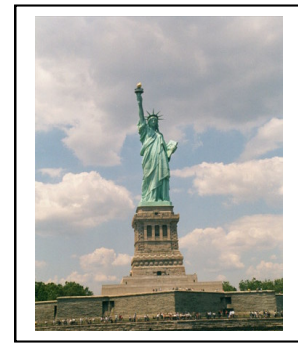




Bushy Tales

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

1954 - Betsy (Neff) Cote

betsycote@atlanticbb.net

1955 - Nancie (Anderson) Weber

nancieT@verizon.net

1956 - Glenda F. Drake

gfdrake@swbell.net

1957 - Shirley (Huff) Dulski

shuffy2@msn.com

1958 - Pat (Terpening) Owen

nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net

1959 - Jerry Sandham

Jsandham@quixnet.net

1960 - Ren Briggs

renpat1671@unneedspeed.net

1961 - Betsy (Schley) Slepetz

bslepetz@comcast.net

1962 - Dona (Hale) Ritchie

DonaRitchi@aol.com

Roster Changes

New Email addresses:

Carol Mabile Pellissier (58)

simcha3@centurytel.net

Connie Haave (58) Saunders

dsaunders002@hotmail.com

Sue Petterson (62) Sharp

ssharp43@charter.net

Jerry Fowler (61)

j18f@comcast.net

New address:

Keith Chermak (59)

P.O. Box 2973

Wilsonville, OR 97070

Sue Petterson Sharp (62)

2543 Myra Lane

Lincolnton, NC 28092

Look Who We Found

Jerry Ellis (58)

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777 Riverside

Hollandale, MS 38748

phone 662-378-3810

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.

Richard Stepp (61) - Per Postal Service and SSDI records Aug 11, 1943 - Aug 22, 2005

Gerald "Jerry" Reisinger (59) - Aug 18, 1942 - May 16, 2003 - per SSDI records

Carol Farmer Bruns (60) - Cancer

From Anita Hardy (60)

Anita42phil@msn.com

Good Bye to Carol Farmer, Class of 1960.

I'm going to miss Carol. I remember getting the dreaded e-mail telling me of her death from cancer - and I remember sitting there in front of the computer somewhat paralyzed by the news. Then I got a few phone calls from close class mates Sandy Stewart Burkel ('61) and Judy Risler Covington ('60). It was still hard to talk about it with them. Funny, how that happens at times.

My thoughts went back to my other Bushy Park roommates. In my junior year, there was Virginia Wilbur. She and I were both from the Brize Norton base near Oxford and we had decided to go on to school in Munich after we graduated. Virginia died in the Dec. 1960 plane crash in Munich just a few months after graduation. I would have been on that plane too, had not my dad decided to retire right after I graduated and we went back to the States.

For most of my senior year in 1960, my room mates were Sandy Pitt and Carol Farmer. Sandy Pitt died July 21, 1973 (of complications from a brain tumor). I still have her last letter to me. I've kept every single letter ever written to me by my class mates. You know.....the real kind of letter - on paper. The one from Sandy Pitt contained photos of her three young boys.

And now it is the sad passing of my other room mate from my senior year, Carol Farmer. I had just talked to Carol about 2 months before. Her voice was very weak. She had previously had breast cancer, then lung cancer. One of her lungs had been removed and she was often tethered to her oxygen bottle.

So when I talked on the phone with Sandy (Stewart) and Judy (Risler), I reminisced about a get together we once had in Colorado Springs in 1996. It was a weekend reunion, as most of us were still working. It was the first time some of us had seen each other since we had graduated. In the airplane, on the way to Colorado Springs, I thought the reunion would be awkward and we might find it difficult to find common ground after so many years. Boy, was I mistaken! After about 10 minutes, we were all laughing and joking like only a few days had passed instead of 36 years. It was one of those golden moments. Since 1996 this photo has been on my

refrigerator door. It's taken in front of the beautiful Air Force Academy Chapel.



L. to R: Penny Campbell (61), Thyra Caldwell (61), Judy Risler (60), Sandy Stewart (61), Anita Hardy (60), Carol Farmer (60), and Dallas Webb (60) (Also present at the get together was Carol's good friend, Mike Hoyt ('60), although he's not in this photo.)

Every time I've looked at the photo for the past 10 years, it's never failed to bring a smile to my face. I'm going to miss you dear Carol. Thanks for the memories....

Memories of Bushy

From Billie (Culp) Bules (54)

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"Memories of Joyce Ford"

My friend, Joyce Ford Williams was a very witty, personable teenager when we were best friends in England, Oct. 1953 to June, 1954. I remember bits and pieces of her humor, which I'd like to share with you. Joyce is now deceased, but I know she wouldn't mind my sharing these stories with you, because I tell them with love.

For some reason we came up with a fund raiser at school (funds to be used for what, I don't remember, maybe someone else will remember), which was to vote a student to be King and Queen of the Valentines Ball. Joyce became convinced that I should be Queen of this Ball and became self appointed "campaign manager" for me. We voted by putting pennies in a jar for each candidate, and the girl and boy with the most pennies would become King and Queen. She almost camped out by those jars, encouraging everyone who passed by to place their pennies in my jar. Then, she decided that Dusty Bowers should be King of the Ball, so she also campaigned for him. Dusty and I won.

Joyce Ford Williams, Mary Lou DeCoursey Wood (both now deceased) and I used to walk through a cemetery on our way to Mary Lou's house and Joyce would always do something to spook Mary Lou and I -- like jumping up behind us and yelling. We always fell for it and she would crack up laughing at us. One day we got the best of her though. It was a very foggy day and Mary Lou and I planned ahead of time that we would get Joyce this time, so we hid behind a tree and then jumped out and yelled at her.

Joyce fixed her own sack lunches to bring to school, and she always made peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, saying that is all they ever had in their house for her to use. She loved my lunches, prepared by my Mom, with some creamy sandwich, like tuna fish or egg salad and she would talk me into trading half of my sandwich for half of her dry peanut butter sandwich. Well, after I graduated (she was a year behind me in school) and my brother Gary Culp became a freshman at Bushy Park, she would occasionally con him into trading some of his lunch too.

Joyce loved to tease people and even got a laugh or two out of my "very proper Dad", an Air Force Officer. Just to tease, she would address him as Sgt. Culp, or Corporal Culp and probably was the only person who could have gotten away with that. She loved my Mom, whom she called "a real lady" and enjoyed getting Mom to laugh at her antics. Joyce, Mary Lou and I gave a going away party at my house, for one of our friends from Bushy Park. Mom said that we could have a dance in our living room and she would roll up the carpet for us, if we would wax the floor before the party. We girls came up with the idea of putting rags on our feet and dancing all over the living room, to polish the waxed floor. Joyce's antics while we were dancing and polishing, had my Mom in stitches.

When Joyce and I reconnected, after 42 years, I discovered that she still had her wonderful sense of humor, zaniness and zest for life. During her first visit to Phoenix with me, we went for a walk around my neighborhood, and she tired and said that she would walk on back to my house and I could finish my walk. When I returned home I found that Joyce had a hand full of red pods and she asked what they

were. Well, they were pods off a cactus and her hands were full of cactus thorns.

When she and I were roommates at the reunion in Branson, Mo. in October of 2001 we laughed all the time. I had forgotten how good it felt to laugh at the smallest things until spending that time with her. She found humor in everything. And, her zaniness was still in tact. We had agreed to spend 3 nights at the hotel in Branson and then she had a coupon deal to spend a couple nights out by the lake, in a condo. I made the hotel arrangements and she made the condo arrangements. She told me that I would love it out there and that I could walk around the beautiful lake, for my daily walks. Neither of us rented a car, thinking that we would just take a shuttle whenever we needed to, which worked fine in town. But, when we got out to the condo by the lake, we discovered that there were no restaurants, no food except at a snack bar that sold pop, hot dogs and granola bars. And, there was no walking around the lake, as it was fenced off, so I took my daily walks in the asphalt parking lot! We had granola bars to eat all the first day and then took the shuttle into Branson that evening for dinner and a show. Another funny thing she did when making the arrangements for the condo, was to make reservations, from a coupon, for a "romantic dinner for two" at a place in Branson, for us the 2nd night. When we showed up at the restaurant for the "romantic dinner for two" the waiter looked at us kind of funny and we got a laugh out of it. After all, we were Joyce and Billie.

From Lyn (Peterson) Stinnett (58)
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In the last issue we read about the adventures of being a "townie" rather than the daily "bus rider". I was both in my three years; two with the daily early ride and one as a dorm student, going home only on Friday night for the weekend.

My bus day started as I left the house at 0630 and headed for the train station where I was picked up at 0645 or so by the school bus and started the long haul to Bushy Park. We went for miles and miles...starting in Croxley Green and picking up fellow students until two plus hours had passed and we arrived in the parking lot. Didn't we start school back then at 0900 or was it 0930? Regardless, it

was a long boring killer of a ride every day and then repeated at night in reverse. I was first on and last off until we moved to Northwood Hills and the ride was slightly shorter.

I don't remember all my fellow passengers except for a girl named Peggy Reeve. For some reason we were talking one day about names people are given and she said her family of two brothers and one sister (forgive me is this is not correct...) were all named starting with the letter "P". Peter, Paul, Peggy and Patty were the names I remember and I thought at the time "so clever" of those parents to do that. (It really is remarkable what trivia we keep in our heads these fifty years later.) So will you believe I went one better as my children were born (and adopted)? David John, Devon James, Darren Jay, Donna Jannine, Danelle Joanne, and Steven Paul! Steven was nine years old when he was adopted and of course, already named. He was darn sure he didn't want his name changed to Daniel Jason! So we didn't! Thanks Peggy!

The highlight (or the lowlight) of my bus career happened during my senior year and is also the reason I spent the rest of the year in the dorm, being miserable with a roommate who gave me the silent treatment for the duration ... (yes, I remember this bit also; not all memories are sweetness and light!)

Back to the bus ride. One morning a new bus driver started who didn't know the route, so I, plus others, you know who you are, gave him directions 'round the town and back again...for hours! We picked up enough riders to keep him going but we toured London several times before finally taking pity on the poor man and arriving on the school grounds hours late. Dr. Simay and I had a session about "being the wrong kind of leader" and for the following week I spent the time to and from school on the trains...now that was a long day! The week after that I was a dorm student!

From Craig Sams (61)
craig@craigsams.com

I wonder how many people remember the filming of Lolita in 1961?

Bob Overton and I were both up for the part of Kenny, Lolita's boyfriend and prom escort. I got

turned down and got the part of Rex, a football player, instead. They said I didn't look clean-cut enough for the part. You'll have to see the movie to see whether the casting director got it right or not.

My part was to walk down the street with Bob talking about what a hot number Lolita was and how I wouldn't mind getting it on with her.

In the end my part ended up on the cutting room floor but nobody told the people who did the cast list, where my name is there as Rex (football player). If you freeze the frame in the scene where James Mason is talking to Shelley Winters at the prom, you'll see me pass by. No talking though.

Quite a few other students from Bushy Park were extras on this movie. The casting director had been through all the agencies but couldn't find enough faces that really looked American. So they came to the school, liked what they saw and got us a temporary work permit to enable us to give the movie background authenticity. I seem to remember we were paid 3 guineas a day (a guinea is 1.05 pounds - the exchange rate then was \$2.80 = £1 so it was nearly ten dollars, a lot of money in those days. Or was it 7?

From Dale L. Morfeld (61)
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I have made with many classmates from the past. However, many didn't remember me

And many others did not maintain contact with me. Anyway, here is a portion of my brat experience in the UK.

Well I started my overseas brat experience in 1955 when my dad, a M/Sgt in the AF was assigned to the AFEX distribution center at RAF Sealand in Flintshire, North Wales. Douglas Bader, the flying ace who flew with both legs missing,, learned to fly there.

I finished the 6th grade at Sealand. We lived in Chester, Cheshire, England. Chester was and I assume still is the only city in the UK that still has the entire Roman wall surrounding the city. It was a real treat to walk the entire circumference on top of the wall. We lived in a semidetached (duplex) house. The house was divided into 3 apartments. We lived on the ground floor, and there were two

flats upstairs. We heated water using rationed coal in the kitchen fireplace, which had coils in the chimney. That was my first experience with where the heat goes in a fireplace. The Welsh couple who lived over us used the same hot water supply. They had meter which they dropped shillings into to heat the water by gas. At least that was the plan. My sister and I took baths in the same water, early before the Welsh couple used up the water we heated.

Soon we were assigned base housing. That meant no more bus rides to school. Did I say bus? Well the transportation was in six-bys, open air trucks. There were 4 wheels in back and two in front. Their real name was 6 by 6, which meant 6 wheel drive. They were true combat diesel vehicles remaining from the War. Well, we did have a canvas cover and we sat on hard sidewall seats. We soon learned to place our books on the floor, as leaving them on the seat was certain to allow them to fly out of the truck when we rounded corners. Of course it was cold as the canvas cover flapped in the wind.

Base housing was truly a step up in life. My sister and I no longer had to share a room, or bath water. We walked to school. I earned spending money mowing lawns with a push mower. That was a push mower with one boy power. I bagged groceries in the commissary for tips. I set pins in the bowling alley for tips. We set two alleys jumping back and forth scooping up pins, placing them in the setter. Sounds like fun. It was if you weren't beamed by a flying pin.

I spent the entire seventh grade at Sealand. My teacher was Frank Janusz, now living in Tom's River, NJ. When I called him, recently, he actually remembered me. We were 6th, 7th, and 8th grades all in one classroom. It must have driven Frank crazy.

Scouting occupied much of my time. We went to Camp Mohawk on the Salisbury Plains in the summer. It was near Stonehenge, which is as famous the pyramids in Giza, Egypt, except less is known about it. In those days we could walk under, around, and through the stones. Today it is all roped off. No one can get near it.

I started the 8th grade at Sealand but my dad was transferred to West Ruislip. I finished the 8th grade at Bushy Park. What a step up it was moving to the London area.

We lived in Buckinghamshire near the town of Gerrards Cross. School buses were motor coaches not WWII vintage trucks. I rode my bicycle to the train station, then took the train to West Ruislip where the teen club was. Or I could transfer to the tube and ride into London. The 9th grade was at Bushy Hall, then back to Bushy Park. For the 10th grade. Frank had moved from Sealand to Bushy Park, to Weisbaden.

I met Jim Roberts in my Biology Class. He was from Lakenheath which meant he was a dormie and I of course was a townie. (That's funny. Spell check took townie but not dormie.) That was the '58-'59 school year. I didn't see Jim again until 1970. I had just returned from Vietnam and was assigned to Norton AFB, CA to fly the C-141. Jim and I were in the same squadron and actually flew some missions together. We have kept in contact with Christmas Cards and an occasional phone call, as we went our separate ways.

Three or four years ago, my wife and I visited her niece in Maryland,, which wasn't too far from where Jim lived. We set up a meeting on a day we both had free, I waited in the apartment lobby for Jim. I thought I saw him drive by, but no, he looked too old. When he entered the lobby, it was Jim! I realized that I was old too.

Wow! I could go on and on. I think my experience is somewhat unique because in the nearly five years my family lived in the UK, we lived in 4 different houses and I attended 4 different schools. I am amazed at the similarities with other brats experience, however.

From Frank Hannibal (59)

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Thought it might be fun to write about life while living in England, on the economy.

During the first two years, while my Dad was stationed at Sculthorpe RAFB as a navigator bombardier on board B-45 Tornado, my brother Alex and I attended the local public school our first year and a local private school our second year. It

was during our third year that Alex went to Bushy for his complete freshman year and I followed the next summer for only a few months of my freshman year before our Dad was rotated back to the USA.

Attending the local public school was not a pleasant experience. The local kids did not appreciate a couple of Yanks becoming the center of attention, especially with the girls. Alex and I were the only American kids at the local English school and were looked upon as intruders. There were many after school scuffles between myself and some of the locals. Alex was a little more tolerant of their aggression than I was. No major injuries, a bloody nose and injured pride on a few occasions. The second year we attended a local private school, Blickling Lodge. Blickling was operated by a retired English Major that believed the way to a kids mind was through the seat of his pants. I will always defend my position, that I did not deserve any of the three whippings that I was forced to endure. Just because on one occasion a fellow classmate and I, having committed some minor indiscretion, were forced to walk the 3/4 mile from school to catch the bus home and not given a ride in the school van to the bus stop. It was during the force march to catch the bus we happened to cross a stone railroad bridge, drop a large stone over the edge, which happened to break through the top of the last freight car and arouse the attention of the conductor in the caboose, is no reason to subject a person to be caned in such an undignified manner :) Six whacks with a short bamboo cane leaves a mark on ones behind for over a week. I know this from personal experience.

Because my Dad was also the housing officer while stationed at Sculthorpe he as able to lease for us an apartment that was one of four at Cawston Manor. Cawston Manor was a beautiful English manor house that sits on a 2,000 acre farm in the county of Norfolk, between the small towns of Cawston and Alysham. You can see Cawston Manor on Google Earth at the following coordinates: 52' 46'31.85 N, and 1' 12' 23.74 E. The main house had 14 chimneys, three stories, and seven acres of lawn around it. There was a full time gardener, chauffeur, and a full time game warden. The owner, a retired English colonel, had the four apartments to supplement the income of the farm. During the summer I worked with the local farm hands cutting

hay, building hay stack, and of course getting in as much hunting and playing as possible. I become very close to the game warden and his family, which might explain my interest in hunting to this day. During the pheasant season a few of the local boys and I would work for the game warden assisting with the hunts. We were the designated bird dogs and would walk through the fields and woods to scare the pheasant towards the hunters lined up at the end of each drive. It was not uncommon for four hunters to bag 50 pheasants on an afternoon hunt. Each hunter was given an equal share of the days efforts. We received one pound for our efforts, that was equal to about \$2.40 at the time. To give you an idea of the value, I could get a haircut in Aylsham for one shilling, fourteen cents. The haircut looked like some one had put a bowel on my head and cut everything below the rim, but then again what do you want for fourteen cents.

Living on a 2,000 acre farm was great fun and full of adventures. We had three lakes to fish in, hay stacks to climb, pigeons to shoot, rabbits to snare and sell at market. It was a great disappointment when my Dad told us we were moving to a new house closer to the base. My Dad was getting tired of the 45 minute drive each way, especially during the winter when the snow covered the narrow winding roads. The new house was small but nice. It also meant that I would be leaving the private school and receiving balance of my eighth grade education at the all military school on base. A little reverse culture shock. I had developed a strong English accent, wore typical English clothes, and had a fourteen cent haircut. It took a while before my Mom realized some changes were in order.

While attending school on base Alex and I both joined the Boy Scouts and had a great time camping and traveling across Europe with the troop. We visited France, Germany, and Austria. It was many years later that I learned my wife of forty four years attended the Girl Scout camp in Germany during the same summer that I was at the Boy Scout camp on the other side of the mountain. If I had know there were Girl Scouts on the other side of the mountain I am sure I would have found a path over the mountain, boys will be boys.

I have more memories of life while living on the economy in England than I do of my short time at

Bushy. The years in England were full of excitement and adventure that will be with me the rest of my life. I have been back to England only once during my adult life, but have not had the pleasure of going back the visit Cawston Manor. My wife and I are planning a trip for the summer of 2007. We plan to visit both Germany, where she lived for six years and went to school, and England. It will be interesting to see all the changes that have taken place.

From Charlie Besancon (59)
susancompton@hotmail.com

We've been on a 51 day jaunt thru the west and just got back. We got as close to you as Needles but it was getting late and we had to make it to Barstow where we had a reservation at the KOA. Spending the night in a WALMART in Needles or Bullhead City would have probably been more exciting, but you live and learn.

I am fresh out of stories from Bushy Park but I do recall a few different things that we got into while in the dorm so I'll just list them in case someone else can expand on them.

Buying sodium chlorate weed killer at the ironmongers and stealing sugar from the cafeteria. Those two ingredients made a sort of rocket fuel when mixed together. Our rockets were made in a bomb shelter outside the boys dorm. We had less success than N. Korea but the "on pad" explosions and burnings were spectacular. Needless to say, NASA never called!

Hiding a bottle of VP under our jackets and drinking it thru a straw at the Kingston movie theater.

Being let out of class to go outside to see the first transatlantic Boeing 707 as it passed over on it's way to Heathrow. Way to go, USA!

Lacing our doorway with black thread so when Pete Churchill came to do bed check he would run into it. (We never could get the circuitry right between the door knob and key lock to give Mr. Churchill a shock when he opened the door. Probably better we didn't!)

Pepsis and wagonwheels (Brit versions of the Moon Pie) after study hall. Someone always setting off fire extinguishers in the main hall and threats from Don Monroe (DM as we called him) to cut off the supply of wagonwheels!

Tossing stink bombs thru the transoms over the doors. Using Rightguard as a blow torch thru the dorm room door keyholes.

The night Ernie Whiting rang the wake-up bell at about two AM. It was his last night before leaving to return to the States and he wanted to go out with style.

Setting off "Jetex" engines in a darkened dorm room and trying to stay out of their path as they zig-zagged around the room.

One of the guys relieving himself thru an open train window on the ride back from downtown London. It made a perfect fan pattern on the side of the train starting right at our compartment. We left the Kingston station FAST!

Reunion News

From Dianne (Pendergrass) Hopkins (55)
dhopkins400@peoplepc.com

The Bushy Park Reunion for classes 1953 thru 1956 was held in Orlando and we had a great time! We missed all of you that didn't get to come. Hope you try to make the next one which will be in 2008. If you enjoy reading the newsletter, you will enjoy being with all the authors of the articles at the reunions!! Thanks Gary and Pat for making this possible, and all of your hard work! A big thank you goes out to Peggy Corder Johnson and John Meurer for all their hard work in planning this reunion. It was especially exciting to see my roommate from Bushy Kathleen Casey Sanders. We hadn't seen each other since graduating in '55. It was just like old times being together again! My daughter Teri came with me again. She enjoys the reunions as much as I do.

We had a 50's fashion show with Marilyn Burch Harkey '55, Suzanne Garrison Mayo '54, Billy Culp Bules '54 and Arden Sederholm '53. Marilyn won with her 50's poodle skirt and saddle oxfords. They were all so cute in their outfits. Thanks ladies for

sharing your fashions with us and bringing back all of those memories!

The guys then entertained us with their 2 minute speeches on their favorite stories. John Meurer '54 and Fred Tims'55 tied for the win! We enjoyed all of their great stories!

We also drew profiles (that had been filled out earlier) out of a box and took turns reading them finding out interesting facts about our former classmates. I had the honor of reading Arden Sederholm's profile and found out what an interesting and caring person she is. This was the first time I had the pleasure of meeting her and her husband Chuck. Arden graduated in '53 and I came to Bushy in '54. I also enjoyed meeting Ann and Pete Granata '53 at the Polynesian Village and having dinner with them and Kathleen Casey Sanders and Fred Tim's and his family. It was "Lovely" and being there with Kathleen and Fred and his family!! That's another thing that is neat about the reunions. You get to meet someone that you may not have known at Bushy, plus getting to know someone better that you had classes with at Bushy!

I also enjoyed seeing Ted and Dawn Hopkins (who we think that we must be distant cousins with, way back from the Carolina's) and hearing about Ted's new career of lecturing about Disney's cartoon cells which he collects, on cruise ships. Sounds like a good gig to me!

I also enjoyed being with the mother's, who it was an honor to have, and all the other guests and family members including Ruth's sister Diane Lund McMahan. I don't know about the rest of you, but I would guess that you also, feel young again reading about the old times of our growing up in England and going to the reunions. We have a special bond that will always hold us together!! I enjoy reading all the stories and all the pictures.

What I Am Up To

From Judy (Risler) Covington (60)
LCHS1960@aol.com

Mike Murphy (class of '58) and I have been traveling down life's path together (both literally

and figuratively) for the past six years, and what a hoot it has been. It seems neither one of us ever outgrew the need for change. We like to "go", and "do" and "see". So we are continually taking off on trips near and far, just to find out what's around the bend, or over the next hill.

The first trip we took was out to Lake Havasu, Arizona, to see the London Bridge. There it was, stretched out across what used to be desert but is now a man-made lake, looking exactly as it did when it spanned the Thames. As we strolled across the bridge and back, we thought it odd that we had taken the same walk forty plus years before, across the same bridge...in London.

In our search for fun and fancy, both our impromptu and planned trips have taken us as far east as Savannah, Georgia, as far west as California, and as far south as Key West, Florida. But we've never traveled further north than Fayetteville, North Carolina. So that direction is definitely in the works. We keep a list of places we want to see, and things we want to do. Our latest thing is water parks. We had the best time in New Braunfels, Texas at Schlitterbahn, the biggest water park in the world. We had so much fun there, two weeks later we went down to Galveston to the Schlitterbahn on the beach. Not as big, but just as much fun.

Surely we aren't the only ones who still, after all these years, like...no, make that need a constant change of scenery. I don't mind being settled in at home. I enjoy my time there, and Mike's a devoted yard person. But it doesn't take long for the wanderlust to hit us, and we're off again. We blame it on growing up in the military, with its ever-changing scenarios we came to regard as "normal". Some years ago, I quit a bookkeeping job cold turkey after thirteen years, because I couldn't bear the idea of going to the same place, and seeing the same people one more day. I felt stifled, and constricted, and claustrophobic. So I left, and began doing "temp" work, where nothing was ever the same for very long at a time. I loved it. And I could breathe again.

I'm retired now, and so is Mike, and on any given day we'll go chasing off into the sunset, or the sunrise. We don't really "do" much once we get to where we're going, but we do so enjoying getting

there. Our lifestyle isn't everybody's cup of tea, but it suits these two old military brats just fine!

This and That

From Celeste (Plitouke) Brodigan (57)
Mbrodi1939@aol.com

Just want to thank you so very much for keeping the Bushy Park Newsletter alive. Your work has done a lot to rekindle memories and bring old friends together.

In 1997 I retired from thirty-five years as a flight attendant and felt as though I had once again graduated. Every day I wake up and give thanks for being able to enjoy the wonders of this world. Recently I have been seeing the sunrise and the sunset from both coasts as my Mother in San Diego has needed my help while undergoing chemotherapy. She is doing well today and sending me back to Virginia tomorrow.

At our last reunion I told several classmates about Elderhostel. Anyone interested in traveling with a group of fine seniors should investigate the programs that are offered for lifetime learning. www.elderhostel.org Thousands of programs are offered year round.

In January I took a magnificent course on the Opera in New York. We had fifteen lectures and guest appearances and saw two operas as well as many of the sights of NYC. The cost of the entire trip was equal to what one would pay simply for a hotel room every night. All meals, transportation while there and hotel accommodations are included.

In February/March I visited Alaska where a piece of my heart lives on another Elderhostel. I spent a week in Fairbanks and another in Coldfoot in the Arctic Circle. The accommodations are always safe and clean but never luxurious although the hotel in Fairbanks was top notch. Watching the Aurora at 2:00 AM was splendid. We had three lectures a day, snowshoed and went dog sledding. A trip to the Atigun Pass at the Continental Divide was marvelous.

My parents gave me a love of traveling and the Air Force saw to that we did. I am so thankful for being

able to adapt to cultures and circumstances and remember the wonderful experiences of being in Germany after WWII and in England in 1955-1958. How fortunate we were.

Will be back in Alaska twice this year and again in 2007. Anyone interested in a future trip there drop a note. Mbrodi1939@aol.com

From Robin Hopkins (58)
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 Jerry Hoffman (59)
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Central High School High Wycombe, England June 2006

June 9, 2006 was undoubtedly the nicest day of the year. It was also the day my wife Katharine and I had an appointment to meet with Ms. Theresa Barba, Principal, London Central High School. We drove to the school while trying to decide whether or not we would put the top down on the car as the weather was just grand. We opted to keep it up, keep the air conditioning running and to try and slow down the sneezing caused by the rape in full bloom. They are beautiful yellow fields which cause half the British population to pop their equivalent of Benedryl. Oh well! Let me back up.

This article is not about me, but I do need to provide some information about why I was in London and why I was visiting Central High School, still home of the *Bobcats*. We moved to London thinking we

would only stay a year and then return to our home in Virginia. Well, it is just a month short of 4 years now, and we are finally returning to Virginia on July 18, 2006. It has been a very good time running a British public company (www.armorgroup.com). We experienced all that the UK and Europe have to offer, but we still look forward to returning to our place on the “Rivah” (southern speak) in an area called the Northern Neck of Virginia. I felt that if I was ever going to visit Central High I had to do it now or possibly never. I am glad I opted for now!

I had been going to visit the school for some time but suffered from mixed emotions thinking it might be Central High School, the *Bobcats*, but it just wasn't *Bushey Park*. I was right. It is not *Bushey Park*; but it still is our alma mater, and while many things are different just as many are the same. Let me tell you about it.

Ms. Barba couldn't have been more welcoming to a former alumni than when I first called her and again when we arrived on the 9th. What a warm, decent and energetic person. I am sure she displays those same qualities daily to her faculty and students. We really had a good time visiting!

The location of the school is in the High Wycombe area and is actually located at the Royal Air Force Base of Can't Tell You. This is one of those things that are different from the old days. The specific locations of DoD schools are not spelled out on any of their web sites, to include the web site for CHS. I promised I would not specify where it is located in this article as our newsletters do get wide distribution. Entering the base was reasonably easy as I had several different types of acceptable identification (including my retired military ID card) that allowed me access. We then drove directly to the administration office where we met and visited with Ms. Barba. She was particularly pleased that they will graduate 40 students and as of now, 31 students have been accepted to various universities. I couldn't help but wonder if our graduating class of '59 had the same high percentage of university acceptances. Probably another thing that is different.

Ms. Barba did not know the future of CHS, only that there would be classes next year. She did not know the extent of funding for the follow-on years.

The military population is decreasing in those areas which provide the majority of the CHS student body, and she was not optimistic that CHS would continue much longer – closure of the school would really make it different from the old days. We finished our “visiting” and were now ready to view the campus, classrooms, dining hall, sports fields, youth center and of particular interest to me (I was a dormee for 4 solid years) the dormitory for the boys. The girls' dormitory was just across the street.

It was a nice campus, well maintained with an excellent atmosphere (something the same). We wandered around the classrooms but didn't enter as classes were being held. The students didn't seem much different from the students in the late '50s. Yes, clothing was different: they had back packs and I-Pods sticking out of their ears; but it was early morning, and they were still trudging to class, the girls better groomed than the boys (same stuff). They were friendly to each other, and you had those who were looking forward to their studies and those, like me, who were more interested in other things (same as the 50s). Those I spoke with were genuinely interested in the old days of CHS. They didn't know anything about *RAF Bushey Park* but had a lot of pride and interest in Central High School regardless of physical location (same stuff). Besides, they wouldn't know of *RAF Bushey Park* as it is not there any more – the park is, but the base has been closed for some time now.

I liked the gym! It smells like a gym should (same) and looks like a gym should (same) with a very nice basketball court. Kids were getting ready for their PE class: some were eager, and some were less so (same). I spoke with the PE instructor, and he gave an overview of school sports. Girls are allowed to compete for all sports if there is not a separate girls team (different but better, don't you think?).

The sports fields were limited to a large grassy area for US style football, soccer and a nice baseball diamond. It made me wish I had come with my glove and a ball and had someone to throw the ball around with – that would have been good.

We stopped at the music classroom and spoke with some students. One was graduating and looking forward to her life after CHS but was so positive

about the CHS experience (same). The kids were very polite, charming and eager to hear about CHS years ago. We enjoyed speaking with them.

The dining area seemed like another dining area (same). Tables with chairs and a hot food area where kids line up to eat whatever some unknown person decided to cook and serve (same). I remember when I personally organized a food strike of dorm students because our food was so abysmal. I had to wonder if the food was the same or hopefully, some better. We weren't there during serving time so we have no way of knowing. I am holding out that it was better than years past – nah!

That's about it. Our school lives on. Some things are different but many things remain the same. Besides, what is really important? It is not the physical location but the fact that another generation is able to experience many of the same things we experienced: a decent education, good friends, good memories from an overseas environment, shirts that still say *Bobcats*, blue and white colors, senior class trips to exciting locations, senior proms and an overall pride that they are Central High School graduates.

I am very glad we went, and we left feeling very good about my school. Should anyone want to contact me I can best be reached at riverrun@crosslink.net.

I have also included some information from the school web site (www.lcen-hs.eu.dodea.edu) for your information.

Letters to the Editor

From Frank G. Embree (54)
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Glad you are continuing with the Tales. I am remembering how devoted I was to my duffel coat. I think I lived it from Sept to April. When I left in July I must have given it away or maybe it self destructed. The wooden buttons were replaced once and the cords holding them on were sewn on several times. The only thing was the wind would run up the sleeves so you had to wear a sweater under the coat. I think several of us had one including Bob

Lyle. Living in Hawaii a coat of that weight is unnecessary.

I wish I had some old pix to send but my ex-wife burned all the albums I had and if you remember I took a lot of photos while I was there including the class pictures with Phil Loheman using film that make every zit show up. Ah the memories.

Does any one remember going to a field day in London to see Buena Jungle in 3-D from Trig class to see how the film distorted shapes. What a boon-dogle. And I seem to recall the price was 7 Shillings. I will try to write more as I remember more.

From Dianne (Pendergrass) Hopkins (55)
dhopkins400@peoplepc.com

Thanks so much Gary for continuing to do the newsletter for us. It has meant so very much to me catch up on all the memories from Bushy Park. Also a big thank you to Pat (Terpening) Owen for all her hard work!

From Sherry (Cheryl Burritt) Konjura (57)
sherger@juno.com

Hi Gary,
How neat to read so much input from people we hadn't heard from before! I remember Mike Moorman very well...his Dad worked with my Dad at West Drayton. And, I dated his older brother Ed one summer. Ed was at West Point and came to England for his summer break. Our parents engineered a "meeting" and we decided we did like each other. Wrote to each other for quite awhile after he returned Stateside... but then distance took it's toll. I think I still have the West Point earrings he sent me for Christmas... also the woolen scarf packed away somewhere! I also remember Jane Cram. Even though she was only with us for one year at Bushy, I remember always thinking she was so pretty. I know she was in at least one of my classes. Also remember Sean Carr very well... beautiful girl and great cheerleader! How nice that Pete got to see her. Loved seeing the picture of the two of them. He's right...she's "gorgeous as ever"! Hey, folks....keep sending Gary those articles. It really is nice to hear from so many of you!

Stuart Randall (60)

stuartrandall_1944@yahoo.co.uk

Thanks for the August newsletter, as always it makes my day for reading. In Mallorca we are having a heat wave, temperature has varied from 108-100f so we are experiencing power cuts due to all the AC activity.

Reason for writing is I just contacted Jim Love who lived out in Beaconsfield, from 1958-62 near Al Conrad. His brother, Buck, attended Worcester Academy but visited England during school breaks. We all had a ball in those days between West Ruislip/Denham/South Ruislip and the teen clubs at WAFB and London Teen Club. Am still trying to contact Carol Massest and Sandy Mcmillan - no luck, maybe one day.

Thanks again for the newsletter so good to hear from everyone. Mallorca is ok and I doubt if I will ever return to Canada or the US. We have a thriving North American crew living out here and they are so envious of our LCH newsletter.

From Bill Grass Jr. (61)

liveklg@gmail.com

If you are retired like me you know that you are busier than you ever were when you worked. So why would you want to take on ANOTHER project???

As I have aged I found interest in looking into what happened to various people along my road of life. Gary and Pat have done a great job of the Bushy Park newsletter and I have found three of my classmates (you girls) thru them and enjoyed many articles that brought back long lost memories of England.

I thought it might be fun to try and find as many people as possible in the Eighth grade pictures of the 1957 Vapor Trails (the 1961 class that we would all know) and set up an e mailing list among them. Some may not want to be found, some may never be found, and at least one of them who disappeared I know a story about (Robert McDonald) that I am still not sure is true and is unbelievable if it is correct.

So I am volunteering to start this off and will use Pat's recent class of 1961 roster in the newsletter as a base. For instance, I think I saw Richard Konkowlewski's name in one of them. If I find enough of us, we might even consider a reunion somewhere at a later time if worthwhile.

Please let me know what you think of the idea and if you have current contact with anyone. I think there were three Eighth grade pictures. And it is no secret that I have been looking for Molly Collins, in the second picture, for some time.

Looking forward to hearing from you, Bill Grass Jr. '61 - The tall guy in the back center of the first picture. Still tall just a tad wider too. Feel free to email, call, or write below.
liveklg@gmail.com

(Editors Note: I got the following a few days later so just added it to this article.)

Turns out the pictures are already on the Internet and quite good quality. Follow the link <http://www.bushypark.org/> click on the year 1961 in the left margin, scroll down to my name Grass B and click on the blue number 57. This is the first two pictures. Scroll to the bottom and click Next for the third picture.

If you know where any of these people are please email me their info. I have heard back from Robert McDonald and had a nice long chat with Kathy Holden on the phone today. This is getting fun.

From Pat (Terpening) Owen (58)

nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net

Here's a great site for those who attended LCHS as well as Bushy Park, and even if you only attended Bushy, Jay has some great information on it also. Jay also posts the Bushy Tales here.

<http://www.londoncentral.org/newsletters.htm>

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