



Berlin Brats Alumni Association Newsletter

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Photos below are taken from Boston.com website



Spectators watch as giant, painted styrofoam dominoes stand along the route of the former Berlin Wall near the Brandenburg Gate on November 9, 2009 in Berlin, Germany. The approximately 1,000 dominoes, painted by school-children and artists all over the world, were meant to symbolically represent the end of communist rule across Eastern Europe and were the highlight of celebrations in the German capitol marking the 20th anniversary of the fall of the Berlin Wall. (Henning Schacht-Pool/Getty Images)



Spectators watch as giant styrofoam dominoes topple along the route of the former Berlin Wall near the Brandenburg Gate on November 9, 2009 in Berlin, Germany. (Carsten Koall/Getty Images)

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The Fall of the Berlin Wall Celebrated in Washington, D.C. November 7, 2009

I was there when the Wall was built, a witness to German history. Because of the courage of President Reagan and brave East German citizens, we celebrate the 20th anniversary of the Fall of the Berlin Wall. All of the Berlin Brats are witnesses to history, because you lived it for a number of years in the divided city.

I was invited to the German Embassy in Washington D.C. to be part of the celebration of this important event. Saturday, November 7, 2009 became a very exciting day for me. Early in the morning, I stood in line to visit the White House. The visitors were led through the East Wing. As I was leaving to walk to the Spy Museum, President Obama drove through the gate of his residence on his way to the Capitol. He waved to the waiting crowds. I arrived at the Spy Museum and was greeted by the sight of twenty Trabbies, the car that became a symbol of communist East Germany. As I made my way through the visitors, I saw men in East German border patrol uniforms and Stasi trench coat attire walking around. It looked very authentic. All of a sudden I saw a group of happy visitors, giggling, taking pictures and displaying a school jacket. The Berlin Brats have arrived! I introduced myself as a native Berliner and from that moment on I was a part of the Brats' family. Our Berlin bond came through as we talked. One of the members even remembered my son, who also was a student at the American High School. (Thomas Dietz, class of '82)

The celebration of the reunion of the students, the 20th anniversary, and the memories of being in the divided city all made it a joyful time. I was invited to go along to a German restaurant for the party. It would have been great to join this jovial group, but I had to be at the German

Embassy later. The night was pleasantly spent with videos, starting with the building of this monstrous border until the destruction of the Wall. Speeches memorializing the victims who gave their life trying to escape the Eastern part of Berlin were given. Good German food, plenty of beer, wine and excellent company made for a warm gathering of Berliner friends. To sum it up, it was a very moving day to be part of this historic event, remembered in our nation's capitol. The next day I made my way to see the Lincoln memorial. As I was waiting to enter the elevator to the memorial, an elderly man stood beside me. On his lapel he wore a German/ American flag pin. Feeling very uplifted from the events of the day before, I asked him about wearing the pin. He was a US military dependent("a Berlin Brat at that").....during the Berlin Airlift. Excitedly he told me about the celebration they had in May 2009 in Berlin to honor members of the military forces that made the Airlift possible. I told him that I had visited Berlin in May and attended the event in Tempelhof. During the Open House at the former Tempelhof Air Base, Ret. Col. Halverson, the candy bomber, made a flight over the airfield and released little parachutes with candy attached, just as he did during the Berlin Blockade. I was standing in the wrong place on the runway and was unable to get a piece of memorabilia. My Airlift friend, Dr. Dan (Daniel Bunting '49) offered to mail me his candy parachute, which was a gift of the Berliner government to him. We now have a friendship between a hero of the airlift (see the newspaper clipping below) and a former child helped by the generosity of the American people.

The power of friendship, if it is by old classmates or people you meet at the spur of a moment, shows what people are made of.

Bärbel (Dee Dee) Bronaugh A Berliner, adopted by the Brats on the street outside the Spy Museum on Nov 7th....way before they knew I was the mother of a Berlin Brat!!!

The Fall of the Berlin Wall – The Reunification of Germany: The Reunification of Family

By Deb “Brians” Clark
BAHS, Class of 1974

“ABC New Special Report: We interrupt this program to bring you this special news bulletin.” I thought to myself, “This better be good,” as once again, ABC was interrupting my favorite soap opera during my lunch hour. The date was November 9, 1989, and I was living in Ocala, Florida. As I was taking the first bite of my turkey sandwich – made with Miracle Whip and sprinkled with extra salt, I heard the announcer say, “Today, the Berlin Wall has come down.” For me, time stood still for that moment, and as I burst into tears I said, “I want to remember every detail of this moment.” I remember what I had for lunch. I remember exactly what I did that morning, and I remember what I was wearing. Unfortunately, spandex was in, and so were shoulder pads and big earrings. So although I remember the outfit, I’d rather not elaborate on it!

I knew that my cousin, Frank, a native Berliner, would be one of the first people on the scene at the Wall to celebrate – to sip champagne and to take part in tearing it down. Thinking of me and my family in the US, Frank took a nice chunk of the wall and sent it to me.

Please see attached picture.

This piece of the wall is not just a piece of art hanging in my foyer – it’s a symbol of freedom and a reunification not only of a country but of a family. My family.

My father, a Captain in the U.S.

Army, was stationed in Berlin

in the early 1950’s and met my

mother, a native Berliner, and they

married in Andrews Chapel in the American Sector of Berlin in

June 1955. I was born in the American Hospital in Berlin the

following year. As is typical with a military family, we moved

around every 2-3 years, so when the Wall was erected in 1961,

we were living in Anchorage, Alaska. (We had several tours of

duty in Berlin in the 60’s and 70’s as well). And when the Wall

went up, my mother was separated from grandparents, aunts,

uncles and cousins who were living in Klotze-Altmark

(where ironically my mom’s family sought refuge from the

Berlin bombings for a short time during WWII). There are

many adjectives to describe the emotions of this Wall to our

family and others: frustration, anger, loneliness, confusion,

and helplessness. The only means of communicating with each

other at that time was via letters, which we knew would be

read by authorities. So as the years wore on, and West Berlin

became a thriving, modern “hip” city, it’s slogan for years

being “Berlin ist eine Reise Wert” (meaning, Berlin is the

trip worth taking), the East became a forgotten sibling, with

renovations and modern conveniences practically coming to

a standstill. As a matter of fact, the Trabant was one of the

few cars available to the residents of the East, and they were

smelly, noisy polluters. (More on this later).



Life in the West at that time, was by far better than life in the East. Many East Berliners attempted to escape to the West in search of the good life. My mother’s cousin, whom I will call “Otto,” (to protect his identity), was one of them. After trying for several months to make a go of it in the West, Otto desperately missed his family. When he anonymously asked authorities if there would be any repercussions should he return to the East, he was assured he would be left alone.



Deb’s Uncle Richard “Kiki” Wanderer, and cousin, Conny Wanderer Schnoor, holding a chunk of the Wall.



L to R: Aunt Jutta Wanderer, Soeren Schnoor, and cousin, Conny Wanderer Schnoor with toolbox at Wall.

He was excited to finally be reunited with his family, but upon his return, he was apprehended, sent to prison for three years – one year of which was spent in solitary confinement. Ironically, his father, during WWII, was sent to a concentration camp for five years for belonging to a faction that did not support Hitler. Concentration camps were not just for Jewish people! There were several members of my mother’s family who spent time in concentration camps, and the Wall was a reminder that Germany was still not a “free” country. You were not free to express your opinion, and if you did, you may be tagged as a spy, and your every movement watched. This led to constant paranoia and a true lack of freedom. Sort of hitting a wall, if you pardon the pun.

The Wall meant many things to my family, but what about the “family” of Americans stationed in Berlin who had no native ties to the area? What did living in a walled city mean to them?

Well, living in a walled city presented a few challenges. You couldn’t travel but so far, and in any corner of Berlin you reached a barrier, with armed guards present and warning signs of “Achtung!” (Warning!), advising not to trespass. Think about it: as Americans living in the US, we take simple freedoms for granted. We can jump in our cars or grab our bikes and drive or ride as far as we wish. In Berlin, we were restricted to the West, and armed guards were positioned at checkpoints and at certain U-Bahn stations (subways), where the train would slow down but not stop to let anyone on or off (while passing through the East sector). As teenagers from military families who lived all over the US and abroad, we adapted well. That’s not to say there were those that felt uncomfortable in a walled, or restricted city. Day-passes to tour the East were available to military dependents, but our family, due to its past history, never took advantage of it.



Ironically, despite living in a walled city as a teenager in the 1970’s, whether we were white, black or Asian, we were all “minorities” living in a foreign country. We bonded well, while we heard reports of riots and forced school busing in some of the US states “back home”, we all shared the same bus, the same school, and participated in sports together. We didn’t care about the color of our skin, we were just glad to be with fellow Americans! In an odd twist of fate, we found our own sense of freedom in a city that struggled for so long to find its own.

Speaking of freedom....those pesky Trabant automobiles, with the fall of the Wall, invaded West Berlin, much to the ire of many. They were noisy and polluted the air.

I remember my Aunt telling me, “The only bad thing about the Wall coming down are those darn Trabants. They are everywhere, and they’re a pain!” On November 7, 2009, the Berlin Brats will have a Gathering in Washington, DC to tour the International Spy Museum where 20 Trabants will be on display in commemoration of the 20-year anniversary of the fall of the Wall. I can’t wait to tell my Aunt! As for my mother’s family, we are getting together in 2010, in Germany, for a family reunion over the 4th of July holiday, to celebrate Independence Day. And for our family, that day is also celebrated on November 9th.

L to R: Uncle Richard “Kiki” Wanderer, cousin, Frank Wanderer (back turned), Conny Schnoor, and her husband, Soeren Schnoor



The year 2009 was a very special one.

Germany, our friends around the world, and I are still incredibly moved by the deep joy which the 20th Anniversary of the Fall of the Berlin Wall has left lingering in us.

It was a magnificent festival of freedom, which we celebrated together with countless friends around the U.S.

The fall of the Berlin Wall was an event which, until just before November 9, 1989, no one had expected and which spelled the beginning of the end of the division of Germany and Europe.

Without the support of the United States in the decades following 1945
and also in the two-plus-four talks in 1990,
the restoration of German unity in freedom would have been inconceivable.
We will never forget that.

German Embassy

Washington, DC

Dec 4, 2009



With the "20th Anniversary of the Fall of the Wall" John was interviewed by the Gainesville Sun, where he lives in Gainesville, FL.

Left: Present day photo of John Freeman '71.

Right: John, 9 years of age, at the Wall - 1962.



The policeman is a West German ("good guy").



When the wall came down

Published: Sunday, November 8, 2009 at 6:01 a.m.

I was standing in my kitchen in Wichita, Kan., 20 years ago this week, when TV images flashed on screen of people singing and dancing atop the Berlin Wall.

I couldn't believe it. How was this possible?

Were they free after nearly three decades of Soviet control? I gulped and smiled as tingling goose bumps ran up and down my arms.

The fall of the Berlin Wall on Nov. 9, 1989, was emotional and personal for me. I had lived in the divided city at the height of the Cold War as a high school student.

A jagged 27-mile border cut the city into two halves, and 100 miles of barbed wire encircled the back half of West Berlin, making it an island city. But as American military dependents, we enjoyed a good life and freedom in a cosmopolitan city.

Those in East Berlin, however, experienced a daily existence that was often dreary and drab behind a 13-foot-tall concrete wall. Because all roads in West Berlin ended at the wall, we couldn't help but see the oppression on the other side.

Because of my father's Air Force status, we were allowed to venture into the East. We drove through the famous Checkpoint Charlie in our gigantic 1962 Pontiac Star Chief. During day trips, we sometimes purchased camera gear, crystal glassware and wall clocks in shops intended for visiting communist dignitaries.

We avoided the regular markets with no fresh fruit, and shoe stores with only one size, style and color.

On one outing my family returned to our car to find people standing by the trunk, which was big enough to hold three people. They asked us to take them over to the West.

My father just shook his head "no" and told us to get in the car. He had heard of other GI's who had smuggled East Berliners back to the West and were caught by the American military police. U.S. officials would immediately transfer those soldiers who risked an international incident.

They would be sent from West Berlin (a plum assignment) to a desolate outpost in South Korea as punishment the next day. Or so the rumor went.

On my 16th birthday, my father took me over to the East for dinner at the Moscow Haus, a high-end restaurant frequented by communist officials. Within minutes, a man in a Russian uniform joined us at the table. In decent English, he asked about the stripes on my father's uniform and what they meant.

I remember great awkwardness and a racing heartbeat as the soldier continued to sit with the two of us as we remained silent. Finally the Soviet officer returned to his own table. Who was he? Where did he come from? Could we have disappeared that night, deep in the heart of East Berlin?

Another time we tried to buy a motorcycle in a showroom full of choices, or so we thought. The clerk pulled a big book from behind the counter and asked us to write in our name and address. "Three years," he told us. "What about these in the store?" No, those were just for display, he said. We would need to get on a list and wait, so we declined.

The former districts of East Berlin today are festive places, full of renovated townhouses, offbeat art galleries and ethnic restaurants. Playhouses host performances that rival those of New York and Las Vegas, and celebrities turn up weekly for concerts and movie premieres.

The former swath that cut through the center of city has provided prime real estate for development again. The city's subway systems are united again and provide seamless and efficient transportation for Berlin's 3.5 million people.

Everything happens on a grand scale, whether it's a massive fireworks display at the Brandenburg Gate on New Year's Eve or the opening of Europe's largest train station days before the 2006 World Cup soccer tournament began. The main government building, Der Reichstag, is a contrast of visions - with old style below and a futurist glass dome above that allows visitors to peer into the legislative chamber below.

By guiding student journalists the past five years on study-abroad trips, I have been privileged to help tell the story of a reborn Berlin. Armed with digital cameras, voice recorders and laptops, UF students have spent two weeks every May since 2005 reporting on a cross-section of Berliners.

From the city where I discovered my interest in photojournalism, we document some of the people and places that exemplify Berlin's ongoing spirit of freedom. It's a subtle revelation as the students come to understand the significance of what they are seeing and feeling.

Many return to Florida saying they've been changed; they appreciate what they have. Some feel more patriotic. Some want to return to Berlin and open a coffee shop - or work for the Fat Tire Bike Tours company.

All remember Dr. Pong - a virtually unmarked club where the only entertainment is a single ping-pong table and loud music. Holding a beverage in one hand and a paddle in the other, up to 30 partiers circle the table in a counter-clockwise motion, enjoying a group game that shrinks in size as players miss. After the final two players battle for the championship, the winner bangs the table three times with his paddle, and everyone starts up again. It's a happy mix - a free-for-all of ages, styles, religions and politics.

Dr. Pong is only a hole-in-the-wall pub, a relic in the former East. It's poorly lit, has unadorned concrete walls and is full of choking smoke. Yet it speaks volumes about the edginess of Berlin. And the acceptance of others. And the freedom that the united city now enjoys.

Twenty years after the fall of the Berlin Wall, Germany's capital continues to reinvent itself, balancing between an historic past and an optimistic future to remain one of the world's leading cities. I'm proud to be a part of that transformation every year.

John Freeman '71 is an associate professor of journalism in the College of Journalism and Communications. His class Web sites can be found by searching "Berlin Journalism Study Aboard."

Hello former Berliners -- I took my study-abroad program up a notch this year by self-producing a 40-page book that features the students' projects. I edited their 250-word stories down to 10 lines of type, re-Photoshopped most of the images and designed the whole thing at www.Blurb.com.

Each student got one paperback book as part of the class, but orders can be made online if they or their parents want a hardback (which I will definitely do next year -- they are much cooler and look like a real "book").

The Blurb website has a preview function. Once the cover appears, click on the the FULL SCREEN button for best view, then click on each page and they turn for you -- very cool!

<http://www.blurb.com/books/810566>

John Freeman '71



Mrs. Harrison's '71 BAHS Yearbook photo

Wichitan recalls time in divided Berlin

Mrs. Glenna Harrison, FAC '70-'72, also interviewed on the Fall, by Becky Tanner, The Wichita Eagle, 11/9/09

More than three decades have passed since Glenna Harrison had her own experiences with the Berlin Wall.

A teacher at the Berlin American High School from 1969 to 1972, the Wichitan remembers the East German guards in their towers with binoculars and guns, the barbed wire and the expanse along the wall's East Berlin side where would-be escapees were shot as they tried to run for freedom.

Mostly, she remembers the feelings of oppression the East Berliners had.

"I just never thought the East Berliners or East Germans had any possibility of ever living outside the Iron Curtain," she said.

But then the Iron Curtain fell on Nov. 9, 1989.

Three years ago, Ron and Glenna Harrison returned to Berlin, where they lived while he was stationed in the Air Force and she worked at the school. (*postscript: joining the Berlin Brats All Years, All Classes Reunion of 2006*)

"There were still signs of differences between East and West Germany," she said. "The area around Hitler's bunker has been rebuilt, and it's quite a shock to see brand new buildings."

The barbed wire and guard houses are long gone, but her memories remain of television coverage of the wall's demise.

"It was unbelievable when it came down," Harrison said. "The East German guards were not shooting back."

The Harrisons moved to Wichita in 1985.

She has long been a member of the Overseas Brats, an organization for military dependents and those associated with American Overseas Schools. She is also a member of the American Overseas Schools Historical Society.

Harrison said it's hard for her to realize two decades have passed since the wall was torn down.

"We knew what it was to live inside the wall," she said. "We could travel to East Berlin with papers. West Berlin was bright and colorful and the people had food. In East Berlin, the food was sparse and everything was very old. They didn't have any pollution controls. There were East German soldiers stationed at every block along the wall."

In 2005, the group Berlin Brats bought a 12-foot tall, four-foot wide, 4 1/2-ton section of the wall for the historical society.

That piece of the wall is on loan and on display at the Museum of World Treasures in downtown Wichita.

My Ten Seconds of Fame

By Deb “Brians” Clark, BAHS ‘74

Who among us hasn’t wondered what it would be like to be on national TV for our fifteen minutes of fame? My personal fantasy is to have Oprah bless my novel, and become a best-selling author. I’ve also had vivid dreams of writing a Broadway musical.....to include the choreography. I find that I end up amusing myself, and don’t have the guts to actually put the pen to the paper. But then I got a phone call that allowed me to experience what it’s like to be in the limelight, if only for a few seconds.

As the 20th Anniversary of the Fall of the Berlin Wall was fast approaching in early November, Jeri (Polansky) Glass ‘72, our alumni director, received calls and emails from several media outlets, to include the BBC, CBS, and ABC’s Good Morning America, asking about the Berlin Brats and their ownership of our piece of the Wall. Jeri was also asked if she knew of any Brats who had their own personal piece of the Wall. Jeri knew that I was born in Berlin, have family who still lives there, and recalled that my cousins were there the night the Wall fell to chisel away at it. I was one of several people whose contact information she passed along to a reporter at ABC’s Good Morning America. Jeri gave me a “heads up” that someone from GMA may be calling regarding my piece of the Wall, and that I may be contacted to explain just what my piece of the Wall means to me. After a week went by, Jeri forwarded an email from the GMA reporter saying she was able to contact everyone but me. I thought it strange since I double-checked my cell phone and emails and couldn’t find anything. I didn’t want to assume that GMA still wanted to hear from me.....perhaps they got all the information they needed to run their story, so Jeri suggested I write an article of what my piece of the Wall means to me for our next newsletter. I thought this was a perfect way to introduce myself to GMA! I wrote a quick article and attached a picture of my framed section of the Wall, and emailed it to GMA. I didn’t get a reply until two days later, when I got an email and a phone call from the producer of GMA!

Ameya Pense, the producer, was delightful, down-to-earth, and very personable. He told me he read the article, and what touched him most about it, was that my piece of the Wall hangs in the front foyer of my home....you see it immediately upon entering. He said he had interviewed several people and most folks said they either had their Wall pieces in a shoebox in a closet or stored in the attic. I was stunned. I thought.....the only reason he chose me out of countless others he interviewed is that my piece of the Wall hangs in my foyer? As I was processing this, he suddenly said, “If it’s ok, we’d like to send a camera crew to your house tomorrow, say 11 am?” Somehow, I was able to squeak a reply of “Of course! That works for me!” So with 22 hours notice, and in dire need of hair color, hair cut, and a thorough house cleaning, I found that these things really didn’t matter. I had to focus on the story of the Berlin Brats and how we acquired our piece of the Wall and why. I had to do some detailed research. Thank goodness for our wonderful website (thank you, WebBrat Cate Speer ‘85) where the detailed account (by Rob Ahrens, ‘87 HARASS Team Leader – you really must read the article) was listed for all to read. I also knew what my piece of the Wall meant to me, so I wasn’t worried about this portion of the interview. However, I had no idea of the questions that would be asked and how long the piece would be. I don’t handle the unknown very well (ok, just call me a control freak...I’ll confess), so I didn’t sleep one wink that night, going over my well-rehearsed script that I concocted all on my own with various facts and time lines, to include important historical dates for Berlin. I also managed to lose my appetite, and because the segment was to air later in the week, I didn’t sleep or eat much for any of those days. Why? Because I felt such extreme pressure knowing that so many of my fellow Brats were counting on me to tell our story. I really didn’t care about MY story, to be honest! My main concern was telling OUR story.

So with no sleep, dark circles, and dark roots, as I was waiting for the camera crew to arrive the day of the filming, I ran through all my facts and my “profound” discoveries in my research:

- The night the Wall went up, it was composed of approximately 28 miles of barbed wire that immediately divided East from the West. The Wall was up for 28 years. I thought this was an unusual coincidence.
- The Wall went up the evening of 8/13/1961, and the BAHS donated section of the Wall to AOSHS was unveiled on 8/12/05, almost 45 years later...to the day!
- Speaking of 45 years, it made me realize that BAHS was just a bit older at 48 years! (‘46-’94)
- The Wall was a symbol of why our families were there in the first place – to fight for freedom.
- Movement was restricted to the West, but we could venture into the East with day passes, subject to vehicle searches. As teenagers, we relied on the U-Bahn for transportation, and at some stations, the U-Bahn would not stop in the East, with armed guards at the ready.
- Berlin was a great place to grow up, even in a divided city, where the Americans formed friendships that have lasted a lifetime, and how the Berlin Brats have “annual regionals” and “grand Reunions” every three years.

I memorized the details of how we purchased our piece of the Wall, but was concerned I would mess up the reference to the American Overseas Schools Historical Society (AOSHS). For some reason, I would say the words in reverse order....Overseas American Schools, etc. I just knew I would stumble over this! Feeling the enormous pressure and my mind going a mile a minute, the doorbell rang around 10:20 a.m. OMG! Zero hour has arrived.

Bill and Joe were local fellas from the Charlotte area ABC station – Joe was from Charlotte and Bill from Chapel Hill, and they drove up in an unmarked, maroon-colored minivan. (How appropriate, heh?) Upon entering our home, I suggested we film in the living room, since it’s practically empty (no clutter) although all my Berlin memorabilia – photos, beer steins, Berlin Bears, etc., is in the den, a much smaller room. Bill assessed the situation and said the living room wouldn’t work.....too narrow. There was a part of me that said....“oh no, we’re not going to do the interview because my house is too small?” Bill and Joe decided the best spot to film would be in the den after all. But, they’d have to set up the huge camera in the kitchen. It took them over 30 minutes to set up. In addition to the big camera on the tripod in the kitchen, there were metal frames supporting several lights, and the equipment literally took up almost all the floor space in the den!



As they turned on the lights, I gazed in horror at a foot long cobweb dangling from one of the recessed light fixtures in the ceiling. Being a clean freak, I did what any self-respecting clean freak would do. I told the guys to hold on a minute, I had to dust!!! I got out the telescopic duster and gave it a quick wipe before we started. With the lights and sound tested (I had to count to ten, three times in a row, for them to get my normal voice pitch and loudness), we called Ameya (the GMA producer and interviewer) from Bill's cell phone, and put it on "speaker" on a table to my right. Bill was in charge of the camera, and Joe was in charge of sound. Joe took a seat about five feet in front of me, and I was instructed to look him in the eye during the interview, as we could not see Ameya, but rather I was to "pretend" Joe was Ameya. Then the interview began...

Deb from the GMA clip viewing her Yearbooks

I was told to answer concisely and keep my answers brief. I'm usually a talker, so I really tried my best to be succinct. The entire interview took about 15 minutes and I was able to tell what the Wall meant to me personally, and I told the story of how the Berlin Brats acquired the Wall - even giving a "shout out" to the Stuttgart Brats who made us aware of the posting on eBay. I thought I came up with a good analogy of what life was like for the German people who awoke on August 14, 1961, to be separated from their families and friends. I said, "Imagine several miles of barbed wire going up overnight separating a city like New York City. Can you imagine what that was like?" And, as I had suspected, I felt I had messed up the reference to American Overseas Schools Historical Society and asked Ameya if I had messed it up (I called him immediately after the interview). He said I got it right! All that worrying, and that section didn't make it to air! Another thing that gratefully didn't make it to air is that in the middle of the interview, my neighbor decided to turn on his leaf blower, and we could hear it! Joe made a motion to Bill at his ear, and I didn't know if I should stop talking, but I just continued. After it was over, we all laughed, and the guys said that this happens all the time! They assured me the noise was not picked up in the tape. I know some folks were disappointed that the piece didn't focus more on Berlin Brats, but even with our 10 seconds of fame, we've heard from people who didn't know we existed before the 11/8 telecast. So, even though it was exciting to be interviewed, I can tell you that "fame" isn't all that it's cracked up to be. Let me see if I can describe it: at first, exciting, then terror sets in, then nerves, then several trips to the bathroom (am I over sharing?). No appetite. No sleep. Worried what others may think. And I never once was concerned what I looked like, as I was too consumed with the discomfort of "fame." I still say I'd rather be rich than famous. That being said, I still would like Oprah to call.



The HARASS team names appear on the bottom of the Wall (not to be seen by the general public...but the team knows they're there) for their expedient work in acquiring this section back in 2005!

Other names not shown in this video capture are:
Paul Markey '77,
Pam (Thurston) Moratzka '79 &
Kristy O'Hearne '86).

Wall arrives on it's side via an 18-wheeler.

...tv footage from our Wall's 2005 delivery to Wichita, KS.

If you missed the Good Morning America segment "live"you can still view the clip by visiting our website, click on the GMA box, then scroll down to the Wall segment.

This section of the Berlin Wall is significant. At about eye level one can see painted graffiti symbolizing a "hole" blown through the wall, with a flying kite appearing through this "hole." Kites were one method families and friends used to communicate with one another while the wall was standing. Graffiti is only found on the "western" side of the wall due to the fact that the eastern, communist side would have been heavily guarded and secured with multiple layers of barbed wire. Unauthorized persons who attempted to approach the eastern side of the wall were typically shot by East German soldiers.

Hello everyone,
In case you don't know, I am the new marketing assistant at the Museum of World Treasures. Above is an excerpt from the press release about the section of the Berlin Wall on display at the museum. We have sent out the release because the 20th anniversary of the fall of the wall is on Monday.

Caitlin Muret
Marketing Assistant
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www.worldtreasures.org
marketing@worldtreasures.org

I hope all is well with everyone!

The Museum of World Treasures operates as a 501(c)3 non-profit organization. The museum houses several thousand artifacts from the age of the dinosaurs with a real T.rex as its main attraction as one of the most complete T.rex specimens in the world. Displays from civilizations of the Middle East, Rome and Greece include authentic Egyptian mummies and coffins. The museum's mission: To provide a gateway to the past which educates, entertains, and inspires lifelong learning. Museum hours are Monday – Saturday, 10:00 am to 5:00 pm and Sunday 12:00 to 5:00 pm. Open daily except Christmas, Thanksgiving and Easter.

The Museum of World Treasures is fortunate to have on its team of volunteer docents an individual with extensive knowledge of the Berlin Wall. Joe Condrill is President of Overseas Brats, an organization for military dependents and overseas dependents. Condrill has been volunteering as a docent at the Museum of World Treasures since February 2006. He spent his youth in a military family attending schools overseas. Condrill attended school in Stuttgart, Germany from 1963 to 1965 and made a special trip to Berlin to see the wall while living there.

"The Berlin Wall is a major symbol of the Cold War," Condrill said. "The fall of the Berlin Wall in 1989 signified the end of the Cold War."

World celebrates fall of Berlin Wall; large slab in Kansas

Below is the media blurb sent out by the Museum of World Treasures (depositor of our Berlin Wall section) on the "20th Anniversary of the Fall."

WICHITA, Kansas (KSN) -- As the world gets ready to celebrate the crumbling of the Berlin Wall, Wichita can lay claim to being one of the few places in the United States with a large slab of it on display.

The Berlin Wall fell on November 9, 1989 signifying the end of the Cold War.

You can see a 12-foot tall, 4-1/2 ton chunk of it at the Museum of World Treasures in Old Town.

The slab of concrete was brought to Wichita in 2005 after the "Berlin Brats" purchased it on Ebay for \$5,000.

The group is made up of children of U.S. forces stationed in Berlin.

"They did a background check to make certain that this is actually an authentic part of the wall - which they did get documentation for," said Joe Condrill, president of Overseas Brats. "Then they had a grant that allowed them to buy the wall."

The slab in Wichita is covered with graffiti on the side facing West Berlin. The other side that faced communist controlled East Berlin is clean, gray concrete. Anyone who tried to scale the wall faced arrest or even death. "Guards everywhere with machine guns and rifles ready to kill anybody that was trying to get away," remembered Museum founder Jon Kardatzke from a trip to Berlin in 1963. "And they had already killed a lot. So we went along the wall and saw a lot of wreaths for people who had been killed trying to get away."



Nurnberg Alumni shares his experience with the Berlin Wall

When I watched that video-audio piece from GMA this morning on the Berlinbrats.org website ... I was reminded of the very day the wall went up in Berlin... as I was a Junior at Nürnberg (American) High School in Fürth, Germany, and I remember being told to go home by the faculty & staff ... and wait for you parents to come home ... and follow "Orders/instructions" sent down to the troops in our large American housing area.

My father (who worked for E.E.S. at the time), was told to get into our cars... and head SOUTH... towards Switzerland, because it was feared the next step could be the Russians coming over the border by Passau and the Czechoslovakian border ... in TANKS ... and The Cold War would turn HOT sooner than later.

It was a "possibility," and therefore, you didn't want to be caught in an American housing area IF/when they arrived.

It was a VERY SCARY TIME for young teenagers. Girls were crying ... not knowing what to do (especially the ones who lived in the Dormitories, and their parents were several hours away from the school) ... where to go... when they'd evacuate, etc. The guys were tryin` to maintain their "toughness," but it was obvious to me that many of them were scared outta their Chinos!!

The FALL of The Berlin Wall was another monumental day in my own life. I can remember sitting there at the dinner table ... trying to act like it was just another story ... and another day ... but, all those repressed feelings from 1961 (when The Wall went UP) started to all come together and in a matter of seconds.... the tears started steaming down my face ... I think because I was so happy for all those poor people who were corralled into Eastern Berlin ... and the East Bloc countries ... unable to leave for all those years ... I thought of all those who tried to sneak out ... and get under the wall ... through the barbed wire ... and over the barbed wire... because they couldn't take it any more ... and were killed in search of their own freedom from tyranny. But, mostly... it was a sigh of relief ... to FINALLY bear witness to The Wall coming down! I NEVER thought ... in my lifetime... I'd EVER see The Wall come tumbling down! NEVER!!

BOTH of these occasions were extremely emotional days ... in 1961 ... and in 1989.

I'll remember them well not unlike the time and place I was ... when JFK was assassinated. You never forget those moments! When we think about it ... we were BLESSED to have been there with all of our Nürnberg High friends ... witnessing history ... and helping each other get through the day and night, until calm could be restored by the U.S. military, again. Scary times, indeed.

T.D. Jorgensen '62

Berlin Letterjackets catch my eye.....

Dave (Retired SGM) and Alyce Stewart, Sept 2009

The first weekend of November found my husband Dave (retired SGM) and I flying up to Washington, DC from Tampa, FL. We were on our way to attend a party at the German Embassy in celebration of the 20th Anniversary of the Fall of the Berlin Wall. We had spent a total of nine years in Berlin and we loved this city. And we knew we would see friends we had not seen for 20 years. Yes, we were there when the Wall fell-we stood on it-we congratulated the Germans-we cried-we laughed-we witnessed history.



Trabant

Back to the present, we arrived at the hotel and decided to see what was being featured in the newspaper for the weekend as places of interest to visit. An article caught my eye-Trabis-little East German cars that we knew from our days in Berlin were going to be at the Spy Museum. They were actually named Trabants but we all knew them as Trabis. Well, we wanted to go to the Spy Museum anyway so we thought awesome we get to see Trabis and a German Band as an added plus-how wonderful. The day was gorgeous, sunny and warm and the subway is so easy to use, a few stops and we were there. I proceeded to take photos of the Trabis, they brought back such memories. I had been a tour guide for the Air Force and spent many hours in both East Berlin and East Germany so I knew these little cars well. We talked to some of the owners then made our way into the museum.

This is a great museum and I found myself asking Dave all kinds of questions. After all he was former military intelligence and I was curious. We were looking at a particular exhibit when an alarm started to sound. I thought it was part of the museum but Dave soon convinced me that it was a fire alarm. The entire museum had to be evacuated, the fire engines came and we waited outside while they investigated what was happening. (We found out the next day that a child had pulled the alarm).

Due to the large crowd we decided to come back the next day so Dave went inside to take care of this while I waited outside. I saw a woman in front of me wearing a sweatshirt with a Berlin Patch on it. This particular patch caught my eye as I knew it well and knew it was from a different era. I tapped her on the shoulder and we started talking. Well, the group of folks she was with were all deeply involved with the Military Brats Reunions. While we were talking they showed us a group across the street in Berlin American High School letterjackets. Well, I had to learn more so I ran over and started talking to this group. They had all gone to Berlin American High School (BAHS) and were having a "regional" at Café Berlin



"Berliners" that caught my attention after we were forced out onto the street after the fire alarm:
(L to R) Liz Wood '85 seated, Paul Boinay '85 in letter jacket, Cate Speer '85 also in Letterjacket, Melissa (Murray) Ladd '85 and daughter Hailey (in white).



Brats: Kirsten (Stewart) Webb, Kim Stewart, Kristopher (Christopher) Stewart '90.

in Washington, DC that afternoon and we were invited to join them. We have three children, our son Kristopher graduated from BAHS in 1990. He attended BAHS in his sophomore, junior and senior year and was the last graduating class to hold their graduation at the Olympic Stadium. Our daughter, Kirsten attended her sophomore and junior year there after having been at the JFK School prior. Our daughter Kim went to TAR and then BAHS for her 7th and 8th grade.

So we had a definite connection and decided to go to the restaurant.

The restaurant was so much fun. There were students and teachers there from all years and they were friendly and accepting and it was wonderful. While sitting there I realized that some of these folks had probably seen me on AFN-TV in 1973-74 when I was on the local children's show, Kidsville. I hadn't thought of that for years but being with this group brought it all back and so I mentioned it to them.

We had to leave because we had a party to go to. More surprises, young men and women we knew as children were there as well as so many old friends. We talked about the day the Wall fell and what it had meant to all of us who had been there for years helping to keep that part of Germany free. What amazing experiences we had, the things we heard and saw and to be such a part of history and then to be connected again to all these wonderful people. Well, this certainly was a weekend we wouldn't soon forget and it was enriched even further by running into the "Brats" and being welcomed into their celebration.

Alyce Stewart Mother of 3 Berlin Brats

Washington D.C. Regional



Operation Spy in the historic Adams Building circa 1876.

It is said that there are more spys in Washington, D.C. than anywhere else in the world.

You may need to take on a Secret Identity when you enter the Spy Museum. Be Prepared and Deny Everything!



Who let Chris Kyrios '75, Karlsruhe, in our group photo? Chris was wearing his Dad's 1951 Berlin LetterJacket. So how could you refuse? Later found out these Karlsruhe guys know all of... Our Berlin Football Stats! Every game We won when we played them!



The band "The Old Comrades" of Fairfax, VA. was wonderful and even played Songs at your Request



Don Drach '67 & Mickey (Cash)
Durazzo, FAC '63-'64



Jerry Harms '71 &
Joyce (Clark) Mallon '72



Debbie (Olsen)
Grover '73



'85ers: Paul Boinay, Liz Wood, Malissa
(Murray) Ladd & Cate Speer

Joyce found this new Cafe Downtown near the Museum and we had a choice of Deutsche Wurstplatte, Ungarisches Goulash, or Chicken Cordon Bleu. With the fare at the Cafe Berlin, you could have your favorite German Bier, and delicious pastries and cakes.



The Cafe Berlin 322 Mass. Ave., NE





East German citizens are applauded by West Berliners as they crossed Checkpoint Charlie with their cars to visit West Berlin on November 10th, 1989. (AP Photo/Thomas Kienzle)

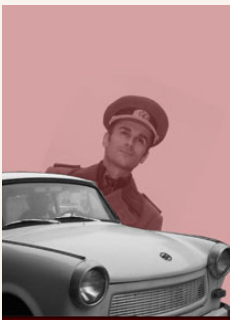


East German trabants at newly constructed Checkpoint Charlie along F Street, NW on November 7th, 2009. (Photos by Justin Mallon son of Joyce Mallon '72)

Trabants

article below from: <http://www.time.com/time/specials> The 50 Worst Cars of All Time > 1975-1989

This is the car that gave Communism a bad name. Powered by a two-stroke pollution generator that maxed out at an ear-splitting 18 hp, the Trabant was a hollow lie of a car constructed of recycled worthlessness (actually, the body was made of a fiberglass-like Duroplast, reinforced with recycled fibers like cotton and wood). A virtual antique when it was designed in the 1950s, the Trabant was East Germany's answer to the VW Beetle — a "people's car," as if the people didn't have enough to worry about. Trabants smoked like an Iraqi oil fire, when they ran at all, and often lacked even the most basic of amenities, like brake lights or turn signals. But history has been kind to the Trabi. Thousands of East Germans drove their Trabants over the border when the Wall fell, which made it a kind of automotive liberator. Once across the border, the none-too-sentimental Ostdeutschlanders immediately abandoned their cars. Ich bin Junk!



Parade of Trabants
Saturday, 7 November; 10 am - 2 pm

20 Years of Freedom has made the Trabant a celebrant! Where were you when the Wall fell? It's been 20 years since the Berlin Wall tumbled, but one Cold War icon is still chugging away—the Trabant. Despite their questionable performance and smoky two-stroke engines, these little cars are now affectionately regarded as a symbol of East Germany and the fall of Communism. Trabants are quite rare in the U.S., but on 7 November, 20 of these Communist-bloc cars will converge on the International Spy Museum to celebrate the 20th anniversary of the fall of the Wall. Drop in to view the vintage cars, which will be parked in front of the Museum on F Street, NW, and win a ride in a Trabant. While the cars are on display, experts will be on hand to answer questions about Trabants, the Cold War, and Communism, while the Blaskapelle Alte Kameraden German Band provides festive music.

Justin Mallon

our
photographer
for the day &
son of
Joyce (Clark)
Mallon '72



Berlin Brats encircle a Trabant!



The Cleanest Engine Ever
Behind the Iron Curtain





Dan, French Ambassador, Dan's wife Ann at White House Banquet



President Obama delivering speech



3rd from left Dr. (Mrs.) Jill Biden, VP Biden and to the right in blue First Lady Michelle Obama at Veteran's Day ceremony - Arlington Cemetery

Berlin Brat/Berlin Air Lift participant invited to the White House!

While attending the 60th Anniversary of the Air Lift in Berlin in May this year, we were treated to a conference call at our "farewell" Banquet, from VP Joe Biden. In his message he ended with an invitation to the Berlin Air Lift vets to D.C. over the Veteran's Day festivities in November, and a special reception at the White House by Joe himself.

There were several of us ambulatory enough to attend Nov 9-12th.

Included were two special banquets attended first by the Secretary of the Air Force and second by the French Ambassador along with all Allied Ambassadors associated with the "Lift". Also attending were "Brass" Generals of all Allied Nations. On Nov 11th we were driven to Arlington National Cemetery and seated in front row VIP seating. Above and to our left sat First Lady Michelle Obama, VP Biden and his wife Jill, so many HIGH Brass (4 Stars: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, USAF, and Coast Guard) I was blinded! The announcement that the President and his "party" were arriving was announced first by a 21 Gun Salute. They arrived; we all stood (and saluted) to the music of "Hail to the Chief" by the USAF Band.

Surrounding the Amphitheater were Veterans from every State with the US Flag and individual State flags. Beautiful sight! The President's speech was excellent and true to the spirit of Veteran's Day. We then departed and were returned to the hotel to prep for our visit to the White House and VP Joe Biden's reception. We were all VIPed to the receiving room, and heard the VP offer an inspirational speech. He then "mixed" with us for over an hour with refreshments (no booze) and small talk. I personally had at least a fifteen minute discussion with the VP, as he was most interested in an "Unloaders experience," as all others were Pilots and Crew. His aide remarked that I had written a book "The Young Ambassadors" and the VP requested a copy (which I sent right away). He spoke to my wife, Ann, and she said something that made him laugh, he hugged her and planted a kiss on her forehead! LOL!!!

Unfortunately NO pictures were permitted as well as cell phones, so the only pictures I have were taken at the Arlington Cemetery ceremony. The final banquet was held that evening, and the speaker was the French Ambassador. The next morning, we were on our way home.

I am proud, pleased, humbled to have my father "enlist" me to help unload the planes, as a participant in the "Greatest Humanitarian Event in History...to save a city.



Berlin AirLift patch

Dr. Dan Bunting '49
Berlin Airlift Vet/Berlin Brat
Thomas A Roberts American HS

So, here's the thing...

Cloverdalian among heroes feted at the White House

By Paula Wrenn



It is always a pleasure to tell a story about a hero living in our midst - there are too many walking among us who are truly unsung heroes. This is a story of deserved praises sung and the exciting experiences one of our locals encountered decades after his war-time efforts.

Perhaps you recall the story in a spring edition of the *Reveille* when Neena Hanchett reported on Dan Bunting's trip to Berlin for the 60th anniversary of the airlift that sent in supplies and established freedom for many caught up in the Russian blockade. Bunting was just 17 and living in Germany when his father enlisted him to help the U.S. military load planes with people and unload supply planes for those behind the blockade. Young Dan went to work each day after school from 3:30 to midnight, alongside a German crew.

The experience was eye-opening and transforming for a young man. The conditions were difficult, but rather than eat in the officer's quarters, Bunting would stay and eat the simpler food served once a day to his German crew. In would come basic survival supplies; out would go people. Some were survivors of prison camps, and most had only a pillow case or tiny cardboard suitcase containing the sum of their worldly possessions. Bunting recalls crying some days when he got home after work because he was so much better off than the people he was helping.

He also recalls humor in doing a back-breaking job. One day he unloaded two airplanes; the first loaded with coal and the second with flour. He and his mother laughed, but it was especially challenging to wash off the flour and coal dust given the Russians had compromised the city's power source. The thought of that cold, pasty-gray bath should give anyone chills.

Sixty years had passed when Bunting and his co-heroes were invited in May of this year to Berlin for the celebration that nation holds every 10 years to commemorate the airlift. Hanchett's story describes the warmth of the reception the Americans received. But the story recently got even better.

At the close of an overseas telephone call to the celebrants in Berlin, Vice President Joe Biden suggested that Berlin's American heroes should visit The White House for Veteran's Day. Sure enough, it happened. Bunting, his wife Ann, and his fellow airlift heroes found themselves in Washington, D.C., earlier this month. They were hosted at banquets and the Kennedy Center. They were ushered to VIP seating at Arlington Cemetery's Amphitheater, where they heard a speech from President Obama that Bunting describes as "very inspiring." They sat near the First Lady and the Bidens. Who else was there? "The Secretary of the Air Force and umpteen four-star generals; more brass than I've ever seen in one place," Bunting says.

And then there was a reception - in the West Wing of The White House. That's where Biden spent an hour with the group, chatting like a regular guy, clearly impressed by their stories. When Bunting mentioned the book he wrote about the airlift, a Biden aide appeared as if by magic to provide the information so the history-loving VP could receive his copy. Ann Bunting, proud of her husband and thrilled to be a part of the excitement, scored a friendly peck on the forehead from Biden. "He's really a down-to-earth guy," says Bunting, whose feet still haven't touched the ground.

It's nice to see someone get their due for such selflessness. I can't help but think that many of the people helped during that time found their way to this country and that they thank people like Dan Bunting for making their Thanksgivings possible. And just imagine how proud his father would be to know his son continued to live a life of service and that his memoir is on the Vice President's bedside table. If you run into Dan Bunting, let him regale you with just one of his great stories from this trip. I haven't given it all away.



Inside The “Spirit of Freedom”

Toni (Yarbrough) Combs '71

On December 5th the Airlift Museum, the C-54 “Spirit of Freedom” was scheduled to reenact a candy drop like those in Berlin during the Airlift. My son Joshua and I drove to Elizabeth City, NC to see the inside of the plane, to meet Curtis Carter (Betty (Carter) Person’s ‘72) father and to meet and talk with Col Halvorsen who was present. I had the pleasure of speaking with Col. Halvorsen as he autographed a new book published about the Berlin Airlift. His daughter Marilyn was in my brother’s class of ‘73. He told me Marilyn has 6 children now. I had worked with Denise, his older daughter at the laundry one summer at Andrews Air Base (when she was home from college for the summer). My son, Joshua, took some photos and below is a note from him explaining the atmosphere that day and his description of the inside of the plane.

Note: The Spirit of Freedom has been outfitted with a museum on board the famous aircraft. From boxes displaying artifacts and history on it's historic flights to a virtual avatar that tells the stories from a World War II perspective. Unfortunately the weather conditions did not warrant a flight and a legendary candy drop, but that didn't affect the good spirits of Colonel Halvorsen as he met with new fans and old friends signing autographs and snapping photos. It was a pleasure to enter the flight deck of such an inspirational aircraft in a time it was needed the most.

Joshua Combs

There were two ladies at Elizabeth City, Berliners, who as children had received candy parachuted down from the aircraft in Berlin during the airlift. One lady Karen lives in Manteo, NC. and the other lady was Doris Galambos, who lives in Florida. They are pictured in the top left photo with Col. Halvorsen. The two of them had not met before but had an instant connection, sharing their memories of the time they were children in Berlin. Some they hadn't remembered or talked about before. They spoke of their hunger, standing in lines for sauerkraut. Doris was very tiny and when she finally got to the front of the line she remembers getting her fists full of sauerkraut and all she could carry in her shirt and running to get somewhere she could eat. She never made it home with any of the sauerkraut. She told how they would save their bread under the pillow and when they got hungry they sucked on the hard pieces storing it back under the pillow for the next time. Water soup consisted of water with only salt and pepper added. Since there was no coal they would huddle together for warmth. The Rathaus' would open their doors to the people so they could go and get warm. When the candy was dropped they had never seen chocolate. They pondered over what it was and finally decided it was something they would try. So one child took a lick and passed it on to the next child. It was described as a hard long round piece of chocolate, (probably a tootsie roll that was dropped.) The chocolate, they said, was good and gave them Hope.

Their last words were:

God Forbid America faces such a time of Hunger.



in the photo to the left is a model of the mascot (a boxer) that flew with the men on the plane decked with his own parachute. His name was “Vittles” of course.



The Quentin Blake Europe School Celebrates the 60th Anniversary of the Berlin Airlift

The Quentin Blake Europe School is a bilingual (English/German) German public elementary school in Berlin-Dahlem. It has nearly 250 students representing all nationalities of the world. The school's name might not ring a bell, but perhaps its location will. Quentin Blake is located in the former Thomas A. Roberts School on Huettengeweg 40.

Last June 2008, the entire Quentin Blake Europe School participated in "Airlift Week" to commemorate the 60th anniversary of the Berlin Airlift. Grades 1-5 visited the Allied Museum and grade 6 was invited to the wreath laying ceremony at the Tempelhof Memorial. It also had a school fundraiser with all profits going to CARE's Airlift Memorial Fund in Nepal and the Scouts held a special "cub cake" sale. It's music teacher, Mr. Steven Lange, composed The Chocolate Pilot song for the celebration. The school children surprised Col. Gail S. Halvorsen, Berlin's beloved Chocolate Pilot, with a lively rendition of the song at a school assembly and presented a check for 1200 euros to CARE. It was a very touching moment for everyone!

Because of the moving experience, "Airlift Week" became "Airlift Year". The school formed an official choir, the Wee CARE Choir, under the direction of Steven Lange, and created a charity CD, Flying with the Chocolate Pilot, with all profits again going to CARE's Airlift Memorial Project. It was a real German-American team effort! Mr. Lange composed the songs on the CD, Col. Halvorsen contributed spoken text for children about his experiences during the Airlift and CARE Germany allowed the use of their logo.

The Wee CARE Choir was invited to perform at the 60th Anniversary of the Berlin Airlift Open House at Tempelhof Airport on May 12th and received a personal invitation by Dr. Trotnow to sing for honored Airlift veterans on May 13th at the Allied Museum.

Early on May 13th, Col. Halvorsen visited the Quentin Blake School to hear a private performance by the choir and thanked the children for their great efforts. Mrs. Andrae, the school's headmistress, noted the special connection between the Quentin Blake School and the former Thomas A. Roberts School. When reflecting upon a sign that still hangs outside the building: Togetherness-Achievement-Responsibility, she stated that those words, many years later, also hold true for the Quentin Blake Europe School. Together, we can make a difference!

Vanessa Hansen
Airlift Project Coordinator
Berlin, Germany

The Wee CARE Choir (Quentin Blake Europe School) singing the songs from their charity CD, Flying with the Chocolate Pilot, at the Allied Museum reception for both British and American Airlift veterans. You can see the children singing live on www.youtube.com/watch?v=owPJJa2Fhxlo or just type in Chocolate Pilot.

Troop 46 Participates with the Airlift Celebrations

The Berlin Airlift was an amazing experience! We were very honored to have actively participated in the celebrations and hosted several of the veterans. Troop 46 made the cover page of the Berliner Morgenpost. They were photographed with Col. Halvorsen in front of the Tempelhof Memorial on May 12th. The Troop and the JFKennedy School were mentioned (AP article, David Rising) in papers and internet news sites across the US for their part in assembling parachutes for the candy drop on May 12th at Tempelhof.



Col. Halvorsen visiting the BSA Edelweiss Spring Camporee in Berlin, the first camporee in Berlin since the military left in 1994!

Best regards,

Vanessa Hansen
Troop 46 Freedom Outpost
Berlin, Germany



10 US Airlift veterans are hosted by the John F. Kennedy German-American School in Berlin.



Col. Halvorsen receives a Principal's Award from Mrs. Andrae, during an assembly at the Quentin Blake Europe School (formerly the TAR school)



Col Halvorsen with Choir Director, Steven Lange



Members of BSA Troop 46 Freedom Outpost with the Mayor of Berlin during the Airlift 60th Reception at Tempelhof.



Col. Halvorsen visits the Kindergarten class at the JFK School.

Just an update on Troop 46 "Freedom Outpost"... attached is a photo of US Ambassador to the Federal Republic of Germany, the Honorable Philip D. Murphy, with members of Troop 46. The Troop 46 Color Guard posted the colors during the 20th anniversary of the fall of the Berlin Wall celebration at the Kennedy School in Berlin on Thursday, November 12th.

Vanessa Hansen
Troop 46 "Freedom Outpost"
Berlin, Germany



The newest addition to our Brat PX.
A Frankfurt Brat has designed these "medallion/charms" for us.

Made of sterling silver.....the disk is perfectly round....
at .87 inches via width and length.
Designed to wear on a chain or added to a charm bracelet....what a great gift
for yourself, a sibling or Brat friend!!!

Cost is \$35 to include postage....and we have a quantity of 25.

Order from us, the Berlin Brats, by snail mail, making check payable to: Berlin Brats
OR via our website using PayPal at:
<http://www.berlinbrats.org/px.htm>
41630 N. Rolling Green Way
Anthem, AZ 85086

Hurry while supply lasts!!!



A photo of me with my 1950's Berlin Sweater... that still fits. I was several times in Berlin in the last 50 Years...Boy has the city changed.

I would like to thank you for the great work you are doing in riding "shotgun" for all the generations of Berlin Brats!

Ralph Etzold '52

-- Over the Wall --

a great little presentation I found online that I'd like to share with you.

It's at:

<http://niemann.blogs.nytimes.com/2009/05/18/over-the-wall/>

Happy 20th Anniversary!

with Brugs,
Katrin Lindroth Planz '71



Dear Katrin and Fellow BAHS Students!

Thank you for the links. So amazing. Like all of you, that was something I thought I would never see happen.

I loved living in Berlin...absolutely one of the happiest years of my life.

When I moved into my house a few years ago, it had a HUGE concrete wall in the backyard and I thought about how it was like the Berlin Wall, so I posted the attached sign back there.

Thought you might appreciate it.

All the Best,
Barbara Hermes
Class of '71

Attended BAHS in 8th grade, 1966-67

<http://www.idealcity-invisiblecities.org/de/237/>



TAR Sign Is Art

New Trabant Electric Concept breaks cover in Frankfurtfound on <http://www.4wheelsnews.com>

For those who don't remember, we announced the New Trabant back in August and as we said, the new electric concept made its debut today at this year's Frankfurt Motor Show. The new car revives the legendary name and it is built by a small design center but promises to hit the dealerships in 2012.

The concept features a 64 hp electric motor capable of delivering a top speed of 130 km/h and a range of about 250 km. A full recharge of the car takes about 8 hours but a fast recharge will also be available and will take about half an hour. These are the only details for the moment but as soon as we find out something we will let you know! Photo gallery after the jump!

Mr. Robert Ward "Music is something you take with you your whole life."***Our Own Mr. Holland's Opus***

Robert Ward was born in Gary, Indiana. He came to southern California, at one time was band director for Santa Ana High School, and also had a job selling band uniforms for Stanbury Uniforms. In 1971, seeing the need for a group that the youth of the community could participate in, and with the help of some friends, he created the Santa Ana Winds Youth Band.

For 37 years, Robert Ward has been the heart and soul of the Santa Ana Winds, one of southern California's last independent Youth Marching Bands. Once a hobby practiced by youth across the nation, participation in marching bands has dwindled as today's overcommitted teens shuttle from tutors to sports teams to jobs. Ward started the band and financed much of its operation through the years. It is undecided if the band will continue under new leadership, or fade away. This could be the last year of the Winds, which has won dozens of marching band competitions, traveled the world and participated in the Hollywood and Rose Bowl parades.

Robert Ward was the music teacher at Berlin High School for '63 to '66 school years and he was the first to initiate an instrumental music program. Before that we only had choirs and vocal music programs. Whatever music we had at school events was provided by the Army band. He was extremely well liked by all that had him for music. I was not there during his tenure but know Lee Angel was in touch with him before our 2006 Reunion in Berlin. He lived in Santa Ana, California and continued his legacy of music creating an outstanding youth band - Santa Ana Winds Youth Band.

Jim Branson '64

When trying to reach him, Jim discovered that Mr. Ward had passed away recently. I have included an email response to Jim from Anna Sintora, a former student and colleague of Mr. Ward.

Mr Branson,

The Mr. Ward you speak of is indeed the same Robert L. Ward that taught in Berlin in the mid 60's. I remember the stories he would tell us of his time in Berlin. He was the founder and director of the Santa Ana Winds for 37 years. He has passed on but his legacy still lives on with the Santa Ana Winds Youth Band, which was his entire life for many years. He also did reside in Santa Ana. I was also a student in his band in the late 80's to early 90's and continued to assist him with the group ever since. He was indeed a great person and mentor.

Anna Sintora

The article on the following page was written when it was being determined if the Legacy of Mr. Ward would continue.

Music may fade away for youth marching band

By GWENDOLYN DRISCOLL

THE ORANGE COUNTY REGISTER November, 2007

SANTA ANA - Trumpets blat. Drums rattle. A conductor waves his arms. About the only person not in motion on the polished stage of Hector Godinez High School is a sandy-haired, spectral-thin man named Robert Ward.

Instead, Ward stands planted like a tree, slightly stage left, watching the musicians. He wears a red jacket that bears the words: "Santa Ana Winds." He has come every Monday for 37 years.

"I don't have a life," Ward, 77, jokes. Or, more accurately, his life is here, on stage, watching the marching band he created and fostered to greatness. Now Ward must decide: Will the band play on?

The "Winds" are an all-volunteer marching band made up of youth from across Orange County and beyond.

Ward founded the band, bought most of the uniforms and molded successive generations of musicians ages 14-21 into a prize-winning Californian tradition. The band regularly marches in the Hollywood Christmas Parade and has appeared in the Rose Parade. In three decades it won nearly 300 top awards in marching band competitions, including two national titles.

A marching band, Ward says, is "a concentrated effort by many people to do one thing and to do it with dignity and showmanship and a lot of pizzazz." But pizzazz is at a premium as bands like The "Winds" face a new reality: the overbooked nature of the modern teen.

"They're going a million miles an hour, they've got school, they've got jobs, they've got every electronic gadget imaginable and are multi-tasking," says Bob Morrison, the founder of Music for All, an Indianapolis-based non-profit group that lobbies for increased arts funding.

They also don't have access to music, Morrison says. Student enrollment in music programs declined 50 percent in California since 1999, largely due to budget cuts, Morrison says.

Although Gov. Arnold Schwarzenegger restored \$500 million of arts funding in 2006, "one year of funding does not a trend make and it's certainly not enough to turn around two decades of decline," Morrison says.

In Southern California, youth bands shrank from several dozen in the 1970s to three today, Ward says.

Nerdy portrayals of marching band members in movies such as "American Pie" don't help. And even Ward admits that his interest in traditional tunes like "Yankee Doodle Dandy" might seem quaint to young ears accustomed to the more modern cadences of My Chemical Romance or Kanye West.

"It's a harder sell, but it's worth the effort," Ward says.

The result: ten years ago Ward's "Winds" numbered 200 strong. Today a core group of about 60 students assemble each Monday night at Godinez High School to practice holiday classics for the upcoming Hollywood Santa Parade.

It wasn't always this way.

Ward founded The Winds in an era when up to 25 or more community marching bands stomped the parade grounds of Southern California. It was 1970 and Ward had recently left his job as a school band master to work as a salesman for Stanbury Uniforms, a marching band uniform company.

His new job paid him more but inspired him less than working with young musicians. Determined to "keep my fingers in the pie of music," Ward met with local music teachers and sent out flyers inviting any youth - regardless of skill level - to audition for his new marching band, "The Santa Ana Winds."

Without today's Tivo, Gameboys, or summer jobs to distract them, children came - 3,500 of them in total over 37 years - from all walks of life and all socio-economic levels.

In return, Ward gave youth a safe place to learn a musical instrument, and something else: "self-discipline."

"He likes things very disciplined and very orderly but in a nice way," says Liz Moreno, 17, a bass clarinetist from Santiago High School. "I think that (discipline) is why the band has been around this long."

As Ward honed skills the band grew in size and renowned. In 1971, The Orange County Board of Supervisors dubbed the group the "Official Music Ambassadors for Orange County." In 1975, The Disney Corporation gave the band a \$1,000 grant. In 1976 the band took part in Bi-Centennial celebrations in Washington, D.C., Boston, Philadelphia and New York. In 1991 they were invited to the Rose Parade.

This November 25 will be the 30th time the "Winds" will march in Hollywood's annual holiday Parade.

In a Hector Godinez storage room, six-foot-high trophies stand next to racks of uniforms and shelves filled with "Shako-Master" hat boxes.

Upstairs, a young trombonist, Sarah Wilson, 19, of Whittier, describes the joy of playing in a live marching band.

"It's a sense of emotion you can't get from a CD or a rock band or anywhere else," Wilson says.

Still, Wilson says that if marching bands disappear, "that would be horrible but that seems to be the way the world is going." Which makes the decision Ward must soon make that much more difficult. "This may be our last year," Ward says. "It's going very well and I'm still at it (but) it's not an easy task to find somebody who will take over and run it the way it's been going."

A new conductor would have to work for free. The "Winds" earn no income other than the \$10 monthly fees band members pay to participate.

Complicating matters is Ward's health: He relinquished his conductor's baton for much of the past year following a heart attack and a battle with prostate cancer.

Ward's alumni - 45 of whom have gone on to become music teachers in their own right - hope he will pass the baton to new leadership and in doing so, let the Winds play on.

Ward says he is aware of what stands to be lost.

"It's Americana. It's apple pie and 4th of July and parades," he says. "Music is something you take with you your whole life."

A Light In The Window

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It was Christmas Eve, my last as a child in Berlin. Admittedly, at sixteen, I no longer felt like a child, having long ago lost that magic that makes Christmas so special to the very young. After weeks of anticipation, following German tradition, we'd opened our presents as soon as it grew dark outside. The gaily wrapped parcels underneath our tree were soon replaced by empty boxes and crumpled paper, and the entire evening still loomed before us. With nothing left to look forward to but the prospect of Christmas dinner the next day, our feelings of celebration soon ebbed. We were all happy with our gifts, to be sure, or at least we said so, as we'd been taught. But they were opened. There were no more surprises. It wasn't Christmas anymore.

We decided to save what was left of the evening, and paid a visit to Barney and Fay Denton, who lived in the apartment next door. Barney and Fay were as bohemian as it was possible for a military couple to be. Normally, that in itself would be enough for my parents not to want to have anything to do with them, but Barney and Fay were smart, funny, and vibrant; everybody liked them. They couldn't help it. Fay was eleven years older than Barney, her fifth husband. Five husbands - imagine that. Somehow, though, it was impossible to judge her in the same harsh light that fell upon other frequent fliers on the matrimonial express, even though she spoke blithely and openly of this, that, and the other lover when Barney wasn't around. That was just Fay, so it was forgiven. She was also a Rosicrucian, and passionate about seemingly everything in the world around her. Barney, as was everyone, who came into contact with her, was smitten. They drew people to themselves - the bored, the curious, and the dispossessed - and their apartment was rarely empty. And so we found a party in progress at the Dentons'.

My parents immediately gravitated to the dining room, where a discussion about politics was taking place. My father had long found favor in their circle as their beloved token conservative, and he quickly and cheerfully fell to waging the same battle that he lost everytime he engaged in it. There was a group of single GIs in the living room, and so I stayed there. Like I said, I was sixteen. I met my first love, Gary Carmichael, that night. He was twenty-three, from Wyoming, and he worked with my father. That in itself was enough to ensure that he always remained the perfect gentleman. But that's another story.

Hours passed, and the apartment grew smoky enough that windows had to be opened despite the swirling snow outside. What there was to be eaten had been eaten, what there was to be imbibed had been imbibed, and no one was ready to let go of the conviviality and go home just yet. We had at least an hour and a half to go until midnight; how thus to spend it? I've tried in vain to remember over the years who came up with the original suggestion; it was as brilliant an idea as any I've ever heard in all the years since. We decided to go Christmas caroling - all of us, en masse. And not just through the German neighborhoods, where we were as likely as not to have the Polizei called on us for disturbing the decorum of a holiday held sacred. No... we were going to go caroling at the Wall.

The cars parked in front of the apartment building could only accommodate so many people, and thus we elected to take the U-Bahn, Berlin's subway, making our undertaking even more of an adventure. Reaching our destination took a good forty-five minutes, during which time we discussed what carols to sing. As all but a few of us knew only English lyrics, it was important that we chose songs that also had translations in German, so that they would at the very least be recognized as Christmas songs. Half of the younger GIs were well on the way to being drunk, so this process was laced with merriment.

Finally we arrived. The sight of the Wall immediately plunged us into a more somber mood. It was immense, imposing, forbidding, colder by far than any winter night, topped with broken glass and razor-sharp concertina wire. The harsh glare of floodlights bathed the area on either side in an eternal artificial day. It was a scar on the landscape, a nightmare given substance. Sobered, we ascended the two flights of stairs up the rickety wooden observation decks and took our positions. Snowflakes swirled in eddies in the yellow haze of the floodlights. The wind chilled us to the bone. But we'd started this madness, and it had to be carried through to its end.

Before us lay what was known as no-man's-land, a stretch of barren ground criss-crossed with more concertina wire and studded with land mines. Beyond that, Russian and East German soldiers patrolled with guard dogs. More soldiers manned the guard towers at the eastern perimeter of the border area. And just beyond that was a street in another world, with houses and apartments in which people lived and died, and rarely opened the drapes that covered the western windows of their homes.

With no cue to prompt us, we began to sing. We had decided on Silent Night, it being the quintessential Christmas song and originally German. No one bothered to consider that none of us knew more than the first verse. And so, once we'd finished, we just launched into it all over again, stronger and with more confidence the second time. The guards patrolling the perimeters slowed their pace, and relaxed their grip on their weapons. A dog began to bark. Much to our bewonderment, a gloved hand reached down to its muzzle, silencing it. And that's when the real magic began.

Across the expanse of no-man's land, beyond the swath of the militarized zone, in the darkened shadow of an old apartment building, a pair of curtains parted, just eighteen inches or so, but enough to tell all of us that we'd found an audience, and one brave enough to risk the appearance of communication with the West. The silhouette of a human figure appeared in the light of the window. "Sylvia.... sing Stille Nacht!" Fay whispered to me, taking care to properly enunciate the glottal ch, as we'd practiced together so many times. ("It's disrespectful to the spirit of the language if you don't get it exactly right!" Pure Fay.) No one ever said no to Fay. And so I began. One young voice, alone, strong above and beyond the horror surrounding it, gave the message and the gift that is and has always been more powerful by far than the circumstances in which it finds itself.

There was no sign of the stage fright that plagued me until my late thirties. I was a part of something bigger. All that existed was the song, the night, and the figure in the window. And it was perfect.

The figure disappeared when I finished, and returned with a light that it placed upon the windowsill. The curtains thereupon closed, but the light shone on, a greeting to us and a testament to hope, courage, and to triumph.

We sang together one more time, and then began to make our way home. No one said much on the trip. Gary and I held hands. And I don't think Christmas has been the same for any of us since. Every year I remember, and am touched by the wonder of it all.

God bless the watcher, if he or she still lives. God bless the guard who silenced his dog, recognizing a sacred thing in spite of his atheistic indoctrination. And God bless our ragtag group of carolers, who were given Christmas that night for all time. May we all always remember. And may you all find your own light in a faraway window, to elicit the gift of what's always been within.

We thought it fitting at year end to once gain reprint this heart-warming article by Sylvia (Greeney) Morris '72. Originally printed in our Dec 2002 edition under the title "Stille Nacht."

We have just learned of the passing of one of our Teachers. Mr. Kermit Long. He was at the school for many years, ie: '71 to '88 so many of you know him. He taught English, typing, and business. Herr Prigge, shares with us a letter he received from Mr. Long's neighbor.



Herr Prigge,

This is Kermit's neighbor, Barry. I have the regrettable task of informing you that Kermit passed away Dec. 23, 2009. I am not sure how else to contact you, but knew you would want to hear.

Kermit spoke often and fondly of you and his time in Berlin. His passing was a shock to everyone. He had probably told you that he entered the hospital Dec. 4 for knee replacement. The following Tuesday I transported Kermit to Wetzel County Hospital to begin his rehabilitation. All went well until he suffered from a sinus infection. His leg began swelling due to internal bleeding. WCH transported him back to Marietta Hospital where he had his knee surgery.

This was Dec. 18.

He was diagnosed with a blood clot behind the knee he had replaced. Actions were taken to dissolve the clot and he continued his rehab work. The following Tuesday I was to bring him back up this way for further rehabilitation. However, Kermit was admitted to the intensive care unit for breathing problems.

Even then the doctors weren't worried and said he was quoting poetry to the nurses and themselves. In short, as the doctor said, "He was being Kermit."

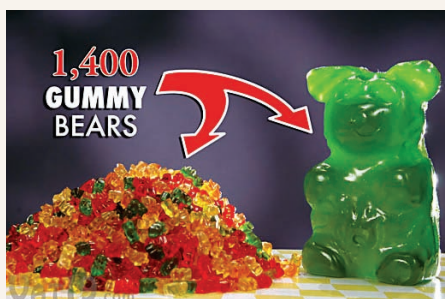
At 4:13 a.m. the next morning I received a call from the hospital asking me to come down. Even then the nurses and doctor talked about surgery to relieve the bleeding that had moved to his lower stomach causing pressure on his bladder so he was not able to urinate.

I sat and spoke with him, holding his hand. He was aware of his surroundings and who was there until around 7 a.m. when his monitor began to beep. The nurse came in and then took me out to the hall telling me his body was shutting down. He passed away about 15 minutes later.

Again, I am sorry to relay this news to you. Kermit was vibrant and "Kermit" till the end. At no point was he overly discomforted other than pain due to the operation. Even as he passed he left this world with a small smile on his face.

As per his wishes, he was cremated and his remains will be interred at the Long Cemetery this spring.

I'm sorry for your loss and ours. Kermit was a remarkable man who lived life on his own terms. He never met a stranger and I am fortunate for having known him these last six or seven years.



Check this out - five pound gummi baerchen!

Click on video clip in addition to still photo:

<http://www.vat19.com/dvds/worlds-largest-gummy-bear.cfm>



"We asked you to guess what this picture was of on our February back cover. Now you know....."

"Dent & Doris (Kuhlmeier) White's house ('68 & '67)"
....this banner reads: Welcome Home....Doris Anne!"

IT'S THAT TIME AGAIN!

VOTING FOR THE 2012 REUNION LOCATION

TAKES PLACE IN FEBRUARY

MAKE SURE YOUR DUES ARE UP-TO-DATE

TO RECEIVE A BALLOT!!!!

TELL YOUR CLASSMATES "TO JOIN"

IF THEY TOO WANT A VOTE!!!

"Allied Museum - Berlin"

Like many other institutions in Berlin, the Allied Museum will be marking the twentieth anniversary of the fall of the Berlin Wall with a special exhibition.

Wall Patrol: The Western Powers on the Berlin wall, 1961-1990
Special Exhibition
November 6, 2009 – April 5, 2010

Upcoming Events:

19-22 July 2010

Cruise for '89 '90 '91 & '92
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22-26 July 2010

Class of '80 - 30th Reunion
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Caribbean Cruise

contact agent: wendysnider6@yahoo.com



5-10 August 2010

Homecoming 2010
(premiere all schools reunion)
Hosted by OVERSEAS BRATS
Hyatt Regency Reston, VA

Visit overseasbrats.com for more details

November 2010 WurstFest
New Braunfels, Texas
The WurstFest

Hosted by Roo '73.

Reunion:

2012 Berlin Brats Reunion TBD

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