



AHS Alumni Newsletter

Summer, 2007



POITIERS AMERICAN HIGH SCHOOL 2007 Alumni Reunion Boston, Massachusetts August 9-12

Attention Boston! Hold on to your bean pots because The Panthers are coming!

Reserve these dates now and plan to pa'k the ca' at the ai'po't and come see Ha'va'd Ya'd.

Visit with your old (I mean "beloved") classmates and meet others that shared the "Poitiers experience". It was a never to be forgotten time in our lives that deserves reminiscence now and then. And what better place to witness time standing still than historic Boston?

The Boston Reunion Committee



Hilton Boston Financial District
89 Broad Street
Boston, MA 02110
617-556-0006 or 800-520-0872 (general Hilton reservations)

Near Boston waterfront, Freedom Trail, Faneuil Hall/Quincy Market, New England Aquarium, and USS Constitution ("Old Ironsides").

Cost is \$169.00 per night per room (\$190.04 including all taxes). There is a block of rooms reserved for us; request Group Code PAA. Visit our Web site for more details: <http://www.poitierspanthers.com/> (click on Boston Reunion, then Hotel).

Transportation to hotel includes bus, MTA, taxi and car rental from Logan Airport

Rooms will be released one month before the Reunion (July 8th)

Registration Fee:

\$160 per person.

Includes Hilton hospitality/meeting room, welcoming reception at nearby *The Living Room*, and banquet at the New England Aquarium.

This fee is based on reunion attendance of at least 100 people.

Contact Cindy Campanella Dunne, Siv Hendry Keyser, or Ilene Hampton Smith for your registration form.

There is still time to get your registration in!

Along with all the fun things that are lined up for us to do, we have some important issues to discuss at the Business Meeting on Saturday morning. We will be ratifying our By-Laws, picking our Alumni Officers, and discussing where the next Reunion will be held. Put on your thinking caps and bring information about your choice. Some of our members have items for a fundraiser raffle. There will be a Memorial Service for our deceased classmates during this time also.



OPEN LETTER TO

Coach Rose

I hope this note finds you in good health. I can't picture in less than perfect fitness and health, but time has its effect on us all. I'm writing after, what -- 45 years? -- to thank you for getting me started in mathematics. You may not remember me, but if you do you probably remember me sitting in the back row as less than a stellar student. I'm fairly certain you don't have any idea that I credit you for getting me started in my career. I don't remember what grade I had in your class but it was pretty low, though it was exactly the grade I worked hard towards and earned.

I was a Junior in 1961 and taking your Geometry class. I took the class not out of love for the subject but as a necessity towards an iffy graduation. My performance and my grades reflected my overall history as a poor student. But when I look back you come to mind as the one teacher who had the most influence on me. Allow me to explain.

First, you were a pretty imposing guy physically, so it wasn't in my interest to get on your bad side. But that's the least of it. More important was the way you treated me as a person -- equal with everyone else, no better and no worse, in spite of my being a minority and having a less than perfect academic record. Because of that, you earned my respect. Next, you not only taught the class well, but you also required me to perform and never lowered your standards because of my own poor performance.

Those things by themselves made you a great teacher, but was not what started me on a mathematics career. That was due to an after class session you "invited" several of us to attend. Your class was the last of the day for me, and I still remember your asking me to remain after class along with some other guys. I expected the usual lecture about bad grades, about needing to study more, etc. But that's not what you talked about. In fact, you never brought up grades, or anything to do with the class. Instead you spoke with us almost as peers, as individuals who would soon go out into the world and have to make our way. You engaged us in a conversation about our plans, our interests, our ideals. I felt that you were treating us as men before we considered ourselves men. In a word, you treated us with respect. In the course of the conversation, you told us that the world was changing, becoming more technological, and that mathematics and computer science would be the waves of the future, and where jobs would be found. Then our conversation ended, nothing said about grades or the course. I thought you had made a mistake, didn't realize I was among the group you were speaking with. But when you looked me in the eye I understood you meant what you said.

That conversation remained in my mind. Maybe it was the coach in you rather than the mathematics teacher, or maybe it was the combination, but I slowly began to realize that you had more faith in my potential than I had in my own potential. Subconsciously I made the decision to realize that potential. It was far from an overnight process, and I could not recover in time to change my grade in your class. But slowly, little by little, I began my own process of pushing myself and reaching for what I never thought was within my possibilities. To make a long story short, I climbed a steep hill beginning with junior college, then a four year college where I studied mathematics, graduated with honors, and went on to an Air Force career and graduate study that led to a doctorate in mathematics. I eventually became head of the mathematics department at the Air Force Academy, where I had the good fortune to teach some of the brightest students in our nation. But in all of my classes, I always kept my eye out for that one student in the back row who was selling himself or herself short, and hope I was able to do for them just a little of what you did for me by treating them and their own abilities with the respect they deserve.

Sorry it's come so late but thanks, Coach!
Respectfully Nelson Pacheco

WHO DOES WHAT

A man and his wife were having an argument about who should brew the coffee each morning. The wife said, "You should do it, because you get up first, and then we don't have to wait as long to get our coffee." The husband said, "You are in charge of cooking around here and you should do it, because that is your job, and I can just wait for my coffee." Wife replies, "No, you should do it, and besides, it is in the Bible that the man should do the coffee." Husband replies, "I can't believe that, show me." So she fetched the Bible, and opened the New Testament and showed him at the top of several pages, that it indeed says..... "HEBREWS"



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From Jim Policastro 65.

For those of you who remember the Chalon housing area--can you spot the house in which you lived? In 1962-63 I think we lived in the house with the red roof.

More specifically, after you entered the housing area from the long road coming from the bottom left side of the screen, you kept going past the first little intersection, past that first long house on the left that was parallel to the street and then you turned in between the first and second house and you would come to our quarters. It was the house at an angle behind the second long house on the left that was parallel to the street. Got it ?

Thanks a lot, Jim. You stirred up some memories and maybe some of the folks will consider getting together at the Reunion in August in Boston. Who knows if we will see each other again. Hint, Hint.

Take care, everyone.

Peace out.

Doc

Ernest Ramos

