

**REPORT ON ARMED FORCES ENTERTAINMENT TOUR
THE MEN FROM GLORY ROAD TOUR EUROPE
FEBRUARY 12-22, 2007**

As all of you know, The Men from Glory Road were invited by Armed Forces Entertainment to visit with troops and their dependants in Germany, the Netherlands, and the United Kingdom.

I had hoped to provide you with a running update during our tour, but that was simply impossible due to lack of regular access to computers and the internet. I did get one e-mail off on our third day in Germany confirming our arrival in Munich and our visits to Ansbach and Stuttgart, Germany. In that e-mail, I made the observation that a picture, or several, would be worth a thousand words. With that in mind I give you my efforts at a full and “picture—full” report, surrounded by some words of explanation – some serious, some fanciful, but, hopefully, all explanatory.

Our tour bus:



As you can see, Togo Railey is quite satisfied with our Mercedes tour bus and is proudly pointing to the Armed Forces Entertainment – Glory Road poster taped to the front window of the bus.

Flip, aka, Louis Baudoin, aka, Pepé Le Pew as a result of his little French beret, found the inside of the bus acceptable to his 6' 7" stretch version of a body in contemplation of 10 days bussing across Germany, the Netherlands, and UK.



The rest of us staked out our bus turf while being briefed by our driver/owner, Michael Tietze, on all of the amenities of the bus, including movies, a CD player, Bose speakers, luxurious leather couches, a restroom, a kitchen, and all the amenities that a “Rock Group” of our stature might expect.



David “Big Daddy” Lattin decided that the left front couch was pretty darn nice and would be his for the rest of the trip. Anything you want Big Daddy



And then it was off to Ansbach and Eddie’s Place to meet with the Troops and their families – Q & A sessions, the CBS/Charlie Bloom tape, the sound track from Glory Road, and our 5’ by 4’ montage poster (below), all used by us in setting the stage for the first of our 7 appearances.



The lovely Ms. Vikki Hanrahan was our Point of Contact (“POC”) (pointing to Eddie’s Place above) and she did a great job in getting the facilities at Ansbach ready and the crowd eager to meet and greet the Men from Glory Road the morning of the 14th.



At Ansbach, we were introduced to the audience by Garrison Commander LTC. Tammy S. McKenna, after which our guys participated in a panel discussion and a question and answer session with an audience of 75 to 100 people: including high school student athletes, their parents, service men and women and Department of the Army Civilian personnel (“DACs”).



An autograph and Photo Opportunity session with the Ansbach folks followed.

Wherever we went the lines for autographs were long, patient, and enthusiastic as we signed Wheaties boxes, Glory Road posters, basketballs, 4" X 6" team montage pictures, and, on one occasion, even a skateboard.



For formal appearances we decked out in our Nike gear from head to toe, with Wheaties Sweatshirts inside the jackets to keep us warm (hereafter referred to as our costumes). From left to right the men from Glory Road who were able to make the trip: Nevil Shed, Togo Railey Harry Flournoy, David Lattin, Louis Baudoin, and yours truly, the ball boy for the group, Steve Tredennick.



After lunch, it was off to the Illesheim, Germany Mess hall near Ansbach, where we posed for pictures with troops and their family members including this young couple.



At Storck Barracks in Illesheim, Germany, Headquarters for 11th Aviation Regiment, our group was briefed by Chief Warrant Officer Phillips and his staff on the war capabilities of the lethal AH-64D Apache Longbow attack Helicopter, a two seater, with a dome installed over its main rotor that houses a fire control radar target acquisition system that permits the detection and arcing missile engagement of targets even when the helicopter itself is concealed from view of the target by an obstacle (e.g. terrain, trees or buildings). The

briefing provided David, the pilot, and Togo, the co-pilot-gunner, a chance to shoe-horn their



ample selves into the tandem cockpits. David and Togo gave the ready sign that they were ready to crank that baby up and take it for a spin --- but weather, the cost of a multi-million dollar war vessel, and, fortunately, common sense prevailed and they never left the hangar.



Proud of our Wheaties sweatshirts and hats, we displayed the Breakfast of Champions gear for a Photo Op beside the mighty Longbow. Left to right: Captain Lattin, Gunner Railey, and the Long Bow maintenance crew of Tredennick, Flournoy, Baudoin, and Shed are ready to rock and roll.



After a brief side trip tour and dinner at the walled-in and well-preserved historic medieval old town of Rothenburg ob der Tauber,



It was off to Stuttgart, the Kelley Hotel, and the U.S. European command for the next day/night visit and dog and pony show . . .



At the Kelley Hotel we were greeted by a large welcome poster announcing our visit at the hotel sign-in desk . . .



And there Harry and the rest of the Men from Glory Road were met by POC's Martha Povich and Army Captain Jay Cash our hands-on escorts for our stay in Stuttgart; Jay and Martha won our star among stars award for POC hosts during our trip, although to be fair all were great. But when Captain Cash, his wife and two boys drove up to Mannheim several days later to visit with us again and to bring me a coveted Army windbreaker, well that assured him the gold star award in my book.



Quickly changing into our “costumes,” it was off to the Post Theater where a full house of students, military service men and women, and DAC’s were watching the 2-hour movie *Glory Road*;



after which, our guys were individually introduced to the audience by Captain Cash to the applause and cheering of the audience inspired by the movie, our guys and a group of high school cheerleaders – and took the stage for a 30 minute Q & A session with the audience . . .

On conclusion of the Q & A session, the guys were presented with gifts from the command by Garrison Commander, Col. Kenneth Juergens, and Deputy Commander, US European Command, General William E. (Kip) Ward. General Ward, I believe, is one of only twelve four star generals in the US Army today and I have read that he is only the fifth black in US Army History to attain such a loft rank, following in the footsteps, among 4 others, former Secretary of State and Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, Colin L. Powell.





From the Post Theater, it was off to a lengthy autograph session with the movie attendees . . .



Followed by a visit to the local youth center where we met kids, young . . .

And old, for more autographs and pictures.



Then off to Headquarters, US European Command . . .



Located in a building that was formerly General Eisenhower's headquarters during the latter stages of the Second World War . . .



There we received a 30 minute mission briefing from General Ward . . .



After which we participated in a Photo Op session with the General that the Men from Glory Road will remember for the rest of our lives.

And by the way, don't be surprised if one day soon you find yourself reading about General Ward being selected as the Army's representative to the Joint Chiefs of Staff – the next Colin Powell, if you will – he is that special according to his men, and we certainly

agree with that assessment after meeting and spending time with him. Moreover, he is still quite fit as he lifted yours truly, swollen with pride and by then, several days of apple strudel, from my kneeling position or else it was likely that I would have become a permanent fixture to his office rug.

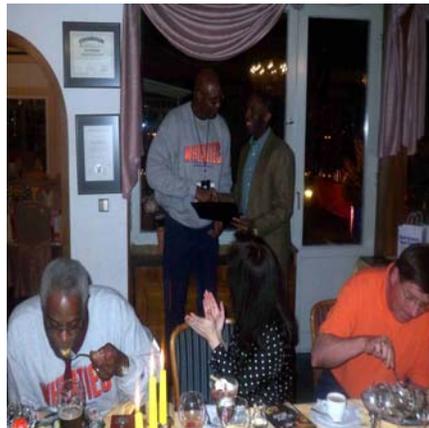


That night, it was on to a dinner hosted by Garrison Commander, Col Juergens, here shown standing and making an invitational toast and welcoming remarks to the Men from Glory Road and local dinner guests of the command, including General and Mrs. Ward and members of his staff . . .



After dinner, General Ward took the floor to present gifts to each of us to commemorate our visit.

Now notice in the following pictures that Harry and Togo, except for when they were the personal subject of General Ward's kind attention, were far more attentive to the sumptuous food and drink, than in pausing for a moment to share in the moment of glory for their comrades-in-basketball, Nevil and Bid Daddy, when they were being honored by General Ward; in Harry's and Togo's defense, however, the German food and, of course the beer and wine, were exceptional wherever we went; maybe just a little more so that night with such wonderful new friends in which to share it.



Well, it was a great day, but a long one --- time for Nevil and the rest of the guys -- except Camera Man -- to get some rest before moving on to Hohenfels and another Meet and Greet, Panel and Autograph Session. Rest on, Brother Shed!





After being greeted by POC Joanne Love and finishing our panel and autograph session with guests, we attended and were introduced at the Hohenfels' high school basketball playoff games for the boys' and girls' teams . . .

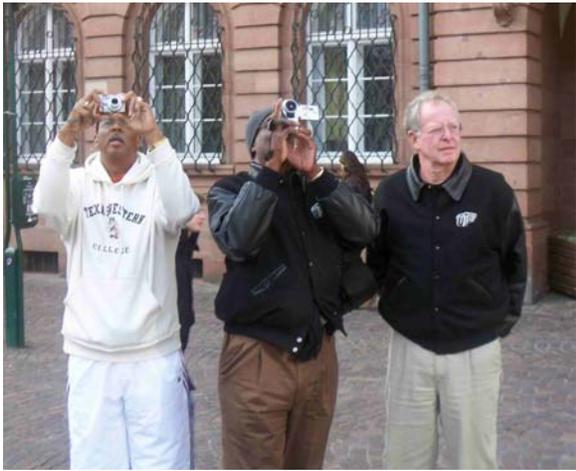
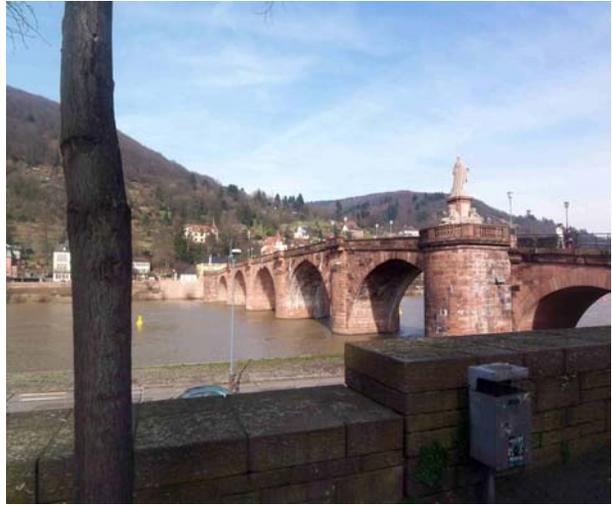


We enjoyed the first half of the girls' game, had a photo session with the Garrison Commander, LTC. James V. Matheson and his daughter and then it was back to our hotel, the Lilliputian Gasthof Schoel, for a great dinner, a beer or two, or three, or --- followed by "duck-your-head" to get into the room and "scrunch-yourself-up" to fit onto the bed attempt at some much needed rest.



From Hohenfels it was off to the Mannheim/ Heidelberg region and a well deserved Sunday off. Our day off, resulted in a little sleeping in and then a walking and

photo-op tour of the majestic city of Heidelberg, with photos that included one of the original entry gate to the old city; a picture of the River Neckar that runs through the city; a picture of the famous Medieval Heidelberg Castle or "Schloss" as it is called in German, located on the Königstuhl mountain some 80 meters (262.5 feet) above and overlooking the town center and the Neckar; and, of course, a shot or two of some of the legendary restaurants and local beer taverns or "Gasthauses" as they are referred to in German.





While on our walking tour of Heidelberg, we contemplated renting a car to take a spin around the country side, but couldn't find a match for Harry's other foot . . .



And with so much walking around, some of us became mighty thirsty . . .

So, we decided it was time to try on one or two of those legendary Gasthauses – and we did, and did, and did ----



With two of our brothers trying to impress our pretty young waitress with their NCAA championship rings; to no avail, I might add: Hey Togo, Nevil, they play soccer (Futbol) over there, Nowitzki notwithstanding.



Properly lubed, the gentlemen headed back to the bus for a one-man impromptu Karaoke session starring “Aaron the Nevil Shed” who regaled us with song and dance, a water bottle for a microphone, “getting down,” as they say – at least as down as a 63 year old geezer can get.



Working on a few moves he picked up from the movie *Glory Road* and Baudoin’s chitlins eating alter ego learned from Baudoin’s counterpart in the movie *Glory Road* — and tossing in a few German Polka steps to boot

All to the delight of a most attentive and appreciative audience of Flournoy and Baudoin --- NOT!



After Heidelberg it was back to the motor coach and off to Mannheim Germany for 2 days where we were greeted by (POC) Lisa Frankson and performed for military personnel and their dependents at the "Top Hat" Club followed by a hosted meal at Wingers Restaurant --- a Wingers restaurant which soon found itself facing a serious shortage of barbeque chicken wings due to our visit.

An interesting and unexpected aside to our Mannheim visit was that the hotel in which we stayed was hosting the annual meeting of a distinguished group of Freemasons from the United States and Germany and the night owls among us (Shed, Flournoy, and Tredennick) had the opportunity to share the adventures of the Men from Glory Road with these gentlemen and to pose for pictures with their leadership, the head of which who resides in Muscogee, Oklahoma, USA.



After Mannheim it was off to Rotterdam in The Netherlands -- by the way, is "the" part of the country's name? -- Home of one of the largest sea ports in Europe and one of the largest and busiest in the world. It is in Rotterdam that the US Military Transportation Terminal Command

Headquarters for Europe is located and it was there that we were enthusiastically greeted by POC Ray Landrau (brown coat) who welcomed us to a single building military command facility.

Among other special treats, Doc (cooking) (retired military and current DAC) and his staff of volunteers, in celebration of Black History Month, treated us to some Down-Home Southern Barbequed Chicken, Collard Greens, Corn on the Cob and Cornbread (capitalized to emphasize how good all of it was). Doc labored long and hard over the barbecue grill, much to the puzzlement of kibitzing Chef Togo, who sought to share with Doc some unsolicited advice on how we all bar-be-que “chiken” down in Texas. Doc, wisely, but politely ignored Togo’s suggestions and kept on “cookin”.



From Rotterdam we drove to Calais in northern France where we caught the ferry across the English Channel to Dover and jolly old England, home of bangers, black (“blood” ugh!) pudding, warm beer, and RAF Alconbury — a US air force base on leased English soil, with, much to our surprise, nary a single airplane in its midst and a base mission so steeped in secrecy and military and civilian spook types that we would have to kill you if we revealed much about our visit here.

Harry and Nevil kept watch on the bow of the Ferry as we approached Dover, England and its famous white cliffs, which at 1:00 AM, of course were invisible to the 63 year old eye:



It was another long trip for the now old men of Glory Road --- And yes Shed's eyes are closed again -- I guess aging ain't exactly what it is cracked up to be -- eh? Shed.



On arrival, and rudely awakened from his umpteenth nap, Nevil expresses a tad of indignation with Camera Man, and his ever-present camera, quick to shoot some unsuspecting soul whenever he dared to fall asleep on the job,



The weary men of Glory Road were greeted by our RAF Alconbury POC's: Andy Sharp and Cherrie, both of whom proved more than worthy rivals in verbal tête-à-têtes with our most prolific talker, "Togo the magnificent". Shortly after introductions were had, the 2nd battle of Britain for air space began in full fury; consensus being that our Yank lost to Andy, an extraordinary Brit who took the prize for longest talker without taking a breath and again to Lady Cherrie for her penchant for uttering the most enthusiastic and inspirational "woo" "woos" to the Yanks during various photo op sessions. We must note, however, that it was not a fair contest --- Togo, justifiably tired after 9 grueling days of travel and intense verbal competition at prior venues -- where he reigned supreme -- was simply worn down and proved no match for the merry Englishers.



Our first venue in Alconbury was RAF Alconbury high school where we visited with a group of 7th through 12th graders who had taken on the movie of *Glory Road* as a school project over the preceding 6 weeks.



Here we did a Q and A session with kids who were armed with typed out questions aimed at stumping the panel of supposedly knowledgeable *Glory Road*ers.

So difficult were some of the questions, the panel had to defer to Big Daddy to look up the answers in his self-authored and self-published autobiography entitled “Lattin’s Slam Dunk to Glory” --- Note: with prior groups, we could always get away with saying “read the book, *Jedge*”, but here the kids forced us to actually come up with real answers and as you can see the members of the panel waited and watched anxiously for David to dig out those answers to avoid total humiliation by a bunch of high “scholars”.



After an intense battle, we claim, to at least a draw, we signed autographs and then had a few hours of R & R before attending a session with grown-ups and others who, prior to our appearance, were having dinner that evening at the Stukeley Inn Consolidated Club while watching *Glory Road*. We arrived about half-way through the movie to find an audience of military personnel, dependents, and DACs immersed in the plot and cheering for the Miners every victory. We already knew how it would come out, so we just went to eating.



After the movie, it was Q and A time again for our panel of weary but indefatigable warriors. .



Followed by more autographs and photo sessions . . .



One with Garrison Commander, COL. Jack L. Jones and Major Vic Cleveland, RAF Alconberry's MWR Services Director, who took time off from a court martial panel he was on to come join us that evening . . .



And then with Major Cleveland and members of his staff, good folks one and all.



A job well done, the men from Glory Road began their long journey home, not much worse for the wear and tear, but then the beauty of old used vehicles is that they don't have much room to show any more wear and tear, do they!

David seen relaxing on "His" couch, smiling knowingly with the confidence of a job well done . . .



The distinguished Mr. Flournoy reflecting on the fact that once again -- "it's over, it's over". .



And the Shadow at Heathrow, doing what you must now have come to realize that he does best -- catching some more ZZZZ's



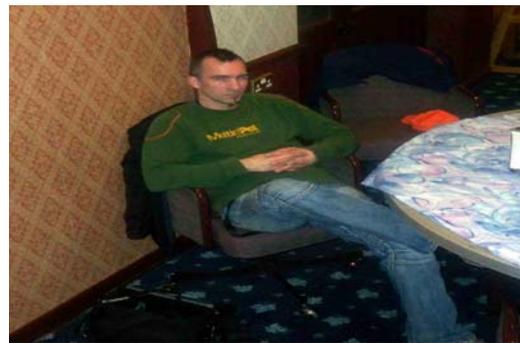
And Togo boning up on world news after a 10 day respite from newspapers and TVs.



Shed, proving once and again that there is a life after, seen here arising from his umpteenth nap is pleased and surprised, I suppose, to find himself in the arms of a beaming but obviously misguided flight attendant angel on his shoulder.



And Silvio, our second and final bus driver, an East German by birth, pensively reflecting on his ventures with these Men from Glory Road, and formulating his goodbyes that ended up going something like this: "so long, it's been good to know you --- Well, maybe, I think!"



A Parting observation from all of us fortunate enough to make this trip and given the opportunity to do a little something for our country --- "We say to the Men and Women of the Armed Forces and their families and the folks at Armed Forces Entertainment, particularly Captain Jesse Davidson, George DeGrella and the MWR folks at the various bases we visited thank you for the service to our Country – one and all you make us proud!! And to Disney, Jerry Bruckheimer, Wheaties, Charlie Bloom of CBS, UTEP, Nike, Jorge Garza and wife, Rich Clarkson and associates, Dan Wetzel, Coaches Don Haskins and Moe Iba and the rest of the men and women of Glory Road that weren't able to join us, and all of the rest of you who supported our journey along the way --- Thank you from the bottom of our hearts for making this not only possible but a memory of a lifetime."



Pinching and mixing my metaphors a bit ----- "Th-th-th-that's all folks!"