



Bushy Tales

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



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Gary Schroeder (55), Editor gshroeder_uscgau@msn.com
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@charter.net

1955 - Nancie (Anderson) Weber

nancieT@verizon.net

1956 - Glenda F. Drake

gfdrake@swbell.net

1957 - Celeste (Plitouke) Brodigan

Mbrodi1939@aol.com

1958 - Pat (Terpening) Owen

nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net

1959 - Jerry Sandham

Jsandham@quixnet.net

1960 - Ren Briggs

renpat1671@unedspeed.net

1961 - Betsy (Schley) Slepetz

sbslepetz@erols.com

1962 - Dona (Hale) Ritchie

DonaRitchi@aol.com

Roster Changes

New addresses:

Jerry Kelly Class of 58

7301 Blue Cypress Ave. NE
Albuquerque, NM 87113
(505) 797-3650

Dave Mangold (57)

509 White Oak Lane
Crestview, FL 32539
(850) 682-8356

Allan Howser, Jr. (61)

29988 Morena View
Campo, CA 91906

Richard Enroth (59) Shirley

(714) 847-4915

Steve Otto (62)

1804 Garnet Avenue, #411
Pacific Beach, CA 92109-3352
(Cell Phone) (619) 206-4173

New email addresses:

Jerry Berry (55)

jlberry@frii.com

Lee R. Gaca (56)

lgaca@charter.net

Randy Crane (59)

Randolph.Crane@navy.mil

Diane (Lund) McMahon (58)

7j12d5@ghg.net

James L. Timmons (60)
jfnt@sbcglobal.net

Bill Gates (61)
Mooregates@lvnworth.com

John "Mike" Kelly (61)
Jmkelly@singnet.com.sg

Russell A. Franks (61)
Netsie@swb.net

David Starratt (61)
dstarratt@comcast.net

William H. Keen (62)
Bkeen_apex@yahoo.com

Jacque "Jack" Chapman (62)
Jaxnbevz@iquest.net

Jacqueline Pagliarulo Kerce (62)
JannKerce@peoplepc.com

Dan Guisinger (62)
Email: danguisinger@yahoo.com

Look Who We Found

Richard Leavell (53)
2520 S. University Drive
Ft. Worth, TX 76109-1146
(817) 921-3467

Richard R. Guise (56)
P.O. Box 1675
Port Barre, LA 70577

Marilyn Miller Emmons (56)
515 Majestic Oaks Drive
Apopka, FL 32712
(407) 814-0659

Bill Thompson (56)
thomp109@rose.net
109 Friar Tuck Lane

Thomasville, GA 31792
Susann "Suzi" Geyer DeViney (58)
sdevmom1@aol.com
5809 Crestwood
Cibalo, TX 78108

Brenda Farmer Bering (59)
Jackbering@aol.com
21 Spring Glen Drive
Debary, FL 32713
(386) 753-1290

Anna B. Holmes Greene (59)
aubua@aol.com
Texas

Douglas Finch (60)
Fourell@wmis.net
5650 N. 39 Road
Manton, MI 49663

Lois E. Kohler Jeffrey (60)
lej@wss-law.com

Hugh Everett (61)
peteandkat@cox.net
421 Baywood Drive
Niceville, FL 32578
(850) 729-2994

Suzy Thaler Johnson (61)
233 Magnolia Drive
Nebo, NC 28761-6709

Glenn T. Bitner (62)
fsu4me@earthlink.net (H)
glenn.Bitner@mail.va.gov (W)
175 Mt. Hope Church Road
Stafford, VA 22554
(540) 288-8009 (H)
(202) 565-9992 (w)

James "Andy" Castle (62)
Cstlandy@aol.com
1009 N. Fara Road
Tuttle, OK 73089

(405) 381-2124

Jim Echols (62)

8001 E. Via De Luna Drive
Scottsdale, AZ 85255-4917

Judy Ketchu Vincent (62)

jmvincent@netzon.net
Hemet, CA

Mini Reunions

From Suzanne "Snookie"(Garrison) Mayo (54) Sgmayo54@aol.com

Hi Gary, A great issue!! I loved the teaser from "The Gathering" in San Diego. Some of those same feelings and thoughts were the same for me when we first met in San Antonio for our 40th reunion in 1994. It was a wonderful experience and also life changing in so many ways. I will look forward to reading the other letters that you will receive from some of the classmates who attended the event.

Pete and I have just returned from the East Coast where we spent six days with the Baldwins and the Lyles. It was a fun filled and relaxing time. We visited the Baldwins in their new home in New Jersey which is lovely. After a few days in NYC, Pete and I went to Simsbury, CT to be with Bob and Lois Lyle where Gary and Ruthann joined us. The fall colors were in full swing and were gorgeous. The six of spent a couple of days in Boston and Newport, RI and then returned to Simsbury where we all went our separate ways. We try to get together every other year and it has been a time to recount old memories and to make new ones. Thank you again for the wonderful service that you are providing all of us.

Memories of Bushy

From Peter Laughlin (55)

pmclane@aol.com

High Times, Volume III, No. 4 Central High School, Bushy Park Middlesex, England
Friday December 17, 1954.

NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

By Peter Laughlin

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the pad. Not a creature was stirring, not even old dad.

The nylons (14 gauge) were hung, by the chimney with grace. In hopes that Saint Nicholas would leave Shorty Rogers in their place.

The kats were all nestled, all snug in the rack While Kenton was swingin' in old Santa's pack.

And Mama in her kerchief and I in my pegs, Had just taken five to rest the most tired legs.

When out on the lawn there arose such a bash, I jumped out of bed and made a bigger crash. (I landed on my LPs.)

Away thru the window, I flew with a crash. I forgot to open the shutters or throw up the sash. (Dig this crazy pain, in the windows)

The moonbeams fell on Marilyn Monroe Crazy Man— Go! Go! Go!

When what to my crazy peepers should appear But a light blue Cadillac and eight reindeer.

With a little old cat, so crazy and cool, I knew in a moment it must be April Fool!

He was dressed in his pegs, from his coat to his knees. Twirling a gold chain, on the end were his keys.

A bundle of sides stacked on his shins,
He looked like Gene Krupa unpacking his skins!
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his task,
Filled up all the stockings and took a nip from his flask.

He jumped in his Caddy, to the chauffeur give a yell,
And away they all went
Faster than ----- sound!

But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of view,
A frantic First and a real cool Yule!

Later----- 'Gator
Santa

From Richard "Rick" Schroeder (55)
SSchroe273@aol.com

Who can name our classmates in this Christmas Dance picture? What year was it?



From Sherry (Cheryl Burritt Konjura (57)

In 1954 my Dad went to England in June and was based at Mildenhall/Lakenheath. My Mom, my 9- year old brother, Duane, and I

followed in October sailing on The General Patch. The thrill of sailing was quickly overtaken with intense seasickness, which assailed me every morning. Thanks to Pepsi Cola and Saltine Crackers I got over the effects by mid-day and was able to enjoy the rest of the day. I soon met a girl a year younger than myself, Nancy Rumph, who was traveling with her parents, Army Col. and Mrs. Raymond Rumph, her 4 year old sister, Joanne, and her brother Bob who was a year older than myself. Nancy and I quickly formed a friendship that survives to this day and, by the end of the trip, I'd developed a teenage romance with Bob. Unfortunately, they were to be based in London, 90 miles South of our location, but Bob and I vowed to write, which we did quite frequently.

We took up residence on one end of a Vicarage, which had been converted into three apartments, in the village of Soham. We were the lucky residents because we had the end of the house that had once been the servant quarters meaning that the rooms were able to be heated with the help of our Aladdin heaters. The rooms in the other two apartments were so massive that the tenants couldn't stay warm! Our upstairs windows looked out over the stone wall into the Church graveyard where Oliver Cromwell is buried. In the basement of the house we found old wine cellars and a closed off passage that the townspeople told us once went all the way to the other end of town allowing escape for Cromwell and his men. It wasn't long before we became acclimated to the concept of buying our groceries daily in the little shops, eating succulent fish and chips smothered in vinegar straight out of the newspaper wrapping, and traveling on the big red double-decker buses.

My parents didn't want me to be away from home all week so opted to put me into a local school rather than send me to Bushy Park. Being told that the regular schools were

somewhat “rough”, they enrolled me in the private St. Louis Convent School in the nearby village of Newmarket. I wore a school uniform, and many days my hat, coat, and gloves because the classrooms were freezing! The buildings were all old Victorian houses that were actually quite lovely and the Nuns were very dear, but I longed for an American school and friends...and to be near Bob!

My wish was granted in March when my Dad was transferred to West Drayton and I began attending Bushy Park. While we looked for a house we, like so many others, lived for a while in a “residence hotel” where we were treated to typical English breakfasts every morning. We finally found a house in Southhall where we remained until returning Stateside. It was a typical English “attached” house with a front yard full of rose bushes.

One of my first wonderful memories of attending Bushy was going to the Junior Senior Prom with Bob. I have so many memories of great friends and occasions connected with Bushy it’s difficult to list them all. One of my greatest memories, however, was getting to be in the Senior Class play, *The Curious Savage*. I formed so many more friendships while working on the play and cherish them greatly. Another terrific memory is the Senior Class trip to Paris, the little hotel on the Left Bank, the champagne parties in our rooms at night, the sights...the magic!

After graduation, suddenly everyone left! That was a shock to the system. We didn’t think about that. My Dad was scheduled to be transferred to California in December and my parents decided I should stay with them until we moved back Stateside. So, while my friends were all going off to college, I was at home. In September my Mother saw an article in the paper about them seeking an American girl to play Pocohontas in *The Woolich Searchlight Tattoo*. After nagging me about it,

I finally relented and applied. To my great surprise, I got the part! The Air Force sent a car to pick me up every day to take me to Woolich and I shared the ride with the fellows who were the Color Guard for the Air Force Band. One of them took my interest and we ended up dating. We were married Stateside in December and I went right back to England while Keith finished his tour of duty stationed at Ruislip. I became pregnant early in the spring and, since Keith was due to get out in the fall, went to stay with his parents in Tennessee before I became too far along to travel. We had three sons before we realized we should call it quits. I’m afraid the “romantic notions” of getting married and having a family that seemed to prevail in the 50’s clouded the judgment of many young couples, which is a shame.

Eventually I remarried and Guy and I raised my three boys. We lived in Columbus, Mississippi where he was the Drama Director at Mississippi University for Women. During that time I decided that I wanted my college degree and somehow managed to keep a house, raise a family and graduate with honors in 4 years! I went on immediately and got my Master’s Degree (with a 4.0!) in Theatre. I taught in the local High School for one year and then was hired by Mississippi State University, 20 miles away, to teach Theatre, Oral Interpretation, and Speech. I remained there for 10 years. During these years I stayed active, not only in the productions at school, but in local theatre. Sadly, my marriage to Guy also failed and we went our separate ways. Two of my sons are married and I have five grandchildren...one son has two boys and a girl and another has two girls.

When my youngest son went off to college, I left teaching and began traveling and performing on the professional level in Regional and Dinner Theatre. Eventually I made it up here to Pennsylvania and met Gerry

Konjura while working in a show. We kept running into each other at one theatre or another and finally began dating. After three years of asking me, on a daily basis, to marry him, I relented and we've been married for 15 years. We're both actors and I must tell you, who think this is a "glamorous" life that it isn't at all! Job security doesn't exist, pay is low, and it's downright scary not knowing if you'll be working somewhere else once the show you're currently in closes! Why do we do it? I guess it's something that just gets into your blood! (However, we are both considering other options!)

When we graduated from Bushy, I don't think any of us thought beyond the wonder of "being out of High School" and looking forward to our futures. Some of us continued to stay in touch with close friends, but none of us realized that we'd all be going our separate ways to all corners of the US, and even the world, and that we'd probably never see each other again. How sad...but how wonderful to be finding each other again, thanks to the Internet! For years I've wondered about this person or that and what ever happened to them. Now we have the opportunity to find out and it is intensely satisfying. They say "you can't go home again", but the human soul does yearn for reminders of past happy times. And I believe the experience we had at Bushy created an unusual and special bond between us. Thank you to those of you who are working so hard to make the renewal of these friendships possible!

From Michael Murphy (58)
Oldsalt1223@aol.com

Gary. Just returned from the Gathering in San Diego California. Judy and myself want to extend a hearty well done to Ren Briggs and Jimmy Davis for their hard work, and Pat Terpening for her ultimate dedication to finding all of our class mates. The event was

great. I sure had a great time seeing all of my old classmates.

I went to England as a bright eyed 15 year old, after attending many schools in the states. We flew over from MacGuire Air Force Base and landed in England on a cold day. I remember sitting at the train station with my mother and father waiting for the train to take us to our base in Croft.

I remember asking my dad where we were going to go to school. He said Bushy Park Central High in Teddington. He also said we would be boarded in the dormitory and would have to ride the bus about 4 hours to and from on the weekends.

I remember being bewildered by the move and the discomfort of once again being re located. Never did I dream that my stay in the dorm would be a short one, but once I got to the school and in the dorm I felt like I was home. My first roommate Hank Clark was great and soon I was in the swing of things, but not very long after that my dad got stationed at West Drayton Air Base and I became a townie. I was disappointed but not too down. At least I was to attend the same school. Three years went by very quickly. Friends came and went. Relationships were fleeting memories, no one had girl friends or boy friends, we just kind of hung out together. But we had one common thread. We were all Military Brats, vagabonds. After seeing all of those people in San Diego and hearing their life stories, my experiences also told me we were all older in mind set than the average junior and high schoolers. To my knowledge there were no slouches that graduated from Bushy Park. I applaud them all for hanging in there and I hope that see each and every one of them in 2005 or sooner. As for the news letter, it would be a shame to discontinue it, so if any one has anything at all, please send it in... ya'll come to Louisiana to see Judy Risler and myself sometime..

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

Bushy Park brings back such fond memories.
I especially remember:

Going to the little teen club instead of going to lunch, smoking cigarettes and dancing to the 78 records on the jukebox. I was there when the guy came to "modernize" us, and put 45's on instead. I still have about a dozen of those 78's he gave me. Including "Charlie Brown" by The Coasters!

The AFEX food. Mmm-mmm-good. (Surely, I jest. Quite a few of us got ptomaine poisoning one time from the breakfast ham.)

Girls not being able to wear jeans to school. Or even to the mess hall for the evening meal, even though we weren't allowed to "dine" with the boys. The one exception was Sunday evening when we came in off the buses.

Carol Farmer and I went bowling one time at the little 4-lane bowling alley that was located between the girls' dorm and the movie theatre. Why, I haven't a clue.

Going to the movies on Sundays and Wednesday nights. I remember seeing "A Summer Place", with Sandra Dee and Troy Donahue there. Listening to Carol Farmer, Pat Guidry, Bill Percy and Bob Percy belt out "Lollipop" while we were standing in line waiting to get in.

The spotlight mounted on the front of the girls' dorm, which was turned out for five minutes only so we could "tell" our dates "goodnight".

Watching Mr. Law cruise around on his little red motor scooter, or come to class wearing kilts, or taking us to see "Much Ado About Nothing" at the Old Vic.

Ducking out of the Museum Of Natural History field trip with Heidi Roberton, to go drink some Baby Chams at the corner pub. Then facing a Mr. Law pop quiz the next day on what we'd observed at the museum.

Pouring over articles and books to get information for Mr. Jansuz' Problems Of Democracy class. And hoping he wouldn't ask a question I had absolutely no answer for. Sweating out his exams.

Doing the "W & L", and the calypso and the stroll to all that wonderful old rock and roll music at the Wednesday night dances. Watching Mike Hall and his sister, Judy, put us all to shame when they took the dance floor. (anyone know where they are???)

Eating fish and chips, greasy, smelling of vinegar, and wrapped up in newspaper, on the bus going back to Sculthorpe.

Going into London on fog days, then, on the way back to the dorm from the train station, running through Whitechapel in night fog, wondering if Jack The Ripper really was dead.

Trying to outsmart the dorm supervisors, especially Mrs. Gallagher. I don't think we ever did, though. Mrs. Gardner, however, befriended the girls in my wing, and we would go down to her room when we were supposed to be studying, and have a "cuppa" with her. We would talk until all hours, and listen to Madam Butterfly on her record player.

Telling the stern Mr. Seaton at the school library I had lost a book, when I would rather have cut my tongue out.

I remember so many things, and so many people. I loved Bushy Park. I had a good time there. And made friendships that have lasted a lifetime. When I lost my husband four years

ago, the friends I'd known for four decades were the ones who brought me the most comfort. They still do.

This and That

From Jerry Hunsicker (55)

AlphaRealty522@aol.com

Jerry Hunsicker (55) and Shirley Money were married on April 10, 2003 at First Christian Church in Rome, Ga.

We honeymooned in London and Paris for two weeks and visited with friends in London as well as seeing the usual tourist attractions.

From Mary Howell (56)

howellml37@yahoo.com

A row of bottles on my shelf
Caused me to analyze myself.
One yellow pill I have to pop
Goes to my heart so it won't stop.
A little white one that I take
Goes to my hands so they won't shake.
The blue ones that I use a lot
Tell me I'm happy when I'm not.
The purple pill goes to my brain
And tells me that I have no pain.
The capsules tell me not to wheeze
Or cough or choke or even sneeze.
The red ones, smallest of them all
Go to my blood so I won't fall.
The orange ones, very big and bright
Prevent my leg cramps in the night.
Such an array of brilliant pills
Helping to cure all kinds of ills.
But what I'd really like to know.....
Is what tells each one where to go!

From Pat Terpening Owen (58)

nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net

The Guest Book at the website is back!!!! It's a little different, but it's easy to use.

From Roberta Marchant Jennings (58)

Chesleyj@aol.com

I have lost most of my Bushy Park notes in computer exchanges etc. I was wondering if you have a list of our classmates who might now be living in Florida? My sisters, Helaire and Jackie Marchant, and I were in the classes of '57 (the twins were) and '58 (that would be me). I really don't remember too many people from Bushy Park. I was very young, very shy, and really not in to dating or going places during the one year I was at Bushy Park. I would love to find former classmates who might be living in this area and maybe meet them for a couple of drinks and dinner or lunch. Helaire will be down in January, and I think she would also enjoy getting together with former classmates. If you have any addresses down this way for people from '56, '57, or '58 we'd love to try to hook up with them for a visit. Thanks!

From Tony Taylor (58)

tonyt@realtymail.net

I know that most of you have followed my epic of having two back surgeries this past August to remove a fractured vertebra. I am recovering very well and am active in about 97% of what one does in their daily life...walk, work, drive a car, and even finally able to cut my own lawn (the last cut before winter). Can't lift heavy objects and still no jogging since my operation two years ago when my left femur was replaced with titanium due to a low grade Sarcoma cancer.

Well, the pathology reports from this summer's operation on my back show that I now have some more of those low grade Sarcoma cells in the vicinity of my spine where they operated. So the good (I should say, great) doctors at the University of Washington Medical Center recommend that I undergo radiation treatment to kill off those nasty critters. But because of the close

proximity of the affected area to my spinal cord, the docs recommended that I undergo proton radiation at Loma Linda Medical Center in California. On Tuesday of this week I flew to Loma Linda (about 75 miles east of LA) for an interview with the radiologist down there. They want me to start treatment right away.

Gitta and I expect to be driving down there about the first week of December and I will probably undergo daily (weekday) radiation treatment for 7 weeks or so. We will miss spending the Christmas holidays with our grandchildren here in the Seattle area, but Roger (our son) is a great advocate that I get this done now rather than later.

I will surely have my computer with me to stay in touch with everyone and the world. We will arrange to have all of our mail forwarded to us. I will also have my cell phone with me (425-260-6289). We expect to be back in the Seattle area in late January where I will pick up again my work in real estate.

From John "Mike" Kelly (61)- Bushy Singapore Chapter -
jmkelly@singnet.com.sg

I have been reading the Newsletter with hopes that someone could find Bonnie McCabe but I have seen nothing as yet. I would like to mention if any Bushy Park or Bushy Hall alumni find themselves in Singapore, they should give me a whistle - I know where all the really good Chinese and Malay food is! I think I am the only ex-Bushy guy in Singapore and maybe Southeast Asia. Just drop me an email with the details.

Comments From You Our Readers

From Dianne Hopkins (55)
td400@joimail.com

Hi Gary, I received my Nov. newsletter and just wanted you to know that I really enjoyed it. I liked the last part about how it felt being a military brat and having to move all the time. It sure is a good feeling knowing that so many others had the same feelings that you did growing up! I have been so glad that Nancie found me and I have enjoyed the website so much and I sure hope you don't give it up. I will be sending you a report about my trip to England in Sept. Thanks Again.

From Mike Perkins (59)
perks@citlink.net

Michael Takiff just authored a book BRAVE MEN, GENTLE HEROES. I, and my father are featured in it. The book relates the combat stories of 20 WWII fathers and their Vietnam veteran sons.

Somehow I was asked to participate--perhaps because I survived 1200+ days with the infantry and Special Forces in Vietnam. I don't have a lot of medals--but have a hell of lot of wounds.

I've been reading the narratives of some of classmates. Interesting! Looking back 44-46 years I realize I was a bit arrogant in my relationships with the English. They were very patient with this Yank and that may be why I'm a devoted Anglophile today.

As a soldier I did 3 tours in Germany--and got back to England in 71 before my 4th, and final, tour in Vietnam. Didn't get to Bushy Park because I knew the school was gone but did go back to my old home and West Drayton where my father had been stationed.

I'll be returning to Britain in 2007 to staff the 100th anniversary jamboree of Scouting. I've been a Scouter all of my life--since age 11. Was a British Scout for a while in Windsor

and spent 2 years as a Canadian Scout before arriving in England in 57.

From Stephen King (59)
sking12@cox.net

Found me! Yep, I'm Stephen Haller King, Class of '59 (and I did graduate - all four years at that blessed institution). Be delighted to have you place me on any mailing list (mail or electronic) and look forward to info on reunion in Washington. Many thanks, Stephen King (not, unfortunately, "the" Stephen King), although I'd like to think that some of my classmates I haven't seen since 1959 may wonder.

News From The 2003 Gathering in San Diego.

From Clifford D Gunderson (Faculty)
cliffordg9@cox.net

My wife, Pat, and I enjoy reading the Bushy Tales, especially the descriptions of lives and escapades in England. Thank you for letting us be a part of this time in your lives.

We came to the Bushy Gathering Four San Diego, 2003, wondering how we would be received after all these many years.

You made us feel accepted and you gave us, well, not "The Royal Treatment", but a "Central High Welcome" of handshakes and hugs, with some kisses too. This was a heartfelt exhilaration to meet you, as strangers; to enjoy matching your faces to your names remembered. We shared the common experiences of "Military Brats" but more, "Central High Londoners".

It was wonderful to share with you again. The photos we took will help to bring the past forward to the present, but Wanda must be

overwhelmed with posting the pictures while dealing with two jobs.

Congratulations to Ren Briggs, Jim Davis, Pat Owen, Judy Covington, Judy Laird, Doss Harsch, Bill Percy, Oren Jones, Jack, Jim, (and the list goes on) and includes the Handlery staff, as well as SpoonBill Cooper, to have made the 2003 Gathering festive and grand.

Hip-hip, Hooray! Hip-hip, HOORAY! Hip-hip, HOORAY!

From Rev. Aaron S. Peters (56)
aaronosb@hotmail.com

The 52-63 Bushy Reunion in San Diego Oct 17-20 was a smashing success. I, for one, enjoyed it thoroughly. I'm sure many will be sending notes about it. I would just add that one of the most delightful aspects of the reunion was the various spouses of all the alumni. They all seemed to fit right in., It was as if they had been there too all those many years ago. That was a most wonderful feeling about the whole weekend.

Hope you can make it to the next one in 05 in the D.C. Area.

From Celeste "Plitouke" Brodigan 1957
Mbrodi1939@aol.com

Many thanks to my classmates and friends at the San Diego "Gathering" who gave me so much love and support following the passing into Eternal Life of my Father Senior Master Sergeant Bud Wilbur. Two days after his 84th birthday, and after forty-seven years of service to country and community, my Father died at the Hospice of San Diego just before the "Gathering." From his balcony we could see the Handlery Hotel and he so much wanted me to be there. He, after all, through the courtesy of the USAF, brought me to the UK and Central High School. He was very happy

when I told him that I would be seeing great friends from so long ago. And, he remembered our escapades. (courtesy Carol & Cynthia). I really felt that he was with us while there. Having my dear friend Father Aaron Peters say Mass for him was so special. Having my friends Nancy & Bill come to our family brunch and later Bill to the Memorial Services put a smile on my heart. Sentiments by Jack and all others helped sustain me. Then the fly over by the B-52 at the Final Veteran's Salute was a wonder. With much love and many thanks.

From Wendell Jones (58)
wendelljones@earthlink.net

This note is to report to you on a wonderful event in San Diego this past weekend. Twenty-one members of the 1958 year group attended and most brought a spouse, sibling or significant other. We talked about many of you who did not attend and expressed the hope of seeing you at the next event.

All classes from 1953 to 1962 were represented. Two of our teachers also came-- Mr Gunderson and Mr. Janusz, both now in their eighties and looking much younger, were a highlight of the event.

It was nice to meet those who were at Bushy Park in 9th, 10th or 11th grades, but did not graduate with the rest of us. We had five or six in that category at San Diego.

We left San Diego committed to attending the next event in 2005 on the East Coast. We also encourage all of you to join us who were unable to attend this year. We want to share the next experience with everyone.

As you may know, Bushy Park CHS spanned nine years from 1953 to 1962. I visited Bushy Park a few months ago. There is a plaque on the wall about the school, but I found it

difficult now to visualize where the school building, dorms and other base facilities were located.

Pat Terpening Owen has done a great job over the years of locating people, but there are still some that she has not found. If you have any information that might lead to others, please let her know. And also make certain you inform her if your contact information changes should you move or change email addresses.

Everyone who attended the Gathering received a roster of names for all class years. If others would like a copy, Pat would be pleased to email the roster to you, I am confident. Her email address is nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net

Until we meet again, all the best. See you in 2005!!

Tony Taylor (58)
tonyt@realtymail.net

My twin grandsons, Miles and Beck, present their baby sister - Avery born August 17, 2003

It was really fun to see you and all of our classmates. What a great reunion...so glad we attended. By the way, one of the highlights for me in San Diego was to make connection with Rik Henslee (58). We went out to dinner Friday night and caught up with 45 years of history. What fun it was!

Although we saw Fred Buhler (58) just a year ago in Nevada City, it was fun meeting up with him again and hearing about his work with the Iraq Bank project in D. C.

Althea Lawrence Patterson (58) looked great...did not look her age at all!

From Susan Myers Candle (59)
cand4695@bellsouth.net

I'd love to hear all about the reunion. I'm so disappointed that I was unable to get out there.

Hopefully, I'll be at the next one. I'm delighted to report that I did get to see Pat Phillips. It was certainly wonderful to catch up on each other's lives. I was so happy to see that you had Sharon Winkle's email as she, Pat, and a gal named Buffy Hunter had so much fun our junior year at Bushy.

From Renold Briggs (60)
renpat1671@uneedspeed.net

Outstanding, Wonderful, The Best, Great Time, Could not Have Been Better, Everything Perfect these are only but a few of the emails-cards-and phone calls that I have received about the Gathering IV in San Diego.

I would like to take a moment to thank all who helped to make it such a success. For you who were able to attend, I thank you. The memories, renewed friendships, will be with you for life. There is no way that other people can understand the relationship that we all experienced at that little High School called Bushy Park, Central High London England. For you who could not attend, did you feel your ears burning? There is a good reason. We were all talking about you and I wish you all could have been there.

There are 1104 Bushy students who have been located. There were 121 students, two teachers and 65 wife's, husbands, lovers and others that were able to attend. We could not have asked for better weather and the Handlery Hotel put out there best for us. The food and service was wonderful. Most everybody said that we needed more time. Two or three days are just not enough. Please go to the bushypark.org web site and review the photos that have been posted there. The first thing that you will notice is, we all look just like our school photos. HA HA, really we all look better. Time has been good to all of us.

The Gathering V in 2005 is in the works. So you now have been given 2 years notice. Each of the previous Gatherings has doubled in size. We will expect to see no less than 250 students at the next one. I can tell you this much. It will be in October 2005, on the east coast. The Washington area is the broad location at this date. Information will be posted in the Bushy Tails News Letter as soon as things are settled. Start saving you pennies, go mark your calendars, you have no reason not to attend. See you there.

From Susan (Tammy) Scanlan (60)
tstiles@cox.net

Hi all, from smokey San Diego. Thankfully the reunion took place before the fires. It was really great and I want to thank everyone involved in putting it together. It was wonderful to be around people who had led the same type of gypsy childhood as myself. I would like to share a remembrance of my days at Bushy Park. When we arrived in London in the summer of 1955, I was ready to start eighth grade. I was at that age when I didn't like my given name, which was Tammy. When I started at Eastcote, the first day the teacher took roll she asked if we had a nickname, etc. that we preferred to be called. When my name was called I said I wanted to be called "Sue" which was my middle name. When I graduated in the spring I guess the person who made up the diplomas didn't bother to look up the names. My mother was not happy when she saw mine and it read "Susan Scanlan". My Freshman year, 1956-57, at Bushy Park I kept my new name of Sue. When we got back to the States, Debbie Reynolds song "Tammy" was a hit so I was ready to go back to my first name. Reinventing yourself every few years was one of the pluses of our kind of childhood. Looking forward to Washington, D. C. Tammy Scanlan Stiles a.k.a. Sue

(Editors Note) More Next Time.