



# Bushy Tales

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



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Gary Schroeder (55), Editor [gschroeder4@houston.rr.com](mailto:gschroeder4@houston.rr.com)  
Visit the Bushy Park Web Site at <http://www.bushypark.org/>

## Class Representatives

1953 - Jackie (Brown) Kenny

[JKYKNY@aol.com](mailto:JKYKNY@aol.com)

1954 - Betsy (Neff) Cote

[betsycote@atlanticbb.net](mailto:betsycote@atlanticbb.net)

1955 - Nancie (Anderson) Weber

[nancieT@verizon.net](mailto:nancieT@verizon.net)

1956 - Glenda F. Drake

[gfdrake@swbell.net](mailto:gfdrake@swbell.net)

1957 - Shirley (Huff) Dulski

[shuffy2@msn.com](mailto:shuffy2@msn.com)

1958 - Pat (Terpening) Owen

[nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net](mailto:nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net)

1959 - Jerry Sandham

[Jsandham@quixnet.net](mailto:Jsandham@quixnet.net)

1960 - Ren Briggs

[renpat1671@unneedspeed.net](mailto:renpat1671@unneedspeed.net)

1961 - Betsy (Schley) Slepetz

[sbslepetz@erols.com](mailto:sbslepetz@erols.com)

1962 - Dona (Hale) Ritchie

[DonaRitchi@aol.com](mailto:DonaRitchi@aol.com)

## Roster Changes

(Editors Note: We had another error in the  
last issue. See below.)

Don't know who submitted the information on  
me but it is incorrect. Should read:

**Virginia K. (Kaye) Caldwell Jones (56)**

[kayeone@cox.net](mailto:kayeone@cox.net)

118 Nantucket Island  
Centerville, GA 31028  
(478) 971-3799

### New Email addresses:

**Sandra J. Scanlan Matlack (57)**

[SMATLACK6@nc.rr.com](mailto:SMATLACK6@nc.rr.com)

**Diane Lund (58) McMahon**

[j7125d@ktc.com](mailto:j7125d@ktc.com)

**Elsa Mary Coleman Blades (60)**

[maryelsa@cox.net](mailto:maryelsa@cox.net)

**Judy Hall Reazer (60)**

[JReazer@cox.net](mailto:JReazer@cox.net)

### New address:

**Austin E. Ganly (60)**

[ganly@prodigy.net](mailto:ganly@prodigy.net)

9232 41 Street

Pinellas Park, Florida 33782

Change of job to:

First Baptist Church, St Petersburg  
Florida

[aganly@fbcstpete.org](mailto:aganly@fbcstpete.org)

Church Administrator

## Look Who We Found

**Kathleen M. Casey Sanders (55)**

[HSand12380@aol.com](mailto:HSand12380@aol.com)

63 Woodside Drive  
Albany, NY 12208

**Richard L. Jaros (61)**

868 Vassar Drive  
Edwardsville, IL 62025  
NOT INTERESTED

**Stephen C. Marks (61)**

7919 Sierra Seco  
San Antonio, TX 78240

**Leon D. McGinnis (62)**

6545 Martin Road  
Milton, FL 32570-9505  
NOT INTERESTED

## 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.

**Jon Conklin Iams (59)** - per genealogy records

**Dan Crismon (61)** - per SSDI records

**Ken Robie (56)** - Dear Friends of Ken, Ken passed away this past Sunday, October 16 2005, of a heart attack at home. I don't know any of you, but thought he would want me to inform you.

Laura Rudman-Robie  
widow of Ken

**Editor's Note:** There were TWO Judy Hall's in the Class of 1960. We'd gotten word, quite

some time ago, that "Judy Hall" was deceased but didn't know which one it was. After we located Judy's brother John "Mike" Hall, we found that it wasn't his sister, so anyone who knew Judy Hall (Mike's sister), she is alive.

If anyone has any information on the other Judy Hall, we'd be happy to publish it.

## Memories of Bushy

**From Bob Overton (61)**

[bobover@airmail.net](mailto:bobover@airmail.net)

I was going through some old boxes and found a roll of undeveloped film. I had it developed and low and behold the pictures were taken at Bushy Park. They are pretty scratchy as they have been all over the world since taken. I am going to email them to you to see if you can use them and identify the people in them. I recognize a few, all look familiar but names elude me. By the way, you are doing a fantastic job with the newsletter. Thanks.

**(Editors Note: I will use one or two in each issue as space permits. Anyone knowing who is in the picture should send me an email with the name and anything else you might remember about the person or times spent together.)**





**From Bob Overton (61)**  
[bobover@airmail.net](mailto:bobover@airmail.net)

It occurred to me last night as I was letting my memory take me back to those wonderful "Bushy Park" years of my life that I probably hold the record for the longest time spent at Bushy Park high school.

My Father was transferred to England from Karachi, Pakistan, in February of 1957. I had been attending a boarding school for Americans in Beirut as a freshman at the time. My parents spent that spring trying to find an English boarding school that would take me or that I would stay at without running away. They failed, so the first week of May, 1957 I arrived at Central High, having missed about two and one-half months of school. At the end of the semester, I received incompletes.

When the fall semester arrived I went to register for the new year and was asked if I was a freshman or a sophomore. For some inexplicable, but as it turned a very fortuitous, reason I said freshman. I graduated in June of 1961. That gives me 4 full years and about 4 weeks in High School. Do I have the record? Let me know if anyone reading this can beat this.

## Mini Reunions

**From Martha (Connor) Bartsch (56)**  
[Talon3811@aol.com](mailto:Talon3811@aol.com)

We, my husband and I, had a most delightful reunion this past week! We had a planned visit from Paul Middlebrook and his darling wife, Mary, or Mim, as her family calls her.

They arrived from FL on Monday, September 27th, and since Mary has a brother and sister-in-law who reside right here in Wilmington, NC, Paul and Mary stayed with them while here.

We were graciously invited to a lovely evening at Mary's brother's and sister's-in-law, and yakked the whole evening long! It was so wonderful and truly brought back some marvelous memories...mostly thru Paul. He has a sensational memory, and we had more fun listening to him recount the many special times, both at Bushey and at Bentwaters, that he has kept with him!

Another special part of his memoirs included tales of my brother, Miles Connor, and what a simultaneous love and rascal he could be! Our second son and his wife had been asked to join us and they listened and laughed as much as we did!

There is no apt way to describe the moments of that evening. I know I shall cherish it for a very long time to come!

**Pat (Terpening) Owen (58)**  
[nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net](mailto:nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net)

Shirley Huff (57) Dulski and Pat Terpening (58) Owen enjoyed a wonderful evening of eating and talking when Shirley stopped by Topeka on her way home from the recent "Reunion" in Washington, D.C. Shirley said

the reunion was great and she had a wonderful time.

## **Reunion News**

### **From Ruth (Lund) Bethea (55)**

[rbethea@verizon.net](mailto:rbethea@verizon.net)

The LCHS reunion in our nation's capital provided a spot in time (and a warm welcome) for those folks who had either:

- 1) Just been found and this was their first opportunity to meet up with former classmates; OR
- 2) Wouldn't miss a chance to get together; OR
- 3) Could finally afford a trip; OR
- 4) Just happened to live close by (like me); OR
- 5) Those who were brought by someone in one of the above categories (like my Dan) to re-visit old friends, make new ones, and to share memories of days gone by. I mean that's what it's all about.

It was fun to look out over the crowd and see folks enjoying themselves. There was some pretty good dancing going on for (supposed) old timers... Mike and Judy can sure cut a rug! Lots of folks were taking pictures and I'm sure others will be shared in the newsletter.

There were four of us from the class of '55, all graduates of Bushy Park - Pat Miller Hodges, Joe Wolfe, me (Ruth Lund Bethea), and Dianne Pendergrass Hopkins. It was great to spend some time together and catch up on recent events in our lives. Although we certainly missed all the others from our class (and hope to see you at the next reunion), we had fun visiting with Joe's brother Neil Wolfe and Nancy Reed Robinson who spent time at the table we shared with folks from the class of '59.

Would the couple who hailed me down at the recent LCHS reunion please identify yourselves? I went back to your table later in the evening and you were gone. I'm ashamed to say that although I remember your faces very well (how could I forget a San Diego dinner companion), I'm not as good on names. It would be fun to do dinner again at the next gathering (soon I hope) as my sister and I enjoyed your company. I did tell Diane you said hello.

### **From Bill Grimes (56)**

[wrg406@earthlink.net](mailto:wrg406@earthlink.net)

49 years after graduation and after attending other peoples reunions, I finally had the opportunity to attend mine in DC and it was outstanding.

While our 56 reunion class size was small, John Enroth, Nancy Reed Robinson, and I were able to hold our own with the rest of the classes. While I constantly had to refer to my yearbook to re-establish faces of people you once saw in the Bushy Park halls so long ago, it was great to say hello.

Enjoyed talking to George Keich from the basketball team, Bill Douglas (great beard) from Bus #107-I think that was the number-Vaikai, Sandy, Carol, Robyn and many others. Stories were told and even had some to tell about the Teen Club at the Columbia House, and tubes rides to London-I did leave out Tythe Farms.

Bill Cooper and his group did an outstanding job organizing a very enjoyable weekend and Sherry Burritts DC tour book was most informative. In short, it was a fun weekend spent with people who had the great experience of living in England and attending Central High School.

### **From Sherry (Burritt) Konjura (57)**

[sherger@juno.com](mailto:sherger@juno.com)

Gary - Here is my overview of the Reunion. I've also attached a few photos. Unfortunately, I don't have photos of every class - only '57 - but, hopefully, other people will provide you with pictures from their class.

### **2005 Reunion in DC**

People began gathering at the Holiday Inn - Rosslyn right across the Potomac from DC proper on Thursday night, October 6th. Some had actually come in even before then and used the time to do some touring of the area. Bill Cooper opened his personal suite to the early arrivals for drinks and snacks.

On Friday people began arriving in droves. Bill had arranged for a large Hospitality Room to be available for most of the Reunion and had stocked it with a variety of snacks and libations. This was an ideal place for everyone to meet, greet and hang out without having to worry about time or getting in the way of the other hotel guests. It was an inspired idea on Bill's part to take a portion of the registration fee and use it to provide all of us with drinks and snacks. This sure did beat spending extra money on bar bills. There was a huge map where everyone was encouraged to put pins wherever they'd lived and it was soon covered from sea to shining sea! Wherever you looked people were hugging, laughing, looking at memorabilia and just having a good time. Ron Crowe (you were missed, Ron!) had arranged to have reunion shirts made up. The very good looking long sleeved grey shirts with a "Bobcat" logo soon began to appear everywhere you looked.

The only negative aspect was the weather! DC had enjoyed incredibly beautiful weather for weeks. The day the Reunion began, the rain began. It continued, almost without letup, for the entire time we were there. We did have a

couple of brief respites - even saw the sun for a few minutes at a time, but it was mostly cloudy skies. This was a shame for those who'd looked forward to touring DC. Nevertheless, most people just went out anyway. Often they came back soaked, but they decided not to let the rain stop them. After all - we'd coped with the weather in England - so I guess we felt at home!



Saturday afternoon Father Aaron Peters '57 held Mass for anyone desiring to attend. One did not need to be Catholic and we did have many at the Mass who were of other Faiths. It was a wonderful service and many thanks to "Pete" for doing this for us!

Saturday night everyone gathered in the ballroom for the dinner dance. Bill's son-in-law, Dave Palace, served as our disc jockey assisted by Bill's lovely daughter, Cecily. Bill had selected a wonderful variety of music that brought back memories to all. Many people took advantage of the dance floor. The buffet dinner offered something for everyone and the desserts were plentiful. Everyone I talked to agreed that the meal was delicious. We were required to have a cash bar in the ballroom and we all laughed about the "drink Nazi" (a hotel staff member) who kept telling people they couldn't enter the ballroom with drinks from somewhere else!

There were nearly 150 people present at the banquet. Sure, many were spouses - all of whom were happily and joyfully accepted as "fellow Centralites", but most were people who had attended London Central High School. We had people there from as early as 1954 and as late as 1985. The great thing is that we all enjoyed each other. One person, Theresa Arney - class of 1967 - came to our table and introduced herself and told us that she was going from table to table to meet everyone. That was a wonderful thing for her to do. The thing is - we all had the shared experience of living in England and attending Central High School. This has created a bond that seems to transcend time. I enjoyed talking to and learning about the experiences of those who were there years after me. Of course everyone tended to "hang" with their own class and those classes that came just before and after ours - that's natural - but it sure was fun to learn about everyone else, too!

After dinner the various classes gathered to take group photos and we students from 1957 also took photos of the many classmates there who had taken part in our Senior Class play, *The Curious Savage*.

The girls from 1957 presented our "Sweetheart of Central High" - Bill Cooper, with a silver dog-tag engraved with the information that he is, indeed, our "Sweetheart". Although I (Sherry Burritt Konjura) made the presentation, I have to give credit to Celeste Plitouke Brodigan who conceived of the wonderful idea. Bill, of course, regaled everyone with demonstrations of "Spoonhanging" with many attempting to join in.

Following the banquet/dance quite a number of people retired to the Hospitality Suite to continue socializing and many stayed until the wee hours. A lot of people began to depart for

home on Sunday, but quite a few stayed through Sunday and many through Monday.

We were asked to "vacate" the Hospitality Suite late Monday - so Bill reopened his personal Suite and we transported the remainder of the drinks and snacks up there for anyone wanting to partake. Tuesday morning the "last survivors" enjoyed breakfast in the hotel's top floor dining room which offered a spectacular view of the surrounding area - Georgetown in particular. The Washington National Cathedral was clearly visible in the distance beyond Georgetown.

There were a number of people present who had every reason not to attend, yet made the effort to come anyway. In particular - Shirley Huff Dulski '57 who is still recovering from major surgery and Robyn Rudat Allen '58 who is not only recovering from triple by-pass heart surgery AND carotid artery surgery - but just lost half her house in Gulfport courtesy of Hurricane Katrina! Celeste Plitouke Brodigan came with her foot in a cast having just had foot surgery. I'm sure there are probably others - but these are the ones I know about. To these and all others who really made the effort - thanks so much for making the effort - it was wonderful to see you! Sadly, there were a number of people who live right in the DC area whom we did not see. I know that reunions are not everyone's "thing" - but it would have been nice to see you - even if you had just "dropped by". There were also many who really wanted to be there and quite a few who had intended to be there and circumstances interfered preventing your attendance. To these I say - you were really missed, but we do understand why you couldn't come.

Bill Cooper - due to circumstances, you had the ball dropped in your lap - but you took it and ran - and the result was delightful. Thanks so much for a job well done! Now we all need

to get busy and start planning for our next Reunion. I know that those people who will be in charge of that one will provide just as wonderful an experience as this one and I certainly hope to be one of the attendees!



**From Mike Murphy (58)**  
[OLDSALT1223@aol.com](mailto:OLDSALT1223@aol.com)

Judy and I just returned from Washington DC 2005 reunion. It was a nice affair and lots more people attended than I thought. Bill Cooper did an excellent job. Except for some rain we went and toured all over. Took two bus tours and rode the metro most days there. The holiday inn was great. I have some pictures that I will publish as soon as I get them back. We are off again next month to a German fest in New Braunfels Texas and to the Louisiana State Fair in Shreveport. I am having to take out a loan to pay for pictures, haha. Bushy Park still lives on in our hearts, and thoughts.

### **This and That**

**From Patricia Colacicco (60)**  
[pcolacicco@comcast.net](mailto:pcolacicco@comcast.net)

I was hoping to make the reunion in October, but the high school I graduated from is having its reunion the same weekend. Last year or

even the year before, someone wrote in wanting to know what happened to Carolyn Congress (60). She was in my class at Bushy Park my sophomore year. The following year I spent at Carlisle High School at Carlisle, PA. When I moved back to Montgomery Co. Maryland in 1959 and went to Walter Johnson High School for my senior year, Carolyn Congress and Norman Cooper (who also attended Bushy Park) were in my homeroom.

I went to the Walter Johnson reunion on Friday evening, Oct. 7th. The booklet that they handed out had Carolyn Congress listed as deceased. I talked with one of the organizers to see if I could find out any more information. She only knew that Carolyn had died. Edwina Edwards Whitehead (62) is the one who asked about Carolyn.

**From Shirley Huff Dulski (57)**  
[shuffy2@msn.com](mailto:shuffy2@msn.com)

The 2005 Reunion in DC was great fun. Many, many thanks to Bill Cooper for all of his work to make it happen. The 2007 Reunion is already in the preliminary planning stage and we hope that more of you Bobcats will be able to attend, especially the class of 1957 to celebrate our 50th anniversary. We hope to have the Reunion in the Midwest in the Fall of 2007, so mark your calendars and stay tuned for further announcements. Barbara Bookhamer Luehrs (937-426-6913) and Shirley Huff Dulski

### **Letters to the Editor**

**From Gunther Sturm (58)**  
[gun1@citlink.net](mailto:gun1@citlink.net)

Gary, you are doing such a great job with this newsletter. I attended Bushy Park from 1956 through 1957, my Junior Year. I don't remember many of my classmates,

unfortunately, but I do have some good memories. I was the goalie for our soccer team and remember some very great moments in playing various English teams as well as some of our military teams. I wish I could remember the name of our coach, even though I see him clearly in my mind. Terrific person. I also wish I could remember the classmate that I later met while going to Auburn University from 1961 through 1963. Anyway, these stories sure bring back some valuable memories. Thank you.

**From Mike Murphy (58)**  
[OLDSALT1223@aol.com](mailto:OLDSALT1223@aol.com)

Hi Gary. It must have been pretty bad on the roads. Carol Eckles and her friend did the same thing, only to turn around and go home to ride out the storm. We had just left Galveston the Wednesday before the storm. Sorry about the transmission on the car. Can you report that to your insurance agent as storm related? Hang in there and we appreciate the efforts of the coast guard.  
**(Editors Note to Mike: Can't make it storm related according to insurance company.)**

**From Gail (Sawyer) Mitchell (59)**  
[RMitch1886@aol.com](mailto:RMitch1886@aol.com)

I have just been in contact with Mike Hall '59. He was listed in the October newsletter as having been found. He would like you to add him to the newsletter mailing list, and also his sister, Judy Hall Reazer, class of '60. Mike's email is: [m.g.hall@comcast.net](mailto:m.g.hall@comcast.net) Judy's is: [jreazer@cox.net](mailto:jreazer@cox.net) They both need to receive the Word format.

Judy was listed as deceased on a mailing list that I received a couple of years ago and I was very happy to hear that she is very much alive! We were roommates in the dorm and were very good friends. The last time I saw her was in 1970 when we were living in Nashville and

she was living in Arkansas, then we lost track of each other again, for the second time. Could you print this information in the next newsletter so that people who knew her will know that she is still with us.

Thanks. And thank you, Gary, and Pat, for all you do to get the newsletters out. I know that everyone else appreciates it as much as I do.

**From Patricia Hodges (55)**  
[pathodges@earthlink.net](mailto:pathodges@earthlink.net)

Thanks to Dianne finding Kathleen's married name and to Pat Owen locating her in Albany, New York, Dianne and I had the opportunity to talk with her yesterday. She was as stunned to hear from Dianne and me as we were to be "found".

**From Judy Burks Schroeder (59)**  
[bandjinTx@earthlink.net](mailto:bandjinTx@earthlink.net)

Thanks for the great newsletter this month. I always enjoy them, but this one seemed to have lots of news in it. Still waiting for Charlotte Martin to pop on. I remember all the Fridays when I went home with her and stayed for the weekend. I remember standing on the kitchen table to get dressed because there was no central heating and we turned the oven on and opened the door so the heat would rise and help keep us warm...crazy kids.

Anyway, thanks again, and as I told you, I am willing to arrange a mini-get-together here in Houston --- waiting for a reply from anyone.

**From Elizabeth Reed (60)**  
[reedel@worldnet.att.net](mailto:reedel@worldnet.att.net)

**Upholding Reputations: A Memoir of Life  
in 1950s England  
Elizabeth Reed Class of 60 (Bushy Park in  
7<sup>th</sup> Grade)**

reedel@att.net

“Whew—That was a close one!” We all think it but no one says it as we stand in the middle of traffic on a dark, gray day. The bus ride home started on one side of London, wound its way through the center of the city—right past Marble Arch, the Royal Guards, and the shops—then made its way to our stop an hour and a half later. “Wakie, Wakie” Cedrick would cry if we’d fallen asleep before our stop.

My sister, Nancy, and I and the Cram sisters, Robin and Jane, and sometimes Don Crews, got off on the far side of the high road, about a mile from the place we called home for two years. This home is in Hampstead Garden Suburbs—NW11. We’re too young to understand the poshness of the address in a neighborhood of single family homes and back gardens, but being almost a teenager, I do understand that living in England is quite different from the United States eight years after World War II.

At 4 pm it’s dusk, and the sun has given up its feeble attempt to appear through the smog of coal smoke. By 5 it’s dark. It’s at 4:30 each day that we dash half way across road and pause. The roar of the heavy engine and whoosh of a bright red doubledecker goes by us on one side. Whoosh and rumble of another on the other. We huddle together peering down the road for a break in traffic so we can dash to the safety of the sidewalk and our path home. Later in life my friends marvel as I boldly stride into traffic, having no fear after this jaywalking training on Golders Green Road. This is a great year. Five American kids live near enough to one another to pal around. All good kids, really, but we delight in the disdain the Brits have for us and do what we can to live up to their expectations to be, well, American kids. It just begs our natural mischievousness forward after years of

suppression by our military fathers. In England, we can be “bad,” and we enjoy it—until we’re caught. Then the respect we’ve been trained to surfaces, and embarrassed guilt casts down our eyes as we mumble apologies.

For the first year in England, my sister and I were oddities in our proper British schools. But this year, we toss off our Henrietta Barnett School uniforms, and with them the required wool beret in winter and the Panama straw in spring—both with the school crest. Our Mackintoshes and Wellingtons we keep—still serviceable and necessary on the many days of rain and the long walks to and from the bus stop to attend the American school in Teddington. Now we’re with Americans again, not different kids anymore, to be liked or disliked by our English classmates because of the land of our birth and assumed wealth in an England still recovering from the war. When we arrived in 1953, butter and sugar still were rationed, and bombsites littered street corners throughout London. One of the worst was on Grosvenor Square, diagonally across the corner from 10 North Audley, where my father worked at the military attaché’s office near the U.S. Embassy.

We make it across the street and start up the long hill of Litchfield Way past the graveyard on the left and the crematorium on the right. We usually chose the cemetery side to walk on, sometimes daring each other to dance among the tombstones as we made our way home. The crematorium has a high stone wall. Above it we can just see the peaked roofs with their chimney pots. Some days the gates open wide and we peek in wondering what goes on behind the heavy wooden doors as the cars of mourners leave following the services for the newly departed. Years later, I opened Graham Greene’s book *Travels with My Aunt*, and those wooden doors swung wide, giving me a glimpse inside Golders Green Crematorium.

We continue along the wall, eyeing each other as we spot two ladies approaching. Don rolls his eyes, and we follow his gaze up to the ominous smoke spiraling from the chimney pots to disappear in the darkening sky. We know what to do.

“Sniff sniff,” noses wrinkling, heads turning up and around until our eyes rest on the crematorium chimney pots. The ladies are closer. “I smell meat!” says one of us. “No chicken roasting” says another. “Phew! Definitely meat,” says yet another a little louder, just in case our British matrons didn’t hear. “Seems a little charred today.”

On many a day, little ladies trundling down the street with their black felt hats atop their tight gray curls that encircle their round rosy little faces would look properly shocked and move to the other side of the street. We’d watch them go in their brown tweed princess line coats looking like sacks of potatoes supported by two logs stuck in sensible walking shoes. Ah, the power of being Americans!

Once past the crematorium, we double over in gales of laughter. As it subsides, we reach the circle, where my sister and I say goodbye to the others and continue on to our house: Number 9 Grey Close.

This is a magnificent house to us—right in the middle of the square that closes Grey Close. Altogether there are 17 houses. The numbering starts with 1 at one corner, goes up the left side of the street to number 9, our house, and continues down the other side to number 17. As we walk up the street, the high hedge and gate almost hide the Tudor exterior and several peaks of the roof. We enter the dark hall that leads to the stair and the entrance to the living and dining rooms on the right. The kitchen, to the left past the stairs, is the warmest room with the large furnace prominently by the stove. We sit down at the small table where we

had had breakfast and have a spot of tea that our au pair prepared for us to take off the chill.

Off the kitchen are a walk-in pantry, a half bath, coal bin, and the yard with the cans the charlady fills for the dustman. The living room and dining room are furnished with heavy German furniture, including a grand piano. A wall of small-paned windows and French doors leads out to the back garden that is always in bloom except for the dead of winter. On another wall is the fireplace. Upstairs, a square foyer as big as a room is bounded by the doors to the five bedrooms, bath, and closet. The house came with a gardener, a piano tuner—he tunes only Bleuthner-made pianos—and a dog, Sandy the whippet.

This is far different from the raised rancher on a story-high cinderblock wall we left a year ago. There on the Isle of Palms near Charleston—two blocks from the beach and 100 feet from a South Carolinian swamp, we’d see snakes, raccoons, and wild boar. We’d watch the baby owls perched on the porch rails at dusk as we sat quietly waiting for an evening breeze in the heat.

Here in England, after we have our tea, we go to the living room and pile huge chunks of coal into the fireplace on top of smaller chips. Next, light the wand-like gas lighter, and bury it into the chips to get a fire started to heat up the place. We also have a kerosene heater that sits in the hall at the bottom of the stairs during the day. We lug it up the stairs at night to keep the chill off when we take our baths.

The first year we lived here, we actually used the central heating system. After paying the bills for a year, my father decided that we’d live like the British and the one coal fire would do. “Put another sweater on, girls” he’d say if we complained, never quite believing the pain of the chilblains in our fingers. He turned down thermostats until he died, even in the life

care community that was the final home of many a retired captain, admiral, judge, colonel, general, corporate officer. He like they awaited the inevitable end, living in the manner to which they had worked so hard to become accustomed.

As November approaches, my sister and I are quite happy with our new school, our new friends, and our bus rides every day. Wonderful Mr. Shermer is my teacher in 7<sup>th</sup> grade. Everything he says I believe. With his silver white hair, he walks around with a map pointer and slams it down—sometimes on my desk—if you’re talking. I don’t mind. He tells about a woman with a white streak down the middle of her head, placed there by a sickle on May Day in Paris by a Communist. On the day of the field trip to the British Museum, he never knew that a few of us took a look at the Rosetta Stone, then split to spend the rest of the day traveling all over London on the underground, just making it back to the bus on time.

My sister, in 11<sup>th</sup> grade, sits with the older kids at the back of the bus. Don and I and the other 7<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> graders are in the middle, where I usually sit with Dexter Hill. We sit in seats 21 and 22, the number label still on my key ring. The really little kids ride up front, Don’s sisters and brother among them. The long rides give us time to play and talk and plan. And we have a plan. Guy Fawkes day is coming—the only annual holiday when the Brits set off fireworks. Soon the young British schoolboys will be pulling their wagons around the stores with their child-size effigies of Fawkes: “Penny for the Guy? Penny for the Guy?” they’ll call out as they show off the poor rag doll they’ve created only to burn in a grand bonfire on the 5<sup>th</sup> as they shoot off fire works. We buy a good supply of fireworks, knowing that we’ll enjoy these celebrations at our neighbor’s while our fireworks are safely hidden for another day.

“We’re off to the movies, Mom” we’d call out on many a night as we headed out the door to meet up for an evening of chatter, kidding around, and generally being teenagers. TV might be another option, but none of us has a TV and the only entertainment on the tellie—government-controlled BBC—was nothing like American TV.

The year before, I’d watch the Children’s Hour with its sweet little tales at my British friend’s home, but now that she’s failed the eleven-plusses and I’ve moved on to the American school, we rarely get together. I would arrive at Jennie’s after school to play near the bomb shelter in the rose-filled garden. “Come in for tea!” we’d hear her mother call about 4. The tellie went on at 5 pm, just as her father was coming through the door for his high tea, and we’d watch “Mystery in the Windmill” or whatever show was on the single broadcast channel. As I left, Jeanette’s mother would be putting on her dinner, after which Jeanette went to bed so her mother and father could have their dinner together and alone. This year, as I walk down the street to go to the movies on a Saturday, Jeanette’s parents don’t recognize me any more, or don’t care to, when they see me with my rolled up blue jeans, bobby sox, and father’s big white shirt. Somehow we always know what they’re wearing back home in the States.

In English school, it was all strict discipline and order: standing when a teacher enters the room, standing when called upon, standing to march to prayers, standing to sing “the Queen.” What embarrassment when I’m pointed out as we practice for a school play—“Look at Elizabeth, why she’s standing taller for “the Queen” than the rest of you, and she’s not even English!” We Americans watch all this wonderfully satirized by the bizarre screaming schoolgirls in the classic comedy *The Belle’s of St. Trinian’s*. We laugh as much at their antics as at the uniforms that a year ago

was our daily attire. Another time we sneak into the adult-rated *Barefoot Contessa*, and were so disappointed at not figuring out what the fuss was about.

We were always at the movies. The powerful *Colditz Story* kept the war alive as we watched British POWs plan their escape from Germany's ultimate castle prison. We wasted our money by twice seeing an absolutely dreadful film about a Norwegian boy and his otter. "Ottie, Ottie," he called over and over when Ottie decided to be a real otter and go back to the wilds. "Let's get the boys and see it again," we decided, anticipating an evening of jokes and sarcasm. As the movie ended, we heard sniffing. It's our American boys whose sobs are drowning out the final "Ottie, Ottie where are you Ottie?" But seeing *Dragnet* was the best of all.

When *Dragnet* came out in the spring, we all trooped up to the window to purchase our "1 and 6" tickets for the cheap seats in the first six rows of the cinema. As usual, we string out across the row, our obnoxious exuberance spills out in laughing, getting up and down, putting feet on the backs of the chairs, and joking. "Remember the one when . . ." starts us reminiscing about all the *Dragnet* TV shows we saw before our five-day trip across the Atlantic on the converted *USNS Henry Gibbins* brought us to this innocent land of cops with whistles instead of guns.

Out of the corner of my eye, I spot a little old lady coming down toward the cheap seats. She sits a row behind us. Then, thinking better of it, she moves back a row for a little more distance. Then, she teeters down to the first row clutching her purse to her body and sits right in front of us. Then she decides to move over a couple seats. Finally, she turns and says "You *will* be quiet when the show starts, won't you?" Embarrassed, we quiet down.

"I lived in America once," she leans over toward us, hands on the back of a chair to steady herself, "and I do really want to hear the show." Our youthful arrogance wilts to remorse. We promise her that we want to hear it too—"we're Americans you know," as if she hadn't guessed. Then the "where and when" conversation starts, and of course one of us has lived where she lived. As the lights go down, we slump down in our seats and look practically straight up as the LAPD badge looms above us. *Dum de dum dum* begins the theme, and for 90 minutes we're back in America with Jack Webb.

"Let's have a snipe hunt," my sister one day calls out on the bus to the older kids in the back. "My father's out of town, we'll have a slumber party—come by my house tonight." So shortly after dinner, "we're off to the movies" rings out in the nearby American homes. Soon we're off to Hampstead Heath for an evening of fun. The girls know the game and give one poor boy—whose name I've forget—the bag and the salt and tell him to cry out "here snipe, here snipe." As he does, we girls run back to the house. Meanwhile, Don, having the time wrong, shows up at our doorstep after we'd left. There's my mother at the door. "So that's what they're up to," he remembers well, shrinking away with his bag of rough clothes, missing all the fun. We meet her fury when we arrive later. "Just wait until your father comes home!" she calls as we continue our slumber party and completely forget the boy yelling "snipe, snipe" on the Heath.

With July comes a heat wave—in the 80s—and everyone in London suffers. The reports of people sticking to the tar in the streets make us laugh. After all, two years ago we lived in day-after-day of the 90s. But in truth, it feels just as bad to us, and we're suffering, too, sitting in our back garden drinking our tea iced. A month later, we leave England and steam into New York harbor aboard the *USNS Gen*.

*Maurice Rose.* Standing at the rail after staying up all night to catch the first glimpse of land, tears stream down our faces; we are in awe of the Statue of Liberty and the 95 degree heat that greet us.

But before we leave England, one last time we call out “Going to the movies, Mom,” as we have so many times this year. A few minutes later, with bundles tucked under our arms, we meet the boys and the Cram girls on Hampstead Heath. We gather round, and as each of us opens our bundle, there they are—our Guy Fawkes fireworks for a real Fourth of July. It’s still light so we wait. And wait. And wait for dusk to arrive about 11 pm. Finally it’s time. First one blast and then another begins our celebration of getting rid of Parliament’s rule 170 years after the Gunpowder Plot failed to do the same. Pretty soon, out she comes—our ubiquitous little old lady. As she steps onto the heath, her brow is wrinkled, her lips drawn up tight, she’s clutching her purse and taking careful steps toward us as the dark closes in. “We’re Americans” one of us calls out. “It’s Independence Day.”

“Oh dear!” she says. “I thought it was the blitz again. Scared me so. You know it was a terrible thing, the blitz. I’d hear the siren, go into my back garden, huddle in my shelter, and listen to the buzz as the bombs came down. You never knew where they would land. Then the all clear would sound, and back into the house we’d go. You will stop soon, won’t you?”

“Oh, we only have a few more.”

So we continue, and soon a Bobby wanders on to the Heath, and asks “what do you think you’re doing? Robin and Jane’s father, Col. Cram, has joined us by then and explains quite pleasantly. “It’s our Fourth—our

Independence Day, you might remember. “Carry on,” said the Bobby—and we did.

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#### **Class of 1959 - A-E. FOUND**

Ackerman, Richard "Dick" - Illinois  
Ahlbum Bailey, Noel - Massachusetts  
Albert, Allan "Ted" - Washington  
Baker, John K. - New Jersey  
Beach, Leland C. - Louisiana  
Besancon, Charles - North Carolina  
Bess, Lloyd - Arkansas  
Biggers Hester, Charlotte - Colorado  
Bond Waites, Barbara - Texas  
Boyd, Warren - Florida  
Bradley Thompson, Patricia - Florida  
Brown Savage, Patricia - Washington, D.C.  
Bunting, Irvin "Butch" - Vermont  
Burks Schroeder, Judy - Texas  
Cameron Squires, Barbara - Oregon  
Caraway, David - Arizona  
Carmichael Berg, Marie "Pinky" - Washington  
Carmody Slonaker, Deana - Florida  
Carter, Aaron Morris - Texas  
Chatfield, Carl - California  
Chermak, Keith - Oregon  
Chorney, Raymond - North Carolina  
Cleavelin, Rodney - Oklahoma  
Coleman Bradford, Georgann - Oklahoma  
Connell, Stephen - Montana  
Cotrell Williams, Joanna - Florida  
Crampton, Jr., William - Texas  
Crews, Donald - Texas  
Cummings (Earls), Kenneth - Oklahoma  
Dice, Robert - Washington  
Dubowy, Richard - New York  
Enroth, Richard - California  
Estes Shepp, Elizabeth - Colorado

#### **DECEASED - Class of 1959**

Anderson, David S. - 2005, Buning, Judy - 1960, Copeland, Arthur, Crane, Randolph - 2004, Deuel, Robert - 1993

**Still Missing - 1959** - (If anyone has been in contact with any of these, please let Pat

Terpening Owen (58) know at  
[nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net](mailto:nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net) )

Ackley, Patricia C. - from Flint, Michigan -  
parents deceased in California  
Ackley, Penny - from Flint, Michigan - parents  
deceased in California  
Allen, Joy  
Allen, Judith Ann - Alexandria, VA  
Babb, Richard W. - Myerston, PA  
Barker (King), Lorraine Joyce - Denver, CO  
Beach, Gerald  
Beard, Connie  
Boyd, Sherryl Ann - Merced, CA  
Brandon, Patricia A. - Los Angeles, CA  
Breen, Lynne - Chicago, IL  
Brooks, Marion  
Buckley, Gail Marie - Arlington, MA  
Bulson, Richard F. - Oklahoma City, OK  
Burke, Judith  
Burke, Patricia A. - San Antonio, TX  
Burke, Richard P.  
Chandler, Jerry  
Clayton, Linda  
Cobb, Heather A.  
Cohen, Susan D.  
Collard, Carol - Denver, CO  
Collins, Edward M.  
Crane, Joanne  
Crismon, Patricia  
Crowe, Patricia  
Curtis, Richard - Amarillo, TX  
Daly, Elizabeth J. - Langley Park, MD  
Davis, Robert M.  
Davis, Ronald - South Miami, FL  
Dawson, Eleanor La Juan - San Antonio, TX  
Dixon, Louis B.  
Douglas, Irene - Shreveport, LA - Father  
M/Sgt. J.M.  
Farber, Carol  
Farrell, William Drew - Washington, D.C.