



# Bushy Tales

Dedicated to all who attended London Central High School  
at 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 (Fuller) Drake  
[gfdrake@swbell.net](mailto:gfdrake@swbell.net)



1957 - Shirley (Huff) Dulski  
[shuffy2@msn.com](mailto:shuffy2@msn.com)



1958 - Pat (Terpening) Owen  
[CHS1958@sbcglobal.net](mailto:CHS1958@sbcglobal.net)



1959 - Jerry Sandham  
[j\\_sandham@comcast.net](mailto:j_sandham@comcast.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)

## Corrections

**Editors Note:** In the last issue I made two big errors. I showed Patricia (Kelly) Weissensee (60) and said there was no picture available. It should have been:



Patricia (Kelly) Weissensee (61)  
[lhwpkw@sbcglobal.net](mailto:lhwpkw@sbcglobal.net)  
Lives in Sacramento

I also showed James M. Kelly (61) (No picture available) It should have been:



James M. Kelly (60)  
[mikekelly@austin.rr.com](mailto:mikekelly@austin.rr.com)  
18 Wingreen Loop  
Austin, TX 78738-1522  
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## Roster Changes

### New Email address:

Paul Wilcott (61)  
[pwilcott2@verizon.net](mailto:pwilcott2@verizon.net)

## Look Who We Found



Joan E. Murtaugh (57)  
[Jmurtaugh@aol.com](mailto:Jmurtaugh@aol.com)  
153 Newbury Street  
Framingham, MA 01701



**Beverly (Greer) Sokolowski (59)**  
[bsokolow@sbcglobal.net](mailto:bsokolow@sbcglobal.net)  
 8415 Fredericksburg Road, Apt 902  
 San Antonio, TX 78229



**Wolf D. Bush (60)**  
 1940 Belmont Street  
 El Dorado, KS 67042-4108



**Patricia C. (Hughes) Warren (61)**  
 1112 Shaddock Drive  
 Antioch, CA 94509-5129



**Sandra (McLin) Meek (62)**  
[hioac@aol.com](mailto:hioac@aol.com)  
 24424 Country Road 4117, RR2  
 Frankston, TX 75763-5713

### 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.**



**Glenn Hoss (58)** - killed in a air training accident - There is an article about this accident on the internet and (if it's still there) can be accessed at:

<http://www.sullyusmc.com/Slowboy/Black%20Air%20Paul%2018Mar03.htm>. It runs about 15 pages and the info on Glenn's accident is on about page 3.



**June (McDaniel) Kohanek (57)** - It is with sorrow and joy that I inform you that mom died at 6:45 (08/14/07) this evening. She was surrounded by her immediate family as well as her church family, and we sang her into Heaven. Her service will be this weekend in Monmouth. Mom appreciated greatly your prayers and the beautiful cards. Please take time at your reunion to have a prayer in her memory.

Craig

### Tributes to June



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

It is with very deep sadness to hear about June's passing. She will be missed. But also remember that, for those of us who went to school with her in England, we will always have great memories of her to share with one another. She won't be forgotten!!



**From Sherry (Burritt) (57) Konjura**  
[sherger@juno.com](mailto:sherger@juno.com)

We rejoice with you that your Mom is safely in Heaven and is no longer suffering. We sorrow with you and your Dad that you and we no longer have her here with us. She was precious to all of us and we will miss her greatly until our Grand Reunion in Heaven. I know she will keep a place ready for all of us.

Your Mom had such a beautiful and strong spirit and her attitude through all of this has been unparalleled for its' courage. She has set the bar for all of us!

You can be assured that she will be remembered at our reunion in Kansas City. She may not be there in the flesh, but she will certainly be there in spirit.

Right now, our prayers are for you and your Dad. We have not met you, but have heard much about you and we have met your Dad. Please give him hugs from us and tell him that you, he and all your family will remain in our prayers. We know this will be a difficult time for you to adjust to her not being present. No matter how well we know that our loved ones are safe in the arms of God, it is part of the human condition to hurt all over missing them. We love her very much, but I know it is nothing compared to the love you all have for her.

Unless you tell us otherwise, we feel that, rather than send flowers this weekend, June might have liked it if we contributed to Cancer Research in her name. We wish that we could be there with all of you as you lay her to rest, but know that our thoughts will be with you.

June was so brave these past few months and truly showed all of us what "grit" she was made of. I'm

proud to say that I was a part of her circle of friends. We are joyful that she is no longer suffering and we know where she is...but I must say that I'm not alone in saying that many tears have been shed today. We all send our love and prayers to her dear Ron and their son Craig as well as all her family and friends.



**From Darby (Grimes) Wyatt (60)**  
[dcwyatt42@yahoo.com](mailto:dcwyatt42@yahoo.com)

I talked to June just before she headed to Portland for the next step in her treatment. She was upbeat and was feeling good.

We had been in contact with each other as I was able to tell her what to expect in the early stages as I had gone through them. She told me she appreciated my conversations. I never met her but feel liked I had known her for quite awhile. I know she will be greatly missed.

### Memories of Bushy



**Rosa (Arns) Pollock (54)**  
[rosap1935@pldi.net](mailto:rosap1935@pldi.net)

You and Pat are wonders!! There's no way any of us can thank you enough for the memories.

I am keeping up with the 2007 issues while reading the past issues in order. I'm up to May 2004.

Richard "Dick" Schroeder (55) asked if any of us went to English Schools before BP.

We got to England late Summer 1953. "Red", my Step-father, thought to benefit from the English Experience, we should live on the economy. We lived at 150 Christchurch Road, Norwich. My little sister, Sherry, and I went to the convent school run by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. We had full dress uniforms. Dark blue-green jumpers, light tan shirt with rust tie. An overcoat and hat, with outside and inside shoes completed the look. Because the English leave school at 16 unless they are going on to university I was in the equal vent of Freshman College. I tested out of math. Two years Algebra and one of Geometry. The other courses were Chemistry, Botany, and Zoology. Don't

remember many structured classes. We had a lot of free time and a "sitting room" for the Upper Forms. The English girls spent a lot of time teaching me to knit!! There was no way I could fit in - so Bushy Park, January 1954.

Does anyone remember the "Propaganda" film made (I think) by the Air Force to encourage volunteering for three years in England? I think I was in Drama and we were bussed to downtown London for the various scenes: Tower of London, London Bridge, Trafalgar Square. We were supposed to be art students with our easels set up across the Thames and the photographer was to pan up to Big Ben to show what we were painting. The fog was so thick we had to try 2 -3 days for the scene to work. We didn't mind, no classes, bussing to and from school. I think I sent a picture of our first Junior/Senior prom at Barbara Hutton's home. I'll send more as I get caught up with my reading.

I scanned the photo in and this is what I got. Hope you can open it. I and the first girl on the left.



**Sandy (Klueh) Denney (60)**  
[fddenney@hotmail.com](mailto:fddenney@hotmail.com)

I'm sure this is one of the dorm supervisors, Miss Purcell. I don't remember the names of the two girls, but seems like we were on some kind of a field trip? I couldn't find Miss Purcell in the 1958 yearbook, but am sure she's the supervisor we tossed into the shower at the dorm the last night before going home for the summer in June 1958. She was a really good sport about it. I hope my memory isn't failing me on the names and dates.





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

This is a photo from Bushy Park c. 1957-58. I believe the female on the left is Karen Ross and the dark haired girl next to her is Anna Nagle. No idea who the others are.



### Reunion News



**Rob Lyle (54)**  
[Robvlyle@cs.com](mailto:Robvlyle@cs.com)

Hi everyone,

So far we have 45 people interested in attending the

reunion in Nashville (classes 53-56) and 22 have said they would like to go to the GOO the Saturday night before the reunion (October 4, 2008). You have all expressed an interest in going to GOO.

Ted Hopkins agreed to reserve the GOO tickets. GOO is now accepting reservations for October 2008 for the Gold Circle which is in the 1st 12 rows in the center section. Ted and Dawn are leaving for a one month trip starting August 31st. Ted would like to reserve a block of these tickets before leaving.

So far we have 9 out of the 22 who want to go for these tickets (Baldwins, Bules, Hopkins, Lyles and Mayos). The question is would you like us to reserve these tickets for you. The cost is \$49.00 per ticket and for these select seats you have to pay up front. If you want to be included, please reply to my email by this Friday and send a check to Edward D. Hopkins 10502 East Fernwood Lane, Scottsdale, AZ 85262.

If you would rather pass for now, you will still be able to go to the GOO. Our plan is to distribute the registration materials for the reunion in January of 2008. At that time you will have an opportunity to sign up for the GOO and we will reserve another block of tickets in a different section of the auditorium and for a lower price. By that time the Gold Circle tickets will be sold out.

There are a lot of people who did not respond to my initial communication about the reunion. I'm assuming that some of these folks will want to come to the reunion and to GOO so I'm thinking we will surely be reserving another block and the 2nd block should be good seats but not center front.

Ted told me that GOO does not announce the headliners in advance. However we can be assured that the show we attend will include some top talent.

Please let me know what you would like to do. Hope you are having a good summer.

### Mini Reunions



**Tony Taylor (58)**  
[usna1964@earthlink.net](mailto:usna1964@earthlink.net)

We had another Bushy Park mini-reunion here in the Northwest... **Steve Warner '58** joined **Kris Ludlow Ravetz '58** and me along with Ted Ravetz and my dear own Gitta, for a lovely lunch at our home in Redmond, WA. Kris and Ted had come down from their little cabin in the woods on Whidbey Island, about an hour from here, and Steve was visiting Seattle from his home in Tampa, FL. For Kris and me it was the first time we have seen Steve since he left Bushy to head back Stateside with his family early in our senior year. We all had lots to catch up with as well as reminiscences from our days at school and in London. So much has happened in the intervening years that we could have gone on all day and well into the evening sharing tales of careers, adventures, and travels.

Steve had gone on to West Point and spent a career in the Army followed by a second career as a civilian working for the Army in Germany for 15 years. In the meantime I went to the Naval Academy and spent my career in the Navy followed by working as a civilian contractor to the Navy in Washington, D.C. Steve is now spending much of his retirement time traveling around the world, and although Gitta and I have done our share of traveling, I am currently mostly involved with my real estate business. Kris and Ted met at Berkley and immediately started their life with travels through Africa and living a number of years in Vancouver, B.C. before settling down on Whidbey Island to raise a family. Now that they are retired they have more time to travel, and more recently have visited China, Tibet, and Ecuador, as well as parts of Europe.

We all agreed that our years at Bushy were some of the best of our lives. Steve and I had many a-tale to share from our days at the American Teenage Club (TAC) in London, including sharing dating privileges with Cris Boex. Steve, Kris and Ted swapped travel stories and found that they had much in common. All in all, we had a wonderful afternoon and we look forward to more Bushy Park mini-reunions here in the Northwest as Gitta and I always have our door open to any Bushy Park alumni.



### This and That



**Clifford Gunderson (Faculty)**  
[cliff\\_gunderson@hotmail.com](mailto:cliff_gunderson@hotmail.com)

To Our Dear Friends,

Pat and I celebrated our 59th on the 17<sup>th</sup> (July) with friends at Las Brisas, a restaurant in Laguna Beach. Pam took the photo attached hereby and I thought you may want to see the ole old buzzards. Pat is 80 and I will be 85 next week.

Also I'm attaching Theresa's Prayer as our way of expressing our love to each other and to you.

With Love,  
Cliff n Pat



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

Several classmates have changed their e-mail addys and haven't notified us, so we have no way of sending them the newsletter. If you've been in contact (via internet) with any of these classmates, please let me know, so I can try to

reach them. I'll be putting them in by year, Thanks.

### **Next month Classes 1957, 1958 and 1959**

#### **Class of 1953**

Harold Granata  
Sherry Gregory Carson  
Lola Sersain Biegler  
Mariann Walton McCornack

#### **Class of 1954**

Ray Chandonnet  
Daniel Chew  
Mary Easley Brokaw  
Helen Flatters Oswill  
Kathleen Gfeller Smith  
Raymond "Mike" Harper  
Pat Wells Johnson

#### **Class of 1955**

Alice Jackson  
Dewitt Thompson

#### **Class of 1956**

Glynnell Colwick Bunch  
John McCosh  
David McManigal  
Kenneth Robie  
Marilyn Whaley Alefsen

### **The Story Continues**



**Walter E. Hunt (56)**

[walt@lobo.net](mailto:walt@lobo.net)

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

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Chapter 5 - June 1954, down the Rhine

At the end of school in June 1955, Dad was transferred to the American Embassy outside of Bad Godesberg, directly on the Rhine. The community we were going to live in was called Plittersdorf. It was the international settlement just on the edge of Bad Godesberg. It was about 150 kilometers (90 miles) down the Rhine from Frankfurt. My mom and sister drove to our new home--I opted to cycle. I spent a leisurely 3 days riding along the Rhine, going through villages that were celebrating wine

festivals. On the other hand, maybe they were just celebrating life, and invited me into their world for a short time. My German was reasonably fluent; in fact I had developed a Hessian accent, a result of living in Frankfurt—the capitol of Hesse, a state in Germany. The first night I stayed in a castle overlooking the Rhine that had been converted into a Youth Hostel. The second night I camped on a small patch of grass on the edge of the Rhine. This was a time and place when there were no serious threats from passersby, or gangs of thugs, or roaming kidnappers. Everything was right with the world. I decided being in the saddle of my bike was definitely the way to see Europe. My mom and sister were surprised to see me in just 3 days. They thought it would take a week to bike the distance.

I turned 16 that summer. Dad had bought a split pea green (the Germans called it "sea green") Volkswagen. I think the price was about \$700. It was complete with the little, lighted flipper arms that popped up on either side when you signaled to make a turn. Gas on the military base was cheap, about 16 cents a gallon. The Germans had to pay about 4 times that just for a liter—about 1/4<sup>th</sup> of a gallon, but their vehicles were very fuel-efficient. My parents allowed me liberal usage of the family Volkswagen. I got a German driver's license as well as an international driver's license. The examiner made me drive up to the cliffs that overlooked the Rhine. The view was spectacular, but I was terrified the whole way.

I spent hours nosing around Plittersdorf, Bad Godesberg, Bonn, Cologne, up and down the Rhine, and generally enjoyed the freedom of being 16, and the son of a diplomat in a foreign country. Life was good.

I met my first serious girlfriend, Karen McCormick, at the embassy recreation center near our home. Karen's father was Robert McCormick, a well-known NBC radio newscaster. Karen and I spent many Sundays strolling along the Rhine. During the week, she was in school in Switzerland. I went to see her after graduation, back in the States, and her father then had a nationally syndicated news program on the radio, which I listened to frequently. I asked Karen why he was not on TV, and she said it was all about "the politics of cosmetics." Her dad was short, and portly, maybe even obese, and you

had to be telegenic to be in front of a TV camera. During my visit, Mr. McCormick had a little too much to drink one night, and he shook his finger in my face, scowled, and said, threateningly, "I know what you want." Scared me, and left an indelible memory. Karen has been a life-long friend. She's an accomplished artist, and I have visited with her several times over the years.

The embassy clubhouse we visited regularly had a bowling alley, where I bowled a 292 score one day. I bowled one evening each week in the men's bowling league, averaging about 190, which was decent for a 16 year-old. The clubhouse also had a 50-meter indoor swimming pool where I practiced trying to swim two lengths underwater. The only person I saw do this successfully was one of the German lifeguards.

The day I got my driver's license a friend of our family came over to visit. When he found out I had just received my license he tossed me his car keys. "It's the red one on the curb. Take it for a spin." When I got outside there was a brand new Porsche sitting at the curb. I drove around the neighborhood and was so nervous I never got out of second gear!

That Fall I spent my junior year at the Nicholas Cusanus International Gymnasium, the equivalent of our high school, plus a junior college added in. (Cusanus was a cardinal in the Catholic Church, and a famed philosopher of the 15<sup>th</sup> century.) This school was attended by most of the children of the various embassy personnel. When you graduated from a Gymnasium in Germany at age 18, you had the equivalent of two years of college. The classes were rigorous, and all instruction was in German. I studied Biology, Chemistry, Physics, Algebra, Literature, German History, and World Geography, plus an after-school class called German for Foreigners. Mostly what I learned was German. Trying to learn all these subjects in another language, plus never having had any serious introduction to most of these topics was frustrating. I think I failed every class. The teachers wrote on blackboards with huge chunks of chalk, and woe to anyone who snoozed in the back of the class. You could count on an alert teacher to wing a piece of chalk at the offender, more often than not hitting them in the forehead. Everyone jumped to attention when the instructor came in, and stood when

answering a question.

It was common to snap your fingers when you raised your hand to answer a question. At first I thought it was rude, but later found out that sometimes the loudest snapper got to answer the question and get points with the teacher. For me, learning German was its own reward.

One of the girls I met at the Gymnasium was a princess from Saudi Arabia. She always wore a veil, but it was practically transparent and you could tell she was beautiful. I walked her home one night after meeting her at the local movie theater, and we kissed through her veil. The sensation was very provocative, and stimulating, to say the least.

I spent nights during the entire school year poring over maps of Germany and Northern Europe, measuring distances between towns with a little *kilometermesser* that I wheeled along the roadways on the maps, calculating times and distances from point to point, in kilometers, of course. I had discovered from my trips to Holland that I could use \$1.00 per day for my budget between major towns, and increase it to \$3.00 per day when I was in major cities. These numbers turned out to be (almost) realistic. A better budget would have used \$4.00 per day in large cities, but I'll come back to this during my travels in Scandinavia.

The *Fasching* celebrations in Germany that Fall were wonderful. *Fasching* is similar to Mardi Gras in the U. S. It's the pre-Lenten time when everyone goes crazy, wears silly costumes, drinks too much beer, and generally has a wonderful time. I went to numerous *Fasching* parties with newfound German friends. I was part of a small group that hung out on the weekends and had great fun together. Ingo Scharrenbroich (who later immigrated to the U. S.), Wolfgang Ritter (a local VW mechanic I once saw pick up the entire rear end of a VW Beetle to move it over onto his repair rack), Hans Ernst (whom we have not been able to locate), and Günter Willenberg. We called Wolfgang "Wolfie," and Günter "Gummi." There is a story behind Gummi's name, but I do not remember what it was. I think it may have had something to do with Günter giving himself an English name—Jimmy—and butchering the pronunciation. Gummi and Ingo tried one winter to cross the Rhine in a small rowboat, and



capsized. They were plucked out by the ferry that operated directly out from our front door, that went across the river to Koenigswinter, and wound up in a small hospital in Koenigswinter. The next day we took the ferry across to visit with them while they recuperated. An older gentleman who visited different patients in the hospital, and was introduced as a "Graf" had befriended them. Graf in German means "Count."

Ingo now lives in Key West, Florida, and we speak occasionally, and exchange email. He had a successful career as an artist for one of the major greeting card companies in New York. Over the years, he has become an accomplished sailor, and has raced in the Baltic. Here is an email received from Ingo that describes the incident:

*"We were a crew of five when the row boat sank. Günter was separated and was picked up by the Koenigswinter ferry, one crew drowned and the rest of us ended up in a Catholic (they were all Catholic) hospital in Koenigswinter. All I remember was a beautiful nun [that took care of us]. She turned out to be a former officer in the BDM (Bund Deutscher Maedchen). We couldn't convert her. She was doing her time for the 'sin' of having been a Nazi chick."*

That winter, after a nice snowfall, Wolfie and Ingo offered to teach me how to drive in the snow. We drove to the south, along the Rhine near Rolandsbogen in the family VW. The road was snow packed and by the end of the day, I was doing controlled skids, and donuts, and 360-degree spins as we drove back home. Over the years, these lessons have served me well in snow country.

*"Rolandsbogen"* (Roland's arch, in German) is a still-standing window arch of Castle Rolanseck, the ruins of which today overlook the Rhine Valley. The original castle dates back some thousand years.

That winter the Rhine River flooded. It came up to the top of the wall that ran along the river, but did not come over it where we lived. At the American Embassy at Mehlem, however, which was a small village 5 miles or so to the South, and along the river, the river came up and flooded over the banks, into the area where the embassy stood. Fortunately, the builders had the foresight to put the building up

on concrete stilts that were ten feet tall. The parking area underneath was completely under water, and workers had to park some distance away and take row boats to their offices.

The community had an interdenominational church, with an American minister who held different types of services during the week to accommodate several denominations, and several services on Sunday. Sundays at 6 in the morning, he held an early communion. I was his acolyte. He served me communion at the end of the service, and drained into my mouth all the leftover communion wine. The first time he did it I almost choked, and I asked him afterward why he did that, and he said he had to pour the leftover wine onto the ground, but he didn't like to do that, so I was nominated to receive all that remained.



**Mike Murphy (58)**  
[Oldsalt1223@aol.com](mailto:Oldsalt1223@aol.com)

Judy and I just got back from Gulf Shores, Alabama after 6 days on the beach there. It was hot, but the water was great and the pool time was very good. The ocean was clear this time. Next stop, Branson Missouri and then to Kansas City for the reunion in September. I am sorry to hear about June Kohanek. She put up a valiant fight. We are losing far too many alumni too soon. Hope your family is doing fine. The first and second of August we got a visit from Ren Briggs and his wife Pat. They stayed 2 days here before they took off for Odessa Texas. We had a great visit.



**Patricia (Kelly) Weissensee (61)**  
[lhwpkw@sbcglobal.net](mailto:lhwpkw@sbcglobal.net)

I noticed that Mike Kelly and Pat Kelly years were reversed and no pictures available. Mike graduated in '60 and Pat graduated in '61. That might help- our year s were reversed. Have a great time and let people know I exist, okay? Thanks! (Editors Note: Pat – sorry for the



mix up – I have corrected it on the first page of this issue.)

**From Diane (Lathrop) Zumwalt (56) (No picture available)**

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

Here She is ....USS New York]



USS New York

It was built with 24 tons of scrap steel from the World Trade Center .

It is the fifth in a new class of warship - designed for missions that include special operations against terrorists. It will carry a crew of 360 sailors and 700 combat-ready Marines to be delivered ashore by helicopters and assault craft.

Steel from the World Trade Center was melted down in a foundry in Amite , LA to cast the ship's bow section. When it was poured into the molds on Sept. 9, 2003, "those big rough steelworkers treated it with total reverence," recalled Navy Capt. Kevin Wensing, who was there. "It was a spiritual moment for everybody there."

Junior Chavers, foundry operations manager, said that when the trade center steel first arrived, he touched it with his hand and the "hair on my neck stood up." "It had a big meaning to it for all of us," he said. "They knocked us down. They can't keep us down. We're going to be back."

The ship's motto? "Never Forget"



**Gary Schroeder (55) (Your Editor)**  
[gshroeder4@comcast.net](mailto:gshroeder4@comcast.net) (new)

As you can see from below, I am out of articles for the newsletter. All I have left is "fillers". If there is to be an October issue I will need to have some articles from you. Don't wait for someone else to send theirs in, they are waiting for you to send yours. 😊

### DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN...?

**Nearly everyone's Mom was at home when the kids got home from school?**



**They threatened to keep kids back a grade if they failed. . . . and they did?**



**When being sent to the principal's office was nothing compared to the fate that awaited the student at home?**



**Water balloons were the ultimate weapon?**



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