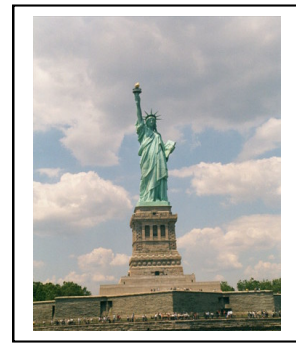




# Bushy Tales

Dedicated to all who attended London Central High School in Bushy Park, London England from 1952 to 1962



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Visit the Bushy Park Web Site at <http://www.bushypark.org/>

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1953 - Jackie (Brown) Kenny

[JKYKNY@aol.com](mailto:JKYKNY@aol.com)

1954 - Betsy (Neff) Cote

[betsycote@atlanticbb.net](mailto:betsycote@atlanticbb.net)

1955 - Nancie (Anderson) Weber

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1956 - Glenda F. Drake

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1957 - Shirley (Huff) Dulski

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1958 - Pat (Terpening) Owen

[nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net](mailto:nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net)

1959 - Jerry Sandham

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1960 - Ren Briggs

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1961 - Betsy (Schley) Slepetz

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1962 - Dona (Hale) Ritchie

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## Roster Changes

### New Email addresses:

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Note the change from (dot) to (net)

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John Frisby (61)

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## Classmates Who Have Transferred To The Eternal Duty Station

Our love and prayers go out to the family and friends of our classmates who have gone on before us. We will miss them, yet we can find comfort in knowing that one-day we will all join them for the greatest of all reunions.

**Gloria Carol Farmer (60)**

Gloria Carol Farmer, beloved mother of Devon and Brooke Bruns, died June 24, 2006 at Tranquility Hospice following a lengthy bout with several varieties of cancer. Carol was born in Albany, GA, on May 29, 1942 to Colonel (Ret.) Howard and Gloria Farmer. As an Air Force "Brat" she was fortunate to have attended public and parochial schools in Albany, GA, Mobile, AL, Stillwater, OK, and graduated from Central High School, Bushy Park, London, England.

## Memories of Bushy

From Michael Moorman (58)

[michael.moorman@saintleo.edu](mailto:michael.moorman@saintleo.edu)

I attended Bushy Park from Spring of 1955 to December of 1957. I was in the class of 1958 but

did not graduate because my father was transferred back to the States at Christmas time of 1957. I had many friends while I was there, including some who stayed and graduated, going on to full lives throughout the world, and some who did not. My first friend at Bushy Park was Jim Bass. He was an interesting character, claiming that he was descended from the notorious robber and bandit, Sam Bass. Jim was big, standing about 6'2". Perhaps a more interesting fact about him was that his father was a survivor of the Bataan Death March. The release of the movies about the "Great Raid" this year called him to my attention. Jim's dad took his family back to the U.S. at the end of his sophomore year so there went that friendship. We did have some wild times.

One of our favorite hangouts was the "teen age club" in the basement of the Officers Club in downtown London, not far from Marble Arch. (Some may recall that this facility was used for the proms and other formals.) I recall one Friday evening that Jim and I were in the club complaining about girls (as ignorant young men will do) when another acquaintance showed up with a quart mayonnaise jar filled with a brown-colored liquid. We asked what it was and he said, "Booze." Wow, we were excited! We were all about 15-16 years old and had watched our parents drink and maybe had been allowed a sip of beer but here was a chance to "do our thing". Someone asked what kind of booze it was and he replied, "A little of everything. I just poured an inch or so out of each bottle." We asked some more questions about what kinds of booze his father had in his liquor cabinet and we got the usual list, bourbon, Scotch, gin, vodka, rye, Irish whiskey, sloe gin, vermouth, and others. We went outside to take a sip. I went first. I sipped and swallowed. God, it was horrible! It tasted very strange and it burned going down. I almost choked it was so strong. I recall coughing and choking. The other two tried a sip and agreed that it was horrible. Our benefactor said that he couldn't take it home so he was going to pour it out there. I told him that even though it tasted horrible, it was booze and shouldn't go to waste. He said that was fine but it was my responsibility. I stuck it in my overcoat pocket and we started for home.

At the time, my family lived in an apartment right at the Ealing Common tube station so it was easy for

me to get home. I was home about 11 and after saying, "Good night," to my parents, I went to bed. As usual, I started reading a book while I lay in the bed. The mayonnaise jar was under my bed and I decided to have another sip. This sip wasn't quite as bad as the first and as time wore on and I read more, I sipped more. It must have been about 1:30 or 2:00am when I realized that I had to go to the bathroom. I felt just fine so I threw back the covers and stood up as I moved my feet out of bed. And almost as quickly, I was laying flat on the floor. Fortunately, I didn't actually fall on my face but I was, for all intents, dead drunk – unable to even stand up. So there I was, flat on my face, needing more and more desperately to make it to the bathroom. What did I do? I crawled! And I made it there and back.

Fortunately, I had a habit of sleeping in on weekends so my parents didn't seem to notice what I had done – or chose not to mention it.

Fun times in old London town!

**From Larry Haatvedt (59)**  
[f4stick@hotmail.com](mailto:f4stick@hotmail.com)

Busted! I too am one of the guilty group, reading and not contributing. Enough!

Thanks for the effort and I will do better, I promise!

I have enjoyed reading the recollections of those who were there and have many fond memories of my own to share, hopefully to entertain and not bore.

I reported to Bushy in the fall of '58. My dad was in the foreign service in Iceland where I did my junior high School. year via correspondence from the University of Maryland extension courses. I was a dorm rat, but managed to see a good deal of London proper during 1958-1959. I hope that "statute" has run as a favorite event for us residents was a stealth sortie to the cafeteria after hours to raid the fridge for some extra milk rations.

I played basketball that year and still can remember the bus ride to some facility for practice and driving back to Bushy in the fog, the assistant coach (head coach named Lewis? I think) at the front door steps,

peering out to alert the driver of an approaching parked car, as we were navigating with a wheel against the curb for guidance! I hear the place has cleared up some since then. A trip to the armed forces tournament in Munich was one highlight of that year. I think we took the train, but maybe some other teammates will recall it differently? Anyway, we lost the first game and wound up in the consolation bracket where we won the next 2 before losing to the eventual champion in the next game. I still have my Hofbrauhaus postcard/45 record of the drinking song!

The senior class trip to Rome was awesome. Ferry and train through Europe is still a signature event in my life. Vespas to the Med, the Coliseum, the Forum, the Trevi fountain and the Spanish Steps as well as the pension we stayed in are treasured memories. I think we may have had some wine with pasta for dinner a time or two!

After graduation I returned to my home in Iowa to attend college and found that most of my new classmates had spent their lives to date within a couple hundred miles from home in the midwest. We were lucky! I'd like to say hi to all my Bushy classmates. I've enjoyed following your paths since 1959. Especially dorm roomies Charlie Besancon and Lloyd Bess.

**From Carol (Olmstead) Tims (61)**  
[tismc@aol.com](mailto:tismc@aol.com)

I also, have been meaning to sit down and write to let all of you know how much I appreciate all the effort you make to get the Bushy Park newsletter out each month. I have finally been spurred on by the many letters in the July issue. It is wonderful reading all the reminiscing and enjoying all the memories it brings to the surface.

Speaking of memories, I bought the Brats without Borders movie. What a wonderful trip down memory lane. Congratulations on all of you involved in the production. My husband said it helped him understand me more, having watched the movie - why I react or respond a certain way in certain situations.

My husband and I both retired in May, we sold our house, left the Atlanta area congestion, and are

currently full-time traveling our great nation in our motor home. We hope to now have time to do all the things that we never had time for before. In October, we will be in Paris and England, where we will visit the former site of Bushy Park, so unfortunately we will not be able to attend this reunion.

I began the 8th grade and completed the 10th at Bushy Park. My father was stationed at West Drayton so we (my sisters Diane and Ellen), were townies, riding the big bus to Bushy Park.

When we arrived in England the summer of 1956, there was a dock strike, and all of our belongings were left sitting on the Southampton dock in the moist weather, which caused most of them to be trashed after the 6 week strike. While we waited for the strike to end and searched for housing, we stayed at the Runnymede Inn. The Runnymede Inn probably still has not forgotten the Americans who stayed for 6 weeks with 3 children, 2 of which were under 10 and very active.

After much searching, we found a wonderful home on 5 acres in the village of Addlestone. It had a bomb shelter, 6 bedrooms with fireplaces, 5 bathrooms, and even came with a part-time nanny/housekeeper. The house was named Billsfield. Having lived in base housing, this was a mansion to us. The bus picked us up right in front of the house which was very wonderful in bad weather. Unfortunately, the Suez Crisis caused the base to be on alert and my dad had to live closer to the base, so we gave up our wonderful, spacious home for a small, but nice British home in the town of West Drayton.

My memories of that period of my life are nothing but wonderful.

I remember:

Going into London and various points around, with friends from the Teen Club, and without any chaperones. Going to Heathrow Airport on Sundays for lunch with my parents, and the taste of the butter - yummm. Waiting outside the meat monger's shop with the chickens hanging from their feet, and the beef tongue in the window, the price per lb. sign stuck in it. Wearing each others clothes. Going to

the Old Vic and having a giggling fit when the English teacher's opera glasses fell apart in my lap (my dad actually got written up for that, as I apparently ruined British/American relations). The FOG. The wonderful, fun times on the bus (yes, the sisters having to sit up front away from us "grownups"). Starting to smoke, because everyone else was, which took me 22 years to break. And lastly, what a wonderful atmosphere Bushy Park was, which I realized when we were transferred to March AFB and I went to Poly High for my junior and senior years, which was very closed and cliquish.

I look forward to this newsletter and enjoy all the memories it brings. Hopefully my input will help keep it going for another month at least.

**From Dona Hale Ritchie (62)**

[DonaRitchi@aol.com](mailto:DonaRitchi@aol.com)

Thanks for yet another great issue of Bushy Tales, filled with the reminiscences of our fellow students. I'm glad it's continuing.

I'd like to urge those in the early years to attend a reunion whenever you can. They've all been different, but all a lot of fun for whoever attended. For me, it has been a chance to reconnect with friends I thought were lost to me forever, and to meet others I didn't know or knew very slightly. All of us share so much of the same life experiences that we can relate to each other easily. And I'm glad we approach from our adult selves rather than the adolescents we were--I know I didn't appreciate all the different people I met back then, but have certainly enjoyed their company at the reunions.

Whenever I take long car rides I remember the 2-hour bus rides from Upper Heyford to Bushy each Sunday and back again on Fridays--I developed quite a case of motion sickness from those coach rides and had to take these really huge pills before each trip. Thank goodness it went away when I quit riding buses!

Someone mentioned the stops for snacks, and that was always one of our favorites, too--I think we stopped in Aylesbury at a confectioner's, and we always went for the liters of cider. Were they really as intoxicating as we were led to believe (I think we

must have been mostly pretending...)?

I also remember the awful food from the AFEX mess hall. Way too English for my tastes, so coffee and toast was my mainstay for breakfast, along with cans (ick!) of orange juice I brought to school each week and drank warm. We were so glad when the snack bar opened up on the corner of the school building, and we could get grilled hamburgers, just like in the States! What was the Sgt's name who ran that in 61-62? He was a great guy.

Hope to see lots of people in Vegas in October!

### **Mini Reunions**

**From Aaron Sheldon Peters (57)**

[aaronosb@hotmail.com](mailto:aaronosb@hotmail.com)

Thursday, June 22 Sean (Carr) McMahon (CHS58) and husband Brian drive down to Paola, Kansas From Parkville, Missouri to visit Fr. Aaron Sheldon Peters, O.S.B. (That's me folks) Sean and Brian had come to the Kansas City area to help one of their daughters to move into her new home. I was as excited as a 6 year old to see Sean and Brian again.

The last time we saw one another was at the Grand Houston gathering—that was 1998. We had a great time Visiting and remembering old times and new times. Sean is still as gorgeous as ever. Here's a picture of the two of us At the place where I work as Chaplain for the Ursuline Sisters in Paola, KS



**From Pat Terpening Owen (58)**

[nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net](mailto:nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net)

Pat Terpening (58) Owen and her husband, John were the hosts on May 31 when Fr. Aaron

(Sheldon) Peters (57) and Shirley Huff (57) Dulski came for dinner. Talk was brisk and wine flowed freely and we all had a grand time talking about our time in England. Shirley's Aunt Dorothy commented on how much she enjoyed listening to us.

Pat Terpening (58) Owen and her husband John welcomed Ren Briggs (60) and his wife, Pat to Topeka in mid-June. They were on their way to a family reunion and stopped by to visit for the evening. A grand time was had, as usual.

**From Edwina Edwards Whitehead (61)**  
[GandEWhitehead@satx.rr.com](mailto:GandEWhitehead@satx.rr.com)

Some reunions can be disappointing, but mine with Penny (Cris Bernstein) Ohrman (61) was not. Penny "found" me about 3 years ago through Pat, and we have been e-mailing ever since. This is one old friendship that has grown beyond what we had so many years ago and one that I now cherish.

Penny and I were in the 8<sup>th</sup> grade together at Bushy Park in 1956-7. She came late in the fall of that year and did not get her picture taken for the annual. When she first contacted me 3 years ago, I could not place her face, but I remembered her name more than many. You see, the weekend that I spent at her house at High Wycombe, her mother got tickets for us to the ballet at Covent Garden. Dance was my life, and I was studying the Royal Academy of Dancing (RAD) method of ballet. So the opportunity to see my first real, live ballet (by the Royal Ballet, no less) was a memorable occasion for me. In fact, among the Bushy Park memorabilia that I found several years ago was the program from that day. The performance was magical, and it helped to reinforce my determination to pass all 4 grades of the RAD syllabus in the next year and a half before leaving England. I did accomplish my goal and, later in life, became the first registered RAD teacher in San Antonio.

Penny and I seemed to hit it off during our last 3 years of communicating, so when I heard that she was organizing the Bitburg High School reunion in Las Vegas, I thought this would be a good opportunity for my husband and me to take a much-needed trip together and to finally meet up with Penny. I told her my plan, and she was delighted.

Our meeting was marvelous. My husband left me with Penny as she signed in the Bitburg bunch and joined us again for dinner. We discovered that we have more in common than we knew before...politics, tastes, loyalty to friends, work ethic and even a friend. Her best girlfriend, Janie, from the Bitburg days was there, and we struck up a conversation. Somehow the subject of Del Rio, Texas, came up. "Oh, I use to live there," she said. It happens that Janie left Del Rio in 1957, and her friends became my friends when I moved there in 1958. What a small world! However, we Brats know that this is more common than not. I e-mailed our mutual friends about Janie, and, sure enough, they remember her fondly.

Reunions can be wonderful, and I hope the October Bushy reunion in Las Vegas will be as great as mine and Penny's. I will be unable to attend as we have another trip planned in September and cannot afford another. But I hope many of you will have as good a reunion experience as I had. It can't be said too much that our days in England were special, and friendships made then should be cherished.



## Reunion News

See the last two pages of the newsletter for a reunion flyer.

**From Ren Briggs (60)**  
[RenPat1671@aol.com](mailto:RenPat1671@aol.com)

October 2006 Gathering in Las Vegas  
Bushy Park Students This will be the last time you will see this in the News Letter. We have until

Sept. 8th to hold our block of rooms and after that we will loose them and the room rates will go up. We also have to let the Hotel know about the head count for the luncheon. If you are planning on attending and you have not made your hotel reservations or sent in the luncheon fee, PLEASE DO IT NOW, you will find the form on the last pages of the News Letter and it will provide you all the phone numbers.

There will not be another Gathering for 2 years. If you have any questions please contact me at renpat1671@unedspeed.net or you can call me at home 928-758-2963.

### **What I Am Up To**

**From Jerry Kelly (58)**

[JKelly1597@aol.com](mailto:JKelly1597@aol.com)

Hi to all the LCHS students and teachers. I attended Bushy Park starting in November 56 as a junior and graduated in 58 and returned to the states shortly there after.

I was six weeks into my junior year when we left Fairfield, California. Dad had been stationed at Travis AFB for about three years and I did not want to leave much less to England.

We went by car to NYC where we spent about six weeks and then flew over to the UK via MATS. Dad was stationed at High Wycombe AFB and ran the NCO club there.

My first month at Bushy Park I was a dorm student and roomed with Henry Clark. The time line is a little fuzzy but the bus started running between High Wycombe and Bushy Park each day so that was about an hour and a half each way. I remember it being gloomy and overcast most of the time but not so foggy that you couldn't see to drive. To make up for all the lost time in school I had to do a lot of extra work and drop a chemistry class. My senior year was a lot easier- English with Mr Law, Mechanical Drawing with Mr. Monreal, a Mr. Frankie for something that I forget and a lady teacher that I remember as tall and slim and got engaged or married.

Most of my friends were from the bus ride except Mike Murphy and Arnold Henry. I remember a lot of names but can't put a face to them.

After graduation I went back to Fairfield and stayed with a married sister until I figured that I had better get a job. I went to live with my grandparents in Nevada and got a job working with my grandfather in the refinery of a gold mine. The job consisted of processing the concentrated ore from the mill and winding up with gold bars that were cleaned of all slag from the melting, assayed for purity, stamped with a number and weight, usually around 400 troy oz, and shipped to the San Francisco mint using 4th class mail.

Next came the Army in September 59, three years with two of them spent in the mountains behind Pasadena Ca on a Nike site, remember them? After the site was de-activated I spent a month at Redstone Arsenal then on to Fort Bliss Texas and McGregor Range in southern New Mexico. At the range I was in a support battalion for troops in training and got to see a lot of live firing of Nike Ajax and Hercules as well as the HAWK.

After thirty some years in the construction trade I retired in August of 96. Married for 40 years and hit the opt out button when it came to having kids. We now live in Albuquerque NM going on three years. A big adjustment after being born and raised in California and living in the San Bernardino area since 63. Where has all the time gone?

I have attended the San Diego reunion and the DC reunion and will be in Las Vegas in October for that reunion.

**From Jim Hartung, (60)**

[hartungj@bellsouth.net](mailto:hartungj@bellsouth.net)

After reading Judy (Risler) Covington's comments in the July issue, and her credit to Pat Griggs, concerning the idea of "What Am I Up to Now", I too agree that is a good way to keep the Newsletter going. I think it would be interesting to see what some of the guys and gals we knew have done since leaving England and Bushy Park.

Every issue I see a name that I had tucked away, way back in the dim recesses of my memory. The

name that caught my eye this issue was Tim Schofield. Wasn't he a tall, thin dark haired guy, "baby-faced" good looking and very fashionable?

We had our fashion trends in the mid-'50s...guys, remember pink and black, V-neck sweaters with white T-shirts worn backwards to make a sharp triangle, those wool tailored Alexander slacks, pegged at the cuff, with upside down rear pocket flaps, and worn with a very narrow belt with the buckle off to one side (the belt loops of course were sized to match the belt and lowered an inch or so from the top of the slacks) worn, on dress-up occasions, with a very narrow, black knit tie, and finally those spit-shined cordovan shoes?

But, what am I up to now? I graduated in '60 from Winter Park HS, Florida, and went on to 4 years at the UF (Go Gators!) where I got my commission in '64 as an AF Lieutenant through ROTC. Vietnam began raging as I went on active duty as a personnel officer, but, luckily, my assignments were sweet! Reno, Nevada; Crete, Greece: Homestead, FL; and Wurtsmith AFB, Michigan. While at Wurtsmith I met an AF nurse, Donna Stiles, who has been my wife now for 36 years. We have two sons, 34 and 32, and 5 grandkids. Four years active duty was followed by 26 years of AF civil service, and I retired from the AF Education Services program in '98. Donna and I enjoyed those years...we had assignments in Homestead, FL; Honolulu, Hawaii; and 2 tours in Germany, retiring from Patrick AFB, FL (think US Space program support) near Cape Canaveral. We have lived on Little Torch Key, 28 miles from Key West, FL, since '98, on a canal oceanside and enjoy our boat immensely... fishing, diving, and sunsets with fresh Key West pinks and Coronas with Key limes from our tree. My best to everyone from those wonderful days at London CHS

### **This and That**

**From Penny Ohrman Bernstein (61)**  
[premierevent@charleston.net](mailto:premierevent@charleston.net)

Just did the Bitburg HS Reunion in Vegas at the Luxor – got home late last night. We did the Platters/Drifters/Coasters at Sahara on Monday night – the perfect beginning to the 3 days. I got discounted tickets through their marketing manager at \$32.50 per ticket and then did shuttle buses for

\$2.50 pp from the Luxor to the Sahara. Just a thought for your crowd.

### **Letters to the Editor**

**From Rob Lyle (54)**  
[Robvlyle@cs.com](mailto:Robvlyle@cs.com)

I was still in a state of shock about your decision to discontinue Bushy Tales, and was very pleased to hear you have reconsidered. Now it is up to us to provide the articles. There are a couple I have in mind and will get back to you soon.

One suggestion I have is to try to "stockpile" the articles you are getting and spread them out a little (shorter issues?). I don't think anyone would object. Or, as others have suggested, do it quarterly.

I do have a question for you. Through you, Harper Keeler, Jr. got in touch with me and we have been exchanging emails. Also I am in touch with his Mom who was in London while I was there but I think she returned to the US before Bushy Park opened. You may remember Harper. He was a charter member at Bushy Park in the class of 1953. He left Bushy Park before the first basketball season, went on to West Point and was killed in Vietnam.

The question is how did Harper, Jr. find you. Does Bushy Tales go on the web site? (That shows you how much attention I have paid to the web site!) If so, that may explain how Harper Jr., doing a name search, found the article I wrote about his Dad and found you.

As it turns out Harper Jr. would like copies of any pictures of his Dad. I have a few and, at the recent reunion in Orlando asked others if they had any. (Editors Note: and any of you help with pictures? If so, please let Bob know.) By the way we had a great time at the Orlando reunion and I'm sure you will be receiving some reports. We missed you.

**From Billie Culp Bules (54)**  
[BCBules@aol.com](mailto:BCBules@aol.com)

I am so glad that you've decided to continue with the Bushy Park newsletter.

If you were a member of the class of 1953, 54, 55 or 56 and you did not attend the reunion in Orlando in May, you missed a lot of fun. As is always the case when we get together with classmates we had a great time. Kudos to Peg Corder Johnson and John Meurer for organizing this reunion. My Mom Alice Culp attended the reunion with me, as did Peg's Mom and John's Mom and they learned some things about our time spent at Bushy Park that I bet they didn't know before. The highlight of the reunion and our time together was the Bushy Park tales time by the men and they had some great stories to share. The gals, who were brave enough to don a 50's outfit, had a 50's fashion show, which was also fun.

Attendees of this reunion enjoyed time together at some of the Disney World parks, particularly the Rose and Crown English Pub in Epcot center where some of us enjoyed the light show over the lagoon, ate fish and chips and shared more memories of Bushy Park. If you weren't there, we missed you and hope you will attend the next reunion for these classes.

**From Walt Hunt (56)**

[walt@lobo.net](mailto:walt@lobo.net)

A short postscript as a "townie" freshman in the Fall of 1952 (the year of the Great Killer Fog):  
After about 2 months of after school association with my all-English friends, I went into a small shop to buy some paraffin. Kerosene to all you landlubbers. As I was leaving the shopkeeper asked me which part of Wales I came from. What a supreme compliment! I spent every Thursday evening as a "Queen" scout at the local scout troop sponsored by the Fulham All Saints Church. The Scoutmaster was "Sir" and the Assistant Scoutmaster was "ASM." (Imagine saying that with a half-cockney accent...eyeism.) The scoutmaster was also the church bellringer and after the meeting climbed up to the belltower to practice for Sunday. He frequently invited me to go with, and even let me pull the ropes. Memories that last a lifetime. Gary, I can't tell you how important your newsletter is to me. Every month I am allowed to drift back 50 years and relive a time that was so vital--to us all. Well, I could go back in my memory at any time, which I frequently do, but the point is, you are an enabling catalyst. Keep prodding us!

**From Edie Williams Wingate (56)**

[WingW@aol.com](mailto:WingW@aol.com)

Dear Gary,  
Wonderful to hear that you will continue the Bushy Park newsletter. I think all of us will try to be better contributors - myself included. Did not realize you'd been putting it out for 5 years.

Enjoyed reading the special issue and hearing how much the newsletter has meant to so many. Also thought there were some good suggestions as to how to ease the load for you. Some ideas that stood out: publish quarterly, have contributors write of their lives since Bushy, encourage people to get together regionally. Most important of all is that you will continue to be the glue that holds us all together. Many, many thanks.

**From Celeste (Plitouke) Brodigan (57)**

[Mbrodi1939@aol.com](mailto:Mbrodi1939@aol.com)

Hello Gary:

For the past few months I have been unable to download the Newsletters and have saved them until I could get my computer and printer up and operating again. My laptop has not been helpful. I am out in California right now using my Mom's and just received your last email. I do have access to a computer in our clubhouse at home but unable to print anything out there.

I had heard from others that you had discontinued the newsletter and had planned on writing to thank you for all your hard work. Guess I can now say "keep up the good work."

Thank you so very much for continuing. Now if only I had enough time to write an article!

My Mom who lives in San Diego has been quite ill and I have been crossing the continent to be with her while she takes treatment. Everything else in my life is well. Looking forward someday to seeing you at a reunion. Will be in Alaska for the next one but perhaps in 2007 when the class of 1957 celebrates our fiftieth.



Last February and March I spent time in Fairbanks and a week in the Arctic Circle at a spot called Coldfoot. Highlight of the trip was a visit to Atigun Pass at the Continental Divide. The auroras were spectacular and a trip from Fairbanks to Anchorage on the Aurora Express through Denali magnificent. Will be making at least two more visits this year. I go as often as possible to visit the piece of my heart left behind on my first visit.

**From Jane (Cram) Strekalovsky (57)**  
[biancajs@verizon.net](mailto:biancajs@verizon.net)

Dear Gary - Well, thank goodness! I should have been among those who e-mailed you in gratitude for your admirable and appreciated efforts. When the Bushey Park connection popped back up in my life via the internet not long ago, I was delighted - am even more so that the light isn't going out again so fast! So here's my two cent's worth.

I was only there from October '54 - October '55, and as a day student, my memories are more of living in England - I loved it - with my family than of the school.

We lived first in Hampstead, near Nancy Reed Robinson (what a joy to get an e-mail from her because of all your activity) then in Gerrard's Cross, Bucks. Meant lots of bus hours, not much time actually at school, best memories of lots of freedom getting to know London with friends, and with my first true love (a classmate - does he read these things??) - a wonderful way to be fifteen.

I remember Mr. Francis and Miss Hines, struggling with geometry because I missed so much early in the year, study hall chitchat as the only source of info re: the mysteries of dorm life. Even so, so many names that pop up on my screen, thanks to your efforts, are familiar, and trigger all sorts of "like yesterday" thoughts.

We moved to Paris in the fall of 1955, and I graduated from The American Community School there in 1957 and went to Middlebury College from there. In a season of reunions - just had my 45th from Middlebury, my husband has his 50th from Milton Academy next week - I've thought a lot about what a growing pleasure they are, as people develop over the years, and how rewarding it is to

re-connect at such events - those of us with peripatetic histories don't get the chance often. Anyway - I'm so glad to have had all of it a part of my life and to be reminded again of those days by your willingness to take on and now keep on our behalf. Thanks again!

**From Bill Grass (61)**  
[liveklg@gmail.com](mailto:liveklg@gmail.com)

Dear Gary and Pat,

Thanks for continuing the news letter. I will be sending along some recollections of jolly old in a few weeks. Recovering from a stressful trip to Denver and a cold I got while there.

I wanted to quickly motivate you as to why you may have some troubles getting articles. The obvious ones are we are too lazy, we already ran out of things to say in our last ones and our minds are going. But also I find it a little confusing to deal with and have to continue to force myself to realize that just because someone is Class of 61 does not mean I would know them. I was there in 56-58 but others were there before or after that and are still '61. Also you seem to get much more from your early classes in your range. Not sure why.

I enjoyed the last issue and it motivated me to remembering a lot more things I can write about. The back of the bus thing I remember vividly as I was one of those young ones forced to sit in the front and only imagine what they were doing back there.

So keep the stiff upper lip just like the limeys always have and I will follow up with something soon. It may repeat an older one I wrote since my hard drive crashed this year and I lost a lot of old e mails.

By the way, I am still looking for my "first love" Molly Collins and I will share more about her and our bus trip to Plymouth to see off the Mayflower II with Captain Vickers.

**From Lindsay Bruce Ervin (60)**  
[lbedesig@lbegolfcoursedesign.com](mailto:lbedesig@lbegolfcoursedesign.com)

Hi Ren, Gary and Pat,

Thanks for your reply and thoughts on what I wrote to Gary and Pat. Yearly or biyearly or so reunions would be nice if they could be organized and attended by those you would want to see again. I agree that classmates want to see those that they were close to and not those that they had nothing to do with. Also if you are close to the location of the reunion, 1 or 2 or so hour drive is preferable but flying is not that difficult if you want to attend. So I don't think the location is that important other than being some place that is fun such as a Washington DC or resort of some type so the husband and wife can make it also into a mini-vacation.

I think the desire of attending is the determining factor. When our reunion was in Washington DC in 2005, which I was planning to attend (we're about a 25 minute drive to DC) but my wife's high school reunion was on the same weekend in Chicago and, for many reasons, hers was more important to attend than mine. I am not suggesting to not do a yearly reunion, when I mentioned a local reunion, but it may not be possible or people may not want to do a yearly reunion unless they really wanted to do it and they knew their friends of Bushy Park would be there.

The mini-reunion with my NY high school, I mentioned to Gary and Pat, consisted of classmates that did some things together in high school but we were not "best" friends. It was fun seeing them but I am not sure I would want make it a regular thing. Ren was right about people wanting to see those they were close to in high school. Seeing people you were not close to in high school is probably something most would not want to do. Some people do change over time, but at my 25th NY high school reunion, I noticed that, from my perspective, the neat kids were still neat people and the jerks were still jerks. The good thing about setting up a local get together is that you may run into some people, that you liked or were fairly close friends with, then you can see them on a more regular basis as you want to. That is what happened to me with my NY HS mini-reunion.

I don't know if there is a solution or not to the reunion thing but having one every so often, every 2/3 years, may be the best. Can't have them too far apart at our age.....too many may kick the bucket before the next reunion. Maybe asking the

classmates who would they like to see at a reunion and try to contact that group and see if they would come if the others would come might be the best way of getting people to go to the reunion. Ask yourself if you would want to attend a reunion of people you did not know and I think the answer is no. You want to see those kids you knew and did things with and if some close friends attend then that would really make the reunion great. Don't know if this will help but I thought I would respond.

**From Edwina Edwards Whitehead (61)**  
[GandEWhitehead@satx.rr.com](mailto:GandEWhitehead@satx.rr.com)

Dear Gary,

Here is something for the next newsletter. I'm so glad you reconsidered terminating the newsletter, and I apologize for being so lax in contributing. Along with this account of my mini-reunion with Penny (Cris Bernstein) Ohrman, I'm sending a picture of our meeting and a Stars and Stripes article about the 1958 basketball tournament in Wiesbaden, Germany. I don't think you can use the clipping in the newsletter, but it does highlight several of our guys. Frank La Gate was selected (by the writer) for the second team of the all-star team, and honorable mentions went to Terry Dilley and Bob Ruffin. After my mother died 5 years ago, I found the clipping among a bunch of Bushy Park memorabilia in my dad's foot locker. This is one instance in which I'm glad that Mother never threw anything away!

Thanks for all your hard work in bringing special memories to all of us Bushy Brats.



# Bushy Park Central High

## 2006 Gathering

October 8<sup>th</sup> 9<sup>th</sup> 10<sup>th</sup> and 11<sup>th</sup>

**It is time for the “old” Bushy Park Central High gang to get together for another “Gathering” and share the old stories and see old friends.**

This year as in the San Diego 2003 Gathering all planned activities will daytime. The evenings are open for you to get together with friends and classmates. Las Vegas is the entertainment capitol and has many entertainment venues. I suggest you use the Internet to review who will be performing in Vegas that week and make your reservations EARLY. Most of the shows are black on Monday night.

We have reserved a block of 75 rooms. More can be add if required up to a date. We are requesting that you call and make your reservations as soon as you can to ensure availability. You have up to 5 days before you can cancel your reservations if you cannot make it. When you call, please give the *reservation code*. The room rates at all Las Vegas Hotels are based on the nights you stay. Our room rates will be Sunday and Monday 10-8 and 10-9 at \$55 a night. On Tuesday 10-10 is \$60 and on Wednesday and Thursday 10-11 and 10-12 is \$75. Friday and Saturday the rates are much higher. You can check with the Hotel for those rates.

Sunday is arrival day. Monday we have a hospitality room reserved for the day to get together. That will be check in. On Tuesday there will be a luncheon in the same hospitality room. Please have a light breakfast. The afternoon we have activities planned after lunch. So plan to spend the day with us. Wednesday and Thursday we have nothing planned. We have reserved a smaller hospitality room for Wednesday for those of you who want to get together.

On page #2 we are asking you to print this page and fill out the information requested. This is for the luncheon reservations and operational cost. Please do this as soon as possible.

Should changes be required we will keep you notified. As soon as you send in you reservations on page #2 you will be receiving updates and a listing of attendees periodically.

**The Hotel:  
Gold Coast Hotel and Casino,  
4000 West Flamingo Road, Las Vegas Nevada 89103-7111**

**Reservation: 888-402-6278  
Reservations Code: LCH1008 or LCHS GATHERING**

If you would like to review the Gold Coast Hotel on-line go to [www.Goldcoastcasinos.com](http://www.Goldcoastcasinos.com)

**Please print out this page.**

This will be your Luncheon reservations and provide us with a list of attendees. Ladies, if you attended Bushy Park, please put your maiden name. IE Sally (Brown) Smith  
You are listed by your maiden name on the LCHS master list.

Please Print or type

Bushy Park Student \_\_\_\_\_

Spouse or 2<sup>nd</sup> person \_\_\_\_\_

The luncheon is \$19.95 per person, plus 7.5 state tax, plus 18% gratuity. That will be \$25.00 per person. Nothing is free so we are requesting \$15.00 per person for operational cost.

<i>Number of person of luncheon</i>	_____	X \$25.00 = \$	_____
<i>Operational cost \$15.00 per person</i>	_____	X \$15.00 = \$	_____
	<i>Total submitted</i>	\$	_____

Mail To

Ren Briggs  
1671 Monte Vista Dr.  
Bullhead City, Az 86442

If you have any questions you can call me at 928-758-2963 or e/mail renpat1671@unedspeed.net

**Luncheon Buffet**

Freshly Brewed Coffee, Iced Tea and Milk  
Tossed Green Salad with Salad Bar Toppings  
Fresh Vegetable Tray with dips  
Cucumber & Tomato Salad  
Southern Style Fried Chicken  
Smoked Sliced BBQ Beef Brisket  
Baked Orange Roughy  
Seasonal Fresh Vegetables  
Homemade Garlic Mashed Potatoes  
Bakery Fresh Rolls and Butter  
Chef's Assorted Dessert Display

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