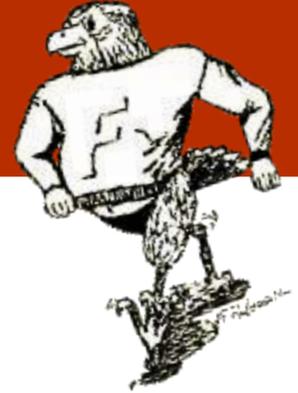




BALD EAGLES ECHO NEWSLETTER OF FRANKFURT AMERICAN HIGH SCHOOL CLASSES 1963-1966



SAVANNAH REUNION

SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST:

- **BARBARA
MOTSON
LEISER
PRESIDENT'S
REPORT -
FRONT
PAGE**

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PHOTOS
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Thanks and Remembering

Fellow Alumni—

Another year....another fabulous reunion.... Savannah was a wonderful beautiful city that lent itself perfectly to our little group. And I do want to thank all the people who helped make the weekend so wonderful. We are so lucky to have so many hard working classmates and spouses who are willing to give time to our organization to keep us in touch, help us find lost friends and arrange times and places for us to gather.

Twenty-four years ago when a few classmates got together and started all this, then were joined by a few more, these are the people we also have to thank. For those of you who do not know we lost one of those hard

working special people last fall. Sue Harlan Alley was killed in a one car accident on her way



Barbara Motson Leiser '65

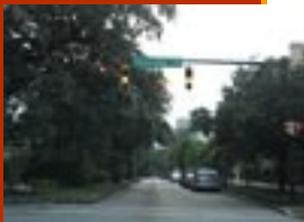
home from church in Nashville. Sue was one of those people who jumped in with two feet and took over our finances and keep up everyone's addresses, and searched for classmates in the infancy of this organization. Sue was just one of those people who always seemed a bit larger than life; if she was in the room you always knew it. She went through some very troubled times as we all have, but no matter how difficult her trou-

bles were she always found a way to join us all once a year at our reunions. Sue attended every reunion plus a few of the mini gatherings held around the country. We were all a very large part of Sue's life and she will surely be missed and always will be remembered as a part of lives.

Next year we will be back in Chicago for the sixth time celebrating twenty-five years of our gatherings and the class of '65 forty-fifth reunion. We are planning some great things for this weekend, and we are hoping many of you will be joining us.

**Barbara Motson
Leiser '65**

Getting there is half the fun...



Liberty Street
Savannah

"I
found who I
am through
my history."
Shirley Clark
'64

One day to get across Texas, one day to get across Louisiana, Mississippi, Florida and we were at Marti (Farley, FHS '65) and Cecil Fussell's home in the historic and charming town of Thomasville, Georgia, for the beginning of our trip to Savannah. We took the slow road, visiting Wakulla Springs State Park just across the border in Florida. A riverboat ride through several miles of swamp had us viewing alligators, ospreys, and snakes, Oh My! - not to mention floating through passages with low-hanging moss where The Creature From the Black Lagoon and early Tarzan movies were filmed. A day of shopping and sightseeing in Thomasville, then it was on to Savannah, but not before a stop at Jekyll Island for lunch and perusing the cottages (Not!) surrounding the grand Jekyll Island Ho-

tel, all great fun and beautifully planned by Marti.

But the best for me, as it is for me for every one of these FHS trips, was getting to the hospital-ity room in the Hilton Savannah DeSoto, the lovely hotel in the Savannah Historic District where our gathering took place. It's always so much fun to see everyone, old and new faces - Judy Kellond Bader and John Howell (both FHS '66) were searching the yearbooks - the room was full - it's hard to know where to turn or which conversation to join with all these old and friendly faces. After much gabbing and hugging, we were off to enjoy a fun early evening with Bob (FHS '65) and Susie Begg, the FOBs, assorted Left-wichs and lots of friends at an historic home where they were staying. The home was for-

merly a church - we blessed it in true FHS style [Bob edited this to say we got sloshed - I have no memory of this.]. Upon returning to the hotel, we joined a group in the lobby bar for a makeshift game of Trivial Pursuit - no board was used, just questions asked and answers shouted back. Laura Baxter, Alice Atkinson Malton and Cindy Ravitsky (all FHS '66) kept the questions coming...drinks were ordered, drinks were drunk, the answers became more obtuse - there were no losers, we were all winners...at least we went to bed sure that we were.

Saturday was shopping and wandering, so we shopped and wandered then shopped some more.

Continued page 3.....



A MESSAGE FROM MARILYN

Q: Why do our high school experiences occupy such a prominent place in our memories?

From Parade Magazine

A: During high school, we develop the most vigorous adult bodies we will ever have. At the same time, we possess the least amount of sense we will ever have. This combination produces many memorable moments!

Baby Boomer Trivial Pursuit



Friday night, June 26, the lobby of the Hilton de Soto...competition at fever pitch...pre dementia on the move...BABY BOOMER TRIVIAL

PURSUIT. The night was hot and humid. The "almost elderly" had converged for drinks and chit chat, but once the pursuit cards came out, the sweet southern conviviality ended. A small group of four became 8, then 16 (can you see where this is going?). Anyway, lots of classmates and spouses sat down for the challenge. The only rules were

"hit the table when you know the answer"...the person who gets three questions correct gets to be the next "reader of the cards"...whoohoo!! Some questions took the whole group to try to figure out, but it was fun, it was laughable, we weren't asked to leave the lobby and I was asked to bring the cards again next year!!

Laura Baxter, FHS '66

"...let us remember those Eagles that have now gone on their final flight, and the Eagles that still have a nest, ruffled feathers and all." Mickey Hardin '66

Half the fun...(con't)

As we neared an intersection with my husband James driving, Marti yelled that the shop on the corner was a place I'd love – The Paris Market – she was right! Whoosh, the Odyssey side doors slid open and Marti and I were in the store yelling back at the guys that we'd meet them back at the hotel. It felt like Paris – purchases were made...this is a highly recommended shop next time you find yourself in Savannah. The hotel was a short, sticky walk away - we arrived just in time to help Cindy Ravitsky distribute her annual surprise to each place setting – thanks Cindy!

Then it was Saturday night (read party time!) with just minutes to change from shopping clothes to party

clothes and get back downstairs to not see and be seen, but to hug, smile and visit with old friends. Whether you dance or you don't, it's a blast. Barb Motson Leiser, our esteemed president (FHS '65) and I are queens of the don'ts, but we're tops at watching and enjoying every minute, which we did as we all sparkled to Cindy's gifts of blinking bracelets and hair bobs.

Once again our faithful leaders had put together a special weekend. A double thanks this year to Hal (FHS '65) and Leanne Corbin – not only did Leanne do her usual, early heavy lifting making the advance arrangements, but also they were our official hosts for this years reunion – uh, meeting...:)...reunions are

saved for every five years in Chicago – that's next year, folks. I'll be there, walking that Magnificent Mile along Michigan Avenue and visiting The Modern Wing of the Art Institute that just opened in May 2009. But the best, as always, will be visiting with the old and new friends. So, as we Chicago Cubs fans habitually say, See You Next Year!

**Kathy Bates Johnson
FHS'66**

Savannah Business Meeting



Taking Care of
Business

“Looking for
photos for a
slide show in
Chicago.

Contact Dick
Bartelt”



Schedule of Reunion was discussed to change to a cooler and less traveled time of year. No decision was made. The decision to change to possibly May or October will be made at the Chicago 2010 Reunion.

Dick Bartelt is looking for photos to use in a slide show in Chicago. This will be the 45th reunion of the Class of 1965. They can be digital or prints. Contact Dick if you have

something interesting for the reunion.

rbartelt@arcadis-us.com

Reunion 2011 will be held in Boston,

Dan O'Connor and Fred Schloss are having some success in locating classmates. If you are stuck, contact either of them and they can try to help.

dano@wn.com.au or fschloss@aol.com

Gary Sams has merchandise with FAHS logos on them such as shirts, sweatshirts, etc. He is also considering another trip to Germany like the one in 2007. He is looking at possibly 2011. Contact him if you are interested in either merchandise or the trip.

glsams@embarqmail.com

Treasurer's Report

Janet Surkin Heidorn
Class of '65

After all expenses were paid for our wonderful reunion in Savannah, Georgia, the treasury stood at \$21, 113.83. This includes \$1048.28 in Reunion Aide Fund monies. We will still have the cost of this newsletter before year's end, but we look healthy going into “the BIG ONE” in Chicago. We were able to provide aide to 2 people to attend Savannah's reunion. I anticipate that many more

people will request aide for Chicago. The economy has hit many of our classmates and their families hard, so if you have a little extra, please remember them by contributing to the aide fund. Aide fund is available to all alumni. It can be used to cover lodging, registration and the dinner/dance on Saturday night. It cannot be used to cover travel or spousal costs and can be used only once every 5 years. The

request for aide is strictly confidential. If anyone would like to request aide, please contact me directly. Those who contribute to the fund, do so with the hope that everyone who wants to attend, would have some of their costs defrayed and hopefully this will allow them to attend.

Please remember to send me your registration as soon as you make the decision to attend.

SEE



WORTH THE WAIT



WHAT

YOU



**HOSPITALITY ROOM
CROWD FOR BUSINESS
MEETING AND CHATTER**



MISSED !

MY FIRST REUNION by SHIRLEY CLARK

To find your roots, you need to have a history. I have wondered where some of my high school friends were and if the memories I had of Germany were authentic. How could I ever learn these answers? It is possible a reunion could give me answers. It is 1990, twenty-six years after graduation, I am going to my first high school reunion.

I arrive in the afternoon, check in at the hotel, and make my way to the association table to find my name tag. I speak with a few people, most of whom I don't remember from high school. We make small talk about what we are doing now.

The planned activity for the evening is a dinner cruise on Lake Michigan, but unpredictable weather cancels that plan. Plan B is a bus ride to a local German restaurant for dinner and camaraderie.

As we, this group of disassociated people nearing middle age, walk into the restaurant a *Gasthaus* fills our sight - dark walls, dark furniture, and the ever-present bar. Memories fill my mind, walking a block with my parents in Mörfelden, Germany to the local *Gasthaus* for dinner. Wine tasting is a sensory experience, as I learned to identify a variety of flavors among wines from different regions of Europe. Early drinking is part of my history.

Savory aromas fill the air as we wait for our table. The loud brass band plays a drinking song, while customers sing along, "*In München steht ein Hofbräuhaus, eins, zwei, g'soffa.*" As our group is called for dinner, we slowly follow one another to the table.

Waiters take our orders, and large pitchers of beer dot the landscape of the table. Time is spent getting to know each other again after a quarter century. We talk about comical events from high school, our newest child or grandchild, universities attended, and where we are working now. Old friendships are renewed, new friends are made. Finally, my delectably remembered meal arrives, and years disappear: *Wiener Schnitzel*, *Bratkartoffeln*, *Brötchen*, and a glass of dry white wine. The only cuisine different from this dream is a Rhine River Rudesheim wine, not an American wine. German food is part of my history.

At the other end of this long wooden table, someone stands to make a toast. Emotion strangles his words, "I thought I imagined I had lived in Germany; now I know I lived there." You can see the same emotion is being felt by many seated along the table, including me. I realize that living in Germany was real.

The bus pulls away from the restaurant after hours of eating, drinking and conversation. My head falls back on the seat, my eyes close. In my mind's eye I see a bus trip I took through West Berlin in November 1963. It was the weekend after President Kennedy was assassinated. We had three days of visiting with escapees from East Berlin, a meeting with Mayor Willie Brandt, and a tour of West Berlin and the Berlin Wall. Our bus drove past the Berlin Wall. Across the concrete wall and barbed wire, I saw an elderly woman, bundled up against the cold German winter. She glanced around, saw no one near her side of the wall, gave a small wave, and scurried away. My time in Germany was not a dream, nor was it my imagination. Living in a foreign country during the Cold War is part of my history.

The organization has received a letter from President George H. W. Bush. He passes on good wishes to our Alumni for living in the Cold War bordering a Communist country. The Berlin Wall had been dismantled the year before, removing the barrier between East and West. We had lived in a time of conflict and tension. Our fathers worked in defense of the United States; against perceived and real aggression from the United Socialist Soviet Republic. United States History is my history.

Growing up in a sub-culture of American society, military children are transients, friends become family, and roots are grown in relationships. The reunion provided me an opening to myself. Other Frankfurt American High School students have become part of my past and future because they understand, they also lived it. I found an authentic memory of living in Germany, experiencing history first hand, and traveling to European sights.

I found who I am through my history.

I wrote the prior essay in a college class last year, it chronicles my attendance at my first reunion. There are those who have not attended their first, but Dennis McDougall of Milton, Wisconsin came to his first Frankfurt American High School gathering in Savannah, forty five years after graduation. Hopefully everyone made him feel as welcome as those who have attended several reunions. When you arrive at your first reunion, it is overwhelming at first. Everyone is unfamiliar until you begin talking. Then the memories flood back. Chicago will hold it's sixth reunion in June of 2010. If you have never attended one, seriously consider this one. If you need a room mate contact Leanne Corbin or for financial assistance, contact the Treasurer, Janet Surkin Heidorn, 6103 Trinidad Ave., Cypress, CA 90630 or by email at janheidorn@earthlink.net.



DENNIS McDOUGALL '64
 CHERYL ANDERSON ALSTON '64
 JANET SURKIN HEIDORN '65

SAVANNAH 2009

OUR NEW MELLOTEENS! AS GOOD AS EVER!



BOB BEPKO '66
 JUDY KELLOND BADER '66
 JOHN HOWELL '66
 LAURA BAXTER '66





GAIL LEWIS SMITH '65
SPOUSE CHARLES SMITH



JOYCE MOORE BATES '65
BILL LEFTWICH '65
KEN LAPIN '64



HELGA ALLEN ROBBINS '65
LAURA BAXTER '66



REBECCA JOHNSTON LEFTWICH '65
BOB LEFTWICH '63



DANCING THE NIGHT AWAY



ELEANOR FLORES DEMASCO '66
SPOUSE JOE DEMASCO
CINDY RAVITSKY '66



DAN TOMBERLIN '65
SPOUSE PAT TOMBERLIN

**FAHSAA OFFICERS
Elected at Business
Meeting Chicago 2005**

President (Empress) - Barbara Motson
Leiser '65

Vice President—Judy Kellond Bader '66

Treasurer—Janet Surkin Heidorn '65

Secretary—Maureen Flynn Gwynn '66

Reunion Coordinator—Leanne Corbin
(Honorary Eaglette)

Mini-Reunion Coordinator—Ken Lapin
'64

Captain at Arms—Marcia Morrison '63

Webmeister—Allen Macklin '65

**Frankfurt American High School
Alumni Association**

CHICAGO REUNION 2010

June 24-27, 2010

Renaissance Chicago Downtown

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Smoke-free Policy in Hotel—Near
Subway and Bus Lines—Overlooking
Chicago River—Short Walk to
Lake and Michigan Avenue**

Download Registration
Form for Chicago Reun-
ion from web page

<http://www.fhs63-66.org>

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c/o Hal & Leanne Corbin
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Marietta GA 30068-4325

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