

Nürnberg Alumni Association Online Archive  
**Nürnberg American High School**  
a U.S. Army dependents school formerly located in Fürth/Bavaria, Germany

## 1959-60 School Year

14th year of the school's existence

Graduating Class of 1960

**This File:**  
**Creative Writing Publications**

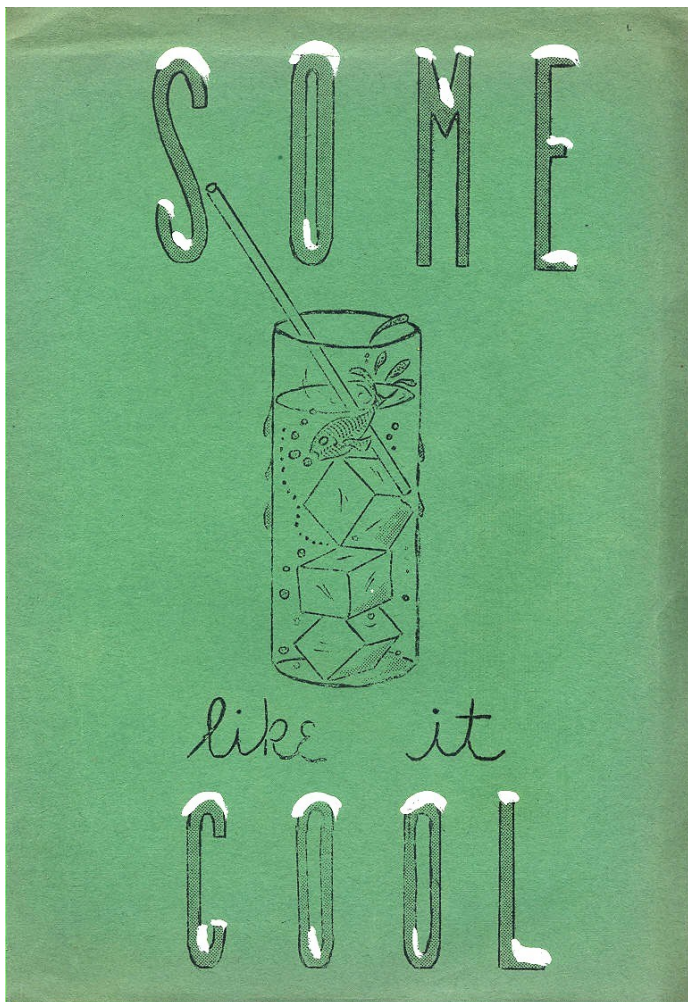
**Some Like It Cool**

**Nürnberg Skyline**

"Some Like It Cool" and "Nürnberg Skyline" are believed to be the first creative writing publications at NHS. They were produced in a creative writing class taught by Mrs. Lillian Laikind. Members of the class were Jackie Cauch, Reet Rubin, Ted Dye, Mac Galle, Bill Karle, George Kimball, Mary Ann Hare, and Clarence Harvey. A few contributions came from students outside the class. —Archivist

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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# Staff

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- ASSISTANT EDITOR - TED DYE
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- CIRCULATION/BUSINESS: GEORGE KIMBALL  
MARY ANN HARE  
CLARENCE HARVEY
- ADVISER - MRS. LILLIAN LAIKIND

## School Daze

### INDIFFERENCE -

By REET RUBIN



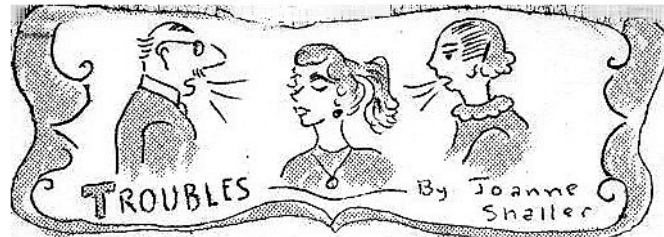
My English teacher  
 Is a preacher  
 Of verbs and nouns and such.  
 I don't understand even how to use "and"  
 And I don't really care very much.

### PERTAINING TO HOMEWORK -

Yesterday  
 And today  
 I've been finding  
 This task confining.  
 But now  
 Somehow  
 I'll find a way  
 To ditch it and be gay.



# TOSSED BALLADS



My parents don't seem to agree  
 With things I think just right for me.  
 They never like joking;  
 They frown at my smoking;  
 They make me stay home  
 When there's no chaperone.  
 When order I've balked at,  
 I'm talked at and talked at.  
 Oh why, oh why, is life this way?  
 Can't they listen to what I say?



I hate to get that certain slip  
That makes my parents take a flip.  
No, my friends, it's not a fiction,  
I'll get many a day's restriction.

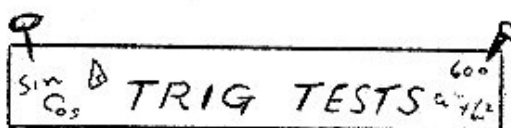
Warning  
Notes!

By Clarence  
Harvey



On my first trig test I got a "B".  
On my second trig test — my, oh, me!

By Clarence Harvey



MORE WARNING NOTES!!

Warning notes are almost due.  
The thought already makes me blue.  
My loafing days will be exposed;  
Pop's calm temper will be decomposed.

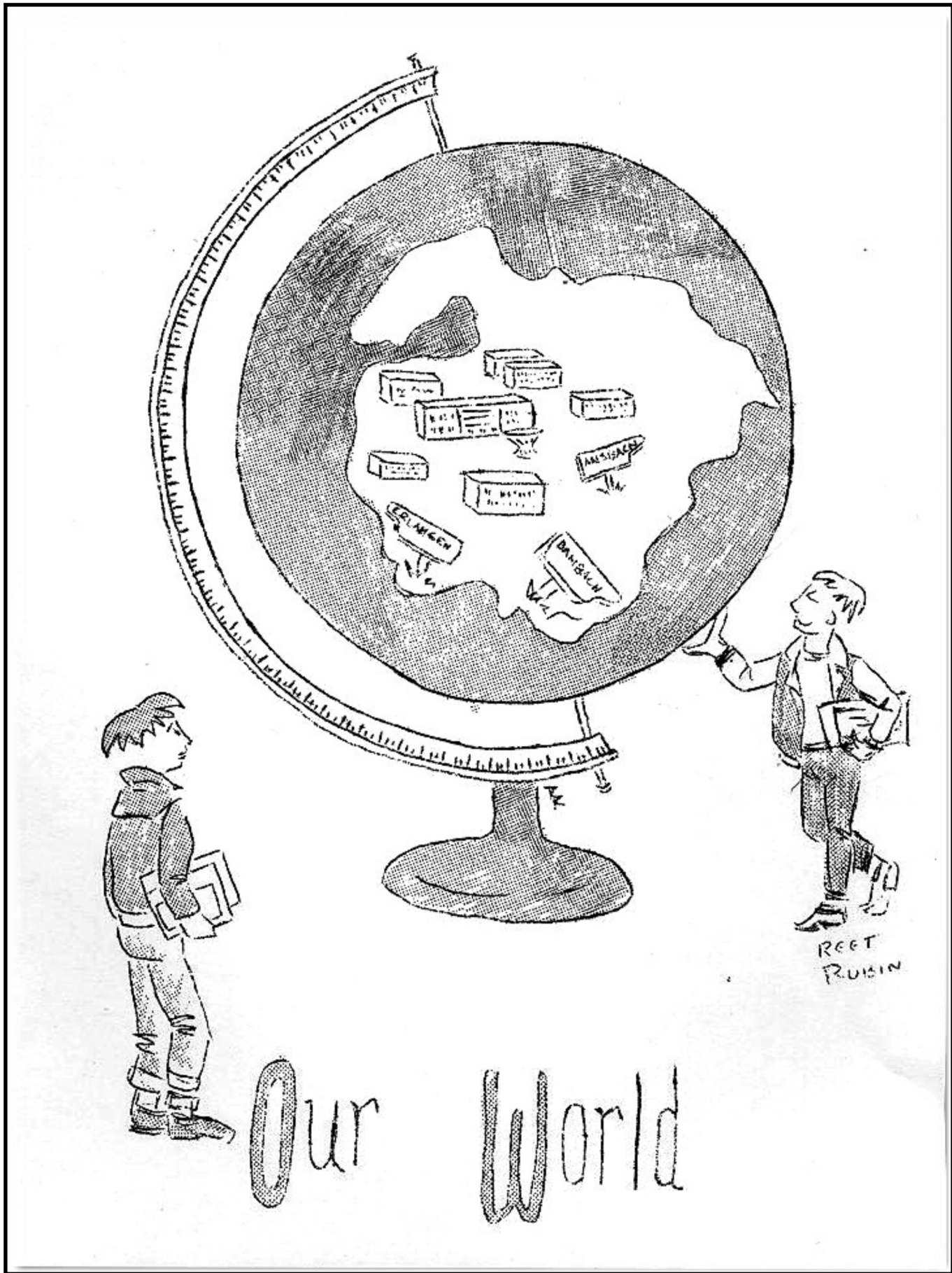
By Dieter Arnold

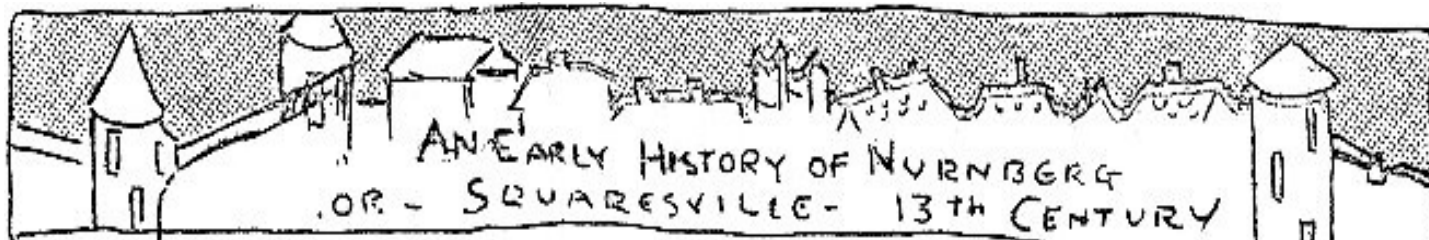


By Mary Ann Hare

I have a dog — his name is Fritz,  
And when I tell him to, he sitz/  
He's two-and-a-half dogs long,  
But don't get me wrong,  
He's just half a dog high  
And not at all shy.  
He always picks on dogs that are bigger;

Holes prove his prowess as a digger.  
He has many bad habits,  
Such as chasing small rabbits.  
But I wouldn't trade him  
For the best grade gem.  
I just love him to bits,  
My sweet pooch Fritz.

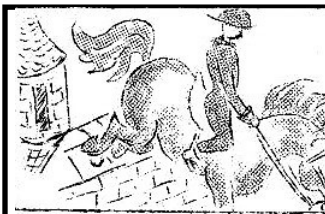




## By Ted Dye

Our town from distant days of yore  
 Squatted beside the Pegnitz' shore.  
 Early the Romans wrecked the place,  
 Built a fort with the Berg as base.  
 Their rumble wild was not to last –  
 A spark to light their conquering past.  
 When history moved to century eight,  
 Our town was slowly growing great.

Its favorite legend runs this way –  
 A king and queen for heir did pray.  
 They got their wish, and in right manner  
 Raised him 'neath the Christian banner.  
 His wedding came – so pious reared,  
 He got cold feet, and disappeared.  
 A saint he turned, with holy way –  
 Saint Sebald's church still stands today.



## Eppelein Enters the Scene Or Squaresville Revisited

### Nürnberg Can't Hang a Man Unless He is There to be Hung

One of the most dangerous and notorious robber barons in the vicinity of Nürnberg during the city's greatest century of trade was **Eppelein von Gailingen**. For many years he looted caravans, committed crimes, and then made his escape into the dense forests surrounding Nürnberg.

Eppelein was finally outsmarted and captured. He was judged guilty at his trial and condemned to be hanged the following morning.

To each prisoner facing the death penalty then, as now, one final wish was granted. Von Gailingen's wish: "Just let me ride once again my old battle mare." His wish was granted and he rode slowly around the castle yard, which was ringed with armed guards. Behind the guards was the castle wall, beyond it the nine foot wide moat. Suddenly he spurred his horse and jumped the mighty wall and moat, escaping into the woods.

As he jumped, the people heard him call out, "Nürnberg can't hang a man unless he is there to be hung." (These words were to be heard again. Hermann Goering, sentenced to be hung after the first Nürnberg War Trial, quoted them shortly before his suicide.)

The mighty hoofprints of von Gailingen's horse can be seen on the castle wall today.

– from *All About Nürnberg*, by Gisela N. Friedberg and

By Ted Dye

About Nürnberg's castle there's a jolly story.  
 It took place during knighthood's glory.  
 There was a robber baron, so it seems,  
 About law and order, didn't know beans.  
 He was caught, but before his captors could gloat,  
 He mounted his steed and jumped the moat.  
 Hoofprints can still be seen on the wall.  
 But weren't they made with chisel and maul?  
 As you stumble along our old cobble stones,  
 And sounds fill your ears in Teutonic tones,  
 Remember that Nürnberg's past was great –  
 Too bad we Americans came so late.

# Army Brats

By Jackie Cauch



Boy, you're lucky, you and I! Why all of us are. I suppose you are wondering why? Well, that's what I'm about to tell you. I want to remind you of something you have probably often heard before: You're an Army Brat! Oh, don't think it's so bad. In fact, we are all in the same boat and as I said before, we are pretty lucky.

Here's one streak of luck that hits us. Not many kids, except us, can get completely yanked out of school just before semester tests for a five thousand mile transfer. Don't worry kids, we'll learn to take it, even in a brand new school where we suddenly find we've forgotten everything. It's at times like this that strangeness has its fullest meaning.

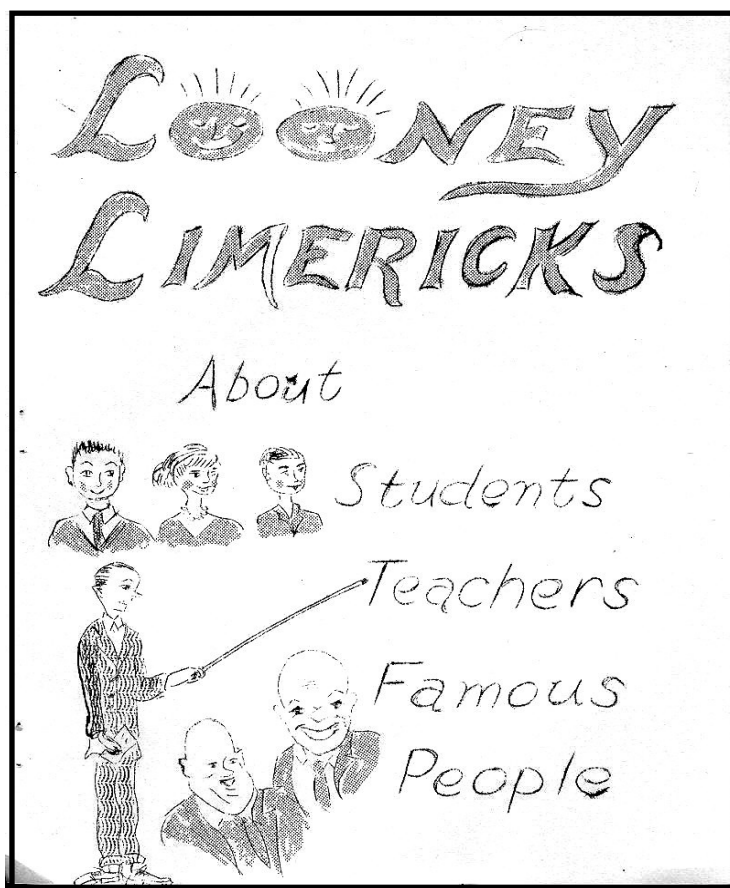
Speaking of new schools, we've all experienced these, why at least every two years or so. Here is where we find strange buildings, with long endless halls, some leading to winding stairways going to nowhere, filled with loud teen-agers of all sizes.

It doesn't take us long to get acquainted, though. We're used to changing schools; the old kids are used to new kids just like us.

Of course, the teachers don't always seem to understand. They usually want to know why we haven't read this, or why we haven't studied that. We're only too familiar with their questions: "What's the matter? Didn't they teach you anything at your other school?"

How many of us have made moves, lost all our luggage, arrived in rain or snow with no coats, or even been counted in with the wrong family going through customs?

Fortunately, all these mishaps are funny later. Perhaps in the end, they make us more understanding, at least of each other, the LUCKY ARMY BRATS



LOCH J . . . . .

A gallant young fellow named Loch,  
 His ways give a gal quite a shock.  
     He opens all doors,  
     Even gets on all fours  
 To prevent her from spoiling her frock.



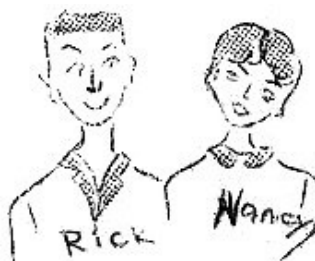
ELAINE H . . . . .

There is a young lady, Elaine,  
 The boys think she is quite a dame,  
     But she likes to treat boys  
     As if they were toys,  
 Which gives them considerable  
 pain.



NANCY MC . . . . .

There's a gal that just couldn't be cuter.  
 On this you can never dispute her.  
     One Question we'll pose —  
     Now do you suppose  
 That young fellow Rick, does he Sutor?





## RUSSELL H . . . . .

There was a great tackle named Russell,  
 On the field he would certainly hustle.  
 They could beat him in races,  
 But fell on their faces  
 When they bounced off his head, which was muscle.



## MR. ROSIN

A teacher whose name is Rosin,  
 His dress it is always supreme.  
 Slick from shoes to his tie  
 He attracts every eye –  
 He should be in a men's magazine!

## MRS. ROSIN

Our Mrs. Rosin, christened Bettye,  
 Whose chemistry never was petty,  
 One day in the lab  
 Got involved in a gab,  
 And turned up with the formula  $SP_1A_9Hett_i$

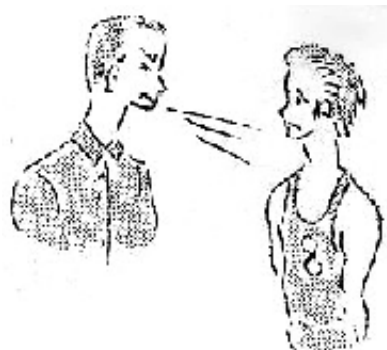


## MRS. HARRIS

Our history teacher Miss Harris,  
 Her students would often embarrass.  
 We all were so dumb  
 We'd just sit there mum  
 For our knowledge of history's precarris.

## COACH CAMPBELL

Mr. Campbell, coach *extraordinaire*,  
 Could do pushups with strength of a bear.  
 When the team wouldn't go,  
 He'd say, "Well, I don't know,  
 But you hoods better cut your long hair!"

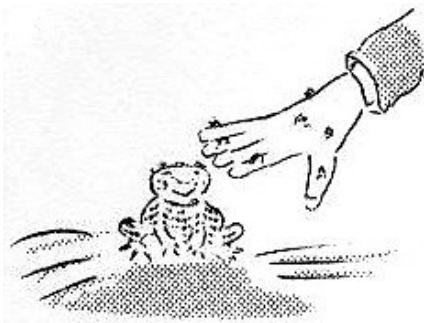


**MRS. GUTSCHMIDT**

A ladylike teacher, Mrs. Gutschmidt,  
 From grammar to morals she would flit.  
     When her students she'd find  
     Too closely entwined  
 How these amorous couples she would split!

**MR. MCQUITTY**

Our journalist teacher, McQuitty  
 Has students most clever and witty.  
     Yet the jokes that appear  
     In the columns all year  
 Are borrowed, which is quite a pity.

**MR. BARTON**

Our biology teacher named Barton,  
 Kept all of his frogs in a carton.  
     Though nature he loves,  
     He never wears gloves –  
 So warts on his hands now are startin'.

**NORAH**

Our school secretary, named Norah,  
 The students, they simply adore 'er.  
     If you want to know why,  
     Just ask any guy –  
 Why she never lets anything floor 'er.

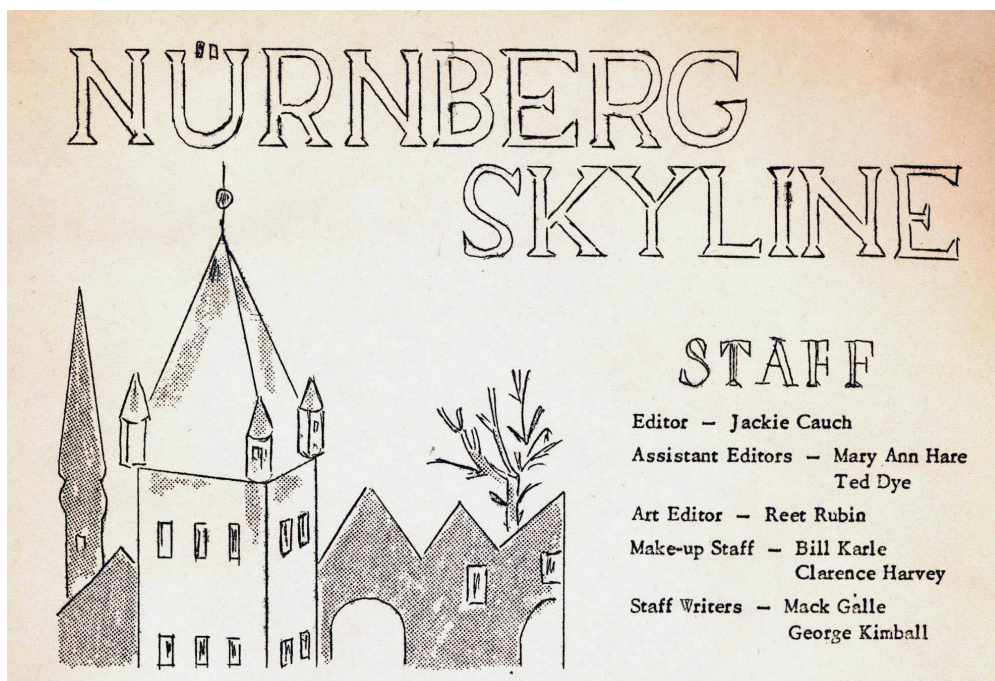
**RICKIE NELSON**

There once was a singer named Rick,  
 Who thought he could all singers lick.  
     He sings like a dream,  
     While girls shout and scream,  
 But the fellows – he makes 'em all sick.

by Mac Gall

Rickie Nelson was a well known pop singer of the time. – Archivist]]





# ☞ NURNBERG ☞

Oh Nuernberg, you are the greatest,  
 Your fame has risen far beyond your bounds.  
 Immortal art has been created by your masters;  
 Even a Saint you have sheltered.



Hans Sachs, who was your greatest meistersinger,  
 A humble shoemaker, sang the beauty of your dawn.  
 Albrecht Durer, with fine line and sombre palette,  
 Left his live works on your walls.



Adam Kraft and Veit Stoss gave you figures of saint  
 and burgher

That display their sculptors' genius forever.

Wenzel Jannitzer decked your fair women with fascinating  
 jewelry.

All your treasures have been justly accredited  
 By generations of the past.

||

But in this century of our living  
 You have faced decline.



A tragic scar cuts deep into your worthy history.  
 For wars have eaten many of your treasures,  
 And wars have turned your once admiring youth  
 Away from your precious hoard.

Only foreigners and sight-seers, coming from afar,  
 Now pay you the homage you deserve.

But there will be a future time when once again  
 You will be rewarded with all the world's regard.



By DIETER ARNOLD

# The Gay Whirl





# SPRING'S IN THE AIR

BY MAC GALLE

Now that spring is in the air  
 Gay am I, without a care,  
 Wondering now if Jane or Sue  
 Will expect me to be true,

Now that spring is in the air  
 And so many girls look fair.  
 Spring is no time to be true -  
 It's the time when boys pursue

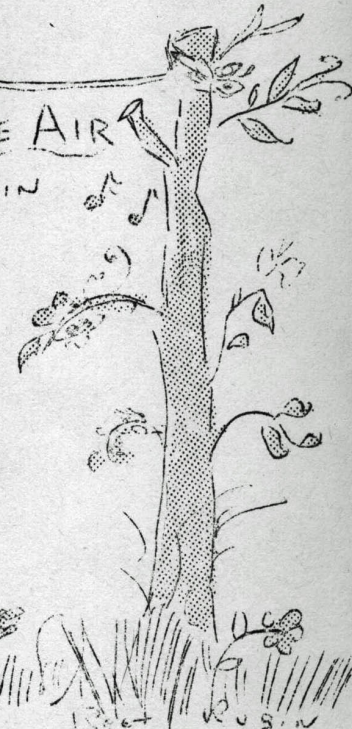
All the bright young ladies fair.  
 Now that spring is in the air,  
 Do as the light-hearted do -  
 Give the air to Jane and Sue !

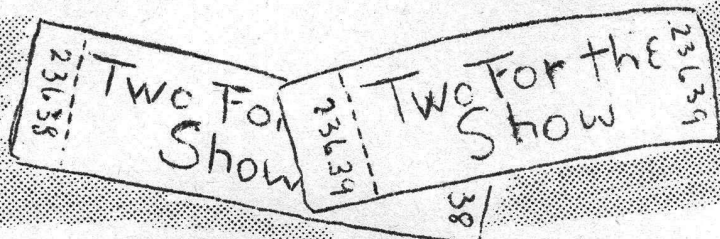


# HERS SPRING'S IN THE AIR

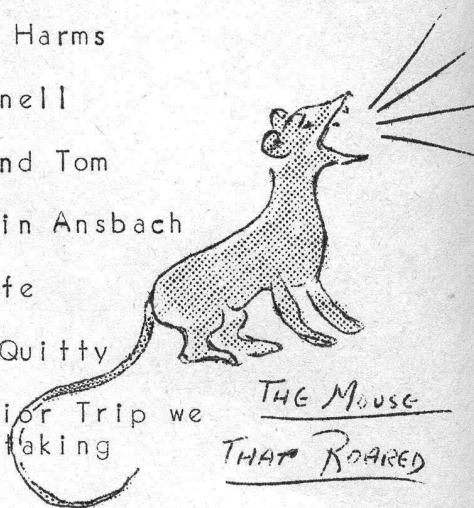
BY REET RUBIN

Now that spring is in the air  
 Gay am I, without a care,  
 Wondering only will a lad  
 Make me glum or make me glad.  
 Little difference this will be -  
 Since one lad won't do for me !

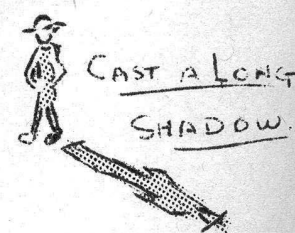




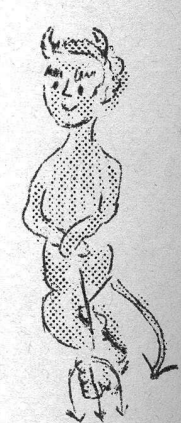
Hound Dog Man .....Richard Harms  
The Man Upstairs.....Mr. Cornell  
In Love and War.....Jenna and Tom  
Imitation of Life .....Living in Ansbach  
But Not for Me .....Dorm life  
The Mouse That Roared .....Mr. Mc Quitty  
The Journey.....The Senior Trip we aren't taking  
Ben Hur ( and gone ).....Seniors  
Some Like It Hot.....Cafeteria food  
God's Little Acre.....N H S Campus  
The Scapegoat.....John Mc Crae  
Cast a Long Shadow .....Bob Stuart standing in the sun  
Never So Few.....Eligible Boys  
The Sound and the Fury.....Kathy and Ted  
The Bridal Path .....Lee Kline  
Take a Giant Step.....Mac Galle  
The Devil's Disciple.....Herr Raeke  
Who Was That Lady?.....The Stewardess on Career Day  
The Big Operator .....Paul Gorski  
Bell, Book and Candle.....Burning the midnight oil  
The Pajama Game .....Loch getting ready for bed  
Battle Cry.....Elaine and Lenny  
Inside the Mafia.....Tony Castillo



THE MOUSE THAT ROARED



CAST A LONG SHADOW



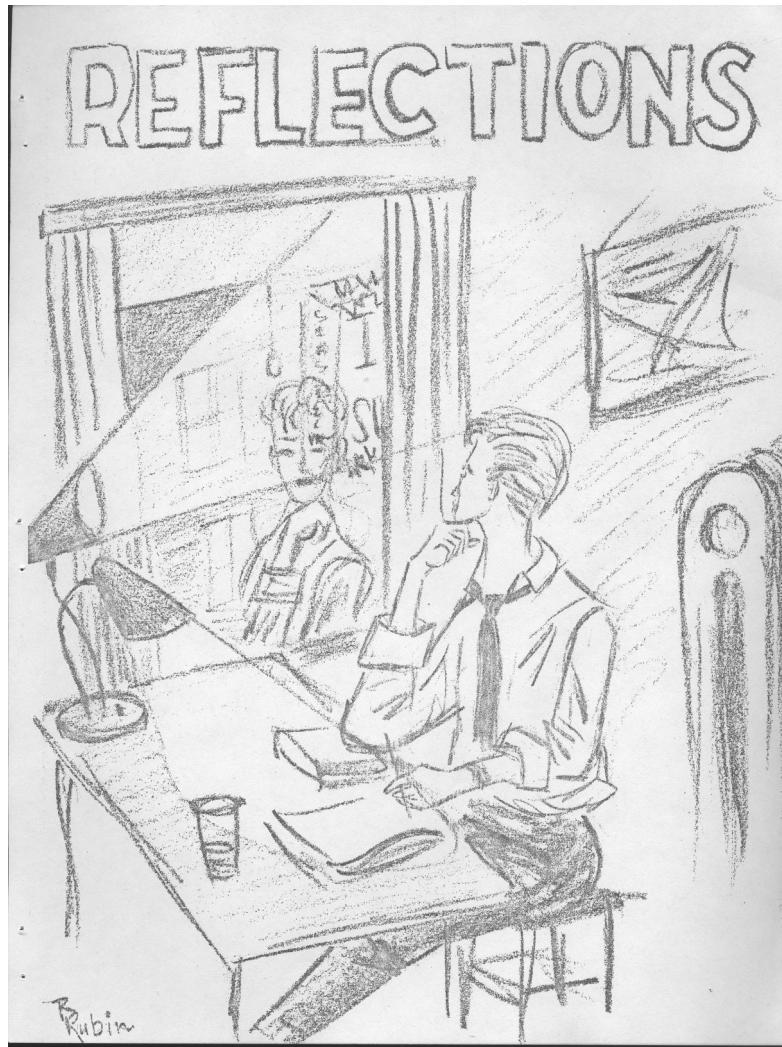
THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE

# Hit Parade

<u>You've Got What It Takes</u>	. . . . .	That Stewardess on Career Day
<u>Pretty Blue Eyes</u>	. . . . .	Maxine Daniels
<u>He'll Have To Go</u>	. . . . .	Arnie Dryer
<u>Teensville</u>	. . . . .	Kalb Community
<u>Time To Cry</u>	. . . . .	Report card day
<u>So Many Ways</u>	. . . . .	To get on restriction
<u>Country Boy</u>	. . . . .	Jim McCall
<u>Wild One</u>	. . . . .	Fred Farrish
<u>Little Bitty Girl</u>	. . . . .	Diane Hanes
<u>Running Bear</u>	. . . . .	To the shower room
<u>Big Hunk of Love</u>	. . . . .	Claudia Mack
<u>Why?</u>	. . . . .	Mrs. Emerick
<u>High Hopes</u>	. . . . .	Rick Lamison
<u>You Can't Get to Texas from Here</u>	. . . . .	Herby Browne
<u>Speedy</u>	. . . . .	Mervin
<u>Short Shorts</u>	. . . . .	The Girls' Gym Class
<u>Big Man</u>	. . . . .	Phil Williams
<u>Rebel Rouser</u>	. . . . .	Coach Campbell
<u>Beyond the Sea</u>	. . . . .	U.S.A.
<u>Guitar in Orbit</u>	. . . . .	Russell
<u>Forty Miles of Bad Roads</u>	. . . . .	To Grafenwoehr





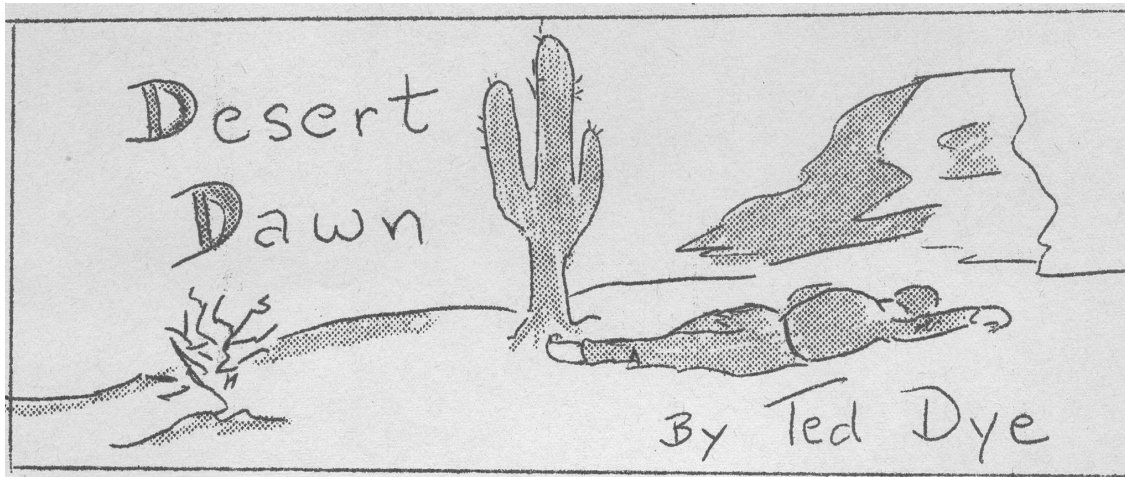


## Books

A Sonnet

By Mary Ann Hare

Staunch friends, my books, console me now that I  
 Am young and free to dream my own daydreams.  
 Unreal this world to others though it seems,  
 To me a world less books would be a lie.  
 We would not know the who, the where, the why,  
 Without the knowledge gained from this great means,  
 The printed page, a treasure hoard, that teems —  
 Where Chaucer's pilgrims smile, and Shakespeare's sigh.  
 The homespun earthy truths I've learned from Frost,  
 The freer wisdom gleaned from Whitman's mind,  
 The rebel loves of Byron, tempest tossed,  
 The nature world of Wordsworth, gentle, kind,



I awoke slowly. She was still here. I could feel her round firmness pressing against me. She was lying as close as possible to absorb heat from my body and escape the chill of a desert dawn.

Why did I get mixed up in this? Why did I take this trip anyway? As usual, Marie hadn't come along with me. She didn't believe in this husband and wife togetherness nonsense. It was probably a good thing. This affair might have happened anyway. It was bad enough as it was. Marie would have lost control and gone into hysterics.

My companion moved slightly. I gazed sideways at her through slitted lids. She stretched, then raised her head and laid it gently on my chest. I hoped that she couldn't hear my heart pounding. I knew her breed. If I had let her know she excited me, she would have destroyed me.

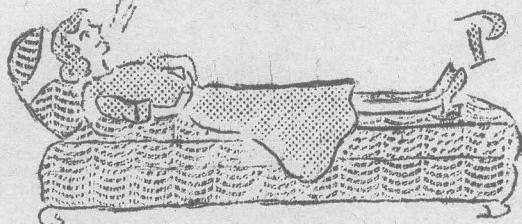
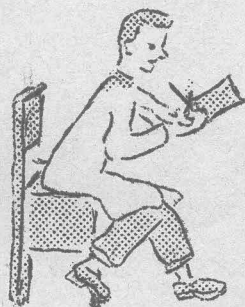
My thoughts turned again to home. I wished I was there now. Marie had tried to persuade me not to take this trip. But then she didn't even want me to become a herpetologist in the first place. Despite her wishes, though, I made it through school. Maybe she was right. I wouldn't have come on this trip if I hadn't been so obsessed with snakes. Knowing all there was to know about snakes, didn't help me avoid this predicament. Yesterday I was doing all right until I slipped on that mossy rock and broke my hip. What a miserable break! Ironic pun — for a flashing moment I almost could have laughed. But if I had, she would have gotten the last laugh.

Damn Pete. Where was he? Here I lay sweating in the cold dawn, with him probably in a safe, warm bed somewhere. He had left to take our first load of rattlers to the laboratory, just before my hip had cracked up on that slick rock. He had taken nearly all of our equipment along with him. He didn't even leave me the snake bite kit. Naive thought that that Boy Scout outfit—could do me any good now.

I could feel the cold creeping through the blanket. But I couldn't shiver, I just couldn't. The first tremble started. It moved up my body, gaining shattering force as it came. I was wracked with violent shaking. She felt it. She raised her small beautiful head menacingly. Then she spoke. Her soft burring filled the hushed desert with sound. My scalp crawled. I knew what was coming. She kissed me, not softly, but passionately on the lip. Then she slipped away.

I had had it. It wouldn't help to try to run, even if I could have run, for there was no place to run. Anyway, running would only have speeded up my heart beat and have brought death faster. Already my lower lip was puffed and tight around the little twin punctures. Already a sweet heavy drowsiness was beginning to dull the anguish, to beguile the serpent touch of death.

# PSYCHOSOMATIC PSYCHOLOGY



In this course Psychology  
This is what I did —  
I toured around my ego  
And I delved into my id  
I found I was an introvert  
And almost flipped my lid.

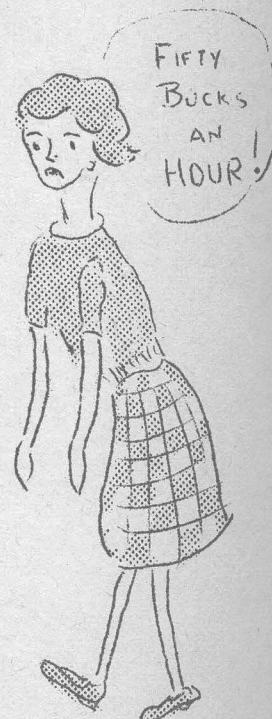


I went to see the analyst  
To see what I should do —  
My personality was nil  
My attributes were few.  
The first thing that he told me  
Was that I should start anew.



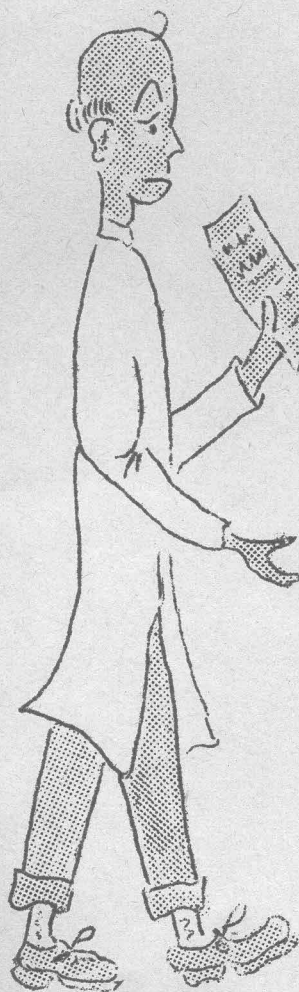
He analyzed me further  
With gusto, vim, and zest.  
The things he said that ailed me  
Were longings, unexpressed,  
Some schizophrenic mania,  
With urges all repressed.

My feelings of frustration  
Were multiplying fast.  
I soon became disgusted —  
How long can this thing last?  
And then I got to thinking  
This doctor is harassed.



I gathered up the tatters  
Of my deluded mind,  
And hurried to get out of there,  
The best way I could find.

But as I left the doctor said,  
"I hate to be unkind —  
But there's a fifty dollar fee,  
Each hour of my time!"



Foot ROBIN

By MARY ANN HARE

# Points to Ponder

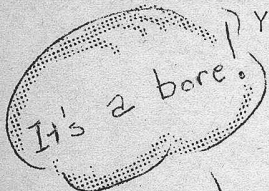
— By CLARENCE HARVEY —

School becomes an awful bore —

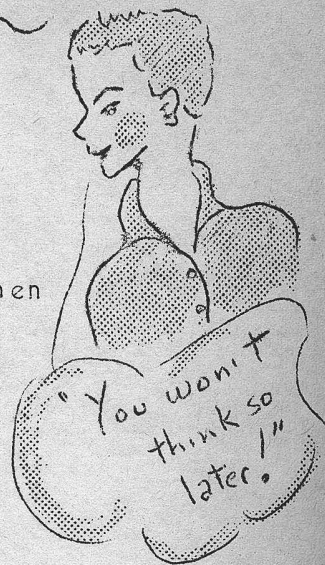
Yes, you've heard these words before.  
You'll hear them in September — then  
Dear old school begins again.

But after graduation day,  
That's the time you'll never say,  
" School becomes an awful bore" —

You'll want to hear those words some more !



RR.



# Four Years Too Soon

— By TED DYE —

What is all this jazz I hear  
Of graduation joy this year?  
You would evacuate so fast ! —

These final days should last and last,  
You'll never again have such a snap,

Four breezy years tossed in your lap.

good idea we'd all confirm:

As freshmen let's enroll next term!

