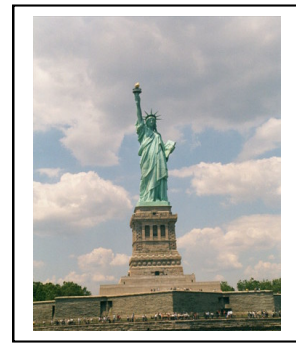




Bushy Tales

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 #6

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@unneedspeed.net

1961 - Betsy (Schley) Slepetz

bslepetz@comcast.net

1962 - Dona (Hale) Ritchie

DonaRitchi@aol.com

Roster Changes

Correction from last newsletter. Correct email address is:

Connie Newlin Drennon 60

cbdrenn@uakron.edu

New Email addresses:

Bill Douglas (57)

rwmDouglas@verizon.net

Ruth (Davis) Zabel (53)

sharkpack40@Yahoo.com

Memories of Bushy

From Jim Bass (58)

jrblaw@sbcglobal.net

There have been many articles written about life in the dorm but very few as to life as a "Townie." I started school at Bushy Park in the 8th grade in 1953 when my father was transferred from San Antonio to downtown London where he worked at the M.A.A.G. I left Bushy Park in my senior year. My little sister, Lee Ann, started the 1st grade the next year at Bushy Park.

My little sister and I lived in Ealing. My little sister was 9-years old when we returned to San Antonio and she was so "Englishized" that she would see prices here and have to ask my mother what the price was in pence.

Each morning the school bus picked up my sister and I and after a long ride with many other stops to pickup other children, we were taken to Bushy Park. We "older" kids sat in the back of the bus and made the little kids sit in the front. In fact, we told the little kids that if they even looked at the back of the bus that we would get them. I do not know what "get them" meant as we never "got" any of the little kids though we were always threatening them that we would.

There was a lot of kissing, etc. going on in the back of the bus. When I remember all that went on in the back of the bus, I cannot decide if I am scandalized or if it brings back fond memories.

We had the same bus driver everyday and we would give him packs of American cigarettes which he

really appreciated so we could do almost anything we wanted to on the bus.

My father was a Sergeant. Sergeant's didn't make very much then and in the States we barely got by. In England, the dollar was king and what was just enough money to get by in the States enabled us to live like kings in England.

I got a part-time job setting pins at the bowling alley on South Ruislip. (No automatic machines at that time.) As I remember, the "pin-boys" were paid ten cents a line and tips. For those of you who don't bowl, a line means that the pin-boys would have to pickup the pins 10-12 times. I remember I would make about \$10 per night but that was equivalent to a little less than 4 Pounds and the average English workman at that time was making about 10 Pounds a week.

To give you an idea of price at that time, a seat at one of the neighborhood movies cost 1 Shilling, 6 Pence (0.21 U.S.) – 3 Shillings, 6 Pence (0.49 U.S.) depending on where the seat was located. A drink (Orange Squash) at the movies would be 6 Pence or (0.07 U.S.). Cigarettes were very expensive in England at that time. U.S. cigarettes cost approximately \$1 U.S. per pack but we could get cigarettes on the base for .09 U.S. per pack. I took up smoking while I was England and it took me 30-years to break the habit. One of my few regrets about England. I console myself that smoking was so common then that I probably would have picked up the habit anyway if I had been in the U.S.

Some of the other boys and I were members of the first U.S. Boy Scout Air Explorer Troop in England. We had spiffy light blue uniforms and we were officially named the "Douglas Bader Air Explorer Squadron." Douglas Bader flew a Spitfire in the Battle of Britain and became an Ace. He was shot down and lost both of his legs. He was fitted for artificial legs and eventually returned to the skies as a fighter pilot. While I was in England, a movie was made about Douglas Bader. I think the name of the movie was "Reach for the Sky." The world premier of the movie was in London and the members of our Air Explorer Squadron were invited as guests to the premier. It was very exciting and we felt like celebrities.

While all of us were in England, we felt we were something special. When we came back to the States, we were just like everybody else. I guess that nothing is more pleasurable than being "special."

From Renold Briggs (60)
renpat1671@uneedspeed.net

First---the photo is the boys annex dorm north of the main boys dorm. I know because I was in the end room and we would send sky rockets out my window to it. Also if you went around the corner of the building and in back of it, that is where we used to jump the fence and go into Richmond.

Now if you can, will you put our Vegas Gathering notice at the end of each issue??? We have to keep the carrot in front of everybody every month up to September. Thank you

From Frank Hannibal (59)
Frank1430@aol.com

I too would like to add my thanks for the news letter that you have been writing for all these years. The memories would not be as vivid without your efforts.

I attended Bushy for only 3 1/2 months of my freshman year before my Dad was transferred back to the USA, yet I have memories that have lasted a life time. My brother Alex, who is one year older than I am, attended Bushy for his freshman year and the 3 1/2 months of his sophomore year. Prior to attending Bushy I attended one year at the military school on base and almost two years at a private school on the economy.

There are only a few people whose names I remember: My roommate Tim Scofield, next door was Ralph McQuiston, and Larry Powers a wild man that I seem to remember being one of the few students to be expelled.

Our weekly trip to Bushy started at Sculthorpe RAFB in Norfolk. The bus trip involved 7 hours of eating, drinking (no booze), and trying to stay clear of the hazing from the juniors and seniors. The trips were always a continuous party that started as soon as the bus passed through the main gate at

Sculthorpe RAFB, until it pulled through the gates at Bushy. I remember a chaperone on only one occasion. The bus was usually a touring type bus with a sliding sunroof. On several occasions we would eat our snack while sitting on top of the bus as it traveled the small narrow roads.

During the first week of school all freshmen that boarded at the school were subject to initiation in the senior lounge. During study hour someone would knock on your door, whisper your name, and say you were needed in the senior lounge. The initiation involved being blind folded and made to bend over, hold your ankles, and walk between the line of juniors and seniors as they paddled you with everything from ping-pong paddles to belts. The penalty for letting go of your ankles was to walk the line a second time. Ralph McQuiston said he let go two times. When he got back to his room he was crying. I was surprised by his reaction, because I remember Ralph as being a big guy for his age. I realized then, size was no measure of ones bravery or strength.

Sad to hear that Bushy is no longer. I often think about the bomb shelters that were scattered though out the campus. The local prostitutes standing on the other side of the fence trying to convince us to get a pass and join them in Central Park. I think they charged \$2 American script money. I remember the Teddy Boys and the Elephant Castle gangs that walked the streets near by. Things have not changed that much since 1955 when it comes to gangs, drugs, and prostitution, there just seems to be more of it now.

The world of the Air Force Brat is smaller than most people realize. During the summers between my sophomore and junior year in college, I was fortunate to be a life guard at Randolph AFB near San Antonio, TX. During that time Jim Baker was also a life guard at Randolph AFB. After college Jim and I lost touch with each other for almost 20 years. It was Jim that made the effort to locate me after all those years. He made contact with my Dad who had retired in the San Antonio area and though him got my phone number. Jim and I were both married and had families of our own. We visited several time and made arrangements to have dinner at Jim and Gloria's home in San Antonio. It was during that dinner we

began a discussion about where we had been during those lost years. The conversation later turned to earlier years. It was while comparing notes that evening we realized, not only did we both attend Bushy HS, we attended Bushy at the same time, and rode the same bus each Sunday and Friday afternoon. Jim pulled out his Bushy HS annual and we looked up our pictures. Sure enough, there I was in the freshman section and Jim in the Junior section. We did not know each other while attending Bushy, but have stayed in touch since getting back together several years ago.

Not sure if this is the type of story you would want to print in the Bushy News letter, but if you do I hope it does not offend anyone. It is just some of the more colorful things that most seem to shy away from.

From Judy (Risler) Covington (60)

LCHS1960@aol.com

I'm one of the ones who was "gonna write something for the next issue". Well, I didn't, and I shoulda. Here are some of the things I remember:

Signing into Thames Hall for the first time, and walking down that long hall to knock on the door of the girl I was to room with, but had never met. Weird feeling.

Making your way to the movies from the dorm in fog so thick you literally couldn't see your hand in front of your face.

The "yellow room", at the very end of the "long lounge", where we smoked, and laughed and cried and said goodbye too many times.

Sharing a glass of wine, and listening to "Madam Butterfly" with four other girls in our wing supervisor's room.

Being academically challenged by teachers, who made learning both interesting and fun.

Forming friendships I knew I'd never forget. I could go on and on...

I suppose, for me, Bushy Park was more of a state of mind than anything else. From the day I got

there, I felt like I belonged. And for a military brat, that was a rare feeling. I wouldn't have traded those two years, 1958-1960, for anything in the world.

From Darby Wyatt (Grimes) (60)
dcwyatt42@yahoo.com

I am one of those guilty people who read and enjoy the newsletter each month but then never contribute to it. After reading the item from Clifford Larrabee in the June issue I decided to write. I too can't remember teachers or students names (and unfortunately I can't find my year books). I lived in Kenton and took the bus to school so did not have the involvement as the dorm students did. We did have fun on the bus though. A new guy on the bus got the same treatment that Cliff did!. We girls never looked but we knew what was going on in the rear of the bus.

I don't remember the name of the World History teacher but he always sat on his desk cross legged. I also remember him giving me a F- on a quiz (I didn't even write my name on the paper!). My English teacher gave me my love of Shakespeare as he would read the play out loud and made you feel you were right there. Then we would go see the play at the Old Vic. Sure was different when I took English Literature back to the states where you sat listening to a record. Just not the same.

We were in England 1955 - 1958 and I was in 8th grade and my brother Bill was a Senior. He was on the basketball team and we went to all the games at South Ruislip in good and bad weather. Many a time Bill would walk outside the car and hold on to the drivers window and direct my dad as the fog was so thick. I do remember Lindsay Ervin as we were in the same grade and our dads ended up being stationed at Griffiss AFB in Rome, New York for our last two years of high school.

I am now retired and living in Salem, OR (rather Keizer). The year I retired, 2003, I spent doing nothing but medical stuff. I had a stem cell transplant that spring and I'm happy to say it's been 3 years with no recurrence. I have another 2 years until I can say I'm no longer in remission. I just take it a day at a time now and enjoy retirement and doing whatever I want. My husband and I have an

RV and do lots.

My brother lives in PA and just retired the end of April. He is here visiting me now after driving out. He will be here several weeks rather than the usual four day weekend. I know we will talk about Bushy and all the memories we have of that time. He did go to the reunion in Washington D.C. so he has at least seen some people.

Golly, I didn't know I could go on and on once I got started. Gary, please edit if needed, I sometimes run at the month. If I can come up with something to write about I'm sure there are others out there who could do the same thing. It shouldn't be the same people all the time and Gary shouldn't have to work so hard getting info. (Gary - you might want to add at the end of Darby's article that she and I rode the same bus and she was a scream!!!!!! Pat)

From Jim Hartung (60)
hartungj@bellsouth.net

A couple of issues ago I rambled about people I remembered....here are some ramblings about events and other happenings that made Bushy Park a unique and unforgettable place for many of us: remember our field trips? How many high schoolers in CONUS can say they cruised in to London for a movie ("The Ten Commandments" starring Charlton Heston in '57) or a Shakespeare play at the Old Vic ("The Merchant of Venice" in '57)? And, our varsity basketball games...remember the one in Sep '56 or 7 when we took busses to S. Ruislip to watch our guys go against one of the squadrons there. By the time the game was over a "killer " fog had set in, and after a few minutes of futile travel, some of guys had to get out in front of the busses to lead them down the street! I'll never forget the white handkerchief I used to cover my mouth and nose...after just a short while it was black from the coal dust in the fog! The drivers finally gave up and we took trains back to Teddington, getting back to the dorms around 2 A.M. Then there was our music: did anyone else walk in to Kingston, across the Thames bridge, to visit the record shop on the left side of the street? They had small sound booths in which one was allowed to try out the records. I remember listening to Little Richard (Rip it Up and Ready Teddy) and Frankie Lymon and the Teenagers (Teenage Love

and Baby, Baby) and many others...heck, I may have even bought one or two! And, those days when some us went out to the back of the school cafeteria, after lunch, by the picnic table under the big tree, to listen to Tex Flegal strum and sing ("Green door, what's that secret you're keeping?" and "A White Sport Coat and A Pink Carnation"). Oh, can someone help me remember a name? Last time, I mentioned some of the soccer players I played with, but couldn't remember one of the guys' name so didn't mention him. Now I have a first name, Jerry. He was a tall, thin guy with curly, red hair. One of our good players on the soccer team and, also, a hot-shot ping-pong player in the boys' dorm. Can anyone remember his last name? More later. Everyone take care!

From Norman Alm (61)

Nalm@computing.dundee.ac.uk

I had learned to play the trumpet in elementary school, but never was very good, and for years and in several schools I was third trumpet third seat. At the end of one day in Mr Stranieri's band room, I was waiting for Nancy Pedersen to get her clarinet packed up and I picked up a trombone and began to try to play it. I was very poor on the trumpet because I never got the lip position right, and bad habits were hard to break, but in the larger trombone mouthpiece this didn't matter, and the sound was not bad. Just like in a 'B' movie out rushes Mr Stranieri from office saying "Who's playing that trombone -- we need a trombone player -- please join the band." And I did, and had a great time at it.

Does anybody else remember Slam Books, and the Purity Test? Slam books were notebooks where each person wrote their name at the top of a page and then added their comments about everyone else in the book on their page. A fair amount of complimentary stuff, but occasionally very cruel judgments. The ruthlessness of teenagers! Thinking back on it, a very effective way to enforce group standards (otherwise known as conformity). Of course participation was not compulsory, so you had to weigh up your curiosity (or maybe your vanity) as to how others saw you for what could be an unexpected blow.

The Purity Test was a questionnaire to see how far you had ever gone down the road to what was then

called (cue drums) Going All the Way. Amazingly looking back on it, lots of us, male and female, happily filled this in and added up our scores, then shared the score with all and sundry. Of course there was no way to check up on the truthfulness of replies. As I recall a maximum score was 140. In bringing back this memory, the actual questions are coming back to mind -- I think the first two were Kiss on the Cheek, Kiss on the Lips, and the last was GATW, but I will spare your (and my) blushes and not write the rest down, (And me a grandfather -- guess I'm more of a prude than I thought).

From Dennis Green (62)

dgreen0457@charter.net

The article included by Cliff Larrabee in this month's Bushy Tales brought back some fond memories.

Since Cliff didn't include an e-mail address with his article, if you have one, would you please tell him that "Hoagie" was actually called "Stogie," or, if you want to be complete, "Uncle Stogie," for his penchant to stick a cigar in his face periodically. I also recall the capture the flag incident, Stogie's shoe polish and Cliff's de-pantsing, which was a fairly regular thing for almost everyone.

I recall Cliff, as well as "Fearless" Farnsworth, whom he references. Cliff was kind in not mentioning two particular things for which Fearless was famous, neither of which I'll go into here.

The photo you printed is of the boys annex. I lived in the little room Cliff mentioned in his article with Henry James, Ron Gordon and one other kid whose name escapes me. We did live next to the dorm leader, who, at that time was a senior, Paul Pate (great guy and who, with Denny Boyer, were considered about the toughest kids in school).

If you are able to contact Cliff, please tell him hello from me, although I doubt that he would remember me as we weren't close. The next year I transferred to Lakenheath.

Reunion News

Editors Note: See reunion flyer on the last two pages of this issue.

From Suzanne "Snookie" Garrison (54)

Sgmayo54@aol.com

Thanks to all of the e-mails you received, asking you to reconsider the Bushy Tales will continue. Thank you so much. We will all try to be better about letting you know what we are thinking.

About our latest reunion in Orlando, it was great fun. While it was a small gathering, it was wonderful! I love the fact that when we get together, we seem like one big family. There was such a closeness with this reunion. Peggy brought all of her enthusiasm to the planning of it and did such a good job, that we all had many laughs and a wonderful time of bonding and sharing our stories.

There were some new faces also, one being Pete Granata '53 and his lovely wife. They have had an interesting life and now live in Naples, FL. He had hoped that my brother, Pete, would be at the reunion so did not know of my sad news.

The stories that all of the male classmates told, with only 2 minutes in which to relate them, was especially amusing.

Johnny Meurer(sp) and Peggy need to be congratulated in all of their efforts to keep us entertained and glad that we had attended. I would urge all of our classmates who have not been to one of the reunions to consider trying the next one where ever it might be. While we all have moved on from our high school days, it was a unique time in our lives in that for the first time we were attending a school where we all had the same basic background.

Glad you are back as our editor, Gary. We do not want to lose you.

What I Am Up To

From Judy (Risler) Covington (60)

LCHS1960@aol.com

I thought Pat Grigg's suggestion of "What I Am Up To" was great. I think everyone needs to put in a blurb or two about their life now, and what's been

going on for the past fifty years. (My goodness, surely it hasn't been that long!!)

My life hasn't been all that dramatic, or colorful, but I've enjoyed it, most of it anyway. I've had a few short stories published, written a book that never did get published, and am still egoist enough to continue to put words on paper, whether they get read or not.

I made my living as a secretary/bookkeeper for many years, and it helped pay the bills. But after we moved here to West Monroe, Louisiana, the "brat" in me re-surfaced, and I began to dread going into the same office, and seeing the same people, and doing the same work I'd been doing for thirteen years. So one day, I quit cold turkey and signed up at all three agencies in town to do "temp" work. I wasn't foolish enough to believe I was going to make any real money at it, but Ron had an adequate retirement from the Air Force, and he was working for the Sheriff's Department, so we'd be okay with whatever I could bring in. Insurance was no problem. So for the first time, I felt free to choose what was right for me. "Temping" was it. The constant change of scene and atmosphere and people did wonders for my sagging spirits. For twelve years, I moved from office to office, doing this and that and whatever, sometimes working a day or two, sometimes as long as a year or more. There was nothing in an office I couldn't do, and I was good at it, so I seldom went more than a few days without employment. I have since retired from the temp circuit, but they still call me now and then.

I was married for almost 40 years, had three children, and subsequently eight grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren. My kids live in close proximity to me, one right across the street, which has its pros and cons. I was widowed seven years ago, and have since taken up residence with a former Bushy Parker, Mike Murphy. We live in the house I've inhabited for the past thirty years. We travel a bunch, and are having the best time of our lives.

But no matter where I go, or what I do, Bushy Park, and all the friends and loves I associate with that unique time and place, will always be foremost in my thoughts and memories.

Cheers to all of you!

From Beverly (Gehrett) Wagner (58)

Packrats2@aol.com

OK, Brother, and other CHS friends. I felt so sad to hear that Gary was not going to do another issue of our BP Newsletter. I emailed him to tell him that, and I'm forwarding his reply to you. Maybe if each of us sent an article, and emailed all our CHS contacts and asked them to do the same, we could keep reaping the benefits! I really enjoy the trips down memory lane, and hearing what others are doing now - a few years later. I think it would be a shame to let this die for lack of articles, when Gary is so eager to do it. Happy writing.

Just an update of my life:

Our full time RVing days are over, I think. We have been enjoying apartment living in Santa Teresa, NM (it's really just a suburb of El Paso) for year and a half now. Bob's 82 year old sister (in rather poor health) has been living with us, and Bob has another month and a half of treatment for bladder cancer. He has a wonderful attitude, and we are planning some more trips in our RV, down the road a bit; this time, if in your area, we are stopping! We are blessed by so many things, one of them is to have our son (Mike) and his wife (Liz) and our granddaughter (Shawnee) living here. They have a dog walking business, and I am able to get out fairly often and help walk dogs - they had over 120 dogs to walk over Memorial Day weekend - Whew!!

Other wise, I spend quite a bit of time in our third bedroom, which is actually a mini gym with treadmill, wt. machine, and exercise ball; piano room; and reading/writing room for me. This electronic world allows us to be in daily contact with our 2 daughters and other 6 grandchildren, and so many friends! This week, I'm able to get up to our church to help out with our Vacation Bible School - great fun.

We appreciate all the prayers going up for Bob's full recovery. Drop a line anytime, I'd love to hear what's going on in your life.

This and That

From Timothy Wurtz

TEWurtz@aol.com

"BRATS: Our Journey Home"

www.bratsourjourneyhome.com the first-ever documentary about growing up "Brat" is now available and we want you to tell the world.

"BRATS" is the first non-fiction film about us - about growing "Brat" and how that has profoundly shaped our lives and our struggle to belong.

Hi, I'm Tim Wurtz, London Central and Ankara American High School class of 1969. I co-produced "BRATS: Our Journey Home." We need your support to let other Brats know about this movie. Here's what people are saying...

John Hardy, London Central '66 and the producer or executive producer of such films as "Sex, Lies and Videotape" "The Limey" "Erin Brokovich" "Ocean's 11" "Ocean's 12"...

"I saw this beautiful film at the Newport Beach Film Festival... it is very, very well made and is a must for each and every person who ever lived under these circumstances... this is not an easy topic... the filmmakers have done an excellent job of laying out the major issues... we should all support this film in the most aggressive way possible... visit the web site and see the film."

-John Hardy, Air Force Brat, London Central, 1966

"I am completely overwhelmed. I thought I had covered this waterfront both intellectually and emotionally, but how wrong I was. I was sobbing."

-Sarah Bird, Military Brat, author, "The Yokota Officers Club"

"I can't believe the changes in my life it's brought about already."

-Ginger Cole Turner, DOD teacher's daughter

"BRATS: Our Journey Home"

www.bratsourjourneyhome.com is written and

directed by Army Brat Donna Musil and narrated by Air Force Brat Kris Kristofferson.

Watch this movie and help us spread the word. Please forward this e-mail to every brat and the parents of every brat you know.

Visit the web site - www.bratsourjourneyhome.com

Thank-you so much for your support. All the best,

From Marilyn (Burch) Harkey (55)

mharkey@olp.net

I'm forwarding this snapshot of 4 of us "Class of 55" gals from the recent Orlando reunion. I hope this will help some with the next "Bushy Tales".

You have worked so hard and have done so much for all of us! I'll try to come up with more stuff, because I have saved in a binder, most of the issues you've sent out. We would all certainly miss the Bushy Tales ... and we *missed you* at the Orlando reunion.

Can you guess who the 4 gals are in this picture? :



From LouAnn Sawyer Washing (61)

lawashing@gmail.com

Well, I am just heartbroken to loose this link to my unique feeling past. How can we report in with one another at least two or three times a year, allow the list to grow somehow. It has been so nice to hear all the stories, and to reflect on my own.

The last three years of my life have been absorbing and at times like that, while not reporting in myself, I was so grateful for the quiet moment when I could sit down, read the newsletter, and then feel connected.

So for one last report or just email, here it is, in very brief terms. I have also felt so fortunate to have spent time at Bushy Park. Like Craig, I was there for my senior year of high school. In fact, I remember Craig well, he had the first puzzle ring I had ever seen, and he was charming and fun. My family was in London due to international division business that my father was doing for Kodak there. I fell in love with the school, the kids, the faculty and was heartbroken to leave the following year. I had been in four different schools in five years. My experience at Bushy was wonderful. I loved the open nature of the student body, the inclusiveness, and the general attitude of embracing the other new person and the ability to be resilient while being a traveler. I learned so much, from faculty who loved the "other", and from the wonderful experience of seeing our DOD status. It was probably the most enriching part of my school life and formed many life long friends, and life long relationships with the English families we became close to. Now, I have a niece married to a English farmer in the midlands, and a cousin (like another brother) who married one of my best friends, also English. I travel there whenever I can to be with them all. And continue to prefer so many aspects of English life.

I also came away with an awesome respect for the families and children who are in our armed services or diplomatic services.

As we watch so many kids, and families working and giving up so much of themselves right now, I wince in empathy. All of you who are out there know how very much the rest of us appreciate and love your various ways of serving. My husband was a Vietnam vet and I say was because I have married a second time, not because he lost his life there, but I do believe I see a tremendous shift in the public appreciation of service, and the ability of people to separate their political views from their love of the men and women who are at work in the military.

In any event, I have loved my history with all of that wonderful time spent with you and our school, its faculty and the awareness of the bigger picture. It has affected how I see, how I am, and how I raised my children. It does have an enormous impact and I feel so fortunate to have shared that time with all of you and to have shared the reflections of the last years of the newsletter. It tied

my life as a younger person together and explained so many things I had dealt with as a family on the move. It didn't stop there, I think I have had something like 16 or eighteen moves over the years. The last of which has been the longest here in Rochester, New York.

I am hoping soon to be in England with family and I am happy to think I can contact you Craig. Congratulations on the chocolate business sale, what a wonderfully gratifying experience after many years of work and dedication.

I still wish I might have found Niki Abrams (aka Nicole Shelby) and am so glad we have found more in class of 61.

The last several years of my life have been dedicated to loving and caring for family members. MS showed up in our lives, and since then I have become a fundraiser for the U of R medical school and helped my own loved ones.

My life is rich with community, children, one grandson and learning that there is joy in so many of the small connections. Thank you for providing another connection, I have treasured each story and am willing to try to stay in touch anyway. Best to all, deep gratitude to Pat and Gary and stay connected, please, Love to all, LouAnn Sawyer Washing.

Letters to the Editor

From Jackie (Brown) Kenny (53)
JKYKNY@aol.com

I am 70+ but will try and get more info for you. My memories are so wonderful. I could write a book. But do not want to bore those that came after. The first year at Bushy was unreal, different, cold, foggy, wonderful and St. Mary's dorm is a story in it self. Anne Webber, Susie Talbot, Lois Fontaine, Sherry Gregory, Connie Carpenter, Kelle Johnson. How many remember Tex (her real name Arvia Mae)? (Editors Note: All of those names are familiar to me, and many others, to us that were there from the first day the school opened) She is alive and kicking in Michigan. I could go on, but as the first class at Bushy how many remember us? St.

Mary's was no Hilton, but the bathtubs were great. Thank you Gary.

From Walt Hunt ("Curly" in school) (56)
walt@lobo.net

I attended Bushy only one semester in my freshman year. Not much loyalty could be expected from that short experience. However, since finding you, or maybe the other way around, I have totally enjoyed this monthly and joyful note I receive from you. I have even contributed a couple of times, and found old friends (that didn't remember me!). This current issue, however, was very important...here's why:

When we arrived via the USS Darby (I still have a deck of unused playing cards with the ship on them), my dad met us at Southhampton to tell us he had been transferred to Frankfurt. He got us settled in a flat in Fulham, right at Putney Bridge, that was on the Thames, and school started.

We were day students. From there my new life unfolded. First cigarette, First beer, First date with a beautiful young lady from Paris, First kiss, First "racing" bike--a 4-speed Raleigh that I could race the four miles to the embassy in about 11 minutes. (I later toured most of Europe on this bike.), The killer Fog. Incredible fish & chips served with great malt vinegar, sprinkled with 42 ounces of salt and wrapped in newspaper (remember to pinch off the bottom of the cone and drain the salt & vinegar concoction into your mouth!). Wow! Lots of fond memories. Then we were transferred to Frankfurt, then a year after that on to Bad Godesberg where my dad was assigned to the embassy there. I became one of the Bonn Bombers who arguably dominated the dorm and school life at FHS.

Now to come to the point of this long diatribe: a special girl in my life--we entertained each other many times during the bus rides and on weekends--was Pat Grigg. Then she was lost out of my life at graduation. I always wondered what happened to her, where she went, and who kept in contact with her. And there she is, in this "last" issue, appealing to you to keep this thing going. Okay, now I have her email address and will send her a note.

As for this means of communicating among us, the survivors of our youth: please send out on a monthly basis anything you have from us, even if is

nothing more than the front page. Put a caveat in at the top that appeals for contributions, and let it go. Don't fret over contributions or no contributions. Just keep the communication going. The service you are providing is an invaluable link for us all... even those of us who never contribute, but just keep drinking from the cup. I doubt that anyone on your mailing list would object to receiving a single page with the Bushy Tales masthead and no news. After all, sometimes no news is better than some news, or however the saying goes. In my book, you're a prince.

From Al Koltermann (57)
ajkvw@webtv.net

Gary, thanks for keeping the news letters coming. I have not sent any thing in but I plan to do so. I was at Bushy Park from 55 to 57, the year I graduated. My step dad was stationed at Sculthrope, and every Sunday we would take the long ride back to school. Some times my room mate Jim Baker and I would stay at school on weekends and get in trouble in London. Keep up the good work, enjoy reading the Bushy Tales.

From Stuart G Randall (60)
stuartrandall_1944@yahoo.co.uk

Hi Gary, great news, even my buddies out here read the newsletter (they are kinda envious that we got you).

Anyway, quick story came to mind, Bob Brain, his brother Steve had graduated stateside when I arrived in London, along with Al Conrad, and a few others used to have the privilege of riding in Steve's dad's car. He was a Colonel and every time we entered the base at West Ruislip we got the salute off the "AP's was kinda funny.

Heard from Bob that Steve had passed away. I always remember the two cars they had -- an Oldsmobile, and a sports car Sunbeam Alpine soft top, woow we thought we were so cool.

Once again Gary a big thanks for what you do for all of us, I am a young 63 now but the Bushy Park Tales linger in my memories thanks to you and all of the guys who make the newsletter possible.

From Glennva (Beason) Yuenger(61)

GGandTony@aol.com

Wow, what a response you received and thanks so much for saying you will continue. It would be a sad day indeed when no more tales of Bushy came across the air waves. So I say jolly good old chap and thanks again for going onward.

From Mary Lou Quin Benton (62)

Mbenton@sc.rr.com

Thanks so much for keeping the newsletter going. I was shelled shocked to say the least to think that this "miracle" would be no more. I know that for years prior I dreamed of touching base with special people and when I found this group, it was a special event. I love reading and looking at the pics! I will start scanning pictures for the newsletter. Thanks again for your generosity and kind heart!

From Joan Rindfleisch (Maltman) (54)

Rindfleisch14@aol.com

Gary I hope you will reconsider about the newsletter. I will try to send something in and I like the idea of telling what we are up to now and at least trying it maybe every other month. You did a very good job. I know it is a lot of work but you did a great job and I am sorry I did not contribute more. Keep in touch

See Reunion Notice on next two pages.

Bushy Park Central High

2006 Gathering October 8th 9th 10th and 11th

It is time for the “old” Bushy Park Central High gang to get together for another “Gathering” and share the old stories and see old friends.

This year as in the San Diego 2003 Gathering all planned activities will daytime. The evenings are open for you to get together with friends and classmates. Las Vegas is the entertainment capitol and has many entertainment venues. I suggest you use the Internet to review who will be performing in Vegas that week and make your reservations EARLY. Most of the shows are black on Monday night.

We have reserved a block of 75 rooms. More can be add if required up to a date. We are requesting that you call and make your reservations as soon as you can to ensure availability. You have up to 5 days before you can cancel your reservations if you cannot make it. When you call, please give the reservation code. The room rates at all Las Vegas Hotels are based on the nights you stay. Our room rates will be Sunday and Monday 10-8 and 10-9 at \$55 a night. On Tuesday 10-10 is \$60 and on Wednesday and Thursday 10-11 and 10-12 is \$75. Friday and Saturday the rates are much higher. You can check with the Hotel for those rates.

Sunday is arrival day. Monday we have a hospitality room reserved for the day to get together. That will be check in. On Tuesday there will be a luncheon in the same hospitality room. Please have a light breakfast. The afternoon we have activities planned after lunch. So plan to spend the day with us. Wednesday and Thursday we have nothing planned. We have reserved a smaller hospitality room for Wednesday for those of you who want to get together.

On page #2 we are asking you to print this page and fill out the information requested. This is for the luncheon reservations and operational cost. Please do this as soon as possible.

Should changes be required we will keep you notified. As soon as you send in you reservations on page #2 you will be receiving updates and a listing of attendees periodically.

**The Hotel:
Gold Coast Hotel and Casino,
4000 West Flamingo Road, Las Vegas Nevada 89103-7111**

**Reservation: 888-402-6278
Reservations Code: LCH1008 or LCHS GATHERING**

If you would like to review the Gold Coast Hotel on-line go to www.Goldcoastcasinos.com

Please print out this page.

This will be your Luncheon reservations and provide us with a list of attendees. Ladies, if you attended Bushy Park, please put your maiden name. IE Sally (Brown) Smith
You are listed by your maiden name on the LCHS master list.

Please Print or type

Bushy Park Student _____

Spouse or 2nd person _____

The luncheon is \$19.95 per person, plus 7.5 state tax, plus 18% gratuity. That will be \$25.00 per person. Nothing is free so we are requesting \$15.00 per person for operational cost.

<i>Number of person of luncheon</i>	_____	X \$25.00 = \$	_____
<i>Operational cost \$15.00 per person</i>	_____	X \$15.00 = \$	_____
	<i>Total submitted</i>	\$	_____

Mail To

Ren Briggs
1671 Monte Vista Dr.
Bullhead City, Az 86442

If you have any questions you can call me at 928-758-2963 or e/mail renpat1671@unedspeed.net

Luncheon Buffet

Freshly Brewed Coffee, Iced Tea and Milk
Tossed Green Salad with Salad Bar Toppings
Fresh Vegetable Tray with dips
Cucumber & Tomato Salad
Southern Style Fried Chicken
Smoked Sliced BBQ Beef Brisket
Baked Orange Roughy
Seasonal Fresh Vegetables
Homemade Garlic Mashed Potatoes
Bakery Fresh Rolls and Butter
Chef's Assorted Dessert Display

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