

EAGLES ECHO



Spring Edition – 2011
 Editor – Sandy Collins mujerescondita@yahoo.com
 Editor's Analyst – Walter Alvin

A PUBLICATION OF THE FRANKFURT
 AMERICAN HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI
 ASSOCIATION
 CLASSES 1967-1971
www.frankfurthigh.com



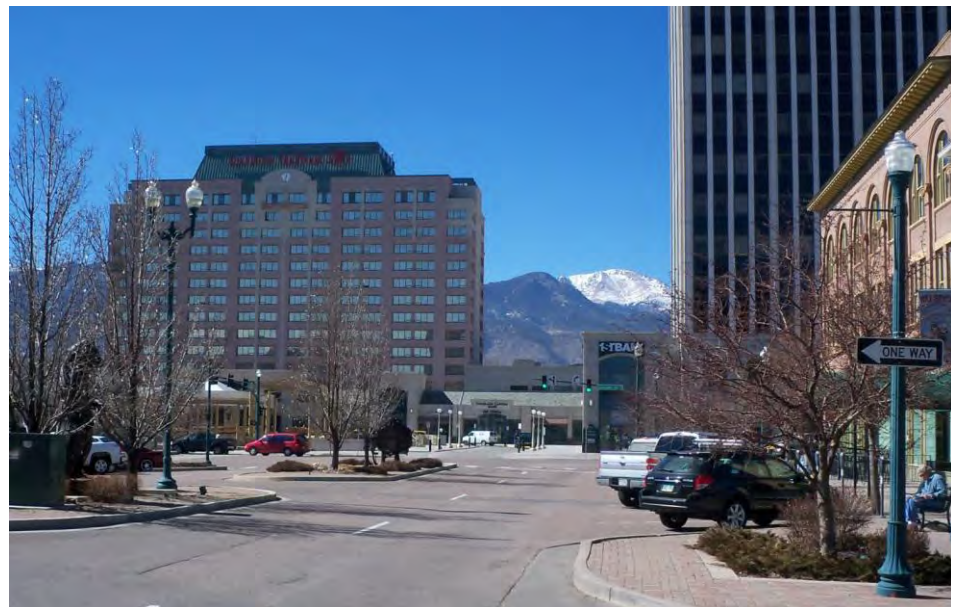
GET READY FOR THAT ROCKY MOUNTAIN HIGH!

COLORADO SPRINGS 2011 REUNION

By Gaye Crosby ('69)

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Colorado Springs	P1
Soaring Eagles:	
Brad Owen	P4
Chef Bobby Buzz	P5
Pattie Schultz-Ormond	P6
Grace of Chaos	P8
Spring at Last	P9
Soldiers' Angels	P10
Hawg Heaven	P11
Morrison Then and Now	P14
Where Have All the Flowers Gone?	P15
Was Gibts zu Essen?	P17
From the Wine Cellar	P18
Subculture Newsflash	P18
Fallen Eagles	P19
Call for Nominations	P20
Where Will the Eagles Land in 2012?	P20
President's Letter	P21



The Antlers Hotel Downtown and Pike's Peak

WHEN? July 28-31, 2011

HOW MUCH? Antlers Hilton rooms \$105 per night

FAHSAA Registration Fee: \$125

WHO'S COMING? Everyone!!

COLORADO SPRINGS REUNION— WHAT'S THE PLAN?

How to Get There – Colorado Springs (COS, www.springsgov.com/AirportIndex.aspx) has a very convenient municipal airport, so be sure to compare rates flying into the Springs versus Denver International Airport, which is 85 miles away.

Directions to the Hotel from Colorado Springs Airport: Take US HWY 24 West to I-25, head north. Follow I-24 N to exit 142 Bijou Street. Turn right heading east for ½ mile. At 1st light, Cascade Avenue, turn right (S). Entrance to the hotel is 2 blocks on the right. Drive is approximately 25 minutes.

Directions from Denver Int'l. Airport: Follow signs to I-25 south to Colorado Springs. Follow I-25 S to Exit 142 Bijou Street. Turn left heading east for ½ mile. At 2nd light, Cascade Avenue, turn right (S). Entrance to the hotel is 2 blocks on the right. The drive will take 1 ½ to 2 hours depending on traffic.

Thursday, July 28 – Reunion events don't officially kick off until Friday, but for those who arrive early (which will be almost everyone!), we will have the hospitality suite open at noon on Thursday.



Phantom Canyon Brewing Company

Downtown Colorado Springs has a lot of restaurants and nightclubs, and the Phantom Canyon Brewing Company is located across the street from the hotel. Phantom Canyon has good

food, beer, and a billiards hall with foosball tables and will be a perfect place to meet up Thursday.



The Cadet Chapel

Friday, July 29 -- On Friday, a tour of the Air Force Academy will be offered at 10 a.m. for anyone who has signed up in advance. The cost of the tour is separate from your Registration Fee. Some points of interest on the tour will include a visit to Falcon Stadium, the Airmanship Overlook, the Visitor Center, the Cadet Chapel and the Cadet Field house. A no-host lunch stop is included. For details, read "What's There To Do" below.

We'll have you back at the hotel in time for Mike McCready's famous wine tasting; and later that evening, we'll have dinner at an authentic German restaurant, the Edelweiss. Transportation to the restaurant is included in your registration fee. <http://www.edelweissrest.com>



The Edelweiss Restaurant

Saturday, July 30-- Our annual business meeting will be held on Saturday morning in the hospitality suite, with a light breakfast served.

Saturday night will be our traditional dinner and dance at the hotel. We have secured the services of James Brown, local TV personality and DJ talent. Most of us like to dress up for this special occasion, but we'll leave the dress code to you. Class photos will be taken!

Details with times for each event will be provided to the reunion attendees. We'll also offer up some ideas of places to go and things to see, and if there's enough interest in certain activities, we'll coordinate transportation and split the cost amongst the participants.

So what IS there to do?

1. Want to walk around downtown? We have the Pioneers Museum, the Money Museum, the Fine Arts Center and a lot of restaurants, boutique shops, pubs and coffee houses within walking distance of the hotel, not to mention a vibrant night scene. Your reunion hosts can give you recommendations!

<http://www.coloradosprings.com/>
<http://csnightclubs.com/>
<http://www.springsgov.com/plan/historic3/WalkingTour.ASP?WCI=Tours>

2. Colorado Springs is home of the US Air Force Academy, and we are fortunate enough to have an Honorary Eagle, Dave Kellogg, willing to provide a personal tour. If we can get enough people to sign up, we'll charter a bus and provide a group tour. Cost should be no more than \$20 per person for a half-day tour, which will be offered on Friday from 10 a.m. – 3:00 p.m. We'll plan a no-host lunch stop as well.
<http://www.usafa.af.mil/information/visitors/index.asp>

3. Colorado Springs is also home of the US Olympic Training Center, which has a great Visitor's Center. Check it out online at <http://www.teamusa.org/about-usoc/u-s-olympic-training-center-colorado-springs>

4. Garden of the Gods is a beautiful City park, free to the public. It showcases lots of red rock formations (photo op!) and hiking trails. Great way to get out and appreciate Mother Nature!
<http://www.gardenofgods.com/yourvisit/index.cfm>

5. The Cheyenne Mountain Zoo is a 146-acre park perched at 6,800 feet on the side of Cheyenne Mountain. The Zoo houses over 700 wild animals of 190 species and has one of the largest giraffe exhibits in the world. An added attraction is the Mountaineer Sky Ride, which is a chairlift-style, open-air ride that provides spectacular views of the Zoo, Cheyenne Mountain, Colorado Springs and the plains to the east. The Sky Ride can be taken with or without the Zoo admission fee.
<http://www.cmzoo.org/>

6. Just west of Colorado Springs is the picturesque town of Manitou Springs, at the foot of Pikes Peak. Enjoy the town's many shops and art exhibits, just a 12-minute drive from beautiful downtown Colorado Springs.
<http://www.manitousprings.org/>

7. You can take the cog railroad up to the top of America's Mountain, Pikes Peak. Cost is approximately \$34.00 per adult (which could change for the summer season) and reservations should be made in advance.
<http://www.cograilway.com/>

8. Got an itch to gamble? Cripple Creek, with its casinos and rich history, is a one-hour bus ride up into the mountains. Shuttle service is available and costs \$25 round trip. Local casinos typically provide coupon deals that could offset the cost of the shuttle..
<http://www.cripple-creek.co.us/ColoradoCasinos.aspx>
www.casinoshuttle.com

Adjusting to high altitude

Colorado Springs is 6,035 feet above sea level, and you might experience symptoms related to altitude sickness until you adjust to the lower air pressure. To enjoy your visit, here are a few things to keep in mind to give your body time to adjust to the altitude and prevent altitude sickness:

- **Stay below 7,000 feet the first day.** Give your body time to adjust—there's a lot to see and do right here in Colorado Springs.
- **Stay hydrated.** Fluid loss often accompanies the acclimatization process, so drink more water.
- **Don't overexert yourself.** Light activity during the day is better than sleeping because respiration decreases during sleep, exacerbating symptoms of altitude sickness.

- **Limit alcohol intake.** Alcohol binds oxygen and water and robs your body of these two important nutrients.
- **Eat a high-carb diet.** More than 70 percent of your daily calories should come from complex carbohydrates such as starches.
- **6,035 feet isn't so bad, compared to Breckenridge's 9,602 feet!** Those of you who attended our BreckFest reunions will notice that Colorado Springs' elevation will be a much easier adjustment.

For more information on adjusting to high altitude, visit Princeton University's [Outdoor Action Guide to High Altitude](#).

Your reunion hosts

Guy & Jane Bennett '68

guy@coloradomove.com
719.337.6640

Gaye Crosby '69

gavemsmith@yahoo.com
719.233.5542

Michael Doane '69

mddoane@gmail.com
757.575.3100

Dave & Meredith Turner Kellogg '72

meredithFHS72@gmail.com
719-528-5390

SOARING EAGLE - BRAD OWEN ('68)



My first question to Brad Owen, Lieutenant Governor of the State of Washington, was “when did you first realize you wanted to be in politics? Could it have been as far back as your days in

Frankfurt?” His answer was surprising. “I first ran for office in fifth grade,” he chuckled. “I was in school politics throughout junior high and high school, with the exception of my senior year.” Brad attended school in Washington; and in his senior year, his family moved to Frankfurt for a year.

The secret to Brad's success is a strong work ethic. “I worked through high school,” he reminisces. And yet, “the Guv,” as I called him jokingly, managed time to be in a rock band, the Mellow Teens, and in Band during the one year he attended FAHS—67-68. “The band for which I was drummer didn't play at the high school but at teen clubs. We had fun.”

When he got out of school, he realized he was opinionated; but it wasn't until a couple of years later that he had a goal.

Brad got married after Frankfurt and moved to Shelton, a small town in Washington. In his early twenties, he negotiated to buy a convenience store. It was as a small business owner that he grew frustrated by government people coming into his store and treating him poorly. That was when he first thought about running for public office.

Soon thereafter, he had opportunity to pick up a second convenience store on the other side of Shelton, a tiny town of roughly 7,000 people. Between the two stores, it wasn't hard to get to know most everyone in town, and by door-belling (door to door politicking, he got to express that opinion and was handily elected to an office on the city commission in 1975. In the same year, he was also elected to a state government post and was immediately sworn in. “In the State of Washington, if you defeat an appointed incumbent, you get sworn into office immediately after the election.” He was only twenty-six.

Brad was elected to the Washington House of Representatives in 1976, where he served for six years. He served as a State Senator for another fourteen years. Having had opportunity to serve in both House and Senate, I asked him which experience he had preferred. Brad said, “You know, it's funny...when I served in the House, people called me ‘Brad.’ But the minute I entered the Senate, I was referred to as ‘Senator.’” Clearly, there is a difference in the minds of the constituency. Brad said that while the posts had great similarities, one's influence over legislature is easier in the Senate because in Washington State there are half as many Senate members as House members, so it was easier to accomplish goals.

“The Guv” continued to be a businessman, holding his convenience stores for some twenty years. He sold his last store in 1993, at which time he decided

to develop a non-profit program for kids. His original mandate was to raise money to deliver a message to teens to steer clear of drugs and alcohol. However, he was asked to start another program in the elementary schools to deliver a message on bullying. His non-profit was called "Strategies for Youth."

This was truly a hands-on program for Brad. He said his years of music in the old school days provided an important key to delivering his messages. He used guitar for the kid programs to deliver his message. They also used a game-show format with the theme, "Everybody's Different--I'm Glad I'm Me." He and his wife began this program in 1989, and it continues to this day.

Brad has held the post of Lieutenant Governor for sixteen years. He doesn't really consider him a "politician." He is a public servant. He told me he judges a politician by their commitment, not a specific philosophy. He suggested that while we all have an ego, a true leader's job is to exercise control over ego and learn how to make use of his position. He said when he votes for a person running for office, he evaluates why they are running—is it for title or purpose?

"The Guv" contemplates retirement when his current term expires. He points out that he has spent thirty-seven years in political office. And like everyone else planning to retire, he hopes to be able to afford it. He loves to bow hunt and fish. He has been planning on a little retirement life for himself. He has built a shop in his house so that he may repair archery equipment and give lessons, as well.

Our former classmate has six children and seventeen grandchildren, and hopes to enjoy them all in retirement.



SOARING EAGLE – BOB PASSARELLI (‘70)



Chef Bobby Buzz spoke to me while ironing his chef's coat. He was getting ready for a fundraiser event. It is a cooking project which sponsors underprivileged, criminally at-risk youth—a program which takes them into the kitchen and teaches them a vocation. While Bob wears many hats, teaching is perhaps the centerpiece of his life's work.

Back in his high school days in Frankfurt, Bob Passarelli knew deep in his heart that he was an idea man. He laughingly reminisced that he had no follow through. And yet, he was a member of three bands during his Frankfurt years. The first band he ever joined was Poor Man's Children, with Bob Bullock, Mike Giesler, Jimmy Golden, and Bob's brother, Richard. He was later a member of Naked Truth with Michael Doane and others. Then there was George and the Rockets. He was also involved with a couple of the school's extracurricular activities. He was a member of the Motor Cycle Club—in fact, of all the members, only he and Alex Sperber, owned bikes. He also took interest in radio and was a member of the DJ Club. "I could have been a good DJ. I have the voice for it," he rumbled in a low, humor filled voice. But when it came to school, Bob was bored.

He graduated from Frankfurt, having spent his last year there in the dorm. He noted with a chuckle that he had the best dorm room of all, as it was on the first floor and way at the end of the corridor, farthest from the counselor—thus it was quite easy for him to make his getaway, as did many other students. After all these years, the Chef still got a kick out of that.

Bob's father was re-stationed to Tuscany, when Bob rejoined them after graduation. It was a wonderful

place to enjoy his new hippie lifestyle and where he began his food adventures. Often he would be the first one up on Sunday morning to make breakfast for everyone. His family enjoyed life at the meal table, and he was inculcated with an appreciation of the idea of good food, good company, funny stories, and strong family identity. Both his grandmother and his father enjoyed cooking; and Bob rather liked it, too.

Once stateside, Bob found himself taking on restaurant gigs, and finally he decided to go to Paul Smith College and obtain a hotel motel restaurant management degree in upstate New York. However, as a long-haired hippie, front-of-the-house jobs were not forthcoming. It seemed he had more a back-of-the-house personality. Finally, one day, he got his lucky break in the kitchen when his chef's *sous* chef disappeared on a four-day bender; and Bob was summoned to the chef's side, first chopping this and that and then following recipes, which he did quickly and apparently easily enough. Eventually, the chef helped him score a scholarship to the Culinary Institute of America, where he graduated ahead of schedule in Hyde Park, New York.

As quickly as one can say, "no snow," Bob jumped into his Cutlass and beat it to North Carolina and scored a country club job. He continued to work in the southern pines area of North Carolina, until one day in 1979, a salesman told him they were looking for a chef at the governor's mansion. The salesman evidently had the inside scoop from a sister who worked there. Bob ignored that tip until several days transpired and the salesman returned and asked him why he hadn't followed up, saying they were waiting for his call. And that was the beginning of Bob's lucky streak. He worked in the governor's mansion for almost sixteen years as the chef.

From managing the governor's mansion, Bob was able to obtain a consulting job for U.S. Food Service. It was here he began his career of instruction. His role was to go into kitchens and sort of pull a Chef Gordon Ramsey's hell's kitchen without the hell-helping restaurant owners successfully structure their kitchens and operations. He has become something of a master at conceptual continuity. He also teaches for the American Culinary Federation where the title of Executive Chef was conferred upon him. Chef Bobby is a national instructor on truffle farming.

The Chef and his fiancé also own a little farm in North Carolina where they grow truffles. So...it turns our Bob finally grew into those large shoes he first dreamed up when he thought of himself as an idea man back in the Frankfurt days. He has other

entrepreneurial endeavors, as well. Probably everyone has visited his website and blog and has seen his now famous spice rubs—namely, Coq Rub, Butt Rub, Thai Happy Ending, and Espresso Rub. And Chef Bobby Buzz, being the Bob we all know and love, has a blog which includes his music right alongside all the talk about cooking.

You see, said Bob, it's all about multi dimensionality. It is something he learned from his grandfather, Robert Passarelli, who mastered everything he ever did, whether it involved working with his hands or his brain. "Life is good," says Bob. "And I have been very lucky." But we know he's really learned how to follow through.

SOARING EAGLE – PATRICIA SCHULTZ-ORMOND (71)



Pattie and her husband, Richard, enjoyed a crisp, beautiful blue sky and a blanket of snow covering San Antonio as she explained that she started her first enterprise when she was sixteen, in the summer of '69 in Frankfurt. She did bead work and sold it, using the money to fund her travels in Europe and North Africa. She wanted to see what the world looked like before she decided how to spend her life.

A self-described introvert, Pattie, had a second job as well, working as a girl Friday for the Davis Agency. Ms. Schwartz, the Vice President of that travel agency, took a liking to Pattie and began grooming her for the business world. She saw something in Pattie that Pattie didn't yet see in herself. Ms. Schwartz taught Pattie that there was no limit to what one could do if one simply reached further into oneself and sought the strengths one was born with. At this point, Pattie began to

realize that, while she knew innately what was meaningful, she still had to define that meaning. Then she could determine where to apply her energy.

Joseph Larkin, principal at FHS, played a guiding role in her decision to graduate early, which she did in January of 1971. She landed the full time position at the travel agency, where Ms. Schwartz began to teach her all aspects of the office and even how to speak—to find her professional voice.

While still in Frankfurt, Pattie had another life-defining experience. Although she was born and raised to be a Christian, she found that God in Germany. She realized that having a strong belief system would provide a clear path to a meaningful life. While she had an interest in Eastern philosophies and studied the *I Ching* and Buddhism, she found that it didn't quite "fit" who she is. Coupling that with German family values, she built the foundation on which she could live.

Back Stateside, Pattie applied for jobs and more than once was turned down for even the simplest of positions, because she was a woman and had not completed her college education. So she went to a head hunter who thought she had tremendous aptitude and suggested she apply herself to the energy industry. She found such a job as a clerk in such an enterprise and was mentored by an MIT engineer/ Harvard MBA. She learned how to draft oil and gas leases and related contracts and became a land man, buying minerals, oil, gas, and uranium, and helped companies develop management systems. Later she was hired by a public corporation to be a land manager, and headed crews of brokers, acres of leases, and sold prospects. She traveled and gave sales talks to brokerage houses.

As early as 1980, Pattie formed her own business in that field—Ground Effects, which was the d/b/a for a land brokerage business. However, she was sought by a large law firm in San Antonio—Cox & Smith—and was hired to assist in their oil and gas division. During this period, she bore a son, and soon after developed health issues, later discovering that she had Rheumatoid Arthritis and Reflex Sympathetic Dystrophy. Nonetheless, Pattie developed her slow-but-steady climb in the mineral rights world. After ten years with the law firm she left to join Frost Bank, in San Antonio, as a fiduciary trustee. There, she found that banks, as trustees, operate with a conflict of interest. It was here that Pattie began to realize her inclination and to make it her mission—to be a natural resources fiduciary—to take care of the God's good earth and manage it properly.

From there she was romanced by a mineral holding company with a nice portfolio. She performed the role of Vice President of Land Management and Chief Operating Officer.

After accomplishing specific goals for that corporation, Pattie boldly formed her own organization, Ormond Land Services, providing record checks, title investigation, and building analytical databases for clients for use in litigation. But she was shrewd enough to see "the depression" coming, and took a position with JPMorgan Chase, as it delivered a substantial and regular paycheck in a time of economic insecurity. She was the Group Manager Vice President, Private Bank Private Wealth Management Group, San Antonio and Austin offices for JPM's Specialty Assets Group.

It put her in a position to open her own business once again, Concept Energy Management, Inc., which represents clients negotiating all oil and gas contracts and managing surface land rights. She conducts her business as she wishes—in a conscientious manner, morally and ethically representing clients. Her son, Eric, who will defend his Master's thesis in mechanical engineering at Texas A&M this summer, recently signed on with her company, realizing the values that form said company are unique in that field. Pattie explains that Eric learned that one must master the means by which one earns a living and to be able to control one's means of support. It would seem the apple doesn't fall far from the tree.

ARE YOU GONNA SING?

While our bird-dog reporter is always alert and on the hunt, sniffing out new stories of interest, it's true she's a little blind in one eye and has a deviated septum, not to mention she's got an old dackel hip.

If you have a hot tip for us to run down or if you are willing to bring it on home all by yourself, by all means, let's hear the canary. Spill the beans...talk!

The editor may be awakened from her snooze at any time. mujerescondita@yahoo.com

THE GRACE OF CHAOS – JESSE BOLEYN EXPLAINS HIS UNIVERSE



The first ‘splainin’ Jesse had to do was why he can’t be found in any Focus Yearbook. Seems he went by the name of Ray Bowling (’69) back in the day. Way back then, Jesse was on the Varsity football team and was also the pitcher for AYA baseball, living *la vida loca* with all the other dormies. He’d sneak out Randy Rhodes’ window and wind up at Club Europa, forking over a hefty \$5 cover for beers and kicks. The fun was to sneak back in waaaay early Monday morning, beating the system. Those were the days.

In Bellersdorf, a small town on the outskirts of Frankfurt, it never occurred even once to Jesse he’d become a self-sustaining musician, but the seeds were sewn. Because he had no friends initially and was lonely while still in junior high school, one winter his mother bought him a guitar. She was on the Military Council of Catholic Women and introduced him to Father Jack Glaser, who taught him to play a twelve-string guitar. Seems the *padré* was determined Jesse would be the guitarist for the first folk mass to ever play at St. Sebastian’s church. And so it began.

A year or two later, Jesse saw Jimi Hendrix in concert, and a shift in focus occurred; but still he wasn’t aware of the role music would play in his life.

After graduation, Jesse attended Florida State University. However, even though he was pulling a

3.6 grade average, it seemed he wasn’t going to cut it as an aerospace engineer. Worse--even though he was making the dean’s list, he concluded there was a fatal flaw in the educational system. He felt what he was being taught was empirically, historically and emotionally untrue, and with that knowledge, he left school.

There was, then, the issue of the draft. Jesse pulled a low draft number. It was his father, a colonel, who suggested that he could volunteer, and have opportunity to make some choices about what was an impending stint in the military, or he could be drafted. Jesse chose to enlist in the Special Forces and became a Green Beret. To this day, he still believes it to be the noblest pursuit of his life.

Once his military obligations were behind him, he headed to North Carolina, where his old Frankfurt chum, Randy Rhodes had a farm. While hanging out there, he noticed a book Randy had left out, *Be Here Now*, which Jesse immediately read from cover to cover. He then wrote Randy a note and departed forthwith, heading for L.A., where, in three months’ time, he had made a record.

He met and auditioned Chuck Hammer (who later went on to become a six-time Emmy nominee) in 1979, and they immediately became friends. One day Chuck came up to Jesse and said he had Lou Reed’s phone number. So right in front of Jesse, he called Lou Reed and then hung up. “He was speaking in German,” shrugged Chuck.

No problem. Jesse could do that. So he called Lou Reed and introduced Chuck who, then and there, dragged his guitar and amp over to the phone, and played a few licks. Two minutes later, Chuck became Lou Reed’s guitarist. Friends do stuff like that for friends.

Soon after, when Lou Reed was playing in Madrid, Lou’s synthesizer got smashed. So Chuck called Jesse and gave him Shawn Phillips’ number in Positano, Italy, and suggested Jesse call about Reed using Phillips’ synthesizer, knowing full well Jesse knew how to make a pitch.

Jesse called Shawn and asked, “Is this God?” to which the reply was yes.

“Can I front your act?” asked Jesse. Sometimes it’s as simple as asking.

Jesse went on to front concerts for Phillips; and that, he said, is how his friend Chuck paid him back for helping him get with Lou Reed. Chuck went on to play with David Bowie on *Ashes to Ashes*.

In 1980, Jesse met Michael Hoenig from Tangerine Dream. Hoenig's manager, Hans Kreuger got Jesse into Hansa Studio in Berlin. There he cut tracks for CBS—"Metroglide" and "Uberman," both of which did well in Germany, where Jesse developed a following and toured regularly.

Over time, Jesse created his own independent label, Alien Ranch, and began producing not only his own albums, but those of other artists. He has published 207 songs.

Jesse has also launched a writing career, and his book, *Far Way to Even*, was published. He is currently in the middle of a second, *The Last Creator--The end of the Mayan Calendar*, as well as a biography on Harry Riverbottom.

The musical angel that has protected Jesse Boleyn also pointed the way to charity. Jesse spends a good deal of his time to such organizations as A. J. Lovewyn's Harmonic Humanity, which helps the homeless gain economic footing; Harry Riverbottom's Return of Horse Nation, which is dedicated to bring horses back into the lives of indigenous youth through polo; and the Bellevue Firefighters of Seattle, for the benefit of children's orphanages. He also works with an L.A. group, Homeless not Helpless. And, as he, too, is an avid polo player, Jesse supports the El Dorado Polo Club, which sponsors several charitable groups.

While Boleyn has a lot for which to be thankful—true friends and a wide world which has always accepted him as an artist—he remembers that his ability to be self actualizing is a gift from his parents. He also holds his siblings close to heart, one of which is Becky Blessing (73).

Jesse will be performing with Sir Elton John, Sir Paul McCartney, and Herbie Hancock for the "Daniel Pearl World Music Days" in London in July of this year. He performed for the "Daniel Pearl World Music Days" this past September 2010 in Seattle, as well.

With regard to his work, Boleyn says there is for him a symbiotic relationship between making money and what is in his heart. "There is no brass ring," he says. "You have to set your own standards. The steps of success are the same steps as failure. You just have to pull yourself up by your bootstraps." In essence, Jesse Boleyn has cut a swath through chaos, and it has given him grace.

Jesse owns a house near Sedona, Arizona, but lives in northeast Washington at a winery. For a man who simply has a guitar and will travel, that ain't bad livin'. He looks forward to seeing us all at the Colorado Springs reunion this summer.

SPRING AT LAST!

Photos by Buddy Lerch ('69)



SOLDIERS' ANGELS

"May No Soldier Go Unloved"

By Pat Miller Collins ('70)



Back before 9/11, you could write a "dear soldier" letter, and it would be directed to some poor kid who was lucky to get any mail. Today, that would be a breach of security.

A regular "mom" of a deployed soldier, also the great niece of General George Patton, founded Soldiers' Angels, a nonprofit organization whose purpose is to support our troops, our wounded, and our veterans. One of the main programs is to help volunteers "adopt" soldiers. Not every soldier has a passel of loved ones regularly clogging the APO with precious words from home sweet home. Hey—not every soldier has a PX.

In Iraq there is infrastructure, and buildings may be appropriated by our military for such things as cafeterias and exchanges, etc. But in Afghanistan, it isn't so. In fact, our boys and girls often run out of food and even plates. Certainly, MRE's are provided for all troops, but not necessarily health and comfort items, depending on where one may have been deployed. So care packages from home are especially appreciated by those who are daily putting their lives in jeopardy in the name of democracy.

At the Nashville reunion, I had an on-site brainstorm and surprised host, Steve Dean, and president, Bobbie Thacker, with an idea that anyone wishing to donate their unused hotel toiletries to Soldiers' Angels, could do so. Fact is, most people bring their own soap and shampoo, etc., when they travel. Bobbie and Steve immediately set up a huge table in the hospitality room for that purpose. We had a substantial package sent to the Angels' warehouse in San

Antonio, as one might expect of us FAHSers, who grew up under the military umbrella.

And wouldn't it be great if we could do it again in Colorado Springs?

But if you are wondering what can you do right at home if you are personally motivated to donate anything from blankets to toiletries, or in adopting a soldier, check out the website www.soldiersangels.org. Our troops sure could use the support, most particularly when they are sent to fight unpopular wars. Wounded are struggling with recovery and rehab and can always use an "atta boy."

On a personal level, my heart lies with our veterans. A VAMC project with which I am involved is the Stand Down, held annually in many states. The VA homeless program is an ongoing outreach program which goes to missions and shelters and invites Vets to register (often they won't). Patterned after stand downs in Vietnam, the Stand Down is an annual project of the homeless program designed to meet the needs of homeless Vet in a "one-stop shopping" atmosphere.

As you probably know, there is a disproportionate number of Vets per capita homeless on the streets of America. Homeless people are often pushed out of areas of visibility by local police as mandated by their local governments. Nobody wants to look at the problem.

Even if they don't register, Stand Down offers backpacks with blankets and toiletries, a meal and shower and a physical to any Vet. If they register and are eligible to enter the "system", Stand Down hooks them up with disability, social security and other services.

Usually Stand Down is set up in the fall, as winter can be very tough on the homeless. Donations of toiletries, clothing, etc. are always needed. Service organizations, churches, school and work sites and other community organization can set up programs to help collect needed items and provide volunteers for the Stand Down. If your group has any interest in setting up a Stand Down program, they should contact the Homeless Outreach Program at the nearest VA Medical Center.

Many of us have loved ones deployed to a war zone. All of us have a legacy of war in one way or shape. Let's don't forget our family in the field, whether they are away-from-home soldiers, wounded, or veterans.

MOTORCYCLE CLUB

Bob Cohensious -- President
Alex Sperber -- Vice-President
Bill Simkins -- Treasurer
Harold Leath
Mike Rinehart
Bob Christopher
Randy Skelton
Rick Menze
Steve Varga
Jack Hausen
Co-Sponsors -- Mr. Gardner & Mr. Messier

Mike Curran
Randy Cavanaugh
Ray Pollard
Pam Geiger
Gretchen Pence
Karen Tilton
Jim Temple
Jackie Bessling
Janie Eyler



HAWG HEAVEN



Joe ('71) and Vera Haugen

Live to ride and ride to live is the Harley Davidson motto, but anyone who has ever ridden any bike knows the freedom of the ride. HD, BMW, Triumph, Kawasaki, Honda—they are all effective delivery devices for the avid biker.



Mike Majors ('67)

Enthusiasm bloomed early for some alumni. Bob Passarelli says that way back in the day, the FHS Motorcycle Club had far more enthusiasts than bikes. "I think Alex Sperber, and I were possibly the only people in the club who actually owned bikes back then," but they all shared the fever.

"The school let us use the track around the field to run 'flat track' runs," Brian Stimson recalls. To this day, Brian rides and attends shows.



Brian Stimson ('71)

Susan Warren remembers that, to the shock and amazement of his German neighbors, Joe Haugen actually rigged a pulley to hoist his BMW into his fourth floor apartment to work on it.



Harry Moody ('71) and Joe Haugen ('71)

Gretchen Pence Shires ('71) said, "It was a fun group. We used to race the bikes on the track around the football field. My father came to watch football practice and saw me racing on the motorcycle. Needless to say, that was the last time I raced on the track."

But many of those club members, and others as well, never did lay down that bike and walk away. That love of road is a vixen, and a good bike keeps 'em comin' back.



Debbie Thompson Johnson (73)

Debbie Thompson Johnson has a love for the road that met with the wallet, working in a Harley shop since the late eighties. While she doesn't ride much now, her enthusiasm remains undaunted.

Ken and Deedee Flauding, long-time bike *aficionados*, share the ride and road, and together enjoy the West on a Honda.



Ken (68) and DeeDee (70) Flauding

"In June of 2000," explained Ken, "when I moved back to California to be with Deedee, I started riding again after about a 15-year hiatus. We've had several bikes since then. Our current ride is a Honda Goldwing GL1800A . We replaced an older Goldwing with it just before heading out on a 4000 mile trip to Billings Montana with friends. This was quite the adventure. This photograph was taken at "Redfish Lake Lodge", located in the Saw Tooth Mountains near Sun Valley, Idaho. While we take lots of trips to beautiful places, this trip was epic. We encountered many challenges, such as up to 20 miles at a time of unpaved roads being re-paved during the season, Buffalo in Yellowstone

Park and temperatures over 100 degrees at times. The Buffalo don't like motorcycles, so it can be touch and go, especially if the goof in front of you wants to stop his car in the middle of traffic to get that special photo.

"In any case, we have been on many trips, including the 3000 mile trip up and back from Seattle, for the reunion. We especially enjoy and annual long weekend over to Yosemite, and up Hwy 49's twisty vista-rich ride through the mountains. Springtime flowers are in full bloom for painted-like splashes of color, in the most unexpected places at times. Each year we also ride through the Sierras taking varying routes over to Reno, for 'Street Vibrations.' Each highway has its own character, giving a fresh appeal to every adventure.

"The SF Bay Area has some terrific roads to ride, so come to town, rent a bike, and I'll be your guide to some beautiful redwood forests, mountain vistas and cool coastal air.

"Deedee prefers to be my co-rider, even though she knows how to handle one of these machines. She says it's more fun for her to crank up the blues, sit back and enjoy the scenery. That's what it's all about, good friends, curvy roads, and the destination."

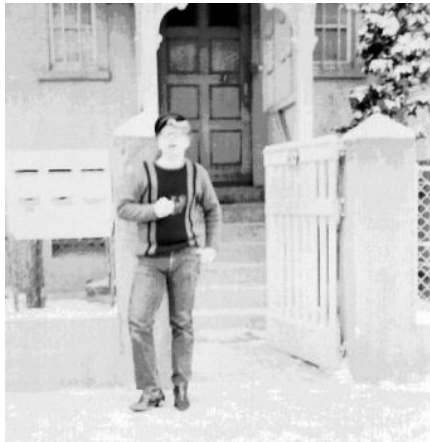
However, Laura Trivitt Lancaster points out that you don't need a motor to love bikes and the road!



Laura Trivitt Lancaster (71) and husband Don.

MORRISON THEN AND NOW

By Walter Alvin ('68)



I guess the first time I heard Van Morrison was sometime in 1965 when the song "Here Comes the Night" by Them was played on the European station, Radio Luxemburg. Radio Luxemburg was a very popular radio station which played all the big hits popular in England, Germany, Holland, France, and Belgium.

Although Them's big hit was "Gloria," most Americans knew the cover version by Shadows of Knight.

I remember going to the PX in Frankfurt and buying the first Them album along with The Zombies first album. The US LP's cost \$2.50 and 45's cost \$.60 at the PX, while downtown, European LP's cost \$4.50 and 45's, \$1.25. The European LP pressings often had different covers and different song tracks.



I don't think they ever carried Them's second album or I would have it in my collection.



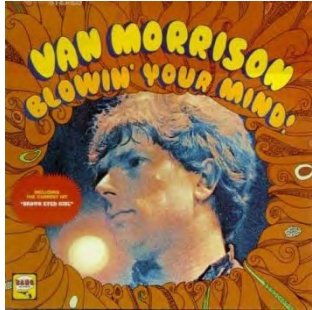
Van Morrison really started his musical recording career in 1962 as a saxophonist and vocalist with group called The Monarchs Showband. In 1963, they made the recording "Boozoo Hully Gully" and "Tingy Baby."

Soon after he created and joined various bands such as The Golden Eagles, The Blizzards, The Manhattan Showband Gamblers, and The Gamblers, which often played Morrison's composition, "Gloria," and, depending on his mood, this song could last up to twenty minutes.

The roots of Them came in early 1964 when The Gamblers morphed into Them, a name they took from the 1954 horror movie Them. Unfortunately, they only recorded 2 LP's, *Angry Young Them* and *Them Again*. In 1966, Them split up after a dispute with their manager, and Morrison left the band. They would eventually regroup and record two more albums without him.

After the mid-1966 break-up of his band Them, Van Morrison returned to Belfast seeking a new recording company.

On his own, Van Morrison began concentrating on his song writing in preparation for his solo career. *Blowin' Your Mind* is his solo debut album under contract for Bank Records and was released in 1967. Morrison never regarded this record as a true album, as his manager at the time, Bert Berns, compiled and released it without his consent.



After Burns died in December 1967, Morrison moved to Boston and was soon confronted with personal and financial problems and had trouble finding concert bookings.

In 1968, Morrison was able to sign on with Warner Bros. Records, which bought out his old contract with Bang Records.

Morrison now had the freedom to proceed with recording his second solo album, Astral Weeks. Employing a mixture of folk, blues, jazz, and classical music, the album received critical acclaim immediately upon its release in 1968. The Astral Weeks sessions, did not employ any lead sheets and Morrison recalled in a 2009 radio interview with Don Imus, "They were jazz musicians and the approach was jazz. They were able to follow me. I'd tell them, 'just follow where I'm going...follow my vocal, and follow the best way you can, and don't get in the way.'"



In December 2009, it was voted the top Irish album of all time by a poll of leading Irish musicians conducted by Hot Press magazine. Morrison has said, "When Astral Weeks came out, I was starving, literally." In 2008, Van Morrison performed two concerts at the Hollywood Bowl in Los Angeles, California playing the entire Astral Weeks album. A live album entitled Astral Weeks Live at the Hollywood Bowl was released in 2009.



Walter Alvin ('68)

WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE?

By Peggy Rowland-Sanchez ('71)



Driving to Hollywood early Sunday morning to prepare for the Oscars, I was captivated by the beauty of the LA Skyline, so clear on one of the coldest days since the early 70's. The snow-capped mountains in the background reminded me more of being in Colorado than Los Angeles. I knew it would be a cold day standing outside on the red carpet awaiting the arrivals of the evenings stars to welcome them to the 83rd Academy Awards .

This year's new security measures included my reminding everyone that along with their tickets, they must now present a photo ID. Security was the tightest I had ever experienced. It was not only to provide safety to all the guests, but to outwit and outsmart all the Oscar crashers from previous years.

The arrival portion went without a glitch. There were no spectacular moments or events this year that would stand out as in prior years. The bleachers that once contained fans in the arrival section on Hollywood and Vine were now moved in front of the Kodak under tighter security. The arrival area now was covered with security police and secret agents. The fans that used to stand freely on the street curb now were pushed back to a small area behind a 12-foot fence which hardly gave them a clear view of any star's arrival.

My first guest was designer Valentino, who couldn't decide if he should get out or continue his discussion with his Italian friend who couldn't seem to agree on anything. He chatted to me about a meeting he had with the press and said he didn't know where to go. I just told him to follow the red carpet and it would all fall into place. I keep wondering now if it did!

Starting at 1:00 pm, the arrivals kept coming until 5:00pm, up to the starting time of the show. If I were a fashion reporter I would note that the color worn most was red or purple. Platform shoes were definitely in and I still am amazed how these ladies can walk any distance with those 5 inch heels.



Gwenyth Paltrow

My favorite who stood out above them all is my favorite Lady in red, Sandra Bullock.



Sandra Bullock

I love her free spirit and her jokes and always having time to say a few words to people like me. The stars came and went, some leaving early before the end of the show to ensure a place at the many different after-parties. The Governor's Ball, once attended by dignitaries and the place to be, is now more of a "let's just go and show up and leave." All Oscar winners are obligated to attend. This is for me the best place to be, as I sit at a table and wait to be confronted on how one can now meet up again with their limo driver. I know I am transparent, but I feel a certain privilege to be there and see all the Oscar winners proudly holding their statuettes.



Having been part of this Night of the Stars for 18 years now, I reflect back as I now stroll down the red carpet after the guests have all departed. It suddenly hit me that the one thing I used to do was take a rose from all the thousands of roses and flowers that were all up and down the red carpet and around each golden statuette. This year all

was bare. Not one flower was in sight. Instead bare green hedges that almost acted like barriers lined the red carpet with security all along the way. It saddened me that a lot of flare was gone. The years after 9/11 impacted the way how things are done today. I also noticed that all of the old time-celebrities no longer attend. Just to arrive is sometimes a burden to have to go through with so much security measures, not to speak of the time it takes to go through several bomb sweeps with the vehicle that is bringing you and all the security stops before you get to the arrival point.

My mind suddenly wanders back to earlier that day as I remembered opening the limo door for a young soldier dressed in his best military attire. I could actually see myself reflected in his slick patent leather shoes and on his shining medals. With his beret to his side, he stood at attention in front of me when he was fully out of the car. He appeared a bit lost and I motioned him the area to the red carpet. There was no fanfare, no cameras that were waiting to snap his pictures or reporters that were fighting to get his interview. I searched all the pictures of that night's event and interviews of all on the red carpet and not one picture or recognition of this young man in uniform.

Whoever you are my dear soldier, let me make it clear, *you* are truly deserving of an Oscar and being recognized for your role in a true story. Your performance and courage to fight in the wars to help keep this country free so that we may continue having the Academy Awards should be celebrated by all, and we should be standing at attention for you as you walk that red carpet. I salute you my unknown friend and wish you the best for I know your role will continue so that one day again I may find flowers.



WAS GIBTS ZU ESSEN?

Dana's Spicy Homemade Vegetable Soup

By Dana Cox ('70)

First tip: whenever I roast anything in the oven, like a chicken, pork loin, etc., I always stick in some other vegetables to be able to use later. This includes: squash; peppers; potatoes--yukon, russet, or sweet potatoes; eggplant; parsnips; zucchini; and beets.

Sauté a chopped onion and garlic--you can almost char them (you can also add chopped celery and carrots). When they are done, make a hole in the middle of the pan, add 1-2 T. cumin, some green herbs (I use fine herbs combo) and 1/2 t. cayenne (or less if you're a hotness wimp). Cook the herbs for a minute. Then add 2 T. wine, 1 T. soy sauce, 1 T. vinegar. Deglaze the pan and cook down a couple minutes.

At the same time, in some good chicken stock, boil the hell out of 1-2 lbs of broccoli and/or Swiss chard and/or turnip greens and/or kale and/or spinach. Add a chopped up potato or sweet potato (or 2) or squash if you haven't roasted them already. By the way, no need to scrape out and discard the shell of the squash. This is going to be processed later. Throw both pots of stuff into a food processor or blender, blend/process and you're done.

The vegetables need to be kind of overcooked. You're not throwing out the vitamins because you're including all the liquid. If this isn't fluid enough add more stock or milk. Use less cumin or cayenne if you like. This has an exotic taste, is nutritionally rich and is really quite a quick meal. For an individual portion, I sometimes add a cup of brown rice, 3 oz. of chopped meat and 2 T of *pico de gallo* to make a complete meal.

Oh...one more tip: This may be too much for one blender/food processor load and can be divided up as needed.



Dana Cox ('70)

FROM THE WINE CELLAR



I thought I would try and evaluate a wine according to seven characteristics I read about in *The Wine Lover's Handbook*. They reference body, weight, depth, texture, complexity, varietal correctness, and length. Whew. Seems like a lot of thought going into a mouthful of *vin*o. And what wine would I put to the test? Obvious only, was the need to taste something entirely new.

I decided to take a trip to my wine monger and see what could be done. At Martin Wine Cellars, I told the merchant my mission, with the proviso that the bottle cost under \$25. He took me forthwith and directly to a row of Le Pigeoulet en Provence – Vin de Pays de Vaucluse, all the while extolling the virtues of 2009 Rhone wines.

It is produced by Vignobles-Brunier and purports to play by the rules of great southern French appellations—no eye gouging, nose pulling, using Miracle Gro, etc. *Voila*. I had arrived at a wine born of noble grapage—80% Grenache, 10% Syrah, 5% Cinsault, and 5% Carignan. A whole lotta grapes, including some of which I'd never even heard, came home with me in one 750 ml bottle; and, at the appropriate moment, out came the cork.

First taste brought on the thought--body! Yes, it truly has body. Rich and full like late summer. I sprigged it about *en la boca*, and let it rest on my tongue a bit, as I attempted to analyze composition. While I may be an *aficionada*, I'm no expert. It wasn't till I had swallowed that a slight flavor of licorice really truly came through and lingered. Good. At least something besides the taste of good wine comes through.

Now think about weight, girl—think!!! The wine has substance. No light-weight grocery store complacency. That's about all I got for weight.

Regarding texture— was it soft, firm, hard? Wow. How do I evaluate fluid in those terms? Took a second sip, and let it ride. Kinda sedimentary is actually the word that came to mind, but if I had to pick one of my three options, I think I would go with firm. It makes a statement. And this wine is far more complex than my last date, but not so much as to require psychoanalysis. When I sit back, without tasting this time, just thinking and letting what I'd just savored in a few sips play on my consciousness, I'd say that in variety, it is completely correct, since the overvalued word “merlot” neither comes to mind nor taste buds. That's gotta mean something good.

All in all, I'd say this wine finishes well. After three tastes, it leaves me savoring those malingering flavors, nudges me into filling a glass. And it only cost me fifteen smackaroos. That's a wine I'll take out again.

Okay, so I completely failed in my task of the seven-point characteristics. It leaves me understanding why nobody wants to volunteer to review wine for *From the Wine Cellar*. I say, don't be daunted—visit your wine merchants and ask questions. Then listen, listen, listen. Get home and taste, taste, taste. The worst that can happen is ya might get tipsy.

SUB-CULTURE NEWSFLASH!!

Two Brats, Dennis Campbell and Brad Caves, have co-created Bratcon—The Brat Connection.

Find out more on the web at www.bratcon.com

Great site includes internet radio Bratcon Radio.

Totally worth cruisin'.

Fallen Eagle –

Joe Haugen ('71)

By Susan Warren ('71)



Joe and Vera Haugen

When I moved to Frankfurt from Munich in 1967, Joe Haugen was one of the first kids to befriend me; and we have remained friends all these years. I have such great memories of him in high school. Joe was like the brother I never had.

He rode a BMW with a leather jacket in the 9th grade--don't even think he had a license. He had other bikes in the garage of their apartment building; and since he lived on the 4th floor, he had rigged up a pulley in his bedroom so he could pull bikes up the outside of the building and through the large window. Then he would lower them back down when he was finished. This was a very strange sight to see in very conservative Germany. He was one of the main and most unusual characters of our "Goonie Gang," and we loved him dearly.

Joe took care of his mother during our high school years and lost her a year before we graduated in 1971. This was a very difficult time for him; he lost his father shortly thereafter.

After high school, we all went our separate ways. Joe went in to the Army, and I moved to Tucson AZ in '73. I hadn't been in touch with Joe for a long time. One day my phone rang, and I heard a sing-song voice say "Susi?" And I said "Jo-Jo?" He said he'd just gotten discharged from the Army and had arrived at the airport so I assumed he meant in New York, but no, that was not Joe's style.

He said "I'm at the Tucson airport. Can you come get me?" I was thrilled and felt honored that he'd come to see me without even knowing for sure I was there. He stayed with us on this old guest ranch for a few months. Other Frankfurt Goonies--

Steve and Paul Burr—came. They stayed awhile, too; then they all drove up to Kansas City on their BMW bikes, where Joe lived for several years.

Throughout the years, Joe would drop in unexpectedly and was always welcome. Sometimes he'd stay for days, months or a year. I always enjoyed his company as we had very deep, long, really meaningful conversations about life and we also had lots of fun hiking and rock hopping up the waterfalls. One time I took Joe to a potluck and a retired General was there. Joe and the General spent the whole evening talking. As we were leaving, the General told me Joe was one of the most intelligent people he'd ever had the pleasure of talking to. Everywhere I went with Joe, he'd find someone to help and was always so considerate and loving towards others. He was always there for them if they needed his help in any way.

Throughout the years, I could always count on Joe to make me laugh no matter what I was dealing with in life. His attitude was so amazingly positive despite Joe was always in pain, especially after his near fatal accident in '04. He was in even more pain after his leg amputation.

When Joe met Vera, he called me and was excited to tell me he'd finally met the "Love of my Life," and that she was a Tina Turner look alike--she is. Joe felt Vera was the one and only person in his life that gave him great comfort. He loved and adored his Vera. I call her St. Vera, because Joe was a lot to take on but she did so with tremendous love.

My husband, Jim Aggates, who was my high school boyfriend and a good friend of Joe's, re-connected with me; and we married in 2008. Joe and Vera weren't able to make the ceremony, due to Joe's on-going surgeries and health challenges. We missed them being with us, but we would call Joe from time to time and had just called Joe a few days before he passed away. We had planned on driving to visit but didn't do it soon enough.

In retrospect, we are so grateful to have had a long and wonderful last conversation with Joe and to know that he was so happy. He was an amazing combination of brilliant, sensitive, considerate, helpful, hilarious, fun, and such a good friend to everyone. He is already missed terribly by all of us and we wonder what the rest of our lives will feel like without him. I am hoping to stay connected with you till the very end, St. Vera. Then we can have good times with Joe again. Joe, I'm glad you're finally free of all the pain at last and can't wait to see you again. You are very much loved and missed.

FALLEN EAGLE –

Doug Ayres ('69)

A SONNET FOR MARCH 24, 1971

O'er a delta in a Huey two soldiers fight,
pledging friendship forever, night after night.
Bullets and blood and country sure bind,
even as a country abandons its kind.
No father or mother for to bring home war's tale.
Any chance to ease burden is of no avail.
One carries with him the weight of the other,
and walks the world dead, just as his brother,
while the other clings fast to vicarious living,
mates sworn forever, exchanging war's giving.
Friends stuck in hell for as long as they stand
whether firmly or not in life's shifting sand,
until such time as they might find some rest
as brothers in arms, finally peacefully blessed.

R.I.P. Duggie

CALL FOR ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OFFICER NOMINATIONS

By Bobbie Thacker ('69) – FAHS Alumni
Association Past President

I've been involved in this association for the past 20 years as a Class Rep, Secretary, Vice President, President, and now Past President. They don't trust me with the money or I'd run for Treasurer! I would say the most important quality to have is the desire to reach out and find more alumni and of course, promote each year's reunion!

But what about you? Would you enjoy being an officer of the association? At this writing, we are calling for nominations for Vice President, Treasurer and Secretary for our next two-year term. Grant Caughey will assume the Presidency at the Colorado Springs reunion. Our new webmaster, Steve Gill, has a process in place for all active dues-paying members of the association to vote on-line but in the event you forget to do it, we have a backup plan!

If you are interested in any of the available positions, please email me at B4Bobbie@aol.com by May 1, 2011. Please attach a brief email with your qualifications and why you want to be an officer. I'll confirm your intent to run, and we'll have all the nominees listed on the website for voting by May 15. Winners will be announced at the Colorado Springs reunion on Saturday, July 31!

I highly recommend being a part of the fun! It'll keep you young at heart!

WHERE WILL THE EAGLES LAND IN 2012?

Call for Reunion Proposals

By Bobbie Thacker ('69)

FHS'ers will be gathering in Colorado Springs this July for our annual reunion, but where will the Eagles land in 2012?

Reunion site selection proposals are now being requested for our 2012 annual bash.

Submissions should include at a minimum:

1. Location and cost of hotel
2. A proposed time frame with start and end dates
3. Hospitality suite arrangements, including cost (if any)
4. Approximate cost of Friday and Saturday night dinners
5. Other amenities
6. Two or three reunion site attractions for attendees
7. A proposed budget

Please submit your proposal to Bobbie Thacker, Past President and Chair, Reunion Site Selection Committee, at B4Bobbie@aol.com no later than 5 p.m. on Sunday, May 15, 2011.

After review by the Board, selections will be voted for online by all current dues paying alumni the beginning shortly thereafter. We will have a site selection by mid May.

THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER

Dear Eagle Brothers and Sisters,

What a year it has been--or almost two years. While I truly think the times are improving, Dylan had it right when he wrote, "The Times They Are a Changin'." In the months since my last letter, we have seen home and retirement values plummet; gas prices jump to unbelievable levels, and our country become even more fragmented and divisive. The bad news always seems to out-weigh the good, if you listen to the daily press; but then it has always been a tenet of popular journalism that bad news sells better.

This is where our Association plays an extremely positive role. We have the privilege to gather once a year with our fellow Eagles. Though we may not share the same beliefs or the same politics or maybe not even the same values, we share this unique heritage that keeps us coming back year after year to relive old tales and share new stories. As the world turns on its shifting axis, there is one thread of consistency, and that is the bond that draws all of us together to share our Eagle spirit.

Recently, we have been graced with a newsletter editor who finds the time and has the will to take our bi-annual publication to new heights. Sandy Collins has made it her mission to draw in new readership by expanding the content and the format of the "Eagle's Echo." You will notice changes in the coming months, and I know you will be pleased with the innovation and the broad perspective. Sandy is a whirlwind of energy and holds all of us contributors to high standards and tight timetables. This is why you will notice a shorter contribution from me. My wagging tongue and pen have been put on a tight leash, and I have been warned to be brief and precise or face a sharp slash of the editor's axe. Thank you, Sandy, for taking time to volunteer for this often difficult and sometimes tricky project. I know you will serve the membership well in your new position. I welcome you and your changes.

We will soon have the reunion in Colorado Springs, where we will hold another election. I will pass the mantle of the presidency on to Grant Caughey (70), who will move from Vice President to the president seat. Since he currently presides over the *Facebook* FAHSAA page, this will be an easy transition, and I know he will serve the Association well. I will retire to a consulting capacity for the next two years. This will leave the Vice President position open for general elections. I hope you all realize the value we place on the volunteers who fill these

basically ceremonial positions. The effort each person places toward the Association improves communication and propels us to our yearly goal—to stage a satisfying reunion. Each time you attend the party, remember there are many people who make your good time possible. Please step up and do your part by running for office or volunteering in some capacity.

Since some of you will not be able to attend the reunion in July, I want to extend now my thanks to all of you for the privilege of being your president for the last two years. I have learned a lot. I am reminded that even in our adult years, our Association is not that much different than what our school was like in years past. We still have the same likes and dislikes. We still have the same structures, groups, and personalities. And we all still share the same love for everyone, and everything Frankfurt.

Thank you, Eagles. I hope to see you in Colorado or at another reunion in our future.

Steve Dean ('67), President (2009 – 2011)
Frankfurt American High School Alumni
Association, 1967 - 1971

PLAYLIST:

Rocky Mountain High – John Denver
Sliding on Light – Jesse Boleyn ('69)
Born to Be Wild – Steppenwolf
Don't Look Back – Van Morrison
Astral Weeks – Van Morrison