



# Bushy Tales

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



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Visit the Bushy Park Web Site at <http://www.bushypark.org/>

## Class Representatives

1953 - Jackie (Brown) Kenny

[JKYKNY@aol.com](mailto:JKYKNY@aol.com)

1954 - Betsy (Neff) Cote

[betsycote@atlanticbb.net](mailto:betsycote@atlanticbb.net)

1955 - Nancie (Anderson) Weber

[nancieT@verizon.net](mailto:nancieT@verizon.net)

1956 - Glenda F. Drake

[gfdrake@swbell.net](mailto:gfdrake@swbell.net)

1957 - Shirley (Huff) Dulski

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1958 - Pat (Terpening) Owen

[nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net](mailto:nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net)

1959 - Jerry Sandham

[Jsandham@quixnet.net](mailto:Jsandham@quixnet.net)

1960 - Ren Briggs

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1961 - Betsy (Schley) Slepetz

[sbslepetz@erols.com](mailto:sbslepetz@erols.com)

1962 - Dona (Hale) Ritchie

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## Roster Changes

### New Email addresses:

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Lucy "Katie" Havard Loberg (59)

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**E-MAIL ADDRESSES NO LONGER  
CURRENT. PLEASE DELETE FROM  
YOUR LISTS.**

Edward R. Noce (59)

## Look Who We Found

June Koetitz Wyrick (62)

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Hi...My brother Ed got a call to find my whereabouts. It was nice to know you are

organizing. So here is my info in case you have any news or reunions.

I was at Bushy Park High School in 1960 and we came up every Sunday from Alconbury AFB on a bus to the dorm. My junior year we rode a daily bus to Lakenheath High School. (Freshman year I was in Bitburg H.S. Germany). I graduated in 1962 from Davis High School. Kaysville, UT. Later got a B.A. in California to be a teacher for 8 years. Married Ron 38 years ago and have 4 children. Now I'm a substitute teacher and volunteer and travel a lot.

**Diane K. (Kovalevsky) Sharrer (62)**  
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**Andrea Kovich (62)**  
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### **Memories of Bushy**

**From Dave Kremers (55)**  
[dkremers@earthlink.net](mailto:dkremers@earthlink.net)

After reading so many great reminiscences by former Bushy Park H.S. students I have been moved to write down some of my own recollections of that unique experience. Of course, each of our accounts vary according to the uniqueness of our situations at that time, but it has been fun to enjoy the variety and similarity of those experiences. For what it's worth, here are mine.

Although we had made several moves around the country as a military family, my father's assignment to London in the Fall of 1954 was our first overseas posting and the five of us were very excited about joining my father for

this new adventure. A long train ride across the country gave all of us our first look at a part of the country stretching from Los Angeles to San Francisco and across the north plains states to Chicago that was entirely new to us. Once we made it to New York we were loaded on to a converted Liberty Ship named the William O. Darby. (I was later to learn that it was named for the army officer who conceived of and trained the first Army Ranger unit that saw first action in the invasion of the French coast on D-day.) What remains of that gruesome voyage in my memory is that I came down with the flu on the day we embarked and that combined with unrelenting seasickness made the trip outstanding for its misery. My brothers, Marshall and Bob, tell me that I eventually recovered enough to play some ping-pong tournaments on board but my memory has erased that item.

Indeed, the agony of our slow tortuous journey was intensified as we sighted the S.S. United States steaming by half way out. It had left two days after us and would arrive two days ahead of us. Only the luck of the draw kept us from enjoying the delicious but elusive luxury that we imagined other American dependents enjoying on board that ship at that very moment. Our pain was relived in England as we had to listen to accounts from our classmates of their calm, easy passage on the posh luxury liner.

My first memory of England ('Old Jolly' as we would soon call it.) was of driving at approximately 5 mph along a fog bound major road to our new house in Ealing Common (part of greater London) all the time with the driver's door open so we could follow the curb. I'll always remember the smell of coal smoke in the air as it was trapped in that damp blanket which descended on us periodically. I have caught that unmistakable scent in other

places over the years and it has transported me instantly back to that place in time.

I'm also reminded of an historical event of that first year, as hundreds of British Army vehicles passed by our house for several nights during the height of the Suez Canal Crisis. (Our street was a major arterial, part of the Great Circular Road ringing London.)

I remember the house we lived in with special fondness. It was one of those middle class British homes that was very spacious but for us Americans very different. We were happy to have so much space for our large family, but living there took some adjustments. At first we saw the quirks of English living as nuisances, but I think after a while we came to enjoy the uniqueness of it all. The first thing that struck us was, of course, the heating. We started off rushing around trying to keep each room of the house heated by assiduously tending to the stoking of fires (Imagine. A fireplace in every room!) and the hauling of coal briquettes up from the coal bin at the back of the house. We were able to keep the house comfortably warm that way but it wasn't long until we became disenchanted with that arduous routine. Basically, it didn't leave time for much else. As it finally developed, we kept one fire going, in the living room. During the colder months, fall, winter, and spring, we simply hung our coats outside the living room where we donned them when going to other parts of the house.

While mentioning the climate of London, I'm reminded of another important household ritual. Since the only form of heating in the house that could be called "central" was a hot water register in the upstairs bathroom that came up from the kitchen water heater, there was a contest among the four of us kids to bolt from under our heavy comforters and dash to the bathroom before the others. My sister Margery somehow was the quickest. There

was a special quality about the cold of a London night for us native Californians. It stemmed from the dampness, which made it a deep penetrating cold. I distinctly remember the times I would jump under the comforter and frantically do the bicycle kick under the covers to generate enough warmth to form my cocoon for the night. Leaving that warmth in the early morning was very difficult, because the only other warm spot was that bathroom and I didn't want to leave it unless I was sure I could be the first there.

My memories of joining my new classmates at Bushy included first getting used to such a small place. Up until then I had only attended large public high schools stateside, in fact this would be the fourth in four years. So, coming to such a small school was a definite change. One event that was a complete surprise to me at the time was being voted as "best dressed" among my senior classmates. I later realized that it was only because we were very recent arrivals and therefore were wearing more up-to-date stateside fashions which no doubt set us off somewhat style wise.

Although the school facilities at Bushy Park were rather spartan and the activities for a "townie" limited, the people were great and I think back on the classmates I had then with much fondness. I found no difficulty fitting in. Socializing was limited by the brief contact during school hours. I remember some school dances, but otherwise getting back on that bus for a long ride home cut our contact time short. I have enjoyed accounts of other students relating details of their dorm lives that make it clear that we who lived in town missed out on quite a bit. Perhaps this limitation is why I enjoyed the sports programs available to us. It gave a chance to get out and mix more with fellow students. I vividly remember those long rides across town during the early winter darkness in a military 6X6 getting to the gym at South Ruislip for basketball practice. Or,

turning out at the nearby British track facility where we changed in the spare, dark “locker room” (sans lockers or showers) for track practice on a gravel track. In fact sports opened up opportunities that most students didn’t get, namely some memorable trips to competitions on the continent. I was definitely marginal in my own athletic abilities, but worked hard at track and basketball so I could qualify for the trips the teams could take to the continent for season ending championship tournaments.

That made possible a couple of memorable jaunts to Frankfurt by train, complete with cheerleaders, during which we had the chance to taste a few pleasures of European life not found in England. I’ll always remember a late night cab ride back to our barracks in Frankfurt, after sampling the wares at the city’s famous beer hall, which was interrupted by another driver who inexplicably made a left turn right in front of us at a downtown intersection. The ensuing collision and unintelligible but entertaining melee that followed gave us even more time to enjoy the cognac and cheap cigars we had picked up at the Bahnhof, before finally making our way back to our lodgings at the Kaserne (before our coach, I believe).

Who could forget those Sunday junkets on the tube into the heart of London to gather at the Grosvner House for a Teen Club meeting. I do remember our club president, Ted Hopkins, being very presidential but I don’t remember what we really accomplished at those meetings. But, they were another chance to gather and socialize and gave a welcome chance to get out and about in downtown London. We always would stop at Hyde Park Corner for the colorful characters on their soapboxes and a warm Pepsi (always warmer than the weather, as I remember it).

There are so many other facets of life in London that come back to me now. Listening to “Housewife’s Choice”, that quaint BBC morning radio show, on the school bus each morning (Imagine. A school bus with contoured, upholstered seats and a radio!). Marshall reminds me that they loved playing Bill Haley and the Comets’ “Shake, Rattle & Roll” each morning before taking those insipid calls from housewives. That deliciously zany, Goon Show on radio at night with Peter Sellers, Harry Secomb and Spike Milligan. (Was anyone else as taken by the British humor of that time as I was? Monty Python borrowed so much from that.) Teddy Boys, those precursors of the Mods with their distinctive formal black dress and hairdos, velvet collars and all. My addiction to Cadbury’s Fruit Nut Bar - I usually bought one at one of those little kiosks in the tube station for my tube ride into the city. And, those British movie theaters! I wonder if those times sitting in a smoke filled theater, peering through the blue haze and taking in all that secondary smoke will have an ultimate effect on my chances of lung cancer. Oh, and the taste of an English cigarette, Players as I remember. I was so put off by that, that I began experimenting with pipe smoking and found a favorite coarse-cut tobacco, the name of which has faded from memory, but which I only dared smoke when on tube rides. I think that at the time I was seeking a new level of sophistication, perhaps in anticipation of going off to college the next year.

And that reminds me of a great Harris Tweed overcoat that I purchased that year. Besides being just the thing to ward off the damp cold of a London winter, it had huge patch pockets on the inside that proved to be just the thing for smuggling beer steins out of Oktoberfest in Munich that following year.

Well, enough already. These are just some of the things that have flooded back into my mind

as I've enjoyed reading the offerings of others who shared that totally unique experience that was Bushy Park High School for Dependents. Thanks to all you who have shared and to Gary for his hard work in bringing it all to us.

**From Jim Bass (58)**  
[jrblaw@sbcglobal.net](mailto:jrbllaw@sbcglobal.net)

I look forward to getting the Bushy Tales and read it with great interest. I thought I would send you the following in case you ever have some space to fill in the newsletter.

My mother, father, little sister, Lee Ann, (5) and I (13) left San Antonio in November, 1953 and sailed on the Buckner to England. My mother and I spent the voyage "feeding the fishes" while my father and sister (the little rat) spent the voyage prancing all over the ship. My father was assigned to MAAG at the American Embassy. Just after we arrived, my mother and father found a home in West Ealing. We lived there for three years until we returned to San Antonio.

After the Christmas vacation, I enrolled at Bushy Park in the eighth grade as a town student. I worked at the commissary at Ruislip (tips only) and set pins at the bowling alley for 10¢/line. As a result, I was a teenager going to school and working part-time and making more money than the average English worker. I had more money than I knew what to do with. I could go to the movies and sit in the front for 1 shilling, 3 pence; have an orange squash for 6 pence; fish and chips were 2 shillings; etc. Prices were cheap and the dollar was king. Cigarettes were 90¢/carton at the PX while English had to pay 7 shillings (98¢) per pack for "good" cigarettes. I remember the hit that I made with an English girl's father the first time that I took her out when I brought a carton of Pall Malls for her father.

I was crushed when we returned to San Antonio at the end of 1956. I finished law school in 1966 and I have practiced law since then. My wife (Darlene) and I met in college and we got married when she was 19 and I was 21 and we are still married. My wife's father was retired Army and my father was retired Air Force so I guess we had something in common.

I guess we also had in common the need for "roots". We have lived in the same house for over 30 years; I have had my office in the same location for 32 years; and, we have been married to each other for 42 years. We have two children and each of our children has two children.

My best friend at Bushy Park was Mike Moorman who was also a town student. Mike and I both had trench coats and hats and we would travel all over London by tube at all hours of the day and night and thought we were real "grown-up". I loved every bit of London- the "killer" fogs; the dinginess; the funny words; having to learn that "soda crackers" were "water-biscuits", etc.; learning to drink hot tea (I still drink hot tea and do not drink coffee); renting a motorboat on the Thames; heckling the Marxists at Speakers Corner; sneaking into X-rated motion pictures (you had to be 16 and we weren't); trying to pick up English girls and convince them we were just young looking soldiers; and, just generally roaming the streets.

I love the newsletter and appreciate all the hard work that I know it takes.

**From Susan (Miller) Dalberg (62)**  
[Wolfpaw81@aol.com](mailto:Wolfpaw81@aol.com)

Commenting on Anne's question about high school credits. Absolutely! When we transferred Stateside the last two months of my Jr. year, they didn't know what to do with me.

Technically, I had more than enough credits to graduate, had met all my language and math requirements. So, I went two hours a day-- worked for the Vice Principal first hour, then took another typing/shorthand class two days a week, PE three. My Senior year, got a promotion and worked for the Dean of Boys and took another typing/shorthand class; second semester attended class all of one hour a day! Allowed me to work full time both years. A lot of what we were taught in high school at Bushy were college level classes. I'm so grateful for such a great education.

Ahhhh, Ms. McFadden-- math and Mr. Gunderson, Algebra. What patience they showed listening to my whining and sniveling about Algebra. For those of you who use math, and/or love it, this will border on sacrilegious. For me, Algebra ranks right up there with root canals or childbirth with no anesthesiology. I am 61 years old, and while I can read a profit and loss statement in a flash, do any kind of accounting, but I've never used Pi in my life, nor have I ever had to figure out how much dirt there was in Farmer John's 40-acre tract! (nor do I have any intention of starting!) Thank God, the level they gave us met my college requirements, or at least allowed me to challenge the class and pass it. Think I would have slit my wrists if I'd had to take one more algebra class.

How on earth do you guys remember the bus numbers? Ellis' article astounded me~ I want to take the memory vitamins you are taking! Each newsletter, I have to drag out my battered yearbook and put names to faces! My husband reassures me that senility is not part of my make-up, (yet) but when it comes to pulling up the memories like many of you do, I'm one french-fry short of a happy meal!

Anne, kuddos to you for mentioning the parental abuse. So many military brats went through that, but it was always just swept

under the carpet and ignored. It was my friends at Bushy and friends on the base that managed to help me stay mentally half way normal; life at home was not good! Luckily, military families are exceptionally warm and loving to other Brats, so I spent a lot of time "visiting", staying out of the crosshairs! I'm anxious to pick up a copy of Mary Edward Wertsch's book. Thanks for letting us know, Jacqueline. Keep up the good work, Gary and Pat. You guys do an awesome job and each month, I look forward to those gentle walks down memory lane.

### **Mini Reunions**

**From Arden (Atkinson) Sederholm (53)**  
[ardensederholm@bellsouth.net](mailto:ardensederholm@bellsouth.net)

Hi, Gary! Thanks be that you are still doing the Newsletter. I do one for a womens' group and I know the time and effort that is involved! Thank you so much.

I wanted to tell you sooner about our mini reunion, but will do it now for the next issue. In February of this year, my husband, Chuck and I went to Tucson for the "World's Largest Gem and Mineral Show"! Best of all was reuniting with my best friend, Irene (Sersain) Biegler (53) and her husband, John, who live in Tucson. We visited back and forth and they took us to a beautiful restaurant up the mountains on the opposite side of Tucson from our hotel. I also knew that Frank Embree (54) always attended the show, and called them in Hawaii, and, indeed they were going to be there. Frank and his wife, Caitlin helped us navigate the show. Their daughter and granddaughter, Irene and John, and we all had lunch together at our beautiful Marriott Hotel overlooking Tucson. I brought pictures of Bushy Park that I had found recently amongst my parents' things and, of course, we had a wonderful time reminiscing! The wonderful

show and beautiful Tucson lent themselves to making our mini-reunion most enjoyable.

I have been contacted by Priscilla (Wilder '55) Ambrose who rode the bus with me everyday from Grosvenor Square! What a blast we had! She is trying to get down here from Maine, as her mother lives nearby, but has not made it yet. Got a great card from her and her husband, Bill, celebrating at BEANTOWN on 10/27/04!

We are looking forward to all of Y'all coming to Florida in May for the 2006 reunion! Jacksonville is several hours north of Orlando, and we'd be delighted to host those who would like to see more of Florida, such as St. Augustine, Cape Canaveral, Amelia Island, etc. Chuck and I would be delighted to conduct a shark tooth tour of our wonderful beaches. Don't laugh! We're really addicted, and guarantee the finding of a tooth, the whole tooth, and nothing but the tooth!

**From Pat Terpening Owen (58)**  
[nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net](mailto:nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net)

In May, John and I had to take a trip to Santa Rosa, California to finish up some business we had there from the death of my father last December. I decided while I was there to see if I could gather up those classmates who lived in the area for a 'mini reunion'. Of those I contacted, there were five of us who were able to meet. In the picture are Pat Terpening Owen (58); Carol Armstrong Mitchell (62); Sue Petterson Sharp (61); Mike Mortenssen (61); and Valerie Langseth Durkee (61).

We met at the International House of Pancakes at 9:00 am, and finally broke up about 11:30am, although we did leave Valerie and Carol still talking outside the restaurant. Husbands John Owen and Andy Durkee were also able to join us. We had a great time talking over old memories and sharing

information on what had happened to us since Bushy.

Although Lucy "Katie" Havard Loberg (59) wasn't able to join us (she has a 2 month old grand baby that she takes care of), I did get a chance to talk to her. **(Editors Note: See email sent to Pat from Lucy below)** All-in-all a great time was had by all, and people who lived close to each other have plans to continue meeting from time-to-time.



**From Lucy "Katie" Havard (59)**  
[Lucyloberg@earthlink.net](mailto:Lucyloberg@earthlink.net)

Receiving your letter in the mail today was an added treat to Carol's (Carol and Katie live just around the corner from each other.) phone call the other day. As it turns out, David Drive is right around the corner from us. As I told Carol, I would love to join you on Wednesday, but I am caring for my newest grandchild, who is 2 months old, while his mom is at work. We will also be getting ready to attend the jazz festival in Sacramento that begins on Thursday. I would really appreciate a list of the gals there. It sounds like you have been very good about keeping up with everybody. I looked you up in my yearbook and found that you had autographed your picture. My memory is not the greatest, but can't blame that on age unfortunately. It never was good! But I did remember you when I saw your picture. Do you remember Wendy Moffitt?

We became friends at Bushy Park and have remained in touch over the years. She was in Napa two years ago for our daughter's wedding and my husband David, and I were in New York to see a friend in a Broadway musical in January of this year and we spent time together then. Wendy has been living in New York City for many years. After I graduated high school from Cordell High School in Oklahoma, Wendy left her family in Ankara, Turkey and joined me for college at Oklahoma University.

### Reunion News

#### **From Gail Kelly (Faculty)**

[martha.kelly@virgin.net](mailto:martha.kelly@virgin.net)

Hello former Bobcats - below is an email sent me by Billy Cooper, Bushy Park campus circa '57. Well, I guess I should call him Bill now he's raised 9 children who have all produced their own, flew jets in the USAF, served in Viet Nam, and ultimately retired from NASA - but I still see that cute kid - check the photo - you have no idea how 'cool' they were - and before you stop laughing, check your own yearbooks.



All School Picnic - May 29, 1957  
L-R: Bill Cooper, Jackie Holder, & John Soule

I would like to think you and yours could attend the DC gathering - cheers from London, Gail

#### **(Now for the email Gail received from Bill Cooper)**

Dear Gail,

Yes, the Reunion is shaping up. Do be sure to mention it to any of your LCHS correspondents. There's info and a registration form here:

[http://www.londoncentral.org/reunions/wdc2005\\_reg.htm](http://www.londoncentral.org/reunions/wdc2005_reg.htm)

#### **From Sherry Burritt Konjura (57)**

[sherger@juno.com](mailto:sherger@juno.com)

Hello Gail, I'm out in western Illinois doing the role of "Mama" in the play OH, MAMA! NO, PAPPA! at the Circa '21 Dinner Playhouse, Rock Island, IL. We opened last night to a crowd that just loved us! So wonderful to hear all that laughter! I was so tickled to get the email and photo...that's actually a photo I took at the all-school picnic right before Bill, Jackie, John and I graduated! I passed a copy of it along to Bill a couple of years ago!

#### **From Martha Gail Kelly (Faculty)**

[martha.kelly@virgin.net](mailto:martha.kelly@virgin.net)

Looky here - credit where it's due - fancy Sherry remember taking that photo at the all-school picnic - can you picture what the camera must have been? Box Brownie, maybe?

### This and That

#### **From Kenton Pattie (56)**

[KentonP1@aol.com](mailto:KentonP1@aol.com)

Saturday, in the rain, mid 50s Bushy Park High School student Kenton Pattie completed the Wilderness Road Ride that climbs up to Claytor Lake, VA via many very steep hills.

At the start of one of the hills was a sign that announced "It's Jesus or Hell" and the hill provided a taste of hell on wheels.

By midday the rain had quit though the sky was still cloudy. The distance was 78 miles and several riders warned Kenton that it was a mistake to ride the Mountains of Misery after the Wilderness Road Ride. This was his third year to complete the Wilderness Road Ride.

While the Wilderness Road Ride begins at Radford, VA University gym, the Mountains of Misery begins up in the mountains at Newport, VA.

The race director estimates the net climbing in Mountains of Misery to be around 10,000 feet. It seemed like endless climbing, beginning Sunday at 7 AM for those riding a double metric marathon (approx. 125 miles) and 7:10 AM for those who were doing the 101 mile century course. There were an equal number of riders doing the two versions of Mountains of Misery.

Both courses share some roads, in particular the final climb up to Mountain Lake, the set for the movie Dirty Dancing. Patrick Swayze was not there to greet the riders. Somewhere in the middle was a climb that had a section ("The Top") that was steeper than Mountain Lake and this climb was shared by both rides; there was a rest stop at the top.

The actual final climb up to the Mountain Lake resort is 7 miles, but by using a back road that climbed part the way up, Mountains of Misery didn't enter the main road until there were only three miles left. The last three miles were everything they were hyped to be: absolutely endlessly tough . . . made worse by the fact that all riders were doing it at the end of a long, long day of riding.

The best part was the amazing view of terrific countryside -- both rides delivered Virginia at its best.

To attempt the final 18 miles to Mountain Lake, riders had to meet a 4:30 PM deadline and all riders had to arrive at the finish by 6:30 PM.

The roads were well marked and there were quite a few volunteers. They also had "marshals" on Mountains of Misery as many riders treat it like a race with attacks "off the front" and that sort of tactic. The Hincappie team was followed by a support van; that was the exception as most riders like Kenton were working on their own.

There were varying road conditions with the best being the surface up to Mountain Lake and the worst being one major long twisting, winding decent over loose gravel. A rider who is training for the televised Ride Across America crashed on the gravel and had a very badly torn hip.

**From Gary Vandervort (57)**  
[garyandloyv@hotmail.com](mailto:garyandloyv@hotmail.com)

It's a small world; I grew up in Las Vegas, also. Attended schools in North Las Vegas and I believe, "Wishing Well" in South Vegas. My father bounced me from Tucson to Las Vegas several times but I always claim Las Vegas as my home (and not just for the lack of state income tax). When I retired from the Air Force in 1987, we returned to Las Vegas and I worked for Ford Aerospace on the Nevada Bombing Range contract. As a Quality Assurance Engineer, I was all over the state, including an inspection of some automated equipment on Angel's Peak . . . After a couple of years, I found myself missing the travel (after 48 years of nothing but), and sought overseas employment. So, I drug my bride to

Saudi. Weird place! For the next seven years I worked three different jobs and moved five times in Saudi (just like in my previous life . )

In 2001 I retired for the last time and returned to Thailand where we had built a home three years previously. We are just outside the resort community of Pattaya Beach. No where on earth is as great as the US but, like so many of the US expats here, I have personal problems with the treatment of Vietnam veterans by the citizens we were being paid to defend and have no desire to return.

**From Mike Mortenson (61)**  
[wellguy@sonic.net](mailto:wellguy@sonic.net)

Hi Pat - Glad you had a safe trip home. It was a pleasure to visit with you and everyone else. Thanks for putting this together. The wine is Gary Farrell 2003 Cresta Ridge Chardonnay. Gary makes excellent wines. He leased part of our old apple orchard to put in grapes when he did a 10-acre adjacent parcel. He decided this vintage was good enough to bottle separately. There were only about 200 cases produced. It sells for \$38/bottle at the winery. Gary has pinot noir and chardonnay grapes on his ten acres while ours are all chardonnay.

Here's a quick overview of how I got from Bushy Park to Sonoma County "grape grower": After CHS graduation I returned to MN where I got a forestry degree at the U of Minnesota. Left MN in 1965 on a career with US Forest Service in MI, WI, WV and finally moved to CA in 1974 as Public Info Officer on the Sequoia National Forest. Moved in 1978 to Mendocino NF as District Ranger and resigned in 1981 to go into association management - nicer location and more pay. I was General Manager for the Sea Ranch Association (homeowners complex on Sonoma County coast). After a brief stint in real state/property management, I became the Executive Director of the California Groundwater Association

(CGA) in 1990. CGA represents contractors, technical specialists and suppliers who supply about one-third to one-half the state's water needs. Still enjoying the job!

Got married after college and had two kids, son Eric who lives in Georgia and daughter Leslie who lives in Marin County, CA. Divorced in 1981 and met Joan, my current wife at a dance at Sea Ranch in 1984. We celebrate our 20th Anniversary this fall. She has three children so now we have five kids between us, and several grandchildren. We live on the farm where Joan was born. Her Mom and Dad came to the property in 1934. We call it Foxglove Farm and have grown organic vegetables since 1990. Now we're just growing tomatoes for limited sales plus other veggies for our own use. And, enjoying the wine. And that's my last 44 years!

### Letters to the Editor

**From Beverly (Schroeder) Smith (56)**  
[BSmith@centex.redcross.org](mailto:BSmith@centex.redcross.org)

Gary, you do a great job with this newsletter. I wish I could feel a close connection to all these wonderful people but, sadly, they mostly seem like strangers to me. I wonder if there are others out there like me?

**From Keith E. Lamonica (62)**  
[keith@lamonica.com](mailto:keith@lamonica.com)

We are moving to Las Cruces, NM this month. I was out there two weeks ago buying the new house. The area is not like Colorado, but it does have mountains. **Note from Pat - Keith previously lived in Massachusetts. Will post an address when we get one.**

**From Andrea Kovich (62)**  
[Aperfectegg@aol.com](mailto:Aperfectegg@aol.com)

I was so excited to receive your letter and have mailed the postcard back to you! Of course I am interested in everything mentioned in your letter! I am particularly interested in a classmate of mine Lynn Shea (note from Pat - Lynn has not yet been located - does anyone have any clues?). We kept in touch for years and the last I knew she was in Menlo Park, CA. I was a sophomore at CHS just like on your web site and I am sending you the most recent picture I have of me. Can't wait for a reunion! So Excited!



**From Gary Vandervort (57)**  
[garyandloyv@hotmail.com](mailto:garyandloyv@hotmail.com)

Is anybody tracking who attended the most schools to finish 12 years? I submit my 22 as a contender (seven in one year, the third grade which I failed, but during my two and a half years of English schooling caught up, after testing at Bushy). Won't even mention the number of schools to finish my first degree over a 26 year period!

**From Bill Cooper (57)**  
[Liammail@erols.com](mailto:Liammail@erols.com)

Here's a picture of Alice Juanita Moore and myself taken in 1957.



**From Judy Samms Stanford (59)**  
[stanfordwk@earthlink.net](mailto:stanfordwk@earthlink.net)

I absolutely adore the newsletter and all the wonderful memories it brings back. I loved my time at Bushy Park and thank everyone who makes the effort each month doing the newsletter. Thank you.

**From Peg (O'Hallaron) Howard (60)**  
[dnpnthee@charter.net](mailto:dnpnthee@charter.net)

I do enjoy these newsletters as they bring back such great memories. Having spent only my sophomore year at Bushy and then transferring to Lakenheath, many of the names are unfamiliar, as mine would be to them. However, the memories and faces remain with me.

**From Pat Terpening Owen (58)**  
[nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net](mailto:nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net)

As space permits, Gary is publishing the names of classmates who have been located, are still missing or are deceased. If anyone knows the whereabouts of a 'missing' classmate, please contact me, or even if you might have a clue that might help in locating them, I'd appreciate it. This month we're publishing the last half of the class of 1957.

**FOUND:**

NEFF, Chuck "Porky" - Maryland  
O'BRIEN, Patrick Lee - Oregon  
ONUFROCK REPPUCCI, Christine - Virginia  
PAINTER, Rodney - Virginia  
PENNY, PARRISH, Yvonne "Tyke" -  
California  
PETERS, (Reverend) Sheldon L. "Aaron" -  
Kansas  
PHALER, Karl J. - California  
PHIFER, Robert - Canada  
PLITOUKE BRODIGAN, Celeste M. -  
Virginia  
REES (GRABLE), Bill - Michigan  
ROUSSEAU, Thomas - New York  
RUBLE, Harold - Virginia  
RUMBLE William - California  
SCANLAN MATLACK, Sandra J. - North  
Carolina  
SCHOFIELD O'NEILL, Cynthia Seville -  
California  
SEARLES, James "Jim" - California  
SOULE, John - California  
STILLWAGON, Richard C.- Florida  
SWIHART, Melinda C. - Maryland  
TAUSS, Richard J. - Virginia  
TOWNER LONG, Carolyn Elise - Minnesota  
VANDERVORT, Gary - Thailand  
VAN WOLKENTEN TURNBULL, Jaymes  
Harriet - Florida  
VAUGHAN MULCAHY, Yvette -  
Mississippi  
VILLARD, Richard - North Carolina  
WILLIAMS, Byron - Maryland

**DECEASED:**

SMITH, Sharon  
TYLER. Roger Dean  
UPTON. Gerald  
VINES. Kinney  
YATES. Rex Lewayne

**STILL MISSING:**

NADING. William  
NETTLES, James  
NEWING, Peter  
NORMAN, Beatrice S.  
NORTHROP, Margy  
PEARL, Sharon/Sheron  
ROSEBURG, George  
SCOTT, Larry  
SCOTT, Sylvia - father Lt. Col. R.O.  
SEBER SOPINA, Vicky  
STAINER, Carolyn  
STEWART, Judith Kay  
SUDDUTH, Jacquelyn  
TAYLOR, Janice Rae  
TAYLOR, William  
WALL, John  
WALLACE, Linda  
WARREN, Shirley  
WEY, Donald  
WHIDDEN. Eddie  
WILLIAMS, Donald  
WILLIAMS, Jeanette  
WILSON, Brenda  
WILSON, Stephen "Steve"  
WITTENBERG, Judith  
YOUNG, Joyce