

BERLIN BRATS ALUMNI ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

Volume 3, Issue 1

April 2003



Inside this issue:

2003 Reunion	1
Brat Interviewed	2
Candy Bomber	3
The Bubble	4
OSB Schedule	5
Dallas Regional	6
Upcoming Events	7
The Wall	8
Getting Ready	9
Teen Beat	10
Scrapbook Reminisce	11
Flag Project	12
10 Reasons to Attend	13
Good Ole Days	14
New Name	15
Old Eden	15
Wurst-Case	15
Just In...	16
Treasury Report	16
Brat Notes	17
Prayer List	18

2003 REUNION - Asheville, N.C. here we come!

Our 2003 REUNION is fast approaching. We only have 40 some days left. Are you registered? If not, you still have time...but please hurry! We have to order your souvenirs and your name badge!!!

Our REUNION registration package is now posted on our website should you need another or perhaps want to pass it onto a friend. Just click on "registration" and then download the 5 page information packet and registration form.

Our golf tournament is shaping up to be our largest ever. At present we have 26 participants...and it continues to grow daily. The Karlsruhe Knights have been invited to join us in this and at present have 4 participants.

For those that signed up for the Biltmore Estate Tour...you are reminded that this is "on your own time." Your group-discounted ticket will be in your Welcome Package when you arrive in Asheville and then you can decide which day and time you want to depart the hotel for viewing the estate. The estate is open daily from 9am to 5pm. Average touring time of the estate is 4 hours.

Those signed up for the Raft -N- Rail...please note that this will be a full day of activ-

ity. We will be carpooling some distance outside of Asheville and you need to bring appropriate clothing!

The Asheville Chamber of Commerce will have a table set up in our hotel lobby on Friday from 11am to 4pm to assist you with more things to see and do while in Asheville. After those hours pamphlets on the various attractions will be left on the table. You can

as a "AYA (or DYA) Sock Hop" the dress is: The style of your decade and/or School Spirit Attire. We're looking for letter jackets, reunion polo shirts, poodle skirts, braided jeans, platform shoes, knee socks, weejuns, maroon cords or whatever was in style during your stint in Berlin!!! School colors are highly desired. **MAKE IT FUN!!!**



stop by anytime to browse and pick one up.

EVERYONE is reminded that the DRESS for the Welcome Reception on Friday (4 to 6pm) is Casual-Elegant. That means no jeans or shorts!!!

For our Saturday night dinner/dance which this year is billed

This year ~ for the first time ~ there will be 3 hospitality suites. The suites are small so we have basically broken them out into 3 different decades. I.e.: the '60's, '70's and '80's.....you are welcome to visit all three....but the memorabilia and music in each will

(Continued on page 2)

2003 REUNION - Asheville, N.C. here we come!

(Continued from page 1)

pertain to the respective decade.

While at Chimney Rock Park on Sunday (for our picnic) you might want to hike over to Hickory Nut Falls, it's where the movie the "The Last of the Moccies" was filmed. Remember too, we will be competing with Karlsruhe on this outing.....having some nice friendly school to school competition going on! Again, wear comfortable clothing as we'll be departing the hotel at 10am and not returning until 4pm.

If you're flying into Asheville and need transportation to the hotel, we have secured a discounted rate for shuttling.

You must make advance reservations with:

Airport Ground at 828-681-0051.

Tell them you are with the Berlin Brats and give them your full itinerary. Ideally, they would like you to fax in your information to 828-681-5115. The special rate is \$30 per person round trip.

Upon arrival in Asheville but before you pick up your luggage go directly to their desk to inform your arrival. Your destination is the: Ramada Plaza Hotel at 435 Smoky Park Highway OR The Best Western Biltmore West at 275 Smoky Park Highway (whichever hotel you booked at).

Lastly, if you find you can not attend the REUNION but made a room reservation way back in August PLEASE be sure and cancel that reservation. 1-800-678-2161 for the Ramada Plaza and 1-800-925-5486 for the Best Western.

We look forward to seeing you all in Asheville!!! Remember to bring your yearbooks, scrapbooks, photos or anything else you would like to share.

Saturday night we will be making the Grand Announcement of where the **2006 REUNION** will be held.

So be there!

BERLIN BRAT IS INTERVIEWED:

Fort Worth News

Posted on Tue, Apr. 01, 2003

Military brat spent her youth in harm's way - By Frank Perkins

The troops in Iraq today and in the 1991 Persian Gulf War were spared one worry: Their families were thousands of miles away, as safe as possible in uncertain times.

That was not true for many military spouses and children during the height of the Cold War. They faced the same daily threats as their spouses and parents.

Laura Coats Satterfield can speak to that. Her family was stationed in Berlin from 1967 to 1969, and the military might of the Soviets and East Germans was poised just a few miles to the east.

Her dad, James Coats, was an Air Force technical sergeant in a highly secret intelligence unit.

"We lived in a world of secrets," Satterfield said. "My dad had been issued a pistol and was told to kill his team members and then himself if the unit was in danger of being overrun.

"I never really was afraid," she said.

"I was convinced that my dad could handle anything. In fact, we teen-agers made faces at the East German border guards.

"Other classmates mooned them, but I never did. My folks would have killed me if they found out.

"Once, a girlfriend and I went to a remote part of the American zone and looked over the Berlin Wall into East Germany," she said. "It was cloudy, cold and misting rain, and it looked really desolate over there. I was very glad to be an American on the American side of that wall.

"We knew our phones were tapped in the apartments set aside for military housing, so we never talked about military matters," Satterfield said. "We were even more alert on May Day, the big Communist Party celebration in Moscow. We also had strict guidelines about what to say or not to say in public or if we were invaded

and captured."

The military had an evacuation plan for spouses and children should war have broken out, she said.

"If we were alerted to evacuate, we were to take only the barest necessities and then wait for the military bus to take us to Tempelhof airdrome, where we would be flown out," she said.

"I really didn't worry about it," Satterfield said. "It never occurred to me and my two sisters and brothers that such an attack would happen."

The Coats children also had another formidable support system in place: their mother, Juanell Coats of Odessa.

"She is a rancher's granddaughter, and she can handle things," Satterfield said. "She is a brave soul, a great military wife. She always is calm and can sensibly handle any situation. Hand-wringing is not her style. She just buckles down

Check this out.....

Send a "Berlin Bear" e-greeting to your classmates. Click on:
<http://bz.berlin1.de/misc/baer/geschickt.htm>

BERLIN BRAT IS INTERVIEWED:

(Continued from page 2)
and gets it done."

Satterfield drew on a similar calm efficiency when a tornado hit downtown Fort Worth on March 28, 2000.

"I was in my 18th-floor office in the Tandy Building, and I wasn't even afraid when the tornado hit," she said. "I just gathered up a few things and made my way down to 'command central' and then to safety."

She founded the Berlin Military Brats Association in 1992 so her fellow schoolmates could keep in touch. The group's Web site is www.BerlinBrats.org

Satterfield has two daughters, Sarah Kate and Bethany, and a son, Micah, a Navy hospitalman third class now in Iraq with the 11th Marine Expeditionary Unit.

"I have to trust that the powerful, benevolent protection I had as a child is working in his favor at this moment,"

she said.

Laura (Coats) Satterfield is from the class of '71 and can be reached at:

lcsatt@swbell.net

She has indicated there are some "inaccuracies" above but after editing the Ft. Worth article before it went to print some errors still remain.

Candy Bomber wants to fly over Iraq

During a visit to Wright State University on Friday in Dayton, Ohio, retired World War II Air Force pilot Col. Gail Halvorsen, known as the Berlin Candy Bomber, holds his book to show how he dropped candy from his plane to children in Berlin during the war. Halvorsen wants to do the same for the children of Iraq.

DAYTON, Ohio (AP) -- The pilot known as the Candy Bomber for air-dropping handkerchief-tethered chocolate and gum to the children of Berlin in 1948 wants to do the same for the kids of Baghdad.

"I'd give my right arm to do it," said retired Air Force Col. Gail Halvorsen. "I've had the experience of the reaction of the kids on the ground. It's just incredible."

When the Soviets formed a blockade around Berlin after World War II, Halvorsen and other U.S. pilots airlifted food, medicine and other supplies into the city. During that time, Halvorsen collected rations from his Air Force friends and began to quietly drop little parachutes of candy to the children.

"I didn't have permission. I almost got court martialled," he recalled.

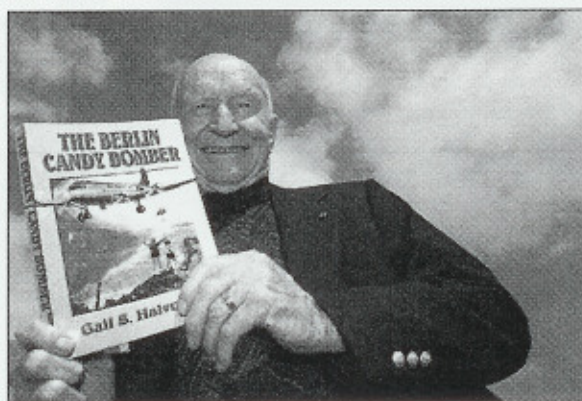
Halvorsen later got permission, and he and his colleagues air-dropped 23 tons

of candy to the German children.

Halvorsen still makes his trademark candy drops.

In 1994, he flew a C-130 cargo plane over Bosnia and dropped candy-bar parachutes to the children there. And over the past year, he's made a dozen similar flights in the United States to demonstrate the drops to school children.

Halvorsen said he plans to ask his friends



in the Air Force if he can make a candy drop over Baghdad once the war is over.

"I'm planning on how to do that when the dust clears," he said.

Halvorsen, 82, of Spanish Fork, Utah, was in Dayton to speak at an aviation symposium to mark the 100th anniversary of the Wright brothers' first flight.

Halvorsen said the candy drops brought hope to the children of Berlin.

"That's what the airplane would bring to Iraq," he said. "They've been mistreated so long, with resources diverted to other things. The bottom line is it would lift their spirits."

Halvorsen said such a drop would be a humanitarian gesture rather than a propaganda move. And he believes it would show the Iraqi people how Americans feel about them.

"It would be a ray of hope, a symbol that somebody in America cares," he said. "That makes all the difference in the world on attitude."

Col. Halvorsen returned to Templehof as Commander in February of 1970. Completing four years at Templehof two of his five children attended BAHS, Marilyn class of '73 and Bob class of '75. Younger brother Mike attended TAR.

In June 1985, the elementary school in Rhein-Main was dedicated in his name...the Gail S. Halvorsen Elementary School.

An autographed copy of his book dedicated to "the Berlin Brats" will be on display at this year's Reunion. If you would like to obtain a copy of the book it was published by Horizon Publishers in 1997.

www.horizonpublishers.com

A special thanks to Mr. Curtis Carter, the father of Betty Carter, class of '72, for obtaining this special copy for us.

The Bubble

By

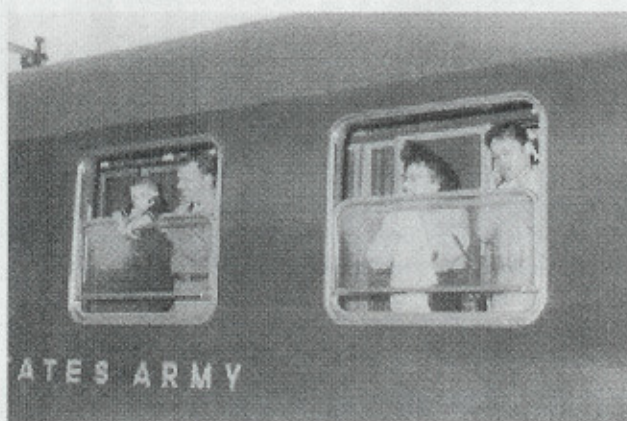
Richard Sobieski
Berlin American High School
1956-59

As Military Brats, we've all bonded with our fellow Brats, because we understand each other and share the unique experiences as a result of our parents' careers. As Overseas Brats, those bonds grow tighter and stronger as we're plunked down in places strange to us. We don't understand the language nor the customs of our host countries, so we tend to grow closer to one another, finding comfort and familiarity in our own kind. At least initially. Take these two situations and throw in a third reason to huddle together even more closely. Inside "The Bubble."

I call Berlin this because that's exactly what it was to me – a bubble of Democracy behind the dreaded Iron Curtain. The Bubble. Fragile and frightening. There were some who could not cope with the feeling of being confined – hemmed in. Maybe a grander form of claustrophobia. This feeling intensified when we would get word that the Russians had closed the Autobahn. One of our lifelines to the West. It was a harassing action, which they would cease after strong protestation by the Allies. But it was distressing nonetheless. When it happened, the phone in our apartment would ring. Ten minutes later, my dad – in his fatigues – was bounding out the door. Alert. How long would he be gone? When would he be back? When (if?) the Soviets decided they'd had enough fun, and would open the Autobahn again.

The second lifeline for most of us was the Duty Train, which left Berlin in the evening, chugging most of the night

through East Germany – the Soviet Zone. All who rode needed special travel orders printed in English and Russian, allowing the bearer passage through "their" territory. The orders were safeguarded by the Train Commander. In the middle of the night, the train would stop at Marienborn, the Soviet checkpoint. We were to stay in our compartments at that time. Those who couldn't sleep – and I would wager it was a good number – could hear the tramp of heavy boots up and down the passageway.



As the train finally whistled into Helmstedt, our checkpoint, I could feel the whole train breathe a collective sigh of relief. After that, sleep came easier all the way to Frankfurt. The Hauptbahnhof welcomed us with the bustle of early morning commuters.

Going back, the procedure reversed, again the oppressive feeling as the West German locomotive surrendered its cars to the East German engine at the border. The countryside appeared drab and joyless as the expressions of people waiting at the crossings. Only

the children would smile and wave, ignoring attempts to suppress them. This in itself was sad. They were too young to grasp the gravity of their circumstance. As we chug back toward our "bubble," the air takes on a sulphurous taint from the poorer quality of East German coal from the engine. It reminded me of the odor from the lockers in gym class.

Finally, a sigh of relief as we pass into the relative safety of West Berlin, and finally squeal to a stop at the train station. On our way in, we could see the stark contrast between East and West. One street whose center was the border had bare, well-used cobblestones on one side, and overgrown, dingy ones on the other.

The wall had not yet been erected – we left two years before – and Army Special Services was allowed to conduct tours of East Berlin. After all, it was an "open" city. In actuality, it was easier to get into East Berlin than out. Many refugees fled with nothing more than the clothes on their backs, ostensibly going over to the West "just for the day."

The rules on the tour were strict. Do not talk to anybody, especially East German or Soviet military personnel. Absolutely no pictures of same. The offending camera would be confiscated, the film destroyed, and the camera itself may never be seen again. Also, the offender could be held for questioning. Not a pleasant thought. With a sort of morbid fascina-



The Bubble

(Continued from page 4)

tion, we gawked out the bus windows as we passed through the Brandenburg Gate. From there, we rode along Stalinallee, a street lined with architectural propaganda. This show place consisted of gleaming facades, fluttering Soviet flags and banners, and the appearance of elegance and complete recovery from the ravages of Allied bombings a little over a decade before.

This was nothing more than a two-dimensional Hollywood front. The buildings behind still lay in ruins. The desolation of postwar East Berlin contrasted sharply to the hum of activity and prosperity of the recovering part of the Berlin behind us.

Cars were sparse, people scurried about, afraid to stop and talk. Any group of more than three people congregating would be approached, questioned, and who-knows-what. Our guide told us that one way to tell which side of the fence we were on was to

look for bananas at the fruit stands. Unobtainable in the East. One had to be blind not to see the difference elsewhere.

A remarkable piece of propaganda was a place called The Garden of Remembrance – a well-manicured park surrounding an impressive monument topped with a massive statue of Mother Russia holding one



of her dying sons in her lap. A Russian Pieta, if you will. Inside the circular base was a gallery of mosaics expanding on the theme. From many yards away, I brought my trusty Brownie Reflex to bear. After a final check, I started to press the shutter

release. Just then, two Russian soldiers emerged from the gallery. I froze as one of them noticed me lining up the shot. He nudged his comrade and pointed in our direction. Oh, no! Those weren't BB guns slung over their shoulders! I looked at my father, who directed my attention back to the duo. They weren't reaching for their weapons, they were taking off their caps and smoothing their hair; posing for the picture! They looked to be only a few years older than my fourteen.

"What should I do?" I asked my dad. "Take the picture!" he grinned at me then at them, nodding. With trembling finger, I found the button and pressed. A click heard around the world, I thought. "Spasibo, Tovarisch!" my father called out. Thank you, Comrade. The two smiled, shouted back a greeting and went on their way, joking and laughing.

From that day on, I felt a little better about living in "The Bubble."

Overseas Brats Tentative 2003 Regional Schedule

To register for one of the Overseas Brats hosted regional get-togethers planned below contact:
Joe Condrill of Overseas Brats at: JoeOSBPRES@aol.com Or visit their website at: www.overseasbrats.com

May 1 st	"	Oklahoma City
May 3 rd	"	Houston, TX
August (TBD)		Denver
August 28-31st		Seattle
August (TBD)		Colorado Springs
November (TBD)		Washington, D.C.
November (TBD)		Virginia Tidewater
November (TBD)		Florida

Overseas Brats is committed to reuniting classmates from "all schools."
If you attended more than one school this is a great opportunity to meet up with others without having to attend multiple reunions.

Dallas Regional

If you missed the Brat get together in Dallas, you missed a good one! Several Brats and former Brat teachers got together on December 7, 2002 to swap stories, and share memories. Leigh Love-Roper ('85) was the inspired one that helped get us organized. Mrs. Patty Beech (FAC) agreed to let us meet at her lovely home.

Thanks to germandeli.com and Horst Poethke (husband of Cathy Poethke-FAC), we had delicious and authentic German food. Horst and James Beech braved the cold while grilling the delicious currywurst for dinner. Horst is an authority on all things Berliner. Among his many informative lessons, he taught us

how to make the currywurst sauce. Everyone brought a dish to share, and we all stuffed ourselves heartily. We even had the authentic little forks and paper holders that we all remember from the Imbiss stands for bratwurst & pomme frits.

In attendance were Connie Beech '83 & Chip Mattfield, Dawn Beech (wife of Tim Beech who is in Japan), Leigh Love '85 & Glenn Roper '82 (TAR elementary), Cheryl Dearing '85 & Mike Starich, Pleshetta Loftin '86, Cathy Van Gelder (FAC) & Horst Poethke, Patty & James Beech, Yhoshekia Loftin '83 & Ivan Lowe.

It was so much fun meeting and making new friends, in the environment of a German Christmas ~ Texas style!

by: Yhoshekia (Loftin) Lowe '83
loweyj@shcglobel.net



Cheryl (Dearing) Starich '85 & hubby Mike Starich



Glenn Roper '82, Patty "Ma" Beech & Leigh Love '85

Dallas Regional



Phshetta Loftin '86 & Yhoshekia (Loftin) Lowe '83
having a good laugh!



Cathy (Van Gelder) Poethke (FAC) & Horst Poethke....
Horst cooked for us and taught us a lot of German history, while
Cathy kept us laughing.



Jim and Ma Beech (FAC '80-'84) cooking away!
Leigh (Love) Roper '85 organized the regional and Ma hosted it.

I'll Have a McBeer, Please.

A German tourist walks into a McDonald's in New York City and orders a beer. (In Germany and many parts of Europe, McDonald's actually does serve beer.) The local guy in the line behind him immediately gives him the jab: "They don't serve BEER here, you MORON!" The German fellow felt pretty stupid, but suddenly turns to the New Yorker with a surprised look, and begins to chuckle.

"And what's so funny?!?" the New Yorker demands.

"Oh, nothing really, I just realized that you came here for the food."

*****UPCOMING EVENTS!*****

- | | |
|------------------------------|---|
| May 23-25, 2003 | BERLIN BRATS REUNION in Asheville, N.C. |
| August 1-3, 2003 | Berlin Brats regional in Seattle area |
| August 28-31, 2003 | OSB regional in Seattle area |
| October 30-Nov 1, 2003 | OSB Gathering in Asheville, N.C. |

(Pat and Jeri are in charge of OSB's decorations and games at this event.
It's over Halloween weekend....so what does that tell you? Come join in the fun!)

Time Line Wall being constructed at the Reunion.....

At our upcoming Reunion in Asheville a **"Time Line Wall"** will be constructed in our banquet room. Forty-one (41) feet long and divided into three (3) sections, each section will represent a decade...i.e.: the '60's, '70's and '80's, thereby covering all the decades of our reunion attendees. Each section will depict the most important **"social, political and school events"** during that decade.

The Wall will be available for viewing during our Saturday night dinner/dance.

In the meantime we need your help! Each decade has a volunteer lead person(s) to oversee the collection and creation of materials for their section BUT each needs more able bodies to help with the decoration and each needs more information on what major events took place during the entire 10-year decade. i.e.: '60 to '69, '70 to '79 and '80 to '89. (The '80's chairperson is even willing to take on the '90's...since our school was open until 1994! Thank you Robin!!!)

The following is an example of items that will be depicted:

The '60's section: 1. The Wall goes up. 2. The new high school opens. 3. A school flag is designed. 4. Nixon visits Berlin, etc.

The '70's section: 1. The Apollo 11 astronauts visit Berlin. 2. The class of '79 graduates at the Reichstag. 3. Saturday Night Fever a mega hit, etc.

The '80's section: 1. Reagan visits Berlin. 2. Michael Jackson's white glove/Thriller Album. 3. The Wall comes down. 4. '94 the school closes.

These are only some of the examples. We're also looking for fads, TV, music and school memorabilia! Borrowing from the '70's here are some other ideas:

World events:...Nixon and Watergate, Vietnam War ending, Munich Olympics, Elvis dies, Patty Hearst, Gerald Ford and Jimmy Carter elected Pres, Margaret Thatcher elected PM; Three Mile Island, American Hostages in Iran, (let's add some happy world events), etc.

BAHS events: Cubs vs. Bears...name change/ Bear costume color change; women in sports; School trip pictures...perhaps some of you have prom or homecoming photos??? How about some pictures at Wansee? Pics of you and your buddies roaming on K'Damm?? Housing area pics...Sundgauer, Ripley Str., and Am Hegewinkel.

TV:...Happy Days, Brady Bunch, Partridge Family, MASH, Mary Tyler Moore, All in the Family, Jeffersons, Good Times, WKRP, Sat Night Live, Dukes of Hazzard, Charlie's Angels, etc. Anyone have buttons, magazines ???

Movies: Rocky, Rocky Horror, Love Story, Jaws, Blazing Saddles, Young Frankenstein, Godfather, Saturday Night Fever, Animal House, Star Wars, The Exorcist, Grease, and

"10" (ok, guys...admit it...do you have the Bo Derek poster??).

Anyone have trading cards or posters?

Fads: Pet Rock, Mood ring, clothing/ hairstyles (Farrah); army jackets, fringed suede jackets, etc. We are currently looking for a Farrah poster.

We hope the above listing triggers some ideas for you and you will contribute to your section!

If you have anything you can contribute...be it materials, help with the decorating on Saturday or just an idea or event you feel should be depicted please contact the following:

'60's Section: Jim Branson '64 at jbranson01@hotmail.com or Mike Cleveland '61 at: clevelandmb@yahoo.com

'70's Section: Deb (Brians) Clark '74 at: dclark56@carolina.rr.com

'80's Section: Robin (Murphy) Ufkes '84 at: rgolfs4fun@aol.com or Jessica (Jacalone) Killpack '84 at: dskillpack@msn.com

Each of the above will take great care with your memorabilia and will insure your items are returned to you.

Thank you for insuring your section (i.e. your era)...has a fabulous time line!!!

I moved and had to change dentists, so I made an appointment at an office recommended to me by some co-workers. While I was filling out the forms I had the opportunity to look at the names of the dentists in the office. One name struck a bell, and finally I remembered it was the name of a guy who sat in front of me for two classes in high school.

After I had the closed memory loop I was called in to the office. While the hygienist was doing her thing I forgot about the name I had seen in the outer office. Then, the dentist came in and introduced himself. I got part of the name, and looked him over and thought "This guy is nearly bald, quite wrinkled so the chances of him being the same guy as in high school are pretty remote." During his work there was something familiar about him. When I was able I got up the courage and asked him which high school he had gone to, he looked a little surprised but gave me the name of my high school. Then, I asked him what year he had graduated. His answer was the same as my graduating class. So, I said to him "Why, you were in my class in high school!"

He looked at me carefully, and asked, "What did you teach?"

Getting Ready for the Reunion

I had prepared for it like any intelligent woman would. I went on a starvation diet the day before, knowing that all the extra weight would just melt off in 24-hours, leaving me with my sleek, trim, high-school-girl body.

The last several years of careful cellulite collection would just be gone with a snap of a finger. I knew if I didn't eat a morsel on Friday, that I could probably fit into my senior formal on Saturday.

Trotting up to the attic, I pulled the gown out of the garment bag, carried it lovingly downstairs, ran my hand over the fabric, and hung it on the door. I stripped naked, looked in the mirror, sighed, and thought, "Well, okay, maybe if I shift it all to the back..." bodies never have pockets where you need them. Bravely, I took the gown off the hanger, unzipped the shimmering dress and stepped gingerly into it. I struggled, twisted, turned, and pulled until I got the formal all the way up to my knees ...before the zipper gave out. I was disappointed. I wanted to wear that dress with those silver platform sandals again and dance the night away.

Okay, one setback was not going to spoil my mood for this affair. No way! Rolling the dress into a ball and tossing it into the corner, I turned to Plan B, the black velvet caftan.

I gathered up all the goodies that I had purchased at the drug store; the scented shower gel; the body building, and highlighting shampoo & conditioner, and the split-end killer and shine enhancer. Soon my hair would look like that girl's in the Pantene ads. Then the makeup -- the under eye "ain't no lines here" firming cream, the all-day face-lifting gravity-fighting moisturizer with wrinkle filler spackle; the all day "kiss me till my lips bleed, and see if this gloss will come off" lipstick, the bronzing face powder for that special glow...

But first, the roll-on facial hair remover. I could feel the wrinkles shuddering in fear. OK - time to get ready...I jumped into the steaming shower, soaped, lathered, rinsed, shaved, tweezed, buffed, scrubbed, and scoured my body to a tingling pink. I plastered

my freshly scrubbed face with the anti-wrinkle, gravity fighting, "your face will look like a baby's butt" face cream. I set my hair on the hot rollers. I felt wonderful and ready to take on the world. Or in this instance, my underwear.

With the towel firmly wrapped around my glistening body, I pulled out the black lace, tummy-tucking, cellulite-pushing, ham hock-rounding girdle, and the matching "lifting those bosoms like they're filled with helium" bra. I greased my body with the scented body lotion and began the plunge. I pulled, stretched, tugged, hiked, folded, tucked, twisted, shimmied, hopped, pushed, wiggled, snapped, shook, caterpillar crawled, and

kicked. Sweat poured off my forehead but I was done. And it didn't look bad. So I

rested. A well deserved rest, too. The girdle was on my body. Bounce a quarter off my behind? It was tighter than a trampoline. Can you say, "Rubber baby buggy bumper butt?" Okay, so I had to take baby steps, and walk sideways, and I couldn't move from my butt cheeks to my knees. But I was firm! Oh no...I had to go to the bathroom.

And there wasn't a snap crotch. From now on, undies gotta have a snap crotch. I was ready to rip it open and re-stitch the crotch with Velcro, but the pain factor from past experiments was still fresh in my mind.

I quickly side stepped to the bathroom. An hour later, I had answered nature's call and repeated the struggle into the girdle.

I was ready for the bra. I remembered what the sales lady said to do. I could see her glossed lips mouthing, "Do not fasten the bra in the front, and twist it around. Put the bra on the way it should be worn -- straps over the shoul-

ders. Then bend over and gently place both breasts inside the cups." Easy if you have four hands. But, with confidence, I put my arms into the holsters, bent over and pulled the bra down...but the boobs weren't cooperating. I'd no sooner tuck one in a cup, and while placing the other, the first would slip out. I needed a strategy.

I bounced up, and down a few times, tried to dribble them in with short bunny hops, but that didn't work. So, while bent over, I began rocking gently back and forth on my heel and toes and I set 'em to swinging.

Finally, on the fourth swing, pause, and lift, I captured the gliding glands. Quickly fastening the back of the bra, I stood up for examination. Back straight, slightly arched, I turned and faced the mirror, turning front, and then sideways. I smiled. Yes, Houston, we have lift up!

My breasts were high, firm and there was cleavage! I was happy until I tried to look down. I had a chin rest. And I couldn't see my feet. I still had to put on my pantyhose, and shoes. Oh ... why did I buy heels with buckles?

Then I had to pee again.

I put on my sweats, fixed myself a stiff drink, ordered pizza, and skipped the whole damn reunion. (...not any of us!)

"Don't Let this Be You" Join Us in Asheville



Photo Contest: Who are they?

TEEN BEAT

TEEN BEAT - BERLIN 1961

My brother, Jerry and I, were relatively new at Berlin High School in December of 1960. We had time during the couple of weeks prior to Christmas and during the holidays to acquaint ourselves with the surroundings and most of the almost 240 students in the school.

By the end of April 1961, I was bold enough to strike up a conversation at the AYA with a girl named Doreen Maloney. Being the suave, sophisticated, mature 15 year old that I was; I tried to impress her with the not-so-factual revelation that I had been a disc jockey back in Indianapolis before coming to Berlin. It wasn't entirely false. A friend of mine and I had played deejay in the basement of his house at Fort Harrison with a Webcor reel-to-reel tape recorder and two GE record players. He, by the way, is a guy named Scott Shannon, who went on to become the most listened to morning disc jockey in New York City and the hottest programmer in all of radio.

Anyhow, Doreen's surprise for me was that her father, Captain Maloney, was the station commander at AFN Berlin and ... "would I like to go up to the radio station to meet him?" Of course I had to say yes or be caught at my deception and totally blow what I'm sure was a "really cool" impression I had made on her.

A couple of weeks later we were in the office of Captain Jack Maloney at 28 Podbielskiallee, the home of AFN Berlin. I say we, meaning Doreen and me and two friends, Lee Angel and Randy Meyer. After introductions to her father we all had a tour of the station, meeting program director Mark White and all of the staff, then went back to the office for a meeting. Luckily, my conversation with Doreen at the AYA never came up but her father asked that since we were all so interested in the station, would we consider doing a radio show for the kids at the school. I don't know who was the first with our emphatic "YES!!!" It was decided that we would do the show on Wednesdays at 5 o'clock.

And so it was.... after school on May 17th, 1961 the three of us, Lee, Randy and I ran to the AYA immediately after school and called a military taxi to take us to the station. The military taxi was how you got around Berlin when you were 15 or 16 years old and didn't have a car to drive. We had learned this trick from Charlie Johnson, a classmate whose

father was the Commanding General of Berlin Command. We had seen him do it once to go to the swimming pool at Andrews Barracks, so we figured if he could do it, so could we, and we went all over Berlin when we found out it worked.

From the first day, we had full access to the music library and picked out all of the music for "our" show. We probably picked 30 to 40 songs that were either currently popular or had been popular within the last 3



years, but because the show was only going to be 55 minutes long, we ended up cutting it down to about 20 songs, which was still an incredible amount of music for that amount of time. We decided to call our show "Teen Beat" after the Sandy Nelson hit from 1959.

Our producer for the show was Staff Sergeant George Hudak, who ordinarily did the 5:00 o'clock show called "Frolic at Five", and

network at Frankfurt we listened to "Stick Buddy Jamboree", a country music program.

As the clock got closer and closer to 5 o'clock all three of us became extremely nervous and speaking for myself, I felt as though my heart was going to pound through my chest. After 5 minutes of news at 5 o'clock we were going to be ON THE RADIO. We each made a last minute dash to the drinking fountain in the hallway to wash away the cotton balls that had suddenly taken over our mouths. Then it was 5:05 and our theme song was playing and SGT Hudak was explaining to the listeners what was going to happen for the next 55 minutes and had us introduce ourselves. After we stumbled through the introduction of the first song, we each took turns successively with each song. Sometimes making a dedication for someone at school or using some of the mail SGT Hudak had received to make dedications. After a couple of weeks we started receiving our own mail and used it exclusively. We got mail from G.I.s, German kids from

several different schools, including some in East Berlin and also a lot of requests from kids at the American school. We were a hit with everyone.

During the entire summer of 1961, AFN Berlin was our second home. We spent every possible hour there, making friends with all of the staff and listening to just about every record in their massive library. We were given every possible privilege. To this day it seems unreal to me that they would allow three 15 and 16 year old kids to have the run of the place.

Whenever we heard a celebrity was coming in for an interview we were always there, which was how we were able to meet people like Connie Francis, Brenda Lee, Connie Stevens, Paul Anka, and a couple of very popular German singers named Catrina Valenti and Peter Krause.

The following summer Randy and I again did a show on AFN only this time the name was changed to "Accent on Youth". Later, Randy was unable to participate, so it was suggested that we rotate different kids from the school as guest announcers each week. We announced events that were happening in the school and at the AYA and played a lot of records. Our new producer was a young PFC named Mitch Farrell, who became a lifelong friend. After his service was over, he went on to work for Dick Clark at a station in Riverside, California.

(Continued on page 11)



Students from Class of '64.

the engineer was a 20 year old PFC named Joey Welz (aka Welzant), who later went on to become the piano player for Bill Haley's Comets (we talked Joey into coming to the AYA to play for all of the kids once and he was GREAT!). We watched another announcer, PFC Jim Stutzman do his show called "The American Music Hall", which was a classical program and then from the

TEEN BEAT

(Continued from page 10)

During this same time a band called **The Bats** came to Berlin from Hamburg. They had been playing in a bar in Hamburg called the **Top Ten Club** and had come to check out the music scene in Berlin. They ended up staying during the summer of 1962 and played almost exclusively every weekend at the AYA. A young British singer named Tony Sheridan came with them and played at some of their engagements in a few German youth hostels, and once at the *Neue Welt*. A few of us guys followed them all over Berlin

that summer.

On one occasion at the AYA, their manager Jürgen Danckers gave me a copy of a record that Tony Sheridan had made with what he told me were members of The Bats, although on the record it said "Tony Sheridan and the Beat Brothers". Lee Angel and I were in charge of the jukebox and we decided to put it in the jukebox so everyone could enjoy it. If you know your rock'n'roll trivia, "My Bonnie (lies over the ocean)", which was a song The Bats played a lot at the AYA, was recorded by Tony Sheridan in

Hamburg in 1961 with backing by some guys who later called themselves **The Beatles**. Today that record sells for about \$1500, but God only knows where our copy is.

The Bats came to the AFN studios and recorded about 18 different songs for us to play on "Accent on Youth" and we would play at least one song a week. We were the official Bats fan club. They were a band made up of many nationalities. Tony "Tornado" was a black American who played the drums and sang lead, Pete was from Indonesia and played rhythm guitar along with

(Continued on page 15)

Scrapbook Reminiscences

When I left Berlin in August of 1963 to go to college, I put the three scrapbooks I'd made and other special items "to bed" in an army issue footlocker. It moved around with my parents until I got married, and then they sent it to me in California. It has sat in the basement of the houses I've lived in for forty years. I can't remember ever looking through the pages, though I'm sure Lee Hodges '62 and I must have got them out when she visited me a number of times in the '70's. Chuck Hewins '63 and his wife dropped in for a visit two years ago and I thought we'd look at them then, but when I opened the books, the pages, glue, and tape had deteriorated. It would have taken more time to plow through them than we had at the time.

When I decided to attend the Berlin Brats reunion in May, I knew it was time to open the footlocker and see what was in the "baggage" I'd been carrying around all these years. Monday, March 17, 2003 was the day I'd set aside to begin the project. My husband was out of town on a golf trip so I had a week at the house all to myself to work on it. The U.S. was on the brink of war.

What a journey the past week has been! I have returned to three years of my life that has been stored in the dark corners of numerous basements and hidden beneath the events of the forty years of my life that followed 1960 - 1963. When I first began to look through the "stuff" I asked myself, "Why

on earth did I save all this junk." By the time I finished, I felt I'd been offered a great gift - the opportunity to relive a very important time in my life and to see myself as a teenager. I also realized why I'd lugged the footlocker around all these years. As a dependent, you often don't get to return to your neighborhood. You can't revisit your school, run into your high school classmates or members of their family around town, and relive your earlier years with your community. Although I hadn't looked at the things I'd saved for years, it was always near me to prove that I did exist from 1960 - 1963 and that the things I remembered (and many things I'd forgotten) did happen.

At first I was chagrined to see how much time I spent as a cheerleader, at sports events and at the teen club and how oblivious I seemed to be to the dramatic events that were occurring around me. I remember getting letters from our relatives during our years in Berlin filled with their fear and concern for our safety. It was much harder for them than for us as all they saw was the news that was broadcast which showed nothing of our mostly normal day to day life. The day the wall went up I went to the border with a group of friends and we watched old women building portions of the wall while we ate potato chips and dip. I returned home excited about spending a Sunday with my friends to find my parents watching the TV and looking like someone had just died. In later years I often chastised myself for being so self

absorbed and seemingly unaware of the seriousness of the events so close at hand but as I have gotten older and, I hope, wiser, I am glad I got to have a "normal" high school life that enabled us to be wrapped up in our own little world. I am grateful to our parents, teachers and the military for allowing us to be teenagers. There was plenty of time in the adult lives we were approaching to feel the weight of the world on our shoulders.

While I was working on this scrapbook I was looking back at a world crisis not unlike what was happening again - the threat of WWII and a nuclear war. As I followed the war news from Iraq I found myself hoping that in places around the globe where there were crises there were children and teenagers sheltered from the terror as we were, able to experience some normalcy in their young lives as we did in the early 1960's.

The only difficult part of this journey has been not being able to share it with Lee Hodges (deceased). She was a very close friend for over 20 years. It would have been such fun - so special - to recall these years together. I found myself wanting to call her to help me remember something, to laugh, to cry, to relive. She was a beautiful, talented, intelligent, complicated and troubled woman, and I miss her.

Maggie Ellithorpe '63

maggiexpkex@worldnet.att.net

Do you know who the 2 Brats on page 9 are?....

Caught in the act....who are these two Berlin Brats???

If you think you know....submit your answers to the Berlin Brats at: BerlinBrats@juno.com

The first winning answer will receive a "free" Reunion polo shirt!!!

(those pictured, those related to those pictured, Linda, Pat and Jeri are excluded from participating)

Flag Project

School Flag.....

**What, you say? Did we have one?
....well, yes we did!**

BAHS as most of us know our school by, opened it's doors back in the '65-'66 school year.

Prior to that time "high schoolers" attended school at TAR (Thomas A. Roberts). Sometime in the spring of '67 a school contest took place to design the BAHS emblem and flag.

We're happy to report that the winner of that contest, Diana (Green) Kempton '72 is alive and well and an active Berlin Brat! Yahoo!

Back in '67 Diana was a peon! A lowly 7th grader! Imagine that. And she won the contest!!!

Diana thought it would be nice to have an emblem that symbolized the friendship and cooperation between the US and the city of Berlin and thought of intertwined circles to represent eternal friendship. Her thoughts turned to a next door neighbor....a Major Parks....and his military hat.

She borrowed his eagle (something all officers wore on their hats at the time) and then looked up the Berlin Bear emblem and just combined the two, placing each in its own circle and then overlapping the circles. For the flag, she just added the words "Berlin" above the circles and below them "American High School."

Our School Flag was born!!!

Di (as she is known now) submitted her entry that spring and then if memory serves her correctly, she didn't hear anything more about it for a long time. (we're relying on a 7th grader's memory here....so give us some slack!) She and we believe the winner was announced sometime in '68 as the first photos of "the flag" appear in the fall of '68.

The flag was a deep maroon wool with gold fringe. The circles were white and the designs on them printed with embroidered highlighting. White lettering was then applied.

If you don't remember the flag perhaps you remember the emblem, which appeared on the school letterhead, school podium and always



This photo was in our 1968 yearbook and the caption was: "Diana Green, the designer of our school flag, proudly displays her product."

used on graduation announcements.

Pictures of the new flag appear in the '69 yearbook when it was carried to Templehof Airport on February 27, 1969 to greet President Richard Nixon. In the fall of '69 or early '70 Bill Planz, class of '71, carried our flag on the tarmac of Templehof when Neil Armstrong, Edwin Aldrin and Michael Collins ~ the first astronauts to walk on the moon ~ visited Berlin. Later that year the flag DISAPPEARED! Yes, during the latter part of the football season the flag just went missing. A less expensive replica was then fabricated and appears in a photo of an athletic awards ceremony on February 18, 1971. So, we only had the original flag for two years! Somewhere along the line the replica disappeared too.

The Berlin Brats have decided we need our school flag back and has launched the "Flag Project!"

Wouldn't it be nice to have our "School Flag" at our REUNIONS and regionals? We could display it in our hospitality suite and at our banquets. Even carry it into competitive games against other schools, like this year's games with Karlsruhe American High School at the Reunion in Asheville. Perhaps even have two made so that we may donate one to the American Overseas School Historical Museum in Wichita, Kansas for permanent display with our yearbooks and other memorabilia.

Similar to the Memorial Fund we organized for Kip Taylor (which met its goal), we hope our alumni will contribute to the Flag Project. We believe (this is only an estimate at this time) that it may cost anywhere from \$1000-1500 to duplicate our lost flag. Di has graciously agreed to redraw the design to scale and then we will secure estimates on what the project will actually cost. In the meantime we hope all Berlin Brats will contribute:

**\$5, \$10....or \$20
dollars.....whatever you like.**

It would be nice if we could meet our cost and have the flag made in time for this year's REUNION! That doesn't leave us much time....but it can be done.

We hope that all classes will enthusiastically support this project!

On the following page you will find a contribution form. Just cut it out and submit with your contribution.

THANK YOU!!!

Flag Project

BAHS FLAG PROJECT

To contribute to the BAHS Flag Project please detach the form below and submit to:

The Berlin Brats
41630 N. Rolling Green Way
Anthem, AZ 85086

Name _____
(First) (Maiden) (Last)

Address: _____

Class of: _____ Tele # or Email Address: _____

Enclosed please find my contribution towards the "BAHS Flag Project"
(make check payable to: Berlin Brats and note BAHS Flag Project on the memo line)

*****10 Reasons to Attend the Reunion*****

- #10 I have never been to North Carolina (Asheville).
- #9 I get a weekend out of town
- #8 I get to compete against an old rival....Karlsruhe American High School.
- #7 I get to wear my old Letterjacket
- #6 Check out my Old Flame
- #5 Dispel those old rumors about me
- #4 Connect with my past
- #3 Dance~all~night
- #2 Feel like a teenager again and party all night
- #1 A chance to see my friends ~ the ones who were there during some of the best times of my life!

Now, for those of you who are going to come up with a million excuses "Why you can't make it?"
Here are a few we can help you dispel.

- #1 I can't take time off work. ~ NOT a Problem. Leave Friday after work, get back Sunday Night or Monday since it's a holiday. NO MISSED WORK.
- #2 I don't want to leave my Family. ~ If you can't be away from your loved ones for a few days bring them with you.
- #3 I look different than I did 15, 20, 30, or 40 years ago. ~ Don't we all! Nobody cares if your hair is different, your face or shape. YOU ARE STILL THE SAME PERSON WE HAD FUN WITH IN BERLIN!
- #4 I'm not a millionaire. ~ So what? We all work for a living.

.....are you getting the picture?

Good Ole Days!

"Hey Dad," My son asked the other day, "What was your favorite fast food when you were growing up?" "We didn't have fast food when I was growing up." "C'mon, seriously. Where did you eat?" "We ate at home," I explained. "My Mom cooked every day and when Dad got home from work, we all sat down together at the table, and if I didn't like what she put on my plate, I had to sit there until I did like it." By this time, my son was laughing so hard I was afraid He was going to suffer some serious internal damage, so I didn't tell him the part about how I had to get my Father's permission to leave the table.

Here are some other things I would have told him about my childhood if I had figured his system could handle it.

My parents never wore Levi 28099s, set foot on a golf course, or had a credit card. In their later years they had something called a "revolving charge card" but they never actually used it. It was only good at Sears-Roebuck. Or maybe it was Sears and Roebuck. Either way, there is no Roebuck anymore. My parents never drove me to soccer practice. This was because soccer back then was just for the girls.

We actually did walk to school. By the time you were in the 6th grade it was not cool to ride the bus unless you lived more than 4 or 5 miles from the school, even when it was raining or there was ice or snow on the ground. Outdoor sports consisted of stickball, snowball fights, building forts, making snowmen and sliding down hills on a piece of cardboard. No skateboards, roller blades or trail bikes.

We didn't have a television in our house until I was 12. It was, of course, black and white, but you could buy a piece of special colored plastic to cover the screen. The top third was blue, like the sky, and the bottom third was green, like grass. The middle third was red. It was perfect for programs that had scenes of fire trucks riding across someone's lawn on a sunny day.

I was 13 before I tasted my first pizza. It was a Sam's Pizza at the East end of Fruit Street in Milford. My friend, Steve took me there to try what they called "pizza pie." When I bit into it, I burned

the roof of my mouth and the cheese slid off, swung down and plastered itself against my chin. It's still the best pizza I ever had.

Pizzas were not delivered to your house back then, but the milk was. I looked forward to winter because the cream in the milk was on top of the bottle and it would freeze and push the cap off. Of course, us kids would get up first to get the milk and eat the frozen cream before our mother could catch us. I never had a telephone in my room. Actually the only phone in the house was in the hallway and it was on a party line. Before you could make a call, you had to listen in to make sure someone else wasn't already using the line. If the line was not in use an operator would come on and ask, "number please" and you would give her the number you wanted to call.

There was no such thing as a computer or a hand held calculator. We were required to memorize the "times tables." Believe it or not, we were tested each week on our ability to perform mathematics with nothing but a pencil and paper.

We took a spelling test every day.

There was no such thing as a "social promotion." If you flunked a class, you repeated that grade the following year. Nobody was concerned about your "self esteem." We had to actually do something praiseworthy before we were praised. We learned that you had to earn respect.

All newspapers were delivered by boys and most all boys delivered newspapers. I delivered the "Milford Daily News" six days a week. It cost seven cents a paper, of which I got to keep 2 cents. On Saturday, I had to collect the 42 cents from my customers. My favorite customers were the ones who gave me 50 cents and told me to keep the change. My least favorite customers were the ones who seemed to never be home on collection day.

Movie stars kissed with their mouths shut on screen. Touching someone else's tongue with yours was called French kissing and they just didn't do that in the movies back then. I had no idea what they did in French movies. French mov-

ies were considered dirty and we weren't allowed to see them.

You never saw the Lone Ranger; Roy Rogers or anyone else actually kill someone. The heroes back then would just shoot the gun out of the bad guy's hand. There was no blood and violence. When you were sick, the Doctor actually came to your house. No, I am not making this up.

Drugs were something you purchased at a pharmacy in order to cure an illness.

If we dared to "sass" our parents, or any other grown-up, we immediately found out what soap tasted like. For more serious infractions, we learned about something called a "this hurts me more than it hurts you." I never did quite understand that one.... In those days, parents were expected to discipline their kids. There was no interference from the government. "Social Services" or "Family Services" had not been invented (the ninth and tenth amendments to the constitution were still observed in those days.)

I must be getting old because I find myself reflecting back more and more and thinking I liked it a lot better back then.

If you grew up in a generation before there was fast food, you may want to share some of these memories with your kids or grandchildren & nieces & nephews. Just don't blame me if they wet themselves laughing. Growing up today sure ain't what it used to be!!

Jim Branson '64

jbranson01@hotmail.com

Check out the **PHOTO CONTEST** on page 9.

See what you can **WIN** on page 11.

ENTER NOW!

(Continued from page 11)

Rolf, who was German. Another German, Rudi, played lead guitar and Colin Melander from England played bass.

I was on top of the world until the 28th of July when we left Berlin for Stuttgart, where I tried to duplicate what we had done in Berlin with a program called "The Kids Next Door" which was a total bust. It lasted maybe a couple of weeks.

The experience that I had doing "Teen Beat" and "Accent on Youth" was probably the most memorable one of my life. Many

friendships were cemented and I'll never forget it because I still have several tapes of both radio shows, and listen to them frequently, and also the master copy of The Bats tape. I became a disc jockey for real during the '80s and early '90s after chasing the dream for most of my life and just recently went back to continue my career in radio.

When I attended the Overseas Brats Northern Kentucky Gathering in 1997, I was relating some of these experiences to Jeri Polansky-Glass and when she heard me mention "Teen Beat" she pulled out a copy of a newspaper article someone had sent her and

the headline read "TEEN BEAT BERLIN". I thought at first it must have been something that I had missed in the Berlin Observer back in 1961, but as I read the article it was about a group of kids that had done a T.V. show on AFTV - Berlin (which wasn't around yet when I was there), probably during the late '60s, early '70s and had called it *Teen Beat*. I was astounded. I couldn't believe it. What a special memory.

JIM BRANSON Berlin HS '64 (60-62)
jbranson01@hotmail.com

In our last newsletter we queried you about changing the name of our newsletter. We did not get much of a response so we're giving you one last shot. The previous newsletter read...

Should we give our newsletter a name?

In the late '60's and early '70's our school newsletter (at BAHS) was called the "Bear Facts" or the "Bare Facts" and then in the late '70's I've been told it went to "Bullsheets." Did that name stick? Or did it change again in the '80's? And what about the early '60's? Was it something else entirely?

We would like to hear from "YOU" ...our members. Should we keep our present newsletter title or come up with something new? Please submit your comments or new suggestion(s) with your name and class year to: Berlin Brats, 41630 N. Rolling Green Way, Anthem, AZ 85086 or BerlinBrats@juno.com

*** We Need to Hear From You! ***

Old Eden

Sorry, but I couldn't resist: Mary Malloy '68 just sent this to me. Bobby Harrell, '83 knows this guy, and anyone who was in Berlin in the sixties was VERY familiar with the "Old Eden". What a letch...

BERLIN (Reuters) - An aging Berlin playboy has come up with an unusual offer to lure women into his bed by promising the last woman he sleeps with an inheritance of about \$244,000.

Rolf Eden, a 72-year-old west Berlin disco owner famous in the German capital for his countless number of sex partners, said he could imagine no better way to die than in the

arms of an attractive young woman preferably under 30.

"I put it all in my last will and testament - the last woman who sleeps with me gets all the money," Eden told Bild newspaper Wednesday.

"I want to pass away in the most beautiful moment of my life. First a lot fun with a beautiful woman, then wild sex, a final orgasm -- and it will all end with a heart attack and then I'm gone."

Eden, who is selling his popular "Big Eden" nightclub later this year, said "applicants" shouldn't wait long because of

his advanced age.

"It could end very soon," he said. "Maybe even tomorrow."

submitted by Dent White '68

The Berlin Brats just had to cover this article...as so many of us frequented the "Old Eden" on Prom night....especially in the late sixties early seventies!!! It was practically a must....

The Dennis Miller Show mentioned Berlin's Eden Night Club article on his show.... and said...."Anna Nicole Smith's new reality show would be applying!"

Wurst-Case Scenario Causes Police Alert

BERLIN (Reuters) - A man who mistook a salami for an automatic pistol triggered a major police operation on Friday in southern Germany, involving 10 police cars and a helicopter.

The man alerted police that he had seen three men handling a gun in a car at a motorway service area. Police cars, dogs and a helicopter chased the car and held up the men, only to identify the "weapon" as a salami.

"Behind the dirty windows of the car, the man had mistaken the salami for a gun," a police spokesman in Traunstein said. "The men in the car had probably passed the sausage through the car."

The salami was returned to its owners.

Just In.....

The Berlin based architectural firm of "Daniel Libeskind" has just been awarded the design contract for rebuilding the World Trade Center.

Check out: usatoday.com/news/nation/2003-02-27-trade-center-site_x.htm (then go to the right of the screen and click on: Final WTC Design for some photos).

Daniel Libeskind, is an American architect who was barely known outside the academic world until 1989. That year he was chosen to build what is now his most acclaimed work – the Jewish Museum in Berlin. At the time he taught architecture but had never built a building. The project was completed in '99 but did not open until September of 2001. Critics rank the building as the most exciting architecture of the past decade. They put Libeskind's Museum alongside Frank Gehry's Guggenheim Museum in Bilbao, Spain.

Libeskind has a dozen projects in progress. The first in the states are imposing additions to the Denver Art Museum and a Jewish Museum in San Francisco. (The Denver expansion is scheduled to open in 2006).

The Jewish Museum in Berlin zigzags through Berlin, its "Holocaust Tower" and planted "Garden of Exile" honors the ordeals of German Jews. Diagonals and cramped interiors create an unsettling, trapped feeling.

Libeskind was born in Poland, immigrated to Tel Aviv in '57 and then to New York City in '59. He and his family moved to Berlin when he won the Berlin project.

Of his World Trade Center project he says...."The spire would be an affirmation of the sky of New York, an affirmation of vitality in the face of danger, an affirmation of life in the aftermath of tragedy." It would demonstrate, he says, "life victorious."

*Information abstracted from Smithsonian magazine, March 2003
By Stanley Meisler*

Bear Facts Needed

We take your suggestions to heart:

Gary Carpenter '72 has suggested we use old articles from the "Bear Facts" and reprint them here ~ in our newsletter. WE LOVE THE IDEA....but need your help.

Does any one out there have any copies of the old Bear Facts? If you do, please share them with us....or copy the articles and forward to:

Linda Keeler, 201 Amherst Drive,
Nashville, TN 37214-2043

Or

Email: linda.keeler@comcast.net

BERLIN BRATS TREASURY

9/15/02 to 12/15/02

Balance forward Sept 15, 2002:	\$3,762.80
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Income:

Membership Dues	\$840.00
Yearbook/Merchandise Sales	70.00

Total Income:	\$910.00
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Expenses:

Supplies(Paper), Tape, Envelopes and Mailing Labels	\$ 94.68
Postage (Reunion Pkgs, Yrbks)	837.71
Printing/Reunion Pkgs	421.59
Telephone Calls	15.30

Total Expenses:	\$1369.28
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Ending Balance/Funds on Hand as of 12/15/02:	\$3,303.52
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Brat Notes

'60

Tom Giles

TomGiles@aol.com

After leaving Berlin I went onto the Naval Academy, graduating in 1966. I'm retired from the Navy now and work as a computer programmer. I love to skydive and have completed 3,300 jumps. I even built my own plane! I am most proud of my service in Vietnam and the airplane I've built!

'62

Veanna Kaye Stewart Crawford

vcrawford@tlu.edu

After leaving Berlin I graduated from Texas Woman's University with a degree in Physics. I taught for 31 years. Married to James Crawford, one child, Scott Hartsell, two step children, Beverly & Clark, one dog, Abby, one cat Callie. I spend my day - Retired! Playing golf, volunteer work with junior golfers, teaching part-time at Texas Lutheran University, genealogy and enjoying family. Accomplishments I am most proud of: Am. Assoc. of Physics Teachers Resource Agent; Summer Fellow-Optics Society and Tandy Award.

'64

Charlotte (Warnock) Bullard

charlotte.bullard@verizon.com

After leaving Berlin I went to El Paso, TX. Then Illinois where I graduated high school while Dad & Mom went back to Germany. Got married, got divorced & joined the Army for 14 years. I spend my day working for Verizon in Tampa, Florida where I do maintenance contracts for phone systems for the state of Texas. My Hobbies include: Traveling, Reading, Embroidering, and relaxing. Accomplishments I am most proud of: My Boys & serving My Country. I am single. Children: 2 sons = Robert "33" & Shawn "27". Other information you would like to share: I am the proud grandmother of Daniel & Rebecca. Who would you like information on: Karen Olsen.

'66

Raymond Cook

raymond.cook@msmeri.af.mil

After leaving Berlin I joined the United States Air Force and retired after twenty two years. I spend my day: I now work for the Mississippi Military Department. My hobbies include: Scuba Driving, motor cycles and running. I am single. Children: Daughter Betty and a son William. Who would you like information on: All class members from 1966 and other years around that year.

'69

Deedee (Clary) Stephens

Ddclary@aol.com

After Berlin, I attended the University of Tulsa, married and had two sons. I travelled extensively with my jobs. Presently I am taking some time off and working on my home. It's new and a huge challenge!

I've been bungy jumping and skydiving, which I'm most proud of, since I'm scared to death of heights!

I'm newly married....well two years anyway....to Steve.

'71

Laura (Coats) Satterfield

lsatt@swbell.net

After leaving Berlin I finished high school @ Ft. Meade, M.D. Married after freshman year of college in Texas, 1972. Raised 3 Children. I spend my day: Past 8 years I was in Investor Relations @ Radio Shack. I'm currently pursuing my CFP certification & decorating our home. My hobbies include: Piano, gardening, reading, photography. I married in 2000 to Craig Satterfield. Children: Micah ('74), Kate ('76), Beth ('80). Other information you would like to share: My daughters married this year (2002) and have made me a grandmother. I love it! My son is a Navy medic enjoying seeing the world but is currently deployed with Operation Iraqi Freedom. Who would you like information on: Anyone.

'79

Cindy Grey tied the knot! But that is not all. She and hubby Mike got married in a Castle in Scotland. WOW! Somebody pinch me. Cindy (Grey) Mitchell '79 & new hubby Mike Mitchell were wed in Comlongon Castle, a 14th century castle located near Clarencefield, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, on 11 Nov 02. He's in the Army and currently stationed in Saudi Arabia.



Cindy (Grey) Mitchell '79 & new hubby Mike Mitchell

Note from Linda (Waters) Keeler '80

Thank you for your submissions for the Brat Notes section of the newsletter. I hope you enjoy reading them as much as I have. If you have an article, bio-sheet, subject matter and/or pictures that you would like to see in the Berlin Brats Alumni Newsletter please submit them to: Linda Keeler via email at:

linda.keeler@comcast.net

or

Linda Keeler, 201 Amherst Drive,
Nashville, TN 37214-2043

Your items will be safeguarded and returned to you promptly.

THE PROMISE... THE SPIRIT... THE HOPE OF AMERICA...

***To those Berlin Brats, (their spouses and relatives) who serve with courage,
reach out with Love and persevere with faith,
THANK YOU! For all you do to keep the spirit of hope and the promise of peace alive!***

Our prayers are with you!

Larry Speer '83
Pat Clyburn '73
John Schleifer '79
Jeff Johnson (spouse of Melissa Stewart '85)
Ronald Gast (brother of Richard Gast '86)
Bobby Hamilton '84
Cyndie Duckett '83
Tim Hardison '83
Billy Jordan '76
Kim Wilburn's husband '85
Tim Shaw '85
Tim Murphy '85
Charlie Cleveland '85
Tim Beech '86
Stefan Aubrey '74
Delano Adams '85
Dan Corder '83
Mike Mears (husband of Pam Rodgers '73)
John Paul "Bob" Glass (stepson of Jeri (Polansky) Glass '72)
James Biernesser '73
Tom Carey '87
Richard Clarke '80
Dean Taylor '79
John Tuite '79
Chris Erickson '87
Marcus Johnson '82
Rick Martin '77
James Reilly '79
Eric Roche '88
David Fenrich '72
Mike Aldrich (son of Linda Tharpe '71)
Kassie Daniels' husband '89
Paul Murphy '86
Rick Sheridan '85
James Glenn '88
Scott Weaver '87
Mike Peters '87
Melvin Rodriguez '87
John Warren '87
Tim Felker '83
David Yahn '85

THE PROMISE... THE SPIRIT... THE HOPE OF AMERICA...

(Continued from page 18)

Jeremiah White (Son to Doris Kuhlmeier '67 & Dent White '68)
Marsha White (Daughter to Doris Kuhlmeier '67 & Dent White '68)
Robert Toupin '79
William "Danny" Jackson, Jr.
DeAnne (Jackson) Smith's husband '88
Laurie Larson '84
Mary Coyle '88
Eugene Peterson '79
Terry Streeton (husband of Cindy Schleifer '78)
Robert Loquist (son of Vickie Maulsby '79 & Greg Loquist '78)
Shawn Turner (husband of Joy Campolo '88)
Jeff Prokopowicz (brother of John '87 & Jo-Anne '87)
Steve Smith '87
Beth & Jean-Paul Lambert (Sister & Brother-in-Law of Nicki Naquin '83)
Tyrone Worlds '84
Mike Pollard '85
Michael Perozich (son-in-law of Sherri Haynes '72)
Jennifer Pecqueur '94
Tim Farquhar (husband of Angie Brown '88)
Capt Patricia (Stewart) Underdahl '74 and her
Son ~ LCPL Ron Underdahl
Troy Morris (brother of Daralee Morris '77)
Kenny Kotcher '91
Micah Thornton (son of Laura (Coats) Satterfield '71)
Daniel "Randy" Von Arx (brother of Jocelyne '85 and Sean Von Arx '88)
Eric Paulson '79
Paul Boinay '85
Mike Aldrich (son of Linda Tharpe '71)
Ray Cook '66
Richard Borieo '84

Prayer Wheel

"Lord,
 hold our troops in your loving hands.
 Protect them as they protect us.

Bless them and their families for the
 selfless acts they perform for us in
 our time of need. Amen."

It is the soldier, not the reporter
 who has given us the freedom of the press.

It is the soldier, not the poet,
 who has given us the freedom of speech.

It is the soldier, not the campus organizer,
 who gives us the freedom to demonstrate.

It is the soldier who salutes the flag,
 who serves beneath the flag,
 and whose coffin is draped by the flag,
 who allows the protester to burn the flag."

Authored by: Father Dennis Edward O'Brien,
 Sergeant, USMC

BERLIN BRATS ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

Berlin Brats Alumni Association
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Anthem, AZ 85086

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Email: linda.keeler@comcast.net



Calling All Volunteers

Volunteers Needed to Work the Reunion

Volunteers needed for registration table, hospitality suite, and the merchandise/membership table.

If you are interested in helping out, you would be needed for a 2 hour shift, either on Thursday, Friday or Saturday,

Contact:

Pat Martel Little BAHS '72 Class Contact at
Bratsign@aol.com

We're on the web:
<http://www.BerlinBrats.org>

Other Contacts & Websites:

American Overseas School Historical Society

Contact: Dr. Ann Bamberger

E-mail: overseasschools@aoshs.org

Website: www.aoshs.wichita.edu

Overseas Brats

Contact: Joe Condrill, President

E-mail: JoeOSBPRES@aol.com

Website: www.overseasbrats.com

Brat Attack...a Berlin chat room

By Invitation Only

Contact: Linda (Waters) Keeler at linda.keeler@comcast.net

Early 60's....chat room

By Invitation Only

Contact: Jim Branson at jbranson01@hotmail.com