

Heidelberg High School Newsletter

The Early Years, Classes of 1947 to 1963 and 1965

Spring 2009



A view of Heidelberg by Sebastian Muenster, printed in his *Kalendarium Hebraicum*, 1527

Above is the second-oldest known image of Heidelberg, showing the great castle we all know and love as it was before being heavily damaged by the French in 1693, along with an upper castle on what is now the Königsstuhl, or “king’s throne” - maybe for the castle that used to be there.

Why “Heidelberg” is backward is a mystery: The castle and bridge and the Holy Ghost Church are all oriented accurately left-to-right, as is the flow of the river, so only this word is reversed - an unlikely error for this experienced artist to have made. Another version of this drawing on the Internet has “Heidelberg” in modernized lettering and facing the right way. Someone must have photoshopped it.

The oldest known image dates from 1485. It is in a museum in Stuttgart, but not on the Internet.

Golden Reunion October 30 - November 2, 2008

From **Luke Williams '58**: Herndon, Virginia, next to Dulles Airport, was honored to host the Heidelberg High School Reunion for the fiftieth anniversary of the class of **1958**. The classes of **1957** and **1959** were also invited, since we seemed to be “all in it together” fifty years ago.

We started out with an informal “early arrivals” dinner at McCormick’s and Schmick’s that grew from six to thirty-eight from three to five o’clock. The restaurant was able to handle the slight increase in numbers and we enjoyed the company. The events, held in conjunction with the Overseas Brats organization’s annual Gathering, included lunch Friday, dinner Saturday, and a dinner-dance Saturday night. We had our own Hospitality Suite, which turned out to be the Hospitality Closet when everyone showed up.

Out of two hundred invitations mailed out, we had forty-one graduates, two faculty, and twenty-one spouses attend. The class of **'58** led the way with fourteen with the class of **'63** next with six.

The highlight of the entire reunion was the attendance of **Coach Venne** and **Coach Urch**. We had a great time reliving the football games we nearly won, the basketball tournaments and the track meets. Original letter jackets were provided by **Joel Allen** and **Luke Williams** for pictures of the coaches with the athletes.

Attending were **Jill and Gary Roosma** from **'53**, **Rita Wycoff Zener**, the Early Years President, and **Bob Hines** from **'54**, **Marjorie LaFogg '55**, **Gerry Berry** from **'57**, and **Ken Keene, Joel Allen, Linda Hunsaker, Mike Banks, Roger “the story teller” Perez, Ellie Reif, Lola** (nuf said), **Judy Wright, Carolyn Thune, Lurline** (hey, good lookin’) **Webber, Bill DeVeaux, Jo Ann Williams** and **Luke Williams**, all

'58. The class of '59 was represented by **Sally Irwin, Jan McLin, Jeri Wright, Linda Hornbuckle and Pam** (Oh my God!!) **Brundage. John Ford and Katharyn Thune** from '60 and **Margaret Peyton, Anne Berger, Charlie Rose, Charles Graft, and Charles Pelham** from '61 came as well. The class of '63 was well represented by **Karen Farr, Jane Chance, Bob and Bobbi Jackson, Michelle Stewart, and Pete Wells. Betsey Church '64 and Mary Anne Thune '65** completed the roster.

Mike and Lin Banks, Ellie Reif, Katharyn Thune (California), and **Carolyn Thune** (Oregon) took honors for coming the farthest.

Several other Heidelberg graduates dropped in from the "Later Years", young kids all. A group from '65 came to the Hospitality Suite and expressed an interest in joining the Early Years organization.

Several of us visited **Joan's** grave on Saturday afternoon to say good bye one more time.

We could not wait for the dinner dance to wind up so we could get back to the Hospitality Closet and get on with the visiting. **Roger Perez** did complain about why no one wanted to dance. Maybe that's why Patty didn't come? Anyhow, there was not enough time to relive all the memories and the good times. Just wait until the next reunion.

The rumor surfaced again about Heidelberg closing next year (from the daughter of the former School Superintendent). The head of the Heidelberg Alumni Association, **Bob Flores '71**, was contacted. His information is that it would take the Army several years to close the Heidelberg facility, certainly not by 2009, so we appear to be on for the 2011 reunion. As far as future reunions, there is some discussion about a domestic reunion every two or so years. Still in the talking stages, watch the Newsletter.

One other option would be to piggy back the Overseas Brats Gathering, usually held near the end of October at various locations. Last year was Boise, this year DC, next year Plano, Texas, October 14-18. The proposal was that we plan to have Heidelberg represented at each Gathering. If people want to "reunion", they come. We would set up a small Hospitality Suite and plan on the OSB dinner dance on Saturday. If a particular class wanted to set up a special event, they would be responsible for notifying class members and getting them to attend. OSB provides notification of particular school attendees so we could keep track of people expecting to attend. **Luke Williams** is the "designated" contact with OSB and goes to the Gatherings to represent the "Early Years". He would be happy to set up an annual event as well as bring the albums of previous reunions. Anyone interested, let Luke know, 103 Linwood Ct. Simpsonville, SC, 29681, 864-963-2764, clukewilliams@mindspring.com.

Save the date: **HHS** can join others from overseas schools at the Dallas-Fort Worth Gathering October 14-18, 2009 at the Southfork Hotel in Plano, TX (\$89 per night for single/double occupancy). www.overseasbrats.com has more details, or you can e-mail Joe Condrill at joeosbpres@sbcglobal.net, or contact one of your editors and officers (names and info at the end of the newsletter).

PS from your editor: **Luke Williams '58** did wonderful work for this reunion, getting letters out encouraging people to come, arranging name tags and HHS polo shirts, and setting up our HHS hospitality suite. He organized **Joan Dickson's** decades of records into binders that were a treasure trove for everyone who visited the suite. He also made handsome handouts: updated copies of our master mailing list and a list of all the HHS attendees and their class years. I brought books by HHS authors to the hospitality suite for sharing, and **Bob Hines '54** brought food and drink. **Coach Clifford Venne** (in excellent shape at 82, despite the fact that I had mistakenly reported his death in a recent newsletter...) and **Coach George Urch** both came to our HHS dinner Thursday night, **Coach Urch** with his wife and **Coach Venne** with his son and grandson, who both work at Virginia Tech. The coaches spent quality time with **Luke, Mike Banks, Bill DeVeaux, and Roger Perez, all '58**. They had hoped also to see **Don Cork '59**, but Don was in Waco that weekend with his grandson (a student at Baylor), at a football game. For all who came, it was terrific to see old friends, but also to make new ones. It was an exhilarating experience! **See our color photo pages.**

HHSEarlyyears.com: New Webmaster, New Look

We have a new webmaster, Lin Banks (she and **Mike Banks '58** met and married after the death of **Mary Field Banks '59**). Within days after the OSB reunion in October 2008, she had the new site up and running, framed in HHS Blue and Gold, at www.HHSEarlyyears.com. Lin would welcome an assistant or co-webmaster – volunteers, please step up. Everyone can send her information for the website – if possible by e-mail or as MS Word documents, to save the labor of retyping. Digital photos should be mailed to her on CD. See her contact info at the website or write to lktbanks@gmail.com. **Many thanks, Lin!**

The Early Years Grow

Responding to interest expressed at the 2008 reunion by the class of 1965, our newsletter now covers class years 1947 through 1963, plus 1965 (other classes will be added if they contact us). HHS was founded in the fall of 1946, so it is now 62 years old and counting. With a mental lurch, we realize that even such youngsters as the class of 1965 belong to the “early” years of HHS. **Welcome, class of 1965!**

HHS Alumni News

Breaking news on Pam Brundage Meek '59 and family, January-March 2009: Pam and her husband Ron were visiting their daughter in Hawaii when Ron, out for a walk, was hit by a car and badly injured. He nearly lost his leg and has lost much of his hearing, and though he has a long way to go, he is now in rehab and is making progress. In Pam's words, “Our lives are changed forever, but the important fact is we still have him. It could have ended on the pavement quickly and so, therefore, we feel extremely fortunate. It will take a long time to recover and I have no idea when we will be returning home. But home will be there for us when that time comes.... Hope you all are fine & enjoying the good life. Take care, love, Pam.” The full story is at www.carepages.com/santeegolfer/. Register with your e-mail address and a password, and you will get e-mails about updates and can send encouraging messages to Pam and Ron. Thanks to **Lucy Ranck Roubal '59** and **Luke and Sally Irwin Williams '58** and **'59** for passing this on.

Keith Walters '52 (November 2008): “You see what you want to see, you hear what you want to hear” and you remember things the way you want them to be. I respectfully correct **Dave Rogers** for he has stated, in the fall 2008 newsletter, that Heidelberg won three basketball tournaments during the time he attended Heidelberg. Actually, Frankfurt won in 1949/1950 and again in 1950/1951. Heidelberg did win in 1951/1952. I played on all three winning teams and somewhere I have three medals for my efforts. I also remember, not too fondly, that in 1952 Dave beat me in the 800 meters without training for it. He stated then that training gave him headaches. I live in Copper Harbor in upper Michigan, where the road ends, with my wife of 54 years. Keith Walters (e-mail: chickenlittle@pasty.com)

Bill Phillips '52 (October 2008): I had the pleasure of seeing one of my poems interpreted at a concert of the Opening Door Dance Theatre at Texas State University on October 24. My daughter, Stephanie, was one of the performers. (November 2008:) I wonder if you could add my sister, **Ann Phillips HHS '55** to your mailing list. She was one of those who moved up from Stuttgart when they changed their system. [Done; see **Addresses**. Bill has also sent us several poems, to be printed as space allows.]

Mary Lee Bradbury Matthias '53 (October 2008): We took a tour of Mexico to see the Copper Canyon in April, went fishing in Canada in August, and have just finished with revising the bylaws of the local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. I just got back from a Frankfurt Reunion in Fredericksburg, Texas. Since I went to both Frankfurt & Heidelberg, I feel a split, but have fun with both groups. You may remember that my husband, Norman Matthias, graduated from Frankfurt. Doug Torgerson challenged Jim and me to a hot game of bridge. I actually did graduate from Heidelberg in 1953. My maiden name was Bradbury. Most people called me Lee, but I have a legal first name of Mary. The Frankfurt group is quite active. We try to meet once a year. **Jack Maxwell '51** from Heidelberg was there as well. He started in Frankfurt. We haven't quite decided where we will meet next year, maybe Williamsburg or Ohio. I can let you know if anyone is interested. I really enjoy your newsletter, and appreciate all the hard work that goes into the production. Regards, Mary Lee (marvlee9@cox.net)

From Catherine Thormin-Mease (November 2008) about her husband **Glen Mease '54**: We are doing fine, meeting with transplant team on Thursday to see if they are going to put Glen on the list. His post by-pass surgery stress test was fine, so he is cleared for a transplant as far as that goes. Shall keep you up to date about that ongoing event in our lives. Love to y'all. Catherine.

Dee (Diane) Allgeier Giddens '54 (September 2008): Alaska and the cruise were great!! – Dee bdgiddens@yahoo.com

Carol Hess Keim '54 (October 2008, responding to questions from your editor): **Robert Hess '52** was no relation. Wally's family was not military. [I had asked if **Jackson Keim '50** might be a brother of Carol's husband Wally. – Ed.] We met at Duke, although we had gone to the same high school (Wilson). He was a year ahead of me, so we only overlapped one year. We are enjoying San Antonio. Wally just sings in the church choir these days. Peggy and her family – 2 boys – live 2 blocks from us. Roger's daughter is a sophomore at Texas State in San Marcos. He and his wife live in San Antonio. Steve [who has Down syndrome] lives in a large facility. He seems happy there.

Rita Wycoff Zener '54: My husband Karl and I and **Mike Rohaly '54** had a local mini-reunion, celebrating an early Halloween on October 4, 2008. We attended "Fright Night" at Old Tucson. Mike said the best part was watching Karl and me riding the Merry-Go-Round! Scary!

Connie Taylor Fischer '56 (September 2008): At 70 years I'm still working full time in academia (psychology). I hope to finish some research and writing projects before I do retire from the university (haven't decided when). Along the way I've published 4 edited books, and a textbook on engaging clients as partners in their psychological assessments. I'm pleased that my work in this area has been catching on, and is being extended by many colleagues. Its time has come! I'm also slowly (!) decluttering my house's 40+ years of stuff, and am trying to encourage my body to behave as though it's younger than it is! I've enjoyed reading about other HHS alumni. Thanks. [See **Addresses**]

From **Paul ("Red") Jennings '57** (fall 2008): Luke and friends, Boy was it good to hear from you! Will be celebrating my three score and ten on 3/11/08. I am building a church retreat at the ranch 10 miles north of Bonifay, FL, as my legacy (Emmaus Walk). There are three major building projects: a fellowship hall, a ten-couple guest facility, and a two-storied chapel. When you come this way, bring a hammer. Really sorry I can't be there for the reunion but between the retreat center and rectory remodeling in Ponce de Leon and fixing up the lake place at Lake Seminole and moving everything up here from Santa Rosa Beach, it is a challenge. I have a lot of love for the classmates that have preceded us and hope that our loss will in no way hamper the joy of this reunion. I am positive that they would have wanted it to be so. Luke, grab the best female jitterbugger on the floor and say to her "This one is for Red Jennings." My neighbor at Lake Seminole yesterday caught 75 bluegill, so bring your fishing pole, too. My June is good at catching seaweed and trees. There is a ten-pound bass near the dock. Our mare and her filly at the ranch need breaking. Come see us. [See **Addresses** and **The Bookshelf** also.]

Pam Brundage Meek '59 (September 2008): Hopefully, I will see you all in VA in Oct....am kinda dealing with herniated discs and leukemia so my plate is full!! [She did attend, and we all had a great time.]

Sylvia Peaslee Baker '60 (October 2008) sent her new address [see **Addresses**] and writes that she enjoys reading and always looks forward to finding "old" friends.

Randy Bayliss '60 (September 2008): Address change from Alaska to Oregon [see **Addresses**]. Brief bio: engineering degrees from Univ Arkansas; Army Medical Service Corps in Okinawa and Fort Sam; environmental work on Alaska Pipeline and Exxon Valdez oil spill; now doing environmental work on Peru LNG project, hope to retire in 2010 in Astoria OR; wrote a cookbook *Life's a Fish and Then You Fry* in second printing [See **The Bookshelf**].

From **Paul McLin '61** (November 2008, responding to news of our reunion with **Coaches Urch and Venne**): **Don Cork '59** was the best player on the basketball team. Another other good player was **Bill DeVeaux '58**, who became an African Methodist Episcopal Bishop. **John Payne** was a pretty good guard. But Heidelberg got clobbered by Kaiserslautern and Frankfurt every year. **Larry Cooley '61** was a classmate of mine, a gigantic young kid who started at center for HHS as a freshman, handsome, proportionally built (maybe on the well-muscled side) and good at all sports, in addition to being as nice a guy as you'll ever know. **Jim Pleasant**, a Dallas-based attorney, who attended elementary school with me in Heidelberg, told me that Larry never grew after his freshman year. [We found Larry, wrote, and heard back from him:]

From **Larry Cooley '61** (February 2009): I was delighted to hear from you - many good memories returned. Your email prompted me to contact my basketball coach at Heidelberg, **George Urch**. I have started a letter to him. The brief summary of the letter is that I grew taller and played basketball at the University of Oregon in Eugene, where I remain as a lawyer with a woman I have been with for over forty years, having raised three children (who, I am proud to say, like me). [See **Addresses** for details]

Newsletter Mail and Updates

Margaret Luke Lee (faculty) (fall 2008) sent a donation and says she enjoys reading the newsletter and seeing what her past students are doing.

Bill Kistler '48 (September 2008): The address you have for me is still good, I do receive the Heidelberg Newsletter, and am still awake enough to enjoy it, Keep up the good work

Jacque Robinette Davis '48 (October 2008): Heidelberg 1947...I did not graduate Heidelberg ...was just there for that one year and then on to Munich where I did graduate in '48. So glad you are continuing the newsletter. [She has a new address; see **Addresses**.]

Jean Edward White '51 (October 2008): Has the Heidelberg Alum. Group disbanded? I ask as I have not received a newsletter in well over six months. [She says she wrote two letters with her my new address – it might have been in **Joan Dickson's** stolen laptop, but **Jean** is on our master list now.]

Allan C. Hamilton '52 (September 2008): Please change my address [see **Addresses**]. PS Still no attendees from '52 at the upcoming reunion. What's the matter with our class?

Robert Mitchell '58 (September 2008): I receive the newsletter and, while I'm still in the same house, my address has changed. We got big enough to finally get a post office and a new zip code. The post office is getting on me to get my address corrected. I'm sorry about **Joan**, but you guys are continuing to do a great job. Thanks for the newsletter. I look forward to it.

Jan Causey Byers '59 and **Ron Byers '57** (September 2008): We are enjoying the newsletter very much and want to thank you for taking over as editor. It may save a few pennies if you send us only one letter. Ron Byers (my husband of 46 years) and I each get one so combining the names may help a bit. Sorry we are unable to come to the next reunion, but maybe we can make one soon. Thanks, Jan and Ron Byers (Jan_Byers@MSN.com)

Memories of Germany – 1947-1951 by **Jim Hockenberry '52**

Arrived in Bremerhaven with mother and younger brother, Scott, on USS Huddleston December 1947 and traveled to Frankfurt to meet my father. Time in Germany as follows: to summer 1948, Frankfurt, second half of 8th grade; to November 1950, Heidelberg, 9th, 10th and first part 11th grades; to August 1951, Wiesbaden, balance of 11th grade. My father was a civilian, one of a very few in the EUCOM community. [We include Jim's memories of Frankfurt and Wiesbaden because they fill out the picture for us all. – Ed.]

Memories of Frankfurt

Living in the “compound”, a 16-mile-circumference fenced area reserved for occupation families, services, offices, etc, which had US sentries at all gates. Remember the PX, commissary, movie theater and American church. Lived on Eschersheimer Landstrasse within four blocks of Furstenburger School (elementary grades only, I believe).

Almost total destruction of downtown Frankfurt, with streets cleared of rubble to accommodate traffic with bodies removed. Citizens lived beneath rubble in basements, eking out a living, - men leaving

in morning in ersatz military overcoats and caps with their briefcases with goods for trade on or off the black market.

Indigenous Police (IP's), or displaced persons, employed as guards at various installations – our school was one. Some were Polish as I recall. They were unarmed but looked official and had guard posts with sentry boxes.

Getting used to having a German maid (believe all dependent families were entitled to such, probably at a minimal cost). One, after cooking dinner for us and we filling our plates, ate all the remainder so there were never any seconds. The family came home another time and found the maid had her boyfriend in our apartment. There were all sorts of other problems, mostly in my mother trying to get things done the way she wanted. She went through 23 maids while we were in Germany, and finally decided that none was preferable.

Scramble for cigarette butts by German men and boys with no holds barred in many cases.

Black market value of carton of cigarettes rose to 120 marks.

Father worked at I.G. Farben building – our apartment building was within sight of I.G. Farben. Brother and I and others played in local bombed-out buildings – not very safe in retrospect.

Streetcar No. 39 making the 90 degree turn at the intersection near our apartment building. I can still hear the squeal of the wheels in the curved rails.

The most popular song of the day was “Near You” and AFN played it incessantly.

On a Sunday afternoon drive, the family stopped in a small village to walk around. We came upon two young boys – 9-10 years old – who had an old 78 rpm record player on a low wall and it was playing “O’ Buttermilk Skies.”

Memories of Heidelberg

Lived in Rohrbach, suburb of Heidelberg. **Kirk Stanley** and **Bob Bacher** lived nearby and were friends. Also remember **Jack Maxwell** living in area.

The “honey wagon” being pulled by tractor to the local garden area in Rohrbach and then through the field spraying the growing vegetables.

The roar of the fans on Sunday afternoons at the soccer field ¼ mile from our house.

Our Rohrbach home had a yard with 19 fruits as I then counted them at the time. There were apples, pears, apricots, peaches, quince, gooseberries, cherries, plums, grapes, blackberries, raspberries that I now recall but can’t remember the rest. I spent many hours in the sour cherry tree eating until I was nearly sick.

Vintage VW’s with the lighted directional signals that would pop out from the upper end of the door post. [The Americans called them mox nix sticks, after the German (’s macht nichts) for “whatever,” as many kids say today - Ed.]

Riding the school bus and observing the constant repair of cobblestone streets by teams of workers sitting on stools and setting each stone in by hand with sand and a mallet.

The Berlin Air Lift, and General Lucius Clay.

Bill Aldrup, of my class, one of my close friends and of whom I have not heard since leaving Heidelberg. A good student, good athlete, and otherwise neat guy.

The family driving to Luxembourg City occasionally to have dinner in a fine restaurant. We always had the same table which was by a large window on the second floor, looking out on the city. Most pleasant memory.

Issuing of dog tags to be worn by all dependents for identification in case of mass evacuation of the US Zone due to sudden Soviet invasion from their zone. It was expected that evacuation would have to occur within hours and families would be separated as children would be at school. This was a real concern at the time.

Playing golf at the Heidelberg 9-hole course, flat as a pancake, with **Kirk Stanley**. Remember Kirk flinging his clubs at least once.

Playing “workup” softball at lunchtime in the Orford School courtyard.

Taking fencing lessons in the school attic with **Jerry Whitman**. German instructor foolishly left off his face mask during instructional moves until I accidentally nicked him in his eyebrow with my foil. Needless to say, he wore the face mask from then on.

Coach **Harry Heiges**, a kind yet firm gentleman, who made an impression on me.

Algebra teacher, **Alice Bruce**, who was most encouraging and engaging. Since I loved math, I am sure I must have appealed to her as well. One way to get on her good side was to do all of the homework problems, not just the even or odd numbered as she asked.

The Bus Station – a small temporary building near the train station where dependents gathered to await departure of one of the six buses which covered all the Heidelberg area. It was a favorite hangout after school and everyone had at least one Coke or one Pepsi. The cokes were in the old glass bottles, cost 5 cents, and were separately dispensed by two older Germans behind the counter, one for the Cokes and one for the Pepsis. I can still see one of them clearly.

Driving through the French countryside with damage from WWI still visible after 30 years. In small farm villages, peasant homes often had large manure piles in the front yard. (In later life, I told a younger French colleague about this and he denied it vehemently). Remember passing a stopped tour bus with men lined up in field relieving themselves and women in the woods on the other side of the road apparently doing the same thing.

Driving on Sunday afternoon with family to visit yet one more Roman ruin at the top of a hill, or one more cathedral. Astonishing fact is that one could drive up to one of these ruins and no one else would be around. There would be no caretakers, no fees, no brochures, or any official control of what now must be carefully preserved historical sites.

The family car was a 1936 Buick, built like a tank but very serviceable during our entire stay in Germany. We had a lot of flat tires, though.

Visiting Venice and taking a family gondola ride in the evening. I recall there being hardly any other tourists and no other gondolas out. This was obviously before tourism got into full swing.

Driving on the autobahn and there being no other vehicles to speak of.

Going fishing in a stream south of Heidelberg across from Bad Wimpfen, a medieval town on the hill. On one occasion, I left the tackle box on the curb in front of the house and we did not discover that fact until we got to the stream. My father was not happy, and the tackle box was gone when we got home.

Playing visiting Linz, Austria basketball team at home and winning 54-1.

Playing Linz, Austria at Linz in basketball on a linoleum floor.

Visiting Versailles Palace in France – it was only a shell, perhaps looted by the Germans, with no furnishings to speak of. Very drab. Saw in later years and it was spectacular in comparison.

Seeing the Passion Play in Oberammergau in 1950.

Spending many hours shooting baskets in the gym at the Rohrbach Kaserne (Army Hq – don't remember correct name), and at the school gym on Saturdays. [That must have been Campbell Barracks, home of HQ USAREUR – Ed.]

Visiting Berlin for either baseball or basketball and touring city before game with 2-3 others (don't remember who). Came upon Russian war memorial (semicircle of about 8 pillars) with armed guard. Walked up to guard to have our pictures taken by each other when Russian officer came out from behind the memorial and shook hands with each of us to have our pictures taken.

Playing baseball at large stadium in Nürnberg where Nazi rallies had been held.

Hearing Winston Churchill give a speech in Amsterdam's Damplatz in 1948. Family was visiting Holland and Belgium and my father found out about the pending speech in time to get us there. The queen made an introduction. Audience was standing. Churchill's car passed us on the road later in the day.

Visiting Vienna with family. Rode the large Ferris wheel in the Prater before Joseph Cotten and Orson Welles did in "The Third Man". In St. Stephen's cathedral crypt, saw rooms full of bones of those who died in the Middle Ages of black plague – one full of nothing but skulls. Must have been cleaned out soon after because I have never seen any reference since.

The division of both Berlin and Vienna into the four-power sectors and seeing the jeeps with four MP's touring the city – one each from US, Britain, France and USSR.

Being elected as class president at the start of my junior year but had to move to Wiesbaden in November and **Morgan Mayson** took my place.

Getting eight teeth filled at one time at base hospital (where Patton died) by Army dentist. No novocaine, slow and coarse drills, no cooling water, and drilling out all teeth before filling any, combined to make this quite memorable. In fact, I thought I would rise up out of my chair and hit the ceiling. It took me years to feel comfortable again in a dentist's chair.

Memories of Wiesbaden

A group of three German students of our class's age visited the school for a day. They sat in on our classes to observe American education in all its glory. The class I remember was English Literature and the teacher came upon the word "divers", which means many or varieties, in case the reader is unsure. Since it is not a regularly used word, no one in the class responded when the teacher asked what it meant, EXCEPT for one of the German students who answered correctly. I can still remember being embarrassed for myself, the class and the teacher.

Playing Linz, Austria at Linz in baseball and getting 9 strikeouts as a pitcher. We won but I also walked 9 and that game was the peak of my baseball career.

More Early Heidelberg Memories

From **Shirley Hall** Spurlock '61 (September 2008): I have just found the HHS website on-line. Yes, I'm slow. However...I have read all the back issues of the "Early Years Newsletter" and was thrilled to read names that I haven't seen in 47 years or so! I'm glad nobody was home to hear me whooping and shrieking!

I don't know if anyone remembers me or not, but I sure do remember a lot of them!! **Cindy Beck**, my friend from majorettes, **Bobbi Fickes** and **Sally Bless**, with whom I cheered my junior year. I read with interest the letter from **Weaver Gaines** about his retirement, and about **Thom Thurston** and his young family.

Somewhere, in one of the newsletters, there was a request for AYA memories. I sure have a lot of those! I remember **Mrs. Henrietta Kaplan** (the boss) coming to our PE class in the gym and asking me if I would be interested in teaching tumbling at AYA Day Camp. **Eddie Stone** ['60] and her family were leaving, and she had been the tumbling teacher for several years. Mrs. Kaplan told me to check out a certain book at the library in PHV, all about spotting gymnastics. That was my first job. It paid \$10 a week. With my first paycheck (\$20, for 2 weeks) I went to the PX and bought a bathing suit, a white dickey (remember those?), some bobby socks....and had several dollars left over!!!! I was also given a bus roster to keep, and later on I had the responsibility of leading songs at "camp circle" every day. What great memories!

I saw some reunion pictures on the website, and, although they were dark (on my screen, anyway!), they evoked lots of memories! My dad was in a league bowling game at that very bowling alley when my Mom went into labor with my sister, Tyrene. The library was where I first started reading science-fiction, and still love it today. The picture of the chapel brought to mind a certain MYF hay ride. I think I was dating **Skip Chandler** at the time. Does anybody remember going to see the Van Cliburn piano concert at the movie theater in PHV? It was near the beginning of his career. This was sometime in 1958 or 1959.

I won't bore you with my life history, but I graduated from Falls Church (VA) high school and went to a year of art school at the Corcoran Gallery in DC, before transplanting myself to Georgia. I had two children (boys) with my first husband and I am happily married to my second (and last) husband. We live in Eufaula, Alabama (bass fishing capital of the world).

I just retired from teaching dance, baton and gymnastics for 28 years. Don & I have 5 sons between us, and 8 grandchildren. The oldest is almost 16 and she just made majorette at the high school. I taught her and most of the line how to twirl when they were in my classes. My grandkids all call me "Tutu"...which is Hawaiian for grandmother...or old woman...take your pick! And Tutu stays pretty busy dropping off and picking up from school, football, baseball, band, etc. A labor of love, considering the price of gas!!!

Keep up your good work with the newsletter! What a treat to read!!!

Lions über Alles!!! - **Shirley Hall** Spurlock, class of 61, e-mail: dance_unlimited2000@yahoo.com

SCOUTING IN EUROPE AND THE ORIGIN OF THE BLACK EAGLE LODGE

Bill Phillips'52

My father, Chaplain Hudson Phillips, was a life-long Scouter and he regarded the Scout program as central to his work with military dependants at every duty station to which he was assigned. Prior to WWII he organized a mounted scout troop at Governor's Island, using government horses and equipment. He continued his Scouting work at Selfridge Field, Michigan. The war years involved him with the 11th Airborne in the Pacific, but when he returned to the States he immediately set up a Scouting program at

Randolph Field in 1946. Upon his arrival in Stuttgart, Germany, in 1950, he found that Scout programs had begun almost immediately after the war, wherever there were military dependents. These were largely decentralized, with each troop working unilaterally with the Boy Scout program in the United States. Quite often, our Scout uniforms were created out of military uniforms that were dyed green or were ordered directly from the States. The Scouts in the Seventh Corps area of Stuttgart Area formed their own Council and began having campouts in the Black Forest. It was not long before Stuttgart was the dominant program in all of Eucom. At this same time, Scouting was returning to German children. During the pre war and war period, German boys were organized as Hitler Jugend (Hitler Youth). Quite often their new Scout uniforms were the old Hitler Jugend uniforms with the insignia torn off. Early campouts with the Germans were often very tense affairs, but several experimental overnights took place prior to the international World Jamboree at Bad Ischl, Austria — Scouts from all over the world attended this one in 1951.

My brother, Tony, and I left with my mother and sister to join my dad in August of 1951. The Stuttgart Council sent money to us to buy supplies from the Grey Owl Trading Post in Brooklyn, New York. We were to begin making costumes for the campfire ceremonies. (We actually completed a double tailed, simulated eagle feather bonnet, a simulated Buffalo horn bonnet, a Chippewa roach headpiece, a simulated bone breastplate, leggings made from discarded pool table cloth from the Fort Sam Houston Officer's Club, and breech clouts, made from discarded maroon material from the Post Chapel.)

Through the fall months, Scouting in Eucom experienced major changes. William E. Hoffman, the first professional Scouter, was brought in from the United States to organize the Scouting program. His office would be in Heidelberg and he would soon systematize the program throughout our military bases in Europe. In order to work within the rank-conscious milieu, Hoffman obtained the civil service rank equivalent of a general in the military and designed a snappy looking uniform for himself. He was a dark, handsome man who resembled the television actor, Victor Jory. I first met him while completing my senior year of high school at the American dependants' school at Heidelberg, where he was recruiting his staff for the coming summer camp at Füssen, Germany.

The Eucom BSA camp was one mountain ridge away from the famous Neuschwanstein castle built by King Ludwig. To get to the camp one had to drive through a narrow opening between two sides of a mountain. Tucked away amidst the forest, the lake, and the surrounding mountains, the camp afforded a spectacular and very private experience of nature. It was a boy's dream come true. Years later, I was to learn that the previous group of tenants at this location had been a top secret Nazi V-2 rocket program. During the final days of WWII, Nazi weapons and equipment had been sunk in the lake. One could say that the Boy Scouts redeemed the location with their daily flag raisings and lowerings and their bugle calls. The Voice of America radio network made a tape of our ceremonies to broadcast throughout the "Iron Curtain" countries. During the winter, the Scouts held ski camps here, so Scout presence became almost continuous.

The first Order of the Arrow calling out ceremonies began in 1952. The ritual team was composed of myself (Alowatsakima) my brother, John ("Tony") '52 (Meteu), **Larry Pautsch '53** (Kitchkinet) and **Miles Henderson '54**. **David Parsons '53** was on the team in 1953. The ring for the ritual ceremonies was on the back side of the circle of hills and ridges behind the main lodge. It afforded a view of Austria and of ruins of an old castle. The calling out ceremonies were of great interest to the German locals, who referred to the appearance of the costumed Scouts as "Indian Night." Included in this entourage of feathered white people was the 60-year old figure of William Hoffman—known as "Chief"—in breech clout, leggings and full headdress!

The Black Eagle Lodge was formed sometime during this time. I have seen names listed of people who are credited with founding the Lodge but I never met or was aware of any of them. As Lodge Chief, I think that is rather strange, but many people were doing things at this time, unaware of each other. Bill Hoffman did little to discourage this, and this becomes a problem in writing the history of the Lodge at this time. Brother Tony and I were called out to be Vigil Honor members of the Order of the Arrow. We each were led to points overlooking the camp to spend the night in meditation. It was a wet and very cold experience. Each of us had been given a few matches to light a "Vigil Fire," but it was impossible to find anything that would burn under those conditions. So we sat in the darkness—very miserable and somewhat humiliated. Our advice to others who find themselves in this situation would be, "burn your underwear," no one would ever know.

There were many military people that worked with us as staff members and leaders—some names come to mind: Al Mink, Bob Kyle, Parks Olman, George Madrey (American Red Cross), Sgt. Granger, Cpl. Sprague, and Bob Spratt. Other staff members include **David Parsons '53**, **Bob Hoagland '54**, John Plant (Canadian), Horton Chandler (I think he went to Frankfurt HS) and **Dave Murphy '53**. Many of us formed the contingent of American scouts that attended the Scottish Jamboree at Blair Atholl in 1953.

A very moving moment for us on that trip was during our visit to Westminster Abbey. We circled the monument of Lord Baden Powell and repeated together the Scout Oath.

During the 1st Gulf War, I listened to a “call-in show” that involved a General being interviewed. Another General officer called in. The first thing he said to the other — “Black Eagle Lodge.” I smiled.

Fractured German

While at Heidelberg, we all learned at least some German. A common problem for us, as with many beginning German speakers, is use of an English word when the German word is unknown. In Heidelberg I came across a poem whose author has converted this problem into a delightful tale about a tail. The bilingual reader should be able to understand this poem at the first reading. The reader who knows no German will be surprised how much is understood while listening to the poem read aloud by a bilingual speaker. Enjoy!

Fido War a Guter Hund

Fido war a guter Hund,
Polite und hausgebrochen.
Er konnte Tricks von aller Art,
Und war in general sehr schmart,
Und frisst gern Chicken-knochen.

Sein Mistress nahm ihn regulär,
Um zwei P.M. spazieren.
Er trotte mit wie 'n Gentleman,
Except, er tat, schust now und denn,
Ein Lampost inspizieren.

Sie hatt' ihn von a Pup geraist.
Such Loff is sinful, maybe.
But sie war crazy über ihn.
Sie war a Maiden-lady, lean,
Und hatte noch kein Baby.

Well, Hunde-nature, die ist queer,
Und Spring die Time von Passion.
Er sah von fern ein lady Spitz,
Vergass sein Mom, und wie der Blitz,
Wollt er direkt zu ihr dashen.

Doch ach, da kam ein Limousine,
Am Boulevard geschpeedet.
Der Chauffer tooteteh sein Horn,
But Fido, lost in Thought, verlorn,
Die Warnung ungeheedet.

Er sehft noch diesmal, Gott sei Dank,
Sein Leben vor dem Schpeeder,
But, Kinder, freut euch net zu früh,
Sein schöner Tail, der ist "in two".
Er waggt ihn niemals wieder.

Da hängt ein Moral bei dem Tale.
Die Truth lässt uns nicht dodgeh.
Zu hasty sein, dass ist ein Fault.
Man muss, auch wenn die Liebe called,
Den Traffic careful watcheh.

P.S. Through the wonder of the internet, I have recently learned that a slightly different version of this poem was printed in 1927 in a book called "Gemixte Pickles", available on Amazon.com and probably elsewhere. **Dave Murphy**, Class of '53

I Could Not Deface Hitler's Picture Bill Phillips '52

I was one of about eight hundred military dependent teenagers living in Germany. The second world war had ended five years before but we were uncertain about the loyalties of the people. Many still lived in the midst of rubble and had to rummage for the next meal. Americans brought with them amenities that stirred jealousies and resentment. Hollywood movies and teen snack bars were our exclusive privileges.

The boys wore fresh “buzz” cuts and the girls wore white “bobby socks.” While we danced to hit juke box tunes, such as Kay Starr’s “Wheel of Fortune” the popular tune on German radio was “Auf Wiederseh’n”.

It is amazing to think of how unreflective we were about the entire experience of living as we did: dog tags, the use of scrip for money, the freedom to order beer without having to show an ID.

To move about without the support of my American friends was to know heavy sadness and to look into the eyes of people who had lost everything. One moment stands with me. I had missed my train stop near our apartment in Stuttgart and ended up in a remote industrial area at 1:00 am. The conductor told me that it was the last train until eight o'clock. I took a seat on a bench at the stop and contemplated my next move. My eyes adjusted to the darkness to the point that I made out a large, embossed poster of **Adolf Hitler** on the wall. He was looking down at me just as he always looked at the people waiting there. It was as if the war had never ended. I felt, suddenly, very awake. I scraped some mud off the ground and rubbed it over his face. I tore at it with my fingernails and banged it with rocks. I felt defeated; I could not mar it in anyway. This had gone on for almost thirty minutes and it was getting me nowhere. I looked at the tracks and realized that if I could not ride on them, I could at least walk on them. In my sport jacket, slacks and penny loafers I shuffled the six miles, contemplating the face on the wall and regretting that I flubbed my chance to get in my “licks.”

HHS Couples

In March 2003, perhaps with a nod to Valentine’s Day, **Joan Dickson ’58** listed married HHS sweethearts. Some married early and stayed that way. Others found each other again later and wish they’d married each other first. We have added a few names. The complete list so far includes

Jane Simmons and Bill Bond, both ’49
Tom Nelson ’49 and Charlotte Lundy ’54
Ruby Fisk and Ray White, both ’50
Chuck and Barbara Adams Cunningham, ’53
Larry Burchell ’53 and Mary Peyton ’54
Jill Carson ’55 and Garry Roosma ’53
Anne Parsons ’56 and Kevin O’Neill ’55
Luke Williams ’58 and Sally Irwin ’59
Jim Aschbacher ’58 and Carleen Griffin ’60
Bill Wanner ’58 (who died last year) and Judy Clayman ’59

Mike Banks ’58 and Mary Field Banks ’59
(Mary died several years ago)
Jan Causey Byers ’59 and Ron Byers ’57
Maureen Bensak ’58 and Tom Gunther ’57
Anne Leneten Holland ’59 (who died recently) and Mike Holland ’60
Jay and Pat Leverette Tabb, both ’62
Robert Davis and Susie Waldie Davis, both ’62
Penny Kennedy and Jim Wortham, both ’62
Jim ’63 and Kaye Leverette Fry ’64
Bob and Bobbie Jaquot Jackson, both ’63

Roger Hall and Liz (Bunner) Custer Stout, though not married, are a recent sweet story of high school sweethearts who meet decades later and become a couple. Those not listed, please send us your names, too.

The Bookshelf: Works by Heidelberg Students and Faculty

Phyllis Boyd Mitchell ’54, Sounding Off: An Occasional Few Words (2000). This booklet can be ordered from Phyllis at P. O. Box 213, Norridgewock, ME 04957; her e-mail address is tpreuille@yahoo.com.

Connie Taylor Fischer ’56 humbly thought we didn’t need the titles of her scholarly publications for the Bookshelf, but when your editor begged anyway, she sent them (full details available from the author):

Duquesne studies in phenomenological psychology (Vol. 2), 1975 (coeditor with A. Giorgi and E.L. Murray); Client participation in human services: The Prometheus principle, 1978 (coeditor with S. L. Brodsky); Individualizing psychological assessment. Monterey: Brooks-Cole, 1985, re-issued 1994, second edition in preparation; Humanistic approaches to psychological assessment, The Humanistic Psychologist, 30 (1-2, pp 3-174; 3, pp 178-236), 2002 (guest editor); and Qualitative research methods for psychologists: Introduction through empirical studies, 2006.

Red Jennings '57 (The Rev. Paul Jennings) has written a book, *Pentecost*. He says it is out of print but he will put it on the Internet if anyone would like to read it.

Randy Bayliss '60: *Life's a Fish and Then You Fry: An Alaska Seafood Cookbook* (2002; second printing 2007). Barnes and Noble has it. [I bought it; it's terrific: colorful, authoritative, and very funny. - Ed.]

Chick Williams '55 (aka Chuck at HHS) writes a journal of events both international and mundane, spiced with witty quotes from the likes of Winston Churchill. Almost every day he makes your editor laugh. If you'd like to get his pieces by e-mail, let him know (Gauchwilliams@aol.com).

Steve Geng '61 has sent us his chapter on Heidelberg that his publishers considered not racy enough for inclusion in **Thick as Thieves** (2007), his book about his sister **Veronica (Ronnie) Geng '58** and himself and their difficult lives and troubled parents. It is out in paperback now too and is highly recommended. The full Heidelberg chapter is too long for our newsletter, but if you would like a copy, contact your editor, or Steve himself at stephan.geng@verizon.net or at www.stevegeng.com. **Parental discretion advised:** Steve writes about beer, girls, and wild, wild women in frank detail, but the accent throughout is on love. A G-rated excerpt follows.

Heidelberg, Germany by Steve Geng '61

In the morning a school bus would pick us up on the army base, Patrick Henry Village, a huge, grassy suburban sprawl of five-story apartment buildings with green stucco-like exteriors and big plate-glass windows, strewn through a maze of winding asphalt streets and few trees. There was a bowling alley, a movie theater, and an elegant officers' club, and in the shadows of those buildings shimmered the tantalizing promise of romance, waiting for me like it always was, just around the next unexplored street corner in every neighborhood I would ever move into.

When the school bus pulled up in front of our building I was gripped by a sudden fear that being seen with my sister would blemish my image as a cool guy and inhibit my social progress. So when we got on the bus I acted like I didn't know her (thrice as the cock crowed). I felt bad about it but Ron seemed not to notice. She sat with her older girlfriends, and I hung with my juvie pals like Waddy Davis, Bernie Hoover, and Billy Roth from Atlanta, Georgia, who smoked one Marlboro after another and acted like he was a secret member of the Ku Klux Klan. The only thing we noticeably had in common was a youthful awkwardness, with ears, hands and calves way too big, untamable hair, all of us in the process of growing, changing, and with a potential to be anything, firemen, senators, serial killers.

The fear of not looking cool was rampant in those days, and everybody suffered from their own version of it. Ron, with her Melrose Academy prep school look, was no doubt considered chic, and I was only too happy to dress like the other boys in jeans, polo shirts, and sweaters instead of slacks and ties. When we got off the bus at school, Ron and I split into different worlds.

Heidelberg High was a big, busy school. The campus had been built by locals as an extension of the University of Heidelberg and was then taken over by the occupying Americans. There were well coached teams in basketball and football that competed heatedly with American schools all over Germany. There were cheerleaders, and career-minded groups like the Glee Club, Drama Society, and Debating Team. Social cliques were defined by your father's rank and transgressed only by great athletic prowess. The way you wore your hair brought admiring glances or exile to the fringe. But there were plenty of greasers and loners on the edge to hang with if you didn't cut the rah-rah mustard.

Ron took to it like a duck to water. The only way I could get her attention anymore was to come on like one of the adoring rabble.

"Hey, Ron. Is Mike Banks really as cool as he looks? I mean, how does he get his hair to always look like that?"

"Mike is really amazing, Steve. Some people are just born with hair like that." She shot me a condescending smile and off she went. She was on a mission now, paving the way for college like other juniors and seniors, and her younger brother would have to learn to fend for himself.

The students at Heidelberg High were infected with the spirit of hard-drinking camaraderie as personified in the operetta *The Student Prince* – a story that took place at the University of Heidelberg at a time when a student distinguished himself with a fencing scar on his face and the ability to chug-a-lug one liter of beer after another without giving in to queasiness or a full bladder – my sister right along with them. I never *saw* her get pie-eyed or ossified the way I did, though. The ability to consume huge amounts of booze, smoke cigarettes, and still function was an earmark of maturity, bravado, and courage, but my sister had another strong point that made her drinking credits moot – prudence, one of her saving graces.

But my image of my sister as a saint was way off. One of her friends, Carolyn Thune, told me about the time they'd gone on a school-sponsored trip to a ski resort in Garmisch, and Ron had smuggled a perfume bottle full of gin in her bag. That night in their hotel room they mixed it with ginger ale, but Carolyn said she could still taste the "Evening in Paris."

There was a sweet-sad innocence about those days we spent in Heidelberg. Kayaking on the Neckar River in the early evening I could survey the lights of Heidelberg Castle lit up on the Königsstuhl, lights that were then reflected in the dark surface of the moody old river. There was a festival in Germany called Fasching when everyone dressed up in costume and partied all night through the streets of town, like Halloween, or the Mardi Gras in New Orleans. The castle was lit up from stem to stern – an *illumination*, they called it. Other times we took the trolley car to Mannheim to go ice-skating in the post-war rubble of that once-beautiful town. On the German streetcars was a sign, *Nicht im Waggon spucken*. Dad told us it meant "Don't fart in the car." Later I was disappointed to learn that *spucken* means spit.

Oddly, my fondest memory is winding my way back home through Patrick Henry Village late at night, all alone, and lying down inside the sandbox of the children's playground, just below ground level and completely out of sight of the passersby. I'd lie on my back for hours gazing up at the moon and the Milky Way and not feel alone at all. I felt instead a comfortable nearness to the stars, and a huge delight in the magnificence of it all. Ronnie was starting college an ocean away but at night we still shared the same sky for a roof. If I held my head up above the rim of the sandbox, another milky way came into view, twinkling in the darkness – the lights from all the apartments around that huge housing project, hundreds of lives unfolding behind each curtained window – life, just out of reach.

Pop Ups by Bill Phillips '52

How dare you show your heads like that
as rooted in a jubilant flow
unrepressed by crusted face of snow
still iced and holding

Stems emergent green as life on time
and bringing color
bold and lone
like that Chinese man who stood before the tanks
at Tiananmen
as first men before the glaciers

Tracing handprints on the walls of caves
the signal to the next who come
I was here and life returns
tomorrow

1953-2008: Thoughts on Interracial Friendship in a Year that Made American History

From Paul McLin '61 (November 2008, remembering our integrated schools and sports teams overseas): I'm embarrassed to say that I was completely naive about race in those days. I was in 8th grade when I first heard the n word and I had to ask what it meant. At a reunion of Poitiers High School, one of my classmates told me how courageous she thought it was of me to have a black roommate in the dorm. I explained that it wasn't, since I was unaware that it just wasn't done. Looking back, I realize that other blacks only roomed with other blacks, and other Puerto Ricans only roomed with other Puerto Ricans. My other roommate, after Butch Avery rotated stateside, was Nelson Pacheco, a Puerto Rican. Nelson, who has a doctorate in math and is a retired professor, saved my life. [Paul was overcome by a gas leak from the space heater in the bathroom. Nelson climbed out a window – several stories up! – and over into the bathroom window to rescue him – but almost lost his grip when the gas hit *him* as he opened the window into the bathroom.]

At the Houston reunion Mother [**Elva McLin, HHS faculty**] and I went to, one of my best friends my freshman year grabbed me and hugged me and told me how important it was to him that he was befriended by a white guy, who also lived in the officers and civilians section of Vogelweh. I told him it was because he was the only ping pong player in K-town that gave me a challenge. Actually, Solari Jenkins was the most popular kid in my class (and class president), but I don't think he knew it. Solari has been head of Human Resources for Sun Microsystems in the Bay Area for 20 some years now. He is upbeat, positive and happy. It's just that he does not seem to know how terrific he is, and was. I mean, geez, the most popular kid in my class felt honored to be invited to our apartment for lunch!

I also remember asking Mother to explain the integration of Central High in Little Rock. I was astounded.

Deaths in the HHS Family

James A. Lollis '51, in February 2008, after a long and difficult illness. His wife, Pauline A. Lollis, let us know (pauline.lollis@hotmail.co.uk).

Norman Riggins '54 (from **Bob** Hines '54): He was a dorm student in '53, eventually graduated from the first graduation class at Stuttgart, played line on the football team. We lost him two days after Thanksgiving 2008 of a heart attack. Norm was a great guy and came to most of our reunions. (Catherine Mease (wife of Glen '54) also passed on the news. His obituary can be read at www.HoustonChronicle.com).

Ann Burkett Hurst '58, of lung cancer, October 26, 2004. Her husband Nick Hurst sent the news and to clarify her name of record, he told us she was born Valeria Ann Burkett but went by the name Ann.

Anne Leneten Holland '59. **Pam Brundage Meek '59** wrote us: “Now I must pass on some sad news.....my dearest friend from HHS, **Anne Leneten Holland (59)** died on Sept. 1, 2008. Anne was married to her h.s. sweetheart, **Mike Holland (60)**, close to 50 yrs. I put his address on classmates.com just in case an old friend wanted to send a note.”

Palmer Haines '59, September 23, 2004. He was piloting a two-engine plane that crashed. Despite his own injuries that proved fatal, he was able to save the life of one of his passengers. His wife let us know.

In Memoriam: Robert J. Hoagland, Col., U.S. Army, beloved doctor, husband and father, Oct. 21, 1909 – Sept. 27, 2007: From 1952 to 1956, Col. Robert J. Hoagland was stationed at the 130th Station Hospital in Heidelberg. His sons **Bob** (class of 1954) and **Bill** (grades 8-10) attended Heidelberg High School, and while Col. Hoagland was stationed there his daughter, Cary, was born. Col. Hoagland (1909-2007) had previously served in Germany in combat in 1944-45 as a captain and major. He commanded the 48th Field Hospital right behind the front lines from D-Day to the end of the war. He wrote many articles, the best known of which are on the subject of mononucleosis (the “kissing disease”). He served in the U.S. Army for a total of 37 years, and received many decorations for his service in combat, including the Croix de Guerre. He passed away peacefully in Charlotte, NC and is survived by his son, Bob, and his daughter, Cary. [From **Robert D. (Bob) Hoagland '54**. Bob's brother **Bill Hoagland '57** died of cancer in 1991.]

The memorial pages at www.heidelbergalumni.com have many records and memories of those we've lost through the years. **Cindy Blackburn Hardy '83** keeps those pages going.

Addresses: Changes, Corrections, and Additions

1948 Bill Kistler, 15092 S. Henrici Rd., Oregon City, OR 97045, phone 503-655-9638, cell 503-703-1166, billndonna@bctonline.com

1948 Jacquie Robinette Davis, 453 Pecan Way, San Antonio, TX 78240; new phone is: 210-641-812 same e-mail, jaqdavis@aol.com

1948 Larry Mitzen, 117 Great Rock Drive, Bethel Park, PA 15102

1948 Gwen Graham Tierney, 3850 Galleria Woods Dr. # Garden, Birmingham, AL 35244

1949 Helen Keller Spelman, Unit C, 8403 Everett Way, Arvada, CO 80005

1950 Jackson Keim, 310 Farmer Brothers Dr., Sedona, AZ 86336-3212

1951 Jean Edward White, 3420 Jackanicz Road, West Frankfort, IL 62896

1952 Allan C. Hamilton, 5700 Williamsburg Landing Dr., Apt. 212, Williamsburg, VA 28135, AHamil2719@aol.com

1954 Sally Brown Hagel, 20 Fawn Trail, Silver City, NM 88061, 575-534-9566, sbhagel@yahoo.com

1954 Dee (Diane) Allgeier Stewart Giddens: 8422 S Upham Way, G42, Littleton, CO 80128; phone 303-993-3575, cell 520-444-4979

1955 Nancy Reed Kennedy, 3997 Camino Lindo, San Diego, CA 92122

1955 Ann Phillips, 3571 Sarasota Golf Club Blvd., Sarasota, FL 34240

1955 Mary Judith Rhea Wiley, 114 Williston Woods Rd., Williston, VT 05495, 802-879-3411 jrwiley2@comcast.net

1956 Connie Taylor Fischer, Ph.D., ABPP, Professor, Psychology Dept., Duquesne University. 412-396-5073; fax : 412-396-4150

1957 Jim Crews, 395 Davis Road, Bedford, MA 01730

1957 Rev. Paul (Red) Jennings, 1795 J. A. Forehand Rd., Bonifay, FL 32425.

1958 Robert Mitchell, 2140 E. Bighorn Mt. Dr., Oro Valley, AZ 85755

1958 Jay Featherstone, 13 Prentiss Road, Gloucester, MA 01930

1958 Lurline Webber Nicolary, lnicol@insurancebenefitservices.net

1958 Chuck Lincoln (Pratt), 1128 E Bellflower Ct, Lakes, AZ 85248, home 480-895-1245, cell 360-281-6785, clinc401k@q.com

1958 Wallace Brucker '58, 6517 Compass Ridge Drive, Dallas, TX 75249

1959 Roderick Bergm 114 Circle Avenue, Ridgewood, NJ, 07450, 201-652-4294

1959 Pat Patrick, Apt. 810, Washington, DC. 20009, phone 202.797.1513

1960 Sylvia Peaslee Baker, 15 Liberty Lane, Exeter, NH 03833, e-mail sassysyl@comcast.net

1960 Daren Egolf Arlt, 2505 Anthem Village Dr., Henderson, NV 89052

1960 Randy Bayliss, 1567 Jerome Avenue, Astoria OR 97103, randolphbayless@msn.com

1961 Kathleen Gaike Wilshire, 17813 Floribundas, Elgin, TX 78521

1961 Larry Cooley, 3832 North Shasta Loop, Post Office Box 50655, Eugene, Oregon 97405, 541-686-2231, EugeneLawyer@aol.com

[YEAR?] **R. J. (Bob) Van Horn** : new e-mail address: rjvanhorn@verizon.net

Faculty Margaret Luke Lee, 94 Glen Pasture Ct., Huntington Station, NY 11746

Lost (last known address):

1959 Janet Crouch Paslawski '59, 800 Energy Blvd., Northpoint, AL 35473

HHS Early Years, LLC

All who attended HHS from the classes of 1947-63 and 1965 are automatically members. Spouses, children and friends are welcome as well.

Our officers are president **Rita Wycoff Zener '54**; vice president; **Joan Wauchope Orvis '51**; secretary **Dave Murphy '53**; treasurer **Bob Hines '54**; historian and archivist; **Luke Williams '58**; and newsletter editor **Jan McLin Clayberg '59**.

DONATIONS

In fall 2008, **David Rogers '53** sent a generous donation to the newsletter, followed later by **Jerrye Sue Maurer '52** and **Margaret Luke Lee (faculty)**.

Now that our mailing list will be growing by at least the class of 1965, further donations are definitely welcome.

The classes of '57, '58, and '59, each celebrating approximately their 50th anniversaries of their graduation, are especially encouraged to donate toward the extra expenses of the October 2008 reunion, entailed in reaching everyone and in providing not only HHS nametags, lanyards and handouts, but also the tangible expressions (munchies and drinks) of the warm HHS hospitality. Those efforts, like the newsletter, are funded only by your generous donations and personal contributions.

PLEASE FEED OUR HHS EARLY YEARS NEWSLETTER

(E-mails especially preferred; put HHS first in the subject line)

The Heidelberg Early Years Newsletter was founded in 1983 by **Joan Dickson '58**, who was its editor until she died in 2006. **Glenda Casey Petrini '54** succeeded her, editing actively until her own death in 2007.

Jan McLin Clayberg '59

5316 Little Falls Road
Arlington, VA 22207
Phone 703-533-0333

janclayberg@yahoo.com

Bob Hines '54

11151 Saffold Way
Reston, VA 20190
Phone 703-471-4774

racerbob4@yahoo.com

Rita Wycoff Zener '54

3001 Veazey Terrace, NW #425
Washington, DC 20008-5401
Phone 202-537-7030

ritazener@aol.com



(Drawing by Julie, daughter of **Luke Williams '58**, from his letter jacket)