

Hans Joachim Hübner



On the road to Stuttgart from Zweibruecken



Hans and Denny plotting our route on a map

In 1959/1960 I was senior attending Woodrow Wilson High School in Beckley, West Virginia. That year, we had a foreign exchange student from Stuttgart, Germany. His name was Hans Joachim Huebner and he stayed with a family on North Kanawha St., just up the street from our house. Hans and I became friends and often walked to school together. It was about a mile from where we lived to Woodrow Wilson which was located on the other side of town.

June and graduation came around. Hans flew back to Germany and I joined the Air Force, heading to basic training in San Antonio. Fast forward to November 1961 when I arrived in Zweibruecken, Germany on my first assignment. Hans and I had kept in touch and I had his postal address. We corresponded and Hans suggested that we meet up and go hiking in the Black Forest. Denny, a co-worker whose last name I've sadly forgotten had a car and was interested in joining us. The three of us agreed to meet at a train station west of Stuttgart and hike south toward the Swiss border. My memory is fading, but we may have started out near Bad Wildbad. We hiked for three days, camping out and cooking on small camp fires. We swam in mountain lakes, explored abandoned castles and had an altogether wonderful adventure. We wound up at another train station, possibly in or near Villinger-Schwenningen where we caught a train back to where we started.



Jon & Denny on the trail



Denny admiring the view. We swam in this lake.

The three of us then drove to Stuttgart where we met Hans' family and were treated to a red carpet tour of the city. I recall going to the top of a man-made "mountain," constructed entirely from ruins of the bombardment of the city during WW-II. We visited parks full of beautiful flowers. It was springtime and the tulips were in bloom. I remember watching some men play chess on a board where the pieces were as large as some people.

In 2010, I attended the Woodrow Wilson high school 50th reunion. Hans and his wife were there and we were able to relive those memories. Hans called me a week or so later at my home in Maryland but the conversation was difficult due to my poor hearing. Sadly, I've lost touch with him and don't have his postal or email address.

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Hans Taking a Break