



# Bushy Tales

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



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Visit the Bushy Park Web Site at <http://www.bushypark.org/>

## Class Representatives

1953 - Jackie (Brown) Kenny

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

1961 - Betsy (Schley) Slepetz

[bslepetz@comcast.net](mailto:bslepetz@comcast.net)

1962 - Dona (Hale) Ritchie

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

## Roster Changes

### New address:

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### New Email addresses:

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Winona 'Noni' Hoagland Kripal (61)

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If anyone has a different one, please let Pat know

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Martha Isbell Anderson (60)

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## Look Who We Found

**Walter R. Harris (58)**  
3819 W. Kensington Ave  
Tampa, FL 33629

**Gerald A. "Jerry" Hiatt (59)**  
1329 Lusitana Street  
Honolulu, HI 96813

**Sheila A. Gray Engle (61)**  
6550 SE 111th Place  
Bellevue, FL 34420

## 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.

## Memories of Bushy

**From Gail Kelly (Faculty)**  
[martha.kelly@virgin.net](mailto:martha.kelly@virgin.net)

Susan Payne is a current teacher at London Central High School in High Wycombe. Alas, her email below confirms our school's closure at the end of the next school year. End of an era, hey - cheerio, Gail

----- Original Message -----

**From:** [Payne, Susan](mailto:Payne, Susan)

**To:** [Gail Kelly](mailto:Gail Kelly)

**Sent:** Sunday, September 03, 2006 9:42 AM

**Subject:** SV: thanks

Gail,  
Did you hear about the school? They made the official announcement on Friday - London Central will close in June of 2007! We are all just heartbroken!

**From Diane Zumwalt (56)**  
[dhzumwalt@comcast.net](mailto:dhzumwalt@comcast.net)

Remember When!!!  
Comments made in the year 1955:  
That's only 51 years ago!

"I'll tell you one thing, if things keep going the way they are, it's going to be impossible to buy a week's groceries for \$20."

"Have you seen the new cars coming out next year? It won't be long before \$2000 will only buy a used one."

"If cigarettes keep going up in price, I'm going to quit. A quarter a pack is ridiculous."

"Did you hear the post office is thinking about charging a dime just to mail a letter?"

"If they raise the minimum wage to \$1, nobody will be able to hire outside help at the store."?

"When I first started driving, who would have thought gas would someday cost 29 cents a gallon. Guess we'd be better off leaving the car in the garage."

"Kids today are impossible. Those duck tail hair cuts make it impossible to stay groomed. Next thing you know, boys will be wearing their hair as long as the girls."

"I'm afraid to send my kids to the movies any more. Ever since they let Clark Gable get by with saying 'damn' in 'Gone With The Wind,' it seems every new movie has either 'hell' or 'damn' in it."

"I read the other day where some scientist thinks it's possible to put a man on the moon by the end of the century. They even have some fellows they call astronauts preparing for it down in Texas."

"Did you see where some baseball player just signed a contract for \$75,000 a year just to play ball? It wouldn't surprise me if someday they'll be making more than the president."

"I never thought I'd see the day all our kitchen appliances would be electric. They are even making electric typewriters now."

"It's too bad things are so tough nowadays. I see where a few married women are having to work to make ends meet."

"It won't be long before young couples are going to have to hire someone to watch their kids so they can both work."

"Marriage doesn't mean a thing any more; those Hollywood stars seem to be getting divorced at the drop of a hat."

"I'm just afraid the Volkswagen car is going to open the door to a whole lot of foreign business."

"Thank goodness I won't live to see the day when the Government takes half our income in taxes. I sometimes wonder if we are electing the best people to congress."

Know friends who would get a kick out of these?  
Pass it on!

**From Jean (Jones) Pickhardt (56)**  
[mimip75@msn.com](mailto:mimip75@msn.com)

I am on your email list and really do enjoy reading your newsletters, you do one terrific job & deserve a million thanks for all your time and effort. I have never contributed because I don't remember that much of my time at the school. I recognize a lot of the names (on your email list) from '56 & look at my year books of "The Londoner" which I have of 1953 & 1954. In cleaning out boxes of old pictures I ran across pictures of classmates mainly on the bus that I took from Sunbury to school and a couple at the school. I took them today & had the guy copy them for me & try to clear them up, they did the best they could and I would like to send them to you, I will put a sticky on them as to who I think they are.

It was a great time over there so many years ago, I am going to my 50th class reunion from Washington-Lee High School in Arlington, VA

where my Dad was transferred back to the Pentagon after we left London.

(Editors Note: Here are two of the pictures Jean sent me. I was not able to scan the others into a good enough file to be seen.)

Who can name our classmates in these pictures?



**From Susan (Sue Miller) Dalberg (61)**  
[Wolfpaw81@aol.com](mailto:Wolfpaw81@aol.com)

I really enjoyed reading Judy's posting about she being on the perpetual military brat wanderlust! Thought it was just me!

Dad was Strategic Air Command, so we moved a LOT! I attended five schools in my Freshman year alone. They kept moving Dad TDY, not sure why, but would barely get my bags unpacked before it was time to pack up again and head for parts unknown. Typically, we stayed at a base a couple years, which is what wound up happening at Bushy Park. I was ready to be settled for a while!

Heartbroken, we transferred back to the States at the end of my Junior Year, so I didn't get to meet that secret goal of making it three years anywhere.

Did it have an impact on me??? Ask my husband. Every couple years, I have to rearrange the whole house to meet that need for moving and change! He can just about tell when we are approaching the two year mark as I start cleaning and purging closets and drawers with a vengeance.

I am so grateful that I was a military brat. We are flexible, we can mix with darn near any group and, according to my sister, I have never met a stranger. I learned to love people based on how they treated me not because of the rank of their father. (The "status" grouping always seemed silly to me anyhow!) As a Sgt's kid, I never felt any less than a Colonel's kid! We all had to pack up and move on, regardless. And, in the end, as we approach this time in our life, cancer, heart attacks, critical illnesses knows no rank nor does it salute. We are all equally vulnerable.

So, we keep on with our wanderlust, or for some, they found a nest and have not budged from it since they got out on our own. Different strokes! Some of us loved it, some, like my Sister, hated it (although she can handle about five years of a job or a house, then she's on the move also!). I always dreaded being thrown into a new situation, but once I got there, managed to make myself pretty much at home in a short period of time. The only exception was my Senior Year spent in Denver, Colorado. Coming from my treasured time at Bushy, leaving such wonderful friends, it was a dismal culture shock. I abhorred the school I graduated from. The base was in the most elate part of Denver; there were all of eight of us from the base who attended the high school and we were ostracized, treated rudely, excluded from activities, etc. Luckily, I was so far ahead academically, I only had to go to school two hours a day, then had a full time job. Because I'd always gone to schools where military kids were primarily, if not exclusively, the student body, it was the first time I'd ever experienced the bias of being treated so bad because my father was "in the military"- (like a convict would be perceived). On those tough days, I would remember all of us at the sock hops in the gym, or

my time at the teen club on base, and know that the world is full of wonderful people and my classmates in Denver were the exception, rather than the rule. The eight of us clung together and formed great friendships--all with the same goal--to make great grades and get the hell out of that school!

**From Bill Grass, Jr. (65)**

[Liveklg@gmail.com](mailto:Liveklg@gmail.com)

We came to South Ruislip from Furstenfeldbruck, Germany in 1956. Little did we know that it would be turned over to the Germans and be the site of the 1972 Olympic massacre. We rented a house near the base for a few months from a lady named Mrs. Malarky, I swear that was her name and she was always giving us it. Malarkey that is. She was a widow and a real stickler for energy conservation. Lights out at night and just a small wall kerosene lantern on the stairs to avoid killing yourself. My job each morning was to go down in the basement and stoke, or more likely kindle and restart, the furnace for heat and hot water.

This house was near the base for Dad and I can remember riding my bike over to the main gate one day when they had a large demonstration against the US Military and its either use or possession somewhere of nuclear weapons. It got a little out of hand with shoving and scuffling but the Bobbies handled it and the AP's just guarded the gate.

We soon moved out to a lovely estate of Mr. George Sanders, a British movie producer, who was going to the States for a year to make a movie. It was called Shanakill and had a normal size American style house on a large property with a forest and dozens of rhododendron bushes. I had to walk thru the woods and past a Gypsy camp to get to the bus stop for school and on the return trip it was dusk. My mother always worried I was going to be kidnapped and came to get me at the bus stop often if she had the car.

While we were there the Suez Canal was closed and gasoline was rationed. Dad, being military, got extra coupons but I can remember the long lines waiting to fill up.

The bus ride was long but at least on the way home the driver would stop and let us all run in quickly to



get chocolates, hard candies and juice or pop. Remember the lemon drops, Toberlone, Swiss chocolate, and the pop bottles had a ceramic stopper with a rubber washer and a metal clip that rotated to seal it.

I remember playing soccer, whether on the school team or P.E. not sure, but I think Robert McDonald and Richard Konkolewski were on a team. I always hated it when they kicked me in the shins.

I know for sure that I went to Bushy Hall American School in ninth grade but have no idea why, where it was, and no records of it. I have found on the Internet that a gentleman named John Hardy went there in different class years and he shows up on Google as being a producer of films like Gigli, Oceans 11, Oceans 12 and Erin Brokovich. Win some and lose some even when you are famous in the movies, I guess. Gigli, indeed.

We rotated out in the summer of 1958 to a SAC base in Little Rock, Ark. Where my dad and mom retired and eventually passed away. They are together forever in a common plot in the National Cemetery.

My folks gave me amazing freedom for a young fourteen year old I used to ride the train, bus, tube, etc. with several friends downtown to see the wonders of London. Imperial War Museum, Buckingham Palace, Piccadilly Circus, dinner at The Ivy, saw the musical My Fair Lady with Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews on stage, tattoos at Wembley Stadium, it goes on and on.

My basement flooded many years ago and I lost ALL memories in the forms of yearbooks, photos, scrap books, souvenirs from all our duty stations but two things were upstairs and survived. My 1957 Vapor Trails and a little metal box. It was full of patches, pins, ticket stubs to various USAFE and German/English events. It was like finding gold.

The sadness of losing this stuff, kind of like a house fire I guess, was not so much in what they were but the fact that each item could trigger a memory long stored away in a dusty web somewhere in the back of my brain. I still miss those items.

I am so glad that you have agreed to continue the

Newsletter. I read all the stories, even the class years that I was not there. Each one has a phrase or memory in it somewhere that reminds me of what we now affectionately call the Good Ole Days. They really were.

## **Reunion News**

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

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

The Orlando reunion was small but nice. It did give us a chance for more detailed conversation. Our class had Fred (his wife and 1 daughter w/boyfriend), Ted (with wife), Marilyn, Dianne Pendergrass (with her daughter), me (with sister Diane), and newcomer Kathleen Casey. I don't think you've re-met Dianne or Kathleen. Dianne and Kathleen were both at Sculthorpe with me and we all went to an English grammar school for our 10th grade. Then my Dad got re-assigned to Ruislip and I became a town student in '54 while they both came as dorm students (and were roommates).

The class of '53 had 3 people and the rest of the folks were from '54 (Peg (and Mom), John Meuer (and Mom), Snookie (and Pete), Bob Lyle (and wife), Sammy Myers (and wife), Gary Baldwin (and Ruth Ann), Billie (and Mom), and Arden (and hubby). I hope I'm not missing anyone.

As usual folks brought their treasured memories, yearbooks, pictures, etc for everyone to share. It was a nice time.

Nancie and Paul didn't come as Paul is pretty seriously ill with pneumonia (and possible complications). I called Nancie Wednesday and she said Paul was showing signs of being better as he swore at her while she was bossing him around..... He was taken from ICU and is in a care facility now (I believe).

I got a few digital photos and will forward some for your viewing pleasure once I get them downloaded on the PC.

## **Mini Reunions**

**From Bill Cooper (57)**

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

## UP UP AND AWAY!

### From Our Anonymous Aeronautical Correspondent

August 9<sup>th</sup> of this year saw a different kind of mini-reunion for three members of the Class of '57, in the skies over Amish Country, Lancaster, PA, when a team of four took to the skies in celebration of birthdays and balloons. The occasion was the birthday of Sherry (Burritt) Konjura. Joining her in this hot air voyage were her husband Gerry Konjura, Celeste (Plitouke) Brodigan, and Bill Cooper.

The flight was Celeste's brainstorm and her gracious gift to the others, and included a belated celebration of Bill's birthday and the anticipation of Celeste's on the 14th. Preparations got underway around 1800 hours with inflation of the balloon and signing of waivers for all manner of possible eventualities. The balloon inflation provided a perfect photo op for the four intrepid aeronauts, who gathered together inside the balloon as it ballooned. There is a still unconfirmed rumour that Bill Cooper's plentiful supply of hot air greatly speeded the inflation process.

Once in the air, the team informed the pilot and other passengers that they were fortunate enough to have a full backup crew on board consisting of former flight attendant Celeste and former jet jockey Bill. Despite this disturbing news the flight continued. When the aerostat had reached the vicinity of one mile high, a special ceremony took place inducting Sherry and Gerry into the not-so-secret but somewhat limited (in all senses of that term) society of Team Cooper. This dubious honour largely involves the presentation of a special lapel pin. Celeste, already a member, and Bill preformed the solemn rite. At this point our pilot graciously (and foolishly) offered Captain Cooper the propane controls. Fortunately for all concerned, balloons are forgiving craft and Bill's hand on the little red lever caused no serious damage. The balloon pilot was then also inducted into Team Cooper for bravery above and beyond.

The view from a mile up was spectacular with nary a cloud and only slight haze. But by far the best

part of the voyage was flying at 50 to 10 feet off the ground, borne on the wind, at about 3 MPH, waving and calling out to folks in the fields, spooking the farm animals, and checking for baseball players in the corn. The pilot - the qualified one, not Bill, thank goodness - skimmed the tops of the corn blossoms. No baseball players were in evidence, but Celeste swore she'd seen a skunk.

After a little more than an hour the flight ended comfortably with a remarkably soft landing. The balloon pursuit crew, passengers, and a large crowd of onlookers having gathered up the equipment, it was back to the starting point for champagne and toasts. The mini-reunion team members continued on their own with further libations and a late supper. Breakfast the next day - also late - completed what can only be described as the best sort of birthday celebration. Special thanks to Celeste for putting it all together, to Sherry for the occasion, to Gerry for catching the whole flight on DVD, and to Bill for the hot air.



### From Penny (Ohrman) Bernstein (61) [premierevent@charleston.net](mailto:premierevent@charleston.net)

This summer in addition to seeing Edwina Edwards in Vegas while doing the Bitburg HS Reunion I had the pleasure yesterday of seeing Carol Olmstead Tims '61 also after 50 years! Where does the time go.

I saw Carol's note in the July issue just before I left for a three week trip to Europe. I sent her a note and while on the cruise received one from her that

she and her husband were now retired, traveling the country in a motor home and were in Charleston the month of August – they actually left today. We were able to get together yesterday after 50 years and enjoyed almost four hours over a wonderful lunch. I remember Carol from 8<sup>th</sup> grade at Bushy and going to her home for the weekend in West Drayton. She remembered me as well – which as we all know – 8<sup>th</sup> grade doesn't hold all the same memories that our high school years hold. Seeing both her and Edwina has been very special. Friends in the civilian community here and my clients are amazed at the people I keep up with – it's my family I guess.

Carol sent these two pictures to me that her husband took – thought you might want one for the newsletter.

I also read with interest Jerry Hoffman's visit to the school now at High Wycombe. I went there in Nov. 04. I had taken my daughter to Paris for an early 40<sup>th</sup> birthday then on to London for a 36 hr. if you blinked you missed it tour of London. I sent her on home to her family and I remained in England for 3 days with friends from my days in Bitburg. While with Roni she took me out to High Wycombe one day to find my old house that was on the economy. I managed to find the street but didn't have the number and couldn't remember the exact house – we then went on to find the house I lived in at High Wycombe. We were the first family to live in the house. New housing opened in May of '57. I was so surprised to see the school and that it was now considered London Central. I didn't try to go in – did take a picture and just kept saying, I can't believe after all these years I'm back here. Sorry to now have High Wycombe mentioned with possible terrorists. The memories of England, and Germany are so special to me – as I know your time over there was as special to you.

Does anyone remember or did they go on to Bushy Hall in the fall of '57 – that's where I was transferred to for 9<sup>th</sup> grade along with others from High Wycombe. Carol asked me yesterday where it was and for the life of me, I have no idea...anyone remember.



### **What I Am Up To**

**From Glennva (Beason) Yuenger (61)**  
[GGandTony@aol.com](mailto:GGandTony@aol.com)

Have been enjoying the Bushy Tales for a little over a year and always mean to write but get distracted by one thing or another. If it takes us all sitting down and running off a word or two to save this newsletter then so be it. I love reading it each month and chuckling at the memories. The first winter I was back in the states (California) I didn't even wear a coat. It was a much warmer cold.

I arrived at Bushy for my 6th grade year and stayed through most of my freshman year. For Dave Kremers, my brother Rick and I along with our Mom were on that ship that sailed past you. I have never forgotten that trip (the SS United States and her sister ship have long since been retired) We were among those living in town and riding that long bus ride each day to and fro. There were days when the bus didn't come and it was freezing cold outside. We walked around stomping our feet to keep them from getting numb. There was a nice lady with a lovely English garden that lived at the end of our lane and when we couldn't stand our waiting any longer would take us in warm our feet in a pan of slightly warm water so we could walk back up the lane home to find out where that bus was.

It was probably one of those days when you stuck your finger in the fog and it left a hole. How well I remember going to Bushy at night for a program or something and someone riding on the bumper with

a flashlight to find the way through the park. Does anyone remember Mr. Sherman and his class walks in Bushy Park with all the history of Henry the Eighth hunting there.

I still love Cadbury bars, high tea, treacle pie, and hot buttered scones. We went to youth club at West Drayton and the dentist at Ruislip. My dad was a square dance caller when he wasn't busy on the base. He called for the British Association of American Square Dancers and had 3 or 4 clubs that he called for as well as large dances in London and other places. My brother and I managed to get our photograph on the front page of the Air Force Times when we came home because of Dad's calling (headline was the dancing Beason's go home)

I was a skinny little thing of 113 lb. and 5'2 in tall. I wrote for the school news paper and took art classes along with the required stuff. My freshman year with not really knowing anyone in high school and nothing about cheer leading I tried out as a solo (needless to say I didn't get far) but I'm happy to report that by the time I reached my senior year state side that I was headletter girl at my school, vice president of my FHA club, decorating chair of many dances, in the drama and rally clubs, choir and wrote for the school newspaper.

I married right out of high school and by the time I was 26 was Mom to five. I still stayed active in drama, square dancing, arts and crafts and was an avid reader. I helped found a coop-op nursery school in 1972 so my youngest daughter could go to school (she was bored as all the others were in classes) She was 2 1/2 and reading and knew her numbers and shapes. I did a lot of volunteer work at the kids schools and some times worked season work at Christmas or in the summer.

I have been a waitress, wrapped presents, worked in a cannery, cashier, put on children's beauty pageants and talent shows plus other little jobs. I started taking a couple of classes at Fresno City college (maybe one a semester) but my husband disapproved of women going to college.

I also worked part time doing market research. Around the time my youngest was nine and after 17 years of marriage my husband decided to go back to

the religion of his childhood. (this was not something I was willing to do) So with no way to support my kids and knowing a split was coming I did a very different thing. At the age of 34 I joined the Air Force Reserves and went to Boot Camp. I already knew what to expect and that I could gain job credibility and a trade to get a job plus enough money to get a car and a place to live when I got back. What an experience. I had 39 girls calling me Mom and it wasn't too hard. The worst thing that happened was that I broke a bunch of the air sacks in my lungs going over a wall in the obstacle course and ending up in the hospital for 3 days. I had to beg the doctor to let me out so I wouldn't get set back. I arrived back at my barracks at 11:30 the night before we had to take our final tests. I didn't have to do the run (thank heaven as I don't know that I could have made it) later at Tech school I did a walk run instead.

By the way I decided that from now on I would go out but no marrying. Little did I know what waited just around the corner.. When I returned to Fresno I worked in my recruiting office and one day in walked Tony to yell at the recruiter for not seeing that he got paid on time (he was a retread going back to school) after Nam. Well, I was the only one in the office (it was August) and after talking for a while we made a date for the next weekend.

We married the following May (27 years ago) and had two sons, both in the military. Our youngest just returned in Sept. From Iraqi (he is an Army medic) and the other came back from the Afghanistan area (he is an Air Force NDI).

Tony had to finish his last year at Fresno State in accounting, so I worked as in those days the GI bill was hard to live on. We spent a year in San Francisco after graduation. (him working for Standard oil and me working in public relations for 2 McDonalds restaurants.

When our youngest was 10 days old we moved back to Fresno to be closer to family. Tony audited for the County assessors office and I did market research part time as I went back to school. It took me 20 years to get my first AA degree in marketing, with a class here and there. ( I was 49) While doing that I took a class in photography and fell head over heels in love with it. You guessed it, I went back



and got another AA and certificate in Photography. Not only that but I went in to school politics, and at 51 was student body president of Fresno community college (2500 students)

I belonged to a competition team in the business school and we won regional 3 years in a row and traveled to nationals in Kansas City, Missouri where we placed in the top 10. I managed to have 2 of my photographs published in the Peterson best of college photography while I was in school. I do fine arts photography. I've been fortunate to have lots of shows and have won some awards. It's is something that I love doing and thank God for the eye to see the pictures composed in my camera lens. My husband (thank goodness) enjoys taking photo trips with me. He went to work for the state of California for quite a few years and traveled a lot. (I could travel with him if I wanted to)

About four years ago we started looking for a place to retire. Well, to make this short, he got offered a job in Washington State working in the Federal Government. We already had a son stationed there and my brother and most of his kids lived there. The scenery was what we wanted as was the weather (Tony was born in Santa Barbara) so Tony retired from the state and accepted the new job and soon we were on our way. (a little more complicated than that. 22 1/2 years in the same house) He started work while I sorted. That was going on three years ago and we love it here.

Tony still travels, as I do at times. We have a beautiful home, that I'm still decorating. Our doors are always open to company and we have had lots. We found a cousin of Tony's 15 miles away. I've had three photo shows and a benefit sale at our church. I will when I get to it have a large studio in our downstairs. We live in the woods with part of the Puget Sound half a mile down the road where a small park is. Our neighborhood has it's own private park. Our town is small but growing like every thing is. It's around 5 miles to the downtown harbor (which was founded in 1846) and loads of little restaurants and shops. In March we move Tony's parents just down the hill from us. Time has been good to us.

When I look back at Bushy and the years overseas I think of all the kids and families that passed

thorough at different times, yet bond by a fine silver thread of memories. Tea, fog, Easter candy, double deck buses, red phone booths, Bobby's. Hampton Court. Green Grocers, meat market, Woolworth's, museums, tower of London, bomb shelters, Kew gardens, the regattas locks on the Thames, and so much more ingrained for ever on the back doors of our minds. Hope I didn't rattle on for too long.

**From Sally Goldenberg Entlich (61)**  
[salnrichnfla@yahoo.com](mailto:salnrichnfla@yahoo.com)

After graduation from Bushy Park I attended the University of Maryland in Munich for one year along with Ellen Beinert, Tom Gulbranson, Jerry Bijold and maybe a few others from London. It was memorable, I think --Oktoberfest, Fasching, campus escapades-- but that's a different story. My father was transferred to the States, so I had to go along and eventually met and married my lifelong partner at Fort Campbell, KY. We moved every few years, raised a bunch of kids, and now are fully retired in a sleepy Florida town called Englewood. The beach is just three easy miles away. Recently we took a trip to Alaska, visited Denali National and State Park, and spent quality time with high school chum, Lori Hall Mayberry and her husband, Denis. Life is good.

### **This and That**

**From Walt ("Curly") Hunt (56)**  
[walt@lobo.net](mailto:walt@lobo.net)

1. Can you imagine running the gauntlet down a dorm hallway with random flamethrowers unexpectedly shooting from keyholes?
2. And who could imagine riding to school in the back of a 6x6? I thought we all sank into those luxurious tour busses.
3. 3 Guineas a day? 9 bucks? Wow! Very high on the hog.
4. 1 bob for a haircut? About right in those days.
5. Making concoctions from chemistry lab. (We laced soap with purloined potassium permanganate. Stained your hands purple.)

6. Walking the London Bridge. I'll bet most (if not all) of us have been to Havasu primarily to re-experience that! Our unique historical moment of glory.

7. Spending our lives chasing sunsets, or sunrises. It's what we do.

8. Elderhosteling. Especially in Alaska.

Fantastic I could not think myself more privileged than to be associated with such a group of talented and zany people. Although I went on to graduate from Frankfurt, that group seems mostly preoccupied with drinking beer. I think my short tenure at Bushy imprinted more lasting (and sensational) images.

Who, for instance, remembers the "Festival of Nations"? Kids from the Teen Club square danced in Royal Albert Hall for the American contribution. I forget who the caller was, but cherish the 8x10 that is framed in my office of our group doing the Texas Star. (Was she the girl's gym teacher? Or the Teen Club chaperone?)

Thanks. It's been a great ride.

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

Earlier this month, Gary received a message from Dave Mihalic who'd attended school in England, first at Lakenheath as a freshman, then Bushy Park as a sophomore, and then Bushey Hall as a junior and finally graduated from high school in Illinois. Dave was class of 1964, but he'd stumbled onto the Bushy Park website and was interested in receiving copies of the newsletter. As he was one of my 'groups', Gary sent the info on to me and I contacted Dave and set him up to get the newsletter. As he'd indicated the town he lived in, and I knew we had a classmate there, I asked if he knew him (Doug Anderson - Class of 1962). It seems that they're in the same Rotary Club, and didn't realize they'd attended Bushy together. Just goes to show how small the world is.

Just a reminder for those who check out the Bushy Park website from time to time. It is possible to view anything that's in the website, but it is not

possible to add or change anything. We lost our webmaster a couple of years ago and haven't been able to find anyone who'd like to take it over. If anyone would like to volunteer, please contact Gary Schroeder. Thanks

**From Bill Grass, Jr. (65)**  
[Liveklg@gmail.com](mailto:Liveklg@gmail.com)

Dear Eighth Grade Classmates of the Class of '61 who were in the 1957 Vapor Trails yearbook,

There are three pictures of Eighth graders who were at Bushy Park in 1957 in the yearbook. I am the tallest kid in the middle of the back row in the first picture wearing a God awful shirt my Mother must have bought for me and made me wear. I am Bill Grass, Jr.

I only remember a few of you but have been in contact over the last year with four classmates who were also in the pictures. I thought it would be fun to start a project to:

1. Try and find as many of these Eighth graders as we can. Pat Owen has been posting a list of all 1961 grads in the newsletter recently so I will start there as well as putting this letter in the Bushy Park missive.
2. Start a list of those we find who are willing to be on an e mail list and chat outside of the Bushy Park Newsletter that Gary and Pat do such a good job on. Work, using this list, to try and find others of our group by emailing you all with the first list.
3. Chat back and forth about our unique memories of the time.
4. Finally, if we find enough of us, and there is interest, maybe set up some kind of one time reunion in a centralized or fun place.

I am retired and have plenty of time to work on this. I retired from a 32 year career with Union Carbide almost entirely in Information Services. I, along with my computer literate daughter, have been able to find the most amazing things on the Internet using our years of skill. How about we try and find YOU!

If you read this in the Bushy Park Newsletter, and you are in one of the three Eighth grade pictures on pages 141-142 of the 1957 Vapor Trails drop me an email and I will put you on our list. This will only be those Eighth graders who were at Bushy Park in the year 1956-1957 just so it is clear. You can also find the pictures of us on the [www.bushypark.org](http://www.bushypark.org) web site by clicking on the left hand year 1961, scroll down to my name, Grass B and click on the blue number 57. Scroll to the bottom of the first two pictures and click on next to see the third picture.

If those of you not in the picture were in a different class year but know the location of someone from knowing them in a previous or future class year, I would welcome your help too.

Looking forward to bridging our fifty year gap,

### **Letters to the Editor**

**From Gail Kelly (Faculty)**  
[martha.kelly@virgin.net](mailto:martha.kelly@virgin.net)

Thank you for another fine Bushy Tales, Gary - and hello to Gerry Hoffman - I smiled to think of your visit to High Wycombe, Gerry - I began my DODDs teaching career lo! those many decades ago at Bushy Park where you matriculated, then moved to the next LCHS campus at Bushy Hall near Watford, taught a spell at Eastcote, and ended my teaching career at the High Wycombe locale from where I retired. I found, in these ensuing years, that all the students who ever meet at various reunions feel that special bond that the LCHS Bobcats seem to have developed. They can always relate (although, we teachers did smile at the first famous Houston Reunion that our students from the 50s and 60s did not at all approve of our students from the 70s and 80s - (they forgot the did the same things themselves in their day...) Some of the teachers I knew in those early days, the Threlkelds, the Wernettes, the Robertsons, Tom Seaton, Taylor Lewis, Vera Parrot, JP Green, Edna Leigh and others, finished as I did at High Wycombe. After all those years, we knew the punchlines to the jokes, retained our zest for the job, our enjoyment of the students and our respect for the education we strove to impart. Those of us left - we haven't stopped laughing yet - thanks for the memories, to coin a phrase - Martha Gail Kelly

**From Anne (Jones) Weber (53)**  
[weberanne@msn.com](mailto:weberanne@msn.com)

I hope you've been inundated with mail thanking you for the great job you've done with the newsletter all these years. Marcel Proust wrote volumes A La Recherché du Temps Perdu prompted by a crumb of cake soaked in a special tea his aunt had made for him when he was a child.

I have been prompted to the refinding of lost time by your newsletters. One minute here in Oregon downloading pictures of my granddaughter, the next in England back in high school again.

It seemed fitting to me that your last issue should contain news of the passing of Ray Algren -who was in my class of '53- Ray always seemed to me like a man -an adult- when I still felt like a child. (He must have been all of 18 to my 15...Ah, but what an abyss between the two ages!)

I remember one afternoon looking for a table outside to sit at and there lounged Ray, and Dick Musgrave, and Connie, and Kelly, and Jackie...the superstars of '53. And I knew I could never plunk myself casually down at their table and be "in." But looking backward in time, from this vantage point of age, gave even that remembrance of a moment of the world-pain of adolescence a sweet nostalgia. Selfishly, for that reason I wish you could go on. But it's a wonder that you've kept going for so long. And so...so long...and bye...an "Ta ever so.

**From SteveWarner (58)**  
[stevewarner5@hotmail.com](mailto:stevewarner5@hotmail.com)

I think, Gary, we have taken for granted, Bushy Tales, and grown to love what you have done for, going on 6 years, but we have also grown complacent regarding our personal obligation to keep BT going, and that needs to change. I will try and do my small part.

One item of interest with regards to yours truly, is, because of Central High School, something called 'The Brotherhood' was formed. The Brotherhood consists of five guys; my brother Jeff ('60); Al Forsman('59); myself('58); and two Brits (Twins, Fred & John Campbell). What brought us together

was the Scouting movement in London (1956-57). Over the years we have had some 29 reunions or mini-reunions (a mini-reunion is defined as when 40% of the Brotherhood gather, or, 2!) This coming September, the five of us will meet in the UK to celebrate 50 years of knowing one another. Obviously I have lot of photos of these various reunions which may be something to stick in BTs. Also, by extension, Al Forsman's sister Donna ('59) has participated in a couple of these reunions.

Going back to that email I sent out, two '58 guys, Chuck Stewart and Jim Bass sent me (for the very first time) lengthy emails on what they have done since our days at Bushy Park. I am going to ask each, if they wouldn't mind sharing them in Bushy Tales.

So, Gary, thanks for your note. Would sure like to meet you sometime, and shake your hand for building "Bushy Tales". It is, thanks to you, quite a legacy.

**From Robin Hopkins (58)**  
[rhop62@aol.com](mailto:rhop62@aol.com)

When I am on Business in London, I run in Hyde Park. Running today (Saturday), I came across some guys playing touch football. Found out they were American and joined the game. Finally told them I had been part of an American group of teenage "city Kids" from Bushy Park High that played touch football on Saturdays on this very spot over 50 years ago. They were slightly older than High school age but lived in London, meet every Saturday and said they were "proud to keep the tradition going". Only difference is- unlike 50 years ago- no one stops to watch because American football is pretty popular now. The legacy lives on.

**From Stuart "Moon" Randall (60)**  
[stuartrandall\\_1944@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:stuartrandall_1944@yahoo.co.uk)

Well, as you know I live on the island of Mallorca, and I had mentioned before we have a big community of ex navy/Military Brats and of course Canuks. Our LCH news letter has been so popular I have put on the Notice Boards in Key West/ Sundowners & Luis's . Really they are so envious of what we got wow it is really neat. They are

beavering away trying to contact classmates and their old schools.

Just a big thanks to Gary, please please find Sandy Mcmillan, Carole Massey and Barbra Johnston and not forgetting Miss Virginia Water/Randy Atwell). I am sure we all have hidden secrets for the news letter. Oh yes, West Ruislip Base is now Navy(in case you didn't know).

Note from Pat Terpening Owen - I do have an address for Randy Atwell, and will send it to Stu, however, if anyone has any info on the others, please let me know and I'll check it out. I haven't had any luck with any of the three.

**From your Editor:** I don't often put in things about myself but just couldn't pass it up this time. Hope you will forgive me. The picture below is of Ashton Kutcher, your editor in the dark blue uniform, a Lt. from the Coast Guard Air Station, and Kevin Costner. Costner and Kutcher are stars in the new movie about Coast Guard Rescue Swimmers that will be in theaters by the time you read this. They came to Houston, Texas for a special showing of the movie before the release date for Coast Guard members only. The next day they both came to the Coast Guard Air Station to talk with all of us and provide us with the opportunity to have our pictures taken with them. The movie is great and I would recommend it to all of you. It shows the kind of training and experiences the people you saw in those helicopters on the news during the hurricanes go through on a day by day basis. Again, I apologize for the plug but just couldn't pass it up. I will try not to let it happen again.





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