

Nürnberg Alumni Association Online Archive

Nürnberg American High School

a U.S. Army dependents school formerly located in Fürth/Bavaria, Germany

1948-49 School Year

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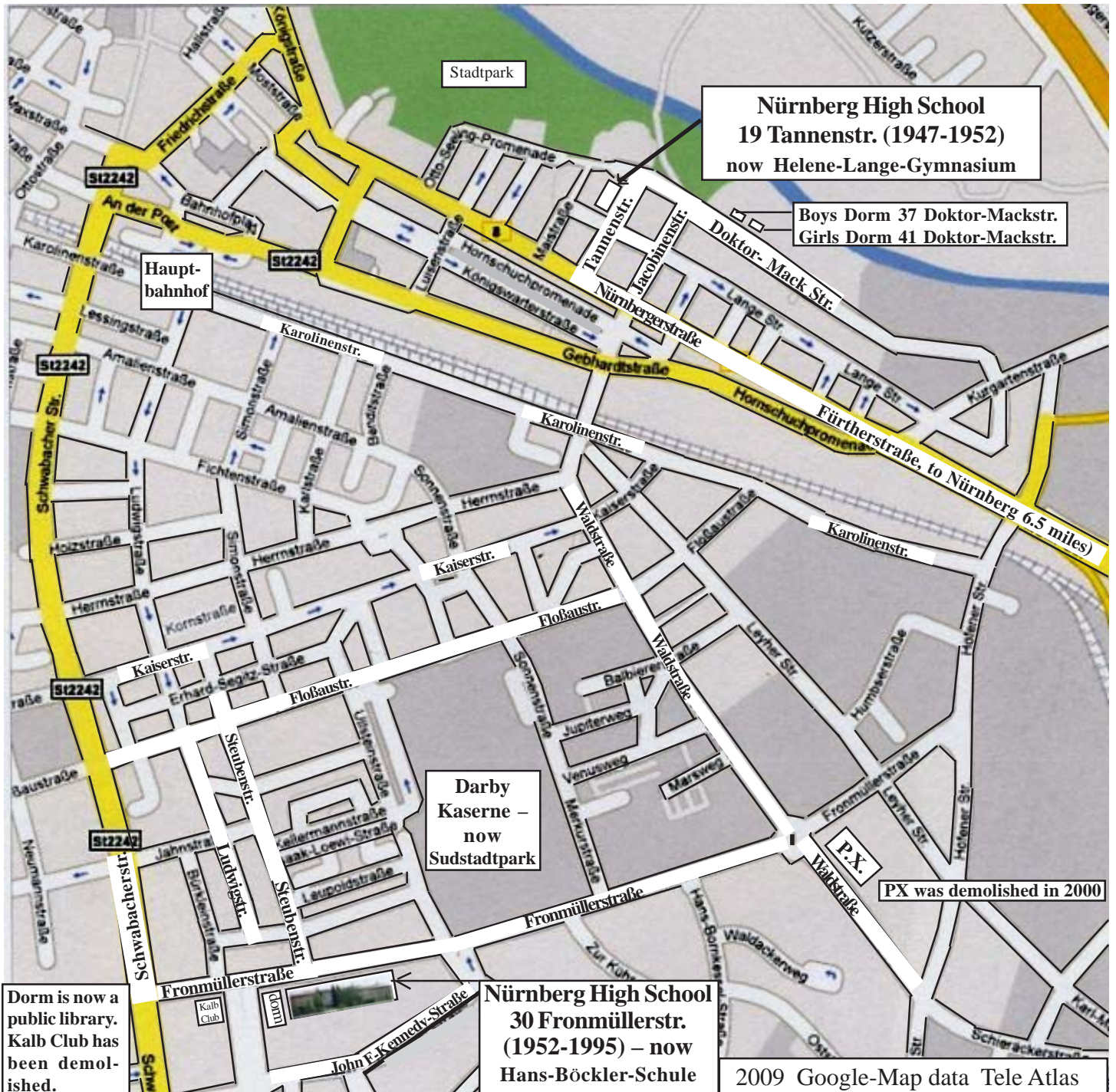
– Bob McQuitty, NAA Archivist/Historian, mcquitr@sbcglobal.net

For information on the Nürnberg Alumni Association and to access other files from the Online Archive, go to www.nurnbergeagles.org.

posted July, 2009

Map of Fürth/Bayern

showing two of the three sites of Nürnberg American High School



A Short History of the
first years of Nürnberg
American High School

From Eighteen to @@RP

By Joan Kay (McCarter) Adrian, '49

We grew up during WWII with all the patriotism and propaganda associated with it. Food products and clothes were rationed. We saved our dimes to buy war bond stamps, and we turned in a filled book for a \$25 war bond; we collected scrap metal; our mothers worked and we became the first "latchkey kids." The enemies (Nazis and Japs) were "monsters" on posters: "A Slip of the Lip Will Sink a Ship." And then it was finally over. The civilian soldiers came home and picked up their lives and started families. For the military career men, it meant a brief tour in the States and then back to Occupied Germany or Japan, only this time they brought their families. The first dependents arrived in late 1946, with a gradual escalation. Military government got organized and "requisitioned" family housing, and schools had to be set up. So we teen-agers came to face the enemy for the first time; these were the people who had kept our fathers and brothers away for so long, wounding and killing many of them.

And so I arrived in Bamberg in November, 1948, with half of my senior year to complete. Since we lived over 50 miles from the nearest high school, I was boarded in Nürnberg. The school year of 1947-48 was the first year the school was located in Nürnberg/Fürth. Prior to that time, from late 1946 to June of 1947, the school was located in Erlangen. There were few students in those early years. Several of them were children of judges and lawyers associated with the War Crimes Trials in the Palace of Justice. In 1948, the Army had requisitioned a former girls' school building, and this

housed grades 1-8 for dependents of that city only, and grades 9-12 covered a much larger post area, and provided dorms for those who lived too far to commute daily.

Two large three-story mansions, three blocks from the school, were taken over for the boys' and girls' dorms. We were boarded two to four students per room. There were only 23 in the senior class of 1949, and less than 100 among the four grades. We were the first class actually to graduate from Nürnberg. The previous two years the graduates went to das Haus der Kunst in Munich for graduation ceremonies. This was the first year that many of the high schools had enough students to form football and basketball teams and play other schools. There was little separation between the grades, as each person was essential for all school activities. We tried to make our schools as much like the States as possible, and it was still an "us" against "them" attitude in our dealings with the Germans. We were allowed to attend some of the War Crimes Trials in the Palace of Justice (most of the major trials were over by then; only the prosecution of the lesser officials of the Third Reich remained). Much of the confiscated Holocaust film was used as evidence.

Cities were still rubble and people were just beginning to dig out and rebuild. Much of the Old City of Nürnberg was demolished. What you see today is the "old" city rebuilt and only a replica. As late as 1952, workers were still finding unexploded bombs. German



families doubled up, living in one room and sharing bathrooms and kitchens with several other families. Some built shacks in the old dry moat of the walled city, and many lived within the walls without running water or electricity.

The face of war had changed. We had beaten the Germans, and now we had to help reconstruct a country, before the women and children all starved to death. We had to rebuild West Germany into a Democracy and turn them into allies. The Marshall Plan put this into motion by providing jobs. The service and transient hotels, for American military only, had an abundance of German maids and waiters. The requisitioned homes came with a live-in maid. German women were glad to be housekeepers for American families because they each had a private room, ate better food, and received a lot of second-hand clothing. German factories had not yet been rebuilt or converted to peacetime production, so there was little to purchase on the economy.

The Berlin Air Lift was in operation when I arrived and many observers thought that we would be at war with Russia any day. Evacuation plans were made, but no one thought they could be

implemented. Whenever we left dorms or school, we had to sign in and out. The military were always on call, and practice alerts at all hours were routine. Many students were children of civil service civilians, but their fathers were also assigned emergency duty.

We saw the results of war, we knew the fear of the possibility of war, we observed firsthand the forming of a new political structure in a destroyed country. We were young, we were cocky, we were confident in our country, and as Americans, we could do no wrong. We rode the German streetcars free, just by flashing our military dependent ID cards. Train fares were controlled by the military and were next to nothing for us.

After the 1949 graduation, we began to scatter. Some returned to the U.S. for

college. Many of the boys entered the service, just in time for Korea. I stayed on in Germany and worked at the Palace of Justice, where I met my future husband. We married in 1951 in the Nürnberg Post Chapel and had our reception at the Stein Castle Officers Club. I worked until 1951, and my first child was born in the Nürnberg Army Hospital in 1952. We left Germany in 1953.

We had come from all over the U.S. and returned to various areas of the country. Over the years we wished we could get together, but didn't know how to locate one another. I kept in touch with only one classmate, my dorm roommate. In 1986 I saw a notice in the Army Times from a young man who had attended a school in Tehran, Iran, and

he had decided we former students of overseas schools needed an alumni group. We had all experienced many of the political events in countries all over the world. One of his teachers had been among the Iran hostages. So Joe Condrill began to publish Overseas Brats, just for "us," since nearly one million dependent children have attended overseas schools since the end of WWII. Joe started seminars to help us form alumni groups, how to find each other, how to plan reunions, and he has formed a network that has spawned alumni groups all over the country. The retired military records will forward letters to retirees, but one must have his name, rank, and serial number. Most of us never even knew what rank our classmates' fathers were, much less their full name and serial number. ...

from NHS Trichter, Vol 13, No. 2 Summer 2001, p. 10

In the Beginning: Fall 1948

Adolescent Gives Her Impressions of Going Overseas

In the fall of 1948, Joan Kay (McCarter) Adrian traveled to Germany with her parents on the *Hugh J. Gaffey*. There was a ship's newspaper which published current stateside news during the week-long voyage, and passengers on board were asked to contribute articles. Because she was the oldest dependent child on board (just a month shy of 17), the newspaper's editor thought it might be interesting to get her thoughts and impressions. The following appeared in *The Gaffey Gazette* on Nov. 18, 1948.

My first thought was terrifying, when I thought of all that water with nothing solid beneath it to catch me, but now it's a thrilling experience.

There was a day or so that I didn't enjoy the food, but now it's quite excellent. I had been told that seasickness was all in one's mind. and I had thoroughly steered myself against it. I had my mind against it, but my stomach has a mind of its own..

I don't know what I expected the ship to be, but it's much nicer than I thought. I was subconsciously expecting the whole ship to have bunks, four high, with all women in the same room. I don't know where I got

that idea. It was the Army Transport name that fooled me. (Note: later I found out I wasn't too far wrong, for some of the dependents that had arrived in the fall of 1946-47 had bunked all together with several of the men in one room and the women in another.)

The water has impressed me most. As all Oklahomans know, we don't see water like this on all sides. It makes me feel very small and unimportant to the world.

A second article by Joan appeared in the Souvenir Issue of *The Gaffey Gazette*, Nov. 21, 1948.

Since this is my last year in high school. it was rather hard to make a decision to leave my school in the U.S. and come to a country I know nothing about. But that's why I did come. I know nothing about any country except the U.S.A., and that is the trouble with most Americans. We think of no country except ours as having culture, beauty, and opportunity. I'm gaining far more knowledge in experience with new people than I could in the U.S. My book learning is at a standstill, but if I have the will, I can always resume that. This trip, I feel, is a "rare opportunity."

Stein Castle

by Joan Kay (McCarter) Adrian, '49

It was not really a castle, and surprisingly, I know nothing of its history, but it was like a second home during the five years that I resided in the Nürnberg area. It was an extremely large stone, castle-like mansion, with a great house that was larger than most palatial homes in the United States.

The U. S. Army had turned the "castle" into an officer's club. Our junior-senior banquet and prom were held at the castle. During the month of June 1949, while we were graduating into the adult world, they held the official opening ceremony for the olympic size swimming pool built by the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers. That same month, Paul Gorman, Jr., future astronaut, was touring occupied Germany as a West Point Cadet.

The castle was the scene of my first date with my future husband. On a quiet Sunday evening in early November 1950, I met Lt. Donn R. Adrian at the Grand Hotel, but we soon left and went to Stein for an evening of getting acquainted and dancing. Bands were at both clubs (the Grand Hotel and Stein Castle) seven nights a week. We were, after all, creating as many jobs as possible to get the German people back on their feet and turn them into allies, in case of Russian invasion. After all, this was the beginning of the "cold war" years. We had triumphed over Russia's blockade of Berlin with the Berlin Air Lift and we waited to see what Russia would attempt next.

Stein Castle was prominent during our courting days, and when we married on June 30, 1951 at the Post Chapel, the



reception was held at the Castle. There was a six piece band for dancing. The cake was made by EES bakers (who delivered it on a plank of boards nailed together, with paper EES napkins sticking out from under with the red EES emblem showing in a little circle all around the cake—which we hid with flowers. My wedding dress had been ordered from Lord & Taylor in New York City from a photo, and all was done by correspondence. It was silk satin with a 6-foot chapel train, and cost about \$100 (two daughters have since worn it for their weddings). The reception at the castle cost about \$100 for the band, champagne, and waiters. Of course, that sounds like a bargain, but then I was making only about \$150 a month working for Special Activities Division in the Palace of Justice, and lieutenants were making less than \$300 a month. Our honeymoon was a trip through war ravaged Italy and down to Capri (where they didn't even seem to realize there had been a war). The American dollar was golden and went a long way in post-war Europe.

The Stein Castle continued to be our place to do something special during our early years of marriage and where we

met with friends and had unit parties. Our first child was born in Nürnberg in December, 1952, and before we left in the fall of 1953, she was a "floating baby" in the Stein pool during the summer before departure.

Stein was our second home away from home. It was where we gathered to party, talk of stateside, say hello to newcomers and farewell to those returning "home." It was our country club with that elegant European flavor that we had seen in movies prior to the war. In fact, I always felt like it had a sort of movie-set, not quite for real, quality.

In the early '60s, we were in France and took a trip back to Nürnberg, and we were told that Stein Castle was now an exclusive club for Germans. The pool was still there, with the guest house being used as a club house. We didn't get much information about the main house. Perhaps someone there at a later time could tell me more about what it is used for now. But it will always be the "fairy castle" for those of us from the late '40s through early '50s.

To read about the history and present status of Stein Castle, go to the Archives file for 1946-47 and click on Memoirs.

Nürnberg War Trials

Judgment at Nürnberg – A Look Back

It is now winter, 1989, over forty years after I attended the Nürnberg Trials as part of my American Government class. My memories are greatly diminished because of the long period of time between then and now. So what I write are memories and impressions of that time.

Some time before we attended the trials, we were shown movies of the atrocities at the Jewish concentration camps. We needed to know what the trials were about. The movies were devastating and sickening to watch. We definitely knew why the trials were being held.

We were first given a tour of the Palace of Justice. We were taken to the cell area where the prisoners were jailed. Then we were taken to see the courtyard where they were exercised. I was impressed with the Palace. It was big and old. Gray stone walls were on the outside. The inside was dark panelled wood, leather chairs, marble trim, and green velvet draperies. It was very somber and formal. I am amazed that I remember so many details.

The trials that I attended were of some of the lesser criminals. The top executives and leaders who had ordered the atrocities had been tried prior to 1949. The executions of these persons had also taken place. I do not remember specifically who was on trial as we attended the trials for [only] four or five days.

We sat on the front row in a gallery with a long table in front of us. We each wore earphones so that we could hear the English translation to what was being said. The judges from the Allied victors of WWII sat behind a raised bench facing us. There were eight of them from the Allied victors: Russia, France, England, and the

United States. Below the judges sat the court stenographers and many other uniformed officials. I am not sure who they were, perhaps they were members of the Secretariat, jury and lawyers. There were Military Police behind all the prisoners as well as at every door. A heavy ominous feeling permeated the room.

As I watched and listened, I remember thinking: these people look so human, so much like my parents. Were they carrying out orders or were they really that inhuman? Why is man's inhumanity to man so hard to understand? What makes a person do such cruel acts to another human being, or in this case, millions. I did not have any answers then and still do not today.

There were German youths there also. I wondered what they thought. Were they as dismayed as we were over the atrocities committed by their own people or were they resentful that their people were on trial?

As a seventeen year old observer, I knew I was seeing and hearing something I would never forget. Looking back forty years, I am aware that watching that part of history was a tremendous experience. I knew that the trials were important, but I did not know what a monumental part of history they were and how privileged I was to witness them.

The impact of the Nürnberg Tribunal was not known until years later and perhaps all of its power is still not known.

I realize that men's cruelty to one another had to be addressed then and still does. My hope is that violence and cruelty will end on both an individual basis and a global one, so that there will never be another need for a Nürnberg Tribunal.

—Joan Purdy, '49

NÜRNBERG 40 YEARS LATER

BY JOAN PURDY,'49

The following memoir of a trip to Germany by NHS alumna Joan Purdy,'49, appeared in the Nürnberg Alumni Association *Trichter* in the April 25, 1992 issue.

The original, longer version that told of visits to several German cities has been edited by Bob McQuitty, NAA historian/archivist, to concentrate on the author's experiences and feelings as she visited the sites of her high school days at Nürnberg High School.

I had so many mixed feelings as my plane landed in Frankfurt on May 9, 1991, at 7:30 in the morning. This was my first trip back to Germany since my graduation in 1949. ...

... The day was gray, cloudy and a little foreboding. I had been in Frankfurt on a football trip in 1949. There was no huge international airport. There was rubble and destruction then. It was wonderful to see it as a huge industrial city, thriving and busy. I went to the hotel to wait for my traveling companion I had several hours to reflect on my past experiences in Germany and I also reflected on Germany now. I was excited to be there after all these years. I felt like I belonged there. The plane arrived at 11:00 a.m.

... The next day my companion and I drove toward Nürnberg via the Autobahn. In 1947-49 there were few cars on the Autobahn, and these were mostly driven by Americans. Now it was bumper to bumper, going at a fast speed. ... After checking into the hotel in Nürnberg late that afternoon, we walked to the walled city. There was a flea market going on, so there were many people there. I was in awe of the old city. When I was there, it had been totally destroyed by the British in a revenge bombing. There was very little left standing — so it was a beautiful sight to see it restored, a thriving, busy, vibrant place. ...

The first morning in Nürnberg, we took off to find my past. The city looked both familiar and unfamiliar. We drove past the Nürnberg Opera House. It holds many memories. My classmates and I appeared in a special services musical there; we saw Bob Hope there; we went to the movies there. I felt like I belonged in Nürnberg; it felt like home. I was on a journey through the past.

We first went to Erlangstagen, where so many of my classmates had lived. We went to 30 Buloustrasse — Ned Poinier had lived there. The lady that owned the house came out and asked us if we were Americans. She wanted us to come back and come in when her son was home so he could speak English with us. The neighborhood was very familiar — I knew I had been there before.

... The next stop was Linde Stadium. I found it even though it was different on the outside. We went in through a Gasthaus. When we got inside it was like stepping into a time warp. The ice rink was there. After school my classmates used to go to Linde Stadium to ice skate — the ghosts were there: Marion Kelsch doing her figures, Mary Lou Johnson, Elaine Gerlach, my sister Jean Purdy, and myself — Ned Poinier and Leo Kelsch playing hockey. ... The memories

came flooding over me. It was as if time stood still. We walked around the pool. Much time was spent there in the summer. It was a huge Olympic pool — Sammy Lee, an Olympic diver, gave a diving exhibition there. What fun it was to be there and have it so much the same 40 years later. Linde Stadium was a big part of our teen life.

We drove along Fürtherstrasse and came to the Palace of Justice, where the Nürnberg War Crimes Trials were held. We stopped and took pictures. I attended the trials as part of my government class. I did not know then what an important piece of history I was witnessing. Then we passed the Fürth Opera House. We stopped to take pictures — again the memories — Teen Town was on the top floor of the Opera House. We had many parties and meetings there. Fürtherstrasse had not changed. The buildings were old when I was there.

They were all still there, well kept. It was so wonderful that it has been maintained and taken care of — no tearing down in Germany.

My next stop was to find the school. I first drove by the building that was used as a commissary. We teenagers would go there after school for a “coke.” The school was difficult to find, for there was a big new school in front. But the old school building was exactly the same – the building had not been altered in any way. Walking around to the back and looking at the yard, I saw where we had had our cheerleader practices and where we had played. I could see all the kids I knew and loved, the people I laughed and cried with. I could actually see them playing. My memory really was vivid. Next we walked to the football practice field. I could see the boys practicing football. The day was rainy and cold. There were many days like that. ...

... After lunch, we continued on to Dambach. The drive there was amazing; again, I had the feeling that time had stood still. The area was the same: the railroad track, the boardwalk across the meadow.

Then I saw the big houses with the fences around them. We went first to the house Newman Shaver had lived in. Nearby was 57 Forsthausstrasse, my house. I got out of the car and looked through the fence at the large side yard. It was exactly the same. I was crying — the tears were sadness over so many years gone by and also gladness for finding the house as it was. I rang the doorbell. A man answered. He spoke English. I told him I had lived there years ago and asked if we could see the house. He said yes. What a thrill to go in!

... The home had not been altered in any way. The windows, trellis work, doors were just like they were. The man who owned the house was a young architect. He told us that because the architecture of the house is historically protected, it could not be changed in any way.

The rooms had been painted creme color, but they were the same. The wallpaper was gone — that was the only change. The rounded doors in the vestibule, the heaters on either side of the entrance room, the kitchen was the same. It was a beautiful old house. We would have our friends over for parties. ... I remembered walking down the stairs in my long, white organdy graduation dress. My feelings were so intense – it was like I was reliving my high school years.

The yard was also the same. The rhododendron bushes, the summer house, the huge yard to the right, the formal rose garden, the grape arbor, the green house — I was choked up. I had really

stepped into a time warp. I sat on the steps in the backyard and remembered what a fantastic time we had living there. ...

... The day had been so special. I didn't know that ghosts could be so powerful. What a wonderful experience that day was.

The next day we moved into the Grand Hotel across from the Bahnhof. The Grand Hotel had been an officers' club and quarters when I was there so there were memories about the hotel. I looked out the window — Number Eight streetcar went by — the same Number Eight streetcar we used to ride to Erlangstagen to Linde Stadium. So many things had not changed.

On this day, we first went to Soldiers' Field. It was rainy and cold. The NHS teams used to play football and baseball there. The ghosts of all those football games and of being a cheerleader there came back. We played in the field that Hitler had built to march his world troops. Very interesting — Hitler was defeated so American teenagers used his field and stadium.

After Soldiers' Field, I went in search of Stein Castle. As we drove through Nürnberg to the village of Stein, we could see the castle towers looming above everything. We turned in the driveway and a guard stopped us. He said we could walk in and take pictures. This was the officers' club where we high schoolers had had our formal dances. The Junior-Senior proms were held there; we had dinner there. ... The Americans had built a pool there and we spent time swimming and sunning there. Fantastic memories and times.

On the way back to the hotel, I drove by the Fürth City Hall where graduation had been held. So many memories. I was amazed and excited that all the important places to me had remained unchanged. ...

The rest of the stay in Nürnberg was touring the Old Walled City which had been rubble but now was historically restored. It was a wonderful place to visit. We went through the cathedrals: St. Lawrence, the Church of Our Lady on the Market Square and St. Sebald's. We saw many pictures of the gutted churches in 1949. It was a thrill to see them restored and whole. We visited the castle and Albrecht Dürer's House — all of which were new to me because when I was there, they were piles of stone. The Germans were in the process of stacking them to rebuild.

The next day, though scheduled to go on to Heidelberg, I felt that it was important to spend more time in Nürnberg. We went back to the school. Because it was a weekday it was now open. I met a German girl who went to school there. It is a very fine German high school. She invited me in. Again, time stood still. The inside of the building was unchanged. I walked up to the third floor. I think they were even the same desks. I could see the government class of students 40 years ago. My memories were so strong and my feelings so intense on this journey into the past.

With only two more days left, we decided to go on to Heidelberg and then to Frankfurt to get on a plane for our respective homes. ... My trip into the past was over. ...

I had had the most magical, fantastic, divine time of my life. My Germany — my past and present there. Now there are few signs of war. We Americans lived the last 40 years under the fear of the Cold War. Now, that is gone. There is a feeling of freedom in the universe. There is still a long way to go, but exciting things are happening. We are no longer enemies with Russia. Perhaps there

will never have to be another great war that destroyed so much. My experiences then and now are very powerful. My hope is for world peace and freedom for all – that there will never have to be occupations in war-devastated countries.



**STONE BENCH AT ENTRANCE TO CITY PARK
ACROSS FROM THE SCHOOL, 1948**

Who's Who: Cutest Jean Purdy, '51 (deceased)
 Ned Poinier, 49
 Bobbie Sheppard, '48

Photo and copy from 1948 *Voyager*



**SAME BENCH, 1991
Joan Purdy**

The following article is by Sara Davis Rodgers, class of 1952, who lived in the dormitory 1948-1949. Students were dormed if their parents lived over 50 miles from the high schools and bused home to sub-post areas on weekends. – Joan Kay (McCarter) Adrian, '49

GIRLS DORM SUPERVISOR KEPT WINDOWS OPEN IN WINTER

by

Sara Davis Rodgers

[At the time described in this memoir, Sara Davis was a freshman at NHS – Archivist]

I recall what fun I had in the Girls Dorm at Nürnberg between 1948-49, with a dorm supervisor named Miss Margaret Mason, an English lady who was an interpreter at the Nuremberg War Crimes Trials by day and our keeper by night. Miss Mason's ideas were quite a shock to the average American teenager and vice versa.

Miss Mason insisted that we have our windows open regardless of weather conditions and called us "weak daughters of rich American Army officers" if we objected to a dusting of snow on our beds.

Get-up call was the National Anthem played over loudspeakers at top volume. If your feet hadn't hit the floor and you weren't in an upright position immediately, Miss Mason was in your room berating you: "Stand up you unpatriotic daughter of a rich American Army officer." The loudspeakers then played "I'm Looking Over A Four Leaf Clover."

If you should happen to stir in your sleep or sneak up to close the window, Miss Mason instantly would be in your room, fully dressed regardless of the hour, demanding to know what you could be doing in the middle of the night.

Miss Mason constantly cautioned us not to go into the bushes with those sons of rich American Army officers who lived next door to us. Every dorm girl at that time had a crush on "Papa Fortier," the supervisor of the Boys Dorm. He was a handsome older man, probably at least 25, and from Maine. [Note: Teachers hired in the U.S. at that time had to be at least 30 years of age, so the author was only guessing. However, Mr. Fortier did have a boyish demeanor about him and was quite short. – Joan Kay McCarter Adrian, '49]

Our supervisor was famous for her Bath Schedule. She drew a red line around the inside of the bath tub and posted a time schedule. You took a bath at a certain time, in a certain amount of water and for a specified time. Monitors were appointed to see that this schedule was carried out to the letter.

We always went everywhere in groups and with the dorm supervisors in attendance. Miss Mason was embarrassed to be seen with us. She always walked across the street and half a block behind us on our outings. For Christmas Miss Mason made her "ditty bags" from fancy materials, such as lace, velvet, etc. These were designed in various sizes and degrees of elaborate decoration. Each was given to a girl according to her perceived worthiness. Some of us didn't receive one.

One of our favorite treats was going to the local Army snack bar for peanut butter sundaes. Creamed boiled eggs on toast and pancakes with green syrup was another delicacy at the mess hall. We used to stuff ourselves so that we could hardly make it up the four flights of stairs to class.

Later in the year Miss Mason was replaced by another dorm supervisor. I don't remember anything about her.

Reprinted by permission from Overseas Brats Publications, August 1990. Posted here by permission of the author. Sara Rodgers currently lives in Colorado and raises show dogs. Her husband is a retired teacher from the Air Force Academy.

TOURING THE RHINE ON HITLER'S YACHT

by

Joan K. (McCarter) Adrian,'49

It was the best of times to be an American. We were still the winners of WWII; we were still the most powerful nation of the 20th century and perhaps of any century; we were winning the game with Russia over Berlin with the Berlin Airlift; and except for Russian territories and China, being an American was a passport to any country. And our little group of around 300 American high school graduates attending schools in Germany had the world as our oyster. Even Berlin High School had airlifted their two graduates across the Russian Blockade. Korea was just another country in the Far East. It was the 7th of June 1949, and we had all come together in Wiesbaden for our Senior Trip.

Twenty-three Nürnberg American High School seniors and three teachers arrived by bus in Wiesbaden on the evening of the 6th of June. It had been arranged for the girls and the teachers to stay in one of the U. S. Army requisitioned hotels for the night, and the boys were boarded out to some of the local Wiesbaden seniors. The bus trip had taken perhaps four hours, and since we were to board Hitler's yacht early on the 7th, we had decided to arrive the day before so we could get some rest and enjoy the cruise down the Rhine. Some of the girls were picked up by local Wiesbaden seniors and went to the local teen club for a pre-cruise party, but several of us decided to stay at the hotel. We discovered huge tiled sunken bath tubs, sort of early hot-tubs, and we decided to live it up. After getting a porter to bring a bottle of wine, several of us soaked and sipped, giggled and gossiped, in our individual pools and felt totally decadent. We were out of school, nearly grown up, and still had our dreams ahead of us. We were 17-19 years of age with unlimited possibilities.

The next morning around 9:00 a.m. we boarded the yacht. It was a lovely June day around 80 degrees. They had a small combo for music and dancing on board as well as a snack bar with hamburgers and hot dogs and soft drinks. A few of the boys managed to sneak a little beer on board, but not enough to get anyone drunk. Blue jeans were still not worn as a common uniform yet. Most of the boys wore them, but very few of the girls wore slacks, much less jeans. In fact, during school hours, girls were forbidden to wear slacks or jeans. Shorts were not to be worn in public, especially in Europe. I was one of the few girls to wear jeans. Of course, they were boys jeans, since manufacturers had not started making jeans styled for girls yet. Shoes were saddles or penny-loafers worn with white bobbie socks. Panty hose hadn't been invented yet.

As was true of the Eagle's Nest, Hitler had not spent much time on the yacht. He perhaps had a few meetings on it, but it had been seldom used. It was another one of those "gifts from the German People" that had been placed at his disposal. I believe the yacht was commissioned around 1939, so it was only ten years old when we used it. Shortly after the war, it had been placed in the hands of the U.S. Army Special Services and had been used for Rhine River excursions for the military and their families on leave.

The Rhine River on a sunny day was beautiful, with many castles and vineyards along the banks. The day was spent dancing, sightseeing, sunning, playing cards (poker was popular with the boys, girls preferred bridge), eating, lounging in deck chairs, making friends with the

those from other schools, exchanging “war stories” and daydreaming about our futures. There wasn’t a part of the ship that we didn’t explore, even into the engine room. The main lounge was all wood panel and gleaming brass fixtures.

We passed the famous point called “The Watch on the Rhine,” the “Lorelei,” the “Mouse Tower,” and castles, and more castles. The Mouse Tower was located in a small riverbank village, and was said to be the inspiration for “The Pied Piper.” The German legend said that an evil Burgermeister was trapped in the tower and killed by hoards of rats. At the Lorelei, we turned back toward Wiesbaden, docking around 6:00 p.m. By the time we said our good-byes, boarded the bus and returned to Nurnberg, it was midnight. There were the usual songs, card-playing, stopping at snack-bars along the way, and snoozing. Military brats had a way of being able to entertain themselves. We would all be rich if we had a nickel for every hour spent in a car, bus, plane or train.

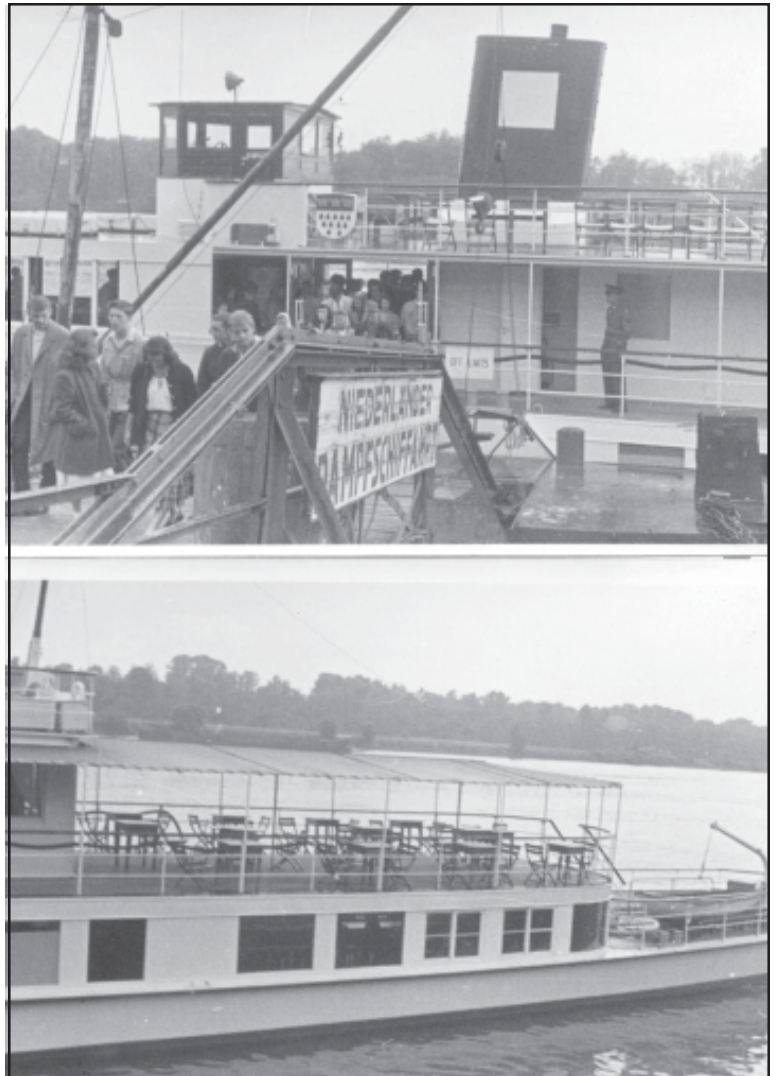
A few years ago, I heard they were going to burn Hitler’s yacht somewhere off of Miami. Somehow, the yacht didn’t seem to belong to Hitler anymore. For over 40 years, it had been a pleasure boat for a lot of people. I don’t know what its history was after it left Germany, but if it is no longer navigable, and too costly to repair, by all means take it out and burn it and let it sink, or donate it to the Navy for target practice, but I sincerely hope they do not make a ceremony of its destruction.

Note: Not too long after I wrote this article [1989 – Archivist] there was a small notice in the Florida papers that the yacht had been sunk somewhere off of Miami. The Jewish community did make a ceremony of it as a sort of retribution. I am still not sure if this was the same yacht. Somewhere along the line I was told that Hitler had two—one for river cruising and one for ocean cruises.

Perhaps it was the ocean vessel they sank and maybe our River Yacht is still ghost riding somewhere in time.

Cruising the Rhine on Hitler’s yacht – photos courtesy of Mark Falzini from **Letters Home**. Pictures come from Barbara (Kale) Falzini, who took the ride on Hitler’s yacht with the NHS class of 1948.

Sign on boarding platform says “Netherlands Steamship Tour.” Sign on ship says “Off Limits” – Archivist



Bill Shortt, '49, fills 70s Eagle in on the good ole days

By SUE MAAS, '70

If you are dissatisfied with Nürnberg American High School, you'd better be thankful you weren't here 20 years ago.



Sue Maas, yearbook photo

"Way back then, although the American high school was here in Fürth, it wasn't at this location. It was the top floor of a building, with the elementary and junior high in the lower levels. The desks were folding field tables, and students sat on folding wooden chairs. Blackboards were the portable, four-sided, folding style; and since there were no textbooks, study materials were donated by the Information-Education Office."

This is the story given to me by Mr. William A Shortt of Annandale, VA, now in Belgium as an electronics engineer at SHAPE. Mr. Shortt is a 1949 alumnus of Nürnberg Dependents High School. His family accompanied his father, Sgt. Maj. Shortt, who was assigned to the Fürth Medical Depot for Occupation Duty. Mr. Shortt graduated in the middle of a class of 23 or 25. "I guess you could say I was average," he quipped.

In '48, the students had a one-week holiday while the Army dynamited a German bunker across the street from the school. "Actually there wasn't much choice," said Mr. Shortt. "Windows were falling out of the building."

Lucy Lindsay [1969 annual editor] would have had fun back then. The yearbook was a combined annual for all the dependent high schools in Germany. In 1948, Nürnberg had its own yearbook, but no student pictures. The staff for that year had tiny individual pictures made of all the students and pasted them in by hand. All 65 of them.

What did the kids do for fun back then? Mr. Shortt answered, "We had to invent most of it ourselves. We had a Teen Club – it was above the lobby in the Fürth Opera House. We'd play records and dance to them. The Opera House was also used as the [base] theater, so we'd climb up the fire escape into the upper balcony and watch the movie for free, and then come back down and dance some more."

If you think the transportation officers have troubles now, just read on! Nearby towns like Bamberg and Erlangen dormed because of poor roads (or absence of same). Both elementary and high school students bussed to school. The high school kids sat in the very back of the bus so the smaller kids couldn't jump over them. "There was actually an MP on every bus," related Mr. Shortt, "whose sole duty was to protect the driver's back!"

There was one fifth grader who kept the bus relatively quiet with his threats – that is, until the principal took away his hypodermic needle. And there were green tomatoes in the spring – guess what?

After hearing some of my tales, Mr. Shortt concluded, "The people haven't changed much – just the location."

You may have noticed Essence de Stinkbomb is quite popular at NHS. The kids were much more original in '49. There was plenty of captured German 35 mm film to be had, and many guys had it. The senior high kids would stick a burning napkin onto one end of the negative and unroll it to dangle down the stairwell to the elementary floors. "This made an effective smoke bomb."

"The kids sort of ran the school back then," said this old grad, referring to the '47-48 school year. Because of a teacher shortage, the faculty was pinch-

"The people haven't changed, just the location." – Bill Shortt

An article from the June 4, 1969, issue of the *Trichter*

hitting in most of the subjects. "We'd find out how much material we had to cover by the end of the year, and then we'd cover it at our speed." Maybe by now you're wondering why you couldn't have been at NHS 20 years ago.

The class of 1949 designed their own rings. They were gold with an onyx stone, solid back and riveted Nürnberg crest. The year was on the side. "I objected to having onyx," said Mr. Shortt, "because I knew most of them would chip the first day." He showed me the crack in his.

The original school colors were maroon and white, or red and white (20 years is a long time), but the only jerseys they could get were green and white, so the colors are still the same. The football team used to be the Tigers. There was disagreement over what the name should be. Coach Schneider, who overheard a "discussion" of this topic, said, "You're not bulldogs, you're not ponies – you're TIGERS!" Thus the name.

On a more serious note, graduation exercises for 1949 were held in an upstairs auditorium in Fürth. Due to the influence of the girls, a hesitation step was used to march in. The Baccalaureate was given by Chaplain Ackerman, whose theme was "Sail On!" The procession was orderly – but on the way out, the guys were in a dead run, remembers Mr. Shortt.

After the graduation, there was a party at a senior's house, but Mr. Shortt didn't say much about it. Perhaps that's because, as he said, "The people haven't changed – just the location."

MEMORIES FROM THE PAST

by

**Joan Kay (McCarter) Adrian,
Class of 1949**

The author of many articles about Nürnberg American High School and the early years of the school, Joan Adrian concentrates in this memoir on Americans' lives in Germany in the period right after the war. Her account, edited by Bob McQuitty, NAA historian/archivist, is both typical and personal.

Although originally I was only going to stay in Germany for a year with my mother and stepfather, finish school, and then return to the U.S., I ended up arriving in November 1948 and staying until October of 1953. During that time, I finished high school, went to work for the military in the Palace of Justice, met my husband, got married, had my first daughter, and my second daughter was on the way when I finally departed. I saw Nürnberg when it was still demolished, watched the beginning of the rebuilding, and was there when the occupation status ended and we all became part of the NATO forces. ...

THE LOCAL ECONOMY

In the beginning, practically nothing was available on the local economy. Factories still were not operating. The PX carried very basic items. When there was a shipment of nylon hose or sweaters from England/Scotland, the GIs nearly always beat us to them and scooped those items up for their German girlfriends. Most American soldiers had German girlfriends, even those that were married (Whether their families were with them or still in the U.S., it didn't seem to matter.) Many of these German women were treated as if they were streetwalkers, when in fact, most of them were decent women who were simply trying to survive. Many of the young women found themselves the sole support of younger siblings, children of their own, and widowed, older parents or grandparents. They were simply trying to survive.

Whatever was on the economy to buy, prices were based on the black market price of a carton of cigarettes that week. The legal exchange was just over five Deutsche Marks to the dollar. (The Mark had been stabilized and devalued shortly before I arrived because of extremely inflated rates of exchange). An American could purchase a carton and a half of rationed cigarettes per week, pay \$1.50 in the PX, and sell it for around 40-50 D-Marks per carton – a much better return for your money.

Those of us under 18 years of age were not given cigarette rations, but don't think that a bunch of enterprising young Americans couldn't play the black market game as well. We could purchase a box of Hershey bars (I forget whether it was 12 or 24 per box) for about 80 cents in the PX and sell it for 20-25 D-Marks. Again, a very good return for our money. Many of the black-market items were rationed (coffee, butter, cooking oils, sugar, chocolate), but since the money had little value, these commodities were used for most dealings. Many Germans came to the back doors of American requisitioned houses and offered family keepsakes in exchange for some of these goods. It wasn't until around 1952 that our government started to crack down on black marketeering. By that time, many of the factories were beginning to turn out goods and the D-Mark was becoming more stable.

CLOTHING

Clothing was difficult to come by. German factories had not started to produce material yet, and forget any such thing as ready-made clothing. The military thrift shops thrived, and many departing families got good prices for old clothing that they felt they could replace upon entry to the U.S. Sears, Roebuck was the only catalogue company that catered to the APO orders. Still even with Sears, by the time we got

the winter catalogue and got the order mailed in, Sears processed the order and mailed the merchandise, it might be April before you received it. Or you might get a notice that the “item is sold out—back ordered.” Nylon stockings were premium merchandise. This was before panty hose, and the stockings required garters or garter belts to hold them up (and we still had the old seam down the back). In Bamberg, where my parents were stationed, there was an enterprising older German woman that re-wove runs in stockings. We would save our “run” nylons and take them to her when we had a sack full. She lived in one room, with one light, little heat, a hot plate, and shared a bath with the whole 2nd floor of the building. She had a sort of weaving machine and used a jeweler’s magnifying eyepiece. Those stockings that had runs too wide to repair, she kept for the threads to match other stockings for repair. She spoke no English, and my German was very rudimentary. I hope her life improved with the economy.

WHITE WOOL GI BLANKETS

One of the most popular items to be issued with household furnishings, was a “white” wool hospital-issue GI blanket. If you didn’t turn it in when you departed at the end of your tour, it cost you \$15. Many an enterprising military wife dyed the blanket, found a German dressmaker and gave her cigarettes or coffee to turn the wool blanket into a winter coat for herself or growing children in her family. The olive drab blankets were less desirable since you could only dye them toward a more brown or a darker green color. In the 47-48 school year, ... [the school’s athletic teams changed their colors from red and white to green and white.] The teams could order clothing from a catalogue and get green, but the cheerleaders were more limited. One of the ’49 grads said her mother found some awful wool material that was more olive than green to make her cheerleader skirts out of. I suspect that those skirts were GI blankets. ...

THE 1949 GRADUATION

... By the time I arrived [in Nürnberg] after the Christmas holiday of the 1948-49 school year, there were close to 100 students in grades 9-12 and we ended the year with 23 seniors. We seniors were the first class to graduate in Nürnberg [The first two classes had graduation exercises in Munich – Ed.] We chose to wear white formals and the boys to wear white dinner jackets. The dinner jackets were supplied by special services (used for club dance bands). The 11 girls of our class had to scramble for the white dresses. Mothers scoured the economy and a few even went to France and somehow we managed to come up with white material and had dressmakers make dresses from photographs (patterns were not available). The dresses were worn for the prom as well as the graduation.

Diplomas were presented in black leather cases. When the occupation troops entered Germany, somewhere along the way, a factory full of black leather to be used for SS officers black leather trench coats was confiscated. General Max F. Schneider, Sr. (his son was a graduate of the Nürnberg class of 1947) decided that some use could be made of all of this black leather. The diploma cases lasted through a number of years and I believe they were used for all of the schools. The front of each case was embossed with the name of the school in gold letters, and the case was lined with German parachute silk. ...

HOUSING

Virtually all of the “old” Walled City of Nürnberg that tourists see now are replica buildings reproduced as closely as possible from pre-World War II photos. Most of the inner city was demolished by bombing and artillery fire during a last ditch stand by the hard core of Nazis associated with Nürnberg. The walls and gate towers were still somewhat intact. The old moat walls were originally used for protection of the city, but in those early years following WWII, the German people used the walls to live in. Shacks were built in the dried-up moat for shelter. Though the shacks had no heat or running water, at least they gave some protection from the elements. Housing was critical. Many German families lived in one room only and shared baths and kitchens with several other families. Under the Marshall Plan, the U.S. Army created as many jobs as possible for the German people. Requisitioned housing came with

live-in maids. If you wanted to provide shelter and pay them yourself, you could have as many servants as you wanted. Displaced people were also trying to survive, and there were many from the countries overrun by Hitler's army and then the Russian army.

GERMAN-AMERICAN YOUTH COUNCIL

There was a German-American Youth Council (GYA) that met occasionally. These meetings were supposed to be an exchange of cultural and political topics. They were not very successful. Most of the German students were older than the Americans, in both years and worldliness. Many of the Germans, when 14-15 years old, fought in the last days of the war, and now at 17-20 years of age, were trying to continue and to catch up on their education. They wanted to meet in beer halls and discuss topics and actually argue their politics against democracy. We were all naive, under 18-year-old Americans that were just learning about our own government. All we knew about how democracy worked was what we had read in our books. I remember one meeting that was held in an air-raid bunker. It was solid concrete with no windows and most of it underground. We walked through concrete halls, strung with bare bulbs and exposed wiring to the underground room, where tables and chairs had been set up. The lighting was dim, the air was cold and stuffy. The Germans objected because they could not have beer or wine at the meeting. I don't remember much about it except that it didn't last long and both the German and American teachers had to intervene several times. I do hope these meetings became more successful as time went on.

HITLER'S EAGLE'S NEST

The first time I got down to Bertchesgaden was the summer of 1949 shortly after I graduated. Hitler's home was still standing although it was just a bombed-out shell. It was on a mountain overlooking Bertchesgaden and elite SS barracks were close by. Just a year or two later, these buildings were all bulldozed and buried, so that they would not become a Hitler shrine. Further up on this same mountain was the entry tunnel to the elevator that rose through the center of the mountain and took us to the Eagle's Nest. Dependents who arrived in later years thought this was the Hitler home in Bertchesgaden. The Eagle's Nest was actually large meeting rooms and dining rooms only. There were no bedrooms in the building. Hitler was only up there perhaps half a dozen times or less. Eva Braun was more apt to use it during the summer for nude sunbathing (or at least that is what we were told). In 1949 there was an EES snack bar serving cokes and hamburgers and hot dogs to American military families. When I returned with my own children and military husband in 1962, it was a very expensive and elegant German restaurant.

STUDENT ESCAPE PLANS

... During the later part of '48 and into '49, the Russian blockade of Berlin was still in progress, and everyone expected fighting to break out any day. Dorm students had to sign in and out and account for where they were going in case an invasion began. There were perhaps only about 30-40 students in the dorms, and we were told to keep small suitcases ready with warm clothing, and if the alert came, wear as much of our clothing as possible, grab a blanket and case, and assemble at our assigned evacuation point.

But we dorm students had our own escape plans in case Russia invaded. Most of us figured that few people (other than our parents) would bother much with a small group of American teenagers, so we plotted our own plans. Besides, there was still a great deal of animosity between Americans and Germans, and we weren't sure if the Germans would assist us or hinder us. The boys that knew how to drive planned to steal the first bus, truck, or car that they could get their hands on, come and get the rest of us and we would get as far as the gas would take us to Switzerland. We even plotted it on road maps. I suppose we all had a sort of "live for today" attitude because of this constant possible threat.

DEPENDENT STUDENTS: ROWDY, INDEPENDENT, SELF-ASSURED

We dependent students were rowdy, independent, American elite. We were the "Winners," self-

assured, and probably totally obnoxious to the adult Germans. We also absorbed the reality of war, the waste, the agony of a defeated people, and became war haters. It was, after all, our children who became the “War Protestors” of the late ’60’s and through the ’70’s. We were the generation that had to fight through mixed emotions. During WWII, we were growing up and being fed a daily diet of propaganda against everything German or Japanese. When the atrocities of those military armies came out after the war (during the war crimes trials), the hate mixed with incredulity that the “common” people did not aid and abet their army. Almost immediately we were asked to put aside our differences and join with former enemies to fight communism (Russia in Europe and China in the Far East). Almost immediately, classmates from the ’47-50 classes were drafted to possibly fight in Korea. We were the generation that had to bridge the gap from pre-WWII isolationism to being the Number One World Power, trying to police the world and bring peace and calm and at the same time fight communist takeover. My generation became aware of history and great events when we lived them in those early post WWII years, and my generation is praying that our grandsons will not have to live through similar circumstances. The stakes are so much higher and the weapons so much more destructive.

PART II: MORE PERSONAL MEMORIES

BEAUTY SHOPS

Going to a German beauty shop in those early post-war years was an experience. You had to supply your own shampoo and sometimes your own towel and bobbie/hair pins. The beautician had few supplies and was only giving you her service. They were still “doing” ’30’s style hair-dos. If you brought a photo of a hair-do that you liked, they might (or might not) be able to come up with a reasonable facsimile. They did not have the shampoo trays attached to the sinks. You simply faced the sink and bent forward, with your head upside down. If they hadn’t done too many shampoos ahead of you, the water might even be slightly warm. Eventually around 1950, the PX started putting beauty salons in the PX and in the hotels/transient billets. They still had German operators that were somewhat behind the times on “dos,” but at least they had the proper equipment.

HONEY WAGONS

Ah, yes – let us not forget the “honey wagons.” These were horse-drawn wooden wagons with a sort of large elongated wooden barrel on the wagon bed. The drivers went from house to house and emptied the septic tanks. Most of the “suburban” homes had septic tanks instead of sewer systems. The honey wagon came around on a regular schedule and with a wooden bucket attached to a long pole, the driver would empty the septic tank into the barrel on the wagon. Then he would take it to the outskirts of the town where he generally had a small farm (or the farmer would pay him for the service) and dip from the barrel and sling the contents on the fields as fertilizer. Needless to say, when traveling in the early spring, just before planting time, when passing a farm field, you rolled up the car windows and tried to hold your breath until you were past. Going through a small village with its narrow cobblestone streets could be a hazard if you got stuck behind a honey wagon and no room to pass. While riding the bus back and forth to school on weekends, whoever spotted a honey wagon first would call out loudly, “Honey Wagon!” and we would all roll up bus windows and put hands over our noses until we were safely past.

GETTING AROUND

There were very few cars in these years. Not even Americans had many cars. American car factories didn’t produce automobiles after the war until 1946. Gas and tires were still rationed and scarce. Most American families had at least one car of some vintage or other (many were late ’30’s and ’40-41 models), but the Germans either walked or rode bicycles. A few were beginning to get motor scooters, mostly from Italy. Having no car, you rode streetcars or the few buses that the Germans had. ... The American dependents could ride any German transportation free (other than the trains, which were controlled by the American military) by showing their dependent ID card. I remember riding streetcars

and buses all over the Nürnberg area and to small towns close by. ...

And you did a lot of walking. The trouble with all that walking (much of it on cobblestone streets) is that it was hard on shoes. Shoes were difficult to come by, so what you had was repaired, repaired and repaired. Sometimes the PX would get a limited number of shoes in. Once they got a shipment of British Wac military shoes and they went like hot cakes, even if they weren't stylish. Even when the German factories began to make some women's shoes, they didn't fit American feet very well. American women have a tendency to long narrow feet, and German women tended more to shorter, wider feet. By the time I would get a shoe to fit the length of my foot, it would be so wide, it wouldn't stay on. They gave me a sort of "Minnie Mouse" look. Once I got to Paris (1951) and found a pair of Swiss Bally grey velvet opera pumps with a combination last! – I really loved those shoes and wore them to death! It broke my heart when they were no longer repairable and had to finally be discarded.

In 1950, when I was working for EES Headquarters in the Palace of Justice, I met an interesting couple. He was an Italian contractor that contracted with the commissary for fresh produce from Italy. His mistress was a cute Leslie Caron-type French woman in her mid-20's. She traveled everywhere with him. He would buy her anything she wanted, but he wouldn't give her any pocket money. She had the latest originals from Paris and the most beautiful accessories. She had a great orange/black herringbone checked short wool coat that I loved. She had me try it on and except for having to let the sleeves out, it did fit me. So she sold it to me for \$25. No telling what the Italian had paid for it. That is how she got pocket money, so if she wanted to take someone out for lunch or go see a movie, she had her own money. Sometimes they brought another couple with them on their trips. She was Gaby, a French actress, known in minor roles in French films during the '40's and '50's. She used only the one name. She was mistress to one of the French movie directors and he was probably the more famous of the two, but I can't recall his name. Both women would take me to lunch when they were in Nürnberg, and it was a fascinating world of movie business and gossip for this 18-year-old American. By the way, I kept the coat until about 10 years ago. My daughters wore it occasionally, and I finally sent it to one of my sisters. I still see coats styled similar to this one in magazines. Ah—can't beat those fashionable French.

SHOW BUSINESS

The Nürnberg Opera House was our theater – for movies, stage shows, community theater, etc. During the spring of 1949, Special Services put on a musical variety show, but they needed women for the show. They invited the high school teenagers to participate. A few of the boys participated, but mostly it was the American girls. It had a sort of Ziegfeld format and we had great fun doing it. Since material was almost non-existent, we had to use the Opera House costumes. These had been stored in large crates and put in the basement of the Palace of Justice for safe keeping. We went into the dungeon-like caverns of the Palace and dug around in costumes that were pre-WWII, and some even looked pre-WWI. They were worn and fragile, but with patches and repairs, we came up with adequate costumes for our show. We can all now say that "we performed on the stage at the Nürnberg Opera House."

Later, when I began working at EES, I got involved with the Special Services Community Theater and performed in a play on that stage. Our Civilian Actress Technician (C.A.T.'s as we called them) that directed the play had been a small bit actress in Hollywood. Tala Birell had been born in Hungary (I think) and went to Hollywood during the '30's. I still sometimes see a movie that she had a part in. Probably the one most often seen is "Bringing Up Baby," a classic comedy with Katherine Hepburn and Cary Grant and a lion. Tala is the neighbor's wife who has a couple of scenes when the lion gets loose and is wandering around on their property. Tala was also a co-star on stage with John Barrymore during his declining years, when he was totally alcoholic and unreliable on stage.

Hollywood was having difficulty getting back on its feet after the war, and TV was slowly beginning to invade the entertainment industry (I didn't see TV until I returned to the States in 1953), and this was the beginning of movie companies coming to Europe and taking advantage of cheaper labor on the sets,

and doing films in the more authentic settings. Many of the actors and actresses would “work” their way across Germany by doing night club acts at the Officer’s Clubs, NCO Clubs, EM Clubs, Special Services Clubs, USO’s, wherever they could get booked. Kay Medford (the landlady in “Butterfield 8” with Liz Taylor) came through on her way to Italy to try out for some epic (“Quo Vadis”), as well as Peter Lorre, and probably a number of people that were later famous but unknowns at that time.

GETTING NORMAN SCHWARZKOPF’S AUTOGRAPH

In late 1948, Special Activities Division (EES and Special Services), was moved from Frankfurt to Nürnberg’s Palace of Justice. A number of teenagers transferred into our school. Many of them had known Norman Schwarzkopf in Frankfurt. Norm had gone to school in Switzerland for his 9th grade but then came to the American High School in Frankfurt for his sophomore year. In the 49-50 school year, during his junior year, he was in Heidelberg American High School. I did not get a chance to meet him during those years, although we had mutual friends. During Derby week in Kentucky, May 1991, he was the Grand Marshall for the Derby Parade and one of his classmates, Gaylord Long (Frankfurt, Nürnberg, Munich, class 1952) managed to get invitations for us to attend a reception in the general’s honor. I did get the only autograph of the evening when I placed my 1949 yearbook in front of him and said “After over 40 years, I thought you should sign it.” (In 1949, there were only seven high schools in Germany. This was the first year that we had a combined yearbook. So although we each had our own section in the yearbook, Norman was also in my 1949 yearbook.) – and now it was signed!

GETTING MARRIED

When I got married in June 1951, it took us seven to eight months to get everything ready. First, all the papers had to be filled out and sent through the chain of command for approval. Donn and I both had stacks of papers. Because the Army was not used to handling American/American marriages, I had to fill out the same papers as a German national marrying an American, except I didn’t need a CID background investigation. I ordered my dress from Lord & Taylor in New York City from a fashion magazine photo. Since mail took so long to go back and forth, it was several months of correspondence before the dress finally arrived. Our wedding was in the Nürnberg Post Chapel, and the reception was in Stein Castle. My bridesmaid and I had to redo the bouquets. The German florist’s idea of a bouquet was simply long-stemmed carnations, leaves and all, tied with a ribbon. By the time we staggered the length of the stems and eliminated some of the leaves, we came up with passable bouquets. Donn and I had to have a German Civil ceremony before the Army Chapel wedding. In fact, the chapel wedding wasn’t even required. Our German ceremony was in the town hall three days prior to the church service. We had the ceremony on a Wednesday morning and drove to Munich immediately after, to the American Consulate (the closest one at that time) in order to have my name changed in my passport. All they did was stamp “See Page so and so” in the front of the passport. On the page indicated, they had an official stamp stating the name change and date of marriage. We could have saved ourselves the trip.

On our honeymoon we drove through Italy down to Capri in our 1940 Chrysler, and in every hotel, the bill was issued to Lt. Donn Adrian and Miss Joan McCarter. The Italians couldn’t care less about “seeing page so and so.” The American dollar was welcome everywhere, and we stayed in some very elegant hotels, including THE Grand Hotel in Rome. Capri has no beaches. It is a rock (volcanic) island. You ended up with stone bruises after a day on their “beach.” We did find out that Gracie Fields (a former British Music Hall singer and film comedic actress) had a pool on the island that you could pay to use. Needless to say, the next two days on Capri, we paid for the pool. While European moguls were sitting around the pool (with their bikini-clad mistresses) talking about buying and selling yachts and hotels, Donn and I were just hoping we had enough money left to pay the hotel bill and get the ferry back to Naples. We did!!



OVERSEAS
Brats®



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1997 Lifetime Achievement Award

Presented to:

Joan Kay McCarter Adrian

Nürnberg HS/Germany'49

For:

Joan's wonderful accomplishments in the area of overseas alumni affairs since 1986.

As one of the pioneers involved with both her Nürnberg Alumni Assn. and OVERSEAS BRATS, Joan gave much of herself to both organizations over a long period of time, in a way that very few overseas alumni have given of themselves.

Within her Nürnberg Alumni Assn. she has actively sought out those associated with her alma mater regardless when they were at the school, and has served in a executive committee capacity contributing to her group where the management of the organization, assisting as a writer with the newsletter, or helping with her reunions whenever or wherever they were held. Very few of her classmates or friends from her time period at Nürnberg High have been as active or as enthusiastic for such a long, sustained time period as Joan has.

In the area of overseas alumni affairs, Joan has been equally active. Her involvement and support began as a founding member of OVERSEAS BRATS in 1986, and then serving on the Advisory Board for a four year period. She has actively sought out anyone who went to school overseas, encouraged their involvement in both OVERSEAS BRATS and now the American Overseas Schools Historical Society (AOSHS).

OVERSEAS BRATS proudly recognizes and presents this special award -the first of its's kind - to Joan Kay McCarter Adrian, *Nürnberg HS/Germany'49* in front of her overseas alumni friends and peers this day, October 25, 1997 at the OVERSEAS BRATS "Northern Kentucky Gathering" at the Quality Hotel Riverview in Covington, Kentucky.

Joe Condrill, President
OVERSEAS BRATS

Photo Gallery



Nürnberg High School, at No. 19 Tannenstrasse, from 1951 yearbook



This picture purportedly shows the first Cristkindlesmarkt after the War. Date is believed to be Christmas, 1948, which would be consistent with the ruined buildings in the background. Source of the photo is unknown.

A pictorial depiction of the Berlin Airlift, July 1948 - September 1949



Source: Unknown

Meeting of the German-American Youth Organization (GYA) held in Palace of Justice, Dec. 20, 1948



At the table: Mr. Herman Search, school principal, Jeanette Hembree, '50, Nancy White, '49, Roberta Sheppard, '48 (participated in school activities after graduation). Behind table: unknown, Bill Shortt, '49 (face blocked), Marie Meyers, '52. In background, German students. -- Notes by Joan Kay (McCarter) Adrian

Letter from Kent G. Gallagher, class of 1952, to Joan Adrian regarding the Nuremberg War Trials

A Story about Hermann Göring and Kent's Dad

March 10, 1996

Dear Joan:

I received your card just two days ago, on Saturday, and since I am on spring break from the university where I teach, I have an opportunity to reply to your inquiry. This seems a strange year for the half-century anniversary of the Crime Trials, since they began in '45 and finished around '51 or '52—possibly even '50.

My father, Charles Joseph Gallagher, was the senior American court reporter—he may have been the chief court reporter, but I am uncertain as to his exact title—at the Crime Trials. He went over in the fall of 1945, and we joined him in the summer of 1947 and were there until 1951. His job remained the same all during those years. He was born in 1890, and fought in World War I first as a pilot, and then as an artillery air-liaison non-com and battery first sergeant. He was posted to Bremgarten after that war, where he served in the army of the occupation until he was injured and posted back to the U.S. for discharge. He died in 1969.

I don't have ready access to materials to copy to you in the brief time before I need to send this letter; my memorabilia are stored in a somewhat inaccessible location. There are reams of documentation available on the trials in the national archives, including miles and miles of courtroom film, and all the Movietone newsreels that were shot and then later saved. I see them occasionally on the AMC channel on cable TV.

I recall one tale he told us about Hermann Göring, during the trials. It seems that the prosecuting attorneys would from time to time interrogate the defendants outside the courtroom. Once one of the military lawyers was questioning Göring, with a translator and court reporter, my father, in attendance. Some question came up about Göring's military service during WW I, and in framing his answer he used the first person plural, "We served . . .," and made it clear that he was including one of the people in the room in his answer. The attorney was young, as was the interpreter, which left Dad, who was in his army uniform with the civilian patches on it, as the sole member of the group to whom Göring might be referring. When the interrogator asked the fat Nazi—that was before he had lost all the weight, Dad said—just what he meant by "we," he replied that the gentleman with the pen and pad had been, also, a member of the armed forces during that war. Göring had noticed the WW I veteran's pin Dad wore in his lapel, and figured out what it signified. He asked Dad's name, and then the interrogation proceeded.

Some time later—I got the impression it was weeks—Dad was assigned once again to an interrogation team to question the ex-Luftwaffe field marshal. Once again some question pertaining to his air service in WW I came up, and again he used the first person plural in commenting on flying during that conflict. When asked just whom he was referring to by the attorney, who was not the same one who had done the previous questioning, Der Dicke answered that Herr Gallagher had been assigned to a unit flying opposite his staffel [squadron]. He explained that the German flying corps had excellent intelligence during the waning months of WW I, and kept close tabs on who flew in their sector.

Hermann may have been a self-indulgent, drug-addicted, megalomaniacal Nazi, but he was not stupid. He had used the time in his cell puzzling out just why Dad's name was familiar to him, and came up with the answer. Dad had been a replacement pilot to a squadron stationed opposite Göring's Flying Circus, the unit he commanded after von Richthofen had been shot down. Der Dicke, who by the time he was due to be hanged had become Der Skinny and Wily, managed to hide the cyanide pill that allowed him to cheat the hangman.