



Bushy Tales

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



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

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all.

Class Representatives



1953 - Jackie (Brown) Kenny
JKYKNY@aol.com



1954 - Betsy (Neff) Cote
betsycote@atlanticbb.net



1955 - Nancie (Anderson) Weber
nancieT@verizon.net



1956 - Glenda (Fuller) Drake
gfdrake@swbell.net



1957 - Shirley (Huff) Dulski
shuffy2@msn.com



1958 - Pat (Terpening) Owen
CHS1958@sbcglobal.net



1959 - Jerry Sandham
j_sandham@comcast.net



1960 - Ren Briggs
renpat1671@unedspeed.net



1961 - Betsy (Schley) Slepetz
bslepetz@comcast.net



1962 - Dona (Hale) Ritchie
DonaRitchi@aol.com

Roster Changes

New Email address:



Carolyn (Towner) Long (57)
mypianonotes@gmail.com



James Hartung (60)
James.Hartung@yahoo.com

Jim and Donna are taking off for the winter in the Keys right after Thanksgiving...getting too cold in Tennessee! We will shift to a new e-mail system (one of the new "air cards") which will allow us to use e-mail from anywhere in a Sprint area (or so they say). Starting 24 Nov, do not send e-mails to our charter.net address. Here is the new one: James.Hartung@yahoo.com. Hope everyone has a great Holiday!

New Addresses:



Frank Janusz (Faculty)
148 Lilac Drive
Brick, NJ 08724
Tel: (732)458-3210
The Email address remains unchanged

Reunions



Renold Briggs (58)
renpat1671@uneedspeed.net

Gary, attached is the announcement for the Gathering 2008 and 50th anniversary for the class of 58. Please include it in the Newsletter for December. We want to get people thinking ASAP. Thank you

MARK YOUR CALENDARS

EARLY OCTOBER 2008

(final dates are to be determined)

The Bushy Park Central High

“Gathering 2008”

AND

THE CLASS OF 1958, 50th YEAR ANNIVERSARY

That’s right—we are combining the 2008 Gathering of Bushy Park Central High and Class of 1958, 50th year anniversary.

At this date we are working on the details and on the location, but we do know that it will be the Dallas/Fort Worth area. We are working with several hotels in the area that will provide us with the best facilities and be the most cost effective.

Watch the Newsletter and your email for the exact dates and reservation information. You have lots of time so save your nickels and dimes. Hope to see you there.

Gathering Committee

- Ren Briggs
- Thyra Caldwell
- Bill Percy
- Jim Davis
- Judy (Risler) Covington
- Don Crews

Class of 1958 Committee

- Pat (Terpening) Owen
- Althea (Lawrence) Patterson
- Fred Buhler
- Wendell Oren Jones
- Mike Murphy

Memories of Bushy



Paul Middlebrook (56)
azmiddlebrooks@msn.com

I was in England in September and of course visited the old school site at Bushy Park. While there I visited the Adelaine Pub across from the "53 girls dorm. Talked to an old lady (older than me even) who remembered when the school was there. Old girls dorm looked the same. Then on to Surbiton to the "Big House" that served as a dorm for the boys in '53 and the "annex" that housed the freshmen girls that same year. If you should be so inclined to visit, it is only a block and a half from the Surbiton train station.

The Annex is now used to house student nurses and the Big House has been freshly white washed and recently refurbished and is now used as offices for several business. I was able to go inside and revisited my old room, which now is home to 9-10 people working behind computers. The fire place downstairs in the grand room is still there with the original tile on side of the hearth. Grand old building has held up better through the years than I have!

Enclosed several pictures but giving Gary editorial latitude as to whether he wants to use one in the newsletter.



This and That



Sherry (Cheryl) (Burritt) Konjura (57)
sherger@juno.com

I just got this beautiful note on an American Cancer Society card from Ron Kohonek (June McDaniel's husband).

I know that many of the people at the recent reunion in Kansas City gave money toward a memorial for June which Bill Cooper then sent to the American Cancer Society in her name. I wonder if you could possibly print this in the next newsletter? (*Editors Note: When I got the card reduced to the size it would fit in the newsletter it could not be read it so here is what is written on the card.*)

"Dear Sherry & Gerry,

I thank you so much for your kind words that you express in the Nov 07 Bushy Tales. Too many tears, I do miss her very much. Good days will come. I thank the Class of '57 for their donation to the American Cancer Society.

With Love,

Ron

Tell All Hi for me"

The printed part of the card says:

"The kindness expressed by your gift to the American Cancer Society has been received with heartfelt appreciation."



Gail Kelly (Faculty)
martha.kelly@virgin.net

Many former students and colleagues have asked if we know what is to become of the High Wycombe Base. The Base Commander

invited Sean Kelly to High Wycombe to salvage whatever he could reach and remove. Below is a report my son Sean has put on his booksite - www.fromthefacultyounge.com - in a week or so some images will be added, but I have attached a final image - a fence erected across further access to the Base and 'our' London Central High School (one can still reach both housing areas). I realize your eyes just may glaze over - you kids from Bushy Park - about Bushey Hall or High Wycombe - but here you are anyway - love, Gail

Update on London Central High School 10.10.07

Dear Bobcats:

If you have visited this site before you will know some of what I am about to say. If not, then welcome and happy reading...or unhappy reading as it may be. London Central is no more. It closed down in the summer. The school and dorms at the High Wycombe campus have now been emptied and there's not even a seat or table, bed or sofa in sight -- let alone a student!

Furthermore, on Friday 5 October, the base itself -- or at least a major part of the base, was effectively closed down. The US Navy had completed its deactivation ceremony of the UK operations and withdrawn from the base. In the last two weeks workmen started to put up fencing -- for those of you who know the base -- this new fencing effectively seals off the rest of the base from the two housing areas -- Doolittle and Eaker Estates.

The two housing estates will continue to be used by the British Ministry of Defense and RAF as will the antenna tower area. However as you drive up the main base road just past there you will find a new fence which runs right across the road and around the old Base Commander's and Security HQ buildings and around to fence off the base right down past the old PX and Gas Station and right down to the crossroads by what I remember as Mr. Ensz's room and what some of you may know as the area by the MWR Gym Facility, the public path and the road into the housing area.

So the entire rest of the base including the school is now sealed and the base is now run by someone more than 50 miles away. It is my understanding that the MOD is deciding on the disposition of the land. This may involve the following scenarios:

- Reusing it for MOD use if some other British military establishment needs it.
- Putting it out to another agency.
- Passing it over to a developer for commercial development.

Of those three scenarios it is the latter that is more than likely. This is because High Wycombe is growing and the press for housing development across the South East of England is tremendous -- and there is a lot of money to be made from selling the land. Case examples in point -- Eastcote -- a small base in Middlesex that used to be occupied by the USAF, then the US Navy and the US Marines latterly, has been flattened FLATTENED to make way for new homes. West Ruislip -- which also fully closed down over the summer, is being let out to commercial businesses, but is also due to be bulldozed -- part of it to be bulldozed anytime in the next few weeks. Planning permission has been given for more than 450 homes. Only the elementary school there may survive.

So, with all that in mind and with the knowledge that once the MOD returns it into private hands we have absolutely no ability to influence what happens to those items, I made contact and was given a green light to remove building signage from the school facilities. Some school signage has now been repatriated to safety and is now in storage with a view to holding on to it until it can go either to the American Overseas High Schools Facility in Wichita, Kansas, or to some other relevant facility that will help preserve our school legacy -- if one comes to mind. The cost of shipping is a big factor and the size prohibits 'normal' shipping of some of them. It may be that they stay in England at least for the immediate future...which is maybe where they belong as a spiritual thing. However much of the other LCHS memorabilia is now in Kansas, so the aim is to eventually get them there. For the moment at least, they are here, and if anyone is brave enough to host a reunion in London, I will set about getting them on display.

Chief among these items are: The 'Home of the Bobcats' sign that sat above the former AYA, the London Central High School Signs by the old Building 902, and the Mansfield Hall and Trinity Hall Signs that were in front of the dorms.. Several of these are big or big and heavy signs. I could not obtain access to the 'Bobcat' fascia sign on the side

of the multi-story building and this may now be unobtainable. Furthermore, there is a well known wall-mural from the class of 2001 on the side of the AYA – that is painted on the brickwork. I doubt that this can be saved, but it may be that when the building's fate is known that a few individual key brick fascias may be preserved. But that will be down to a) the kindness of any demolition company and b) sheer luck.

As I receive further updates I will endeavor to update you. I have promised to put on some pictures taken in the last few weeks, but the buildings are depressingly empty. I have been fortunate enough to make a couple of trips and on my second to last trip a pheasant was actually running between the old 900 buildings and wood pigeons were already strutting around like they owned the place. It's amazing how fast the wildlife moves back in when the people move out.



Gary Schroeder (55) (Your Editor)
gschroeder4@comcast.net

For those of you who attended the last reunion, and those that didn't but wished they could have, if you haven't checked the Bushy Park Web Page lately you are missing something. **Wanda (Castor) DeVary (60)** has created an outstanding slide show presentation of the pictures from the reunion. Go to <http://www.bushypark.org/> click on the "Of interest" tab on the left, when the new page opens click on "Kansas City reunion" and it will come up.

It is my understanding (correct me if I am wrong Wanda,) that she will do this for any upcoming reunion if you who attend will send her the pictures from the reunion.

Thanks Wanda – great job.



Jack S. Fisher (61)

jack@mauirealestatebroker.com

After living in Europe for so many years as a teenager, I guess I never figured out how to live in the "Land of the great PX.", Which is why I came to Maui in 1974 for a two-week vacation -- AND NEVER LEFT!! I haven't returned to the mainland US since January 1991.

I'm a 1961 Bobcat, with extraordinarily fond memories of life in London as a teenager in the late '50s and early '60s. For me it was absolutely the best of times. I was a commuter student, living in Pinner, Middlesex., riding a very nice motor coach to school each day with all of my friends.

My father, an Air Force mustang Captain, was assigned to a London posting from his OSI duties in Ft. Holabird, MD. My parents and the four of us brothers had been on a rare summer vacation to my maternal grandparents' rural homestead near Crowley, TX, a small town probably now incorporated in to greater Fort Worth, when the orders to London came in late 1957.

My father returned to Baltimore to pack up the household goods and depart for London to find a suitable home for the family; my mother and the four of us kids stayed in Fort Worth until we finished the first semester of yet another school. I attended 17 schools in my 12 student years. This time it was Fort Worth Technical High School, where I excelled at Photography and failed Algebra.

We departed Texas in a TWA Constellation in 1958, with a stop in Keflavik before flying over Shannon Ireland and on to London's Gatwick airport. I can remember the vivid green of the countryside as we flew over Great Britain -- how very different from the dry plains of Texas, where a long drought had leached every drop of moisture from the surroundings and all was dead and brown and baked well done.

And thus began a three year adventure as an American teenager in London, and another year in Naples, Italy. Between LCHS at Bushy Park, the American Youth Association teen club at West Ruislip, the bowling alley where I was a pin-setter for \$.10 per line and the pool tables at the EM Club at South Ruislip, and the teen club at The Columbia Club in central London, I was seldom home. Ah, the wonders of the London Underground and Bus system! Just about anywhere for thrupence ha'penny.

I earned the money to buy my first electric guitar at 16 acting as an extra in the movie "Lolita," working with such luminaries as the great Stanley Kubrick, James Mason, Shelly Winters, Sue Lyon, Peter Sellers, and Bill Bixby. Our art teacher, Mr. Abramowitz, had friends in the creative community. When the word came down that Kubrick needed "real American teenagers" for the Prom scene in his production of the Vladimir Nabakov novel, he promptly picked a dozen or so of us students for the part.

And, of course, I was constantly surrounded by a terrific group of kids: Bob Desloge, Dave Ludeman, Jerry Bijold, Peter Junker, the son of an engineer from Hungary who had fled to London when the Soviets invaded his homeland in 1956. Pete had a fantastic car, an Armstrong Siddley saloon which was quite luxurious. Desloge drove the family '59 VW Bus, which had no fuel gauge, so one had to keep an accurate accounting of mileage. Ludeman drove his father's "crispy" MG Magnette. Me? I never learned to drive until I was 19 and in the Navy in Panama -- but that's another story. Visit this LondonCentral.org link to see some of my great photos from "the day."

<http://londoncentral.org/classreps/61co/jackfisher61.htm>

Two days after graduation from LCHS, my father retired from USAF and took a job doing the same job (special investigator) with the Navy in Naples, Italy. So we crammed the family of six (plus 13 suitcases) into a '56 Hillman Minx and drove to Italy in the summer of '61.

I joined the Navy in December and flew back to Great Lakes Naval Training Center for Boot Camp and Journalism school on the "milk run" special:

Naples to Sigonella, Sicily to Port Layaute, French Morocco to The Azores, to Keflavik, Iceland to Coos Bay, Labrador, to St. John's, Newfoundland, to Norfolk, Virginia for a weekend, then on to Columbia SC, Columbus, Georgia and on to Chicago.

From there in '62 it was on to Panama for a 2-year tour in the Canal Zone as a Navy photojournalist, newspaper editor and bi-lingual radio-TV news announcer, then back to DC to finish my service in the Pentagon.

There in DC I found Bob Desloge again, along with a batch of other guys whose fathers had moved up the military hierarchy and were now senior officers in Washington. We mostly raced sports cars, tore down sports cars, rebuilt sports cars, ripped up town in sports cars, etc. And drank as much beer as possible.

I returned to school at St. Mary's College in Southern Maryland, working my way through as a lay-out editor on the local weekly newspaper. Later, marriage for about 6 years - no kids. It's been more than 30 years since the divorce and I hardly remember anything about her. I worked for a bunch of Govt. contractors doing software and technical publication support for major military systems acquisitions.

I moved to Phoenix AZ in 1972 and opened my own business selling Native American jewelry, pottery, basketry, rugs, etc., to rich collectors on the East Coast.

Then, in 1974 I came to Maui for a two-week vacation -- and never left. About 8 years later I woke up one morning and the thought came into my head: "I wonder what ever happened to my house in Phoenix, the car in the garage, the furniture, the lawn service, the maid service, the pool service, the mortgage, the credit cards, etc." I never did find out, and I don't really care.

Life here on Maui has been a truly amazing adventure, mostly as a working musician, recording engineer, concert sound engineer. I had two music instrument retail stores for a while, one here on Maui and the other in Honolulu. It took me a few years to realize that I really liked to play music but

hated the "business" of music. Hence my migration to the real estate business. As a sole proprietor Broker I have only a home office, with most of my business coming from my Internet web site <http://IMauiRealEstateBroker.Com> and 30 years worth of friends and contacts on the island.

I have been a daily practitioner of Ashtanga Yoga, a very vigorous and aerobic form, since 1978. I teach privately here on Maui to visitors and local residents alike. I had to endure a complicated bit of open heart surgery four years ago, including strokes, seizures and a new mechanical aortic valve. Still practicing and teaching yoga, and, at age 61, I'm stronger and healthier than ever. And, of course, I'm still playing Rock & Roll and Rhythm & Blues guitar and bass with two bands: "Bobbie Dee & the Stereotypes" (215 R&B songs and ballads), and "SoundWave," a four-piece retro instrumental rock band with about 70 songs in our repertoire, encompassing surf music, blues, jazz and rock.

My next goal is to still be playing electric guitar and practicing Ashtanga Yoga when I'm 90. If you happen to come to Maui, look me up. I know we could kill an hour or two talking about London.

The Story Continues



Walter E. Hunt (56)
walt@lobo.net

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

Chapter 8 - Spring, 1955, Naples, Italy

A group of us started the first Boy Scouts of America Sea Scout Ship in Europe. We had the honor of being Ship #1. We got slightly modified navy uniforms and hats, and John Hardin's father got a ship's bell that we rang to start our weekly meeting. The custodian at the American elementary school had an old plywood open cockpit runabout that needed a lot of work done to it, and John's father had a Mercury 7.5 horsepower outboard engine we could outfit it with if we got the boat seaworthy. The custodian was Herr Meisner, a crusty old former naval officer in Hitler's navy. He

also owned a small cabin cruiser that had enough power to navigate against the strong current of the Rhine.

We worked several months repairing the runabout, and finally deemed it seaworthy. After mounting the outboard motor, we launched it into the Rhine, where at full throttle it just sat in the current pointed upstream. There was one minor problem: it shipped water and finally submerged. We pulled it out and set about making more repairs. It was christened the "Swabby." In another month, "Swabby II" was ready to launch. Our experience was the same, but this time dry. The little Mercury motor was just not strong enough to let us go anywhere against the current. Herr Meisner towed us to his marina located a couple of miles upstream. There, in a small estuary on the side of the river, we motored "Swabby II" back and forth and even managed to take turns being pulled on a wakeboard.

Over Easter break, a group of the Sea Scouts went to Bremerhaven in Northern Germany to sail on an old German naval training schooner that the U. S. Navy maintained for display purposes. I was touring Spain with my family and missed this trip.

At the end of school, the Air Force flew us, along with a larger group of Explorer Scouts from around Germany, to Naples, Italy, for a week of camping on the Isle of Capri, and the Isle of Ischia. Flying through the valleys in Switzerland, with peaks rising well above us was exciting. In Naples, we bunked onboard a Navy troop ship and were treated as swabbys. The trip out to the islands was on a small landing craft that bobbed like a cork in the waves. A lot of us were seasick. Camping on those islands was a treat. The water was a beautiful blue, the weather warm, and the Italians were friendly and hospitable.

We ate Italian pizza. Of course, we thought all pizza originated in Italy, but when we ate this one, we knew better. It was a pizza dough base with tomato paste only. I was reminded of the bland Italian spaghetti I had in London.





Robert E.Kulesh (55)
rKulesh@msegrip.com

Hi Gary,

Thanks for another great newsletter...
My only year at Bushy Park 53-54 passed so quickly and thru your efforts that short year is extended.

What an age we live in- I am in Budapest, Hungary on a business trip and I am able to access my emails from my computer in Burbank CA. and I can read about a part of my life 53 years ago that happened in England. WOW!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Again my thanks to you and all of the people who have interesting things to pass on to others...
All the best



Ron Crow (64)
roncrowe@pacbell.net

This is one of the best ever!!

Gary – Pat has been forwarding your vibrant newsletter email month and it is still an inspiration for me to get the '64ers off their _____ and send me some info like your classmates do. I am the '64 class rep and I have a renewed passion for developing a newsletter similar to yours after having found three of my former classmates just last month.

Pat – thanks for forwarding to me each month. It is a very enjoyable read

And by the way, the class of '64 adopted Bill "Spoonman" Cooper at the reunion I hosted in London in 2000. He's was quite the character their as this photo will attest to.



Now, since I don't have any articles to finish this one column I will have to use fillers. You wouldn't have to be seeing them if you had sent me an article. 😊

Q: Where can men over the age of 50 find young, sexy girls who are interested in them?

A: Try a bookstore under fiction

Q: How can you increase the heart rate of your 50+ year old husband?

A: Tell him you're pregnant.

Q: Is it common for 50+ year olds to have problems with short term memory storage

A: Storing memory is not a problem, retrieving it is a problem.

Q: What is the most common remark made by 50+ year olds when they enter antique stores?

A: "I remember these".

Q: Where do 50+ year olds send articles for the next issue so they don't have to read things like the above? 😊

A: gschroeder4@comcast.net

All my best wishes to you and yours for the Holiday Season.



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