



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/>

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(Editors Note: A new problem has come up in the last couple of months that I need your help with. With the advent of all the "Spam" on the net lately a lot of you have installed "Spam Killers" or "Spam Blockers" on your computers. The problem comes up when I try to send out the newsletter to everyone. With all the

addresses in the header a lot of the "Spam" blockers or killers are treating it as "Spam" and are blocking you from getting the email, or in some cases the attachment which is the newsletter. If you want to continue to receive the newsletter each month you need to make sure emails and attachments from me an Pat are allowed to be received. Thanks for your help.)

Roster Changes

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**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

From Pat Terpening Owen (58)

nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net

Received the following information from Phyllis Shafer, who worked with Roger Tyler (57) in Alaska.

Yes, indeed, Rog is the person you are looking for! I am sure he would have been thrilled to hear from you but yes he did die of cancer on August 16, 2002. His friends and family miss him terribly. He was a wonderful man. Best of luck with your reunion. Phyllis

Mini Reunions

From Pat Terpening Owen (58)

nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net

Pat (58) and John Owen and Fr. Aaron (Sheldon) Peters (57) enjoyed a visit on a lovely Sunday afternoon early in August. Pete drove over to Topeka from Paola, and after some visiting at Pat's home, they made the short trek to a local barbeque 'joint' and enjoyed a delicious meal. Returned to Pat's and visited some more until it was time for Fr. Aaron to leave.

From Diane Drude Clayton (62)

Di4SC@aol.com

Thyra Caldwell (61) was with us for 3 days in early July. She arrived at our house on Sunday morning and was with us through Wednesday. We had a ball...did our share of eating and drinking. Joe and I took her to the Hollywood Bowl on Sunday night and who do we run into but Paul (59) and Paulette Wilcott, what a surprise! We put a little get together on

Tuesday night with Paul and Paulette, Barb and Jimmy (Davis 60) came from El Cajon, Chuck Drude (60) Thy and Joe and me. We had a BBQ...it was fun and we all talked about old times and the gathering in San Diego.

Memories of Bushy

From Dianne Pendergrass Hopkins (55)
td400@joimail.com

Thanks Pat for the e-mail with all the information you sent me. It was such a thrill to be found and find out about the web site and the reunions. I can't come to San Diego this year, but I am planning to come to Laughlin next year. I am going to England in September and to Michigan in October to see my daughter. I was sad to hear of the classmates no longer with us.

I will be in London for 4 days and 7 days in Birmingham. I have a son and two daughters. My oldest daughter is going with me. We have planned to go to Hampton Court and we aren't going to pick up our rental car until we leave London, so the directions really helped. This will be the third time that I've gone back to England since I graduated in 1955.

My father was stationed at Sculthorpe in Norfolk County. I had to go Fakenham Grammar School my sophomore year because they didn't have room in the dorm. I went with Ruth Lund and Kathleen Casey. I went to Bushy Park my junior and senior years and roomed with Kathleen Casey. We came back to the States in 1955.

I married in 1957 and was married 32 years when my husband died of pancreatic cancer in 1989. My son and daughter live here in Georgia and my youngest daughter lives in Michigan. My son is divorced and my two daughters are married, but I don't have any grandchildren. My daughter that lives here goes with me on vacation every year. I have a

time-share condo and we go somewhere different every year. I didn't care about traveling when I first got married because we moved so much when I was growing up but I realized that I did miss it.

This and That

From Martha Gail Kelly (Faculty)
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I had the pleasure of teaching both Mike and Paul Granata at the High Wycombe location of LCHS - both great senses of humor and both charming smilers - was it Paul who was a good chum of my son Sean Kelly - any way, Peter Granata, we must have met at a PTA meeting or two - Yes, there was a sweet little girly who came into my class one day and informed me I had taught her mother - but do I remember the names? No - I plead old age - but I should have, because they were both good students. I told Bill Kilty - 'I'm getting the offspring in class now - sounds like it's time to retire! Fortunately, the experience had been good for this parent and the daughter was an added bonus - good luck to you - and your sons, cheers from London, Gail (Martha Gail Kelly)

From Marcia (Craver) Thomas (53)
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Thought I'd finally start on the Great Adventure Series for the next issue since I finally have some time. Here's how it started:

I was 15 and attending our local high school in Jefferson, Texas, a sleepy, old, town of about 2000 folks stuck in the Old South mode but located in the far northeast corner of Texas, when I thought I would just finish high school, marry my high school sweetheart "Tater" Thomas. I was a band majorette and he was the football co-captain...it seemed perfect, except of course that my mother, who was residing in London with my stepfather who was in the USAF, thought it was a terrible

idea! Not to happen....soooooo she came back to the US, swept me up to a voyage on the old Queen Mary -- and several days out I had matured to at least 21 (drinking and smoking!) and landed at Southampton!

While on the Mary I was deathly sick for the first two days at sea. A huge storm took us on in the Hudson River as we passed the Statue of Liberty and everybody in Tourist Class threw up for days - except my mother. It was the worst feeling I have ever had; like wanting to die and thinking you had. The only thing that saved me was that the cabin steward - a nice English chap - told me to drink tea and crackers and go up onto the deck and get fresh air. With the terrible storm no one was supposed to go on deck at all. There were ropes all around for the personnel to hang onto, but we went anyway. The ship was tossed about like a toy! I will never forget those huge waves crashing over the bow of the ship nor of looking up to the Captains perch and seeing those guys wave frantically at us! We waved back! But that cured me completely in a matter of hours and from then on I was fine.

On the talent nights I entertained by singing in the lounge and was called upon to accompany Vera Lynn so she could entertain the ship personnel, however, my piano playing wasn't too great and I sheepishly declined. Too embarrassed to do it!

One day, we were told that Claudette Colbert was out on the first class deck and we ventured up through that magnificent ship to see her (those in tourist class were not allowed beyond the next deck). We found her signing autographs for several people and I quickly produced a pen and paper for mine.

During a talent show one night an American entertainer who was traveling with his wife told me he thought I should have a stage career

and I believed him! Yes, indeed, I would most certainly try to do that very thing. The audiences encouraged me as well as the ships personnel and I began to feel like I was surely "on my way to fame and fortune".

Well, it was a long train ride to London and the beginning of a high old time for the small-town majorette. Bushy school was not to start for many months so we occupied ourselves with tours around London, Europe, and plenty of theatre performances. I made English friends quickly and easily as they were totally blown away by my southern accent and American ways. I went regularly to the Hammersmith Ballroom and the Palladium Ballroom - both great dance halls - and met cute guys from various stations in life including a RAF navigator/pilot; the son of a classical musician with the London Philharmonic; and an exiled eastern European duke or something that spoke good English but didn't sing too well although he studied seriously and wanted to be a concert singer. In a very few months, the engagement ring I had received before I left was shipped back to the heartbroken football captain and our lives began anew 5000 miles apart.

While my mother was working as a secretary at the AG's office at Bushy I quickly learned how to navigate the great London tube system - still the most fascinating and best laid-out system I have ever run across. I'd save enough allowance to go into the city several times a month for a lunch, a show, and anything else that caught my fancy - all alone or with a friend - and I was still really only 15! Would I let my kid do that? No way - especially not today, but the truth was there were some really gruesome murders the whole time I was in London. Remember Notting Hill? He stuffed his victims in the wall of his house as I recall!

To continue, my mother and I were able to see the momentous parade when Elizabeth was crowned...we stood in the midst of an

enormous crowd of people on the Mall trying for a glimpse of the royal family as they passed in those magnificent carriages. And guess what? While we stood there jumping up every now and then to see, a lady tapped us on the shoulder and asked, "Aren't you Dorothy Craver and Marcia?" To our great delight and amazed surprise, it was a woman from Jefferson who was there for the same occasion and - get this - out of the millions of people crowded into this particular area to get a view, she found us in the midst of these much taller people! We were both under 5 ft tall and she saw us! Anyway, that was really an amazing coincidence! We also got to see up close Elizabeth and Margaret Rose as they entered St. Paul's one Sunday for church. The looked absolutely beautiful with the most flawless skin I have ever seen!

Later, we were invited to tea with some lesser notables and dined at the prestigious Claridges Hotel - still one of the most superb in London. Shortly after this event, I was invited to be a bridesmaid at the wedding of a "society" girl and her naval officer fiancée. Never knew why they wanted me, but I thought it would be wonderful and it was. It was held at St. Martin's in the Field and had the most superb flower arrangements had the most beautiful and elegant flower arrangements I have ever seen before or since. The girl was quite attractive (looked a little like Charlotte Rampling) and he looked marvelous in uniform. She had a flat in Kensington not too far off the parade route and I was able to watch another coronation event from the balcony...very upscale neighborhood.

One of mother's friends at work was a civilian American who had formerly been the private secretary to Joan Blondell. He was very sophisticated and saw to it that I attended numerous cocktail parties at private clubs and such as I continued my "growing up" process. One club was called Elsa's and it was located

on Curzon Street, one of the most famous streets in all of London. Everything in London was a club situation (you literally knocked on the door) and Elsa's had been there since WW II and was quite popular with American military as well as English society.

I remember one night Elsa herself spoke at length with our party as we sat sipping the dreaded gin and orange (remember that? No ice. It was awful on the first few sips but got better later! Pimms were better especially if they had ice). Anyway, Elsa was an older woman, probably in her the 40-50 range - really old I thought - and as you might imagine very sophisticated in a "Hildegarde" sort of way. Looking back on it I can see she was very theatrical and a charming hostess who loved men especially Americans.

She told the story that during WW II the Americans would always come and knock on her door at the club and say "lie down Elsa, I want to talk to you"! She laughed uproariously and we all did too. How naughty!

The months floated by until it was almost time for school to begin and we moved from a third story flat in Ealing to a two-story duplex in Stanmore, a newish community at the end of a tube line (1 hour ride from the city). There I was near to a youth center where I could take ballet and tap lessons as well as join in with the youth group activities. Again, they were mesmerized by the girl from Texas and quite taken with the southern accent. Wanted me to say "kain't, mautha, shucks, etc." as much as possible. I, of course, played it to the hilt!

While the year long celebration of the coronation was still on, each community had a beauty contest and I was entered from our youth group. We all paraded around in waltz length formals and high heels. Several of the English girls were really beautiful with lovely complexions - but bad legs. Don't know what

happened to them...chill blains? At any rate, I came in third from a group of about 20 who were wined and dined for a week before judging.

The media thought it was neat for a Texas girl to be in the contest and ran photos of me in several large London dailies including the Evening Standard. They sent a reporter and photographer out to 10 Merrion Avenue several times. My hair was quite dark and always in a ponytail (this is the 50's remember). The final Judge was Violetta Elvin, a premier ballerina with the national ballet and a beautiful woman...lovely olive skin with large black eyes and wore her hair in a chignon at the nape of her neck. She was half Russian I think and had danced for many years though she was in her early 30's. Had the most mishapened feet I have ever seen!

Years of "on her toes" had taken their toll on her feet and legs. She chose a lovely young lady from the community - English of course. It was lots of fun (Later, I'll have several other "contest" stories to relate). Now it was almost time for school to get going.....

TO BE CONTINUED

From Randy Crane (59)

This is a somewhat rambling, "I remember." Like most of you, my time in London and at Bushy was very special with many highs and lows. So, I hope you will indulge me and maybe even enjoy some of my reminiscing.

Some of our alumni have bestowed well-deserved accolades on the Bushy Faculty and I would like to add my own. My academic achievements at Bushy were less than spectacular, however that does not limit my ability to recognize the quality of our teachers. They were not only superior academicians but they were special people whom I remember more so than any other of the many teachers

who did their best to motivate me. For those faculty members that might remember me, I did finally achieve some academic success. They also knew all the tricks. Chas Kriss, Dave Caraway, Ed Noce and I decided one really nice spring morning before the first bell that a field trip was in order. Chas's parents were traveling, so we headed to the West End in their car. We were busted before the end of the first period! Maybe even before we got the car on the road. And of course we were all in trouble at home before we even knew we had been busted!

I am awed that some remember their bus number. In two years I rode two different buses and could not tell you the number of either one. But we had some fun times and even managed to stay out of trouble most of the time. I remember the summer jobs were few but varied. Would you believe some summer nights I worked as a "bouncer" at one Soho club?! HA! At less than 160, I would have been in serious trouble if things ever got out of hand. The leather flight jacket could not have intimidated anyone. On a more practical side, like several others I worked at the International Food Fair. Ed Noce and I worked the fair two years running, and the second year we were the "old hands." A few of us also worked at the Douglas House. For me it was as a bus boy one year and the next year I was the gofer for the liquor manager. I don't remember what his real job title was. We did inventories, made issues to the bartenders, etc. My boss was an old Welshman (might have been younger than I am now) that took me under his wing; then took me to several pubs and even to a family wedding near Cardiff. What a weekend that was! To this day I don't know which the Welsh would prefer to do, sing or drink. They do both very well and at the same time.

The first year we lived in Edgware. My parents rented a nice house with a small

garden. But it was a long way from anywhere, including Bushy, as those who rode the same bus will remember. At times the fog got so thick after dark, I would have to count the lamp posts just to find my way home, either from the bus stop or the train station. Living out that far cut into my social life. Missing the last train from the West End was out of the question. That was a very long walk. I spent so many nights at Ed Noce's house, I think his mother was considering adoption.

I remember one beer-bust we had in some park west of Greater London the summer of '58. I don't remember how we got the beer from the commissary, but I do remember this crowd riding the Tube to the park with several of us carrying cases of beer. We were chivalrous, we didn't make the girls carry any beer. It was another beautiful day. I took a camera, but the beer caused the camera to double expose the only good pictures that day. So there are no blackmail pictures, and the only thing I will say about the events of that day is that a good time was had by all☺ I was reminded that at the end of the day there were cases of beer remaining that were tucked away in a hollow tree for a future event. Honest!

Looking back I remember we thought we were so cool. I do regret we had a tendency to appear arrogant and self-indulgent to the British. Possibly with the exception of a couple incidents we were not like that. I only know of one guy in London that was really like that. He was a few years older and did not attend Bushy. Some will have no trouble guessing whom I am referring to. I think some of us tolerated him simply because he had a car. His own car and it was a Sprite at that.

I remember the many clubs and coffee houses in Soho and around Lancaster Gate. I know of one of us (he will remain nameless, maybe) who still has most of his club membership cards!

I remember being part of a dance team. HA! Our performances included doing a square dance for the NATO Allied Circle Ball. We also performed at Bushy. There is a picture in the '58 yearbook of two couples doing a Russian dance called the Hoepock (spelling?). Part way through the dance I got out of step and that was it, I wasn't part of the team the rest of the performance. The photographer was smart enough to cut my partner and I. I would apologize to her again, but I can't be sure who she was. I probably got a lot of abuse from Fred and Dave afterward.

I remember the OLD pubs around Covent Garden and in the East End. Some were really fantastic. I think some were around when Charles I was on the throne. I remember there were still some bombed out buildings then. I remember the class trips to the Old Vic, and I remember the concerts at the Royal Albert Hall. Going there with my parents was a treat. Our next-door neighbor In Edgeware played the cello for the London Philharmonic Orchestra.

There is more but I'll save it for another time. For those of you that were bored with my reminiscing, without sounding defensive, I challenge you to write something for the newsletter and I promise to read every word. To all of you, be well, and if any of this made you smile my little effort is doubly rewarded.

From Beverly (Gehrett) Wagner (58)
Packrats2@aol.com

Looks like we are going to be on the wrong coast for the gathering in October. Bob is working on a church project in Muskegon, MI this summer, and it looks like we won't be heading west till later in October or early November. We managed to take a week off and meet all our kids and grandkids in Mazatlan, Mexico earlier this summer. A

friend was married there at the same time, so it was a special time. Enjoy the gathering. Maybe next time it will work out for us.

Pat Terpening Owen (58)
nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net

The other evening I was watching "The FBI Files" on the Discovery Channel. For those who might have seen it and those who might see it in the future, it was the show about bank robbers who would hold a bank executive hostage until the bank opened, and then rob the bank. As I was watching the program they interviewed an FBI agent who was involved in the robberies, and the name was familiar. The next day I contacted this person and he was one of our own - Harlan Frymire (60). Harlan was an FBI agent until he retired several years ago.

From John Strand (58)
jstra042@neisd.net

We were in England from August 1952 to July 1, 1955. - stationed the whole time at South Ruislip - we lived the first year in a quaint English cottage in Rickmansworth, but the commute got to be too much so we moved to a "detached" in South Ruislip about 2 blocks from the main road -tube station, busses etc. The entire first year I was at Bushy but in the 7th grade with Mrs. Seaton - The next year the 7th and 8th grades started at the old Denham village movie studios while they were finishing up Eastcote Elementary. We spent about half a year at Denham having class on the sound stages and then moved over to Eastcote. That was 8th grade with Mr. McFarland. Then for 9th it was back to Bushy.

From Mike Murphy (58)
Oldsalt1223@aol.com

Judy and I just got back from a trip to Colorado, Oklahoma, Texas and New Mexico. Also visited a friend in Tulsa. Went to Pike's Peak, Pala Duro Canyon, Royal Gorge, the 7 Falls, Ghost Town and Wild Bill's shoot out on Main Street. Also visited Wichita Falls (Sheppard AFB) and Altus AFB. It was all wonderful. We were gone 10 days.

From Tony Taylor (58)
tonyt@realtymail.net

As I reported here just two years ago, we have to listen to our bodies since those sore backs and trick knees are not necessarily from too much gardening or a history of sandlot football. Two years ago a minor knee buckling turned out to be the sign of cancer on the left femur; the old bone was replaced by a sturdy titanium rod from high on the thigh to below the knee. This year the sore back was blamed on too much gardening one sunny weekend in April. But as the pain just got worse and would not go away, the doc said it was time to take some pictures. After a series of x-rays, bone scans, an MRI, and a Cat Scan, it got down to the fact that I have a tumor in the T9 vertebra that has cause a compression fracture of the bone (it really hurt!). So back to UW Medical Center here in Seattle with a corps of outstanding doctors in every field (and some of the world's finest nurses!).

As I write this note, I have had to first of two very complicated spinal operations. In a week I go back for the second operation to have the offending vertebra replaced by titanium rods, screws, and a bone-filled plug. I should be checking out of the hospital about 5 days later with a goal to be healthy enough by mid-October for the San Diego Reunion.

In the meantime, it has been great fun communicating with my long-lost, but great buddy, Rik Henslee '58. Thanks for all the good wishes and keeping in touch during this

ordeal, Rik. And, as ever a true-blue friend, Kris (Ludlow) Ravetz '58, who lives on Whidbey Island, stopped by the hospital during the first operation stay, to console me with her beautiful smile and good humor. Many other good classmates and friends told me that I was on their prayer list. It is a wonderful feeling to know I have such a great back-up team!

From Jim Gouveia Stein (57)
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I watched some of the British open in mid-July. Brought back a lot of memories. We were stationed about 30 miles from there. It did not seem like too much had changed from what I could see. Loved it when they showed the English Channel. They had a couple of castles around there that I loved to go when I played hooky from my English school days. There was also an old WW II air base somewhere in that area that I learned to play billiards with the old salts as they called them. Loved to listen to their story's about the war and for the most part they were very thankful for the participation of our troops during the war.

From George Keich (58)
GEOKeich@aol.com

(George's family moved into the house vacated by Jim Gouveia's Stein's (57) family.) We rented the house, indeed, for only one year. It would have been 1956 after which base housing was available. The landlady lived next door. My parents corresponded with her for many years as I think she lived into her 90's. I guess that Jim and I had no overlap. I've just retired [again] and hope to move to Florida soon.

From Ren Briggs (60)
Renpat1671@uneedspeed.net

Well after 6045 miles of driving, 544.3 gallons of diesel, at an average cost of \$1.49.9 per gal. WE ARE HOME. It is so much fun to be on the road, but it is always good to get home. We had a wonderful time and so enjoyed seeing friends and family along the way. There were so many places we went, I don't want to bore you with it all. Just to let you know, here are the states we were in - New Mexico, Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Missouri, Iowa, Illinois, Michigan, Upper Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, South Dakota, Wyoming, Utah, Nevada, HOME. It was just a big loop across, up, back across and down home.

From John Shattuck (61)
John@cfaith.com

Thank you for taking the time to get a reunion together. I did not graduate from Central but attended my 11th year there. It was life changing for me because all I had known was the California public school system. I often thank God for Central High.

My Dad worked for Douglas Aircraft and was assigned in England for 18 months while they were closing down the Nike Missile Bases. We lived in Cambridge, England. I hitchhiked around Europe with an English buddy that summer.

Because of Central's spark of quality teaching into my life I was motivated to go to college and finished my bachelors degree at Chapman College, a private college in Orange, California. I am currently a businessman. You can see my company at spasettings.com

From Vicki (Brown) Tidwell (61)
d.vtidwell@charter.net

We have been on vacation for two weeks, so I am just catching up on things. We drove all the way from Burleson, TX to Potlatch, ID and put more than 4,000 miles on my car! We

visited my brother (Gary Brown, class of '62) who is retired there in a beautiful home overlooking rolling hills and forests. He and Jan have seen deer, moose, elk, an eagle and many beautiful birds. While we were there we saw deer and coyotes but missed the moose so I bought a stuffed one. I start back to work at the high school in mid-August. Our 21- yr.-old son (in the Army in Washington State) is going to Iraq in October for a year. I am not looking forward to that, but his attitude is great about it.

From Dick Lasher (61)

dick43@capital.net

I attended in Bushy Park in 1958 in the 8th grade. Before that I attended Eastcote for 7th grade and Bushy Hall for 9th grade. Names you have I recognize are Edwina Edwards, Bill Bailey, and Bud Haynes. Bud and I graduated from Grandview HS in Grandview MO (Richards-Gabeur AFB) in 1961.

There is another site for dependents but I can't remember what it is on that site I connected with Peter Peterson who went to Bushy Park and Bushey Hall with me. I have since lost that contact.

Look Who Is Looking For Who

From Joel Wayne Stroud (60)

Pollyana646@aol.com

I would like to hear from Dick Ackerman and Ted Smith and anyone else from the old days. I would especially like to find Dick Parkhill. We went to Weathersfield and Bushy Park together then both of our dads got sent to Lake Charles, LA so we ended up finishing school together. Went to Ardmore, OK to see him one time after school then went into the Army and lost contact. I'm retired and always looking for somewhere to go, so San Diego sounds good to me.

From Edwina Edwards Whitehead (61)

GandEWhitehead@satx.rr.com

I want to thank you for all the hard work you are doing with the website and the reunion. It has been such fun reading about and finding old friends and schoolmates from Bushy and reliving one of the most enjoyable times of my life. I'm looking for the following friends: Lois Thomas (60), left England in 1958; Carolyn Congress (609), left England in 1959; Karen Ross (61), left England in 1958 and Elaine Foster (60), left England in 1958. Those years in England were very special to me, and it was hard to leave in 1958. Since finding the website I have practically worn out my annuals ('57 and '58), recalling names, faces and events that have become cherished memories. I'm so looking forward to the Gathering in San Diego.

Comments From You Our Readers

From Judith (Samms) Stanford (59)

stanfordwk@earthlink.net

I love the newsletter and look forward to reading it each month. I have very happy memories of Bushy Park and England. The names sound familiar, but cannot remember people. Looking forward to the reunion and please everyone make an effort to attend.

From Susan Miller Dalberg (62)

wolfpaw81@aol.com

You guys scored again! Bob Hurt and I are back in touch after all these years, thanks to you and his wife's good searching. Thought you'd get a kick out of the prom photos. Still hate that yellow brocade dress after 40 some years. (See picture below) Looked like an obese canary. He sent me a photo of himself now and he's just as nice looking--and damned if he doesn't look younger than the rest of us:))) Keep up the good work, Gary & Pat.



From Valerie Langseth Durkee (61)
adurkee@pacbell.net

Thank you so much for finding Mary Opella (61). How in the world did you do it? (Pat Owen did it) All I did was give you her name and presto you find her. It was so great hearing from her. I just finished catching her up on my life. Where has the time gone? We just got back from Florida. We went to meet our new granddaughter. Her name is Oksana and she is four and a half. They adopted her from Russia and she is the sweetest little thing and we welcome her into the family. This was an unexpected thing and things went very quickly once they decided this was what they wanted to do. We go to Connecticut for Andy's 40th year reunion at the Coast Guard Academy the beginning of October, so don't know if we can do this also. Again thank you so much for finding my friend. You are a miracle worker.

From Lynn (Thomas) Jadovitz (60)
Jerry.vct@cox.net

What a surprise to hear from Mercy (Mercedes Kelly) (60) after all of these years. I'm still in a state of shock. Thank you for your e-mail. I've been able to get in touch with a couple of classmates by telephone. Some have unlisted

numbers. Yes, Karen Thomas (61) is my sister. Unfortunately she passed away in October 1985. Please sign me up for the newsletter and the "Gathering" in October I'll be looking forward to seeing people.

From Paula (Harrington) Harmon (61)
Dpharmon61@aol.com

First I want to tell you how much I appreciate Bushy Tales. Thank you both for your hard work!! We are looking forward to San Diego reunion. I feel very fortunate to have talked to my roommates Pat Griffin Ford and Glenda Bentley Butcher.

From Richard K. Cunningham (62)
dickc747@bellsouth.net

My daughter Kahlil and I walked in the Dublin Marathon last fall for Team-N-Training. She is a three-time cancer survivor and was recently married. We stopped in London for the day and visited Putney SW15 where I lived enroute to seeing Wimbledon. I sure wished I had known that Norman Alm is living in London we could have hoisted a pint or two at the Old Swan Pub. Look forward to hearing from mates who may have remembered both my sister Deborah and me.

From Ray Harper (54)
harpr@zianet.com

You might pass this info to those lucky people that went to England aboard the SS United States, there is a book " Picture History of The SS United States, for \$16.95, plus from Dover Publications, www.doverpublications.com Gene Hibbeler and I were two of the lucky ones 12-52, and I'm sure there were others. I saw Pat Hundley in 1955, Tampa Florida, and lost touch with her.