



## The American Overseas Schools Historical Society

### About AOSHS

The American Overseas Schools Archives (AOSA) was first established on the campus of Northern Arizona University in Flagstaff in 1989. The AOSA is dedicated to preserving the history and memorabilia of kindergarten through grade 12 education of an estimated 4 million American children who attended more than 900 American overseas schools over the past 150 years. In 1995 the American Overseas Schools Historical Society (AOSHS) was incorporated as a non-profit IRS 501(c)(3) organization. The AOSHS office and archives are located in Wichita, Kansas.

## Researching the American Overseas Schools Historical Society Archives



My name is Simone Gutwerk; I'm an educator and researcher at the University of Würzburg. I got to know the DoDDS system in 2001 when I began taking German student teachers, school administrators and professors to Würzburg Elementary School to let them have a glimpse into a different school system.

The visitations also had an impact on me: They evoked a thorough interest for a school system that already existed in my country for more than 60 years. A school system that spread out in many German cities, but surprisingly is barely known by the German population. I found this rather deplorable. Not only have American classroom teachers throughout the last 60 years taken their students to German cultural places, there are also native German teachers employed that teach American kids authentic German culture and language. This was, in my eyes, so extraordinary that I decided to write a dissertation about "The Foundation and Developments of the Host Nation Program."

In 2005 I began inquiring at different schools in Germany for historical material, but the results weren't very yielding. In the summer of 2005, I ran into the homepage of AOSHS, and I started contacts with Dr. Thomas Drysdale, founder and director of the AOSHS archives. This contact turned out to be a real stroke of luck. I had the official confirmation that there is an institution that preserves and archives the history of DoDD-schools in Germany: The AOSHS-Archives.

You can imagine that for an historical researcher an archive is equivalent to finding a box of gold. But is there really gold in the box, or in my case useful archival material? In March 2007, my husband and I finally got the chance to visit the archives. My part of the trip was funded by a grant for extraordinary research study trips by the University of Würzburg. We spent six days in Wichita, Kansas, digging in the history of an extraordinary school system with an extraordinary language and culture program.

On our first day, we were introduced to the organization of the archive by Nancy Hampel. Nancy is taking care of all the paper work in the archive, deals with all correspondences with AOSHS members, archives the material that is coming in, categorizes and organizes them. To put it short, Nancy is the "beating heart" of AOSHS-archives who is in constant contact with Scarlett Rehrig, the president and Tom Drysdale, the founder, informing them about what is going on, on a weekly basis.

And there is lots going on, which is visible by the boxes that are coming into the Archives from schools all over the world almost daily. Most of the boxes are already categorized and archived. My husband, Stefan, and I were quite impressed by the fine archival work that has been done to preserve DoDDS-history in a computerized and well detected manner. We were impressed, because during our entire stay, Nancy has continuously pulled out historical data and material out of boxes that she located in her computer, after we gave her the key words of what we are trying to find: The Host Nation Program, Intercultural Relations, years 1947 – 1960, etc.

Since our time was limited, Nancy dug out boxes over boxes of which the contents then had to be reviewed quickly for its value for my research project.

This was my job: I don't know if you have ever had to scan written material in a limited time span? Have you ever done it in a different language? It was quite exhausting, but very successful. We found official documents stating the beginning agreements between German teachers and American schools. Very often we had sources of Al Beerbaum in front of us, the founder of the Host Nation Program who was – luckily for us – a meticulous preserver of its history. Let me give you some examples: One document showed that Beerbaum had been corresponding with Professor Erich Hylla, the leader of the "Deutsches Institut für Internationale Pädagogische Forschung" in Frankfurt, whom I was familiar with by his 300 page long description of the American democratic school system published in the year 1923. Another interesting document of 1976 stated the introduction of modern language laboratories in some DoDD-schools, etc.

These are only glimpses of our findings, but they are giving me the impression that the Host Nation Program was taken very seriously: both on the American side as well as on the German side. This in turn makes my work valuable, since I'm trying to document it for the first time in the existence of the Host Nation Program.

But back to our days in the archives: Those materials, I found precious, I passed on to my husband, who spent five days at the copy machine. The proof, that the materials were precious became obvious, whenever Stefan looked up from his copy work and stated his astonishment. For example: "Wau, Al Beerbaum hat über das Host Nation Program ja sogar in einem deutschen Fachbuch veröffentlicht!" ("Wow, Al Beerbaum has even published the Host Nation Program in a German reference book!"). Throughout our stay, we both realized that we are excavating knowledge that has been resting in the nurturing soil of a distinguished archive and that we got acquainted with a rich arsenal of historical preservations.

From the perspective of a researcher, I can say that the archives truly succeed in their objectives:

"To catalog all donated materials and have a summary and narrative entry for research retrieval purposes. We have visited the Museum of World Treasures to see how they catalog their artifacts. We recently purchased a software program that will serve AOSHS well. Our end goal is to be able to electronically retrieve items in the archive."

(AOSHS homepage: <http://aoshs.wichita.edu/AboutAOSHS.html>)

Another highlight of our stay in Wichita came on Tuesday: We were invited to the Museum of World Treasures. My friend, Dr. Tom Drysdale, had arranged a guided tour through the museum for us by board member, Mike Nollen, who introduced us to the diverse artifacts, which the archive is exhibiting in the museum. Since it was here my husband's interest was fully aroused, I'll let him take over telling you about our visit in the Museum of World Treasures in Wichita, Kansas!

## Museum of World Treasures

### Stefan:

Since Nancy had her daughter Madelyn with her I decided, after introductions, to start with a little walk on my own, accompanied by Nancy's daughter. We started at the base level. I was really surprised to see a section of



the Berlin Wall, which is considered quite valuable in Germany. There are no more pieces commercially available. The Archive acquired it in 2005 from the Berlin Brats Alumni Association. Photos, which are exposed in the archives, show the transport and the "installation" of the Berlin Wall section. It seemed to be quite a bit of work. What I really like about the "Museum of World Treasures" is the way they display history. Next to the Berlin Wall section stands an East German border guard and a post that resembles a post you would have found at the border during the separation of Germany. This is one example of the museum's way to teach history. They display an artifact and arrange personal history around it. I think this makes

learning about the past a lot more vivid, than in a lot of German museums. Here, they tend to have a huge amount of text, with a lot of cross references, which does give you a lot of information, but wears you out after reading, say the tenth history table. Also the Egyptian exhibition left quite a big impression on me and Madelyn, since I have been in Egypt and I know that mummies are not really wide spread in the rest of the world. And here was the museums' way of giving personal history again. An Egyptian princess, well, rather her mummy, explained in brief but personal words, what life was like in her time.

Another thing I noticed at the base floor was the amount of "hands on activities." For example rubbing Buddha's belly (to get some luck), pounding a meditation gong or making stones glow in the dark (This one was in the geological department). Even these small activities help to keep and focus the attention.

After occasional visits to her mom we proceeded to the second floor, which is largely dedicated to the Second World War. There we learnt, due to the explanation, some really strange embroilments. For example the discovery of a German war flag after the army postal service had lost it for some 60 years and the investigation following. As it turned out the original sender, who signed the flag, was still alive and was very surprised that the flag at least showed up. The museum even has an original flag from the "Reichstagsgebäude," which is really rare, because most of them were destroyed after the bombing of Berlin.

The example of the flags also taught me something about the weird thinking, the Nazis had. Everyone pictures the Hakenkreuz as a Nazi symbol, but very few know about its origins. It was used by the Indians, Persians and some European folk groups as a religious symbol. Hitler and his henchman occupied later the "swastika" and made it their symbol.

Another astonishing display was the personal written documents, which belonged to Hitler and his leading party. Once again: This is what makes history vivid. A lot of the displayed artifacts came from DoDDS-schools, who bought them in the country their teachers were stationed in. They donated them to the museum to keep history and the memory of their temporary home-land alive.



**Our Section of the Wall at the Museum**

## Back to Simone:

After having been in Wichita, Kansas, we visited Mr. Thomas Drysdale in Phoenix, Arizona, for a personal interview for getting more data for my dissertation on his work within DoDDS and the foundation of the archives. We ended our trip to the USA with visiting dear friends in Oregon; here I have started up my interest for the American school system as an exchange student in 1988. Let us now state the result of our trip at the end: The outcome of the visit at AOSHS archive was a package of copied material that we sent back to Germany by UPS: 15 pounds of written documents. You might understand that I truly found my "box of gold," archival material about the Host Nation Program which is now my basis for the dissertation on the Host Nation Program – a wonderful example of German –American intercultural relations, right in the middle of my country: just with one minor deficit: nobody knows about it, yet, but I'd like to compensate this with my dissertation, which I'm planning to finish by the year 2009.

**Location** Our archive and museum is located at 704 West Douglas Street, Wichita, KS 67203

## More About AOSHS and the relationship to this newsletter:

To help AOSHS add YOUR information to the Overseas Schools Database.

We have printed the database form for Alumni to fill out and mail back to AOSHS. Faculty forms are also provided on the website so let our faculty know we will mail them a form so they may be included in the Faculty Database as well.

**Mail to:** PO Box 1500, Wichita, KS 67201

**Goals** Scarlett Rehrig is the President of AOSHS and she and the Board have set some goals for the organization that would be of interest to us as students in the Overseas Arena. I have chosen a few of them to list because they pertain to some of the stories we have included in the newsletter.

To increase our membership with a focus on our students and alumni.

To increase the documentation of our **written stories in the Memories website**. Entering the stories and memories is an ongoing process.

New virtual offerings. Our webmaster produced a program entitled "Where Were You When the Berlin Wall Came Down?" This is an interactive site and has even been used for research purposes.

Tanja Linton .....” I will never forget where I was when the Wall came down”  
story on pages 6 and 7

*Dear All,*

*We get requests periodically from people doing research/reports who want to use Wall Stories as a primary source. Of course they are welcome. The Internet address is <http://aoshs.wichita.edu/WallStories.htm>.*

**Dorie Parsons** webmaster for AOSHS

To increase and make available to the public our **oral history tapes**. At present we have cataloged all the video tape interviews that follow a consistent format. At every DoDDS reunion there are dedicated volunteers who produce more interviews. All these are available in our archive.

We recently purchased a software program that will serve AOSHS well. Our end goal is to be able to **electronically retrieve items in the archive**.

**We have purchased a laptop computer and presentation equipment to show presentations and DVD's at reunions and conferences.**

To have available traveling artifacts that may be used at reunions, celebrations, colleges, museums, and schools. **We have the AOSHS Road Show boxes available** with our notebooks of history, chronicles, charter members, and life membership. We have tee shirts and sweatshirts from many schools that we are able to include in the Road Show boxes. We are willing and do send out yearbooks and provide information to people who are giving presentations in their local communities. **Note: The yearbook collection on the BerlinBrats.org website (1946 -1994) was greatly enhanced as a result of a loan from the AOSHS Archive.**

To pursue all avenues of design and installation of the present bricks, blocks, and pavers so that AOSHS will have a footprint beyond our office/archive in Wichita, KS.

## A Note from the AOSHS President: *Scarlett Rehrig*

Since you will feature AOSHS in your upcoming newsletter I would like to make a plea for anyone who would be willing to take on a Board position starting in September, 2008. Duties would focus on carrying out the mission of AOSHS and the set goals the organization sets each year. One nice feature is that many of us who leave the Board continue to do the task that we had while on the Board. Example is that Di (Green) Kempton, Berlin '72, will continue with designs that we have for our bricks, blocks, and paver program. Dick Nell continues to work with the delinquent membership accounts, Lee Davis is going to continue work with helping with any new designs and proposals that we have. Tom Drysdale continues to write proposals and of course responds to archive questions that we cannot answer.

# WHAT IS THE MOST CHALLENGING TASK IN THE AOSHS ARCHIVES?

By Dr. Tom Drysdale, AOSHS Archives Director

If it is not preserving the memorabilia and artifacts of the DoD Dependents Schools, their educators, students and parents, then what is it? It is finding, encouraging, cajoling, and arm-twisting current and past educators and alumni to write the stories of their lives overseas. And why is this so important? So their stories can be recorded and preserved for research purposes and posterity in the Archives.

Then why is it that so many AOSHS members do not realize the historical importance of their unique lives overseas, and how valuable their stories would be for research purposes, and of benefit to historians, writers, their heirs and posterity. Historians say that getting people to write the stories of their lives is harder than pulling teeth. The Archives staff fully agrees.

This procrastination or disinterest, on the part of many AOSHS members, has resulted in a huge loss of important historical information and learning about other cultures that would be of great benefit to universities, benevolent institutions, and the public at large. There are probably no other groups in the world that have more experience in bonding with other cultures than American educators and alumni, and who, if organized, would make a great contribution increasing international cooperation.

Encouragingly, there are some current and deceased members of AOSHS who are exceptions to this general rule of procrastination and disinterest and the current leader of the pack is none other than (James) Stewart Williams, a perfect example of cross-cultural-bonding, and who has just written an excellent book about his life abroad, and added it to his remarkable collection in the Archives.

And the title is:     Echoes: Remembering Friends, Places and Music  
                                  in Europe and Turkey 1969 – 2005

The chapters in his book are: 1. Naples, Italy (Forest Sherman High School); 2. Karamursel, Turkey (Karamursel American High School); 3. Wiesbaden, Germany (H.H. Arnold High School); 4. Brindisi, Italy (Brindisi High School); 5. Giessen, Germany (Giessen American High School); 6. Butzbach, Germany (Butzbach Elementary School); 7. Vicenza, Italy (Vicenza Elementary School); 8. Jeffersontown, KY (Reunion – Naples, Italy); 9. Overseas Addresses of the Author.

Stewart's tome of 146 pages of text includes the nine chapters above and a six-page index. Additional pages are a Forward, Congratulatory Comments from friends, a Dedication, and 34 pages of color photographs, letters, and documents. The book also comes in two versions — one that is bound and copyrighted for sale, and another, a loose-leaf three-ring binder, for future editing and revisions.

Stewart, as friends call him, spent more than three years in preparation of Echoes and has revised it many times. The number of interesting historical events and experiences, both planned and coincidental, is amazing. Readers soon get the impression that Stewart must have had pen and paper or a recorder in hand everywhere he went while teaching, visiting, and travelling. As a music teacher he also researched and recorded the lives of famous—and infamous—musicians in every country where he worked or visited. This makes his book well worth reading, but more important is his remarkable recall of events and people. That alone makes Echoes one of the most informative, interesting, readable, and valuable personal histories we have in the American Overseas Schools Archives.

And now Stewart's book has motivated me, one of those procrastinators, to write down my overseas experiences before it is too late. The Board of Directors, the Archives staff, and Stewart, also hope that other procrastinators will do so, before it is too late. And if you, the reader, happen to be bonded with another culture or cultures, and need help in recording your experiences, please inform the Archives staff. Being sympathetic, we will ask Stewart to come to your aid. No one could do it better!

From Stewart Williams

Over the years I have video taped several complete graduations, speeches and all, made two video year books, faculty retirement parties, memorial services, weddings and even Baptisms. Another project of mine since retirement was to catalog 4500 slides many of which are in the archives. My memories of my 30 years with DODDs was a great experience. I would enjoy having a copy of the January newsletter of the Berlin BRATS.

## *“A Day I Will Never Forget”*



This tableau at the U.S. Army Intelligence Museum at Fort Huachuca, Ariz., brings back memories for anyone who lived in Berlin during the Cold War.



### *“A Day I Will Never Forget”*

photos taken at the U.S. Army Intelligence Museum at Fort Huachuca, Ariz.

I will never forget where I was when I got the first news of the fall of the Wall. On Nov. 9, 1989, I was working in the Office of Central European Affairs in the U.S. Department of State in Washington, D.C. as secretary to the director. The Office of Central European Affairs handled all of the German-speaking countries (Austria, East and West Germany and Switzerland), but most notably it was home to the “Berlin Desk.”

I was sitting at my desk when I got an urgent call from the Operations Center, “Send the director up immediately – the Wall is coming down!” Fully understanding the historic significance of this event, I ran down the hall to get my boss out of the men’s room and passed the instructions on to him.

The weeks leading up to this moment were turbulent and the entire office had been working crazy hours. It began with asylum seekers at some of our embassies in Eastern Europe and continued on with peaceful protests in East Germany. We had been receiving flash messages from our Embassy in East Berlin about the turmoil and Erich Honnecker’s resignation. We knew change was coming but none of us ever imagined that it would lead to the collapse of the Wall.

Tom Brockaw happened to be broadcasting live from Berlin, covering the changes in the East. We tuned the office TV to the broadcast and I watched in astonishment, with tears freely flowing down my face, at Berliners hacking away at the Wall. The unimaginable had come true. “Die Mauer ist weg!” (The Wall is gone!) I called my parents and shared the news.

“Ich bin ein Berliner,” or perhaps more accurately I’m half a Berliner. My mother, from Charlottenburg (formerly the British sector), is the true Berliner in the family but I spent time exploring the city during visits to my grandparents and later attended Berlin American High School when my dad was stationed at Tempelhof during the 70s.



An unknown graffiti artist pleads the case for democracy on this remnant of the Berlin Wall in the U.S. Army Intelligence Museum at Fort Huachuca, Ariz.

My mother had always spoken of the Berlin of her childhood. There was no East and West – just one city. It was hard for me to imagine Berlin that way. I had only ever known it as a divided city. I had visited East Berlin as a teenager and its dreary, communist architecture made it impossible to imagine this part of the city as a thriving commercial and cultural center.

As momentous as that day in 1989 was, it really didn't come home for me until I actually set foot in the new, undivided Berlin. I was serving as the public affairs officer for the Wiesbaden Military Community and had the opportunity to visit an old family friend in Berlin-Zehlendorf (close to the old Sundgauer housing area) in the mid-90s.

I was thrilled to finally be able to ride the S-Bahn, but the highlight was driving my car through the Brandenburg Gate (probably illegally at the time!) from the West into the East down Unter den Linden. The American military community was gone. The duty train station was abandoned, covered in graffiti and surrounded by weeds. The Outpost Theater, site of many a high school date, was now a museum and good old BAHS belonged to Berlin's Technische Universität.

Despite the changes, some memories could not be erased. The Imbissstand outside the Oskar-Helene-Heim U-Bahn stop was still there. The Kudamm was the same. And yet, things were very different. The bus that started at Bahnhof Zoo now took you into the East. There was a whole new part of the city to discover! Entering this unknown territory no longer required special papers. My drive from Wiesbaden to Berlin didn't have to take a detour to Checkpoint Bravo at Helmstedt and entry through Checkpoint Alpha at Drei Linden. I could actually drive through the former East Germany. (Boy, the roads were awful in the beginning!)

Even now I stay in touch with my inner Berliner. A "You are now leaving the American Sector" sign decorates my office. The Military Intelligence Museum here at Fort Huachuca has a huge panel of the Wall in it and parked right in front of it is one of the vehicles our military observers in Potsdam used.

I look at that panel and know that its journey here to Arizona started on that historic day in 1989. I remember where I was when it happened.

by **Tanja Linton '81**

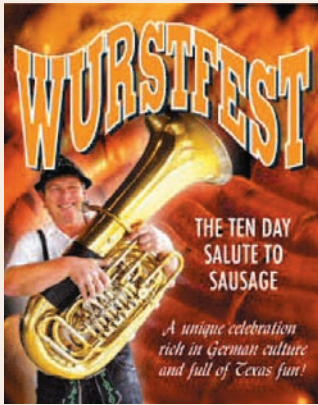


Tanja powers up with caffeine when she "deploys" to the field to cover Soldier stories at Fort Huachuca, Ariz.

Tanja Linton is the daughter of a Berliner and an Air Force officer. She briefly attended Berlin American High School in 1976 and again in 1979. Tanja graduated from Gen. H.H. Arnold High School in Wiesbaden, Germany in 1981 and went on to attend the University of Maryland in Munich, Germany. She is a career civil servant with 25 years of government service. Ten of those years were spent at the U.S. Department of State culminating in a tour as the personal assistant to the U.S. ambassador in Bern, Switzerland. She has worked for the Department of the Army for the last 15 years serving as the public affairs officer in Wiesbaden and currently as the media relations officer at Fort Huachuca, Ariz. Working behind the scenes at the State Department during the fall of the Berlin Wall remains one of Tanja's most personally rewarding professional experiences.

This collection of Berlin memorabilia in Tanja Linton's Fort Huachuca office keeps her in touch with her roots. The doughnut in the forefront plays a recording of President John F. Kennedy saying, "Ich bin ein Berliner," when squeezed.





## Wurstfest New Braunfels, Texas



Julie Langley '77  
our Wurstfest Flower girl



Jeri and the Long Handled Mustache

## San Antonio Regional November 2007

Berlin and Heidelberg Brat, Ruchia (Eargle) Moran '73 organized a regional at the annual WurstFest held just north of San Antonio in New Braunfels. Wurstfest is a 10 day Salute to Sausage!!!! From a one day fest in 1961 to it's present 10 day celebraion the festival pulls in over 165,000 annually. (National media attention was thrust on WURSTFEST '89 as the reunification of Germany began with the opening of the Berlin Wall.)



Nancy (Robinson) Chiles '81 hugging  
Ruchia "Roo" (Eargle) Moran '73



Nancy (Robinson) Chiles '81, Sandy  
McCuskey '73 and Jeri (Polansky) Glass '72



Sandy McCuskey '73



That's a Lion on my head, not a slice of  
bread....didn't see any Bear hats!  
Roo, our hostess, in her fearless  
Heidelberg Lion (their mascot) hat.



Oompah Band



Julie Langley '77, Annette Silva (adopted Brat) and Sandy McCuskey '73



Skip Jiru '66, Jeri Polansky '72, Julie Langley '77, Nancy Robinson '81 and Mike Jiru '63



Then Heidelberg Brat Sue Spiess and Nancy Robinson Chiles '81



Julie and her significant other doing the "photo thing!"



Roo all excited!!!!

## *On the Riverwalk*



Roo and Julie ran into the Beech's on the Riverwalk. Mr. & Mrs. Beech were faculty members at BAHS and their kids also pictured were alums.

Kneeling is: Julie Langley '77 and Ruchia "Roo" (Eargle) Moran '73

Back row: Connie's daughter, Connie (Beech) Mattfield '83, Mrs. Beech-FAC '80-'84, Brenda Hutchinson (Heidelberg Brat), Mr. Beech-FAC '80-'84, Mike Mattfield, Connie's husband.



## Personal License Plate Results

I recently had to renew my North Carolina license plates and decided to buy a "vanity plate" with BERLIN64 written on it. Brenda and I were on our way to Indianapolis on Thursday last week for my older sister's 50th wedding anniversary party and were driving through West Virginia when a guy in a Chrysler 300 pulled alongside, then dropped back, then pulled alongside again. I looked over to his passenger side window as he was passing for the second time and saw that he had written something on a piece of paper. I asked Brenda if she saw it, but she hadn't. As we continued to drive side by side, I finally was able to make out Berlin '65 written on the sheet of paper. We both smiled at each other and he pulled in behind me as I headed for the next exit. We met in a Wendy's parking lot and got to talking about when we were in Berlin. He was Class of '71. Steve Gillespie. He had been in Berlin from '65 at TAR until he left in 1968. We had a wonderful visit for a few minutes as he headed to a conference in Huntington. AMAZING!!



## in Reunion on Highway Roadside

Steve,

It was great meeting you on the highway on Thursday. Brenda and I talked about it all the way to Indianapolis and mentioned it to everyone after we got there. They were all amazed that we had met someone out on the Interstate who had gone to school in Germany about the same time that we were there. That personalized plate paid off early. I can't wait to see who else notices it. I can't remember if you had registered with the Berlin Brats Alumni Association or not. I've included the website address below in my signature line and also the web address for our early 60s' group if you'd like to be part of that. If you log on to our early 60s site, it will let you send a request for membership that I have to approve after I receive it. There is no charge for being a member on our site. The Berlin Brats site has a page ( <http://www.berlinbrats.org/info.htm> <<http://www.berlinbrats.org/info.htm>> ) that will let you join the Assn. as a member for \$20 a year and you will receive about 4 newsletters a year, the full roster of all Berlin alums that have contacted the organization (presently over 2500 contacts) and you will also be able to vote on the location for the next all years Reunion location in 2009.

I'll have to write Laura Coats Satterfield '71 and let her know that we met. Hope your conference in Huntington went well. Keep in touch,

Jim and Brenda Branson '64

It was great meeting the two of you. You guys just made my day. What are the odds of that happening. I wish that I had more time to talk with you two. I'm on the road every week running a sales and marketing region in four states. I shot Laura an e-mail that evening when I got back to Virginia and told her what happened. My sister lives in Raleigh when I go see her next I'll give you guys a call and buy you lunch. I'll join the Brats. Hope the both of you have a great holiday. Stay in touch.  
Steve

Steve Gillespie '71 in the 1967 yearbook photo of his eighth grade class.



***The following stories help us to remember how we are connected as Military Brats to the other schools Overseas:***

I just had a call yesterday on my cell from a gal (non-Berlin Brat) looking for a guy from the BAHS Class of '93. She googled him and was directed to our website as we had him listed on the News Page~way at the bottom~ as those Brats who we have their engraved '89 Yearbooks and we're looking for. Hence~we published their names. The guy she's looking for we have already FOUND.....so his name is no longer highlighted but still appears .....so she is SO excited!!!! Jeri (Polansky) Glass '72

**Jim Branson** continues to help in the search for others and the story of finding a faculty member is hopefully an encouragement to us to follow through with connecting with others.

I saw this message on Joe's site overseasbrats.com and gave Julie information that I found in a search.

Her email below is the result of that information.

***I am looking for Jan Driscoll***, nickname "DD", from AZ. She was a teacher in Misawa, Japan 1969-71, she played tennis and golf. Beth Ward said she knew a Jan Driscoll at Bermuda Navy Base (USNAS), (Kindley Field) Roger B Chaffee H.S. in 1986, PE teacher, triathlete, very tan. Sounds like the same person. She would be about 65-70 years old today. If you have any information please call me at 505 983 6007. Thank you Julie A. Jacobs

***Jan Driscoll FOUND as a result of a lead from Jim Branson '64:***

Jim, THANK YOU for the lead on the whereabouts of Jan Driscoll. You gave me the correct information and I was able to locate her!!! Wow, after 35 years being able to find someone on this planet is truly amazing. I can't thank you enough for the information. You have allowed me the opportunity to correct a wrong I did many years ago by being able to contact Jan Driscoll. It is one of life's little undone loose ends that I want to take care of before me or Jan passes away. Thank you again, you have made something happen for me that is truly important.

Beth, yes, it was Jan Driscoll that you knew in Bermuda, the same that I was looking for. THANK YOU for the contact info that put me just that much closer to finding her. THANK YOU.

I plan to contact her very soon, I have not done so yet. This will be the last of the amends I need to make in my life and will make me very happy to do so.

If either of you are ever in Santa Fe, NM look me up! I'll treat you to a great dinner!!! Thank you both again, have a good life. My best wishes to you both. Here's to military brats!!!

Julie A. Jacobs

Misawa Japan High School 1970-72

Wakkanai, Japan 1970-72

PS If you haven't seen "BRATS; Our Journey Home" video, SEE IT! It answered many questions about why I do some of the things I do, why I am the way I am. Very good video, found on the web, Donna Musil is the person who put it together.

Berlin - Bremerhaven Arch Rivals

***"Arch Rival - places order from our Brat Store"***

Jeri had a Pay Pal Brat Store order from someone not on our Database.....so she wrote him ....saying we needed his info to add him to the Alumni Database.

Steve,

Hello! We just received your online order from our Brat Store.

Meanwhile, are you a Berlin Brat?

Sorry, Jeri, **ARCH RIVALS** Bremerhaven, also class of '72. :-)

I used to take the overnight duty train to Berlin with my (still) best friend, Frankfurt class of '73, though, if that counts...

I think my trips to Berlin as a teenager are why I, to this day, can't get enough of Len Deighton's Winter, and his trilogy Berlin Game, London Set, Mexico Match, along with the next two trilogies, which all feature Berlin prominently. Winter is actually about a Berlin family and sets the stage for the other books.

Found the site while looking -- oddly, I admit -- for the AFN "Weekend World" program, which I still think about, along with all the other memories, of course.

Can't wait to see the documentary -- heard about it recently somewhere -- and listen to the AFN CD. I still think about AFN a lot and what an impression much of the stuff I heard on it had on me. My buddy and I still talk about Charlie Tuna...

Thanks!

Steve Hill '72

***Brats are everywhere!***

Maggie ordered another Reunion CD to share with two other army brats - Jim and Chere Schoning, Bremerhaven football player and cheerleader from 1960. They were on a 15 day Colorado River trip with her last October.

***from Maggie (Ellithorpe) MacPherson '63:***

When we had our post trip party at my house a few weeks after the trip, I showed them the yearbook I'd put together for the Berlin Reunion, and Chere saw a picture of Ada Lopez who she'd gone to grade school with in Salzburg. Jim remembers dancing with Cathy Wildermouth at the AYA. Brats are everywhere!

## Wine Country Bunker to Reopen as Museum

Twelve miles of tunnels, 936 bedrooms, 897 offices, five hospitals – all beneath an inconspicuous bit of wine country in Rheinland Pfalz. Once one of the better kept secrets of the Cold War, a bunker designed to house the German government in an emergency will reopen in 2008 as a museum.

Built between 1960 and 1972 at a cost of \$2.5 billion, the bunker was designed as a refuge for those government officials and lawmakers deemed necessary to run the country in a worst case scenario. The complex, with its own electricity and water supply, was designed to house 3,000 people for at least 30 days.

The complex was shrouded in mystery during the cold war, when rumors abounded of underground railways to the erstwhile capital of Bonn, luxury hotels, and other extravagant underground amenities, but few concrete facts were known by anyone other than the 180 technicians that operated the facility.

When facts about the bunker began to emerge after the end of the cold war, taxpayers and the parliamentary opposition balked at the enormous expense of keeping it running. Although it was actually quite Spartan (despite the rumors, even top government officials would have slept on simple cots), it cost \$14 million dollars per year to operate. Chancellor Helmut Kohl's government's request for \$100 million to upgrade the facility was denied, and it was closed in 1997.

Since then, the facility has remained largely unused, except as the site of a horror film called "Marienthal: State of Emergency" (2002). While officials briefly considered preserving the bunker after September 11, 2001, it was determined that the bunker was not suited for the threat of terrorism.

Set to open in 2008, the planned museum exhibit will focus on the Cold War, restoring a 200 meter stretch of the tunnels to its original condition and putting historical documents and photographs on display. "There are not many concrete relics of the cold war left, aside from the Wall," federal director of construction and urban planning, Florian Mausbach said, as reported by the New York Times.



### ***Bear Facts:***

And everyone's favorite polar bear, Knut, has celebrated his first birthday. Although Knut is no longer the fuzzy little thing he once was, 5,000 friends and 20 TV crews showed up for his party. It might be Knut's last birthday in Berlin. He'll likely be transferred to another zoo in 2008.

***Tell Me It Isn't So!***



Steinway Haus as the Steinway Piano originated in Berlin



Bear Outside of Ka De We

Thomas Nast "invented" the image popularly recognized as Santa Claus. Nast first drew Santa Claus for the 1862 Christmas season Harper's Weekly cover and center-fold illustration to memorialize the family sacrifices of the Union during the early and, for the north, darkest days



A classic version of Santa Claus, drawn in 1863 for Harper's Weekly. Before then, most depictions of Santa Claus showed a tall, thin man. Nast drew him as the bearded, plump man known today.

of the Civil War. Nast's Santa appeared as a kindly figure representing Christmas, the holiday celebrating the birth of Christ. His use of Santa Claus was melancholy, sad for the faltering Union war effort in which Nast so fervently believed, and sad for the separation of soldiers and families. When Nast created his image of Santa Claus he was drawing on his native German tradition of Saint Nicholas, a fourth century bishop known for his kindness and generosity. In the German Christian tradition December 6 was (and is) Saint Nicholas day, a festival day honoring Saint Nicholas and a day of gift giving. Nast combined this tradition of Saint Nicholas with other German folk traditions of elves to draw his Santa in 1862. The claim that Nast "invented" Santa Claus in 1862 is thus accurate, but the assertion overlooks the centuries-long antecedents to his invention. Santa Claus thrived thereafter in American culture both Christian and secular. During the Civil War, Christmas was a traditional festival celebration in the United States, although not yet a holiday. In Nast's time Christmas was not a day when offices or factories closed; but the development of Christmas as a holiday and the use of Santa Claus as a secular symbol of gift giving removed from its Christian antecedents occurred during Nast's lifetime. The modern American celebration of Christmas, with its commercialized gift exchanges, developed in cities, led by New York, after 1880. Nast's images of Santa Claus were so popular that they were collected and reprinted in a book published in 1890.



## Bye Bye Border Controls: Schengen Zone Enlarged Eastward to Boost Freedom of Movement in the EU Just in Time for Christmas

The EU's border- and passport-free Schengen zone is going to see its biggest ever enlargement right before Christmas as it moves eastwards to include Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Malta, Poland, Slovakia, Slovenia, the Czech Republic and Hungary.

Border controls will be removed between these countries - which all joined the European Union in 2004 - and other member states already in the so-called Schengen Area on Dec. 21, interior ministers recently decided in Brussels.

"The process that began with the fall of the (Berlin) Wall 18 years ago is now reaching its conclusion," German Interior Minister Wolfgang Schäuble said after the decision was reached in Brussels.

And Franco Frattini, the EU's justice and home affairs commissioner, hailed the expansion as "quite a nice Christmas gift."

Schäuble in November visited German-Polish and German-Czech border regions with his counterparts from Poland, the Czech Republic and Slovenia. Over a two-day period the interior ministers assessed the situation and met with local officials in the German states of Mecklenburg-Western Pomerania, Brandenburg, Saxony and Bavaria.

"The Schengen area enlargement is a reason for joy and stands as a symbol for free travel and the greatest possible freedom of movement in an ever closer Europe," said Schäuble, adding that these new open borders will be just as secure as before in the transition from a system of stationary border controls to mobile border monitoring.



## "The Long Way Home"

by Donna Musil, Writer-Director,  
"BRATS: Our Journey Home"

January 10, 2008

In November of 2007, I was fortunate to experience what many "brats" never have a chance to do: return to their overseas high schools. In my case, the schools were Seoul American High School and Daegu American School in Seoul and Daegu (formerly Taegu), Korea. I had just finished a two-year, 100-stop tour of my documentary, "BRATS: Our Journey Home," the first non-fiction film about growing up military, and desperately needed a break. In true brat fashion, I decided to venture into unknown territory – Vietnam (to follow my father's footsteps with the 173rd Airborne Brigade in 1967-1968) and Thailand (to explore a culture I enjoy and admire).

I'd dreamed of returning to Korea for many years, but never had the opportunity. When my frequent flier ticket offered a stopover in Seoul, I took it. I asked the District Superintendents Office in Korea if they were interested in hosting the film and they welcomed me with open arms. The fifteen-hour flight was long, but manageable. I was lucky enough to snag an empty row, so I slept most of the time. When I arrived at the airport in Seoul, I was flabbergasted. In thirty years, Korea had transformed itself.

I was in Seoul and Daegu from 1973 to 1975, around the same time Pol Pot and the Khmer Rouge were exacting carnage on their Cambodian countrymen. Not that I was aware of the bloodbath. We only had one television channel – Armed Forces Radio & Television Service – and it just broadcast a couple hours a day. The only program I remember seeing with any regularity was Good Times' Esther Rolle and her "Dy-no-mite" son, Jimmy. We (the ten kids in my ninth-grade class) didn't care. We were too busy emulating the soldiers who lived a couple blocks away from our school on Camp Walker. While our parents sipped Scotch at the Officer's Club and the Hilltop, we French-inhaled Kool cigarettes on the golf course to the tunes of Eric Clapton, roamed the fish markets with Parliament Funkadelic, and made out at the Teen Club to David Gates and Bread. We wore our hip-huggers low and our afros high. We sewed peace signs and black power fists on our jeans and jackets. It didn't matter if we were black or white – we were equal opportunity rebels.

When Chief of Staff Tony Harris picked me up at the airport, the only things that hadn't changed were the traffic and the knock-offs. Within thirty minutes, I had bought my first "Kate Spade" purse, and the roads are still a free-for-all. By the time we arrived at Yongsan, I had thrown up in my backpack, twice. Welcome home!

We hit the ground running. The next day, I showed the film to a mixed group of teenagers and adults at Seoul American High School, where I had spent three months in the eighth grade. SAHS Principal Robert Sennett (the former science teacher and then Assistant Principal at Berlin American High School '74-'88) introduced me. We had a lively discussion afterwards, followed by an upbeat interview with the press, then grabbed a few hours of shut-eye before boarding the bullet train to Daegu/Taegu early the next morning. In a little over an hour and a half (it used to be a five-hour journey), I was finally "home." It only took thirty-two years.

The Plaque seen pictured in the background  
on Mr. Sennett's office wall.

Reads....

In Appreciation to  
Robert E. Sennett  
For 16 Years as  
an Educator At  
Berlin American High School;  
1972-1988

BAHS STAFF AND FACULTY



Donna Musil with Mr. Sennett



Mr. Sennett and his wife



Daegu American School Vice Principal Chris Swenson met me at the train station and took me to the new school on Camp George. The road to the base was paved, dog carcasses didn't hang in butcher shop windows anymore, and the building was bigger and brighter, but the kids looked just the same. So did the thirty-year-old quonset hut that doubled as the same theater I watched "Five on the Black Hand Side" and every other "B" movie made in the early seventies.

I was anxious as close to three-hundred seventh to twelfth-graders piled into the theater. I had never shown the film to so many young "brats" before. Would they be bored? Would they relate to the film at all? It's pretty cerebral, and features adult brats, not kids. As AFN set up its cameras to capture the event, I walked to the front of the crowd and never looked back. It was the highlight of the tour. They cheered and laughed at our afros and peace signs, and cried as forty-year-old brat Laird Knight talked about his father returning from Vietnam. Their fathers had been in Iraq and Afghanistan. They understood.

I was talking to a teacher and fellow brat in the lobby when a seventh-grade boy stepped out of the theater. "Do you like it?" I asked. "Are you bored? It's okay if you are."

"Oh, no," he replied, seriously, "I really like it." He picked up a BRATS postcard from the counter and asked, "Can I have a button for my brother and sister?" He was referring to the "I am a BRAT" buttons we give out at the screenings.

"Sure," I told him. "Take as many as you want."



I watched him take the buttons and return to the theater. My heart was so full. We had touched one soul. The next day, I realized we had touched more than that. I was invited to speak to a number of classes. The students loved the positive parts of the film, of course – especially the pictures of the old Daegu/Taegu students, but they also empathized with the timeless challenges of being a brat: losing friends, feeling like outsiders in civilian schools, worrying about the war.

Then one young man stood and said, "Thank you. Watching your film made me feel better."

"About what?" I asked.

His friends looked at him and he smiled, sadly. "The alcoholic family in the film?" he said, "That's my family. I didn't know other kids went through that. I didn't know other kids felt that way."

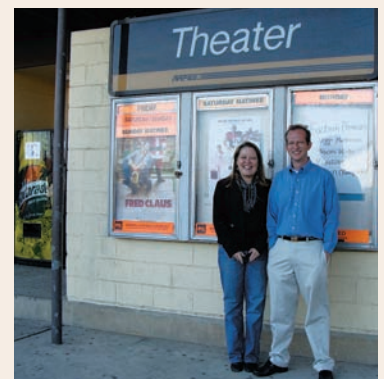


It took me seven years to make "BRATS: Our Journey Home." There were days I didn't know whether I would ever finish it. There were nights I cried, worrying about car insurance and electricity bills. That one conversation made it all worthwhile. To affect a child's life, while he's young and can do something about it – no honor, award or television appearance will ever compare to that one moment.

I may never return to Daegu/Taegu, Korea. I may never see Daegu American School again. I hope I do. I hope my trip in November is the beginning of a long and fruitful relationship with a school that changed the way I look at the world. But if I don't, if I never step foot on Korean soil again, I can go to my grave knowing I did one good thing. I helped a child know that he was not alone. I can't think of a better way to spend one's life.

POSTSCRIPT: After I returned to Seoul from the Daegu screening, I had dinner with Billy Jordan (Berlin '76) at a Thai restaurant, of all places. We had met a month earlier at the Overseas Brats Gathering in Boise, and by some fluke, ended up in the same billeting hotel a month later in Korea, the Dragon Hill Lodge, right across from Seoul American High School. We had a great time sharing stories, arguing politics, and ambling along the streets of Seoul. Small world, isn't it? For brats, anyway!

By the way, if you haven't seen it yet and are interested in buying a copy of the DVD, "BRATS: Our Journey Home," go to our website at [www.bratsfilm.com](http://www.bratsfilm.com). Thanks!



MR. SWENSON (THE VP OF DAEGU AMERICAN SCHOOL) AND ME OUTSIDE THE SAME THEATER WE ATTENDED IN 1975!

Mary Rekucki passed away Thanksgiving Eve of natural causes at the age of 94. She had been living in a Minneapolis nursing home facility for the last several years in the memory care unit.



She taught at BAHS from 1965 to 1984 and attended Grand Reunion in Dallas in '93. Many of us had her as a teacher or knew her through projects she was the faculty member in charge of.

One of those was The National Honor Society. Ms Rekucki came from a family of 9 children, survived by a sister and 4 brothers and very proud of her Polish heritage.

### **Mary Alice Rekucki**

November 20, 1913 to November 23, 2007  
94 years 3 days

Cards may be addressed to:  
Chet Rekucki:  
2424 5th Street NE  
Minneapolis, MN 55418

### ***Miss Rekucki at the Grand Reunion***



Back row: Andy McCuskey (spouse of Sam '71), Mr. James Timmerman - FAC '60-'61, Shirley Parker '71, Mr. Sam Echeveste - FAC '66-'69, Laura (Coats) Satterfield '71 Front row: Sam McCuskey '71, Horst Poethke (spouse of Mrs. Poethke), **Ms. Rekucki - FAC '65-'84**, and Ms. Cathy (Van Galder) Poethke - FAC '80-'85

I never had the "pleasure" of being one of her students, but I did have the pleasure of visiting with her at Grand Reunion. She still had a commanding presence. What a history she lived!

### **Laura Coats Satterfield '71**

### **Joy (Hall) Colmerauer '78**

She was the toughest teacher I ever had! I may have even learned something in there.....)

### **Stacey Clayton-McFarland '88**

I had her in 8th grade for US History. She was a tough teacher but honestly only at school. She took a group of us to Vienna for the week trips the school did and she was nice to be with. We enjoyed ourselves and I learned she was not so bad.

Joy I agree with you. I still remember having to memorize the Constitution! My condolences to the family.

### **Kerry Lastra '75**

My family and I came back to the states in 1986. I remember being in a Target one day with my letter jacket on. After going through the register this guy came up to me and told me he had graduated from BAHS in 1968. Of course, we had to reminisce about our days spent at BAHS. But Miss Rekucki was the first teacher he asked me about!

## ***We Remember Ms Rekucki***

**From Beth Jones:** Miss Rekucki seemed to many of us at the time (the early '60's) to be a formidable teacher and she was. But those are the ones we remember the best. She taught me all I knew about American history, and inspired me to take up history as my college major. We can only wonder now about how exciting it must have been for her to live history in Berlin in the days just after the Wall went up and when President Kennedy made his famous speech at Rathaus Schoeneberg. I am sorry not to have had the opportunity to talk with her about those now historic times. Beth Jones. 11th grade American History with Miss Rekucki, **1964-65**.

Miss Rekucki's love of the United States was deep and strong, bordering on the ferocious. As a result, she took a keen interest in current events and politics. I particularly remember when Vice President Hubert Humphrey (and native of Miss Rekucki's home state of Minnesota) came to Berlin and we were excused from class to go to the airport. I will never forget how she pushed and fought her way up to the front so that several of us would have a chance to shake his hand.

I also credit her with instilling in us the obligation to vote. When I first registered to vote I remembered her advice to register in the strongest party wherever you lived. Her reasoning was that there would be more choices in the primary elections for the stronger party and what you want to influence is the person who will ultimately run for the office. While this strategy has been obsoleted by legislation that allows independents to choose in which primary to vote, her advice was shrewd and accurate at the time. When I hear reports about low voter participation I often think how different the outcome if more students were exposed to the same type of passionate determination that Miss Rekucki had for us. **Ginny Ashcraft '69**

While it's great to hear that she lived to such a wonderful age, hearing this sad news made me sit back and remember. While she was most definitely a tough, no nonsense teacher, she had such a strong, positive impact on me. Of course, she may very possibly have mellowed a bit as the years went on. :-)

She DEFINITELY loved getting the kids in the hallways. One day she decided my skirt, that I'd worn throughout the year, was now too short and insisted I go home. Yep, that was the way she was. But I also remember there was a time when a personal situation was worrying me and, out of nowhere, she reached out and had a conversation with me that has stayed with me ever since.

All in all, she did live a long life, which is quite an accomplishment these days. I've lost too many friends who were far too young.

### **Marion (Condon) Poole '69**

## Memories of Miss Rekucki

It was September 1968, my first day of classes as a junior at Berlin American High School, the eighth different school I had attended since kindergarten. My family had arrived in Berlin in mid-summer, and, as I glanced around Miss Rekucki's American History class, there were a few familiar faces of people I had already met- Debbie Bromberg, Todd Darress, Cleo Johnson and Steve Oesterreicher. Class began and Miss Rekucki introduced herself in her brusque no nonsense manner. My first two years of school were spent under the watchful eyes of strict Catholic nuns, and, by the end of that class, I was half-convinced that Miss Rekucki had just stashed her nun's habit in the coat closet. The bell rang and I remember thinking it was going to be a long tedious school year.

Weeks passed and somewhere around the Gadsen Purchase of 1853, the class and I began to realize that underneath her tough demeanor was a kind-hearted mentor who had genuine concern for the well-being of her pupils. Unlike Mr. Sullivan's witty dry approach to Literature, Miss Kawaoka's hands on style for teaching Chemistry, Mr. Huffer's cerebral approach to Mathematics or Frau Schirmer's Teutonic teaching methods for German, Miss Rekucki's style embodied the old-school disciplinarian's approach to learning. She was determined to take our 16 and 17-year old minds filled with mush and mold them into rational thinking machines armed with a working knowledge of American History. I was lucky enough to win the prize for American History at the end of that year, and was awarded by Miss Rekucki a paperback box set of the writings of Winston Churchill which still sits proudly on my bookshelf today.

Miss Rekucki, always sparing with her praise, surprised me in late winter when she approached me with a suggestion that I apply (and an offer to sponsor my application) to the National Leadership Training Conference, a week-long program for rising juniors held during the summer at Ohio Northern University. Bob O'Neil of the previous year's junior class had attended the prior summer and found it worthwhile. I applied and was accepted.

The Conference had students from all 50 states and 6 foreign countries. The central theme was that a leader is the person who guides a group toward its goal. The focus was on the three key functions of leadership: authority, the right to make decisions; responsibility, assignment for achieving a goal; and accountability, acceptance of success or failure in attaining that goal. I have both adopted and adapted these principles I was fortunate enough to be exposed to that summer following Miss Rekucki's class. I was sorry to learn of Miss Rekucki's recent passing, and I regret not ever contacting her after leaving Berlin American High School to let her know what a difference she and her tough love approach to teaching made in my life. Thank you, Miss Rekucki.

May you rest in peace knowing that yours was a job well done.

**Jay Stewart**

BAHS Class of 1970



**Above: A mock Party Convention to Elect a Presidential Candidate**

Our recollection of this "event" was that it was the "creation" of a collaboration among the seniors. It was an effort to have us all become more politically aware. The seniors were actually assigned candidates to support and Howard Ashcraft '69 acted as the MC as I recall. I believe several of the teachers worked together on it: Mr. Rice, Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Hiller.

All the classes attended the "debate."

### **Diana (Green) Kempton '72:**

She was the National Honor Society and Jr. National Honor Society sponsor the entire time I was at BAHS, which was Fall 1966 through Spring 1972. She was a great champion of her students learning the workings of our federal government and in preparing us to learn the issues and be prepared to vote when the voting age dropped (which was right after we graduated). I remember her particularly championing women's rights and Roe vs. Wade as representative of that issue. She was in the Navy before teaching overseas.

**Joe Morasco '75** She was a tough old bird, but fair...probably wouldn't make it in today's lowered expectations and dumbing down classrooms...and very passionate about teacher's rights and an active leader in the teacher's union. The road to graduation at BAHS passed through her Am Gov't class. She had a long career in USDESEA schools dating back to the 50's as well.

She was an institution in our school.

### **Katrin Lindroth Planz '71**

I was the teacher who replaced Mary when she retired from Berlin American High School.

She was funny and I had some good laughs with her.

**Sandy Riggins FAC '85-'93**

**Below:  
Nixon became  
President and we  
gathered at  
Tempelhof to greet  
him. 1969**





## The Life and Times of Mr. Leonard. The early years...

Ever since Hurricane Katrina forced his relocation from New Orleans, I have gotten in to the habit of speaking with Mr. Leonard at least twice a month. These conversations were mostly hilarious, sometimes sad, sometimes poignant, and always interesting. It belatedly occurred to me to start taking notes so that I could recall the interesting and funny things that he was sharing with me. I shared a few of the stories with Jeri (Polansky) Glass '72 who, in true Jeri fashion, immediately put me to work. She suggested (ordered) I write them down to share with all the Brats. I think she even put me on deadline! I don't consider myself much of a writer, but I hope that you will enjoy some of the memories and gain some insight into the life of one of our unique and highly regarded teachers from Berlin: Mr. Allan Leonard (FAC '70 - '87).

Mr. Leonard was a child of the depression. He was born in October of 1926. He lived in a water front neighborhood not far from the Wharf in New Orleans. He used to ride his bike through the wharf. The people there were called Wharf Rats because there were so many rats in that area. Everyone had a cat in their yard and even they had to earn their keep. The Leonard family had a prime "ratter" in their yard. He always caught the rats and dispatched them with feline elegance and efficiency. This earned the cat a place at the table. Mr. Leonard's after school chore was putting out milk for the cat because if money and food were available, it wasn't spent on cat food.

One enduring memory was of widespread poverty and people begging from door to door, often for years at a time. Rickets and sour belly were common because of a diet of fat back and not much else. Mr. Leonard was fortunate to always have food on his table, but many in his neighborhood did not. He recalled eating grits every morning and rice was a staple in their diet. In recalling one memory Mr. Leonard said,

"We lived on the last street before the railroad tracks. There was a 20 story grain elevator nearby. The elevator loaded ships there. The women hated it because they had clothes on the line (grain dust). We only washed the clothes in machines (the old ringer washing machines) then. We didn't have dryers. I got my arm caught in the ringer once. I was so skinny, and was able to shut it off. I didn't even get hurt."

Mr. Leonard can still remember his family's party line: Up Town 1725J (remember Klondike 555?). Everyone on the party line had a separate ring and had to talk to the operator to make a call. Someone else could always hear the call.

When Mr. Leonard was in high school everyone seemed to be heading off to the war. Like many of his generation, he couldn't wait to graduate and join them. He tried to enlist after high school, but they wouldn't take him because he weighed 104 pounds soaking wet. He got up to 112 lbs by his 18th birthday and was drafted shortly thereafter in October, 1944. He said that he couldn't wait to get in. It seemed fun and exciting. Most everyone he knew was in the military and many family members were already serving. His brother was a pilot in the Army Air Corps from '41 to '45, his aunt worked as a GS for the Army. He could not wait to go. Mr. Leonard ended up spending 2 years in the Army.

He recalls that many of the 20 year olds that survived the depression ended up with no teeth, poor muscle development, and other long lasting illnesses due to prolonged malnutrition. These people answered the call to serve, but the depression had already taken its toll and they weren't able to join the military. In 1935 jobs were scarce but, a mere 10 years later, in 1945, every one had work. In 1939, the US had the 19th largest army in the world. A particularly large military was not necessary because of two oceans as borders and friendly neighbors. This was not the case in Europe so America had to ramp up very quickly.

Mr. Leonard vividly remembers a sign in the mess hall that read "take all you want, eat all you take." You couldn't leave until your tray was empty. Although he had plenty of rice growing up, the Army did not seem to serve it. Apparently, it was called 'Coolie Food,' meaning poor Chinese food. Spam, however, was plentiful. He even managed to gain weight while in the army.

After basic training, Mr. Leonard went to radio operator school in Fort Sill. There were about 90,000 soldiers on the base. He was assigned to a field artillery unit after basic training and moved across the base to learn how to operate the 6.10 and the 2.85 radio. He wasn't excited about it because the radio guy is always up front and the first target. The war ended in Europe May 8th, 1945 when he was still at Fort Sill. He heard about the bomb. No one had heard of an 'Atom Bomb,' so they called it the 'automatic bomb.'

He was granted leave to go back to New Orleans and got so sick that he was hospitalized. Japan surrendered while he was recuperating. While on leave, he received orders to Fort Ord in Monterey, CA. He went to the "Reppel Deppel" (aka- the replacement depot for unassigned personnel). His number came up for Japan. He went to Seattle to ship out from Fort Laughton. He spent a couple days on the water front along with about 10,000 people who seemed to be just milling around the wharf. He was 112 lbs and almost weighed less than everything he owned in his duffle bag. He was sailing to Japan on a gigantic ocean liner, which started out as the largest Italian luxury liner. The army stripped it of anything comfortable and made it into a troop ship.

It had ballrooms and grand staircases and several elevators. Mr. Leonard said, "I was one of the first 150 people on the ship, so I was chosen as the elevator operator. I liked it." It gave him something to do. Mr. Leonard ran the food elevator. No passengers. He transferred food from storage to the kitchen. Best of all were the giant 10 gallon containers of ice cream. He kept a bowl and spoon with him in the elevator and would steal ice cream in the elevator. (This is probably where Mr. Leonard's notorious sweet tooth came in to being). He would also help himself to apples and oranges that "accidentally" fell into his elevator. They had to feed 6,000 people so meals started early. They had hanging tables that would be lowered for the meals. Everyone had to stand up to eat.

With 6000 personnel on board there were always many soldiers running around the ship with nothing to do. Although the movies were first runs and free, it was no consolation because the theater (and the library) was always full.

However, the best part of the journey from Seattle to Okinawa was blowing up left over mines. It was the only action he got to see! Everyone crowded on deck to watch the lucky few take potshots at the floating mines. No one wanted to miss the "action." Using the weapons to blow up an enemy mine was referred to as "shots being fired in anger." Mr. Leonard's training as an artillery forward observer came in handy and he was tasked with confirming the explosions or redirecting the gunners if they missed. He knew that in war he'd actually be the first person the enemy would look for and spot. He trained for this at Fort Still and had to learn how to do this with live fire being shot all around him. Some guys would get nervous and freeze up. They had to move around in the mud and if you were fat you got kicked out. Mr. Leonard didn't have that problem. He wasn't worried about being labeled 4F. He enjoyed the running and jumping that the job entailed.

When he got to Japan, there were guys that wouldn't leave the base. Many hated the Japanese. If you had any left over food you had to give it to the poor Japanese that were waiting outside the mess hall. The Japanese people had plenty of money, but nothing to buy. There was no locally produced food or clothes or anything else meaningful to spend their money on. Many Japanese would wait for you to scrape your uneaten food in to their cans. Desert was always fruit cocktail (which Mr. Leonard hasn't eaten since Japan). They had one can and everything got scraped into that one can, mashed potatoes, fruit cocktail, everything. Many soldiers augmented their meager Army income by selling various necessities to the local Japanese.

Mr. Leonard managed to save all his money from the army. He used it to travel extensively after his two years of service. He attended Tulane University, back in New Orleans courtesy of the GI Bill. There was plenty of opportunity to go to college free of charge. Some guys attended cooking school in Paris just so they could stay in Paris. Mr. Leonard lived on Bourbon Street. The street car named Desire ran by his apartment. After college he spent some time in Miami and Buffalo before finding his way to New York City. He had always wanted to live near the theater and music scene. He rented a one room apartment with a "bed sitter" and took a job at the Pan Am building. At the time, it was the 2nd tallest building in NYC. He stayed there for (2) years. The wife of the Secretary of State worked in his office and Charles Lindberg worked on the 64th floor.

However, the international travel bug caught him again. He was able to travel to Europe on the Displaced persons ships in '52. This was followed in '56 by a trip to Mexico City and in '57 he spent 3 months on the DP ships again (this time through Montreal). He paid \$20 for passage to Europe which was half of the regular fare. He got the price break because he worked in the kitchen. Mr. Leonard was a resourceful fellow! Some of his wily ways will have to wait for reunion conversation!

I will continue the conversations with Mr. Leonard because I love it. I find the relationship so enriching. I owe Jeri a big thank you for putting out the request for the calling campaign after hurricane Katrina. I can't imagine my life now without Mr Leonard in it. I am planning to see him in June. I will certainly give the Brats an update on his well being. I am sure I'll also have more to report on the life and times of Mr. Leonard.



**Rose (Hanson) Neel '84**



**Pete Murphy '84**

As told to Rose (Hanson) Neel '84 with some over the shoulder suggestions from visiting Pete Murphy '84. *We are glad they are helping him to record his life stories for us and look forward to hearing more from him as we run articles of the life and times of Mr. Leonard in our upcoming Newsletters.*



**Mr. Leonard in 2005 with a visit from Tim Shaw '85**

# GOODSEARCH.com and GOODSHOP.com

**American Overseas Schools Historical Society – AOSHS** has just been registered for GoodSearch and GoodShop as seen in Oprah Magazine, ABC News, and The New York Times.

Brats and Faculty supporters can raise money for AOSHS by using “**GoodSearch**” to search the internet **and** “**GoodShop**” to make online purchases!

GoodSearch.com is the search engine with a unique social mission. It's powered by Yahoo!, so you get the same great search results, but each time you do a search, GoodSearch makes a donation to your cause! that is AOSHS! They donate 50% of advertising revenue to nonprofits and schools selected by their users.

GoodShop.com is the new online marketplace that donates a percentage of your online purchase to the charity or school of your choice. You can choose from hundreds of popular online merchants and the experience of shopping through GoodShop is the same as going to the retailer directly.

The organizations that have made the most money through GoodSearch have emailed all their supporters and in turn they have made GoodSearch their homepage. [www.goodsearch.com/GetInvolved.aspx#supporters](http://www.goodsearch.com/GetInvolved.aspx#supporters)

Make GoodSearch the homepage on all of your computers! <http://www.goodsearch.com/GetInvolved.aspx#homepage>

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## The Library of Congress

The Library of Congress is compiling the experiences of veterans by interview and/or submission of artifacts and photos. They have a separate section for Cold War veterans.

As we lose our fathers, we lose their history. It occurred to me that we "kids" could do a wonderful service by documenting and recording information from our fathers for submission to the library.

Document their Oral History

Here is the address:

<http://www.loc.gov/vets/stories/ex-war-cbi.html>

The site has very easy instructions to follow.

I think this would be a great project for all of us to undertake.

Hope you have a wonderful New Year!

All the best,  
Laura Coats-Satterfield '71

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## Berlin Brats Reunion 2009

**The Vote is In! and we are going to  
SCOTTSDALE (PHOENIX), ARIZONA!**



## Bios Received from Members

### James E. Bender '52

#### Dates in Berlin 49-52

I am a U.S. Naval Academy Graduate with an MBA from Auburn Univ., having served in the U. S. Navy (26 years) I retired in 1983 from the Navy and then from General Dynamics in 1997. My hobbies include Fishing, Golf, and Stamp Collecting. My partner is Deanne E. Bender and my children are David, Stephen, and Christopher.

### Mochelle (Mathis) Jackson '87

#### Berlin 82 - 85

I graduated from Buford High School in Lancaster, SC and continued my education at the University of South Carolina. My hobbies are reading and researching history. I am managing an office for my mother's State Farm Insurance Agency. I have been married to Bobby for 18 years and have two daughters Rebecca, 19 and Elizabeth, 17 and a poodle Raine, 2 years old. I really enjoyed my years in Berlin and miss it. Some of you may know my brother **Charlie Mathis**.

### Yolanda N. (Lon) Young '91

San Antonio/Roosevelt High School and San Antonio College I have worked as a property and casualty specialist at METLIFE for the past 7 years. My hobbies are: Traveling, Skiing, Auto Crossing, Baking, Winery Hopping, Reading and Researching on WWII, Cold War, & Berlin (back in 1998 and several other times) Single (Divorced), No Children. I would like to find Hania Nahas, a daughter of a Syrian Diplomat - TAR & BAHS in the 80's.

*Yolanda was instrumental in changing domestic violence laws in Texas and also volunteers at police stations to assist victims of family violence.*

### Jo (Puchrik) Scarpino '71

I spent three years in South Bend, Indiana, and Moscow, USSR - for 6 months where I met my husband. Then was in Rome, Italy, then VA. my last position was as a project controller for 20 years. I love to decorate, look for antiques, and consult (direct sales). I have one daughter, Stefanie and I am a proud grandmother of five: Chloe, 12 years of age, Daniel, 10 Darien, 8 Adryana, 6 and Dominic, age 5. I became a widow in 1979.

### Kirk Hine '74

#### Berlin 70 -74

30092 Spruce Road  
Evergreen Colorado 80439

I have been in Colorado for about 10 and a half years, and married for the past 27 years to my wife Judi. We have three daughters, Miriam, Meredith, and Muriel. And we are blessed with almost two grandchildren.

I have a Brat sister, **Vickie Hine** (vicrussm1@aol.com)

In 1996 I retired from the U.S. Navy as a Russian linguist and intelligence analyst, serving mostly in Europe (Spain, Turkey, Scotland and around the Mediterranean). I am currently working as an SAP training consultant for RWD Technologies (road warrior).

kjhine@yahoo.com

## NEW CLASS CONTACTS:

Denice (Brumback) Blea **Class of '90** dstncldlvr@yahoo.com

Wendy Nix **Class of '91** wendy\_nix@hotmail.com

Marianna (Lierance) Mounsey **For the classes in the 50's**  
mmou672524@aol.com

Won't you please make them feel welcomed and drop them a line.

## Traveler IQ Challenge

<http://www.travelpod.com/traveler-iq>

### German Word of the Month: Reinefiern!

Reinefiern - Has no Exact Equivalent in the English Language, but is Common on People's Birthdays - and New Year's Eve. What does one call starting a celebration on the eve of an important occasion and then letting loose at midnight?

### Reinefiern!



**Berliner Weisse** - Berliner Weiße is a type of wheat beer brewed exclusively in the area of Berlin, Germany. It contains only around 2.8% vol of alcohol, making it one of the weakest German beers. It is

top-fermented, slightly barm-clouded and relatively sour, so the taste of Berliner Weiße differs significant from other German wheat beers.

The optimal drinking temperature is 8 to 10 °C. It is served in a large goblet with a straw. Due to the sour

taste, it is commonly drunk mixed with raspberry (Himbeersirup), lemon (Zitronensirup), or woodruff (Waldmeistersirup) syrup, and is then called Weiße mit Schuss ("Weiße with a shot [of Syrup]") creating

**Berliner Weiße rot, gelb or grün** respectively. This mixed-drink is very

refreshing in the hot summer months and is served throughout Berlin.



Berliner Weiße rot, grün or gelb



Brats on Spree Cruise with their Berliner Weisse Glasses (Berlin Reunion '06)

**At Right Glasses sold at the Volksfest**



## *We Are Glad for the Safety of Classmates*

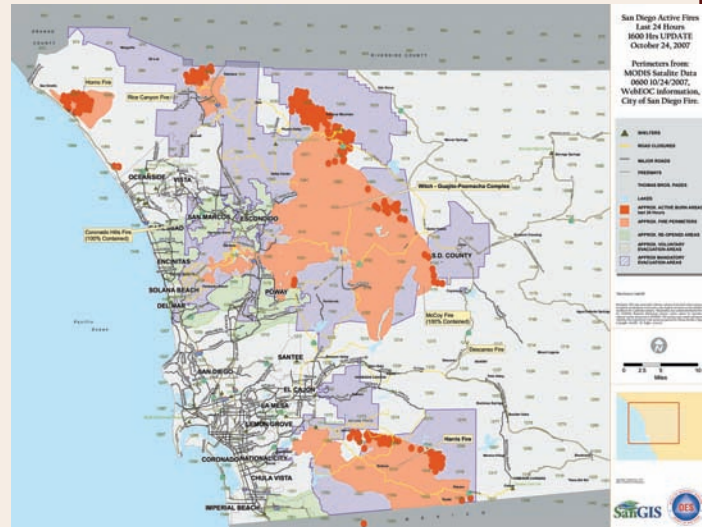


The October 2007 California wildfires were a series of wildfires that began burning across Southern California on October 20. At least 1,500 homes were destroyed and over 500,000 acres (2,000 km) of land burned from Santa Barbara County to the U.S.–Mexico border. Nine people died as a direct result of the fire; 85 others were injured, including at least 61 fire fighters. California Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger declared a state of emergency in seven California counties where fires were burning. President George W. Bush concurred and ordered federal aid to supplement state and local response efforts. Over 6,000 firefighters worked to fight the blazes; they were aided by units of the United States Armed Forces, United States National Guard, almost 3,000 prisoners convicted of non-violent crimes, and 60 firefighters from the Mexican cities of Tijuana and Tecate. Major contributing factors to the extreme fire conditions were drought in Southern California, hot weather, and unusually strong Santa Ana winds with gusts reaching 85 mph. The fires had numerous sources.

Several were triggered by power lines damaged by the high winds. One fire started when a semi-truck overturned. Another was reported as having been deliberately caused; the suspect was shot and killed at the scene by state authorities. A 10-year-old boy admitted that he accidentally started the Buckweed Fire playing with matches. Causes of the remaining fires remain under investigation. The last fire was fully contained on November 9, 2007, 19 days after the series of fires started.

From: Samuel McCuskey '71  
Date: Oct 24, 2007 9:03 AM  
Subject: We are ok

We were told the fire would be here in two hours and to evacuate at 8:00 am this morning. Thank God the wind stopped and we are still here. Valley Center proper and Palomar are mandatory evacuations. We are in the center of three fires. Mandatory evacuations all around us but we are in a voluntary evacuation area. Air quality is terrible. On shore flow of air has helped to neutralize the Santana winds (I know everyone calls them Santa Ana, but the Native Americans called them Santana (devil winds). We could be called any minute to evacuate. We just don't want to be gypsies with the two boys, two cats, bunny rabbit and German Shepherd for several days, unless we have to.



So for now we are ok. Keep us in your thoughts and prayers. I threw my Berlin year book and letter jacket in the truck but that was all I could take. Not enough room for all of the things I would like to take (Berlin Football jersey, Breckenridge Beer mug, etc.) The two boys had a tuff time but they packed their favorite things into one bag each. I had to give Bobby a bigger bag because he could not get all of his stuffed animals in the smaller bag. It was so hard to watch them making their decisions. So young to have to deal with this.

Take care,  
Sam

## *In the Path of the California Wildfires*

Thanks to everyone for sharing information, and good luck to you, Sam and family. I thought of you yesterday when I called my parents to check on them in Santa Paula, on state Road 126, which runs basically from the coast at Ventura over to Magic Mountain and I-5. I saw the in-danger city names of Piru and Fillmore on the LATimes website so got a bit worried. Santa Paula is the next city to the west -- but they said all is well. My cousin in northern San Diego did have to evacuate....Sam, hang in there.

--John Freeman '71  
Gainesville FL

John and Class of 71 (Jeri too)

Thanks for the emails. We are on stand by. Things are looking good. A lot of help has arrived. The winds have died down. Lots of people working together. Neighbors helping neighbors. Lots of private help from companies and individuals. Local high school decided to open its doors as an unofficial evacuation site. 300 people that evening, 3,000 people the next morning. Private food started coming in. 13 private ambulances showed up to provide care to all the people there. Fire fighters, Sheriff's department, and National Guard are all doing an outstanding job. Fox News has been providing continuous information, maps, wind conditions, road closures etc. so we can decide if we need to evacuate.

We are not out of danger yet, but everything is going as well as it could, given such a disaster. It couldn't be much better. Nice to hear from everyone. Take care, Sam

We are still in a mandatory evacuation area. If we leave, we can not get back in. The local fire department told us to watch the wild fire maps and if it looks bad to get out. They said they won't be here to call us because they will be out fighting the fire. The map we watch is at:

<http://www.sdcountyemergency.com/>

then go to the left side of the home page and click on "Evacuations/shelters/road closures;" then "Areas Evacuated." We are Thomas Guide map page 1069 on the Wild Fire Map.

We are doing fine. The boys are playing the drums and chasing the dog, which is chasing the cats, the cats are chasing the rabbit, and Sammy is hiding the T-paper from Bobby so Bobby can't leave the toilet. All the normal stuff after being cooped up in the same house for four days.

California Highway Patrol pulled up to our neighbor's house with assault rifles drawn. One of the neighbors called in to report looters (they are reportedly coming from L.A.) at our neighbor's house. I think looters are going to find that people that live out in the country don't tolerate looters. The National Guard is patrolling our country road. They are all doing a great job of protecting the homes. Our neighbor, a fire fighter, is home to shower and sleep after fighting fires for four days straight. We are really proud to be "San Diegans."

Thanks again for the kind email messages. Sam and family

We are doing fine now. Air quality is still awful. We are slowly unpacking the Silverado and the Land Cruiser and making a list of things, prioritizing so next time we can pack faster and in the right order. We feel so fortunate to have dodged the bullet twice in four years. In 2003 the Paradise Mountain fire came just as close. Our little ridge line has managed not to catch on fire despite the ambers. I don't know if we will be so lucky next time. I finally made the call I put off for years, asking a company to come and cut down all of our beautiful trees. The company said they will put us on the list, but they have had so many calls it could be a couple months before they get to us. Many of the trees are over 100 feet high and provide great shade to the house and climbing adventures for the boys, shade for the front yard where the boys play and the drive way where we often park, but the house wouldn't stand a chance with these trees so close to it, so they have got to go. I told myself when this disaster started, that if we still had a house to come home to, I would cut the trees down. You just can't have trees and live in Southern California. We will miss them, but better to have a house standing than the trees. Cheers, Sam

I want to let you now that in Germany the TV and press coverage about the fires was enormous. In order to illustrate the surface areas of the fires, the media often compared them with the size of Berlin: in the beginning they talked about the fires raging on an area of one time the size of Berlin, then two times and so on ...

Unbelievable, and abstract at the same time, however. But I got a better idea about the dimensions of the fires by thinking on my trip to California last fall. Sam, you may remember the phone call I had given you from Ventura. I was telling you that I had realized that the driving distance to Escondido were too long to come to stop by at your place and say hello. And now, all this long way from Ventura down to Escondido I had decided not to take having been in flames - a horrific picture!

Again, all my very best. HALT DIE OHREN STEIF, as the Berliners say. Keep your chin up!

Let me close with warmest greetings from Berlin where we have the most beautiful Indian Summer for many years. In this sense of colors we like our woods burning, don't you think?

Florian (Florian Weiss, American Curator, The Allied Museum)

Posted By: Peggy Vine-Barring '82

Date Posted: Oct 22, 2007

Description: If you watched the news, then you know we are having many fires here. We were evacuated last night at around 9 p.m. and we went to stay with a friend. The fire is still about a mile away, but burning away from us right now. It was terrifying for a while because the winds were about 65-80 mph, the flames were about 20-30 feet high and it was moving fast. When we were leaving, the police were on their loud speakers telling everyone to use all lanes of the road because everything was "Now Southbound" and to get out fast...don't stop at lights or stop signs, just get out. The flames were within 100 yards of my house, but only feet from one of my best friends. So scary, but we are okay and the dogs are okay.



Photo taken outside the home of Peggy Vine-Barring '82

THANKS FOR YOUR CONCERN. THEY DID CALL FOR AN EVACUATION BUT I WAS ALREADY IN OREGON AT THE TIME. I ALWAYS GIVE MY KEYS TO MY NEIGHBOR AND HE KNOWS WHAT TO REMOVE IF NEEDED. HE WAS STUBBORN AND REFUSED TO LEAVE BUT THE FIRE GOT NO CLOSER THAN ABOUT 400 YARDS, WHICH IS PRETTY DAMN CLOSE WITH 60 TO 100 MPH WINDS. BUT ALL IS WELL, NOTHING LOST.

Eric Craig '74.

David Lodge '63: addressed to Class Contact, Jim Branson '64:

Jim, thank you for your thoughtfulness. Our home and neighborhood was spared, although we were in a mandatory evacuation area and spent a couple of nights with family members. It was nice to be able to return home last night. My wife and I have lived in San Diego for over 31 years and have seen our share of natural disasters in the area. This one was definitely one of the closest to home.

Thank you for your good work in keeping all of us informed.

Best wishes,  
Dave Lodge

### ***"Thanks for Keeping Us Berliners Connected"***

I was blown away by the coverage of my change of command and promotion at McGuire AFB on 2 Oct in the recent newsletter. Wow! My family also commented on the tremendous honor. Thanks so much to YOU and the Berlin Brats staff for honoring me and my family. I'm humbled.

We're enjoying Stuttgart very much. This time of year is particularly endearing...and as you know, the Stuttgart Christkindlmarkt is one of the best in Germany!

We're off to Garmisch and then Italy for the holidays. It's expensive, but one must seize the moment when in Europe!

I look forward to taking our family to Berlin in 2008...that will be another nostalgic trip!

Thanks for keeping us Berliners connected. You do a fantastic job!

Best wishes for a blessed Christmas season.

Rick

FREDERICK H. MARTIN, Brig Gen, USAF

I'd love to meet Florian Weiss in Berlin, and highlight his work as Curator for the Allied Museum. (The Outpost Theater has many special memories for me too...including my job of updating/changing the letters on the movie marquis each weekend!). I expect we'll get to Berlin sometime this summer. Blessings and HNY!

Geri Martin, the mother of BG Rick Martin '77 after receiving a copy of our October Newsletter.

### ***Response from a Proud Mother***

What a surprise to receive the copy of the newsletter. Then to open it up and see those pages on Rick and his promotion.

I immediately emailed Rick and he is surprised too.

It is very nicely done. I appreciate your efforts to present such a fine coverage and layout.

Of course, I am a proud mother!

I'm getting my passport renewed and look forward to visiting again in Germany probably next summer.

I appreciate receiving the newsletter so much.

Thank you,  
Geri Martin

Don Priebe, FAC '66 - '82, wrote to comment on the "last Newsletter" .....and enthusiastically "RENEW!" ..... "KEEP THEM COMING"!

Making a  
snowman in  
front of the  
Berliner Dom  
Cathedral



Hi Toni!

This is Joe Condrill of OVERSEAS BRATS.

Although we have never met, I've been involved with your Berlin Brats Assn. for 10 years.

Just received your most recent newsletter, and wanted to commend you on doing an excellent job!

Great flow of articles and pictures and things Military Brat/Overseas Brat and of course Berlin-related!

Among all the alumni group newsletters I receive, your all's rates among the top!

Have a terrific day!

Very Sincerely Yours,

Joe Condrill

[www.overseasbrats.com](http://www.overseasbrats.com) <<http://www.overseasbrats.com/>>

OVERSEAS BRATS:

Preserving your past. Affirming your present. Looking to your future.



a walk in the  
park at  
Schloss  
Charlottenburg

### **UPCOMING EVENTS**

29 Oct - 2 Nov 2008

Overseas Brats Gathering

OSB Gathering 2008

Hyatt Dulles

Herndon, VA

### **Contact Information:**

#### **Berlin Brats Alumni Association**

41630 N. Rolling Green Way

Anthem, AZ 85086

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623.551.1398 fax

[BerlinBrats@gmail.com](mailto:BerlinBrats@gmail.com)

[WebBrat@gmail.com](mailto:WebBrat@gmail.com)

[www.berlinbrats.org](http://www.berlinbrats.org)

#### **American Overseas School Historical Society**

Contact: Scarlett Rehrig, President

email: [overseasschools@aoshs.org](mailto:overseasschools@aoshs.org)

Website: [www.aoshs.org](http://www.aoshs.org)

#### **Overseas Brats**

Joe Condrill, President

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Website: [www.overseasbrats.com](http://www.overseasbrats.com)

#### **Early 60's Chat Room**

By Invitation Only

Contact: Jim Branson at

[jbranson01@hotmail.com](mailto:jbranson01@hotmail.com)

#### **Brat Attack - A Berlin Chat Room**

By Invitation Only

Contact: Janine Fisher at

[guitarlady61@yahoo.com](mailto:guitarlady61@yahoo.com)