

Nürnberg Alumni Association Online Archive

Nürnberg American High School

a U.S. Army dependents school formerly located in Fürth/Bavaria, Germany

1960-61 School Year

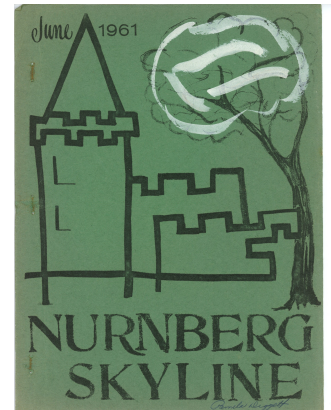
15th year of the school's existence

Graduating Class of 1961

This File: Selections from Creative Writing Publications



Some Like It Cool
Nürnberg Skyline



Comments, corrections, and further contributions to the Nürnberg Alumni Association Archives should be sent to Bob McQuitty, NAA Archivist/Historian, bmcquitty33@gmail.com

For information on the Nürnberg Alumni Association and to access other files from the Online Archive, go to www.nurnbergeagles.org.

Handwritten: "Cool is the new hot" "Room 302" "Mr. Wainwright"

SOME LIKE IT



Handwritten: "Cool!" "Cool!" "Cool!" "Cool!" "Cool!"

COOL

Selections from

Some Like It Cool

Staff

Editor — Claudia Edwards



Assistant Editor — Sandra Knox

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Claudia Edwards

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Carol Gleaves

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Pat Finnegan
Sandy Jones

Contributing Artist — Nelle Wilkes

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Patricia Duggar, Larry Schlanser

Selections:

Lament of a Freshman — Don McClure

We Like Our Teachers After All — Sandra Knox

These Crazy Teens — Nancy McLane

Teen Top Tunes — Pat Finnegan and Sandy Jones

Reigning Cats and Dogs: Turn-About Pet — Claudia Edwards

Santa Visits NHS — Saralee Goodman

Santa, Don't Forget the Big Men — Nancy McLane and Claudia Edwards

Use

LAMENT OF A FRESHMAN

By Don McClure

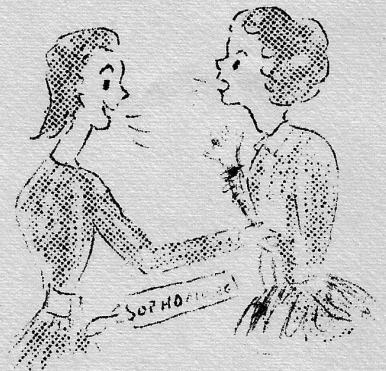
The Seniors have a superior air,
They think they're the prettiest dates.
An underclassman, though Lady Fair,
Against them just never rates.



The Junior girls are proud of their Prom
And consider themselves elite.
They won't let Freshmen or Sophomores in,
For fear they'll show up beat.



And then there's that phony Sophomore Class
Who play that lording bit.
With noses high they pass you by,
Then slay you with their wit.



But we the poor and lowly Frosh,
We take it and look bright.
Just wait a year and see our steam —
We've not begun to fight !



~TEACHERS~

HERE'S THE BIGGEST JOKE OF ALL -
WE LIKE OUR TEACHERS AFTER ALL.



Some teachers' sense of humor's lacking -
You tell 'em jokes, they sit there quacking.
They can't understand our reasons for yakking,
When at the old lesson they just keep on hackin' g.

They speak in syllables gloomy and deep,
Complaining that everyone talks a heap.
But if we don't even utter a peep,
They shriek at us, " Now you've fallen asleep!"

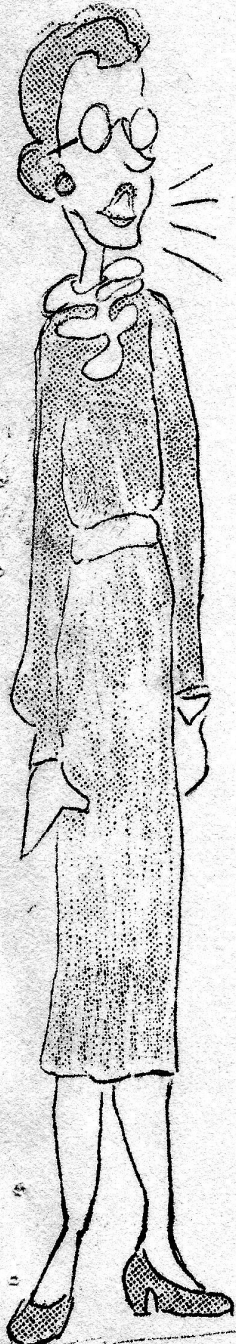
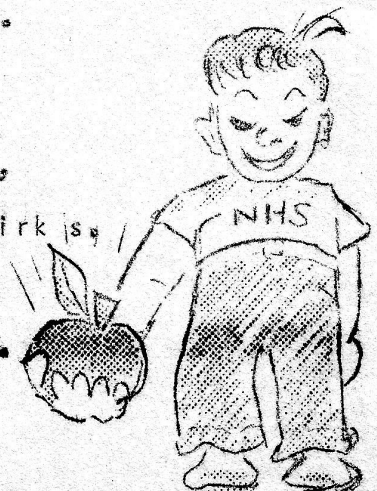


Though it's past one when we are lunchin'
The same old line they keep on punchin' -
"Say, can't you stop that gum amunchin'?"
Say we, " It stops our teeth from crunchin' !!"

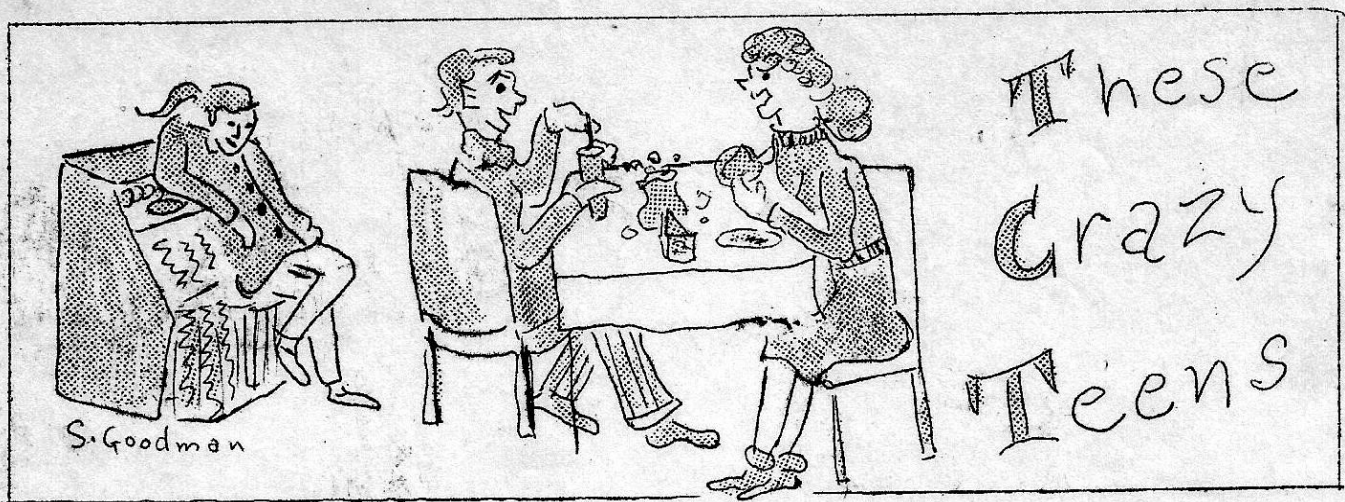
And when it comes time for a test,
They smile and look their very best.
Our worries make them laugh and jest.
For them exams are one great fest.



In spite of all our teachers' smirks,
We like them still, for all their quirk's,
If any teachers thjs song irks,
Then they deserve to be called Jerks.



By Sandra Knox



Teenagers are a bunch that can't be beat. They're a piece of society who finds everything neat or great. If they have a cool time at a party, it's a blast. You'd better get the shakes if you've never been called cool.

Food, their kind, is something teenagers dote on. Hamburgers, french fries, and cake will never come short of being the most. After school the nearest snackbar is the next stop. Here they relax after rattling their brains at a hard day of school. Jammed in around one small table they sit, talking, singing with records, guzzling milk shakes and devouring potato chips. There's always a champion gum-chewer sprawled, beating a wad of gum to death between frantic jaws.

Fads pop on the scene almost every week. Girls are kookie if they wear pink lipstick, tennies (tennis shoes) and frosted eye shadow. Boys liven up things by wearing football jerseys and Bermuda shorts.

Teenagers find themselves in real mix-ups sometimes. They like parties, dances, dates, and more dates. Of course, at first some are bashful. Some aren't! A girl may find that she's accepted a date with two different boys for the same big night. How embarrassing!

— By Nancy McLane

Teen Top Tunes



All American Boy	Willie Getter
Torture	Mr. McQuitty's tests
Sixteen Reasons	Why I don't get along with teachers
Personality	Elaine Hudson
Lonesome Town	Herzo Base
Because They're Young	NHS Freshmen
Blue Betty	Mrs. Rosin marking chemistry exams
I'm Gonna Get Married	Dottie Goforth
A Mess of Blues	Report Cards
Among My Souvenirs	Yearbook
Walk, Don't Run	To the cafeteria
That's My Desire	Straight A's
The Big Hurt	Flunking Exams
Silhouettes	Ralph Mogel
That's All You Gotta Do	Turn of showers
Lipstick, Powder and Paint	Jenna Skirving
Wake Up, Little Suzy	Suzy Smith
Twist	Don McClure
The Story of Our Love	Terry and Pam
Don't Be Cruel	Mr. Rosin

By Pat Finnegan and Sandy Jones



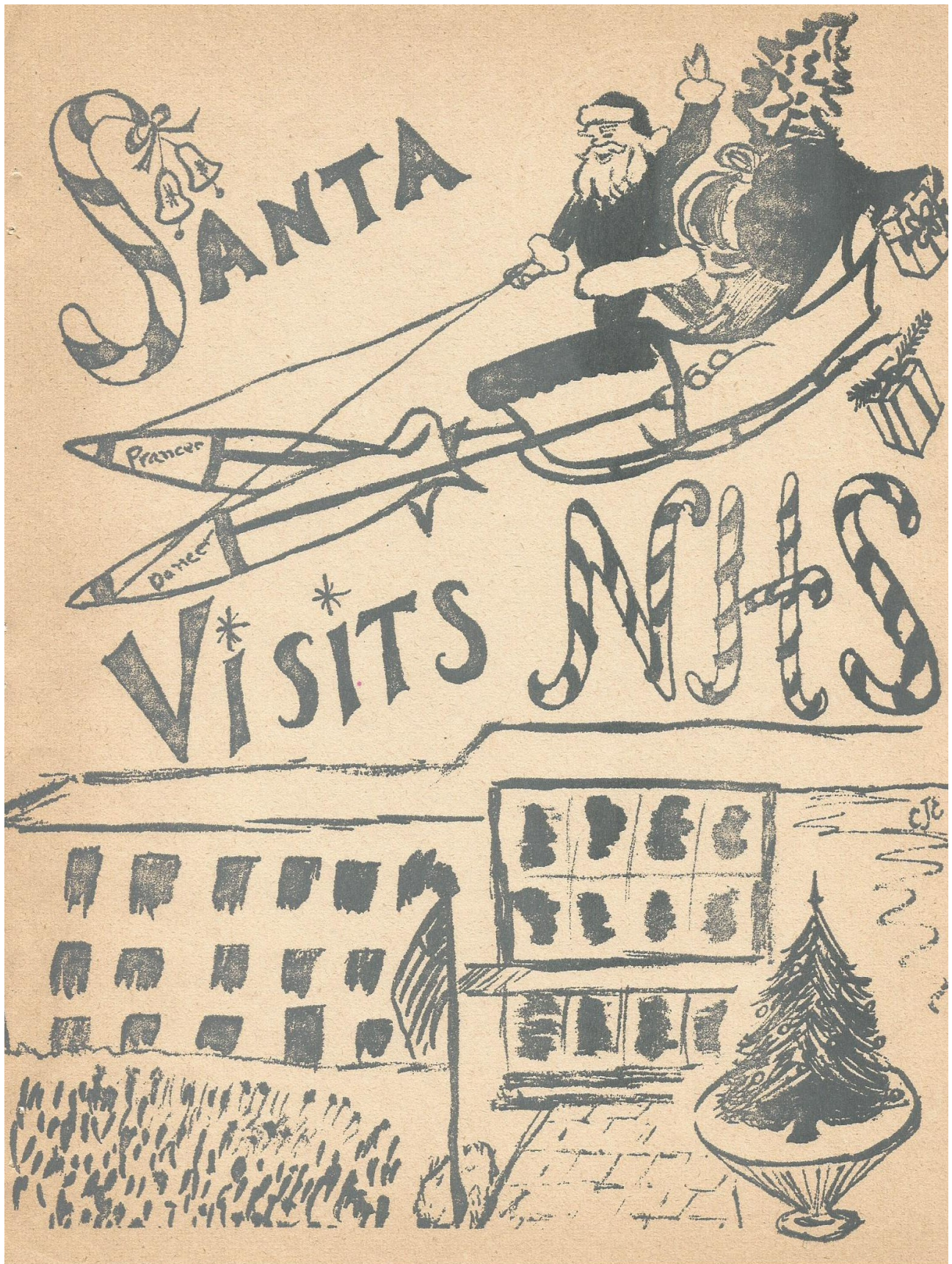
TURN-ABOUT PET

My pet is tall, with golden hair,
White skin and soft brown eyes.
She's faithful, too. She's always there.
If I should leave, she cries.

I'm really very fond of her
And never use my claws.
To please her all I do is purr
And touch her with my paws.

She always gives me things to eat,
But screams at little mice
I bring her for a special treat —
No cat has pet so nice.

—By Claudia Edwards



There it was glittering high above the junior high building, ready to make its landing. The crowd, hundreds of anxious, excited kids, awaiting the arrival of the luxurious 1961

Mercedes Jet Liner, bearing none other than Great Santa himself. Fanning out in front of the gaping mass, Baton-Happy Worland was there with his oompah boys and girls, all dressed in brownie costumes to lend reality to “Jingle Bells.” So carried away by the merry strains, **Twinkle-Toes Ferguson** leapt from the crowd to execute a few wild Charleston steps.

The press boys crowded forward. **Shutter-Snap Fairbanks** climbed on the shoulders of **Brawny-Back Matlock**. He wasn't going to miss any good Yearbook candid. **News-Nosey McQuitty** was reporting the event, and kept bawling on-the-spot news releases to **Push-Pencil Worland**, who took them down in frenzied shorthand. **Sweat-Suited Jahnke** dashed from the gym, brandishing a typewriter to get the story straight from the reindeer's mouth.

Floating ever so gently down upon the field, the great craft made a beautiful landing. The door opened, the ramp was drawn up, and one by one the celebrated family descended. First came **Shop-Foreman Campbell**, the chief toy maker, and his two assistants, **Weary Erie**, who collected busted bean-shooters and old bubble gum for bad boys' stockings, and **General Grant Campbell**, who made jigsaw map puzzles and other educational toys. The crowd shouted and shoved and was near riot as Santa at last appeared.

Head-On Hedden, official interviewer, rushed to greet the distinguished guest.

“Welcome, Santa,” he exclaimed in his rich assembly voice, “welcome to NHS. Here on our beloved football field — which for once is dry — we make history again in receiving you, Santa, direct from the North pole.”

“Ah beg your pahdon, Suh, the South Pole. Taxes got too high for the plant at the North Pole.”

“Oh, really! Well, how was the trip?”

“Jest fahn, and Ah sho want to tell you-all what a pleasure it is to be here, and how deeelighted Ah am at this great turnout. My li'l helpers find this a remarkable exper'ence, a one not long to forget—”

“Just a moment,” interrupted Head-On, “I'd better get **Prof. Parrish**, our foreign language interpreter —”

“Don't trouble, Suh, I'll just switch back to my North Pole accent.”

“That’s better,” said Head-On, relieved. “Now, Santa, we all want to know what you have in that big, bulging pack.”

“Why, yes, I’ve plenty here for your good goys and girls, and your teachers, too.

This one is for **Lenny Habas** — a new doll collection. We hear he has only one doll he’s used for a long time now.

And here’s a present for **Elaine Hudson** — a Gogomobile, so she can make better time in the corridors running around on all those errands.

And for **Judy McLane** — a Jack-in-the-box, so she can keep a lock on that Jack of hers.

For **Lanny Eyre** I have a small theater with a canned applause machine.

For **Susan Worley** here’s a trampoline so she can practice bigger and better cartwheels.

For **Toni Miller** — a pogo stick to keep her jumping.

And what’s this for **Ranny Lewis?** — why, a contract with Decca to make his first record.

And for **Jackie Hogue** — a new model squirt gun with a never failing teacher-sight attachment.

For **Micki Korp** — a nice shiny mouse trap.

And for **David Kirschbaum** — a set of disappearing paperback science fiction.

For **Mr. Rosin’s Seniors** — some vest-pocket tape recorders for easy note taking.”

“You still have more, Santa?” interviewer Head-On queried.

“Oh, yes, I’ve a few things for the teachers who have behaved themselves.”

For **Mrs. Gutschmidt** — a new bottle of Chanel with built-in flit-gun.

For **Mr. Goold** — a lie detector to help him screen the phony excuses.

For **Miss Kuzara** — a used bottle of catsup and a six-month-old loaf of bread, both Christmas green with thick furry mold.

For **Mr. Parrish** — a Confederate uniform.

For **Norah** — a three-week vacation on the French Riviera.

And for **Dr. Menegat** — a new six-gun so that he can be more in the character of his great radio counterpart — Doctor Six-Gun. And that seems to empty my pack.”

“Well, thank you so much for making NHS happy with these fine gifts.” Head-On’s thanks flowed from a full heart.

“Then I’m off and away,” chortled Santa, “with a Merry Christmas and a joyous New Year to all.”

— by **Saralee Goodman**

Santa don't forget

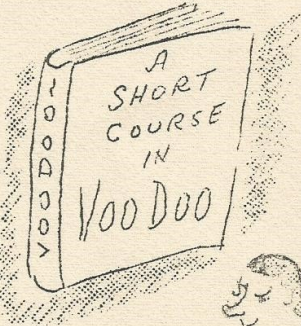
the Big Men in the News



Santa bring to Khrushchev
 A new - soled shoe.
 And please give to Castro
 A shave and haircut, too.



Give to Lumumba
 A lesson In the Rhumba,
 And give to Kasavubu
 A short course in voo-doo.



The New
 PRESIDENT

Give to Dickie Nixon
 Hope for next election year,
 And the victor, smiling Jack,
 A toast of Presidential cheer.



By Nancy McLane and Claudia Edwards

June 1961



NURNBERG
SKYLINE

Laughter

By Claudia Edwards

I am a singing, mad running fool
A laughing, dancing trout in a pool,
A river of thought, a mountain of love —
What in the world am I thinking of?

People scoff at my joy unhidden
But they covet my riches that come unbidden.
They mock, they scorn — they envy me
My joy, my song, that I'm wildly free.



LIVING MOTION

By Claudia Edwards

Life must have movement
The pull-slack strain of muscles
The lash of the wind-whip.
The living athlete wants no prizes
But the joy of movement.

Stillness is for death.
The grave-dull lethargy,
The cold eternal serenity
Are not for the brave living
Who stand sword-proud.



CLAUDIA EDWARDS

REALIZATION

By Saralee Goodman

Hate is the generating essential, hate for
the irrational,
the ridiculous.
Unquestioning faith
at first conditioned into your very essence
becomes later a nucleus,
a basis for incipient doubt.

To the non-able,
to those who act
through feeling,
The world is cloudland —
to believe and die virtuous.

To those who act
through rationality,
The able who breed
a priceless specie,
The mean is reason
and to be fulfilled.

To those emotion-stifled,
vaporizing existence into nothing —
Let them at last
gasp for the breath of reason,
the clear filtered air
of upper regions,
Where the worthy reside
in valid existence.

The nucleus shall burst apart
scattering particles,
but forming again
unchanged for the worthless.

Men of mind alone
shall fuse
the residual of values
Into final fulfillment,
the highest good.





COMPARED

By Beth Bondshu

To what can we be compared?
 Compared to all the stars in the sky
 We are as ashes in a great furnace;
 Compared to grains of sand on a beach
 We are as vast as the stars.
 To what must we be compared?
 Does size alone evaluate us?
 Must we be compared to things?
 Compared to God we are as sheep.

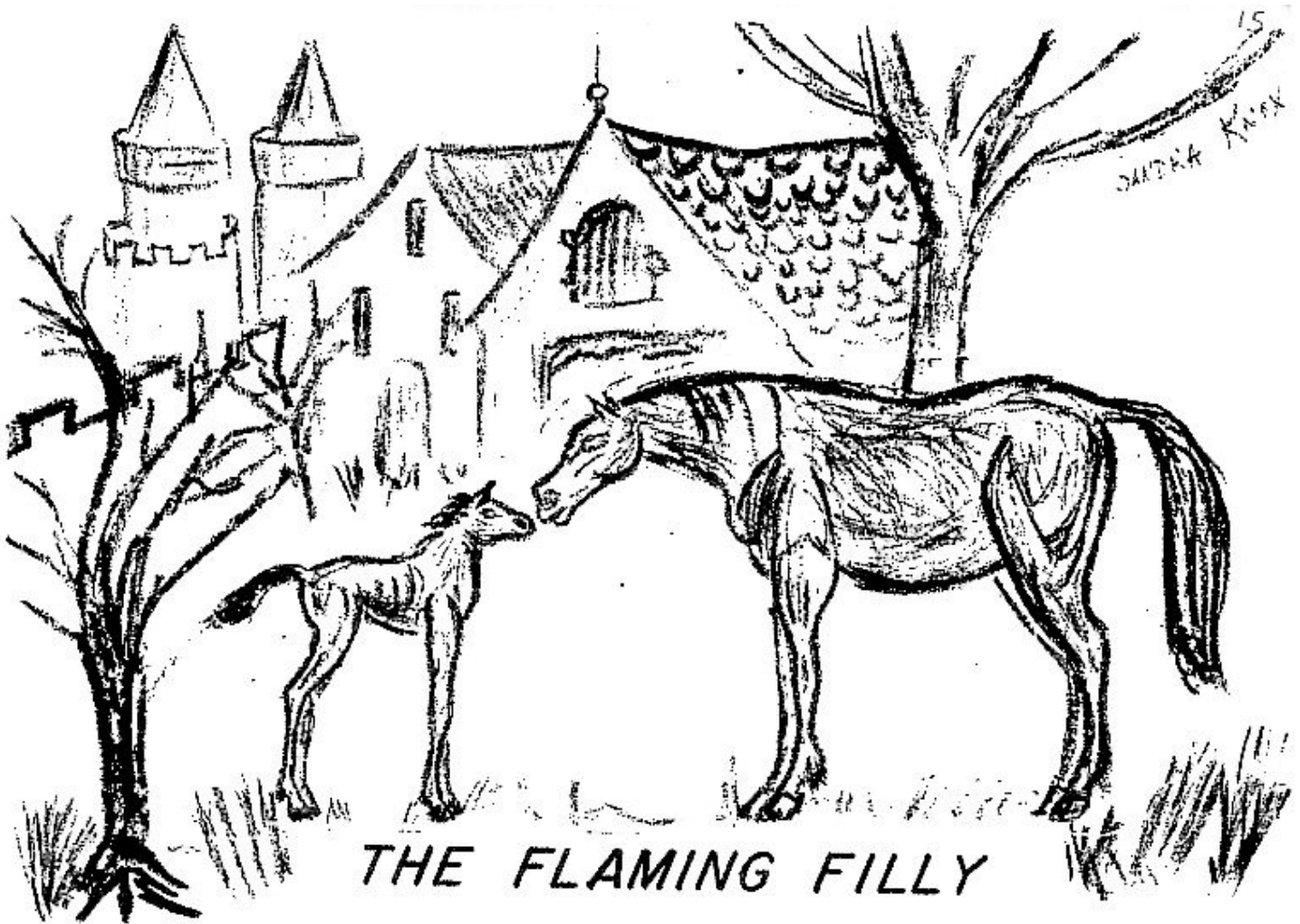


I WOULD LIVE FOREVER

By Claudia Edwards

I would live forever
 If I could
 Because living is fun.
 I would die because
 Death is rest
 And I am tired.
 Let me live strongly
 While I live.
 And die gratefully
 When death comes.





THE FLAMING FILLY

By Sandra Knox

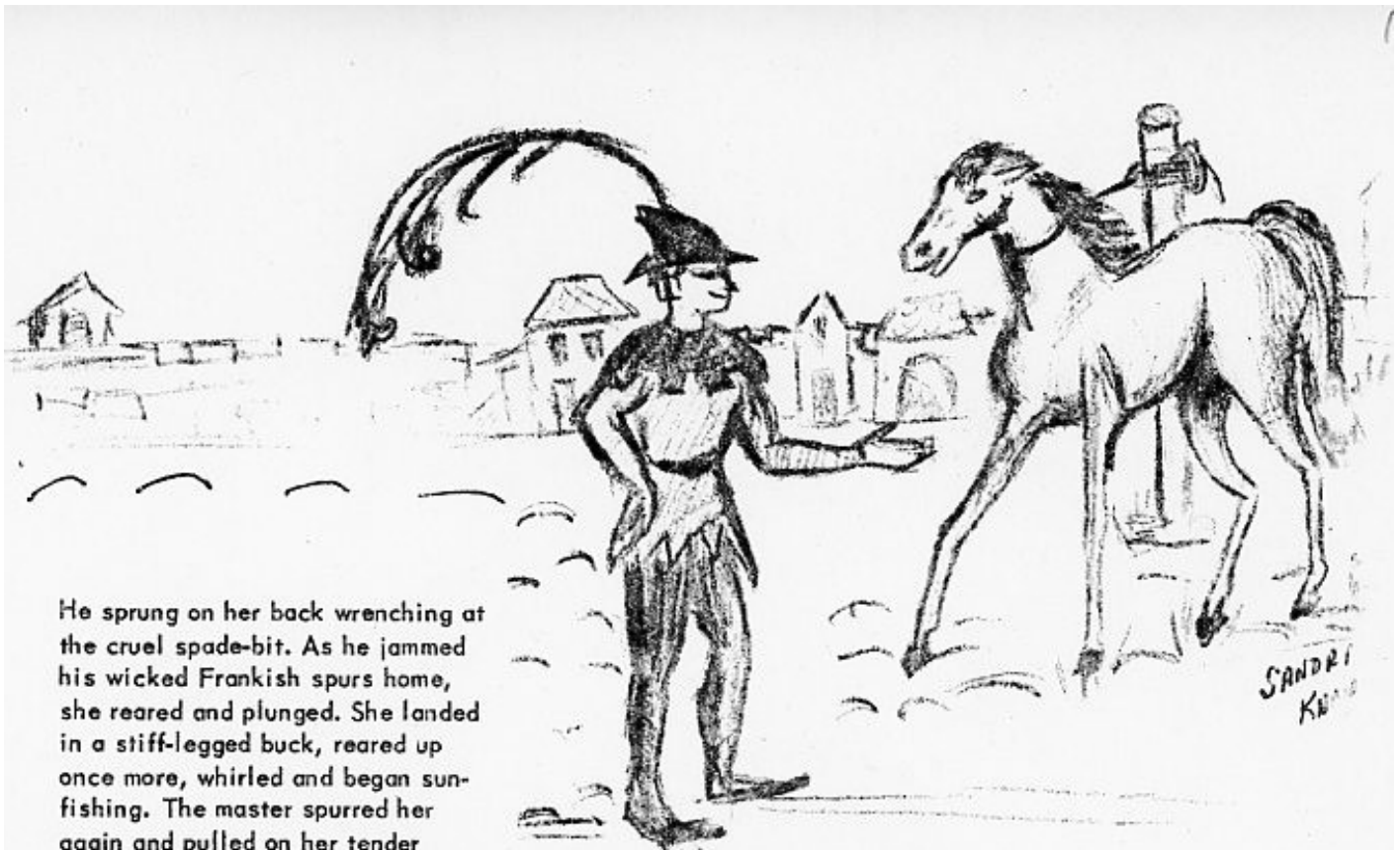
Outside the walled village a small bundle of fur beside a proud mare started to stir. The young foal collected her gangling legs under her. She straightened her forelegs and leaned forward bringing the hind ones straight, when down she fell in a wild thrashing confusion. An hour later she had nursed, explored her new world, and started to sleep.

The mare, a large, deep-chested strawberry roan, had won many jousts for her master. In the next paddock at the far reach of the manor house grounds her sire was galloping back and forth. He had been kept as sire since his vicious temper had never been improved. He was tall, even among the gigantic Hanoverian horses of that day. He was a long-legged black with an almost inexhaustible supply of strength.

The master of the manor, standing at the paddock gate, watched the foal's attempts at rising. Glancing at the sire and then at the mare, he reflected, "if you've inherited half your dam's strength and willingness, and half your stubborn sire's speed, you'll be the best horse in this kingdom, in spite of being born a filly." Pride in his possession welled in his heart and he was moved at this moment to name this latest born the Flaming Filly.

Four years had passed and any attempts to ride the Filly had ended in failure. Time after time she had thrown the best riders. She was now a red flaming sorrel with a cream mane and tail. Her hooves were small and hard, with good fetlocks. Her brisket was wide and she had a good rib cage. The knees were flat and her cannon bones were short, an essential for endurance.

The great master of the manor could hardly repress his outrage that his lackeys had bungled in training the Filly. Hot-blooded, subject to fits of temper, he shouted, "I'll ride her or break her."



He sprung on her back wrenching at the cruel spade-bit. As he jammed his wicked Frankish spurs home, she reared and plunged. She landed in a stiff-legged buck, reared up once more, whirled and began sun-fishing. The master spurred her again and pulled on her tender mouth. This was his downfall. She flung herself over backwards, crushing him under her.

"Kill that horse." The crowd shouted, realizing this alone would save the master. Lackeys and squires from all around leapt to the scene as the Filly struggled to her feet. She was too quick for them. As she got up, she trampled the master under her again, just as they feared. Her next heave was fatal — the master had been killed.

As soon as it could be arranged the next day, the Flaming Filly was brought to the market place and put upon the auction block.

Surrounding her were the other horses and animals offered for sale. The crowd bustled about, picking up feet and examining them, looking into mouths and feeling legs. They were wary of the Flaming Filly, who laid her ears back at every approaching person.

A tall raw-boned stranger clad in green tunic and tight leggings, felt hat and flowing plume, stepped out of the milling crowd. He brought with him a woodsy aura as of one quite at home in the forest. His sweeping stride and erect carriage commanded the attention of the burghers and the admiration of the peasants. The air stirred with murmurings of his possible identity. As he came close to the Filly, she lashed out at him.

"Soo-ooo," he soothed her, roughening her mane. She suddenly became calm and seemed curiously drawn to him. With an experienced hand he pulled her head down and blew in her nostrils. After that she was tractable. He had no use for such a light horse, but felt a sixth sense urging him to buy her. He settled quickly for the price and the Filly was his. He seemed anxious to be off and away from the public square. He mounted the horse and headed her speedily out toward the forest. He came to a stop in a clearing to admire again his new prize.



"Halt!" came the cry from every tree. Before he had even dismounted, Epelein, the great Robber Baron, was surrounded and a prisoner. The faces of his captors shone with a common gleam of triumph.

The trap for the famous robber baron had been set for a long time now. His weakness for horses was notorious. His pursuers were certain that the four-year-old filly who had killed her cruel master had surely caught his fancy.

His capture was easily effected in the forest just outside of Nuernberg, an old walled city. The doughty band of excited burghers dragged him to the forbidding, dark prison within the castle's grounds. There, where escape seemed impossible, things looked black for Epelein. The death sentence was peremptorily given. As was the custom for a condemned man, the prized prisoner was allowed to state his last wish.

"Bring the Flaming Filly to me," Epelein demanded. "Let me take my last ride!"

A brief flash of pity softened the hearts of the cautious guards. One gave words to his ironic thoughts. "This wretch has always abhorred the laws of the land; at least he loves his horse."

In the courtyard of the stable Epelein waited for the Flaming Filly. She bounded from her stall snorting, lean and wild, barely held by four lackeys. Epelein wrenched away from the jailers and approached her. She steadied under his touch though her great dark eyes rolled and her ears flicked nervously.

Epelein swung to her back and urged her to a canter. She lengthened it to a gallop, then a run. She whirled and headed for the moat. Epelein crouched over her withers, tense, with his hands expertly guiding her.

The crowd, aghast at his reckless courage, screamed, "Stop him!" No one moved.

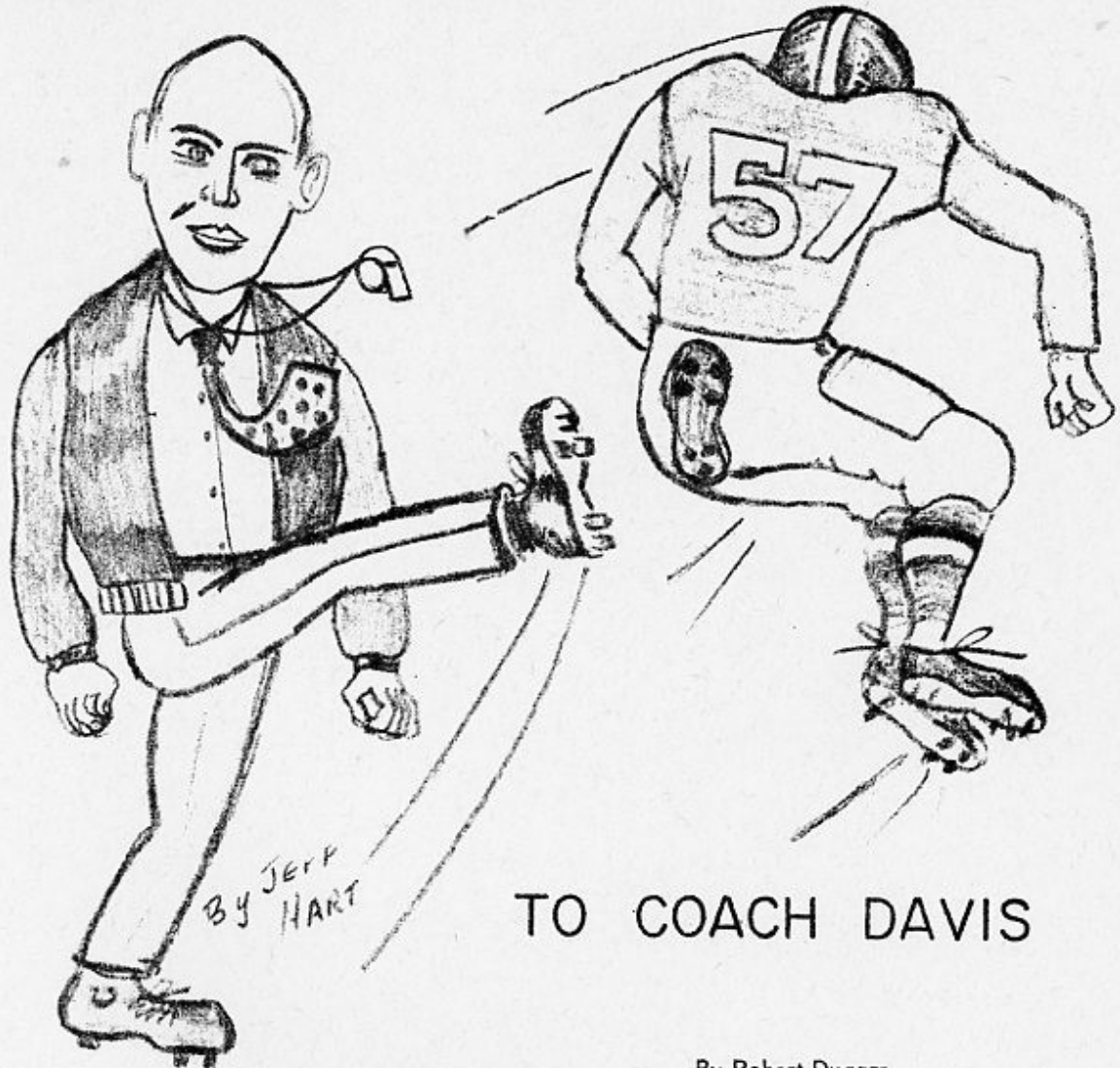
The Flaming Filly soared over the wall. The force of her leap imprinted the marks of her hooves deep in the wall. She landed stiff-legged, below the wall, leaped for the other side of the ditch and scrambled out. The daring robber and his gallant steed vanished into the forest.

* * * *

Epelein and his Flaming Filly have galloped down through the ages — a legend of a laughing Robin Hood, who defied the laws of his time. This gay scoundrel stands as a symbol of the old Nuernberg he bedeviled.

~ STORIES ABOUT US ~





TO COACH DAVIS

By Robert Duggar

Good coaches are hard to come by,
 They're few and far between.
 A good coach makes you fight and work
 For the good of a winning team.

A good coach makes you toil and slave.
 If he doesn't, we all know
 The team will be defeated
 By an opponent's crushing blow.

A good coach loves his earnest men,
 Though they complain and moan.
 He knows a brave and toughened team
 Must work down to the bone.

A good coach wins his team's respect.
 Devotion, loyal, true
 He gives to them unselfishly -
 Coach Davis, this is you!





By Jon Bonsignore

I sit around in dumb dismay,
Nothing is very clear,
And then I hear Frau Gutschmidt say,
“It’s all so simple, dear.”

Well, why not die instead of das?
A neuter girl won’t rate with me;
And why it’s wie instead of was
Will always be a mystery.

First you find the case you need
To show the proper ending.
With subject, object all confused,
The sentence still need mending.

I sometimes want to shoot myself
For all my goofs in class —
That jungle of subjunctive verbs!
This course I’ll never pass.

But when I go to Nuernberg,
And the salesgirl sure is cute,
The heck with case and tenses —
“Ich spreche Deutsch sehr gut.”

FACULTY MEETING



We all know that strict English teacher,
With usage correct as his feature.

But you can be sure

With his grammar so pure

He's an out-dated, obsolete creature.

By Irven Warfield

WHO OR WHOM?

BATTLE SCENES

Miss Wetzstein struggles every day
To untangle what her students say,
While in his class beyond her door,
Mr. Parrish fights the Civil War.



By Lee Womack

SUMMING IT UP -

"Think Back" Kissack
Explains past history.

"Think Big" Lillevig
Makes math a mystery.

By Kent Laikind

