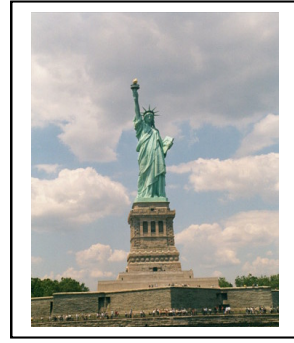




Bushy Tales

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



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1958 - Pat (Terpening) Owen

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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.

David Lawrence (Gross) 58

Memories of Bushy

From Richard (Rick) Schroeder (55)

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I had a thought (shut up! I heard that!). Why don't you have an edition of the newsletter where you have everybody send in a picture of themselves now and publish it next to one of them from a yearbook, maybe the year they graduated or were last at Bushy. Could do it by year, that is 53 then 54 etc. to keep the size of the issue down.

(Editors Note) I can give it a try but I will need help from all of you. If all of you when you send in an article for the newsletter will send me a picture of you from the year book and one of you now I will use them with your article. They will need to be in the smallest format possible so they don't make the newsletter too large. I try to keep it under one MEG as some of our classmates can't receive files over one MEG.

From Pat (Terpening) Owen (58)

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Bob Harrold (60) is working on getting the website back up and running, so check it periodically and see what's new. The website is:
<http://www.bushypark.org>.

Reunion News

From Clifford Gunderson (Faculty)

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Hey, Bushy Friends,

Are you continuing to feel the joy of the Gathering? Ren did a fantastic job with the help of his crew.

Pat, Judy, Jim and all, thank you. Here are links to more photos:

<http://homepage.mac.com/cliffordg9/PhotoAlbum104.html>

<http://homepage.mac.com/cliffordg9/PhotoAlbum105.html>

From Pat Terpening (58) Owen

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A couple of people from the Las Vegas "Gathering" left some pictures and I have them. Just let me know and I'll send them to you.

The first batch is black and white and some of the people pictured are Sheldon (Fr. Aaron) Peters, Suzie Thompson, Skippy Middlestadt, Shirley Huff, Nansi Kirby and others - They were apparently taken when a group was returning from Germany as Pete is pictured with a life preserver (donut) with "Cote D'Azur - Calais" printed on it.

The second batch is pictures (color) from the San Diego "Gathering".

From Mike Murphy (58)

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Hi Gary. nice picture of you with Kevin Costner. Judy and I just returned from the 2006 Bushy Park gathering in Las Vegas. It was a smashing success and we were pleased to see Bushy grads we had not seen in many years. We were able to get pictures of all of them. It was interesting to find out what these very special people had accomplished and done in the last 40 years or so. although none of us had aged (except Ren Briggs of course) we still had problems getting all of our parts to work during the bowling tournament. It was a 4 Advil night for sure. I want to thank Pat Terpening for following my directions to the max (no zero's or over's Pat)

Judy Risler Covington's speech was the highlight of a rather mundane luncheon, ha ha. It was a stirring memory of past things and hope for the future. I still want to know how George Bishop managed to draw his own raffle ticket for the 100 dollar prize. and Cliff Gunderson drew his own ticket too. I really needed that free t shirt you know.

Thanks Geneva for not coming on the bus. Any way it was great. After we got back to Dallas Judy and I headed for Shreveport to see Kool and the Gang. not worth the price of admission but a small 4 piece combo at Sam's town was more than enough consolation and we, danced until it was late. Our next trip is to Canton Texas flea market in December and then another planning session for our next trip. Ever on the go. Thanks to everyone. We love you all Judy and Mike. To everyone keep writing and keep the Newsletter alive.

From Judith (Smms)Stanford (59)
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I wanted to let you know the Busy Park Gathering was great and encourage others to make the next one. I have never attended in the past. You know - the usual excuses. Do not know anyone, gained too much weight, old looking, do not want to go alone, etc. I also swore I would never take a spouse. Well, I went with my husband, and we both had a great time. It was very well organized during the day and the evenings were free to do our own thing. Everyone was extremely friendly - no matter what class or if they knew you or not. As soon as you walked into the room people were welcoming you. I loved every minute and plan on attending the next one and only wish I had gone sooner. My husband had fun too and could not get over how nice everyone was and he knew one person from work-very small world. Tell everyone to please give it a try and do not sweat the other stuff. It simply does not matter.

Mini Reunions

From Sherry (Burrirt) Konjura (57)
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Just a quick note. My husband Gerry and I met Celeste Plitoke Brodigan and Bill Cooper in Shanksville, PA on Monday for the 911 ceremonies honoring the passengers and crew of Flight 93.

It was extremely moving. The temporary memorial there is very touching, there is a lovely chapel set up with a beautiful granite memorial in back with engraved photos of all the crew members. 4 black granite benches surround the walkway with the

names of the passengers engraved on the bases. We had the pleasure of meeting some of the family members and met and talked at length with a pilot who was a good friend and next-door neighbor of the Flight 93 pilot, Jason Dahl. His stories of his friend really moved all of us. We were all very impressed with the way the town of Shanksville, rather than denying the tragedy...or "profiteering" from it, has embraced the heroism of the passengers and crew in lovely and tasteful ways. You didn't see a souvenir stand anywhere! Kudos to them, I am attaching a couple of photos. The pilot took the one of all 4 of us in a lovely memorial garden set up at the local school. The one of just Celeste, Bill and myself was taken with the temporary memorial at the crash site in the background.

Sherry Burrirt Konjura '57



What I Am Up To

From Steve Klarer (62)
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I'm yet another one of those folks who are happy to read but reluctant to write. But your work deserves recognition. You do it so well and without the input of the rest of us there won't be anything for you to do. So, I'll give it a go.

I was in the UK from '56-'60 starting out at Bushy Park, then going to Bushy Hall for two years and finally back to Central. After going stateside I graduated in Illinois.

As I read the list of subscribers to the newsletter I see at least a couple of names that I recall (Clifford Larabee and Mary Lou Quinn). Because I was a townie and lived on the economy I didn't really get to hang out with many Americans during non-school hours and so I don't have all those great dorm memories people talk about. On the other hand, as a couple of other folks have said, I have great memories of going into London to go to the Old Vic (though I really wanted to be going to the Windmill), to Portobello Road market, and of course to all the pubs and places where we weren't supposed to go.

It was while living in the UK for those four years and having both English and American friends that I got a sense of how wildly different people and places can be. Things that I took for granted were alien to my "bloke" friends and vice versa.

The taste for living in different societies must have really stuck with me because after high school stateside I went back to Europe and went to a French university for a couple of years. It's a long story but let's just say that my interest took me pretty far and I ended up majoring in Chinese at University of Washington.

But that was just the start. It was the 60s, after all, and I had been doing Chinese studies --- particularly Buddhism -- so I went off to find a Chinese Buddhist teacher. I actually joined the Buddhist monastic order and over the next thirteen years I lived as a monk in California, Hong Kong, Montana, Korea, and Taiwan before I ended up to grad school in Canada and leaving the monastic life.

Along the line I picked up acupuncture and have made that my work since I got back to the US in

'83. A very bad car accident (Boston pedestrian meets Boston driver ... you don't want to know) crushed both my legs and had me out of work for about five years.

When I got back to work I started working in the field of addictions doing acupuncture for addicts. I found it so satisfying that I gave up regular acupuncture and now only do addiction work. I work for the city of Boston and work in Roxbury, the heart of it all. Lots of drug dealing goes in the streets outside our clinic. I'm also currently getting a license as a drug and alcohol counselor.

I've not retired and I can't imagine that I ever will. I love my work too much and can't imagine anything I'd rather be doing. In fact, here I am about to turn 63 and I'm trying to find a way to increase my hours at work.

It's been an interesting and eventful half century since I walked down the gangplank of the SS United States at Southampton wondering about this new country and this strange school at Bushy Park. I really believe that it was the experience of those four years that set me off on my strange path.

I think that being a Brat set the tone for most of my life. I've always wanted to know where the next assignment would be and who I would become once I got there. My years at Bushy (and Bushy) were crucial in my becoming who I am today. Even though I never stayed in touch with people from those days I think back fondly on the bus rides, the teen club, trips to Battersea Fun Fair, Speakers Corner, and yes, even Mr. Sherman's social studies class. Brat life and Bushy may have been a long time ago but they have influenced everything I've done since.

From Jim Nichols (62)

sicnis_2000_2000@yahoo.com

I'm Jim Nichols, and I went to Bushy Park many years ago. I got your heart warming letter and had to say a big HELLO. I used to live in Las Vegas. I moved this spring to a small town called Pahrump. It is a hard hour away from Vegas.

I'll bring you up-to-date with my life. In late 1959, I went to Bushy Park and loved every minute of it.

I lived in the same rooms that were used by "IKE" to plan the invasion of Europe during World War II. The grounds, around the school, date back to King Henry VIII and his desire for hunting. I had a path, that I went through, when I visited the girls dorm, late at night. The trip sometimes went through thick fog.

On weekends, I experienced a long bus ride home. I would arrive at my base/home around 11pm and would be too awake to go home, so I would go "out" and sample a bit of the English ale. Those were my crazy days. A very misspent youth.

The next year, I went to another school called Lakenheath. Newer and cleaner, but without the history and no path to the ladies. I went state-side a short time later; went back to my OLD high school (Albuquerque, New Mexico) but they would not accept partial credits from an 'overseas' school. I was put back a year. This did not set well with me so I joined the service (Air Force) in March of 1961.

In 1965 I transferred to a civilian/military group called " Air Reserve Technicians" and spent the next 30 years with the military and getting paid civilian wages. We went everywhere. Even got in on that "Baby Lift " thing in Nam.

I retired and moved to Las Vegas and started work as a host at the LUXOR. Again with the ladies.....I loved that job. I also worked in a few other casinos as a ticket agent/seller. I got to see all the shows for free. That was around 1995-2000.

I'm fully retired now and I have grown a beard and have a pony tail. Been married four times--the latest wife is a Special Education teacher. She can handle me and my stories. She has the patience of a saint and I help her see her wild side. We eat out three times a week and gamble (penny slots) at the local casino. I still keep in military shape by running and swimming. I "Do" the senior games every year--dragged my wife into them also. We "win" a few medals and spend the night in a Las Vegas casino. Life is good.

Yesterday the wife had to get trained in CPR for her job. I had to laugh a little because I had to do the same thing twice a year for 30 years. Her class was

a little different than the battle field ones I did. Time marches on. Thanks for the trip down memory lane.

Does anyone remember those "Static Ponds" around the school? I was walking with a bunch of students, when another student was giving us a hard time. We decided, in all our wisdom, to throw "Mister wise-in-hammer" into that pond. The laughter died down when the poor guy started to panic. He couldn't swim! We, the smart ones, had to go in and save our victim. Unbeknownst to us, somebody had thrown in to that same pond, shark repellent, stolen from an airplane. This stuff MARKS the water and repels the shark. The marker part worked very well. We were marked with a strange day-glow green color. It took weeks to wash out. The wise guy was very thankful and became one of us. The next day, we did receive a few strange looks-- both from students and staff. We never told anybody of this event and as they say - the statute of limitations has run out!

This and That

From Gail Kelly (Faculty)
martha.kelly@virgin.net

Well RAF West Ruislip is no more. The main base was handed over to civilian contractors just a week ago today. They are already in there surveying the site and radar imaging the underground pipes and wires. The buildings are largely empty. I have spent several hours there looking over the place and photographing various buildings and left behind things. The old post office still has the boxes with names on them. Old cages have been left open and there are old signs about. The gas pumps are gone. The warehouse buildings are now all empty. The PX is dark and empty – nothing but pillars. The MWR building has an old safe in it. Too heavy to move anywhere. The Bank just has the brown wood teller positions. The base cinema still has some posters up and the garage has some Michelin signs beside it.

From Gail Kelly (Faculty)
martha.kelly@virgin.net

I am a poor historian and strive to remember by own sons' birthdays, but as I recollect, the Third Air

Force took over the former British Base at Bushey Hall, Hertfordshire, which is located near Watford - <http://www.hertfordshire-genealogy.co.uk/data/places/bushey-hall.htm> to create a school for grades 1 through 8 (or 9?). All that was left of the original locale was a curved balustrade. Beyond the fence was a Scottish School, I believe (our youngsters used to engage their students in snowball fights through the fence in deep winters). There was a little stream near the entrance to the site (by the auditorium) - I remember Mr. Robertson found a portion of a marble bust from the original House there.

The London Central High School remained at Bushy Park Base (near Teddington) but over a summer, it was decided to move it to Bushey Hall. Another elementary and junior high was to continue at Eastcote (near the South Ruislip Base) and I then went to that location.

Those were rich years for the LCHS and many students and faculty have strong memories. Do you recall the musical written by Wally Threlkeld and Howard Abramowitz "The First American Kid"? It was first presented there.

And we do not forget it was at Bushy the America boys meant and eventually merged. Have you Read Dan Peek's book The America Story? <http://www.danpeek.com/bio/story.htm> - it's a good read and he mentions 'hanging out' at the West Ruislip Base as so many of you 'kids' did. The ramas produced by Jack Wernette were excellent - and for the second time, Taylor Lewis created a track and field setup - some of the old-timers teased him 'kiss of death', because just as he completed the track area at Bushy, they closed it, and the same history was repeated at Bushey.

By the time LCHS moved to the High Wycombe location, it became a larger high school with larger dormitories. There was enough space for Taylor to put in yet another track with the various field facilities, but he said no - we'd travel, first to the Uxbridge Running Track and finally to the newly created Handy Cross Sports Centre near the M40 roundabout.

I esteemed the excellence of my teaching chums from those days - we would meet socially and share

many a laugh - they were positive about the school and the students - 'That '64 lot - (I can remember Howard Abramowitz saying) 'If we could bottle their enthusiasm and sell it, we'd be rich'.

After your time, LCHS moved for the last time the High Wycombe Base. There was already an elementary and junior high there where I was then teaching. There were a couple of years when the student body numbers rose to over 1,000. We usually all knew every student and who did what best. I even think I remember hearing the nickname Wild Bill mentioned by Rosie Threlkeld in the Teachers' Lounge.

You might learn more from the sites on this page: <http://www.google.co.uk/search?ie=UTF-8&oe=UTF-8&q=LCHS+Londoner&btnG=Google+UK>

Incidentally, my oldest son Sean is writing a book about these three locations, tying them together through the teachers' reminiscences - it is to be called "From the Teachers Lounge" and it is just that - memories of the teachers who are still about and who he has been able to contact. I shall let you know when it is completed and published. Cheerio from London, where I retired - Martha Gail Kelly

The image - some years after I retired, my so Duff drove us to the High Wycombe Base and we had the photo taken for a smile.



From Jackie (Brown) Kenny (53)
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What a surprise to see a picture of my roommate, Celia (Kelle) Johnson and I in the October issue of Bushy Tales. Also of Pat D'Arcy '53 and Dan Chew '54 looks like they were on the old school bus. Thanks Jean for sharing.

From Marcia (Craver) Thomas (53)
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Sorry I haven't been around much in the last several years.....had hoped to make the Orlando meeting and/or the LV gathering but it just isn't going to work this time either. In fact, the last several years have been busy and messy all at once.

In Dec '03 (after returning from a great San Diego gathering) the building next to mine (where I live and have my theatre) caught fire and caused extensive smoke damage to me! Had to move out for nearly six months while it was cleaned up and repainted - upstairs at least - for the insurance only covered the cleanup (they penalized me \$5000 for being underinsured).....a lawyer I hired to work on the other parties liability was a bummer and did nothing much but cash my checks.....so I just dropped the whole thing last year.....just wasn't another lawyer who could fix this situation; they are too connected around these parts!

Anyway, I got over that and went on with my theatre and life entertaining my 94-yr-old mother and was rolling pretty good -- until May 25 this year when I slipped on liquid at the local grocery store and hit the floor hard on my right hip which of course chipped the ball joint and broke it! Big surprise to be sure! I was in the midst of putting on another Follies show for our community theatre group, and after surgery and a few days of recovery I got on the phone and did it from bed with assistance from a kind soul on the board. Everything with the surgery went well and I had no complications but it is no small thing!

I returned to stay at my mother's home which at least had a downstairs bedroom and just moved back into my place in early September.

While in the hospital, my computer crashed and I found that someone had fraudulently stolen over \$500 from my bank account! Is somebody trying to tell me something?!!! Down but not out, I am back

with a vengeance and getting back in the swing of things.....haven't started my performances again yet but that will occur likely in late October - they just kicked me out of therapy today...I guess I graduated because I'm walking pretty good but with a slight limp at times. It's odd to know you have a steel ball and metal thigh in there and even odder to know that a wrong pivotal turn and I could break my own leg again! No high kicks for me again but I do plan to dance a little - especially at my mother's birthday party which I will produce in Feb.....she loves TV's "Dancing With the Stars" and I plan to set it up thus.....a live band, champagne, plenty of glitter and a lot of dancing, something she adores. Since we are both widows, I'm looking for a couple of ballroom gigolos about that time.....any takers? Seriously, anybody who's in the area the last Sat of Feb is invited - just show up! Stay tuned for more later.....sure hope I can stay upright!

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

High School transcripts for students graduating from a Department of Defense School (DODS) are transferred to ETS at Princeton, New Jersey five years after graduation. People can download a transcript request form from (www.getcollegecredit.com or call them at (609) 720-6740

From Patti Fawbush Webb (58)
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I have just returned from my fourth trip to Kenya. This trip had an interesting twist. Because my flight from Nairobi was delayed, I had an unexpected overnight layover in Brussels, Belgium. It brought back memories of our senior class trip ('58) to the World's Fair in Brussels. This September layover I only had time to take the train from my hotel to the Grand Place and walk around. My memory is dim as to whether we did any touring other than going to the World's Fair everyday on our senior trip. Does anyone have better memories of that trip? I wished I had kept up with the family I stayed with so I could at least contact them. Did anybody keep up with the family with whom you stayed?

From Tony Taylor (58)
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The Bike Tour of a Lifetime: Europe; Summer 1957; Age 17

We were seniors now, as least we would be come September. It is June 1957 and summer is ahead of us... what to do?

Just before the end of the school year at Bushy Park I asked my classmate and good friend, Ric Henslee, if he wanted to join me on a bike trip on the Continent; we would rent our bikes in London, take the boat train to Ostend, Belgium, and take off to wherever our hearts inclined us to go. Ric was all for it as we checked out our 3-speed "English" bikes with a rack over the back fender and a couple of saddlebags hanging on the sides. No conditioning for what would be a month-long adventure; we would condition ourselves on the flat plains of Belgium and Holland, right?

On June 20th we set off by train for Dover and the ferry across the Channel... two 17 year old kids with not much more than a few changes of underwear and socks, a rain poncho, a tire patch kit, a map of Europe, and a Youth Hostel mattress sheet which we would slip over a mattress whenever we came across one of the many International Youth Hostels scattered across Europe. We had a hostel guidebook and our plan was to look up a youth hostel each day within a day's ride and try to make that our next destination. Most of the hostels were to cost between the equivalent of 25 cents to less than a dollar a night, often including a supper and breakfast. With an American flag (48 stars) attached to one of my saddlebags, we were off on a venture at a time when few young Americans were touring Europe. It had only been 12 years since the end of World War II, and even London was still rebuilding on top of its bombsites.

We arrived in Ostend late in the afternoon. Our first order of business was to locate Luxembourg Str. where we were to find our first Youth Hostel. By the time we had asked directions a zillion times, it was well after dark before we finally checked in. The hostel was situated in an old brick building that had probably been built 400 years earlier, but it was everything we expected when it came to Spartan living conditions and a hot meal. Our Youth Hostel cards received the first of many stamps that we

were to collect over the next month (I still have the card).

In order to take advantage of the flat Flemish landscape as it melds into southern Holland, we decided that our first destination outside of Ostend would be Amsterdam. Early the next morning we set off following the signs first to Brugge and then to Gent. From Gent we turned north toward Antwerp along a main carriageway. By the day's end we had rode our bikes 90 miles... some conditioning! This time we spent the night in a new hostel in Antwerp that from the outside looked like a brick firehouse with lots of large glass windows. We slept very well that night and before leaving the next morning I wrote the first of about ten postcards home that I would write during the trip (I still have the postcards).

As we set off on day two there was no question in our minds that (1) we were definitely not in shape for these long bike rides, and (2) riding against the wind on flat terrain is almost as bad as riding up hill... it was exhausting. Every pump of the pedal was a standing effort. English bikes or not, compared to today's lightweight racing or even road bikes, these steel framed monsters with all of our gear were a bear to ride. The countryside between Antwerp and Breda, Holland, was flat, tree-lined, and beautiful... if we could only enjoy it more. I remember that the first photo I took on this journey was of a lovely "modern" home just outside of Antwerp, that had a carefully trimmed straw roof... a blending of the new with the old.

About 60 miles south of Amsterdam the highway traffic was just too much for us on our bikes; the bike trails had petered out, and if we were going to make it into the city before dark we needed to consider an alternative plan. We headed to the nearest train station and loaded our bike aboard a commuter train into the city. The train had a freight car full of hooks that was just for transporting bikes. Since we had no rules, we did not consider taking the train cheating as far as our trip was concerned.

Amsterdam was an ideal destination for us to relax and work out our sore muscles. The Youth Hostel was fairly new; the building was post-war modern compared to the many centuries-old homes, buildings, and hotels, which line the city streets and

canals. Ric and I were each assigned a cubbyhole-sleeping berth with a mattress in the male dorm room.

We spent our first full day in Amsterdam walking and riding around the old part of the city exploring the canals and houseboats, and taking photos of major tourist sights such as the Royal Palace. We also stopped by the American Consulate where I had a letter from my parents waiting for me (almost as good a email). While riding around the city Ric got clipped by a car... all we remember is a lot of shouting from the driver in Dutch and our shouting back in English. Fortunately no one was hurt and Ric's bike suffered little damage.

In the afternoon we rode our bikes east toward the Zuiderzee (Ijssel Meer) to see the many famous dikes and locks that keep the lowlands from flooding. For most of the ride we passed windmill after windmill pumping irrigation water to the hundreds of acres of tulip fields. What a memorable sight!

After two night's rest in Amsterdam we asked our hostel-mates where we should go next. The recommendation was to ride east to Arnhem; a town near the German boarder made infamous for a bloody battle which, if the Americans had won, could have significantly, shortened the war. The ride to Arnhem was the best leg of our trip yet. We rode through forests and along beautiful tree-lined country roads. The terrain was not as flat as before; we felt we were heading into a European fairyland. Later in the afternoon we were caught in a heavy thunderstorm, but try as we may to keep the pace, the rain became just too much. After a break in the storm we were off again and soon found ourselves entering the town and marveling as to how everything was so pretty and quiet. It was late afternoon and there seemed to be a hush about the town as the trees still dripped from the earlier showers.

The hostel in Arnhem was in what seemed to once have been an old brick farmhouse with a connecting brick barn or carriage house, and with a lovely little courtyard in between. The place was busy with other young people, mostly Dutch teenagers who were on a bicycle club outing. Immediately after checking in we were shown the dining hall with its

long wooden tables and benches on either side. We were the only Americans there, so once we seated ourselves among a group of guys and gals who all seemed to speak English, we became the center of attention. The food was plentiful and very good, but soon my focus was on a lovely dark-hair girl across the table from me. She was with one of the bike clubs from Amsterdam that had arrived earlier. Her name was Joke (YaaKa). Wow, it seemed as though the feeling was mutual since within moments she and I zoned out everyone else and became animated in conversation. After supper we went into the common room where we continued our conversation; she wanted to know everything about America and London. She too was 17 and lived in a house with her mother along one of the old canals in Amsterdam. We talked and talked until we were told that it was time for lights-out and everyone had to go off to his or her dorm room for the night. I had mentioned that Ric and I were planning to leave for Germany about 7:30 the next morning, so when morning arrived and Ric and I were packing our bikes in the courtyard, there was Joke with tears in her eyes. She begged that we stay for another day and join her group and ride back with them to Amsterdam. Ask about being tempted... here I was less than a week from home and I thought I might be falling in love.... For whatever the reason, I stuck with the plan and told her that Ric and I must go, but that I would write when I returned to London. With a kiss on the cheek and a hug, we parted as Ric and I headed south along the Rhine toward the German boarder.

(NOTE: Joke and I did write off and on for years. Seven years later I returned to Amsterdam on board a ship as a young naval officer, and as a married man... that's another story... and took a train to The Hague, southwest of Amsterdam, to her last known address. Her mother met me at the door. She told me that Joke was not there; she was now married and that she and her husband lived in Amsterdam. So back to Amsterdam I went with her address in hand. It turned out that they lived on the top floor of a centuries old brick townhouse on a canal just two blocks from where our ship was moored in the port of Amsterdam. It was a very happy reunion. Joke and her husband took me to dinner and to see all of her favorite sites that she had wanted to show me if I had only return with her from Arnhem on that lovely summer day in 1957.)

As Ric and I were riding toward the German boarder we met up with a young man from Germany who had also been touring The Netherlands by bike. He spoke English quite well and asked if he could join us for as far as he was going. As we were approaching the boarder he saw me pull out my diplomatic passport (my father was assigned to the U.S. Embassy in London). Before we went any further he asked if I would carry his American cigarettes in my saddlebag since he had purchased more cigarettes in Holland than he was permitted to bring back into Germany. As with every boarder crossing throughout the trip, my black US Diplomatic Passport was all I needed to show to pass through without any further question, but this was the only time I took advantage of it by helping someone else bring home some excess goods. Our destination was Duisburg, an industrial city in the center of the Ruhr. [To be continued]

From Timothy Wurtz (Ankara, class of 69)
TEWurtz@aol.com

Dear London Central Brat,

The "BRATS FILM TOUR: Our Journey Home" is underway. "BRATS: Our Journey Home" - the first-ever documentary about growing up military, is coming to you. For an 8 minute preview, please visit the web site... www.bratsfilm.com

From now until June, 2007 the BRATS FILM TOUR is visiting towns and cities across America. We're adding new stops every week. Here's the schedule for September, October and early November.

"BRATS FILM TOUR: Our Journey Home"

ESTES PARK, CO - September 16 - 7.00 pm - Estes Park Film Festival, Historic Park Theatre

KANSAS CITY/OVERLAND PARK/FT. LEAVENWORTH - September 18 - 5.00pm
Glenwood Arts Theater, Overland Park

DENVER, CO - September 19 - 7.30pm - University of Denver, Lindsey Auditorium, Strum Hall (Sturm 281) 2000 E. Asbury Ave. on the DU campus. Free.

SAN DIEGO, CA - September 28 - 8.00pm - San Diego Film Festival -Pacific Gaslamp Theatre, screen #8, 701 5th Ave, Downtown San Diego

OCEANSIDE, CA - September 29 - 7.00pm - Oceanside Public Library/Civic Center. 330 N. Coast Highway, Oceanside. Free.

TACOMA/SEATTLE/PUGET SOUND - October 7 & 8 - Tacoma Film Festival - time & location TBA.

ARLINGTON, VA - October 22 - Academy Women's Symposium

ARKANSAS - October 24, 7.00pm - Hot Springs Documentary Festival - location TBA-check - CINCINNATI/NORTHERN KY - October 27 - 10.30am & October 28 - 3.00pm - Overseas Brats Gathering - Drawbridge Inn, 2477 Royal Dr., Ft. Mitchell, KY

COLORADO SPRINGS, CO - November 3 - Peterson AFB - Time and location TBA
November 5 - Rocky Mountain Women's Film Festival - Time and location TBA Please check the web site - www.bratsfilm.com - for all Colorado Springs info.

SOUTH FLORIDA/FT. LAUDERDALE - November 6 - 7.30pm - Ft. Lauderdale Film Festival Location TBA - check -www.bratsfilm.com
Remember, we're adding cities every week. Please check the web site... www.bratsfilm.com

Our journey home culminates in the Washington, DC area in June, 2007 I hope to see you on the tour. Thank-you for your support.

Letters to the Editor

From Your Editor: Looks like I have done it again. I have the three pictures below but I am unable to locate the stories to go with them. My computer had a few days off while I was gone with the Coast Guard and just like me it seems to have forgotten some things when I turned it back on. I have no idea what happened to the stories that go with the pictures. They were there before I left but have gone to the happy hunting grounds. I have been doing the hunting but am not happy. ☹ My apologies to those of you who sent them in.



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

Listed below is the continuation of the Class of 1961 (M-R) **FOUND, DECEASED and STILL MISSING**. If you know the whereabouts of any of those still missing, or have any information (names of siblings, parents, etc.) please contact me at nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net. Thanks

FOUND M-R

MacDonald, Robert B. - e-mail addy only
Markel, Robin - Arizona
Marks, Stephen C. - Texas
Marushak Butler, Lois - California
McDermott Kivel, Virginia - Texas
Meneley, James - Florida
Mihalik - Andrew T. - California
Miles, Robert P., II - Massachusetts
Miller, Charles - Colorado
Mohn, Randy - Florida
Monogue Colenso, Maureen - Wisconsin
Moore, Hugh C. - Georgia
Moore Coley, Julianne A. - Wyoming
Moorman Wagner, Virginia - California
Morfeld, Dale - Texas
Mortensson, Michael - California
Mottern, Robert E., Jr. - South Carolina
Mumbauer, Mary - Florida
Murphy Boyd, Joy - Tennessee
Navy, James R. - Texas
Neal, Basil "Ed" - Arizona
Neel, Chester A., Jr. - Texas
Nelson, Patricia J. - Texas
Newfield Alexander, Joyce - New Jersey
Nybo, Warren, Jr. - Mississippi
Ohrman Bernstein, Penny "Cris" - South Carolina
Oldham, Mike - Maryland
Olmstead Tims, Carol - Georgia
Olmsted Ellerbrook, Rebecca - Indiana
Opella Curry, Mary - Texas
Opella, Richard - Texas
Pederson Iverson - California
Percy, William "Bill" - Indiana
Pickinpaugh, Jerry D. - Texas
Pletcher, John M. - Maryland
Reinhardt Murray, Helen - Washington
Roberts, James - Virginia



Ross, Hardin - North Carolina
Rubenstein, Karl - Texas
Russell Hessler, Opal - Nebraska
Russell, Richard B. - California
Rutledge Branchizio, Jeanette R. - Texas

DECEASED

Mase, Ray
McKown, Susan
Milburn, Conn - auto accident
Overton, Robert C. - March 2006
Phillips, George - December 12, 1990
Phillips, Robin - October 2001

STILL MISSING

MacDonald, LeeAnn - had a sistser, Joyce?
MacGregor, Malcolm
Martin, Patricia - father stationed at Wethersfield?
Masor, Lois
McBeth, James
McCabe, Bonnie - Brother Casey?
McCauley, Linda
McGinnis, Coleen - not related to Richard
McGinnis
McMahon, Carolyn
Meyers Goodrich, Judith L. - also attended
Lakenheath
Michielangelo/Michelangelo, LaBelle
Milburn, Barbara J.
Miller, Robert B.
Miller, Robert L.
Mundorf, (Jetton?) Viginia A.
Murphy, George
Murray, James
Muse, Michael
Myers, Pamela A.
Nelson (Jones?) Sharon L. - possibly living in Utah,
also attended Lakenheath
Oakley, Pamela
Orr, Gail A. - No relation to Peggy
Overstreet, Michael
Pettigrew, Geraldine
Pieszak/Pieczak, Josephine

Plott, Patricia Jayne - attended Francis C.
Hammond HS, VA. Father - William C?
Pratt, John - Not related to Edward
Pritt, Sharon
Rafferty, Patricia
Randall, Rebecca E. - no relation to Stu
Rankin, Barbara - Col. Allan P. father?
Rankin, Darlene A.
Reese, Daniel
Ricord, Barbara
Riffle, Janet L.
Rigsby, Linda
Riley, Dale
Ross, Karen - no relation to Gail
Russell, Lynn - Attended University of Kentucky,
Lexington, KY

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