

Nürnberg American High School

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

1964-65 School Year

19th year of the school's existence

Graduating Class of 1965

This File:

Silhouette

A Creative Writing Booklet

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Silhouette

1965



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Class teacher: The Late Joe Ferguson

Copy of the Booklet Donated to the Archives by Mr. Rosin

Imaginative Reactions to the World Around Us

Silently strolls
the Siamese cat
Sober-serene
and satisfied that
he is supreme
in his household.



Boisterously bustles
the
bumble bee,
Busy and breezy
as he buzzes
by me.

Frivolously floats
the
friendly fish,
fat and foolish
as his fins
go swish.



Warily wiggles
the
wayfaring worm
worried and wondering
while he
whimsically squirms.

Sue McClure

FROG

The fat, lumpy, green-eyed frog sits on the log,
Peering stupidly at the world through drooping eyelids.
Dear Mr. Frog
Why are you so fat?
Why do you look so uneducated?
Has life been cruel to you?
Really, I shouldn't fret.
I'd be disturbed to see a well-groomed, thin, perky,
bright-eyed frog.



Lynett Anderson

WHAT?

See the mirror on the wall.
Don't you think it's kind of tall?
Don't you wish you had some fun?
Don't you think it's kind of mazy?
Don't you think I'm kind of crazy?

Terry DeReyes

A RELIEF

Riots; Viet-Cong; murder; Congo;
Cyprus; genocide; crashes; Sukarno;
Ambush; Nassar; earthquakes; atomics;
No wonder I turn to the comics!

TREE

A tree is a tree is a tree.
Until you chop it down.

Terry DeReyes

THE WALLS RELAXED, THE FLOORS RESTED, THE STAIRS SLEPT

It was twelve thirty, the bell had rung, the halls were empty. It is twelve thirty and one second, a door bangs open, a boy jumps up, a girl giggles. More doors open, feet pound, girls talk, laugh, gossip and giggle. Boys laugh, scream, and yell. Five minutes have passed; the halls are empty. A few late students run or skip down the steps and out the door. Lunch time had resumed its usual calm and tranquil self.

The halls were quiet and noiseless--resting. They knew that in twenty minutes the students would return. The blue walls relaxed, the gray floor rested, the weary steps slept. It is now 12:45. The blue wall sighs. It is now 12:50. Students begin to fill the building.

The lobby walls stiffen; the floor wakes. Feet pound and beat the floor. The stairs yawn and make ready for the bell. More students pour in. Voices shout, laugh, talk. Someone sneezes.

The bell rings. The students pick up books, push their neighbors and proceed to climb the stairs. One falls, another stumbles, more continue step by step.

A bell rings. A boy runs. Another boy skips and a girl screams. The doors close. Calm returns. The blue walls relaxed, the gray floor rested, the stairs slept.

Peggy Green

LIMERICKS

Once, teenagers were thought to be "slick",
And considered to be mentally "quick",
But the Beatles have shown
That these values have flown,
And their public is sicker than SICK!

Debbie VanAndel

Many students at Nurnberg High School
Have made it a regular rule
To sleep through the day,
Than habitually say,
"I'd have passed, but the teachers are cruel!"

Debbie VanAndel

I AM

I'm a snowflake in the sky,
I'm just a little bitty guy.
As I fall upon the ground,
I'm buried with many around.
That'll be the end of me,
Oh gee.

Douglas Brennon

Reactions to the Sea Shore

SILENT SHORE

The seagull flies, alone, over the blue-green water. The plashing of the waves can be heard, gently, yet distinctly. The water caresses the shore line. The setting sun's last rays of light illuminate the calm ocean, forming golden pathways as far as the eye can see.

The sea urchins lay still on the damp sands, silently awaiting the nightfall. A few fish are swimming about in the shallow water and the flies are humming busily by.

Slowly, the sun is sinking in the west. Slowly the golden pathways are disappearing. A soft breeze is blowing from the east. The sky is a pink and blue mesh, dotted with the last few remaining clouds of the dying day.

Now, at last, the moon is shining brightly and the stars are twinkling in the heavens. You can almost hear the angels singing in time with the rhythmic beating of the waves on the lonely shore.

Vira Amato

THE SEA

Wild and beautiful
Angry and vehement
Dangerous and unyielding.
Taking everything and giving nothing--
The Sea

Annalie Fuller

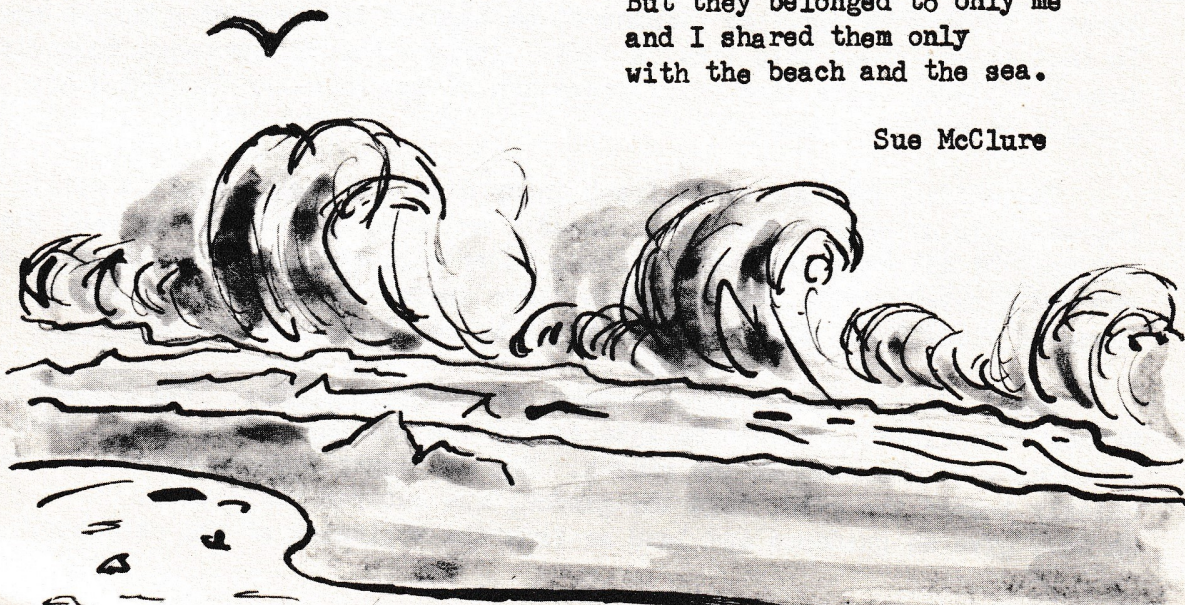
DREAMS TO SHARE

I used to walk by the sea in the morn
when the sand was cool
and the beach forlorn.

My dreams were young, free, and wild
to others they seemed
the dreams of a child.

But they belonged to only me
and I shared them only
with the beach and the sea.

Sue McClure



I stood at the top of the ancient, abandoned castle tower. For miles on all sides stretched patchwork fields of green and gold, scattered villages and forests of midnight green. It was a warm, lazy day--the city's roar was far behind.

...Near the horizon lay East Germany and to it's side, Czechoslovakia. I had come to see with my own eyes these dark, sinister lands. What had I expected to see? There should be at least some outward evidence of the oppressed lives the people lead--peasants toiling in fields, dry, parched land, shacks for homes, guards with guns. But all my critical eye could discern were more luxuriant green and gold fields lined with towering forests. Peace prevailed as cows grazed within their fences. Had all I'd ever read and heard about Communism been American propaganda?

Then I sighted a fence that did not keep in cows. Behind that small, white barrier loomed a tower--a tower that when I realized it's purpose seemed vulture-like--waiting silently for it's prey. There I stood, as free as the wind that softly blew across my face, gazing at a guarded land. What did I feel? A sense of futility flooded me, but I also had the satisfying realization that a fence can imprison a cow, but never a man's spirit.

Lynett Anderson

THE HOUSE BY THE RIO GRANDE

He built his house by the Rio Grande,
Constructed of earth and adobe sand:
Two small windows, a board plank floor,
A red, brick chimney, an oaken door.

He built it a hundred years ago.
It's weathered many a wind and snow.
Now, all that's left of this miner's home
Is a cabin through which wild animals roam.

The coyote drinks from the Rio Grande
And builds his home in desert sand
In the very place where sheep once lay
And cattle munched on yellow hay.

There also comes to the old-timer's shack
A family of lizards with red-spotted back.
They play on the bed where the old man rested;
They don't see the reptile, diamond-back crested.

The animals come here, and play and go;
The sun turns to rain and the rain turns to snow,
And the years crawl by and the shack still stands,
To be opened no more by human hands.

Wanda Senn

ESCAPE

I walked along the woodland path
And smelled the wetness of the grass.
Early that morning all was fair
Sun rising slowly, spring in the air.
I wondered why I should come
Upon this path, so far from home,
But continued on, now blindly running
Away from troubles, work, and loving.
The path was long and soon I stopped to
To see how far from it all I was,
Then saw to my great shameful dismay
They were following me every step
of the way.

Barbara Loe

ODE TO POETRY

I think that I shall never see
A poem I could write easily;
A poem whose meter was just right,
Whose rhyme I didn't have to fight.

I haven't yet begun a rhyme
Where I don't have to spend my time
In utter misery as I sit
To find a word that just does fit.

I cross it out and start again;
I just can't ever seem to win.
The words just will not seem to come—
Oh, honestly, I feel so dumb.

At last it starts to take it's form,
While under collar I get warm.
The lines begin to freer flow;
I line them up, with row on row.

At last, at long last, it's complete!
I scan the lines and count the feet;
Recall the trouble I went to,
And tell myself, no more I'll do.

Wanda Senn

ODE TO MOTHER

My mother is small at five-foot three,
Yet I used to be smaller than she.
Though it's a fact-she's no Venus
That makes no difference between us.

By us I mean the family,
My mother, my father, and me.
It's also true that she is plump,
When she steps on a scale, it'll jump.

Now what else can I say?
Oh yes, her hair's turning grey.
But it hasn't mattered since
She's gone and given it a rinse.

Yes, she's short, plump, and her
hair's turning grey,
But here's one thing I've been
wishing to say:
I wrote this poem dedicated to her,
A really great person, My Mother.

Douglas Brennon

LIMERICKS

I know of a city in which
All the people are said to be rich,
They all wear jewels
And spend money like fools
But they don't know which end is which

Sue McClure

There was a young gentleman named
Barry
Whose politics made most people
scary,

'Cause he said to the Reds
"Better hide in your beds;
It's YOU that we're going to bury!"

Debbie VanAndel

Ode to the Memory of President John F. Kennedy



WILL WE REMEMBER?

We heard the news and were shocked.
Then came disbelief and then....Horror.
We sat or stood, still and waiting-
staring ahead....stunned.
Looking, but not seeing; Breathing but not living.
Then someone said something,
then someone sobbed.
We knew, but we did not believe.
The reports rolled on, endlessly
they droned on and on.
Assassinated--Gun--Hospital--Body--
Widow--Dallas--Plane--
Still it seemed as if it should be a dream,
a bad dream to be awakened from
and forgotten.
Later, some of us asked ourselves Why.
Some of us were angry,
Some of us were ashamed,
All of us felt Tragedy.
And so we prayed.
We saw the sorrow creased on the face
of the widow.
On that face we also saw Courage.
In her hour of grief, she guided a nation
in mourning with majesty.
But beside her, we saw too, the innocent,
bewildered faces of two children.
And then there was the hate-filled, twisted
face of a man who changed the destiny of the world
with one bullet.
We saw it all and we were sad.
We, the old and crippled, the young and alive,
Lined up in the cold, bitter hours of the night,
waiting silently.
And slowly we filed by the flag draped casket
for one last, brief glimpse.
To be, perhaps, for one last time, in the presence
of a man we had come to Love.
All we saw was the square box,
The flag,
The sweet flowers.
It filled us with awe.
We heard the bells chime
and saw the solemn procession wind.
After, we went to the graveside
overlooking the capitol.
It was peaceful there.
The eternal light shone bright and strong.
Telling all who came,
that here lies a man whose life was like that light.
So quiet there.
Wonderingly, we viewed a site, that for us, still
held an air of unreality.
As if the garish events were a play.

The monotonous boom of the drums, faint
eerie strains of taps rang through our ears
as we honored a man.
Then, we walked on.
We, the people, continue to pay our last respects,
streaming by his grave.
He was our President, but that is not all.
The world mourns him as a leader,
They too share our grief.
A fallen leader—the Tragedy lies in the fact
that nothing has been accomplished.
The Hate that killed him, and others like him,
will go on and on.
We the people, will name our schools and
buildings and
towns after him.
We will make a coin after the likeness of him.
But how many of us will remember
Why he died?
How many of us will remember not to Hate?
How many of us will remember that to live
As a great nation we must stand
United and under God?
How many times will this tragic act
have to happen before we learn?
How many?

Barbara Loe