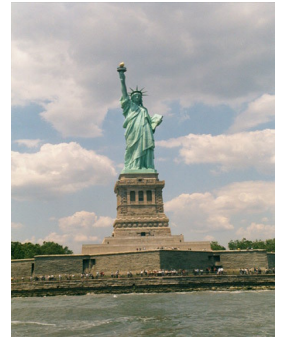




Bushy Tales

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



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

Class Representatives



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



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



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



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



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



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



1959 - Jerry Sandham
j_sandham@comcast.net



1960 - Ren Briggs
renpat1671@unedspeed.net



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



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

Roster Changes



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



James A. "Andy" Castle (62)

From his son: My name is Brian Castle, and I am the son of James A. "Andy" Castle. I received notice from you of the upcoming Bushy Park

Central High School reunion in the mail.

I wanted to drop you a line and inform you that sadly, my father Andy Castle passed away on November 11, 2007, after a long battle. He had lung cancer and also a type of blood cancer called polycythemia vera, but the cause of his death was COPD (chronic obstructive pulmonary disease).

My dad spoke from time to time about when he lived in England, where he attended Bushy Park. He had fond memories of that time, although I know he did not graduate from there. Being an "Air Force brat", he moved to Georgia and graduated from Warner Robbins High School. He later served two tours in Vietnam, where he was awarded the Silver Star, Bronze Star, and Purple Heart, leaving the Army as a Captain.

He spent the last 30 years of his life in the Oklahoma City area. I am his only child, and I have three kids which he loved very much. You and the other attendees will most likely not remember him at all, given the amount of time that has passed and his brief stay at Bushy Park, but if someone should be curious, please feel free to pass this information along.

I'd like to thank you for sending him the invitation, and I wish you the best with your reunion.
Kind regards, Brian Castle



Reunion Information



Bob Lyle (54)
Robvlyle@cs.com

Nashville Reunion, Oct. 5 - 7, 2008

As we previously announced, thanks to Ted Hopkins we have secured a block of 30 tickets in the Gold Circle for the 6:30 PM performance at the Grand Ole Opry for the Saturday night prior to the reunion, Oct 4th. This block of tickets is now fully

subscribed (and paid).

We decided to go for another block of seats which should be very good seats and, hopefully, fairly close to the original group, but not as close to the stage or as centered as the others. We have set a deadline of June 1st for the next block so if you have not already signed up for the Grand Ole Opry, please send your registration form in to me with a check. Immediately after June 1st we will contact the Grand Ole Opry and secure the best available seats for the additional group we have at that time.

There may be individual seats available even at the last minute - it is a big hall - but not with the rest of the group.

If you have any questions please call me at 860 651 0852 or email me at robvlyle@cs.com.

See you in Nashville.

(Editors Note:) Just received an email from Scarlett Rehrig, President AOSHS saying: "The May Quarterly is getting ready to be published and the Bushy Park two reunions will be in it."

With the American Overseas Schools Historical Society publishing the information about the Reunions in their quarterly we might even find some of our class mates we haven't contacted as yet.

Mini Reunions



Carol (Albert) Yacovone (57)
cyaco149@aol.com

Bev and I thought we would share some photo's with you.....She was here for a

brief visit this week. So sending along a "**here we are now and there we were then**" collection. Bev Gehrett Wagner and I roomed together in 1956

This would be her graduation Reunion year. Mine of course I missed last year. But we plan on joining you all in Texas to celebrate our 50th reunions and 52 years of friendship. Bev and her brother Warren Gehrett and my brother Ted Albert and I were all from Manston, an RAF station near Dover, Margate, England. Photos are of us clowning for the camera with Dottie Journiette (sp), me with high school beau Roger "Tog" Tyler and her with ?????? Will have to ask her about that one.....his name escapes me.... Good times then and now.....



Memories of Bushy



Martha Gail Kelly (Faculty)

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I recently came across this picture from my first Field Trip at Bushy Park in 1597. I dare anyone to look at the images and not smile. We are picnicking between art museums in Green Park - right across the street from Buckingham Palace - only the best for my students. (Planning an park lunch break - how naive a teacher was I! - in London, where it can rain any time)



Julie Williams, Steve Connell, Bill Thomas, Sheldon Peters, Edie Williams.

We had just absorbed the National Gallery and intended devouring the Tate for dessert. Of all the school outings I lead over the next 30+ years, I'd have to say this was most memorable! Such a great class - here's another attachment from the same Location.



How about the sartorial elegance of youngsters on field trips in 1957 - girls in frocks and boys in suits-and-ties. When I retired in 86, I breathed a sigh if every student had pubic hair covered. Marvelous memories of 'our' high school age, heigh ho. If anyone is in touch with Bill Thomas, please forward him the image - the Fashion Police are still looking for him over the cut of those trousers



Judith (Ketchu) Vincent (62)
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I was a freshman at Bushy Park's Centrl High School in 1958. Since my family was stationed in Oslo, Norway and there was no American high school at the time, I was sent to London. Those of us from any distance became weekenders in the boys and girls dormitories, located on base.

I have many good memories of my year there, including field trips to Herrods Department store, Wimpys at Picadilly Circus and Westminster Abby.

However, certain events stand out in my mind, like the time we decided to reek havoc in the Girls Dorm. This included flooding out the latrines and spreading peanut butter on the house mother's toilet seats.

As a result, our field trip privileges were suspended for a time and we were subjected to weekend lectures on how to behave like ladies. It was some time before we were back in the good graces of the dorm mothers.

That year, a strain of the flu was going around and those of us who were the most ill were sent to the hospital at South Ruislip. Upon our recovery and back in the dorm, I can remember lining up for our dose of terpin hydrate, (or GI Gin, as it was affectionately called) UGH!!

Another memory comes to mind. As this was my first experience in an American high school, I recall so wanting to fit in with the fashionable upper classmen. Leotards were all the rage that year and since the only thing I had close to leotards was a pair of grey woolen long underwear, I thought I

could easily pass them off for leotards. Boy, what a stylin' fashion statement I made that day! Well, by noon I was miserable from the intense itching. Plus, the woolly leotards had started to sag around my knees. My art teacher, Mr. Abramowitz, saw I was in misery and kindly provided a hall pass for me to go to the girls room to change. That was my first and last venture into the world of fashion.

Thanks for the opportunity to share these memories. The newsletter is always something I look forward to. Keep up the good work!

This and That



Mike Murphy (58)
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I am a veteran and proud of it...

A Lesson That Should Be Taught In All Schools

Back in September of 2005, on the first day of school, Martha Cothren, a social studies school teacher at Robinson High School in Little Rock, did something not to be forgotten.

On the first day of school, with the permission of the school superintendent, the principal and the building supervisor, she removed all of the desks out of her classroom. When the first period kids entered the room they discovered that there were no desks.

Looking around, confused, they asked, 'Ms. Cothren, where're our desks?'

She replied, 'You can't have a desk until you tell me what you have done to earn the right to sit at a desk.' They thought, 'Well, maybe it's our grades.'

'No,' she said.

Maybe it's our behavior.' She told them, 'No, it's

not even your behavior.

And so, they came and went, the first period, second period, third period. Still no desks in the classroom.

By early afternoon television news crews had started gathering in Ms. Cothren's classroom to report about this crazy teacher who had taken all the desks out of her room.

The final period of the day came and as the puzzled students found seats on the floor of the deskless classroom. Martha Cothren said, 'Throughout the day no one has been able to tell me just what he/she has done to earn the right to sit at the desks that are ordinarily found in this classroom. Now I am going to tell you.'

At this point, Martha Cothren went over to the door of her classroom and opened it. Twenty-seven (27) U.S. Veterans, all in uniforms, walked into that classroom, each one carrying a school desk. The Vets began placing the school desks in rows, and then they would walk over and stand alongside the wall.

By the time the last soldier had set the final desk in place those kids started to understand, perhaps for the first time in their lives, just how the right to sit at those desks had been earned.

Martha said, 'You didn't earn the right to sit at these desks. These heroes did it for you. They placed the desks here for you. Now, it's up to you to sit in them. It is your responsibility to learn, to be good students, to be good citizens. They paid the price so that you could have the freedom to get an education. Don't ever forget it.'

By the way, this is a true story. You can verify this by clicking on <http://www.snopes.com/glurge/nodesks.asp>

God Bless America - and Our Veterans

What Is A Veteran?

A 'Veteran' -- whether active duty, discharged, retired, or reserve -- is someone who, at one point in his life, wrote a blank check made payable to 'The

United States of America,' for an amount of 'up to, and including his life.'

That is honor, and there are way too many people in this country today, who no longer understand that fact.



Judith (Samms) Stanford (59)

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My husband and I were looking at travel brochures and I was shocked to realize it

had been almost 50 years since I went to Rome on my Senior Class Trip. How can that be? Seems like only a few years ago. Time goes by too fast!

The Story Continues



Walter E. Hunt (56)

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BICYCLING EUROPE ON \$1.00 A DAY:

A Cold War Geographic and Cultural Memoir

Chapter 13 - August, The Wedding

The trek to Bergen, on Norway's west coast, was daunting. From a cyclist's perspective, Norway could easily be compared to a dinosaur's back. It slopes from both coasts up to the middle, which is a high mountain range. I had to go over it.

I cycled out of Oslo about 40 miles, over to Hoenefoss, which was the beginning of the tough part, and loaded my bike on a train with the idea of getting off at the top of the mountain range.

My destination was Gol, where I arrived in the middle of the night. Fortunately, there was enough moonlight to cycle a short ways out of the village where I set up my tent by the side of a lake. The next morning I took a very chilling bath in the lake while surveying my surroundings--mountains, snow

that had not yet melted, and some ways to go to get to the top of the mountain.

The ride to the top of the range was only about an hour of tough slogging, but it was definitely worthwhile, since most of the trip from there to the West Coast and Bergen was downhill—about 100 miles. I was passed by a bus loaded with beautiful girls and caught the attention of one particularly attractive blonde sitting in the back window. She waved, and encouraged me to speed up. I managed to keep pace with the bus most of the way down the mountain. About halfway down, my front brake cable broke, and I had no spare. Fortunately, I was wearing my Danish *klompen* and was able to straddle the cross bar and use them as auxiliary brakes for the remainder of the downhill portion of the trip. Once in Bergen I could replace the cable.

The bus stopped in Voss in the late afternoon, and the blonde I was following got off. I introduced myself and learned she was Gitta "Bambi" Heller, from Hamar, and going to a friend's wedding just outside of town. She invited me to attend. I did not know the treat that was waiting.

We went to a small chapel on the outskirts of town where the bride and groom were already assembled. Those gathered were mostly family and close friends. There was also a noisy group of bachelor friends of the groom. What appeared to be a normal country wedding was suddenly transformed into a magical ceremony when the bride was presented. She wore a traditional Norwegian bride's costume, with the most beautiful crown I had ever seen. Her flowing dark dress, covered with an elaborate and colorfully embroidered apron were beautiful, but the crown was sensational. It was made of gold, silver, tin, and had a row of dangling gold coins, or disks, across her forehead. I'm sure it had been in her family for many, many years.

After the short ceremony, we went next door to a small reception center where the family greeted

those in attendance. I immediately noticed a vessel being passed from person to person. Someone told me this was the family tradition—to drink meade (a homemade alcoholic beverage) from a wooden bowl that had been in the family for almost a

thousand years! The bowl was elaborately carved and one could tell it was ancient, and well used.

When the newlyweds left later that evening, the unruly group of the groom's buddies left to follow not too far behind. They followed the couple all the way to where the couple was spending the first night of their wedding. Once the newlyweds were inside, the group—only young men—surrounded the small house and started beating on the outside. The idea was to keep the couple awake, so I was told.

I bid Bambi adieu the next morning, set off for Bergen, and arrived late that afternoon. The Youth Hostel was up on a mountaintop overlooking Bergen, and was reached by cable car (or vernicular). The Youth Hostel that evening was booked full, but I noticed a thick carpet of moss growing outside the hostel that looked very comfortable. And, in fact, it was. It was like sleeping on a mattress.

I corresponded with Bambi for several years. She became a schoolteacher in Norway, and later immigrated to Canada where I lost track of her.



Tony Taylor (58)
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Gary, Many of us were grieved as we read that our dear and wonderful friend,

Jane (Milburn) Reid '60 passed away in early March. From the moment that it was posted in the March issue of **Bushy Tales**, those of us who knew

her so well in London, not only at school, but also at the London Teenage Club (TAC), have been sharing our grief on the phone and via email. Jane was one of those beautiful friends whom everyone

loved. She was vivacious, had a wonderful laugh and sense of humor, and she was everyone's friend. Many times she would show up at the TAC with Fred Gruin '58 in tow, but I think she was happy just to be with anyone, whomever they might be. I would sometimes give her a ride to school in my red MGA and I can still hear her laugh as the breeze blew through her hair. We will miss you, Jane.

Most of us last saw Jane when we all departed London, but as I read about her life, she seems to have continued to have a good life for many years thereafter.

Some of our alumni have told me that they had trouble opening the link to her obituary, so here is an updated link:
<http://www.legacy.com/SanAntonio/Obituaries.asp?Page=LifeStory&PersonId=105028287>.

And now since I don't have anything else from you, it will have to be fillers.

WIT AND WISDOM – MILITARY SOURCES

"A slipping gear could let your M203 grenade launcher fire when you least expect it. That would make you quite unpopular in what's left of your unit."
Army's magazine of preventive maintenance.

"Aim towards the Enemy."
Instruction printed on US Rocket Launcher

"When the pin is pulled, Mr. Grenade is not our friend."
U.S. Marine Corps

"Cluster bombing from B-52s is very, very accurate. The bombs are guaranteed to always hit the ground."
USAF Ammo Troop

"If the enemy is in range, so are you."
Infantry Journal

"It is generally inadvisable to eject directly over the area you just bombed."
U.S. Air Force Manual

"Whoever said the pen is mightier than the sword obviously never encountered automatic weapons."
General MacArthur

"Try to look unimportant; they may be low on ammo."
Infantry Journal

"You, you, and you ... Panic. The rest of you, come with me
U.S. Marine Corps Gunnery Sgt.

"Tracers work both ways."
U.S. Army Ordnance

"Five second fuses only last three seconds."
Infantry Journal

"Don't ever be the first, don't ever be the last, and don't ever volunteer to do anything."
U.S. Navy Swabbie

"Bravery is being the only one who knows you're afraid."
David Hackworth

"If your attack is going too well, you're walking into an ambush."
Infantry Journal

"No combat-ready unit has ever passed inspection."
Joe Gay

"Any ship can be a minesweeper. Once."

"Never tell the Platoon Sergeant you have nothing to do."
Unknown Marine Recruit

"Don't draw fire; it irritates the people around you."
Your Buddies

"If you see a bomb technician running, follow him."
USAF AmmoTroop

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