

Nürnberg Alumni Association Online Archive

# Nürnberg American High School

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

## 1961-62 School Year

16th year of the school's existence

Graduating Class of 1962

### **This File: Selections from Creative Writing Publications**

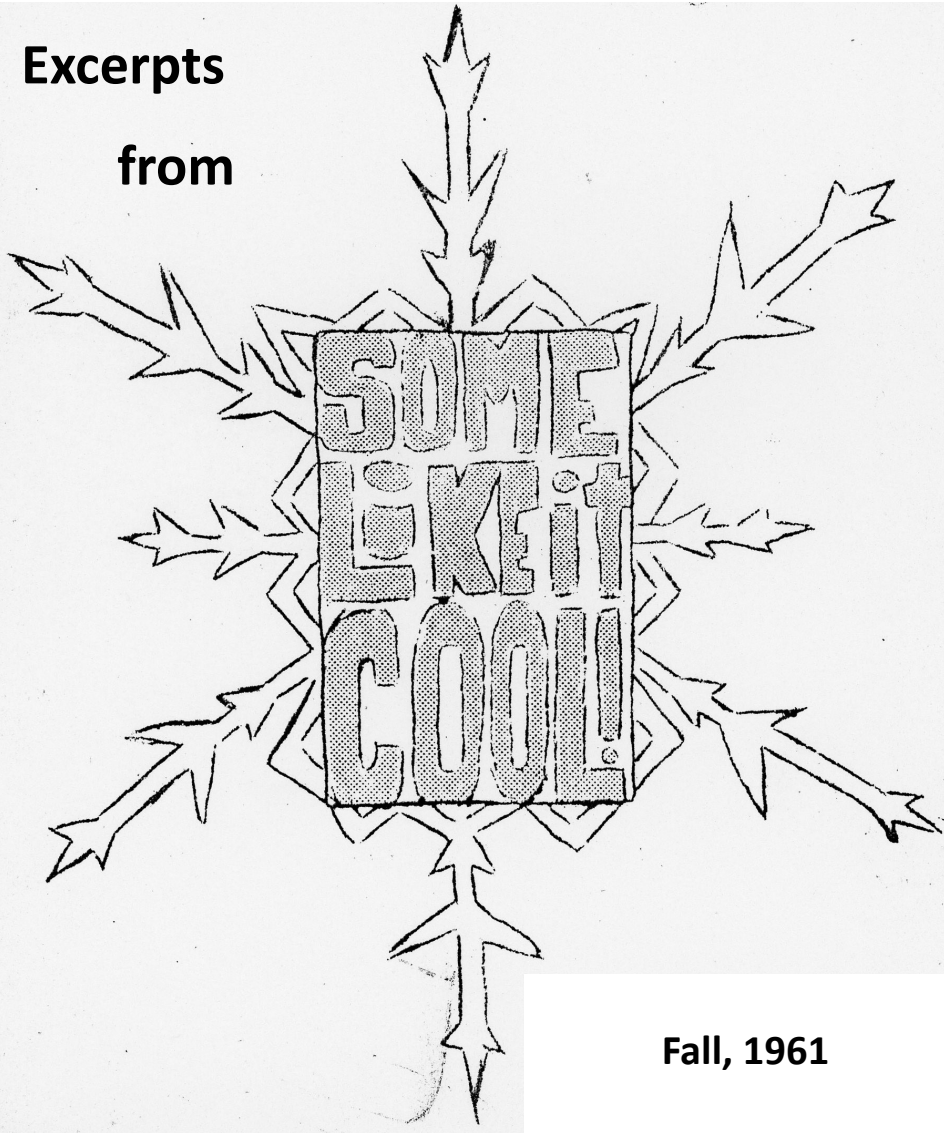
**“Some Like It Cool”**

**“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](mailto:bmcquitty33@gmail.com)

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**Excerpts  
from**



**Fall, 1961**

*Staff*

Editor — Micki Korp

Assistant Editor — Lee Womack

Artist — Andrea Inglis

Assistant Artist — Joann Martin

Layout — Cliff Mabry

Publicity — Eleanor Cornetsky

Copy Editor — Carol Crum

Assistant Copy Editor — Ron Borkowski

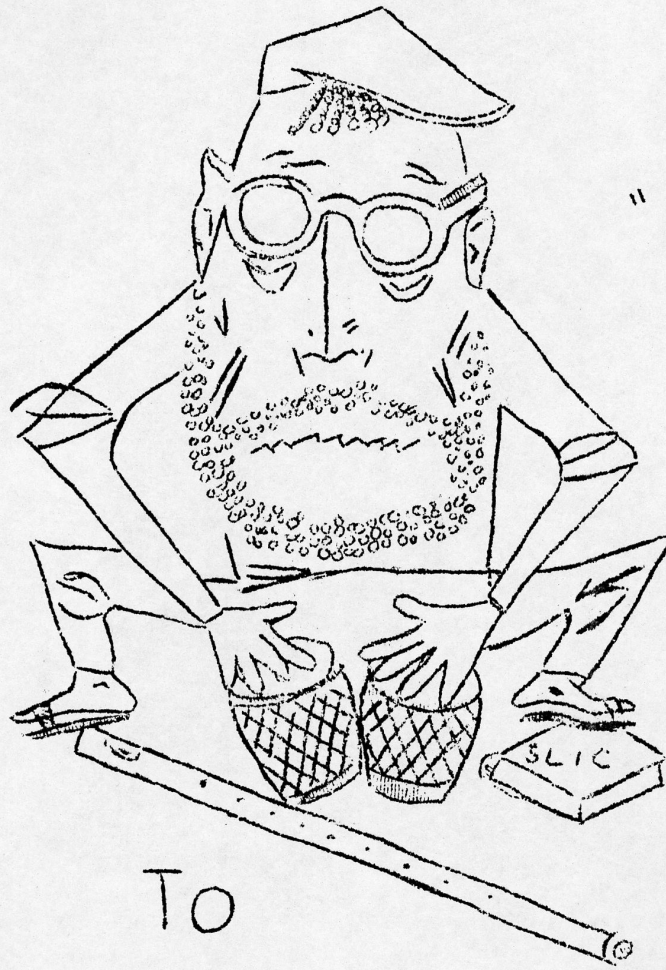
Production — Vicky Hatcher

Business Manager — Ron Greene

Adviser — Mr. Joe Ferguson

" Some Like It "

A  
Little  
Bit  
" Cooler "



To  
The  
Beat, Bruised, and  
Battered !!!

## ODE TO A COOL STAFF

Beneath the cover which was designed  
by Drea and Joann,  
This year, again we trust you'll find  
Efforts worthwhile to scan.

To entertain is our chief goal  
In this wild publication,  
Its tone is light, can't harm a soul,  
An absolute sensation!

Sensation - perhaps, is a word too strong,  
To describe the noble endeavor  
Made by our staff, through hours long,  
Attempting to be clever.

But proud we are to offer you  
An old Nuernberg tradition,  
Some Like It Cool, we hope you do  
Enjoy this third edition.

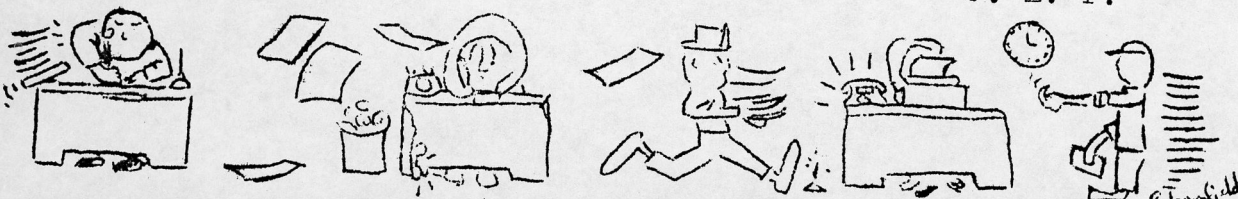
Carol and Vicky have read the copy  
Borkowski used blue pencils,  
Lee Womack complained of sloppy  
Mutilated stencils.

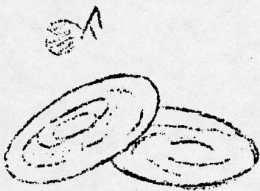
Cliff ruled away for many a day  
And came up with our lay out,  
Wrote lots of prose, but heaven knows  
This stuff was just too way out.

The business end had Ronald Greene  
Swinging in a tizzy,  
And Eleanor's problems were extreme,  
Publicity had kept her busy.

Micki never drank a swig,  
This season of the Yule,  
But will dance a jig - if you'll but dig  
Our version of SOME LIKE IT COOL.

J. E. F.





PLATTER CHATTER

By Ron Greene



The Magnificent Seven-Gil Frisbie, Bob Duggar, George Bingham, Dave Werland, Chuck Robinson, Richard Moran, Cliff Mabry

Crying-Wuerzberg cheerleaders

Little Sister-Patricia Duggar, Michele Bingham, Linda Jorgensen

A Little Bit of Soap-behind the ears, said Mr. Cletus Campbell to his P. E. class taking their showers

Does Your Chewing Gum Lose Its Flavor on the Bedpost Overnight-whether it does or doesn't, I don't care, I still don't want you to bring it to school-Mr. Stevens

Runaround Sue-Susie Perry & Susan Oliver

Big Bad John-John Moody and his cool singing and playing

Sad Movies Make Me Cry-Dee Banes

Ya Ya-Diane Hawthorne

Baby Blue-Judy Hughling

Little Devil-Angie Thrall

Hello Mary Lou-Mary Lou Hilgenberg

High Hopes-Dave Worland, Jack Voyles, Roger Haddad, and Ray Crofoot for the coming basketball and wrestling season

The Big Country-the land of the round doorknobs

French Foreign Legion-what I'll be joining if nobody buys this magazine

Dream Lover-Patsy Baker

Hit the Road Jack-Jack Voyles

Michael-Waugh

Together-Terry Jorgensen and Christa

Let's Twist Again-Meg Davis

Last Night-Bob Stone and Carol Wheeler

## CURIOSITY

by Carol Crum

I give an anxious little knock,  
The door flings open with a shock!  
And then I walk into that door,  
Behind me then it shuts once more.  
But where I am, you'd never guess,  
Curious you'd be, none the less.

Me  
by Ron Greene



I'm grand!  
I'm great!  
I'm simply wonderful!

I'm super!  
Wooper Duper!  
I'm a model character.

It's extraordinary,  
How ordinary,  
Everyone else seems to me.

I'm the best,  
Of all the rest,  
Because I took  
The conceited test.



## LATE NO MORE!

by Ron Borkowski

Yellows, golds, oranges, greens,  
The stately Elm, the season beams  
Out behind the dormitory.  
There it stands in all its glory.  
For my life time it will stand  
And extend a helping hand,  
If I ever turn up late,  
And they've barred the gate.  
Up its thickening trunk I'll scurry,  
And I'll do it in a hurry.  
There they stand within my door,  
You won't go out anymore.  
So I end my mournful song,  
I stayed out one minute too long.

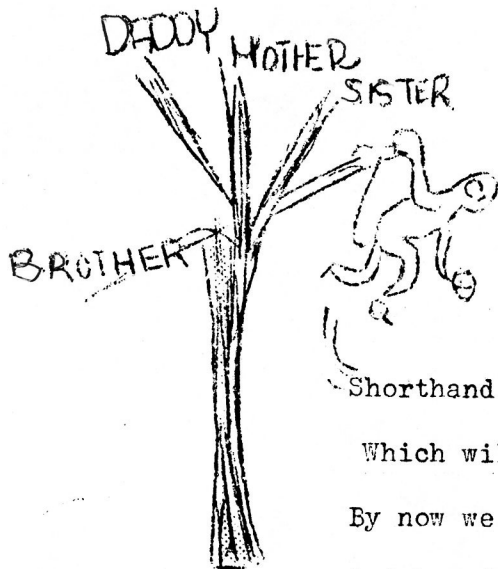
# SHOW STOPPERS

by Ron Greene



- All the Young Men — 7th & 8th graders
- Angel Baby — Natalie Brundage
- Bells Are Ringing — for Mr. Lillevig
- Cry for Happy — for every basketball game we win
- Exodus — coming from the lunch room
- Go for Broke — Junior class
- Go Naked in the World — CENSORED
- High Time — Dianne Evans
- Invasion Quartet — Tim McCoy, John Moody, Dianne Wiest, Mike Waugh
- It Started with a Kiss — germs?
- Let's Make Love — anyone??
- Sanctuary — school nurse's office
- The Big Show — assemblies
- The Shakedown — Mr. Cooper
- The Unforgiven — persons unknown who rang the fire alarm bell
- Upstairs and Downstairs — five minutes just isn't enough!!
- Wake Me When It's Over — American Government, first period
- Where the Hot Wind Blows — Mr. McQuitty's Newspaper class





MRS. WORLAND by Carol Crum

Shorthand, Typing, Bookkeeping,

Which will it be?

By now we have all learned her life history

And her family tree.

MR. McQUITTY by Eleanor Cornetsky

A word a day

The McQuitty way.

Oh, prune juice, oh, prune juice!



MRS. ROSIN by Carol Crum

The crackle of her apron

Her scurry to and fro

Is a message to her students

Be prepared, all set, let's go!

Lab work, Experiment 14,

Clamp, test tube, and flourine,

She cautiously instructs the class.

But to little avail, for there's a sudden crash!

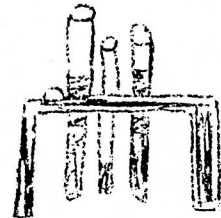


A test tube is broken,

There's glass on the floor,

It's just my luck,

We still have more.



BEATNIK CHRISTMAS

by Vicky Hatcher

Down on street ten,  
Way down in that bin,  
Digs there a tale,  
O this here male.

The expresso was hot  
And there sat Scot  
Snapping her fingers  
To these here singers.

'Ol Blackbottom Mabry  
Said "Comere baby,"  
Come on lets jive,  
This music is live.

And so this music was surely the most,  
With this crazy, chick, Diane Jost-  
Then in walked Roscoe  
Drinking his Boscoe.

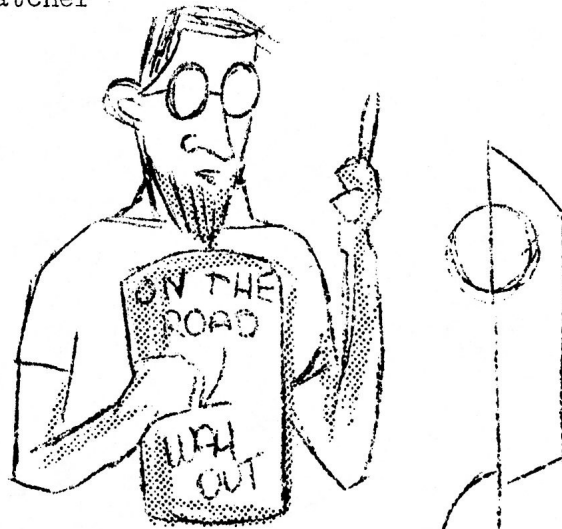
The lights got low,  
They were havin' a show.  
This Fowler chick  
Had begun to click.

And Carole Gleaves was in the groove  
While cat Borkowski was trying to prove  
That this was the joint  
Where he made his point.

In this room there was no chimney,  
But plenty of jive and shimmy,  
Done by this here twistin' man  
With a little help from a chick called Pam.

The grin on his face  
Made him look out of place,  
And a great big belly  
That shook like jelly.

The lights got bright,  
Staring at that sight.  
Who was this cat  
With the bobbin' red hat?



## A PULSE

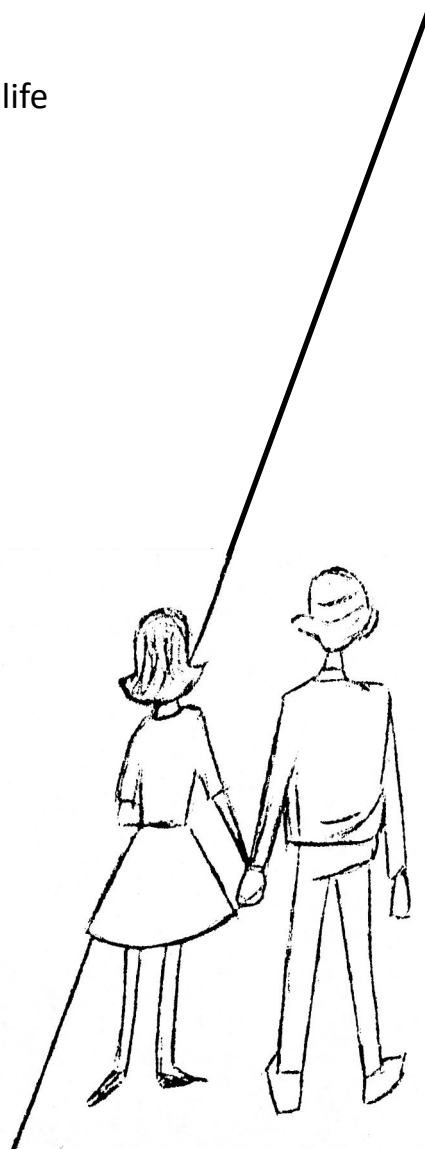
By Cliff Mabry

A muffled  
but melodic rhythm  
Seeks its way through the hearts of man  
And when it reaches their feigned hearts  
Blasting trumpets and screaming violins  
Enshroud their emotions  
And they love  
and are loved.  
This rhythm is the pulse of life

## A Question

By Eleanor Cornetsky

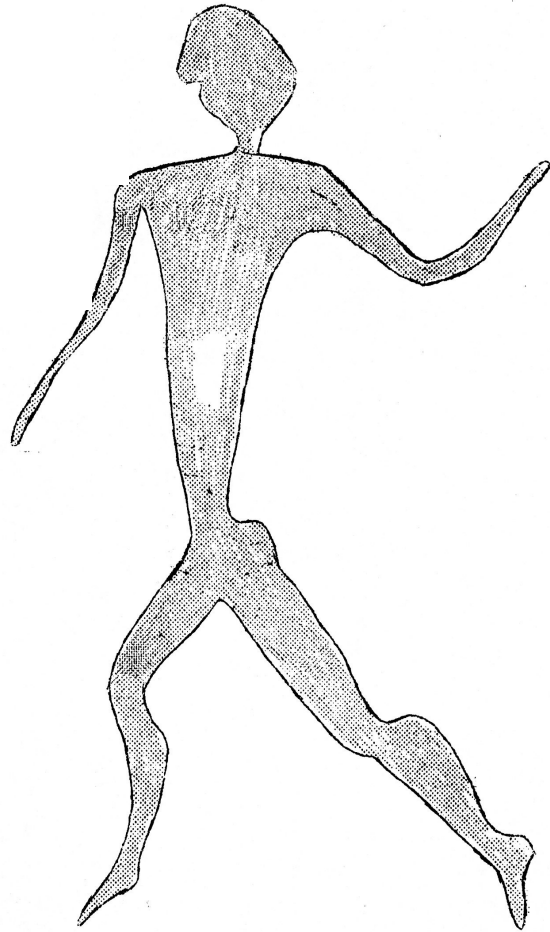
Lovers walking hand in hand  
down the hall  
How long will they be together,  
will it last to fall?  
Only they know the answer,  
only they can tell  
They look into the future,  
and hope that it goes well.



**Art is . . .**

beginning  
man was  
hunt, fight, eat, sleep  
time out of mind  
naked he  
stone chipped clay  
shaped fur cut to adorn  
Unlettered unstudied god-inspired  
child-like clairvoyant primitive  
picture writing on the wall  
Art is

Suzanne Chiotakis



*Infatuation*

by Cliff Mabry

Snow is white and pure and flows  
lovely, down to be mine. . .

In all the days of the winter,  
snow is the prick of the splinter  
That opens my heart  
And gushes my blood into thine.

And if it were not snow,  
we could forever know,  
That same emotion...  
was the commotion  
That clings your heart to mine.

We will find a nature of flowers,  
A land of snow,  
That is white and pure  
and flows lovely down

-12- To be ours...

## THE DORM

by Vicky Hatcher

(It's way past ten in the night -- listen)

Pitter patter, shuffle, shuffle,  
The sound of feet begin to scuffle.  
Doors slam and beds creak,  
Whispers, shouts, and of course some shrieks.

A sweet soft voice says, "Goodnight, girls."  
The door is shut and silence swirls.  
Around the hall and down the aisle,  
A silence, in the famous old noisy style.

All at once it begins to happen,  
Someone gets up; a door is opened.  
Pitter, patter, shuffle shuffle.  
Again the feet begin to scuffle.

Several doors are open wide,  
Several people dash outside  
Down the hall on the way to the "Teepee."  
Several people stop to see -- Angie, Julie,  
Scotty, Vicky, Beverly, Andy, Mary -- oh phooey!

Clomp, clomp, clomp, is heard on the stairs,  
Stomp, stomp, stomp sounds -- the return to the lairs.  
No one got caught on the excursion tonight,  
But just wait till tomorrow when it's time for lights out!





## FIRST SNOW

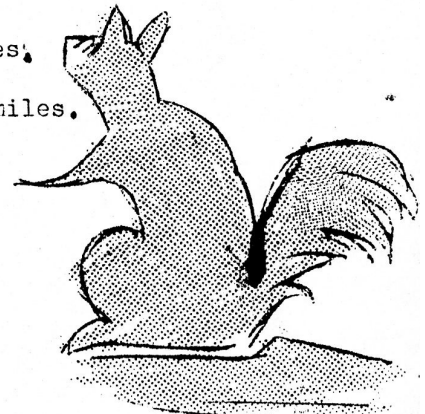
by Ron Borkowski

Tw'as the fifteenth of November,  
Not so very long ago,  
In the fire, there burned an ember  
On the sill I saw the snow.

O'er the fields it filled the furrows  
Drifted up on fences high,  
Tiny creatures in their burrows  
Watched the dreary evening sky,

On it came the feathered downpour  
Covering everything in sight,  
Quickly climbing up the barn door  
As I watched in sheer delight,

Frosted shingles, whitened tiles,  
Brightened faces, children's smiles.



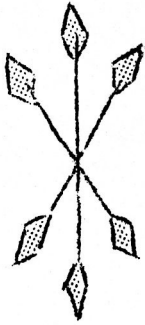
# Quiet Rhythm

By Micki Korp

The pristine expanse of whiteness,  
The snow falling  
in a  
    ceaseless  
        monotone  
            beat,



The broad expanse  
varying only  
with the  
    muted greyness of footsteps  
But these are filled in by the crystalline flakes;  
This is snow.

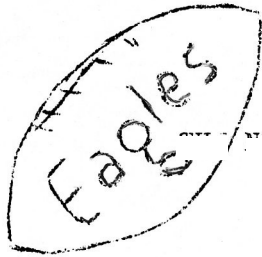


The cry of children fill and break the  
    Primeval stillness, the silence  
The CHILDREN —  
Silhouettes of red, green, and black  
gay — confetti  
    dots  
against the  
    ceaseless  
        ceaseless,  
            Snow

With them the snow is no longer  
The mysterious incomprehensible force.



It is reduced  
to the  
sugary  
folksiness  
of  
CHRISTMAS CARDS.



## The Night after the Championship

by Ron Borkowski



Twas the fourth of November and we had won  
The team was running 'round having their fun  
Me in my coat and tie--Cliff in his too--  
were all set to go to the Bitburg todo.  
Even terrible Timmons decided to shave,  
while Clete lectured Duggar on how to behave,  
Cecil was happy, Sarge was too,  
we were all one happy-go-lucky crew.  
On to the bus we loaded with a clatter,  
all you could hear was cool eagle chatter.  
When we arrived at the site of the dance,  
the guys, especially Robinson, started to prance.  
The first dedication was to the team,  
those girls had worked out a real crazy scheme.  
On they came like the Thundering Herd,  
"Please sign your autograph," was all that we heard.  
Rosie and Roscoe really worked out  
While the two boy's dates started to pout.  
Back to the billets we drove on a bus,  
driven by air rats raising a fuss.  
Later that night as we lay there in bed,  
somebody's shaving cream started to spread.  
For three hours time our rectory did chime  
until Clete bellowed, "This is the very last time!"  
At 3:30 A. M. we all heard the age old shout,  
"E-E-EAG L-L-LES EAG-LES EAGLES!!!"





Excerpts from

# NURNBERG SKYLINE

June 1962

Staff

Editor  
Micki Korp

Copy Editor  
Ron Borkowski

Layout Editor  
Cliff Mabry

Business Manager  
Ron Greene

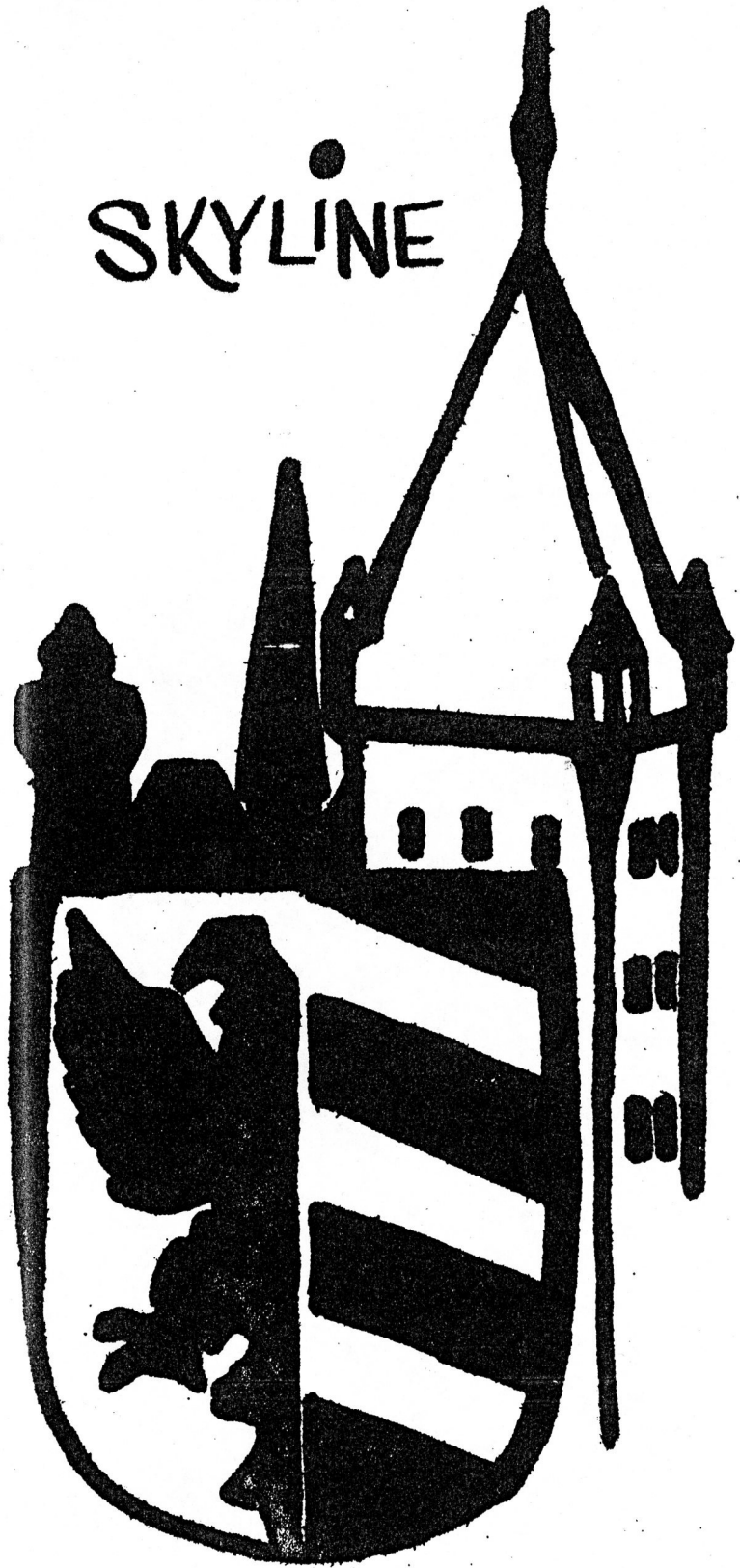
Art Editor  
Drea Inglis

Senior Section  
Eleanor Cornetsky

Production  
Vicky Hatcher

Assistant Editors  
Lee Womack  
Carol Crum

Contributing Writers  
Bonnie Caron  
Suzanne Chiotakis



## **All Hail to the Non-Conformist**

**By Micki Korp**

Do you like music so popular?  
Or do you dress sorta slop-ular?  
And is life gay, kinda gloomy  
That's fair?  
Pound, twist...strike drums  
    a rebellion  
    within  
    folk music, jazz  
    simplicity  
    shapes, forms  
A soul is born?  
Well, my child, withdraw if you would  
Away from the world, society, you could  
With cyanide or aspirin. It's not such a sin  
As sharp words with no purpose but hurt within  
Be sharp, be good  
But constructive  
If you would  
Criticize the common mean  
Live as I let live?

## **Daybreak**

**By Eleanor Cornetsky**

Dawn is sneaking over the hill,  
    Bringing the day against its will.  
The sun is hiding big and bold  
    Behind the hill like a pot of gold.  
The moon is slinking far away,  
    Making room for the break of day.

## **Agony**

It rained in the garden with Judas's kiss--  
cold drenching rain on  
colder lips with the coldest  
kiss of all--deception.

It rained on the cross and, "Forgive them," He said--  
cold drenching rain on a  
colder cross above the coldest  
hearts of all--hate.

It rained on streets where martyrs were stoned down--  
cold drenching rain on  
colder stones from the coldest  
arms of all--fear.

The rain--cold, impersonal rain--hid these three:  
deception, hate, and fear  
on those eventful days.

And in my heart what drenching rain,  
What heavy rain-grey curtain hides these three from me?

Do I deceive and hate and fear--  
Unknowing,  
like those before?

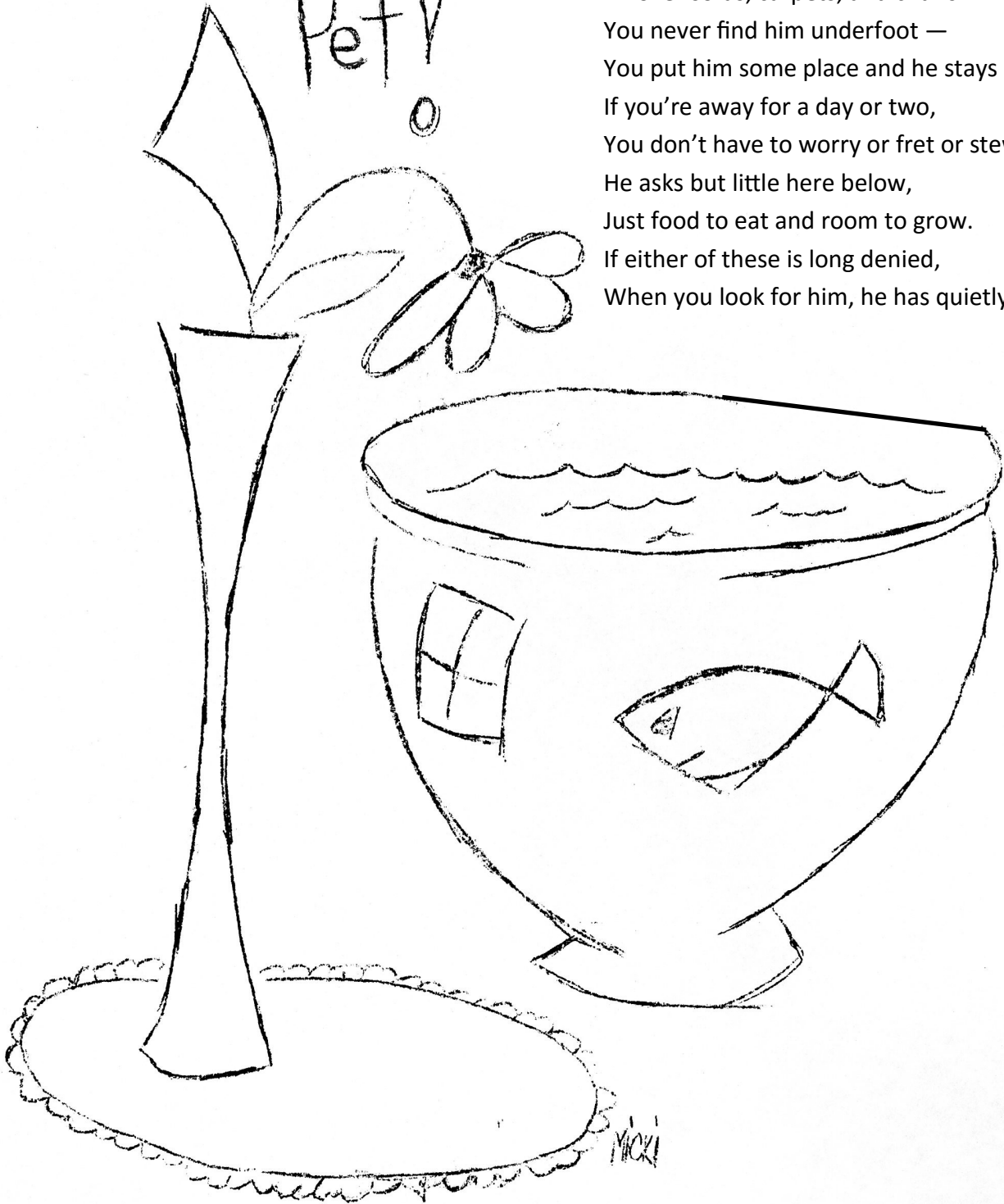
Suzanne Chiotakis

# the Perfect

by Ron Dennison

# Pet!

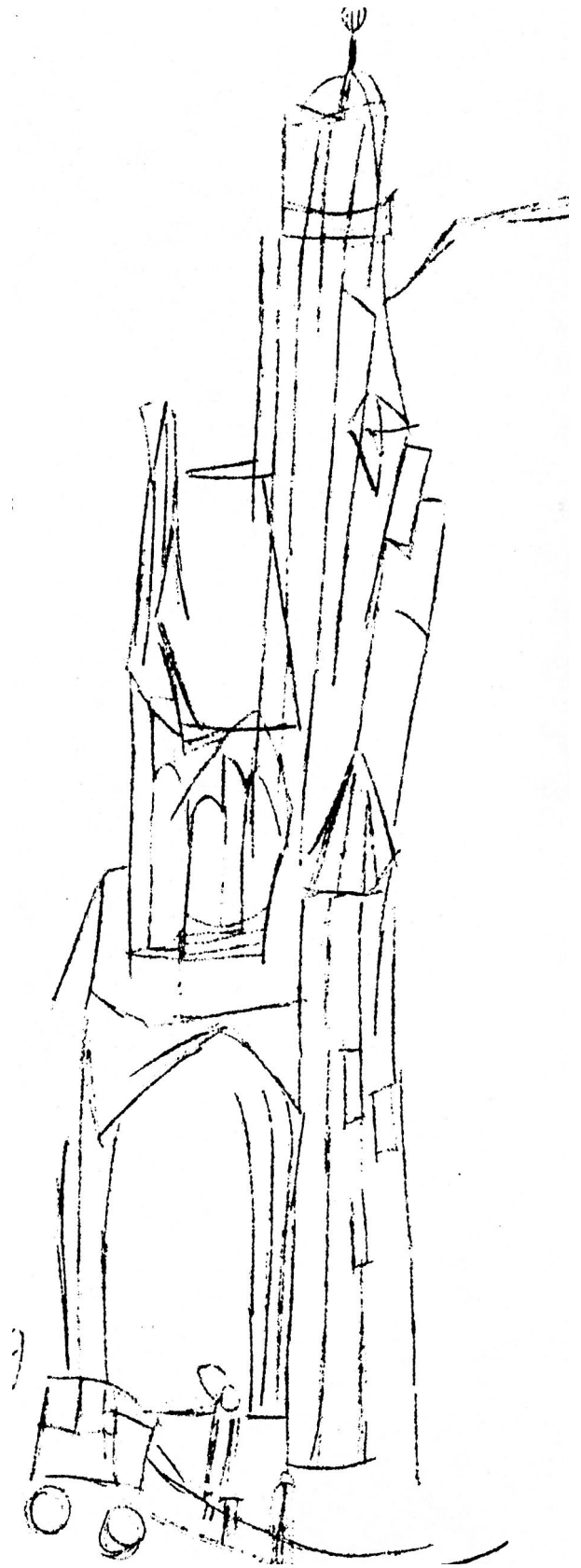
Consider the fish as a household pet,  
You have nothing to do but keep him wet.  
His bearing is good, his manners are neat.  
His face is clean, his breath is sweet.  
He doesn't bark, he doesn't sing.  
He doesn't bite or scratch or sting.  
He doesn't shed feathers or fur or hairs  
All over sofas, carpets, and chairs.  
You never find him underfoot —  
You put him some place and he stays put.  
If you're away for a day or two,  
You don't have to worry or fret or stew.  
He asks but little here below,  
Just food to eat and room to grow.  
If either of these is long denied,  
When you look for him, he has quietly died.



# Midday Moment

By Ron Borkowski

The market place, the scent of flowers,  
The golden fountain and its splendid tower,  
The steeple above the Frauenkirche  
At twelve o'clock begins its lurch.  
The tiny drummer strikes his drum;  
The piper's flute begins to hum.  
The king upon his throne of gold  
Looks rich, and wise, and very old.  
And then from out of the right-most door  
Come six more kings with gifts before.  
Not once but thrice they do appear,  
And noon minus five is drawing near.  
Still high above this scene below,  
On two bronze bells they ring a blow.  
With mallets in hand they raise a din,  
For soon they will be idle again.  
Yes, once again this wonderful sight  
Will idle stand till after the night.



## Wail in Apathy

by Micki Korp

I wander dismal  
I wander alone  
and I am afraid  
of a society  
of which I am no part  
I have stepped outside  
its confines  
for I cannot follow  
their rules  
and I am afraid  
What price  
for my soul  
old man?

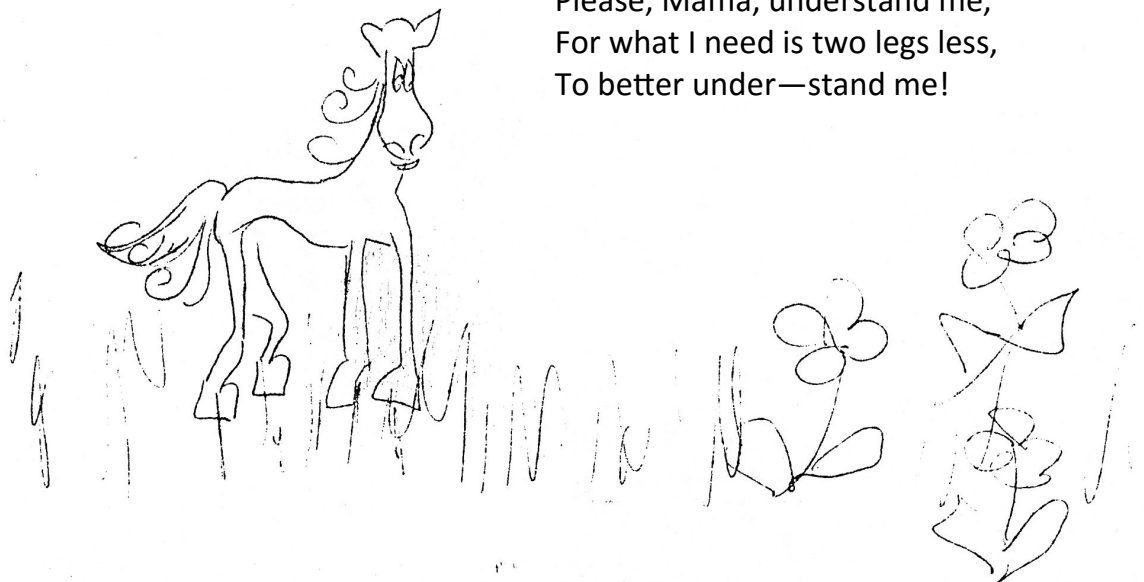
## IF AT FIRST

by Lee Womack

Upon its wobbly unused legs  
A new born colt uprises,  
And blinks and thinks about his legs  
As they perform surprises.  
One new leg clumsily goes fore,  
And the one comes up behind,  
And now he's got to try some more,  
But he really doesn't mind.  
Up, now, on two legs,  
Mangling position.  
And two more legs  
Join competition.

Kerplop!

"But, Mama," he neighs, "I'm doing my best.  
Please, Mama, understand me,  
For what I need is two legs less,  
To better under—stand me!



## China Dog

by Lee Womack

All alone on my dresser sits my little china dog,  
Covered from head to foot, the color of winter fog.

Oh little china dog, sitting there so still,  
Don't you wish that you could come,  
And leave at your own will?

You never smile, you never laugh,  
You never bark a word,  
And all my hardships, all this time,  
You've humbly endured.

Your face is shiny, though not from glee,  
And your china tail never wags at me.

My little china dog, you'll never really know  
That even though you're not alive,  
I really love you so.

I have searched and searched and searched, dear dog  
To find someone for you,  
But never have I found a dog,  
That's good enough to do.

Are you lonesome, little one,  
Do you long for company?  
Would it have to be another dog,  
Or would you settle just for me?

My little china dog,  
Sitting there so still,  
Oh don't you wish that you could  
Come, and go at will?

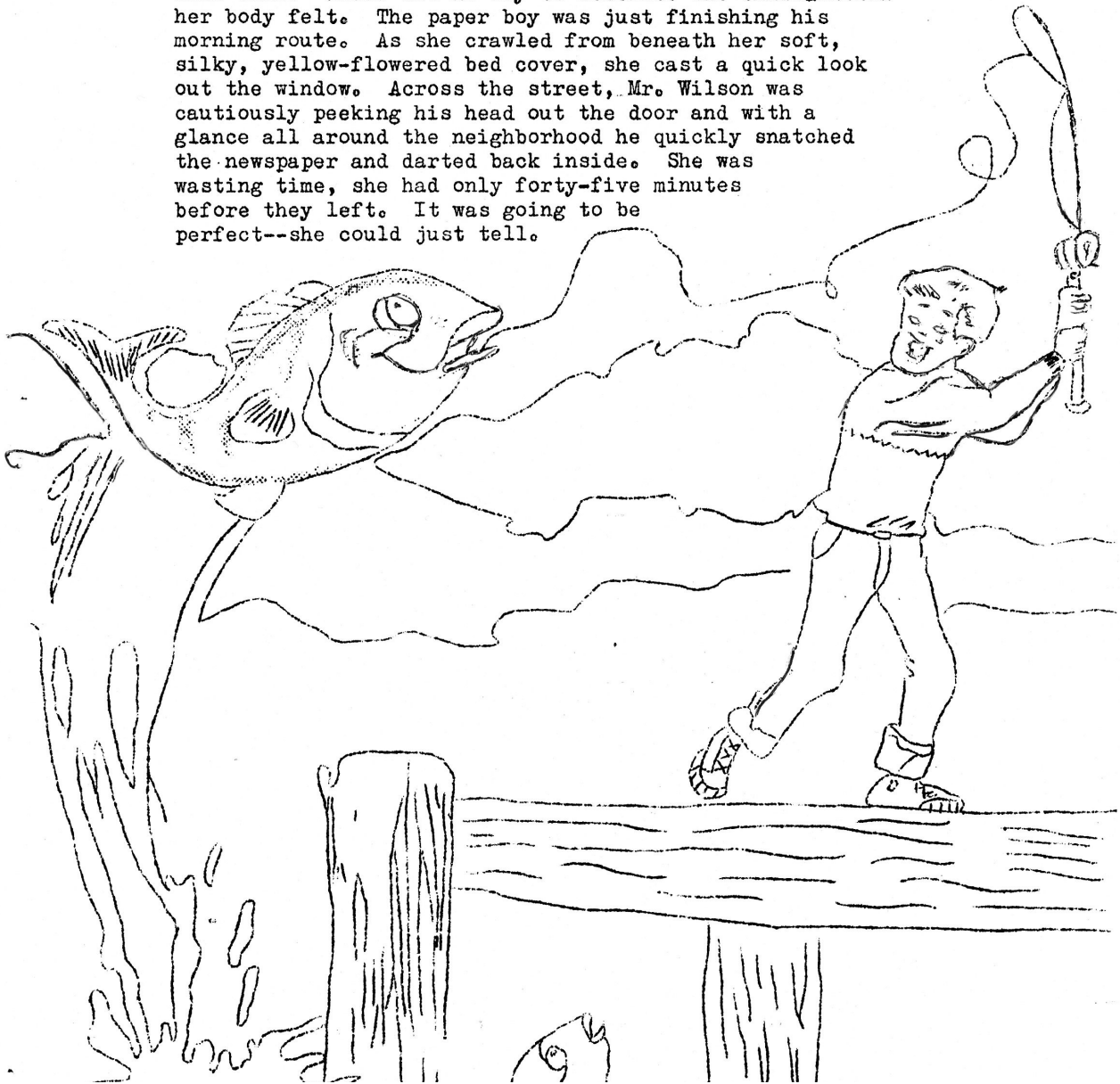
Please let me be your friend, my pet,  
And feed you your china bone,

And I'll do my best to send you love,  
Into your heart of stone.

# PROOF

by Carol Crum

The sun was sending its warm rays through every bedroom on the block. How could anyone sleep on a day like this? There was no way to describe the exhilaration her body felt. The paper boy was just finishing his morning route. As she crawled from beneath her soft, silky, yellow-flowered bed cover, she cast a quick look out the window. Across the street, Mr. Wilson was cautiously peeking his head out the door and with a glance all around the neighborhood he quickly snatched the newspaper and darted back inside. She was wasting time, she had only forty-five minutes before they left. It was going to be perfect--she could just tell.





This was her third fishing trip in the past two weeks. She was going with her little brother and his friends. It had taken a lot of coaxing for the boys to allow a girl to go along with them. They had all protested loudly, saying that having a girl along would spoil everything. How could a bunch of little boys possibly understand how important it was to her that she learn to fish. She just had to prove that she wasn't another frivolous, giddy specimen of the female species.

As she slipped into her jeans, they crackled with the stiffness of a freshly starched crinoline. Her thoughts drifted from crinolines and jeans to the rather unsightly hole in the knee of her jeans. Her dad's old shirt seemed to top everything off just right. Sue hoped he wouldn't mind. Why just yesterday he was telling mother he couldn't wear that shirt any longer, it was too frayed at the collar. He might want to wear it to work in the garden, but gosh, Sue didn't see how she could possibly ruin it. She didn't intend to do anything too drastic today.

In her anxiousness to get down the steps, she skipped a few and landed with a thud at Bobby's feet.

"Come on, Sue. If you don't hurry up, we'll never make it."

"Well, I'm ready now."

"Hey, you look swell!" Bobby blurted out. "Better than last time."

"BOB--BY, you promised!"

"Gosh, I can't help it, you looked so-so- so funny last time with those new white toreador pants and that red sack-like thing you wore with them. I think you would have made the perfect matador."

"Well, at least I'm improving."

"You all ready, Sue? Come on let's go. Last one out to the ole fishing hole is a rotten egg."

Sue felt as though she were in her second childhood. Not that she had outgrown her first one, but really they acted so childish at times.

Sue couldn't wait to see her dad's face on their next fishing trip, when she'd be bringing in one fish right after another. At least this was her dream. The last time he had taken her fishing, which was the first time, she had kept her father in stitches for the whole three hours they had been gone. It wasn't her intention, but she just did EVERYTHING wrong. And instead of getting angry he found himself in gales of laughter over her mistakes.

First he made her bait the hook. That wouldn't have been so terrible except for the fact that her dad said the worms were so long they might as well break them in half. Sue swallowed hard and picked up the first worm. Now all she had to do was break the worm in two. It was bad enough to get the worm on the hook, but to have to break it apart was just too much. Her father had sensed the way she felt. He concealed the smile on his lips, but his eyes sparkled with laughter.

He then attempted to teach her to cast. It didn't seem too difficult. At any rate, her dad made it look quite simple. For some strange reason, when she did it, the hook didn't go in the right direction. Instead of landing in the water and hooking a fish, it hooked her dad's fishing cap. This was the worst. Would she ever be able to do anything right? Surprisingly enough, he wasn't mad. He gave her an encouraging pat on the shoulder with a few words of consolation, "That's all right honey, after all, fishing is more a man's sport." Rather than give up, Sue became all the more determined to learn to fish.

It shouldn't be too difficult or strenuous to keep up with a group of little boys. After all, they were only nine years old and they probably wouldn't know how to do everything. Then again, they were boys and for some reason boys always gave her an inferior feeling, especially when it came to fishing. She'd show'em though.

Maybe she could wander away from the boys. If she were alone, all by herself, Sue wouldn't have to worry about making mistakes--no one to make comments or ridicule her.

At first they were all going to walk out to the lake, but then Sue popped up with a bright idea, why didn't they ride their bikes! Bobby told her he'd carry her fishing pole if she'd take the pail of worms with her. They had a rather large pail in which everybody added to the collection by dumping their worms on top. Sue had never seen anything like it. The boy's curiosity was up to par. With her bucket of worms, Sue became the center attraction. The boys clamored around her, unable to understand her silence and little interest in the worms. What did boys see in worms; they bored Sue to no end. They could dig worms out of the ground just about any old time they pleased. What was so fascinating about these slimy, slithering, wriggling worms?

It wasn't too far to their special fishing spot, with the short cut they took. A short cut, indeed, over muddy roads and down steep hills. Shattered glass was all along the roadside. What a job she had, maneuvering her bike so as to avoid any little slivers of glass, keeping an eye open for those "reckless" boys and above all devoting particular attention to the pail of worms. The fishing trip would be doomed if she were to accidentally lose grip on the bucket.

Funny, she hadn't had her bike out all summer. She never gave it a second thought, while it spent season after season in hibernation in the garage. This was really fun. The delightful feeling of sunshine beat down on her back, while here and there along the way groups of ants were marching on to their own special holes. Then all of a sudden--oh no, it couldn't be! Not a flat tire. Of all times for such a catastrophe. She had been way behind, pedaling along at her own speed. Most of the boys were probably there by now. She'd just have to push her bike the rest of the way.

When she finally reached the spot, dragging her bike down the path, the boys all ran to her side. Bobby grabbed the pail and ran off with the other boys. Only Tommy noticed the flat tire as he too took off to the edge of the lake, yelling back over his shoulder, "Oh gosh, how'd that happen." Sue laid the bike down under the tree and set off to find Bobby and get her fishing pole.

The boys had already begun to fish. She got her pole, made sure everything was all right, and then cringing and swallowing hard she dug a worm out of the bucket. She found a spot next to Bobby. She stood up, took a deep breath, remembered all the instructions her dad had given her, and then with a swing of the arm she had the hook in the water. Well, she had accomplished one thing. Her dad would be mighty proud. Of course, she was unnoticed by Bobby's friends, they now considered her one of them. Kids were so wonderful, so eager to take you in and make you one of their friends. As long as you liked them and they liked you, all was fine. All at once there was a tug on the line, Sue immediately became alert and up on her feet. She moved from her seat on the log to the rock near the water's edge. Bobby called out to her, but she paid no heed. Then as she felt that second tug and began to reel in, it happened. Her feet just seemed to drift out from under her and as Bobby rushed up, he found her sprawled among the rocks and mud. Her chance was gone--no fish. The kids were all making a big joke out of it, but to Sue it was no joke.

She found a spot for herself on the other side of the tree. Sue had been humiliated. What would Daddy say when Bobby told him. He would probably be in hysterics and Mother would give her that sympathetic look. No time to think about that now. She was going to catch a FISH. She started out again with what seemed to her a perfect cast. Time passed by so slowly and not the least little bite on her line. The warm summer breeze and the chatter of the young boys were soothing to Sue's mind. It was becoming discouraging, Sue reeled back in and cast again. This time she seemed to hook something. It must

have been a really big one. The pole was bent over in the shape of a half moon and Sue was almost delirious. She yelled to Bobby and the boys came running. They were sure she had hooked something big. It was big indeed, a big tree root. Sue was exasperated. Of all things to hook, a ragged root from a tree. The boys were rather disgusted for having been torn away from their own fishing attempts.

They left her to her own miseries, while they rode home with strings of fish dangling from their handlebars.

Sue tried again--her third attempt. Ten minutes later she felt a bite, and upon reeling in she could hardly believe her eyes. A good-sized catfish. Her eyes sparkled with happiness and her body shook with delight. She had done it. It didn't matter that she was late, or had torn her jeans on the rocks. Girls weren't so incapable, after all. Wouldn't this fish prove they could do anything? . . . **Well, almost anything.**

