

# 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

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# A German-American Dance from Two Points of View

Excerpt from **WORTRICHTER**, December, 1961 A publication by and for German school students in Nürnberg

Translation by Google and Bob McQuitty, Archivist

## Coke and Twist at NHS

On Friday, November 17, a German-American dance was held in the Nürnberg American High School to which the German-American Relations Club had invited the high school students of Nürnberg. The invitations were pretty scarce and much wanted by many interested students in our school. At the entrance to the Cafeteria Barbara and Jane sat at a table collecting from every visitor one Deutsche Mark or 25 cents.

Now to the main point. At the end of the eating hall on a table were two large record players and a pile of black records. To the left of the entrance was a small room where Cokes and sugar-glazed cakes could be bought for 20 Pfennig.

A high school Teacher welcomed the German and American guests and wished all a good time. The first record was put on the player and a few couples began to dance. After a square dance directed by the physical education teacher, the shyness was loosened. Next a Twist record was put on

This new dance craze from U.S.A. is already a smash and very much liked among the students, especially the colored people who were really great at it. Some of us also tried our hand at it, with their guidance, but if we had been wearing flat shoes and been less stiff, it would have worked better.

For the next dance it was arranged that a German boy had to ask an American girl and an American boy had to ask a German girl and then dance with them until a whistle sounded. Then everyone rushed for another partner and there were some ridiculous mix ups as some Germans held on to their American girls and vice versa. It was particularly difficult sometimes for a German to snag an American as the hosts were in the minority, and some of them didn't dance at all.

For the numerical inferiority of the Americans there was a valid reason : They had received "warning notices" on the same day of the dance, and many dads at the sight of one or even several poor grades, had imposed a brief curfew on their offspring. (That reminded most of us of our own experiences.)

The mood was now excellent, but many groaned under the sweltering heat that prevailed in the hall. And the heat had a visible effect. The ice in the Colas melted almost as fast as you emptied the content. Next cute amateur waitresses brought cakes and sandwiches which were much appreciated.

Cigarettes bring cooling, I have once read, and some U.S. teenagers in the room probably agreed because they sent one of their own to a Teacher, who made an exception and permitted us to smoke. The usual rule was that there was no smoking in the schoolhouse. And so no ashtrays were available, that is, no small ashtrays. A larger size already existed, the floor.

Finally a prize dance between American and German couples was organized. The ladies of the two winning couples received a record. The successful representative from Nürnberg was a brunette from the Steiner School and from NHS a colored American.

Punctually at 10:30 the party was supposed to end. But a teacher allowed one last record.

Hopefully we can return the favor in a short time with an equally nice School Club Party.

—Christ Schamel

See **NHS Trichter** story of the dance on the next page.

## Mr. King Warms Up November G-A Dance

A bit slow in starting but gathering speed as it went along is descriptive of the first German-American dance November 17. In the beginning everyone was sitting frozenly around the tables waiting for things to warm up. This was remedied by Mr. Jack King's Mountain Stomp Dance. A Snowball dance was started and later in the evening a dance contest was featured. There were records for the best German girl and best American girl dancer — Jamesetta Smiley, freshman.

Although the dance was well attended, there were few Americans present.

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## An Invitation to the 1961 Lantern Parade (Lichterzug)

An annual event of the Nürnberg Christkindlesmarkt during which the city's elementary school children parade from Kaiserstrasse to the Castle carrying their handmade lanterns.



E I N L A D U N G

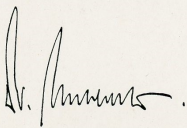
Am Donnerstag, 14. Dezember 1961, 18.15 Uhr, findet der

L I C H T E R Z U G

der Nürnberger Volksschulen statt, und zwar von der Kaiserstraße über die Fleischbrücke zum Burgberg, verbunden mit Weihnachtssingen und Darstellung der Weihnachtsgeschichte in Bildern.

Die Stadt Nürnberg lädt Sie und Ihre Angehörigen hierzu herzlich ein.

Nürnberg, im Dezember 1961



(Dr. Urschlechter)  
Oberbürgermeister

Gültig für 2 Personen

Bitte reservierten Platz (Südteil des Grünhanges unterhalb der Kaiser-  
stallung) spätestens bis 18.15 Uhr einnehmen.

Zugang: durch die Seilperre Ecke Theresienstraße/Burgstraße

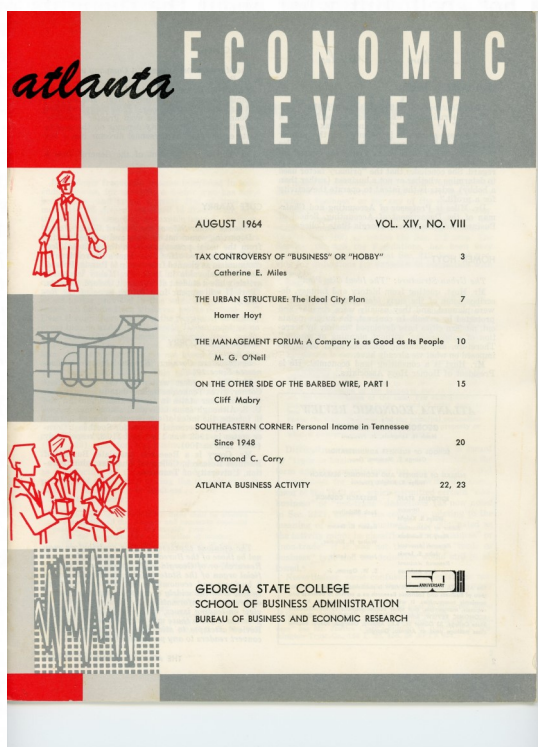
# BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN

An article by NHS alumnus **Cliff Mabry**, class of 1962, when he was attending Emory College in Oxford, Georgia, about his visit to the Soviet Union, Poland, and Czechoslovakia during his senior year. The article was published in the **Atlanta Economic Review**. Cliff sent the Archivist a copy of the magazine in 1964.

## ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BARBED WIRE

by

*Cliff Mabry*



*“Men live by believing something,  
not by debating and arguing about many things.”*

I find no really inseparable difference between my country and the holy, reverent Russia. Perhaps the distinction lies between a cross and a star. But I am not looking for a difference; I am digging for something that binds a tide, that connects two oceans instead of separating them with nuclear fallout.

Any man on the street in Russia will tell an American that, more than anything, he wants peace. This is encouraging, for I am convinced that he means it. Under the circumstances maybe you can see, *as did the crow that went traveling abroad and came home just as black!*

I climbed to the top of the highest and most beautiful cathedral in Leningrad. St. Isaac's gave birth to a magnificent 100 yard high golden dome and afforded an excellent view of the city that launched the Bolshevik Revolution in 1917. As I put my camera to focus upon the horizon, a thick-bearded civilian guard with woolen coat and red band around his arm scurried over to me, almost tripping over the only pair of shoes to his name. His emphatic shouts:

*Nein, nein, verboten, ganz verboten! (No, no, forbidden, entirely forbidden!)*

Making use of some Deutsch I picked up in high school, I dumbfoundedly asked: Warum? (Why?)

*Note: Mr. Mabry's article was written while he was a student at Emory at Oxford, Georgia.*

*I have orders to let no one photograph the city from these heights!*

But why? In America we can photograph from the top of churches; we can even go to Cape Canaveral and take pictures.

*This spot was a front for World War II, son, look to the shipyards and the sea. We cannot afford to be attacked again; it was terrible, the German raids; we hate them!*

My questions were answered quite emotionally. I fumbled for words to compel him to give his reaction on God. God is in the cathedral and also up here with us?

*God! . . . . . there is no God; I do not believe in God!*

What do you believe in then?

*The Communist Party! Communism will help us all. Why, do they have jobs in West Germany today? Do the people have enough bread to eat and decent clothes to wear?*

Figuring that the poor man had never been informed of the Marshall Plan by his newspaper which claims to be "*the only daily paper owned by its readers,*" I meant conscientiously to find out how warped and propagandized the press is in Russia. I was not as shrewd as I would lead you to believe: I was shoveled into an inevitable argument. Remember, this was in the summer of 1962. Why will your government not agree to a test ban?

*You Americans continue setting off nuclear explosions despite our attempts!*

That is right, but the only reason that we test is because we do not want to fall behind the USSR since you broke the moratorium last year.

*Ah! . . . . . we have done no such thing that I know of . . . . . But it is all the Americans' fault; they started the whole by dropping the first bomb on Japan!*

We were only defending ourselves as we must also combat the Soviet threat of "cold war" or in Berlin.

**BUT WE WANT PEACE!** *We stay in Berlin so that the East Germans may become free!*

If you ever have a chance, take up an argument with a Russian. He may seem the most paradoxical fellow until he asks you to explain the 14th Amendment and its practical workings in America. Nevertheless, *Russians do not fear the cross, but they fear the club.* They do not believe in the Trinity, *but they do have three strong principles: perhaps, somehow, and nevermind.* For two hours I remained atop St. Isaac's Cathedral discussing the "hot" issues, and as comrade and I shook hands wishing for peace, his most humble words were:

*Americans are good people!*

It seems that after coming down from such heights, I became terribly confused and lost, and as I walked deeper and deeper into this pastel city of iron statues and canals some fellows stopped me wanting to buy cigarettes. They thought I was from Sweden because of my light colored hair. I did come up with some flamboyant propaganda posters which you see everywhere among the red stars and hammer and sickle.

But my group had a more ridiculous story to tell; it was after attending the Russian Folk Ballet, which enacted a scene from World War II.

Can you imagine ruthless German dancers bayonetting their way through an old Russian village, massacring the women and children? The audience is hissing with blood in their eyes. A secret meeting is being held by the Nazi police, but a Russian conspirator, who is just a young girl, manages to sneak into the encampment. She has a bomb attached to her and hurls herself at a man who looks like Hitler. The guards shoot her, but the shelter blows up. The audience is now steaming with pride for the patriotic girl. As the curtain closes, the homeland tanks are forcing the enemy to retreat. The Soviet flags are flying, the villagers walk crippled alongside the soldiers . . . . This is intense hatred of the Germans. It results from real fear.

I am convinced that *we as human beings are related; the same sun dries our rags!* It must surely dry our wounds and tears!

More than a year has passed since I toured Russia, Poland, and Czechoslovakia. Peeking behind the Iron Curtain and hopping through these satellite countries, my heart began beating a little faster; it has not slowed down since.

## CZECHOSLOVAKIA

The earth was fully green. Of course, it was the beginning of summer and all of Europe was experiencing a hot spell. But what about the thoughts of the farmers and villagers that we passed, the little boy and girl along the roadside, the adults in the fields? All the children seemed to wave. It was perhaps a strange sight to see such a modern bus come hauling down their desolate, winding roads. Mama and Papa looked, not anxiously, but very, very curiously. Our American flag was waving at the front and rear of the bus. There was a German one too!

Our young red-headed guide told us that: *95% of the land was state owned and most of it under the cooperative system. 5% of the land was privately owned.* This remained a mystery to us. *Only 20% of the young people go to church. More of the older folks do though!*

We had a chance to ask questions and some of these I put into my notes:

Why do all of the people out in the fields have on such thick clothes?

*Because they wear the same set all year round, and it happens to be their winter clothes.*

What relations does Czechoslovakia carry on with China?

*We are all socialist states and help each other!*

Do you have more than one political party?

*Yes, we have six.*

What are those long lines of people who appear to be queuing for food?

*They are waiting for the stores to open.*

We observed for ourselves: New apartment buildings that looked like old army barracks. These were

the complete residences, schools, and recreational facilities of Silver Town where a commune of people would eat, sleep, and work on the mineral resource project until the government had further plans.

Millions of *red stars* amid endless rubble!

Walkers and few vehicles for transportation, except motorscooters. People were sitting in the parks, which was something good to see, although I doubt that too many Americans sit in parks. Was there really any place else to go except to work or stand in line?

Our guide had to tell us more, even though *hens shouldn't crow like roosters*.

*The newest thing in Czech automation was women mechanics.*

*All workers received vacations.*

*There was a scarcity of meat.*

*The government had introduced a new culture program.*

*Beer was the national drink of Czechoslovakia.*

Dinner in the capital of Czechoslovakia, Prague, was a heartening experience. It was a show of wealth which the common never taste: a glass of sweet wine (Vermouth), smoked fish, two glasses of beer, a green salad, rolls and butter, cherries and a green fruit, half a chicken with dressing, potatoes and gravy, cake and coffee, and tea and ice cream.

We were very much a part of the street scene.

The people were well-dressed (no doubt they have to take good care of their clothes).

*Care for your clothes from the day the tailor delivers; care for your honor from the day your beard sprouts.*

There were many luxuries to be found in the store windows (then we did not realize that the average man could not buy them because of the high tax placed on the merchandise). Now I understand that he hopes to have them in the future, if not he, himself, then his son.

The man under the Communist system is better off than his father; he hopes that his son will be better off than himself. At least he is willing to work. *God has many days left—there's plenty of time to work!* What does he hope to gain in his standard of living? What does he have?

A "swinging" cafe from above the street whose band played, surprisingly enough, "Love Me Tender," "Honeysuckle Rose," "I'm in the Mood for Love," and "Hello Mary Lou." Three dishes of ice cream cost nearly two dollars. A good girl friend from Nuremberg and I danced to a slow song. Everyone stared on without a doubt, and so we left the gay atmosphere, the accordian music, the laughter, and walked but a few feet until it seemed as if the city had closed up for the night. It must be like that in any city! The spirit of adventure and curiosity built to a climax as we peered in every store, around every corner, and up every street. We saw: St. Wenceslas Cathedral that gives name to the beautiful Christmas carol; the Hussite Church from which a Catholic was thrown out the window to mark the first Protestant movement in Europe; all sorts of shops with window displays. Clothes looked surprisingly modern enough. They were simply Western copies, as were irons, toasters, and other modern conveniences.

One auto shop had the price tag of a car comparable to a Volkswagen at \$3000. All the stores are state owned; the prices are the same throughout Czechoslovakia; no one can make a profit.

All-night refreshment stands where we bought fat, greasy hot dogs and plastic bags of lemonade. These stands were to serve the many people who rushed on and off the streets. The sun had gone down and all was quiet for a couple of hours. Then, as if an electric switch had been pulled, people swarmed from everywhere, streetcars began to clang and throw up sparks, lighted neon signs sparkled the progress of the present five year plan. Evidently, the night shift of workers were making their way to the plants and mines of their industrial city. They must work eight hours a day, six days a week, regardless.

*Ah, you can even get used to Hell!*

## POLAND

After missing the Bohemian dances, but having a picnic at the edge of the Bohemian Forest, another day brought a stop at Lodz, the textile center. There, having our first taste of some atrocious mineral water, which was served throughout the trip instead of real water, we witnessed a sight even so familiar in the U. S. To our wonder, a girl in a turquoise sack dress, with bleached hair and sunglasses, walked casually by. She was a teenager. Many of the youngsters tried to dress like Americans. They were out taking walks on this warm summer Sunday night.

Our bus was surrounded by Poles when we returned; children on the shoulders of their dads, everyone peering in at us. All felt quite excited at a time like this, but we waved and the people outside the bus returned a wave and smiled. The bus was again swarmed, this time by young children at play; they were eager to come and have their pictures taken. They were healthy and handsome youngsters, the kind that make a country strong and proud.

Dreams of the smiling curious faces of the children and pleasant green countryside spotting little houses of thatched straw roofs saw all awake in good spirits from an invigorating sleep in feather beds. Today was Sunday, their Corpus Christi Holiday (The Day of the Body of Christ). We were told that of the seventeen churches in the city, we might be able to observe one of their services. *The Church is near but the road is all ice; the tavern is far but I'll walk very carefully!* And so, near a reconstructed Catholic Church, we were the eyes and ears of a procession of white robed priests bearing banners of the Savior, as family and friends had turned out for a most beautiful wedding and baptism of a small baby.

People do not have to believe in secret as they do in Russia. Today was a paramount of faith in the

beliefs of the people of Poland, and nothing, not even orders from Moscow, could keep them away from their House Of Worship. Poland has been granted more religious freedom than other satellites. This is freedom for the individual. Even the Kremlin is afraid to clamp down too much. *Better beneath the old man's beard than the young man's whip!* The common fellow knows this, too, for he has that freedom to laugh. To our humor, while passing a building, our new Polish guide remarked: *Over there is the Chinese embassy. Don't ask me which one. You Americans know there is only one!*

The old and new of Warsaw impressed us with: The American Embassy. Our hearts swelled with pride! A post office with Brenda Lee singing on the P.A. system "I'm Sorry." Even the hotel put out a constant humming of jazz and rock and roll recorded from the Voice of America.

*The neighbors' little things always look big!*

Just people on a Sunday afternoon swarming to the zoo, soldiers and civilians alike; or sitting under their sun umbrellas listening to an amateur pianist give a concert in the open air or, again, simply walking.

The rubble ruins of the Jewish Ghetto. This section was very sad to see because the confining walls and barbed wire told the story of half a million Jews that were murdered by the Germans in World War II. Corpses are still being dug up today because of the new construction of buildings going on.

Poland has always been torn apart by wars, always pulled in between Russia and Germany. Monuments are plenty to honor the dead of the horrible war. Along side street corners and bullet-shattered apartments are cans of flowers where those who fought for their country had been lined up and cold-bloodedly shot down. There is no doubt that the Polish people want Poland for the Poles.

The old, mysterious part of town attracted me to her depths again that night, and as I walked out on my own, I remember well all the people staring at me. Perhaps it was because I was dressed in white tennis shoes, pegged pants, a button down shirt, and an olive blazer; not to mention my light colored hair.

Things to buy were copied or imported. But when it came to forms of art, I was happy to see modern abstracts, original ideas of which in Russia I was to see nothing of the kind. In Russia the artist does not express himself, but rather the ideas of the CCCP in the form of propaganda posters and the like. All of a sudden I found myself inside an old apartment which had been converted into a workshop. People seemed to be looking at a display. As I approached and gazed on, there was a man who leaned a rotten piece of wood against the wall, and on it he dabbed a stroke of paint, imbedded some rusted screws, sprinkled a handful of sand, and set in green broken glass.

These are the off-beat ideas which are adapted in one's free time in the midst of the operation of the Socialist Communist Party. Some free enterprise and profit are permitted. One may own a flower shop if he has performed his services for the state. Why would not the artistic creation that I witnessed symbolize the economy of the country?

(Of having to dig what you can from any place you can get it.)

As I proceeded down the shaded street of the cool evening just about to munch down on a big, red, juicy strawberry, a young man came up from behind me, tapped me on the shoulder and said: *Hello, my name is . . . I would like to introduce you to my friends and show you the town.*

And that is exactly what he did! I met his girl friend and his buddy. We went across the street to the Krokydyl Nightclub, which was supposed to stay open until five in the morning. Within a minute a bottle of wine was on the table. As I protested, they watched my every movement. I told them of the concept of drinking in America and the age you had to be in order to consume alcoholic beverages. Again and again they poured my glass to the brim, probably thinking *it is better to drink at a table than behind a post.* I agree with them.

The couple across the table from us was just so anxious to wave and say "*hi.*" The girl with her fat, smiling face reminded me of Khrushchev. They would not let me pay for a thing, even when we stopped at an ice cream parlor. By now, twenty teenagers had joined our group, and there I was right in the middle of them. You cannot imagine how I felt being the center of attraction, yet the Polish kids were the center of attraction for me. I remember well how everyone on the street yelled to each other even if they were not acquainted. The boys and girls took many walks; it was something to do. And of all the things they told me, I'll fancy the remark that since they didn't have cars like us in America they couldn't go out on a date and "park." For the boys, too, there were those "good girls" and "bad girls." Never did I hear a word of profanity! They were bright young people who had a keen interest to know what was going on in this world. And all were no doubt well informed, whether attending the university or not.

Tonight they told me I was to visit their "barn house." It was where the teenagers "hung out" and danced. They humbly remarked that they called it the "barn house" because it was nothing like the places we have in the United States. There was an admission fee of \$1.00 per person and an age limit of eighteen. All the lights were out except on stage where a good band played mostly American songs. They said that Americans had come through the year before and done the "twist." They themselves danced a jig that was a mix between rock and roll and the jitterbug. The boys were very lanky in their movements, adding variations of their own and twirling the girls as if they were doing their own folk dance, the Polka. Amazingly enough, the girls wore skirts above the knees. Many of the boys wore unbuttoned white shirts and bluejeans.

With open arms and respect these fine young people invited me to come into their apartment. It had three rooms, and lacking telephone, television, or automobile, it was spic and span, well decorated, and comfortable. We intruded on their pop who was sitting in his underwear reading the newspaper. We all laughed, but he came over to shake my hand and I felt most humbled. I wondered to myself if my fellow American would do such a thing to a

foreigner, especially one from behind the Iron Curtain. Taking off our shoes, we began to really know each other. They asked me what I thought of Cuba, and I replied that Americans are anti-Castro. The subject changed to entertainment as they told me their favorite American singers were Perry Como, Ella Fitzgerald, and Louis Armstrong. They had been reading about them in *Life* magazine, and this was not the only thing they absorbed from the outside world. It seems they receive clothes and other articles from relatives in Chicago. The girls were lovely and folkly dressed. I must admit I had a crush on one. She was shy, yet knew the right time to speak and smile, so different from the aggressive, dominating, out-spoken American gal. *If you're a rooster, crow. If you're a hen, shut up and lay eggs!*

Never did we stop laughing, talking, respecting . . . to me these people only lived in a satellite country; they were trapped by body but not by spirit. They believed in God, and they most assuredly had pride in their country and in the socialist system, that it would cure the problems of poverty for the many of the world, that their system would benefit every single living human. Their gross misconception of the United States of America, with

its few that are rich and the many that are poor, was a carry-over from the late Nineteenth Century, but that is what they heard, nevertheless. Whether my argument to support the great middle class in the country with the highest standard of living in the world was effective or not, I still exhorted that we in America still have that choice though, to be rich or poor, to work or do nothing; we have that incentive drive that freedom permits and encourages.

Just before I went out the door, my friend broke a little wooden bird from a branch upon the wall. By this I was to remember them, and it rests in my room at college, forever a token of friendship. Will our mutual goals not to dominate the world, but to make it better, prevail? Will our practical down-to-earth joy of having a good time with a supposed enemy be achieved? When our generation sits across the peace table, will our hands and hearts extol the brief breath for preservation? From Poland, yes, but from the red frontier of Russia, I have my well-deliberated doubts.

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The Berlin Wall went up in 1962. This memoir portrays some of the feelings of that tense time.

## GUNS AND BORDERS by Micki Korp

Military brats get hooked on world events or, more accurately, we are hooked by world events in ways that other newspaper readers are not. Not all events, just some, the ones we stood on the sidelines watching, waiting to see whether the resolution would be military or political, waiting to see whether we were going someplace or staying a bit longer someplace.

Before I was 16, we'd moved 13 times – U.S. Army moves, the “hurry-up and wait” moves; but they could also be labeled WWII moves, and Korean War moves, and Hungarian Revolution moves, and all the Cold War moves. In short, just your everyday, round-the-world, camp follower moves when your father is a career officer. I have one friend who says people like us are “border jumpers.” Another calls us the “dislocates.” I just call us all Army Brats.

There was one time, however, when we didn't move. We just stayed put. From 1959 to 1962, my family and I stayed in one place, and (mirabile dictu!) I attended one school – Nürnberg American High School. The Cold War was not thawing, it was warming. The border to East Germany closed, the troops went on Red Alert. We watched the Berlin Wall go up and knew of people hurling themselves over it. We watched, we stayed in one place. No one moved.

No one came over from the States and no one went home. I remember a letter from a relative reporting that the “New York Times” said the Russians had evacuated their dependents from Berlin, . . . “so when are you coming home?” No us. We all stayed in one place – my father's posting being reckoned more by how many minutes flying time we were from The border than by any map's coordinates. There was only one border – East/West. We didn't call it the Iron Curtain, it was simply The Border. That was fact, and we were pretty matter of fact about it.

Several years ago, at the time of the Russian invasion into Afghanistan, I was at a truly swell Washington dinner party. One rather drunken (but eminent) journalist was bemoaning the certain-sure demise of all democracy and the collapse of all free enterprise systems. He insisted upon polling everyone around the table: “What should we do?” I refused to play the game because I could not believe destruction was upon us – not from Afghanistan anyway. He insisted it was and pressed me hard for an answer: “You're the President. What are you going to do?”

“Oh, stop it,” I snapped. “I'm not the President. Look. In the event of disaster, whatever the cause, I can assure you of this: You will find me wearing the appropriate arm band and doing my level best to get people to stand in line peaceably for whatever remains because that is what I know how to do.



He called me naïve. I'm not. I meant every word. What I know best how to do is carry on normally in the face of upheaval. It helps to have a highly accurate sense of the absurd, and I do. I learned those skills as an Army Brat: pack up, move out, there will be time to cry later, and like it or not, you can count on the next place being different, it not more bizarre. Voila! There you have it – one all-purpose Army Brat personal survival kit guaranteed to last a lifetime, and you should live so long.

Nevertheless, even normality as a sense of the absurd took on an odd tilt at Nürnberg during those Cold War years. The year I graduated from high school [1962], the Nürnberg High School Eagles were undefeated [in football]. Our home turf was the stadium where Hitler had once reviewed his troops. That was pretty strange. So were some of our high school cheers. One winner went “Guten Tag, wie geht es Ihnen, we've got a team and we ain't dreamin'.” Some teenage embarrassments are forever!

We were super normal, sort of a hyper-real normal bunch of kids. For many of us it was the longest time we'd ever lived in one place in our lives, and Nürnberg High the first school that mattered. We worked very hard at being “real American teenagers,” but we were not. We didn't have cars, we did have liquor. We didn't have babies, boys had condoms. No one ever dropped out of school, they left to join the Army.

Football and basketball were real, and so were monthly surprise alerts which awakened everyone in the middle of the night. The USAREUR dependents evacuation plan was good for a throaty chuckle. We were supposed to barrel our way down the Autobahn to France (the so called “secret escape route”) with our checkpoint control cards, military identification in hand, and a case of C-rations in the trunk. Sure! Every parental discussion I ever eavesdropped on concerned “how to get to Austria and on to Switzerland, t'hell with France.”

Sometimes the five-day dorm kids would report that over the weekend refugees had staggered to their doorsteps. That's how close the border was for some NHS students. I remember a student conference scheduled for Berlin. I was supposed to go until my father told me I could not because the arrangements included land travel through East Germany. That's how close the border was for me. Our family holidays during those tours in Germany consisted of day trips or visits to Army recreation areas. Partly convenience and partly reasons of security.

The border was real, and it was a mind-set, too. I spent my Saturday mornings learning how to fire an M-1 rifle. I don't remember being told why my father wanted me out on the rifle range. I just knew the choice was not mine, and it may not have been his either. I do remember clearly overhearing one parental conversation.

I do remember clearly overhearing one parental conversation. My father had come in from the Officers' Club and was telling my mother Colonel so-and-so had inquired how old I was. Why? It seems they were organizing a drivers' education course at the motor pool for dependents. My father wanted me in it and I was, after all, old enough for a military license. OK, said my mother, until my father went on to explain that I'd be taught how to drive trucks because there were not enough qualified drivers to move the troops out of Nürnberg Post.

“But if we evacuate,” my mother asked, “she'll still go with me?”

“No,” said my father, “we're short drivers. She'll drive whatever she's told to drive.”

“No,” my mother replied with more than usual determination. “No. The kid is not going to learn how to drive.”

I didn't. Not that year anyway. I confess I was disappointed.

Several weeks ago, my 18-year-old daughter, Meghan, was bemused to find me laughing and crying all at the same time in front of the television. I was watching those first astounding scenes of people clambering up and over and onto the Berlin Wall, and dancing!

Dancing on the border line. Dancing to the pop of champagne corks, not of rifles. And I was heart-achingly jubilant. My daughter could not understand my astonishment – that border, that border of all possible borders, should be a border without guns . . .? My daughter thinks a border means passports, the nuisance of customs. The only border she knows is the Canada/U.S. border. No guns there.

Imagine. We were American kids overseas inventing an American high school life-style while watching a border with guns. When the troops come home from Germany, as they surely will, their families will come home too. Army Brats are a rare breed. We might be the last of a kind.

Teen Topics

# Should Teens Go Steady? Their Views Are Varied

**NURNBERG** — High school is the place where most American teenagers begin dating. And in recent years many teens have begun to carry dating one step farther and "go steady." Educators, parents and teenagers themselves have held conflicting views on the custom ever since it's had a name.

To find out just how teenagers in Europe feel about "going steady," **The Overseas Family** asked these Nurnberg High students.

**Carol Crum** — I think many times boys and girls date frequently and in practice they are "going steady" but they don't call it that. However, the way it works out, the boys in that high school recognize that a certain girl is taken, so to speak, and don't ask her out. She is considered to be "going" with one particular boy. I think the most sensible way for a teenager to handle the situation is, first of all, to go out with a variety of people. Then if you find a certain boy with like interests and hobbies and you build up a mutual understanding, then in my opinion it's perfectly all right to go steady. I think a good time to begin going steady is in the junior or senior year.

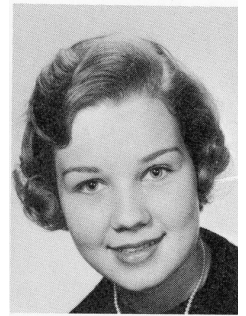
**Terry May** — I don't see anything wrong in going steady, especially if you have already shopped around. If the first girlfriend you go with doesn't work out, it often takes several dates with different girls before you find one that you really want to go steady with. After all, you don't rush into anything that's important, and this is certainly important. I don't think kids below the age of 14 have the emotional maturity to go steady. My last advice to all the guys is shop around.

**Bobbi Redman** — It depends. You can't really say that going steady is a good idea. I think every teenager would like to find someone with common interests to date during high school. From a girl's point of view, when you go steady you never have to worry about having a date for a special dance or other social event you wouldn't want to miss. Personally, I never go steady very long. I keep looking for a boy with similar interests, because really I'm looking ahead to a possible life partner and I think that's pretty important. Going steady at its best is when you find a boy you can have fun with, and where there is a lot of understanding on both sides. I don't think teenagers should go steady below the age of 16 since they just are not emotionally mature at that age.

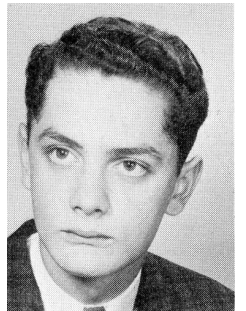
**Greg Picard**—I am definitely against going steady in high school because most girls in high school get the feeling of "ownership" if you go steady with them. Especially if a guy plans to continue his education, don't get in a pickle you can't get out of with one girl. If you get attached early, it will adversely affect your education and career. I really don't think teenagers should go steady before they are 16 or a junior or senior in high school. Really very few students go steady here.

**Diane Evans** — You can't really say that going steady is not good. I went steady for a while but began to feel too tied down. Now I've seen the light. In my senior year I'll play the field. I think if two people are really serious about each other, they should go steady as a step before engagement. In this sense, going steady is important as the beginning of a relationship that may well end in marriage, and so should not be taken lightly. I think the age at which students should go steady varies greatly and depends almost entirely on their emotional stability. Many kids can go steady in their junior or senior years of high school, while others are not ready for such a relationship even after reaching college. And when teens go steady at too early an age, they really have no concept of the relationship and its importance.

— from **The Overseas Family**, October 20, 1961, p. 28.



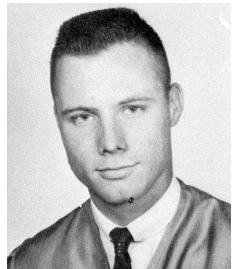
Carol Crum



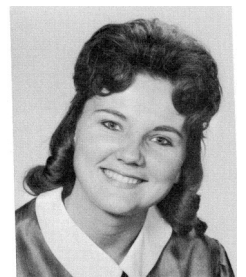
Terry May



Bobbi Redman



Greg Picard



Diane Evans

# Prize-Winning Trichter Staff of 1961-62

## Nurnberg Paper Places First in Contest

NURNBERG—"We set as our goal winning a first-place rating and we did it," said Editor-in-Chief Terry Jorgensen.

He was commenting on news which reached Nurnberg high last week that the **Trichter**, the school's newspaper, has won a first-place certificate in the Columbia Scholastic Press Association's 38<sup>th</sup> annual contest.

The **Trichter** scored 944 points out of a possible 1000 in the mimeographed newspaper division. The scoring is based on content, writing and editing, makeup, and other general considerations. Every high school paper entered must score 850 or more points to gain this rating.

This is the second year the **Trichter** has been entered in the contest. Last year the Nurnberg publication received a second-place award.

A senior and a member of the Nurnberg Eagles co-champion Class A basketball team, Jorgensen said the **Trichter** staff made up their minds early in the year to win the first-place award.

Robert McQuitty, who is completing his fourth year as English and journalism instructor at Nurnberg High, also serves as the paper's adviser.

McQuitty commended the entire 15-student staff.

Staff members of the paper are seniors **Cliff Mabry, Kay Fowler, Terry Morley, and Bobbi Redman.**

Junior journalists are **Diana Lewis, Francja Hedges, and Ginny Shore**, while sophomores on the **Trichter** staff are **Alison Janney, Carol Wheeler, Brenda Whitley, Vicki House, and Carol Sexton.**

**Mike McGuire and Frank Till**, eighth graders, represent the junior high contingent on the publication.

Commenting on the **Trichter**, the contest judge said, "This publication is worthy of congratulations for a job well done." He especially praised the editorial policy, the eye-appealing makeup, the sports department, headlines, and the scope of the news writing.

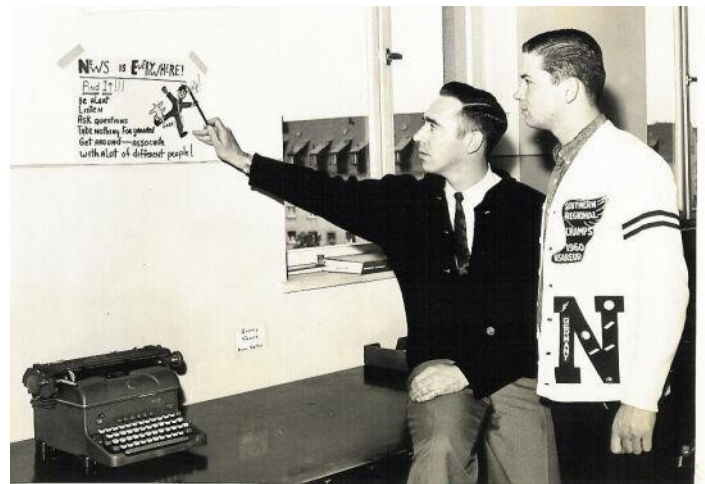
The Columbia Scholastic Press Association of Columbia University in New York conducts its annual contest to encourage quality in the high school and college press.

The **Trichter** is the only Army high school newspaper in Europe affiliated with the association.

--from **The Overseas Family**, May 25, 1962, p. 32.



Adviser takes it easy while staff works. In foreground, Ginny Shore at the typewriter.



Adviser reminding Editor Terry Jorgensen that news is everywhere.



## Meeting that Deadline

Terry, foreground; Francja Hedges; Cliff Mabry, back right

## Photos from Terry Jorgensen



### The Dribblers

A bunch of "The Boyz" from the great class of 1962, who decided to dribble a basketball NON-STOP, from the parking lot of the dormitory at the school, all the way to the Monteith Barracks Golf Course Pro Shop, where we could, presumably, obtain cheap refreshments, and bum a Free ride "home."

Front Row, Left-to-Right: Ron Borkowski, George Bingham, Bob Wright, Stan Ford, Charles Wiesneth, and Ray Acevedo. Back Row, Left-to-Right: Bob Lipscomb, Roscoe Cartwright, Tim McCoy, Terry Jorgensen (who came up with this dastardly plan), Jack Voyles, Stan Terryll, Buddy Goins, and John Oakes.

### At the AYA, Dancing and Socializing

Sitting on the far left, Bob Glasgow '63.

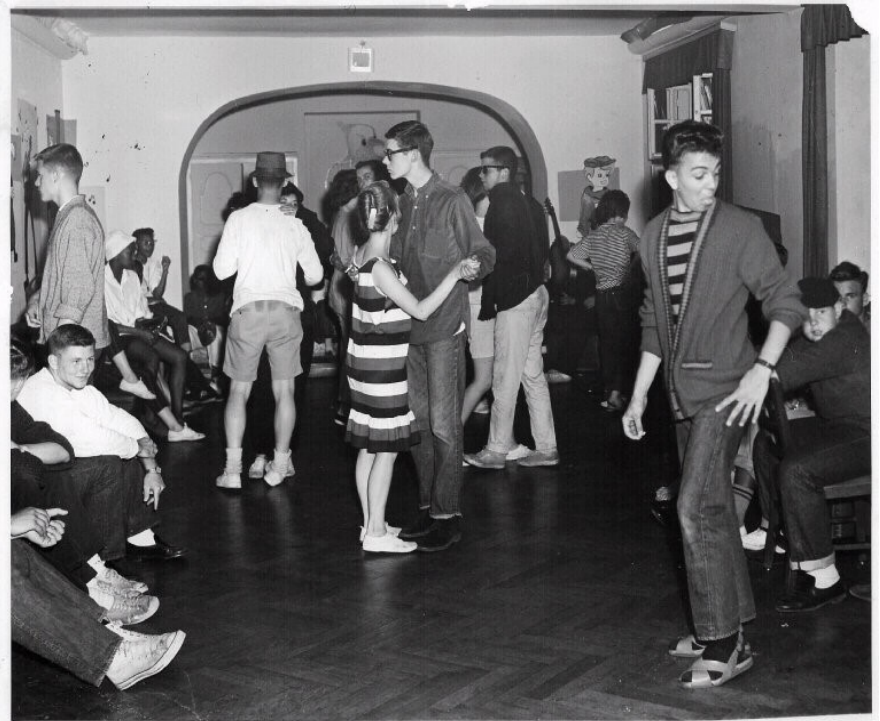
Guy in shorts wearing a hat, Terry Jorgensen, dancing with Meg Ryan, '63.

Gaye Richards (McCoy) '63, in striped dress, dancing with Don McClure, '61.

Background: Tim McCoy, '62, dancing with Micki Korp '62).

Gal at top far right is Kay Anderson, '63.

That's Bill Jones sticking his tongue out, '64.



**Nürnberg Elementary School,  
Fourth Grade**

Terry Jorgensen, back row center. **Ellen Orcutt** in the 2nd row from front, with pigtails, near center, to right of sign. **Donna Wismack** in the 3rd row from front, 3rd girl from right-to-left.

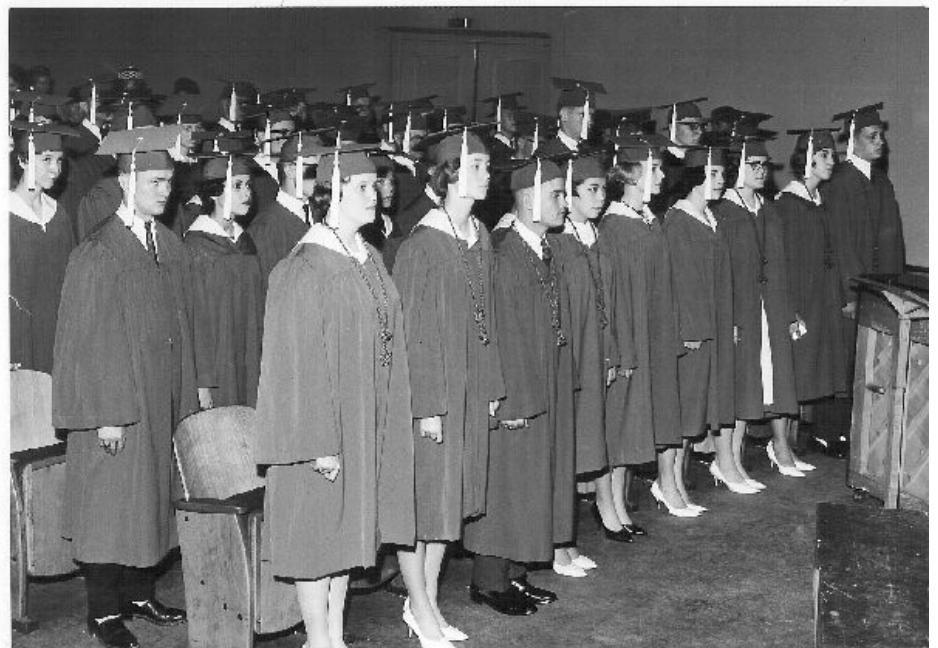


**Junior year prom photo, 1961**

Boys: L-R: Terry, Herbie Browne, Cliff Mabry  
Girls: L-R: Dottie York, Vickie Howell, Dorothy \_?\_

**1962 Graduating Class  
(Partial Identifications)**

Front Row, L-R: Jane Boyer, Elaine Dye, Cliff Mabry, Kay Fowler, Lynn Gassert, Bobbie Redman, Linda Ragsdale, Micki Korp, Gil Frisbie  
2nd Row, L-R: Jack Voyles, Joan Pires, \_?\_ \_?\_, \_?\_ Dave Worland, \_?\_, Ron Borkowski, \_?\_



# Green Tide Upsets Frankfurt, Ties for Lead

**N**URNBERG—The Green Tide of Nurnberg, pre-season choice as Class A darkhorse, lived up to their selection as they knocked off defending champion Frankfurt by a 56-50 count Friday before bowing 57-48 the next day.

The split of the thrilling twinbill threw the Class A race into a crazy mixup, as Nurnberg, Frankfurt and Ludwigsburg face off in a first-place tie with 3-1 records, while another three clubs are a half-game behind at 2-2.

The Tide of Clete Campbell engineered its Friday upset on a well-balanced attack and plenty of hustle, plus guard Terry Jorgenson's best day of his career.

Jorgenson pumped in five points and Steve Bingham hit a field goal and a free throw, as the host Bavarian Boys enjoyed a 13-11 lead at the end of the first quarter.

### Steve Hit Eight

In the second period, Steve Bingham hit eight points, Dave Worland contributed six and Leroy Lewis and Jorgenson got four each, while Frankfurt could get four-point efforts only from John Flournoy and Leon Hinton.

At intermission, thanks to a 20-point second period, the Green Tide was well in front, 33-24.

Lewis and Jorgenson paced the way for the hosts in the third stanza, counteracting the six of Flournoy and seven of ex-Nurnberger Jack Neville with two buckets apiece as the Tide still controlled the game, 45-39.

In the final go, after Steve Bingham fouled out, the Golden Boys from Frankfurt started to draw up, and a bucket by Neville at 2:41 remaining left Nurnberg with a shaky 48-47 edge.

Jorgenson hit a jump shot, one of eight for the evening, but George Leonard retaliated with a two-pointer to make it 50-49 at 1:37.

### Offensive Rebound

Lewis rebounded offensively and scored however, and a jumper from the side by Jorgenson and a free throw at 16 seconds by Lewis iced the verdict.

Jorgenson's 17 was tops for the jubilant winners, but fine balance showed in the 13 of Lewis, 12 of all-leaguer Worland and 11 of Steve Bingham.

For Frankfurt, which suffered its second loss in three years, Flournoy paced the attack with 19. Neville's nine and the eight of Hinton did most of the rest of the damage.

Although taller Frankfurt outrebounded the victorious Tide despite the absence of 6-ft-3 Tim French, due to a spained finger, after two minutes of play had elapsed, Worland managed to haul down 12 rebounds and George Bingham drew in eight.

A drastic second quarter killed Nurnberg's hopes for a double victory Saturday.

The Tide captured a 13-10 lead in the first canto when Lewis



Flournoy . . . torrid both days

chucked in six and Worland canned two buckets to lead the way.

### Prevented Whitewash

But in the next period, only Worland's bucket prevented the Tide from being washed out, while Frankfurt was scoring nine, four of them by French, for a 19-15 halftime margin.

The eight of Flournoy, six of Leonard and four of French gunned the Golden Boys into an indisputable 37-26 advantage at three quarters, despite Steve Bingham's seven markers. In the last period, Flournoy's six and Neville's eight counteracted the 11 of Steve and five of George Bingham.

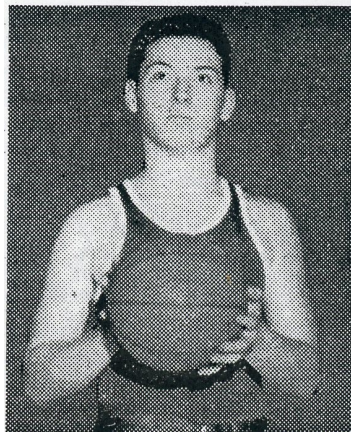
Jorgenson was held down by the close defensive work of Frankfurt guard Bob Meyer, who contained the Tide backcourt ace to one basket and one free throw.

Steve Bingham's 20 was high for the day, and Worland had 12. Frankfurt's normal balance in double figures returned, spearheaded by the 18 of Flournoy, 12 of Leonard and 10 of Neville. French added eight markers to his countless rebounds.

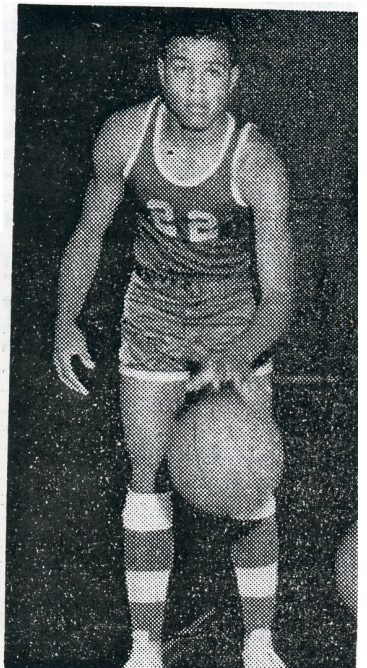
### Foul Line Important

The game was nearly decided on foul line. Each club shot 24, but Frankfurt converted 15, seven more than did the hosts. Without this padding, the Golden Boys would have enjoyed only a two-point spread from the floor.

Prelims went to Frankfurt by counts of 42-33 and 63-30. —T.J.



Jorgenson . . . Career highlight



S. Bingham . . . plenty of help

Clipping from Terry Jorgensen, '62

# Faculty Members After hours



**A modest repast** at the famous Steichele Restaurant in Nürnberg — enough for four. Pictured are Robert McQuitty and Helen Crowell, NHS English teachers. Two others are not pictured.

**At right:** John Rodgers, science teacher, and Robert McQuitty look over the scrumptious cakes and tortes at the Café Corso while “Rosenrot” smiles happily.



**Robert McQuitty** prepares to dig into the Steichele's primo entrée, Schashlik: (skewered veal, liver, and pork over a bed of saffron rice.



## **Out for a Spin in McQuitty's Volkswagen**

John Rodgers, Jack Barton, biology teacher in 1960-61, and David Brown Parrish, junior high social studies and English teacher, poking out the sun roof. That's Mrs. Barton partially hidden.

Crowell, Rodgers, Barton, and Parrish are deceased. McQuitty's 1960 Volkswagen was donated to the American Lung Association in 1995.



# American Youth Overseas

By Lambert (Bert) Wenner, Ph.D.

Mr. Wenner taught American government, world geography, psychology, and international relations at NHS 1959-1962. This article is excerpted from *Adolescence*, Vol V, No. 20 (Winter, 1970), which in turn was excerpted from Mr. Wenner's unpublished monograph, The American High School Overseas.



## The Overseas Military Community

In the more than two decades since World War II, the United States Department of Defense has been establishing and maintaining hundreds of family residential communities on or near overseas military installations. Complete with churches, schools, "shopping centers," bowling alleys, snack bars, social clubs, and other characteristic features of stateside communities, these facilities are a major part of a larger effort to make foreign tours attractive to career servicemen. Only the career enlisted men, officers, and officer-equivalent civilians are eligible to occupy military post housing and to transport their families to overseas assignments at government expense.

The obviously considerable expenditure involved is justified on the grounds that this procedure insures a more normal family life for military personnel, thereby alleviating various attendant problems such as poor troop morale or the loss of many well-trained, responsible men to civilian life. At the same time, there is concern that the overseas experience be gratifying to the dependent wives and children. Considerable effort is made to duplicate American community life in the hope of avoiding or mitigating the social and cultural stresses (culture shock) that many people experience when residing in an alien environment. Besides the great range of "stateside" facilities, there are many social activities sponsored, encouraged, or permitted by the military commanders, activities that would not be found on an all military installations such as in Vietnam or rural Korea.

## The Overseas School

In 1967 the widely dispersed system of overseas dependents' schools of the Department of Defense included a total of more than 300 elementary and secondary schools located in the twenty-nine nations hosting sizeable American military establishments. Not surprisingly, in view of the twenty-year retirement option of servicemen, eighty percent of these schools are organized on a six or eight-year basis and offer only an elementary program. However, most of these elementary schools are supplemented by about sixty secondary schools located at strategic points, thus making a full twelve-year educational program available to most youth of the overseas military communities.

Each school is a distinctly American institution with a stateside curriculum and co-curriculum. Its teachers and administrators are mostly recent arrivals from the United States, supplemented by a scattering of "old timers" and local national language teachers, secretaries, and custodians. The schools share a central organization, dual military and civilian administration, similar curriculum and activities, and the problem of frequent rotation of personnel. They differ in their total enrolment, adequacy of facilities, ease of access to the host national culture, armed services affiliation, and the academic potential of their student bodies. Despite the differences that do exist among schools, it is possible to view each as a social system interacting within three somewhat divergent environments -- the military community, the larger American culture, and the host nation. . . .

Let us first consider some of the many sources of influence, however slight certain of them may be. First, there is the direct involvement of the school in the host community, as when classes or clubs take field trips. Then, there are the visits to the school of contingents of host community citizens with various purposes in mind. But such events as these are widely separated for any given student. Next, there are the foreign language classes taught by host nation instructors, occasional host culture classes, the activities of the school's host culture club, and the "travelogues" and miscellaneous impressions of the individual teachers. While still in the context of the school, mention should also be made of the dozens of binational students, some of whose mothers may never have been in the United States. In addition, there are the janitors, cleaning ladies, secretaries, bus drivers, and other employees hired from the local host community.

Moving outside of the school, we note the attitudes of the parents, singly and collectively, the individualized travel experiences of each family, the daily encounters with local nationals on the base and outside the gates, and the unilateral impact of the mass media. Finally, there are the ethnocentric filters through which all of these students' impressions are drawn. In sum, the school is influenced directly and indirectly through many channels, resulting in a combination of social forces which almost defies analysis.



## The Host Nation Program

Whenever it is feasible to do so, any DOD school is expected to make some effort to enrich its total program by drawing upon its unique host nation environment. This is the "host nation" program which, to the writer's knowledge, all but a few isolated secondary schools have instituted. No two programs are identical, but some common features are evident. All schools visited have organized a club for the purpose of fostering intercultural relations. These clubs conduct field trips or short tours to points of local interest, arrange for exchange visits with other schools, and sometimes sponsor field days, dances, or other intercultural social activities. Scheduled classes or other student clubs also arrange occasional field trips.

### *Four Active Programs*

In some instances, schools appear to have established both unique and extensive intercultural programs. Foremost among these was Wonton High School in Taiwan, which offered classes, made "resource people" available to classes and clubs, conducted field trips, staged art exhibits, and maintained excellent rapport with the local citizens. Of the schools personally visited, Erhard High [**Nürnberg High**] and Sunsen High had the most active host culture programs, but Konado High was making impressive efforts to enlarge its hitherto limited program. (All high schools were assigned fictitious names.)

The host culture program at [**Nürnberg High**] was described as varying with the talents and efforts of the faculty member designated as German-American coordinator. One of the recent intercultural activities included a tea for German students at the officers' club, to which the guests responded with a tour of the local brewery. A former music teacher (non-German speaking) organized an annual German-American songfest involving 300-400 students. The separate groups practiced selections from a coordinated program, held a joint dress rehearsal, and offered a free public concert in three parts -- German, American, and a combined mass chorus.

The dormitory students periodically were taken to the local opera and concert halls by their counselors. They also hosted four events to which German students from a local academy were invited. At the faculty level, a German-American Teachers' Association had been informally organized and periodic volleyball games and social gatherings had been arranged.

\* \* \* \* \*

In all of the schools visited, the American teachers themselves are a potential source of information about host country life. In widely varying degrees, they have traveled and read about the country in which they are presently teaching. In some areas, teachers have purchased motorcycles or motor scooters to enable them to visit points of interest which would otherwise be inaccessible. Others have taken tours to Indonesia, India, Bali, or to more remote regions seldom visited by Americans. But since the curriculum and activities they teach and sponsor are with few exceptions cast in the stateside mold, even the most well-traveled teacher may find little obvious opportunity to introduce novel materials. Additionally, some courses don't readily lend themselves to intercultural content.

### *A Preliminary Assessment*

If it is desirable for American military youths to experience the culture adjacent to which they are living -- and a majority of educators and parents support this view -- then the school, the family, and/or other military organizations must take the initiative. As has been suggested, if not explicitly stated, some schools are doing very little in this area while others have made some serious efforts.

In the writer's view, the family is the logical unit to assume much of this responsibility due to its small size, its mobility and flexibility, its easy access to necessary funding and transportation, and the need for youth supervision. But, as we shall see, many families have very little exposure to the culture of the host community and nation. If this situation is accepted as a given, the school or other post agencies may wish to equalize intercultural opportunity for all youth by assuming some responsibility in this area.

A second obstacle that stands in the way of more intercultural activity is the alleged shortage of transportation. If post commanders would make transportation or post facilities available for intercultural experiences as readily as they do for interschool athletic events, there would be few problems. Funding has been a third hurdle, since overnight trips or tours can be expensive when large numbers are involved. This problem is often overcome with supplementary funding from non-appropriated sources, individual fees, or fund-raising activities.

Perhaps the most significant obstacle of all is the nature of American youths themselves and the pervasiveness of the youth culture within which they are caught. These youths function within a maze of definitions of "in" activity and "out" activity, first and second priorities, and self-imposed strictures. Many confine their activities and satisfactions to a group-approved roster of alternatives. If one of these culture-bound adolescents says "there's nothing to do," it probably means that nothing that's defined as "in" can be done at the moment. If he says "that's not fun," it may simply mean

that the group has not defined it as fun. For such young people, activity is worthwhile or meaningful only to the extent that their group has experienced it and found it worthwhile.

Time and again the DOD schools have noted that the host community children are considerably more anxious to visit American schools or activities than vice versa. More than once it has been observed that some American youths would rather miss a tour with their parents than miss a weekend of social activities on base. Bored youth in Germany could mount bicycles and tour ancient cities or hike trails in the nearby forests -- as German youth do -- but for many this is "square" or passé. Similarly, some of the American youths residing in rural Japan fail to appreciate the beauty of the countryside or the ancient shrines and other cultural attractions. But they do bemoan the shortage of teen facilities, they miss noon-hour cruising and the drive-in movies, and they frequently ridicule the local patterns of living. In short, many of these youths lack an intercultural perspective.

Throughout this analysis of American youths, it has been stressed that not all are alike. Particularly in the interviews and questionnaires they are revealed as individuals with a variety of dispositions and inclinations. Many of them pursue individual and unconventional hobbies at home. But in the group arena of the school, the "leading crowd" (or crowds) dominates, as James Coleman (*The Adolescent Society*, Free Press, 1961) has suggested, and sets and enforces the prestige indicators for youth society. These opinion molders are heavily committed to the norms and values of stateside youth culture. There is some evidence, however, that subcultures within youth culture exist, as stateside studies have also suggested, with differing definitions of overseas life and "fun."

In view of all of these difficulties, it would seem that the host nation programs are having limited effectiveness at the secondary level. Even the more successful programs do not involve the average student for very many hours of the year. Yet, for at least some youths, the host nation program is the major means by which something of the host nation other than shopping or infrequent "eating out on the economy" is experienced.

### Leisure Time Experiences

Though one may expect to find considerable variation from one military installation to another, it is a safe generalization that most American military youths overseas spend the greater part of their leisure time in the company of other American youths and in military post facilities. They devote much less time to their families or to associations with local national youths. They are engaged in the usual activities of stateside adolescents, namely, taking in the activities at the teen center, participating in the conventional co-curricular activities at the school, attending movies, pursuing individual hobbies at home, lounging around at the snack bar (or the post drive-in), and visiting one another's homes. In addition, near some military installations are restaurants or taverns which serve as "hangouts" for a segment of the student population, removing them somewhat from post supervision.

### *Deviants and Diplomats*

Outside the context of the school, at least two minority factions of students exhibit patterns of social behavior that differ appreciably from those promoted and prevailing in the school. These two segments of youths vary even more widely from each other, especially in their views of life in a foreign country and in their conception of "fun." Much more study is necessary before any widely applicable generalizations can be made, so only a few preliminary observations will be presented here.

A small minority of overseas youths appear to find life in an alien land to be exciting, challenging, and broadening. Typically these young people "throw themselves" into a round of interesting activities, including studying the local language, sampling the social life of the host community, developing new skills or hobbies, and, in some instances, volunteering to teach English or to meet other host community needs. These are the youths most likely to have local national friends, to participate in intercultural organizations, and to improve the American overseas image.

Another, perhaps larger minority segment of overseas youths expresses disdain for the host nation milieu, finds base life confining and boring, and resorts to alcohol, "action," and other palliatives for temporary escape. Liquor, cigarettes, and -- in the underdeveloped countries -- stronger narcotics are cheap, readily accessible, and frequently used. In many foreign countries the legal age for frequenting bars and night clubs is lower than in the U.S., and some of these young people participate in the local night life. There are also reports that some of them are able to drink (illegally) in the enlisted men's clubs on base. Others are able to stage house parties with alcoholic beverages served.

In order to assess the extent of youth involvement in what are or at least have been acknowledged as deviant activities for youth, students at three schools were asked to estimate, in comparison with the last stateside school attended, the extent to which local students smoke, drink alcoholic beverages to excess, and otherwise "live it up." Most of them responded in considerable detail on the two questionnaires administered. At Sunsen High, frequent references were made to the use of drugs and some students admitted to regular use of them.

At several points in the interviews and questionnaires, references were made to violent acts by American dependents or to noisy or provocative behavior. In one instance, students rode the train daily from an outlying post **[Bamberg]** to the school. When a sufficient number of fellow passengers complained about the noise and the rowdiness of American

students, these students were placed in a special car. In time, they began to vandalize the car, and the railroad authorities requested the military to provide their own transportation.

In another instance, boys from this same area were discovered waylaying automobiles on the highway and beating up the passengers. These youths were immediately returned to the United States and the base commander was instructed to curb such activities.

Such extreme cases of adolescent misbehavior are probably uncommon, but less dramatic instances of misbehavior occur fairly often. A school swimming team was observed during an eleven-hour express train trip to a tournament in the Tokyo area. Despite the presence of four faculty supervisors, many of these children behaved in such a way as to distress the fellow passengers on the train. Some of them sat in the crowded dining car during the dinner hour while long lines of customers waited to eat. Others took toilet rolls from the lavatories and threw them out the window while holding one end. In general, the group was much noisier and more mobile than other passengers, even those at the same age level.

Many but not all of the deviant acts of American youth in the host community setting are perpetrated by the "live it up" faction described above. By the standards of other countries, at least, American youths are seen to be generally poorly disciplined, unduly noisy, and lacking in respect for elders. As an administrator in an international high school in Thailand tells it: "Some of our new Thai or European teachers are completely unprepared for what they find when they take a position here, since most of our students are American. The necessity of appealing to the youth for their attention and support is foreign to them. Some of them get so discouraged they want to quit right away."

It appears, then, that many of the actions of American youths that distress foreigners are the routine behavior of fairly normal American boys and girls who have come from a world in which youths are central and are frequently indulged.

As has been suggested, most DOD students participate in the social and cultural life of the host country to a very limited degree. Neither do their parents.

It is clear that most military personnel overseas travel much less than the average DOD teacher. Many teachers have come overseas with travel in mind and their schedule provides numerous opportunities. In contrast, the military man is more restricted by unpredictable work schedules and less frequent vacation time. But it is equally obvious that military families themselves vary widely in their willingness or desire to experience the host countries to which they are assigned. At one extreme is a small segment of military families who attempt to experience vividly any culture encountered in their several tours. An apparently much larger percentage approaches the other extreme by failing to experience even the easily accessible features of host nation culture. Between these extremes is another sizeable segment which travels little, but does experience in some measure the local host community.

The military families that do enjoy travel often classify themselves as unusual in this respect.

Said one sergeant first class: "I've traveled a good deal with my family here. We've seen all the castles in this area and we've been to Austria and Italy. But most of my friends have traveled very little and don't take much advantage of local opportunities either."

It needs re-emphasis that not all of the individuals in the overseas milieu favor increased intercultural interaction. Some people are convinced of the superiority of the American way of life and tend to view cultural learning as a one-way street -- they should learn from us. But most educators and a large segment of military people do not share this attitude.

### **Summary and Interpretation**

Research at five widely scattered schools in the overseas system of the Department of Defense suggests that the presence of a host community is not highly significant to the formal program and routine operation of an overseas high school. The school is part of a self-contained American community, a military post and housing complex with its own basic facilities and services. Barriers of language, differing cultural traditions, and ethnocentric preferences help to maintain these community boundaries. Neither the school nor its individual students have much functional need for participation in the host culture, and much of the intercultural interaction that does occur may be attributed to the presence of family ties with host nationals, individual curiosity, the belief that the American overseas image needs improvement, the desire for commodities or services (some illicit) not available in the military community, and escape, or the search for novelty.

At the same time, ties with the American national culture are continuously reinforced by means of the mass media "piped" overseas, the feelings of common identity in an alien land, and the steady flow of new arrivals and "lucky" returnees to the United States, "the Land of the Great PX." The high school itself is a careful duplication of the stateside public school model, complete with interschool sports and a roster of clubs and activities. As in the U.S., busy or permissive parents leave adolescent youths to their own devices much of the time and there is little opportunity for meaningful participation in the adult or "establishment" world. Parents frequently employ local nationals as maids and gardeners, a fact which has implications both for youth employment opportunities and for youth attitudes toward host community members. Thus the majority of youths devote most of their time and considerable energy to participation in the American youth subculture with its whirl of activities, never-ending competition for status, group definitions of the situation, and pressures for conformity.



# Commencement

*Nürnberg American High School*

*United States Army Dependents' Education Group*

*Fürth, Germany*

JUNE 12, 1962 COMMUNITY THEATER 20 00 HOURS

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Lawton, Oklahoma
- Karen Lynne Anderson**  
Virginia, Minnesota
- Christa Marla Barton**  
Stockton, California
- Ronald Dennis Bates**  
Laurel, Maryland
- Roosevelt Bennett, Jr.**  
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- George Gullan Bingham III**  
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- Adam Ronald Borkowski**  
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- Clarine Agnes Brown**  
San Jose, California
- Natalie Elizabeth Brundage**  
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Fayetteville, North Carolina
- Saundra Kay Close**  
Temple, Texas
- Samuel John De Febo**  
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- Juanita Gary**  
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Watertown, New York
- Louise Elizabeth Sandra Knox**  
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Pat Mc Guire

Linda Ragsdale

Bamberg Officers' Wives Club

Linda Ragsdale

National Honor Society

Ron Borkowski

Jane Boyer

Elaine Dye

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