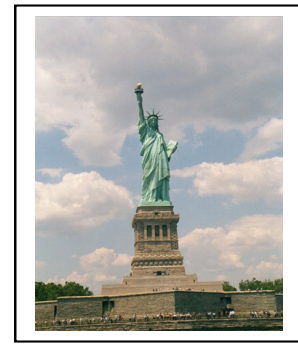




# Bushy Tales

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



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

## Class Representatives

1953 - Jackie (Brown) Kenny

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

1954 - Betsy (Neff) Cote

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1955 - Nancie (Anderson) Weber

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

1956 - Glenda F. Drake

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

1957 - Shirley (Huff) Dulski

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1958 - Pat (Terpening) Owen

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

1959 - Jerry Sandham

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1960 - Ren Briggs

[renpat1671@unedspeed.net](mailto:renpat1671@unedspeed.net)

1961 - Betsy (Schley) Slepetz

[bslepetz@comcast.net](mailto:bslepetz@comcast.net)

1962 - Dona (Hale) Ritchie

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## Roster Changes

### New Email address:

Diane (Lund) McMahan (58)

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Kelly Ross (59)

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Nancy (Mons) Oberliesen (60)

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Valerie (Filinson) Katz (61)

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Robert (Bob) Thorne 61

[bobthorne@roadrunner.com](mailto:bobthorne@roadrunner.com)

## 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.

Sharon Sue (Larimore) Slatten (56)

From her husband:

Sharon Sue Slatten, of Toledo, Oregon, left us on 2/17/07 Born in Vernon, Texas in 1937, the daughter of the late Faye and Roy Larimore. When her stepfather, Ben Holliday, was stationed in the UK, she attended London Central High School in Bushy Park. She met and then married a US Air Force sergeant stationed at RAF Station Greenham Common on June 18, 1955. She is survived by her husband of 51+ years, Robert Slatten, and three children, daughter Jeri Moser, and sons, Robert Slatten and David Slatten, five granddaughters, Raquel, Brigitte, Ashley, Mariah, and Betsy, and a great-grandson, Jacob. She is also survived by her sisters, Norma Cormier and Bennie Bledsoe.

A wonderful wife and mother, Sue loved to settle in with a good book, watch a great football game, or create something special in her painting room. She would scour antique shops looking for just the right object to decorate. An excellent cook, one of her favorite times of the year was Thanksgiving when

the family would gather for the big meal. For many years, she worked in the delivery room at Mercy San Juan and the Roseville Community Hospital; she loved working with newborn babies. Sue and Bob spent the spring and summer traveling up and down the Pacific Coast, and into Arizona, New Mexico and Utah, with their German Shephard, Sarge, along for the ride.

During her lifetime, Sue Slatten was a great many things, from wife and homemaker to parent, college student to Registered Nurse, a small business owner, traveler, and artist. Now that she has left us, her family and friends remember her, not only for all that she did, and all that she was, but for all that she gave us, beginning and ending with simple, unconditional love.

Remembrances may be made in her name to the Samaritan Regional Cancer Center, P.O. Box 1068, Corvallis, OR, 97330; Samaritan Pacific Hospice, P.O. Box 945, Newport, OR, 97365; or the Outpatient Treatment Center, PCHD Foundation, 930 SW Abbey St., Newport, OR, 97365. All those associated in her cancer treatment greatly increased her quality of life and to whom we will be forever grateful.

### **Sick and Distressed**

**From Don Miller (54)**  
[donaldmis@comcast.net](mailto:donaldmis@comcast.net)

My wife June and I suffered the loss of our oldest son, Don, Jr., last Wednesday (Jan. 26th.) due to a massive heart attack. We would appreciate it very much if my classmates and friends would include him (and us) in their prayers.

**From Tony Taylor (58)**  
[saltydog64@mac.com](mailto:saltydog64@mac.com)

Let's wish Nancy (Volander) McNieve of the great class of '58 a speedy recovery. Nancy has had some serious health issues over the past year, and on 19 February she will be going in for some more surgery. She should be home by the time everyone reads this, but I am sure everyone who has ever known Nancy will want to send her a note to let her know that we are thinking of her. Nancy can be reached at [nancymc40@aol.com](mailto:nancymc40@aol.com)

## **Memories of Bushy**

**From Wally Costa (54)**  
[grtwaldo@tstar.net](mailto:grtwaldo@tstar.net)

Sorry I've been a bit remise in helping you with the paper. I kind of gave up when my poetry wasn't all that well received. Anyway here's one for you if you so choose.

Be that as it may you damned near blew me off my feet when I read that Mr. Francis had passed away. Of all the teachers and supervisors we had in that abortion of a school we attended he is the one mentor I have the fondest memories of.

He was without a doubt a man filled with infinite patience, kindness and understanding. He was wise beyond his years and was intelligent to a flaw. He was a kind and giving as well. I will tell you a couple of stories about him that will kind of give you an idea of why I personally held him in such high esteem.

But first I must apologize that I never contacted him after I left school. I never even knew that I could contact him through this school paper. For that I am deeply sorry. We could have shared some personal cherished memories.

One story I will tell you and for those of you that are offended by harsh language please jump to the next paragraph. This story can only be appreciated by those that are not easily offended buy vulgarities.

One night in The Surbiton Dormitory myself and several other school mates who after over fifty years there names with one exception escape me were having a tough time settling in for the night after lights out and were continuing with rather bawdily conversation. In a short period of time the door to our room opened and Mr. Francis stuck his head in the door and informed us that the lights were out and to stop talking. He shut the door and we listened for the sound of his foot steps to fade and soon after the talking continued. After about five minutes Mr. Francis returned opened the door and in a more firm voice stated that the lights were out and to stop talking and get to sleep. Again the door was closed and we listened again for his fading foot steps and slowly, carefully our discussion

continued. A short time passed and sure enough the door opened and Mr. Francis appeared for the third time apparently much disgruntled and in rather a severe voice informed us to shut up or he would take steps to have us punished. He closed the door again and as before we listened for his footsteps to fade down the hall.

All of a sudden Johnny Meurer screams at the top of his lungs--- "@#\$\$% You --- @#\$\$% Me --- @#\$\$% Us all." A split second later the door opened and there was Mr. Francis. His words will be forever imprinted on my brain as long as I live. "That was a very noble sentiment John now for the last time GO TO SLEEP!" The door slammed shut behind him as he departed.

It took us several minutes to stop the hilarious laughter as it not only took us by complete surprise, the words were anything but noble. After the laughter ceased without another word we were asleep in minutes.

This story is of a more personal note. As all high school students know one of the more important events in our academic lives is the Senior Prom. An event I as all of us do with much anticipation and meaning until I found out, unfortunately my timing was late and it was long passed time I could rent a tux in time for the dance.

I tried everything to no avail. Right up to the very evening of the dance. Guess who comes to the rescue. You got it ---- MR. Francis.

He finds me sulking in the lounge and asks me what's going on. After a brief description of my dilemma he says "Follow Me". I follow him to his private room where we start looking through his suits. "Try them all until you find one you like" He says. Of course there were no tuxes and not even a dark suit. What's more I'm about six inches taller than him even in those days. I started to say thanks and leave but he would not let me. He insisted that this night would be one of the more memorable nights of my life and that he was not about to let me miss it. We finally landed on an ungodly pinstripe gray suit that was about three inches above my ankle and yet the best fit of the bunch. Luckily I was under the spell of it all and decided if I was to attend one of the most important events of my life I

was going to have to do it in this pin stripped suit three sizes too short.

Well I attended the dance and in spite of my perceived adversity I had a pretty good time. I did however embarrass my date to the point of her doing her best to disassociate herself from me. I wish I could remember who it was.

So there you are. Thanks to this wonderful man I managed to make it to one of the most important events of my entire life which under normal circumstances would have probably faded by now but for the kindness and thoughtfulness of Mr. Frances. He will always remain in my mind and heart.

**From Walt Hunt (56)**

[walt@lobo.net](mailto:walt@lobo.net)

Where was the Teen Club? In Regent's Park?  
What was the name of the house we met in?  
Wasn't it in the Royal family?

**From Michael Moorman (58)**

[michael.moorman@saintleo.edu](mailto:michael.moorman@saintleo.edu)

My memories of days in Jolly Old England are many and varied. I remember the bus rides to and from school. We lived in Ealing and then moved to the suburbs and lived in Heston in a semi-detached with a deep garden (a long narrow back yard usually planted in flowers and/or vegetables with a storage shed for tools, etc.) One of my most vivid memories is the effort I put forth to visit my girl friend on weekends when it was appropriate. (Her step-father was stationed far enough outside London that she lived in the dorms during the week.)

If we were out of school for a break or whatever, I would travel to her home to visit on Saturdays. I would get up about eight, get cleaned up, eat breakfast, find some books to read, and set off about nine. From our house in Heston (southwest of London) I would walk to the tube station at Hounslow West. I would take the tube into London then transfer to another line to go to the northwest. At the end of this line, I took a Green Line bus to a stop in the middle of the English countryside. From there it was about a half-mile walk to her house.

If I caught the trains and buses correctly, the travel time on public transport was about two and a half hours to get to her house. With walking time and all the rest, it was more like three and a half to four hours from my house to hers. This meant that I got there about twelve thirty or one.

We would have lunch and watch TV. I recall that Robin Hood was a big favorite on Saturday afternoons. This was the series with an actor named Green as Robin and a catchy tune about “Robin Hood, Robin Hood, riding through the glen...”. It was, of course, in black and white, since color hadn’t arrived in 1957. If the weather was nice, we might go for a walk. Of course, her parents were in attendance at all times. And I recall her step-father as a large muscular man who to my teen-aged viewpoint had a really foul temper, particularly about teen-aged boys hanging around his teen-aged step-daughter. Or at least that was my impression. I was probably wrong but it wasn’t something I wanted to test. We did get in a little smooching but, as noted, it was severely limited.

So here’s the scenario. I get there about one in the afternoon. We have lunch (soup and toasted cheese sandwiches with the family), we watch TV, chit-chat with her mother and brother (step-father is frequently not there but his presence hangs heavy over my head), go for a walk, and do a little smooching (not necessarily in that order).

The last bus leaves at four thirty sharp and they’re almost never late. That means that I have to leave about four to hike to the bus stop. A few fervent but largely chaste kisses and I’m off.

It’s usually dark by the time I get home at seven thirty or eight and I’ve read my way through one or two books during the interminable hours on the bus and tube. I’ve spent seven to eight hours on subways and buses to spend about three hours with my girlfriend, mostly in the company of her mother and brother. And it cost me about five shillings which was a significant amount of money in those days when you could get into the movies for a shilling or buy a beer for one and six.

But I never thought it was wasted time.

**From Noel (Ahlbum) Bailey (59)**  
[baiey@verizon.net](mailto:baiey@verizon.net)

### **Life in London before Bushy Park – Noel (Ahlbum) Bailey, class of ‘59**

Now living in Leominster, MA, and would love to see you. If you are in New England, come on by!

As I have read other reminiscences over the years in this newsletter, I have loved reliving those years, remembering TAC, square dancing (which resulted in our being presented to Princess Alexandra), cheerleading and trying to do a backward somersault on the gym floor, the basketball tournament in Munich and our class trip to Rome are among the best memories (along with the sudsy fountain at Trafalgar Square that my kids got a kick hearing about when we were there in 1976.)

But because so much of our time at Central High was school (at least for us who went home by bus each day) it melds into my time at Fairfax High, and I can’t always remember who was where. (Hey – we’re all getting older!) What I remember more clearly was the year I spent at The Mitford Colmer School for Girls at Eaton Gate, just off Sloane Square. (I remember trying so hard to buy my tube ticket with an English accent – “haff to Slown Skwayeh” so I wouldn’t stand out as a foreigner.)

We wore uniforms, of course. Grey felt hats and heavy coats. Whenever I smell wet wool I think of walking in a London mist from Victoria Station to the school, and I think my Harris Tweed coat gained ten pounds of absorbed water! We also had grey wool blazers with the school crest, but I recall that we wore our regular clothes with the blazer. Then, for the summer there was a plaid cotton dress that was ill-fitting on everyone, and uncomfortable, too.

We entered the school through the basement – the “downstairs” of “Upstairs, Downstairs” and changed into house slippers for inside. After a day or two I was told that bobby sox were NOT appropriate for a Mitford Colmer girl! I also could not eat with my American style manners, but was encouraged to eat by piling food onto my fork with my knife, English style. It didn’t help the food taste any better – it was disgusting for the most part! Lots of “mince” (English hamburger) in a gooey gravy

with potatoes in the winter, with steamed pudding for dessert that I called “laundry pudding” because that’s what it smelled like! Summer term we had tennis once a week and on those days I was able to go home with a friend for lunch and skip the salad that once came with a real live garden slug – I guess that was the protein! Oh, and tissues! I was not allowed to use tissues when I had a cold, but had to carry a handkerchief...the less said about that the better.

I was in the upper form or grade with six or seven other girls from all over the world. That was a wonderful part of the school – we were from the US, England, Holland, Iran, Pakistan, Canada, and maybe more places. We had many different subjects in smaller doses than I got in high school, and I loved the time we spent drawing maps of different parts of the British Isles – I think I could still do some from memory. Our room was on the top floor of the row house that was the school. I remember being cold most of the time (no bobby sox, remember!) and jealous that our teacher, Miss Parrott, had an electric heater at her feet.

On “sports day” we formed a proper queue and walked to the park where we played rounders, sort of like baseball. We must have done more than that and the summer tennis at Battersea Park, but if so, it’s gone. Two of the girls in my class went riding in Hyde Park (“Rotten Row” was named because of all the horses that used it) and I joined them a few times. I didn’t have proper riding clothes, just jeans, and was given the largest horse, Pegasus, because no one else wanted him. Pegasus either lagged behind and tried to spend all our time chomping on grass, or he plunged ahead of everyone else and took off at a gallop. After my two friends were thrown, one in the middle of Marble Arch as we rode back to the stable, I decided that my riding days were over. I have ridden since, but horses and I have a tenuous relationship at best, and whenever my daughter, Emily, would ask me to hold her pony when we were at a show, the beast would step on my foot and eat something not on it’s diet, like flowers from a hat, or a hot dog, or something.

At Mitford Colmer the students were divided into two teams or “houses” for academic competition, and I was in the House of Lancaster. I was very surprised (and pleased!) that I was the top student

for our House the last two of three terms I spent there. I will readily admit that The Mitford Colmer School for Girls was not challenging academically, although in other ways it was like being on another planet. I never found out just why my parents decided that I’d leave MC and go to Bushy Park – maybe I started acting as if I were from another planet and thought it was time to bring me home. I am so thankful that they did!

**From Gary Brown (62)**  
[jangary@turbonet.com](mailto:jangary@turbonet.com)

We’re having an ongoing family discussion (read argument) that your readers might be able to shed some light on. When we arrived in England and docked at Southampton, we spent some time at a U.S. facility somewhere in the Salisbury Plain for a brief time that had a billiards/game room, record player for dancing, free soft drinks, sports equipment that could be checked out and free picnic lunches that were available just for the asking. We also met kids staying at that facility who were returning to the states. The question is: Was that facility a place where U.S. families stayed immediately after getting off the boat, or did families get on the “Boat Train” and go directly to London, where they got settled, found a residence, etc., then returned to that resort type facility for a period (for whatever reason) before going to their assignment? Does anyone remember that facility, what the name and location was, and its purpose? Memories are getting so foggy (pun intended) from back then that it gets difficult to put them into proper sequence. Any pictures?

Also, we remember going to the Teen Club but aren’t sure where it was or how we got in. Was it on the base in West Ruislip, and did you need a Military I.D. card to get in? I remember a pub across the road from the entrance and an elevated tube station platform nearby. I think all the Teen Club consisted of was a large room with a record player (everyone brought their own records) a coke machine and a pool table. Does anyone have any pictures?

**From Candy (Jeffers) Lovegrove (61)**  
[candylovegrove@hotmail.com](mailto:candylovegrove@hotmail.com)

My Bushy Park Days

I came to England in 1958 with my mother and two sisters. My mother was a civilian architect with the Navy and we all went to Bushy Park schools – I to Central High and my sisters to the elementary school. My sister, Judy (then aged 13 or 14) was madly in love with one of the sergeants – Fred Caston - and used to do everything she could to see him, talk to him and photograph him. I think he must have been in his 30's by then and not at all interested in that little kid. She was also a real devil on the bus. We lived in Bayswater and so took the school bus to and from school every day. On the day that the bus driver we'd had for a long time was leaving she plotted to 'de-bag' him with the help of some of her friends. I think the new driver was driving and was being directed by the one who was leaving. I'm sure that some of you out there will remember that day!

I am writing this little note now as a result of Mr. Wernett's typing class. I wasn't much good then but somehow got the basics into my head – and my fingers – so that years later I can still use a keyboard, albeit a computer keyboard rather than a typewriter.

I enjoyed my days at Central High School but even more I enjoyed the Teen Age Club at the Columbia Club. At one time I was the secretary/treasurer and my boyfriend, Mike Katz, was the president. We had a whale of a time buying new 45's and thinking up themes for Saturday night dances. I seem to remember we used to sneak out to a pub not far away for halves of bitter with Happy Chalmers, Skip and Barbara Bemis and others. Parties were fun, too, with loads of people. I remember a girl called Jill who lived in Camden Hill near the Bemis's and Mia Farrow's brother, Pat, who had a lovely car. I also remember a boy called Tex (I think) who put a lighted firework in his pocket for some unknown reason and ended up with a hole in his leg.

These things happened nearly 50 years ago and I sometimes wonder where my old friends and fellow bus travellers are and what they're up to. I've stayed in England; have a daughter, a granddaughter, a husband and a dog. I've moved to the seaside and have more or less retired though I do sell vintage games and jigsaw puzzles on my website ([www.nostalgagames.net](http://www.nostalgagames.net)) and enjoy

buying them, doing the puzzles and trying out the games before selling them. I can't imagine there are many people who even remember me as, despite being a leading light of the TAC, I was a fairly quiet and shy girl and was only at Central High for two years but if there is anyone who does remember me and wants to write, please do. All the best to everyone.

## Reunion News

**From Carol (Albert)Yacovone (57)**  
[CYaco149@aol.com](mailto:CYaco149@aol.com)

Well it seems that 50 year mark for some of us is coming up fast. I know there has been discussion and wherever the vote is to have the reunion, I know, I for one will drag at least 2 more and try and be there. Cheryl, Shirley or who ever takes on this big task, I can only offer assistance and happy to do so. Keep us posted and let's plan to make it fun and easy on all...which it can be if we each do a little. Share your ideas and happy to help.

**From Sherry (Cheryl Burritt) Konjura (57)**  
[sherger@juno.com](mailto:sherger@juno.com)

Hey There Gals and Guys...

**There's an LCHS reunion in Kansas City over the weekend of 21-24 September, 2007, do you seriously believe you will attend?**

What we need are numbers. It's difficult, if not impossible, to request a proposal from a hotel, or even choose the right size hotel, without some feel for how many folks we can expect. So here's the deal, we need your answers - and rather quickly - to this question:

We're not asking for commitment (which should make the men in the crowd feel less threatened) but I do need an honest "Yes" based on your feeling that you really are likely to come. We'd like to hear from as many of you as possible in the next couple of weeks. I know that seems quick, but this reunion has been slow getting off the ground and lead time is important with these things.

So if you're sure you'll come, or if you think it's very very likely, do say so, and soon. If you don't answer but are interested, don't worry. We won't

leave you off the list for future info. But if you want to be there and want a reunion do send in your yes, and how many in your party. Also please pass the word on to those who may not have email.

Email responses to [liamsmail@verizon.net](mailto:liamsmail@verizon.net)

Snail mail to:

William W. Cooper  
9916 Dolby Avenue  
Glenn Dale, MD 20769

I know a lot of you are wondering why we picked Kansas City for the Bushy/CHS reunion to be held in late September.

So why Kansas City? For one thing, to quote Bill Cooper, my co-host and spoon hanging expert in this endeavor: "Kansas City is pretty doggone close to the demographic center of the country, which should be - on the average - a short run for as many as possible." We did consider other cities, but decided not to go too far North, South, East or West. There is a decent airport in Kansas City for those of you who wish to fly.

So what does Kansas City have to offer? A lot more than you'd imagine! Depending on the number of you who decide to come and what accommodations are available, we hope to book a hotel in the heart of the city. The downtown area is rich with Museums, unique shopping areas, Jazz, great restaurants and more than 200 ornate fountains! Kansas City has more fountains than any city in the world except Rome. Kansas City residents are so proud of this that there is now an unwritten rule that all new commercial buildings incorporate a fountain into their design. The city is also very proud of the beautiful Art Deco and Mediterranean-inspired architecture seen everywhere downtown.

Union Station was once the 3rd largest in the nation. It was recently renovated and is now filled with theatres, restaurants and a science center. Down near the river is the Arabia Steamboat Museum which houses over 100 tons of 1856 merchandise which has been recovered from the Arabia's sunken remains. You can actually watch as workers continue cleaning and preserving cargo which is not yet ready to display. There is an excellent Jazz Museum in the 18th and Vine Historic District. One of the prize items is a sequined sheath worn by Ella Fitzgerald. Count Basie, Charlie Parker and Big Joe

Turner are among the jazz legends who performed in this district. Across from the Jazz Museum is the Negro Leagues Baseball Museum which contains a great deal of memorabilia, a re-created field featuring 12 life-size bronze sculptures of league legends and you just might run into the famous player John "Buck" O'Neil. He's now 94, but is still full of vim and vigor, is the museum chairperson and drops in frequently.

One of the things Kansas City is famous for is barbeque and one of the reported best places to find it is a run-down looking barbeque joint called Arthur Bryant's very near the Jazz Museum. According to folks who know, if you love barbeque, this is the place to go. But get there early because by noon the line is way out the door! A local favorite is "burnt ends", slathered with Arthur's spicy sauce and served over white bread.

If barbecue doesn't excite you, there is Lidia's near Union Station that features daily "pasta tasting". This is an all-you-can-eat special featuring three freshly made pasta dishes. The Blue Bird Bistro near the Art District is great for vegetarians. The Grand Street Cafe is reportedly a great dinner spot and features Maryland blue crab cakes, served with a tomato salad and followed by grilled pork chops marinated in olive oil, onions, and fresh herbs which the restaurant grows in their own garden.

There are over twenty jazz clubs in Kansas City, but close to The Grand Street Cafe is Jardine's which is one of only a handful which feature live music seven nights a week. If you love a good "pint" and the weather is nice go over to O'Dowd's Little Dublin Tavern and enjoy a brew on their rooftop deck. Or just stay inside and enjoy that "brew" while staying cozy, warm and dry!

Something to definitely check out is the Country Club Plaza. This is a fourteen block plaza created in 1922 and modeled after Spain's marketplaces. It features close to 200 stores and restaurants. Watch out for Giralda Tower, which is a small-scale replica of the famous 300-year old Seville landmark complete with three mermaids, frolicking in a pool. The customer service office in the Plaza has art and architecture guides for those who are interested.

Last but far from least there is the nearby Benedictine Abbey which counts among its members our Class Chaplain, Fr. Aaron Peters. The

Abbey, just one hour away from Kansas City, would be a terrific side trip for those of you who drive. It is located in Atchison, Kansas just northwest of Kansas City and is quite beautiful. According to their website St. Benedict's is the third monastery founded in the "American Cassinese Congregation of Benedictine monks." They have been dubbed the "Kansas Monks" by their mother house which is in Latrobe, Pennsylvania. There is a guest house available for those who wish to stay overnight, however, reservations a good bit in advance would be recommended. Those who stay are invited to their community prayer, the Eucharist and meals. Donations are accepted. Go to the website and read all about them. You'll enjoy what you see there, including some beautiful photographs: [www.kansasmonks.org/siteinfo.html](http://www.kansasmonks.org/siteinfo.html) So what does Kansas City have to offer? I'm told by a person who once lived there and absolutely loved it, just about anything and everything a person could want and you might not have time to take it all in!

But then, we're going to the reunion to see each other...aren't we? And please remember that, although this is a special reunion for our class--the 50th reunion of the class of 1957, we also invite everyone else from CHS who would like to attend. We know these reunions provide occasions to reconnect with as many friends as possible.

Hope to see you there...especially you classmates from 1957!

### **This and That**

**From Gail Kelly (Faculty)**  
[martha.kelly@virgin.net](mailto:martha.kelly@virgin.net)

Gary - a change - here is the correct address for the West Ruislip Base's new incarnation - [www.londonmotormuseum.com](http://www.londonmotormuseum.com) - a change from the first 'address' I heard - because, as you know, teachers never make mistakes...yeah, right - whatever.

They sent me a handsome brochure with PRETTY photos - wasted on an old Beetle driver who was quite happy if the key went in the ignition and the motor turned over. Cheers, Gail

**From Windy (Parish) Gaines (56)**  
[mamyshamy@aol.com](mailto:mamyshamy@aol.com)

I married a man from the Naval Academy that I knew and dated before I left for England. We had six children. All are grown now and three of them this past year (2005) had children for the first time in their 40s.

I became a pre-school teacher for 35 years after the last of our children went off to school. My husband also was a teacher, and a musician - a piano player. He taught math at the high school and college level. He still plays the piano, but is happily retired, and life is good to be sharing it at home and with the new little ones in our lives.

**From Judy (Risler) Covington (60)**  
[LCHS1960@aol.com](mailto:LCHS1960@aol.com)

LIFE AS I KNEW IT (\*\*this is just a working title...I'd welcome other suggestions)

The positive side of life as a military dependent hasn't, to my knowledge, been fully explored, but merely touched on by those who had a negative axe to grind about their childhood, and how traumatic it was. That's not what I'm about. I couldn't have been the only kid who had a good time all those years, who viewed my life as fun and unique, and can recall the good times right along with the bad. I have chronicled, for my own enjoyment, a piece meal diary of all my years as a military dependent. Naturally, I can't remember every single thing about every place I've ever lived, but I can remember something fun about every place I've ever lived. Assuming you too have some fun memories of being a military brat, could you share them with me? Your age at the time of whatever was going on doesn't matter. What I'm looking for are the good times...and why they were so good. The fun times...and why they were fun. We led such a unique life. There has to be some great stories out there. We all know about the depressing, harrowing, traumatic side of life in the trenches. Now let's hear the other side! C'mon...share.

These are just sample questions. Feel free to elaborate as much as possible on any or all of them. Or come up with some I haven't thought of.

1. List, as best you can, all the bases you've lived on, or near, since you started school.
2. Can you remember any certain thing, or event, at any of these places that had a direct impact on you as a military dependent?
3. Did you ever live in a civilian community where there was no base close by? Did you go to school there? Were you comfortable there? Why not?
4. Did you enjoy your status as a military dependent? Why? Why not?
  5. How was the social life in these schools? Were you treated any differently because your dad was in the military? In what ways? How did you deal with it?
6. Did you enjoy being a military dependent? Why?
7. Was the constant moving traumatic for you? Or did you look forward to seeing what was around the next bend, or over the next hill?
8. When you were finally disassociated with the military, did you miss it? What did you miss particularly?
9. Do you feel you're a better person for having spent that time as a dependent? Have any of those years, or those experiences, colored your world? In what way?
10. What base did you enjoy the most? Why? How old were you?
11. What did you do when there wasn't anything to do? How did you enjoy yourself when there was no money, and nobody had cars, and the civilian kids didn't like you, and going into town simply wasn't an option?

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

Regardless of how you feel about the US war in Iraq, I hope each of us remembers that at one time, it was **our** young fathers in those uniforms, away from home. Please keep our troops (and their families) in your prayers. There are many more,

(younger than us now of course), Brats out there, worried about their dads. If you are so inclined, you can "adopt" a soldier. At one time, I had the website where we got the name of our new "pen-pal" benchmarked, but for the life of me, cannot find it. Try googling "adopt a soldier". You can pick age, sex, home of record, etc. and it will narrow down the field. Until we get these babies home, we can all do something to make their lives a little richer, even if it's our prayers keeping them uplifted.

**From Toni (Cooney) Clem (62)**  
[toniclem@suddenlink.net](mailto:toniclem@suddenlink.net)

Do you remember someone by the name of Mary Reinbold? (From Pat - I don't have this name in my database). She would have been class of 1962, but I'm sure her father was shipped out before she graduated.

Also the Air Force maintained a summer camp somewhere close to Stonehenge. Does anyone remember the name of it? (Note from Pat: The only thing I remember about it is my sister was a counselor there in 1959 and she and her tentmates made some kind of wine out of raisins.)

**From Jay Mercer (64)**  
[J@jamercer.com](mailto:J@jamercer.com)

The new Bobcats Forum has moved to a new location :<http://bobcatschat.com/phpBB2/index.php>

Click on or copy and paste the above URL link into your browser and join us at our new home. Sorry for the inconvenience but you will have to register again and go through an e-mail verification process to get in. It's safer for the forum this way. Less spam BOTs and junk. If you need any kind of help with this please e-mail me at [j@jamercer.com](mailto:j@jamercer.com) and I will gladly help you. Have only closed our Yahoo BcC to see if folks would like a more open place to dialog & share with fellow Alumni about more than just LCHS stuff. I will not delete Yahoo BcC. It is yours. I am nothing more than your humble, loving, want to help keep the history & memories of LCHS live for everyone to share and pass on kinda d00d Allow me to try this more open forum to help connect more Alumni.

On a side note, we have had four couples marry after finding each other here. Far out man ... I will gladly re-open Yahoo BcC (with nothing lost) back up if the NEW BcC does not work out for us. I promise nothing is lost.

Yes it is a little more complicated forum than the Yahoo BcC. We have lots of help here. Please just ask. The neat thing about the new forum is you can check "Notify me when a reply is posted" on only the topics that interest you. You will not be deluged with anything you are not interested in. You decide what you want to hear about. In your "Profile" you can decide what you want to see there. You are in control of the content you want hear about.

Note: This is not the Bushy Park website. It's a separate site which has lots of neat stuff.



**From Stuart Randall (60)**

[stuartrandall\\_1944@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:stuartrandall_1944@yahoo.co.uk)

Trust you guys are ok. Well, our island is in winter mode although temperatures are still good for this time of the year. Very sad to see LCHS is closing with this year's graduating class.

I guess it brings to an end what we used to call Happy Days. I personally would like to thank you for the pleasure you have not only given to me but to all of us. Living overseas on a small island off the Spanish peninsula can be a bit quiet at times. Looking back on all the newsletters over the years those who attended LCH have many, many good memories of school, West Ruislip teen club, London teen club and yes, the White Bear pub up the street from WAB, first girlfriends. I had all kinds of great times.

**From Tony Taylor (58)**

[saltydog64@mac.com](mailto:saltydog64@mac.com)

**(Editors Note: I had to split the last chapter into two parts since it was 14 pages long. Look for the rest of the story in the next issue.)**

## **A Continental Sojourn – *Europe by Bicycle* Summer 1957 (Age 17)**

### **CHAPTER 5 - Paris, Girls, and the Trip Home**

The train from Avignon was pulling into *Gare de Lyon*, a huge, bustling station in the south side of Paris just a block or so from the Seine. We had decided that our first stop would be the American Embassy to see if we had any mail from home waiting for us, and hopefully to get a recommendation as to a cheap place to stay. After checking the subway maps we went to find an escalator to the Métro trains that would take us to the *Concorde* station near the U.S. Embassy.

The Paris Métro is fantastic for its size and efficiency... it will take you almost anywhere within the city. As we were to discover later, some of the Métro stations are worth a visit in their own right, especially those that appear to be a station set within a beautiful museum. But the one recollection that I have to this day regarding the Paris subway is that the stations, the train cars, the people... all smelled of garlic... it was though bunches of garlic were hanging everywhere, but the odor really was coming from the breath and the clothing of the people of Paris. As I write these words my senses become acutely aware again of the smell of garlic. Don't get me wrong, I love garlic in my food, but I think that the Parisians may take it to the extreme. Maybe I would not notice it if I returned today.

Within minutes we were pulling into the *Concorde* station and taking the escalator up to the surface and into the bright sunshine. Here we were at the *Place de la Concorde*... wow! We were now in quintessential Paris... the Paris of movies and postcards. It was one of those memorable moments that make you stop in your place, and in your own silence you just rotate a few degrees at a time as you take in the sights and the world around you. This is the way one should first view Paris... emerge from a hole in the ground into the brilliance of the day. And what a beautiful location to have an embassy! The four-story Chancery of the Embassy of the United States of America is located right there near the northwest corner of the *Place de la Concorde*. As we learned, the current chancery was built in the early 1930s, but it reflected the

architectural design of the surrounding 18<sup>th</sup> century buildings and monuments.

We headed toward the Consular section where we hope to find some letters waiting for us. It was nearing closing time by the time we arrived, and the next day was Saturday, so we asked one of the Marine guards if there was any way we could have someone check for our mail before everything was locked up. One of the Marines made a phone call, and then told us to have a seat. As we sat there we asked him about what to do and where to go in Paris, especially for a couple of guys on a very limited budget. We also asked him if he had any suggestions as to where we could stay for a couple of nights. He told us that he knew just the place. He gave us the address of a pension on the Left Bank or “*Latin Quarter*” near Pont Neuf, the oldest standing bridge in Paris. He then offered to phone the pension to make sure that they had a room available. It did... and then a few minutes later someone brought us our mail that included for me a check from home! It looked as though things were clicking...we thanked the Marine and were on our way. After just one change on the Métro we were in the heart of the Left Bank, a district famous for its Bohemian lifestyle, literature and art; and a stone’s throw from *La Sorbonne*, the University of Paris. Most of the streets are narrow and run off at angles, but the atmosphere was captivating. I made a mental note to remember this place if I should ever return.

The proprietor answered the doorbell and graciously invited us in. She looked older than her years, most likely from a lifetime of hard work... she would have been a perfect role model for a character in “*Les Misérables*,” one of my favorite Victor Hugo stories. Our room was on the third floor overlooking the narrow, busy street. The WC and bathtub was just down the hall. Croissants and coffee would be available in the morning. And the price was right.... We were also within walking distance to the Seine and Notre Dame, and we could be most anywhere else within minutes via the Métro. One of the more memorable sights that I recall was the magnificent view from the top of the Eiffel Tower.

*(Side Note: I am now going to diverge a little and tell a story of Paris nine months later... an April in Paris.*

*I was now a senior at Bushy Park and spring break was coming up. Just as I knew when I asked Ric Henslee almost a year before if he wanted to take a bike trip with me on the Continent, I knew that spring break might be one final opportunity for an adventure in Europe before we all graduated and returned to the States that summer. This time I asked another good friend and classmate, Chuck Stewart, if he would like to join me on a trip to Paris during spring break. Chuck lived in London, so I knew him and his parents well from our involvement with the American Teenage Club (TAC). I told Chuck about the pension in Paris where we could stay for just a few bucks a day. He was all for it and we started to make our plans.*

*Well, word got around at school that Chuck and I were going to Paris, but it was some of the girls who started asking us questions. Three of these girls asked us if they could go with us... they were sure their parents would not mind. Chuck and I told them that it was fine with us; we would let our parents know also, but they really had to get the OK from their parents. The following Monday at school the girls said that they had each spoken to their parents about the idea of going to Paris with us. Their parent’s response was “no, you cannot go with the boys, but if you girls want to go together, that would be fine.” The girls were Sandy Kosanke, Sandi Johnson, and Kris Ludlow.*

*You must give these girls credit for coming up with a compromise plan... a very clever plan that had the outward appearance of toeing their parent’s restrictions. The girl’s proposed that we give them the address of the pension where we would be staying and also let them know which boat-train from London to Paris we planned to take. They in turn would make their plans according. Their plan was to make reservations for a single room for them to share at the same pension as where we were staying. They would then make reservations on the boat-train that was scheduled to depart an hour or so before our train. Since neither Chuck nor I had any “romantic” attachment with any of the girls, we all saw this as an opportunity to see Paris together, and Chuck and I would be there to act as escorts or protectors whenever we went anywhere as one group, or split into two groups. The plan was in*

motion, and to make a long story short, it worked to perfection....



**Sandy Kosanke and Kris Ludlow – Paris**

The girls arrived ahead of us and were settled in their large second floor room with sink and bidet [I was later asked to explain what the bidet was for... they had never seen one]. Chuck and I each had a room on the third floor. Most of the time we went out over the next four days we went as a group, whether to a museum or an avant-garde night club. We found one folk club in the Latin Quarter that featured an American expatriate who was a genius on the guitar... his signature song was "Jacob's Ladder." Instead of applause, we would all snap our fingers.

Over the next several days we saw all of the major sites of Paris, including a visit to Notre Dame Cathedral for Easter services. The huge cathedral was packed; we were sitting near the back. Since the service was in Latin, it did not matter if we could not hear every word, but it was a memorable experience.

As I now look through my Bushy Park yearbook I see where Sandy Kosanke wrote that "From the ride down the Champs-Elysées to l'Abbaye... it was perfect. I will never, ever forget Notre Dame by night – it is a memory long, long to be cherished." Sandi Johnson wrote in the same yearbook that "we had one of the most memorable four days of my life – then there was dinner at "El Cubana" and that play afterwards." (I don't recall the play-TT). Kris wrote, "Don't forget the wonderful times in gay Paris!"

One evening Sandy Kosanke said that she wanted to go to see a show at the "Folies Bergère," a famous cabaret that had been around since 1869. No one else wanted to go, so I said that I would be her escort; we would go Dutch treat. The only things I remember about that evening is that we had to pay \$5 each for a Coke (I think the bartender was insulted that we did not order liquor), and that the show featured actors and dancer in lion cages. After the show at the Folies, we went to another cabaret across the street, but it too was too expensive, so we did not stay very long.

Speaking of cabarets, one evening we decide to act on a whim and take advantage of a once-in-a-lifetime experience. We went to the ornate Paris Opera House with its opulent staircase to see one of France's most beloved singers who became an national icon: Édith Piaf, a woman of mystery who often sang her ballads with a heartbreaking voice... "the voice of a sparrow." Even though all that we could afford were seats in the back of the theater, we were enthralled... it was truly an evening to remember....

April in Paris was fun, but unfortunately, it was the last time I saw Paris. In recent years I have frequently seen Kris (Ludlow) Ravetz and her husband; they live here in the Northwest on Whidbey Island. I have also been in touch off and on over the years with Sandy (Kosanke) Frantz, and Sandy...now spelled with a "y" (Johnson) Thomas. Coincidentally, both Sandys married classmates from Bushy Park, Dan Frantz and Paul Thomas. I also still correspond with Chuck Stewart via email. I wish them all good health and happiness, and I hope they will enjoy this short tale of remembrance from those days when we were all so young... almost 50 years ago.)

After two days in Paris, Ric and I needed to get on our way to stay on schedule. That third morning was pouring rain. We took the Métro to as far as we could go to the east of the city. As we hit the streets with our thumbs out, it was still raining and with so much traffic it was hard to tell who was a local commuter and who might really get us away from the city and all its traffic. Our destination was for the second time: Luxembourg... this time to

retrieve our bikes that we hoped were still locked up in a dungeon.

Car after car passed us by... who would want to pick up a couple of guys who were obviously dripping wet despite wearing their plastic ponchos? But after an hour or so a small car did actually stop at the curb and we were offered a ride. Again, it was another French family consisting of papa, mama, and their young son. And again it was one of those little post-war Citroëns that seemed to be cut out of a sheet of tin and bellowed black smoke from the exhaust. Why anyone with three occupants already in the car would be willing to pick up two long-legged Americans is beyond me. And typical of the time – the mid-50s – neither monsieur nor madam spoke English, and their son was too young, so I struggled with my French as I was pointing to my map to indicate where we wanted to go. They were going to a village on the far side of Reims, and that was fine with us since it was on the route to Luxembourg. Late in the afternoon they stopped the car by the side of the road and told us that they had to make a turn down a dirt lane that would take them to their own village, so they could not take us any further. We were grateful for the ride, but since it was starting to get dark and it was still pouring rain, we were not sure what we were going to do for the night. It was Sunday and also a major holiday in France, it was Bastille Day, so by now there were few cars or trucks on the road, and there was not a house or barn in sight; just fields that had recently been mowed. We had no choice, so we walked a ways into one of the fields and lay down on the ground pulling our ponchos around us like a cocoon. Just as we had learned the last time we had to sleep in the open, closing our ponchos around us caused them to sweat on the inside from our breath, but there was nothing else for us to do if we did not want to be exposed to the rain. It was one miserable night with little sleep for either of us. By the next morning we were soaking wet from our own perspiration... and it was still raining....

We were not sure at first if we were going to have any luck this morning on this lonely road, especially since Sunday had been Bastille Day, and maybe this meant that this day would also be a holiday in France. But within the first hour of our standing in the morning rain, a truck did stop and let us climb in the covered back that fortunately had benches for

passengers along the sides of the truck bed. This was our final ride as hitchhikers... we were on our way to Luxembourg! We arrived by noon and found our bikes just as we had left them.

I wrote my parents a postcard that day. (*The Luxembourg postage stamp was a commemorative stamp honoring the 100th birthday of Baden Powell, the founder of the Boy Scouts.*) I told them “if we have time we may go to Rotterdam, Holland, for a day since we hear it is very nice.” (*As you may recall from Chapter 1 of this journal, I had told Joke, the 16 year old girl I had met in Arnhem, that I would try to come to Rotterdam to see her again before we returned to London.*)

We still had a long ride ahead of us, even if we did not first go to Rotterdam. It was going to be over 200 miles just to ride to Ostend where we would eventually catch the ferry home. We departed Luxembourg by early afternoon; the rain had let up some leaving just showers off and on as we rode north. We rode that afternoon for only about 25 miles, but we did find a wonderful place to stay for the night. It was in our Youth Hostel guide, but it was really more like what we know as a bed and breakfast.

Our accommodations were on a farm in a small valley near the village of Martelange on the border of Luxembourg and Belgium. A semi-retired farm couple who had converted part of the barn into lodgings for guests ran the inn and they served meals in their own kitchen. They called the place “Auberge Au Canard Sauvage” (*“The Inn of the Savage Duck”*). As it turned out, Ric and I were the only guests that night, so we were treated as one of the family. Not only were the accommodations comfortable, but also we ate better and more food than we had in a long time. As I recall, we had some type of a stew and lots of fresh garden vegetables for dinner, and eggs, country sausage, and homemade bread for breakfast. Madam was kind enough to pack us some leftovers for us to take on our trip that day. Again, Auberge Au Canard Sauvage was a place that I have not forgotten in these fifty years.

(*Note: When I did a search for Martelange, Belgium, I found an inn that I am sure is the same place where Ric and I stayed. It has a converted*

barn with 12 rooms, and as their Web site states, "The hostellerie also offers you a brasserie and a restaurant where you can spoil yourself with some great gastronomical meals." I am quite sure that it is the same place; however, it is now called "Hostellerie An der Stuff," or "Year of Stuff." I am including a photo of the inn below as it currently shows on the internet, and as I remember it looked like in 1957.)

According to my next postcard home was mailed From Bastogne, Belgium, apparently Ric and I had decided by then not to continue north to Rotterdam. If we continue to Rotterdam and then back down to Ostend, that would be more than doubling the distance we still had ahead of us as compared to riding directly to Ostend... sorry, Joke....

(Note: I mentioned above that I had mailed my last postcard home from Bastogne. If the name sounds familiar, here is an excerpt from Wikipedia: **The Battle of Bastogne** was a smaller battle in and around the Belgian town of Bastogne, during the larger Battle of the Bulge. The battle lasted from December 1944 to January 1945. During the battle, German divisions surrounded and attempted to capture Bastogne. The town was being held by the American 101st Airborne Division and Combat Command B of the U.S. 10th Armored Division. The Battle of the Bulge, which was mainly tank-based for the Germans, was fuel intensive. Thus, Allied forces needed to control all roads in the Ardennes to halt German tank progression. The seven main roads in the mountain range all converged on the small town of Bastogne. Though the American forces were cut off from their supply line, without cold-weather gear, outnumbered, and unable to be resupplied or supported by air due to some of the worst winter weather in years, the Germans were still unable to take the city. Bastogne became a large obstacle in the German armored advance because of the major road junction there. The morale of Allied forces elsewhere on the Western Front was boosted by news of the stubborn defense of this besieged town.

The most famous quote to come out of the battle was from the 101st's acting commander, Brigadier General Anthony McAuliffe, when awakened by an enemy request for his surrender: "Nuts!")

**From Tony Taylor (58)**  
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Americans may quit Grosvenor Square  
**The American Embassy is considering a move away from its world-famous Mayfair home.**

By Anna Hodgekiss

The United States Government and its landlord Grosvenor are exploring how to re-locate the American Embassy away from Mayfair's Grosvenor Square. The Embassy, a symbol of US influence in London to many Britons, has been a terrorist target since the September 11 World Trade Center attacks, becoming increasingly difficult to manage ever since. Security blockades have blighted the area, and a move for the Embassy would be welcomed by many high-powered residents.

In a joint statement, Grosvenor and the US Government told Property Week: 'We confirm we have been talking about the US Embassy's plans for the Grosvenor Square property. We are considering a range of options.' West End sources believe that the Embassy and Grosvenor are interested in mounting a joint bid to relocate to Chelsea Barracks, between Sloane Square and the River Thames to the south of the embassy. Defence Estates is in the process of selling the 12.8 acre site through Drivers Jonas, and has a shortlist of 10, including Hines, Middle Eastern group Emaar, US group Westbrook with Native Land, Quinlan Private and Quintain.

However, the US Government and Grosvenor are not on this list. There has been speculation that the Americans have been pressurising Defence Estates to accept a late bid, but this was denied by Grosvenor and the US Government. Their statement continued: 'We are not one of the shortlisted bidders for Chelsea Barracks, and we do not intend to join the process with other parties.' Any move away from Grosvenor Square, though, would grab the headlines, with all locations within the West End being within the Americans' price range – but not necessarily of the size necessary for such a significant move. The current American Embassy is 225,000 sq ft, and is the only embassy site in the world that the US Government does not own. However, any relocation would require a bigger footprint, given the security considerations.

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