

BERLIN BRATS ALUMNI ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

Volume 3, Issue 1

Year End 2002



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"...we've been looking for you!"

This begins back in December 2000- no, wait a minute! This actually begins one day in May 1970, in my hometown of Lexington, KY. I'm at the end of my sophomore year, playing trombone in the Bryan Station High School "Defenders" Band at a statewide band competition on the University of Kentucky campus. We had a new hard drivin', high expectin' band director and we were going places! I don't remember the score our band achieved that day, but I do remember we upheld our esteemed reputation! Oh, I did LOVE playing in that band! But, this was the last occasion I ever performed with them.

Dad was back from Viet Nam a few weeks then, and we were getting ready to go to- why am I writing this- Berlin, Germany! We weren't doing a whole lot of celebrating. By then, I'd already attended five out of my ten school years in Germany! C'mon, now! Couldn't the Army let us stay stateside now? What kinds of music opportunities awaited me in Berlin? I had already played trombone in the German cities of Munich and Augsburg- I had enough European exposure already!

But, you know how it goes- when you're a brat, home is where Dad hangs his hat! So, we went to Berlin...

We got there right at the end of the school year, so my enrollment at Berlin American High School was for my junior year later that summer. I was no longer a "Defender," I was now a "Cub!"

Soon I was bussing tables at the Brigade main snack bar, with Harry Ricci. Although there were a few American wives, dependent kids, and GI's working there, the place was run by Bulgarian Karl Stenz, the German cooks, and a bunch of Turks. So, by the end of the

summer, I had brushed up, and picked up on my German. But I also learned some Turkish! Those folks were pretty good people! I remembered my Dad telling me the Turkish were hard fighting loyal soldiers- good to have around in a pinch.

Anyway, that fall I went looking for the band director, Wayne Fenstermacher. I was pleasantly surprised to find a familiar face- he had been the choral director at Munich when we were there! At Berlin, he had both the choral and instrumental music programs. At first I was disappointed that

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Group picture November 30, 2002 in Las Vegas: center front- our host Gary Carpenter ('72); front row (kneeling)- Steve Oesterreicher ('70), Deb (McPherson) McCormac ('70), Richard Black ('72), Pat (Martel) Little ('72) & husband Roger; back row- Jim Wright ('72) and Jackie Runyon, Paul Greer ('72) and wife Wanona, Chuck and Jeri (Polansky) Glass ('72), Pete Goodloe and Renate (Kowalski) Stehr ('72), Ken Replogle ('72) and wife Debby. Don't they all look great?!

"...we've been looking for you!"

(Continued from page 1)

he wasn't a "specialized" instrumental director, but I was to eventually learn that "Fenst" had a few cards up his sleeve! Under Fenst, I had more interaction with local German musicians and culture in one year than I would have had in TEN years in Lexington, KY! We performed with German musicians at our school and theirs, at their hospitals, concert halls, and other venues. Under Fenst, we also performed in Frankfurt, Wiesbaden, Bacharach, and Russelsheim. For those who were interested- he got us into the Berlin Philharmonic when there were opportunities. I remember attending a workshop/rehearsal with Leonard Bernstein at the Berlin Philharmonic hall in 1972. Fenst lined me up to take lessons with Herr Wilhelm Domroese, principal trombonist of the Berlin Orchestra. Yeah, like I could have done all that from Lexington?

I wanted to participate in sports so I decided to go out cross-country running. I soon got to know the likes of "barfin' Bernie" Beausoleil, his brother Brian, Glenn Bracey, Steve Aubrey, Coach McCollar, and others. Man, we were running' fools! Want to place any bets on which Berlin athletic team saw more of the German countryside?! I ran on the track team in the spring with most of these same guys, but with Coach Smith.

Hey, what do you do on Saturday



night in Berlin? You couldn't just jump in your car and drive down the road very far- after all - we were in a walled city! Well, to be honest, I remember a lot of the same things Gary Carpenter ('72) wrote about in an earlier newsletter, Wannsee boat trips, riding the double-decker buses, AYA dances and the school stomps, the U-bahn, currywurst stands, the Grunewald "Grune-man," the Outpost theater, AFRTS TV, the Ku'damm, the Europa Center, and yes, Gary, COMRADERY. I made lifelong friends in Berlin. Oh, how I've longed to hear from so many of you! Charles Kelker ('73) was here in Ogden some years ago- and seeing him again was like finding a long-lost heirloom! But the Air Force sent him off somewhere- haven't heard from him since.

So the years went by- I came to Ogden, UT for college, fell in love with the Rocky Mountains- and a Rocky Mountain girl who's put up with me almost 28 years now.

One day in November 2000, I received a "promotion" of sorts, requiring me to learn and use some new Windows® software. In order to expedite my proficiency with the new software, I decided to upgrade at home from my old, but still useful, DOS run 386 SX computer. I went out and bought a new computer- with internet capability.

Another day, early in 2001, I called up an internet search engine, typed, "Berlin American high school," and pressed "enter." Is anybody out there??

I got quite a few hits, and sent several emails and inquiries. You can't imagine- well, maybe you can- the thrill at opening this reply from Jeri Polansky Glass ('72), "Paul, my friend, we've been looking for you!" I about fell off the chair!

Well, to keep an already long story from getting too much longer let me say this- I just had Thanksgiving Dinner with nine other Berlin Brats in Las Vegas! Some very dear fellow Brats- all so much dearer to my heart now! Thanks to Pat, Jeri, and especially to Gary Carpenter- a most generous and hospitable host- who lined up the restaurant, opened his home to us, and even chauffeured some of us! Of course we all perused the "strip," but

From the 1971 yearbook Junior Superlatives:

Best Apple Polishers Pat Martel and Richard Black, then and November 2002!



"...we've been looking for you!"

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those weren't the best times. We had a great ham or turkey Thanksgiving Dinner at the Marie Calendar restaurant a few blocks east of the "strip." Saturday afternoon and evening was spent at a go-for-broke BBQ at Gary's place- were we had the best time taking and retaking pictures, signing and resigning yearbooks, catching up on old friends, and telling tall tales about the good old days! There have been some regionals and national reunions I've missed, but I've already got my reservations at the Ramada Plaza in Asheville for May 2003, and to those who are undecided and haven't made your reservations yet, let me echo Jeri's sentiment, "We've been looking for you!"

Paul Greer '72-
greergarrison@mstar2.net



Overseas Brats Tentative 2003 Regional Schedule

To register for one of the Overseas Brats hosted regional get-togethers planned below contact: Joe Condrill of Overseas Brats at: JoeOSBPRES@aol.com Or visit their website at: www.overseasbrats.com

Feb 15 th , 2003	Phoenix, AZ
Feb 16 th "	So. California
Feb 20 th "	San Antonio
Feb 22 nd "	Dallas-Ft. Worth
May 1 st "	Oklahoma City
May 3 rd "	Houston, TX
August (TBD)	Denver
August (TBD)	Seattle
August (TBD)	Colorado Springs
November (TBD)	Washington, D.C.
November (TBD)	Virginia Tidewater
November (TBD)	Florida

Overseas Brats is committed to reuniting classmates from "all schools."

If you attended more than one school this is a great opportunity to meet up with others without having to attend multiple reunions.

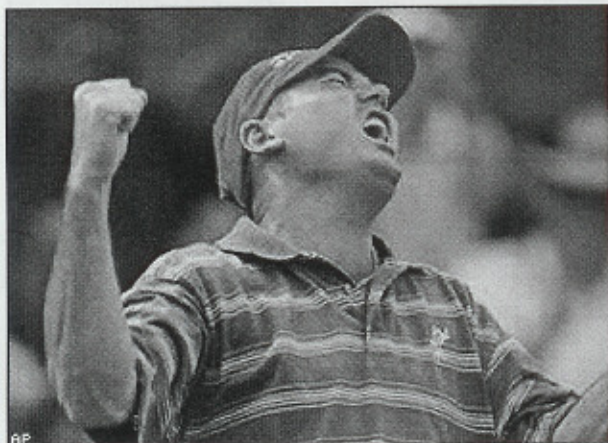
BRAT WINS PGA CHAMPIONSHIP

Going into Sunday morning of the PGA Championship, Rich was 4 shots back, so I honestly didn't think he'd win. Especially since Justin Leonard, who was in the lead, had played so well Saturday. I figured Rich would play well, hopefully finish top 5, which would still be great. Every time Rich has been in the top 5 going into Sunday, I've gone to watch the tournament at my Dad's house. I've started to think that maybe that's been good luck, since he's won 3 of the 4 that I've watched at Dad's, with Rich finishing 2nd, one shot back, at the one he didn't win.

I got to Dad's about 15 minutes before Rich was to tee off. My sister was there too, along with one of the players on the NMSU golf team, which Dad coaches. Rich was playing in the final group with Justin Leonard. Tiger was in the group ahead of them, starting one shot behind Rich. The mood in the house was pretty relaxed and calm until around the 5th or 6th hole. Justin Leonard was

not having a good day, and Rich was making birdies, suddenly finding himself one shot back. When he made another birdie, and was tied for the lead, the house got pretty quiet. We all kind of looked at each other and said, s*#@, he could WIN this thing!!!

It got completely hairy," Beem said. "I played as good as I could. It was probably the best round of golf I've ever played under any conditions."



Rich Beem reacts after sinking an eagle putt on the 17th. To help him claim The International two weeks before taking the PGA Championship.

I have never seen my Dad so nervous. He was pacing back and forth, chain smoking, clipping his nails until they

almost bled!!! I was with him when Rich won the Kemper, which was his first win. It was nerve-racking then, but that was nothing compared to this. This was a MAJOR!!! Once Rich took the lead, the phone started ringing. I mean NON-STOP ringing. People from all over were calling. Newspapers from New York, Miami...people my Dad was in the army with 40 years ago, everyone! It got to where we could barely watch the tournament, because there

were so many distractions. One of the local news stations showed up with their cameras, which made it even more "interesting".

It was really difficult watching, as the tournament progressed. Not to be negative, but in the back of your mind, you're thinking, "this is my BROTHER, he CAN'T win". These kinds of things just don't happen to people you know, let alone are related to you.

After awhile, we knew it would come down to Rich and Tiger. Justin had made too many mistakes, and had really fallen back. When Rich eagled #11, which was the only one on that hole for the whole tournament, and Tiger bogeyed #12, things got really exciting. I think when we really got the feeling Rich had it wrapped up was when he made the 30ft. putt for birdie on #16. Even if Tiger birdied his last 2 holes, all Rich would have to do is par out, and he'd still win by a stroke.

Dad was hoping Tiger would finish with birdies, that way people wouldn't say that Tiger gave the tournament to Rich by playing badly, Rich earned it.



Rich Beem '88, PGA Champion

Watching the 18th hole was terrible!!!! My stomach was turning, palms were sweaty, and my Dad was standing out on the back porch, peeking through the screen. He just couldn't sit there and watch. When Rich was safely on the green is when we all knew he had won. All he had to do is 3 putt, and hell, even I could do that!! When the ball dropped in the hole, and Rich did his now famous "dance", we all went nuts!!!! My brother had

won a major!

Obviously, life has changed for Rich. He's done things he wouldn't have had the opportunity to do before, like interviews with Matt Lauer, and Connie Chung, to name a few. He has picked up new sponsors, one of them being Pepto Bismol!!! For those of you who don't know, Rich GULPS Pepto before, and sometimes during, every tournament! He has been invited to many off-season Invitational tournaments. And what I think is the coolest; he has filmed a commercial for Sportscenter.

Hopefully, this is just the beginning of things to come for him, but even if he never wins another tournament, Rich will be satisfied. His dream came true. He made it to the PGA Tour, won a major... and no one can ever take that away.

Written by: Susie Beem
Las Cruces, NM
Class of '85

Some what of a "Rags to Riches... Story" no pun intended... it was reported that just seven years ago, Rich Beem was selling car stereos and cell phones for \$7 an hour. Even after the

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RICH BEEM

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third round, he said "guys like him weren't supposed to win majors." Well, SURPRISE!

Rich Beem stared down the world's best player, under the stifling pressure of a major championship at Hazeltine, closing with a 4-under 68 for a one-stroke victory over Woods.

Rich Beem finished off his incredible round with a harmless three-putt bogey on the 18th, lifted his arms and did a shimmy.

Rich Beem told reporters he had no expectations, and said, "I really enjoyed this golf course. I thought I could get around it. But I never expected this."

Despite Beem's victory in the International, not many people knew him or expected much out of him in a major championship. But, they will now. Congratulations!

Rich Beem lives in El Paso, Texas, was born in Phoenix, Arizona and Turned Pro in 1994. He is 31 years of age.



Susie Beem '85, Rich Beem '88 and Bryant Love '90

Top Ten Surprising Facts About Rich Beem

10. He's a compulsive tee-swallower
9. Dr. Phil is his caddy
8. Bet 10 grand on Tiger Woods
7. For a brief period in 1997, called himself "Richie"
6. Carried a wet suit in his golf bag for ball retrieval
5. If his tee time is during "Oprah," he'll quit the tournament
4. Holding a five and seven iron at a certain angle, he can locate underground water
3. He has no endorsements, but he has a coupon for 10% off Nike shoes
2. Even he has never heard of him.
1. He doglegs to the left, if you know what I mean.

Partial credit to David Letterman Show

Player Notes

Rich is the son of Larry Beem, men's head golf coach at New Mexico State University ... In 1995, Beem quit golf and moved to Seattle where he sold cellular phones and stereos ... Regained his desire to play golf when he watched Paul Stankowski, who he knew while playing college golf, win the 1996 Bell South Classic ... Left Seattle to return to El Paso and took an assistant professional job at El Paso Country Club ... The only time he has finished in the top-10 on the PGA Tour before his Kemper Open win was at Qualifying School, where he finished T-8th ... Collected 30 investors to give him \$80,000 to back him on the PGA Tour for 1999 ... Won the 2002 International in a stellar scoring shootout over Steve Lowery.

Extracted from the '79 Yearbook...

"The ninety-four members of the Class of '79 started the year with a lot of hope and anticipation. Led by class officers, Dean Taylor, Paul Schneider, and Gordon Slifer, and co-sponsors, Mr. Huffer and Mr. Babineau, the seniors sold ice-cream at the Templehof Open House to raise money for Homecoming and Graduation. The result of two days of "Moechten sie Eis?" and "Wollen sie es nach Hause nehmen?" was \$2,867 - enough to let the class buy Yearbook ads and school sweaters.

"The greatest show of the Class of 1979's individualism was when the class decided to hold its commencement exercises at the Reichstag. There were many "oohs" and "ahs" but the seniors arranged it all without much trouble and then settled down to a peaceful (?) year of college applications, entrance exams, and American Government courses."

Saturday Nights

It's hard to believe that we're tracking time in decades, but three decades ago Saturday night was an event. As I calculate back, roughly 1,600 Saturday nights have past since I left Berlin. And how have I spent them? ...Compared to back then, I mean?

Well, considering that I raised two sons for nearly a third of that time, I would guess that I babysat at least that many of those Saturday nights, my thoughts wandering between Scooby Doo, The Dukes of Hazard, and the AYA and wild nights on the Ku'damm. That reduces the number to about 1,200. Double-thoughts remind me that I went to college while working a full time job, which eliminates about half of those remaining nights, as I toiled over sleep-inducing non-fiction. That takes me down to about 800. And I'd guess that at least half of those were spent "looking for love" (in all the wrong places, of course). The remaining 400, I'd guess, were spent either quietly to myself or with "my better halves." Unfortunately I had to pluralize that word. All-in-all, keeping rhythm with the keyboard, I'd say that's a pretty fair assessment.

And that fair assessment *stinks*. Not by standards of accuracy, not by merely existing, but by *living*. The past three decades have slipped away as fast as the time that I spent in Berlin slipped away. But how can that be? Three years compared to thirty? Why do the three, then, outweigh that same number times ten?

In a phrase: Brother and Sisters. You see, during the past thirty years, I have made countless stateside friends and acquaintances, some rock-solid people that I will likely always stay connected to at some level, that I would help out upon only slight consideration, should the phone ring at 2 in the morning. Yet there's a huge difference between them and a Berliner Brother or Sister. And the

gist of that difference is camaraderie.

Beyond camaraderie—such that I personally have never experienced since Berlin (let's face it, these stateside people just don't get it!)—what I really developed was a tight-knit relationship with each and every person that was in

Berlin the same time I was. Since leaving, I have even become closer with those whom I didn't necessarily hang with.

And before I get back to "Saturday Night," I will address the pressing question: Why have I bonded with Berliners more than anyone else?

As Berliners from different eras, we certainly relish our time there—that you're reading this is proof of that.

All of us, individually, still to this day, relate to our "group" of Berliners as a kindred. Vini, Viti, Vici. We came, We saw, We conquered, so to speak. Actually, we were thrust into a situation never before experienced, and we didn't realize what we had conquered until we left.

Everything was different from where we had come: the weather, the styles, the school, the restrictions, the freedoms, the activities. What stateside friends of yours could hear gunfire, aimed at someone seeking freedom? We had a choice: bond or go crazy. And let's face it, those of us who bonded lived an adventure, and realized upon leaving Berlin that we had it made. I recall sporadic letters written to stateside friends—none of whom I'm in contact with today—wherein I wrote of my then-thought 'doldrums' activities. Responses came back to me with oohs and ahs, not only about the adventure I was taking for granted, but the weekend entertainment

available to me. They opened my eyes. What I had left "back in the world" was boring; the people, the places, the mentality.

That brings me back to Saturday Night. Coincidentally, it's Saturday night as I write this, perhaps why I fell into this subject. It's a quiet Saturday night, like hundreds before, and I am content with life and comfortable with choices made. The remote's somewhere around here; I suppose I could have chosen to surf channels or the Internet, but damn-it if nostalgia didn't creep up on me again and set my mind whirling. If only I knew that my tomorrow would have a taste of yesterday in it, I might rest easier.

You were there, you remember. Whether we worked or played, the day's activities were draped with thoughts of the upcoming night. The outfit to be worn had to be just right—everything had to be ironed back then. Meeting places and times had to be coordinated and confirmed. A pre-dance excursion was often planned and therefore dollars needed to be exchanged for Marks. Few of us had cars, so Mercedes Benz taxis or double-decker buses or U-Bahns were likely to be ridden, taking us into the heart of a dazzling city that still cannot compare to any other. And after the neon lights, glitter and glamour of the night's chosen spot, or even the local smoke-filled bars some of us chose to visit, in my era there was always one more place to go: the dance. We migrated to that event as if we had been called by a piper. Maybe it's because that's where our parents thought we'd been all night, but certainly for a more

important reason, too. It was our haven, our home away from home, and we knew it was there that we would find secu-

rity in the surroundings of our friends. There we found the entertainment and livelihood that we've come to recall so often.

I've spoken to a few Berlin friends recently who have chosen to look forward and not back, anticipate the future and not relish the past. (Curiously,



**Three decades ago
Saturday night
was an event!**

Saturday Nights

though, some of them had visited Europe recently and they "just had" to go back to Berlin! I think that says it all.) Personally, I like to do both, but the latter is important to me because it marked me forever, changed who I might have become had I never lived in Berlin and, since then has proved countless times that if you're ever in the vicinity of a fellow

Berliner, a mere phone call will open hospitality's door, probably *even* at 2 in the morning. I can't say that about friends I've made since Berlin—it seems they're all fair-weather.

So, Brothers and Sisters, relish the past and at the same time live for tomorrow, because it is some distant tomorrow that you'll be back in Berlin. Until then,

when Saturday night rolls around, *dance*, if only in your head, and try to convince me—or yourself—that you don't miss it.

(written at the very last minute by G, '72)
Can you guess who G is?

On the Leading Edge.....

Always on the leading edge of alumni activity the Madrid/Torrejón High School Association has established an "Overseas High School Newsletter Exchange Program."

We think this is a great idea!

They'll send us their newsletter called "Knightlines"....and we'll send them ours. One newsletter will come to the Berlin Brats and one will be sent to Linda (waters) Keeler, our publisher. We'll do the same, sending one to their alumni association and one to their newsletter editor. This is all complimentary of course...but what better way to learn what our sister schools are doing and exchange ideas!

This raises a Question. Should we give our newsletter a name???

Presently our newsletter reads...."Berlin Brats Alumni Association Newsletter" across the top. Shall we stay with this....or perhaps give our quarterly newsletter a special name?

As mentioned above, the Madrid Alumni Association has capitalized on their school mascot...i.e.: the Knights...with "Knightlines"

Should we do something similar?

In the late '60's and early '70's our school newsletter (at BAHS) was called the "Bear Facts" or the "Bare Facts" and then in the late '70's I've been told it went to the "Bullsheets" Did that name stick or did it change again in the '80's? And what about the early '60's? Was it something else entirely?

We would like to hear from "YOU"our members. Should we keep our present title or come up with something new??? Please submit your comments or new suggestion(s) with your name and class year to:

Berlin Brats
41630 N. Rolling Green Way
Anthem, AZ 85086

OR

BerlinBrats@juno.com

Comments and/or suggestions will then appear in our next newsletter and we'll ask you to vote for your preference.

Stille Nacht! Heilige Nacht!

Sylvia (Greeney) Morris '72

Ham Lake, MN

greeneymorris@hotmail.com

The article was published in the "Pioneer Press" on 12/25/2002.

It was Christmas Eve, my last as a child in Berlin. Admittedly, at sixteen, I no longer felt like a child, and had in fact long ago lost that magic that seems to make Christmas so special to the very young. Following the German tradition, we'd opened our gifts as soon as it grew dark outside, and now that anticlimactic ennui had settled over us that always seems to materialize, once weeks of anticipation have come to an end and there's nothing left to look forward to but the formality of Christmas Dinner the next day. We were all happy with our gifts, to be sure, or at least we said so, as we'd been taught. But they were opened. No more surprises. It wasn't Christmas anymore.

We decided to save what was left of the evening, and pay a visit to Barney and Feyra Denton, who lived in the apartment next door. Barney and Feyra were as bohemian as it was possible for a military couple to be. Normally, that in itself would be enough for my parents not to want to have anything to do with them, but Barney and Feyra were smart, funny, and vibrant; everybody liked them. They couldn't help it. Feyra was eleven years older than Barney, her fifth husband. Five husbands - imagine that. Somehow, though, it was impossible to judge her in the same harsh light that fell upon other frequent fliers on the matrimonial express. She was also a Rosicrucian, and passionate about seemingly everything in the world around her. Barney, as was everyone who came into contact with her, was smitten. They drew people to themselves - the bored, the curious, and the dispossessed, and their apartment was rarely empty.

And so we found a party in progress at the Dentons'. My parents immediately gravitated to the dining room, where a discussion about politics was taking

place; my father had long found favor in their circle as their beloved token conservative, and he quickly and cheerfully fell to waging the same battle that he lost everytime he engaged in it. There was a group of single GIs in the living room, and so I stayed there. Like I said, I was sixteen. I met my first love, Gary Coles, that night. He was twenty-three, from Wyoming, and he worked with my father. That in itself was enough to ensure that he always remained the perfect gentleman. But that's another story.

Hours passed, the apartment grew smoky enough that windows had to be opened despite the swirling snow outside, what there was to be eaten had been eaten, what there was to be drunk had been drunk, and no one was ready to let go of the conviviality and go home just yet. We had at least an hour and a half to go until midnight; how thus to spend it? I've tried in vain to remember over the years who came up with the original suggestion; it was as brilliant an idea as any I've ever heard in all the years since. We decided to go Christmas caroling - all of us, en masse. And not just through the German neighborhoods, where we were as likely as not to have the Polizei called on us for disturbing the decorum of a holiday held sacred. No... we were going to go caroling at the Wall.

The cars parked in front of the apartment building could only accommodate so many people, and thus we elected to take the U-Bahn, Berlin's subway, making our undertaking even more of an adventure. Reaching our destination took a good forty-five minutes, during which time we discussed what carols to sing. As all but a few of us knew only English lyrics, it was important that we chose songs that also had translations in German, so that they would at the very

least be recognized as Christmas songs. Half of the younger GIs were well on the way to being drunk, so this process was laced with merriment.

Finally we arrived. The sight of the Wall immediately plunged us into a more somber mood. It was immense, imposing, forbidding, colder by far than any winter night, topped with broken glass and razor-sharp concertina wire. The harsh glare of floodlights bathed the area on either side in an eternal artificial day. It was a scar on the landscape, a nightmare given substance. Sobered, we ascended the two flights of stairs up the rickety wooden observation decks and took our positions. Snowflakes swirled in eddies in the yellow haze of the floodlights. The wind chilled us to the bone. But we'd started this madness, and it had to be done.



Before us lay what was known as no-man's-land, a stretch of barren ground criss-crossed with more concertina wire and studded with land mines. Beyond that, Russian and East German soldiers patrolled with guard dogs. More manned the guard towers at the eastern perimeter of the border area. And just beyond that was a street in another world, with houses and apartments in which people lived and died, and rarely opened

the drapes that covered the western windows of their homes.

With no cue to prompt us, we began to sing. We had decided on Silent Night, it being the quintessential Christmas song and originally German. No one bothered to consider that none of us knew more than the first verse. And so, once we'd finished, we just launched into it all over again, stronger and with more confidence the second time. The guards patrolling the perimeters slowed their pace, and relaxed their grip on their weapons. A

Stille Nacht! Heilige Nacht!

dog began to bark. Much to our bewonderment, a gloved hand reached down to its muzzle, silencing it. And that's when the real magic started to happen.

Across the expanse of no-man's land, beyond the swath of the militarized zone, in the darkened shadow of an old apartment building, a pair of curtains parted. Just eighteen inches or so, but enough to tell all of us that we'd found an audience, and one brave enough to risk the appearance of communication with the West. The silhouette of a human figure appeared in the light of the window.

"Sylvia.... sing *Stille Nacht!*" Feyra whispered to me, taking care to properly enunciate the glottal ch, as we'd practiced together so many times. ("It's disrespectful to the spirit of the language if you don't get it *exactly right!*" Pure Feyra.)

No one ever said no to Feyra. And so I began. One young voice, alone, strong above and beyond the horror surrounding it, gave the message and the gift that is and has always been more powerful by far than the circumstances in which it



finds itself. There was no sign of the stage fright that plagued me until my late thirties. I was a part of something bigger. All that existed was the song, the night, and the figure in the window. And it was perfect.

The figure disappeared when I finished, and returned with a light that it placed upon the windowsill. The curtains thereupon closed, but the light shone on, a greeting to us and a testament to hope, courage, and to triumph. We sang together one more time, and then began to make our way home.

No one said much on the trip. Gary and I held hands. And I don't think Christmas has been the same for any of us since. Every year I remember, and am touched by the wonder of it all. God bless the watcher, if he or she still lives... God bless the guard who silenced his dog, recognizing a sacred thing in spite of his atheistic indoctrination... and God bless our ragtag group of carolers, who were given Christmas that night for all time. May we all always remember. And may you all find your own light in a faraway window, to elicit the gift of what's always been within.

*****UPCOMING EVENTS!*****

March 2003.....

Berlin Brats Nashville, TN dinner
Contact: BerlinBrats@juno.com

May 22-25, 2003

BERLIN BRATS REUNION
in Asheville, North Carolina
Contact: BerlinBrats@juno.com or your Class Contact

August 1-3rd, 2003.....

Berlin Brats regional in Seattle area

October 30-Nov 2, 2003...

OSB Gathering in Asheville, NC

New AOSHS President

Dr. Ann Bamberger, who spent 30 years as a teacher and administrator in the Department of Defense Dependent Schools (DoDDS), was elected the new President of the American Overseas Schools Historical Society (AOSHS) at their recent annual meeting held in conjunction with the DoDDS teacher's reunion in Denver, Colorado on July 13, 2002.



Dr. Bamberger retired from DoDDS as the Superintendent of the Heidelberg district. She succeeds Dr. Tom Drysdale, who served two terms as AOSHS President. Dr. Drysdale was appointed as Presi-

dent Emeritus.

Dr. Ann Bamberger has been involved with AOSHS since 1996, serving on its board as First Vice President since 2001. She assumes her position starting October 1st of this year.

Congratulations and Welcome
Dr. Bamberger!

Drysdale's Endowment Fund

*DRYSDALE'S ENDOWMENT FUND
INITIATED...*

At the same DoDDS Reunion mentioned above, friends and supporters of the Drysdales.....both Tom and Norma.....surprised them by announcing the establishment of an endowment fund in their name. A secret letter writing campaign took place and at the annual AOSHS meeting a huge bundle of checks was presented to incoming President Dr. Ann Bamberger that totaled \$17,429 to kick start the endowment.

The Drysdales were taken by complete surprise! There had been no leaks.

As an "endowment fund" it is open-

ended. If you weren't notified, or if you would just like to contribute to the fund established in their names please remit your check to:

**AOSHS
P.O. Box 777
Litchfield Park, AZ 85340**

...and then be sure to indicate "**Drysdale Endowment Fund**" in the memo line.

As most of you know it was Dr. Drysdale's "vision" to establish the American Overseas Schools Archive and Historical Society. As founder, Tom served as AOSHS's President for six years and Norma, his wife, as secretary-treasurer for six. Tom's presidency will expire on October 1st

at which time he will become President Emeritus.

Many of you had the pleasure of meeting Dr. and Mrs. Drysdale at the site dedication for our museum, archives and visitor's center in Wichita, KS last summer. Cate Speer '85, the creator of our Berlin Wall exhibit at that reunion, presented Dr. Drysdale with the first piece of the Wall, Saturday night at the banquet.

Please show your support for this couple who have given so much to support our legacy! The museum dedicated to all overseas brats and educators will showcase our lives living and being educated abroad.

WHAT IS A VETERAN?

WHAT IS A VETERAN?

Some veterans bear visible signs of their service: a missing limb, a jagged scar, a certain look in the eye.

Others may carry the evidence inside them: a pin holding a bone together, a piece of shrapnel in the leg - or perhaps another sort of inner steel: the soul's ally forged in the refinery of adversity.

Except in parades, however, the men and women who have kept America safe wear no badge or emblem. You can't tell a vet just by looking.

What is a Vet?

He is the cop on the beat who spent six months in Saudi Arabia sweating two gallons a day making sure the armored personnel carriers didn't run out of fuel.

He is the barroom loudmouth, dumber than five wooden planks, whose overgrown frat-boy behavior is outweighed a hundred times in the cosmic scales by four hours of exquisite bravery near the 38th parallel.

She - or he - is the nurse who fought against futility and went to sleep sobbing every night for two solid years

in Da Nang.

He is the POW who went away one person and came back another - or didn't come back AT ALL.

He is the TRADOC drill instructor who has never seen combat - but has saved countless lives by turning slouchy, no-account rednecks and gang members into soldiers, and teaching them to watch each other's backs.

He is the parade - riding Legionnaire who pins on his ribbons and medals with a prosthetic hand.

CONDOLENCES

DAVID A. GUERIN '89

Chief Warrant Officer Three (CW3) David A. Guerin, Class of 1982, passed away on October 13, 2002 at Fort Benning, Georgia. David was a friend whom many will remember for his positive, vivacious personality. His love for life was something that made us all smile, even when we Berliners learned of his illness.

Earlier this spring David was diagnosed with an inoperable, slow growing brain tumor. David went through radiation and chemotherapy to reduce the size of the tumor. Through his pain I spoke with him many times. He often called me in the middle of the night, just looking for a friend to talk to. He never complained about his illness or pain, he laughed and appreciated all he had.

He taught so many Berliners to love life and all we have been given.

His funeral service was held on October 18, 2002 at Ft Benning, Georgia.

Jenni Hewitt '85, Jessica Jacalone '84, Jerry Rettie '84, Cathy Davis '83 and myself were able to attend David's funeral and to tell David's family what a positive influence David had on their lives.

David is survived by his mother and father Ellen and Courtland Guerin; his wife Theresa; his five children Kevan, Brian, Tyler, Madison and Courtney; and his brother John Guerin '85.

David...all of your Berlin friends are happy that your suffering has ended, and we keep your family and children in our prayers.

We love and miss you our friend... we will meet again. Rest in Peace.

by: Kelly (Murphy) Benton '82

Information taken from Saturday, August 3, 2002 article written by Kymm Mann

Ed and Gloria Turner

YC couple die in snorkeling accident while vacationing in Cancun, Mexico Tracey Turner sat in her parents' home in Yuba City Friday evening, leafing through pictures of her parents, Ed and Gloria Turner, who died Wednesday while vacationing in Cancun. "Needless to say, we're all shocked at this point,"

Turner said.

Tracey Turner, 38, is the youngest of three girls and made the trip to her parents' house from Oakland on Thursday. Middle daughter Karin Turner, 39, also lives in Oakland. Myra Turner, 42, the eldest, was with her parents when the accident happened.

Myra called her sister Tracey on Wednesday, telling her that the three had gone on a snorkeling excursion near the small town of Acumal. While out on the boat, a guide was taking a group out into deeper water, and both Ed and Gloria took the opportunity while Myra stayed behind.

"Apparently, while out there, my mother was in the vicinity of my father, but not terribly close, and got into some trouble - I don't know how," Tracey said. "She called for help to my dad, and Dad went over to help, trying to save her, and they both perished."

Tracey Turner said the autopsy done in Mexico stated the cause of death of Gloria Turner as a drowning, but the cause of death for Ed Turner was a heart attack.

"My dad didn't have heart problems," Tracey said. "My mother was an excellent swimmer ... my father is a champion swimmer with fins ... Tracey said her sister Myra, after the couple were retrieved from the water and on the boat, tried to revive her mother with CPR, but to no avail.

Ed and Gloria Turner were longtime residents of Yuba City. Gloria, 61, worked as a teacher at Ella Elementary School in Olivehurst for more than 15 years. She retired last year but continued to mentor student teachers at California State University, Chico.

Ed Turner, 62, was an investigator with the Federal Defender's Office in Sacramento, where colleagues say he was a respected and dedicated employee from the time he began in 1993. The couple celebrated their 43rd wedding anniversary July 2.

"I know that the way my parents loved one another, either one of them would've died trying to save the other, and that's what it looks like," Tracey said.

Tracey said the couple were de-

voted to each other and took a getaway to Cancun every year, sometimes taking one or all of their daughters.

"This kind of love is the kind that everybody hopes for, and I know that either one of them, had they survived, would probably have preferred to go right then (when the other went)," she said.

Tracey Turner said that though her and her sisters are handling things now, "none of us are OK." But because of her parents love for each other, it's helping them cope.

"It's just such a tragic loss, but in our opinion, it was a romantic one as well," she said.

Myra Turner, Class of '79

Our deepest sympathies and love go out to these Families during these times of grief.

THOMAS WARREN '80

He backed his car into someone barely scraping his paint, but cracked their headlights. The man asked for his insurance info, and he gave it to him. Then the guy told him to come to the payphone with him so that he could call his wife and get her to call the insurance company on the 3-way and make sure the insurance was legit. He did that, but since it was 7am, the company line was busy. They walked back to the car and my brother was like "well you got all my information...so I can get on to work", and he started to leave. He got into his car, and the guy came over, snatched him out the car, and slammed him to the ground (that's all the guy says he did). My brother got up, and went and sat in his car. When the police arrived, they went and knocked on his window, and he didn't respond. He knocked on his window again, and Thomas opened the door, got out the car, and fell flat on his face. The Houston PD officer immediately arrested him for public intoxication. They took him to the north Houston station, where they asked him to take his shoe strings out. He was unable to do that and also had very low blood pressure, so they

(Continued on page 14)

GET WELL SOON!

Best Wishes for a Speedy Recovery!!!

Best Wishes go out to Coach Byron Smith, who is at home recovering from back surgery. Word is, that Coach may not be able to compete in the Golf Tournament at the Reunion in Asheville....but that he'll definitely be with us!!!

**We're still holding out for both
Coach!!!
...the tournament wouldn't be
the same without YOU!**

You can send your best wishes to Coach at :

Marbysmith@aol.com

Or

2000 Mistral Lane
Ft. Walton Beach, FL 32547
(850)864-2877

(Coach was in Berlin from '69 to '77 and had two Brats at the school as well. Randy class of '75 and Keith class of '76)

A prayer chain has been started for fellow alum Tim Craig, class of '79. Tim may be faced with having a liver transplant. Please remember him in your prayers and/or add him to a prayer chain

you may already be participating in.

Tim all Berlin Brats are praying for you...we hope the surgery won't be necessary....but if it is, know that we are with you!

From Tim Craig '79 11/12/2002

This is being sent as a response to everyone asking about what happened this week at Vanderbilt University Transplant evaluation.

Some of you are family and I will be talking to you in person. Others are just as close as family and rather then send out 50 different personalized emails I chose to do it this way. I will respond to any of your questions or emails in any way I can.

This is the procedures of the week. Mon, Tues, and Wed I was put through every test I have already had plus many more. I have met with Surgeons, nurses, pre-care and post care teams for the transplant. I have also met with the social workers, training on pre & post care for me.

Kathy was with me the whole time. We learned that there is a new system for the waiting list of a liver. It is a scoring system calculated & listed by points.

I will know my points in a couple of weeks. I still have yet to meet with the psychiatrist.

We found out that with both of my diseases cancer is a big threat to me, and they will be watching

closely. I need to lose 20 lbs first, then my goal will be to lose 20 more before transplant.

The surgeon has said being over weight can make the survival difficult but not impossible. There are also no guarantees. I, at some point, will be on the list. It doesn't mean I will get a liver before I die. My chances are very good to get one. The down side is that I am fighting 2 diseases which will not go away with a transplant. If within the first yr after transplant that my diseases cause the liver to fail again, I will not be able to get another one. That would have been my only shot. If it goes bad a couple of years later or more, transplant will still be an option.

There is probably a lot more that I have missed. Kathy is very good remembering what has been said and done. I have Brain fog and not very clear headed these days. Not to say I ever was.

That is the basis so far as more information comes to me I will send it along to the rest of you.

I just want every one to know that I appreciate the prayers and thoughts that have kept me and the family going. We love you all. I hope to be able to see all of you in the future. Feel free to email us at any time

Love, Tim Craig , Class of '79

Wedding Bells

Class of '67 to Wed Class of '68

In 1966, I fell in love with the little girl with golden hair in Biology class. In 1967, I started hitch-hiking in the middle of winter from Virginia to California to be with her. In 1969, I drove to her house to ask her to marry me. I next saw the only love I have ever had in this life 36 years later, and she has said, "Yes."



Dent '68 and Doris Kuhlmeier '67

Doris and Dent would like to announce their wedding plans, tentatively scheduled for the first part of 2003. The reception to be held in Asheville, North Carolina, on Friday, May 23rd, 2003. The Reception Invitation List will be limited to 500 or so of their closest friends from Berlin American High School.

Herr Robert Harrell '83 will stand for Herr White as Best Man. NEVER let anyone tell you persistence doesn't pay off. And love really does endure.

Dent White '68 - Jul 16, 2002

Class of '85

Brandee Blewett '85 tied the knot July 6, 2002 in Las Vegas, Nevada.

Brat Notes

'64

Received from Jim Branson

Somehow We Survived.....

Well you are over thirty five if you get this.

You lived as a child in the 60s or the 70s. Looking back, it's hard to believe that we have lived as long as we have.....

As children, we would ride in cars with no seat belts or air bags. Riding in the back of a pickup truck on a warm day was always a special treat. Our baby cribs were covered with bright colored lead-based paint. We had no childproof lids on medicine bottles, doors, or cabinets, and when we rode our bikes, we had no helmets. (Not to mention hitch-hiking to town as a young kid!)

We drank water from the garden hose and not from a bottle. Horrors. We would spend hours building our go-carts out of scraps and then rode down the hill, only to find out we forgot the brakes. After running into the bushes a few times we learned to solve the problem.

We would leave home in the morning and play all day, as long as we were back when the streetlights came on. No one was able to reach us all day. No cell phones. Unthinkable.

We played dodgeball and sometimes the ball would really hurt. We got cut and broke bones and broke teeth and there were no law suits from these accidents. They were accidents. No one was to blame but us. Remember accidents?

We had fights and punched each other and got black and blue and learned to get over it.

We ate cupcakes, bread and butter, and drank sugar soda but we were never overweight.....we were always outside playing. We shared one grape soda with four friends, from one bottle and no one died from this?

We did not have Playstations, Nintendo 64, X Boxes, video games at all, 99

channels on cable, video tape movies, surround sound, personal cellular phones, Personal Computers, internet chat rooms, ... we had friends. We went outside and found them. We rode bikes or walked to a friend's home and knocked on the door, or rung the bell or just walked in and talked to them. Imagine such a thing. Without asking a parent! By ourselves! Out there in the cold cruel world! Without a guardian. How did we do it?

We made up games with sticks and tennis balls and ate worms and although we were told it would happen, we did not put out very many eyes, nor did the worms live inside us forever.

Little League had tryouts and not everyone made the team. Those who didn't had to learn to deal with disappointment....Some students weren't as smart as others so they failed a grade

From the '78 Yearbook... "Reaching Out"

*782 Matriculate at BAHS
20 Foreign Students Attend
386 Guys
395 Girls*

*163 American Pupils Born in Germany
(yes, we did notice that 386 & 395 do not equal 782)*

and were held back to repeat the same grade.....Horrors. Tests were not adjusted for any reason.

Our actions were our own. Consequences were expected. No one to hide behind. The idea of a parent bailing us out if we broke a law was unheard of. They actually sided with the law, imagine that!

We had freedom, failure, success and responsibility, and we learned how to deal with it all!

'65

Robert Riddick
April 22, 2002

I was sitting at home, minding my own business, when 60 Minutes came on last night. To my surprise, they included a segment that addressed Dept. of Defense schools and how they far excelled their counterparts in the civilian world. Not

earth-shattering news to us, but, at least the rest of the world can now, perhaps, understand why we, as dependants attending these schools, turned out the way we did.....for the most part, better educated, more tolerant of ethnic differences amongst ourselves, better disciplined while going through school (uh huh, uh huh), and over-all, more aware of the value of a good education, regardless of our economic or social status during the time we were in school..... For the first time my wife FINALLY (totally a 'civilian' in every sense of the word) understood the differences between going to a DoDD school as opposed to public schools, regardless of where that public school was... She was especially impressed by the way the piece described the ACTIVE role that military parents played in participating in the education process of their kids, from showing up unannounced in their classes to participating in their PTAs, etc. And, what she really was impressed by was the apparent lack of some of our public school negatives like gang-tolerance on campus, undisciplined classes, and nearly invisible participation of parents being involved in many public schools... The piece kept asking the principal of one school if he thought that the philosophy of the DoDD schools could be 'exported' to the public school systems and he kept saying "yes" .. Too bad they couldn't 'export' it now..... Man, what a difference the various systems 'in trouble' today would be if they only could. And, forgive my verbosity here, but, I only mention the show because it really made me APPRECIATE the system that many of us went through as part of the military experience that is rarely, if ever, reported on. I just wish the piece had been a little longer and had used schools overseas in the story...>) I hope a lot of you had the opportunity of seeing it...

'71

Roma (Freeman) Petton
Good Luck to Roma (Freeman) Petton '71 who faced knee replacement surgery in November. She was a cheerleader at BAHS for many years...we certainly hope this wasn't the cause?! Roma can be reached at: 13305 N.E. 171st Street, Apt M-384, Woodinville, WA 98072,

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CONDOLENCES

(Continued from page 11)

transferred him to the Downtown Central unit. When they arrived there, he was unconscious. 911 revived him, and took him to Ben Taub, where they took him to surgery. I got a call at work telling me I needed to get to the hospital ASAP because he was in surgery

and it didn't look good. He passed away right when I got to the emergency room. The autopsy showed that he had 4 broken ribs, both lungs were bruised, a bruised diaphragm, and a lacerated liver. The liver being the reason HPD thought he was drunk. He was basically sitting in the car bleeding to death. He also had a 2 inch laceration on the back of his head, and a 1 inch cut above his eye, along with a terribly bruised right side of his face, which I noticed when I took

his clothes to the funeral home. It was a very messed up situation in that it is considered a homicide on the death certificate, but no one will ever be charged with his death. It is still unknown whether the injuries were inflicted by the man he bumped into, or by HPD once they got him to the north station (MOST LIKELY). Anyway....he was killed on June 5, 2002.

Joyce Warren-Theodore
jtheod@COAIR.com

Brat Notes

(Continued from page 13)

(425)398-4288, **Roma**, we hope this time surgery is successful!!!

'80

Danny Short

New Year's Resolution List

1. Stop going to Herman Platz to buy ...
2. Start paying bier tab at Jazz Keller.
3. Stop sneaking into PX, Out Post Theater, Commissary, Andrews Barracks and etc.
4. Stay away from Grunwald nudist beach.
5. Stop smoking nasty rolled -up German cigarettes.
6. Start going to class on regular basis.
7. Show parents all report cards.
8. Stop checking out cheerleaders at practice.
9. Stop partying before school.
10. Stop partying after school.

'84

Congratulations!

Bryan Duckett, (Co-Class Contact for '84 and our Webmaster) and his wife Dolly on finding out they are expecting their 2nd child. News came on New Years Eve. What a way to start the New Year!!

'85

Congratulations! Ken & Amanda Reed who are also expecting ~ TWINS!

Same is true for Susan (Sams) O'Neill ~ more TWINS!

'89

Baby Announcement

Chris Marvin—ChrisMarv@aol.com
Chris and Victoria Marvin had their

second boy, Alexander Ian August 25, 2002.

Note from Linda (Waters) Keeler '80
Thank you for your submissions for the Brat Notes section of the newsletter. I hope you enjoy reading them as much as I have. If you have an article, bio-sheet, subject matter and/or pictures that you would like to see in the Berlin Brats Alumni Newsletter, please submit them to: Linda (Waters) Keeler via email at: linda.keeler@comcast.net OR
Linda Keeler, 201 Amherst Drive,
Nashville, TN 37214-2043

Your items will be safeguarded and returned to you promptly.

Many Thanks!

Contribution Received...

Thanks to Gary Robinson, class of '74 for his contribution to the Berlin Brats!

Gary and his wife were signed up for the Melbourne Regional and then had to cancel. He told us to keep the money and put it in the Berlin kitty. We get some people, writing their checks for an extra \$5 or \$10 every time they paid their dues and we treat these as contributions.

BERLIN BRATS TREASURY 6/15 to 9/15/02

Balance forward June 15, 2002 \$4,955.97

Income:

Membership Dues	\$770.00
Yearbook Sales	28.00
Dividends Earned	0.71

Total Income: \$798.71

Expenses:

Supplies(Mailers, Cartridges, CD's)	
Stationary Stock)	\$173.17
Postage (Newsltr/Roster)	395.73
Printing/Newsletter	270.25
Printing/Roster (Add'l)	257.73
Copies	1.73
Melbourne Regional/NCO	693.27
DJ Deposit ~ Reunion	200.00

Total Expenses: \$1991.88

Ending Balance/Funds on Hand as of 9/15/02: \$3,762.80

KIP TAYLOR MEMORIAL PROGRAM...UPDATE

The Memorial Fund we organized for Kip Taylor, class of '81, (killed on 9-11 in the attack on the Pentagon) has met its goal and then some. As we mentioned in our previous newsletters it was our desire to establish a fund in order to purchase a 16 X 16 polished granite paver to be located on the grounds of the American Overseas Schools Historical Park in Wichita, Kansas. the future home for all American Overseas Schools.

The paver will read:

**In Memory of Kip Taylor
Class of '81, BAHS
Lost in the Attack on the
Pentagon on 9-11-01
...from his fellow alumni**

The excess contributions to the fund will be earmarked for the Beautification Endowment.



Nancy Taylor with sons Luke, 10 months, and Dean, nearly 3. Taylor's husband, Army Lt. Col. Kip Taylor, was killed in the Pentagon attack a month before Luke was born.

Thank you to all the donors:

Peggy Anne (Vine) Barring '82
Donna (Berry) Bullock '65
Jeri (Polansky) Glass '72
Blair Good '62
Jennifer Hewitt '85
Diana (Green) Kempton '72
John Latham '67
Sarah (Chapman) Monahan '79
Timothy Monahan
Cary Nelson '79
Kaye O'Neal '56 (Ausburg Am. High School)
Christine (Hackett) Sabine '82
Jose (Richard) Sanchez '70
Timothy Shaw '85
Sharon (Sams) Sopp '82
Stephen Steger '79
Peter Stein '80
Dean Taylor '79
Kay Taylor
Nancy Taylor

It's not too late... If you would still like to make a donation to the fund please make your check payable to:

AOSHS MEMORIAL FUND

Mail to:

**P.O. Box 4312
Scottsdale, AZ 85261**

And note "Kip Taylor Memorial Fund" in the memo line.

THANK YOU for participating in this lasting tribute to Kip.

BERLIN BRATS ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

Berlin Brats Alumni Association
41630 N. Rolling Green Way
Anthem, AZ 85086

Publisher: Linda (Waters) Keeler '80
201 Amherst Drive
Nashville, TN 37214
Phone: 615-889-7635
Email: linda.keeler@comcast.net



Calling All Volunteers

Volunteers Needed to Work the Reunion

Volunteers needed for registration table, hospitality suite, and the merchandise/membership table.

If you are interested in helping out, you would be needed for a 2 hour shift, either on Thursday, Friday or Saturday,

Contact:

Pat (Martel) Little Class Contact '72 at
Bratsign@aol.com

***We're on the web:
<http://www.BerlinBrats.org>***

Other Contacts & Websites:

American Overseas School Historical Society

Contact: Dr. Ann Bamberger, President

E-mail: overseasschools@aoshs.org

Website: www.aoshs.wichita.edu

Overseas Brats

Contact: Joe Condrill, President

E-mail: JoeOSBPRES@aol.com

Website: www.overseasbrats.com

Berlin U.S. Military Veteran's Association

...for those who served in Berlin

Tell your parents about this site:

www.berlinveterans.com

NEW! U.S. Air Forces In Europe

Berlin Airlift Website

<http://www.usafe.af.mil/Berlin/Berlin.htm>