



Warrior Gazette

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- The **First** Wiesbaden American School
- Through The Eyes of Our First Teachers
- 1950 Warrior Football & Rule Breaking in Berlin
- Warrior Honor Roll - updated



May 2016

Spring Edition

History at a Glance...

- 1946 The first American High Schools open in Germany, with campuses located in Munich, Bremerhaven (Bremen), Berlin, Frankfurt, Nurnberg and Heidelberg.
- 1948 Wiesbaden gets its first American school, with all grades combined in one building and a total student body of 55.
- 1956 General H. H. Arnold High School Hainerberg campus opens to accommodate the expansion of Wiesbaden's American community.
- 2013 With the shuttering of Heidelberg's doors, the last of the original six schools closes, making Wiesbaden the oldest High School in Germany. Expansion plans for Wiesbaden begin.

Letter from the President

-Lyn Baskett Fort, Class of 1976

I got a new patient a little while back, she's about 10 years older than I am. I take her history, do the physical, and then we begin to talk a little about our day to day. She's friendly, open, and I felt as if I had known her for years. I thought, this was going to be a comfortable relationship; it just felt *right* to listen to her stories and care about the outcome. A familiar little tickle in my brain.... Yes indeed, a brat. Berlin graduate.



Files from...
"The Baskett Case"

I met this guy at work. He's a Radiology Tech, Bob. We really hit it off. I mean we just started talking and kept talking and talking. I knew the answer before I even asked the question, "Where did you grow up?" And of course, he

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Coincidence or Commonality?

Some folks think that in order to have a lot in common with fellow WHS alumni, you need to have attended school around the same time, but that just isn't the case, as I found out recently. See how this house (pictured left) bridges the gap between **1951 and 1988...**

-By Lindy Hirschman Aleshire, '88, featuring Frank Bernheisel, '51

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said, "I'm a brat;" spent 4 years at K-town before high school. I live in a university town, nowhere near a military base, so I don't expect to meet brats on a day to day, or even a year to year basis. But of course I'm glad to be right on this one! He's so friendly, easy to talk to; just a "normal" person. And I begin to think about what is "normal."

Everyone knows that "normal" is subjective. What I accept as normal may not be quite the same as what my neighbors do. It's normal to feel patriotic, especially around July 4th – right? But is it "normal" to feel so deeply that when you see a flag that's been neglected, you want to retire it? Or that you stop and stay to make sure the person who hung their flag upside down (on accident), takes it down and puts it back up right? Is it "normal" to see the sunset at the end of each day and hear *Taps* being played in your memory; taking that sweet last note back into the house with you, keeping it safe in your heart for the ones who won't hear it again?

It's normal to stand in line, or in an elevator, or in a crowd; being close to the people around you. But is it "normal" that the ones you stand in line with or next to in a crowd start talking to you as if you're a part of *their* crowd; that they make eye contact, conversing and acting as though seeing a

stranger isn't at all strange, it's a part of each day, expected, accepted, weighed as a part of the unit without it being a clique? If you're not sure, then next time you get into an elevator or stand in a bathroom line, act YOUR normal (possibly older normal) self and start talking to someone you've not met or the group in general; it'll open your eyes. Most non-brat, non-military people are NOT comfortable with speaking to, or making eye contact with, or being friendly to folks they don't know.

I take care of older patients, mostly age 70 and up, most with dementia. One little lady is 95, mean as a snake and as difficult as they come. One of the employees who also takes care of her says, "Oh it's probably because of her dementia." But she's wrong. I've found that most of my patient's family members tell me that, "Granny has been sweet as a pea all her life" or, "Ain't nobody could get close to that one as long as he's lived." Our most obvious and strongest personality traits deepen and take root with each year; even dementia can't erase who we are deep inside, only dimming and erasing memory, shortening our steps, dulling our senses.

While I take "normal" with a grain of salt, every time I hear it, I know for sure that MY "normal" is the one that I wish for everyone. I know so many

of you out there are my kind of normal too and I take heart in knowing that as old as we can get, we will still be the normal ones in any crowd.



Reunion Alert!

DODDS

All Schools All Years

ATLANTA June 23-26 2016

Hilton Garden Inn Atlanta
Airport North Hotel
3437 Bobby Brown Pkwy
Atlanta, GA 30344
Registration \$60+
See website for details.

For more information, visit:
[https://www.facebook.com/
events/813166025448891/](https://www.facebook.com/events/813166025448891/)
(Not hosted by Alumni Association)



The First Wiesbaden American School

Tucked on the other side of the city in 1948, a former German grade school was poised to become the first American school of the Wiesbaden military community...

It's often been said that military brats never stay in one place long enough to grow roots, but that doesn't mean our history doesn't run deep. One need look no further than the story of our school to understand the strength of our community and the bond that exists among the people within it. Many of us have gathered pieces of the WHS story along the way, but to truly know its history, it must be told by the people who were there.

For most of us, our high school experience took place at the Hainerberg campus, which opened at the start of the 1955-1956 academic year, and where it continues today. But for a precious few, it started in a completely different location. The first Wiesbaden High School was established in a building miles away from Hainerberg, on the other side of town, in a German grade school that the U.S. military commandeered as it moved in to occupy the city after the fall of the Third Reich. The decision was made to allow active duty to bring

their families with them, setting in motion events that would shape the lives of military brats for decades to come.

What must it have been like, going to school in a makeshift location, at a time when destruction and turmoil abounded? How did they get teachers to take up the post? Where did they get their textbooks? What did the students do for fun and extracurricular activities? Did it feel like a proper

school or more like being home schooled? Did the Seniors get diplomas? Did they have sports teams? Where are the alumni from those early years?

The first Wiesbaden students had a very different experience from what most of us know, but they carved the path that the rest of us took and if you look closely enough, you'll pick up on their similarities and shared experiences that apply to Wiesbaden students right up



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through today. To kick it off, let's start with a little context...

In 1945, post-WWII, the Soviets and Americans are setting up shop in their respective areas. As American military members establish posts across Germany, basic infrastructure is also set up, including six high schools established in 1946 in Heidelberg,

Berlin, Bremerhaven (Bremen), Munich, Nurnberg and Frankfurt. For those first two years, the kids in Wiesbaden were being bussed to Frankfurt High School.

Understandably, those students felt like part of the Frankfurt family and have attended Frankfurt reunions over the years, though they've also taken time to participate in activities

and share stories with Wiesbaden alumni. But in 1948, Wiesbaden opened its own school. We've rounded up stories from people who were there during those early years, not just in Wiesbaden, but in the surrounding communities as well – to give you an idea of what life must have been like back when it all started....

YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU TO TEACH! * **

** Without Textbooks, Supplies or a Budget*

*** In a post-war military zone with little to no support*

Excerpts and Recollections of one of the First Educators in Post-WWII Germany

Center: Ms. Gay Long, American Dependent School System Educator from 1946 - 1973

My 27 years experience with the Dependent Schools overseas began in 1946. I was teaching Art Education at the University of Denver when I received a call from Richard Meyering, one of the recruiters for the overseas schools. He was looking for an Art Supervisor and thus I became one of the five teachers flown over to Germany in August, 1946. My orders stated that I was to help set up and supervise the art program for the American Dependent Schools in the U.S. Zone of Occupation in Europe. I flew

commercial air from my home in Denver, Colorado to Washington D.C. where, at Andrews Air Force Base, I joined the other specialists. We five were specialists in Science, Music, Home Economics, Elementary Education, and Art. Only after the next group of teachers arrived in October were we told that there would not be enough money for special subject supervisors and we would have to teach in the classroom as well as directing the program of our specialty.

We took off on a C54, a 4 - engine propeller plane with bucket seats (metal benches across the sides) which were occupied by GI's, as soldiers were known in those days. There were six airline type seats that were assigned to the five specialists and Richard Meyering, one of the early



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planners for the overseas school system. We were 36 hours to Paris including a short stop over in the Azores. We did not know until weeks later that we were accompanied by many thousands of dollars of Scrip - - the new money to be used by the military instead of the German Mark which was being used on the black market.



German Allied Military Currency Circa 1944

I had an odd feeling when the Scrip was distributed and the name of the plane it had been on was announced, and I realized that the box on which I sat in the C-54 to watch the sunrise was one of the money boxes!

Frankfurt was an 80% kaput city. I don't think we have a word really equivalent for kaput - shattered, broken, destroyed, desecrated,

mutilated - all words together might describe that shell of a city and many others of Germany in 1946. The word kaput says it best. Nothing, no pictures, no words, nor newspaper reports had prepared us for the horror, the agonizing devastation, the horrible, appalling destruction and dreadful smell of the aftermath of war in Frankfurt!

This was the atmosphere in which we lived and in which we worked to prepare curriculum, order supplies, inspect possible sites for schools and billets for teachers, and so on.

The so-called "compound" housing the American Base was completely surrounded by huge rolls of barbed wire, which was later, replaced by a high strong fence and later removed

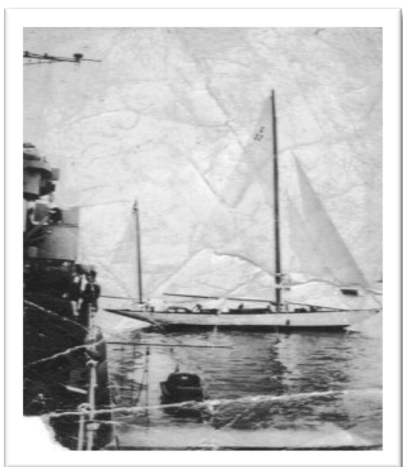
altogether. There were three gates where we were admitted after showing our ID cards. After two weeks, in a half bombed out hotel, we three female specialists moved into our first billet which was the whole half of a duplex. The other half was a shell and our wall next to the kaput side would get damp when it rained. Later, shortly before the other teachers arrived, those of us assigned to Frankfurt moved into a large, four-story apartment house that was all in one piece except for the top floor. The top floor was repaired much later so that three teachers who came the second year could move in. The other floors had four rooms, one bath, and four teachers each. It was a comfortable place to live until the Rhine and Main rivers froze over in the coldest winter in fifty



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years, and the coal barges could not get through. When our furnace died for lack of coal we would go around the compound and scramble fearfully down into the basements of kaput houses where there might be coal. We had nothing to carry it in but devised "sacks" from aprons tied around our waists and stretched out at arms length to hold the coal. Though not quite as dangerous as scrounging coal, I dreaded more going down into the black cavern of our basement and stuffing a few sticks of wood (probably broken furniture) and "scrounged" coal in the black hole of that furnace to start a fire. There was a so-called fireman, but he seemed never to be around when we were freezing.

In October 116 classroom teachers arrived at Bremerhaven after a rough sea voyage and were put on an unheated train with wooden seats for an all-night trip to Frankfurt. From the train they were transferred by bus to a beautiful yacht, Hitler's-



Hitler's Sailing Yacht, Ostwind

-where we five early arrivers joined them for a trip down the Rhine River between the steep banks covered with vineyards and dotted with picturesque villages and fascinating remains of medieval castles.

We had thought this would be a grand adventure for new comers, but I'm sure most of those teachers were too weary to see anything at all! At the end of the cruise, everyone went by military bus to the once lovely spa of Bad Homburg to a resort hotel for a three-day orientation conference to prepare teachers to teach without supplies, to understand the military, to be placed in isolated bases throughout Germany, France, and Italy, and last but not least, how not to get along with the Germans. There was no fraternization at this time.

There was no heat in the hotel anywhere. We wore our coats and boots to meals and we sat huddled in our coats and boots while the military officials told us about their staffing structure and the procedures for military protocol. The school administrators told it "like it is". You probably won't have books, may have to use liquor crates for desks, probably won't have a real school building, certainly won't have much heat, but you will have children, and you can teach. None of this seemed to phase anyone. We were all too excited and motivated and enthusiastic to worry about what we didn't have - we were ready to go!

"The enthusiasm in the air was electrifying. We were pioneers. No one had ever done anything like this before."

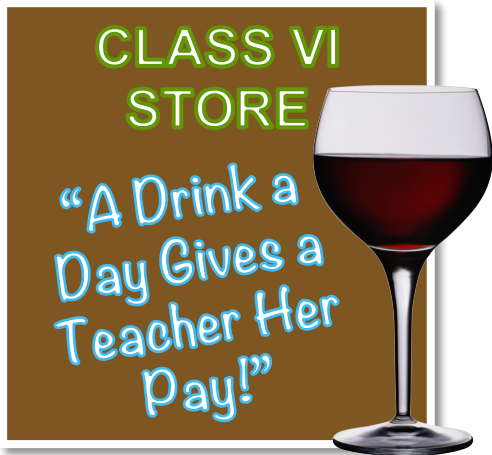
The teachers in Frankfurt were very fortunate in having real school buildings requisitioned from the Germans. Many other schools were held in residential houses, military barracks, BOQ rooms, Quonset huts, and other strange places. I remember the class in the bar of the Aster Hotel.

Some teachers had old German-type school desks; many made desks and chairs from the wooden boxes from the liquor store. Those boxes made wonderful bookshelves also. I remember my first few weeks when I had fifty-two junior high students working, standing around long metal-top tables from a former science room. Eventually, we acquired field tables and wooden folding chairs.

It seems that these Dependent Schools were authorized by the Army to exist, but at "no expense to the Government." That meant no appropriated funds could be used. So the **schools were supported by the Class VI (liquor store) profits.** We teachers had fun thinking up posters we would like to have used at the PX and commissary such as, "Buy your liquor and Educate your kids" or

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"A Drink a Day Gives a Teacher Her Pay," and so on.



I started teaching with a big wooden box of colored chalk, period. It is surprising how much imagination, creative activity and beautiful results can come from one big box of colored chalk! We discovered we could even make a kind of tempera paint by crushing the chalk and mixing it with egg white. The problem with that was getting egg white. We had only dried egg at that time, and

that didn't work. Now and then some child would come to school clutching an egg, and great would be our delight with the beautiful paint we could make. Of course, we had no paper, but I encouraged the students to ask their fathers to liberate typing paper, I asked the mothers to donate flour and newspapers for paper mache, and flour and salt for modeling "clay"; I encouraged students to look at everything loose and unclaimed, even a bent nail on the street, with an eye to see what it could become; I carried on an endless effort to get the military to provide tools, stools, tables, paper, pencils- - anything for us to work with until our supplies started to come in. I had it made when I located the printing plant where, in spite of rules about dealing with "the local economy," I was able to get jeep loads of beautiful paper! That was black

marketing, a process of exchanging American goods (usually cigarettes) for German goods. Strictly verboten! I became somewhat famous for the rather dubious honor of being the best scrounger in the school system. I don't think I had ever heard the word before, but it means getting what you need; in my case, for my students, begging, borrowing, liberating. My begging was quite artful, I thought, "But sir, it is your children who need this - - they are being cheated!" Also, I gradually learned that, contrary to military protocol, it was faster to start at the top - - not to the G.I. to the sergeant, to lower ranking officers and finally to the general, but to start with the general!

As supplies began to come in, my art students were well supplied. The craft classes fared well with some scrounging. I discovered several sources for acquiring anything that with a bit of imagination and ingenuity could



Gay Long 'getting around in her Army jeep'... She would become known for her successful scrounging missions as she sought out arts and craft supplies in war-torn Frankfurt.

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become an artistic or useful creation. One was a kaput airplane dump several miles outside of the compound. After finally receiving authorization to have a trailer attached to my jeep, permission to go into that dump of crashed airplanes, and a key to open the gate, I made several trips to find what could be salvaged. Four or five of my students and I would splash through half-frozen mud from plane to plane with the few tools we had acquired, climb over and into, cutting, sawing, pulling bits and pieces of leather, cloth, wire, metal, plywood-anything that might be useful for the craft or shop classes. The students became as adept as I was in imagining and visualizing possible uses for useless bits and pieces!

The Military Surplus was another source of useful materials such as parachute silks, silk cord, small tools, etc. I later had to discover other sources due to the increasing enrollment in the schools which was the result of the Berlin Airlift that began in the summer of 1948. The Russians closed all entries into Berlin, an island city in the Russian zone of occupation. The American solution was the Berlin Airlift: all supplies, from coal to diapers, needed by the Berlin Germans and the Americans stationed there were flown into Berlin. The number of Air Force personnel and their dependents increased greatly at that time and as more dependents were sent to Germany, the enrollment

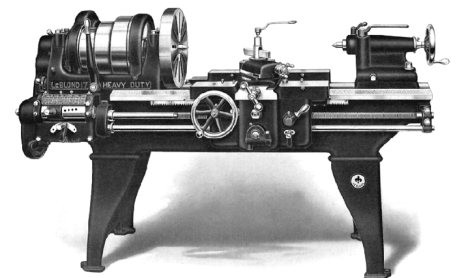
of the schools increased.

One solution to a student's need for a credit in a subject that was not offered yet in our high school was to assign him to art class - no matter if the child turned pale at the sight of a camel's hair paintbrush! It was difficult to interest these students in art or even crafts, which had soon developed into quite a credible program, so I needed equipment and material for a manual arts type of program.

Then came my discovery of the furniture dump! Furniture, dumped from the windows of a five story apartment building to clear the building for offices made a pile two stories high spreading out over about 100 feet! Here again, with at last the necessary permission, and with my trusty jeep and trailer and my willing students, I collected jeep loads of broken furniture. Heavy carved wooden table legs made beautiful lamps and we even found electrical stuff to go in them. Sometimes chair legs under a solid oak chair seat made a fine coffee table - such a lot of beautiful and useful things! The wood working program was going well, but was not the shop class that I had dreamed of for my students. I wanted power tools and especially a wood lathe so once again I began the begging process. "Please sir, I want some power tools, especially a lathe." The first answer was, "We have no lathes, and why do you want a lathe anyway?" Often when dealing with

military, the teachers had a mournful complaint: "Why should I have to spend time justifying what should be in my hands now?"

I had almost despaired when one day I took particular notice of an old wooden shed in the elementary school courtyard that I passed everyday. Something urged me to peek in the cracks between the boards, and inside I saw three huge crates just the right shape to hold lathes. I just knew they were lathes! After school with a hammer and chisel, I approached the shed cautiously - somewhat fearful of breaking and entering into military property. I pried my way into the shed and then into one of the boxes far enough to see that sure enough, there was a lathe in one crate at least.



I was petrified that someone else might discover the lathes before I got to the Base Commander to beg for them. It turned out that there were two wood turning lathes and one lathe for turning metal. Probably I had been successful with my begging and the lathes had been delivered to the elementary school instead of the high school, but no one at either school knew about them

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(that is what I thought - I liked to feel successful).

Three days and about ten officers later, the two wood lathes and the one metal lathe, which I had found (or materialized) were officially the property of the American Dependent High School. And two days and five sergeants later, I had a truck and derrick outfit which would deliver them to the high school. And then much begging later and with the help of my wonderful German assistant, Carl Wargel, the lathes were set in cement in my classroom and the proper wiring installed. I don't remember where I got the turning chisels, but I know we had broken tables and pieces of chair legs to turn on the wood lathes and later we were able to get some beautiful seasoned wood. It seemed impossible to find anything to turn on the metal lathe until one evening at dinner at the Officers Club, I mentioned my problem to an officer he turned out to be in the Artillery, and he offered shell casings.



I had no idea what I'd be getting, he said they were brass, and I said I'd take all he could give me! Was my principal ever furious when the Artillery delivered hundreds of

huge brass shell cases and neatly stacked them along one side of the school building in a stack about four feet high, twenty feet wide, and thirty feet long.



We used them all - - nut bowls, candy boxes - - with lids even - - lamps, ashtrays, etc., beautiful things! The metal lathe was in use all day long. Fortunately, I had learned to use the wood lathe and most other power tools when getting my Master's degree at Columbia (my boyfriend was taking a shop class, so did I!) Also fortunately for us all, my excellent German assistant, Carl Wargel, was proficient on the shop equipment including the metal lathe, and I also soon learned to produce some attractive useful objects on the metal lathe! Soon, we acquired a band saw and other power tools.

In 1950, the Department of Defense authorized appropriated funds for the operation of the Dependent Schools. Reparation funds from the German government were used to build schools, and a tremendously improved supply system was developed. The schools began to look strictly Stateside with many changes, improvements and innovations.

It was a great thrill to help design the art and craft room and the shop in the fall of 1953. Our first school had been a very fine, modern German school originally. It had been cleared out to be used by the German SS and then cleared out and requisitioned by the American military and then cleared again for our high school. It was four miles from our compound and we were driven to school in a small bus or jeeps with a Polish, "displaced person" driver. For sometime, I was assigned a jeep to drive to my schools; but later a regulation was made prohibiting American civilians to drive military vehicles, so I was assigned a driver for my jeep. Later, as the enrollment of the high school increased, I had to drop the elementary schools and give my time to the Frankfurt American High School.



Frankfurt HS Community Bldg

That first high school was also the dormitory for the students who lived too far away to be bussed in daily. Two rooms at one end of the school housed the girls and a small room nearby gave the female supervisor her home. At the far end of the school was the same

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arrangement for the boys and for the male supervisor when it was his turn. Only one teacher at a time stayed at the school. The teachers were the dormitory supervisors. When it was our week, from Monday 8 am to Friday 4 pm, we did not leave the school. After a few months we were able to arrange Wednesday night out to dinner at the Casino and to a movie. After the first month of the second year, dormitory supervisors were employed and a proper building was requisitioned.

In these first years, there were such a lot of unusual things to do that we had never done before, and we did them because they were there to do. I'm sure that today the NEA would think us teachers out of our minds for some of the duties we assumed, such as spending alternate weeks, all week, at the high school supervising the students who lived too far away to be bussed in daily. But it was fun! Those kids were super people. We were "squares" all right, but we were filled with the excitement and enthusiasm of being pioneers. And there was the challenge, the appeal of the wonderful, cooperative students who shouldered responsibility right along with the teachers, helping to make a going concern of our schools!

In 1956, I began a new pioneering job. Back in the summer of 1948, the Russians closed all roads and railroads leading in and out of Berlin. The American answer to that was the

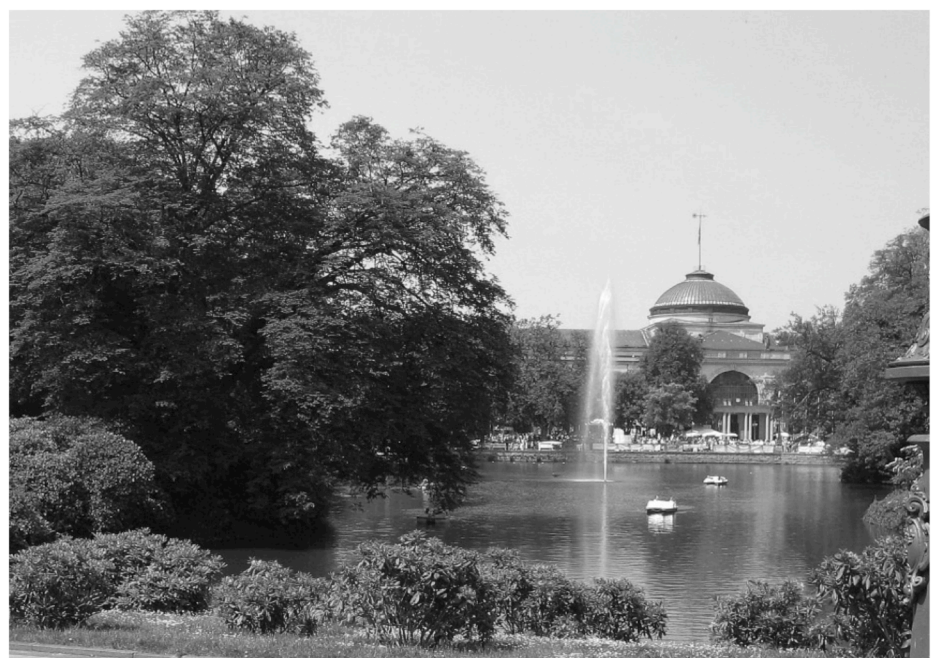
Berlin Airlift. Every five minutes, round the clock a cargo plane took off from Frankfurt Airport and from airports in England at a cost of one million dollars per day.

The number of Air Force personnel and their dependents increased greatly at this time and continued to grow. Schools for the Air Force dependent children were somewhat haphazard with each base operating its school as it wished. Often the Base School Officer would order the texts and other school supplies without the advice of an educator.

“Finally in 1956, the Air Force centralized the administration of their schools with the 7135th School

Group, situated in Wiesbaden, a beautiful spa (resort city) that was scarcely damaged during the war.”

As Coordinator of Art in the Air Force schools, I was again writing curriculum and ordering supplies. In addition, I was evaluating teaching, not only in art but in elementary schools as well. Another assignment, which I enjoyed for seven years while teaching in the Dependent Schools, was coordinating the combined high school yearbook which grew from an annual including five high schools to a 400-page publication combining the records of activities of 16 high schools.



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Duties involved writing directives and specifications to meet the requirements of a German printer, preparing training aids and directing conferences for the sponsors; and working directly with the German publishers in preparing the contract for printing; and in proofreading of all printers copy of a \$10,000 to \$30,000 publication called Vapor Trails.



Also, for five years, I prepared the Teachers Handbooks, a publication giving information to assist teachers in adjusting to the overseas environment and the military community. Each year, I prepared a survey questionnaire on this publication and with the replies was able to keep this publication pertinent and up to date. However, the most important part of my work was providing in-service training in art through workshops, classroom demonstrations,

bulletins, etc. for the teachers in this far flung school system.

The 7135th School Group started with about 17,500 pupils and about 1,000 teachers, administrators, and specialists. Soon there were over 200 schools in twelve countries on three continents - England, Germany, France, Holland, Belgium, Italy, Denmark, Norway, Turkey, Greece, Lybia, Morocco and Crete. This, of course, meant many thousands of miles to travel to our in-service programs, conferences, and school evaluations; and so our mode of travel was mostly by plane. Those enticing, far away places with their strange sounding names became places to go to work rather than places to go on long vacations, as they once had been.

In 1966 came another reorganization of the American Dependent Schools which placed the schools in the European area under the administration of the Army, the schools in the Atlantic area under the administration of the Navy, and those in the Pacific under the Air Force.

“I preferred to stay in Wiesbaden, so I was assigned to District VIII”

(Editor's note: We completely understand!)

-where most of our trips to schools were by car to Holland,

Belgium, Norway, Denmark, Italy, England, France, and to the many schools in Germany, with now and then a flight to Turkey, Greece, Crete, to be scheduled in military flights or commercial planes. This school system, known as USAREUR then added schools in Bahrain, Ethiopia, and Pakistan, to be supervised by District I.

In 1973, I decided that I wanted another change. The hills of Tennessee and the mountains of Colorado were calling. So, I decided to retire after 27 years of growing with the American Dependent Schools in Europe - in the most exciting, satisfying job that I can imagine. It was certainly a privilege to have had a small but vital part in the development of that fantastic school system.



Gay Long, Educator and Pioneer at the forefront of DoDDs History

Sourced from: aoshs.org
starsandstripes.com/archives
frankfurthigh.com
Wikipedia.org

1950 WARRIOR BERLIN TRIP

-by Frank Bernheisel, '51 & John Mahoney, '53

On June 18, 1948, the United States, Britain, and France announced that on 21 June the Deutsche Mark would be introduced to replace the Reichsmark, which had become worthless. The new currency was to be used in the western zones - American, British, and French sectors of Germany including Berlin. This, combined with the Marshall Plan that had gone into effect in April, was to revitalize Germany including West Berlin.

The Soviets, who had plans to take over all of Germany, considered the introduction of the Deutsche Mark a provocation, by which they could force the Western Powers completely out of Berlin.

To that end, on June 18, 1948, the Soviet Army halted all civilian traffic on the autobahns and railroads into Berlin. On 24 June the Soviet Army halted all Allied military traffic and water transport into and out of Berlin and stopped food shipments from the East into West Berlin.

At that time the U.S. had less than 100,000 troops in Germany, due to demobilization after WWII, compared to 1.5 million Soviets surrounding Berlin.

Generals Lucius Clay and Curtis LeMay recommended supplying food and fuel to West Berlin by air, and President Truman ordered it. Thus, the Berlin Air Lift was born. And it

was a success, eventually transporting more supplies than had come in before the Blockade.



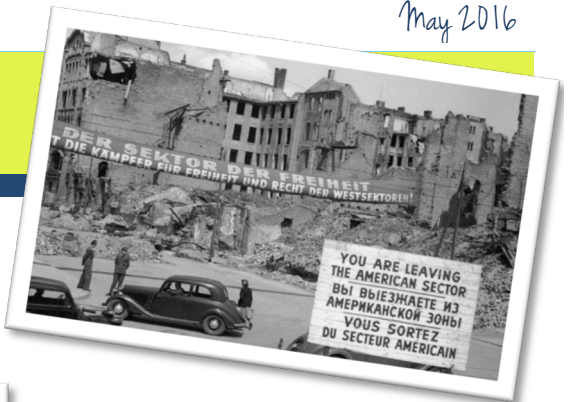
Kids cheering The Berlin Airlift

Our Story

We arrived with our families in Germany at the beginning of the Berlin Airlift. Because our fathers were in the Air Force, we were stationed in Wiesbaden, Air Force Headquarters, Europe.

Per Frank: The Bernheisels sailed to Bremerhaven on the USS General C. C. Ballou (AP-157), which had been launched in 1945. There were five of us: Major Bernheisel; Bertha, my mother, my grandmother, brother Dave, and me. My father was a meteorologist and was to be Deputy Commander, Air Weather Service, Europe. Weather was a big factor in the airlift as General Tunner would learn on Black Friday when three planes crashed in Berlin.

Our accommodations on the USS Ballou were a cabin with six bunks; we boys got the top bunks and one was empty. According to my mother's letters, we had great weather the entire ten-day trip, except for the second day out of New York.



Per John: The four Mahoneys sailed on the Jarrett M. Huddleston, which was a WW2 cargo ship -- Liberty Ship aka "the ugly ducklings" -- and some 441 feet long and 57 feet wide. The Huddleston was launched on 28 September 1942 as the Samuel F.B. Morse. It was damaged in a collision in 1943, repaired, damaged in another collision in 1943, repaired, sent to the U.S. Army as hospital ship Jarrett M. Huddleston, and finally scrapped in 1971.)

On our voyage, men and women had separate sleeping quarters. First Sgt. Mahoney of the Military Air Transport Service was down below the waterline; "My brother Earl and I were on 'A' deck in Officer Country our first night at sea. We short-sheeted one of the officers who we soon discovered couldn't take a joke -- we spent the rest of the 14-day voyage down under on 'D' deck with a much annoyed First Sargent Dad".

Says Earl: "At least 12 of [those stormy] days were hell! Indeed, there was a whole lot of wholesale puking going on".

The U.S. military had set up everything needed to support the U.S military and the civilians who ran the occupation and their Dependents. This included commissaries, PXs,

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theaters, and more. In Wiesbaden, we, even had a teenage clubhouse located in a park-like setting just across the Biebreicher Allee, next to the Henkell Trocken sparkling white wine headquarters. *[John writes: I buy it today at our local liquor store in Cobden, Ontario pop. 1000.]*

All of the American families of the Occupation were supplied with houses, appropriated from Germans. We were also supplied German maids, and houses shared by German men who fired the coal furnaces -- paid for by the German government from war reparation funds. *[John writes: Mina, our first maid, remained a life-long friend of my parents.]* For kids in the families, schools were established; there were seven dependent high schools in Germany (Berlin, Bremen, Frankfurt, Heidelberg, Munich, Nuremberg, and Wiesbaden -- Stuttgart went to grade 9 -- and two in Austria -- Linz and Vienna. Wiesbaden High School was located at Lahnstrasse 34 and operates currently as the Albrecht-Dürer-Schule. Frank started there as

a sophomore in September 1948; John was in grade 8 of the combined 7-8th grades with Dave Bernheisel. Wiesbaden was a small high school with 55 students that year and by 1951, Frank's senior year, the school had grown to 80 students.



Frank Bernheisel, '51 returns to Albrecht-Dürer Schule, Wiesbaden 2005

This was not enough for a full 11-man football team, so we played 6-man football against the other small dependent schools. Our team was the Wiesbaden Warriors. (In spring

1951, John, now a sophomore, was transferred to RAF Burtonwood, near Warrington, England -- there were only two dozen students.)

On April 15, 1949, the Soviets indicated a willingness to lift the Blockade. Soon afterwards, U.S, Britain, France, and the Soviets began serious negotiations and reached a settlement on 4 May. The Blockade ended eight days later.

In November 1950, with the Airlift over, things in Berlin had become routine; road and train travel were regular on designated routes. Berlin had a U.S. dependent high school with a six-man football team and was on the Warrior's schedule.

To meet the schedule and play Berlin HS, the Wiesbaden Warriors traveled to Berlin by train. However, all window curtains drawn to comply with Soviet directives, and there were armed Soviet soldiers in the corridors of the train's Schlafwagen. The weather was typical of winter on the

Continues...

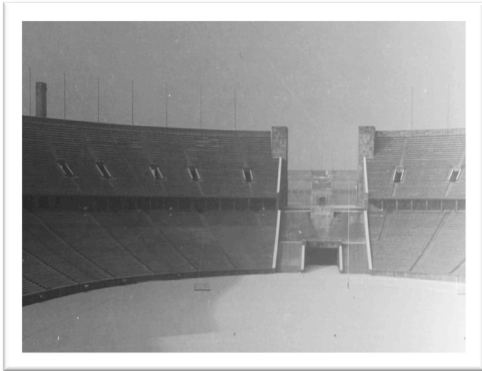


1950 WARRIOR FOOTBALL TEAM

FRONT: Tom Moncrief, Frank Bernheisel, Tom Johnson, Bob Utterback, Dean Jergensen, Rud Crawford, 2 Generals (?), Jim Sharp, Dick Kurtz, John Mahoney, Tom Ballerino, Lloyd Rawlings
BACK: ?, Val Hopkins, ?, Coach Russel Stickney, ML Hernandez, Doug (?), Dave Bernheisel

Continued

northern European plain; overcast with light snow and just about freezing. Despite the weather the game went on, and the Warriors won 26 to 0. Everyone, including the freshmen, played. After the game we Warriors were feeling our oats and went on an exuberant tour of West Berlin.



Olympic Stadium, Berlin

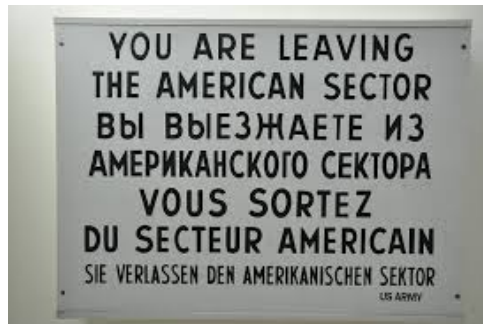


Hitler's Bunker in the Reich Chancellery

We visited the Olympiastadion - the stadium built for the 1936 Olympics, the remains of Führerbunker in the garden of the Reich Chancellery, which were later destroyed, and the Brandenburg Gate, which was being repaired.

These sites were just inside the border of the Soviet Sector and most of our walking was along the border, just outside of it. The border was marked with signs saying "You are now

leaving the American Sector" or "End of British Sector" with translations in German and Russian.



An Extremely Rare Picture of Brandenburg Gate Under Repair...

“Unsere Antwort Auf Die Kugeln Der Stummpolizei Gegen Junge Friedenskämpfer-Verstärkter Kampf Im Friedensaufgebot Der Deutschen Jugend! Ami Go Home!”

(Editor's note: Online translators provide this hilarious translation of the above sign: "Our Response to the Balls of Dumb Police Against Young Peace Strugglers-Amplify the fight of the Peace Squad of German Youth. Americans Go Home!")

However, a few of us, John notes, chose to walk a fair distance into the Soviet sector. It was a bit scary, yes, but we were American teenagers and we just won a football game

and our hot young juices were flowing. As we recall, East Berlin was darker and much drearier than the Allied sector. From the Brandenburg Gate we walked further west into the British Sector into the Tiergarten. It had few trees left due to shelling and bombing during the war and the scavenging for firewood after the war. There on the main street, almost brand new and nicely landscaped, was the Soviet War Memorial; located in the British Sector of West Berlin. This memorial, one of several Soviet memorials, was built in 1948 over the bodies of 2,000 Soviet soldiers.

At the time the memorial was guarded by Soviet soldiers around the clock. They had a guardhouse in the back. On this day the guard was armed with a tommy gun, the PPSH-41; and it was loaded. As we Warriors walked around the memorial, it became clear that the guard had orders not to move. When we went left, his eyes followed; we went right and his eyes followed, but he did not move.

We decided we needed to get close to him for pictures; you know, the ones with your hand behind the guy's head and two fingers up. Our plans were interrupted when out of the guardhouse came a Soviet officer; dressed in Great Coat down to his shins, boots, and epaulettes. ("Oh shit!") The officer, followed by a second guard, walked up to the obvious gang leader, Alan Fair (captain of the football team),

took off his glove and put out his hand. We were stunned and pleased. Despite our surprise, we took several pictures.

The Soviet officer averted what could have become an international incident

into a great story I tell 60 years later! In 1950, if things had turned “ugly”, we would have had a “lot of “splaining” to do!





COINCIDENCE or COMMONALITY?

A request for sharing stories sent out to the “old guard” leads to a fantastic discovery between a classmate who attended Wiesbaden’s first American high school and a student who would go to the Hainerberg campus nearly four decades later. Is it a rare coincidence or is this just what happens to many of us when we spend time talking to fellow Warriors from other eras?

-Lindy Hirschman Aleshire, '88 & Frank Bernheisel, '51

My dad was DoD Civil Service, stationed at Lindsey Air Station as a contractor working with Defense Logistics Agency / DRMR-Europe. We lived on the economy in Wiesbaden for all of the seventeen years that I was there. In the 70s, it was a nondescript block of apartments we called home out in a tiny town called Nordenstadt, where the then-lone Ikea still stands today. But throughout the 80s, I lived closer in, just a mile or so around the corner from the Hauptbahnhof, headed toward the river on Biebricher Allee, quite near the Henkell Trocken factory that produces Wiesbaden’s most recognized brand of sparkling wine.



Henkell Trocken – Wiesbaden, Biebrich

As a teenager, I frequently walked the mile or so down Nassauer and Wald Strasse to get to Lindsey – I never really timed it, but I do know you could sing *99 Bottles of Beer on the Wall* starting from my

driveway and ending perfectly at the front gate. When bus 8 was running infrequently or not at all, I sang my way down the street. It was an easy walk and I knew the neighborhood well. There was a bakery about half way down and stopping in there to pick up some freshly made pastries was part of the routine. I took an instant liking to one particular house on the corner of Schiller Strasse. In my mind, it was a fantastic house because it looked like a miniature castle that could easily have popped out of a fairy tale. I think it was beige all those years ago. And then one day, it was green. A light, barely-there green that contrasted nicely with the dark structural beams that crossed the corner of what I liked to imagine was the living room.



I used to dream about living in that house or building one just like it when I became an adult. That house became part of the background of my childhood and I visited it over the years when I found myself back in Wiesbaden throughout the 90s and 2000s. Even as late as 2010 when the Alumni Association hosted the last turn-of-the-decade reunion there – I made time to go see ‘the house.’ It wasn’t really something that I went around telling people about. It just simply was my favorite house and I liked visiting it. To this day, I still entertain the idea of building one just like it. If only...

Fast forward to September 9, 2015. I had put out a request to some of our early generation Warriors who had attended WHS long before it had been renamed for General Arnold. It was a simple request: Please share your memories, pictures, stories and friendships from those long-ago days. The idea was to put together an ‘expose’ on our original pioneering Wiesbaden Warriors. Our humble post-WWII beginnings have been a topic that has intrigued me ever since I

Continued

stumbled onto our alumni association and found out about the other location that housed Wiesbaden's first American school. It was with excitement that I opened those first few emails, expecting to see new perspectives attached to old recollections so different from my own. What I didn't expect to see was a picture of my beloved house on Schiller Strasse.



I blinked with confusion and disbelief before pressing on for more details...

Frank Bernheisel, class of 1951, had responded and sent a picture of the house he had lived in back in 1948. It was my house. My beloved childhood house with the barely-there light green paint.

Frank had not only seen the inside of it, but had once lived there- it had been his home. Frank knew some of the history of this house! What are the chances!

Here's what Frank shared about his old Wiesbaden home:

"We moved into the house at 11 Schiller Strasse in July of 1948. Initially, military-supplied furniture was minimal and ugly and our household goods had not arrived from the States. At the time it was a light and somewhat dirty cream color. The house was a bit strange in its layout and it had been passed over by a number of officers in their selection of quarters. My father was a Major and Deputy Commander Air Weather Service Europe at that time and picked it. The first floor was very nice, except that the kitchen was in the basement and some of the appliances had been removed when the owners were kicked out. The front door was on the east side into a two-story entry. The stair went up half a flight on the right to a landing with a powder room, turned right on up to the second floor hall. On the left was a music room, my mother had a grand piano, separated from the entry by a spindled railing. The living room was next and in the corner and faced both

Schiller and Nassauer. Adjacent to that was the dining room with a pass through window to the back hall, which accessed the kitchen and pantry. The bath and toilet facilities on the second and third floors were funky. For example, my parents room had a sink in the room and a tub in a closet. But it was a great house."

After 30+ years of wondering, I finally get to know that the inside of this house was weirder than I had hoped it would be (which is a big plus in my book). And I only know this because I took the time to reach out and talk to fellow Warriors who had attended our school right about the time my mother was but a toddler.

I was still thinking that our shared connection to the quirky house had been a one-off coincidence until I read some of the other stories shared by Frank and his old high school friends.

It couldn't get any clearer that the unique and memorable things I had gotten up to, the shenanigans and (mis)adventures of my fellow classmates in the 80s and 90s were all things that Warriors decades earlier had done long before we graced the halls of our beloved school. From where we lived to the things we did, we Warriors, no matter what years we attended, have much in common.

**Reunion Alert:
DoDDs XXVIII
Spokane, WA
July 14-17, 2016**

Official DoDDs Teacher Gathering

HH Arnold has the distinction of being the first official student group welcomed at the DoDDs Teacher Gathering, which took place in Chicago in July 2015. If you'd like to meet up with your old WHS teachers, sign up today- time is running out! Official website: <http://www.mydoddsreunion.com/>

FALLEN WARRIORS – THE HONOR ROLL

1948

Jocelyn Halladay Burns
Richard A Franek
Pierre Marteney
Dolores Miller
Dolores N Schiltz
Mary Lou Cress Welch

1949

Robert Beltrone
Shirley Lou Brown Colbath
Robert McFadden

1950

Patsy McFadden Coyne
James C Hathcock
Richard Seefer

1951

Betsy Franek Crouch
Thomas Johnson, Jr
Eugene Marteney
Richard E McClenahan

1952

Rudolph Langer
Millard Lewis Jr
Lavel Robbins Newman

1953

Gary Danko
John Deutschlander
Mary Dodson
Martha Dodson Fraioli
Kathy Utterback Irwin
Ellen Oxley

1954

Cecil Norquist
Berton Robbins

1954 continued

Marilyn Rutherford
John Schweizer III
Lorna Rae Jorgensen Steward

1955

Billye Bell
John Douthitt
Lonne Grice
Alice Neuendorf Kruse
Jerry L Mason
John McFadden
Thomas Noonan
Sandy Roberts
Anne Owsley Shortridge

1956

Barbara Buelow
Jerry D Douthitt
Robert Dunkle
John "Jay" Eiseman
Charles Ellenbogen
Richard Gruendyke
Karen Sheley Harris
Ed Schweizer

1957

William "Butch" Henry Densford
Robert Genung
Thomas Lamb
Michael Mason
Thomas Rutherford

1958

Richard L "Abby" Abshire
Frederick Allen
Donald Arvin
Deirdre McCabe Burke
James "Jim" Burns
Judy Chapman
Ronald W Maust

1958 continued

Robert Moore
Judith Shier
Kenneth Shriver
Pat Sweeney

1959

Vesa Juhani Alakulppi
Anthony P Chrest
Leroy A "Bob" Crum
Peter Davis
William "Willy" J Foreman
Patricia Dunkle Lowe
Thomas E Millacci
Maude Harris Morris
Dale L Ray
Joseph "Joe" Tunner

1960

Richard Ashton
Nancy Blackledge
Jerry Dan Bolt
Don Ewaldt
James R Godwin
Richard Hilton Hackford, Jr
Dottie Pasch Harrington
Robert E Malone
Samuel "Sammy" Martin
Rene Pittet
Mara Southern
Sharon Deemer Staggs
Gary Stewart
Joyce A Vander Sys Tazelaar
Sharon Summers Upton
Ellen Broga White
Walter "Wally" Wickboldt

1961

Charles Decoteau
John Frontczak
Michael Hopkins

1961 continued

William "Bill" C Howk
 Walter "Skip" Henry Kosky, Jr.
 Norman "Norm" Law
 Susan Scheel Lyttle
 Charlotte Ann Miller Markum
 Tom McCain
 Barbara Jean Burts Podufaly
 Roy Probst
 Janice Cramer Ross
 Ann Tamsett
 Carl Turner Weaver III

1962

Sara Catherine Borden
 Martha Jean Lozano Delosh
 Jessie Bill Dominquez
 Cheryl Dixon Fix
 David Bruce Grant
 Richard "Gus" Gustafson
 Lynn O'Connor Heck
 Driskill Belcher Horton
 Anthony Jonassen
 Ronald C "Ronnie" Jones
 Diane Swett Lamey
 Frank G McArthur, MD
 Chuck McGhee
 Robert "Tom" Odom Jr
 Diane Orlowski
 Robert Porter
 Ronald Paul Redd
 Barbara Carol Pierce Redd
 Peter Reichard
 Thomas Stewart
 Lynn Sandra Heck O'Connor

1963

Laurie Bane
 Janice Ann Bass
 Nita Klein Byrd
 Susan Ellen Eaton Cavalier
 Richard Grover Cleveland
 John Thomas Corley, Jr
 Larry Dowdrick
 Leo Kraus
 Patrick "Pat" Mayo
 Tom McKaig
 Risa McIntosh

1963 continued

Paul O'Connell
 Sydney Samuelson Riggs
 Michael Sinclair
 Judith Wheatley Szyszka
 James Thomas
 Susan C Rezner Thomsic
 Thomas Trainor
 George W Weitland
 Thomas E Yarbrough, Jr

1964

Michael P Biscayart
 John Cobb
 Jack Exon
 Mary Dougherty Galbreath
 David Garrett
 William Franklin George
 Ralph "Pete" Earl Herrick III
 Mary Holcombe
 Deirdre Saunders Jepsen
 Patricia Jones
 Linda Sanders Junghans
 Richard "Rick" S Kepner
 John Kimball
 Jurgen J McCann
 Jana Kolvas Morris
 Judy Nunn Tankersley
 Elizabeth Williams
 Homer Worrell Jr

1965

Ramona "Marty" Huber Bain
 James A Hall
 Deirdre Saunders Jepsen
 Michael McGinley
 David McKeen
 Doug Newkirk
 Valerie Dolstra Newkirk
 James "Jim" Richard Nuttall
 William "Bill" Overton
 Kate Dodd Paden
 Larry Price
 Steve Rogers
 Jacquiline Ann Rudd
 Melvin Francis Sears, Jr
 Carole Anne Maloney Shellenberg
 George Michael Stainbaugh

1965 continued

Richard L Switzer
 James Tyree, Jr
 Jane Boothby VanCamp
 Wallace A Wright II
 Jerry C Yost

1966

Maria Bresnan
 Christopher Busse
 Robbie Capps
 Harriette Edwards Derryberry
 Graham Fling III
 Bruce Joseph
 Robert Koch
 Deborah Anne Ledbetter
 James Loomis
 Patrick B Millberry
 Chuck Morris
 Diane Poulson
 Kay Arfaras Sigler
 Albert "Al" Trahan

1967

Kent "Bucky" Buckingham
 Bruce Connaway
 Mary Crook
 Dyanne Babel DeJong-Henderson
 Nancy Hall
 Robert Link
 John Byron Mayo
 Frederick 'Fred' McBride
 Tommy Miller
 Joyce Phillips
 Phillip Raines
 Rex Zippler

1968

Terrance Airhart II
 Terry Bench
 Cheryl Brehm
 Thomas "Tom" Philip Curfs
 Charles Debaun
 Tim Donahue
 Herbert Ernst
 Stephen Hansen
 Mark Andrew Horton

1968 continued

Robert Joyce
 Richard Lawson
 Jill Marett
 Robert C "Mac" McRae
 Ellen Murray Macaulay
 Ann Barr Ng
 James "Jim" Arnold Overton
 Charles Owen
 Michael Phillips
 Charles F Postlethwait
 William Charles Pratt
 Linda J Provance
 Tim Seaquist
 Kathy Seitz Shepard
 Carol Herbert Shingler
 Charles Ernest Wagner
 Diane Abbondandolo Wallace

1969

Randolph W "Randy" Beebe
 Timothy J Berger
 Rick Gaston
 James R Goad, Jr
 Joy Gruber
 Kathryn Ann Hermann
 Diane Hood
 Terrence J McCall
 John O'Reagen Jr
 Steve Pusin
 Ron Raybould
 Mary Jo Anderson Rider
 Eric Severson
 Jon Thorkelsen
 Peter Vitelli
 Cathy Wyckoff

1970

Wayne Richard Harrigan Jr
 Brad Hostetter
 Gregory Campbell Landis
 George A Lyons
 Mary Mattord
 Doris Neff
 Chris Patterson
 Donald Spearel
 William D Tyra III
 Peter D Van Noppen

1971

Lorenzo Borders
 Douglas Brethauer
 Kathy H Robbs Gulbranson
 Mike Laurendeau
 Steve Lloyd
 Mike Mark
 Michael Martin
 Mary Ann Pesce
 Nana Taylor Purser Schneider
 Rodney Puseman
 William Rumpf
 Linda Smallwood
 Ken Clark Smith
 Walter Sullivan
 Mike Terry

1972

Fred Bennett
 Kevin Brill
 Tony Calhoun
 Deborah L Clines
 Karl Daigle
 Linda Linton
 Linda Rae Lizotte McCord
 Lynne Olson
 Debra Groome Peterman
 Roy Prickett
 Michael Provo
 Denise Toliver
 Nancy Wills

1973

Tony Barnes
 Richard Bertschy
 Dennis Patrick Danner, Sr
 Patricia Fayfer
 Peter Hinkelmon
 John Jones
 Dan Mullen
 Bob Olsen
 Theresa McGowan Sleeman
 John Kelly Smith

1974

Anita Barnes Azzarelli
 Jackie Boldi

1974 continued

Jacob Dixon III
 Daniel Eland
 Larry M Garrett
 Georgia Haning
 Georgia Obermayer
 Phillip Olson
 David Scott
 Chris Ware
 Pam Jennings
 Debra Groome Peterman

1975

Herman H Adams
 Frank Michael Aita
 Carla Jean Bennett
 Dale Chambers
 Mitch Cyr
 Henry Patrick Friou
 Bobby "Sunshine" Hill
 Beverly Winton Holland
 Gary Macko
 Robert Morris
 Dane Palma
 Ernie Perrow
 Michael Roggenbauer
 John J Tarsitano

1976

Donald Tim Boling
 Gary James Burrell
 Pam Kennedy Carnell
 Ray Davy
 Wendell Scott Dean
 Joy Denney
 Phillip Farmer
 Brian Harper
 Donald Hastings, Jr
 Shay Holderness
 Lee Lewis
 Donald R Miller Jr
 Michael C Morin
 Tina Perry
 Ronnie White

1977

Yvonne "Bonnie" Acuna

1977 continued

Trudy D Arendel
Ralph Karl Bass
Michael E Engelberger
Bill Gibson
Susan Carroll LePage
Victoria/Vicki "Tori" Martella
Ken Pennington
Lisa Pratt
Benjamin Andrae Sessoms

1978

Stewart Anderson
James Jansen
James Kunkel
Eric Leaf
Wilbur M Streett
Suzy Swift

1979

Marvin Lee
Dale Mayes
John Merritt
Stephen James Price
Denise Ross

1980

Robert Cain
Paul Grade
Bobby Shortt
Brenda Settle Trefftz
Melissa Steadman

1981

Cherryl Harger Ashworth
Jimmy Carlton
John Carroll, II
Andrea Koutnik Hawk
Robert "Bob" Oslin
Victor Scarr
RozLynn Washington

1982

Andrea Luise Light Gabrielson
Anthony Grayson
Frank Steven Schmidt

1982 continued

Franklin J "Frank" Trapnell
Franklin Vaughn

1983

Lisa Livecchi Ball
Russell Davis
Sylvia Stettner Dawson
Tim Filbert
Vera Marie Halecki
Roy Norris
Lori Purdy
Ralph Swift, Jr

1984

Tania Brown
Billy 'Bear' Harvey
William Hicks
Debbie Sauers
John Shull
Lynn Regan Sidenstricker
Petra Krieger Smith

1985

Craig S Albertson
Barbara Skilton Fougeron

1986

Mike Milchak

1987

Sakrutai Binkamalee
Nicole Calvin
Mona Cordeiro
Jeff Harris, Jr
Philomena Moran McWilliams
Angela Miller
Christopher 'Chris' Mitchell Morris
Christy Hartman Myers
Ken Reilly

1988

Darryl Brooks
Kenneth Todd Kimmell
Philip James Sajona
Jeffrey Claude Warwick

1989

Louise Austin
Robert E Barnes
Kyle Haas
Tijuana Smith

1990

Jaben Lamont Carter
Montrel Perkins
Kevin Terrell
Steve Trevino
Laura Lynelle Wisdom-Thomas

1991

Matthew Buss
Wendell Hollis II
A Damon Hooker

1992

Phillip Kevelier
Lejuane Lee Singleton

1993

Timothy Paul Deslatte
Arnez Williams

1994

Paulette James

1997

Nicholas Flynn
Apollo Scott Starnes

1998

Jessica Arthur
Matthew Jason Bramblett
Brer Bales

1999

Malaika Ebony King

2001

Chanee Naticia Goins
Sheldon L Tate

2002

Courtland Kennard

Faculty

Carl Roberts Ahee
 Russell R Albert
 Phillip Andringa
 Paul Benjamin
 Maurice Bernier
 Lillian Geraets Bicknell
 Catherine Biscup
 Joseph Blackstead
 Doris L Borrusch
 Roosevelt Bradley
 Albert C Braun
 Jack Brown, Sr
 Paul Buergener
 Frederick Calloway
 Ernest Champagne
 Elinor Chuha
 Martha Clark
 James Corey
 Principal Charles Curry
 Arleen Dodez
 Coach James "Jim" Elliott
 Charles J Fiala
 Frances Miner Fleming
 Mary Lee Franklin
 Linda Fuellenbach
 J.P. Green
 Agnes Grych
 Carl Gustafson
 Mr. Heidlinger
 Harry K Heiges
 Stanley J Hergenroeder
 Ysobel Wright Hirsch
 Yvonne Jaeger
 Earle E Jowdry
 Gerald Knoepfel
 Willie Kolinski
 Jean Lathim
 Mary E Lebrun
 Max Leonard
 John Love
 Robert Lundgren
 Joseph Mason
 Al Matthews
 Edgar Mayo

Faculty continued

Ethel Melton
 Gisela Mietz
 Irene Miller
 Gilbert "Gil" Mitchell
 Jacqueline Graves Momberg
 Bill Morgan
 Clara Childers Moore
 Jane Myers
 Ilse Neidhold
 Alice Cadley Nicholson
 Zigmund "Ziggy" Niparko
 Priscilla Noddin
 Rose Perta
 Kathleen Collins Phifer
 Rudolph Pietsch
 Benjamin Quackenbush
 Ruth Zimmerman Reeves
 Paul Carlyle Reeves
 Robert Rinehart
 James F Rouse
 Nicholas Royko
 Ellen Schaunaman
 Mary A Cross Scheiderer
 Herman Search
 Gaither "Butch" Sherrill
 Lloyd Smith
 Kira Speranskij
 Nicholas Speros
 Addie Sproles
 Deborah J Stafford
 Coach Russell Stickney
 Rosemarie Thayer
 William Henry Tunner
 Gary Walthers
 Fred E Welch
 John Winkler
 Hazel M Youngman

Parents

Patricia Sindt Anderson
 Dorothy Bankert
 James Bruner
 Miriam Butler
 Roy Coggin
 John Cullen
 Gabriel Discosway, Gen
 Karl Engelberger

Parents continued

John Galbraith
 Dilver Herbert
 Rose Moncrief
 Porter Myers
 Mrs. William Pipkin
 Leo Redmon
 Nancy Shea
 Louise Taylor
 Robert Willis

Friends

John Petranek
 Rashelle Nicole Pitman

Tomb of the Unknown
Class Year

Keith Davis
 Billy Gore
 Darrell Rogers
 Rev Benjamin Shinn
 Arthur Sinclair
 Venca Weber



Please contact the
 WHS/General HH Arnold
 Alumni Association with any of
 the following:

Additional information
 New additions
 Corrections

Please email Lyn Fort at
lynfort@mail.com

'REMEMBERING' JIM NUTTALL

-Lindy Hirschman Aleshire '88



Cpl. J.R. Nuttall
Wiesbaden Germany

I'm writing a remembrance for a man I never met; someone I wouldn't have recognized had I walked past him in an airport, and who occupied the halls of HH Arnold way before I was born. Well... maybe not way before, but... he was my mother's age-'nuff said! Despite all that, I feel like I knew him at least a little bit... *(Boy, would he scoff with derision if he could read this-- which would also prove me right, Opus!)* Jim Nuttall, class of 1965 was an enigma. Not that he was really much of a mystery, but rather he could be difficult to understand. He could also be polarizing, crafty, cunning and possessed a razor-sharp intellect. He was literally a rocket scientist working with Raytheon on some crazy stuff. Well, technically, he was an engineer, but... close enough.

Jim first popped up on my radar during one of my less-than-stellar moments. It was 1999 and I had just discovered that crazy wall of

comments on the old Alumni Association website (HaHaHi.com). I was feeling disgruntled that hardly any of my classmates from the 80s had shown up to say hello. I said something to that effect, adding mention of seeing only folks from the 60s and 70s, and Jim jumped up to hand me some snark for my impertinence. I remember thinking, 'Who is this guy, calling himself *Das Auslander*—as if *he's* the only one who ever felt like an outsider due to our unique German-American military heritage.'

Fast-forward to 2008 and there he was again — this time it was his turn to grouse due to all the questions I made him answer in his profile to gain access to the Warrior chat site at GeneralHHarnold.ning.com. But once inside the site, Jim begrudgingly admitted we had a good thing going. He had participated in many attempts at Warrior groups and blogs and was disappointed in them, as he told me several times. They were too isolated or geared toward a splintered faction. As loathe as he'd have been to admit it, I think he was looking for something all-inclusive and welcoming across generations of the Warrior family. I think he genuinely enjoyed being part of the Alumni Association and I also believe he was proud that we had managed to find a platform nearly as interactive as facebook, but with greater control by the Warrior admin team who ran the site.

Soon, he was a regular fixture on the chat site, running some

of the era groups, as well as introducing a fun Google map feature that detailed the whereabouts of fellow Warriors and their favorite Wiesbaden haunts (and still does to this day). He used to post these quirky, static spreadsheet-based class rosters that struck me as more work than necessary, but he did it with love and I accepted it as the gift it was meant to be. They're still there, if anyone cares to check. He's also still listed as the 60s Era Warrior group admin to this day. I can't bring myself to remove him from his sentry post. The site is littered with evidence of what Jim thought was a clever welcoming message for new members, that read more like a long-winded rant against the people who brought him the site. He took to calling me 'She Who Must Be Obeyed.' I confess, it made me feel weird and on occasions when my patience was thin, annoyed.

At some point, Jim started referring to himself as Opus.



Opus Penn-Quinn (J.
Nuttall '65)
Playa Del Rey, California
United States

We all played along. There was probably a reason for it, but heck if I can remember...

Then he created a second profile as a woman named Mary Elizabeth. He made sure I found the clues he'd left me so that I'd be 'in on it.' While we have always had a strict one-profile rule at the chat site, Jim seemed to be genuinely enjoying himself so much as a pot-stirring female in disguise, so I looked the other way and didn't 'shut down his party.' I think he was hoping that my discovery of his second profile would create additional controversy, but one thing I figured out early on was that if you didn't blow wind in Jim's sails, the boat would, more often than not, continue to rest calmly atop the water. This is Jim's alter ego...



Mary Elizabeth Jackson
Female
Playa Del Rey, CA
United States

I've always suspected he borrowed a picture from a fellow classmate (*if anyone recognizes Mary Elizabeth, please do let me know*)...

Jim had an extremely odd

mixture of anarchic tendencies and reverence for authority that I found perplexing. I remember calling him out on that once and he genuinely got a chuckle out of the contradiction. That was Jim. I also remember the first time I realized Jim was having health issues. I waited very quietly for him to return. And when he did return, he threw, well, a first-class hissy fit because he believed no one had noticed his absence. We all noticed, but we didn't want to bug him while he was down. And it was tough to explain that to him when he already had his mind made up. Again, that was Jim. –sigh-

How do I describe Jim? Let me count the ways... His sense of humor: Irreverent. Jim's disdain (and respect) for authority: Evident. His keen intellect: Ever-present. His compassion? Tucked way down deep inside, but very much there...

Any time a profile came in containing conflicting information, typos or date errors, there would be a private message waiting for me – one full of witty and, well, blunt comments about the state of our society, loss of quality education, etc. And if one of the site admins dared to allow a duplicate profile through, the ensuing diatribe would be considerable. I think his favorite was botched dates that suggested things like... a 2-year gap between birth and HS graduation. Or someone who claimed to be born in the 1760s... He would always do the math and share it with me. The more conflicting the

information in the profile, the more colorful the commentary Jim cranked out, without fail.

One day, a pretty messy profile came in and Jim wasted no time slapping that self-righteous paintbrush around. I delicately let him know that the person in question had some issues that were beyond their control and worth taking into account before being subjected to Jim's blistering behind-the-scenes grammar patrol– an accident years before had robbed this person of much of their faculties and they were just doing the best they could with what they had. In that character-defining moment, Jim could have reacted many different ways. But he surprised me that day. We agonized, lamented, and expressed deep remorse for having been unkind and sympathy for the hardships this person must be going through every day. In that moment, Jim revealed a vulnerable, caring heart, one that was about as tough as Marshmallow.

Maybe this story is a little too personal, a little too sensitive, but it is what sticks with me now that we've lost him and I want people to know a little more about this complex man who went to great lengths to bluff his way through life as Oscar the Grouch.

I miss him dearly.

Many times, his sense of humor was too quirky for mass consumption; too intellectual to be mainstream-funny, too scathing to be light-hearted.

And his vexation with authority found him railing against the Alumni Association with little provocation. Several times, he and I butted heads, but I think we did so with equanimity, recognizing a comparable sparing partner in each other. I think he respected me, and I certainly respected him. It's been over a year and I miss his presence in my life, even if it was limited to my online life. I had hoped he'd do something contrary, like show up to a gathering one day, but alas...

I am sad that one of our last conversations consisted of me yelling at him because his vitriol had crossed a line, ruffling my feathers, but I don't think Jim ever wanted the neat, clean package so I console myself with the idea that our back and forth, while sometimes heated and intense, was always honest and sincere.

I think if Jim could read this, he'd find plenty to criticize. And I would try my best to handle it in stride. But too I think he'd acknowledge my insight and appreciate this for what it is: My impression of Jim *Das Auslander65* 'Opus' Nuttall, in all his warts and glory.

(By the way, Jim – if you're reading this where ever you are... congratulations, you did it. You really did it - all the way to the end. There's not a single thing about you online in the search engines. Impressive. As ever you were.)

If anyone has any pictures of Jim they'd like to share, please send them to the Alumni Association or to me directly at lindyaleshire@hotmail.com

Wendell Scott Dean – Class of 1976 (1958 - 2016)



Obituary announcement:

Feb. 14, 1958 - Apr. 2, 2016
He leaves to cherish his memory; a father, John S. Dean, Jr., a mother, Mattie Lewis Dean, two sisters, Janet Dean Campbell and Arlette Dean Beauchamps, and one brother Norbert Dean, one sister-in-law, Kim Pugh Dean, 4 nieces, Janean Harris, Theresa Dean, Danielle Dean, and Catherine Campbell, 1 nephew, Nikolas Dean, 2 great nieces, Janae' Young and Kae Elliot, 1 great nephew Wesley Clark, 4 Aunts, 6 Uncles, a loving fiancé Beth Dixon, and a magnificent host of relatives and friends. Visitation will be Sat., April 23, 2016, from 9AM until the funeral hour of 11 AM at Williams Chapel Baptist church, Mt. Vernon, AL. Interment will follow in Roper Cemetery.

A note from the Alumni Association:

News of Wendell's sudden passing sent shockwaves throughout the Warrior community in early April. The outpouring of grief and the profound sense of loss were evident as hundreds of comments, messages and pictures were shared on the HH Arnold facebook groups and on Wendell's page -both in English and in Spanish, as testament that he was beloved not just among his fellow Warriors, but also everyone he worked with in Brazil. Sincere condolences to all of Wendell's many family and friends. He is dearly missed.

HONOR ROLL TRIBUTES

Dear Warriors,

If you would like to write a tribute for a fellow Warrior, please do so and send it along to us for publishing in the next newsletter - regardless of when they passed - grief and celebration of life have no sell-by date.

We Warriors love closure and your thoughts just might help someone else find comfort in dealing with the loss of an old friend. There's no such thing as too short or too long, nor is there such thing as right or wrong. There are thoughts and stories worth sharing to keep alive the spirit of our Warrior friends.

Please send tributes to lynfort@mail.com or message them to us on facebook @ Hal Hap Arnold or Lyn Baskett Fort.

A Word About the Association *from the Association...*

The Wiesbaden / General H. H. Arnold High School Alumni Association is unique among overseas DoDDs schools, not only due to its longevity, but also its strength in unity, and its ability to embrace change.

- Over the years, we've grown from a grassroots handful of classmates mailing postcards and newsletters to a well-rounded, diverse group with a substantial online presence.

One thing has remained constant over the years: We help Warriors reconnect and even make new friendships across generations in our WHS community.



With the rise of social media, you might wonder if the Alumni Association is feeling a little bit replaced, but you won't find any gatekeepers in this crew. We're thrilled that so many avenues for reconnecting have opened up. The more, the better!

- We use social networks to spread the word on upcoming **events**, search for missing **classmates**, coordinate buying **Warrior merch** that pops up on ebay, Amazon, etc..

The Alumni Association is reinventing its business model to incorporate social media, but we're not talking about a complicated corporation – the Alumni Association is held down by a small group of dedicated fellow Warriors, committed to being of service to our school Community.

- We welcome your help, so please get involved by sending in thoughts or an article for the newsletter, throw some money in the pot to help us maintain our web presence, or just let us know that you'd like to help and we can talk about how that would shape up. **We Are Warrior Strong!**

MEMBERSHIP OPTIONS

Psst, hey, you... Yeah, you... Fellow Warrior... Whatcha gonna do with that \$15 burning a hole in your pocket (in your PayPal account, on your mileage-earning credit card, on your points-accumulating debit card)?

Consider supporting your Warrior Alumni Association!

Where does the money go? It covers the cost of hosting our websites, which house things like Warrior **newsletters**, that massive **Warrior database**, **event announcements**, the **Warrior chat site** and **other programs** that we're working on unveiling in the very near future... *-wiggles eyebrows-*

There's no pressure to join long term – just help out when you can. The cost of one meal goes a long way in helping us to keep the mission going...



WiesbadenHigh.com

DON'T DELAY, JOIN TODAY!