



Bushy Tales

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



Issue #4

June 2006

Volume #6

Gary Schroeder (55), Editor gschroeder4@houston.rr.com
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 jsandham@quixnet.net

1960 - Ren Briggs

renpat1671@unedspeed.net

1961 - Betsy (Schley) Slepetz

bslepetz@comcast.net

1962 - Dona (Hale) Ritchie

DonaRitchi@aol.com

Roster Changes

There was an error in the email address for Lanny Humiston (62) in the April Issue. Correct address is:

Lanny Humiston (62)

humiston@comcast.net

New Email addresses:

Faye Horner Kellerman (56)

SOKELLER@COX.NET

Connie Newlin Drennen (60)

mar46jon@verizon.net

Nancy Miller Collins (60)

roost747@msn.com

Please see Editors Note on the last page of this issue.

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

Ray Algren (54) Ray passed away Dec. 25, 2004. He had Lou Gehrig's disease. (ALS)

Memories of Bushy

From Diane (Lathrop)Zumwalt (57)

dhzumwalt@comcast.net

I appreciate your continuing the newsletter and have a few thoughts and memories to contribute.

One thing I will never forget about going to school at good old Central High was the way we used to sing on our many bus trips. Not just on the weekends but during the week when the freshman girls and boys from Surbiton got transported to the base for meals. I remember the songs, some popular at the time like "Garden In the Rain," "Shotgun Boogie," "Unforgettable," and so many others. We also had our own special numbers like "Girls From Mudville," "Down by the River A-

Courtin' I Declare," "Mountain Gal" and "Tell Me Why."

Does anyone else remember the great Bloke bus driver we had who used to sing "Because" and "Night of Love" in a marvelous tenor voice? I can't remember his name (maybe Dave?) but we all liked him a lot.

Those bus trips were such fun and we went so many places that I would give my soul to visit again now that I am old enough (make that Mature!) to appreciate - places like the Tower of London, Victoria and Albert Museum, Stonehenge, Salisbury Cathedral and the Greenwich Observatory. I have vague memories of all them, of course, but my main concern back in those halcyon days was BOYS!

Memories are flooding back now - does anyone remember Mr. Keeping, the vocal music teacher? We called him "Creeping Keeping" and he was so enthusiastic and loved teaching.

I recall trading clothes with my dorm mates and getting in big trouble with my mother when I got home as some of the girls were not as careful with my clothes as I was with theirs. I still wish I could get in touch with my old roommate, Shirley Hall. We had a great time living across the hall from Linda Kay Clark, who resembled Marilyn Monroe and wanted to be a star like her. I remember when Shirley and I had pet mice which we kept in plastic cheese boxes. (I can't believe I did this - I hate mice with a purple passion!) We had to get rid of them because they were not exactly sanitary. Such is youth-

Thanks again for the newsletter. Print any of the foregoing you wish - I may rattle my brain again soon and contribute more.

From Stuart (Moon) G Randall (60)
stuartrandall_1944@yahoo.co.uk

I have many happy memories of the Teen club at West Ruislip, we move from London Ontario in June of 1960 my mother worked in the Embassy In Grosvenor Sq. We lived in Ealing so going to school at Bushy Park was not a great distance for me.

Friday nights at the teen club were a big deal music/dancing/making out, these were shall we say "Happy Days" through the classmates I have managed to contact quite a few people who are still trucking. Also let's not forget the South Ruislip Base, haircut day and the snack bar, movies, bowling etc.

We now live in Mallorca, moved here from Miami beach 10 years ago is such a lovely island to live on.

I attended Sept 60/ June 61 couple of names Al Conrad, Steve Marks, Sandy McMillan, Randy Atwell, Ila Newcombe, Carol Massey, Bob Brain, they were in school at that time.

West Ruislip is now a Navy Base has changed, houses have been built where AFEX used to be, I wrote to the Base Commander two years ago and when in London I visited the base, that was nostalgic, also South Ruislip now closed is some kind of industrial complex.

From Clifford P. Larrabee (62)
???????????????



It's been several years since you sent me that first email informing me of the Bushy Park Newsletter. I have read everyone since that time and as always the nostalgia almost overcomes me. The years I spent in England with my family (6/57 - 6/60) were the best of my childhood.

As I read this month's (May) newsletter I was struck by two things. One was the poignant request for input, and two was a comment from Jim Hartung (60) on the fact that he could not remember names of any teachers.

I am cursed with a similar problem. Although I remember vividly the school, campus, and some of

the surrounding area, I find that almost every name eludes me, with the exception of Robert Farnsworth (60) (Hi Bob!). He was a roommate in the Boys annex. We weren't close friends, but for some reason, maybe because of the name Farnsworth showing up in movies, it sticks with me. I have a picture of me standing in front of the annex wing that we lived in that I will enclose.

So since I have no vivid memories of students or faculty why am I writing? The answer is simply that I loved the experience of Bushy Park. I enjoyed each day and as I read your letters I feel a comradeship that goes beyond names and faces.

Pat I'm sure Gary will use editorial license to crop this letter and that's ok. I wanted the chance to express myself and if it is of interest to others, so be it.

My father was a Tech sergeant stationed at Bovington, in Hertfordshire, England. We were there from June 1957 to June 1960. I attended eighth and ninth grades at Bushy Hall. It was there I had my first experience with being bussed to school.

Bushy Hall only went up to ninth grade so the following school year I was enrolled in Bushy Park. Dad informed me that because of the distance involved I would have to be boarded at the school during the week, but on Fridays I would be driven home for the weekend.

I can remember that first trip very well. Being the only student from Bovington, I didn't ride a bus, but a driver from the motor pool took me down. I remember the drive being over an hour and a half but I'm not sure on that. As we drove I talked with the driver who was usually a Brit.

The boy's dormitory consisted of two buildings. One was a large brick single level many wing structure. The other was called the boy's annex. It was a framed building with several wings set across a large field from the main dormitory. The large wall that was the boundary of the base was behind the annex. Looking at the annex towards the wall I lived in the left wing.

This wing consisted of one large room and a smaller room. The smaller room had a hallway at the right hand side that led down the annex corridor. The dorm leader lived in a little apartment at the end of the small room.

The annex was set up like a military barracks. Our room had at least ten bunk beds in it. We were given a large locker each for hanging clothes and holding personal items. We were allowed to arrange the lockers as we desired and during the year I lived there we tried many different and innovative ways to build little private rooms. There were tables spaced in the center of the room to allow us to study, well do homework maybe.

Every week we were given a set of meal tickets enabling us to eat in the cafeteria. If I remember it correctly it was called the AFEX cafeteria. I had been an Air Force Brat all my life; I went on to serve four years myself and another ten years in the Air National Guard. Never in all my born days did I ever see worse food. I used to joke that AFEX could mess up a hard boiled egg, and then one day they had hard boiled eggs and was I ever right! But, if you're hungry and poor you eat.

Every Sunday after church I would climb in the car and the driver and I would motor on down to Bushy Park. I learned from him that Bushy Park was General Ike's headquarters during WWII. Sunday afternoon was spent in unpacking and finishing up any homework before the start of classes. The highlight of our evening in the dorms was snack hour. Every evening our dorm leader would open up his door and laid out a large tray of snacks and sodas. The sodas were in bottles and if I remember correctly you had to put a deposit on them. I remember collecting bottles from guys that were to lazy to return them and return them myself. If you collected enough you could fund your junk food habit.

Once a week you had to carry your sheets and pillowcases down to the quartermasters to exchange them for clean ones. I would charge a quarter to my bunkmates to exchange theirs. I used to make a couple of bucks a week that way. The beds of course had to be made every day and we had a dorm leader's inspection to pass. But during the evening

things could get pretty messy and even exciting in a way.

Every once in a while we would indulge in huge pillow fights with rooms running recon and attacking other residents. I don't remember any serious or scary things going on. One thing does stick in my memory and that was the time I fell hook line and sinker and became the object of a practical joke.

The biggest boy in the dorm lived in a room down the hall. I was visiting the room, a wiser head would have left, when one of the boys said to me, 'hey Cliff do you know "????'" (I want to say Hoagie, but I honestly can't remember his name,) can pick up three guys. No! I said I don't believe it. Well they said we'll show you. After all these years I still can't believe I bit on this one. They told me to lay on my back and two guys laid down beside me holding my arms and legs. Hoagie was to reach over and pick us up. Well, he bent over and started to take off my pants. I ended up getting my underwear filled with shaving cream. No harm, no foul but needless to say I learned a lesson.

They say what goes around comes around. I found out one day that it is such a true saying. Boys being boys tension between the main dorm and the annex started to run high for some reason that I don't remember. It was serious enough that the dorm administrators thought that we should relieve some of it with a massive capture the flag game. I remember the game was a lot of fun, but something happened that brought it to a crashing halt. Somehow Hoagie, my old buddy, had got himself captured by the main dorm guys. Now remember, he was the biggest guy in the annex. They paraded him out into the center of the field naked as a jay bird. Instead of shaving cream they had used shoe polish, black shoe polish. I don't think the administrators were pleased, but I don't know if anything came of it.

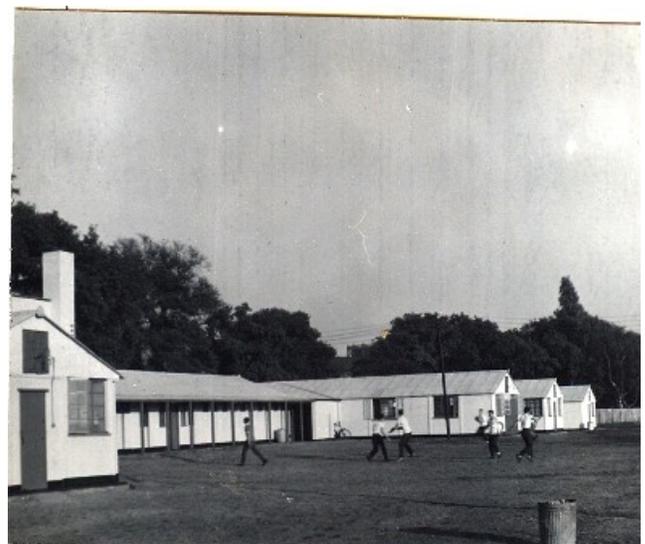
The weeks clocked away and as Christmas time approached there were two events on the calendar, a Christmas dance at Bushy Park, and a Prom in London, I was a bashful kid who had never asked a girl out. But I got up the nerve and asked a young lady to go to the Christmas dance with me. She was so excited and said yes. Later she asked me a

question about something, I don't remember what flowers or something, I answered her in what in hindsight was an incredulous way and she seemed to be deflated. That was during the middle of the week. When I got home on Friday evening my dad was waiting for me. It seems the girl was a major's daughter and she had thought I had asked her to the prom and she had bought a gown and was ready to go. You could have knocked me over with a pin feather. I was terrified, a prom, I've never worn a tux! I pleaded my case, Dad, I invited her to the Christmas party at School. He looked at me and said if we can get tickets you are taking that girl to the prom. I was furious but naturally I agreed. As it turned out we couldn't get tickets. My father told me to apologize and when I got back to her at school I did. I don't think she forgave me and I guess I didn't deserve to be, but I have to write it off to youth, and a growing experience.

That year I spent at Bushy Park was a seminal event in my life. It helped me grow up, it helped me in learning to live with others, and it left me with memories I will cherish always.

Thank you for taking the time to continue that experience by publishing the Bushy Park Newsletter.

Editors Note: He sent me several pictures and I will use them as space permits. The first one is below – can anyone identify it?



Letters to the Editor

From Sherry (Burrirt) Konjura (57)

sherger@juno.com

Hi Gary,

I note that you continually have to urge people to send in things for the newsletter while, at the same time, I also note that the same people do most of the contributing. I just wanted to throw an idea out to you and our fellow schoolmates to be mulled over. What if you only printed up a Newsletter on a quarterly basis? This would ease some of the pressure off of your shoulders and maybe there would be more material available to you over a period of 3 months. I know that sometimes there are events coming up that people want to mention in the newsletter - such as reunions, but there has to be plenty of pre-planning for anything like that anyway...so this shouldn't make a difference. Just thought I'd toss this idea out and see what folks think.

Editors Note: Quarterly is one option, but I would rather have it stay monthly. This is our 6th year doing it monthly and I enjoy doing it that way. With as busy as I am lately with the Coast Guard I might just forget to do it if I only do it quarterly, and I just don't want to see it go away. Everyone seems to enjoy it even if they don't send anything in. I know the couple of times I was late getting it out I had about 100 emails wanting to know if they had missed getting it.

We all have memories come rushing back when we read the experiences of our classmates, we just need to write them down when we think of them so we can send them in for the next issue.

From Pat Grigg Griffin (59)

Ferebeemeg@aol.com

Gary,
Please don't give up. Most of us just read it and enjoy. And yet we do not have input. We are a sorry lot, but I am sure I speak for many of use.....I am guilty. We have all moved on passed high school years....but as we get older it is nice to look back....something I have not done in years. The fact that my Grandson is graduating from high school this year will give you an idea that time does fly. Most high schools have a town to go back to and even if they move away they can always go back to

visit. We don't have that. This is the only way we can have any hope of keeping in touch..... Please, Please, Keep doing the Bushy Tales, some will come to understand the importance of the paper. I sent in some stuff years ago, a photo of the class trip to Rome. My yearbook and much of my "stuff" from my youth was lost in a flood. I happen to have that photo as book mark and that was why it was saved.

My name in HS was Pat Grigg. My StepFather's name was Grigg. Legally I was Margaret Patricia Erichsen.

I was a dorm student my Jr. and Sr. Year (58, 59) lived in Beckenham outside London. My brother went to the American School in London. They did not have a high school at the time. But did by the time he graduated. I came over from Frankfurt, Germany High School (Fresh. and Soft. Years) Was at Bad Godesberg Elementary. We had a bus load of kids that went to Frankfurt High as dorm students. That is also a school that you can't go back to.

Margaret Griffin
8 Ferebee Way
Sun City Hilton Head
Bluffton SC 29909

From Pat Terpening Owen (58)

nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net

Listed below is the continuation of the Class of 1961 (F-L) FOUNDS, DECEASED and STILL MISSING. If you know the whereabouts of any of those still missing, please contact me at nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net Thanks.

FOUNDS F-L

Fardy Spence, Heather - can be contacted through sister Kathleen
Farmer, Laura - Can be contacted through her sister, Brenda
Feltly Pascale, Sandra - Florida
Fenstermacher Valentine, Ellen - Florida
Filinson Katz, Valerie - Texas
Fisher, Jack - Guam
Fogg Kirk, Pamela - Colorado
Folkman, Barbara - California
Ford Trudo Bonebrake, Carolyn - Nevada

Fountain, William - North Carolina
Fowler, Jerry _ Georgia
Franks, Russell - Texas
Frisby, John - Texas
Fultz Amos, Catherine - Washington
Gallarda Kendrick, Kathryn - California
Jane Garner - Mississippi
Gates, Bill - Kansas
Gillespie Fricke, Donna - Maine
Goldenberg Entlich, Sally - Virginia
Gotchey McIntyre, Barb - Colorado
Grass, Bill - e-mail addy only
Green Norman, Roberta - Nevada
Griffin Ford, Patricia - Arkansas
Gulbranson, Thomas - California
Haggerty, Russell - Ohio
Haley Belisle, Lynn - Texas
Hall Mayberry, Lori - Alaska
Hallowell, Norman - Virginia
Hansen, Charles - California
Hardenbrook, Larry - Utah
Hardy Thomas/Tim - Colorado
Harrington Harmon, Paula - Arizona
Hart Thompson, Judith - Washington
Henry, Peter - Maryland
Hexberg Allen, Rosemary - California
Hoagland Kripal, Winona - Nebraska
Hoberg, John - Ohio
Holden Love, Kathy - Louisiana
Hollestelle Tiller, Sharon - Florida
Holliday, Charles - North Carolina
Holliday, George - can be reached through brother,
Charles
Hollister, James - Georgia
Holt, William - California
Hooper Selsor, Patricia - Washington
Howell Forrester, Jane - Tennessee
Howser, Allan, Jr. - California
Hughes, Edward - Florida
Hughes, Gary - Florida
Hurd Gunn, Cecelia - Washington
Hurt, Robert - Texas
Iorio, Lee Richard - Kansas
Jaros, Richard - Illinois
Jeffers Lovegrove, Candy - Maine
Kaval, William - Maryland
Kelly, John "Mike" - Singapore
Kelly O'Neill, Kathleen - Maryland
Kelly, Lloyd - California
Konkolewski, Richard - Maryland
Kraedemann Teigen, Katherine - Wisconsin

LaFevers, Steve - North Carolina
LaGrille, Albert - Wisconsin
Ladd, Robbin - California
Laminack Stephens, Anita - Texas
Langseth Durkee, Valerie - California
Langston, Scott, Florida
Lasher, Dick, New York
Le Van, Jay - Maryland
LeBlanc, Robert - Florida
Lerner, David - Arizona
Lipkin, Raymond - Minnesota
Lippe, Michael- Washington, DC
Lippencott, Michael - California
Littlefield, Sandra - Colorado
Lively Whitman, Maureen - Texas
Loeb Cotellese, Sally - Pennsylvania
Love DiJulio, Kathleen - Massachusetts
Ludeman, Robert - Arizona

DECEASED

Gettings, Danna K. - 1986
Hill, Jacqueline
Keefe, Erin A.
King-Morales, Donna

STILL MISSING

Fanno, Charles
Feeney/Fenney, Michael - was from Mildenhall
Field(s), James
File, Valerie
Floyd, William - Attended Princeton University
French, Matthew
Gabriel, Alfred
Gentry, Jane
Gowan, John
Grahame, Margaret
Gray, Sheila A. - No relation to Ann
Gregory, Richard
Gunn, James
Guy, Janice
Haas, Carolyn
Haley, Jacquelyn
Hall, Lewis
Halley, Sandra J.
Ham Masi, Mary Earlene - think she lives in Florida
but can't prove
Hardin, James
Harris, Carolyn
Harris, James

Heine, Judy
Henderson, Patricia - Brother Michael J.?
Hendrickson, Bonnie
Heyward, Shirley
Hinson, James
Hoffman, William Michael
Holliningsworth, David Richard
Holzer, Thomas
Hornberger, Heidemarie - Brother David - Class
1963?
Hornsby, Robert
Howell, Robert - Not related to Barbara
Huffman, Charles
Hughes, Patricia C.
Ireland, Henry
Irwin, Clifford
Jeffress, Peggy Ann
Johansen, Barbara
Johnson Hutchison, Judith Kay
Johnson, Patricia
Jones, Robert
Jones, William "Carrot Top"
Katz, Michael
Kelly, Patricia
Kittock/Kittrock, Janice
Knight, Arthur
Lane, Jerry
Langdoc, Virginia G.
Lee, Ronald
Levy, Douglas
Long, Karen
Lundgren, David

From your Editor: Ok I give up!! We are a very special kind of family and I love you all, but I just can't go on each month begging and pleading with you for articles for the newsletter. Keeping us all in touch and reliving the experiences that only we can share or understand, has been a labor of love for me for the last 5 years. The memories you have shared with others in the newsletter have brought back many fond memories for each of us of those wonderful, carefree days we all spent together. We lived and experienced something that others can only dream about. Many of you have

contributed time after time and have kept the newsletter going, while others we have never heard from except to say they want to receive the newsletter. For those of you who have contributed I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for your support of the newsletter and your interest in keeping us all together. A very special thank you goes to Pat Owen – I could not have done it without her.

Begging and pleading time is over. **This is the last issue of "Bushy Tales"**. I will miss hearing from all of you – maybe sometime in the future there will be an interest in starting the newsletter again.

Love to all,
Gary Schroeder (55)

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