



NHS

Trichter



The Nürnberg funnel quickly and safely makes one smarter.
Der Nürnberger Trichter, sicher und schnell, macht die Köpfe hell!

Vol. 14, No. 3

Nürnberg Alumni Association, Inc.

Fall 2002

Association Board Members Elected

Williamsburg/Va Beach Top Vote Getter as Site For Reunion in 2005

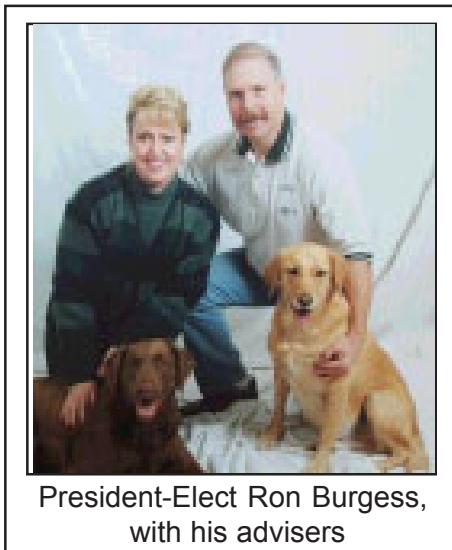
Voters in the recently completed straw vote for East Coast reunion site gave 50 votes to the Williamsburg/Virginia Beach, VA area. Second was Charleston, SC. Third was Kissimmee/St Cloud (Orlando) FL. Totals for all sites follow:

Williamsburg/Virginia Beach	50
Charlestown, SC	39
Kissimmee/St. Cloud (Orlando)	34
Baltimore, MD	33
Bar Harbor, ME	32
Three Day Cruise to Nowhere	25
Cleveland, OH	17
Quebec City, Canada	15
Boston, MA	13
Miami, FL	9

Burgess Is New President

TAHLEQUAH, OK -- **Ron Burgess**, class of 1972, was elected president in the recently completed Nürnberg Alumni Association's triennial election, according to vote counters Jeanette and Bob McQuitty.

Rita (Jannusch) McKenzie, class of 1963, was elected vice president for operations, and **Dave Ogé**, class of 1970, retained his position as vice president for advertising/marketing.



President-Elect Ron Burgess, with his advisers

Charlotte (Erickson) Forman, class of 1964, narrowly won the race for secretary-treasurer.

Lynn Tumey, '77, was elected to represent the 70s era. **Betty Thomas**, '54, representing the 40s, 50s, and faculty; and **Doug Hatt**, '68, representing the 60s, were re-elected.

Ginger (Sizemore) Milling, '89, representing the 80s and 90s, and **Bob McQuitty**, faculty, as *Trichter* editor, were elected without opposition.

The newly elected board members begin their duties Jan. 1, 2003.

The Home Office mailed out 734 ballots to current dues-paid members. The McQuittys received 290 ballots post-marked by Sept. 1. This means that 39.5 percent of the Association membership voted.

Three ballots were judged invalid, two because all candidates received an X, and one because it appeared to be a duplicate of another ballot. So 287 ballots were tallied.

Totals for all candidates are on page 3. No totals equal 287 because some people chose not to vote for particular offices.

A Letter from the President-Elect

Dear Alumni,

I want to take this opportunity to say "thank you" for allowing me the privilege of assuming the responsibilities of the presidency of YOUR alumni association. I feel confident in saying that your incoming board of directors and class representatives are looking forward to working on your behalf to assure the continuance of our great alumni association. After all, this is your organization.

Over the past 16 plus years, many people have worked hard to gather names of students and teachers that attended the

very best high school in the overseas school system. We have been able to reminisce about the "good ol' days" with classmates and teachers, some we thought we would probably never see after we left Nürnberg. We have shed tears over the loss of many that were taken from us by natural causes and those that battled in foreign lands. As "brats" we know there is a bond amongst us that many "civilians" do not understand, a bond of love, admiration, and respect.

As we work together for our next
(continued on page 3)

Nürnberg Alumni Association, Inc. Current Board of Directors

Officers

President

Terry (T.D.) Jorgensen, Sr., '62
2002 North Woods Drive
Marietta GA 30066
Tel 770-928-4948
Fax 770-928-9696
Nurnberg62@aol.com

Vice-President – Operations

Ron Burgess, '72
c/o 1840 E. Barnett Rd., Suite B
Medford, OR 97504
Tel 541-773-6462
Uniburg@aol.com

Vice-President – Advertising/Marketing

Dave Ogé, '70
3407 Harwood Drive
Tyler, TX 75701
Tel 903-526-1971
Nurnberg70@aol.com

Secretary/Treasurer

Vint Wilson, MD, '71
1150 Tulipwood Lane
Athens, GA 30606
Tel 706-546-9666
VintSusan@webtv.net

HOME OFFICE E-Mail Address:
President@NurnbergEagles.com

NHS Trichter

Volume 14, No. 3 **Fall, 2002**

Published three times a year by the
Nürnberg Alumni Association, Inc.

Editor Bob McQuitty

**Proofreaders: Jeanette McQuitty,
Terry Jorgensen**

Send materials for publication to

**202 E. Seneca
Tahlequah, OK 74464
E-mail: bob@intellex.com
Tel: 918-456-8443**

Era Representatives

1947-1959 (including teachers)

Betty Thomas, '54
P.O. Box 287
Penney Farms, FL 32079
Tel 904-529-9092
bettom@bellsouth.net

1960-1969

Doug Hatt, '68
543 Main Street
Half Moon Bay, CA 94019
Tel 650-726-8400
CaboDoug68@aol.com

1970-1979

Tom Kappelmann, '77
13509 Copper Hills Drive.
Manchaca, TX 78652
Tel 512-280-8412
Tom.Kappelman@amd.com

1980-1999

Ginger (Sizemore) Milling, MD, '91
900 N. Oakland St.
Carbondale, IL 62901
Tel 618-351-9912
FricknFrack73@aol.com

Note: The term of service for the current board ends December 31, 2002. The newly elected board begins service January 1, 2003.

Newly Elected Board of Directors

President-Elect

Ron Burgess, '72

Vice-President – Operations Elect

Rita (Jannusch) McKenzie, '63

P.O. Box 362
Colfax, IN 46035-0362
765-324-2707
ritam@tctc.com

Vice-President – Advertising/Marketing

Dave Ogé, '70

Secretary-Treasurer Elect

Charlotte (Erickson) Forman, '64

1630 Doral Court
Keller, Texas 76248
817-431-2784
Form01@charter.net

Trichter Editor

Bob McQuitty, faculty

Era Rep – 40s, 50s, Faculty

Betty Thomas, '54

Era Rep – 60s

Doug Hatt, '68

Era Rep Elect – 70s

Lynn Tumey, '77

415 Jay Street
Lakewood, CO 80226-1831
303-232-6926 or 1-800-797-8281
NHSLynn77@attbi.com

Era Rep – 80s, 90s

Ginger (Sizemore) Milling, '91

A Postcard From Home, No. 3 Nürnberg Hauptplatz during Christkindlesmarkt



News and Notes

Letter from the President-Elect

(Continued from page 1)

reunion in 2005, I will be calling upon many of you to assist your board of directors in making that reunion the largest and most memorable one yet. There are still thousands of alumni from Nürnberg American High School "out there," and it is my goal to try to get all of them to a reunion in the future.

As many of our principals at NHS used to say, "My door is open." Feel free to call me or write. I look forward to seeing all of you on the East Coast in 2005.

Respectfully yours, **Ron Burgess**,
president-elect, NAA

Dues Notices To Go Out in December

The last official act of the Home Office in Marietta, GA, will be to send out Dues Renewal Notices for 2003 dues to the Alumni Association in December. The dues should be mailed to a new address in Texas. The address will be in the notice.

Annual membership remains \$20. It's \$25 for married couples if both husband and wife are alumni.

Need a NHS Transcript?

If you need a transcript of your grades and attendance at Nürnberg American High School, go to the Association web site. Once there, look left and click LINKS. Then choose 'Transcripts from DoDDSS' and follow the instructions.

NHS Trichters from '58-'59 Still Available from Adviser

Anyone wishing to have a copy of all eight issues of Volume 11 (1958-59) of the NHS *Trichter* may write or e-mail Bob McQuitty (addresses on p. 2). The \$10 price includes postage.

Final Vote Tallies for Board Members

President	Burgess	160	Montfort	121
Veep-Operations	McKenzie	156	Kapplemann	126
Veep-Adv./Marketing	Ogé	168	Hoewischer	104
Secretary-Treasurer	Forman	145	Alford	134
40s, 50s, Faculty	Thomas	180	Skelly	70
60s	Hatt	144	Hervey	109
70s	Tumey	144	Michael	106
80s, 90s	Milling	221		
Trichter Editor	McQuitty	237		

Group Discount Rates For Alums Wanting to Ski

NHS alumni wanting to go to Lake Tahoe or Breckenridge (Beaver Run Resort) during January and April from the years 2003 through 2005 will have a special group discount rate available to them at the Lakeland Village Ski and Beach Resort just down the street from the casinos on the south shore of Lake Tahoe.

The discount will be 20 to 25 per cent on the villas and townhouses at the resort. Also available is a "deal" for equipment rentals at the Heavenly Gondola Rentals shop.

Contact the Home Office for more information.

Alumni Association
Marietta GA Home Office:
President@Nurnberg.com

'Viva Las Vegas' and Graduation Year CDs for Sale

"Viva Las Vegas," a CD of 20 top disco hits prepared especially for the Las Vegas reunion by Bill and Sunny Schwentner is still available. The initial offering of 20 copies was sold out before Saturday night's Luau at the reunion. Subsequent copies are only \$15.

Nürnberg alumni can also obtain from the Schwentner label, Sunny Sound South, a graduation year CD

which highlights 15 top songs of the graduate's senior year. These are also \$15.

Indicate what you would like, and mail a check made out to Sunny Sound South to the Home Office. Please allow two to four weeks for delivery.

Minutes of 1999, 2002 Membership Meetings Available from Home Office

Alumni desiring an official copy of the minutes from either the 1999 or 2002 membership meetings may obtain for \$1.00 by contacting the Home Office.

More Reunion Pictures Now on Web Site

Thirty-eight reunion pictures are now on the web site. Click on '2002 Reunion Pictures,' but be prepared to wait unless you have a fast connection.

Pictures 1-18 are courtesy of **Karen Lawson,'73**, numbers 19-25 are courtesy of **T.D. Jorgensen,'62**. **Debbie (Nigg) Alford,'76**, contributed pictures 27-31, and **Carmen Price,'83**, numbers 32-38.

Visit the Nürnberg Alumni
Association
Web Site at
www.nurnbergeagles.com

Class Reps Challenged to Find Missing Alums

BY TERRY JORGENSEN

Want a challenge in 2003? Here's one.

If you're a class representative or era rep for the Association, you might want to visit some of the following web sites, if you haven't been there in a while.

There is a wealth of information there,

Classmates.com
GradFinder.com
Switchboard.com

waiting for you to check out.

Or, if you're a curious classmate who is not seeing a lot of hands-on effort by your current class rep, and you want to give that person a cooperating hand in that effort, you could do the same.

Start with your current 2002 Alumni Directory and compare the listing of the alumni on their web sites (Classmates, Gradfinder, Switchboard, etc.) to see which ones are new ones that have not

been contacted. Because there are over 2,800 NHS Eagles listed on Classmates.com alone, that would tell me that there are still some 400-450 NHS Eagles who have yet to be contacted. This is a monumental job for one person, but it is a very do-able job for many to try. I challenge you to at least give it the ol' Eagle try. Just pick your own graduation class year and see where that leads you.

Please notify the Home Office of your findings at P.O. Box 669667, Marietta, GA 30066-0112 or e-mail: President@NurnbergEagles.com.

Alum Making CDs of NHS Annuals, Looking for More Yearbooks to Scan

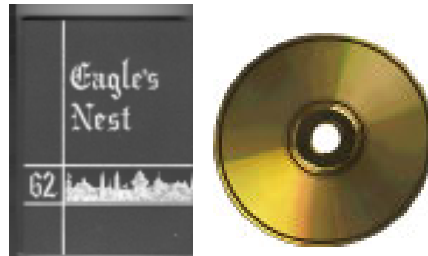
Dan Guy, class of 1971, has scanned and produced CDs of Nürnberg High School yearbooks for the years 1967 through 1972.

The CDs are in three formats. One is a web-based format (look at the little pages and click to get a full-sized one) And another is "raw" jpg files, suitable for printing. There is also a yearbook Word file for those that have a duplexing printer and a desire to have a real hardcopy. Guy says, "I have printed a few for my family and I must say that they look great!" Each annual takes Guy about 30 hours at his personal computer.

Guy describes his work as a labor of love which began as a way to show his love and respect for **Marvin Wilson**, long-time math teacher at NHS. Wilson taught at Nürnberg from 1966 to 1982 and wanted to have the annuals from those years but had not bought all of them when he was teaching there. Guy says his CD project, when completed, will encompass these years.

In addition to the years he has already produced, Guy will receive from Wilson annuals for 1971-1976. But to complete his project, Guy is looking for annuals from the years 1966 and 1977-1981.

"If there is anyone out there that would entrust their yearbook to me while I scan it for Mr. Wilson, I will gladly cover all cost of mailing the book to me and return it to you with a CD copy as



my way of saying thank you for doing this for Mr. Wilson. I love him dearly," said Guy.

Meanwhile **Terry Jorgensen** has also been working to produce a yearbook CD. So far he has scanned one year, 1962. He plans to produce CDs for the years 1959-62.

Gila (Erving) Montfort, '65, Association historian, has catalogued the memorabilia the Association has in storage in Dallas. She received the Nürnberg High School library copies of the annuals when the school closed in 1995.

However, the annual file is not complete. "When I was at the school in '95 for the closing, the librarian told me that most of the 50s and 60s yearbooks that were kept in the library had just disappeared," said Montfort.

There is only a large framed picture of the first graduating class, the class of 1947. And there are no extant annuals for the years 1948, 50-52, 56-57, 59-73, 76-77, and 93-95.

President Jorgensen hopes that by combining the resources of the library

Alumni Association Adds Legal Eagle

Doug Veith, '67, a lawyer by trade, agreed at the recent reunion to advise the Association on legal matters. He will be working with the By-Laws Revision Committee as it seeks to revamp our bylaws. Work on these revisions will begin in earnest after Jan. 1, according to President-Elect Ron Burgess.

Veith's address is 4235 Mercier St., Kansas City, MO. E-mail is legalbeagleveith@kc.rr.com



file, his CD efforts, and those of Guy it will be possible to eventually produce a complete file of the Nürnberg High School annuals on CD for storage at the American Overseas Schools Historical Society Museum in Wichita, KS.

Copies of the CDs would also be available to the Association membership.

In the meantime, CD copies of the years 1967 through 1972 are available from Guy for \$10, which includes packing and shipping to U.S. addresses. Write to Guy at 4172 Summit Way, Marietta, GA 30066, or e-mail DanielGuy@aol.com.



Jorgensen's Jargon

From the Desk of the President



As Bob Hope would sing when he was working an appreciative crowd, "Thanks, for the memories."

How can one possibly say thank you to all the 2,400+ NHS Eagles and former faculty and staff members who have become our second family for all the warm, wonderful memories of the past 16+ years that we've all enjoyed together? There's no way. Or is there?

When you get right down to the nitty-gritty, the one sure way to show that appreciation is to support the newly-elected alums who will serve on the Association's Board of Directors. They'll need all the help they can get from us.

Remember folks, these people are unpaid volunteers and work tirelessly behind the scenes to help create a healthy environment in which we can succeed as a non-profit organization whose sole purpose is to find lost Eagles, keep them informed with newsletters and an annual alumni directory, and have fun together every three years at our Gathering of Eagles reunions.

There are no other major reasons why we reunite in association format. So, let's all lighten up and enjoy the ride and not take things too seriously. After all, there's plenty of seriousness going on in the world these days. Let's not lose sight of where we've been and where we're going, together. FUN is the operative word, here. Wouldn't you agree? When it stops being fun, it'll probably be time to throw in the towel, or wave a white one.

Many of you have asked me how you can show your appreciation for all that Yvonne and I have done these past 16+ years. Well . . . the best thing each of us can do as a NHS Eagle is to keep showing our pro-active support by paying our annual dues. Without your direct support, we cannot and will not exist.

In this day of rising costs for paper, printing, postage, ink cartridges, labels, envelopes, etc., without a cash infusion (in the form of collected annual dues) to cover the cost of these must-have tools, we cease to be an entity. So don't forget to pay your annual dues immediately upon receipt of your annual dues renewal form. You won't forget to pay. Please? Thanks.

In case you've wondered how my poster is doing that was presented to me by Dr. Bob McQuitty on behalf of the faculty alumni of NHS, it has been framed and is hanging proudly in my office on one of my I-Love-Me-Walls, as we used to call them back in my military days of plaques and

certificates. It looks beautiful. However, I am somewhat worried that someone will mistakenly take me for a Ted Baxter wannabee (from the "Mary Tyler Moore" TV show), with a likeness of himself, on his own wall. . . Hmm. Please don't pass that rumor around! Again, my thanks to the faculty alumni for their kind and generous gift.

My thanks and appreciation is also extended to all who took the time to make a difference in the lives of my family members and sent a sympathy card to my mother. My father passed away on August 19, just four days short of his 77th birthday. He went quietly and in no pain while sitting in his favorite chair watching Fox News Channel, his favorite news show, at 9:10 a.m., with my mother (his bride of nearly 60 years this December) at his side.

A memorial service for George Eugene Jorgensen, USMC, will be held in Marquette, Michigan, at 4:00 p.m. on Wednesday, July 23, 2003. Many friends and family are coming from all across the nation to help pay last respects to our favorite patriarch, including perhaps as many as 8-10 NHS Eagle alumni, who also plan on touring the Upper Peninsula of Michigan and enjoying an opportunity to hold a mini regional gathering. Three-year breaks between our major reunions is too much time to have to wait to see old, life-long friends at our age. And Dad would have been so impressed by these friendships.

I hope to stay active in the Association until they have to wheel me in on a gurney to our reunions, y'all. I also hope I'm able to share experiences with association members via my column as the years pass. But if the powers that be think otherwise, so be it. We'll just consider this issue's column my Swan Song and be done with it. However, I'm available, if needed.

Just in case . . . thanks, again . . . for the memories. All I can say is, when it's my turn to go (to the Great Beyond), how can anyone in my place have ever wanted more out of his life than to be appreciated for his efforts, while trying to make a difference with everyone he met, and helping to bring people together, renewing old friendships, as well as making new ones. Life is good. Really good.

And, yes, one person CAN make a difference.

**Bis nächsten mal, Auf
Wiederseh'n, meinen Damen und
Herren. Es freut mich sehr.**

Las Vegas Reunion Redux

One More Look at that Fabulous Time

Wheel of Fortune Category: Same Name



Some people will do anything to get their picture in the paper. Left to right in **BOTH** pictures: **Chris (Schleibaum) Carr, '65, Larry Norman, '65, Lorna (de Medicis) Lindsey, '65.**

Plans to Attend as Many Reunions as She Can in the Future

First Time Reunion Attendee Comes Home

BY BECKY (HAWKINS) OWENS
Class of 1975

In the days that have passed since returning from our reunion in Las Vegas, I have been asked by many people, "So how was it? Did you have a good time?" And I find that all I can do is smile and say, "Yeah, it was really great." I can't seem to conjure up the words to explain to those who have never lived the military life, perhaps never even lived in more than one town in their entire lives, just how great, how incredibly moving, the simple experience of a school reunion can be.

When I graduated from Nürnberg in 1975, I took all of my memories from my four years there and locked them away, deep within my heart. After all,

even then I knew that I would never see my friends again, that I would have no one to share those "remember when" stories with as I grew older. Over the

"I didn't just revisit the past by coming to Las Vegas, but I've also added so much more to my present and future."

years I would feel a slight heart twinge every now and then as new friends talked about their teenage years, or of reunions they had attended, but I accepted the fact that they could have those experiences and opportunities and that I could not.

Then, a few years ago, after my late husband had happily attended his 20th high school reunion, I happened across the wonders of the Internet, and out of sheer curiosity bounced around from one web site to another leaving my name and address . . . and the wistful hope that maybe some day there would be someone out there who would recognize my name and might, just might, want to get in touch with me. I knew that there were old friends that I wanted to find, but the idea that there were others perhaps searching for me seemed a little far fetched. To shorten this story just a bit, thanks to the Nürnberg Alumni Association and the concentrated, combined, and continuous efforts of Lynn Tumey and



Shirley Martin Read and Sandy Stowell Dobash, both class of 1966 – believed to be Hawaiian Princesses



Malinda Klein and Jamie Martin Scalaro, class of 1987



Lynda McMullin Hendrick, Jemma Kohler-Walsh, and Franca Jensen Hetue, all of the class of 1966

Debbie Nigg, I was finally brought into the fold.

Despite my yearnings to reconnect with my past, I must admit that I approached the reunion in Las Vegas with quite some trepidation. Who would be there? Would they remember me? Would I remember them? What was going on in my head that I would even consider such a thing? After all, I'm a 44-year-old with two children of my own, and a life of my own completely separate from the memories of my past. But the yearnings proved greater than the fears, and I finally committed to attend.

So, we're back to the question of "how was it"? To be perfectly honest, for me, a reunion novice, the where of the gathering was irrelevant. The only thing that mattered was the people. Ah, here's the hard part. . . . How can I clearly explain the incredible emotions I found myself buffeted with? From the very first people I met, and hugged, there was an overwhelming feeling of being welcomed home. We hadn't even been close friends in high school. We knew of each other, remembered the faces, but our friendship had developed over the Internet in the past few years, not 27 years ago. That feeling of connection, of homecoming, continued with every new person I met. It didn't matter at all that 27 years had passed since the last time we had glimpsed each other's faces, or even been in the

same building together. If anything it made the meetings that much sweeter.

All weekend I heard, "I remember you. Do you remember me?" And, you know what? It never seemed to make a difference if the answer to the question was a sheepish "uh, not really." By the time memories were searched and data compared, there was always some connection found. It didn't matter if it was a third person, a specific event, a particular class or teacher, or even where you had lived. There was always a connection. Even when talking to some of the 60s graduates, people that had been at Nürnberg and left long before I arrived, there were connections. The same dorm room occupied, ten years apart, by two teenaged boys, and a lively comparison, by the two men they had become, of the best ways found to sneak out and in without being caught! For me there was so much laughter in the days of the reunion, and, yes, plenty of tears also. Both were good, both were necessary and cherished parts of my "homecoming."

So why am I writing all this down? I haven't really mentioned Las Vegas itself. Nor any of the events, like the business meeting, the dinner/dance, the mini-gatherings, the BBQ, the side trips to the Grand Canyon and Hoover Dam, strolling the strip and dropping quarters into slot machines. As I have said, the events were great, but the

people were much, much greater.

What I'm hoping is that somewhere out there, there may be other alumni who have taken the first tentative steps to reconnect with their past. They've found a web site, perhaps joined the Association, but they're hesitating to take that final, enormous step of attending a reunion. To all of them, I say "GO FOR IT!" This is something that has to be experienced by each and every one of us.

How can I convey the heart's easing that I've felt from attending my first reunion? How do I explain the incredible camaraderie of late night (all night) talks? In what way can I pass on the conviction that I didn't just revisit the past by coming to Las Vegas, but I've also added so much more to my present and future?

There will be another NAA reunion in 2005, and many mini-reunions between now and then. I plan to attend every one that I can. My past has now rejoined me to become an integral part of my present, and I intend to never, ever lock away or lose that part of myself again. Forgive me for using what has become, perhaps, a somewhat trite phrase in the past few years . . . (as if this entire article isn't a little on the mushy side) . . . but, . . . to all my fellow Nürnberg alumni, no matter what your particular decade, I say, "You complete me!"

Golden Oldies Hold Oktoberfest Mini-Reunion

The Golden Oldies (classes from 1947 to 1954) got together for an Oktoberfest gathering in Covington, Kentucky, just across the Ohio River from Cincinnati September 5-7.

Twenty-seven, of whom 13 were alumni, were in attendance for the mini-reunion organized by Joan Kay (McCarter) Adrian, class of 1949.

There is a strong German heritage along the northern Kentucky river front as well as across the river in southern Ohio and Indiana, so there was much to remind the attendees of the "good ol' days."

The gathering began on Thursday, Sept. 5, with dinner in the hotel for those that had arrived. On Friday, the group gathered at a nearby boat dock for a two-hour luncheon cruise on the Ohio River. "This was to remind us all of those senior graduation trips on Hitler's yacht on the Rhine River," said Joan. She said she's not sure how many years Nürnberg seniors got this privilege, but "we were among those early lucky graduates."

When the group wasn't in the hotel's hospitality suite laughing, telling old stories, remembering old friends, and looking at photos and old school newspapers, they strolled the Strasse. That is the name of the street that was near their hotel. Four blocks of it were blocked off for the Oktoberfest festivities with booths for food and crafts. Also there were several authentic German cuisine restaurants along the way.



With the Cincinnati skyline behind them, the Golden Oldies pose just before boarding the boat for their "Senior Trip" on the Ohio River (not the Rhine this time). Pictured are:

Front row: Billie Jean (Outsen) Durham, '50, Gerry (Cook) Levy, '49, Joan Kay (McCarter) Adrian, '49, Betty Thomas, '54, Jacque (Recker) Ovenden, '50, Jeanette (Hembree) Kimes, '50, Ann Marie O'Roark, '50.

Back row: Bill Shortt '49, Ed Thompson '50, Jick Rickard '50, Bernie Case '48, Gaylord Long '52, and far back, Leo Kelsch '49.

Saturday the evening dinner was on the Strasse in Wertheim's Restaurant, where the group enjoyed German dinners and beer with lots of laughter. The attendees had a hard time saying good-bye on Sunday morning. Those classmates that couldn't make the reunion were missed and talked about and remembered with love.

Joan reported that all went well during the mini-reunion except for one bad accident. James "Jick" Rickard, class of 1950, tripped on a bad ledge of the sidewalk in front of the hotel and when he fell, broke the wine bottle he was bringing to the hospitality suite. He cut his wrist badly. The hotel people called the paramedics, and they got him to a nearby hospital where they

stopped the bleeding. He had cut nerves and tendons, and after talking to his doctor in Michigan, they felt that his surgery could wait until Monday morning upon his return home. Jick and Kay departed early Saturday for the long ride home.

Kay Rickard e-mailed Joan the Wednesday after the reunion and said Jick's surgery went well, and the doctor felt he would have full use and feeling in six to eight weeks.

Joan highly recommends Covington for a small or medium-sized group reunion. She reported that the Northern Kentucky Convention Bureau and the sales representative of the Riverfront Radisson Hotel were both very helpful with the planning.

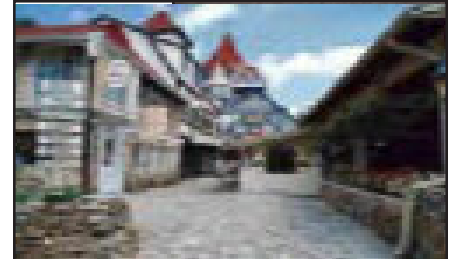
'Alpine' Village of Helen, Georgia Scene of Oktoberfest Mini-Reunion

The weather was warmer, the crowds were smaller and a tad more subdued than normal, but the German architecture in all the buildings in the hamlet, German band music, German food, German beer and wine, and German costumes all made for a memorable Columbus Day weekend at the Festhalle in Helen, Georgia, a mountain village 75 miles north of Atlanta.

This was the 14th year NHS Eagles have congregated for the annual Oktoberfest celebration.

Twenty-four Eagles and friends came from Texas, Alabama, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Florida, South Carolina, and Georgia this year.

Terry, '62, and Yvonne Jorgensen ran into David, '70, and Debbie (McLean)



Not Rothenburg, but Helen, GA



More fun than is allowable by law in Georgia

Ogé, '71, at the Premium Outlet Malls outside of town in the late morning on Friday and had an Eagle-Brat hug and visit for 20 minutes, and never saw them again that weekend. It was a very busy weekend.

Some new attendees this year were **Gary and Charlene (Bowser) Allison, '69, Lou Allison, '72, and Sherry Franks, '72.** Other new attendees included **Larry Spears, '71, Dan Woods, '63, and Alex Panhans, '61.** – T.D.



The Frühstück crowd Sunday morning after a hard weekend singing, dancing, eating German food, drinking German Bier und Wein, and talking continuously into the wee hours of the morning: Yvonne Jorgensen, T.D., Jack Neville, Ginny Herron (Sandy (Maddox) Herron's daughter), Alex Panhans, Judy (McLane) Neville, Adam (Ginny Herron's friend), Sandy Herron, Marvin Herron, Bob Lipscomb, and Pat Herron. Absent from the picture were Nancy (McLane) Sutor and sister Joyce McLane.



Debbie (McLean) Ogé, '71, and Dave Ogé, '70, each quaffing ein Mas (one full liter that is).



The Meistersingers – Sandy (Maddox) Heron, '61, Joyce McLane, '63, and Nancy (McLane) Sutor, '61 – belt out a tune from the days at the AYA on William O. Darby Kaserne.



McQuittys Visit South America

BY BOB MCQUITTY

I. Volcanoes

Approximately a month after the reunion, Jeanette and I left for South America, to visit Ecuador, the Galapagos Islands, and Peru.

Arriving at our first stop, Quito, we found ourselves 10,000 feet above sea level, and necessarily moving slowly. We were told that eating chocolate bars and drinking cervezas would help us to adapt. Actually, no mention was made of drinking beer; I added that myself.

First day out, we toured the city, which sits in a valley with mountains all around, its shape that of a long sausage. In one of the main squares (overflowing with humanity on a Sunday afternoon), I made the mistake of buying a \$2 painted box from a street urchin. His buddy saw that I had bought something and proceeded to follow me around the rest of the afternoon, poking his tagua crayons (made from a kind of palm tree) in my face. I got mad once and poked him, but I wasn't accused of child abuse – he struck back.

Everything was running late the first day. We had planned to visit a “must see” museum, but by the time our guide Roberto had figured out everyone's lunch bill that had been put all together on one check, the museum was closed. So we then elected to go on a tour to the equator line monument, where you can stand in two hemispheres at the same time. We learned that you weigh less at the equator (yeah!) and that the water goes down the drain the opposite way in the southern hemisphere. It was dark before we could test these hypotheses.

The next day we went to Otavalo, which lies over the mountains to the north of Quito. We stopped numerous to look at llamas, a town where they make dough figurines (which we bought in profusion), and two little girls by the side of the road selling crafts. They jumped on our bus and sang several songs in Quechua, the native Indian language, whereupon we bought them out.

When we finally arrived at the Otavalo market, we travelers went crazy buying stuff. Jeanette was even pursued onto the

bus by a box maker who claimed he had painted the scenes on the boxes.

The next day we went south into the valley of the volcanoes – volcanoes to the left of us and volcanoes to the right of us, bravely we went. The tallest active volcano in the world is Cotopaxi. We went up about 12,000 of the 19,700 feet of the volcano on



Cotopaxi

our bus. We walked a little bit on the tundra for the exercise, shivering all the while – only a few miles from the equator.

II. Boobies

The next day we flew from Quito to Baltra, an islet of the Galapagos whose short runway makes for an exciting landing. Boarding our ship, *Ambassador I*, we made our first island stop that afternoon.

Before we left on the trip, someone asked me if the Galapagos weren't very beautiful. Herman Melville describes the islands this way:

The Encantadas, or Enchanted Isles, a group rather of extinct volcanoes than of isles, look much as the world at large might, after a penal conflagration.

It is to be doubted whether any spot of earth can, in desolateness, furnish a parallel to this group.... Cut by the Equator, they know not autumn, and they know not spring.... In these isles, rain never falls.... In no world but a fallen one could such lands exist.

Yet the Galapagos are beautiful in a strange way. I would use the word *awesome* if its meaning had not been spoiled by teenagers.

Certainly the islet of Bartolemé was both beautiful and awe-inspiring. It was nothing more than a small extinct volcano sticking its top out of the water 300 meters. Jeanette and I climbed to the top, where you

could see the entire extent of the islet. After descending, we got back in our dinghy and visited the beach of the islet via a “wet landing” — which means jump out of the dinghy and splash ashore. There we got a good look at Pinnacle Rock and had our first close encounter with a California sea lion. Because of rules against molestation, the animals are unafraid of humans.

Each day we had two excursions, one in the morning and one in the afternoon, with our naturalist guide, Camilo, a young, enthusiastic Ecuadorean who explained the flora and fauna of the islands we visited.

All the ship's passengers were divided into seven groups named after the inhabitants of the islands: the dolphins, the cormorants, the boobies. Fortunately, our group was the cormorants, strange, flightless sea birds. The boobies, however, were the most discussed group.

The next day we disembarked on the largest of the islands, Isabella. First we hiked to the top of Volcano Darwin, investigating along the way the birds and vegetation, including mangroves, the *palos santos* (holy trees), robins, yellow warblers, and Darwin finches, so called because it was Charles Darwin, who while visiting the islands in 1835 observed the variations in the birds' beaks according to which island they inhabited, observations which laid the groundwork for Darwin's theory of evolution.

Later we took a dinghy ride along the shore where we saw graffiti left by 19th century seafarers on the cliffs as well as many birds and animals: pelicans, sea lions, frigate birds, sea turtles, and one of the most beautiful of birds, the blue-footed boobies.

That afternoon we visited nearby Fernandina Island, where we got close looks at marine iguanas, cormorants, sea lions with pups, lava lizards, and lots of crabs. (There were none in our group — fortunately.)

Coming back to the ship, we boarded on the opposite side and, confused, I entered a part of the ship that was unfamiliar to me. In the dim light, I stumbled over

and the Pachamama

a bulkhead and fell hard. People who saw me fall wouldn't let me get up until the ship's doctor came. He pronounced me still hale if not hearty, thus forestalling Jeanette's plan to terminate the trip. He also commented on my knee surgery, "an excellent job."

The next day we visited Santiago Island, where we made a wet landing on a black sand beach. Lots of sea life as well as grottoes and natural bridges. Here we also saw the lengths to which the park guides go to preserve the environment. In one of the grottoes, we saw a small plastic wrapper floating. The guides perched precariously on the edges of the grotto until finally snagging the man-made pollutant.

In the afternoon we went on to Rabida Island, where we made a wet landing on a red sand beach. After a short walk, we returned to the beach to enjoy the sun while some people snorkeled and swam in the cold waters of the Humboldt Current. Wanting to have a place to sit with my back against something, I approached an empty part of the small beachside cliff.

Nearby was a male sea lion brooding over his harem. When I sat down too close to "his territory," he started toward me — causing my fastest uprising of the trip.

The next morning, our last day in the Galapagos, we visited Post Office Bay on Floreana Island. In the 19th century, ships would stop here and leave letters to be picked up by other ships and carried to their destinations. This free post office tradition continues today. Not finding any letters or cards addressed to anybody in Oklahoma, we picked up a card addressed to Albuquerque, NM, and sent it to Jeanette's sister, who lives in Albuquerque. Cards are supposed to be delivered personally. We left a card addressed to my brother in Arlington, TX, and one addressed to ourselves, wondering if anyone would ever bring a card to the out-of-the-way town of Tahlequah, OK. (We have since received the card in the mail by way of Canada.)

That afternoon we visited one of the inhabited islands, Santa Cruz, where the Charles Darwin Research Center is

located. Here we finally saw the giant land tortoises for which the islands are named. Here also we saw Lonesome George, the last tortoise of one of the islands. The scientists have tried to breed George with some females from other islands, so far without success. Maybe in the next 50 years or so, they'll succeed.

When we had disembarked into our dinghies, the sea had been quite rough, so much so that Jeanette had fallen on her backside as she got into the dingy, frightening our guide Camilo out of his wits. Coming back to the ship, the seas were even rougher. As we rolled in the sea toward our ship, one of our group, Patricia — mistress of the mouth, reporter of what she ate for breakfast — was sitting in the most forward position of the dinghy, blabbing away, oblivious to the sea, while



Blue-footed Boobies

Jeanette and I sat huddled together muttering, "Oh, my God, Oh my God." We did manage to climb aboard in the five-foot high waves.

We left the *Ambassador I* and the *Encantadas* the next day, convinced that Melville preferred to look on the dark side.

Part 3, The Pachamama, a visit to Peru and Machu Picchu, will appear in the spring *Trichter*, along with an account by Jane (McKenna) Henry, '60, telling of her hike to Machu Picchu on the Inca Trail.

Dennis Erie—Knew How to Diagnose an Educational Problem

[The death of Dennis Erie April 27 of this year at the age of 70 was reported in the last issue of the *Trichter*. Ken Goold, fellow faculty member at NHS when Dennis taught there in the early 60s, sent the editor the following story about Erie, one that gives us an insight into the man's sense of humor.]

Principal Tom Hedden had a policy that when a kid was screwing up in school, the homeroom teacher was to call a meeting with the parents and all of the kid's teachers.

In this particular instance, Hedden starts the meeting and tells the mother why they are all there. He says, "Let's take a few moments and have each teacher tell how Johnny is doing in each class."

Teacher No. 1, Dennis Erie. Science: "Johnny is getting an F in my class. He is absent most of the time and when he does come, he is disruptive and not prepared."

Teacher No. 2. Social Studies: "Same thing. Absent a lot, disruptive, and never

prepared. He is getting an F from me."

Teacher No. 3. English: "Same story, he does not like school. The grade is F."

Teacher No. 4. Math: "Johnny is getting an F from me and is disruptive in class."

Teacher No. 5. Art: (last teacher to speak) "Well, Johnny is getting a C grade from me. He really enjoys art and is very creative. He would get an even better grade if his attendance was regular."

At that point Erie comes bursting in with a loud voice, "Well, it's easy to see what the problem is here, Johnny is simply spending too much of his time with his art work."



Correction

The picture at left of Coach Cletus Campbell posing with three comely ladies, which appeared in the last issue, was incorrectly captioned. The ladies — **P.J. (Overholzer) Bell, '73**, **Karen (Harvey) Meisell, '73**, and **Karen (Lawson) Berlin, '74** — were in the Ski Club that Campbell sponsored for three years, not on the basketball team. Campbell coached boys' basketball at NHS 1958-71 and girls' basketball 1975-83.

Always be on the lookout because

You never know when someone will walk up to you and say,

‘Didn’t you go to Nürnberg High School?’

It’s a Small World Section of the *Trichter*

Lately the editor has been receiving a spate of stories about alums meeting one another most unexpectedly. Have you had a similar experience? Send it to me. – Bob McQuitty

Shoemaker Runs into NHS Wife in Vietnam

In 1959 I left Nürnberg to attend The Citadel in Charleston, SC, never dreaming I would see anyone from my high school years again.

In 1966, as senior advisor to the 53rd Regional Forces Battalion in Vietnam, I had the honor of working with a group of highly professional noncommissioned officers, among them Sergeant First Class Wood.

‘Woody,’ it turned out, was married to **Pat McCarroll**, class of 59. Halfway around the world and seven years after graduation, Nürnberg was still having a major influence on my life. You can run, but you can’t hide! Nürnberg will always be a major part of who I am. – **Dave Shoemaker**, ’59

Jorgensens Meet Woman Trained by Terry’s Father

At the Oktoberfest weekend in Helen, GA, Terry Jorgensen and his wife, Yvonne, found themselves standing in line, awaiting the door opening of the Festhalle, when they ran into a friendly lady about their own age. Her name was Nadine Michaels. She would have been in the class of 1963, but never attended NHS. She got over there, fell in love with a G.I., and got married. She had to get a job and applied at the Nürnberg main PX. To the Jorgensens’ surprise, the gentleman who had trained her turned out to be Terry’s dad, George E. Jorgensen.

By **PAT (KNIGHTON) GIBSON**, ’62

Several years ago I worked as the lone reporter for our local weekly newspaper. (I also was the typesetter, page layout person, and swept the office when it needed it.) One of my main duties was to cover the school board meetings each month. For almost four years, I rarely missed a meeting. (As a result, I admire anyone willing to run for and serve in that most thankless position.)

About that time, my father was cleaning out the basement in his Colorado retirement home. He packed up all my old high school and college annuals and shipped them off to me here in Texas. My children were ecstatic! Look how goofy Mom looks in those funny clothes! What do you mean you had to wear dresses? You couldn’t wear jeans to school? I rescued my books and wondered whether to just burn them or hide them.

That evening after the critics had gone to bed, I wandered down memory lane and looked through my annuals. Trying to remember the names and faces, I came across a name that rang a bell, **Terry Palmer**. Wait a minute, there is a Terry Palmer on the school board in Dripping Springs. Surely not—but wait a minute, it sure looks like the Terry Palmer I see each month at the board meeting – tall, slender, light hair.

The board meeting was that week, and I approached Terry with trepidation. When you are a reporter, public figures tend to be very cautious about what they say to you. I got up my courage and just before the meeting began asked him if he had by any chance gone to Nürnberg High School in the early 60s. He was taken aback and said, “Well, yes. I did. I lived in the dorm, graduated in ’61.” I then owned up and admitted I had too and had seen his picture in the annual my

father had sent me. We both laughed, and after the meeting, discussed several mutual acquaintances. Terry had been to the All-DOD school reunion in Dallas the year before and renewed friendships with several former Eagles.

I’m not writing for the paper now, but I run into Terry occasionally at the grocery store or the community college where we both teach. Keep an eye out because you never know when someone might come up and ask, “**Say, didn’t I know you in high school?**”

Pat (Knighton) Gibson began her university teaching career this spring with Southwest Texas University as an adjunct teacher. She offered a mixed graduate and undergraduate course in teacher education at San Marcos, TX. She reports being appalled by the students’ writing skills. One graduate student would have failed if Pat had not gone the extra mile for him.

When Voyles’ Truck Breaks Down, He Meets Former Buddy, Later Finds Prom Date

My brother and I always enjoy ourselves at the reunions. After this last reunion, we broke down in Barstow, CA, on the way to our home in Lakewood, WA. We called AAA and they came, picked us up, and towed us to a garage to get the truck fixed. Guess what? **Jim McCall**, ’60, worked there. Jim, Buddy Goins, ’62, and I were running partners at NHS in the early 60s.

I saw **Ruth (Ramming) Smith**, ’64, at the veterans hospital in Lakewood recently. She was helping her husband get into the system. I took her to the senior prom at NHS in 1961. – **Jack Voyles**, ’62.



Marching Backward to 1961

- John Kennedy Inaugurated President
- Kennedy Establishes Peace Corps
- UN General Assembly Condemns Apartheid
- White Citizens Attack 'Freedom Riders' in Anniston and Birmingham
- Bay of Pigs Invasion
- Kennedy and Khrushchev Meet in Vienna to Discuss Disarmament
- Berlin Wall Constructed
- Russian tanks stand behind the Czech border 100 clicks from Nürnberg



Meanwhile, all is quiet on a Sunday afternoon in the Kalb Community adjacent to Nürnberg American High School.

From the NHS Trichter, fall 1961

**Enrollment Soars to 859,
15 New Teachers, 89 Seniors**

**Roosevelt Bennett Elected
Student Council President**

**Dianne Evans, Bobbi
Redman, Diana Hamilton
Elected Senior Cheerleaders**

Gil Frisbie Heads Seniors

**Lynn Gassert Is
Homecoming Queen**

**Eagle Footballers Go 7-0,
Win First Class B Crown**

**Willie Getter Plays in
Only First 3 Games,
Is USAREUR High Scorer**

**And Where Are
The Stars of Yesteryear?**

The Eagles' Nest

Edited by Terry Morley

During a discussion of Scotch poetry in Mr. Rosin's English class, Bev Shuford was asked how much Scotch blood her mother had. Suzy Smith piped up, "She's full of Scotch!"

Bathing beauties Jeff Hart, Larry Webster, and others were recently photographed as they showered after football practice. Say cheese, boys.

Blackbottom's

Bull Roar

By Cliff Mabry



The day we were the Class B Champs
We howled like Beatniks, Man, we're
Vamps!

Würzburg sent in a mild protest . . .
Will golden Footballs grace our Vest?

--A. E. Housman Mabry

**Literary Mag "Some Like It Cool"
To be Published in December**

— says Editor Micki Korp

Italian 'Eis' Cafes Offer Eleven Sherbet Flavors

By Terry Jorgensen, editor

Want to find some place to go with your date for a change of pace or to add a little variety to your agenda?

If so, the place to go is to one of the local Italian or German Eis Cafes. The city of Fürth has quite a few. . . .

Mr. Lillevig to Wed

Miss Wickman Dec. 14

Mr. Lillevig, geometry and algebra teacher, is engaged to marry Miss Dianna Wickman. His fiancée is a speech therapist at the elementary school.

"I was a die-hard bachelor but gave up in the stretch," said Lillevig.

'Teen Hi-Low Down' to Air

— with hosts Terry Jorgensen and Dianne Wiest

**Trichter Editorializes against
Students' 'Pointless Goatees'**

Bob Guiliano Remembers . . . The Class of 1952

The graduating class of Nürnberg American High School is now 68 years old. Yep, 50 years have passed since those graduates left the wet plaster halls of the new high school.

Fifty years! Can you believe it? There is still a warm spirit that accompanies my memories of these gentle and caring folk. Our school was in a city that was still bombed out. We were the first to enter the new high school and live in the new dorms. We were pioneers of sorts, the beginning of a very long tradition and story.

There was only a handful, thirty-one kids in the graduating class from all over the United States and Canada. They were in a strange land but accustomed to adjusting, being from military families. They made friends fast and deep. They said good-bye and meant it. They grieved but got on with life.

I came to the school late in September of 1951. Everyone knew each other, and the community was pretty solid. I had come from three years of watching my mother die, moving to three different high schools – this would be my fourth. I was staggering from sorrow and confusion. They threw large, welcoming arms around me. They were healing angels. Now fifty years have passed. I want to name those kids before you. To remember each one a little bit. To pay my respects and say thanks. I want to bring those kids to life again for a few minutes. Here they are:



Annual Photo

Bob Guiliano left Nürnberg High School in 1952 to attend a university in Ohio. Later he entered the ministry of the United Church of Canada and worked in psychiatric hospitals, prisons, two United Church congregations, and finally as a teacher in an Anglican theological seminary in London, Canada. Presently retired, he lives with his wife, Betty, in Owen Sound, Ontario, where he sails and does workshops for clergy and hospital chaplains. He is the father of three sons who also have become ministers. The Guilianos enjoy four grandchildren. He is the author of two books: "Echoes" and "Down and the Church," which are reflections on human life. His e-mail is giuliano@bmts.com. He is glad to hear from any NHS folks.

Wally Jones was the only African-American in the school. He was friendly and courageous. It was a time before the time of change. He endured it and spoke openly of it. We learned from Wally, and his energy and his kind anger and honesty made him a friend beyond color.

Carl Peterson, president of the Student Council, was a serious scholar, athlete and careful thinker. He was focused and clear about how things should be and where he was going. Math and history were his strong fields. He went to Princeton.

Mary Diane Keely, quiet, trusted, and able. She was a swimmer and tennis player, vice president of the class and had an artistic eye.

Nancy Lurvey, soft-spoken, kind, and interested in everyone. Gentle with her humor, laughing at herself, especially her dancing and sense of rhythm. She was loved too. Elected Queen of the Prom! Really loved.

George Cleaver had a

kind of journalistic quality. Liked guns and writing. Somewhat distant, but there when needed.

Mike Clower, a southern boy with strong athletic ability and a good practical mind. A great dancer and jitterbug whiz. Amazed and entertained us all with his dancing. Brush cut, square jaw, stocky build. Sharp about the Black Market.

Meg Andreas, a crack shot on the rifle team, shy, flirting eyes, wry grin, and always did her homework.

Michael Bell was a singer, a little distant from the rest, but practical and worked hard enough. He had a sense of tomorrow and was saving up for it.

Winona Caraway, with the mounds of lovely blonde curls. Mature, like lots of the girls who were dating outside of the school. A scholar too, with a good mind and a willingness to work patiently.

Marie Coleman. Tall brunette, often smiling and laughing. Did her homework

on the train. Didn't waste time. Carried responsibility well.

Ellen Futch was another lovely blonde. A Southern girl, with slow, easy speech. Loved Latin, for gosh sakes, and books. Dated outside the school.

Stan Gappa, of blessed memory. "Adam's Apple," he was called. Tall, gangly, wiry, quick-witted and strong to support the work of others. Loved a laugh.

Jinny Hadfield, sparkling eyes, eager to be involved and to explore life. Agile cheerleader and able scholar. Won some scholarships. Liked to ski, ride horses, and study. Went off to a private school in Pennsylvania.

Roma Lee Hatfield, tall brunette with broad smile. She wore her uncertainties openly and honestly. Easy to be around.

Janus Jones, a fellow Canadian, was a quick-minded, insightful gal who had intuition that would scare you. But she trusted life and was pretty determined to live it to the full. Good student. Liked folks.

Joan Kohlman was a New Yorker with a street-wise presence. Laughed a lot and enjoyed her time at Nürnberg. She was waiting patiently for what was to come later. Mature.

Angeline Magliochetti, a pretty, petite Italian presence. Open and expressive and chummed with the studious and fun-loving folks. A nice voice.

Dick Markham, tall, ☺

Looking Backward at 1959



These Girls Wear Short Shorts at the softball game: Jeri Malone, Joan F, Bettye Odom, Pat McCarroll, Michele Poh.



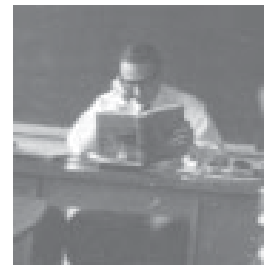
Fun in German class: Bettye Odom, Jan Moore, Maggie Westin.



Don't See Many of These Today: Michele Poh and Judy Stephens at the football game in Tom Stephens' Blue Beetle convertible.



Mr. Hendricks, who taught world history, had a nickname that even today can't be revealed.



Mr. Rosin is reading hard.

Thanks to Michele (Poh) Garcia, '59, for the photos.

impatient to get out of school. More mature than most. Seemed like an old man sometimes. Our resident cynic. Tough minded, but soft at the center. Always kept his promises.

Marilyn Louise Nelson. A chaplain's kid who suffered that identity along with me. She was quietly faithful to her God in the midst of a lot of other stuff. She was admired and liked. A good student. A kind of quiet sister.

Beattie Rae Owens, outgrew us all – fast. Dated outside, but had an affection for those of us not yet mature about those things. She was fun and sparkled with her own courage. A great cheerleader. Soft.

David Page, awkward kid, hair wild all over his head. Smart, interested, and self-directed. Liked the sports and one of the girls, whom, he never told.

Patrick Skelly. Philosophical guy with a penchant to go it alone most of the time. Was hurting. Did his homework.

Thomas Ruley. Tall, scowling with an uncontrollable grin. Serious with a tickled pleasure in everything. Liked guns. A good shot.

Dick Smith. Tall, quiet, off to himself. Didn't get too involved, but went steady with someone I can't recall.

Frances Snead. Also a quiet soul, but present to her friends and did her homework. Mature, like Dick.

Ray Trapp. Liked guns. Studied hard. Did OK. Socially sought friends and was sometimes the butt of painful humor. He took it well and chuckled his responses.

Barbara Vaughan. One of those who was at the center of community, adding her thoughts and giving it her heart. Did not stand out, but you knew her to be something of the rhythm that the rest of us danced to.

Beverly Willis. "Bubbles," with wide, dark, mischievous eyes that were always aflame with joy. A good student but loved to get beyond the boredom of classroom material to more exciting stuff. Could, with batting, innocent eyes, lead a teacher to never-never land.

William D. Willis. A scholar, confident and with jaw set, was heading some place private and important. Loved

baseball. Had an easy friendliness in spite of his focus.

Pauline Worthington. A great cheerleader and friend. Pauline had the capacity to be a friend, to foster friendships, and to love many people openly and honestly. You knew you were OK when she was with you. And so was she. Intuitive and forgiving. Suffered too.

Now, dear reader, I have spoken here of people who were 17 years old 50 years ago. Let your imagination wander and reflect on them now. Can you see them? I can.

I want to honor them, to salute them. I want their names to be remembered. I want you and them to know that I am thankful that they were the kind of people who took in the wounded kid that I was and made a place for me. They healed.

They have now completed their working lives. I am sure that they were for 50 years, wherever they were, a healing and caring presence. They will hear, one day, I am sure of it, "Well done, good and faithful servant, come, inherit the place I have made for you. . ."

Fallen Eagles – Gone But Not Forgotten

George E. Jorgensen

A longtime member of the Nürnberg Alumni Association and enthusiastic reader of the *Trichter*, George E. Jorgensen, 76, passed away August 19 in Alpharetta, GA, a north Atlanta suburb, of complications from his battle with heart disease. His wife of 59 years Gloria was by his side.

There was no funeral in the Atlanta area; however, next year at 4 p.m. on July 23 there will be a memorial service in Marquette, Michigan, at the Messiah Lutheran Church. Nine to ten NHS alumni are expected to be in attendance.

American teenagers of the Fürth/Nürnberg area may remember him as the jovial, and ever-tutoring chaperon who helped young bowlers learn how to bowl better. He ran the mixed-doubles teen league at William O. Darby Kaserne from 1959-62. He also worked with the summer baseball leagues between 1953-1962.

[The following is adapted from a feature story that appeared in the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution*.]

George Jorgensen liked to keep the supply lines open. When Saigon was falling 27 years ago, the former U. S. Marine eschewed his status as a general manager and helped empty the warehouses full of clothes, furniture, and electronics while chaos erupted all around. "He was out there in the middle of all that to get the barges out to the South China Sea to save literally millions of dollars' worth of PX supplies," said his son, Terry "T.D." Jorgensen of Marietta, himself a combat pilot in Vietnam. "He was out there like a typical U.S. Marine in the middle of fires and small-arms fire."

In recent years his wife, Gloria, would play chauffeur on car trips from their Alpharetta home to his home town of Marquette, Michigan, and his job was to keep up her energy level. "They would take their Cadillac, and Mom would get in front and Dad would get in the back and read his books and pass little sandwiches up to her," Terry said.

On a trip last month to Marquette, Terry said, his father was going to a confectionery for some chocolate for his wife when he misjudged a curb, fell, and broke his arm. "One of the things he was fighting when he died was he had so much pain," he said.

Born in Jamestown, ND, and raised in Marquette, George dated his wife to be at Graveraet High School and married her prior to going into the U.S. Marine Corps.

In 1942 Mr. Jorgensen was shipped from Camp Pendleton, CA, to fight in Pacific battles. He survived the battles of Peleliu, Guadalcanal, and Cape Gloucester and was awarded



two Purple Hearts after being shot twice.

In 1951, three years after leaving the service, Mr. Jorgensen drew on his experience in the family dry cleaning business to land a job first in Frankfurt, Germany, running the PX laundry facility. For the next ten years, he rose through several managerial jobs at the Palace of Justice in Nürnberg, transferred to Munich's Southern Germany District with AAFES, and wound up at Incirlik Air Force Base in Turkey, where as General Manager of the PX/BX, he saw to the needs of the thousands of servicemen stationed at various bases. Later he supervised deployment of a wide variety of supplies in Bangkok, Thailand, managing AAFES services



Father and son on the *USS Coronado*, guests of Rear Admiral **Herbert Browne**, '61

throughout Southeast Asia. After 25 years, Mr. Jorgensen retired in Atlanta, GA, where he ran the Ft. McPherson, Ft. Gillem, and Dobbins Air Force Base complexes for his AAFES employer.

George is survived by his wife Gloria of Alpharetta, GA, his son Terry of Marietta, GA, daughters Linda Clark of Charleston, RI, and Susan Jacobs of Sandestin, FL, and three grandchildren, John Jacobs of Atlanta, Terry Jorgensen, Jr. of Marietta, and Stephanie Martin of Marietta.

Malcolm Bullett, '93

In a note to the Home Office, Andrea (Hardemon) Franklin, representative for the Class of 1993, reported the death of Malcolm Bullett in June 2001 from complications of diabetes.

Lois Day Daywood

In a letter to Terry Jorgensen, Charlie Rosin, longtime faculty member, reported the death of Lois Day Daywood.

Lois taught homemaking classes in both the junior and senior high in the early sixties.

The Rosins remember her as a person plagued by unfortunate accidents, but they also remember that she always joked about her misfortunes.

Lois was preceded in death by her husband.



Lois Day in 1961



The Eagles' Nest



Ken and Ann Goold Go A-Cruisin'

Ken and Ann Goold, former NHS teachers, recently returned from a two-week cruise on the Royal Caribbean ship *Brilliance of the Sea*, which was on its maiden voyage.

"Believe me when I say they spared no expenses in designing and outfitting this luxury vessel," said Ken.

Their trip took them first to London and then departure from Harwich, followed by ports of call at La Havre, France; Plymouth, England; Cork and then Dublin, Ireland; Greenock/Glasgow, Scotland; Bergen and then Geiranger and Flam Norway; Amsterdam, and then back to Harwich.

Ken and Ann enjoyed every stop but thought Flam and Amsterdam were probably the best. There was smooth sailing all the way, great food, and top-drawer entertainment.

According to Ken, the only problem with such a cruise is returning home and adjusting to a commoner's life without waiters and attendants pampering you all the time.

Journalist Finally Turns In Her Story

[Editor of the *NHS Trichter* in the 1959-60 school year, **Barbara Longworth** sent this update on her life to the present *Trichter* editor.]

After graduation from NHS, I attended Indiana University because my parents had gone there. When I arrived on campus I did not know one single soul among the 33,000 students. Journalism school provided a great community for me and set the direction of my life. While discussing the 30-year anniversary of the Watergate break-in the other day, I realized that I was one of the pre-Watergate journalism students. That was before the profession became trendy.

At IU the journalism students had to get a double



The Goolds warm up for their ocean cruise with a river cruise on the Thames.

major, so I combined mine with English. I minored in political science and history. My journalism credentials served me well as I became involved in politics and government after graduation.

It has been an interesting career. I was press secretary for one governor of Kentucky, in the 1980s, and now my present boss has launched his campaign for governor. The election is this fall, and nothing is certain. I deal with the media on a daily basis and must admit nostalgia for the "good old days."

On a personal note, I was formerly married to Bruce Hadley, whom I met at IU journalism school, and we had four children. After our divorce, I married Joe Smith, my present husband, who has two children. At that time the kids were all within the ages 9-14. So now we claim six children, three grandchildren and various in-laws. None of them went into journalism, sad to say. – **Barbara (Longworth) Smith, '61.**

Former Teacher In Bad Health

Hans Jansen-Tusch, a former NHS teacher who returned to his native Denmark after his retirement, is now living in Chester, New York, with his daughter Karin.

Hans, 83 years old, has recently had by-pass surgery and is not in good health. However, he hopes to soon have his own computer and is looking forward to corresponding with his friends. Send e-mail to hansjens@hotmail.com.

Helen Crowell Now in Nursing Home

Helen Crowell, longtime NHS faculty member, is now in a nursing home, Ross Memorial Health Care near Kennesaw, GA.

She found that she could not take care of herself well enough to live in an assisted living facility any longer. She had difficulty getting around because of arthritis, diabetes, three strokes, and triple by-pass heart surgery – all in the past five years.

Those wishing to send her cards or letters should address them to her nephew Jay Crowell, who will see that she gets them and read them to her. His address is 408 Township Lane, Woodstock, GA 30189.



1960 photo

News from around the Nest



50s Alums Hold Mini-Mini-Reunion

Getting together on August 3 and 4 were Woody Gamble, '54, Audrey (Hammond) Gamble, '55, Barbara 'Babs' Melancon, '55, and Carolyn (Mayo) Smith, '54, at Babs' house in Tidewater, Oregon.



Andrea Wotherspoon, Richard Moran to Wed November 16

On November 16, **Andrea Wotherspoon**, '63, and **Richard Moran**, '62, will be getting married.

The wedding and reception will be at Buca di Beppo, 35 N. Illinois St., Indianapolis, Indiana, at 4 p.m.

'Andy' and Richard would like to invite anyone who would like to come up to join them to celebrate this occasion. If you can make it, contact Richard and he will help you with lodging.

Their address is 631 South Norfolk St., Indianapolis, IN 46241. Phone 317-243-0381 or send an e-mail to amoran@lewis-kappes.com.

Legal Eagle Has 'Exciting' Time In Hospital When Incision Tears

[Lawyer **Doug Veith**, '67, having newly volunteered to advise the Association on legal matters, found himself undergoing surgery in September. The editor intercepted and edited the following account of 'real life' in a hospital.]

I suppose that you have been wondering what happened to good old Doogie. Well, I almost saw the tunnel with the big bright light. . . . No, really, I was in the hospital for a few days right before Labor Day with an infected gall bladder. They let me out after some tests in which they determined that I had gallstones and the old bladder would have to come out. Not too bad, I thought.

However on September 4 late in the evening I had a severe gall bladder attack and ended up in an ambulance going to the hospital. When I was evaluated in the Emergency Room, I was found to have a severe infection and a pain level of 8.9 on a 10 point scale, so they got me stabilized and about a week later operated to take out the old gall bladder.

Because of the infection, they did it the traditional way – you know – the old 12- inch incision across the chest versus through the belly button. In the evening after the operation, I am feeling like crud and am ringing for my nurse. I throw up three or four times. Finally someone other than a volunteer comes in, and my nurse rebinds my incision. I start to sit up because I am feeling sick again, and, whoopsie, the incision tears open, and I am looking at my insides on my lower chest a la "Alien II," so they call the on-call surgeon, my room fills up with gawkers, and my nurse doesn't know quite what to do. The surgeon comes in and throws everyone out so he can calm me down.

Anyway, it goes on and on. Finally three weeks after my entry to the hospital, I am released from captivity. Thank God! I am now on the mend, moving a little slower for the time being, but moving. – **Doug Veith**

Nancy Newsom, Paul Provence Engaged

Nancy Newsom, '59, and **Paul Provence**, '60, are announcing their engagement.

They write, "Like many other schoolmates over the years, we have rekindled our friendship, and now we are in love and plan to marry in the near future. Neither of us has recovered from the shock of the whole situation yet. We are just having fun getting reacquainted after 43 years.

All this would not have been possible had it not been for our dear friends Pat McCarroll [Wood]'59, and her hubby 'Woody.' They were instrumental in getting us together! Thank you, thank you, thank you."

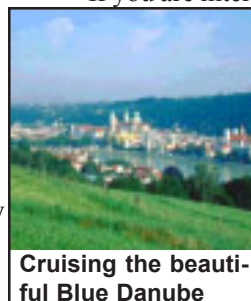
Newsome and Provence would like to hear from you. Send e-mail to p.provence@verizon.net.

Early 60s Faculty Planning River Cruise

Some early 60s faculty alumni calling themselves "The Old Guard" are planning to take a European river cruise departing September 8, 2003. The cruise goes from Antwerp, Belgium, to Basel, Switzerland, and takes 16 days.

Currently signed up are **Howard and Marlene Splete, Dick and Elspeth Peterjohn, Allen and Marilyn Splete, Kenneth and Ruth Ann Goold**.

If you are interested in joining them, e-mail tripmaster Goold at Ken-do@onlinemac.com for more details.



Cruising the beautiful Blue Danube

Bob and Jeanette McQuitty, are planning a river cruise in late September, 2003, from Amsterdam, Holland, to Vienna, Austria, passing by Nürnberg on the Main-Danube canal. If you are interested in joining them, contact bob@intellx.com for more details.

Alumni Travelers Name Austria Most Beautiful

It's official! The results of the *Trichter* Travel 'Bests' Poll are in. **Austria** is the most beautiful country ever visited by Nürnberg alumni. That's putting a lot of weight on the opinion of **Jim Barnett**, '67, who placed it number one, but **Bill Lillevig**, faculty traveler, gave it a number 3 ranking. Other countries receiving votes were **Germany** and also **Denmark, Norway, Switzerland**, and the former **Czechoslovakia**.

No question about it. Some of the world's most awesome natural sights are to be found right here in the United States. Ranking number one is **Yosemite National Park** in California, followed closely by the **Grand Canyon**. **Hansi Barbara (Oechsle) Younkin**, '64, liked the **Colombia River**

Gorge in Oregon and the **Snake River Canyon** in Twin Falls, Idaho. **Charlotte (Erickson) Forman**, '64, said that the most amazing natural sight she had ever seen is in Morocco on the cusp of the Rift Desert. "Nothing can compare to that absolute nothingness," she wrote.

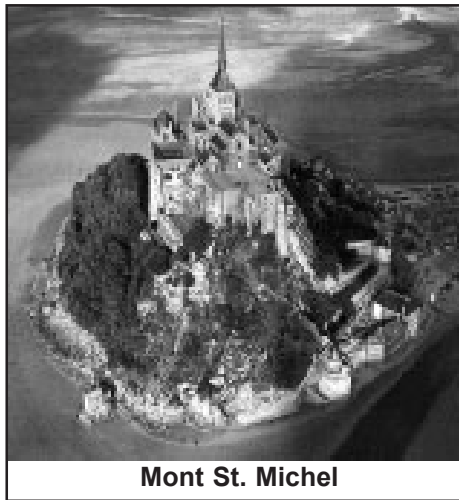
German castles seemed to impress our travelers, with King Ludwig's **Neuschwanstein, Herrenchiemsee**, and **Linderhof** all receiving votes. Other German castles mentioned were the **Heidelberg Castle** (that is, what's left of it) and the **Sans Souci Castle** in Potsdam. But the **Winter Palace** in St. Petersburg, Russia, **Versailles** in France, and **Dunns Castle** in Scotland are also impressive, according to our travelers. In addition, Hansi, a castle connoisseur, liked the **Schönbrunn Castle** in Vienna, the **Esterhaza Castle** in Hungary, **Kronborg Castle** in Helsingor, Denmark, and the **Royal Palace** in Oslo, Norway.

Museums receiving "must-sees"



were the **Hermitage** in St. Petersburg, the **Stadtmuseum** in Berlin, the **Louvre** in Paris, the **Uffizi** in Florence, the **Orsay** in Paris, the **Rijksmuseum** in Amsterdam, and the **London Museum**. Hansi liked the **World War II Museum** and **Memorial** in Bastogne, Belgium.

Churches to see included, **St. Peter's** in Rome, then **St. Isaac's** in St. Petersburg, **Köln Cathedral**, **Notre Dame** in Paris, **Chartres**, southwest of Paris, and **Mont St. Michel** in Normandy.



Mont St. Michel

Our travelers recommended these architectural marvels: the **Alhambra** in Granada, Spain, the **Blue Mosque** in Istanbul, the **Roman Aqueducts**, the **Appian Way** outside of Rome, the **Canals of Venice**, the **castle/palace** in Prague, **Grand Place**, a square in Brussels, Belgium, the **Parliament Building** dominating the Danube River, on the Pest side of Budapest, the **Matthias Church** in Buda (across from Pest), and the **Chain Bridge** connecting Buda with Pest, Hungary.

Charlotte maintains that **Petra** is an unbelievable architectural marvel. She writes, "Petra is a city carved out of the cliffs, hidden in the desert of Jordan, near the rock which Moses struck to bring forth water

(and the spring still flows). To enter Petra, you must either walk or ride horses down through narrow passages with the rock pressing on either side. Allegedly, this city was built by robber tribes. Some of the Harrison Ford movie, "The Temple of Doom," was filmed at Petra and there is in the movie a good view of the first building which you encounter."

Some impressive archeological sites include the **Acropolis** in Athens, **Stonehenge** in England, **Ephesus** in Turkey, and the ancient city now being excavated on the top of **Santorini Island**, Greece. According to Charlotte, "Santorini, like most of the islands, at one time had an active volcano. It exploded leaving a circle of sea in the middle. Atop one of the sides of the crater they have discovered an entire village/city which is so intact as to be unbelievable. There are dishes still on tables, urns, relics, beds, toilets, etc. all in pristine condition. The lava flow missed it and it was entirely covered by tons and tons of ash."

For unusual sights, Bill recommends **Ayer's Rock** in Australia, the **Plaza de Mayo** (the widest street in the world) in Buenos Aires, and the **dike across the**

Zeider Zee in Holland. Jim likes the **Terracotta Warriors** in Xian, China, the **Great Wall of China**, and the **Catacombs of Rome**. But Hansi found an unusual sight in Elche, a small town in Spain. Charlotte says her most unforgettable sight was leaving New York on the *SS United States* in 1958 bound for Germany. "Seeing the **Statue of Liberty** from the sea was truly poignant."

And, finally, most beautiful harbor: It must be that of **Sydney, Australia**, followed by Rio de Janeiro, Stockholm, and Shanghai.



The Emperor Palm, a palm tree in the form of a seven-armed candleabra -- Elche, Spain

COMING

In the next *Trichter*

Stories of High School Sweethearts

Marriages That Last
&
Marriages Facilitated by the
Nürnberg Alumni Association



Help the Editor with the next issue

Send me an update on yourself or some NHS alums in your class, and I'll tell you what Mr. Hendricks' nickname (p.15) was.

If you haven't done so already, send in the story of your courtship and marriage that the Association helped to bring about.

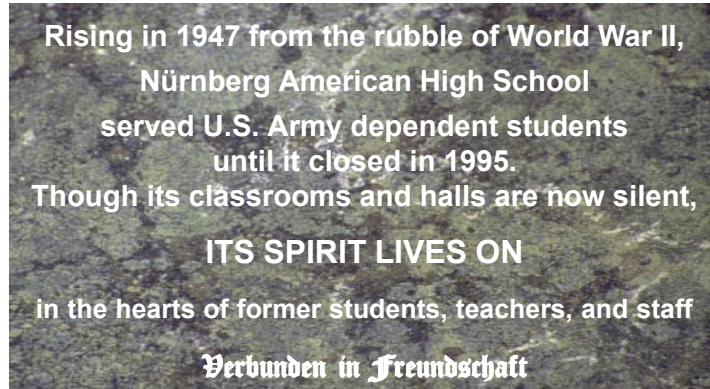
– Bob McQuitty

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NHS *Trichter*

Nürnberg Alumni
Association, Inc.
P. O. Box 66967
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