



Spring Edition – 2012

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A PUBLICATION OF THE FRANKFURT AMERICAN HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

CLASSES 1967-1973

[www.frankfurthigh.com](http://www.frankfurthigh.com)



## CALIFORNIA DREAMIN' REDUX – 2012



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### RECAP:

When: July 26-29, 2012

Where: Hilton Gaslamp Hotel in the Gaslamp District

Cost: \$149/night, plus airfare, registration fee (to be announced), and \$20 annual FAHSAA membership fee

Included: Friday night Dinner at Bucca di Beppo; and back, by popular demand—the hospitality suite ongoing soiree.

## CALIFORNIA DREAMIN' REDUX -2012

July 26-29, 2012

By Kim Mingus-Denmark '68



There will be dancing in the streets...

The annual Frankfurt American High School (all cast) reunion is being held on July 26-29th in San Diego's Gaslamp District! Are you planning to be there or will you be staying home to shop for your rocking chair? You aren't getting any younger you know! Why not feel young again by attending the party of all parties in San Diego, our destination city for this year's FAHS reunion.

Come early, stay late...this party never sleeps. Steve and I (The Denmark's '68) will be staying in the hospitality room so we can serve you coffee in the mornings (adding a Keurig coffee maker to the mix, so you can enjoy a cup of coffee or tea any time you want during the reunion...WooHoo!). Additionally, we are there to clean up after you, when you leave at night...if you leave at all. Chris (The Dude) Jesseman '68 will also be staying in the hospitality suite (I hear your jokes!) and his job will be to make sure you have plenty to drink...you know...hydration and all. The three of us are dedicated to making sure you have a great time! Meanwhile, our host of hosts, Bobbie Thacker '69 will be overseeing the entire event. She has left no stone unturned for this reunion. Thanks Bobbie-kins!

To mix things up a bit Mike (Mr. Cabernet, himself) McCready '67, will be hosting a wine tasting on Thursday evening in order to help us get the ball rolling. If you haven't been to a wine tasting of Mike's, you have missed not only a wine education, but a great time as well. Mike has donated his fabulous wines for our pleasure and

consumption, year after year. Thanks Mike for making it happen once again!

You say you have never been to a reunion? You are in for a treat. Yes, we do a bit of reminiscing, look at yearbooks, survey old pictures, and talk about the old days. However, our purpose is to come together once a year in order to kick back, relax, and enjoy one another again. You say you don't remember anyone? You will! You think no one will remember you? (Or, you hope no one will remember you...ha ha?) They do! Whatever you do, come with an open mind about making new friends from an old cast of characters. I promise you...it will be FUN. This is a welcoming group and you will not feel awkward...well at least not until someone starts showing your prom picture or the one of you in those short-short basketball shorts! Yowsers!

Please join us for San Diego Redux 2012, July 26-29th! For more information, go to the FAHS website at [frankfurthigh.com](http://frankfurthigh.com) and you will get the latest information on who will be there, where to stay, and where and what to pay. Keep in mind there are many activities for you to enjoy during the day on your own or with a group, dinners to attend, an alumni meeting, and hospitality room festivities every night (the absolute best part of our reunions).

My handsome husband, Steve Denmark ('68), and I can't wait to see you!

San Diego Reunion Hosts Working to Make it Happen:

Bobbie Thacker '69  
Chris Jessmann '68  
Kym Mingus-Denmark '68

## SOARING EAGLE – Jeanne Larsen '67

By Sandy Collins '70

Jeanne Larsen, Jeanne Larsen. A remarkable *alumnus* told me if I wanted to do a soaring eagle interview, I should, by all means, interview Jeanne Larsen. And yet, once I finally had her on the phone, I became so diffident and, she, so veiled, I couldn't quite get a handle on it. I am in awe of this *bona fide* poet and writer. Jeanne Larsen is my ideal. She's not an intellectual snob, although she is an intellectual. She is down to earth, calm, and willing to reminisce; yet I found myself wondering what would the Buddha reminisce. Would I be able to know the unknowable...would I be able to glimpse the poet in apprehension?

She began like most of us, an army brat, born in Washington, D.C., and grew up in military hubs such as Kansas, Pennsylvania, and, of course, Germany.

Initially, her parents enrolled her in a German school for the 8<sup>th</sup> grade. Then, Jeanne went to junior high school in Giessen. She mulled that this taught flexibility. She attended FHS for the 10-12<sup>th</sup> grade. She said that the German experience provided her a chance to meet people from all over Europe, and from all over the United States, as well, “and that really affected me.”

She also found that there is a story telling tradition in the army, because everyone was subject to something vastly different from the American experience. Somehow each of us was a Marco Polo, unconsciously amassing the spices of a life lived on the fly. But Jeanne was more of an accidental alchemist, turning cinnabar to gold whether or not it had been her intention initially.

Larsen found some incredible teachers who helped set her personal compass. Wonderful teachers like Betty Nicholas and Catherine Rodder in particular, were brought to mind. Catherine Rodder taught creative writing and Ms. Nicholas, English. Both women had a profound effect on her, as she decided to be a writer. By nature, writers have a voice and must tune their ear to language and its inflections. Jeanne said she always loves hear people speak.

Some of her cohorts back in the day were Diane Warlick, Cathy Cooney and Gail Parson. Jeanne worked on the Eagles’ literary magazine The Talon further congealing her literary mindset. Back in grade school, she wanted to write books with magic in them. Catherine Rotter taught her poetic forms and used it as a teaching challenge. She also said her Humanities class with Dr. Gaugler gave big ideas to her teeny bopper mind. In the tenth grade she wrote on the nature of evil, thanks to Ms. Nichols.

Jeanne graduated with the class of 1967 at the Frankfurt Zoo. Soon after that, she, like many of us, found herself back in the States and in reverse culture shock. I’m reminded of the WWI song, “How you gonna keep ‘em down on the farm after they’ve seen Paris.”

And like so many with a greater vision of the world than had by most American teenagers, Jeanne assumed that mantle of structure and flexibility and rose to her own occasion, deciding to study World Religion, in part, because her father once purchased a souvenir statue of the Buddha for her when he was stationed in Korea, back when she was ten. She graduated from Oberlin College in

’71, and received her Master’s in Creative Writing from Hollins College She obtained her PhD. at the University of Iowa in Comparative Literature.

Larsen spent time in Taiwan from ‘72-’74 learning how to speak Mandarin and began to translate Chinese poetry and then went on to Nagasaki, Japan, from ‘78 to ‘84. She has published two books of translations of Chinese poems and two books of her own poetry. Her latest book is Why We Make Gardens and Other Poems. She has also published several novels, including Silk Road. Much of her work reflects a Buddhist perspective on American literature. Jeanne teaches literature and creative writing at Hollins College.



Jeanne Larsen

## CALLING ALL GOONEYS!

By Debbie Sherman Higgins ‘71

I’m sending this Orphan Annie message at the editor’s request for stories. I’m not sure if you would be interested in my story, but here’s a short summary. Debbie Sherman (Higgins now), FAHS from Jan of 1968 (Jr High for the first ½ year) until 1970 (graduated stateside in 1971 and came from Ankara, Turkey George C. Marshall High School—mom was DOD). Member: Gooney Gang Status: In trouble a lot . . .



Photo by Ben Kirchhoff (another Gooney Gang Member)

Went on to get married, have two children, get divorced, return to college, and thanks to my FAHS Advanced English 11<sup>th</sup> grade (or was it 10<sup>th</sup>?) teacher, Miss Catherine Rodder, I majored in English Education, continued on after teaching high school (parochial) for a year to get an MA in Rhetoric and Composition, then worked as a missionary in Costa Rica at a parochial university there (thought I would give my kids the “overseas experience” I had—not realizing that living on the economy was TOTALLY different than living on base . . . ), then to Chattanooga, TN area in a Christian college to teach for 17 years—Medieval and Renaissance Literature and C.S. Lewis and composition. Completed a doctorate in 2007 and wrote on “Anglo-Saxon Community in J.R.R. Tolkien’s *The Lord of the Rings*” (which I had first read while at FAHS and shared Gollum imitations with Patti Shultz).

Ah, the roots—and did I mention I had been a member of the Goony Gang? And skipped many classes? And was the royal pain in the “bleep” to the vice principal (Mr. Don Messier) as he just *knew* I was a drug dealer and tried everything in his power to “catch” me?

Put my wandering military brat gear into motion the summer of 2010 and decided to quit my tenured, secure, university professorship and volunteer to work as the director of the C.S. Lewis Study Centre in Oxford, England where I now reside. We have scholars in residence (multi

cultural and multi denominational), give tours of the home (it was C.S. Lewis’ former home—in other words, I live in C.S. Lewis’ former home), and rub shoulders with many academics and scholars from around the world. A challenging but very interesting and rewarding position.



Larsen at C.S. Lewis Cottage

## HAVE PALATE/ WILL TRAVEL

By Patrick Willis '69



My early culinary aspirations were influenced by my Spanish grandmother and French mother, both of whom had a passion for cooking.

I came to Frankfurt from Verdun, France, where I was attending the military high school. American troops and their families were being pulled out of

France due to the fact that France was getting out of NATO. I saw the end of an era--American Armed forces in France leaving and the death of a high school.

I then ended up in Frankfurt and Frankfurt High School, which was a great experience. There were some really very bright students, great teachers, and coaches. I learned a lot while I was there that still serves me well today. Some of the students in Frankfurt had come from other military high schools in France that had also been closed. This added great depth and camaraderie to the synergy of what Frankfurt High was all about. The student body at Frankfurt High School was international, from military families to the diplomatic core and reflected the best that there was.

After graduating from Frankfurt High School, I immediately went on to Paris, France, and attended The American College, where I received my degree.

Then I went on to Clark University in Massachusetts where I graduated with honors. Between attending school in Paris and going to school in Massachusetts, I lost both my parents.

The military life as I had experienced it with my parents and sister was my family. When I lost that, I needed a new family to continue my adventure in life.

At one point I had to get a job. What I always liked were great hotels; what I always loved was great food and wine; and coming from a military family, I enjoyed traveling the world.

The hospitality industry was a perfect fit for me. It came to me naturally, although a lot of hard work and with many compromises to come, I thought, "Why not do the things that give me the most satisfaction and take the leap?"

Over the years the road I traveled on has taken me to five continents, countless countries and I have met the most interesting people that one could imagine. I have been in the presence of Royalty, Presidents of countries, Captains of industry, Mother Theresa, the Dalai Lama, Pope Jean Paul II, and numerous other people that have become either dear friends, colleagues, and/or acquaintances—with whom to this day I network and have fond memories.



Patrick Willis '69

**PROFESSIONAL BIOGRAPHY:** Patrick Willis, one of the most experienced and successful operators in the restaurant and hotel industry throughout the world, has been the Chief Operating Officer for the Marlon Abela Restaurant Corporation (MARC) for the past decade. When he took up his post, he had a very clear mandate to implement Marlon Abela's vision of an international restaurant group that was totally consistent in setting the highest standards of food, wine, and service in every establishment it operated. He has overseen the opening of seven restaurants on both sides of the Atlantic, four of which have a Michelin star. At the same time he has created a corporate brand platform which acts as an umbrella ensuring that the group imposes lasting standards of excellence and quality as its foundation with an in-depth corporate culture that is rooted in absolute integrity.

The seven restaurants that comprise the MARC group at present are testimony to the success of his planning. All the restaurants have their own individuality, but all are an intrinsic part of the MARC vision and are of the highest standard. In London, they have all justly earned a considerable reputation. The Greenhouse is a classic haute cuisine French restaurant with a slightly modern approach. UMU is recognized as the finest Japanese restaurant in London with a Kyoto style menu, while Cassis is a modern French bistro that is inspired by the markets and culinary skills of Provence. They are all in London, as is Morton's, the leading private members club set in a beautiful Georgian house overlooking Berkeley Square in Mayfair. The other four are on the East coast of the United States consisting of A Voce Madison and A Voce Columbus in New York City, supplying casual, but modern Italian dining; Morello in Greenwich which offers a

similar style in an even more relaxed atmosphere; and Bistro du Midi in Boston, with Provencal cuisine; and FBP (Francois Payard Bakery) in New York City, for breads, chocolates and pastries. The restaurants are supported and supplied by the wine division MARC Fine Wines, London.

In order to make all these restaurants both consistent and successful, Patrick Willis has had to find consistent and reliable sources for the best ingredients available in Japan, Provence, and Italy, as well as the best local produce available on the East Coast of the USA and in the British Isles.

Willis has worked closely with renowned US-based designers as Rockwell and Toni Chi and leading British designers as Virgile and Stone and Tara Bernerd to create striking and original interiors for the MARC restaurants, involving the integration of work from established as well as up-and-coming artists as an important feature of the restaurants. These have included Matisse, Frank Stella, Julian Opie, Gary Hume, Howard Hodgkin, Fiona Rae, Toby Zeigler and Garth Weiser, with the work coming from Marlon Abela's private collection of modern art.



A Voce

At the time of his Rosewood appointment, Patrick Willis was one of the youngest Corporate Food and Beverage Directors in America and was an active participant in developing and promoting the American Food movements in California, the Pacific Rim, and the Southwestern region of the United States, which he followed with his work on the New World Food Movement while at the Turnberry Isle Resort.

His direct involvement in the planning, opening, overseeing, and various management positions of more than 40 hotels and countless restaurants throughout the world in the past thirty years, have given him a unique insight into what the discerning customer wants. His pursuit of quality combined with simplicity to deliver a guest experience is consistent and envied. Willis' ear is

tuned to his customer, always ensuring the customer's requests.

Choosing favorites amongst the myriad hotel assignments he has handled is difficult, but amongst the ones that have pleased him the most are the Copley Plaza in Boston, the re-opening of the Hotel Bel Air in Los Angeles, the Mansion on Turtle Creek in Dallas, the re-opening of Hotel Hana Maui, the Regent in Hong Kong. Also a pleasure was the opening of the Regent in New York (now the Four Seasons), the opening of the Rajvilas in Jaipur, the start-up of Rosewood Hotels. Willis also enjoyed working with Wolfgang Puck as the Consulting Chef during his tenure at Rosewood Hotels. This is an almost unequaled list of battle honors in the hotel industry.

In his current assignment as the Chief Operating Officer of the MARC he has a clear mandate to establish a collection of very visible restaurants and other food-related businesses in the USA, Europe, and the Middle East, all of which will have outstanding service, a superb wine list, the finest food, and an exciting environment. A large measure of success has already been achieved on both sides of the Atlantic, and this is only the start of the journey. Marlon Abela's vision and its implementation by Patrick Willis have attracted the admiration of food critics all over the world, receiving coverage in New York Times and other leading publications in the USA, in many of the foremost publications in the United Kingdom and throughout Europe, and as far afield as Japan, Australia, and Russia.

The acclaim for their wines has been constant and universal. The Wine Spectator has presented MARC Restaurants with their Grand Award annually since 2005 and also their Best Award of Excellence for their outstanding selection of wines. Patrick Willis is the European Vice President for the International Food and Beverage Forum. Career associations include the American Institute of Wine and Food, Academy of Culinary Arts, British Hospitality Association, National Restaurant Association, Confrerie De La Chaine Des Rotisseurs, Les Toques Blanches, Global Hotelier Society, Les Amis d'Escoffier, Vatel Club, St Christoph of Alberg, member of the Confrérie des Chevaliers du Tastevin, Commandeur d'Honneur in The Commanderie du Bontemps de Medoc et des Graves, Sauternes et Barsac, Compagnion d'Honneur de la Guilde Internationale des Fromagers-Confrérie de Saint-Uguzon, The James Beard Foundation, FHRAI, the International Food and Wine Travel Writers Association, advisory board member to BFG, ESI /

HKI, The Kanha Tiger Center, and President of Innovative Restaurant Concepts.

Willis' involvement in charities and fund raising activities has included Meals on Wheels, Bid Against Hunger, Restaurants Against Hunger, StreetSmart and Missionaries of Charities.

The Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts has also recognized Willis for his contributions. He has written many articles, and been interviewed in leading publications and has been a guest speaker at professional events, universities, judging panelist and juror at prestigious industry awards, including participation at Le Cordon Bleu College of Culinary Arts, Johnson and Wales University, HVS Conference, OCLD, Ecole Hoteliere de Lausanne, Cateys Awards, World Gourmet Summit, HOTELS magazine, Kiwi Collection, Gostelow Report, India Design & Interiors, Restaurant Magazine, The Observer Food Monthly, and Cuisine and Wine Asia; travelling to locations such as Abu Dhabi, Dubai, Singapore and Providence to do so. He has been credited by leading Chefs for his contributions to their careers and cookbooks they wrote. Patrick Willis reached iconic status when he was honored by his peers as Restaurateur of the Year during the World Gourmet Summit in Las Vegas, November 2007; an honor also bestowed on Anton Mosimann in 2000 and Joel Robuchon in 2011. Two years later in November 2009, he was inducted as Vice President into the International Food and Beverage Forum Hall of Fame Society.



EDITOR'S NOTE – Maybe YOU have a story you want to write or an interview you wish to give. Our operators are standing by. Contact editor at [mujerescondita@yahoo.com](mailto:mujerescondita@yahoo.com)

## GERAL MARTIN – THE LAST EAGLE

By Geral Martin '30 and Sandy Collins '70



Geral Martin

"Okay, what do you want to know?" Geral Martin poured himself a glass of wine and nestled into his office, ready to spill his guts.

"How did you get to be a teacher at FHS?" I myself was enjoying a nice German *blanc de blanc*, finally had him on the phone, and was ready for him to sing.

"I wanted to get out of there."

"There?"

"The West Virginia/Maryland area. My supervisor told me, 'If you wish to get out of here, join the military.' You see, I went to college, took 2 years of Army ROTC, and did well but didn't want to make the military a career. I graduated from West Virginia University in '56 in education, majoring in Art and Social Studies, and with minors in Geology and English. In those days one could do that. Afterwards, I taught Art in Mount Savage High School, Alleghany County, Maryland. It was 1956, teachers couldn't be drafted. So on the advice of my supervisor to see more of the world, I joined the Army, at the end of the school year."

Jerry paused a minute. I just waited for him to arrange his thoughts; and shortly, he began again. "Basic training was an adventure. I was assigned to take two busses of recruits across two southern states. At a restaurant, where we were to eat, some guy says, 'Have the white ones eat here, but the blacks have to eat in there.' The guy pointed to a room off to the side of the main room. I showed him the meal tickets to his restaurant, and he said, 'They can eat in there or outside.' I told him we would all eat together or he wouldn't get the meal

tickets. So I went out to the two busses and informed the recruits that we'd all drink out of the fountain marked for blacks and all eat in the room marked for blacks. And that's what we did. We left it a lot cleaner than the main room for whites, too. This later paid off for me, as a leader of many young men from the ghetto of Philadelphia, in a hot summer basic training, stay at Fort Gordon Georgia."

"Pretty cool," I commented.

Martin continued, "My Captain, for basic training was a former paper customer, and we got along well. I don't know if I had his protection, but with my one stripe together with some acting Sgt. stripes, my knowledge, military manners, and drill made me a good replacement when our Drill Sgt. had shrapnel work out of one of his nine wounds. I did not have problems; nobody messed with me.

"My Drill Sergeant was a decorated former German parachutist who was retained in the U.S. in the fall of 1941 on his visit to the U.S. to help his mother go back to Germany. My barracks won the week award every week. Paul was my best second in command, as well as another man, a former soldier, a Korean vet, who decided to return to the army. Later, at the end of our 8 weeks, when we marched in review, he wore his Medal of Honor. Only my Sergeant and my Captain knew about his valor in Korea. Our Sgt. Dobberman was ORDERED by the General to wear the rows of his medals, including his German ribbons. His master jump badge was on his shoulder. The General stood up and saluted when those two men passed in review.

"We were assigned our next station. My new buddy Paul and I were assigned to Ft. Manmouth, New Jersey, Radar Repair School. The assignment was great for Paul, as he was from Philadelphia. Guess who was selected to assign people to the bays...yep, the guy with only one stripe, and a good record. Paul ended up as my assistant for my bay. Paul's home was in the German part of Philly, and he was given permission to go home Mondays and Thursdays for practice in his German Club, as he was a *Shuplatte* dancer. His club won every time.

"*Oktoberfest* began on the East Coast early in September and continued until the first weekend in December. My knowledge of German increased with the dancing and the German *Bier*. Kegs of it were consumed every time we met, mostly on Saturday nights in some town, in upper New York State, Delaware, or in PA where there were many German immigrants. When I was assigned to Germany and Paul, to Oklahoma, I was happy and

he was sad, but his wife's baby was due...thus the switcheroo.

"Once I began my assignment at Wiesbaden Air Base, repairing guided missiles and radar, I was ready to investigate Germany. And I did, putting 3,500 miles on my Austin Minor. I was also very prepared for the Liquid Bread--*Bier*. *Fasching* was in full swing, and Wiesbaden and Mainz were GREAT. The guys in my unit tried to get me drunk, the first night in Wiesbaden. Golly...have you ever tried to get three semi-passed out 21-year olds to WAF for bed check, when you didn't even know the town? They never tried that again, and I was only drinking a portion of the way we drank at the German fests back Stateside. Well I saw a real *Oktoberfest*, and those messy Bavarians couldn't hold their *Bier* either. Saw the World's Fair in Brussels and the international art presented there, as well as every art museum I could see--I just had to see more. My close friend in the unit was a WW II vet of the Baatan Death march--a man with an art degree from Harvard, back in the army after a divorce. We were in all the museums together. I just couldn't get enough," he sighed, reminiscing. "After the military, I ended up working at the Smithsonian '63-64."

"When and how did you get to a point where you were teaching at FHS?" I prodded.

"I went back to Frankfurt as a civilian and began teaching in 1964. It was a 2-year contract. After two years, I wrote for an extension; and that's how I stayed, regularly writing for extensions. I taught there until it closed in 1995. In fact, I was the person who turned the keys over to the Germans. It wasn't supposed to be me, but things got a little crazy regarding asbestos claims in the sophomore wing, so... long story short, I ended up being the guy who turned her over."

Jerry (as he likes to be called) taught Art and later, Humanities. He went back to the University of West Virginia in '66 to complete his master's. His Master's is in archeology of the Upper Potomac River Basin, still the largest Master's research done at WVU. His hours were in Painting and Art History. His Master's was *Magna Cum Laud*, which would have surprised the hell out of some of his high school teachers at Keyser High School, in Keyser, West Virginia, he joked.

I told him, "I never took a class from you, but I had both Biology and Home Ec in that wing where your classroom was. I remember it had a special cool vibe—possibly the coolest classroom on campus."



Jerry sighed. "It was our paradise. It was the place for heart-to-heart conversations. A lot of people had some heavy things to deal with back in those days. You have to remember, a lot of kids' fathers were being assigned to Vietnam. Sometimes, Room 108 was the only place to breathe—just let it out."

There's something special about certain teachers, I am deciding about now. Both Virginia and Jerry have a remarkable sense of service to others, of which we were beneficiaries. How very lucky we were to have had them in our midst, because God knows, we all remember a few teachers who didn't have that connection, that commitment to camaraderie, and a certain selflessness. Yet guys like Jerry and Virginia never compromised the order and discipline it takes to teach a room full of energetic kids.

"So tell me about the Scouts," I said.

"Well, of course, I was a Scout as a kid. I was a Scout master in my hometown, Keyser West Virginia. One day in Frankfurt back in '64, I was doing bus duty in the parking lot in front of the Idle Hour Theater I was approached by an older man in sweats who said 'You GERAL Martin?' It was strange to have a stranger approach me like that. 'We need a scout master. You were one in West Virginia.' Later I found out it was none other than General Abrams, and that's how I became the Scout Master of Troop 90. Over time, I became the commissioner of training and then exploring for all North Germany. I received a Silver Beaver award. I was also on the staff of Scouting for the North Star District from Darmstadt northward, to include Berlin. We even put on a jamboree in West Berlin, behind the Iron Curtain back in '70. Over 500 scouts attended. I did that for about twenty-five years.

"At FHS I conducted many field trips, and, to this day read emails and Facebook comments from those that remember such educational trips. As the years and my experience progressed, I took

trips on non-school time, to Paris, 32 times, London 13, Tunisia, 2, Greece 4, and made a lot of teachers angry and envious. Some said that I just taught what I liked. These were comments expressed in the presence of students who told me over and over again what they heard."

Martin also published the yearbook, Focus for several years, and was on the Parent, Teacher, Student Association. He was the School Advisory Counselor President for three years at FAHS. General Colin Powell was President of the PTSA at the same time.

As a member of the German Fallschamjäger Association, since 1972, after the death of his father in law Maj Gen. Karl-Lotter Schulz, he has been very active as a representative of the Americans, he was awarded the European Cross, the highest award presented by the European Congress (the only American to have received this award), for his motivation in helping heal the wounds of World War II, 'Helping Enemies become Friends'. His various trips to battle areas, has informed him of the sad loss of life due to poor decisions

After a "rotten period of time working for the Wiesbaden USO," Jerry retired. "It was well deserved, since I began working when I was 14. And, ya know, I didn't need to see any more incompetent leaders, who fire others for their own mistakes."

Geral retired from teaching but chose to remain in Frankfurt, "mainly because of my ongoing associations with a couple of organizations, such as the Masons and the German Club, Schlaraffia. I am not an Expat, just a misplaced West Virginian."

"Currently, I am involved with the German Parachute Corps Veterans of WWII." These are parachutists from all over Europe during that era. His first wife's father-in-law was the highest decorated officer in the German Parachute Corp. Mr. Martin was the Vice President of the German Parachute Club in Frankfurt, for seven years. "The oldest club member is a man, who jumped in Crete—he's 89." In 2001, GERAL was honored to carry the German Parachute Flag in their annual parade down the Champs Elysees with 48 French States following behind him. In 2009, he was again honored to carry the German Parachute Flag in Paris, down the Champs Elysees, with 1100 French veteran parachutists following.

Martin is the Secretary of Lodge of the local Frankfurt Masonic Lodge. He is a 32 degree member. He says the Masons are rooted in his

ancestry and go back to Pre-revolutionary times in the United States. His ancestor, Benjamin Rush, was, Martin believes, the first American Mason in his family. "Ben Franklin said Benjamin Rush always had a place to stay with him. In fact, they are buried side by side." Mr. Martin's maternal grandmother has roots in the Eastern Star, as well.

Last, but by far not least, Geral describes himself as an avid gardener In the Schlaraffia he is known as Ritter Hortus, The Returning Gardner. He has developed a new strain of a raspberry, a blue one, almost thornless. All it took was a little "sex in the garden with some bees and some watercolor brushes" to pollinate the plants.

He stopped talking. Of all the visuals he left me with, my mind went to that moment when he handed the FHS building keys over to the Germans. I told him, "You realize you were the last Eagle to walk those halls...the last Eagle."



## TALES FROM THE RED CARPET

### 2012 ACADEMY AWARDS

By Peggy Rowland Sanchez '67



Peggy Rowland Sanchez '67

Being a Greeter on the red carpet, I observe many things as stars arrive in their limousine and before they enter the security tent to then make the long jaunt past the media to the entrance of the Kodak. Oh yes, it is no longer the Kodak Theater. Kodak is bankrupt and could not afford to spend the \$3.5 million a year for the name rights they have been paying annually after forking over \$75 million up front, (such a waste), so it was just referred to as the "Hollywood & Highland Theater."

My first observation was that the arrival area had changed this year. It had the flair of old Hollywood where black and white pictures of films and portraits of Hollywood legends like Gary Grant, Marilyn Monroe, Elisabeth Taylor, etc. were hanging on make shift walls draped in black and white. The stars entered between two large Oscar statues and white couches accented that area, which really gave it an elegant look. As a matter of fact, I feel like the old Hollywood glamour had come back. All the gowns worn were elegant again, unlike previous years where more skin was in. There were many white and gold dresses worn this year and others were primarily soft colors. Of course black is always elegant and yes, I thought Angelina Jolie's black velvet gown was really beautiful. She arrived fashionably late, and after I opened Brad's door and welcomed him, he asked to open her side by himself. It was a beautiful gesture and very much gentleman like. She was very graceful and, there were no flashing leg shots then! She and Brad walked towards the fans behind the fences and made a point of greeting them first before walking to the red carpet area.



One thing not seen on TV either was when one young lady was just exiting her limo when she suddenly looked at me in horror as her tight gown gave away and busted her zipper, which went all the way down her back side. A few of us greeters have learned to keep safety pins in their pockets for these cases. Between my few pins and some others, we were able to take 10 pins and fasten her up so she could exit the limo. We thought we had created quite the new look in fashion. We never did know who she was, and I was grateful the cameras gave her a break and did not scan in on this little mishap.

Most of the people that know me saw me on TV as I was helping out Sacha Baron Cohen and my face said it all. I kind of expected him as I saw the white stretch limo arriving with the green Republic of Wadya flags on each side. As there was speculation of him arriving in his dictator's uniform. I was not sure what to expect as I opened his door. First, out came two-6 foot tall girls. Okay. I poked my head in to get him, and appreciated, shall we say, the uniform and gear, which in and of itself, was an eyeful. However, then he handed me an urn, and I was so shocked, my face showed it all on TV. He told me it contained the remains of a distant relative who had always wanted to walk down the red carpet. Now that wish was being fulfilled.



Every year on the carpet provides me many stories to tell and many more I could add to this. People always ask, "Who do you see?" I see everybody as they arrive, and after that I appear at the Governor's Ball and meet many more. Security is tight and no photos allowed. I could write books about all my encounters over the last nineteen years! Maybe someday I will!

## FALLEN EAGLE

### Lynn Kuckelman '69

By Kristin Kuckelman '71



Photo by Jim Casey '69

My sister Lynn passed away at her home in San Antonio, Texas, on December 27, 2011, after a lengthy illness. Her life was far too short, and she left behind many grieving family members and friends. She always looked back on the years spent in Germany with great fondness, and her three years at FAHS were a really special part of her life.

She cherished the many friends she made there and loved being a cheerleader. She was especially attracted to smart, funny people, and I remember her close friendship with Reva Markovitz. Lynn adored Reva's intelligence and great sense of humor, and was intrigued by her Orthodox Jewish religion and how it impacted her life. Lynn would often go over to Reva's house on Friday evenings to flip the light switches, because Reva wasn't allowed to touch or operate anything modern during her Sabbath.

She was also good friends with Janet Worthington, Linda Buckles, Krys Wages, Pam Geiger, Lori Phillips, Gretchen Pence, Monica Olsen, Karma Jeppesen, Dixie McIlwain, Bev Marshall, and Susan Schestopol. I remember her speaking highly of Bob Schanzer, Corrie Foos, and Bill Horton. Her friendship with Linda Buckles was special and continued into their college years back in the

States. I'm sure Lynn had also many friends I've forgotten or never knew about.

After her death we found, among her possessions, her Frankfurt yearbooks, cheerleading letter, and class ring, all in perfect condition. We also found her cherished black-and-yellow Frankfurt "69" jersey which she wore so often during her senior year that it seemed stitched to her skin. We found the jersey in decidedly less than perfect condition, but Lynn had carefully stored it away in all its holey glory. It's 43 years old this spring, and I've given it a new home. I think she'd like that.

## WALTER ALVIN'S SITE MAP OF FRANKFURT



To answer the question, "how did we get from here to there," Walter Alvin '69, a Frankfurt resident, has provided these links and has marked the more well known locations of Frankfurt. The map is so large, he has presented it in several links, for your reminiscence.

1. <http://www.freepdfhosting.com/f017142d65.pdf>
2. <http://www.freepdfhosting.com/cafd9e9981.pdf>
3. <http://www.freepdfhosting.com/6b1b6da5b0.pdf>
4. <http://www.freepdfhosting.com/5fe4b647ba.pdf>

5. <http://www.freepdfhosting.com/5bc2ad8658.pdf>



Walter Alvin '69

## WAS GIBTS ZU ESSEN?

### Pan Francais



Baguettes Rising

Many of y'all are Kaiser Roll--or brotchen fans, but for me, the quintessential bread is the baguette. My French friend says this is some of the best bread he's tasted stateside. And there's no kneading.

3 cups bread flour (GOTTA BE bread flour)  
1-1/2 tsp. salt  
1 package active dry yeast  
Approx 1-1/2 cups warm water (110degrees or so)  
A drop of honey or sugar to feed yeast

Mix bread flour and salt together in a large bowl. In a cup, put the water and yeast and honey and mix. Let it rest until you see it has become active (looks foamy).

Add yeasty water to bread flour and mix by hand. It will look a little shaggy and then come together as an incredibly sticky mess in a under a minute. Once everything is equally sticky, place it in another bowl that has olive oil drizzled and swushed onto sides. Put a little olive oil on your hands and “smooth” out the mass so it looks somewhat like a slick mound.

Cover bowl with plastic wrap and let rest in a warmish place for—12-18 hours. YES 12–18 hours. Go to work. Or make it Friday night to bake Saturday afternoon. But give it that time; and you will truly be happy, because that’s how it develops complexity. It is not a sourdough. It is gorgeous.

12-18 hours later, flop that sticky, bubbly mass onto a well floured board. Cut in two with a flour-dusted cutter. Using the first piece, press it gently into a rectangle, and then fold that rectangle into thirds like a business letter, and press the fold. Let it rest a couple of minutes. Then fold that in half, lengthwise again, pinching down the fold and tapering and pinching the ends. Roll it slightly in the bench flour to give it uniform shape, letting the seam rest on bottom. Do the same with the other half of the dough.

Slit bread horizontally three or so times using a razor blade or very sharp knife. Brush with an egg white washed up with a couple teaspoons of water. Reserve rest of egg wash. Cover with a non-terry kitchen towel and let rise two hours. Transfer baguettes to lightly-oiled French bread pans with the holes...or just bake on a baking brick or a lightly oiled sheet. Brush slightly again with egg white mixture if loaves have lost their sheen.

Bake at 500 degrees for approx 15-20 minutes. Throw a large handful of ice cubes into bottom of oven just before you close the door. This is important as bread needs steam to develop crust.

Remove to wire rack to cool or eat it in a couple seconds. At end of day, if some is still left, store to plastic bag. Re-warm/ re-crust at 275 degrees for 3-5 minutes. Hint—this is the most outrageous pizza crust, too. Bake pizza at same temp in same time.



## FROM THE WINE CELLAR



I wept when I saw this, and then snatched two bottles of Stag’s Leap ‘08 so fast the shelves shook.

Hands down, the smoothest wine I ever tasted. I love the big flavor of petite syrah, and this was sublime. I certainly would never have otherwise enjoyed it, had it not gone on sale.

## TEXAS MINI REUNION

April 28 and 29<sup>th</sup>, 2012 at Jueri’s





Jueri's photo from The Verdes Restaurant (rights reserved)



Jueri's wife, Mara, with Kym



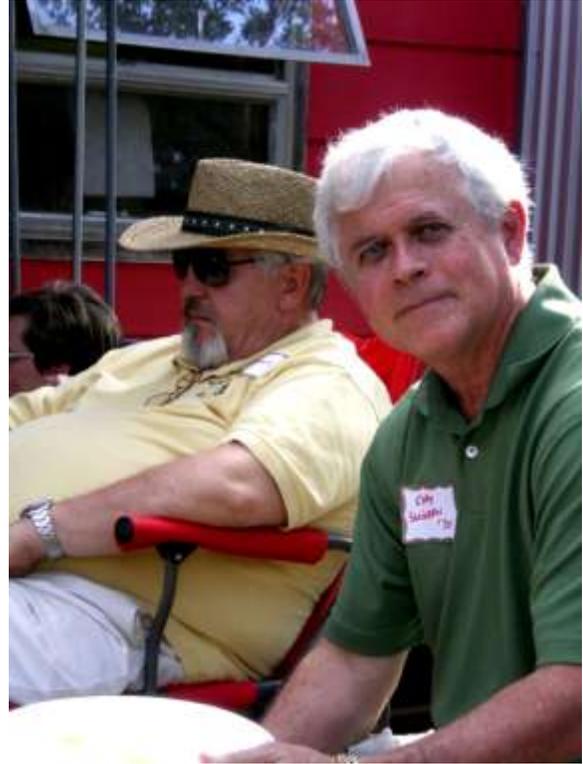
Jueri Svjagintsev '70 and Mary Ilsing '67



Mary Ilsing '67



Pat Colling Brooke Burns '67



Hans Stockenberger '70 and Clay Swindell '70



Lioba and Debbie Schott Tholen '71



Ed Garcia '71



Norma Garcia '72



Pattie Schulz Ormand '71



Our Man, Buddy Lerch '69



At right from top to bottom:

Pat, Mary and Clay's wife, Debbie

Bob Matheson '69

Alex the Bunny Slayer





Pat Burns and Mina Mathies '67



Sandy Collins '70 photo by Buddy Lerch



Kym Mingus-Denmark '68

Music:  
Whiter Shade of Pale by Dan Reeder



Door Guard photo by Buddy Lerch