

AOSHS TAX INFORMATION

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COMMITTED
TO THE PAST,
PLANNING
TOWARD THE
FUTURE

aoshs Quarterly

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

Winter 2019

www.aoshs.org
316.265.6837



A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

DR. GAYLE VAUGHN-WILES

This season of my life has been very interesting and needless to say quite challenging. For starters my Maine man, **Dean Wiles**, continues to struggle with his mental decline. He is still mobile, but the state of his confusion has increased. It is a mental roller coaster being a caregiver for the person you love especially when he has Alzheimer's.

On the positive side, my experiences and interactions with the AOSHS Board have been professionally and emotionally rewarding. My involvement has helped me maintain a balance. I have been excited and truly pleased to have the opportunity to work with a highly professional Board of Directors. I am in the last year of my presidency. I have served

for six years and I will pass the gavel to **Linda Connelly** in July in Omaha. Time flies when you are having fun. As I reflect upon our current organizational status it is amazing to see the progress we have made. The museum is coming to fruition: painting has been done; carpet installed; and decisions are being finalized for furniture, display cases, bookshelves, and modular components. We have conducted discussions on the digital room and the equipment to be placed in that room. In the future we plan to have a virtual museum.

This process reminds me of the school level renovation projects. **Monica Tiller**, Operations Manager, **Kevin Frutiger**, Contracted Digitization and Webmaster, and **Adam Grossman**, Contracted Archivist, have worked to keep the office open throughout the entire renovation project. **Ron Harrison** provided the local oversight for museum project and met frequently

with the engineers and building contractors.

This volunteer board is doing a fantastic job working together! We do not always see eye to eye on issues, but we work cohesively to accomplish our mission and goals. To get an idea of the board's accomplishments you must read every article in this newsletter. Not only will you get the current scoop on the museum, to include the archive collection displays, grand opening, and digital studio, but you will also get the latest on our website. Have you seen the website? OMG Goodness! Please take time to take a look! You will find in this edition of the newsletter "Blasts from the Past" with articles on the Philippines. We feature our Memorial Program in every issue, but we also have a new section for highlighting volunteer staff.

Continued On Page 2

Did you know we have 933 members? Several interesting discussions have been initiated about how we should address membership issues. The database has been cleaned up and new folks are joining. I have always thought members should make a donation on their

birthday that would be equal to their age. Our new membership chair, **Joel Hanson**, will have his hands full as he pursues related issues and concerns.

In closing I must tell you, we are scanning elementary, middle

school, and high school yearbooks. Have we scanned the yearbooks from any of your DoDDS schools?

My last words: ***Save the Date*** —
***September 24, 2020, AOSHS
MUSEUM GRAND OPENING!***



MYRNA C. MARGRAF, Archive Volunteer

By Nancy Bresell

When Myrna retired from teaching overseas with DoDDS in 2001, she returned to her home in Wichita and began looking for things to do where she could make a difference. She found AOSHS and has been working at the office in Wichita as a volunteer every Tuesday morning ever since.

Myrna gave DoDDS 24 years of her life, teaching first grade most of the time. She began her career at Remy Air Base in Puerto Rico and moved from there to bases in Japan, all of which have closed. This was followed by eight years in Nürnberg, which has also closed. At that point she left DoDDS for five years, to live the good life back in Wichita. She returned to DoDDS to teach in Bad Hersfeld and Strullendorf ES, then went to Bamberg around 1987, when her daughter was in the 7th grade.

Myrna volunteers for AOSHS partly to fulfill her need to get out of the house! But when she was looking for things to do, AOSHS needed help and she enjoyed the work. She likes to see the memorabilia and loves to see mementos such as Hummel figurines.

Quilting is her favorite thing to do. Each year she picks one to bring to the reunion for AOSHS to use in the

Raffle. Each one is a work of art and beautiful to behold. It takes quite a while to make a quilt, and she makes a lot of them. She donates some and sells some. She loves going to the DoDDS Reunions each year, seeing old friends and making new ones, and helps out at the Reunion if needed.

Myrna also volunteers at the recycling center, at her church, and at the Cowtown Museum, an old-fashioned town with many original buildings from around 1876. She even wears a costume reminiscent of the time – a long skirt and blouse. When she is at home, she bakes bread and likes to try recipes from various cookbooks.

Monique, Myrna's daughter, lives in Wichita. Monique is a DoDDS Brat, having attended our schools for most of her life, starting with the 5th grade.

AOSHS is deeply grateful for Myrna's interest in the archives and her willingness to step in and help.



YEARBOOKS, PUBLICATIONS, ARTIFACTS & MEMORABILIA

DOUG KELSEY, Assistant Treasurer

AOSHS continues its initiative to create a digital archive to enable all to view it anywhere in the world. This initiative requires many resources to include funds to digitize the large collection and, for those that have served and/or attended military-related and DoD-related schools, to donate/loan their artifacts, memorabilia, publications and yearbooks to the AOSHS archives.

PROGRESS TO DATE

Almost 2000 yearbooks have been scanned and placed online. Work continues to scan the remaining 1000 yearbooks in the AOSHS archives. Beginning in 2020 AOSHS will begin the digital photography of all 40,000+ artifacts and memorabilia in our archives. As the project moves forward, these digital photographs will be placed online.

IMPORTANT NEEDS FROM YOU

It is important for former students, teachers and administrators to donate or loan their items to

AOSHS. Although the AOSHS collection is methodically growing, there are many significant gaps in the archives. For example, AOSHS has 3000 yearbooks in its archives and will have access to another 1300 yearbooks in high schools that are still open. With these 4300 yearbooks, we are still missing over 1500 yearbooks from high schools that have closed over the past 70 years. It is very critical that items from the late 40's, the 50's and the 60's are provided soon, as the window of opportunity for obtaining these items is quickly closing. If you have already provided your items, you may assist AOSHS by contacting friends, colleagues and acquaintances that may have others.

HOW TO DONATE OR LOAN ITEMS

If you would like to donate your items, please send them to the AOSHS archives. If you would like to loan your items, please send them to the AOSHS archives with a note stating you would like them returned and include your return address. The entire process will

take approximately 3-4 weeks. The address is:

AOSHS
704 W. Douglas Ave.
Wichita, KS 67203

We request that you provide minimal information on your items so that the archivist will know what it is and how to categorize it for posterity. If you need financial assistance with sending your items, there may be donors willing to assist you. Please see the contact information below.

DONATION OF FUNDS

This initiative requires significant resources to complete. AOSHS gratefully accepts donations to assist with making its resources available throughout the world. Please access the AOSHS website at **www.aoshs.org** to make your donation.

CONTACT INFORMATION

If you have questions or concerns, please contact **Doug Kelsey** by email at **dkelsey@hotmail.com** or by text at **404-664-9128**.

CPAneeded

AOSHS is looking for a Certified Public Accountant to perform an external audit for our organization. If you are able to assist us in this matter, please contact our treasurer, *Ron Harrison*, at **pelleting@aol.com**. Thank You!

AOSHS Museum... Preserving Our Legacy

LINDA CONNELLY, Vice President

Work has been underway on the new **AOSHS Museum** at our headquarters in Wichita, Kansas. Carpeting, painting, lighting...everything that goes into renovating a physical space has been on-going for some months and the end is now in sight.

Your AOSHS Board of Directors takes very seriously the work of preserving the history of our overseas schools and guaranteeing that our legacy will be displayed in a positive way. We are working to ensure that the museum reflects the many aspects of education in DoDDS schools and of life overseas. To give you a glimpse of what we are working to convey, a few of the areas that will be highlighted include: academics, facilities, athletics, drama, art, and music. Of course,

Host Nation influences will also figure into our displays. This list includes a few of the areas of focus and they are just the tip of the iceberg.

It is our desire to highlight the global aspect of our school system and to have all areas represented. This said, it would be impossible to display items from all schools at any given time. Displays will be rotated, although no rotation schedule has been established at this time. Custom furniture is being ordered to display a variety of artifacts and print materials. We are confident that visitors to the AOSHS Museum will be pleased!

The projected opening for the AOSHS Museum is **24 September 2020**.



BOB GERMAINE, Fiscal Advisor

AOSHS has mentioned the **Digital Studio** development in our Wichita archival office many times. How did this evolve? Here's the story...

We consulted with **Fred Stipe**, the head of the **Digital Production Center at University of North Carolina (Chapel Hill) Library & Information Technology**. We spent a day with him viewing his facility and shared our needs for establishing a digital studio for our artifacts and memorabilia on our newly developed website. This would make our treasures available to the entire world for viewing pleasure. Mr. Stipe provided us with a list of recommended equipment for our caliber of work. His department has much more sophisticated machinery that is not

needed for us... We shared with him the multiple media that would be needed.

We presently have awards, class rings, diaries of school events, dissertations, school journals, artwork, publications, pennants, photos, school records, trophies, yearbooks, videos and much more. The digital equipment for production is varied: document and photo scanners, camera with 'bells and whistles' and different kinds of lighting to name a few. We have purchased some and will continue to acquire what is needed for portraying these items on the website. This is a slow process and one that will take time to perform properly. There is experimentation

to see how best to illustrate these many types of items.

Our studio is being set up in the 708 section of our building on W. Douglas Avenue. This side has been connected to the original archival area in 704 which is next door for ease of movement back and forth. Both areas (704 and 708) are part of the renovation that AOSHS has been undertaking, and the studio will be one of the 'gems' when it is completed.

More will be shared when the studio is completed. We will announce the first wave of digital artifacts/memorabilia on the website soon. We hope you look forward to this and enjoy it from anywhere.

See photo of the Digital Studio on the next page.

Expansion & Remodeling UPDATE

MONICA TILLER, Operations Manager

We are ending our 30th Anniversary Year on such a high note! Not only did we unveil our brand-new website in July, but our office and archive has spent the past nine months amidst demolition and renovation to prepare our new office, museum, and archive space. Beginning with our *AOSHS Quarterly* Summer 2019 issue and continuing with our Fall 2019 issue, we shared photos of moving our office and front archival furnishings to our property next door in #708, and then the early stages of the demolition and remodeling in #704 as we connected 704 to 708 with a new entryway between the two near the rear of 704. Here are the latest photos of our new space as we proceed forward in 2020 with our furnishings, exhibit area, and façade.

#704 Side:
The new
reception area,
not yet furnished.



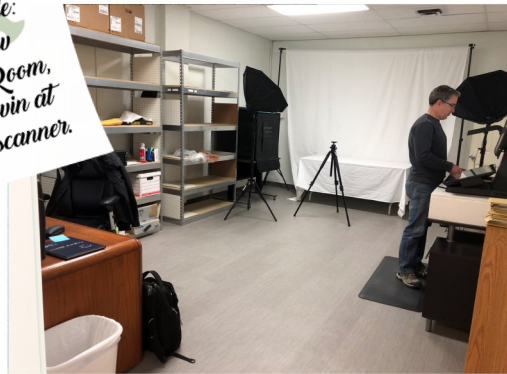
#704 Side:
The
Exhibit
Room



#708 Side:
The new
Archive Area-
to the right & left
of the front door.



#708 Side:
The new
Digital Room,
with Kevin at
the book scanner.



#708 Side:
The new yearbook
library at the rear
of the building.



AOSHS WEBSITE UPDATE

KELLEY GERMAINE, Tech Liaison

The AOSHS website is up and running. Although you may think it is static, it is not. We are continuing to update and improve. We have refined the Memorial Program portion of the site. AOSHS is dedicated to preserving history for American overseas schools and their inhabitants.

- This section now features the Memorial Funds procedure and how you can establish a Fund for an individual, individuals and/or group(s) that had an impact on our overseas school history. It also mentions that more information is given under the “Commemorative Tiles” sub-page.
- Information about the Commemorative Tiles is now a separate area under the Memorial Program section. The Tiles are currently available for purchase via a Memorial Fund or by any individual or group. They are located in the AOSHS archival office as an in-person remembrance. The ones that are still available are listed but will no longer be available

once the space in the office is maximized. At that time, AOSHS will establish an online Memorial Program that will keep legacies alive in our virtual world.

- We have transferred to the new site the “Original Kiosk” from the earlier AOSHS website. It still offers finding an individual(s) and group(s) simply by searching the name. If this name is mentioned in multiple ‘grey bricks’, then those will be shown for selection. This original kiosk is no longer an option.

The Memorial Program can be complex to those that are not familiar with it. We encourage everyone to contact AOSHS for additional information and details in any of these areas. Please email **office@aoshs.org** and put in the “subject” section of the message what specific aspect of the Program you need more data.

We look forward to hearing from you and hope you enjoy looking at **www.aoshs.org**!



JOEL HANSEN, Membership

On a recent trip to New York City, the number of different languages I heard spoken while walking around Times Square one evening intrigued me. Some I could recognize but most I could not. It gave me time to think about how big our world is and that our way of life is only one of many in the world. It makes me thankful for where I live (and lived) but also, I make a concerted effort to be more aware and conscious of other nations and cultures.

Being a part of DoDDS living in Italy for many years brought a great appreciation of Italian culture, food and people - what a beautiful country! Working at both Sigonella and Aviano, I learned to appreciate the peculiar complexities of both the southern and the northern ends of “the boot”. There was a lot to experience and a lot to take with me after leaving to return stateside. From the Sicily coastlines to the edge

of the Alps at Aviano, I find myself reminiscing frequently about the folks I worked with and those I met while living there. In future issues of the “Q”, I’ll tell some interesting stories – so stand by!

AOSHS strives to bring some of the memories and experiences alive that many of us had while living overseas. Each of us is able to reap the rewards of the efforts of individuals who had the dream and vision to make those memories available. A membership of \$25.00 for one year or \$45.00 for two with AOSHS will help provide the support necessary to make these things (and more) come to life again for us. Please consider joining and go to **www.aoshs.org** to find out more about how you can search for items of your past and join this noble cause. Remember the challenge... “*EACH ONE, REACH ONE*” and contact others to join as well.

RECOGNIZING THOSE WHO TO AOSHS

NANCY BRESELL, Secretary

AOSHS wishes to recognize this quarter's donors who support the Archives and our Operating Fund. While membership fees are definitely the backbone of our funding, member donations are vital to carrying out and expanding the work of the Society.

The annual recognition program runs from the beginning of the current DoDDS Reunion (Reunion XXXI – July 17, 2019) to the beginning of the DoDDS Reunion the following year (Reunion XXXII – July 15, 2020). Donors within the Support Levels will have their names published in the 'Q' the quarter that their donation was received, or if missed, the following newsletter. **All donors for the year will be recognized for a final time in our Fall issues**, and to all of you who found it in your hearts and pocketbooks to support the AOSHS mission, *we thank you*.

DONOR SUPPORT LEVELS

Supporters

Those who donate from \$25.00 to \$99.00

Friends

Those who donate from \$100.00 to \$249.00

Pacesetters

Those who donate from \$250.00 to \$499.00

Sponsors

Those who donate from \$500.00 to \$999.00

Patrons

Those who donate from \$1,000.00 to \$1,999.00

Benefactors

Those who donate \$2,000.00 or more

SUPPORTERS

Roy Clason Jr.	Karen Pearce
Ruth Dengrove	Joseph Peha
Charles Hendryx	Jerry Penningroth
Linda Long	Jim Sains
Isis Martinez	Karolyn Tomasic
Bernard & Gertrude O'Neill	

FRIENDS

Daniel Coberly	Paula Meimaris &
Gerald Manley	The William Penn
Judith McDonald	Foundation Matching
	Gifts Program
	Jim Onoprienko

SPONSOR

Les Burch



Visit DoDEA's videos about AOSHS from their Communications Department on YouTube, as well as our website at www.aoshs.org.



2019 DoDEA-AOSHS Partnership

https://youtu.be/cSnXu4_FFAs



2019 AOSHS Yearbook Initiative

<https://youtu.be/BS0G6IGPSZo>



2019 AOSHS What's in your box?

<https://youtu.be/xH0BIk4qtDQ>

ESTATE PLANNING

THE GREY DIVORCE EPIDEMIC

Don't Let It Infect Your Estate Plan

Excerpted by Kay Galloway from "Your Estate Matters", by Attorney Daniel DeBrucykere, a member of the American Academy of Estate Planning Attorneys.

Since 1990, the divorce rate among couples aged 50 and older has more than doubled. With so-called "grey divorce" on the rise, more and more people find themselves facing difficult financial, legal, and estate planning issues.

One example is remarriage. If you and your new spouse have commingled income and assets, these funds may be at risk, especially if your finances are entangled with your former spouse. That's why many remarried couples set up joint accounts to pay for expenses like mortgages, utilities and groceries, and use individual accounts to pay other bills. Plus, creditors are not always bound by divorce settlements, which, by default, means you could be responsible for some or all of an old debt.

On the other hand, if your former spouse gets remarried, assets can

become commingled and your children may no longer be in line to inherit those assets upon the death of your ex-spouse. If you predecease your new spouse and you own assets jointly, you may unintentionally disinherit your children from a prior marriage because your new spouse will have final say over who inherits what were your joint-owned assets. Setting up a trust can help protect your assets for your children.

Keep in mind that in a second marriage, inherent tension may exist between the new spouse and remainder beneficiaries. The new spouse naturally wants to use and benefit from the funds in the trust, while remainder beneficiaries naturally want the total value of the trust to be as high as possible.

One way to deal with that situation is to create a Total Return Unitrust that pays a set percentage of the

trust to the surviving spouse each year. Then the surviving spouse has a vested interest in maximizing the total value of the trust, which means their goals are aligned with those of remainder beneficiaries. The key is to set the percentage at a level that balances the income needs of the surviving spouse with the goal of maximizing the total value of the trust.

Divorce and remarriage require planning for a number of new potential issues, such as incapacity, remarriage protection, blended families, protecting assets, and ensuring your wishes are carried out.

Issues brought about by divorce at any age often result in the need for a thorough review of your current estate plan. Plan to speak with an estate planning attorney to take into account your current situation – and your intentions for the future.

AOSHS Memorial Program

JACKIE KELLY, Memorial Program

I spent three days in September attending the American Overseas Schools Historical Society (AOSHS) board meeting in Wichita, Kansas. The all-volunteer board works hard to preserve the many memories and history of the schools where we taught overseas and for some of us, where our children went to school. In the past few years, many of our beloved schools have closed and the memories have been sent to AOSHS to be archived in tandem with digitizing yearbooks and school class

photos. All these memories will be easily accessible online as we process them on our website at www.aoshs.org.

All this comes with a sizable price tag to sustain the ongoing projects including basic heat, electricity, security services, and personnel and contractors' salaries. I would like to thank all the teachers and

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administrators who have stepped forward and continue to contribute to AOSHS and I ask those new to the AOSHS society, present and former teachers, associates, administrators, “Brats” and friends to consider a donation or full membership in the organization.

For the past years AOSHS’ Memorial Program accepted donations for memorial tiles that are prominently displayed on the walls in the Wichita office. Beginning soon, since we have a limited amount of space, we will also be accepting donations for a **Virtual Memorial Program** on our website (www.aoshs.org).. The

physical **Commemorative Tile Program** will end **July 2020** and be replaced by the Virtual Memorial Program.

These are the remaining tiles available for individual personal purchase or as a memorial:

18 – 4”x8” Red Quarry - \$100

16 – 8”x8” Beige Quarry - \$250

12 – 8”x8” Granite - \$500

1 – 18”x18” Granite - \$2,500

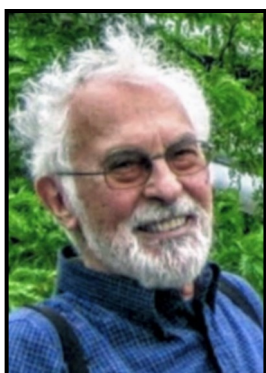
All monies donated for the Memorials will be placed in the General Fund to sustain our on-going mission to “Preserve Our Legacy.”

FIRST ANNOUNCEMENTS

DON DEVONA

1929 - November 18, 2018

By Joan Catherine Maas (abridged)



Don Devona was born in 1929 and lived with his parents, Chris and Mildred, in the Italian neighborhood of Chicago, where every boy carried a

harmonica in his back pocket. When he was ten, his father died and he moved with his mother and brother Chris to his grandfather’s house where he was raised in a large, extended family a few blocks from Wrigley Field, home of his beloved Cubs. Lifetime fan!

Don knew his neighborhood well. He played ball in the streets and delivered meat by bike for the kosher butcher. He went to Chicago

Lane Tech HS, enrollment 5500 boys; Augustana College in Rock Island, IL; then taught in Chicago till he was drafted in 1950 and served proudly in the newly desegregated Armed Forces, US Army Signal Corps. His military experience taught him a great deal and made him a strong believer in mandatory National Service for all, either military or otherwise. No deferments!

After military service, Don taught again in Chicago, then shipped out to Japan where he taught several years in Kokura and Yokosuka, traveled throughout Asia, practiced martial arts, and skied on Mount Fuji. He then transferred to Germany where he taught history and coached football, basketball, and track at Augsburg American HS. Don loved the American

overseas school communities and felt blessed to work in a system where diversity was the norm and students of different backgrounds, races, ranks, nationalities, color, and creeds lived, worked, and played together in harmony.

From Augsburg, Don moved to Orleans, France, and then to Karlsruhe, Germany, HQ of DoDDS/USDESEA overseas schools, where he directed athletic programs and tournaments for American schools in fourteen countries and spent many weekends officiating high school and Army military football.

Along the way, he earned a Master’s at Northwestern University, a Doctorate at University of Southern California,

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and also met and married me (Joan), a very fortuitous partnership for both of us. In Karlsruhe, we often headed across the border to favorite French restaurants in Alsace. The Schwarzwald (Black Forest) in Germany and the Vosges Mountains in France were also right at our doorstep, great destinations for biking, hiking, cross-country skiing, wine-tasting, and great cuisine.

Moving right along, Don spent several years as Curriculum Coordinator, developing programs and leading workshops at schools throughout Europe, then served as Superintendent of Schools in Germany and the Mediterranean while I taught at high schools in Stuttgart, Germany, and Vicenza, Italy. While in Italy, we studied Italian at the University of Perugia; explored countless historical and architectural wonders; took weekend courses on-site in Florence and Venice; attended opera in Milano, Verona, and Venice; skied and hiked hut to hut in the Alps; stayed in ancient monasteries and convents; visited Don's

grandfather's village in the mountains of Sicily; climbed to the top of Stromboli to watch volcanic eruptions at night; and tasted fantastic wine and regional specialties. During all this time, Don was an avid runner and coached me on my technique as we cranked out miles in the German woods, along the Rhein and Neckar, and in the grand parks of Paris, Berlin, London, and Rome. We also headed for the slopes at every opportunity, meeting friends from all over Europe for hiking and skiing at our favorite places in the Swiss Alps and Italian Dolomites. Don always caught the first lift every morning and took the last run down in the afternoon, and I did my best to keep up.

Through the years, Don's special passion was theater. He started acting as a teen in Chicago Luther League productions and went on to perform in over 70 plays and musicals in Japan, France, Germany, and Italy. Back in the US, he joined the local theater scene and performed in over 30 productions at eight different theaters, including

"On Golden Pond", "Tuesdays with Morrie", "Give 'Em Hell, Harry", and "Miracle on 34th Street". He also sang in a men's chorus, played banjo for fun and relaxation, and always carried a harmonica in his backpack. He'd take it out when we were in quiet places—the woods, a deserted beach, a mountain trail—and play something beautiful and melancholy, bending and wailing it into the wind.

Don's harmonica lies quiet now, but I still hear it... and always will. He's absent but present, not here but here, passing back and forth invisibly through a time warp, the Irish "féth fíada," an expression of God's love, accompanied by other-worldly music on the silent harmonica. "Love never Fails", *1 Cor 13:8*.

Thank you to all our wonderful family members, our new and lifelong friends, students, colleagues, teachers, neighbors, and people of good will who crossed Don's path over the years and enriched his life and mine beyond measure. God Bless You All!

Sponsored by Glynn Turquand

AMBROSE "FRED" DRATH May 23, 1936 - August 6, 2018

Ambrose Fredrick Drath (Fred) passed away on August 6, 2018 in Venice Florida. Fred was born on May 23, 1936 in Bay City, Michigan. He was



the son of the late Walter and Marie (Tondy) Drath.

Fred was a graduate of Central Michigan University, class of 1959. In 1962 Fred joined the Department of Defense Dependent Schools (DoDDS) and went to teach in Seoul, Korea. In 1964 he moved to a new assignment in Tokyo, when happenstance placed him next to the

great love of his life, Ginny, who was travelling to the same assigned duty. A year later they returned to Hinsdale, IL to wed at the Union Church. They returned overseas and remained with the program, traveling the world and impacting the lives of hundreds of students with their dedication to education.

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They retired together to Venice, FL in 1994 where they indulged their passion for sports of all types, especially following and supporting the Venice High School teams. Fred also had a passion for golf, playing weekly with a group of friends. He also enjoyed painting, and photography.

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He was preceded in death by his wife of 50 years Virginia Durman Drath (Ginny) and his brother, Albert Drath. Fred is survived by his son, Andrew Drath of Las Vegas, NV; his grandson, Akeem Jallow of Wiesbaden, Germany; his sister, Louise Motta and her

husband Ron of Worcester, MA; his sister-in-law Dolores Drath of Warren, MI; and a sister-in-law Carol Oliver and her husband Phil of Punta Gorda, FL along with many nieces and nephews and grand-nieces and nephews.

VERNON ARTHUR KOHOUT, Sr. May 23, 1936 - August 6, 2018



Heaven picked up a new starting left hander for their rotation. **Dr. Vernon Arthur Kohout** joined his beloved wife Georgia on

November 23, 2018 as he passed peacefully in his sleep. Vern was born August 13, 1927 in Tacoma, Washington. One of three boys born to William and Rachel Kohout, Vern spent his formative years in Tacoma. He graduated from Lincoln High School in 1945 where he was captain of the Lincoln Abe's baseball team and a top-rated prospect on the West Coast. Vern was scouted by the Boston Red Sox and Brooklyn Dodgers among others and after a short stint in the Navy signed on with the San Francisco Seals of the Pacific Coast League in 1947. He went on to pitch for the Salt Lake City Bees, the Visalia Cubs, the Bremerton Blue Jackets, the Spokane Indians and the La Mesa Lobos. He retired from baseball in 1950 and walked off the mound and into the classroom at the College of Puget Sound where he

met his future wife, Georgia, in a home economics class. They were married in 1951. After earning his Ph.D. in Education from the University of Wisconsin in 1963, Vern got a call that would change his life forever. He soon joined the Department of Defense school system and spent the next 27 years abroad in a number of senior administrative roles, including Superintendent of Schools, for 000 school districts in the European, Middle East, Africa, Atlantic and Pacific theaters. Vern loved life. Always optimistic, always with a smile, always quick on the reply. He and Georgia were students for life and imbued their children with a sense of adventure as they traveled across Europe (in a VW van!) from duty station to duty station. Vern appreciated the culture and people of each country they visited; he was as comfortable pitching a tent and camping with the family in Spain one day as he was taking a tour of the Uffizi in Florence, Italy the next. He and Georgia were active, vibrant members of their expatriate communities, great ambassadors for our country and made lifelong friends wherever they were stationed. Fittingly, baseball entered

his life again while stationed overseas in Athens, Greece when he coached the "Mets" to the Athens Little League title in 1974. Ten thousand miles from where he started his baseball career, there was Vern teaching a group of kids how to field, hit and throw. He loved baseball. For Vern, standing still was like giving up. There was always another approach to be considered, another subject or language to learn and another new technology to try. He had a keen mind. Whether it was researching his ancestry through documents and interviews to accurately cataloguing the history of the artifacts from their journeys abroad, Vern kept his corners squared and was all about the details. Vern and Georgia retired in 1990 and settled in Bonney Lake and then Sumner. Their home became the gathering point for our family and his love kept us coming back as often as we could. His baseball career came full circle in 2007 when he was inducted into the Tacoma-Pierce County Sports Hall of Fame. As with all his accomplishments, he was gracious and humble about his crowning

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achievement in baseball more than a half century after he put down the glove and bat. We're grateful others saw in him what we did every day—a winner. Vern is survived by his

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three children, Lois, Vern and Fred, his daughters-in-law Lisa and Kathy, his five grandchildren (Lindsey, Ryan, Sarah, William and Karsten), his niece Penny McNulty

and his sister-in-law Laura Tippie. He was preceded in death by his parents William and Rachel, his brothers Donald and Robert and his wife, Georgia.

KAY ELAINE NISSEN
October 5, 1946 - June 4, 2019

Kay Elaine Nissen, passed away on June 4, 2019 in Sarasota, FL. She was born October 5, 1946 to Dr. Wallace E Nissen and Eleanor J.



Nissen in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Over the years, she lived in

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Denver, CO; Puerto Rico; Okinawa, Japan and Burke, VA. Kay and her husband retired to Bradenton, FL in 2002.

Kay earned her BA degree from the University of Colorado/Boulder and her MA from Michigan State University. She taught mathematics in Denver and Puerto Rico before joining the Department of Defense School (DoDDS) in Okinawa where she served as a teacher of

mathematics and later as the Math Coordinator. In 1993, Kay moved to DoDDS headquarters in Arlington, VA where she again served as a Math Coordinator.

Kay is survived by her husband, John B. Shaver of Bradenton; sisters, Jane Campbell and Nancy Bennett; and a brother, Wallace Nissen and his wife Mary Nissen. Kay had three nieces and nephews.

RITA HELEN ROZNOWSKI WELLS
November 21, 1938 - December 17, 2018

Rita Helen Roznowski Wells, 80, passed away on December 17th, 2018 at Banner Thunderbird Hospital at 10:50 pm. She was the widow of Donald G. Wells. They shared 5 years of marriage together.



Born in Bay City, Michigan, she

Sponsored by Roxanne Ferry

was the daughter of Edwin and Cecilia Roznowski. She graduated from St. Stanislaus High School in Bay City, Michigan. She received a Bachelor's Degree from Madonna College in Livonia, Michigan and a Master's Degree from the University of Detroit in Detroit, Michigan. She was a member of Blessed Sacrament Church in Scottsdale, Arizona. Rita was also a member of the American Overseas Schools Historical Society (AOSHS).

Her hobbies included crocheting, knitting, games, symphony, opera and ballet. She loved to entertain and was an excellent cook. She taught in the DoDDS program in Japan, England, Germany, Spain and Turkey. She loved to travel and did so all over the world.

Rita is survived by her brother Thaddeus (Barbara) Roznowski and many nieces and nephews. She was predeceased by her brother Paul Roznowski in 2016.

SECOND ANNOUNCEMENTS

Linda Sekiguchi has had one announcement in the Fall 2019 *AOSHS Quarterly*. This is her second announcement. The fund was opened by Linda Nary. Currently the account has a total of \$60.00.



Philippines

THE PEARL OF THE ORIENT SEAS

REBECCA DUNN, Historian

THE PHILIPPINES, HOME OF THE FIRST AMERICAN TROOPS IN THE PACIFIC

There has been an American military presence in the Philippines since 1898 after Admiral Dewey's defeat of the Spanish fleet. The Philippines were governed by the US until 1935 when the Commonwealth of the Philippines was formed. Complete independence was granted to the Philippines in 1948 after the end of World War II. Fort Stotsenberg, which was the site of Clark Air Base, was the home of the US Cavalry in 1902. At the end of World War II, the cavalry was disbanded, and the base was renamed Clark Air Base.

The schools in the Philippines may have the distinction of being the only military-operated schools in the Pacific prior to World War II. As early as 1918, Mrs. Antonia Luciano Torrez attended the six-room Leonard Wood School at Ft. Stotsenberg. According to Mrs. Torrez, grades 1-7 served children of American military personnel, Philippine scouts, and Filipino civilian employees. In 1930, Mrs. Torrez became a teacher at the Dean Worcester School located near the Filipino civilian housing area at Clark Air Base. This school remained open until December 8, 1941, when waves of Japanese planes bombed and strafed Clark Field.

On July 7, 1947, the Clark Dependents School opened for children in grades 1-12 whose parents were US Army personnel and War Department civilians. The

principal of the school was an enlisted man who possessed a master's degree and had experience teaching in the Air Force and civilian schools. He received \$50 extra a month for his duties as principal. (Information obtained and/or reprinted from DoDDS-Pacific Region 1946-1986, a book in the AOSHS archives).

The schools in the Philippines were affected by several world events including the Vietnam War and the arrival of POWs after the signing of the peace treaty in Paris in 1973. Students from Wagner High School volunteered as assistants for the POWs. Some students were hired by the press corps as "stringers" and a few students received official press cards to cover the return of the POWs. Students were also involved in the evacuation of American and Vietnamese refugees as part of "Operation Baby Lift". The eruption of Mt. Pinatubo in 1991 marked the closure of the American schools.

Below is the information AOSHS has regarding the opening and closing of schools in the Philippines. As you can see, some schools have several name changes and our information appears to be complete except for the opening year of The American Post School, Fort Mills, Corregidor.

PHILIPPINES

Clark AFB Schools, Angeles City

Clark Field Dependent School	1947	1954
Grissom ES (previously Hill School)	1972	1991
Hill School	1967	1972
Lily Hill MS	1972	1991
MacArthur ES	1974	1991
Wagner JHS then MS	1967	1991
Wagner HS (formerly Wurtsmith Memorial	1955-57)	
	1962	1991
(Wurtsmith HS 1957-62, Initially Clark Dep. School in 1947-1962)		
Wurtsmith Memorial School	1955	1957
Wurtsmith Annex I Hospital School,		
Grades 4-6	1964	1991
Wurtsmith Annex II	1965	1966

Wood, Leonard School, Ft. Stottenberg (became Clark AB)	1918	1930
(Founded on Ft. Stottenberg, renamed Worcester when Stottenberg became part of Clark AB)		
Worcester, Dean School	1925	1941
Subic Bay NS Schools, Olongapo City	1945	1955
Binictican ES	1959	1992
Dewey, George S. HS (formerly Subic Bay NS School)	1955	1992
Sangley Point, Cavite City		
Jones, John Paul ES/HS (Originally Sangley ES)	1948	1971
Kalayaan ES	1960	1992
JUSMAAG School, Manila	1967	1972

Continued On Page 14



PHILIPPINES

Perry, Oliver H. ES, San Miguel	1958	1991
The American Post School, Fort Mills, Corregidor	?	1941

Hopefully, you will enjoy these memories from individuals who lived and worked in the Philippines.

LIVING IN THE PHILIPPINES

By Susan Keehr

My adventure began about 49 years ago when I sent off a form showing interest in teaching overseas. This was on a whim with the advice of a fellow teacher, and I was only interested in going to Western Europe. Eventually, in 1970, I found myself on a 19 hour ride to the Philippines. A long way from my home in Florida. My first month took a bit of adjustment. I found a housemate, and a house off base. Got a yard boy and a house girl who did all our cooking, laundry, etc. We had homemade lumpia at least once a week. Water buffalo grazed

outside our windows, often with young boys riding them. We had to go on base to get drinking water and fill jugs like at a gas station. The elementary school was patrolled by armed guards, due to the Huks in the hills. Our classes took field trips to the jungle survival school since the Vietnam War was still in full force. There were lots of servicemen in and out of Clark Air Force Base. A friend and I volunteered with the Red Cross to help at the hospital on base.

While I was there, we took many

trips to the islands in the Philippines: Jolo, a southern island, Zamboanga, Cebu, etc. Clark was on Luzon Island, the big one. Our trips included Manila, packed with Jeeps, Corregidor, Baguio, Subic Bay, Banaue (the rice terraces), and Pagsanjan Falls. On school breaks we traveled to Japan, Hong Kong, Singapore, Penang, and Thailand. I came home to see family each summer. I transferred to Germany in 1972. My two years in the Philippines were full of wonderful adventures! The islands are full of beauty and welcoming people!

RECOLLECTIONS OF LIFE AS A MILITARY BRAT IN THE LATE 60s IN THE PHILIPPINES (With A Connection To My DoDDS-Teacher Days In England In The '80s)

By Cheryl Luna Robinson

(Air Force Brat, DoDDS Teacher, Air Force Wife, and now Air Force Mom)

I attended the school on Clark AFB (I think it was called Wagner Elementary.) in the Philippines for all of fifth Grade and half of sixth Grade in late 1967 through early 1969. My fifth grade teacher was Mrs. Hinch, who wore a dress with a low scoop neck every single day! (I always remember her in a pink dress with a 'poufy' white slip underneath, but she probably wore other dress colors, too.) In sixth grade, my teacher's name was Miss Harvath. She was very young and had beautiful, long red hair. Her boyfriend was fighting in Vietnam, and she told him that if he was going, she was going, too, and she got a job teaching at the closest point to Vietnam. She used to tell us, "I'm only here to be close to him, and when he goes home, I go home!" I'm happy to say that in my DoDDS experience; most of the teachers I know had far more commitment to their job than this!

I remember having two school sessions in one day at Clark because there were so many kids; we had to have morning and afternoon schools. (I think the teachers had to teach both sessions, too. Yikes!) We loved being in morning school, because we could go to the pool or just hang out all afternoon!

Our community theater group on base performed THE SOUND OF MUSIC in 1968, which required lots of kids' participation. I think our Music teacher played Maria. My best friend, Sharon Matteson, played Brigitta, and I was her understudy. (If anyone knows where Sharon is today, please let me know! I'd love to reconnect.) I also performed as one of the dancing

Continued On Page 15



marionettes for “The Lonely Goat Herd” scene. It was so much fun! That is still my favorite movie to this day, and I still know every word in the script and songs, so much so that very few people will sit with me while I watch it! After play practice, Sharon and I would walk to the BX or wherever. I don’t remember a youth center or a recreation center back then, and we lived off base in Diamond Subdivision, so we had to wait somewhere for our parents to pick us up. One time we peeked in THE RATHSKELLAR and decided that it looked like a good place to get a snack, but we got kicked out because it was a bar. We didn’t even know what a bar was, because our parents didn’t drink. Oops!

Living off base in Diamond Subdivision, we could never let our dog out of our sight, because we were told the Filipinos might take & eat him! Fortunately, our house girl, Helen Garcia, loved our dog as much as we did, so she watched him like a hawk! She was really part of the family, and we were heartbroken when we had to leave her. (Again, if anyone knows the whereabouts of Helen or her daughter, Belinda, please let me know!)

One very scary event I will never forget was when our Girl Scout troop took a camping trip off base. We had a few Air Police that accompanied us, but we were still uneasy as we set up our tents, cooked dinner over the campfire, and got ready to bed down, all the while under the constant scrutiny of a group of Filipinos right across the river. Our mom-chaperones really wanted to return to base, but it was decided that our AP patrol was sufficient to keep us safe. So, the mom-chaperones of the group decided to sleep all around the perimeter of the large, open tent where we all slept with our packs under our cots. All went well until the next morning, when several of the girls found that their clothes had been stolen from their bags overnight, and then we spotted them all hanging wet on the clotheslines in the village a few yards away across the river! Needless to say, we packed up immediately and headed back to base! Whew!

I recall Lady Bird Johnson visiting the base and saying, “God bless the US, and the PI, too!” Those really stuck with everyone there and made us feel connected to our homeland. That saying became a rallying cry on the base for the remainder of our stay.

We took some interesting trips while we lived in the Philippines. My dad was a Comptroller and he made the ‘milk run’ to several bases in the Far East twice a month with all the personnel paychecks, so he knew all the ins and outs of traveling to them. The most memorable trip was our trip to Bangkok, Thailand, where the most vivid memory was the refueling stop in Saigon on the way there! I remember being terrified as we accelerated to descend over the DMZ, the Demilitarized Zone, all the while hearing explosions down below and seeing puffs of smoke rise up from the ground with each explosion. Once we landed on base, we were required to deplane while they refueled, and they made us stand under the wings with a circle of armed soldiers surrounding us, with explosions, gunfire, and smoke rising all around us! Yikes!

Once we got to Thailand, we were fascinated by the exotic temples decorated with colorful broken ceramic pieces imbedded all over the outside of the structures, while the incense burned in front of the giant gold-plated Buddha statues within. Shopping for jewelry was my mom’s motive for making the trip, so I quickly learned the art of bartering for what I wanted, and I got a jade bracelet for eleven dollars after two days of bartering it down from \$25. Score! We took a flatboat ride out on the river to see the floating produce market, but after seeing people relieve themselves in the same river while others were brushing their teeth and washing their clothes, we lost our appetite. Fortunately, we were hungry by the time we got to enjoy Mongolian Barbeque for dinner at the Officers’ Club that night, and we were hooked for life! I don’t see many Mongolian BBQ restaurants where I live now, but when I do, I enjoy building my culinary masterpiece in the same way I learned in Thailand! Yum!

We also visited Taiwan and Okinawa, but I have few memories of those trips, except riding in the netted jump seat of the sides of the cargo planes that carried souvenirs stacked to the ceiling in the middle of the plane on the homebound-leg of their daily routes. No one ever said that being a military brat OR a DoDDS teacher was easy, but my life was full of adventure!

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**The DoDDS Connection?

I taught at Alconbury Elementary in England in the 1980s. One of the principals I had there was Anne Baumgartner. A few teachers were working on a project with her one day at school when she mentioned that she

had taught at Clark in the 60s. When I asked her if she knew either one of my teachers, she immediately remembered Mrs. Hinch and her daily attire! We has a good laugh about that, and then she said, "Gosh, I feel old!" and we laughed about that, too.

TEACHING IN THE PHILIPPINES

By Tricia Kowalchyk

It was the last day of school in June of 1991. By then, now the 15th, my fourth graders were very, very excited to go to the Subic Bay beach for our end of the year party. I had just completed my second year teaching on the Subic Bay Naval Base in the Philippines. This was my first job, and at a young 23, I was having the experience of my life.

When I landed two years earlier, I had just graduated from Syracuse University, and teaching in the Philippines for DoDDS was my very first job. I opened up the door to my classroom and I faced twenty-five students who smiled back at their young, naive teacher and laughed and giggled at my appearance. Most of my students were born in the Philippines and I am towering at 5'10", so I was met with shy stares and polite questions. I did not know any Tagalog, although I would soon learn many phrases and words to help me adapt to this new country. All of those fourth graders knew two if not more languages. I was indeed nervous, but excited and glad to be not only in my first classroom, but to be here, in the Philippines, teaching the children I was destined to meet and start my career.

The adventures started happening

almost immediately. During that first full school year I encountered monkeys, large snakes, and geckos. Daily, I came up against the heat that never rests when the sun goes down, only lurking in the dark shadows. Once the morning light was back, so was the heat, with a fierceness that makes it hard to breathe and hits you like a ton of bricks if you try to move too quickly. I woke to run with my good friend, Audrey, at 5 am to avoid the searing heat of the day, which started by 8 am. The Philippine climate dominated the day, and we were soon to learn it also ruled our energy levels.

By the end of that school year, I lived through my first typhoon. Snowstorms and blizzards were more my style, coming from rural upstate New York, but I soon learned to carry on with life as usual, all the while with waves crashing into buildings built close to the shoreline. We marveled at the forces of nature lapping at our concrete fortresses with such pounding energy and might. I felt safe, being on a US Military base, and thought to myself, that if anything were to happen, I would be okay. I was stationed with some of the most competent and skilled people from our nation.

The damage was incredible. Mature trees tossed around like sticks, rain coming down so fast and furious that ponds were instantly created. The slant and sting of the rain when one ventured outdoors, for indeed, it lasted for at least 24 hours, was so sharp it felt like I was being pricked with pins rather than doused with water from the angry clouds above.

Coming out of that experience, the U.S. Navy Sea Bees made sure that all aspects of life were put back together, roads and buildings repaired, fallen trees taken away. For indeed, the sun did come out, and base life resumed. We were the lucky ones, having support just a phone call away to restore what we had come to know as "regular routine living" despite living 8,500 miles away from where I grew up.

In 1990, there were two significant military coup attempts, resulting in our Navy Seals traveling off the military installation to the capital, Manila, to quell the uprising. As a young single person living in a BOQ, I felt the void when half of my building mates left to perform their military duty. Again, we were not affected directly, but precautions were put into place to make sure our safety was intact.

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Often, during the two years I spent on the Subic Bay Naval Base, we were locked on base, or had curfews in place to protect the on-base population. Although an inconvenience, my colleagues and military friends were all quite creative in finding ways to keep ourselves entertained within the confinement of 24 square miles. Base negotiations had been going on for more than a year, and it had been decided that the United States would vacate the 60,000 acre base, which was the Navy's principal supply and ship-repair installation in the area by the close of 1992.

However, nothing could have prepared us for what happened on the beautiful morning of June 15, 1991. Prior to that, heading weather warnings, earthquakes and signs of the imminent explosion, the U.S. military made the decision to move the 15,000 people residing on Clark Air Force base, nine miles from the foot of Mount Pinatubo, to Subic Bay and Cubi Point, which were located 25 miles from the mountain. This distance was considered safe. In early June, they started arriving. The sight of this 50-mile-long convoy was staggering. Upon arrival, we were asked to voluntarily give up our living quarters to families coming onto the base from Clark. I gladly did, and moved in with a friend to ride out the impending eruption. A family of four occupied the space I had called home for the past two years.

It became so overcrowded that soon there were a sea of tents set up on the median of the highway, temporarily housing, to those who

had evacuated Clark. Two days later, Mt. Pinatubo erupted again, this time covering the former Air Force base. Not a week later, on the last day of school, Pinatubo blasted with a vengeance, raining down a fine dust of ash, converging with the rain produced by Typhoon Yunya, which was descending on the Philippines simultaneously. Meanwhile, I had twenty-five students waiting on the shore of Subic Bay itself, for the 9:00 am whistle from the lifeguard on duty to declare that the beach party could begin! Shouts of laughter and screams of delight filled the air as the fourth graders plunged themselves into the cool waters with their friends close by and having the time of their lives. Strangely, another whistle could be heard from the lifeguard at 9:04 am. "Everybody out! Everybody out! Back on the bus!"

Warnings and directions came from the adults, as we soon realized what was happening. For off in the distance we could see the white powder puff of smoke coming from the top of the mountain. Looking so serene and idyllic, the clouds began to grow bigger and bigger with each blast into the air and we knew time was crucial to get these kids back up to school so their parents could take them home. Within the time it took to load all the fourth graders on the bus, drive the five miles back up to school, the sky had turned from bright sunshine to darkness. Back at the school, all students were sent home or picked up by anxious parents. The place was deserted. We were told to go home as well. We were issued surgical breathing

masks to wear when we ventured outdoors. It was strangely eerie and silent all around us. Inside, as well. For, there was really nothing constructive to do but to wait and to watch. After all, who had experienced the eruption of a volcano?

After my departure from the Philippines, I was being transferred to Berlin, Germany in the Fall. My personal property was already enroute to Europe and my car had been shipped just days before the end of the school year. I was already a short timer. I had plane tickets to leave the country four days after school ended.

By the end of the day on June 15, 1991, Manila's Ninoy Aquino International Airport was closed, with no date of reopening. The airport itself was covered with a centimeter of fine sand to powder-sized ash, making it impossible to get planes out of there.

We were told to start brushing off cars and we even started brushing the fine dust off of the roofs of low buildings. It was a like a fine snow floating in the air, that never reached the ground, and yet the ground was covered with it. It was exciting, scary, fun and nerve-racking all at once. We really didn't have anything else to do but to help clear and to wait and wait.....

Four days later, the airport was reopened for a time. Like winning the lottery, my flight, one of the last planes to take off out of that airport

Continued On Page 18



for quite some time, and it was going to depart the country as scheduled. I left behind my dear good friends, some of whom would later, many days later, board a ship headed for Guam. The conditions on that ship deteriorated rather quickly. The four days after Pinatubo erupted, for me, was like a dream covered in a film of light ash, so to say. Everything happened in slow motion; for no one really knew what was to come next. The focus was our safety, but without electricity, water and other simple amenities of life, tempers and nerves were showing. We were uncertain of our immediate future,

but we were together, and school was done.

This peril we were living through, and the gravity of it, would not become apparent until it was declared that the 15th of June in 1991, would go down in history. The eruption of Mount Pinatubo was one of the eleven largest volcanoes to erupt on our Earth. In living history, it was the biggest. The cloud of volcanic ash that spewed from the heights of the mountain, traveled the globe in a mere 22 days. I was there at the start, in a beautiful country, soon to be devastated and crippled by one

of the largest natural occurrences in our world history.

When you live through something like this, you are unaware at the time, of what you are going through and experiencing. Even today, I am reluctant to come to terms emotionally with the grave seriousness of the situation. A part of you shuts down, so that you can focus on moving forward one step at a time, one minute at a time. Shoveling ash, one scoop at a time. Taking it all in, but not processing until years later. Or, maybe even, now, as I write this article, it is the first time I have thought about that experience, and for good reason.



AN ARMY BRAT FROM BIRTH

By Victoria Giraud

(Used with permission from her blog at <http://www.victoria4edit.com/blog>, November 10, 2017)

I was an Army brat from birth. Since Veterans Day will be celebrated tomorrow, here's to the military families who also "served" although we didn't get paid for it. Life in the military could be challenging, especially since military fathers were not very easygoing, for the most part. I was a draftee in the US Army from the time I was born. The old joke tells it best—I didn't enlist, I was drafted.

My young mother, Garnette, wanted adventure, but I don't think she bargained for the extra baggage so soon. After high school in Danville, Virginia, she took off for nearby Ft. Bragg, North Carolina, and got herself a job as a clerk-typist. She was a beautiful woman and had no problem finding Victor, an eligible

Infantry lieutenant and a West Point graduate, no less. It was 1942 and the US was already at war. I'm sure there were a slew of babies "hatching" in the pouch and military fathers doing the honorable thing by marrying the mothers.

Although the marriage only lasted through the war, I think my mother loved Victor. Being a Southern lady, she didn't tell me I was the result of a romantic dalliance until I was 19. She'd already found herself another Army lieutenant as the war ended. After a Reno divorce (she had to live there six weeks: see the

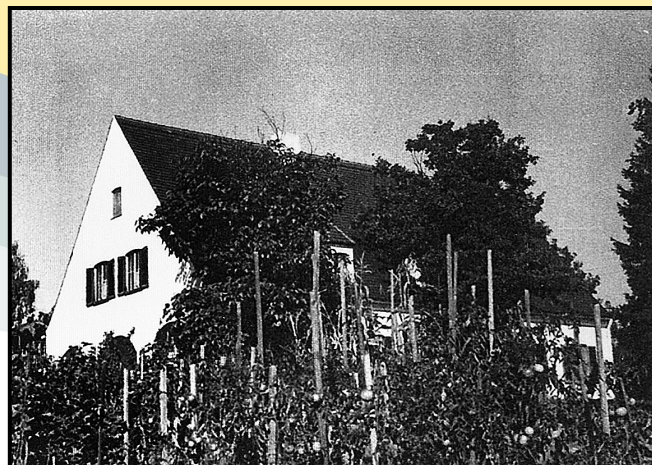
Continued On Page 19

old movie *The Women*), they married and then honeymooned in San Francisco.

My stepdad, Darby, was my new commander-in-chief, and he and Mom added two new draftees, Joan Tupper and Darby III, as the years went by. Being Army brats, there were always travel adventures for all of us: Murnau, Mannheim and Frankfurt, Germany; Tripoli, Libya, the Bronx, Ft. Leonard Wood, Missouri; Ft. Knox, Kentucky; Jacksonville Beach, Florida, and Alexandria, Virginia, essentially. They traveled back to Germany while I was in college, and I joined them when I graduated. Who wanted to miss the opportunity?



Luckily, I loved moving and making new friends, even though I was a little bit shy in my younger years. One learns to be resourceful and comfortable wherever you end up. Orders are orders. Housing can be spacious or cramped. Before we got officer's housing in Ft. Knox, we were in a cantonment area, (temporary quarters)—a one-story converted old wooden hospital with closed-off corridors near the famous Gold Vault.



Regular officers' quarters were usually more than adequate. You'd never mistake them since they look almost identical in any US fort: solid and respectable-looking two story brick with basements and garages and a decent-sized yard. Some of these leftovers remain in the Army's famous Presidio on the best real estate in San Francisco, now privately owned. In Germany, right after WWII, as the occupying forces, we lived like rich folks in a two-story 18-room mansion in bucolic Murnau (undamaged by the war) with a separate garage, spacious grounds, a maid and a houseboy. Murnau is now a spa town and quite lovely. The skiing area in winter was about a 10-minute walk. If that wasn't good enough, a longer excursion would have taken us to Germany's tallest mountain, the Zugspitze in Garmisch. Quarters never got that good again, although our Tripoli villa was top notch. The photo below shows the German home with the staked tomato plants in front. And my dad was only a captain!

I don't think "socialism" has particularly bothered me politically, or universal health care. Those were Army services. Housing and health care was provided, and you took what they gave you. I've never hankered after a specific family doctor. If any of us had a health problem, we'd accompany my mom to the dispensary, have our temperature taken and then wait. If it wasn't serious, it might be many hours. Getting shots was not a choice; my mother hauled us into the dispensary every year as needed for what we needed, depending on where we were going next. As I often heard it said, however, "The Army takes care of its own."

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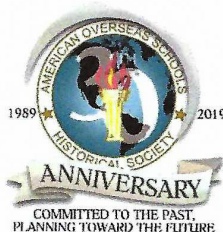
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Thomas T. Drysdale, May 4, 1921 - February 28, 2013

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 critical 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 office@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.

AMERICAN OVERSEAS SCHOOLS HISTORICAL SOCIETY ADDRESSES

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Web Site
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Email & Change of Address

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