



Bushy Tales

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



Issue #6

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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@needspeed.net

1961 - Betsy (Schley) Slepetz

sbslepetz@erols.com

1962 - Dona (Hale) Ritchie

DonaRitchi@aol.com

Roster Changes

New Email addresses:

Ray Chandonnet (54)

RayChan36@earthlink.net

This is a temporary e-mail address. He's down in Florida (his mother is ill). Doesn't know

how long it will be in effect, but said to please use it until he says different. **Do not delete his other email address.**

Diane (Lund) McMahon (58)

j7125d@kctc.com

Please change my e-mail address in your distribution lists. I have moved to Kerrville, Texas. (FYI, Pat, it's about 60 miles northwest of San Antonio.) Now that I'm retired, this is my permanent address.

Malcolm Osmundson (58)

malcolm.osmundson@kcl.ac.uk

Could I please amend my email address as I retire today from my job as Resource Manager for King's College, University of London after nearly 45 years service. My new email address is mosmundson@beeb.net Although the current one will stay active for sometime it would be better to make the change now.

Many, many thanks for all your efforts with the newsletter, it's fascinating to read others experiences at CHS and in the UK. Now that I will have more time I should write a piece on what it has been like working here for all these years!

New email and address:

Amy (Bunn) Feille (56)

afeille@moultriega.net

P O Box 1973
Moultrie, Georgia 31776
Phone (229) 985-0909

Carol Mabile Pellissier (58)

simcha3@earthlink.net

We have switched our Internet service back to Earthlink. The following email address is effective today. Going to Verizon two months ago was a big mistake!! With apologies we ask that you please change your address book (again) to simcha3@earthlink.net Looking forward to hearing from you. We really appreciate the time you take to stay in contact.

Look Who We Found

Douglas Sweeney Madsen (59)

Kathedougadsen@aol.com

16929 Inglewood Road, NE
Kenmore, WA 98028

Jane Ann Garner (61)

928 Courthouse Road, Unit 25
Gulfport, MS 39507
(228) 604-0813

Robert S. Farnsworth (62)

4632 Montebello Avenue
Las Vegas, NV 89110

Susan (Prohaska) Edelman (62)

bedelman@valspar.com

4961 Willow Ridge Court
Zionsville, IN 46077

Memories of Bushy

From Wally Costa (54)

grtwaldo@tstar.net

Great newsletter, and thanks for your efforts. It is greatly appreciated.

Just a comment on Paul Middlebrook's article. There was a huge tub as I remember it or

perhaps I was just small then. Could be just senility setting in!

Anyways, what is amazing to me is that the building managed to stand while we were there! There were several students that I remember seemingly dedicated to the total destruction of the entire building. I distinctly remember Mrs. Musgraves lil' boy "Dicky" throwing chairs through the second story windows of the green house below with young Mr. Doug Beech behind him giving him encouragement. I also remember having mice as pets. That one I have photos of. Of course we all smoked like chimneys and I remember several near fires. Anyone remember the big "Almost" confrontation with the "Teddy Boys"?

From Jerry Berry (55)

memnosine@hotmail.com

Something in Rob Lyle's article in the last Bushy Tales triggered some still functioning cells in my memory banks. He was talking about a friend, Harper Keeler, who was playing basketball in Frankfort in 1953. Hey, I was in Frankfort in '53, and was actually at the All USAEUR tourney. And yes, he remembers correctly, Frankfort did walk away with all the marbles. The boys defeated Heidelberg in the game, letting Heidelberg pull to within a few points in the last period while the first team rested, and then taking over in the last five minutes, winning going away. Harper and Sonny Daniels, the tallest and shortest guys on the floor, dominated play. Funny what you can remember with the right memory tickler.

The only other thing I remember from the night (that I can talk about) were the Frankfort Cheerleaders. There was a contest for bragging rights for the cheerleaders -all girls, of course- the finals of which were held during the halftime break. The Frankfort girls were easy winners; from the moment they swept onto the

court, it was clear they were class. Their outfits were black and gold, of course, and long and pleated. They did a sort of swirl from a huddle at the mid-court sideline, twirling their way into a line from foul line to foul line. I remember none of the cheers, but their entrance was magnificent.

From Joan Heck Morris (58)
jfranmorris@hotmail.com

I came over to England in mid March 1958, just a few months short of actually having graduated from high school in Dayton, Ohio. My brother, Jim Heck, also came over, with our parents, as my dad was going to be the Commander of the 81st Air Police Squadron and Provost Marshal, of the Tactical Fighter Wing, at RAF Station Bentwaters, near Woodbridge, in E. Suffolk. This was a major upheaval for me, and Jim both although in my case, I was leaving kids at Wilbur Wright High School that I had been with for four years.

We flew out of New York from a civilian airport, although can't remember the name. Had stayed overnight at Fort Hamilton, in New York City. We stopped briefly at Shannon, Ireland for 45 minutes or so. Remember the green of that country from flying over. Then on to somewhere close to Liverpool, where we again stayed overnight. We got onto the train, went through London, and back out to a tiny station at Wickham Market, where one of my dad's lieutenants picked us up and transported us to a tiny hotel at Orford. This began our indoctrination into living in England.

I remember the comforter and the small electric bar heater, fueled by a sixpence, and the hot water bottle put into bed, to supposedly take away the damp...fast forward...some impressions I had upon arrival at Bushy.

My roommate was Suzi Geyer. We lived next to the wing counselor, who made cottage cheese in her room, weird smell. She was tall, & her hair was wild. Judy Szalai lived next door. She and I struck it off.

One time we were late talking out on the swings, and they locked the doors, and we climbed into her window, with my skirt and suede jacket getting ripped on the metal thing sticking up at bottom of the window.

Another time I forgot to sign in upon coming back from a weekend from Bentwaters, and this large English woman made me clean someone's bathtub as punishment!!!

I also remember using my "thinning shears" I had on a bunch of girls outside, and remember Jan Rodemeyer (out of my memory), and Barb Sawyer and Ann Besancon. Flash forward to senior trip.. I remember the trip across the Channel, and have pictures of Steve Schluskel throwing bread to the gulls.

I, being new, did not have a definite host family to stay with, and got someone who just basically took me in, as I remember, I was the last one picked. The girl's name was Jacquie Van (something), and her dad was a butcher, and I slept above the butcher shop They packed a lunch for me every day, of something like braunschweiger on a split roll. I would leave on some kind of bus???, & meet up with Barb and Ann at the World's Fair. I have pictures of them, and Jan, also Dee DeRoberts (Richard), and Vince Crawley, and Ernie David in front of Lenin's statue at the Russian Pavilion. If I remember right, I ran out of money towards the end of the week we were there, and remember Steve Schluskel giving me supper or whatever at the drugstore counter in American Pavilion. The girls and I also saw "South Pacific" at the American Pavilion. We all met up at some kind of party out on the

economy, and I danced with Rick Henslee, I think.

From Mary Bailey Marshall (60)

MLMarshall@NetworkIowa.com

In last month's newsletter, Connie Haave (58) Saunders mentioned the classmate who walked in front of the bus during a bad fog. That was my brother. Bill Bailey (58). I was on another bus that was the first one back and made it all the way. His got to the train station.

From Elizabeth Reed (60)

reedel@worldnet.att.net

Here's the short version of a story I wrote for a Personal Memoir class about my year at Bushy Park. I graduated in 1960 and was in 7th grade at Bushy Park with Mr. Shermer. Would love to hear from anyone else in that class--or the eighth grade--the two classes did a lot together that year I remember. Will be at the reunion and hope to see some familiar faces there.

Elizabeth Reed
Annapolis, Maryland

A Memoir of Life in 1950s England
Elizabeth Reed Class of 60 (Bushy Park in
7th Grade)
reedel@att.net

“Whew—That was a close one!” We all think it but no one says it as we stand in the middle of traffic on a dark, gray day. The bus ride home started on one side of London, wound its way through the center of the city—right past Marble Arch, the Royal Guards, and the shops—then made its way to our stop an hour and a half later. “Wakie, Wakie” Cedrick would cry if we’d fallen asleep before our stop.

My sister, Nancy, and I and the Cram sisters, Robin and Jane, and sometimes Don Crews,

got off on the far side of the High Road; about a mile from the place we called home for two years. This home is in Hampstead Garden Suburbs—NW11. We’re too young to understand the poshness of the address in a neighborhood of single family homes and back gardens, but being almost a teenager, I do understand that living in England is quite different from the United States eight years after World War II.

At 4 pm it’s dusk, and the sun has given up its feeble attempt to appear through the smog of coal smoke. By 5 it’s dark. It’s at 4:30 each day that we dash half way across road and pause. The roar of the heavy engine and whoosh of a bright red double-decker goes by us on one side. Whoosh and rumble of another on the other. We huddle together peering down the road for a break in traffic so we can dash to the safety of the sidewalk and our path home. Later in life my friends marvel as I boldly stride into traffic, having no fear after this jaywalking training on Golders Green Road.

When we arrived in 1953, butter and sugar still were rationed, and bombsites littered street corners throughout London. One of the worst was on Grosvenor Square, diagonally across the corner from 10 North Audley, where my father worked at the military attaché’s office near the U.S. Embassy. After a year in a “proper British school,” Nancy and I toss off our uniforms but keep our Mackintoshes and Wellingtons—still necessary on the many days of rain and the long walks to and from the bus stop to attend the American school in Teddington. This is a great year—five American kids live near enough to one another to pal around.

We make it across the street and start up the long hill of Litchfield Way past the graveyard on the left and the crematorium on the right. We usually chose the cemetery side to walk on, sometimes daring each other to dance

among the tombstones as we made our way home. The crematorium has a high stonewall. Above it we can just see the peaked roofs with their chimney pots. Some days the gates open wide and we peek in wondering what goes on behind the heavy wooden doors as the cars of mourners leave following the services for the newly departed. Years later, I opened Graham Greene's book *Travels with My Aunt*, and those wooden doors swung wide, giving me a glimpse inside Golders Green Crematorium.

We continue along the wall, eyeing each other as we spot two ladies approaching. Don rolls his eyes, and we follow his gaze up to the ominous smoke spiraling from the chimney pots to disappear in the darkening sky. We know what to do.

"Sniff sniff," noses wrinkling, heads turning up and around until our eyes rest on the crematorium chimney pots. The ladies are closer. "I smell meat!" says one of us. "No chicken roasting" says another. "Phew! Definitely meat," says yet another a little louder, just in case our British matrons didn't hear. "Seems a little charred today."

On many a day, little ladies trundling down the street with their black felt hats atop their tight gray curls that encircle their round rosy little faces would look properly shocked and move to the other side of the street. We'd watch them go in their brown tweed princess line coats looking like sacks of potatoes supported by two logs stuck in sensible walking shoes. Ah, the power of being Americans!

Once past the crematorium, we double over in gales of laughter. As it subsides, we reach the circle, where my sister and I say goodbye to the others and continue on to our house.

Wonderful Mr. Shermer is my teacher in 7th grade. Everything he says I believe. With his silver white hair, he walks around with a map

pointer and slams it down—sometimes on my desk—if you're talking. I don't mind. On the day of the field trip to the British Museum, he never knew that a few of us took a look at the Rosetta Stone, then split to spend the rest of the day traveling all over London on the underground, just making it back to the bus on time.

My sister, in 11th grade, sits with the older kids at the back of the bus. Don and I and the other 7th and 8th graders are in the middle, where I usually sit with Dexter Hill. We sit in seats 21 and 22, the number label still on my key ring. The really little kids ride up front, Don's sisters and brother among them.

The long rides give us time to play and talk and plan. And we have a plan. Guy Fawkes day is coming—the only annual holiday when the Brits set off fireworks. Soon the young British schoolboys will be pulling their wagons around the stores with their child-size effigies of Fawkes: "Penny for the Guy? Penny for the Guy?" they'll call out as they show off the poor rag doll they've created only to burn in a grand bonfire on the 5th as they shoot off fire works. We buy a good supply of fireworks, knowing that we'll enjoy these celebrations at our neighbor's while our fireworks are safely hidden for another day. Many a night as we headed out the door to meet up for an evening of chatter, kidding around, and generally being teenagers. Sometimes we actually go to the movies—once to watch the bizarre screaming schoolgirls in the classic comedy *The Belle's of St. Trinian's*. Another time we sneak into the adult-rated *Barefoot Contessa*, and were so disappointed at not figuring out what the fuss was about. The powerful *Colditz Story* kept the war alive as we watched British POWs plan their escape from Germany's ultimate castle prison. The best was *Dragnet* bringing back memories of the TV shows we saw before the converted *USNS Henry Gibbins* brought us to

this innocent land of cops with whistles instead of guns.

With July comes a heat wave—in the 80s—and everyone in London suffers. The reports of people sticking to the tar in the streets make us laugh. After all, two years ago we lived in day-after-day of the 90s. But in truth, it feels just as bad to us, and we're suffering, too, sitting in our back garden drinking our tea iced. A month later, we leave England and steam into New York harbor aboard the *USNS Gen. Maurice Rose*. Standing at the rail after staying up all night to catch the first glimpse of land, tears stream down our faces; we are in awe of the Statue of Liberty and the 95 degree heat that greet us.

But before we leave England, one last time we call out "Going to the movies, Mom," as we have so many times this year. A few minutes later, with bundles tucked under our arms, we meet the boys and the Cram girls on Hampstead Heath. We gather round, and as each of us opens our bundle, there they are—our Guy Fawkes fireworks for a real Fourth of July. It's still light so we wait. And wait. And wait for dusk to arrive about 11 pm. Finally it's time. First one blast and then another begins our celebration of getting rid of Parliament's rule 170 years after the Gunpowder Plot failed to do the same. Pretty soon, out she comes—our ubiquitous little old lady. As she steps onto the heath, her brow is wrinkled, her lips drawn up tight, she's clutching her purse and taking careful steps toward us as the dark closes in. "We're Americans" one of us calls out. "It's Independence Day."

"Oh dear!" she says. "I thought it was the blitz again. Scared me so. You know it was a terrible thing, the blitz. I'd hear the siren, go into my back garden, huddle in my shelter, and listen to the buzz as the bombs came down. You never knew where they would land. Then

the all clear would sound, and back into the house we'd go. You will stop soon, won't you?"

"Oh, we only have a few more."

So we continue, and soon a Bobby wanders on to the Heath, and asks, "what do you think you're doing? Robin and Jane's father, Col. Cram, has joined us by then and explains quite pleasantly. "It's our Fourth—our Independence Day, you might remember. "Carry on," said the Bobby—and we did.

Mini Reunions

From Valerie (Filinson) Katz (61)
vkatz@satx.rr.com

I went to visit Marion Irving (Cruz) (60) last week. We spent 2 days together and worked hard to catch up on 45 years of very full lives! It was wonderful seeing her again and hearing about her amazing life. We had both been bitten by the travel bug from our days of roaming the planet with our parents and continued to feed the travel beast within us both. Thank you for helping me find her, it meant a lot to me to see her again.

This and That

From Sherry Burritt Konjura (57)
shenger@juno.com

I just got back from Rock Island, Illinois where I spent the summer starring in the show Oh, Mama! No, Pappa! at an absolutely beautiful old theatre which was built in 1921. The decor is all Art Deco and really lovely. We played to packed houses and standing ovations, which was a wonderful experience. The people out there were just wonderful to work for, so I thoroughly enjoyed it.

Bill Cooper and I are making plans to get our heads together to try to make some plans to help the attendees at the Reunion enjoy touring the city of DC while there. Can't believe that's right around the corner.

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

Correction to last newsletter: In the listing for the Class of 1958, I accidentally left Bill Bailey off the listing. Bill passed away in February 2005.

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

Gary - just wanted to let you know that we're sending the newsletter to 621 people. Of those 192 are classes 53-58 and 429 are classes 59-62. That's not too bad, considering we've located about 1375 people and about 125 or so are deceased, which leaves us with about 1150 possible people who could receive the newsletter. Think this is info for the next newsletter. **(Editors Note: For you Class Representatives – how many of your classmates are you sending the newsletter to by snail mail? Please let me know so we can get some idea of how many of our classmates are receiving the newsletter. Thank You.)**

From Mike Murphy (58)
OLDSALT1223@aol.com

Hi gang. Just got back from Hot Springs Arkansas. The water park was great, but boy, was it hot. Nothing like jolly old England. Next to Arkansas again for a 164 mile yard sale and then to bathe in the hot springs of Arkansas. Who says two old seniors can't have fun. Looking forward to our next re union. Hope to see all of you Bushy people at one time or another. By the way, anyone remember the pony league baseball teams?

From Renold Briggs (60)
renpat1671@unneedspeed.net

Pat and I have returned home from our 6week trip. All went well and we had a great time. We will only be here for 6 weeks and then off again for 3 to 4 weeks.

The weather this year was VERY HOT. I am sure that most of you had seen the weather reports about how hot it was in the western United States. Most areas broke all their records. Now we like the hot weather most of the time living here in Bullhead City, but I have to say that after so many days of 100 +++ we got tired of it.

Any way, we are home and already talking and planning the next trip in late Sept.

Letters to the Editor

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

Got a note from Diane Lathrop (56) Zumwalt and discovered we also attended the same school in Wichita Falls, Texas, her after she returned to the States and me before I went to England. It's a small world! How many others have discovered classmates from Bushy and another school?

From Susan Myers Candler (59)
gcandler@ec.rr.com

I had a wonderful visit with Anne Cable (62) Silver a few weeks ago. It was hard to believe that we hadn't had any contact for 39 years. Thank you and Bushy Tales for getting us together!

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

Class of 1958 - FOUNDS - G through O
Continued in future newsletters
Gehrett Wagner, Beverly - Texas

Geyer DeViney, Susann "Suzi" - Texas
Green, James - California
Gruin, Fred - New York
Haave Saunders, Connie - Texas
Hannibal, Alex - Texas
Hansen Keys, Nancy - California
Harcos Johnson, Mary - California
Heck Morris, Joan - Indiana
Henry, Arnold - Washington
Henslee, Rik - California
Hill, Stewart - California
Holmes, Ronald - South Carolina
Hopkins, Robert - California
Humphries, Bert - California
Johnson Thomas, Sandy - Utah
Jones, Wendell Oren - Florida
Keich, George - Pennsylvania
Kelly, Jerry - New Mexico
Kimm McAllister, James (Craig) - Maryland
King, David - California
Kirby Nuss, Nansi - Arizona
Knapp Holland, Joyce - Florida
Kosanke Frantz, Sandy - New Jersey
Lawrence Patterson, Althea - Nevada
Lawrence Gross, David - California
Linsley, Dennis - California
Ludlow Ravetz, Kris - Washington
Lund McMahan, Diane - Texas
Mabile Pellissier, Carol - Texas
Marchant Jennings, Roberta - Virginia
Markus, John - Texas
McClaran, Shari - Florida
McClelland, Robert - Ohio
McElroy, Stephen - Texas
McLaughlin, Leroy "Doc" - California
McMannis Miros, Mike - South Carolina
Melrose, Robert - Nevada
Mittelstadt Buchanan, Sandy - Florida
Moorman, Mike - Florida
Morgan, Bonnie - Arizona
Morgan Trapp Phyllis - Arizona
Murphy, Mike - Louisiana
Naldrett Carpenter, Carol - South Carolina
Osmundson, Malcolm "Ozzie" - London,
England

DECEASED

Garrison, Judy
Maltman, Bernard - 1998
Martin-Hobbs, Barbara - 1999
Matthews, Errol

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

Galvin, Daniel
Glidden, Delaine
Goewey, James
Greer, Virginia - Father Robert J. - General
Gumm, Paul Anthony
Hale, Rita
Hardy, Judy
Harris, Walter - Father - Wilson E., Lt.
Commander
Hattaway, Tommy
Hicks, Daniel
Hogan, Ronald
Hoss, Glenn - I believe he might be deceased
(aircraft accident).
Jackson, Rita
James, John
Lane, Marian
Lewis, Donald
Lloyd, Julius Arthur
Longwell, William
MacCartney, Jack
MacLean, James H.
McClellan, Nettie Grace - Father Chaplain?
McHenry, June
McVay (Sobieski?) Marcia Jean - husband
John?
Messinger, Sherman
Mills, John
Mills, June Karen
Morris, Jacqueline
Neal Redman, Barbara - found at Classmates,
but never received response
Ness Wuebker, Patricia Elaine - husband
Charles J. (physician?)

From the Editor: I didn't get very much from all of you this time so I will have to use a filler to complete the newsletter. The more you send in the less fillers I have to use. ☺

From Diane (Drude) Clayton (62)
DI4SC@aol.com

For many years Ben Stein has written a biweekly column called "Monday Night At Morton's." (Morton's is a famous chain of Steakhouses known to be frequented by movie stars and famous people from around the globe.) Now, Ben is terminating the column to move on to other things in his life. Reading his final column is worth a few minutes of your time. He also had a TV show called "Ben Stein's Money."

Ben Stein's Last Column...

=====
How Can Someone Who Lives in Insane
Luxury Be a Star in Today's World?

As I begin to write this, I "slug" it, as we writers say, which means I put a heading on top of the document to identify it. This heading is "online FINAL," and it gives me a shiver to write it. I have been doing this column for so long that I cannot even recall when I started. I loved writing this column so much for so long I came to believe it would never end.

It worked well for a long time, but gradually, my changing as a person and the world's change have overtaken it. On a small scale, Morton's, while better than ever, no longer attracts as many stars as it used to. It still brings in the rich people in droves and definitely some stars. I saw Samuel L. Jackson there a few days ago, and we had a nice visit, and right before that, I saw and had a splendid talk with Warren Beatty in an elevator, in which we agreed that "Splendor in the Grass"

was a super movie. But Morton's is not the star galaxy it once was, though it probably will be again.

Beyond that, a bigger change has happened. I no longer think Hollywood stars are terribly important. They are uniformly pleasant, friendly people, and they treat me better than I deserve to be treated. But a man or woman who makes a huge wage for memorizing lines and reciting them in front of a camera is no longer my idea of a shining star we should all look up to.

How can a man or woman who makes an eight-figure wage and lives in insane luxury really be a star in today's world, if by a "star" we mean someone bright and powerful and attractive as a role model? Real stars are not riding around in the backs of limousines or in Porsches or getting trained in yoga or Pilates and eating only raw fruit while they have Vietnamese girls do their nails.

They can be interesting, nice people, but they are not heroes to me any longer. A real star is the soldier of the 4th Infantry Division who poked his head into a hole on a farm near Tikrit, Iraq. He could have been met by a bomb or a hail of AK-47 bullets. Instead, he faced an abject Saddam Hussein and the gratitude of all of the decent people of the world.

A real star is the U.S. soldier who was sent to disarm a bomb next to a road north of Baghdad. He approached it, and the bomb went off and killed him.

A real star, the kind who haunts my memory night and day, is the U.S. soldier in Baghdad who saw a little girl playing with a piece of unexploded ordnance on a street near where he was guarding a station. He pushed her aside and threw himself on it just as it exploded. He

left a family desolate in California and a little girl alive in Baghdad.

The stars who deserve media attention are not the ones who have lavish weddings on TV but the ones who patrol the streets of Mosuleven after two of their buddies were murdered and their bodies battered and stripped for the sin of trying to protect Iraqis from terrorists.

We put couples with incomes of \$100 million a year on the covers of our magazines. The noncoms and officers who barely scrape by on military pay but stand on guard in Afghanistan and Iraq and on ships and in submarines and near the Arctic Circle are anonymous as they live and die.

I am no longer comfortable being a part of the system that has such poor values, and I do not want to perpetuate those values by pretending that who is eating at Morton's is a big subject.

There are plenty of other stars in the American firmament...the policemen and women who go off on patrol in South Central and have no idea if they will return alive; the orderlies and paramedics who bring in people who have been in terrible accidents and prepare them for surgery; the teachers and nurses who throw their whole spirits into caring for autistic children; the kind men and women who work in hospices and in cancer wards.

Think of each and every fireman who was running up the stairs at the World Trade Center as the towers began to collapse. Now you have my idea of a real hero.

I came to realize that life lived to help others is the only one that matters. This is my highest and best use as a human. I can put it another way. Years ago, I realized I could never be as great an actor as Olivier or as good a comic as Steve Martin...or Martin Mull or Fred Willard- or as good an economist as Samuelson or

Friedman or as good a writer as Fitzgerald. Or even remotely close to any of them.

But I could be a devoted father to my son, husband to my wife and, above all, a good son to the parents who had done so much for me. This came to be my main task in life. I did it moderately well with my son, pretty well with my wife and well indeed with my parents (with my sister's help). I cared for and paid attention to them in their declining years. I stayed with my father as he got sick, went into extremis and then into a coma and then entered immortality with my sister and me reading him the Psalms.

This was the only point at which my life touched the lives of the soldiers in Iraq or the firefighters in New York. I came to realize that life lived to help others is the only one that matters and that it is my duty, in return for the lavish life God has devolved upon me, to help others He has placed in my path. This is my highest and best use as a human.

Faith is not believing that God can. It is knowing that God will.

By Ben Stein

From your Editor: Ok, that's the end of this issue. If we are to have another one I need to hear from you by the 16 of September. The future of the newsletter is in your hands. Hope to hear from you soon. 😊