



Bushy Tales

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



Issue #6

August 2005

Volume #5

Gary Schroeder (55), Editor gschroeder4@houston.rr.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@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@unedspeed.net

1961 - Betsy (Schley) Slepetz

sbslepetz@erols.com

1962 - Dona (Hale) Ritchie

DonaRitchi@aol.com

Roster Changes

New Email addresses:

Larry Diehl (57)

As of the first of July, my new E-Mail address
is: Diehljr38@dot11net.net

Carol (Mabile) Pellissier (58)

simcha3@verizon.net

Ruth Davis Zabil (53)

sharkpack@netzero.net

Ed Noce (59)

ednoce@cytanet.com.cy

Note from Pat - Ed now lives in Cypress, but
don't have an address for him yet.

Bob Hurt (61)

bhurt@houston.rr.com

Toni Cooney Clem (62)

toniclem@cox.net

Connie LaLiberte Fuhrman (62)

cjfuhrman@sunvista-ins.com

Rae Jean Whipple Reagan (62)

rjreagan@quixnet.net

Corrections:

James E. Bailey (61)

sharkpack@netzero.net

Pat - Really enjoy the newsletter. In the June
Edition my telephone number is shown as
(210) 498-9053. It should be (210) 490-9053.
Keep up the good work. Thanks. (Editors
Note: Sorry James.)

New addresses:

Richard A. McGinnis (60)

3500 Briarwood Drive #32
Dumfries, VA 22026
(703) 441-1571

Trish (Brown) Savage (59)

tSavage2737@comcast.net
403 Woodley Park Towers
2737 Devonshire Place, NW
Washington, DC 20008
(202) 387-0403
FAX (202) 387-0207

Look Who We Found

Shirley (Mitchell) Anderson (57)

Bellabella2001@msn.com
33935 FM 2925
Rio Hondo, Texas 78583

Roxie (Roxandra) Cates Keith (61)

1226 E. Kirwin Avenue
Salina, KS 67401-6358
(785) 823-1417

Phyllis Duesberry McCoy (62)

New Hampshire - NOT INTERESTED

Memories of Bushy

From Rob Lyle (54)

Robvlyle@cs.com

Recently Lois and I visited West Point for a weekend. While there we looked up the gravesite of Harper Keeler who was a good friend when we were in London.

Harper was a graduate of West Point, Class of 1957, and took a commission in the Air Force. My understanding is he was shot down over Viet Nam, on January 30, 1969. He was 33 years old and had achieved the rank of Major.

His gravestone lists the following designations, AFCM – DFC – AM – PH. Harper was in the Bushy Park Class of 1953. He was a charter member of the school but attended for only a few months. Around the end of 1952 his family moved to Germany and I next saw Harper when our basketball team went to Germany for the European championship tournament, probably in March of 1953. He was one of the best players for Frankfurt and I'm pretty sure Frankfurt won the tournament.

I saw Harper again in Germany when our track team went over for the European track championship. He won the hurdles events and may have won the high jump. He had great athletic ability.

One of our guys, Gary Williams, won both the 100 and 200 meter events. Gary was a complete unknown to the people on the continent and he surprised everyone (including us!) when he won those events. Gary was in the Class of 1955 but was at Bushy Park for only 1 year.

I have a copy of a news story with pictures about a visit by members of the American Teen Club to Oxford University, in the spring of 1951. Harper, my brother and I are in the pictures. Also Harper's future wife, Gail Lautzenheiser was there. She was in England for at least a couple of years but returned to the US before Bushy Park opened.

At the time Harper was attending St. Pauls School, one of the best known "public" (private) schools in London. One Saturday afternoon Harper arranged to have his classmates engage the members of the Teen Club in rugby and American football. This took place on the grounds of Winfield House which eventually became the residence of the American Ambassador to Britain. I think we played one half of rugby and one half of

football. This was probably the first exposure of many of us to rugby and the same probably held true for the English boys to football (American style). I honestly don't remember much about what happened but I do remember that no one was seriously injured!

There are lots of great memories about Harper Keeler, including the Teenage Club basketball team and biking on the continent. He was an outstanding young man and it always makes me sad to think he was lost at such a young age.

From John Buck (62)
johnclaybuck@hotmail.com

The story of the Norway gang.

The Bushy park kids from Norway were forty-odd of us in the four high school grades who had gone to Weisbaden, Germany the year before and for the school year '58-'59 had the "choice" of boarding at Bushy Park Central High or staying in Norway and taking supervised correspondence courses. We had the first eight grades of school in Oslo for military, MAG, Foreign services and other civilian dependents and the two choices for school were those above.

We flew into Heathrow on C-47's, boys in one plane and girls in the other. We got to go home for Christmas and Easter and envied those who got on those Friday afternoon buses for a cherished weekend at home. To the credit of the admin of the base they made great efforts to entertain us. While we enjoyed aggravating the APs we also had a teen club, went on many field trips to see the sites near the base, cherished the early Saturday morning trips to the PX at South Ruislip, and to Richmond as often as we could.

For this boy of thirteen it was a unique experience of unparalleled equal. I got to be in London alone, travel at my own initiative, and meet many kids of varied experiences

including two who were refugees from the Soviet invasion of Hungary.

The trip home Christmas '58 was especially memorable as I was taking prized PX items (not available in the small one in Oslo) to parents and the boys' C 47 was delayed and sat over night in Copenhagen as the plane had an oil leaking from one engine. We kids thought it a lark and arrived in Oslo the next morning to the welcome of family and the girls who landed the evening before. I remember cold, had steel bucket seats and sack lunches of the trips and being with a good bunch of boys from across Europe, north Africa, and near east who managed to not get into too much mischief.

**From Sherianne (Sellers) Seibel
Woodbridge (62)**
seibels@lsc.edu

Aren't the outside of the dorms dreary? But we didn't know it - we were headed to town!



England group outside dorm 1959-60 Patt Manning George Toumbacaris not sure Bill Patten Sheri Sellers, Lin.

From Paul Middlebrook (56)

little16bit@robsoncom.net

My daughter Kendall just returned from a couple weeks in London. I had requested she visit the Bushy Park site just to see where I had gone to school. Dutifully she did, walking across the old Kingston Bridge and up Sandy Lane. She also visited a local bookstore and purchased several books about the local area. To my great surprise, one called "Surbiton Memories" contained multiple pictures and three pages of history on the Surbiton "Big House" that served as the boys dorm in '52-'53. A bit of history for you...it was built in 1880 as the personal residence of a man named Bryant of the renowned Bryant and May Match Company. In 1915 it became the Mountcoombe Hotel featuring "hot and cold running water, billiards, bridge, dancing, tennis and croquet" in the fine Oak Hill area of Surbiton. By 1938 the annex appears (freshman girls dorm) with "hot and cold running water in the rooms, central heating and sun bathing roofs". It remained a hotel until 1951 when it was occupied by The National Young Life Campaign Training College of Evangelism. Our occupancy the next year is ignored completely, perhaps because the Brits were ashamed to have leased such a fine building to a bunch of rowdy Yanks! The annex referred to that as the girls dorm is now home to the Oak Hill Health Center and the "Big House" now serves as the Surbiton Hospital. The latest picture in the book was taken in 2004 and the building is unchanged. I have several pictures taken outside the building all those years ago and everything in the 2004 photo is identical. The book contains a picture of the grand room (where we played cards, ping pong, and had dances with the freshman girls) that was taken in 1915. The woodwork over the fireplace/along the walls and the rather uniquely paned glass window are identical to pictures I have, and pictures that appear in the

first issue of the "Londoner" in 1953. There were, however, no pictures of the huge tub Wally Costa said could have floated the Queen Mary! I had forgotten the actual site, but it is in the Oak Hill area of Surbiton where Surbiton Hill Road changes its name to Ewell Road. It truly amazes me that nothing about building has changed after all these years! Wish I could say the same about myself!

Mini Reunions

From Suzanne "Snookie" Garrison (54)

Sgmayo54@aol.com

Lunch with Ruth Davis Zabel (53):

Ruth came out to our home for lunch last week and we had another great time of non-stop talking. We reminisced a lot and were able to help each other out with some of our remembrances. I'm amazed at what Ruth remembers as she was only at Bushy for her senior year. She actually had her junior year in Wales and her teacher there was Mrs. Yeager, who became her homeroom teacher at Bushy. What I am finding interesting is that after, we get through all of the, "Do you remember", conversations, we are now on another level of friendship, which I am so pleased about. Pete and I are about to do some traveling to Idaho, Utah and Colorado so I will get together with Roz sometime in September.

From Sherry (Burritt) Konjura (57)

sherger@juno.com

The theater in Rock Island, IL, where I've been performing this summer, had a small fire in a storage closet. No one was hurt, but the smoke damage required an extensive cleaning of the entire building, so we've had some time off. I took advantage of this and drove up to Minneapolis, MN and had a mini reunion with Shirley Huff Dulski ('57) and Carolyn Towner Long ('57). We had a glorious time reliving

our "Bushy" days--spent over 4 hours in a restaurant talking and talking and talking. Fortunately, we had an understanding waiter who let us walk down memory lane without hinting that we should leave!

The photo shows us gathered at the table in said restaurant--Shirley on the left, me in the middle and Carolyn on the right.



From Lindsay Bruce Ervin (60)
lbedesig@lbcoursestheory.com

I wanted to update you in that my wife and I had a great lunch with Bill Grimes (Bushy Park Class of 1956) at the Hunt Valley Inn, near Baltimore. Although I did not have much contact with Bill at Bushy Park, we did hang out for a while when we both were at Griffiss AFB in Rome, NY. Bill was in my sister, Kay's, class of 1956, and did remember her from Bushy Park. We had a great time talking about people we remembered at Bushy Park as well as Rome. He is planning to go to the reunion this October, as am I if the dates don't overlap with some other events that we are planning in October.

I enjoyed the latest newsletter and enjoyed reading what Skippy (Janis) Mittlestadt (57) had to say. At the time, I was a freshman and played on the basketball team with Doc Ferguson (58) who was one of the better basketball players. Skippy was a cheerleader

plus dated Doc Ferguson. For some of the games, the cheerleaders would ride on our bus to the South Ruislip gym. I remember Skippy as being a very nice person. Since it sounds like she will be attending the reunion, I am hoping to be able to see her and say hi. Thanks again for the newsletter. It has been great.

Reunion News

From Bill Cooper (57)
liamail@erols.com

Washington D. C. Reunion - 7 through 10 October 2005

Time to make your decision and make your reservations and register for the reunion. If you need a registration form or other info please contact Bill Cooper, Class of '57, at liamail@erols.com

Here's a list of those who've already signed up:

Mary Easley Brokaw (54) Betsy Neff Cote (54) Dianne Pendergrass Hopkins (55) Patricia Miller Hodges (55) Nancy Reed Robinson (56) Chico Keiswetter (56) William Cooper (57) Carol Albert Yacovone (57) Sandra Scanlan Matlack (57) Sherry Burritt Konjura (57) Carol Bassham (57) June McDaniel Kohanek (57) Sandra Dawe Warner (57) Phoebe Ford (57) James Baker (57) Father Aaron Peters (57) Shirley Huff Dulski (57) Chuck Neff (57) Bill Rees (57) Connie Haave Saunders (58) Lyn Peterson Stinnett (58) Jerry Kelly (58) Edward Brown (58) Michael Murphy (58) Ruth Easley Tidwell (58) Paula Apple Shaulis (58) Trish Brown Savage (59) Brenda Hickman McFarland (59) Donald Crews (59) Gail Taylor Adams (60) Judy Risler Covington (60) Lori Hall Mayberry (61) Greer Sells Conrad (61) Bob Buning (61) Rae Birdwell Souba (61) Janet Kearns Carbonneau (64)

Dianne Manos Costanzo (64) Robert Springer (64) Ron Crowe (64) Sue Boyle McGuire (64) Wouter de Nie (64) Henry (Bill) Brandow (65) Sally "Schatzi" Hinton Ball (65) Kathie Faulkner Jones (66) Kirk Howard (72) Laurie Crofoot Eagle (78) Diane Moser Tuncer (85)

Trish (Brown) Savage (59)
tSavage2737@comcast.net

Only two people responded about my gathered cruise data. I'll attach the original research results. We need to move soon if we want to schedule a boat. I won't get my feelings hurt if we decided not to do that! The important thing is the reunion. My daughter's real estate firm recently rented one of the DC cruise boats. She said the co. had only two weeks lead time, so it was more expensive (as a last-minute arrangement). She sells real estate in DC for Miller. I think we should avoid going at the "corporate rate."

After a preliminary survey of literature from two cruise lines and seven boats, I have a few questions before proceeding. I can design a survey later for those who register for the reunion and we can work from what most people want; e.g.,

Maximum \$ willing to pay?

Handicap-access requested/preferred?

Wine and beer without hard liquor okay?

Include a meal on boat or just finger food?

etc. But it would be helpful if you (or an executive committee) could give me some early direction to narrow down my search for the best options. So, here are my questions:

1. Is it necessary that we have exclusive use of the boat for the cruise? If so, we want to charter one. Charter rates appear to be for three-hour trips, but I'm still researching that issue. Don't be afraid about needing a large number of people to sign up. The Potomac Riverboat Co., out of Old Alexandria has a boat for 50 and another for 80 people.

2. Do we want to include a meal? If so, do we want it catered? (Some boats require that.)

3. Breakfast, lunch, dinner? Sunday brunch?

4. Will these meals fall on Saturday? Sunday?

5. Or is a less-expensive three-hour tour with light finger-food and a cash bar acceptable? [There are some fine restaurants near the wharves for those who want to stay for dining after the trip.] A few boats will even let us bring our own beverages and snacks.

6. So far, my research shows that when the boat company supplies the "beer, wine and soda bar" it costs about \$18 per person, \$21 for "full, open premium-brand bar." Russ's and my experience in the last decade (or so) is that people are happy with beer/wine/soda, but the boat company is very strict about guests not bringing their own beverages, if we subscribe to their \$18 rate. So, we need to decide and be firm. It's only \$3 and might be worth avoiding an incident or discourage the Hard Drinkers. Or maybe this point is an argument for choosing one of the boats that would let us bring our own beverages – then we could make it BYOB for anyone wishing anything over and above beer/wine/soda, which we could efficiently assign to one person to schlep.

7. Do we need a boat with heat? October can be windy in DC. All the boats have transparent drop curtains for "inclement weather." By the way, you can forget about a rain date. We don't need one: all the boats can handle rain. And, as a (soon-to-be retired) Unitarian Universalist minister, my husband has a direct line on celestial and meteorological matters. I'll get him to pray for an Indian summer extending through the entire reunion weekend.

8. Do we need microphone in addition to the tape/CD player? There's no additional charge, but not all the boats have mikes. Those without, however, have "a cassette player with speakers on both decks."

[Trish's opinion: Unless we have more than 30 or 40 people, the announcer can shout.]

9. It looks like parking will range from \$8 to \$11. Does someone live near Old Alexandria, from where we can carpool or van shuttle?

10. Music? Can we supply cassettes ourselves? Do we want to hire a live band? 50s music, right? (Well, maybe a little 60s.) But surely no heavy metal – or am I completely out of touch now that our teenagers are grown?

11. Can you give me a rough range for the maximum price for the entire evening: parking + trip + food + entertainment + drinks? I'm thinking \$35 to 75 depending upon the time of day and whether a meal is included. Which end is safer? That is, which price end would enable and encourage more people to come? We don't want to price too many people out, but we want to have a good time. You people have a much better idea of this crowd than I do.

12. Do we include children and grandchildren?
This answer will affect #6 above.

That's all I can think of right now. I am sending off questions to boat lines as well.

This and That

From Peggy(Corder) Johnson (54)

PetuniaPatchJx@aol.com

Could you mention the reunion in Orlando May 19-22 2006 in the next newsletter?

I have a fashion show on a Scottish Rite Web

Site some of the girls may find interesting

www.aasrvalleyofjax.org click on

Celebrity Fashion Show, click on Photo Gallery, click on Celebrity Fashion show.

From Mike Murphy (58)

Oldsalt1223@aol.com

Judy and myself just returned from a week in Branson, Missouri. Attended a Viet Nam vets welcome home reunion. It was great. There was about 10 thousand Viet vets and families there. The whole week was for the vets that never got a welcome home like other conflicts of u s vets. There were plenty of tears shed. The parade on Thursday was great. All those old vets marching and riding when they couldn't walk, the singing of God Bless America, and Barry Sadler's song, The Ballad of The Green Beret. It was awesome. The last day was a big all day affair on Saddlebrook Mountain outside Branson. Big name acts, like Aretha Franklin, Oakridge Boys, Tony Orlando, Beach Boys and many others attended. Other than being hot, the entertainment was great. The Viet Nam moving wall was there also, and a traders village.

Our next trip is to see Tom Jones next month. Looking forward to the Washington DC reunion. Still nothing further on the Reunion Cruise but I will keep everyone up dated. Keep sending things in all of you Bushyites.

From Lyn Peterson Stinnett (58)

roverlyn@yahoo.com

I am writing to say hello from here...you'll just have to look it up! I am on another Peace Corps assignment for three months plus. They had asked if I could stay more and I told them I would really rather not.

Two years ago I missed the reunion in San Diego because I was in Kyrgyzstan so this time I am not going to be working! We have

compromised and I will be in DC for the reunion and upon my return from there to Arizona, off I go to Mauritania, Africa for three weeks. Don't you just love these exotic names??? Wish the places were as well!

This place is truly at the end of the earth... Sad story... walking on the beach last week I found an old American bullet casing from WW2. Remember Tarawa? 1,100 Marines died here and another 3,000 wounded. Our war memorial is "downtown" (an hour's drive) in an old parking lot behind some buildings and overgrown with weeds. The Japanese memorial is kept up, I hear, and ours is a mess. I took some photos but will have to wait until I get back to get them developed. Not sure about the facilities here.

Funny story from my High School Art class. We were modeling clay and I did a bust, (rather just the head) of one of my classmates. My mother kept it for all these years and when she died I inherited my art project. I still have it and will try to remember to take a photo and see if the real "head" is at the reunion. My memory is too poor for his name, but it is a male from either '58 or maybe '59. We shall see!

This last newsletter was so good! Thank you for all the hard work you do. I still want to have an All Arizona Pot Luck at my home for the ones of us who live in Arizona. Maybe this winter...

From Pat Terpening Owen (58)

nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net

The below message is from my friend Paul Griffiths, (a Welsh friend) who lived in Braintree in the mid-1950s when I lived there, but who I didn't meet until I helped him find a couple of American dependent friends from that era whose parents were stationed at Wethersfield and who attended Bushy

Park - Joe Miranda and Danny Pisanelli (along with his sister Tina).

I have just finished reading BUSHY TALES. Truly, this edition was one of the best. David Kremers 'MEMORIES OF BUSHY' is a masterpiece, and I take my hat off to the gentleman. Thanks again, Pat, for allowing me to share in your collective group memories; it has been most nostalgic going back in time to when the world was a very different place from today.. How privileged and enriched Blighty has been to have Americans based and living amongst us, and I for one can say my life was never the same after meeting just a few of you. God bless the U.S.A., President Bush, and long live the Queen...

From Judy Burks Schroeder (59)

bandjintx@earthlink.net

Like everyone else, I can't wait each month to receive the Bushy Park Newsletter!!! Since I lived in "town", my ties were usually during the school day..... and the trips home on the bus. I also remember Carolyn Towner (57), who used to sit on the bus and practice her shorthand. I was always amazed at her prowess at being able to write it, let alone read it. Imagine my amazement when I was at a church dinner one day in Bellevue, Nebraska, (Outside of Omaha, where my father was stationed at Offutt AFB), when there she was!!!! I recognized her instantly and was thrilled to see her. And, by this time, I was a legal secretary and could do shorthand!!!!

From Pat Terpening Owen (58)

nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net

Glad to know that someone else remembered our time in Brussels. I remember us going out and buying the bread and the wine and the wine was so awful Connie wouldn't drink any

after the first glass/sip, but I was so thrifty, "can you say cheap?" that I wasn't going to let it go to waste, and went ahead and drank the awful stuff. Was so sick the next day that it was years before I could drink wine again!!!!!! The landlady would bring us coffee and croissants with lovely butter every morning. The croissants were delicious, but the coffee was awful, and we didn't know why - we'd put sugar in it and cream/milk, and even watered it down, but it was still awful. Years later, I came to the conclusion that it was chicory coffee, but every day we'd eat the croissants and pour the coffee down the sink, and tell the landlady how good it was.

Also the family that Althea Lawrence was staying with didn't work out so Althea came and stayed with us for a few days. The last day we were there, the chauffeur of the gentleman who owned the Mercedes Benz company came and took us first to the Mercedes-Benz office, where we were served champagne (this was about 10am and possibly earlier), but he had a refrigerator full of Mums champagne, and said he drank a bottle every day and that was what kept him young. I had a hard time getting even a sip down. Then the chauffeur drove us to the ferry.



Patti Webb (Althea) and John Hockett Brussels, Belgium. Senior Class Trip 1958



From Connie Haave Saunders (58)
Deeny@vvm.com

In response to Patti Webb's question in the March issue asking if anyone remembered the foggy night excursion, Rusty (Hockett) Hummell (59) and I remember it well! As I recall we had gone to one of the Air Force bases to watch our basketball team play against one of the Air Force teams. At that time, Rusty and I were rooming with Linda (Fulton) Julian (59) who happened to be a hospital inpatient at the same base. Rusty and I went to visit Linda (not to watch the game), but we hadn't paid much attention to how much time had passed and we were about 15 minutes late getting back to the bus. By that time the fog was rolling in and getting thicker and thicker. The driver was reluctant to drive us back to Bushy Park, but someone volunteered to get out and direct the driver through the fog. When that didn't work, the bus driver felt that the danger of having an accident was too great, so we all deserted the bus, walked some distance to the train station and took the train to Bushy Park. When we arrived, it was still very foggy, so we walked from the station to the dorm. I think it was about 3:00 a.m. when we got back

to the dorm. Having walked so long in the fog, we were soaking wet and totally black to include our undergarments. All Rusty and I could think about was that we wanted to take a bath and get to bed, but the house mothers didn't want us to do that. We took a bath anyway -- there was no way we were going to bed wet and dirty. Mrs. Gallagher and other dorm mothers were knocking at the bathroom doors yelling, "Rachael Hockett and Connie Haave come out immediately and go to bed!" We did eventually, but not until we were clean and ready. Both of us were reprimanded and as punishment for taking a bath and washing our hair, we were given a work detail, which was washing the windows of the dorm for a couple of weeks; it was worth it to us though. Nor were we allowed to attend any other functions where a bus was concerned.

Patti Fawbush Webb (58) mentioned the senior class trip to Brussels, too. If my memory serves me, the seniors were supposed to stay with Belgian families and receive breakfast and dinner in their homes, but Pat (Terpening) Owen and I were given an apartment of our own sponsored by the Mercedes-Benz dealer. Our first meal there was a loaf of French bread and a bottle of sweet red wine! It's surprising that we were allowed to stay in an apartment by ourselves, but we were.

From Jerry L. Fowler (61)

j18f@aol.com

I started calling all of the McGinnis's anywhere near Washington, D.C. I was trying to find Richard McGinnis (60) and I did. I think he was about the second person I had called and left a message on his answering machine. He called me back about 20 minutes later. He does not have a computer at present.

Letters to the Editor

From Carol (Mabile) Pellissier (58)

simcha3@verizon.net

Thank you for the July issue of the Newsletter! I really appreciate your work as a "Bridger" between classes, individuals and reunions. The memories are invaluable.

From Pat (Terpening) Owen (58)

nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net

Class of 1958 - FOUNDS - A through F. Continued in future newsletters.

Anda, Alfhild - ME
Apple Shaulis, Paula - AZ
Bartlett, William - SC
Bass, James - TX
Batchelor, Cedric - FL
Besancon Moore, Lois Ann - RI
Bestwick Newhard, Eleanor - CA
Beverly, Robert - OK
Biggers Potter, Betty Sue - can be contacted through her sister
Bois, John "Jon" - CO
Brown, Edward - OH
Buhler, Fred - CA
Burnett, Peter - CA
Cameron Rogers, Carol - FL
Campbell, Blaine "Chip" - SD
Carr McMahan, Sean - CO
Chilton, Robert - TX
Collins, Walter - e-mail addy only
Crawley, Vincent., Jr. - TX
Culp, Gary - CA
David, Ernest - OR
DeFrees, James - LA
Dilley, Terry - AK
Douglas Roth, Julie - FL
Easley Tidwell, Ruth - TX
Eng, Stephen - TN
English Taylor, Virginia - e-mail addy only
Fawbush Webb, Patti - TN
Ferguson, Everett "Doc" - FL
Frantz, Daniel - NJ

DECEASED

Boyd, Jon - Burr, Roger - Bussler, Graham -
Checketts, Marsha - Cherry, Patricia -
Coleman, Glenda - DeRoberts, Richard -

Dilley, Frances

STILL MISSING - If you have any info about any of the missing class members, please contact Pat Terpening Owen at nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net

Ackley, Gloria - Adamson, James - Allen, Jane (Father was Commander C. H.) - Banks, Leon (father stationed at Sculthorpe) - Barnes, Priscilla - Basha, Joseph Paul (was from Englewood, CO) - Bates, Geneva Lydia - Boex, Christiane Dorothea (was from Germany) - Booth, Joyce - Bowen, Robert D. (was from Los Angeles, CA - also attended school at Weisbaden) - Branham, Arleen - Brooks, Mary - Cain, Elizabeth - Cantrell, Kristin - Caraway, Betty (father Brig General Forrest Caraway?) - Clark, Henry (was from Polouse, WA) - Cooper, Patsy Monetta (Texas) - Costner, Patricia Geraldine - Curtis, Larry - Dalton, Brian - Daniels, Betty - Donald, Adrienne - Dutcher, Ruth - Eberhard, Ingrid - Elliott, Tom (Father Cdr. Ralph E., Jr.) Ellis, Jerry - England, Nancy - Fowler, Deanna Francis, Serrye (I can't find a Serrye anywhere) - Freeland, Clyde - Fricke, Gretchen

From Paul Middlebrook (56)
little16bit@robsoncom.net

Subject: How did we do it?

My Mom used to cut chicken, chop eggs and spread mayo on the same cutting board with the same knife and no bleach, but we didn't seem to get food Poisoning.

My Mom used to defrost hamburger on the counter AND I used to eat it raw sometimes too, our school sandwiches were wrapped in wax paper in a brown paper bag not in ice pack coolers, but I can't remember getting ecoli.

Almost all of us would have rather gone swimming in the lake instead of a pristine pool (talk about boring), no beach closures then.

The term cell phone would have conjured up a phone in a jail cell, and a pager was the school PA system. R

We all took gym, not PE... and risked permanent injury with a pair of high top Ked's (only worn in gym) instead of having cross-training athletic shoes with air cushion soles and built in light reflectors. I can't recall any injuries but they must have happened because they tell us how much safer we are now.

Flunking gym was not an option... even for stupid kids! I guess PE must be much harder than gym.

Every year, someone taught the whole school a lesson [and provided comic relief] by running in the halls with leather soles on linoleum tile and hitting the wet spot. How much better off would we be today if we only knew we could have sued the school system.

Speaking of school, we all said prayers and sang the national anthem and staying in detention after school caught all sorts of negative attention. We must have had horribly damaged psyches. I can't understand it. Schools didn't offer 14 year olds an abortion or condoms (we wouldn't have known what either was anyway) but they did give us a couple of baby aspirin and cough syrup if we started getting the sniffles.

What an archaic health system we had then. Remember school nurses? Ours wore a hat and everything.

I thought that I was supposed to accomplish something before I was allowed to be proud of myself.

I just can't recall how bored we were without computers, Play station, Nintendo, X-box or 270 digital TV cable stations.

I must be repressing that memory as I try to rationalize through the denial of the dangers could have befallen us as we

trekked off each day about a mile down the road to some guy's vacant lot to play football, built forts out of branches and pieces of plywood, made trails, played Tarzan in "the trees" and fought over who got to be the Lone Ranger. What was that property owner thinking, letting us play on that lot? He should have been locked up for not putting up a fence around the property, complete with a self-closing gate and an infrared intruder alarm.

Oh yeah... and where was the Benadryl and sterilization kit when I got that bee sting? I could have been killed!
We played king of the hill on piles of gravel left on vacant construction sites and when we got hurt, Mom pulled out the 48 cent bottle of Mercurochrome (kids liked it better because it didn't sting like iodine did) and then we got our butt spanked. Now it's a trip to the emergency room followed by a 10-day dose of a \$49 bottle of antibiotics and then Mom calls the attorney to sue the contractor for leaving a horribly vicious pile of gravel where it was such a threat.

We didn't act up at the neighbor's house either because if we did, we got our butt spanked (physical abuse) there too and then we got our butt spanked again when we got home.

Mom invited the door to door salesman inside for coffee, kids choked down the dust from the gravel driveway while playing with Tonka trucks (Remember why Tonka trucks were made tough .. it wasn't so that they could take the rough berber in the family room), and Dad drove a car with leaded gas.

Our music had to be left inside when we went out to play and I am sure that I nearly exhausted my imagination a couple of times when we went on two week vacations. I should probably sue the folks now for the danger they put us in when we all slept in campgrounds in the family tent.

Summers were spent behind the push lawn mower and I didn't even know that mowers

came with motors until I was 13 and we got one without an automatic blade-stop or an auto-drive. How sick were my parents? Of course my parents weren't the only psychos. I recall Donny Reynolds from next door coming over and doing his tricks on the front stoop just before he fell off. Little did his Mom know that she could have owned our house. Instead she picked him up and swatted him for being such a goof. It was a neighborhood run amuck.

To top it off, not a single person I knew had ever been told that they were from a dysfunctional family. How could we possibly have known that? We needed to get into group therapy and anger management classes!

We were obviously so duped by so many societal ills, that we didn't even notice that the entire country wasn't taking Prozac!

How in the world did we ever survive?

LOVE TO ALL OF US WHO SHARED THIS ERA!