

# aoshs Quarterly

The American Overseas Schools Historical Society  
704 West Douglas Avenue, Wichita, KS 67203-6104

Spring 2017

[www.aoshs.org](http://www.aoshs.org)  
[overseasschools@aoshs.org](mailto:overseasschools@aoshs.org)



## A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

Dr. Gayle Vaughn-Wiles

You may not believe this, but as I sit here composing my message for the spring edition of the AOSHS Quarterly, I look out the window to see blizzard conditions. The weatherman says we have 17 hours remaining in this situation. The weather advisory personnel have asked that individuals do not leave their homes unless they must do so. No need to worry about Dean and me—we are going to prepare a nice meal and bake special goodies as long as we have power.

There are many special things happening in the AOSHS Office. April is the **Month of the Military Child** and we are celebrating with this edition thanks to **Nancy Bresell** and **Monica Tiller**. Kudos to all who have submitted articles for the 'Q'.

A special thank you to all the folks who have sent donations for the different funds, as you know AOSHS has several financial needs. **Carrie Lindeman**, a newly hired contractor, will be assisting us with a "Go Fund Me" project that premiered on February 7, which can be accessed at [www.gofundme.com/aoshs-museum](http://www.gofundme.com/aoshs-museum). You will be hearing more about this as we refine the process and plan for a museum located in our adjacent property. As the kids would say, "How cool is that?"

**Stephen Abbott**, treasurer, has an interesting article about our funds and how we use the

donations. **Bob Germaine** has analyzed our spending and advises the board accordingly. **Doug Kelsey** and the Membership Initiative Committee—**Lani Allanson-Donoho**, **Linda Connelly**, **Mayme Crawford**, and **Dee Edwards**—have been working to update the membership database. Each of the committee members has a list of over 100 inactive members to contact. The committee can use all the help they can get. If you would like to assist, please contact Doug and he will put you to work! **Jill Abbott** continues to provide "memories" for the *Quarterly* and works membership issues. Just recently she established a new European contact person, **Buddy Leavitt**, who will assist her.

I am so excited by our bricks and pavers project. **Dee Edwards**, **Kelley Germaine** and **Bob Germaine** have worked tirelessly to enhance the memorial program. **Chris Kyrios** and **Ron Harrison** have continued to research companies from whom we can purchase bricks and pavers. The bricks and pavers will be placed in a mobile wall arrangement on the front-facing walls in the Wichita office, which will permit them to also be removed and transported to different functions such as the reunions. In addition, we will eventually be viewing the bricks and pavers on our website at [www.aoshs.org](http://www.aoshs.org).

Meantime, Kelley Germaine and Monica Tiller are moving us forward in the technological arena with the help of **Pete Lundigran**. Please check our AOSHS website, Facebook sites at [www.facebook.com/groups/169980156354700/](http://www.facebook.com/groups/169980156354700/) and [www.facebook.com/AOSHSArchive](http://www.facebook.com/AOSHSArchive); Go Fund Me site; Twitter at [twitter.com/aoshsoffice](https://twitter.com/aoshsoffice);

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## A Message From The President-*continued*

YouTube channel at [www.youtube.com/watch?v=SmBE9u1eIAM](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SmBE9u1eIAM), and PayPal possibilities on our website. Plans are being finalized to digitize our newsletter which will be discussed further in this newsletter. You should have received a mailer from us in the Fall with the notification that we would be going digital with the Summer 2017 issue. These were to be returned to the AOSHS office with your updated information and email address. Those members who did not have email addresses should have indicated so on the form and returned it to Monica at our office. If you have not received the mailer, please call the office at **316-264-6815**.

We have contracted a temporary custodian for the Archives, **Leon Fields**, who has been cleaning and rearranging the innumerable number of boxes and paraphernalia within the two storage rooms there.

So, as you see, there are many things in progress and it keeps us focused on our mission. I thoroughly agree with my Vice President, **Tom Smith**, when he says, *"The AOSHS board is a dynamic group dedicated to accomplishing the goals of the organization."*

I thank you for supporting us by volunteering in the office, volunteering for us at reunions, volunteering in your homes recording information, sending letters/notes, making monetary donations, and giving feedback! Needless to say, you are the wind under our sails.

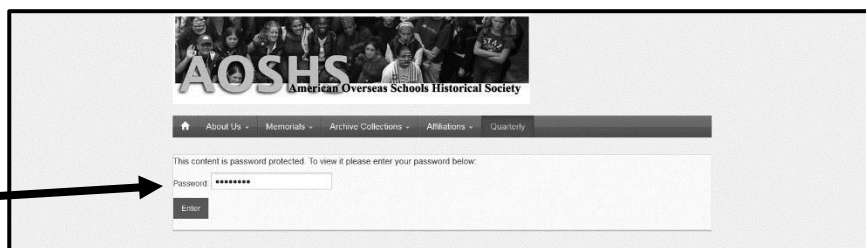
# aoshs Quarterly goes **DIGITAL**

As mentioned in our Winter 2016 'Q', the next and future issues of the AOSHS *Quarterly* will be online via our website at [www.aoshs.org](http://www.aoshs.org). In May, members will receive an email message from the AOSHS office that will provide you with the password you will need to access the newsletter. To better assist you, here are pictorial instructions to guide you:



**STEP ONE**  
On our HOME page, click on the tab,  
"Quarterly"

**STEP TWO**  
Type in the Password you will receive via email from the AOSHS office and Enter.  
  
You will receive a new Password prior to each new issue.



*Continued on Page 3*

## Quarterly Goes Digital-continued



### STEP THREE

To access the Newsletter, click on the box with the arrow to open the PDF file.

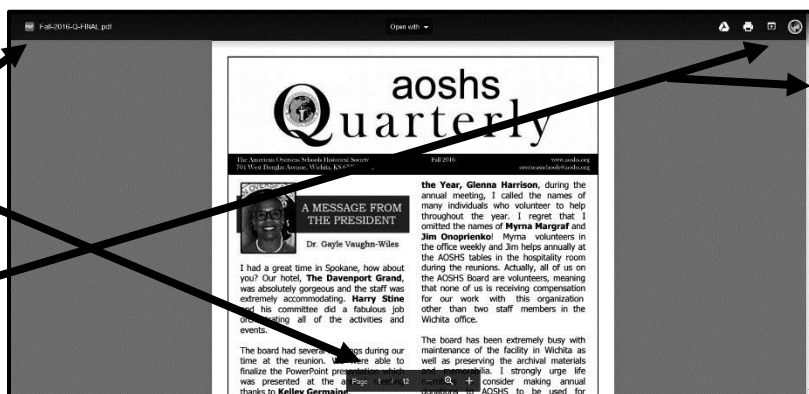
### STEP FOUR

This is the PDF copy of the newsletter that you will receive.

From here, you will be able to zoom in or zoom out for your reading ease.

If your computer is attached to a printer, you can print your issue.

Use the side slidebar up or down to navigate from page to page.



It is important that we have your updated contact information, **particularly email address**, so that we will be able to make this transition as easy for you as possible. If you have any questions, please contact our office at **aoshsoffice@sbcglobal.net** or **(316) 265-6837**.

## CLEANING UP THE AOSHS DATABASE

### Doug Kelsey, Board Member

Efforts are underway to organize and obtain accurate contact information for AOSHS members and former members. Currently, we have the names of almost 2400 members and former members in our database. Approximately 1000 of these names are life members or members with their current AOSHS dues paid. The other 1400 names are former members with whom AOSHS has lost contact.

Our goal is to obtain current contact information for as many

former members as possible, send them a future edition of the AOSHS Quarterly, and invite them to rejoin AOSHS. Our success rate for contacting former members is under 40%, so we will be searching for other avenues to obtain current contact information.

As of the date of this newsletter, we have four volunteers attempting to contact 600 former members who last paid dues sometime between 2002 and 2012. The next step will be to contact another 200 former members who last paid dues between 2013 and 2015.

Finally, we will contact the 600

former members who last paid dues sometime prior to 2002. Based on a reconciliation of the AOSHS list with the DoDDS deceased list, we believe 250 of the 2400 names in the AOSHS database are deceased. We would like to thank AOSHS members **Mayme Crawford, Linda Connelly, Dee Edwards** and **Lani Allanson-Donoho** for their hard work on this time intensive, but important initiative.

If the work of these ladies results in a 40% success rate, which based on initial returns might be a

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## Cleaning Up the AOSHS Database-continued

bit optimistic, we will have current contact information for approximately 1650 members and former members. After consolidating the names of the current membership in good standing, the names of former members successfully contacted, and deleting the deceased members, we will still have 500 names in our database without good contact information. Other avenues we are considering include utilizing the knowledge of our 1000 AOSHS members in good

standing to provide contact information of former members they know and to ask the gathering at the DoDDS Reunion to provide their knowledge of contact information for former AOSHS members. Members may contact Doug Kelsey at **[dkelsey@hotmail.com](mailto:dkelsey@hotmail.com)** to share ideas on how to contact former AOSHS members or to provide contact information for any members they may know that have lost contact with AOSHS.

## New Features on AOSHS Website



### Kelley Germaine, Board Member

The AOSHS website has a lot of new information on it and some tools to help you navigate it. Specifically:

#### HOME PAGE

- If you keep your cursor/mouse on the rotating pictures, it will keep the existing picture for extended viewing.
- We added the picture of Heidelberg High School students that was in ***Life Magazine*** in 1946.
- If you click on the arrow at the bottom of the page you will view a 6:28 minutes edited video about AOSHS and BRATS.



### ABOUT US

- We have two new Board members: **Doug Kelsey**, Assistant Treasurer, and **Bob Germaine**, Fiscal Advisor.
- Our last 3 Annual Meeting presentations are available via PowerPoint.
- Under 'Donations' there are two separate links—one to monetary donations (linked to PayPal) and the other to property donations with a new Collection Policy.
- The 'Forms' section is downloadable and we added "Tell Us Your Memories" to share with others.

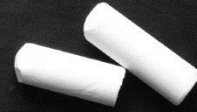
At the bottom of all pages (in the black) you will find "Donate" and DoDDS Reunion Links. Mydoddsreunion.com is also linked if you click on "affiliations". Otherwise we have a listing of other group connections.

<b>Contact Us</b> AOSHS 704 W. Douglas Avenue Wichita, KS 67203-6401 Telephone: (316) 265-6837 Email: <a href="mailto:aoshsoffice@sbcglobal.net">aoshsoffice@sbcglobal.net</a>	<b>Supporting AOSHS</b>    <small>For more donation options please visit our donations page.</small>	<b>DoDDS Reunion</b> <small>Our next DoDDS Reunion in July 2017 at the Renaissance Tulsa Hotel and Convention Center! The website has been updated and has some information pertinent to the Reunion. Check it out at <a href="http://www.mydoddsreunion.com">www.mydoddsreunion.com</a>.</small>	<b>Disclaimer</b> <small>While AOSHS strives to make the information on this website as timely and accurate as possible, the Society makes no claims, promises, or guarantees about the accuracy, completeness, or adequacy of the contents of this site, and expressly disclaims liability for errors and omissions in the contents of this site.</small>
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As always, please do not hesitate to contact us at:

**Telephone: 316.265.6837**  
**Email: [aoshsoffice@sbcglobal.net](mailto:aoshsoffice@sbcglobal.net)**  
**Website: [www.aoshs.org](http://www.aoshs.org)**

# Help Us Keep The Memories ALIVE!



**Carrie Lindeman, Marketing Coordinator**

For more than four million Americans who were educated overseas since 1946, pieces of history could be gone forever – yearbooks, trophies, letter jackets, class pictures, time capsules, school flags, mascots, and so much more. As schools overseas close down, those artifacts and memorabilia go away, too.

That's why the **American Overseas Schools Historical Society** (AOSHS) was created. It's a non-profit organization dedicated to preserving the unique history of American students and teachers who have lived, studied and taught abroad. Since its founding in 1989, **AOSHS is the only non-profit that collects, records, preserves and exhibits memorabilia of K-12 American overseas schools.**

**AOSHS needs help to keep the memories alive.** Before 9/11, the U. S. Government was providing funding to create an AOSHS museum that would give BRATS, TCKs, and teachers a destination to go to and visit their past. Then 9/11 happened and, like many other organizations, AOSHS saw its funding go away.

Today, AOSHS is headquartered in Wichita, KS and is dedicated to pursuing a proper location for all of the artifacts. It will add to the present storage facility the adjacent space and utilize this area to store the ever-increasing school donations while appropriately displaying the artifacts. Ultimately AOSHS would like to increase the overall size of the current location.

Most importantly, in light of this digital world, we need to hire an archivist to preserve this unique collection while making it available to everyone by digitizing the artifacts and creating an online museum. This all takes money.

AOSHS operates on a shoestring budget with limited membership and donations. We need help to fund present and future museum endeavors, purchase the equipment necessary to digitize our records and hundreds of yearbooks, and to hire the archivist.

**Help preserve memories for millions of American BRATS, TCKs, and instructors.** Would you consider making a donation to our Go Fund Me campaign? Visit our campaign page at **<https://www.gofundme.com/aoshs-museum>**.

We appreciate whatever you can donate to help us reach our goal and invite you to visit the museum in person and/or online once created.



# financialMATTERS

## STEPHEN M. ABBOTT, AOSHS Treasurer

Our bank balance is becoming less and less. In addition to the fact that our monthly expenses are greater than our income, AOSHS was hit with two major expenses in December 2016 and January 2017: (1) A major plumbing problem which cost \$6,075.00 to repair. (2) The replacement of the inert gases in the archive's fire suppression system, which cost over \$14,000.00. The system was discharged by accident when the plumbing problem was being repaired.

Each member's dues are very important for the day-to-day operation of AOSHS, of course. However, since we have had two unexpected expenses we are asking for additional financial support from our generous members who are willing to donate to keep the spirit of AOSHS going strong.

There are two ways to donate: (1) Send a check directly to our main office at AOSHS, 704 W. Douglas Avenue, Wichita, Kansas 67203, or (2) Check the website and find the "DONATE" button, click and follow the directions to make a donation. At this time the process is handled by PayPal and your donation will go into our PayPal account. You do not have to be a member of PayPal to make a donation, just use a credit card. Any and all help will be greatly appreciated.

Thank you for all your past support of this great organization



Please visit our updated By-Laws on our website at:  
<http://www.aoshs.org/index.php/draft-by-laws/>

## IN MEMORIAM



### **Venita "Queenie" Georgieff** **August 24, 1930—July 12, 2016**

**Venita "Queenie" Georgieff**, was a graduate of Zeigler High School, and Southern Illinois University in Carbondale where she earned her degree in education. She began her career as a primary teacher in her home town of Zeigler, Illinois, but soon moved to Europe where she taught for the Department of Defense Schools in Germany, Turkey, Japan, The Netherlands, and in England. She retired to Zeigler in 1985.

Ms. Georgieff traveled extensively throughout the world, often with her good friend and colleague, Shirley Erben. Her mother, Clara, joined them in many of her European travels and enjoyed sharing her daughter's adventures. Her specialties included gardening, and lifelong learning. She questioned everyone wherever she went.

Sponsor: Barbara Regalis

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**Mark Kramer**  
**May 18, 1934-May 14, 2016**

**Mark E. Kramer**, Retired Music Teacher at RAF Lakenheath, passed away at the West Suffolk Hospital after many years of teaching music to American Military Dependents. Born in Berrysburg, Pennsylvania, Mr. Kramer is remembered as a musician, a train enthusiast, and a traveler.

Mark was active for many years in the Bury Bach Choir, The Bury St. Edmunds Male Voice Choir, Suffolk Symphony, Norfolk Sinfonia, and St. Mary's Church Choir. He was brother to the deceased Lois, Paul, and his twin sister Margaret. He was married to Virginia, and father to Katherine and David.

Sponsor: Barbara Regalis

**John Edward Lee**  
**December 10, 1921-December 31, 2016**

**John Ed Lee**, born in Etna, Pennsylvania, was a graduate of the University of Pittsburgh and the University of Southern California. He was a member of the Pitt Marching Band, and served as the band's graduate manager.

In 1942, John Ed volunteered to the US Army Air Corps; he served as a navigator of B-17 Flying Fortresses, and after being shot down during bombing of the Polesti oil fields in Romania, he was a prisoner of war in Bucharest for three months. He said one of the greatest hardships was being bombed by the Americans in the day and the British by night. After his release, John Ed never ate cabbage soup again.

After the war, John Ed completed his education, working as a teacher in Oakmont, PA; in the mid-1950s, he combined his love for teaching and travel by joining the US Department of Defense Dependent Schools in Germany. During his 40-year service to this organization he was a teacher, principal, school administrator and mentor. He met Joanne, also a Pittsburgh native, in Bremerhaven. They raised their family primarily in Karlsruhe and Munich. They enjoyed all the opportunities of living and working in Europe. He and Joanne retired to Falls Church, VA in 1996, where John Ed was active in community organizations. He enjoyed spending time with his children and grandchildren.

John Ed never met a stranger, and lived his life with joie de vivre, had a quick wit and a ready joke. He was serious about passing his passions on to his children and anyone else; his love for family and friends, and love of life were part of his legacy. He enjoyed music, photography and fishing. He was not just a family man; he and Joanne cultivated treasured friendships that lasted a lifetime. Although he outlived many, he will be missed by many others. He will be remembered for his compassion, his sense of humor, his love of family and friends, and for living life.

His funeral Mass was held at St. James Church in Falls Church, VA on January 7, 2017; burial will be in Arlington National Cemetery at a later date. John Ed Lee is survived by his wife of 58 years, Joanne, and his five children and five grandchildren.

Co-Sponsors: Sandra Holshouser and Joan Luczai

**SECOND ANNOUNCEMENT**  
**Philip Walter Hokanson, July 30, 1942 – October 24, 2015**



# DODDS EDUCATORS NAMES TO BE HONORED AT RESIDENTIAL DEVELOPMENT ON FORMER USAF/USN BASE IN ENGLAND

Sean Kelly, London Central High School, Class of 1978

ENGLAND - In an effort that AOSHS hopes to see repeated in other locations, a group of eight former Department of Defense Dependents Schools faculty and administration members are set to be honored with streets named after them in a new residential development on a former USAF and US Navy base here in England.

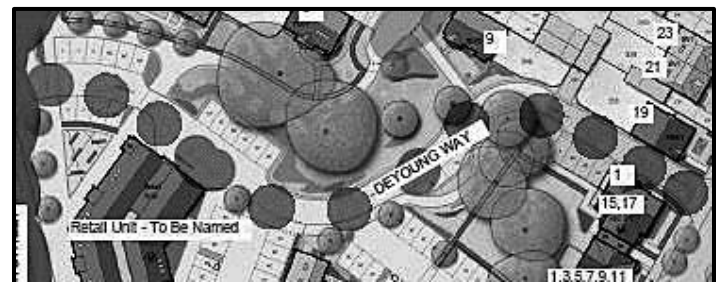
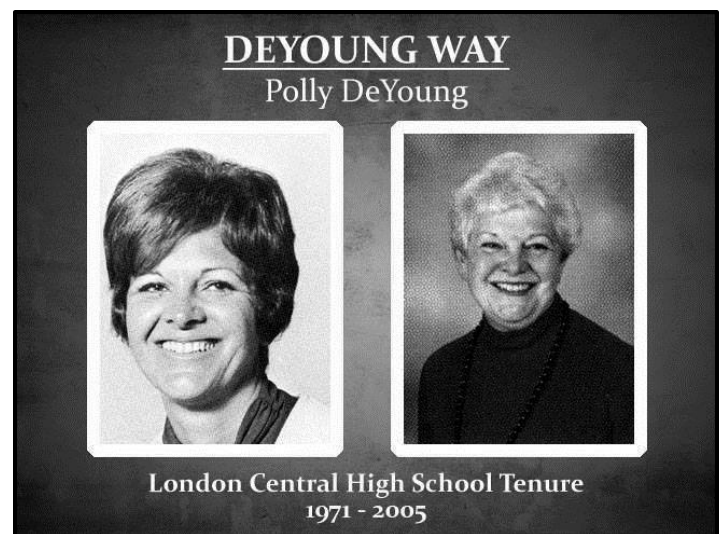
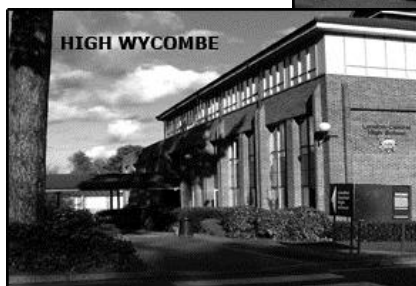
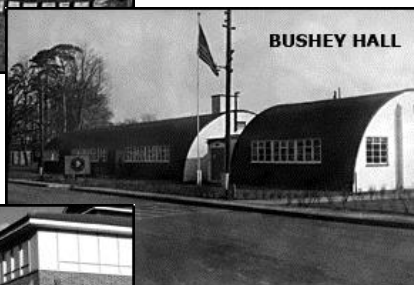
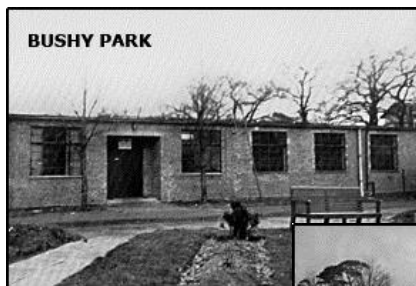
Seven teachers and one administrator at the former **London Central High School (LCHS)**, which operated at the former **RAF Daws Hill Base** in High Wycombe from 1971 to 2007, will have several the streets and one building on the 500-home estate named after them thanks to lobbying from a former LCHS student.

LCHS opened in 1951 at the former WWII Supreme Headquarters of the Allied Expeditionary Forces (SHAEF) at Bushy Park, near the Thames River, and then relocated to Bushey Hall in Watford (the former USAAF 8<sup>th</sup> Fighter Command) in 1962. The school relocated once again to the 60-acre High Wycombe base that was once the home of the USAAF 8<sup>th</sup> Air Force Bomber Command.

The base had a secret underground bunker, codenamed "Pinetree", and was later home to the 7<sup>th</sup> Air Division, and eventually became a European Command headquarters in the 1980s. The base and secret HQ would be name-checked several times in one of the most famous war movies of all time—*12 O'Clock High*.

Following the departure of the US Military, the base was sold to developer **Taylor Wimpey**. The site was largely demolished by the end of 2016.

Seven streets on the new the "Pine Trees" development being delivered by Taylor Wimpey will be named after DoDDS teachers, including teachers **Polly DeYoung** (DeYoung Way),



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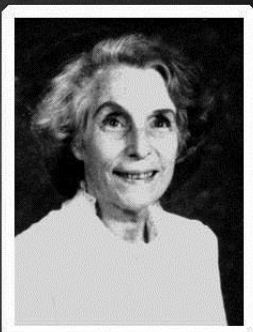


## DoDDS Educators Honored-continued

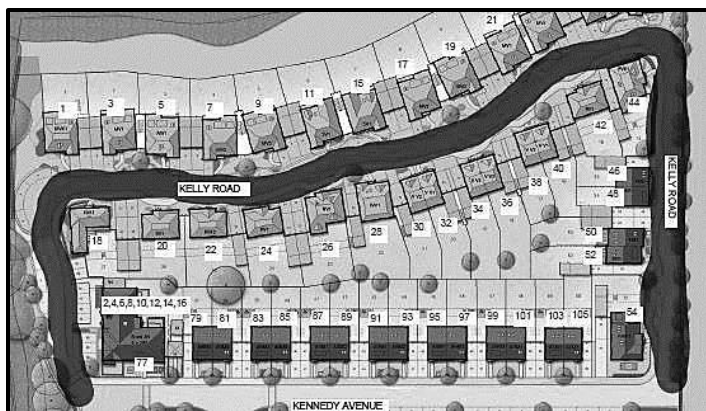
**Martha Gail Kelly** (Kelly Road),

### KELLY ROAD

Martha Gail Kelly



London Central High School Tenure  
1955 - 1986



**Edna Leigh** (Leigh Place),

### LEIGH PLACE

Edna Leigh



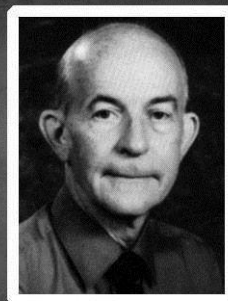
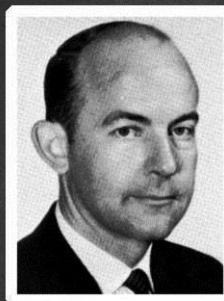
London Central High School Tenure  
1959 - 1982



**Gordon Robertson** (Robertson Place),

### ROBERTSON PLACE

Gordon Robertson



London Central High School Tenure  
1962 - 1986



**Wallace & Rosemary Threlkeld** (Threlkeld Close),

### THRELKELD CLOSE

Rosemary née Hynes Threlkeld



London Central High School Tenure  
1954 - 1986



### THRELKELD CLOSE

Wallace Threlkeld

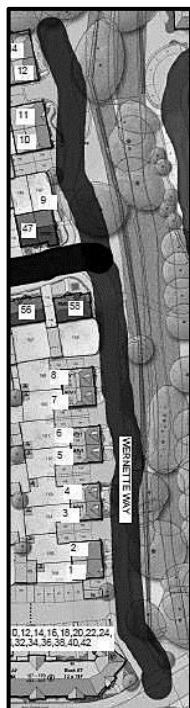
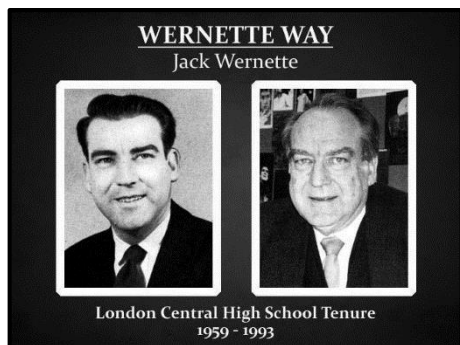


London Central High School Tenure  
1954 - 1983

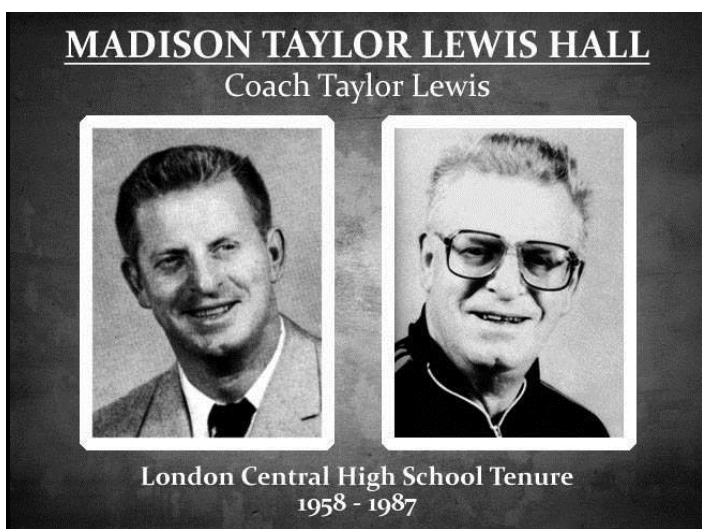


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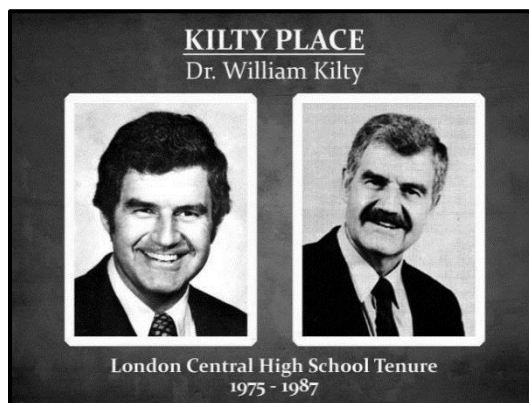
**Jack & Peg Wernette** (Wernette Way),



A new community center will be named after LCHS PE teacher & coach **Madison Taylor Lewis** as well.

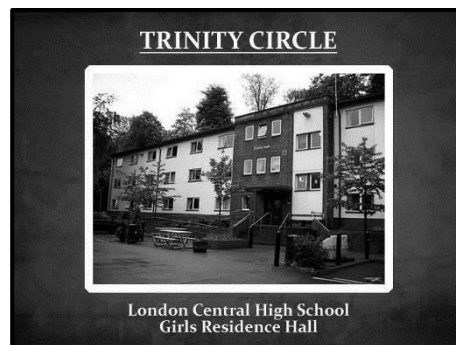
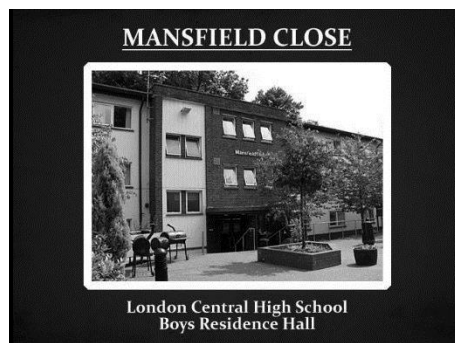


Principal **William J. Kilty** (Kilty Place)



In addition, two roads—**Mansfield Close** and **Trinity Circle**—have been named after the former halls of residence while a large green open space in the middle of the site will be named **Bobcat Park** after London Central High School's mascot for 56 years, since the school's inception in 1951.

Other road names will celebrate key military service members associated with the base.



Continued on Page 11

## DoDDS Educators Honored-continued

The names were proposed by student **Tamara Palmer**, who attended LCHS in 1971. Though she was only at LCHS for one year, Palmer, who lives in Atlanta, Georgia, had lasting memories of her school and managed to contact High Wycombe **Councillor Lesley Clarke OBE** who put her in touch with the relevant developer and town officials.

Comments Palmer:



*"I'm delighted to see that the development is recognizing the legacy of the site through its road-naming program. The base had a distinguished military history stretching back to WWII, but additionally, thousands of American youngsters*

*attended school and lived on the campus for over 35 years in what was a unique educational institution with some remarkable educators. We only wish we could honor many more of them to create a place that has a significant heritage. Not only was the road-naming process about recognizing the educators, but also our way of leaving our legacy forever tied to the community of High Wycombe and England. It is our way of saying "Thank You" to them and to the little piece of England that was to us a remarkable experience. We cherished being there and have fond memories of what will now be the future homes for so many people."*

Comments Councillor Clarke OBE:

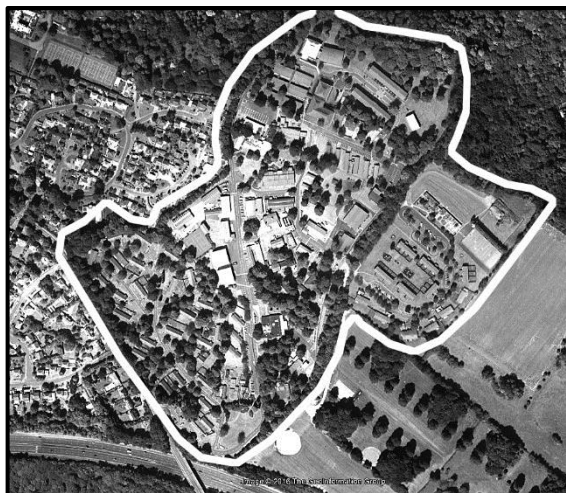
*"It has been an honour to have been involved with assisting our American friends and Allies with maintaining their links with the Daws Hill base. I am particularly pleased we have been able to acknowledge those people who were influential during their time on the base. We do so need to ensure we observe the very special historical links this base serves to everyone."*



Sean Kelly is the author of two books—one pertaining to the school's history, *"From the Faculty Lounge: Memories of London Central High School"* ([https://www.amazon.com/Faculty-Lounge-2nd-Sean-Kelly/dp/1468015508/ref=sr\\_1\\_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1487709432&sr=1-1&keywords=from+the+faculty+lounge](https://www.amazon.com/Faculty-Lounge-2nd-Sean-Kelly/dp/1468015508/ref=sr_1_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1487709432&sr=1-1&keywords=from+the+faculty+lounge)); and the other, *"Home Bases: Memories & Stories of US Military Bases Around London"* ([https://www.amazon.com/Home-Bases-Memories-Stories-Military/dp/0989213331/ref=sr\\_1\\_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1487709539&sr=1-1&keywords=home+based+by+sean+c+kelly](https://www.amazon.com/Home-Bases-Memories-Stories-Military/dp/0989213331/ref=sr_1_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1487709539&sr=1-1&keywords=home+based+by+sean+c+kelly))

### BEFORE:

LONDON CENTRAL  
HIGH SCHOOL  
RAF Daws Hill  
High Wycombe  
*Before Demolition*



### AFTER:

PINE TREES  
DEVELOPMENT  
Daws Hill  
High Wycombe



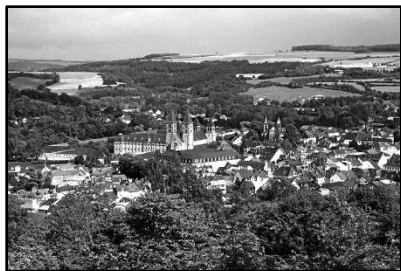


# Military BRAT CHRONICLES

In celebration of April's **MONTH OF THE MILITARY CHILD**, AOSHS asked our overseas military brats the question, **"Who was the overseas DoDDS teacher who influenced you the most?"**, or, **"What was your most memorable experience as an overseas brat?"** Following are the responses we received.

## Living in History By Diane DeWaters

It is early Sunday morning, still dark in January, and the luxury of sleeping in is shattered by the sudden window-rattling ringing of the church bells. They ring with a vengeance making sure that everyone in the beautiful, old town are aware that this is the day to come to the Basilique and worship. My bed shakes as if the bells are speaking directly to me. It is not surprising since the church is as large as many European cathedrals even though it is in the small town of Echternach (pronounced esh-ter-knock), Luxembourg.



And even less surprising since the church is my next-door neighbor. I can look out my bedroom window and see many of the former church members as they lie in the churchyard cemetery, gravestones so close to one another and leaning as if listening to what the other is saying. The bells must be loud this time of year since they will soon be silenced by Lent and their annual "visit" to the Pope in Rome to be blessed.

Inside the church are many wonders that I never failed to enjoy sharing with visitors. The beautiful crypt of St. Wilibrord, the town's patron saint and an Irishman at that, lies in the basement enclosed in a glassed room to keep out souvenir hunters. In a room next to the Saint you can look at the ceiling and barely see the painting that for hundreds of years was reputed to be one of only two artistic works depicting a *pregnant* Mary, mother of Jesus! In another smaller room are two ancient crypts, their tops just open enough to make everyone hesitate before looking in.

The town of Echternach lies on the border with Germany and is surrounded by the beautiful Sure River, wooded areas, and hills and rocks with waterfalls. The town has many narrow, cobble-stoned streets and ancient ramparts, wonderful to explore. For all those reasons thousands of tourists from all over the world

visit every year, especially in the summer when this country of four distinct seasons is warm during the day and pleasant at night. The Town Hall is fairly new—a 15th century medieval structure that endured centuries of abuse only to be tormented almost to ruin by the bombs of both World Wars.

It is the past, though, that really keeps this town alive and in the minds of people wishing to show loyalty and allegiance to the Saint. St. Wilibrord came to this area of Luxembourg in the 7th century to set up a Benedictine Abbey when Europe was still in the Dark Ages. His legacy, however, is kept alive by an annual event that has its roots with the Black Plague and the itinerant flagellants who walked the Continent performing their self-abusive acts in the name of salvation. On Whit Tuesday of every year (late May or early June) thousands of Europeans come in groups of twenty, thirty or more and take part in a dancing procession. Each group lines up in rows, perhaps 6 to a row, each dancer connected to the other with a cloth or handkerchief. When the dancing begins the first row jumps to the right and the second to the left, with following rows alternating. A group might have its own band following it or be sharing with another group. The dancing does not change, only consists of jumping back and forth while moving forward, all to the same tune, hour after hour. For the dancer, the trance is broken only by an imploring speech following each tune, *"St. Wilibrord, a true voice of God! St. Wilibrord, an overthrewer of idols! Pray for us, St. Wilibrord."* For the watcher, the trance never ends and never fails to entertain.

I was a teenager living in a pre-medieval town in the 20th century and I was in awe of its past. I even became resentful of the infringement of modern life, aware for the first time of the problems this created for much of Europe, not just Echternach. The people of the town had the right to be a part of the 20th century, but didn't I, as a visiting resident of the town, have the right to its history? It is a question that is being asked over and over and probably does not have an answer that appeals to everyone. It remains to be seen how history and reality can exist together.

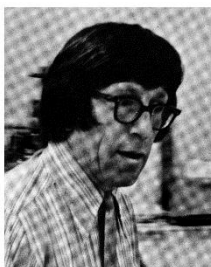
## The DODDS Teachers of Berlin American High School By David Diehl, Class of '80 ('73-'78)



David Diehl  
Class of 1980  
Berlin American  
High School

While attending Berlin American High School all the teachers instilled core values of discipline, social skills, competitiveness, compassion, communication skills, and a thirst for more knowledge. Some may remember physical education with **Alberta Barlow** and **George Pepoy**. What fun it was to let off excess steam and run on the football field playing outdoor activities or in the gym learning balance and coordination exercises.

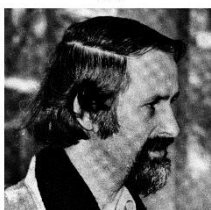
In the spring, with the warm sun coming through the windows of **Russell Walton's** math class, a student would just start to day dream when Mr. Walton would ask a math question which you had to know off the top of your head. Going outside for field biology with **Michael Kjome**, a wonderful man with a wealth of knowledge and compassion for life. The projections he had you do for plot studies were very interesting.



John Chavies  
1978

Discussions in class with **John Chavies** and **Art Benson** covering aspects of Social Studies, and English class with **Donald Priebe**, a fair but firm grader. Great discussions in **Charles Bluem's** class as well.

Elective classes with **Ray Babineau** and **Byron Smith** creating a desire for trade crafts, programming and electronics.



Arthur Benson  
1978

There are others, which brings me to my mother and father. They instructed that I take languages also; so, Spanish with **Mary Olvera** and German with **Herr Voight** and **Werner Prigge**.

These teachers always instilled high standards, creativity, a desire to achieve, honesty, responsibility and integrity which I did not realize until later in life and look back as to how I got to where I am today. All the teachers were open to discussion, patient, yet always in control of the student body during class or at pep rallies.



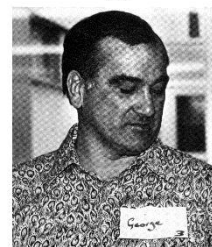
Donald Priebe  
1979

I will always remember wrestling practices or training with the U.S. Army wrestling team thanks to Coach Chavies.

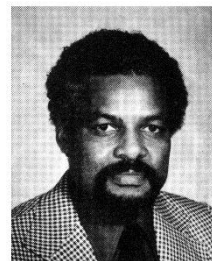
When I returned to BAHS in 1986 while on temporary duty to Berlin, I went to BAHS to see several of these teachers. Unfortunately, I was unable to see Herr Prigge, and John Chavies had moved on and was a principal at Frankfurt. The teachers that were there did have a vague recollection of my young self. *(Continued on Page 14)*



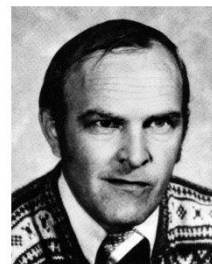
Alberta Barlow  
1978



George Pepoy  
1978



Russell Walton  
1978



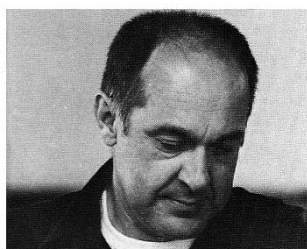
Michael Kjome  
1978



Charles Bluem  
1978



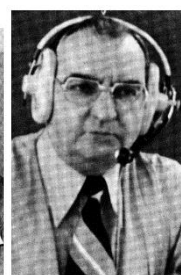
Ray Babineau  
1978



Byron Smith  
1977



Mary Olvera  
1978



Heinz Voight  
1978

**David Diehl - continued**

Thank you, Herr Prigge for encouraging me to go into the community and speak with the German people. I believe your goal was to better my German skills; however, in addition I learned things that were not in the history books. This also helped me grow up a bit as a 15-year-old sophomore and breaking my shyness. I remember you taking the class on field trips to the community for lunch or a diner to several exhibits concerning German culture. These were very interesting to me as well as exciting to be out in the community which caused more adventurous trips to castles and other historic sites in Europe. I continued this thirst for knowledge with cultures and interaction with people of the world. As a result, I continued studying languages both spoken and non-verbal. You played more of a part in my life than I realized until later on when I put to use what you had taught me during my time attending your classes. Looking back, this was a very good time.



Werner Prigge  
1978

**Mr. Van Joseph**  
**By James Erickson**

In 1960 we were sent to High Wycombe, England. As a fourth-grade student on base I received four F's and two D's for the first semester. I vividly remember my teacher telling my parents that I could not read, write or think. This was after spending my first three years getting all S's and O's in the California public school system.

To help me catch up I was put in **Mr. Van Joseph's** fourth grade at Bushy Park (1961). He was very strict and expected a lot from us. Corporal punishment was not excluded. At first I was afraid. As I become accustomed to his methods I found myself learning at an accelerated pace. By years end I was making all B's and had a renewed confidence in myself. Without Mr. Van Joseph I often wonder if I would have ever recovered from such a low level.

Today, teachers like him have no chance of surviving the brutal PC world that we live in. I was one of the lucky few who got to experience his effective methods. Thank you, Mr. Van Joseph.



GERAL MARTIN  
1967

**GERAL MARTIN, Frankfurt American High School, Germany, 1964-1996**  
**By Barbara Jernigan, Class of 1969**

You've probably heard dozens of **GERAL MARTIN** stories, but there is only one other person in the world who knows this one from 1966:

As president of the Art Club, I got to go on all the field trips – even both halves of half-day trips. One such double-trip was to sketch Frankfurt's famous Romerplatz, with all its medieval architecture – and cozy little bierstuben. Both the Club VP and I were working on the incongruity of a tiny modern stube squeezed between two ancient half-timber buildings when Mr. Martin snuck up behind us (actually, I had no idea how long he might have been standing there, he just had a way of making you feel like you'd been *(Continued on Page 15)*

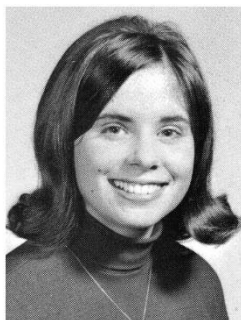
**Barbara Jernigan – continued**

snuck up on – never malicious, just curious) and whispered, “They’ve got the best bier and bratwurst in town.” Then he suggested we “stay and work on our sketches” and catch the afternoon bus back. Sounded like a good idea to us!

Problem was, the afternoon bus broke down. In the school parking lot. They unloaded the bus and called off the afternoon trip, stranding the VP and me in a cozy little bierstube. We were well into our second round of bier when in walks Mr. Martin. We both looked at our watches – we thought we had another half-hour before the bus came back – and before we could close our mouths, he said, “Pay up, I’ve got to get you back to school.” As we hurried to his VW station wagon, he explained about the bus. We asked if we were in trouble, and he said, “Not you, me – if I don’t get you back before lunch hour is over. And here,” he said, passing us a handful of knock-your-socks-off strong licorice candies, “chew on these, you smell like a brewery!”

We made it back just in time to hear the bell ending lunch and made it through the rest of the day undetected – if a bit muzzy-headed. Nothing more was ever said. I wonder if they remember?

**David Gamse and Bill Mageno, Bitburg American High School**  
**By Kathy Kelly Hill**



**Kathy Kelly Hill**  
Class of 1969  
Bitburg American  
High School

I’ll begin this tribute by coloring outside the lines. The task was to write about the DODDS teacher who had the most influence on me, but to capture the story I must recognize two.

**David Gamse** taught foreign languages at Bitburg American High School. He was a gifted linguist and an extraordinary instructor. **Bill Mageno** taught English. In his class, we studied literature and in that context, the human condition.

By the age of 16, I had lived nearly six years of my life in Germany. I could communicate fairly well with the people in the small town of Bitburg and the surrounding area. It probably helped that most of them spoke English. I could muddle along in French, but only practiced in the classroom. I was just fine with that. Language, after all, was just a tool. And then David Gamse came to Bitburg. On the first day of class, my cursory assessment of him was that he was a polite man with an unassuming demeanor who would not likely have stood out in a crowd. Then he spoke and it was immediately clear that I would never view foreign languages the same way again. Mr. Gamse taught not only with his voice, but with his entire person. He looked directly at the student he was engaging, subtly forcing that student to make eye contact and not only listen him, but hear as well. He worked around unfamiliar words and phrases, giving us the opportunity to think about what we were hearing and saying, not just parrot back to him something he had just said. In teaching us the language, he was also teaching us to interact with each other, to truly communicate and understand. I enjoyed his classes immensely and looked forward to every session. He kindled in me a love for languages as a way to connect with the rest of the world.

Bill Mageno came to Bitburg as an English teacher. In guiding us through the standard high school study of literature, he took us deeper than the words on the pages. He helped us understand and appreciate the factors that might have influenced the



**David Gamse**  
1968

*(Continued on Page 16)*



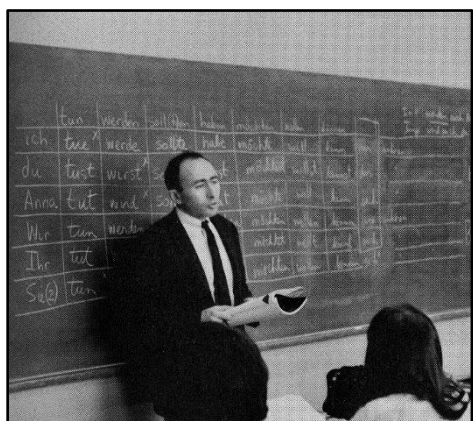
**Kathy Kelly Hill – continued**

authors' perceptions by reviewing the historical background of the novels. He breathed life into the characters and made us see them as human beings, not just as fictitious apparitions of a writer's imagination. He caused us to wonder about why the characters did what they did and thought how they thought. We discussed these works in the classroom. He drew out even the shyest students, asking their opinions and encouraging participation. He wanted us to not only learn, but to be able to develop and share our own views on issues. He encouraged us to ask questions about what we learned and, as individuals, to understand why we felt the way we did and what influenced us in that regard. Aside from that, one of my most vivid memories of Bill Mageno was the day when a student's parents forbade her from reading a particular book. He didn't behave any differently and was respectful of the parents' wishes and to the student. What I remember was the pain in his eyes. I doubt if anyone else noticed, but I did. It was clear to me that this wasn't about the book. It was the fact that this student was being deprived of the opportunity to learn. For a man who had dedicated himself to preparing young people for the realities of life, using examples of our history as teaching tools, this had to have been a very difficult day. I learned a lot that day, even though it wasn't part of the lesson plan.



**William Mageno  
1968**

How did these two teachers impact my life? I attended Bitburg American High School 1965-1968. I returned to the States in the fall of my senior year, not quite prepared for the turmoil in the streets. Bear in mind that in those days, military children were pretty much sheltered from the outside world. AFN television and radio did not bring us images of the chaos in the States during the Viet Nam war, the Stars & Stripes was equally censored and there was no Internet. Most of us didn't watch German television or read local newspapers and were fairly clueless.



Soon after graduation in 1969, I enlisted in the Army as an Intelligence Analyst. I was identified with a linguist designator for German and French, with no other training other than what I had learned in Bitburg. I later completed three years of language training at the Defense Language Institute in Monterey, California, for another language and spent most of my military service overseas. When I retired from the Army, I went to work at a 3-lettered intelligence agency, where I found myself challenged every single day. My foreign language skills and skills in understanding not only the human condition, but the factors that contribute to it, were essential to my contributions to national security over the course of 40+ years of federal service.

Though I had no contact with them after I left Bitburg, Mr. Gamse and Mr. Mageno continued to be motivating forces during my career. There were times that I had to improvise with foreign languages, understanding the similarities enabled me to understand and communicate in languages I had not studied, but were part of a common family of languages. Working through complex problems and trying to perform in-depth analysis on various issues pertinent to our security, I would think back to Mr. Mageno's insistence that we fully assess the situation we were studying, try to understand the catalysts for the characters' actions and the effects of those actions. I didn't realize it at the time, but these two men helped set the course for my professional life and I am grateful to both of them.



## Bob Kilduff



Bob Kilduff, 1955  
3rd Grade Photo  
Erlangen Germany Elementary School

My memories of leaving Boston for the first time start with the several trips to the army hospital to get the shots and vaccinations required to go overseas. They still remain the most painful shots I have ever received.

With an updated vaccination record and my first passport of my own, the family drove to New York City to board a military ship to Bremerhaven,

Germany. The Atlantic in the fall on a ship was a rough trip. I was the only one in my family not to get seasick. We then boarded a train and eventually made it to Erlangen, Germany, my father's new duty station—he was a tank commander.

As I started 3<sup>rd</sup> grade, my teachers seemed to have trouble understanding my inner-city Boston accent to the point that I was required to go to speech therapy classes. The classes must have worked because my New England accent over the period of the 3<sup>rd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> grades disappeared.

My next stop was Fort Hood, Texas, and my accent had become more Midwestern in character. My family lived in a duplex off-base directly across the street from the elementary school I attended for the 5<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> grades. The street in front of our duplex was one of the main roads leading to Fort Hood. Occasionally, I would see a new Thunderbird drive by my house in the mornings. Not a car to go unnoticed by a kid walking to school in the morning. One day as I was waiting to cross the street to go to school, I once again noticed the new Thunderbird driving slowly towards me and for the first time was able to see who was inside. It was **Elvis Presley** driving to Fort Hood for advanced training. He lived off base with his family and drove past my house every day.

Then back to Germany for my 8<sup>th</sup> and 9<sup>th</sup> grades, we flew to Germany this time and landed in Frankfurt with another train ride to Nurnberg. I specifically remember my first day of class in the 8<sup>th</sup> grade when my spelling

teacher started giving us our first test and as he read the words for us to spell, nobody could understand what he was saying, except for me—he was from Massachusetts and the accent was so easily understandable to me! I did well in spelling class that year.

The city of Nurnberg was a great place to be, full of history just like my hometown of Boston. My father worked just blocks from the Palace of Justice where the Nurnberg trials were held. Our high school played their football games at Soldiers Field where Hitler held massive rallies and evidence of WWII was all around us with buildings that were still riddled with bullet holes and shells of others yet to be rebuilt. We were very well treated by the German people while I was there, but it was understood that you never brought up the war, especially with the older people. They would not talk about it.

During this time in Germany, I developed a long-term group of BRAT friends. Although we never seemed to be in the same places very long as a group, our paths crossed from time to time and those friendships remain my most valued.

As is to be expected, we moved once again, this time back to Fort Hood. I lived on base in very old military housing without air-conditioning. I reconnected with some old friends from Germany and made new friends living near me. I found a job working for a flower shop in Killeen. It gave me a chance to drive all over the city in a nice station wagon delivering flowers. I also took flowers to the local funeral home and right after funeral services, I had to take the flowers to the cemetery for the interment services before the funeral party arrived. I had a free pass to speed through town to make this happen. After I took the job, I found out that one of my duties would be to deliver Western Union telegrams. The office was across the street from the flower shop and on occasion, I would go by to pick up anything they had for me to deliver. As I would wait, I could see new telegram tapes being organized and applied to the background paper. I would read some of them and realized that most of them were notices to spouses from the Department of the Army regarding

*(Continued on Page 18)*

**Bob Kilduff – continued**

the status of a soldier stationed in Vietnam. Knowing this made it difficult to walk up and knock on doors because spouses usually knew a letter from Western Union was not good news.

I was fortunate enough to finish my last three years of high school at one place, Killeen High School, Class of 1965. It was yet another adjustment from living in Germany where everyone had military roots to being in a military/civilian mixed environment. It was not easy to be accepted by the hometown civilian kids. They were very clickish and had been in school together since elementary school. Participating in any athletic program was difficult because coaches did not want to invest time on a kid who might be gone at any given moment. My BRAT friends became even more important to me in high school.

Prior to my senior year, I was outside a friend's home on a hot Central Texas summer day when a girl who just moved into the neighborhood was walking with her younger sister and came up to introduce herself; another BRAT from Oslo, Norway 1960-1964. We started dating and had to weather some issues from her family relating to an NCO's son dating a Colonel's daughter. That went on for years, but we persevered. Three years later in 1967, we were married and look forward to celebrating our 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary next year.



**Carole Coachman and Bob Kilduff  
1964 Killeen, Texas**

I have been in Texas since 1962 and the Boston accent is gone forever; however, on occasion as I'm talking, a word or two will come out of nowhere to remind me of my New England roots. My fondest memories of growing up outside of Boston are still with the friendships I developed in Germany and I am always looking for opportunities to reconnect with old friends.

**Miss Phelan, Nile C Kinnick Middle School  
Yokohama Japan, 1968-69  
By Jackie (Murphy) Luciano**

By far in my entire school career, the most influential teacher I ever had was my DoDDS art teacher, **Miss Phelan**, in 8th grade at Nile C Kinnick Middle School in Yokohama Japan, 1968-69.

Not only did she teach us about art she brought her special life's philosophy and passion to everything she did. Every class with her was an experience in joy, whether she was introducing us to an art form or a special book or poem.

Even if we weren't creatively gifted, anything we created under her guidance felt special.

She opened my eyes to the important invisible gifts of life which come from an open heart.

In addition to the grace with which she lived her life, she was young, beautiful, and stylish. A real role model for a shy and quiet 13-year-old girl like me. I have always wished I had followed her lead and become a teacher who changed minds and hearts. Knowing Miss Phelan enriched my life and made me a better person. Almost 50 years later we still exchange the occasional card so I know she is happily retired after a long and fulfilling career in education. She is simply one of the best souls I've ever met.

Attached is a photo circa 1968 of the winners of the Navy Day Art Show. Our pictures were displayed in the Yokohama Navy Exchange and then voted on by a panel of judges. I was thrilled to receive an honorable mention. I am the tall girl in the center front and Miss P (as we called her) is the beautiful blonde lady on the right.



**Thomas A. Roberts School (TAR) in Gertrauden Schule**  
**By Christopher Lehmann-Haupt, Student, January 1947-March 1948**

During my time at T.A.R. from January 1947 to March 1948, which included parts of 7th and 8th grade, I much appreciated **Sylvia Wilkinson** for getting me to concentrate a little harder on math problems, and **Miss Collins** (her first name has escaped me, as well the 1947 and 1948 yearbooks) for teaching me how to diagram English sentences.

But the most memorable teacher I came across was **Marion Hines**, who I recall was my 7th grade home-room teacher and schooled me in English and... well, something akin to social studies. I still have a photograph of my 12-year-old self, standing by her desk and studying a paper she had just returned to me, an exercise in concentration and curiosity that was far from habitual with me in those long-ago days.

I pretty much forgot about Mrs. Hines until some two decades later, when in 1969, having recently been appointed the new Senior Daily Book Reviewer of The New York Times, I was taking part in a panel discussion about books in Midtown Manhattan. After we were finished answering the post-discussion questions from the audience, a woman approached me and told me that while her name was now Mrs. R. C. Weinberg, I might remember her as my Berlin 7th-grade teacher Marion Hines. When I told her I surely did, she explained that she had been following my career over the years and felt proud of me.

She went on to explain that she and her then husband had known my father in Berlin—when he was working for the Monuments, Fine Arts and Archives Section of the Berlin Occupation Government (although such employees were not yet known as Monuments Men)—and had once asked him as a favor to take them on a shopping trip and advise them on some sort of art work to buy. He had escorted them to the studio of a sculptor he knew and both he and the Hineses had bought an elegant small bronze casting of a nude female that she had treasured ever since.

I don't recall hearing from Mrs. Weinberg again until about a decade later—I think it was 1980—when she either wrote me or telephoned me and asked if I would drop by her apartment on Washington Square the next time I happened to be in that neighborhood. Conveniently, we were shortly due to take our 10-year-old daughter to a summer-camp reunion in the Village. So, I was able to visit Mrs. Weinberg nearby.

She did not seem well, though she urged me not to be concerned. The purpose of her invitation was to present me with the bronze sculpture my father had urged her and her then-husband to acquire more than thirty years earlier. It was wrapped and ready for easy carrying.

That was the last time I saw her, as news of her death came not too long after.

The sculpture sits on our living-room mantelpiece. I think of Mrs. Hines whenever I study it, and will always remember her and her classroom.

# **Ronald Davis, Frankfurt American High School** **By Robert Newton, Class of 1967**



Robert Newton  
Class of 1967  
Frankfurt American  
High School

My most memorable teacher was **Ron Davis**, my woods teacher at Frankfurt American High School. I had his class for three and a half years. The last year I was a teacher assistant and ended up going to UW-Stout and becoming a Technology Education teacher and did that for 30 years. My Dad retired the middle of my senior year and we moved back stateside and that school did not

really know what to do with me. The counselor at FAHS told me there was no way I could go to college, proved her wrong.

In Germany I worked at a Liquor store on the base stocking shelves and cleaning. The boss asked if I wanted to go with him and the other workers to the Belgian Grand Prix. I checked with my parents as I was a sophomore, and they said yes. I had a great trip and found out they were filming for the movie *Grand Prix*.



Ronald Davis  
1966



## **FACEBOOK SHORT STORIES**

### **Marcia Seaman, Teacher** **Kaiserslautern High School** **By Tracy Keaton Drew**



Tracy Keaton Drew  
Class of 1979  
Kaiserslautern American  
High School

Memory: Climbing around an old, abandoned castle, Hohenecken. Ten minute hike to a medieval playground.



Marcia Seaman  
1979



### **Ms. Virginia Johnson** **Frankfurt American High School** **By Hal Ratcliff**

**Ms. Virginia Johnson** influenced me the most of any of my Dodds teachers ('63-'64). She reinforced in me the idea that I could be involved in music all my life, and I have been involved: in choral ensembles from Germany to Korea (on the DMZ), Hawaii to New Mexico, Georgia, Kentucky, Alabama, Germany (again) and singing in too many vocal groups (including barbershop harmony) to remember! I am now in my early seventies and I am as busy as ever, SINGING! (Better than ever, in fact.) I can't thank her enough for her skill in choral music, her affection, and her mentorship. Thank you, Ms. Johnson, for a wonderful gift!



Virginia Johnson  
1960

## FULL CIRCLE

**By Jeri (Polansky) Glass, Berlin American High School, Class of '72 ('67-'71)**



Jeri Polansky Glass  
Class of 1972  
Berlin American  
High School

As I think back over my years at Berlin American High School (BAHS) a smile and a realization comes to mind.

I arrived in Berlin the summer of '67 headed into 8<sup>th</sup> grade. I hated being uprooted from my junior high school in San Antonio but as did so many other Brats, I readily adapted and fell in love with my new school! Fast forward to my sophomore year, I ran for Class Secretary and made it. I enjoyed being involved in every aspect of school life. By my junior year I wanted more. I tried out for cheerleading, made the Varsity squad and then ran for President of my class. Having made that too I don't think I quite realized at the time that the Junior Class organizes the "Junior-Senior Prom." ***Oh my gawd, what had I gotten myself into! What a daunting task for a Brat of 16!***

**Mr. Howard Douglas** (Biology teacher) was our Class Sponsor. He had no experience (and dare I say, any interest) in organizing something of this magnitude. I can't recall what actually transpired, but someone on the school staff, in their infinite wisdom, realized a change was needed. Enter **Mrs. Polly DeYoung**, (formerly Ms. Croom—my former math teacher). All of a sudden, she and I were planning the Prom.



Polly Croom DeYoung  
1970

I absolutely loved Mrs. DeYoung as a math teacher. She was hard core but she made Algebra my favorite subject. (I went on to major in Business but statistics and economics were my passion). Sadly, as many of you will remember in 1969, Ms. Croom married **Mr.**

**Norbert DeYoung**, the dashing young blond junior high science teacher (Anyone remember IPS? Introductory to Physical Sciences. All the girls in school had a mad crush on him.) I digress, but going back to my first year in Berlin, 8<sup>th</sup> grade, let's just say I was having a little too much fun and my grades starting slipping from their stateside high. My mother knew I liked and respected Mr. DeYoung, so she requested a Parent-Teacher's Conference with him. Would he please have a talk with her daughter... she's become "boy-crazy" and her grades are slipping. He called me in "for the talk." I was mortified. I don't think I spoke to mother the balance of the school year but my grades did improve! (Okay Mom, I give you that one). I mentioned "sadly" earlier. Mr. DeYoung passed just months after their marriage. He had a brain aneurysm at 34 years of age. School administration announced his passing over the PA system. The whole school went into mourning. For most of us this was our first brush with death. It was devastating. Our 1970 yearbook was dedicated to him.



Norbert DeYoung  
1970

So it was with this new found respect for Mrs. DeYoung that we sat down in the Fall of 1970 and started planning the '71 Junior-Senior Prom. As with math, she was a stickler for the details. If I don't say so myself, the '71 Prom was a wonderful event that came off without a hitch.

NOW, about that smile at the beginning of my story. Some 40 years later I now realize what an impact Mrs. DeYoung had on my life. I went into the accounting field ultimately becoming a financial controller of a multi-state manufacturing company and presently coordinate military and Brat reunions.

Mrs. DeYoung, I think I've gone full circle with you!

Thank You!

*Postscript: Mrs. DeYoung was a faculty member in Berlin from 1968-1971, then London Central in England from 1971-2005.*



## Way Back Wednesday

By Bryan Youmans, Frankfurt American High School, Class of 1976

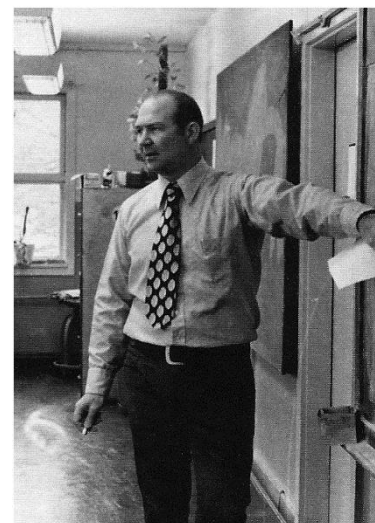


Bryan Youmans  
Class of 1976  
Frankfurt American  
High School

It was 1975 and I was in a rush to get ready for school. I threw on my pants and shirt and opened the drawer to pull out a pair of socks. There was only one pair in there, so, bleary-eyed, I took 'em out, put them on, slipped into my shoes and ran out to catch the bus for another day at Frankfurt. I had **Mr. Raymond Fontenot** for algebra. I hated algebra, but Fontenot made it fun. He looked like a former

Marine with his broad shoulders and close-cropped haircut, and some of his antics cracked me up. Fontenot had a practice of writing several problems on the blackboard and then calling students up to the board by sock colors, like, "Anybody with black socks, come to the board." As Fontenot was writing out the various problems, I heard a snicker from the kid sitting next to me. I turned and David White had the biggest grin on his face. He looked at my feet and then up to my face and whispered with a chuckle, "*You've got on PINK socks. PINK!!*", and tears were forming in his eyes. I looked down and realized to my horror that I was wearing pink socks. I suddenly had a sense of doom and foreboding. David was shaking his head and grinning that big grin and I knew his wheels were turning. Fontenot had just finished writing the last problem on the board and turned to the class to start calling out colors. David looks up at Fontenot and in a

harsh whisper says, "*Pink. Call out pink.*", and starts pointing at me. I'm trying to disappear down into my seat while David keeps gyrating his fingers in my direction. "*Pink! Call pink!*" Fontenot looks at Dave and then me and a twinkle forms in his eyes as he lifts an eyebrow and I try even harder to drill down through my seat. With an impish grin, Fontenot says, "*Everybody with...PINK socks come to the board.*" I'm dying. I pretend not to hear as blood rushes to my cheeks and creates a fire that could melt marshmallows. David was not going to let me get away with my pretend deafness. "*Hey, Bryan*", he says out loud, "*You've got on pink socks!*" At that moment, I hated David who was so enjoying my embarrassment. I got out of my seat as the class snickered and walked up to the board and took the chalk from the hand of a grinning Mr. Fontenot. As I worked on the problem with a face that looked more tomato than human, with the class giggling behind me, and their eyes burning into my back, I could hear David's guffaws. I don't remember if I solved the problem correctly, but I do know I never, *EVER*, wore pink socks again.



Raymond Fontenot  
1974

**PHOTO MEMORY:** Terence Carr graduating to first grade at WHEELER AFB, Oahu, Hawaii, 1966.





# Overseas MEMORIES

## STORIES FROM OVERSEAS EDUCATORS and ADMINISTRATORS

Submitted by Jim Lenz  
Principal:

**Johnson Elementary School, Johnson Air Base, Irumagawa, Japan, 1965-1973**  
**Yokota East Elementary School, Yokota Air Base, 1973-1981**  
**Hainerberg Elementary School, Wiesbaden, Germany, 1981-1991**

After WWII, some U.S. Navy personnel helped the **Aiji-no-Ie** orphanage started by **Mrs. Ishiwata** in Tokyo when she opened her home to children who she found wandering the streets with no place to go. The Navy group provided much needed heating oil for the orphanage. I was assigned to teach at Johnson Air Base (1960). I attended my alumni association of North Central College which met in Tokyo, and became acquainted with **Miss Fumi Miagi** (Class of 1922), and through Miss Miagi, learned that the **Aiji-no-Ie** orphanage was in great need. This was in the early 1960s.

The Johnson Elementary School faculty were made aware of the need of the orphanage for tatami mats and futons, and the faculty agreed to purchase them. After a few visits by the faculty to deliver the needed items, a relationship developed between the school staff and the children at the orphanage.

Rummage sales continue at the Joan Mendel Elementary School (formerly East Elementary School) which provides financial assistance to the orphanage.

Many faculty and their families still remember those associations, and friendships exist today. They remember Christmas and holiday parties, field trips to the zoo, to parks, to the Johnson Air Base flight line for "play days"; and when Johnson closed in 1973, the activities continued at Yokota Air Base. **Joan Mendel** was instrumental in directing activities and visits after I moved to Germany in 1981. Joan was delighted with the first adoption by a DoDDS teaching couple, and that boy attended Joan's 3<sup>rd</sup> grade class.

Attached is a recent letter from **Sumio Kanbe** of the **Aiji-no-Ie** orphanage, along with their photograph

Jan 18, 2017  
Jimmy Sensei,  
Thank you very much for your donation.  
I saw the photo and you were fine, so I felt relieved.  
We had a wonderful Christmas and a Happy New Year.  
We've had four adopted children with the school teachers in Yokota. The first adopted child graduated the university in U.S.A. last year and now teaches Math at a senior high school there.  
The seed of affection you sowed grew into a wonderful big tree after more than half a century.  
Please take care of yourself

*Sumio Kanbe*



*At Yokota J.K.Mendel Elementary School.2016*



- continued

### **Dan DeCarlo's Entertaining Memoir from 38 Years of Service in Overseas Schools Submitted by Dan DeCarlo**

Daniel A. DeCarlo, long-term DoDDS teacher and administrator, has published his memoir after 38 adventurous years of service in twelve countries with the Department of Defense Dependents Schools.

While working toward his second master's degree in North Carolina at the age of 28, Dan sought new horizons and applied with the overseas education system. A few months later, he received a telegram saying, "Congratulations, you've been selected to teach in France in the next school year!" Dan excitedly accepted the position. As his family said their goodbyes at the airport for the Paris flight, his mother's foretelling words of caution were, "Son, you'd better watch out for those French girls." In a matter of only hours after his arrival, Dan asked a lovely young Frenchwoman to have lunch; the first woman he'd met in Paris. The happy couple were married the following year.

Dan's story features the highlights of his life (so far), in a fast-paced 237 pages with a very readable-sized font. He was a kindhearted teacher raised with traditional values who found himself in the midst of some shocking events, which included kidnapping and human smuggling, as well as anecdotes of romance, drama, suspense, scandal, and humor.

Spanning a 38-year career with DoDDS and another 22 years as a post-retirement substitute teacher, Dan's story is rich with interesting experiences from both the classroom and school administration.

Retired from DoDDS and living in Honolulu since 1994, Dan recently retired from his 22 years of substitute teaching in Honolulu's public schools. Now age 86, as his next project he plans to volunteer his time teaching youngsters how to make colorful paper mache puppets.

*Dan's five-star rated autobiography, **Watch Those French Girls: Memoirs of a Very Lucky Man** was published on Amazon.com in the summer of 2016 in paperback for \$12.95 or Kindle for \$9.95. [https://www.amazon.com/Better-Watch-Those-French-Girls/dp/1523944730/ref=sr\\_1\\_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1488394973&sr=8-1&keywords=watch+out+for+those+french+girls](https://www.amazon.com/Better-Watch-Those-French-Girls/dp/1523944730/ref=sr_1_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1488394973&sr=8-1&keywords=watch+out+for+those+french+girls)*

### **Jailed in The P.I.: A Memoir by Sue Johnson As Told to Joan Sprague October 30, 2014**

*Note: In the late 70s, under martial law in The Philippines, it was not considered safe for Americans to drive in private vehicles to areas far from U.S. bases.*

I jumped at the chance to go on a basket buying trip. Lord knows I had enough of them, but just a few more would be great. Four of us from Clark threw our sleeping bags into the rental van, and with Jun our Filipino driver and buyer for an off base basket shop co-owned with a DoDDS teacher, headed out to search for basket-makers. For two days, we drove along the mountain foothills where huts were scattered alongside rice fields and vegetable plots, searching for basket-makers. Having spent the first night in a campground, we were not concerned about finding a spot after the second day, and chose a mountain side Boy Scout camp closed for the season. Just crawling into our tents, we heard a car approaching. Piercing headlights from an old sedan lit the area, and two policemen walked toward us, speaking in Tagalog. "What are you doing here?" Jun listened and spoke with them. "You can't stay here. Thieves will come into the area and we want no incidents with Americans. Come with us for a place to sleep." Should we trust them? Jun seemed to think we'd be o.k. so into the van we went, following them down the hill to a lone cement building in a swathed-out area of jungle grasses and trees.

"This jail is no longer used, but you can stay here," the officer said in Tagalog. What?! We were skeptical, but followed the officers and Jun into the large cell where four wooden bunk beds stood along the walls. That was it. Moonlight filtered through the iron grated windows as the door clanged shut. JAILED! Feeling safer on the top bunks, we climbed up and into our sleeping bags while Jun found a cot outside the cell to keep guard on us for the night.

At dawn we were out of there, on our way back to Clark Base when the van eased to a stop alongside a river. We'd splash some water on ourselves and wash our hair of the road dust and sweat of two days. Ahh! "Bathtub warm" water. Prudent thoughts be damned. Skinny dipping?? Yeah! Stripping ourselves of all restraints and inhibitions, with clothing flying through the air onto the rocky shore, we splashed into the tepid water. PRISON REPRIEVE!



AOSHS has been very busy on the social media front—sharing stories and photographs of items kept at the Archives on our Facebook sites and Twitter page, premiering a video about the Archives that was first developed in 2006 and updated for its November 2016 unveiling which can now be seen on our website and YouTube page, and fundraising efforts to get more military brats involved in AOSHS with our association to over 50 overseas brat and school alumni groups on Facebook.

One such article that was recently posted on our Facebook sites was the discovery by our longtime volunteer **Myrna Margraf** of an actual 1400s typeset piece enclosed in a glass-fronted box that was used to print the first major book using mass-produced movable metal type in Europe, the **Gutenberg Bible**. The typeset was donated to the Pirmasens American Middle School, Germany in 1991 by the German Culture Ministry in Mainz, Germany, along with a framed page from the Bible.



## AOSHS Memorial Program Information

### MEMORIAL PROGRAM

You may purchase a brick or paver in your own name, as a gift in memory of a friend or loved one, or a school. Write to the Memorial Program address or the email address below for the correct order card(s). You may include a 300-word biography and a photo along with the check when you submit your order. The selection of bricks/pavers appears below.

### MEMORIAL FUND

You may organize a fund for a deceased friend or loved one. The fund will be announced in two issues of the *Quarterly* so that others may contribute. When the fund closes in six months, you will receive an accounting and determine which item the fund will purchase. Write to the Memorial Program address or the email address below to request a Memorial Fund Form, or print the form at [www.aoshs.org/kiosk](http://www.aoshs.org/kiosk) by clicking on Memorial Program.

### DONATE

You may also donate to an already established fund by sending a check payable to the AOSHS Memorial Program at the address below. ***Please note the honoree's name on the check's memo line.***

### **AOSHS MEMORIAL PROGRAM**

**Attn: Dee Ann Edwards**

**P.O. Box 370962**

**Las Vegas, NV 89137**



**NOTE:** Effective August 1, 2009, the Individual Life Membership Program was discontinued. With the cost of operations continually on the rise, this seemed be one of the economic moves to help us stay operational. Once we become life members, many of us forget that donations are still needed to help

For those of you who have an annual membership, please renew on time or pay ahead of your due date so that your Quarterly newsletter is not discontinued. Just indicate of the form that you are paying before your expiration date.

Dues may be paid by check, money order, or credit card. **PLEASE USE THIS FORM AS WELL TO UPDATE ALL OF YOUR CONTACT INFORMATION.** It is important to keep us informed about address changes as the newsletter is not usually forwarded.

## Non-Profit Membership Program

**704 W. Douglas Ave., Wichita, KS 67203-6104**

*This address is for tax-exempt MEMBERSHIP DUES, ILMP, and DONATIONS ONLY*

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\$25 for 1 year dues and 4 issues of the newsletter \$\_\_\_\_\_

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I have included AOSHS in my Estate Planning ☐

# THANK YOU!



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<b>HAWAII</b>	Linda Connelly	llcmkc@yahoo.com

## FOUNDER EMERITUS

Thomas T. Drysdale, May 4, 1921 - February 28, 2013

## The AMERICAN OVERSEAS SCHOOLS HISTORICAL SOCIETY (AOSHS)

**AOSHS** is a Kansas non-profit organization that collects, records, preserves, exhibits, and provides research opportunity about historical memorabilia of the American overseas schools. Members promote global knowledge and understanding of this unique endeavor, thus adding a significant chapter to the history of American education.

**This AOSHS Quarterly** is published four times a year by the Society to enhance public understanding of the human effort, service, reward, and sacrifice in educating our American children and youth abroad.

**AOSHS MEMBERSHIP** is \$25.00 annually and includes four issues of the newsletter. Two years for \$45.00. To join, send dues to AOSHS, 704 West Douglas Avenue, Wichita, KS 67203-6104. A membership application form is provided elsewhere in this newsletter for your convenience.

**DONATIONS** to help preserve the American Overseas Schools Archives (AOSA) for posterity and historical research are appreciated and are tax deductible as allowed by the IRS. Donations may be sent to the above address.

**READERS** are ENCOURAGED TO SUBMIT short, factual ARTICLES of human interest regarding their experiences overseas. Articles printed may or may not reflect the opinions of AOSHS. Please submit articles preferably by e-mail to [overseasschools@aoshs.org](mailto:overseasschools@aoshs.org), or by snail mail to: AOSHS, 704 West Douglas Avenue, Wichita, KS 67203-6104.

### The AOSHS Policy

The Directors realize that to obtain all AOSHS objectives:

- 1) the strong support of the membership is absolutely essential and must be recognized;
- 2) that although the Society greatly appreciates and recognizes all donations and gifts, it will neither recommend nor encourage its members to obtain the services or products of any company; and,
- 3) the Society will not discriminate on the basis of lifestyle, race, sex, religion, or political affiliation.

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