



# Bushy Tales

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



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Gary Schroeder (55), Editor [gschroeder4@comcast.net](mailto:gschroeder4@comcast.net)  
Visit the Bushy Park Web Site at <http://www.bushypark.org/>

## Class Representatives



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  
[nancieT@verizon.net](mailto:nancieT@verizon.net)



1956 - Glenda (Fuller) Drake  
[gfdrake@swbell.net](mailto:gfdrake@swbell.net)



1957 - Shirley (Huff) Dulski  
[shuffy2@msn.com](mailto:shuffy2@msn.com)



1958 - Pat (Terpening) Owen  
[CHS1958@sbcglobal.net](mailto:CHS1958@sbcglobal.net)



1959 - Jerry Sandham  
[j\\_sandham@comcast.net](mailto:j_sandham@comcast.net)



1960 - Ren Briggs  
[renpat1671@unedspeed.net](mailto:renpat1671@unedspeed.net)



1961 - Betsy (Schley) Slepetz  
[bslepetz@comcast.net](mailto:bslepetz@comcast.net)



1962 - Dona (Hale) Ritchie  
[DonaRitchi@aol.com](mailto:DonaRitchi@aol.com)

## Corrections

**Your Editor had too much on his mind while doing the July issue and made a big Boo Boo. The picture of Sally "Lamar" (Parish) Robitaille (60) was the wrong one. This is the one that should have been there. Sorry Lamar!!**



## Roster Changes

### New Email address:

Rosa (Arns) Pollock (54)  
[rosap1935@pldi.net](mailto:rosap1935@pldi.net)

Leola Sickler Heslin (55)  
[l-j-hwh2736@hotmail.com](mailto:l-j-hwh2736@hotmail.com)

Gary Schroeder (55) (Your Editor)  
[Gschroeder4@comcast.net](mailto:Gschroeder4@comcast.net)

Judy Bourgeois Jensen (56)  
[judithbj@bellsouth.net](mailto:judithbj@bellsouth.net)

June (McDaniel) Kohanek (57)  
[rjkohanek@msn.com](mailto:rjkohanek@msn.com)

Nancy (Miller) Collins (60)  
[roost747@mfror.com](mailto:roost747@mfror.com)

Sandy (Klueh) Denney (60)  
[denney@kansas.net](mailto:denney@kansas.net)

**Connie (Newlin) Drennon (60)**  
[cbdrenn@att.net](mailto:cbdrenn@att.net)

**Jon (Jay) Mercer (64)**  
[j@jamercer.com](mailto:j@jamercer.com) - Jay posts the newsletter at the LCHS site

### New address



**Robert "Bucky" Brookshier (61)**  
416 Scenic Route  
Cordele, GA 31015  
229.276.1058

### Look Who We Found

**Mike Salmon (54) (No picture available)**  
[Salmmnd@aol.com](mailto:Salmmnd@aol.com)

**Raymond A. Kinney (56) (No picture available)**  
[amigobeagle@aol.com](mailto:amigobeagle@aol.com)  
4607 Eastwood Lane  
Holiday, FL 34690-1826

**Robert Goewey (57) (No picture available)**  
13665 Greenwood Drive  
Woodbridge, VA 22193



**Peter Goewey (59)**  
[pgoewey1@ec.rr.com](mailto:pgoewey1@ec.rr.com)  
3856 Harmony Circle  
Southport, NC 28461-8479  
(910) 457-1711

**Patricia (Kelly) Weissensee (60) (No picture available)**  
[lhwpkw@sbcglobal.net](mailto:lhwpkw@sbcglobal.net)  
Lives in Sacramento

**Barbara (Simpson) Hotta (60) (No picture available)**  
[hotta@hawaii.edu](mailto:hotta@hawaii.edu)  
94-252 Paeloahiki Pl  
Milliani, HI 96789  
(808) 627-5561

**James M. Kelly (61) (No picture available)**  
[mikekelly@austin.rr.com](mailto:mikekelly@austin.rr.com)  
18 Wingreen Loop  
Austin, TX 78738-1522  
(512) 261-5847



**Virginia A. (Mundorf) Ouerbacker (61)**  
606 Kaycie Circle  
Meeker, OK 74855

### Memories of Bushy

**Pat (Terpening) Owen (58)**  
[CHS1958@sbcglobal.net](mailto:CHS1958@sbcglobal.net)

Pat Terpening Owen has copies of Bushy Park Dormitory letter for the 1959 – 1960 school year (6



pages) which was sent to her by John O'Neal. They are too big to put into a newsletter, but if anyone would like copies, let her know and she'll send them.



**Carol (Smith) Benjamin (59)**  
[carolbenjamin@knology.net](mailto:carolbenjamin@knology.net)

I spent my senior year in Columbus, MS and went to nursing school in Birmingham, AL from there. I joined the Air Force and was station at Scott AFB, IL. I met my husband in Montgomery, AL, while I was going through induction. He was at Maxwell AFB going to the Air War College. I met him in May and we were married in December, then went to Yokota, Japan

We had three children in Japan then came back to Columbia, MO where he taught ROTC at the University of MO. We had another baby there and then he went to Thailand in B-57s. Then it was on to Chicopee Falls, MA, followed by Topeka, KS where Juan was advisor to the Air National Guard. From there we went to Wright Patterson AFB, OH where we had another baby. Then to McChord AFB, WA and finally MacDill AFB, FL where we had another baby. Juan retired from the AF in the early 1980s and went to work for Martin Marietta in Denver, CO. He then went to work for Boeing and we came to Washington State where we've been ever since, except for 6 years spent at Norman, OK. I resigned from the Air Force after one year, as at that time you couldn't be pregnant and in the military. I had my hands full raising the six children, so I was a stay-at-home mom.



**Sandy (Klueh) Denney (60)**  
[denney@kansas.net](mailto:denney@kansas.net)

I just printed out the last four newsletters since I missed getting them when my computer was acting up. I really do like the looks of the newsletter--you are doing a really great job.

Since I live in Manhattan, Kansas, there's no way I'm going to miss the reunion in Kansas City. Found out about it a couple of days ago and have already started making plans.

I'm going to send these photos one at a time. Have more that I'll send later.

This first photo is of Lois Thomas and Bob Harrold. The Woodbridge bus stopped at this little cafe halfway to and from Bushy Park. Not sure why I took a picture of their backsides!! Think I was taking a photo of the cafe and they just happened to be there.



**John Sakelaris (62)**  
[john@sotafountains.com](mailto:john@sotafountains.com)

To learn the old school closed does not come as a surprise. What was a surprise is that it has been open for so long. When I last walked the campus in 1959, the world was vastly different than today. I can still remember the smell of a foggy morning in the school yard and clearly recall most of your faces as though it were

yesterday. The span of time from then to now is even more surprising. I have, several times, marveled at just how much I packed into all those years. Race cards, flags and guns, motorcycles, universities, pot, wife and kids, boats, corporations, world travel, retirement, grandkids, another business, etc. What a trip I have experienced! Now I stand in front of my bathroom mirror looking every much like my Grandfather, hoping I didn't forget something important. And to all of you, my fellow classmates and friends, I hope it went as well for you. My travel days are a bit limited now, but should any of you happen to pass through Bradenton, FL and care to please look me up so we can compare notes. I'm the tall skinny kid that dated Susan Rigsby.

### Reunion News



**Sherry (Cheryl) (Burritt) Konjura (57)**  
[sherger@juno.com](mailto:sherger@juno.com)

Hey there all you guys and gals planning to join us for the reunion in Kansas City September 22nd through 24th. Time is speeding by so rapidly that September will be upon us before we know it! Thanks to my dear freind Celeste Plitoke Brodigan, I've discovered another attraction in Kansas City that some of you may want to include in your agenda: The brand new \$196 million Block Building at the Nelson-Atkins Museum.

According to the article Celeste shared with me the new building is designed to appear to channel light directly out of the ground. This surreal appearance was achieved by covering the building with glass which was a complex and expensive endeavor, but the end result is stunning. The architect, Steven Holl, made no attempt to emulate the Beaux-Arts architecture of the original building, but managed to design something modern that, at the same time, nestles into the hillside and does not seem out of place with the original. Marc F. Wilson, Director of the Nelson-Atkins, remarks that the new building seems to "strengthen" the original. The curators have moved the Museum's collection of contemporary works into the new space which sets off the art in a spectacular way. While much of the exhibition space is below ground, there is no sense of being subterranean because the huge windows

allow light to flow in and around the works displayed.

In a side note: if you have an interest in anything Native American, the Museum is now able to display their collection much more prominently in the old building now that the contemporary art has a new home.

I could tell you much more, but let us just say that if you are interested in art or architecture, this may be a "must see" while in Kansas City. Hope to see a lot of you there!

### **This and That**



**Rosa (Arns) Pollock (54)**

[rosap1935@pldi.net](mailto:rosap1935@pldi.net)

Just a few lines of memories. I have just finished reading the May and June, 2007, issues. What a kinship we have!

Since I was just located and have not had to opportunity to read all the back issues that I have printed, please forgive me if I remember things that have already been printed.

Most of my first letter concerned my first Husband, Paul Crabtree, of Norwich, England. I failed to include that Paul drowned July 15, 1962, while saving our oldest son, Paul, Jr., and a neighbor's son while swimming in an old channel of the Mississippi River in Memphis, Tenn. Paul continued his music after immigrating to the States in late 1956. The newspaper articles and floral tributes are still heartwarming 45 years later.

On to happier times. I was allowed to drive our 1950 Ford in Norwich. There was never any danger of losing the car. Everywhere we parked, there was a crowd around it. My Step-father, Col. George P. "Red" Arns had to walk next to the front bumper during the fogs to help me maneuver.

I had only lived with Red one year before being transferred to England my Senior year. We came over on the S.S. Washington. I don't remember any of the teens on board. I was quiet and shy. My Mother made friends with Audrey Tripp, much younger than Mom but they were great friends and

attended many reunions of the 47 Bomb Wing from. Sculthorpe.ss

I got to join Red at the 47th reunion in Virginia in 2001. This was the first one since Mother's death in 2000 and I felt the need to support Red. We had supper with General Darrel and Audrey Tripp.

I don't know if many of the later students at Bushy knew why we were over there. Sculthorpe was the base for the first American Jet Bomber, the B 45. We were the first line of defense during the Cold War. We had an agreement with NATO or some entity that Americans would not over fly Russia so the aircraft were painted with RAF symbols and British pilots did the flying. There is a book about this time in history "RAF Schltorpe 50 Years of Watching and Waiting by Jim Baldwin. Don't know if its still available, printed in England.

Because I was widowed at the early age of 26, I had to think of some way to persuade my four children to stay in school. I promised each of them a trip to England when they graduated High School. Thank goodness, they all made the trip over to visit the Grandparents and Aunt Jill and Uncles John and Michael and their families.

When I decided to remarry, I took my second husband, Gene Robinson, over for the folks to approve. Gene and I were only married a few years but I still keep in touch with his daughter, Karol.

While married to Gene, I took the Air Traffic Control test on a dare. I did not make it through radar training at Memphis Center and transferred to Flight Service. In 1980, I came to Oklahoma City on a three year contract, met my present husband, John Pollock, and he sentenced me to "life". He likes OK.

I'm sure you are aware of what happened while I was teaching FSS at the Mike Monroney Aviation Academy. Yes! the strike. I was sent over to Center Option to teach the new recruits. John taught FSS also and was drafted to teach Tower Option. When our three years was over we went to McAlester, OK. iAFSS. We both retired in 1994.

We have been fortunate to visit the Mother Country several times and each time there are

improvements. Ice machines! Supermarkets! But they still drive on the wrong side of the road, ha. Wish I had thought to visit Bushy Park during the trips. Just never enough time.

We will be at the Kansas City reunion and the Nashville 2008. Can hardly wait.



**Pat (Terpening) Owen (58)**  
[nemoamasa@chs1958@sbcglobal.net](mailto:nemoamasa@chs1958@sbcglobal.net)

Lyn Fort of HH Arnold HS, Wiesbaden, has sent me a copy of the Spring newsletter for that school. As I know that some of you also attended school there, she has graciously said I could share this copy with you, so if any of you are interested in seeing it let me know. Also if any of you would be interested in becoming members of their alumni association (there are dues), also let me know and I'll put you in touch with Lyn.



**Lamar Parish Robitaille (60)**

After my name appeared in the July issue of Bushy Tales, I have received several e-mails and it's been ever so nice to hear from old friends (I apologize to Anita Richardson for the use of her picture instead of mine, but I was flattered.

We lived in downtown London from September 1955 - August 1957. Windy and I rode to Bushy Park on the "infamous" Bus 109 and I will never forget some of those bus rides! Ann was at college from 1955-56 and then took off a year to go sightseeing in Europe; Judi attended an English school.

They say, "One picture is worth a thousand words," so I dug out some photos to update everyone on the Parish sisters. These are from our London reunion in 1997, when we went back to celebrate Judi's 50th birthday. Here we are on the "Tube (left to right): Ann Jackson (lives in Lorton, VA and still teaches school and skiing), Judi Benson Smith (has lived in London since 1978 and is a writer); Windy Gaines, Class of 1956 (lives in Jacksonville, FL and is semi-retired from teaching; Lamar Robitaille, Class of 1960 (is retired and living in Orlando, FL with her

husband - and her children and grandchildren live in Tampa, FL).



This is a picture of the sisters in front of our first house (on Porchester Terrace - close to Bayswater Road);



and one of Judi, Lamar and Ann in front of our second house (on Chapel Street - the other side of Hyde Park near Buckingham Palace).



We wandered around all of our old haunts together, and took a picture of Lamar in front of the stairs leading to the TAC at the Columbia Club.



We had some wonderful dances there to the great 1950s songs, and I enjoyed beating the boys at ping-pong (but I'm not mentioning any names). I also remembered the Christmas formal dance at the Columbia Club in 1956.

Yes, I still like Scottish tartans, and yes, people still tell me I resemble Debbie Reynolds. (She is 75 now, and going strong performing! That's my gal!). I studied classical singing for many years and even got a Certificate of Advanced Voice. I sound like Deanna Durbin rather than Debbie, but never had a professional career. Mostly, I worked as an Administrative Assistant. I wonder if it all began by being Secretary of the freshman class? (Norman Cooper was the President, Jonne LeGate was the Vice-President and Patricia Smith was the Treasurer). Among some of the places I worked are: Capitol Records in Hollywood, CA; The Disney Channel in Burbank, CA; Peabody Institute of the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, MD, the Baha'i World Center in Haifa, Israel; and the Disney Store in Orlando, FL.

Sorry I can't make the reunion in Kansas in September, but the next time you come to Orlando, please let me know and maybe we can get together!



**Gail Kelly (Faculty)**  
[martha.kelly@virgin.net](mailto:martha.kelly@virgin.net)

**Sean visited the High Wycombe base for the last time last week - below is his story:**

**(Editors Note: Here is Seans picture from the 78 Yearbook)**



## **DEAR FELLOW LCHS BOBCATS**

### **RE: LONDON CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL – THE END**

London Central High School is closed and emptied. At some point today (Friday 29 June) at what is now known as RAF Daws Hill, High Wycombe (and at what used to be USAF High Wycombe/High Wycombe Air Station) the keys were due to be handed over by the remaining LCHS DoDDS representative – thought to have been Will Watson (who was handling logistics and supply for the school) and handed on to US Navy and RAF officials at the High Wycombe base.

LCHS's last Principal, Theresa Barba, had departed the day before.

The handover and closure follows nearly four weeks of packing, removal and cleaning activity handled by a number of different entities since LCHS had its last day of school in early June.

School items went to a number of different bases including Feltwell and Lakenheath. A removals company called 'Christ' from Germany was processing the library and sending the books on to another DoDDS school in the UK. A British company, which won a bulk removals contract from the US Defense Reutilization and Materials Office at Molesworth, was taking away all the furniture from the schools and dorms that was not wanted in other DoDDS of US Military locations. They, under the supervision of a DRMO representative, were

loading up truckloads of chairs, tables, desks, filing cabinets during my final visit to the school earlier this week. Remaining DoDDS Office staff were moving papers in some of the grey NEX (Naval Exchange) Shopping Carts. All over the place there were giant red dumpsters filled with broken or non-serviceable items.

After having written (with extensive help from more than 30 teachers, administrators and staff members from across the years and the three campuses of LCHS) **'From the Faculty Lounge'** as a look back at the history of LCHS through their eyes, I felt I wanted to be there at the end.

The rule – as it was with elementary school West Ruislip which closed the year previously – was this: Imaging picking the building up and turning it upside down. Anything that falls out needs to be shipped out or remaindered. Everything that stays fixed remains with the building.

Principal Theresa Barba had kept aside old yearbooks that were surplus (beyond ones they had shipped to the American Overseas High Schools Society museum in Wichita, Kansas which will serve as a repository of LCHS memorabilia) and was kind enough to pass them on to me. Details of which ones are still available (and they are mostly from the 1980s on) will be placed on the [fromthefacultyounge.com](http://fromthefacultyounge.com) site in the coming week. They will be available on a 'first come first serve' basis with costs only covering postage and packaging.

During my visit I went through the dorms which were a mess with old clothes and books, papers, food, and quite a few pairs of sneakers and other junk that had been turfed out of closets and onto floors. Computers and equipment had been moved from much of the school but the furniture was still in many of the classrooms.

I went into Mansfield Hall – Trinity was already cleaned out locked up – and met with the cleaning crew – some of whom had been there working together for much of the last decade. The rooms were all cleared and the rubbish piled high in the stairwells and hallways. About the only indications that kids had been there were the name tags (some done on silver star and blue background Christmas

Wrapping paper, that were on each former occupant's door on the 3rd floor. For you older dormies, a few things had changed:

1. There was CCTV in the building with a monitor at the front desk. A big advance from my time when we had a sound 'pick-up' monitor.
2. Each of the doors had an electronic lock – one of those card slide lock systems.
3. Because of the reduced numbers – each kid had a room to himself or herself! A long cry from the days when the dorms were packed to the point of some kids having three in a room!

Moving on. The hallway for what used to be the centre of the school – the 900 buildings – had various items scattered along it awaiting disposition. The old Admin wing was stripped – the old Guidance area that used to be on the left side empty with peeling paint on the pillars by the window and a Monet reproduction still stuck to the wall. The old faculty lounge was empty bar a sink on which sat an MWR tray and some plants. The Principal's office, which a week before had been filled, was empty – including the heavy four-drawer filing cabinet safe which had been removed. I ran into a former Bobcat, Mike Milliken, who now works for DODDS in the UK on the computer side. We had a good 'catch up'.

The old AYA was being emptied. The sign 'Home of the Bobcats' which sat up there for many years, remains but there are efforts to save that. The mural drawn by the class of 2001 is still there. It's unclear what will happen to that building and all the others but we are in touch with the base commander about that.. The Hilltop Inn Cafeteria was still there just – many of the chairs and tables had gone though there were still a few pushed in one corner of the main dining room. A lot of the kitchen equipment had gone, but not all of the cookers etc. Several of the staff including Rita who had been there since 1983, and her sister-in-law, Sandra, were on hand just doing the final bit. I took a group shot of them in front of the building. We remembered Janey, Eric Weeks and Walter 'Smitty' Smith. We recalled butter pats on the ceiling – something that apparently stopped when they went from supplying

butter pats to placing a tub of butter on the counter, and tricks with the sugar and salt – in which, I hasten to add, I had no involvement!

Outside I walked by the old Starlight Theater – which has been closed to kids, teachers and others in recent years. . The Big Gym was filled with furniture still awaiting disposition. I watched art equipment and furniture being taken from the new building. Glass vestibules from the Science room. History was, literally, going out the door on a forklift truck! It was depressing to watch.

And so that was that.

The book about London Central, *From the Faculty Lounge*, is now available (visit [www.fromthefacultylounge.com](http://www.fromthefacultylounge.com) for details or order through [www.longdash.com](http://www.longdash.com)). Sometime during in the next two weeks on the [fromthefacultylounge.com](http://fromthefacultylounge.com) website, I plan to post pictures of the closing of the school. After that we hope to put up some videos and other items that I think would be of interest to former Bobcats.

We had a great school and, hopefully, many happy memories, but it will be one now only known in our minds and in our hearts.

Kind regards and safe journeys wherever you may be.

Sean Kelly Class of '78

[www.fromthefacultylounge.com](http://www.fromthefacultylounge.com)  
[www.longdash.com](http://www.longdash.com)

**Stuart Randall (62) (No picture available)**  
[stuartrandall\\_1944@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:stuartrandall_1944@yahoo.co.uk)

As normal, what a great input in the last newsletter. I had planned the trip to London for the school closure, however, at the last minute it was not possible. It was so interesting to feel even though I did not attend the closure that we are all part of it.

We can all look back to 1960, 47 years ago and I'm still trucking. I have managed through you guys to have made contact with old classmates and friends. I found some old photographs and will send them for a future issue, mainly of Bushy Park/West

Ruislip/the London Teen Club and am so amazed they were in an old folder.

Like I said before, on our island in Port Portals, we have a large American/Canadian community and I put our newsletter up in our local watering hole. They are so amazed that we all try to keep in touch. As I explained to them what we experienced I doubt they never did. So Gary thanks again for the job you have done over the years, and as I said before if any of the guys are visiting our island please let us know. They will be given "The Royal Treatment".

## [The Story Continues](#)



**Walter E. Hunt (56)**

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

### **BICYCLING EUROPE ON \$1.00 A DAY: A Cold War Geographic and Cultural Memoir**

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Chapter 4 - April, 1954, Holland

During our summer vacation from school, I toured Holland. I rode the train to just inside the Dutch border to the town of Arnhem, off-loaded my bike, and toured the cemetery of mostly British soldiers from World War II that had parachuted into Arnhem in an ill-fated rescue attempt to drive the Germans out. Except for Arlington Cemetery outside Washington, D. C., this was the largest military cemetery I had ever seen.

On the way to Amsterdam, I stopped on the edge of the cycling path and leaned over to adjust one of my toe straps. Suddenly a long line of young men whooshed by. As they came alongside, they whacked me with their hands or hats and shouted what I'm sure were obscenities at me. It was only later that I realized what had happened. I wore German *lederhosen* as part of my cycling clothing because they were comfortable and would never wear out, or need to be cleaned. In fact, I still have them, but my waist has expanded to the point were I could never wear them again. I also was wearing a green felt German hat with a boar's brush hatpin on the side. This was typical clothing worn in Germany. These students had no doubt that I was German, and the anti-German sentiment in Holland



still lingered from World War II, and I bore the brunt of their wrath. After that, I tied an American flag outside the bag slung underneath my saddle. (PHOTO of me on bike)

It's easy to cycle from one side of Holland to the other, in either direction, in a day's time. The small size of Holland made this trip all that more enjoyable. I had nine days to immerse myself in cheese, and the Dutch people, and windmills, and culture. I could have zigged and zagged all over Holland. Instead, I started at the quaint, traditional village of Hilversum, where camera-shy villagers did not welcome attempts of tourists to photograph their colorful and quaint costumes. I bought a pair of *klompen* (wooden shoes) at a shoe shop in Hilversum, where the shopkeeper carved out the inside with a long, narrow chisel that reached into the toe, so that it fit my foot exactly. I wore these wooden shoes all over Europe on my many travels. They hang in my office, and still bear the marks underneath cut into the wood from the metal pedals of my bike, as well as the two metal straps that were added later when one shoe split on top. I put a strap on both just in case the other split.

From there I rode through Amsterdam, which to me, was just another large city criss-crossed with an amazing network of canals, then up to the cheese markets at Alkmaar and Edam. The markets were fascinating, with men in traditional costume running around with loads of cheese in giant wax covered red balls, stacked pyramid-like on heavy pallets, balanced on a yoke over their shoulders. (PHOTO of Alkmaar/cheese)

All over Holland bicycles reigned supreme. Whenever a light changed red, the bikes stacked up, and far outnumbered the cars. The explanation is simple: it's a small country, and flat, and gas was expensive—about \$2.50 a gallon at that time. Bikes just made more sense—even today.

I rode down the coast to The Hague, hiked on the beach, and cycled over to the ceramic factories in Delft where workers in their traditional "blue collar" costumes (blue pants and matching blue shirts) and *klompen* were taking a lunch break and smoking their long-stemmed clay pipes. I bought a clay pipe for my dad and packed it carefully to take back home. It managed to survive for about 20

years before the stem broke. The stems are so thin, and long (this one was about 15 inches) that once they break, the whole pipe is useless.

Also in Delft, I weighed myself at the *Hexenwaage* to make sure I was not a witch. I still have the certificate to prove I am not. (COPY of certificate)

I headed for Rotterdam, where I took a harbor tour and saw the famous bronze sculpture of a giant man with his insides missing. I learned this sculpture was the symbol of Rotterdam after the Nazis had bombed and leveled much of the city. From Rotterdam, I headed into Belgium, and caught a train back home. (PHOTO of *klompen*)

During a later trip through Denmark, I bought a pair of Danish *klompen*, which came in handy when I broke a brake cable going down a mountainside in Norway. I am sure I was a spectacle cycling in these shoes but I never had to worry about wearing them out. The Danish *klompen* are different, with a leather top attached to a wooden foot platform. In the rural areas of Holland and Denmark alike, I often saw bicyclists wearing wooden shoes, most likely on their way to work. After all this time, the leather tops of my Danish *klompen* have long since worn out.

I had a chance once to practice some high school French in a post office in Belgium, just over the border from Holland. The dominant language of Northern Belgium was Walloons, which was closer to Dutch. French was spoken in the southern half of Belgium, but most Belgians are bilingual. One of the phrases I learned in class was "Do you have a stamp?" In the post office, I asked the clerk "*Avez vous une timbre?*" "*Oui,*" was the reply. But of course, she had stamps! Then I couldn't remember what to say after that. I discovered hand signals worked. Wow! How stupid...going into a post office and asking if they had any stamps.

Languages are interesting. At numerous Youth Hostels, I listened to kids from different countries use English as a common language. It was fun to hear an Italian and a Swede, for example, communicating in English, each with their respective accents. I could easily understand both

accents, but they often had to repeat certain phrases before they understood each other. I also realized that an American accent was enough different from an English accent that non-English speaking students learning the language might have problems with such accents--it all depended on whether they learned English from an American, or from an Englishman.

I considered Holland the most English-speaking country on the Continent. Most everyone I encountered spoke English. It was the first "foreign" language studied in the schools. I went into a butcher shop one day in a small town and the conversation started out like this:

Butcher: "Good day."  
Walt: "Good day."  
Butcher: "What'll you have?"  
Walt: "A piece of that"...(I pointed to a sausage).  
Butcher: "How much?"  
Walt: "Half a kilo."

The butcher then said something in Dutch I did not understand.

Walt: "Can you say it in English?"

The butcher then raised his hands and said (in Dutch) that he did not speak or understand English. How odd. What had happened was both he and I had spoken enough common-core, sound-alike words that we each thought the other was speaking his language. I thought he was speaking English when in fact he was speaking Dutch, and vice versa. We just happened to have selected an appropriate series of common sound-alike words. It all seemed natural. I'm sure the butcher had many a good laugh over our miscommunication.

I learned that the Dutch had used their capitol, 'S-Gravenhage (The Hague), as a password to see if a person in World War II was Dutch or German. Germans can't say 'S-Gravenhage without a noticeable German accent. I couldn't say it at all.

The story goes, "Halt, who goes there? If you're a friend, what's the capitol of Holland?"

A popular pastime for kids in Amsterdam was sitting on the balcony overlooking the street and recording which country various license plates came from. Once, while waiting for a light to change, a boy about my age hollered down from a balcony, "What country are you from?" When I answered he waved for me to come up. I visited with him and his family and formed a friendship that lasted a number of years. His name was Dolf Te Linde. I lost contact with him after I had moved so many times.

On this trip I met a cyclist going the opposite direction who had stopped for a break. We visited for a while and I met him later, still going the opposite direction. I met him a third time and we had a good laugh, took pictures, and exchanged addresses. I met him once more on another trip in Denmark, still going the opposite direction. He was redheaded, with a huge red beard—hard to miss. (PHOTO of us on roadside)

I met a young man from Scotland once at a Youth Hostel in Holland. George Buckle. He later immigrated to Canada where he found work as an overhead lineman for an electrical utility company. I visited with him during an exciting summer trip through Scandinavia and Scotland that I describe in a later chapter.

One major excursion in Holland was through the tulip and daffodil fields at Haarlem—during the Easter or Spring blooming time. I stopped to talk with a roadside flower vendor and she gave me a giant daffodil garland, which I wore around my neck several days, until the petals turned brown and I discarded it. The photos taken of me with this giant garland still bring back fond memories. (PHOTO of me wearing garland)

I made two more trips to Holland. One trip was with my father during the Spring of 1955; the other was a weeklong trip with three friends from high school after they graduated in 1954. When we got to Amsterdam, all they wanted to see was the "Five Flies," a local jazz hangout and watering hole they had heard about. They were not interested in the costumes, the system of dikes, the windmills, the cheese markets, the people, or the culture. They were just expressing their newfound freedom having graduated from high school. All they

wanted to do was get away from their parents and drink beer.

(PHOTO of graduates)



**Ruth ( Davis) Zabel (53)**  
[sharkpack40@Yahoo.com](mailto:sharkpack40@Yahoo.com)

WOW, both Baldwins at the same time! Gary (Baldwin), you probably don't remember me but "H" was in my class - sorry "Hal".

Between you and Gary Schroeder you have said it all! When they moved Bushy that was the day they closed our school for me. The others don't matter. I did not even know that they moved it twice. Until I was found I use to envy acquaintances who had class reunions knowing I would never have one. I made my daughter go to her 5th and 10th reunions (don't know if she has gone to anymore). I told her she would regret it if she did not go. She told me afterwards that she was glad she went. And now in October of 2008 I will be going to my first one (at least that is the plan)!

Reading the newsletters has jogged my memory a lot (I am getting forgetful lately). Congratulations Hal on your Mayorship! Who whudda thought way back then where you would be now! Hope to see you both at the 2008 reunion!



**Sherry (Cheryl) (Burritt) Konjura (57)**  
[sherger@juno.com](mailto:sherger@juno.com)

You do such a wonderful job with the Newsletter and I want to add my kudos to all the others regarding the new format.

It's great. I, like many others, kept pulling out my old yearbook to see if I remembered someone. Now the picture is right there!

I read with great interest the comments in the most recent newsletter concerning the closing of LCHS. I know that several "Bushy Park" people have been saying that this was not "their" school. But I feel a little differently about that. Yes, this location was not the one we knew and loved -- but the "school"

was that feeling of belonging we shared. London Central was the only school I ever attended where I never felt like an outsider. I carry that feeling with me today and always will. Yes, of course I feel tremendous loyalty to the location at Bushy Park and very sad that everything which was there no longer exists. However, it lives in my heart, so, it doesn't matter to me where LCHS was located -- I still feel sad that it no longer exists -- sad for all those upcoming students who will never get to experience that sense of belonging we all share. It would be nice if a small plaque could be placed by the one commemorating Eisenhower's time there which would mention our time there.. Don't know if that would even be acceptable, but it would be nice.



**Judy (Samms) Stanford (59)**  
[Stanfordwk@earthlink.net](mailto:Stanfordwk@earthlink.net)

I adore this newsletter. The years at Bushy Park were wonderful and I treasure them. You have done such a great job with the newsletter, and providing all of us so many memories, just fabulous. My husband and I will be attending the reunion in Kansas City as well. He has become a real fan and now understand how our experiences were so different than the usual high school experiences. We belonged for the first time in our lives and it felt great. I had wonderful teachers and friend and the experience can never be taken away from me. I look forward to meeting new people at the reunion - once again the year you attended does not matter. Keep up the good work and thanks from all of us.



**Bob Buning (61)**  
[bobuning@yahoo.com](mailto:bobuning@yahoo.com)

Gary,  
Here is a web site that the Bushy Park alumni might be interested in.

<http://www.bobforrest.com/JukeBox.htm> You can select songs from 1956 to 1960 and play them free of charge.



**Bob Harrold (62)**  
[rharrold@harrold.org](mailto:rharrold@harrold.org)

Many of the  
<http://www.BushyPark.org> newsletters at

[http://www.bushypark.org/Start\\_News.htm](http://www.bushypark.org/Start_News.htm)

are in .PDF (Adobe Acrobat reader format) or are in Microsoft .doc (MS document format.) If you don't have Adobe Acrobat reader for reading .PDF files, you can download a **free .PDF reader** from at: <http://www.foxitsoftware.com/downloads/>

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These links are useful for you to send along with any such attached documents that you might send to someone who doesn't have the full Adobe Acrobat Reader or who may not have Microsoft Office.

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#### **sources:**

Microsoft converters and viewers, downloads at: <http://office.microsoft.com/en-us/downloads/HA010449811033.aspx>

With the help of converters and viewers from Office Online, you can share your Microsoft Office files with people who have different versions of Office programs, or even with people who don't have Office installed.

**Converters** allow you to open files created by people using different versions of your Office programs.

**Viewers** provide a means for people who don't have Office programs to see your work. You can provide them with the appropriate viewer along with your Office files.and Foxit Software [http://www.foxitsoftware.com/pdf/rd\\_intro.php](http://www.foxitsoftware.com/pdf/rd_intro.php)

And Gary Schroeder uses <http://www.win2pdf.com> Win2PDF to create the .PDF versions of the newsletter. (download <http://www.win2pdf.com/download/download.htm> )

**From your Editor: Now for a little "Filler" to finish up this issue:**

*Tom was in his early 50's, retired and started a second career.*

*However, he just couldn't seem to get to work on time. Every day, 5, 10, 15 minutes late. But he was a good worker, real sharp, so the Boss was in a quandary about how to deal with it. Finally, one day he called him into the office for a talk.*

*"Tom, I have to tell you, I like your work ethic, you do a bang-up job, but you're being late so often is quite bothersome."*

*"Yes, I know Boss, and I am working on it."*

*"Well good, you are a team player. That's what I like to hear. It's odd though, you're coming in late. I know you're retired from the Air Force. What did they say if you came in late there?"*

*They said, "Good morning, General."*

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