



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



1955 - Nancie (Anderson) Weber
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1956 - Glenda (Fuller) Drake
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1957 - Shirley (Huff) Dulski
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1958 - Pat (Terpening) Owen
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1959 - Jerry Sandham
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1960 - Ren Briggs
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1961 - Betsy (Schley) Slepetz
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1962 - Dona (Hale) Ritchie
DonaRitchi@aol.com

Corrections

In the last newsletter Rita Carol Manning Blauvelt was listed as Carol R. Manning Blauvelt. She is really Rita Carol.

Roster Changes

New Email address:

Louise (Penfold) Frisbe (59)
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Pat (Brady) Thurman (60)
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Lanny Humiston (62)
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New address



Roz (Ruth Davis) Zabel (53)
Hilltop Manor
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www.sharkpack40@Yahoo.com

My e-mail has not changed.

Look Who We Found



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Marilynn Elise Pittman Rytting (60) No Picture Available

2950 Upper Drive
Lake Oswego, OR 97035

Sherry Shawe (60) No Picture available

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Classmates Who Have Transferred To The Eternal Duty Station

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



Marilyn (Cork) Ross (60)

May 10, 2007

Dear Friends and Family,

It is with great sadness that my loving wife Marilyn passed to heaven last night, our family was around her and she was without pain as the time came.

I would like to thank everyone that has supported us through this ordeal and you should know that Marilyn was aware of all the e-mails, cards and gifts that so lifted our spirit.

At a time yet to be determined we will have a Celebration of Life in Rochester, NH. There will not be a service here in Tucson. I will send more information at a later date.

God Bless all of you,
Bob

Memories of Bushy



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

Well done on your special edition, Gary - what a champion you are! I appreciate that there was much work went into that.

My observation on your comments - the actual physical campuses were different, true. But having worked at all 3 locales, albeit not consecutively, I think the answer, the secret - was best described by Suzanne 'Snookie' Garrison 54 - the feeling of belonging. I cannot tell you how many times that sentiment has been expressed to me - students from the 50s, 60s, 70s and 80s have felt the same. There was a niche for everyone - a class they enjoyed, an activity they engaged in, a sport in which they found some success, a teacher/counselor with whom they connected. Just the ambiance we sought to achieve as a school. All in all, more successes than failures -

The great truth: it isn't the buildings and the equipment that make a school; it's the students - and the teachers, of course!



Gary Baldwin (54)
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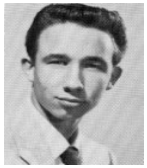
Reading the opening remarks made by Gary Schroeder in the Special Edition of the *Bushy Tales*, has prompted me to throw in with Gary on his feelings about the closing of London Central High School (LCHS). When Central High School was moved from Bushy Park AB, and the entire original site subsequently disappeared, my memories and my heart stayed behind in Teddington. I visited the former site, on the grounds at Hampton Court, in 1991 and I was overwhelmed with thoughts from the past and the realization that I was again at the very site where so much of my foundation was shaped. For a moment or two as I stood silently in the park, it was as though I was back in 1952, and then the lump in my throat brought me back to the present. I will not forget that experience.

I admit that I gave some serious thought to flying over to England for the closing of LCHS, but asked myself whether or not this was really "my high school" that was closing. As it turned out, I believe

I made the right decision. Many others who were "charter members" of the school also passed on the opportunity, it seems. Perhaps we shared similar thoughts. The summary of the closing ceremony that was circulated among us, seemed to be absent the history of our contributions from 1952 to 1962. Selfishly, I would have thought that the school administration might have tendered invitations to some of the charter students, especially those from the first graduating class of 1953, to see if anyone could be at the closing to represent the founding years. What a nice gesture it would have been to honor these former students. I might also add that Ted Hopkins, who was there on day one as a sophomore and subsequently graduated in 1955 at Bushy Park and whose father was responsible for putting Central HS together, would have been an excellent guest to invite to the school's closing. I believe that Ted's father is still living and could perhaps have made the trip as well. What a thrill that would have been for Ted and his dad. Well, opportunities overlooked are simply history. Judy Covington hit the nail on the head. I encourage Judy to put a history together that covers the Bushy Park era and I believe I can speak for all of us in saying that we would be happy to help her with the task.

Let me sum this up by stating what is far more important to me than a continuing discussion about the closing of LCHS. As Gary Schroeder stated in his opening remarks, our high school at Bushy Park has not closed and will always be there for us in our memories. No one has done more to keep Bushy Park "open" than Gary and for his effort, I am eternally grateful. I cherish dearly the friendships that I have re-kindled with my former school mates from the early Bushy Park era and I will continue to be close to these persons for the remainder of my life. They were a part of my past that I thought was lost and, through the efforts of so many who were instrumental in getting us together again, they will always be with me in the future. Words simply cannot describe the feelings I still have for Billie Culp, Snookie Garrison, Bob Lyle, Ted Hopkins, their spouses, and so many more who have shared this journey with me. We have been meeting regularly for more than a decade and when we are together I feel like the same kid I was when we first met in 1952/53. My sincere thanks to each of you for giving me your friendship and a place in your

life. Many of you share a similar bond with your former schoolmates and understand fully the value of these relationships. For those of you who are still searching for such a connection, I encourage you to attend the reunions and gatherings of your classmates. It is truly one of life's great gifts.



Bob Dropp (55)
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Last month I returned to England for the first time since 1955. Some things change, some things never change.

Had the opportunity to visit the Royal Navy Activities in the Portsmouth area where my folks live and see some sights such as Canterbury and some of London that I missed in '54-'55. Of course I took the train out of Waterloo Station - looks much as it did 52 years ago. Twenty-five minutes to Teddington and a five minute walk to the gate at Bushy Park and everything looked the same - other than the cars were new. The Teddington Station, the pub near the station and the neighborhood - really looked like 1955. Houses with neatly kept yards and flower boxes, clean streets, quiet and safe.

That part of Bushy Park that had been used as a military base during WWII and then became the site of London Central in 1953 has been totally returned to its original pre-war boundaries. Bushy House, residence of General Eisenhower for several months in 1944 still stands. The only evidence that there was any military and/or buildings there was a plaque embedded in the ground which reads: "SHAEF - On this spot stood the office of General Dwight D. Eisenhower - Supreme Commander Allied Expeditionary Force. - Here for three vital months leading up to the D-Day landing on the 6th of June 1944 Eisenhower and his staff planned the invasion of Europe. - The Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Force moved to Bushy Park from Grosvenor Square on Sunday 6th of March 1944. Eisenhower moved to the advance headquarters at Southwick House, Portsmouth on 2ed June 1944.". The written part of the plaque is about three foot square with an additional six-foot star decorating the top. I'll send along a photograph when I learn how to use our new

scanner - maybe one of me under a Teddington Station sign.

There is some relatively new-growth trees where our school, dorms, etc. once stood. Lots and lots of deer. A quiet park when compared to Hyde or Kensington.

London has numerous new (glass) building, in stark contrast to those that existed prior to the war or were restored. They are scattered throughout the city, unlike Paris where an attempt is made to keep old Paris looking old and build the glass high-rise buildings out of the city.

All in all it was really neat to go back. Prices were tough to take \$20 for fish & chips and a pint or for less than a mile taxi ride. Bangers were the best deal at just a couple of pounds. (Two dollars per pound.) London taxis are still London taxis. The blokes haven't changed. The Tower of London, Big Ben, Westminster Abbey, tubes, River Thames, all the same. Overall cleaner with less coal use and more attention paid to environmental concerns.



Bob McClelland (58)
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This is my first attempt at submitting something to the newsletter. I gotta 'fess up, I am a guilty party that never contributed before. Before I get started, Gary I just want to say thank you for the terrific job you do with this monthly newsletter. It does a lot to keep the memories fresh about a place and time very dear to our hearts.

I attended Bushy Park from 1954 thru 1958, four of the most pleasant years of my life. The experience of meeting people from all over the country that had experienced life in many areas of the world was fascinating. Memories of the UK, from fish and chips after the cinema, the bus or tube ride home. Taking in the history of England with all the places to visit. Hampton Court Palace was adjacent to the school. Virtually everywhere one went there was a historical event memorialized. Madame Tuisaudes (?) Wax Museum in London. The changing of the guard...so many things to see and enjoy. We had access to London's West end Theater district, with first run musicals, shows, and plays to see at very affordable prices. How about Harrods dept. store,

so many restaurants serving so many different varieties of food...so many things to do....I really miss it.

Having heard the news that Central High has closed saddened me. I always believed we were a pretty exclusive group. But now the school is no more, we truly are an exclusive group. Looking at all our classmates throughout all those years, we are indeed a great legacy of a great school.

I was also saddened to read of the passing of Tom (Tex) Flegal. He and I were good friends. How many of us enjoyed Tom and his guitar, playing music during our lunch breaks at the picnic tables. He and I worked one summer at the Scout Summer Camp. As I think back it had to be a labor of love--we only made \$7 a week. But the three months we all spent down there bonded friendships. I lost touch with Tom after graduation and was going recently to start a search for him. I'll have to wait a little while now before I see him again.

I remember those school bus rides--in four years I calculated riding almost 14,000 miles on those buses--amazing! Thank goodness they were comfortable. I remember we would stop for cigarette breaks on the way back and forth. We also made stops for snacks and candy. Some of the drivers brought candy on the bus for us to buy.

I don't think at the time we realized how fortunate we were to be there--at least I didn't. They were a wonderful four years, filled with great memories, good friends and great times.



Karen Sweetland (59)
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Reflections of Days at BP

Were it not for the Internet it is likely that few if any of us would have been found, renewing long lost memories, even friendships. On a fateful day but a few weeks ago, I was sent an email questioning if I was one and the same Karen Sweetland who attended Bushy Park. I was stunned to learn that there were people seeking out alum, much less having been found myself.

What started on that day was a flood of memories, now so clear as if from a few years ago. Surely it can't be 50 years! To my added amazement, one of my best friends from those days and for a time in college (Betz Manning) was among those who had been tracked down.

She and I have been in constant contact since that day, by phone and email, communication flowing easily, as if little time had elapsed since our last visit. In the course of catching up on 50 years of living, I have had flashbacks to my days at Bushy Park. I may have forgotten most of the names, but the faces are all familiar, and with many of them, recollections of shared parties, outings, evenings at the Teen Club in London, visits to each other's homes and more.

I was at Bushy Park between 1955 and 1958 (my first 3 years of high school), while my father was at South Ruislip. During my three years there, living in Pinner Hill, I made the long bus ride to BP daily, sometimes in fog so thick we barely crept there. We all were most fortunate to have had that experience, spending our days in a place of history (Eisenhower's command center). I know that my own experiences there gave me a foundation for future growth, and embraced cultural activities, an appreciation for history, a love of England, its people and their quirky sense of humor, and a passion for London.

The dear Mr. Poole (English instructor) encouraged my writing, which became the basis of most of my work life. I recall him as if I was in his class last year -- he was probably the most influential teacher I ever had and is remembered with great fondness.

For me, those years were filled with exploration of London (often on my own), going to museums, wandering the fashionable streets of the city, going to basketball games, visiting with friends. I believe those years had a profound affect on me, and who I became as an adult. I look back on those years with great fondness, and cherish the memories -- some bitter, most sweet.

We lived in a time of innocence, our transgressions mild by today's comparison. I recall a time when I spent the weekend at Betz's home, a London flat. Her parents were away, her older sister 'in charge.'

We decided to go to the Teen Club, but felt a strong urge to be mischievous. So we poured some of her father's liquor into our cokes that we drank with burgers; then filled her Dad's flask with gin and flagged down a taxi, sipping the gin enroute to the club. We had the giggles, and it wasn't long before the supervisor determined we were not sufficiently ladylike and should go home.

When the taxi dropped us off near her home, we managed to 'permanently borrow' 2 construction lanterns from a road repair site – mine remained with me for decades, painted various colors over the years to adorn a porch or deck. The whole incident may have been scandalous in 1957, even as a one-time occurrence, but would be regarded as a minor childish prank today.

My walk down memory lane began the day Pat sent me that email, and continues with wistful fondness and clarity. As this priceless gem of a facility closes its doors, I bid all who have walked those hallowed halls a fond adieu. To those I knew well, whose homes I visited, or who visited mine, and to those who joined me on my city excursions or fun times at the teen club, I send along my warmest regards. Perhaps we will meet yet again.



Peggy (O'Neill) O'Reilly (60)
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Another picture from Peggy. Can anyone identify who they are?



Mini Reunions



Carol (Condron) Coles (62)
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I'm kind of late--certainly remiss--for not having sent this item earlier, but under your "Mini Reunions" section of the newsletter, please include the following:

"Thyra Caldwell (Class of '61), Diane Drude Clayton and Carol Condron Coles (Class of '62) had a great mini reunion at Diane's home in Tustin Ranch, California, March 12-16. In between entertaining family and friends, shopping, touring, and catching up on old times, we poured through the worn pages of Diane's *1959 Vapor Trails*. A good time was had by all."



This and That



Betsy Neff Cote (54)
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Subject: High School Reunion (Is this perfect or what)

My wife and I were sitting at a table at my high school reunion, and I kept staring at a drunken lady swigging her drink as she sat alone at a nearby table. My wife asks, "Do you know her?"

"Yes," I sighed, "She's my old girlfriend. I understand she took to drinking right after we split up many years ago, and I hear she hasn't been sober since."

"My God!" says my wife, "Who would think a

person could go on celebrating that long?"

Therefore, you see, there really are two ways to look at everything.

Some people try to turn back their odometers. Not me, I want people to know "why" I look this way. I've traveled a long way and some of the roads weren't paved.

Editors Note: The following is an Official Biography from the City of Schertz, Texas about one of our own. Pat Owen (58) sent the following about "H" Baldwin (53) ("H" was how we knew him at Bushy). I was not able to print it in the format it was sent to me so I had to re-type it.



Harold "H" Baldwin (53)
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City Of Schertz, Texas Official Biography

Hal Baldwin Mayor

Hal Baldwin is the Mayor of the city of Schertz, Texas. First elected in 1994, he is responsible for leading and governing the city of more than 27,000 people living within 28 square miles of property which encompasses three counties: Guadalupe, Comal and Bexar. Under his leadership, the city has nearly doubled, and continues to develop economically and financially. Mayor Baldwin was initially appointed to the Schertz City Council in 1983, serving continuously until his election as mayor in May 1994.



Mayor Baldwin was employed as the business manager for the Schertz Cibolo Universal City Independent school district from April 1980 through his retirement in June 1998. He served as the Schertz assistant city manager/tax assessor collector prior to that (from 1974-1980)

A public servant his entire adult life, the mayor is retired from the United States Air Force, having achieved the rank of senior master sergeant. While

on active duty, he served with the 51st Fighter Interceptor Wing, Naha Air Force Base, Okinawa, during the latter months of the Korean War. He also served at Headquarters, 7th Air Force, Tan Son Nhut Air Base during the Vietnam War. He finished his military career at Randolph AFB, where he served as the noncommissioned officer in charge of the Command Graphics Branch, Presentations Division, Headquarters, Air Training Command.

Mayor Baldwin was born in Wichita, Kansas, but as a military dependent, he grew up in around the globe. He is a graduate of Central High School, Bushy Park Air Force Base, London, England, and attended San Antonio College and Southwest Texas State University. The mayor and his wife Barbara (formerly of Valdosta, GA.) moved to Schertz in December 1967. Married for more than 46 years, they have five children, eight grandchildren, and one great-grandchild, all of whom reside in the Schertz area. Mayor Baldwin is a Charter Member of the Schertz Area Facility for Emergency Services (S.A.F.E.S), past president of the Schertz-Cibolo Valley Lions Club, and a life-member of Schertz Post 8315, Veterans of Foreign Wars.



Barry J. Smith (56)
mooney9711m@cox.net

Just wondering how you were able to locate me. I was discussing the issue of class reunions with Joyce (my wife) and her brothers last week. They are having theirs from a fixed location in northern New York state. I was lamenting that it might be a bit difficult for members of my class due to the military dependent and four winds issue, then a letter arrives, how ironic.

My oldest son has been living in the London area since 1997 and a couple of years ago, Joyce and I visited Bushy Park. It has since been reverted to a park. I was unaware that the school had been relocated to High Wycombe where two of my grandchildren were born.



Carol (Smith) Benjamin (59)
carolbenjamin@knology.net

Thank you for your letter! I had no idea there were people banding together to

keep us all posted on the alumni of LCHS and that is good news. I want to thank you for putting my name on the list for receiving newsletters. I really appreciate that.



Judy Risler Covington (60)
LCHS1960@aol.com

I know Mother's Day has passed, but wanted to send you my favorite Mother's Day story about my own mom.

We had been in England almost five months to the day in 1958, when Mother's Day rolled around. My dad, not being a "go out and buy a gift" sort of person, financed a weekend trip to London for mom and me to honor the occasion. This was our first outing in London proper since we'd arrived, and we were excited. Map in hand, we tripped around the city like we knew what we were doing, and where we were going...which we didn't.. and ultimately wound up in Harrods. We oohed and aahed around for a long time, then decided we needed a break. What better place to have it than the tea shoppe on the very top floor of that great department store? Up we went to a most dignified English eating establishment.

The waitress appeared, and we ordered our lunch. But then mother, southern lady that she was at heart, asked for a glass of iced tea. The waitress blanched.

"Uhm...we don't have anything like that, mum. Would you care for something else?"

"No, I'd really like a glass of iced tea."

The poor waitress was bewildered, but stood by patiently, hoping mother would settle for a glass of water or some other civilized spirits.

"Perhaps I could make my own," Mother suggested.

"Mum?" The girl clearly hadn't a clue what my mother was about to do.

"Would you bring us a pot of tea, please, and two glasses of ice."

The waitress did bring the pot of hot tea...and two glasses of ice water.

"Thank you, dear. But could you now just bring us two glasses of ice, with nothing in them."

"Yes Ma'am", the waitress answered, completely befuddled by now.

As soon as the required glasses of ice arrived at the table, Mother undauntedly poured the hot tea over the ice, added a spoonful of sugar, and ...*voila*...iced tea.

Eyes popped.

"Shall I pour?" mother asked, noting my empty glass.

"Absolutely," said I. My initial mortification had changed imperceptibly to admiration.

Mother clinked her glass with mine, gave me a wink, and said, "Cheers."



Valerie Filiason Katz (61)
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I am now involved in going on medical missions around the world with Rotaplast. Our focus is finding and remediating cleft palate deformities through surgery. We also operate on individuals with deformities like extra digits or even extend our care to burn patients. I just returned from Tacna, Peru. There is no doubt my childhood has left me with a wanderlust that I can't control. There are 30 or so in our team - 3 surgeons, 4 anesthesiologists, 8 nurses, speech pathologist (me), 2 pediatricians, dentist, orthodontist and the rest are Rotary volunteers. We are all from all over the globe and become a team for 14 days. This is my third such mission. I went to Romania, Vietnam, and now Peru.

The most special recent in my life is I have a new grandson who was born in April. My first and I have waited a long time for this little person.



Gary Brown (62)
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We're having an ongoing family discussion (read argument) that your readers might be able to shed some light on. When we arrived in England and docked at Southampton, we spent some time at a U.S. facility somewhere in the Salisbury Plain for a brief time that had a billiards/game room, record player for dancing, free soft drinks, sports equipment that could be checked out and free picnic lunches that were available just for the asking. We also met kids staying at that facility who were returning to the states. The question is: Was that facility a place where U.S. families stayed immediately after getting off the boat, or did families get on the "Boat Train" and go directly to London, where they got settled, found a residence, etc., then returned to that resort type facility for a period (for whatever reason) before going to their assignment? Does anyone remember that facility, what the name and location was, and its purpose? Memories are getting so foggy (pun intended) from back then that it gets difficult to put them into proper sequence. Any pictures?

Also, we remember going to the Teen Club but aren't sure where it was or how we got in. Was it on the base in West Ruislip, and did you need a Military I.D. card to get in? I remember a pub across the road from the entrance and an elevated tube station platform nearby. I think all the Teen Club consisted of was a large room with a record player (everyone brought their own records) a coke machine and a pool table. Does anyone have any pictures?



Margaret (Solem) Foley (62)
SolMargie@aol.com

My mother sent on your letter about Bushy Park. I attended CHS at Bushy Park for three years, graduating in 1962. After graduation I attended college and graduated with a BA in English, spent two years flying for PAA, attended graduate school at Auburn University, married an Air Force fighter pilot and raised two stepchildren, got back into dance (ballet) and performed and taught up until 1996. I am currently

a counselor and work out of my home - shared by husband Mike and dog Kenzie.



Bob Newkirk (62)
bobnewkirk@yahoo.com

What a lovely issue (June). I am at Camp Pendleton reading it on a Friday afternoon. I do not write poetry and rarely read or enjoy poems. However, the poem by Bill Cooper (57) touched me deeply, and I truly enjoyed it. Thank you for putting this together and sharing with all of us.



Claude V. "Mike" Quigley (62)
hqaviation@aol.com

You hit your long shot! Claude V. Quigley, aka "Mike" went to Bushy Park, London, England, I believe in late 1957, '58, and '59. Then on to Frankfurt, Germany and the high school there in '59 and '60. I say, "I believe", because that is a while back in time. Thank you for finding me; those years were very different from my two other high schools. I believe the mini-skirt was just beginning to make its appearance in Europe and London was rather brisk at times.

Charles Welch (61) (Yamato HS)
cwelch@oldedwardsinn.com

My name is Charles Welch. I am an Air Force brat, having graduated from Yamato HS in 1961. I am looking for Bonnie Robinson. I knew her at Maxwell AFB and while she attended Stevens College. She is a 1962 graduate of Bushy Park.

I currently live in Highlands, N.C. My wife and I retired here several years ago and I went to work part time for the Old Edwards Inn and it has subsequently evolved into a full time job. My private email address is cwelch84@hotmail.com. My phone is 828-482-4802. I have a cell but can never remember the number.

Some background on me. I am a graduate of the University of South Carolina, only after attending several colleges in Mississippi and Georgia. I served in the Army and survived our generations's conflict. I have degrees in English, History with

minors in Journalism and Philosophy. Spent a lot of time in the educational system.

I think I have that ailment that is common to those of us who graduated overseas. I want to know what happened in the lives of the people that I knew then, and that they are OK. Hard to explain to someone like my wife who when to a catholic school and graduated with the same folks she who went to first grade with her.

If you can help me out I would appreciate the effort.

Cordially,
Charles Welch
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Ashley Bajenski
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Hi my name is Ashley Jane Bajenski and I am trying to track down my grandfather Gary Bajenski or my great uncle Lee Bajenski to reunite our family.

I live in Scotland in the UK and have heard a few years back he is still in Ohio, I seen your site <http://www.bushypark.org> and tried contacted the email address he left but it is no longer valid, i also tried phoning his number this evening but the number is not in use now. Anything you could do to help me would be very much appreciated, I still Have faith in seeing my grandfather someday, thank you in advance.

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 3 - June, 1953, Bavaria

Right after school was out for the summer, Dad took a vacation and he, my sister, and I set off for a cycling tour of Bavaria in Southern Germany. The hills seemed endless. Fortunately we rode some of the distance on the train. We loaded our bikes onto the baggage car of a train and rode on wooden benches in third class towards the Black Forest in southern Germany. Near Lake Constance, across from Switzerland, my sister went into another car looking for the snack bar. At the same time the train came into a station and the car she was in was disconnected and hooked up to a train going on a ferry across Lake Constance to Switzerland! Fortunately, she realized what had happened and only went a short distance in the station before she got back with us. We were afraid we'd have to hang around the station all night waiting for her to come back from Switzerland.

That afternoon we went to the local Youth Hostel where my dad could not check in because he was over 18. The manager at the Youth Hostel told my dad to go sleep in Stroh. Stroh was a nearby village we had not noticed on the map. "Stroh" was also the name for 'straw,' in German, and we thought the manager was telling my dad to go find a haystack to sleep in. We had a good laugh when we realized what he was saying, and Dad slept in a nearby *gasthaus* (inn) in the village.
(PHOTO of us in Bavaria)

The day before we rode to Munich, we cycled across the verdant, rolling farm fields of Southern Germany. We were fascinated by the method farmers used to fertilize their pastures. They hitched up their cow to a wagon loaded with a large barrel filled with night soil--the liquid fertilizer collected from their barns. They ladled it carefully from a faucet at the end of the barrel and broadcast it over the field. We cycled past one once with the wind blowing toward us and were all covered with the liquid manure. We were quite aromatic when we checked into the youth hostel that night.

Over Easter break, Dad and I took the train to the walled medieval town of Regensburg, in Southern Germany. It was about 200 miles away. We rode around the city, took many photographs, and then embarked on our way back to Frankfurt. It took us

the rest of the week to bike back. The town was so impressive in my mind, and the memories brought back every time I look at the photos of the town, which is so remarkable, I don't remember the rest of the trip as we rode back to Frankfurt. We completely bypassed Nuremburg, the city where Hitler had given rousing speeches before the Second World War.

(PHOTO of Regensburg)



Billie (Culp) Bules (54)
DWBCBULES@aol.com

Loved the special edition of Bushy Tales about the closing of Central High School in England. I thought your editorial told it like we all feel -- it is not our school that just closed. Ours, the school we knew, loved and attended closed a long time ago in our hearts, but the bond we have will remain in our hearts forever. I think we had a bond with all the kids at the Bushy Park school, but those of us who rode the bus together were like family and have an even tighter bond. Suzanne Garrison Mayo's article expressed my sentiments exactly.

Thanks so much for all your work in keeping us in touch with each other; you are "the glue that holds us together".



Dave McManigal (56)
dmcmanigal@cableone.net

I was saddened to read of the passing of Sue Larimore (I didn't know her as Sue Slatten). Sue and I were classmates from the 8th grade through the 10th, at Sculthorpe and then at Bushy Park.

I think the thing that everyone remembers first about Sue is her smile, which lit up the room wherever she went. But those who knew her soon learned to love her personality, which was a bit of a paradox: she was quietly ebullient.

I think Sue was the first truly pretty girl I knew as a friend without considering her a potential *girlfriend*. We were always able to chat

easily without any hormonal interference. It seems a bit odd when I look back on it, as I tended to be reticent in the presence of pretty girls.

May she rest in peace.



Mike Murphy (58)
OLDSALT1223@aol.com

Hi Gary. The new format is great, as usual, you do a great job. Judy Risler Covington and myself, Mike Murphy classes of 1958 and 1960 plan to attend the Kansas City reunion in September. We just returned from a two week trip to Florida and the Bahamas. It was a great trip. We drove down and back. We visited Bob Percy and his wife in Ocala Florida and then drove to Fort Lauderdale where we boarded the Cruise line for the trip to Freeport in the Bahamas. We stayed there at the Wyndham Fortuna resort for 4 days. The resort was wonderful, food was great, and the beaches perfect. We then got back on the cruise ship back to Fort Lauderdale. After a transfer of hotels, we spent the day at a big flea market and then went to visit Sherry McClaren Parker and her husband. During our stay, we went to a Luau dance and partied the night away. They were such gracious hosts as well as Bob and Linda Percy. On Sunday we started our trek back home to Louisiana arriving back on Wednesday the 25th. All in all it was a great trip. We are now in the planning stages for our next trip. Hope to see everyone in Kansas City.



Jim Bass (58)
jrblaw@sbcglobal.net

In reading your SPECIAL EDITION, a thought buried in my memory by the trials and tribulations of daily life surfaced--- As you probably remember our school cafeteria along with many other of the facilities at Bushy Park had painted on it "U.K.E.S." which stood for "United Kingdom Exchange Service". One night a student(s) made an unauthorized modification to the logo on the cafeteria to "Us Kids Eat S _ _ _". While everyone complained about the food in the cafeteria (not as good as our mothers made), I remember it really wasn't that bad but it was something we had in common to complain about.

(What else could we think of to complain about!)



Carl Chatfield (59)
CLC18@humboldt.edu

I'm visiting in Ohio, and conversation and your "special issue" letter led to the desire to get in touch with John Malin '59. Do you have his e-mail address or know how I could get it? Thanks. (Editors Note: Can anyone help him out?)



Jim Heck (60)
jim@ohheck.com

Great job on the new layout! You guys are doing a terrific job. It is really appreciated. Thanks!

Bill Grass Jr. (61) (No picture available)
liveklg@gmail.com

Dear Gary and Pat,

Best ever! And the format is great. Seeing all those high school pictures and then looking in my mirror makes me realize that I am still Peter Pan. I may have aged but I will never grow up. I still feel seventeen inside.

The beautiful article from Walter E. Hunt was so close to what I did while Dad was stationed there I thought I was reading my life. All he left out was the Imperial War Museum, Dinky toys, and the net bags that our Moms used to pick up one item at each store. If you could forward this on to him just to say thanks for all the good reminders I would appreciate it. I did not see his e mail address anywhere in the article. Also he was there earlier than me and remembers food rationing and when I was there during Suez I remember the petrol rationing. Oops, now you have me talking like a Limey. Thanks again for the hard work, new format and guest book,



Sally "Lamar" (Parish) Robitaille (60)
slrrwr98@yahoo.com

I adore the April newsletter with all the

old pictures! What a brilliant idea. Thanks to you (Pat Owen) and Gary. It really helps jog the fuzzy memory.



Jim Hartung (60)
hartungj@bellsouth.net

Donna and I will be moving up to our Tenn place for the summer on 1 Jun.

Our e-mail will be changing, so please don't send or forward anything on or after that date to this e-mail addy. I will let you all know what our new address is as soon as we establish one up there. We will be back in the Keys for the winter around 1 Dec. Don't know what we will be doing at that point yet as the house down here is still for sale. Nothing much moving yet at this point, however. We hope to have it sold by Dec and come down in a 5th wheel to spend our winters. If not, we will continue to "camp out" here in our Keys home! Later!



Ren Briggs (60)
renpat1671@unedspeed.net

It has come to that time of the year where Pat and I will be on the road. We are departing on Monday 5-21-07 and will not be home until the end of August or mid September.

Unlike in the past, I have informed our internet service to put us on "Vacation Status".

AFTER FRIDAY 5-18-07 all e/emails sent to us will be returned to sender undeliverable. Upon our return, I will inform you when we are back on line.

Should you have a reason to contact us, just call our home phone number and it will forward to our cell phone. Thank you and have a great summer



Sandy (Klueh) Denney (60)
denney@kansas.net

My computer has been down for several months, and it's finally up and running after replacing the hard drive and getting a new printer/scanner. Then I had to explore the Bushy Park web site and retrieve past issues of Bushy Tales to get caught up on the latest, including the upcoming reunion at Kansas City. I'm really

excited about the reunion—I wasn't able to go to any of the others.

One of my goals during my "retirement" years was to write a memoir, which I finished in December, 2004. Four chapters are about my life in England, and three more chapters are about Bushy Park. I have a lot of fond memories and am glad I got them on paper.

I wasn't very outgoing and didn't join a lot of clubs or other activities (wish I had now), but noticed in the 1958 Vapor Trails that I was in the Junior Red Cross. I don't even remember it, but it must be true because I'm in two pictures! It's interesting that 20 years later, my husband and I were active in the American Red Cross as instructors in CPR, first aid, and disaster and were part of an area disaster team and emergency first aid team until the mid-1990's. Now, I wonder if being in the Junior Red Cross didn't plant a seed of some kind.....

It's really fun to remember my time in England and at Bushy Park. I'm going to have to read all my printed issues of Bushy Tales and get ready for the Kansas City Reunion!

Also From Sandy:

Rebellion at Bushy Park!

It was June 11, 1957, and a feeling of anticipation was in the air! Tonight would be the last night spent in the dorm before going home for the summer.

Everyday life was generally quiet--we followed strict dorm regulations enforced by English supervisors but had been planning a "rebellion" for weeks. We were going to refuse to go to bed when the bell rang at 10:30 p.m. for "lights out"!

Instead of turning the lights out, we wandered up and down the halls of the dorm, visiting and laughing and feeling like we were really getting away with something. After all, it was after 10:30, and we weren't in bed yet! Becoming more and more daring, we marched and yelled, "Hey, hey, what do you say? Riot! Riot!" By that time, most

supervisors were nowhere to be found--I don't know if they were hiding because they were afraid of what we rebellious "Yanks" were up to or if they just wanted to keep out of our way and let us have some illicit fun. We did catch Miss Purcell and tossed her into the shower (after she removed her shoes and other valuables). She was laughing and having a good time along with the rest of us.

However, stout and stern Miss Gallagher was not having fun! As we marched toward the girl's lounge to lock ourselves in for a while, she stood in the hallway with notepad in hand, writing down names as fast as she could. A feeling of dread came over me. What was going to happen now? I had never done anything like this before--what would my parents do if they found out? Locked in the lounge, we sat around, visited, listened to records, and smoked. Yes, I had my one and only cigarette that night. And, like former President Bill Clinton, "I didn't inhale!"

Less than two weeks later, Dad received a letter concerning my misbehavior. When Mom showed me the letter, I told her what had happened and asked her if I could keep it as a souvenir. Daddy never mentioned the letter to me.

My punishment (as warned in the letter) was that instead of being able to room with two close friends the next year (Wanda Castor DeVary and Gerri Byrnes), we were assigned two rooms side by side. Guess they weren't that upset with us after all. And

it was definitely a night I would always remember!



Susan (Miller) Dalberg (62)
Wolfpaw81@aol.com

Here is that website to "adopt" a soldier. You can send cards, pick someone from your area, etc. There are so many guys and gals there with no family and it's a free way to offer some support.

<http://www.adoptasoldiernow.org/Home.html>

[Editors Note: See next page for Registration Form for the Kansas City Reunion.](#)

REGISTRATION FORM - KANSAS CITY LCHS ALL CLASSES REUNION

SEPTEMBER 21st THROUGH 24th 2007

If you're planning on joining us in Kansas City for the reunion, now is the time to sign up. The central event of the reunion will be a banquet at our hotel, the Radisson Hotel and Suites in Kansas City, MO, on Saturday, September 22nd, from 7 to 10 p.m. We will also have a hospitality suite for all four days, 21st through the 24th. The total cost per person for the banquet is \$55. This covers hors d'oeuvres, a buffet dinner, staffing for the cash bars, and all service charges and taxes. The registration fee is \$20 per person. This covers various costs including: decorations, badges, postage, and hotel service charges. I need to collect these two fees as soon as possible. Please fill out the form at the bottom of this page and mail it to me with your cheque made out to William W. Cooper. My address is:

William W. Cooper
9916 Dolby Avenue
Glenn Dale, MD 20769

Those of you planning to stay at the hotel should make your reservations as soon as possible. We have a limited number of rooms available. The reservation phone number for the hotel is:

1-816-474-6664. Be sure to mention **London Central High School Reunion** for our special rate of \$89 per night plus tax per room. Suites are also available at \$109 per night. **These rates will not be assured after 20 August, so be sure to reserve before that date.** You can also reserve your room by using the web site below. If you use this method be sure to use our group code, **LCHSR**, to get our special rates. See this web site for a description of the hotel:

http://www.radisson.com/kansascitymo_center

Other events still in the planning stages include a visit to the abbey of Father Aaron Peters, Class of '57. The abbey is about an hour and a half from our hotel. Costs and sign up for events will be left up to the individuals or class groups interested in them, but I plan to provide timely information on them to all who register. Brochures, maps, and tour info will also be available when you arrive at the hotel. If you have questions or suggestions, my email is: liamsmail@verizon.net

Name (Maiden Name) _____ Class of _____

Address _____ Phone _____

Email Address _____

Registration Fee (\$20/Person) for _____ Persons - \$ _____

Banquet Fee (\$55/Person) for _____ Persons - \$ _____

Total Enclosed \$ _____

Staying at the hotel? No Yes If you are, what dates?

What other events, info are you interested in?

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