



# 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



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1962 - Dona (Hale) Ritchie  
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## Roster Changes

### New Email and address change.

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### **New address**

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### **Look Who We Found**



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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.**



**Thomas L. Flegal (59)**- 27 June 1941 - 23 Nov 2005 per SSDI records



**Rodney E. Mask (59)** 9 Mar 1940 - 9 Oct 2003 - per SSDI records



**Roger H. Rundquist (59)**- 3 April 1941 - 27 November 2004 - Las Vegas NV - Per SSDI records

*(Note From Pat Terpening Owen (58) [CHS1958@sbcglobal.net](mailto:CHS1958@sbcglobal.net) In my data*

*base records, I have indications that Roger might have had a brother Robert. However, I can't find any pictures or other information about him in any of the annuals. My information also indicates that he would have also been class of 1959. Is it possible that an error was made and Robert and Roger are the same person? Can anyone enlighten me? Thanks.)*



**Aaron (Richard) Fernley (62)** - April 1943 - March 1999 - per SSDI records

### TRIBUTE TO FORMER CLASSMATE

Several years ago, Bud Haynes had asked me (Pat Owen) to let him know when Norman D. McCord was located as he wanted to reconnect with him. Unfortunately, Bud passed away before I was able to locate Norman. Below is Norman's tribute to Bud.



**Norman D. McCord (60)**  
[normanmccord@comcast.net](mailto:normanmccord@comcast.net)

I'm quite emotionally overtaken with the

news that Bud died. Although we never did reconnect since our days in England, I have always had very fond memories of him. Bud was one of the students that took correspondence classes with me our sophomore year instead of going to Bushy Park. But that didn't last long. I think he eventually went on to Central High School later on that year or at least I know he attended the 11th and 12th grades. Bud was a great athlete in the best sense of the word. He was very competitive, but played for the sheer enjoyment of the sport; not for the glory or personal fame. He needed the extra curricular activity and his parents relented and let him go on to Bushy. He had such a wholesome personality. I remember him as being friendly, unassuming and even-tempered. Incidentally, he introduced me to grilled peanut butter and banana sandwiches. I can still picture him playing rugby, soccer, and flag football with a great smile on his face. God bless you Bud!!



**From Beverly (Gehrett) Wagner (58)**  
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Dear loved ones,

Bob has made the final PCS ("permanent change of station" for those of you who are not familiar with military jargon)! I know that he made that "flight" on his beloved KC-135 with Christ as his pilot! Cinco de Mayo!!! What a celebration it was!! Isaiah 40:29-31 tells us "He gives straight to the weary and increases the power of the weak. Even youths grow tired and weary, and young men stumble and fall; but those who hope in the Lord will renew their strength. They will soar on wings like eagles; they will run and not grow weary, they will walk and not be faint."

Have no doubt - CHRIST is the VICTOR, not cancer!!

Just as Jesus said to Martha -  
"I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE.  
HE WHO BELIEVES IN ME WILL LIVE, EVEN  
THOUGH HE DIES, AND WHOEVER LIVES  
AND BELIEVES IN ME WILL NEVER DIE." - so  
HE says it to us!!

This is the word on which we stand.  
Rejoice with us!

## Memories of Bushy



**Rosa (Arns) Pollock (54)**  
[rosap1935@peoplepc.com](mailto:rosap1935@peoplepc.com)

Hello Bushy Parkers!!!

I was lost, but now I'm FOUND. Thanks to Pat Owen, who wrote my Step-father.

For years, I have wondered where everyone was, but being a military brat for a few years (junior and senior years until marriage) I thought it would be impossible to hook up again.

I have attended my husband's reunions for years and watched, from the outside, all the fun and stories shared. Now I can have my own day.

I have begun printing all the Bushy Tales on paper so I can enjoy them at my leisure and highlight items to share with my kids.

In one of the older issues I was mentioned by Dan Chew as the dormie who had an English boyfriend.

His name was Paul Crabtree from Norwich. My Step-father was stationed at Sculthorpe but to enjoy the "English Experience" we lived in Norwich and attended Notre Dame School. My little sister, Sherry, made a good friend of Jill Crabtree. I went over to pick Sherry up from a visit with Jill. Paul was home on leave from the army and you know the bit about a man in uniform - the rest is history.

Of course, you remember, the English left school at 16, unless they were going on to University. I was 17 and could not work in the advanced classes, so in January of 1953, I began my time at Bushy Park.

Paul was in the Kings Royal Rifle Corps. He was attending the Royal Military School of Music just two train stops from Bushy Park. I had special permission to attend the Wednesday night concerts there and Paul would bring me "home" afterwards. As a coincidence, Paul's regiment was involved in our Revolution and at that time, they wore red coats with black trousers. A good target as our history books tell us. They changed their uniforms to forest green with black buttons to stop the ease of picking them off by our sharp shooters.

I was involved in the after dark raid of raising the "flag" and painting the pub.

Does anyone remember the walk from our boarding house to school in the dense fog? We formed a life line and were warned not to let go for we might not be found. As I remember it, we could hardly see our outstretched hands holding the next person. I think we lived off base until the dorms could be renovated for us with a 6 foot fence with barbed wire on top to keep everyone out.

Please, keep up the good work and I will mail other memories later.



**Jerry L Berry (55)**  
[memnosine@hotmail.com](mailto:memnosine@hotmail.com)

A side note to the article by Walter E. Hunt in the April issue, in re the Boy Scouts Association: My brother Sam and I joined a local troop, the 21st Harrow, in early 1954. Our SM was one H. Pleasants, Esq., a crusty gentleman. I never knew what the H. was for; would never have dared to ask. We started working for our Queen's Scout badge (Elizabeth had ascended the throne just before my arrival in England from Germany/France), and after some fierce cramming for Ambulance Badge and Venturer, received the QS in early 55.

The 21st Harrow met in the Congregational Church; once per month all the Scouts and Guides attended services to Present The Colors. All were expected to pledge the Queen in the Scout Oath; I asked for an exception. H. Pleasants took up the matter with the Council, and we were granted a variation to the standard Oath ("I will do my duty to God and the Queen"), instead pledging to "do my duty to God and the Country in which I am now living." The English have always been rather civilized.

Ah, the chips! After each meeting, we would take an "offering" for chips, and two Scouts would be authorized to take whatever funds had been gathered and spend them on chips at the local shop. Not crisp, golden fries, my lads, but pale white, limp, more boiled in oil than fried, then drenched in that lovely malt vinegar, wrapped in old newspapers, and consumed in the Church Hall.

Years later, after college, when I was working for Lockheed Missiles and Space Company flying black Air Force satellites (how marvelous that Bill Clinton's administration declassified that program and I can talk about it a little!), my brother, in MI for the Army, wrote and suggested that I remove any mention of H. Pleasants from my security questionnaires, as he was on some sort of watchlist for joining the Socialist Party in England! Paranoia has deep roots.



**Peggy (O'Neill) O'Reilly (60)**  
[maggie@pincrestbuilders.com](mailto:maggie@pincrestbuilders.com)

**Another picture from Peggy. Can anyone identify who they are?**



**Linda (McDowell) Novosad (60)**  
[lindan5@suddenlink.net](mailto:lindan5@suddenlink.net)

I have enjoyed all the notes which take me back all those years ago. Each one has such a different recollection of the same place and time. I wish I saw more from the class of 60 or 59 so I would know the folks. I have always envied the local people here who get to see their school and classmates from time to time but have found most of them do not appreciate it.

Apparently I was one of the lucky ones who went to England in September 1958 on the SS United States and came home on the SS America in June 1960, or

was it vice versa? Those ships were great and I still love cruising. I appreciated seeing the pictures of the United States in dry dock which someone posted a few years ago.

The best thing about the trip over was getting to know many students of Bushy Park who were returning to England after summer leave in the states. They were embassy personnel. Louise Penfold (59) was one. She and my brother Larry McDowell (59) started dating then, which lasted their senior year. She introduced us to all her friends, making the transition into Bushy very easy. All that year we had sleep over parties in homes and spent many hours at the teen club in the basement of the Columbia Club. The back room was darkened for dancing. Do others remember being there in the late 50's? My folks let me have a lot of freedom as long as I was with my brother. We always just made the last train home from downtown London. Louise lives in Modogore Ohio and we have visited a few times over the years. My brother Larry is in real estate in Houston Texas.

One of my good friends was Lenell Patterson (60) and we often would walk from Northwood where we lived to nearby towns for the movies and eat fish and chips wrapped in news print going home.

My parents returned to Houston Texas in the early 60s while we were attending Texas colleges. I graduated with a BS in nursing in 1964 and have worked with that off and on ever since. I recently retired as the nurse manager of a Christian pregnancy center helping young women in crisis.

I married Ted Novosad (Texas A&M 63) in 1965 and helped him in his medical practice here for almost 30 years. Unfortunately, he died in 1999. Our two kids and three grandkids live nearby to keep me busy. I have a passion for quilting and enjoy many friends I have made here through that hobby.

I love to travel and go at the drop of a hat. I did not get to San Diego. I regretted it as it sounded like those who went had a great time. It seems like many graduates of Bushy here in Texas. We need to have a reunion here. Someone mentioned a cruise. There are several out of Houston and Galveston on nice ships. Would anyone be interested?

I would love to get together with anyone who is in Texas.



**Norman McCord (60)**  
[normanmccord@comcast.net](mailto:normanmccord@comcast.net)

I am indeed the Norman Douglas McCord that actually did graduate from Central High, Bushy Park, London, England; but during the 1960 class trip to Rome, Italy, and a little adventure on the town the last night before bed check there was some discussion among the senior class teachers about preventing a few of us students from graduation. Luckily for me they decided not to.

My father was transferred to RAF Station Sculthorpe, in Norfolk, East Anglia in April 1956. I attended the junior high at Sculthorpe and graduated in June 1956. The next school year a ninth grade was added to the base school system so I didn't have a chance to go to the big league, the legendary Bushy Park. My parents decided to keep me at home during my sophomore year and I enrolled in University of Maryland correspondence classes along with several other students at the base. We had a tutor. Finally, I made it to Bushy for the 11th and 12th grades. My father extended for a year and then got a three month extension so that I could actually finish and graduate from Central High.

In many ways being in England during those years and especially going to Central High was an unforgettable and extraordinary experience.

After returning to the states, my father was stationed at McClellan AFB, just outside Sacramento, California. I attended American River College and eventually volunteered for service in the US Army in 1963. I served 28 months in Germany at Schwabish Hall, which was somewhat close to Stuttgart and then at Camp Dachau near Munich.

After three years of military service, I returned to Sacramento and to make a long meandering story short, I'm a husband, father and grandfather. I worked at McClellan AFB for 25 years until the base closed and am now working for the State of California.



**Brian Williams (61)**  
[BKwill@well.com](mailto:BKwill@well.com)

### **Summer 1958 - Dave Williams posted to RAF Station Feltwell, Norfolk, England**

Dad was transferred to England! Our quarters were not ready, of course, this is where snafu comes from. So we stayed in Brandon Manor, a great old hall near Brandon, which is in northern Suffolk, not too far from Lakenheath, out in the country. The base Dad was stationed to, RAF Feltwell, had been an airfield during WWII of just grass, no runway as I had seen before. And there were few if any other Americans there. Dad was in missiles at this point and I guess they were putting missiles in there, but he never talked about what he was doing or what he had done, for that matter. When they did finally get a house for us, we moved onto the base in a brick neighborhood where all the houses looked alike, but were quite nice, I thought. Each bedroom had its own fireplace where they burned coal, which we had. And there was a clothes washer that boiled the clothes. Dad and Mom had a nice garden in back of the house, everybody had a big back yard that backed up to each other so that from the upstairs windows you could look out on the backs of everybody's houses and yards. Lots of gardens, of course. I remember dahlias. I also remember it being on the cold side, but I didn't mind that, then or now. In fact, I liked the English climate for the most part.

### **Fall 1958-June 1960 - BW went to High School (10th,11th) at Central High School, London, England**

Wende was put into a British girls school, Claremont, a school for Christian Scientists, and a former home of Queen Victoria. She was two years younger than I was. My parents were concerned that if I were put into a British school I would be too out of step with the American system, for whatever reason. So I went to the nearest high school in the American Armed Forces Dependents School system, which was in London at that time using the old headquarters buildings of part of the WWII command, American Headquarters or something, Bushy Park, also called Central High School. Heck I may have used the same head as Eisenhower, but didn't think of it at the time. (The buildings no

longer exist.) Some of the kids boarded and some of the kids came in as day students. Not all were from military families, but most were. I boarded and went home for the weekends. I loved it. We rode those big comfortable English buses back to Lakenheath on Friday night and came back on Sunday. We stopped along the way, in I think, Newmarket, for a break. I remember the great fish and chips wrapped in newspaper. Very hard to get that good fish and chips in the States, and maybe even in England anymore. We lived in dormitories, two to a room. There was a little snack bar and each wing had a British guy who looked after us, I have forgotten what they were called, Dorm Master or something. I was there for two years, and I only remember two rooms. In the first room, the "whatever master" took us camping one weekend down on the cliffs of Dover. And he was one of the soccer coaches, I think. I went out for soccer, but I wasn't any good at it. Nobody cared. I enjoyed it. The second year I was in a different wing of the dorms with a different leader, another very nice guy. He helped me with my second year Latin and I did really well as a result. Bushy had the reputation in some circles as a tough guy school, and there were little gangs of thugs in the dorms who sometimes terrorized us, or tried to. For some reason, they pretty much left me alone. I pretty much stayed on the school grounds which was fenced off from everything else and its own little world. In retrospect, too bad I didn't make the effort to get downtown and see more of the sites of London. A little bit timid.

Mother and Dad liked English things. On the weekends we would often drive around looking at antiques. They bought quite a few things, many of which I now have. On vacations, Mother would have always arranged a trip somewhere, so we saw lots of the usual tourist things in England and in Europe. One Christmas there was a tour to the Holy Land; one Easter there was a tour of Spain and Portugal. There were many trips throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland. I don't remember visiting Wales, which is too bad, because that is almost certainly where Dad's Williams' ancestors come from and if he had gotten interested in figuring out who came from where, it would be a lot easier for me to figure out now. As it is I only know that of course Williams is a Welsh name, to say nothing of David, and that when Francesca and I visited many years later, I was never as at home

anywhere as I was there. But so far I haven't been able to trace the Williams' back more than a few generations, all to the Midwest of America. He felt at home there too, I believe. He dressed casually as a middle class Englishman.

### **Easter 1959**

Visited Cambridge, Dover, Plymouth, Lands End, Mousehole, Glastonbury, and Bath.

### **June 1959 - BW bicycles around Europe**

I do not know how this project got started, maybe someone saw an ad on a bulletin board, but however it came about it was great. Dad hooked me up with two guys just a year older than I was to bicycle through Europe. We took the train to Paris from London, then bicycled across France and into Germany on the Mosel River, over to the Rhine and took a boat up the Rhine to Acchen (?) or somewhere around there, where we got off the boat and bicycled over Belgium to Brussels. Then we went up to Amsterdam and toured around the Netherlands and back to a ferry at the Hauge to England. All together we biked about 1000 miles, and traveled a bit more than that in what I recall was about a month or 6 weeks. I had a fairly new German style bike, 3 speed, heavy. The two companions, Dennis Kosanke and Wendell Bemis, had new 10 speeds, which they sometimes let me ride, since I was always the last man in the train on the 3 speed. We stayed in youth hostels mostly, a few times with friends of Dennis's. His father was in business and had connections all over. Lots of fun.

### **Christmas 1959**

We went to Morzine for Christmas by train across France. Morzine is near Mt Blanc on the French side. It is, or was, a small ski resort in the winter. We stayed at the Grand Hotel. Christmas dinner included raw oysters, my first. While we were there I took skiing lessons at the Ecole Ski de France. I had never skied before, but I enjoyed it for the most part and did pass the first level test. The whole family took the gondola up to the top of the mountain above the town, but I was the only one skiing down. The trails were labeled for the beginner, or at least not difficult. But the one or two weeks of ski school left a big gulf between what I could do comfortably and the distance from the top

of the mountain to the bottom. Tres frightening, but I eventually did make it all the way down.

**1960 - FR visited England and fed deer in Bushy Park. Goes to school at Hampstead School. Visits France and Italy.**

You are not supposed to feed the deer in Bushy Park. The Park is across the river, maybe, from Hampton Court, residence of kings and queens. Besides whatever else, the park was a hunting area for the court. Probably a capitol offense to be fooling with their harts, as it should be. The location for Central High School was carved out of one side of the park and when we ran cross country, we would run through the park. I was a pretty bad cross country runner, but still game to try. Not sure exactly when Francesca and her brother Marc were in the park, but it was probably in the summer, and not when I was likely to be running by for a handout. I doubt you are allowed to feed the cross country runners either or catch their hearts.

**Easter 1960 - Brian and Fern go to the Basque**  
We visited San Sebastian, et al.

**July 1960- Brian studied French in Paris for a month**

Another great project that my Dad put together, or at least another one I don't know how it came about. Plan was for me to go to Paris, stay in a room in a house and go to the Alliance Frances to study French for a month. I was on my own in a beautiful city; I loved it. There were several people staying in the house, and a couple of Americans, but the proprietor, wonderful woman of a certain age, had the idea that I was not to use any English, so they would do things like not give me a spoon and make me ask for one in French. The Alliance was a very good school and I did learn a lot of French that month. Otherwise I wandered all around Paris. I was happy to just walk around looking at everything. At the end of the month I took the train to the coast where I met up with the rest of the family and we went in our big American car down through France to Italy. I loved being in Europe, but I hated being an American in Europe. I disguised myself as much as possible. In Paris, the owner of the house thought I was British, for whatever reason and I didn't tell her I wasn't till later in my stay. It had to come out sooner or later, of course, I wasn't really hiding it, she just assumed. She would tell us

stories about how brave the British airmen were to fly over Paris and swoop down through the Arc de Triumph. She didn't have as much praise for the Americans. I don't know why at this point, I suppose she thought that they were as obnoxious as I did.

**Summer 1960**

The family drove their big American car all over Europe and filled it up with Italian marble.

**Fall 1960 - Brian transferred to Lakenheath High School, RAF Lakenheath.**

In my senior year of High School, the military school system opened a High School in Lakenheath, which was not far from Feltwell, so I became a day student at Lakenheath. Part of the way through the year Dad was reassigned, to Vandenburg AFB I guess, and we had to move out of the house at Feltwell. The rest of the family stayed on. Wende was still at Claremont and Mother was teaching at the Lakenheath Elementary School so we got rooms at some kind of dormitory for me, Mother lived somewhere, I don't remember where and we finished the rest of the year without a home. I doubt I minded, I liked being alone anyway. The school year was ok. Several of my friends from Bushy were now at Lakenheath. I didn't work very hard, slid through, mostly. But did learn to write a little due to one good English teacher, Mrs Klinessmidt. Also had a good Math teacher, Joe Hananiah (sp?). All together, though, it was sad to be leaving England and my friends. For the most part, I never regretted the moving that came with being an Air Force brat. I liked new places and people, but the senior year of high school separation is a little different. Sadder than usual. I know where a few of those people are now and there is a web site to let people know something about their friends from Lakenheath, but I haven't stayed in touch with anyone from those days, mostly on purpose.

**Christmas 1960**

Wende, Fern and I tour Greece, Egypt, Palestine.

**June 1961 - I graduated from Lakenheath High School, RAF Station Lakenheath, England.**

I graduated 5th in my class, as I remember, out of 100. But I can't say that I used High School very well, maybe no one does. It is a hard period of one's life to make everything fit. What I think fit best for

me was just being in England and traveling in Europe. I was forced to learn a little English and I liked Math quite a bit and was good at some of it.

**July 1961 - I return to USA. Dad was posted to Vandenberg AFB, Calif.**

**Summer 1961 - I got my first drivers license in Texas to help drive across USA to California.**

I was in culture shock when we returned to the States. We came back to Philadelphia for a few days while things caught up with us and I couldn't believe guys were wandering around on the streets in their under shirts. I was repulsed by most things American. It's a cultureless society; I liked the deep culture of England and Europe. Snob, in a word. Not exactly sure what we were all doing during the summer, but somehow we ended up for a bit on the farm in Texas. I was supposed to learn to drive so that I could help drive on over to California. Grandfather was teaching me. He used to tell me about his learning to drive, which was to just get in and drive, not much of an example. I don't remember too much of it, but I do remember driving his truck with him as passenger, taking a turn, driving down into the ditch beside the road on the wrong side of some kind of sign (probably- do not drive in the ditch) and back up onto the road on the other side of the sign after the turn. He didn't say a thing. They are a stoic bunch out there. I did take the test in Cleburn, not far from Joshua, and I did get a license, so I guess I passed, must have been a slow day.

**This and That**



**Suzanne "Snookie" Garrison (54)**  
[Sgmayo54@aol.com](mailto:Sgmayo54@aol.com)

I have a question that I would like to ask all those who attended the Reunion in Branson, Missouri in Oct. of 2001.

The Class of 1954 would like to find the person who attended the reunion in Branson, Missouri in Oct. 2001 who had a video of the early days of Bushy Park. I think it was Pete Laughlin, but am not sure. I would be interested in acquiring a copy of it for our next reunion in Oct. of 2008 in Nashville, Tenn. If anyone can help me in this, please e-mail me at [sgmayo54@aol.com](mailto:sgmayo54@aol.com). This reunion is open to all classes from 1953 through

1956. There will be more information regarding the particulars of the event as the date gets closer.



**Joy (Sickler) Heslin (55)**  
[ljhwh2736@hotmail.com](mailto:ljhwh2736@hotmail.com)

I have a new address. We (Ward and Joy) retired for the third time. We have rented an apartment in Las Vegas were we plan to make our home. It is located at: 3055 S. Nellis Blvd. #3310. Las Vegas, NV 89121. Our phone # are the same: 1-702-9822049 Cel.# 1-801-389-3831

We mover on the 29th of April, 2007. So fair we are really enjoying or home. It is very roomy, we have two bedroom but we turned the second room into our office. We had things in storage for two years so it was like Christmas as we unpacked and found long lost treasures. The only problem we have is were to put the.... We are having a Heslin family reunion in July so we decided to have a Penny action with the things we can't use. It should be fun. The money we make we plan to give to the Primary Children's Hospital in Salt Lake City. They have a Penny campaign every year for the Hospital. By the way all "8" of Wards children are planning to be there, with the grandchildren there will be 39 body's. Can you believe all in one house? Yes, it is a large home in Pocatello, ID.

Love to all "Class of 55",



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

Just wanted to let everyone know how we're doing on locating classmates. I found an old letter I wrote to Tom Ross in July 2002, which indicated we'd located about 850 former classmates. I did a count the first part of May and we're up to about 1350 having been found. Only 1,050 more to go.



**Bob Harrold (60)**  
[Rharrold@harrold.org](mailto:Rharrold@harrold.org)

Bob sent me the following information and I thought others might enjoy visiting and seeing the activity that the Bushy Park website enjoys. These statistics were for the period January

1, 2007 through April 14, 2007 - Here's the site:  
<http://stats.bushypark.org>. - Pat



**Ronald W. Brooks (61)**  
[chesterpair@yahoo.com](mailto:chesterpair@yahoo.com)

I attended Bushy Park from 1958-1960, during my sophomore and junior years. When Lakenheath opened in the fall of 1960, I transferred to that school and was part of the first graduating class of 1961.

I have been married for 42 years, retired from a 34 year law enforcement career, have two grown children and four grandchildren. We live in Northern California (Chico) and spend part of the year at our cabin near Lassen National Park. Life is good!

### [The Story Continues](#)



**Walter E. Hunt (56)**  
[walt@lobo.net](mailto:walt@lobo.net)

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

### PART TWO - GERMANY 1953-1956

#### Chapter 2 - April 1953, Frankfurt

I continued my weekend cycling adventures. I biked in and around Frankfurt, making constant discoveries in the small suburban villages. I saw many ancient, medieval barns with the family residence overhead (the animals provided heat for the homeowners). I saw a farmer's wife using a Nazi helmet nailed to the end of a wooden pole as a liquid fertilizer scoop; when I nodded at the elderly woman, she smiled and acknowledged that we both knew the helmet had found its proper use. The farmer's wife scooped the night soil (liquid fertilizer) out of a pit in the ground right next to the house and ladled it into a nearby wooden barrel on the back of a wagon. I was never in one of these homes but think they must have smelled like the barn. Wherever I went, there were always magnificent smells, whether it was passing a bakery, or riding along side a freshly fertilized field.

Homes in the small villages surrounding Frankfurt were similar to the post and beam homes I saw in the hamlets of England. Everything was ancient—medieval—no doubt centuries old. And still being lived in! I was constantly amazed at how old everything was, compared to the U.S. The old, central part of Frankfurt was all built 400 years ago, and was still being used for restaurants, city offices, shops, and residences. Somehow the Allied saturation bombing had spared parts of the city.

The first two words I saw in German as we drove in a taxi from the airport to town on the freeway (autobahn) captured my attention. They were "einfahrt" (entrance) and "ausfahrt" (exit). On the autobahn I saw a sign that said "freifahrt" (resume speed). I joked with my sister and mom about whether these were signs that let you fart just once, or maybe they were a permit, or signal to let loose altogether. My intrigue with Germans and their language never stopped. Within a year, I had become fairly fluent in German.

There was a vending cart outside the front of the Hauptbahnhof (Main Train Station) that sold the most delicious bratwurst you could imagine, along with a hard roll, and spicy mustard--all for one Deutschmark (twenty-five cents)! To this day, I remember the wonderful taste and texture of the wurst and roll, and look for it in every city I have lived in since coming back to the U.S. I judge all bratwurst and hard rolls against this impossible standard!

Frankfurt, and other cities in Germany, was criss-crossed with trolley tracks that always posed an obstacle to a bicycle. If you were cycling parallel to the tracks, it was always easy to be dumped into the street if your front tire caught in a track. Many streets were paved with cobblestones that made for a very slow and bumpy ride. I tried always to avoid the cobblestone streets and stick with the newer paved ones. Of course the war had caused severe damage, and much of the city was rebuilt, or in the process of being rebuilt. Some of the rebuilt cobblestone streets were made from stones that may have been hundreds of years old. The stones were constantly being recycled.

Dad told us he had been in Frankfurt just after the Second World War had ended, and the rubble on the

main street came right up to the fenders of his Jeep. I was here just seven years later, and you would never know Frankfurt had experienced a tremendous amount of bombing from the Allies. Occasionally there was a bombed-out building, or maybe just the basement remains, which were being lived in. Like the Jazz Club. This unique nightspot occupied a basement with nothing overhead, and was a favorite local if not international place to go and listen to jazz from international groups. I spent many evenings in the smoke-filled Jazz Club listening to some of the most wonderful music I had ever heard.

May First, May Day, or Worker's Day, was cause for big celebrations and parades in downtown Frankfurt. Americans were warned to stay away because the Communists were out in strength. I dressed in *lederhosen* (leather shorts) and went downtown to join the festivities. I never felt threatened or out of place, but mostly kept my mouth shut. A few Communist students my age engaged me in conversation and eventually I was invited to their "Cell" meeting. I attended out of curiosity and it was nothing more than a social club, except they constantly harangued me and said one day I would see the truth about our system of capitalism. Little could they know that a generation later their system would cease to exist.

One of my souvenirs of this sojourn was a copy of the "International," the Communist anthem. I had a copy of these lyrics in my wallet several years later when I went through basic training in the military. One day we had to display everything we owned on our bunks, including the contents of our wallets. I was terrified and was sure I was going to prison. I pulled the barracks sergeant aside and told him what it was, and that I would destroy it. He was not at all concerned. Maybe that was a testament to freedom of speech.

My 4-speed English cycle on the Continent was an oddity. Most bikes had either French or German derailleur shift mechanisms. The Sturmey-Archer hub gear, I thought, was more efficient and certainly more maintenance-free. In addition, the gear ratios were perfect for street riding, and flat or hilly terrain. Years later as I progressed through a 10-speed, and today's mountain bikes with 21 gears, I sometimes think, my basic 4-gear model was

superior to them all—certainly less complicated. I rode it for twenty-two years, until it was borrowed and never returned by someone who must have needed it more than I. On Saturday mornings, I cycled as far as 50 kilometers (30 miles) out of Frankfurt, and was back by early afternoon. Sundays I poked around in town, or cycled through country garden plots, or along the Rhine, and through the pristine forests. Germany was perfect for bicycles, with abundant "rahdwegs" or cycling paths, which prohibited motorized vehicles.

Early every Saturday morning I biked to the bakery to get two loaves of freshly baked bread, and tucked them into my jacket to carry home. On the way home, I nibbled at the ends and always was chastised by Mom, but had no choice. Once you smell and taste fresh bread like that, you have to nibble the end--especially if it's stuffed in your jacket, an inch from your mouth! That bread was like the roll and bratwurst at the Main Train Station. Once you taste something memorable, it lingers on, and establishes a standard against which all subsequent taste experiences are judged. I've never found bread quite as good, as I've also never found a bratwurst with the same great taste.

I spent time cycling through the forests, where the paths were smooth, little traveled, and cool in the summer. Camping in the forests with the Boy Scouts was also great fun. On one such camping trip, we cut the end off a nearby downed log to split up for firewood. Later the next day a German *Forstmeister* happened by and asked how much we had chopped off. We showed him, and he in turned showed us another log that had a record of length, width, and number of cubic meters of wood that were in the log, all neatly stamped on the bottom. In our zeal, we had chopped off the end that had the record of information on that particular log.

West Germany did not yet have a full-fledged government, since it was still occupied by the U. S., France, and Great Britain. The top official was the High Commissioner of Germany (HICOG), Dr. James B. Conant, who had been the President of Harvard University for the previous 20 years. One day I came home from school to find parked in front of our apartment building a huge, black, chauffer-driven Mercedes. I ran breathlessly into the living room shouting, "Wow, Mom, did you see that car

out front? Why can't we ever have some dignitary visit us?" In the living room sat a gentleman in a pinstripe suit, smiling. He introduced himself to me--Dr. James Conant. My dad was his escort for the day, and he had stopped by to make a change of clothes.



**Bill Grass Jr. (61)**  
[liveklg@gmail.com](mailto:liveklg@gmail.com)

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.



**Lindsay Ervin (60)**  
[lbedesig@lbegolfcoursedesign.com](mailto:lbedesig@lbegolfcoursedesign.com)

Just read the newsletter and it is great!! The new format is wonderful by having the pictures next to the name really helps the old memory which isn't working all that well as the days keep rolling on.

I was very sad to hear of Sam Jordan's passing. Sam and I were good friends at Bushy Park and did a lot of things together plus we rode on the same school bus. We played football, pick-up games plus one down in London against another group of yanks

from our school - can't remember who they were exactly, plus other pick-up sports plus we went to parties together with other guys and girls. When we stood side by side, with our jeans and school jacket on, people could not tell us apart when they viewed us with our backs to them. Sam was always seemed to be in a happy mood with his great smile always on. He liked to joke around a lot and was just a lot of fun to be around. If his wife would like to e-mail me for more information, I would be happy to try to jog my memory to give her more info about the Sam Jordan I remember. My e-mail:  
[LBE@LBEGOLFCOURSEDESIGN.COM](mailto:LBE@LBEGOLFCOURSEDESIGN.COM)

Also I was sad to hear of Patricia Ackley's passing. We rode on the same school bus and had a lot of fun on our trips to and from school. Her sister, Penny, also was on the same bus. Patricia was a very nice person and I have fond memories of her and her sister.

Also the guestbook is a great idea which I did use and inputted a little. Thanks for all of your great work.



**William "Bill" Cooper (57)**  
[liamsmail@verizon.net](mailto:liamsmail@verizon.net)

Just sent out the poem below to a number of our teachers and fellow alums. I understand it will be read at the closing ceremonies for London Central tomorrow, the 15<sup>th</sup> of May.

#### VALEDICTORY - LCHS

Those who hardly know you will now speak praise.  
They'll say farewell who lately said hullo.  
But they've not known the light of other days  
Nor had the gracious chance to love you so.

Thus it must be for all like you who've claimed  
So many hearts and new-born dreams that they  
Stir up old joys by merely being named.  
Not even those you've blessed know what to say.

Yet for true hearts and dreamers even these  
Plain words become a magic spell whereby,  
Faithful forever to your memories,  
All of the bells of London sing and sigh.

W W Cooper  
Class of 1957

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