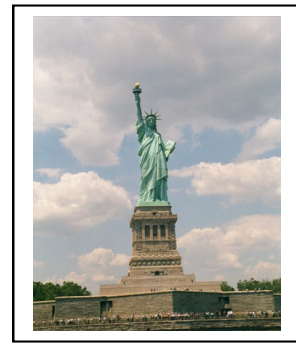




Bushy Tales

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/>

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 F. Drake

gfdrake@swbell.net

1957 - Shirley (Huff) Dulski

shuffy2@msn.com

1958 - Pat (Terpening) Owen

nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net

1959 - Jerry Sandham

j_sandham@comcast.net

1960 - Ren Briggs

renpat1671@unneedspeed.net

1961 - Betsy (Schley) Slepetz

bslepetz@comcast.net

1962 - Dona (Hale) Ritchie

DonaRitchi@aol.com

Roster Changes

New address:

New Email addresses:

Peggy Reeve Jennings (58)

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Rachael (Hockett) Hummell (59)

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Jerry Sandham (59)

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Diane (Curren) Aaron (60)

azdyatron@yahoo.com

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.

Bud Haynes (60)

From Robert Burdick (60)

burdickre@msn.com

I just received a phone call from Sue Haynes, wife of Bud Haynes, that Bud passed away last night from a heart attack. His funeral is 10 am Thursday, November 2, at Charles Smith and Sons Funeral Home in Sachse, TX. Bud was a 1960 graduate of Central High. We were reconnected a couple of years ago thanks to the Bushy Park newsletter and found out we lived just a few miles from each other. I know that many of you remember Bud very well and will be greatly saddened by this news as I am.

Memories of Bushy

From Bob Lyle (54)

Robvlyle@cs.com

It is very interesting to hear about experiences people had at Bushy Park and in England.

When we arrived in England in September of 1950, there was still a lot of bomb damage and we went on the economy. One day my father came back from a business trip to Edinburgh, Scotland with a half dozen fresh eggs – this was quite a treat. But, we survived in good shape and look back at the experience with good memories.

The biggest culture shock for me was to go to an English all boys school where I was the only American and there were only 2 other foreign students. One afternoon each week was devoted to physical fitness and games at the playing fields. The students were divided up into houses and there was intramural competition among the houses each week. Naturally I was hopeless at football (soccer) and not much better at cricket but everyone played, including me. I did better in track and field and in swimming (we had a swim meet at a local pool).

One day in the spring when we arrived at the field, it was announced that the entire student body would go for a 6 mile cross country run through Wimbledon Common. This was without any prior notice and no particular training. Not having done this before I naturally went out far too fast and totally ran out of gas after about 2 miles. I did finish but was so stiff and sore for about a week that I could hardly move. If I had been in the middle of a road that week with a car bearing down on me I don't think I would have been able to get out of the way.

Every year the school put on a Shakespearian play. All of the female parts were played by boys. Thankfully, I was never asked to be in any of those plays. Not only would I have been terrified, but in speaking with an American accent I would have been the subject of great fun and ridicule. It was tough enough as it was!

The American Teen Club in London helped me to keep my sanity, but my parents decided to mainstream me back into a more normal situation and, thus, I enrolled at Bushy Park in September of 1952.

From Glenda (Fuller) Drake (56)

gfdrake@swbell.net

I'm sorry I haven't been able to contribute much, but I honestly don't remember a lot. Of course, I have pleasant and fun memories, but I just don't have any details in my old brain! As far as mementos, I haven't even found any photos of my graduation or prom. I'm sure there were some, but I haven't found them when going through all my parents' papers, etc. Who knows, maybe someday they'll show up (and by that time, I won't even know who I am! LOL)

The things I remember seem so small:

- Singing duets with Sheldon Peters at dances and at chapel
- Making a red dress for my roommate Monna Sue Norton
- Itching like crazy one night with the hives while Monna slathered calamine lotion all over me
- Drying sweaters over radiators and then ironing out all the hills and valleys
- Visiting a British print shop and being told how long it would take to print the money currently owed the US by Britain.
- Attending the prom with John Enroth
- Sitting through lots of play practices (Arsenic and Old Lace) while those with real talent did the work!
- Being driven back to Bushy Park on a very snowy Sunday afternoon in our old Austin because I had missed the bus.
- Being introduced to the music of the Four Freshmen by Jesse Turner
- Listening with fascination at a debate between Clark Godfrey and _____ (Someone else needs to fill in the blank.)
- Being put on dorm restriction because I didn't come right in after a Bible Study. (I was talking to "Pete" about the lesson, but rules are rules—and I was, after all, the vice president of the dorm and should set a good

example for the younger girls!) My dad never bought that explanation, but it's the honest truth. He just wouldn't believe one could get into trouble if we were only talking! :-)

- Having the opportunity to go into London to see various plays: "The Boyfriend", a Shakespearian drama at the Old Vic (Can't remember which one), "Kismet", and others I can't remember right now.
- Wearing heels to class fairly often so I'd be able to walk in them for graduation. (Guess I always have been "different", to say the least!)

I've been surprised at some of the classmates we haven't been able to locate. For example, Bob Bush, who was such an outstanding student and had planned to go to MIT. I've also been asked to try to locate Phyllis Moore, who, I found out, actually lived in Altus, Oklahoma (where we currently live) for a while. I've asked lots of people around here and have found out nothing.

Oh well, I need to close for now and get busy on the here and now. We're going on a trip to Fredericksburg, TX, this week so my husband George and our son Mike can ride the tandem recumbent bike on Saturday. Mike's wife and I are going to laze around and hit the shops! And, I'll get to enjoy the three grandkids! Then, we'll go on to San Antonio for a few days and visit with our older daughter's family. Kathy is a Lt. Col. currently stationed in Iraq for a 4-month TDY, and her husband and four of their children are living in San Antonio. So, we get to see 7 of our 14 grandchildren all in one trip. Love it!

Thanks again for doing such a good job making something out of our OLD memories!

Reunion News

From Cliff Gunderson (Faculty)
cliff_gunderson@hotmail.com

Hi, Gary,
Thanks for including my bit to the "BushyTales"

and the links to my photos. The problem is that the links are too long to be used by clicking on them. Although most of the photos are on the www.bushypark.org web site, here is shortened link for those interested in my photos:
<http://homepage.mac.com/cliffordg9/>

Happy Thanksgiving.

From Anita (Hardy) Johnson (60)
Anita42phil@msn.com

Phil and I left Seattle on Sept 30th and drove down. We went to Arches National Park, Natural Bridges, Bryce Canyon, Zion, and the North Rim of the Grand Canyon on our way to the Las Vegas get together. While in Las Vegas, I got word that my mom had a heart attack but was doing fairly well after being in the hospital. So, we stayed for the luncheon and had a very wonderful get together on Tuesday. Ren - you did a fabulous job organizing the event!

If it hadn't been for the concern for mom, I probably would have partied a bit more. We cut short our stay and left on Wednesday. We got back to Seattle after approximately 4300 miles and I went the next day over to my mom's house and spent the day with her. She died on Sunday Oct 22nd. It's a strange feeling, as I'm now the only one left of the family I grew up with. Both parents and all siblings are gone now. It's a weird feeling.....

From Judy (Risler) Covington (60)
LCHS1960@aol.com

Our grand event took place at the Gold Coast Casino, just off the Las Vegas strip. Within this lively establishment is a 32-lane bowling alley, where the first (perhaps *annual*???) Bushy Park Bowling Tournament took place on Monday. What a hoot! Almost everyone signed up to bowl the two, no-handicap, most pins down, games. There we were, in our little teams of four, putting on our rented bowling shoes, trying to find a ball that would fit our stiff, sometimes arthritic fingers, and stepping out onto the slick surface of the lane (some for the very first time), preparing to get the ball down the alley the best way we could. Needless to say, none of us qualified for Bowler Of The Year, but we had a helluva good time! John Enroth, class

of '56, was the big winner, with a whopping 179 for his second game. (John, I won't tell them your first game was a 95...) We were an odd gaggle of geese, but we had so much fun.

Tuesday, the hotel catered a magnificent luncheon for the forty-one of us, plus our spouses and significant others, of course. Bowling prizes were awarded to the best bowler, and the not-so-best bowler, and lots of door prizes were raffled off. Including some snazzy shirts with the London Central High School logo embroidered on them. Which, I might add, you can purchase through Ren Briggs, '60 class rep. Of course, the highlight of the lunch was George Bishop ('60), who had been asked to draw a name out of the bucket for the grand prize of \$100 cash. Smiling and gracious, George dipped down into the bucket, *and drew his own name*. Being the fair-minded bunch that we are, we decided it was a fluke, and let him keep the money.

Our festivities were dignified and honored by the presence of four of our teachers: Mr. Cliff Gunderson, algebra; Mr. Frank Janusz, government; Mr. John Billington, science and physics; and Mrs. Doris Billington, science. How appropriate that each one of them drew a winning ticket for a prize.

Brats In Attendance:

- 1955 Ruth Lund Bethea
Joy Sickler Hesin
- 1956 Jon Enroth
- 1957 Harold Defreese
Helga Blanton Pepper
- 1958 Fred Buhler
Gary Culp
Mercedes Dickson Armentrout
Oren Jones
Jerry Kelly
Mike Murphy
Shari McClaran Parker
Lyn Peterson Stinnett
Janice Rodemeyer Witmer
Pat Terpening Owen
Althea Lawrence Patterson

- 1959 Mike Hall
Lloyd Bess
Judy Samms Stanford
Judy Paullus Laird
Keith Chermak

- 1960 George Bishop
Ren Briggs
Jim Davis
Geneva Dennard Miller
Bill Percy
Bob Percy
Bob Harrold
Anita Hardy Johnson
Judy Risler Covington
Pat Brady Thurman

- 1961 Ellen Fenstermacher Valentine
Paula Harrington Harmon
Kathleen Kelly O'Neill
Glenda Butcher Bently
Paul Wilcott
Thyra Caldwell

- 1962 Dona Hale Ritchie
Bill Lambert
Keith Lamonica

Too many of our get-togethers have been spent doing other things, and going other places, as we try to get in as much fun stuff as is possible in the short time available to us. Which is understandable. Going and doing while we're still vertical and breathing is paramount in our thoughts. Unfortunately, going and doing never leaves quite enough time to do what we came together to do: reunite!

I was bound and determined this time would be different. This time I was going to make it a point to converse with as many of my friends, old and new, as I possibly could, for as long as I could. But in spite of my best intentions, there were far too many I simply didn't get a chance to talk to for any length of time. And that is regrettable. To those of you with whom I did get a chance to chat, you can never know how much enjoyment you gave me. To those with whom I didn't, maybe...possibly...hopefully next time?

We did have an extra day this go 'round, and that helped. But, I wonder, could there ever be enough time for us to regain that "all in the same boat" feeling? Have we lost that unique connection we had with each other so many years ago? Has there been too much water under too many bridges?

Somehow, I don't think so. See you at the next one!

Gary, this is the address I presented to the attendees in Las Vegas. Thought others might enjoy it.

BUSHY PARK GATHERING - 8 October 06
Las Vegas, Nevada

It is such a pleasure to see all of you here today! It's quite amazing how many of us old Bushy Brats have managed to stay connected. But there are those among us who haven't seen or heard from any schoolmates in all these years. In fact, some of us have never met until today. Computers notwithstanding, time and circumstances have limited our access, and too often our desire to stir up old memories. Like, what it was like to live in Quonset huts, Wherry housing, off-base housing, apartments, lodges, hotels, converted barns, classy homes, not so classy houses, trailers, duplexes, in the thick of the city, and out in the middle of nodamewhere. After all, we reason, we're not silly teenagers anymore. We are grown ups, and have grown up lives. Who has time to remember when, and who, and where...?

Even before we attended the same school, we shared the unique history of surviving a kaleidoscopic existence, where we were continually on the outside looking in. How many times had we offered ourselves up to the gods of childhood nomads in the hope they would smile down on us, and make it a little less traumatic each time we had to walk into a civilian classroom. Cold turkey. In the middle of the school year. To be stared at like we were just so much flotsam and jetsam, by kids who had known each other since the crib. Then, just when we got comfortable with our surroundings, and with those who surrounded us, unceremoniously uprooted and replanted in some oddball place nobody ever heard of, where the painful process would start all over again.

Then came Bushy Park. The immediate acceptance and instant friendships were like breaths of fresh, sweet air. Suddenly we weren't on the outside looking in, we were on the inside looking out! And was that not wonderful!

Of course, everything wasn't always great, grand and glorious. In case any of us have forgotten, England in the wintertime is cold, and dark, and damp, and dank. The color grey dominates every facet of life. The sun, when it deigns to present itself, doesn't do so until well into the morning, and departs the premises early in the afternoon, becoming a daily challenge to young souls yearning to frolic in the sunshine.

However, frolicking at Bushy Park was frowned upon, so it was a moot point.

Conversely, in the summertime, when dark didn't fall until almost midnight, and it was bright daylight far too early to be practical, we longed for softening moonlight in which to dream our dreams, and woo our loves, and experience the free summer night, as only teenagers can. But unless you were out way past when you were supposed to be out, you could forget that romantic notion. We could see the moon, but the moon couldn't see us, because the bloody sun was always shining!

The weather wasn't the only adjustment we had to make. Dorm students were faced with the total separation from families, five to seven days a week, twenty-four hours a day, until school let out for the summer. Male or female, dorm life meant sharing a room with up to five other teenagers, each with their own story to tell, their own idiosyncrasies and problems, and their own peculiar ways of viewing life. It's a good thing we were so normal, or the situation would have been disastrous!

The two hundred girls in the girls' dorm, and the two hundred boys in the boys' dorm shared something else that took some getting used to: ONE telephone. Per dorm.

Town students commuting to and from school on a daily basis had a wearisome grind, since some of the bus rides were close to two hours one way. For others, it was the uncompromising train schedules that were of prime importance. Getting to school

wasn't so bad, because you were fresh and ready for the day. But in the afternoon, when you were tired, and hungry, and brain dead from fighting the foes of knowledge all day long, those train rides and bus rides could wear you down in a hurry. And God forbid you missed either one, because then you had to figure out some other way back to your base before the weather got worse, or the fog rolled in, or both.

Neither status was a piece of cake, but we survived. And thrived.

We all existed outside the realm of stateside teenage norms. Fraternization with the opposite sex was not discouraged, but neither was it encouraged. Dorm students were especially affected. Following a movie or an occasional dance, affectionate goodnights were said only when the huge, glaring spotlight outside the girls' dorm was turned off for five minutes. And five minutes only. Whatever you could do in that length of time was deemed acceptable by those "veddy British" supervisors, who truly cared for their strange Yankee charges. Those supervisors deserve a special place in our hearts for helping us survive the strangeness, and the homesickness, and the necessary adjustments to life without our families.

Dormie or townie, there was always unrelenting class work, mounds of homework, and Frank Janusz' Problems of Democracy (POD) to keep us from getting complacent. We were so fortunate to have teachers who taught, and listened, and cared, and challenged us to do better, be better, than we ever thought we could.

It was not in us to complain, or make excuses, or blame others for what we did or did not have in our lives, or at our disposal. What was simply was. And we accepted it all with grace, and good will, and a sense of accomplishment that makes us proud to this day.

Here's to you, and to me, and to Bushy Park.
Forever may she live in our hearts!

What I Am Up To

From Jon Watterson (62)
jonwatterson@aol.com

I was supposed to have retired this year after a career as plant pathologist, plant breeder, manager and finally research director for Petoseed (then morphing to Seminis, then Monsanto). My last years had my wife Peggy and I located in Holland for one year then southern France for 3 years. It was a tremendously rewarding position as I cobbled the research groups from 4 different companies into one cohesive unit. I left Seminis in 2001 and did consulting for 2 years with various companies in the vegetable seed business. In 2003 Eastwestseed in Vietnam (first privately established vegetable seed company in this country) asked me to help them establish a first class research unit. I spent the years 2003-2006 helping hire and train staff as well as establish a 50 acre research station in Cu Chi, about 1 hour drive from Saigon(Ho Chi Minh City). I have some very fond memories of the warm and generous people that I met while in this country.

Since April I have been trying to catch up on many projects which were left for many years. We live in Davis, California where Peggy is in her last year of Jr high science teaching. She is only handling 3 classes so is also easing into retirement. Recently a lot of travel has been made to Denver and Salt Lake City where our son and daughter are located respectively. We have 3 grandchildren and are really enjoying spoiling them without repercussions or guilt. What a position!

At the moment we are planning on a bicycle trip across America next summer. We intend to dip our tandem bike in the Pacific Ocean near Astoria, Oregon and ride until we arrive in Bar Harbor, Maine where we will dip the front wheel in the Atlantic. The route is just now being planned but will take a more northern route and go at a comfortable pace--or whatever the old buns will take! Anyone who wants to join for the July-October trip is welcome. Or why not meet us somewhere for awhile along the way?

Recently I have taken up golf again after many years of cobwebs accumulating on the clubs. It has been fun and I have found a group of fellows who also enjoy the game and the environment.

Otherwise we do hiking, birding, biking(of course) and supporting various environmental organizations

locally. I hope this finds you and other classmates in good health. We do enjoy the newsletters very much. I am leaving shortly for continuing a short stint with company in Vietnam. It is still a bit strange to know that I am helping people that we once fought in a big war. In fact I was only a few draft numbers away from being there in 1966! The Vietnamese people however are just wonderful. They hold no grudges about Americans. They make a distinct point of differentiating the government actions from those of the American people themselves.

Keep up the great work you and others are doing to inform and remind about colleagues and friends. There is always interesting items that pop up with each issue.

From James Nichols (62)
Sicnis_2000_2000@yahoo.com

My name is James Nichols and I found my picture in the class of 1960 year book as a Sophomore, page 174 second row far right.

I had a great time as a "dorm" person and my first dorm was the "Annex" where each new member was welcomed with a blanket party. We "prayed" for the FOG GOD to visit so we could have school cancelled and could go to London for the day.

The next year I moved up to the main building and was watched over by the "Councilors" in the evening. All were ex-commandos and we tested them daily. I remember running illegal cigarette sales with our ration cards. I did not smoke but sold "Pall Malls" at double the price.

I have had a long tour of duty with the military and served as a civilian (with them) as well. I retired and went to work as a host to a topless show in Las Vegas. Life is good. I'm fully retired, now and live in a little town called, Pahrump Nevada, half way between Las Vegas and Death Valley. I have a few (colorful) stories to share with the old gang..

This and That

From Anne (Jones) Weber (53)
weberanne@msn.com

Remember walking along some busy London street and there, on the ground, would be the Mona Lisa or a still life with dead pheasants? And a guy on his knees with a box of colored chalks and a hat ready to accept six pence? Well, like everything else in this modern world, pavement art has gotten far more professional. For a real surprise check out Julian Beever on the net. Fantastic 3-D illusions. I found his gallery at:
<http://users.skynet.be/J.Beever/pave.htm>
(But I often leave out an essential ":" or "/" so you'd probably do better surfing for him on your own.)

From Jerry Kelley (58)
Jkelly1597@aol.com

I thought I would send something for the next newsletter. I really enjoy reading the newsletter each month and appreciate what you are doing.

Re-connecting with Bushy Park

Over the years since leaving England in 1958 after graduation I really didn't think much of England and what I had left behind. It wasn't until 1997 that I got a computer and started nosing around. I had no computer experience so I relied on my wife to get me started. Also around this time my wife and I went to Washington DC on a weeks getaway. I had always wanted to see the restoration facility for the Air and Space museum located in Maryland. After taking the Metro to the last stop and then a bus I arrived at the site and during the tour I started talking with a group of guys from England. They were a flight crew with Virgin Atlantic. We talked about England and where I had went to school at Bushy Park. When the tour was over I shared a ride with them back to the Capitol Mall where we went our own way. That got me started thinking and when I returned home to California I saw a news story about Classmates.com. Even with my limited knowledge I found LCHS with no problem and there were 20 of my classmates listed. I joined for a year and the rest is history.

It is amazing how close some of us were to each other and didn't know it. I had even taken a young lady out for coffee when I was visiting my folks at Beale AFB Ca in 1963. I didn't find out until

talking with Ren Briggs that she had been at LCHS. The subject of being a Bushy Brat never came up.

Going to the Gatherings is great fun and I look forward to attending the next one where ever it may be.

From Gary Brown (62)
jangary@turbonet.com

Hi Gary, I'll first take this opportunity to thank you again for the absolutely wonderful job you're doing keeping us all connected with our memories. There are a lot of us that are thankful and appreciative, even though you may not always hear from us.

In response to last months letter from Bill Grass Jr. ('65), the location of Bushey Hall is: Bushey Hall American School (notice the 'e' in Bushey), Bushey Hall Rd., Bushey, Watford, Herts., England. I hope this helps. I went two years at Bushey Hall, and only a half year at Bushy Park, so I'm always looking for information on Bushey. Thanks to your newsletter and Dieter Harper last year, I obtained a copy of our 9th grade class picture from 1958/1959 and a copy of the graduation ceremony program, including a list of all graduates. They sure brought back a lot of memories and reminded me of many people I went to school with but had since forgotten. The principal then was Warren Fairman. I never knew why some of us went to Bushey Hall and some went to Bushy Park...maybe just an overflow/home address decision? Keep up the good work. There are a lot of us out here!

From J R Percy (60)
jrpercy@cox.net

I found a "Google Earth" view of Sculthorpe and South Creek here:
<http://maps.google.com/maps?ll=52.848007,0.762415&spn=0.025,0.025&t=k>

If you have not had an opportunity to visit this of other locations around England, Google Earth is a great way to see if the old memory bank is still working.

Sculthorpe is at the center. if you follow the gate at the north end of the base out onto the road and take a left then the first right (going north again) you will

run into South Creek and I believe the house we lived in was among the first group. I've marked it on the attached jpeg files. Pretty neat huh? You can download Google Earth free if you want and run your own searches of other historical sites of interest to you. The zoom feature allows you to go down to where you can make out the cars parked by the homes in some areas.



Letters to the Editor

From Anthony Taylor (54)
usna1964@earthlink.net

Gary, Thanks for publishing the first chapter of my Bike story in the summer of '57. Within hours of receiving the latest issue of Bushy Tales I started getting all sorts of emails telling me how much they enjoyed my adventure and how they can't wait until the next chapter. In fact I received two lengthy emails from Gail Kelly who was a faculty member even though I never knew her. I'll try to get the next chapter to you within the week along with a photo.

Sorry to hear of the passing of another fellow Bushy Park alumni. I did not know Bud, but we all will miss those who pass before us.

From Lyn (Peterson) Stinnett (58)
roverlyn@yahoo.com

Hi Gary...I don't know who sent the photos at the end of the newsletter, but there I am standing up on the right...the scene is in the Senior Class play of Blythe Spirit by Noel Coward. I am having a senior moment and cannot remember the rest of the cast names, but I was Madame Arcadi (sp?). Fred

Buhler (sp?) is wearing dark rimmed glasses and seated next to me. Thanks again!

From Pat (Terpening) Owen (58)

nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net

Bob Harrold (60) has been doing a fantastic job trying to bring the website up. Please stop by and see what he's done. Below is some information that might be helpful to everyone. I've already sent some of this information to Bob, however, if anyone has anything, please don't hesitate to send it to Bob. If he already has it, he can ignore the information.

From L. (Lois) Ann (Besancon) Moore (58)

Amooridge@aol.com

I thoroughly enjoyed the November Newsletter. I am sorry I was not able to make the Las Vegas reunion, however, I was busy. I moved from Charlestown, Rhode Island to Magnolia, Delaware and am trying to get settled. I live just southwest of Dover Air Force Base and enjoy living near an Air Force Base again. I can see the C-5's as they come in for a landing and it is a thrill to see those flying elephants as well as the other planes.

The Base recently had an open house to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the AF and what a party the Air Force throws. A friend and I went looking forward to visiting some of the airplanes on display but the show in the sky overhead was so thrilling we only visited two airplanes. The Thunderbirds were there, as well as the new Navy jet fighter plus many more old and new planes. The Air Museum has a B-17 that was stationed at the same AF Base when my father was there. We went to Wiesbaden Germany in 1948 and were there until 1950. It brought so many memories of WWII and the aftermath.

My two daughters and grandchildren are in Western MA and they wanted me to move closer to them but the weather is too harsh for me. I lived in Newark, DE for 6 years while my husband was working for a company in New Castle. We wanted to stay but were transferred by his company. I do have friends in DE and PA so I not alone, as well as the four dogs who keep me busy. I was active showing and breeding dogs but now I am slowing down and

training in obedience. Hope to make the next reunion.

From Bob Harrold (60)

Rharrold@harrold.org

I guess I'm the webmaster for <http://www.bushypark.org> for now, anyway. Wow, did Wanda ever do a lot of work. It'll take me a while to figure it all out. For those who don't know, I only set up the initial hosting and Wanda working with her contacts brought the site to fruition. So, I'm way behind the power curve.

From some of our comments between each other at Vegas, keeping up with our friends from the past is becoming more important, especially when we find some have already gone ahead to the place(s) that the rest of us are heading toward...

Those who've coordinated/hosted or attended recent 'gatherings' and reunions probably have some current data lists. And, if that data is in some emailable format, e.g. spreadsheet (Excel) or database (Access) or some row/column format in plain text, it would make some of the web paging easier, but I don't know who has what data or who to contact to solicit updated info. Just emailing or sending facsimiles would be a good start.

My email/fax/phone numbers are down below. These are the last names of class representatives that I've gotten it's dated. For many who don't know who to communicate with, this list needs updating too.

News & "Bushy Tales" Newsletters (Editor::Gary Schroeder) gshroeder4@houston.rr.com
"Bushy Tales" - Dedicated in Memoriam to Charlie Andrews.

Class Representatives:

(Editors Note: See page one of the newsletter for the class representatives for our years)

More:

62-66 - Bob Haltom - '67 ,
mailto:bhaltom1@airmail.net 606 Linkcrest,
Duncanville, TX 75137 early and mid-60's

68-71, Junior High: Laura Donadoni King
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Clark Station, Severn, MD 21144; Ph:
410.551.1625

67-72 - Dustie Lunsford Lynch mailto:Dustie-
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72-76 - Judy Van Kamp (Fuchs) Horigan
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301.805.8290

77-present Mike Hull mailto:lchsnetwork@aol.com
'78, 1515 South Melrose Drive #49, Vista, CA
92083-7445

High Wycombe Newsletter? Nancie Todd Weber
<mailto:Dweber@wareforce.com>

I've done a little work on the Bushy Park Alumni
'52-'62 main web page. I'm working with my ISP
(Internet Service Provider/web site host) toward
getting the/a new guest book working. I need to add
the newsletters that I've gotten onto the newsletters
page at http://www.bushypark.org/Start_News.htm
as, I add them I'll ask for copies of others as needed.
I've re-activated the DOD military schools' web-
ring at the bottom of the page. I've got part of the
"map of where we live" working. It's linked from
BushyPark.org's main page at:
<http://www.bushypark.org/AlumniMap.htm> If I
can get mailed from someone a list of who lives
where, I'll integrate that info onto the map page
while updating other pages at the site.

Received some pictures from Cliff Gunderson. I'm
still exploring the site's setup to figure out getting
the pictures online following the format/layout that
Wanda used. (She did real good work.) As I make
changes, I'll comment about it in the yellow box at
the top of the page.

OBTW, as to pictures, If anyone sends pictures, it is
real important that each picture have a caption or a
list of 'who's who' accompanying the pictures or at
least a comment "don't know who, or some
notation, then others could later add names/dates to
the photos using email messages or chatting. AND,
getting a current list of email addresses which, if

possible, that includes: full name, name before
married (nee...) married name, email address(es)
graduating year, years attending Bushy, name of the
base or agency where your parents were stationed,
years lived in country, phone numbers, snail/land
mail addresses, or, in some cases, a contact
email/phone with proviso that it not be publicized
beyond the class representative or webmaster, so we
could on occasion use the contact information for
gathering and updating info, and, if you know of
someone's died or seriously ill, please pass it to
your year rep ASAP so they can pass the info on to
the rest of us and for updating the web site. I'll take
any suggestions on updating the BushyPark.org site
and reply/communicate back ASAP..

Folks can email, call, or fax me at: (I check my
email regularly.) rharrold@hotmail.com or at
rharrold@harrold.org or rharrold@gmail.com
home phone: 760-352-4516
cell phone: 760-791-3900
fax at my store: 760-370-0554

From Stuart Randall (60)
stuart.randall_1944@yahoo.co.uk

Well, winter has arrived on the Island. We are at 70
F so if it stays like this until April we will all be
pleased.

Sad to hear West Ruislip has also gone. I do
remember working for "AFEX" on that base the
summer before I started at LCH. The custodian of
the Teen Club was a guy called Ernie Esberg.
Some of the weekend dances were so, so cool in
those days. I revisited the base several years ago
- it was navy, also looked at South Ruislip did not
recognize it at all except for the main gate.

I go to the States next month to be with
grandchildren, tend to visit once a year. So again,
Gary, the newsletter is appreciated so much,
especially for those who still live overseas, thanks
again.....

From Connie Drennon (60)
cbdrenn@uakron.edu

The attached came from my husband's J.M
Barrie(author of Peter Pan) chat group. Perhaps you
could use it if you need filler some time.

There is also a short second page if you are interested.

To work out the coinage of the wonderful pre-decimal days. Is quite simple, Let me take you through the coins and phraseology the farthing = 4 farthings makes one penny.(phased out early 1960s) Half penny = 2 makes one penny (pronounced Haypenny) In Scotland this was also called a "bawbee" one penny= 12 pennies make 1 shilling two penny= pronounced as tuppence- see "feed the birds" from Mary Poppins(now adays with inflation £3 a bag!!) Three penny(pronounced Thripenny(or in Scotland Thruppenny) It was a curious shaped coin unlike the rest. always referred to as "Thruppeny bits" WARNING is also used as "rhyming slang" for chronic intestinal/bowel problems associated with food poisoning!! Sixpence, small silver coin, also known as "a tanner" or "half a bob" I Shilling = 12 pennies. (known as a "bob") 2 shillings=24 pennies (known as two bob)...(never have guessed that one!!) 2 shillings and six pence(known as two and six..or Half a crown) 5 shillings= A crown(or five bob) 10 Shillings=half a pound.(first of the bank notes) AKA .ten bob. 20 shillings made one pound or 240 pennies, or 480 halfpennies and so on. 1 guinea =one pound and one shilling. Usually used in horse trading and racing. The old system of coinage was a Roman Invention hence £ s d. which I cannot remember what the £ and S were but the d =dinarii but I am sure some one out there will fill in the gaps. I still calculate in pre decimal money for no other reason that it reminds me of how much the cost of items has escalated. e.g when petrol was five bob a gallon, now it is just below a pound a litre.

The L = pound (for the poor saps who don't have a £ sign on their keyboards), "s" = shillings and "d" = pennies (from the Latin denarii).

Prices were often written as a combination of all 3, separated by a slash, thus £5/2/6d = five pounds, two shillings and six pennies (= sixpence), the whole being spoken as "five-pound-two-and-six"; 4/2d = four shillings and two pennies (= tuppence), spoiekn as "four and tippence"; 1/4½d = one shilling, four pennies (= fourpence) and a half-penny (= ha'penny, pronounced "hayp-ny"), spoken as "one and fourpence hapenny".

Just to extend the pedantry further, in the days of farthings (quarter pennies, scrapped in the 1950's) you had sweeties sold for 3¾d an ounce, spoken as "thruppence three-farthing", and 1½d (one and a half pennies) was often called "three ha'pence" as well as "a penny ha'penny".

The slang terms were innumerable: 2/6d = half a crown, aka half a crack, aka half a dollar. 2/- (two shillings) = two bob aka a florin, 1/- = a bob, 6d (sixpence) = a tanner, etc etc. Is it not a melancholy reflection that in the 45 years since decimilisation, anything less than a pound (aka a quid) is always articulated as various degrees of p, thus 45p = 45 peeeeeeeee. All apart from the urinary connotations, does this not betoken an ever dwindling collective imagination on the part of us British? I hope this goes some way to explain pre-decimal coins best wishes

From Ginny (McDermott) Kivel (61)

Ginnykivel@yahoo.com

Just wanted to thank you for all you do - I enjoy the newsletter very much. I have nothing to post - I went to Lakenheath the next year and there are only a few of the folks I knew around or posting - and frankly, I was a pain in the ass in school and people probably don't remember me very fondly. Good thing we grow up! Anyhow, I just wanted you to know that I enjoy your newsletter and hope you keep putting it out - You're a trooper.

From Tony Taylor (58)

usna1964@earthlink.net

The Bike Tour of a Lifetime: Europe – Summer 1957 (Age 17)

CHAPTER 2

We had just crossed the border; we were leaving The Netherlands and entering postwar Germany. Even though it had been almost 12 years since the war had ended, Germany was still undergoing rebuilding, and so I was entering an unknown... what was it like, and how were we, American teenagers, going to be treated along the way and in the German youth hostels?

It helped that we had met up with Wolfgang, the German university student in Holland who had

asked me to use my Diplomatic passport privileges to smuggle his excess allowance of cigarettes. Although Wolfgang was a few years older than Ric and I, he was friendly and outgoing, yet very thin and even taller than my own 6 foot-two. But his friendly mood became serious as we approached the boarder guards. Neither of the guards spoke English, nor did Ric or I speak German. But the guards seemed to recognize Wolfgang and were more interested in searching all his belongings. We could tell that they also appeared to be asking him questions about us, and why he was traveling with two Americans. Although the guards kept looking at Ric and me, they never once asked me if I had anything to declare. It was almost like a scene from the movies... it was early one morning; the sky was gray with clouds hanging low; we were sweating; we were in the middle of no-where, and there were no houses or other people in anywhere in sight; just two German guards with rifles slung over their shoulders, and three teenagers... a German called Wolfgang (I had never before met a "Wolfgang"), and two American kids far away from home.... As we rode off on our bikes we could tell that we were being watched, so none of us said a thing until we were long out of sight.

Wolfgang rode with us most of the day and became our tour guide as we rode our bikes along the Rhine. He told us that Duisburg was at the western edge of the Ruhr at the confluence of the Rhine and Ruhr rivers. The Ruhr Area was the great steel and coal district of the Industrial Age for Germany, and a major target of the Allied bombing. Of course the logic of the American mind made it difficult for us to grasp the fact that this area was the lowland of the Rhine since the river runs from south to north. In the U.S. of A. we are so used to thinking of rivers running either south, or east and west. By early afternoon Wolfgang bid us farewell as he turned off to head to his home just north of Duisburg. As he parted he said that he would be riding back up to Holland in a week or so for more cigarettes.

According to the stamps I still see in my Youth Hostels Association Junior Card (16 and under 21 years of age), we spent our first night in Germany in Duisburg. The postcard I sent home the next day (which I still have) was dated 26 June, so we had been away from London for six days and by now had worked out most of the soreness from those

first days riding through Belgium and Holland. The postcard showed the wide Rhine River with dozens of long cargo barges either moving up or down the river, or at anchor near the shoreline. It was probably the most "industrial" postcard I have ever sent to anyone, but it did represent the impression that this was a part of a very industrial country in the process of rebuilding. (Note: The stamps on the postcard commemorated the 500th anniversary of the founding of the University of Freiburg. As I look at these stamps today, I can't help but think of how many universities do we know that are over 500 years old.)

But there is another, a softer, less industrial memory of our arrival in Duisburg that June afternoon. We knew that there was a youth hostel in the city, but as strangers to town, we knew not where to go. As we were riding our bikes along the road at the edge of town where the homes and shops still had a rural, old world feel to them, we stopped in front of a small café in hopes of getting some directions. As we stood straddling our bikes, a young man (I am now seeing him as a "young man" in my mind's eye from the perspective of someone who is now well over 60) came up to us and in very good English asked if we needed assistance. He was in uniform... a scoutmaster's uniform. Behind him was a gaggle of giggling boys... German Boy Scouts. They had just come from a bike ride in the country and had stopped at the café for refreshments. When the scoutmaster saw that we were Americans (I had my little American flag tied to my bike saddle bag), he invited us to join them for pastry and refreshment as his guests. Our early thoughts as to how we might be accepted as young Americans in Germany by now had faded away. As we were being treated with some delicious German pastries we were given directions as to how to find the hostel. In fact, by the time we were ready to leave all of the young boys volunteered to guide us themselves to the hostel.

Our next stop after Duisburg was Bad Godesberg just south of Bonn. Bonn at that time was the capital of West Germany with the majority of foreign embassies being in Bad Godesberg. The history of Bad Godesberg goes back to before 722 when it was the home of an early Germanic tribe. En route to Bonn and Bad Godesberg we stopped in Koln (Cologne) to look at the newly reconstructed

Cologne Cathedral. Germany's largest cathedral had been completed in Cologne in 1880, just 632 years after construction had begun. For four years it held the record as the world's tallest building until the completion of the Washington Monument in Washington, D.C., in 1884. When we saw it, it had just been a year since repairs to the cathedral had been completed as a result of 14 hits during Allied bombing. It was becoming apparent that post-war construction was on a fast track, and in many ways was outpacing reconstruction in London and in other areas around Britain which had also been heavily bombed during the war. (Side Note: When I arrived in London with my parents in 1956, the American Embassy assigned my father a house to be our home in Kensington, SW London, just a few blocks from Harrods. This Victorian row house off of Brompton Road had been the property of the U.S. Embassy for many years and had always been assigned to the American Naval Attaché. As the story goes, during the London-bltitz a German bomb hit the house, but fortunately no one was at home at the time. However, when the American Naval Attaché returned home after the all-clear sounded, there in the doorway was the calling card of the last German naval attaché who had been there as a guest just prior to the war.)

The youth hostel in Bad Godesberg reminded us of the one where we had stayed in Amsterdam: post-war modern. It sat on a barren hillside and was a square, single-story building made of blue steel and glass. As I recall, this was probably our least favorite hostel of the whole trip. It was just too stark and uninviting. As modern as it was in 1957, the Bonn-Bad Godesberg hostel no longer exists today, almost 40 years later, yet the Cathedral in Cologne still stands almost 760 years after it was started.

The sun shone bright as we were up early the next day knowing that we had a long ride ahead of us: we were heading toward the U.S. Army base in Kaiserslautern, about 40 miles west of Mannheim. Why Kaiserslautern? We knew a girl there!

Just a month earlier the Class of '57 had graduated from Bushy Park (Central High School, London), and one of the graduates of that class was Janice Taylor. Although she was a Taylor by name, she was no relation to me, but I had taken her to the high school prom that spring. Janice had been a

dorm student at Bushy Park since her father, an Army officer, was stationed too far from the school for her to be able to commute each day. The dorm students lived in dormitories located within the U.S. Air Force complex outside of London commonly known as Bushy Park. Bushy Park was the Royal Deer Park attached to Hampton Court Palace (Henry VIII), and our school was located along one edge of the park separated from the Royal deer by a fence. (Furthermore, fences within fences segregated the boy's and girl's dorms.) The complex initially was built to be Gen. Eisenhower's headquarters during WW II. But since 1952 it had been managed by the U.S. Air Force primarily as the site for the American Dependent's School for the sons and daughters of Americans stationed in Great Britain. Although most of the students at Bushy Park were dependents of U.S. service personnel, there were also students attending whose mother or father worked in England for a civilian business or who were assigned to a diplomatic post. The only way a dorm student could remain in London over any weekend was for them to stay with the family of another student living in the area. Often the dorm students took advantage of this hospitality, especially whenever there was a dance or other social event over the weekend. Most of these dances and parties were held at the American Teenage Club (TAC) located in the basement of the Columbia Club, a U.S. Air Force officer's club located across from Hyde Park, London. The major dances, such as a prom, were held in the main ballroom of the Columbia Club. These dances were the highlight of the social year for the American teenagers who had left so much of their American day-to-day life back in the States.

Janice had been my date for that most recent prom, and she had stayed in our home in Brompton Square for the weekend. For her this was an especially fun weekend since she had never been to London on a date. On the night before the prom I took Janice into the city to see Soho and the theater district, and all of the street-life that went with it. Did I mention that I had the family car, a red MGA convertible, to tour my dates around the town? This was another part of my life living in London since I had arrived the year before already with an American (Virginia) driver's license which was recognized as valid in the UK even though the age in Britain for getting a driver's license was eighteen. Yes, it was fun

getting around London via the Underground Subway (The Tube) and the double-decker buses, but it sure was nice to have that red MGA for that special date or to explore beyond the city. Anyway, Janice had been a good friend at school, but this was our first date with no strings attached. It was also one of the last times I expected to see Janice since her father was being transferred to Germany right after school was out. (Note: As of November 2006 no one from the Bushy Park alumni has been able to locate Janice, so her whereabouts today are unknown.)

Ric and I knew that Janice now lived in Kaiserslautern with her parents, so we decided that with a slight detour we might be able to crash at their place for a brief respite and a couple of homemade American meals. It was going to be a long ride that day as we continued south along the Rhine toward Koblenz. The road traffic was picking up now with all of the trucks heading in and out of the industrial north, but there were well marked bike trails paralleling the roads for most of the way. But once we left Koblenz our route took us onto back, winding roads through forests and villages right out of Hanzel and Gretel. By now the late June weather was turning hot, very hot, so we were motivated to get to Kaiserslautern with the prospects of getting a good shower and seeing a good friend.

Late in the afternoon we started seeing American cars and Army trucks and jeeps. Before we knew it we were riding up to the gate of the Army post and showing our American military dependant IDs, and asking for directions to Maj. Taylor's quarters. I know that one of us had written Janet before we left London to tell her we might be visiting, but the letter must have not made it before we showed up at her door. Ric and I were looking pretty grubby by now, so we can forgive Mrs. Taylor's reaction when she saw two strange American teenagers and then heard us ask if we could stay for a night or two. The shock quickly turned to expressions of welcome and then to the subject of logistics as to where we could sleep in their small quarters. As I recall, Ric and I slept in Janice's room while she slept on the living room sofa.

The next day was a day for relaxing. We all piled into their new Chevy to head to the base swimming

pool. The most memorable aspect of that day was not so much going to this huge swimming pool with what seemed like hundreds of kids, but riding in their new car. Their car was the first one I had ever been in that had air conditioning. What an invention! What a great idea! There may have been cars with A/C before I left the States, but I had never been in one; it was one of those high-tech things that were only in the most expensive Cadillac and Lincoln models. Just for us they made a point of driving us around for an hour or more to soak up the sweet cool air. Of course every time the A/C came on, the car engine felt the strain as though we were suddenly heading up a steep hill. That night we got to watch a little bit of the Armed Forces Network on TV; it was probably an "I Love Lucy" show which was still number one Stateside. When it was time to turn in I longed for another ride in their car since the air in their quarters barely moved with the few fans available.

The following day promised to be as hot as ever as we departed early in the morning to begin one of the most strenuous rides of our whole trip... over 100 miles, much of it riding up a mountain on a 3-speed, steel-frame bike! Thus begins a new phase of our journey as we ride into Luxembourg at the end of the day and straight to the local police station.

Editors Note: Shown below is an update on the dates and place for the showing of the "BRATS: Our Journey Home"

ANCHORAGE, AK - December 1 - 10 - Anchorage Film Festival. Date and time TBA - please check www.bratsfilm.com

SANTA FE, NM - December 6 - 10 - Santa Fe Film Festival, 1616 St. Michaels Dr., Santa Fe. Time and date TBA - please check www.bratsfilm.com

SOUTH CAROLINA - Beaufort, February 22-24, 2007

WASHINGTON, D.C. AREA - June, 2007

Remember, we're adding cities every week. Keep checking - www.bratsfilm.com

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