

August 2010
SUMMER EDITION

Warrior Express



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Warrior Quips & Quotes

"Senior Class dinner following graduation was held at the Von Steuben. Champaign flowed (provided by the parents). What a blast." -Robert Stine, '57

"Oh man was I an 80's wreck!" -Dora Trevino Conde, '89

"Article in the Stars & Stripes quoted me saying that "I drink, I smoke, and I like sex" that all but got me kicked off the football team by Coach Elliot.

-Paul Moore, '67

"I remember going on the Outdoor Adventure trip to Hinterbrand Lodge with Mr. Pendzich and a bunch of classmates. It was amazing. We did a lot of activities that included: the zip-line, jumping from a tree to a safety bar, survival in the woods, cross-country skiing, and a lot more. The activity that I remember the most of, though, is the Run & Dip. It was extremely cold that morning and we had to roll around in the snow in nothing but our bathing suits, then they broke up the ice to a large pond and we all jumped in and swam our way across it."

-Christopher Chalmer, '01

"I drove the "get-away" car for some Class of 74 members who were streakin' the Kurhaus."

-Bruce Bright, '73

"I remember needing ID to get into school during the first gulf war and seeing MPs patrolling the neighborhood."

-Jennifer George Cook, '92

"Cluver finally retired, Willy the warrior is really a cigar Indian, there are rats in the ACS cafeteria and the food makes people sleepy. They've been talking about building a on-campus cafeteria for eons, and so on. Also, we are an Army base but have an Air Force ROTC. My boss had Cluver as his English teacher when he went there. We now are Wiesbaden High and not HH Arnold High because all the other schools are named after the towns they are in."

-Kevin Stone, '08

LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT



"The Baskett Case"

-Lyn Baskett Fort

What do YOU say when you have to do something you've never done before? What do YOU do when a change hits you between the eyes? Or what if it's the same thing happening again, and you know the outcome isn't going to be good; or the outcome is good, but the road is so awful you don't

even want to take the first step? Or what if you don't have a choice – or the choice from any angle is dirt in your mouth and teeth left on the ground?

I'll tell you what I did. I screamed, "NO!" "I won't go, you can't make me!" But I knew I was wrong. We'd gone through this so many times before. I knew it wouldn't make any difference, but my first reaction was always offensive – literally and figuratively.

That year, my Dad had said: "We're moving- (con't on page 3)

WIESBADEN REUNION 2010 - THE RECAP

As the pictures and updates began flooding in via the Warrior Chat site at Ning.com and Facebook.com, it quickly became obvious that some folks were rolling in off a Warrior reunion. And not just ANY reunion... THIS gathering took place in our beloved city of Wiesbaden. Talk about a jam-packed weekend! The event was held June 24 – 28 at the nH Aukamm hotel, located close to the Thermalbad and Pizza-To-Go (two favorite local- (con't on page 4)



Ron Raincloud, '78 didn't make it to the reunion, but his jacket did. On the back of Brandy Pierce-Bartlett, '81

MAKE WAY FOR THE NEW WHS!

News travels fast through the Warrior grapevine, but in case you haven't heard yet, our school is getting a facelift. To be accurate, it's being rebuilt from the ground up, in anticipation of increased attendance as our beloved Wiesbaden community prepares to be transformed into the new hub of the "Seventh Army" – a merger of U.S. Army Europe and the U.S. V Corps command headquarters, both currently stationed in neighboring Heidelberg. There are plenty of articles online detailing the development, but how exactly does this build-up impact our high school? Well, the truth is, within a few years, the entire campus will be razed and a new, state-of-the-art campus will be erected in its

place. Demolition is being handled in stages and the first bit to be torn down was the Breezeway, which a precious few of us witnessed during the reunion in June. Thankfully, the current Assistant Principal at WHS assured our Alumni Association that the General H. H. Arnold mosaic crest in the foyer would be lovingly installed in the floor of the new building, despite the streamlined name change in 2006 that removed General Arnold's association with the campus. The silver lining on this cloud appears to be that though our school will no longer look the way we remember it, the changes being wrought will ensure its longevity in the Wiesbaden community for generations to come. ♦



Army.mil news has a detailed article at the following url:

<http://www.army.mil/news/2008/04/07/8343-milcon-wiesbaden-building-for-new-usareur-hq/>

FACULTY FOCUS: HAL STEARNS

*-Sent in by
Mike Eyolfson, Class of 72*



For more info:

http://www.ng.mil/ngbgomo/library/bio/stearns_hj.htm

Hi Lyn,

I came across an interesting story on a former HH Arnold Teacher. Mr. Hal Stearns came to Wiesbaden in 1969 and was the last teacher to arrive that year showing up in early September. He was assigned to Building 45. This was a classroom across the street and to the left of the chapel in the basement of base housing. Mr. Stearns taught American History and was the Yearbook advisor. The next year he was offered a traditional classroom in the school but elected to stay in

Building 45 for his entire tenure in Wiesbaden. He continued to teach in Wiesbaden at least one year after I graduated in 1972. His wife was an elementary teacher at the Hainerberg School. He was an excellent teacher and mentor to us. He returned to his native state of Montana and retired as a one star general in the National Guard. His bio easily comes up if you Google Harold J. Stearns. Thanks for all that you do for our association. ♦

-Mike Eyolfson

LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT-BASKETT CASE (con't)

(from page 1) –to Germany, again.” And you know how I replied. I was in the 9th grade, had a boyfriend (I still smile when I think of him), girlfriends who weren’t going to be moving (I lived in a civilian area), I was in the choir, and went to a church which had a great looking youth pastor (remember them?). In fact, I was in heaven as much as a 14 year old can be, in between the pimples and fat-worries and frizzed-hair nightmares.

So I made a plan. I knew I couldn’t change my Dad’s plans (even a feisty person learns something over the years). I just wouldn’t leave. I’d stay where I was, sleep in the fort out back when the family took off, and get a job for food. I grabbed my passport (all brats know where their passport is kept), my babysitting money and my pillow and was going out the window when Dad finally got my door open. It was one of those click-locks that you can open with a hairpin. Whatever.

Wiesbaden. You know the end to this story too, don’t you? We all do. It wasn’t awful, it wasn’t horrible. The road was hard – but I lived. I was changed though. Maybe it was my age, or the final straw in a huge pile of hay carried through my growing up years. Maybe it WAS the place. Maybe it wasn’t; but I

knew when it came time to leave there that I would be ok because I could take a little piece of Wiesbaden with me.

This year has been one of my most difficult. So many changes. I’ve read that good and bad changes should be considered crises and treated with the same respect; that change is change no matter what, our bodies don’t really care – they just take the brunt. My friend died; and I couldn’t help her. My son still struggles with adulthood. I became a grandmother; and I found my heart. I lost my job; and it was my fault. I passed my Boards; and I was so proud. I had my knee replaced; and it didn’t work out so well.

In my wallow of waxing and waning of muddy sadness with bits of sunflower smiles, I try to think of a good ending – a little Wiesbaden at the end of the trip. Like a fairy story, right? The princess suffers, but perseveres, and is rewarded with a kiss from a prince that changes her life. Well, I’ve got my prince (don’t tell him I said that), but truthfully, he’s suffering WITH me! No one tells you about the day after the fairy tale. No one tells you about the in-laws (or maybe I just didn’t listen), and the difficulty of being the meat in the “sandwich generation”.

But then I find the sweetest piece of joy when my grandson

smiles for me. What great satisfaction when my daughter asks my opinion on childcare – wait! Did I do something right? I look at my new knee and ... well I just look at it. It’s still a pain, and now my foot is ‘effed’ up. What can I say? I do try to look and remember that I’ve been through it, all of it. And I have survived. Even if I grieve for a son’s lost chances, and worry for the beginning of a daughter’s new role of motherhood; I am much worse for wear, but still looking for a little piece of Wiesbaden in the end of my story. ♦



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WIESBADEN REUNION RECAP (con't)

(con't from page 1) -hangouts from back in the day). There were tours of the city, the school, all the installations connected with our Wiesbaden community, lunch at Walters across from the Amelia Earhart hotel... there was a picnic sponsored by the Booster Club, right there at Elliott Field! It started with a Thursday night Stammtisch – a gathering of respective eras meeting up at various night spots (funny how we all gravitated toward -each other for most of the night), and ended with a Volksmarch to the Kurpark. According to Elliott Powell ('74), it was the best reunion he's ever attended and he's attended them all! There were happy and sad tears, hearty and bittersweet laughter as we recounted some of our finer teenage escapades; there were moments our hearts were in our throats, as we watched the Breezeway of our school being torn down to make way for a major overhaul scheduled to take place over the next several years. The yearbooks came out, new

friendships were formed, old friendships were renewed and we took time out to reflect on our friends who are gone from our lives too soon, our classmates who continue to remain 'at large' and our cherished school chums who just couldn't make it across the big pond to join us this time around. All in all, it was an incredibly emotional trip, another tiny, treasured tile in the Wiesbaden mosaic that continues to enrich our lives. Enough just cannot be said about the importance of getting back in touch and spending time with the people who meant so much to us growing up in Wiesbaden. The 110 alumni and family members who came together in Wiesbaden during the summer of 2010 have come back home feeling like they were a part of something special and many of us can't wait to do it again. But don't take our word for it – Keep reading, and see what the attendees had to say about the Wiesbaden reunion... ♦



Top: Rhein River Cruise!

Bottom: Friends & Fellow Warriors

MY WIESBADEN – Elliott Powell, Class of '74



*Elliott & Veronda Powell,
Volksmarching at the Kurpark
June 28th, 2010*

The years I was privileged to spend in Wiesbaden were special. The fact that I was born there and get to claim Wiesbaden as my hometown is truly icing on a very tasty cake! While not perfect (although as close to perfection as I've been able to find) the nurturing, tolerant, and respectful environment that was there when I was there from 71-74 helped set the foundation for the man I am today (even if it took lots of attempts). Surprisingly enough, that same environment seems to have been there for others as well regardless of when they were there! That's why the reunions are so wonderful. They allow me to relive and be thankful for the past, appreciate the present, and look forward to the future! For me, it really doesn't matter who attends the

reunions. Each one I've attended (eight and counting) allows me to connect to a group of very special people... some of whom I'm getting the privilege to meet for the very first time! I used to think Wiesbaden was special and that made us special. That's changed. Wiesbaden was, and indeed still is, special, but all of us make it even more special and that "specialness" is what makes our reunions so very cool, and a joy to attend! ♦



REUNION REFLECTIONS – JOSI WILLIAMS AMARAL, Class of '83



Top: Josi at the Haupt Bahnhof

Middle: Josi, Paul Moore ('67) and Ollie Moore ('67)

Bottom: Joanne Devlin Chinburg, Josi Williams, Amaral and Sylvia McGee, Class of '83 – Prost!

"If you've never been to a Warrior reunion, you just don't know what you're missing!"

-Jim Sains, '59

I guess you can say that I never shy away from Warrior get-togethers. If I can make it, I will be there. The reason being, is that I always have a great time with my Warrior friends from the past and present. But nothing can compare to being with those folks in the place that is our common bond, our home. I had a fabulous time. Every second for me was jam-packed with Warrior Love!

From the first moments that I arrived at the hotel I felt it. As I stepped out of the rental car in the hotel parking lot, I heard a warm hello from Sherry Reidlinger Hardwick '73 echoing down from her balcony. I truly enjoyed our morning chats with my balcony mates...hearing about the adventures the day before or what was in store for them later that day.

Some of my favorite moments were meeting Steve and Joanne Devlin Chinburg '83 and Sylvia McGee '83 at the Irish Pub, Murphy's or some Italian Restaurant on Goldgasse for the pre-party warm up..These meeting seemed to continue throughout the event and usually ended up at Pupasch! My core Warriors reunion buds...Sean and Angie Pope Rinehart '83, Julie and Mike Crewz '83, Scott and Trish Blackstead Hanson '83 were there! Nothing beats stumbling home over the cobblestone arm and arm again.

Each person's presence there

added to my wonderful memory of this awesome event. There are some that really stand out in my mind:

The class of 67 folks had a great showing....Paul Moore '67, Jeanne Dugan Brockman '67, Oliver Moore '67 John Hughes '67. Even though their HQ was at the Admiral, they were always around to get the party going or already starting it at the Ratskeller!

My Ning Sisters were there. How I love these girls, Lindy Hirschman Aleshire '88 and Meredith Bohm Kopp '92. I never imagined how much more they could entertain me than they do on line.

And we cant forget those Warriors lucky enough to still be in Europe: Michael Drietchen '71, Loren Mark Hamersley '71, Lisa Haynes Hanson '83, Richard Pickering '83, Ricardo Sara '83, Maria Springer Walters '84, Robbin Pitman '91 and Lionel Furtado '88, Joe Harris'88, Faithe Mote Brown' 88, Rachel Robinson Lemarechel '88, Tyler Henderson '89, and Maja Wenzel Smith '92!

My favorite time was the Rhein River Cruise and dinner at the Nurenburger Hof. The majority of attendees came on this adventure. Nothing like floating down the Rhein and watching the moon rise over the vineyards with this group!

Thank you all for making this event a success! ♦

MY WIESBADEN REUNION

- Chuck Bates, Class of '74

I went to the reunion with a little bit of trepidation, who would be there, would I recognize anyone or they me. It ended up being a wonderful time. The rekindling of some old acquaintances and making friendships out of them left me with a warm feeling in my heart. Meeting the crew that came after me was incredible, the way the "younger" crowds memories meshed with my own. Their experiences included different faces but with the same feelings. The best part was how everyone came together and had a truly wonderful time. It is a time I will always cherish. ♦



John Miller, '74, Brandy Pierce-Bartlett, '81, Chuck Bates, '74, Barbara Cluver, former faculty, Tom Miller, '75

Wiesbaden

A city that holds our history
within its streets,
which we walked,
all of us
individually, together
Through decades of adolescence
Decades of love
Of heartache
Of passion

Again

We walked, and danced
Laughed and storied more history
within its streets
Wiesbaden
A city that holds our hearts
Our friendships
Our love
Our heartache
Our passion

Love to all my Warrior
brothers and sisters!

-Joanne Devlin Chinburg, '83

WIESBADEN OR BUST

-Meredith Bohm Kopp,
Class of '92



When I heard that the school was going to be torn down, it pressed the need to return to Wiesbaden into overdrive! My husband and myself planned a wonderful, kid free European vacation and for me, Wiesbaden was the definite highlight! The reunion was so wonderfully well planned and thought out. The hotel was gorgeous and in the perfect location for adventuring to all my old favorite places. Wiesbaden is still such a beautiful, wonderful place. My husband also lived in Europe during his teenage years with a Navy father, but not been to Wiesbaden before and he truly enjoyed our city. We are now

hoping to return with our children to Germany in the next few years and I'm planning on spending a much longer time in Wiesbaden next time.

Many thanks to all those who put in the time and energy planning such a wonderful trip! It could not have been any better unless we'd had twice as much time! The company was wonderful and proved once again that military brats can make friends anywhere! We met many wonderful people who we now consider true friends. We will surely take part in the next reunion! ♦

KURPARK FOUNTAIN MYSTERIOUSLY CLEANER AFTER WARRIOR REUNION –Maja Wenzel Smith, Class of '92

When you are 36 and DRAG your 8 year old to a high school reunion of EIGHTEEN (odd for most folks) years, you might think you would get some resistance. But not for me! My 8 year old is an Army brat too and we were lucky enough to be stationed in Germany this year when the all class reunion in Wiesbaden took place! Is it wrong that my son had to recuperate from that experience as much as I did??



Let me tell you.....WHAT FUN!!! I hemmed and hawed and finally decided to go. I was not sure who would be there or what to expect because this was the first one I would be able to make. We live only four hours from Wiesbaden in Grafenwoehr and my husband of 13 years is Active Duty Army, so I chose that life that so many of us led. When we arrived, Ethan and I both had on something Warrior on and were greeted by a class of '67 letter jacket wearer with a hearty handshake. Anyone know Ollie??? (*Oliver Moore, '67*)

My class was the class of '92 and there were only three of us there, we knew each other but not really well. We are fast friends now. It was interesting to be the babies of the group!

There was blue and gold, there was music, there was soccer (World Cup fever was in the air), there was a Rhein Cruise and so much more. Of course there was beer and such. I had my first Jaeger bomb! Oh Yummy (Ethan was NOT there for that part) Thanks Chuck!!

There were memories shared that dated back many years and while they were so special and unique they were the same and that was the bond that got the fun rolling! Two things stuck with me especially. The day we toured the school, oh what memories and fun, but then to see the breezeway being literally torn down!!! My heart broke a little that day. I am sure you will read more about this from the others that write in.....now, on to embarrass myself royally!

The last day we did a volksmarch to the Kurhaus and then looked around. I let my son take the pics that day and he looked like a mini Mike Crewz with his Wiesbaden hat on backwards and my prize DSLR around his neck.

A group of us was going over to the Johannes fest in Mainz. We decided to first take some pictures at the fountains in front of the Kurhaus. It was a very very hot day and the fountain looked inviting to my swollen ankles! So I thought it would be fun to just stick in my feet.....BIG MISTAKE!!!! Before my toe touched the bottom it

seemed, my WHOLE BODY was in there!! There is now a buttprint in the algae in the bottom of the Kurhaus fountain closest to the street. I claim it, yes I do, much to the delight of my friends!!!



Did we still go to the fest?? Oh yeah! I walked around SOPPING wet downtown Wiesbaden, on the bus and in Mainz! Finally dried out and what a wonderful great fun Warriortastic day! If we do something, we do it up right!

And yes, there are pictures.....Oh Boy.....

Good thing my son is used to me embarrassing him and that I am not afraid to make an @\$ out of myself. Gotta be good at something. The End.....till next time!! Go Warriors, wherever you may roam. ♦



2010 WARRIOR REUNION THOUGHTS

– Brandy Pierce-Bartlett, Class of '81

In 27 years of marriage, my poor husband has had to listen to numerous accounts of my memories of Wiesbaden and of all of the fun and wonderful times I experienced there. I think he thought it was a fairy tale. The reunion allowed me to experience Wiesbaden again with him. He now shares all of his memories of Wiesbaden with friends and family. It truly is a magical place!

As military brats, we forged friendships hard and fast, we had to in order to survive. Then those friendships were torn from us as we all scattered with the wind to new locations every few years. We lost touch. We lost memories. We lost names. But, our hearts always kept track and always remembered.

The 2010 All Year Reunion was a coming home for me. There were few people there from the years I attended, but it didn't matter. We all shared a love for Gen H H Arnold, a love for Wiesbaden and we all shared a common childhood. It was like coming home to family; you might not know every single member, but everyone is welcome and everyone belongs.

Even though the alumni attending spanned over 50 years of graduating classes, we all had the same concerns and felt the same heart wrenching loss at watching our school being torn down. We toured our long ago home (Wiesbaden) together, we played together, we ate together (Walter's and Pizza-to-Go), we laughed together and we shared our beloved memories together. We forged more memories, more friendships and strengthened those bonds that continue bind us together across the years and miles.

My husband is a civilian and continues to be amazed at the bonds created by military

brats. He summed it up pretty well. "You arrived as a group of 110 strangers and left as 110 best friends. Amazing!"

I already miss everyone and am ready to do it again! ♦



Top: Early to mid 80s Warriors standing outside the old cafeteria in Hainerberg.

Bottom: Warriors arm-in-arm peacefully protesting the demolition of the Breezeway!



-Lindy Hirschman Aleshire, '88

Just after we ambled off the bus at the high school as part of our Wiesbaden reunion, we turned the corner toward the breezeway and the happy chatter died in our throats. A small crane with a claw was in process of gouging out the breezeway right in front of us. There were cries of anguish, silent stares and even a bit of shock at what was happening. After a few minutes, we recovered, as only brats used to constant change do. We all linked arms and held a mock-protest at the fence, trying to add a little humor to what felt like a sock in the gut. I noticed a few alumni seemed to really be taking it to heart. As I peered through the fence, inspiration grabbed me by the neck and I yelled at one of the demo team. He was a German guy, spraying water on the dust being generated by the crane. After some whooping and waving, he walked over and I suddenly realized my German was crap. 'Hey, Bob Case! ('67) How do you say 'Brick' auf Deutsch?!' Bob immediately copped on to the plan and what followed was a rather amusing conversation in which we suspect it was being suggested that we might possibly be able to buy some stuff from the PX in exchange for some of the bricks. Once it was communicated that we were as much outcast from the military shopping facilities as he was, the bricks suddenly became free for the taking. He

managed to dump a pile of them at our feet and we reached in between the cyclone fencing and took several out. As the bricks made the rounds among the alumni, some grabbed their own, others took to throwing them on the ground to break off smaller, more manageable pieces for the trip back home. Despite



Lindy Hirschman Aleshire, '88 - holding the first brick off the pile!

that I was backpacking across Europe with my teenage daughter, I opted for a whole brick. To me, this is more treasured than a chunk of the Berlin wall. It took some doing to tamp down the desire to buy lots of suitcases and haul back as many as I could fit in them. I'm still fighting that impulse. There's a whole community out there that would love to sport one of these babies on their mantel and I wish I could send one to every last Warrior who'd request one. I thought about gathering up at- (con't on page 10)

ANOTHER BRICK IN THE WALL (con't)

(con't from page 9) -least enough to put together a small wall, as if that would resurrect the school for me. -sigh- Truth be told, the tearing down of that campus represents some pretty heavy stuff. It's the idea that nothing lasts forever, that change is inevitable and that life, Wiesbaden, the community, the school and everything else will continue on long after I'm gone. I always thought I could count on the school, as I knew it, to remain – a constant in a sea of change. But alas, like so many other elements of our transient childhoods, the General H. H. Arnold campus will remain only in spirit. ♦



Top: Faithe Mote Brown, '88 bringing home a brick!

Bottom: Class of '83's Joanne Devlin Chinburg, Sylvia McGee & Anita Thompson Peltz holding up their bricks with pride.

'YES, BUT IS IT REALLY VANDALISM, OFFICER?'

-Tales from the Flagpole-

-Lindy Hirschman Aleshire, '88



I wasn't a criminal in high school. Or even a vandal. Sure, I pulled a few –ahem– stupid stunts as a teenager, but it wasn't until I was a full-grown adult, attending a reunion in Wiesbaden that I decided to deface school property. I had already managed to acquire some bricks from the breezeway of the school (that was being demolished before our very eyes), so it wasn't much of a stretch for my brain to seize on the tiles of the flagpole crest as we stood gazing mournfully at it through the cyclone fencing. The crest was in dreadful condition and the assistant principal had told us earlier that it wouldn't be spared when it came time to flatten the campus and make way for the new buildings. I announced my intentions to jump the fence and was surprised at how quickly a fellow '88er followed me. With her help, we pried open two sections of the fencing, squeezed our way through and raced headfirst down the torn up lawn, streaking toward our goal like the finish line of a Cross Country race (yes, we were both on the team). A moment of surprise registered on our fellow classmate's face, who was not only our tour guide on the installation tour (he works for MWR), but also happened to be in my class year. He quickly recovered as we grinned at him from inside the fence, and was cool about our rule-bending escapade. I think he knew it was pointless to argue and that some things never change (like my ability to find mischief). I wrestled with my conscience for a few seconds. Was I really about to aid in destroying something we hold so dear? We looked around, grabbed some iron scraps and began flicking up tiles as fast- (con't on page 11)

IS IT REALLY VANDALISM, OFFICER? -TALES FROM THE FLAGPOLE- (con't)

(con't from page 10) —as we could. We were only supposed to stop at each spot for a few minutes, so we were racing against the



clock. Within a few minutes, more alumni joined us, a '65er and a few folks from the mid 70s, and before long, I saw them grab some thick iron pipes and start beating the heck out of the crest. For a moment, I felt terrible. I had to keep reminding myself it was going to be destroyed anyway. And again, I had to suppress the urge to find a way to section off the entire crest and take it with me. As I worked the tiles off the mosaic, I glanced around and marveled at what I was witnessing. Multiple generations of Warriors were shoulder-to-shoulder, people we never knew before the trip, fast



friends, working furiously toward our common goal. What is it about these tangible pieces that had us so driven to take

them? Why was it so important? Again, I come back to the idea that our time in Wiesbaden, fleeing for most of us, seems like a dream. Seeing the school and being back in that spot made it real again. And faced with the prospect of it disappearing forever had us in the throes of desperation to find something to hang on to, some tangible thing, something we could show others and say, 'See, it was real. It really did happen.'

Shortly before we boarded the bus, while standing on the corner of Texas Straße and Florida Straße (holding our liberated tiles), along comes...



We whistled innocently and drew invisible circles with our toes as the MP drove past. Would he have cared? Who knows! Certainly security is intense around all the installations these days. But we *did* have permission to be on school grounds. Just maybe not... those particular school grounds at that particular time. And yet...

I don't regret it for a second. ♦



CLASS OF 1963 ROUND UP



All That's New
With the '63 Crew...

- Memphis Reunion Recap
- Classmate update
- Next Events

MEMPHIS 2010 REUNION

- Sandy Brunke Whalen

From across the land we came to meet in Memphis, Tennessee. From as far away as Washington State to right here in Memphis and come we did! All 82 of us, from the classes of '62, '63, '64 and '65, including spouses, to meet, greet, remember and share more memories. Many came a day or two early to spend more time visiting the sights and sounds of Memphis. With the Mighty Mississippi flowing along the banks of the city, it is the birthplace of the Blues, Rock and Roll and known for the civil rights movement with famous names such as BB King, Elvis Presley, Johnny Cash and Martin Luther King. There is no lack of history to be found in this once lazy, quiet cotton town.

On April 12th, many started arriving at the Heart Break Hotel in search of classmates and friends. The ride down Elvis Presley Blvd. is filled with hotels, gift shops, the famous Graceland Mansion, and tour buses going in and out of the bus depot. What once was a quiet 2 lane black top country road is now a busy six-lane highway. The hotel décor is a step back in time to the 1950's with vintage console TV's, old fashioned blond end tables and retro chairs filling the lobby, bar and rooms. Pictures of Elvis Presley adorn the walls everywhere you look, Elvis movies continually playing on the TV's or in the bar, and the mellow voice of the King of Rock and Roll fill the air everywhere in or out of the

hotel. Anticipation filled the air as people started to gather, some for the first time in 47 years! Many had not ever seen classmates and friends before, for many, it had been many years. Being together again is always a heartfelt time but for this one, we had the pleasure of our classmate and friend, Priscilla Beaulieu Presley hosting the event. We thank Priscilla for the opportunity of spending time with her and to Judy Comstock Bell for organizing this special event.

Our first dinner with part of the group was to Marlow's BBQ restaurant on Monday night. The restaurant sent pink Cadillac's to pick us up and then return us to the hotel. *(con't on page 12)*



Class of 1963, Memphis 2010

CLASS OF 1963 ROUND UP



MEMPHIS REUNION (con't)

Dinner was fantastic, fun and finger licking good food. Then back to the hotel and we sat in the bar area enjoying each other and had some European visitors' join us at our tables who overheard us talking about Germany, Priscilla and our fun times together. It was fun to talk to them and enjoyed their stories of their travels too.

On Tuesday evening we did a car caravan over the state line to Mississippi to go to a German restaurant. With plates full of Wiener schnitzel and glasses of beer to wash it down, we all walked away full and happy to be together.

As a group, we were bused to the Graceland Mansion to walk the halls of Elvis's home. The rooms remain as they were when Elvis was alive and there was a definite feeling of Elvis looking over our shoulders as we went from room to room and to the buildings out in the back and walked the grounds.



Diana Dinsmore, Elvis and Penny Green

Priscilla even commented that they feel his spirit in the house and often meet there for family dinners. The trophies, gold records, display cases of costumes, suits and Priscilla's wedding gown adorn the halls of the other buildings on the grounds. The outside grounds are beautiful with flowering trees and bushes and beautiful statues decorate the property. The Memorial Garden drew complete silence as we all walked past the graves of Elvis and his family.

During the days we went in all directions to those attractions that were of interest to each of us. Beale Street, the famous Peabody Hotel ducks, Sun records studio, the Memphis zoo, a Mississippi River boat cruise, the Gibson guitar company and other places of interest around town. The Graceland Stables were a separate tour and is one of Priscilla's favorite places to still spend time when she is in Memphis. Some are rescue horses; others are decedents of Elvis's private horses. The stable is impeccable and the horses groomed like satin sheets. The Hospitality suite was a great place to come together and have refreshments, talk to friends and get re-acquainted with classmates of so long ago. It was a mini replica of some of the rooms at the Graceland Mansion and had couches, chairs and a huge dining table to spread out the munchies and memorabilia many brought to share. We signed yearbooks again for each other and recalled the Senior Rome trip, football games, sleepovers and teachers we either loved or hated. Do have to mention that the crowd seems to call it an evening a little earlier these days than we used to!

The buffet dinners were held at the Elvis Auto Museum and the guys were all drooling over the cars, motorcycles and even golf carts that Elvis owned. The center of the museum was set up like an outdoor drive in movie theater with dining tables for dinner and Elvis movies playing on a big screen.



Penny and Alan (Green) Hissem

CLASS OF 1963 ROUND UP



MEMPHIS REUNION (con't)

The second evening we surprised Priscilla by having one of her Naked Gun movies showing and presented her with a class signed framed picture of a scene from one of the movies. Priscilla was gracious, beautiful, warm and friendly as she made her way among the group greeting everyone and being introduced to spouses.



Max Johnson, Priscilla, Paul Burton, Kathleen Bunnell

Everyone recalled some class, event or relationship to help her remember us all. Even with those she did not recall as well as others, she welcomed us all with open arms. She related stories about classes, staying home "sick" to beat the mail before her parents could see her report card from CYC, skipping class to go shopping and her experiences on Dancing with the Stars.



Sandy Brunke Whalen and Priscilla

She agreed to photos and autographs and had one of her professional photographers there for the second dinner to take class group shots and table shots of those attending.

We took a moment of silence to remember those from our class who have died over the years. We wished that everyone could have joined us for this unique get together. There were gag gift "awards" for different categories such as: longest married, most grandkids, most hair, least hair, whitest hair or no hair at all. It was all in fun and gave us all a good laugh. Priscilla accepted her "most successful" award as if she were receiving an Academy Award and gave us all a good laugh at her "acceptance" speech.

As the years pass, it makes us realize that we are no longer the young vibrant school kids of yesteryear. In our minds we are still those teenagers who were thrown together in a special place at a very impressionable time of our lives, but when our feet hit the floor, we are reminded that we have earned these gray hairs (or for some, no hair at all) and the wrinkles are lines of experience and that every moment we share is more important than the last. While there is a vast diversity of our class and others who joined us, we come together as one. To share, laugh and make more memories, until next time. So what's next?

Organizing a reunion is no small task and considering the schedule of our famous hostess, this one was more of a challenge than most. Once again, many thanks to Priscilla, Judy Comstock, Jane Breighner, Linda Merrill, Priscilla's staff and all those who helped to make this a memorable time.

Bin wir uns wiedersehen. ♦

CLASS OF 1963 ROUND UP



'63 CLASSMATE UPDATE – Sandy Brunke Whalen

UPDATE on Robbie Jones, '65

Chip (Colleen Walker Lucas) had just talked to Robbie. Robbie has been undergoing a bone marrow transplant and this week is in chemo. She is back in the hospital where they can monitor her pain medications and help her during this very painful, difficult procedure. She is very sick from the procedure and hopes this part of it passes quickly. On behalf of our class, and friends of our class, a card was sent to her today, wishing her a speedy recovery. She will be staying with friends close to the hospital for a

while after she gets out, but I believe her mom is staying at her house and bringing her mail to her. If you want to send her a card:

Robbie Jones
1133 Ashby #12
Seguin, TX 78155



I am sure she would appreciate it. ♦

Dale and Kay (Moffat) Rhoney UPDATE

Dale and Kay are in Germany now. They have decided that retirement is not for them and Dale has accepted a position with the Army as an orthodontist in Ansbach, roughly 25 miles southwest of Nuremberg and 90 miles north of Munich. They have sold their house in Lake Oswego, OR and are already on their way to the next new adventure awaiting them. Amazing that most of us in retirement want something quiet and laid back and they are going back to where they began, some 49 years ago!

They have started a blog, so if you wish to read about their new life and impressions of the places, events and happenings of their new adventure, you can read about them at:

<http://www.rhoneys.blogspot.com/> .

The Rhoney's new mailing address as of June 15th::

Dale and Kay Rhoney
CMR 454 Box 2096
APO AE 09250
Email: rhoneys@aol.com

On behalf of the class of 1963...

"Good luck, Dale and Kay, on your journey and hope to hear all about your new home! See you soon! We love you and will miss you!" ♦



HONOR ROLL

SSgt. Sheldon L. Tate

Class of 2001



SSgt. Sheldon Tate, of Hinesville, GA, HH Arnold class of 2001, was killed in the line of duty July 13th, 2010 in Kandahar City, Afghanistan during an insurgent attack. He was assigned to the 782nd Brigade Support Battalion, 4th Brigade Combat Team, 82nd Airborne Division in Fort Bragg, NC. "Staff Sgt. Sheldon Tate was a true warrior and leader of paratroopers. His last actions were a testament to the leader he was, as he grabbed a young paratrooper and led him to safety," said Capt. William Hofmann, his company commander. Sheldon is survived by his wife Marion, 3 year old daughter Kiante, stepfather Walter, mother

Valerie Moore, father Reginald Tate and sister Ebony. Funeral services were held at 10 am Saturday, July 24, at the main chapel on Fort Stewart. A viewing took place 6-8 pm Friday, July 23, at Dorchester Funeral Home in Midway. "He gave us 27 good years. And we're happy with that," Valerie Moore said. ♦

James Arnold Overton

1950 - 2009



The following message was received from Shari Overton (sloverton@hotmail.com):

"All: I have been searching old emails with your addresses so I could inform you that James Overton passed away on December 21st in Richmond, Virginia. He battled lung cancer and emphysema then developed other complications. His brother died in 2008 so the family is really taking this hard. James had moved in with Lindsay (daughter) and

spent time with her family, son James and with me, his ex. I hope you will keep him in your thoughts and prayers and know that he is at peace, finally."

Published in Richmond Times-Dispatch on December 27, 2009:

"OVERTON, James Arnold, 59, formerly of North Richland Hills, Texas, passed away on Monday, December 21, 2009. He is survived by his stepmother, Katherine Overton Warren of Lafayette, Ind.; his son, James Ryan Overton; his daughter, Lindsay O. Hollins; two grandsons, Drew and Brooks Hollins, and many dear friends. James was born on October 7, 1950 in Lubbock, Texas. As an Air Force dependent, he lived all over the United States and Europe. He attended Wiesbaden High School in Germany where he was rated the top left-handed pitcher in Europe and led the Wiesbaden High School team to a European Championship. Later, he graduated from Surrattsville High School in Maryland. James was an Air Force Reservist and retired from Verizon after over 30 years in telecommunications. Memorial service to be held at the Church of the Epiphany, 11000 Smoketree Drive, Richmond, Va. on Tuesday, January 5 at 7 p.m. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to VCU Massey Cancer Center or the American Cancer Society." ♦

HONOR ROLL

Judith Wheatley Szyszka

Class of '63, 1945 - 2009



"It is with sympathy and sadness that we have just learned that our friend and classmate, Judy Wheatley, passed away last November. Please remember her in your prayers." ♦

Karl Daigle

Class of '72

(from Michael Drietchen, '71)

"He was such a great friend with a fantastic sense of humor, someone you could always talk to, be it bs or serious things and I really miss him a lot. Such a fine character loved by everybody he used to hang around with. Now all that's left to me is to mourn his loss, pray for his soul knowing he's in a better place now, wish him the peace he deserves and look at the picture in our '71 yearbook that shows me talking to him." ♦

Never gone from our hearts...

Addie Sproles, Faculty
 Agnes Grych, Faculty
 Bill Morgan, Faculty
 Bobby Shortt, Class of 1980
 Chanee Goins, Class of 2001
 Ethel Melton, Faculty
 Fances Miner Fleming, Faculty
 Gaither "Butch" Sherrill, Faculty
 Gisela Mietz, Faculty
 Herman Search, Faculty
 Ilse Neidhold, Faculty
 J. Kelly Smith, Class of 1973
 Jacqueline Momberg, Faculty
 Jane Myers, Faculty
 Jean Lathim, Faculty
 Joseph Mason, Faculty
 Kira Speranskij, Faculty
 Linda Fuellenbach, Faculty
 Maurice Bernier, Faculty
 Mr. Heidinger, Faculty
 Nicholas Royko, Faculty
 Nicholas Speros, Faculty
 Paul Buergener, Faculty
 Pierre Marteney, Class of 1948
 Richard Hackford Jr, Class of 1960
 Richard Lawson, Class of 1968
 Richard Seefer, Class of 1950
 Robert Lundgren, Faculty
 Roosevelt Bradley, Faculty
 Rosemarie Thayer, Faculty
 Rudolph Pietsch, Faculty
 Sharon Deemer Staggs, Class of 1960
 William Tyra III, Class of 1970
 Yvonne Jaeger, Faculty



UPCOMING EVENTS

Individually hosted-

Doug Brill, Class of '66 announces:

Charleston, SC
Sept 16 – 19, 2010
Era: Mid to late 60s

Contact info-
Cell: 301-760-0832
Home: 301-312-6725
(5 rings before voicemail)
Era: Mid to late '60s

***Planning a Warrior
gathering? Let us
know! We'll help get
the word out!***

PoC: lynfort@cox.net

Individually hosted-

Doug Brill, Class of '66 announces:

San Diego
July 28-31, 2011
Era: Mid to late 60s

Contact info-
Cell: 301-760-0832
Home: 301-312-6725
(5 rings before voicemail)





ANNOUNCEMENTS



Warrior Chat Café is a nice way to stay in touch with old friends on your own terms, as often or as seldom as you see fit. GeneralHHarnold.ning.com - come check us out! ♦

WARRIOR CHAT CAFE

Hey, Warriors! Many of us have found the Warrior chat café hosted at Ning.com, but just in case you haven't, be sure to check it out. It's a site that functions similarly to facebook, but populated strictly by Warriors and faculty of HaHaHi. It also happens to be the official chat café of the HH Arnold/WHS Alumni Association. The site has a high level of functionality, featuring wall comments, video and photo posting, specialized groups, event announcements, forum discussions, chat capability and much more. It's a great way to find Warriors all in the same place. With close to 2,400 Warriors on the site, you'd be amazed at the leads you turn up when you utilize the search function. We've got folks from class of '56 right up to 2008 – we're a multigenerational Warrior family indeed! The



PARDON OUR PROGRESS

If you've visited HaHaHi.com lately, you may have noticed it looks a little different from what you're used to. Alright – it looks a LOT different and everything has disappeared. Just know that we're behind the scenes stitching the thing back together to give you a smoother ride on the Warrior Express in the future. We're working on restoring functionality asap! Thank you for your patience and please continue to check back! ♦





GENERAL H. H. ARNOLD/WIESBADEN HIGH SCHOOL
OFFICIAL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
MAIL-IN MEMBERSHIP FORM

NAME (Include maiden name) _____

Indicate your CLASS YEAR _____

SPOUSE'S NAME if joining _____

(Include Graduation Year, Maiden Name (if appl) if spouse also attended WHS)

ADDRESS _____

(Street Address or PO Box)

 (City, State and Zip Code)

PHONE _____ EMAIL: (please print) _____

_____ Check here if address or email is NEW

*******IMPORTANT NOTICE*******

This year's alumni Directory and Newsletters will be offered as Email Attachments or Paper form. Because of increased mailing and printing costs, you will be sent the Directory and Newsletters as an Email Attachment or Viewable Form from the Website. Unless you specify which one you want!

Printed Directory and Newsletters add \$5 to membership total.

Check Below:

_____ I want Paper Format (adds \$5 to Membership fees)

_____ I want it as an Email Attachment

ANNUAL DUES: \$25.00, Online: \$15.00

Includes 2 newsletters and the Alumni Directory

You can now join and pay your dues online at:

<http://www.hahahi.com> or

<http://generalhharnold.ning.com/>

Dues received during the year (from new found alumni) will receive the latest newsletter and directory for that specific calendar year. Make Check Payable to:

The Gen. H. H. Arnold H. S. Alumni Association

Mail to the address at the bottom of this form.

_____ Membership Dues \$25.00 per calendar year

_____ Donation (Scholarship Fund or General)

_____ Add \$5 for Printed Directory if requested (see above)

_____ Total amount enclosed

Multiple Year Dues accepted \$25 per/yr

Mariann Meyer Pilson, Treasurer

3056 Ole Ct. NE

Albuquerque NM 87111

Check Number _____ Date Received _____



Association Officers

President & Database Manager:

Lyn Baskett Fort, '76

Vice President & Class Representative Manager:

Marcee Swarny, '88

Secretary:

Micky Harris Dixon, '84

Treasurer:

Mariann Meyer Pilson, '77

Webmaster:

Lindy Hirschman Aleshire, '88

Newsletter Team:

Vicki Demarest Kanarr, '75

Lindy Hirschman Aleshire, '88

Keeping the Warrior Community Connected.

We're on the Web!

See us at:

HaHaHi.com

&

GeneralHHarnold.ning.com

(the Warrior Chat Cafe)

SUPPORTING YOUR ASSOCIATION

Help! Our alumni association has been helping fellow classmates reconnect for a long time. And it's because of generous Warriors who see the benefit of having an alumni association and contribute regularly, that make it possible for us to keep being a constant for folks searching out their old school chums. We recognize that there are many online resources for finding people these days, such as facebook, myspace and classmates.com – we're thrilled to have those sites available to us, but what makes ours so special is that it's made for Warriors *by* Warriors. Our association does much more than help reconnect lost Warriors. We also archive memorabilia for multiple

generations, acquire surfacing Warrior heirlooms, such as yearbooks, letter jackets and class rings that turn up on Ebay.com and other similar sites. We provide scholarships for graduating Warriors every year and an occasional scholarship to offspring of HH Arnold alumni. We host events, support out most recent acquisition, the Warrior chat cafe site, located at GeneralHHarnold.ning.com and we maintain the largest database of Warrior contact information in the world! The alumni association helps YOU, so please do your part and join the association today. We need your support, Warriors. www.HaHaHi.com - **We accept PayPal and credit cards!**

WE NEED WARRIOR TALENT!

Social butterfly? Web designer? Artist? Writer? Event planner? Enthusiastic fellow Warrior? Boy, have we got a job for you! If you've never thought about getting involved with the alumni association, please do so! We're always on the lookout for fresh talent and a helping hand. We welcome input from our fellow classmates and are interested in suggestions and involvement. Of

course, we don't get paid to help, but this particular labor of love has plenty of benefits, from being in the know on all-things-Warrior to getting comped registration costs for filling a needed role at reunions hosted by the alumni association. Shoot us an email at lynfort@cox.net. Talk to us. We're all ears...

