugged my way into this crazy jiveland, I felt as though had been in a rumble. When the ancients showed me this pad I was supposed to live in, I said to them, "I dig this the most, Daddy-o. Man, it's tough. But what is it?"

A little while later a cat passes me and says, "Guttentag." I looked at this hepster and can't figure out whether he is stupid or just plain dumb. I says to him, "Man, what are you sayin'? I just don't dig you." And he says, "Was?" Then I really got shook and made it as soon as my toadstompers could drag me. I didn't want to palaver

with a stud that couldn't speak the cool English lingo.

The Square

Boy I was real excited at the prospect of setting my feet on nice German soil, but when I had traveled my way into this place, I felt as though I had a fight.

When my parents showed me the house I was supposed to live in, I said to them, "I like this the best, Dad, but what is it?"

A little while later, a boy passes me and say, "Guttentag." I looked at him and thought he was dumb. I said to him, "What are you saying? I just don't understand you." And when he says "Was?" I really got mixed up. I went as soon as my feet could carry me. I didn't want to talk to a boy that couldn't speak the nice English language.

How Far Would You Go for a Loaf of Bread?

Yes, how far would you go for a loaf of bread: six blocks, one mile, two miles, or how about forty-four miles?

Last Saturday, the Denitto brothers had a craving for some bread, a-la-French style. They just had to have some, so they leaped onto their bicycles and peddled for the closest French bread store, which happened to be in Luxemburg.

They left Erdorf at 8:00 a.m. for their long journey. It was a cold morning, but that did not stop them. It was either bread or burst, and that's just what hapened. Gary's tire burst when they hit Wolsfeld! After a quick repair job, they were on their way again. They finally reached Echternach (border town) at 10:20 a.m.

After visiting friends and resting up a bit, they went to the nearest boulangerie (bread store) and bought a refreshing hot loaf of fresh French bread.

Soon they set out for the long trip back home. After endless hours of peddling, they came rolling into Erdorf. It was 5:00 p.m., and after riding a grand total of 44.9 miles, they walked up to the dinner table and said, "Do you mind if we eat our bread standing up?"

Barons Bump Berlin

For the first time in about five years B. H. S. again has a soccer team. This is a new experience in sports for all the team members. Nevertheless, earlier this month Bitburg Barons trounced the experienced Berlin Bears with a score of 6-0.

The Barons led at the end of the first half with a score of 2:0. The first point was made by Richard Ellis with an assist from Kelly Cole; the second by John Almon after he received a nice pass from Richard Ellis. All-star Ellis then made the next three points, and Dan Fredrick made the last point giving Bitburg a handsome score of 6-0 at the end of the game.

Unknown Eight

We hear Home Room 8 A is sponsoring a dance on the evening of Friday, April 21. They say it is going to be a casual affair, but when questioned as to the theme, the canny 8-A'ers reply, "Oh, 'Unknown' of course."

Apparently, it is going to remain "Unknown" until the night of April 21. We hope the 8-A'ers will be able to make themselves known at that time. Susan McCoy

"I hear you went golfing with your boy friend yesterday. How does he use his woods?"

"I don't know, we played golf all the time."

Gold - Diggers vs. Beef - Heads

Five feet six and a half, eyes of blue, brown hair, sixteen years old, male, Vice-President of the Sophomore Class—you guessed it—Dick Ellis.

He was born in San Antonio, Texas, on November 20, 1944. Being from Texas he says, "We Texans rule the country; tomorrow the world." He has no girl friend, but that's just what he claims. His hobbies are sports. Dick thinks that BHS

has a good educational program, but he is not satisfied with its athletic record. He is active in Student Council, Lettermen's Club, football and soccer teams.

"Giant" is Dicks' favorite record; favorite actor and actress—Audie Murphy and Debbie Reynolds, and steak tops his list of favorite foods.

This tall, blue-eyed, dark-haired, sixteen-year-old, handsome young man is the President of the Sophomore Class. His name is Steve Schwiff.

Steve was born February 3, 1945 in Santa Anna, California. He likes girls and his hobbies are model airplanes and sports. His activities at BHS are football, chorus, soccer, and Chairman of the Junior Red Cross.

He thinks BHS is really a great school. He also adds that the Sophomore Vice-President is a little over-exuberant and knows good and well that the Californians will rule the world.

Steve's favorite record is "Will You Love Me Tomorrow?" Audie Murphy and Debbie Reynolds are his favorite movie people, and as for food, he thinks steak is the best.

Fun With Puns

There once was a lad named Mickey,
Whose fingers were very sticky,
He always ate cake
But never his steak,
And his mother gave him a kickie.
Mike LeValley

One day a boy by the name of Mutad
Who was awfully large footed
Stepped into a crack
Snapped his sacroiliac
And that's where he stayed putted.
Larry Durst

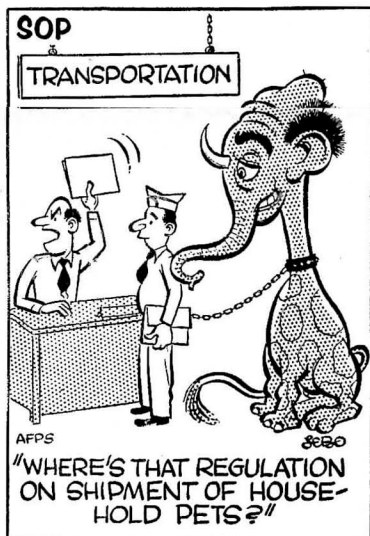
There once was a boy named Bobby
Who played with dynamite for a hobby.
He wasn't quite bright
So a match he did light.
They're still looking for pieces of Bobby.
Nancy Stephens

There was once a Green with a spleen
Who was also very mean
So he had it dissected
So now, Mr. Green has no spleen.
Bob Fredrich

There was a tall boy from Spang
Who complained of a hunger pang
He did ride the bus
And complained to us
And this lasted 'til the lunch bell rang.
Ken Young

There is a real ham named Green
Who really is quite a scream
The teacher gets mad
At his foolish fad.
Then Trull sees the boy name of Green.
Sandy Shogren

In Bitburg High, in English One
The kids are taught to write a pun.
But how, said they,
To their teacher so gay,
Can we write a pun in fun?
Sandy Shogren



Auntie Strikes Again

Dear Aunt Matilda,
I've read your column for years. Some of your advice is pretty good. You see, I have a very serious problem. Although I have a real beautiful girl friend, a 100 foot yacht, 2 Rolls Royces, 3 racing cars, a fully equipped jet, 16 beautiful country clubs, 3 producing oilfields, and I am worth over \$10,000,000, I am bored.
You've got to help me. Please! Please!
Very truly yours,
J. Huntingdon Duckworth Esq.

Dear J. Huntingdon Duckworth Esq.:
Did you ever try hunting birds?
Auntie M.

Dear Aunt Matilda,
What would you do with a guy who won't take time to listen and talk things over?

It was my fault that we broke up and I realize that now—but one of my biggest problems is that I have too much pride and I can hardly talk to him. If I do, it's only one or two words. I've tried to forget—
Would you please advise me?
Reformed

Dear Reformed,
If you really want to forget, try reading "How to Improve Your Memory" backwards.
Auntie M.

Junior High Issues Challenge

Here in my shanty, out in the sticks, I relish the "riots," the "panics," and kicks."
The fun I've had cannot be expressed, and the people I've known—the very best.
How I long to haunt your halls, how I miss the guys and dolls.
Of Bitburg High School, let it be said; that no one misses it more than ol' "Red."
To the faculty, students, and "others," I consider you all my sisters and brothers.
As a parting remark, I wish to say, Enjoy BHS, Enjoy your stay.
Mike Armour

A Farewell to Armours

Two vacancies occurred on Junior High Student Council therefore making it necessary to elect new officers. Bruce Jones from 7 B became Secretary while Jim Bradley from 8 A became Treasurer.
Both student councils, Junior High and Senior High, are greatly disturbed to find that people are taking advantage of our long lunch period. There have been far too many people on the tardy list. If this tardiness continues our sixty-minute lunch period will have to be shortened. Most of the people tardy have been from Junior High. If the tardiness is not cut down steps will have to be taken. Let's beat the Senior High!
Jan Donneson



Left to right: Sandy Ulm, Linda Pinelli, Patty Price, Carol Coleman, Julie Chenoweth, Pat Bussey. (Photo contributed by Lee Trent)