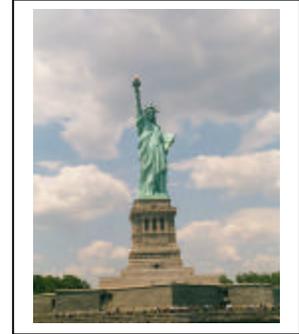




Bushy Tales

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



Issue #11

March 2005

Volume #4

Gary Schroeder (55), Editor gschroeder_uscgauz@msn.com
Visit the Bushy Park Web Site at <http://www.bushypark.org/>

Class Representatives

1953 - Jackie (Brown) Kenny

JKYKNY@aol.com

1954 - Betsy (Neff) Cote

betsycote@atlanticbb.net

1955 - Nancie (Anderson) Weber

nancieT@verizon.net

1956 - Glenda F. Drake

gfdrake@swbell.net

1957 - Celeste (Plitouke) Brodigan

Mbrodi1939@aol.com

1958 - Pat (Terpening) Owen

nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net

1959 - Jerry Sandham

Jsandham@quixnet.net

1960 - Ren Briggs

renpat1671@unedspeed.net

1961 - Betsy (Schley) Slepetz

sbslepetz@erols.com

1962 - Dona (Hale) Ritchie

DonaRitchi@aol.com

It's Official!

Your Editor now has a Senior Editor. On February 11th your editor was joined in marriage to Debra Dee Poteet who is now the senior editor. Why do I say this? It was made quite clear to me at the ceremony. Since I am an Honorary Chief in the Coast Guard many of my fellow Chiefs were at the ceremony. After

the vows and the kiss, and as we turned to walk away one of the Senior Chiefs walked up to her, pinned on her dress the insignia of a Coast Guard Senior Chief, said "Welcome Aboard" he then turned to me and said "She outranks you so show the proper respect."

She is a wonderful lady and it was a very happy day for both of us in spite of the fact she almost didn't make it in time. Left her cell phone at the store and had to drive all the way back across town to get it. Then back across town again to pickup some other things only to find when she walked back to her car that her purse, keys for the car and her cell phone were safely locked in the car. ☹ Must have had her mind on something else. She is a great lady and I can't wait for all of you to meet her. The pictures are not ready yet so may have to wait until next issue for a picture.

Roster Changes

New email addresses:

Walt Hunt (56)

walt@lobo.net

James "Jim" Bailey (61)

jbailey@maoch13.com

San Antonio, TX

Basil E. Neal (61)
edneal@cox.net

LouAnn Sawyer Washing (61)
lawashing@gmail.com

Ann Brooks Gavin (62)
edmond64@comcast.net

Peg O'Hallaron Howard (62)
dnpnthee@charter.net

Look Who We Found

Joanne Jones Estep (56)
nicems3@yahoo.com
435 Seaside Avenue, #1507
Honolulu, HI 96815
(808) 926-1921

Thomas/Tim Hardy (61)
tedmondshardy@aol.com
330 Downing Street
Denver, CO 80218

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

Marsha Checketts (58) No other information.

From Mary (Bailey) Marshall (60)
MJMarshall@networkiow.com

My brother, Bill Bailey, class of '58 died of a massive heart attack on February 1. He had a complete physical the Friday before and was determined to be in excellent health for a 64-year old male. He was active, watched his diet and had no previous heart problems. He collapsed at home and his wife called 911. He

died 5 hours later at the hospital. Besides his wife he leaves three grown children and four grandchildren as well as his 93- year old mother, a younger brother and me.

We attended Busy Park for one year--1957-1958 and were "dormies" as our father was Base Chaplain at Sculthorpe. Bill and his wife, Marcia attended the San Diego reunion.

Mini Reunions

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

A mini-reunion from the Class of 1954:

"Breaking In and Entering"

Could our mini-reunion come to this?? Lyles(Bob '54 and Lois), Mayos(Peter and Suzanne(Snookie)Garrison '54) and Rettmans(Dale and Gemma Gamble '54) met up in Lake Tahoe, CA for three fun filled days of adventure and comraderie!!

Three Bushy Park '54's and spouses joined for good food, good wine, talk, memories, and catching up on happenings. These occupied much of our first evening together.

Sunday brought a lazy breakfast with plans of a ski day, then returning to our cabin to watch the Patriots win another Super Bowl!!

No skiing, no new snow, and a few backaches and pains resulted in Plan "B". But all three TV's in our cabin did not work despite frantic calls to the owner, the cable company and anyone else we could think of to call. On to Plan "C" - Rode the gondola up to the top of "Heavenly" mountain (it was) with spectacular views of Lake Tahoe and surrounding mountains. Then back down to a restaurant called, "Fire and Ice", a glorified grill with tables all around and TV's that functioned. We

ate and watched, drank and watched, ate and watched some more. After half time, we felt guilty staying at "our" table any longer! So we headed up Pioneer Trail to our cabin in the woods.

The door was locked, the key didn't fit, and everything we tried did not work to let us in. So our three sturdy men, with obvious past skills, got a crowbar, a phillips screwdriver, and a Swiss army knife, drew on various expertise they had and jimmied the Plexiglas, screen and window glass out of the frame. Dale was boosted through the window and his first comment was:, "Hey, it's warm in here"!!

Bob and Peter both celebrated birthdays. No candles, but many good wishes.

Favorite topics of conversation: youth and joy of grandchildren, "golden years" of baby aspirin and cholesterol medicine, books and some politics (we decided that was a dangerous subject).

Monday, we enjoyed sunshine, a skiff of snow, another long chatty lunch (women), a scenic drive up the lakeshore (men). We topped off the day with more food and wine, fun and laughter and a movie by the fire.

Tuesday morning we said our goodbyes to each other and our "Three Bears Cabin" in the woods. Pictures will help remind us of the sometimes hilarious, sometimes frustrating times we had here together; cherished memories as we go our separate ways until next time (with promised compensation from the owner).

From Pat Teubner (61)

Pat Teubner and Norman Alm both of the class of 1961, managed to find each other through a list of "Where are they now?" addresses done as a service to ex-Bushy Parkers (many thanks

for that). The last they had seen each other was 44 years nearly exactly to the day before they met again along with respective spouses.

Pat (now Tricia Crisp) and her husband Graham were in Scotland for a get-together to celebrate the 70th birthday of a friend. The big birthday party met up at Ballater, not far from the Queen's summer castle at Balmoral, and climbed a mountain together. Norman and Denise Alm have lived in Scotland for many years, and drove to Ballater to have an evening with Tricia and Graham before the birthday group set off next day up the mountain.

Norman had discovered Tricia's whereabouts by looking at the address column in the table of ex-Bushy Parkers, to see if anyone was back in the UK. He discovered that Tricia has lived for a number of years in Dublin, which in global terms is just a hop and a step from Scotland. Tricia and her sister Mary and brother Mike were all at Bushy Park at the same time as Norman and his sister Rosemary.

At the time Norman and Pat were stepping out together, they had a great time soaking up the cultural experiences that London had to offer, often hopping over the wall from school to do so (this could be considered self-programmed learning). They both developed an affection for the UK, which eventually led to both living this side of the water. Tricia married Graham, an Englishman, and after a while in England they relocated to Dublin. Norman married Denise in California and they came over to the UK planning to stay for a year in 1966, and are still here.

Tricia currently runs a commercial property agency and Graham is in the meat export business. Norman is an academic in computing and Denise does reflexology.

Of course get-togethers after 44 years are fraught with possibilities ranging from disaster

to embarrassment. In fact we discovered that a number of aspects of our lives were uncannily in parallel, as well as the decision to live abroad.

Both Norman and Tricia had married at 20, and would have been horrified if any of their children had decided to do this. For both it was absolutely the right decision, with 40 years of being married to the same person in each case, and still going strong. (Which maybe means we are all very lucky or very boring !) We have both have three children. After a terrific evening, without too much reminiscing to avoid sending Graham and Denise to sleep, we plan to keep in touch as best we can.

Reunion News

From Penny "Cris" Ohrman Bernstein (61)
premierevent@charleston.net

Cris sent the following information for those who are planning on attending the Reunion in October in case they wanted to visit any of these sites:

For those that would like to go to the top of the Washington Monument or tour the Holocaust Museum - advanced tickets can be obtained for \$1.50 service charge by going to TicketMaster in DC. You ask for the date and time you want them and avoid the long lines. I believe now that the White House is reopened to visitors you all must now get tickets through your Member of Congress - either senator or congressman - smaller states are easier to get vs. the states with large populations - they have a certain number they each may obtain for each day. Realize they can be canceled based on what is happening at the last minute at the White House. Other tickets through Members are FBI tours - which in the past have been terrific and not sure if they are still doing it - but State Department

Diplomatic Rooms are terrific...need your full name, social security number. Advanced planning is the key to the tours in DC.

Usually the reception at the Members office is the person who books the tours.

For those that want to go to Kennedy Center - the morning of the performance at 10 a.m. the ticket box opens. You can get - for full price - but center orchestra for that evening - they save good seats for the last day sale. Kennedy Center tours are also great - normally until 1 in the afternoon. Just some thoughts after living there for 30 yrs. and spending 15 yrs. working on the Hill in another life.

Memories of Bushy

From Bill Thompson (56)
thomp109@rose.net

I'm 4 weeks into a 6-week recovery from surgery on a renal tumor (benign) so I've got some time on my hands.

In my Sophomore year at Bushy Park I managed to make the basketball team as its 13th player. Thirteen is an unlucky number and quickly proved itself as the team only had 12 uniforms. Whenever I got in a game, I had to borrow someone else's jersey. The highlight of that team was our trip from Bushy Park to Frankfort for an Armed Services basketball tournament featuring schools like ours at bases all over Europe. There was even a team from Tripoli.

Our trip began early one morning aboard an English touring coach. In addition to the team, there were the cheerleaders and adult supervisors, about three.

All went well as we drove to Dover to board the ferry to Ostend. The channel was calm that day and we made Ostend on time, about

late afternoon. Our English driver immediately made his presence felt by driving off the ferry and moving into the left-hand lane, honking at all the cars swerving to avoid him. Fortunately, we were able to convince him that in Belgium it was customary to drive in the right-hand lane.

Our journey continued into the night as we made our way across Belgium and into Germany, heading toward Bonn and the Rhine. About midnight our driver crashed into a car that ran a stop sign. Most of us on the bus were asleep and as our big bus hit a tiny Citroen, we were spared any injuries. The Citroen was demolished and its driver and passenger were injured.

As our bus was inoperable we all disembarked while efforts were made to find alternate transportation. Midnight, dark, raining, language barrier, no cell phones and to top that off every passing car stopped and the driver would run over to our group to ask what happened, then unzip their fly to relieve themselves. This went over real big with the cheerleaders.

Eventually, we were told to walk a mile or two to the nearest train station. Arriving there in the early AM we waited for a train which showed up a couple of hours later. This train was almost a cattle car, wooden seats, no heat, no food plus we were exhausted.

We rode the train for several hours to Bonn where we changed trains to go down the Rhine to Frankfurt. The Bonn train was a real luxury liner, plush seats, dining car, waiters with soft drinks. We thought they were soft drinks but mine was a beer which I drank and exhausted fell asleep.

We arrived at Frankfurt in the wee morning hours, checked into our quarters and turned around to go to the gym as our first game was

at 9:30 that morning. Our poor exhausted team lost that game to the eventual tournament champions. I don't remember the score but we were so desperate for fresh energy, I was inserted into the game late in the second half to no avail.

We were moved into the consolation round where, after a good night's sleep, we swept the consolation division. Somewhat victorious we had an uneventful trip home, thank goodness. I remember a few of my teammates: Giles London, Jimmy and Bobby West, Dusty Baker. I see other faces but I can't remember the names.

From Judy Risler Covington (60)
LCCHS1960@aol.com

I have so many great memories of Bushy Park it's hard to pick out the best ones.

Does anyone remember those wonderful sugar cookies that came in a blue box? In the dorm, we got them at the snack bar in the long lounge, to go with those small bottles of milk. They were so good! I've looked everywhere, wherever English goodies are sold, but can't find them. If you can remember the name of them, let me know. Better yet, let me know where I can get them.

Which brings me to the English fish and chips. Were they not wonderful?! Oh, I know they could be a bit greasy, and sometimes after you ate them in the back of the bus midway through a very long trip back to the base the smell of the malt vinegar would get to you just a bit... But I swear, I have yet to eat fish and chips here in the states that have tasted quite as good.

The school dress code was a bit weird to me. Not allowing girls to wear slacks or jeans to school was nothing new...that was the rule even in the states. But I had to wonder what

woman-hating madman decided the same rule had to apply even on the coldest of nights (and God knows there were plenty of those!) when that freezing English wind billowed around our bare legs as we scurried to and from the mess hall to eat. On "dress up" days, we girls could wear heels and hose and our fanciest outfits to school, a nice change from our everyday attire of regular skirts or dresses. But the best days were the now-and-then declared Sadie Hawkins Day, when we could wear our jeans right along with the guys. What a treat! Of course, that night before going to supper, we had to change back into skirts and dresses.

I remember going into London on a dormitory field trip to see an original Broadway production of "The Most Happy Fella". Dallas Webb and I wrangled our way backstage, and met Art Lund and the rest of the cast. We were invited to come back the next night and join them for the end-of-the-run cast party. Things being what they were, however, we couldn't accept the gracious invitation. But what a thrill to be asked!

On another field trip, Chuck Miller and I, along with several other couples, all dressed to the teeth, went to see Ben-Hur at one of the magnificent movie theatres in London. I was used to the cold, bare starkness of base theatres. These were mounted opera seats, a mind-boggling expanse of royal blue velvet curtains and a breathtaking, plush, lush decor in every nook and cranny, everything rich and wondrous to the eye. I felt like Cinderella entering the palace when we walked through the doors.

And who could forget going to the Old Vic with the rest of Mr. Law's English class to see Shakespeare's comedy, "As You Like It"? It might have been an inspired class assignment, but we were all dreading it. Reading, and having to memorize bits and pieces of the

bard's work in class was tedious enough. Now we would have to sit through an entire play. In today's parlance, what a bummer. Imagine our surprise when we found ourselves actually enjoying it, laughing at all the right parts, getting caught up in the merriment of the plot. I don't know about the rest of the class, but watching Shakespeare being done the way it was supposed to be done was quite an awakening for me. Honestly, the next day, I kept waiting for Mr. Law to peer at us over his glasses, with those bushy eyebrows peaked, a wicked grin on his face, and growl, "I told you you'd like it!"

Of course, Mr. Janusz kept us on our toes in Problems Of Democracy. Just when we thought we had all the answers to every conceivable inquiry that could be posed by anyone in the rest of the class concerning our individual assignments, Mr. Janusz would zero in with one or more pointed questions about a place, a time, the people, a date, an event that we hadn't even remotely considered but should have. I believe to my soul my appreciation for political thinking stems from his class. Mike Murphy and I visited him and his wife Eleanor at his winter residence in Del Ray Beach, Florida year before last, and believe me, he can still keep you on your toes.

To me, Bushy Park remains an endless source of unique memories, both vivid and dim, of people, places and things, not one of which is easily explained to anyone who wasn't there.

One time, many years later, when my son was playing football for the local high school, my mother and dad were at the game. The band came booming onto the field in a blaze of red, blue and white, the majorettes were strutting their stuff with infectious gusto, the cheerleaders were leading frenzied cheers with the packed stadium, the crowd was pumped and ready for a helluva game. My mother patted me on the back and said, "Judy, I'm so

sorry you missed all of this when you were in high school." I turned to her, and said, "Mama, I wouldn't have traded my years at Bushy Park for anything in this world." I still feel that way.

From Lillian (Phillips) Shelton (62)
sheltolb@wfu.edu

No more *Bushy Tales*? Gary's challenge and threat provoked me to action! From telling myself that I should write something and send it, I have shifted to -- I will write something and write it today! I look forward to each issue of *Bushy Tales* and, though I don't remember enough names and places, I do treasure the bond that we have with our shared experiences and perspectives and warmly appreciate the efforts of Gary and Pat.

My class was '62, though I left halfway through my Junior year and returned to the States to Charleston, SC. My classmate, Mary Lou (Quin) Benton and I have remained close through all these years -- she's much better at remembering people! My brother, Robin Phillips, died in the fall of '01 -- he would have been in the class of '63.

Our adventure in England began with crossing the Atlantic on the USS America. Imagine a twelve year old girl sharing a stateroom with two young married women, wives of 2nd Lieutenants! I was at that age (remember this was 1957), between dolls and boys and I insisted on taking my new Madame Alexander doll trunk, complete with Cissy and her wardrobe, bringing the total luggage count for this family of four to 13 pieces! (My father, the Air Force Captain, was none too happy with me!)

When the stewards on this ocean liner set out the velvet ropes in the passageways and attached us to the dining room tables, we soon realized we were in rough weather. Robin

tried to swim in the saltwater pool, but the violent wave action forced him to stop! So many passengers became sea sick that the dining room was almost empty. I think we were in First Class, because Robin and I would sneak to other parts of the ship where the people seemed more friendly and there was more activity!

When the rough voyage finally concluded, it was onto the boat train from Southampton to London to a small bed and breakfast. "Spending a penny" in the public bathrooms, eating fried bread, kippers, and kidneys for breakfast, adjusting to the buses and the tube, moving into a neighborhood that really did have thatched roofs, and being the "new kids" at Bushy Hall -- all in the same two weeks was an exciting adjustment for these two young Yanks!

My father found a house in the Loudwater section of Rickmansworth, "Ricky", in North West London; the four ground floor rooms and basement had been built in the 1700's -- originally a gamekeeper's cottage on a large estate. The cellar had the original hooks that hung the game for curing (my brother was convinced it had been a torture chamber!). My family still enjoys telling the story about when I turned on the hot water tap and there was no hot water -- silly me, this American child just thought that water came already hot in the pipes! Robin and I were soon assigned the task of bringing the coal for the hot water heater up from the cellar -- and there was a different kind of coal for the fireplace grates in each downstairs room -- of course, there was no central heating! Loudwater Lodge was the name of this interesting house. After about 18 months, we moved next door to Dalilea, because the lease on Loudwater Lodge was up -- and all this time Robin and I were picked up by taxi to get to Bushy Hall, because Loudwater Lane was too narrow for the motor coach that served as a school bus for all of us

American dependants (our tax money at work)! (Of course, did it help that a General's daughter also lived in the neighborhood?) Occasionally I wonder what that London cabbie must have thought about transporting three American teenagers every day to school. This lovely old house had a grass tennis court, a garage apartment with the maid and her family, and two gardeners that came once a week. The dahlias in the garden were the size of dinner plates!

Alas, our time in Loudwater came to an end when that lease expired and we finished our four years in a rather pedestrian home in Northwood, where a motor coach did provide transportation to Bushy Park. Remember the "fog days" when school was cancelled? I also remember smoking a cigarette for the first time on that bus and throwing up on my friend, Mary Jane Mellinger! I was always embarrassed when some of the kids on the bus would yell stuff at the English people, make obscene hand gestures, and generally be rude. But those are isolated memories.....

My mother was determined to take advantage of every cultural opportunity: she planned adventures for almost every weekend, or so I remember – castles, museums, estate auctions – Cliveden, Warwick Castle, Stratford, the Tower – and on and on. She bought a concert harp at an auction, had it restored, and found a harp teacher for me who lived on the other side of London from Bushy Park. I remember traveling on the tube after school once a week – it seemed like forever to get to my harp lesson- and then back to Northwood – quite an adventure for a 15 year old! Robin was a Boy Scout who camped in Scotland for a month each summer; I was a Girl Guide – one 10 day camp on the grounds at Hatfield House, with a heat wave of 85 degrees, with no shower, swimming pool, or running water was enough for this American girl!

When we arrived in England, I was a twelve year old with a bad attitude – I wanted to be back in America with Elvis Presley, bobby sox, and where stuff was cool. But when it was time to return to the States, I didn't want to leave England. I wanted to stay! My adult perspective treasures the immersion in another culture (though tempered by the Teen Club at South Ruislip, an American school at Bushy Park, and American friends) and the worldview that was developed by this experience.

How strange and wonderful it is -- that a time that I thought was only my isolated memory can now be shared with so many by the magic of the internet! Perhaps I can be in Washington, D.C. in October, or maybe not – but if not, I am warmed by the shared memories that I read in Bushy Tales. Atlanta in 1998 was terrific, I'm thankful to the folks that plan these occasions.

Little did I imagine, when I was dragged to the opera at Covent Garden, symphony at Royal Albert Hall, and achieved a Level Four, passing the Royal Academy exams as a ballet dancer, that I would be a performing arts presenter at a university! The Secret Artists Series at Wake Forest University is my current responsibility

From Patti Webb (58)
webbpattih@comcast.net

I enjoy reading about everyone. Here is some news just in case you don't have enough to fill the pages. If you need to fill space here is what you can put in:

Great to hear news from different ones. My life has been full of enjoying grandchildren (six), speaking, preparing to return to Kenya to teach, preparing to teach seminars this summer, taking care of an elderly aunt and

uncle, and traveling some with my husband, Henry.

Does anyone else remember the fog rolling in at Bushy Park, the imposed nightly study halls, the trips to London for plays or the ballet, or the senior class trip to Brussels?

One of my favorite memories was the night we returned from an event in London. We were on a chartered bus. The fog was so dense that someone got out and led the driver. If my memory serves me right, we had to get off the bus and continue on a train to return to Bushy. Does anyone else remember this?

From Your Editor: I won't tell you who sent this as it would give you the answer. Who can identify our two classmates in this picture? A hint – it was for the 1958 Prom.



This and That

From William English (57)
ametalartist@yahoo.com

(Bill sent me this. Does anyone recognize this girl? I don't have anyone with that name in our database, but would be more than happy to

add her if anyone recognizes her as someone who attended Bushy. Pat)

Do you remember a really pretty girl that all the guys drooled over named Candy Whalen? I think that was her name. There were some rumors going around that she had some disease that was terminal, something like that. Does any of this sound familiar? I've always wondered about it. I think she was a year or two ahead of me, so probably class of '55 or '56, and I think she lived in the dormitory.

From Ellis Young (58)
eyoungf64@cox.net

Well, I guess life goes on, except for those that have transferred to the eternal duty station. Since the school is closed and the number of living attendees can only go down, one wonders who will be the last person standing. Do we have any idea who is the most senior attendee and the junior attendee of those still living? The oldest would be someone from Class of 1953 and youngest from Class of 1962.

On a more cheerful note, does anybody remember going to see "The Merchant of Venice" at the "Old Vic"? Seems like Mr. Poole sponsored the outing, but I could be mistaken.

While I am in a creative mood, let's think about these areas of interest for the newsletter. BTW, my wife said if you're the last one standing, who do you send the newsletter to? In order to solicit information and participation, let's consider these:

1. My favorite teacher was:
2. Did you smoke cigarettes at school? Do you now?
3. Did you marry a Bushy Park HS student?
4. Did you eat in the Bushy Park HS cafeteria? (I think is \$.35 script).

5. My Bus number was:?
 6. I remember (students name) but have lost track. Please help.
 7. My family and I traveled to England via (MATS, Contract Air, Commercial Ship from - to?
- There must be lots of other questions of interest to former students.

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

As Ellis sent this to me, I'll start and I hope we get many responses. If you can think of any other questions, send them on:

1. Favorite teacher: Really had two - Miss Hynes (Mrs. Threlkeld and Mr. Law.
2. I did smoke at school. I don't now.
3. I didn't marry a fellow Bushyite, but did marry a military man (USAF).
4. Being a dorm student, when I first got to Bushy I ate 3 meals a day there; when I became a townie - I ate lunch there.
5. Haven't the slightest idea what my bus number was, but someone who rode it does.
6. One student I lost track of and would like to find is: Actually there are about 1100 of them, but I'll pick someone from Class of 1958 - Pat Ness Wuebker
7. We traveled to England via Flying Tigers Airlines from LaGuardia, NY to Burtonwood, England, via Shannon, Ireland.

From Trish Brown Savage (59)
tsavage4@nycap.rr.com

Trish is moving from New York to Washington, DC, and I thought the following would be of interest to those of us who haven't moved in decades. The title of the piece is complements of her friend, Sally Van Schaick.

STUFF-ECTOMY -----

Daughter Anne was here this weekend. She is the one who sells real estate in DC. She told us to pull up the shades, to draw the curtains and to light up the house like a Christmas tree until 11PM every night, and helped (read that "FORCED") me to throw out clothes, bedding and oodles of junk. Russell U-hauled some antique bedroom furniture, books and mirrors to Brooklyn on Monday. The rest goes into a giant garage sale for charity in May. Anne has a good strategy in making me discard: she lays out five pairs of white sandals (two never worn, admittedly because they are not as comfortable). Then she gives me ten seconds to choose one pair to keep. If I hesitate, she asks me which one I would pack for a trip. One time I went off to answer the telephone and came back to find that she had made several of these decisions for me.

Russell keeps saying all this is good for my soul. But, Lordy, it hurts. However did I collect so much junk in the last 42 years? No make that 46 -- I found stuff acquired at Penn (University). Let this be a lesson to you next time you're deciding whether to add something to your household!

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

Gary - looks like you got this also from Wanda. I'll send a note to Linn to let him/her know that we received it and ask if they will respond to either you or me if they do get a response. Would be interesting to know. Pat

Twin Basers - Woodbridge/Bentwaters

CAN YOU HELP?

Do any of you have EVIDENCE of senior UK and/or US people (maybe as high as

Churchill and Eisenhower) using a house on Woods Lane, Melton, Woodbridge, for important meetings during or after WW2?

If so, the present owner would be VERY interested in hearing about what you know. In the first instance, please contact me and I'll pass on any useful information.

Regards, Linn Barringer, Woodbridge Suffolk
<http://WoodbridgeSuffolk.info> ,
<http://Bentwaters.org> , <http://MHAS.org.uk>

Letters to the Editor

From Coralie (Coco Guertin) Lajoie (55)
Mondo19341@aol.com

Hi Gary,
Just thought I'd take a few minutes to catch up on correspondence I should have written a couple of months ago.

A special thanks to Pat Terpening, for finding Dot Zirkel, (class of 54, I think). I was so excited when I saw Pat, had found her. I have thought of her countless times over the years. We had lots of fun with her in the dorm. A practical joker by nature, she somehow never was blamed for anything that went wrong.

I sent her a note and to my amazement she remembered me, my sister Cindy, Shirley Penney and her sister Tykie. (Looks like we were the troublemakers). She considered us dorm rats as "inmates" who did our best to terrify the supervisors, who she considered a terrible bunch. She wrote that in her last year she got suspended for setting off a firecracker in the latrine nearest the office. The supervisors accused the wrong person, so she had to confess. They promptly escorted her to the train in London and sent her home, where she had a lot of explaining to do. According to her letter she was furious.

I find it rather amusing that she became a DOD teacher of History and English. She taught in France and England. When she stopped teaching she became a Social Worker in New York City. Now residing in Maryland, she rues the day she left New York. She says she's planning her escape back to Britain.

Dottie never met "Mr. Right" so for now she's in Maryland, with her cat, Biff, who use to live with her but now she lives with him because according to her he's the boss.

Thanks again Pat, you are a WONDER!!!!

From Walt Hunt (56)
Walt6238@aol.com

The wonderful job you are doing with this newsletter is indeed remarkable. I know from my own experience trying to keep a newsletter together for my sales reps and customers. If all you do is maintain page one, and add occasional articles as they are submitted, I would continue to be very happy to keep in touch with the gang at Bushy. I went on to graduate from Frankfurt HS in Germany, but all they want to do is meet and discuss the finer points of beer. Rather opt for bangers and whether or not your tea is strong enough to keep the spoon standing straight up any old daylight hours. Thanks, Gary. Keep at it!

From Mariann (Walton) McCornack (53)
MarGenMc@aol.com

I have been reading about references to a reunion in Washington DC and at our reunion in Laughlin we talked about a reunion with families in Florida. Are there any takers for planning the Florida reunion? Please let me know when and if these are going to happen as I need to make some summer and fall plans early.

From Valerie (Filinson) Katz (60)

vkatz@satx.rr.com

I read each edition of the newsletter and really don't have much to add that would be of universal interest. I enjoy reading the newsletter as each person recalls their experiences in Bushy and updates us on where they are today. Marion Irving and I are trying to meet the first week of March in CA. Because of your efforts I have reconnected with several classmates and we share emails now and then. It has been important to me to make that connection and have some closure on where my friends are today.

Thank you and I hope you know how much your efforts are appreciated by all of us. I think I am safe to speak for all of us!

From Suzi (Geyer) DeViney (58)

Sdevmom1@aol.com

I was married for almost 44 years, raised six children and have had - for the most part - a good life. The normalcy of it probably would surprise folks who knew me as the wild child of BP! My husband died unexpectedly in January (2004) and it has - and will continue - to take me time to get back to being me again - actually evolving into another dimension of my life now.

From Coco (Guertin) Lajoie (55)

Mondo19341@aol.com

Hi Gary,

Perhaps you can use this poem written to me by my 80-year old friend, Pat. I think it's appropriate for us "50" and "60" kids. I certainly could relate to it:

BLACK AND WHITE

You could hardly see for all the snow, spread the rabbit ears as far as they'd go. Pull a chair

up to the set, Goodnight David, Goodnight Chet.

Depending on the channel you tined, you got Rob and Laura, or Ward and June. It felt so good. It felt so right. Life looked better in black and white.

"I Love Lucy", "Patty Duke",
"Dennis The Menance", the Cleaver boys,
"Rawhide", "Gunsmoke", "Wagon Train",
"Superman", Jimmy and Lois Lane

"Father Knows Best", "Patty Duke",
"Rin Tin Tin", and "Lassie", too,
"Donna Reed", on Thursday night
Life looked better in black and white.

I wanna go back to black and white
Everything always turned out right.
Simple people, simple loves...
Good guys always won the fights.
Now nothing is the way it seems,
In living color on the TV screen.
Too many murders, too many fights,
I wanna go back to black and white.

In God they trusted, in bed, they slept
A promise made was a promise kept.
They never cussed or broke their vows,
(They'd never make the network now.)

But if I could, I'd rather be
in a TV town in "53"
It felt so go. It felt so right.
Life looked better in black and white.
I'd trade all the channels on the satellite
If I could just turn back the clock tonight to
when everybody knew wrong from right.
Life was better in black and white.