



Rilla Martin
(Freshman)

Rickey Crews

Betty
Michaelson

Chipman

Robert Wolfe

Sharon

Bob Frost

Lacy

Bill

Linda
Falsena

Larry

Mike Wray

Ann
Hensstenberg

Randy

Linda
Crawford

Ray Mazzullo

Nicky Ash

Dennis

Barb
Thomas

Hene Marshall
Bill Ellis

Gary See
65

Enlightened Moments

Donated
by Rilla Martin

Cynthia
(Freshman)

by
Diane Pallner
(THE ARTIST WHO DREW THIS)

Fred Stinson
1965

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS
for Enlightened Moments
a preparation of the students:

Thanks goes to Mrs. Britton for her support in this work and also to the students who submitted examples of their achievement. Without them, this collection of talent presented would not have been possible

EDITORS: Carol Maxwell
Susan Goetz
Diane Dillner
Jim Hengstenberg

AUTHORS:	Carol Maxwell	Sophomore	6
	Susan Goetz	Sophomore	2
	Diane Cobb	Sophomore	2
	J.D.Hengstenberg	Sophomore	2
	Pauline Blais	Sophomore	1
	James Thrower	Sophomore	1
	Diane Dillner	Sophomore	1
	Sue Strickland	Senior	1
	Ruth Schwind	Freshman	1
	Janice Holland	Freshman	1
	Harriet Mann	Sophomore	1
	Brenda Hayes	Sophomore	1

Jim Hengstenberg

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POETRY

The poetry in this section is varied and some of the selections are quite good. It seems that the fairer sex dominates this particular type of composition, with all ten poems written by female literary aspirants.

"Tangatika Island" by Susan Goetz, deals with an indolent islander in the Tropics as he reacts to the advances of American imperialists. Carol Maxwell's "Ballad of John Glenn" was written immediately following the historic flight of the American astronaut and has made quite a hit.

Diane Cobb seems to have a great love for the ocean, as witnessed by her two selections "A Ballad of the Harbor" and "Blue # 55". Sue Strickland "Sand Castle" and Brenda Hayes' "What is Love" lead the romantic category very ably.

Janice Holland and Sue Goetz exhibit two similar ideas in their poems "Dead in the Cold" and "Finis", with both showing great tenderness and grief. In "The Wind Blew" Ruth Schwind shows considerable talent for a freshman as she relates in a new and unique manner to approach to the tragedy of the forest fire. In "A Student's Prayer" Harriet Mann presents a comical and personal request concerning Bitburg High.

Comgratulations, girls. You represent yourselves very well.

Susan Goetz
Sophomore

Tangatika Island

(to the tune of South Coast)
(with variation)

We sat 'neath the palm tree and watched 'em--
The sea lapped the sandy white shore;
The ships drifted into the harbour.
Now I wonder what they came here for?

Me and Tonic went to the dockside;
We watched 'em unloading some peas.
The sun beat so hot on our backs; then
We returned to the shade of our trees.

The white men called all us together;
One started to talkin' real fine.
The sun got much hotter and hotter;
It's too hot in this sunny clime.

This white guy kept talkin' and talkin';
He was an American man,
He say that they come to take over,
To help us "develop" our land.

They started to drawin' up papers
With all kinds of things written down.
That ol' sun got hotter and hotter,
So I laid me to sleep on the ground.

Now I'm not a man for complainin'--
I tell you that I am right glad
That these men come her to take over
'Cause less work don't make me feel sad.

I guess the Americans like us;
They're having an awful good time.
They boss say for them to get workin'
But who works when life is so fine?

The fruit on this island is "wondrous,"
The forest is "deep, cool and green,"
The beaches are sandy and pretty,
The Americans say it's a "dream."

"A paradise in the blue waters,"
A "heaven on earth" it must be;
I think its a pretty bum island
But nobody listens to me.

Hey, now the Americans own us;
They parceled out land equally.
I figure I'm 'sposed to be workin'
But the palm trees are callin' to me.

Now everythings fixed up real fancy;
We even make flower cologne
To sell to some guys in Hawaii.
Now why can't those guys make their own?

We making big hats outa palm leaves
And dive for pearlfish in the bay,
But everything we make is leavin'--
The boats aill it all far away.

If you think that I am complainin'
Well listen to me a bit more.
I like these American boys here
But me days of gay life are gone for.

So I guess I'll go back to my farm now--
I'm 'sposed to get my glows' done;
I promised to do it, but somehow
A good sleep sounds like such more fun.

Carol Maxwell
Sophomore

The Ballad of John Glenn

(sung to the tune of "Sweet Betsy from Pike")

Come all ya good people and listen to me,
I'm goin' to tell ya of one fine marine,
His name was John Glenn and he did his job well,
In followin' Grissom's "Liberty Bell".

Oh, John Glenn was mighty and John Glenn was brave,
Adventure was one thing that John Glenn did crave.
His name was John Glenn and he did his job well,
In followin' Grissom's "Liberty Bell".

From off Cape Canaveral his rocket arose,
And matched and surpassed all the deeds of our foes.
His name was John Glenn and he did his job well,
In followin' Grissom's "Liberty Bell".

Now John Glenn goes down in our contry's big book,
'Bout most of our heros and roads that they took.
His name was John Glenn and he did his job well,
In followin' Grissom's "Liberty Bell".

His name now is wide-sung and spoken by all,
This astronaut hero who stands mighty tall.
His name was John Glenn and he did his job well,
In followin' Grissom's "Liberty Bell".

Sue Strickland
Senior

Sand Castle

She was a princess for an hour--
Curly-locked and fair of face,
Born beneath a southern star,
All loveliness and comely grace.

I was a captive held in chains,
Begging favor and princely boon:
We dreamed alone in the sandy lanes
Shimmering silver under the moon.

She built a castle from golden sands--
Pyramid-like, with magic door.
The golden dust slid through her hands
While I in chains still brought her more.

The clouds were islands in a sea,
Washed with light and lathery foam.
The night, a half remembered memory,
A fairy world with starry dome.

The hour dripped away in silver spray,
The dream isle melted in the stellar skies.
Our sand castle waits till another day,
Locked by the secrets in her eyes.

Diane Cobb
Sophomore

Blue # 55

The monotony of the sea is endless--

But is it so?

Each wave traces its own path,

There is no smile among them.

The water thrashes and breaks against heavy walls of rock,

Gulls fly about circling, circling.

Is it monotony?

The sea continues, on to eternity,

In out, in out,

Never to soak in the sun,

Or feel the cool winds rushing against her.

Yet each wave, each tide, they are never alike.

Each has its own personality.

Some come in hard, laboring to decay the rocks

that so long have stood their thrashing,

Others slowly lap the shore with a wet lick.

Monotony?--no--true individuals.

SHORT STORIES

We received a surprisingly small amount of short stories for this production, but the ones which were submitted reveal so much talent and provide such interesting reading that we consider this section a success.

Carol Maxwell adds to her collection of "published" works with two "way-out", Halloweenish stories: "creature of the Night" and "Who Was It?". The surprise endings of these stories are Carol's forte.

Jim Thrower, one of the two boys represented, writes "Winter Tragedy", a story about death in the element of, you guessed it, snow. His story is so well written that the reader can readily imagine the piercing cold which forms such a comforting invitation to sleep.

Jim Hengstenberg closes out with perhaps the longest selection in our "book". His "The Last Bow" is the only sports story featured and deals with a brilliant pitching duel on a hot August afternoon in the world of Pro Baseball. Here is the literary representation of the field of sports, especially interesting to the baseballminded individual.

This is a very enjoyable section, representing the three authors quite well.

Killa
You're one
of the sweetest, nicest
gals I've ever met.
It's really been
a pleasure
to know you.
I'll
miss you!
Love ya!
Barb
Thomas
"65"

Rilla,
You're one
of the sweetest, nicest
gals I've ever met.
It's really been
a pleasure
to know you.
I'll
miss you!
Love ya!
Barb
Thomas
"65"

ya! May God
always bless
you!
Best of luck!
Love ya!
Barb
Thomas
"65"