



Bushy Tales

Dedicated to all who attended London Central High School
at 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



1954 - Betsy (Neff) Cote
betsycote@atlanticbb.net



1955 - Nancie (Anderson) Weber
nancieT@verizon.net



1956 - Glenda (Fuller) Drake
gfdrake@swbell.net



1957 - Shirley (Huff) Dulski
shuffy2@msn.com



1958 - Pat (Terpening) Owen
CHS1958@sbcglobal.net



1959 - Jerry Sandham
j_sandham@comcast.net



1960 - Ren Briggs
renpat1671@unedspeed.net



1961 - Betsy (Schley) Slepetz
bslepetz@comcast.net



1962 - Dona (Hale) Ritchie
DonaRitchi@aol.com

Roster Changes

New Email address:



Bill Grimes (56)
wrg406@comcast.net



Gordon "Rik" Henslee (58)
rikisstillbbr@yahoo.com



Virginia (Talley) Moore (61)
ginger.m@cox.net

New Addresses:



Noel (Ahlbum) Bailey (59)
Bai-ey@juno.com
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(603) 838-6367

Look Who We Found

Jay Berryman (55) No picture available
New Zealand



Jane (Berryman) Murray (56)
murray-jane@aramark.com
509 Snyder Hill Drive
San Marcos, TX 78666



Joseph Berryman (56)
joeberryman@aol.com
New Mexico



Rocco MacAllister (57)
mac5116@mgwnet.com
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Billie Jo (Moe) Crouse (57)
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79 Paa Ko Drive
Sandia Park, NM 87047



Michael S. George (59)
1006 NW Kingswood Rd
Lawton, OK 73505
NOT INTERESTED



Judy (Edwards) Ward (60)
1701 Allen Lane
Conover, NC 28613
828.256.4621
No e-mail address

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.



Joseph Paul Basha (58)
May 4, 1939 - January 30, 1987
US Army, SFC

buried Ft. Bliss National Cemetery
El Paso, TX



Mahlon L. Williams (58)
July 6, 1940 - August 9, 2007



Parke A. Williams (58)
July 6, 1940 - January 9, 1989

Reunions



Pat (Terpening) Owen (58)
nemoamasa@sbcglobal.net

2008 GATHERING and CLASS of
1958 50th ANNIVERSARY REUNION

I sent e-mail messages to everyone in mid-January. I may have missed some of you. If you did **NOT** receive the message, please complete the information below and return to Ren Briggs at renpat1671@unedspeed.net

Class of 1958 - please return the information to me (Pat - at the address above) as well as Ren. Thanks.

Hello Bushy Park Brats, Students and Faculty:

As you know we are planning the bi-yearly 2008 Gathering and the Class of 58 "50th Anniversary" combined in the Dallas/Ft Worth area. It will be in the month of October 2008. I know that it is several months off, but we would like to get an approximation of the head count to deal and work with the hotel for the best price we can negotiate.

Please go to Edit in your header and copy the following information into another message. Then click on Ren's e-mail address, paste the copied information, read and fill in the information requested and send it as soon as you can. It will be a big help to the committee.

Yes, I will be attending the "Gathering"/
Reunion _____

No, I will not be attending the "Gathering"/
Reunion _____

Not sure at this time _____

Number of people _____

Will require hotel accommodations
_____ (yes? no?)

Other arrangements _____
staying with friends, RV, etc.

Any questions, please do not hesitate to contact Ren
or Pat.

Ren Briggs: renpat1671@unedspeed.net
Pat Terpening Owen nemoamasa@sbcglobal.net

This is **NOT** the Reunion being planned for Classes
1953-56 in Nashville, TN early in October. For
more information on that reunion, contact Rob Lyle
at: Robvlyle@cs.com



Sherrell (Melton) Bair (60)
sherrellbair@yahoo.com

I just wanted to share my experience
with other LCHS classmates who have
not yet attended a reunion. I have
always been very apprehensive about attending high
school reunions. Mainly because of the horror
stories I have heard, and also the fear of being
forgotten or rejected by my peers. After all, I
haven't seen anyone since I left England the
summer of '58.

When the announcement of the class of '57 came I
thought about going. Just thought, nothing more.
Then a couple friends, Mel Smith and Peggy
O'Neill, contacted me and we decided it would be
fun to attend even if we didn't know that many
people. The three of us met at the airport in Kansas
and it was like time stood still. We just sort of
continued where we left off many years ago.

On the way to the hotel from the airport I'm
thinking.....okay that little reunion went well. But
how will it go when we get to the hotel? I only
know two other people. All I can say is that from
the time the three of us arrived at the hotel to when
we left on Monday a good time was had by all.
Everyone, and I mean everyone, was friendly and

very helpful. We had so much fun sharing stories
of the past, what's going on now and what we're
looking forward to doing. Oh yes, and let's not
forget the pictures and memorabilia that was there.
We laughed till we cried.

I want to thank all those involved in getting the
reunion together. You all did a wonderful job of
making the "underclassmen" feel very welcome.
The food, the wine, the fellowship was
magnificent. Since I don't know the names of all
the people involved in getting the reunion together I
won't name names but just say "Kudos to all of
you". Looking forward to seeing ya'll again.

Memories of Bushy



Mike Murphy (58)
Oldsalt1223@aol.com

Since I want the news letter to continue,
here is something about the 1958 class
trip to Brussels, Belgium. I forget some of the
things, but I do remember being told that we had to
have about 50 dollars each for the trip. It was a
student exchange with students coming from
Brussels to stay with our families, and in turn we
were to stay with a Belgian family. I remember
taking a train from Staines with a couple of other
students from 58 and meeting the rest at the
Waterloo Station in London. That may be different,
but I think it's correct. We then took a train to
Dover and boarded a ferry to Brussels. I believe it
was 3 or 4 hours or so. 3 girls and I were to stay at a
Belgian lady's house. We stayed on the 2nd floor. I
was in a back bedroom, and the girls shared a front
room. The worlds fair wasn't too far from there. It
was wonderful to me. I took in all of the pavilions. I
think we were there for 3 days. The American
pavilion impressed me because they had an
invention called the "Color Television" the NBC
Peacock was on it. I remember saying that it would
never work, ha-ha, boy was I in for a surprise. The
centerpiece of the fair was a round ball with
things sticking from it. I don't remember what it
was called now. I do remember it being the event of
my life up to that point. We then reversed the
procedure and headed back home. If any one from
1958 has any more vivid memories of the Worlds
Fair, I would appreciate them sending it into the
news letter. To all my fellow Bobcats, Happy New

Year and Judy and I hope to see you in Dallas in October...



Mike Moorman (58)
michael.moorman@saintleo.edu

I'm sitting in my office trying to remember some of the things that happened during my years at LCHS. How about some vignettes?

One of my classmates (58) was quite the party giver. His parents didn't seem to care if he threw drunken parties as long as it didn't get out of hand – or maybe they didn't know, I never found out. Not that I really wanted to. He would invite all of his British friends with the understanding that he would provide American cigarettes (much better than the British or French brands available at the time) while they would bring the beer. Since American cigarettes were rationed, it would seem that it would be a problem for him to supply a large amount of cigarettes to the party-goers. As a budding entrepreneur, he found a solution. Back in those days, the “butt cans” on most bases were cylindrical metal tubes with a basin at the top that was full of sand, providing a clean and easy way to snuff out a cigarette by just sticking it in the sand. What he did was for a couple of days during the week before the party he would take a bag out to the base and retrieve all the butts from the sand in the butt cans. He would take them home, cut off the ends and strip the paper. The loose tobacco would be put into a pile – all mixed together. He had a manual cigarette rolling machine, something that was prevalent in Britain at the time because of the cost of pre-rolled cigarettes. He would roll cigarettes from the “used” tobacco to make “American” cigarettes for his British friends. The Brits thought they were great and never realized that the tobacco was “used”. The parties were fun but I never smoked any of the cigarettes.

Another wayward thought, this one about friends. My best friend at Bushey was Dan Frantz. He was an interesting character. His father was a vice-president with one of the big food companies, Swift, Hormel, or one of those. Dan took lessons in classical guitar from Segovia. (I always wished I had some musical talent so I could do something like that but) Anyway, Dan had a car. We used

to take ourselves out chasing around the highways and byways in the middle of the night. If you've never been there, a lot of the British roads are just like those in northern France – remember pictures of the hedgerows that our troops had to fight through before they could start to move across France? Well, it was the same and they were about one and a half cars wide. There we are, dark as the inside of a cow, racing down these lanes at 50-60 miles per hour, driving with only the “parking” or running lights like all good Brits who wouldn't dream of putting on the headlights in the dark (a wartime trick, I suppose). I'm surprised we didn't die but we somehow never met an oncoming vehicle. We had a lot of fun.

One of my more bittersweet memories is of opportunity lost or never realized. While I was at Bushy, there was a family of two brothers and two sisters who were among the “elite” in the school. I have an image in my mind of the sisters dressed in long-sleeved white shirts, wrap-around tartan plaid skirts pinned with huge safety pins, white knee socks and saddle shoes. The sisters were tall, good-looking young women. Anyway, one of the sisters was a class ahead of me (57). I have to admit that I had a huge crush on her during my sophomore year but felt that she was way out of my league. It probably didn't help any that her older brothers were large and very protective, reacting negatively if anyone even looked at, much less talked to their sisters. I eventually found a girlfriend who was with me until I left England (as told in another story). So what's so bittersweet? My dad was transferred to Westover AFB in Massachusetts. I had to go to the Boston Army Base to take the West Point entrance exam and as I was leaving after taking the exam, who should I run into but the same young woman on whom I had the crush. Her dad had been transferred there (I think). We chatted for a while and as we parted, she smiled and said that it was too bad we couldn't have gotten together while we were at Bushy.



Jim Nichols (62)
sicnis_2000_2000@yahoo.com

I received the newsletter the other day and it made me smile. It is a welcome visit to a different time and place.

The article from Terry Sandry, was a visit to the long (coach) rides we experienced every Friday afternoon. There were two buses and a lot of "chips" were tossed on those rides. I, too, was from Sculthorpe and when I reached the base was driven (in a staff car) to my house. The hours were very late and the Sunday afternoon return trip was quick to arrive.

Yes, there were eggs, as well as everything else, thrown on those long, boring rides.

I was thinking of another thing that was on my mind before getting the "Bushy Tales" newsletter. I remember the "Loo" or the water closet (we called it a toilet) where you pulled the chain to flush it. My memory is about that pull chain. Does anybody still have one? or the end of one? Now, that would be a present from the past. I had removed a few in my time. (I was even made to replace a few). I was no angel.

It would make a nice item for the newsletter to find a few more "English" words to show the difference between the two worlds.

My favorite is to.. "Spend a penny" . Public toilets were pay toilets and a (large) penny was used to open the door. One of my ex- wives was English and had a ton of choice words to use on me.

"Ta, mate .."

This and That



Clifford Gunderson (Faculty)
cliff_gunderson@hotmail.com

Anglophiles,
Here is a "You Tube" site for the Royal Channel that

I received from an English friend:

I don't know if you have seen this but thought I would share. Of course, I am obviously a Royalist and it did bring a tear to my eye - makes me feel very homesick actually because one of the rituals in our house when I was growing up was to sit down and listen/watch to the Queen's speech at 3:00 pm on Christmas Day.

www.youtube.com/theroyalchannel

Connie



Rev. Aaron S. Peters, O.S.B. (57)
aaronosb@hotmail.com

Gary (and Walt)
As usual good work on the Bushy Tales.

I can't begin to tell you how much I have enjoyed reading Walt's cycling saga. I think it could be a best seller if he expanded, added more details, and sought a book publisher. My brother and I wanted to do the same thing when we were over there, but he was definitely too young at the time.

Shirley Huff Dulski ('57) has been in the hospital over Christmas and is in a Care Center for therapy for the foreseeable future in the Minneapolis area. She has a severe case of cellulites and a rather fast-paced heart, which for the moment is being controlled by medications (but a pacemaker is not out of the question).

I spoke with her last evening and she wants everyone to know how much she appreciates the cards, letters and phone calls she has been receiving. She also wants to thank everyone who has been praying for her. She is so very grateful and sends her love to all.



Pat Terpening Owen (58)
CHS58@sbcglobal.net The e-mail addresses for the following people are no longer valid. If anyone has a current e-mail address will they please let me know. Thanks

Byron Boeckel (60) bboeckel@houston.rr.com
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William Kane (54) bkane631@pacbell.net

Jeannie Thompson Fleming (55)

keybdgeni@fea.net

John Piety (56) piety@jcu.edu



Tony Taylor (58)

usna1964@earthlink.net

I recently spoke to Rik Henslee '58 to ensure that he and Barbara were safe after the latest terrible fires in Southern California. Rik reported that everyone in their San Diego community was evacuated during the height of the fires, and with the early winter rains weeks later the soot was still coming down on homes and streets. But the main thing is that they are well and did not suffer any damage.

I also spoke to another classmate, Fred Buhler '58, who was snowed-in by the early heavy winter storms that hit Nevada City, California. Fred reported that he and Margie lost power on a Friday morning, but that it came back on that Saturday evening. As Fred said "given the number of lines down, I didn't expect to get power much before Tuesday. We cranked up our generator so we had water (we depend on a well, so without electricity we also don't have water.) Even had hot water to take a shower. The winds on Friday were very strong. My guess is 60-80 mph. There were many trees down around our area, although we had very little damage on our property. Saturday afternoon it started to snow. Up the road from us they had blizzard conditions and over the past two or three days they have received 96 inches of snow. This is on top of an existing snow pack. So the ski resorts are happy. And I think we will be in good shape for water storage." Fred told me that there were about a million people without electricity in Northern California in round one of the snow storms.

Gitta and I saw Sandy and Dan Frantz (both '58) in late October. We were on our way back from a couple of weeks in Germany and our C-5 (Space-A flight) landed in Dover AFB, and Sandy and Dan's home in Easton, Maryland, was on our way as we headed for Andrews AFB to catch the final hop home to McChord AFB south of Seattle. They were gracious enough to take us out to dinner (Chesapeake Bay crabs) and invite us to spend the

night in their lovely home on the water. We hope to see them again this spring if all works out.

Donna Forsman '59 was in Seattle not long ago to begin a trans-Pacific cruise that was scheduled to visit more exotic ports in the South Pacific than I would ever dream of visiting in a lifetime. We had a chance to have breakfast with Donna and to visit the new Olympic Sculpture Park in downtown Seattle before she had to board her ship. For those of you who may be visiting Seattle in the near future, be sure to visit the new sculpture park... **Time Magazine** listed it as one of the top ten architectural sites for 2007. As for Donna's cruise, we need to have her submit a trip report to **Bushy Tales!**

I regularly receive emails from Fred Gruin '58, but his plans to visit the Northwest this coming summer are on hold the last I heard. Is anyone else coming out this way???

By the way, Gitta and I are hoping to make it to the Class '58 Fiftieth Reunion in October if it does not conflict with a reunion with some of my Naval Academy classmates that same month. We definitely plan to have another mini-reunion picnic with Kris Ludlow Ravetz '58 and her husband, Ted, once the weather turns warm... probably at Deception Pass on Whidbey Island, Washington.



Beverly (Gehrett) Wagner (58)

packrats2@sbcglobal.net

Many of you know that when Trish got out of the Navy a few years ago she wanted to write. Her first published book is now in print! It is a devotion book for mothers titled "*Fearless Moms' Devotions to Go*". I received my copy just before Christmas. What a joy to see a child's dream come true. The books are soft cover, and a perfect size to fit in a purse.

Visit Trish's webpage at www.fearlessday.com to check it out, or to place an order. Either way, you'll be blessed.



Ellen (Hollingshead) Steele (59)

emsteele@theinsightworks.com

Recently reconnected with Charlotte (Shar) Biggers (59) Hester. They rode the same bus

back and forth to school in England.



Wanda (Castor) De Vary (60)

mumszie@windstream.net

I have now added 31 more pictures to the slide show. There are now 242 pictures and it takes approx. 33 minutes to view. I am going to try to cut that down a little so it doesn't take so long but for now that is what it is.

The current newsletter is now online. January 2008 issue.

Also - Just letting you all know. We are moving again. My husband has been very sick for the past 3 months or so and the kids want us back closer to where they are so they can help out when needed. So this weekend we are moving back to Brooksville. We will be staying with my son until our house is ready so I will not be online for at least a month, maybe 6 weeks. As soon as I get back online I will let you all know.



Jack Fisher (61)

jack@mauirealestatebroker.com

I e-mailed Jean Lack (59) Griffing to talk real estate, having read her submission in a recent newsletter, and put her in contact with my best friend from London, Bob Desloge (61) who owns a Rhino Lining franchise in Charlotte. Our alumni network is just terrific.



Susan "Sue" (Miller) Dalberg, (62)

Wolfpaw81@aol.com

In case any of the airforce brats, like me, drool over the blue angels still. This is like being in the plane with them. Awesome!!!

The Story Continues



Walter E. Hunt (56)

walt@lobo.net

**BICYCLING EUROPE ON \$1.00 A DAY:
A Cold War Geographic and Cultural Memoir**

Chapter 10 - July, Denmark

I unloaded my bike from the train at Luebeck, on the German side of the border, and cycled across the border into Denmark, heading for Copenhagen, the capitol.

Mile after mile of Denmark was rolling hills. I stopped at a small village for breakfast, and was introduced to *Roedegroede med floede*, a fantastic concoction of fresh syrupy raspberries covered with freshly whipped cream. Denmark is the only place I've had this desert. I liked it so well I found a Danish cookbook with the recipe for it and took it back to my Mom. [Author's note: there are a number of recipes called "Danish Raspberry Dessert" available, but they all call for gelatin, jello, nuts, brown sugar, etc., etc.—none of which were in the recipe I tasted.]

The first night in Denmark, before the sun went down, I started looking for a barn to spend the night in. In Germany and Holland, I had always spent the nights at Youth Hostels. Since this trip was extended, perhaps for two months, and to cut down on expenses, I decided to sleep in as many barns as I could find. Before it got dark, I found a friendly farmer (at the first farm I stopped at) and bedded down. Early the next morning the farmer's wife packed me off with a small chunk of cheese, some wonderful homemade dark bread, and small portion of meat. What a treat! I found all farmers were accommodating, and all their wives packed great lunches. It was the Scandinavian tradition for travelers.

At every farm, the admonishment was the same: "*ikke roken*" (no smoking).

The second day I was passed by a small, three-wheeled, truck. The driver parked on the side of the road up ahead and motioned me to stop. He pulled a rope from the back of his truck and offered to pull me, which I accepted. We started off and he pulled me almost the whole distance to Copenhagen—the first time I had ever hitched a ride on my bike, although I had seen plenty of cyclists in Germany hanging on to trucks for a free ride. It was a nice treat since I had been biking into a headwind. In fact, Denmark was windy and hilly the whole way. Fortunately the hills were not that bad.

I camped at a farm on the outskirts of Copenhagen, and the next day took in the sights. My first destination was the magnificent zoo that I had heard a lot about. From there I went to Tivoli Gardens, a popular tourist place similar in many ways to Disney Land. I was fascinated by a flea circus at one of the booths there. The ringmaster, using tweezers, hooked fleas up to small carts and wagons, which they pulled across small circus rings, and did other gymnastics. Skeptic that I am, I looked for magnets or other devices under the table but saw nothing.

I spent one afternoon inspecting the various ships and sailing vessels at the harbor. I met a young seaman who convinced me of his need to borrow 10 *Krone* (a couple of dollars), and said he'd meet me at the same place the following morning to repay me as soon as he could cash his paycheck. He didn't show up. I went to the Danish office of the FBI, explained my story, and they let me leaf through hundreds of pictures of known criminals, but I didn't find him. I left and went back to the waterfront, and there he was! I ran him down, and much like my experience at the Farnborough Air Show, pinned this rascal under me. He gave me most of what was left from the money he had conned me out of.

I headed up the coast towards the ferry, which would take me to Sweden. Along the way, I toured Hamlet's Castle. It was just another castle, and I had already seen quite a few in England and Germany. I don't think that Shakespeare ever visited Denmark, or the castle, but I felt compelled to, since I had read Hamlet in an English class.

Traveling alone was good. Time, places, and destinations, were all according to my own whims. I could change my itinerary daily, and even make changes as I went along. All the other cyclists I met going in the same direction were not as flexible, nor were they interested in slowly absorbing the culture, foods, and people. All they wanted to do was peddle madly to the next town, and go to the Youth Hostel where they could meet other travelers, and ensure they would have a place to stay that night. My schedule was a leisurely 50-75 kilometers each day. That's only 30-40 miles.

Denmark is divided into three distinctive geographic sectors, or states. The western, and largest, is *Jylland* (Jutland), the second is the small island in the middle, *Fyn* (Funen), and the eastern island is *Sjaelland* (Zealand), where Copenhagen—the capitol—is. Today it is possible to go from island to island on high-speed roads. When I was there, it was by ferry. It took three days to go from Luebeck to Copenhagen—with the help of the tow from the truck. From Copenhagen to Hamlet's Castle, and on to the ferry at Helsingor, I was in Sweden the same day. When I got to the ferry landing in Helsingborg, Sweden, I cycled through it looking for the first barn to spend the night in. Because the distances I was facing were greater between the large cities, and my first major destination was Stockholm, I decided to increase my daily trips to at least 100 kilometers—60 miles—still quite manageable by any cross-country cyclist on a leisure schedule. It would take about five days to get to Stockholm.



Walter E. Hunt (56)
walt@lobo.net

Gary: You are doing such an incredible job with this newsletter.

Would anyone know where I might pick up an older Moggie, say '60-'70 that runs, but needs restoration.

Walt
(505) 281-4185



Heidi (Roberton) Penfield (60)
bkwr6006@yahoo.com

As always, have enjoyed your newsletter. Wish I had items to contribute, but unfortunately do not.

Thank you for all you do to keep it going.

Stuart (Moon) Randall (60) (No picture available)
footee1703@yahoo.com

Hi Gary.
Thanks for news letter, the piece by "Craig Sams" I also remember Peter Junkers and that big old car. I

lived in Pitshanger lane Ealing W5 in those days, not far from peter , returned to Canada/then military then moved back to London lived in Richmond. In 60/61 I played ice Hockey for Wembley Lions George Beech who worked at Amex got me a trial and for my sins got \$2-90 a game.

During summer vacation I worked at AFEX (West Ruislip) met a guy called Brian St George who got me a gig playing bass with Cliff Bennet and the Reblers also Johnny Kidd & the pirates. In 68 when I got back to London I played with Rob Storme & the Whispers (became Orange Bicycle) we had top 30 hit "You gotta carry that weight) Beatles tune, music career for me ended and returned to Miami where I spent 12 years(my fist wife died) I remarried Lesly and live on this island since 86.

If by chance Al Conrad/ Jim Love/sandy McMillan/Carol Massey/Steve Marks/Bob Brain(Reb) are still alive hi to you all as you as you made my life in England so memorable.



Susan "Sue" (Miller) Dalberg, (62)

Wolfpaw81@aol.com

Comments made in the year 1955!

That's only 52 years ago!

"I'll tell you one thing, if things keep going the way they are, it's going to be impossible to buy a week's groceries for \$20.00."

"Have you seen the new cars coming out next year? It won't be long before \$2, 000.00 will only buy a used one."

"If cigarettes keep going up in price, I'm going to quit. A quarter a pack is ridiculous.

"If they raise the minimum wage to \$1.00, nobody will be able to hire outside help at the store."

"When I first started driving, who would have thought gas would someday cost 29 cents a gallon. Guess we'd be better off leaving the car in the garage."

"Kids today are impossible. Those duck tail hair cuts make it impossible to stay groomed. Next thing you know, boys will be wearing their hair as

long as the girls."

"I'm afraid to send my kids to the movies any more. Ever since they let Clark Gable get by with saying DAMN in GONE WITH THE WIND, it seems every new movie has either HELL or DAMN in it."

"Did you see where some baseball player just signed a contract for \$75,000 a year just to play ball? It wouldn't surprise me if someday they'll be making more than the Presi dent."

"I never thought I'd see the day all our kitchen appliances would be electric. They are even making electric typewriters now."

"It's too bad things are so tough nowadays. I see where a few married women are having to work to make ends meet."

"It won't be long before young couples are going to have to hire someone to watch their kids so they can both work."

"Marriage doesn't mean a thing any more, those Hollywood stars seem to be getting divorced at the drop of a hat."

"I'm afraid the Volkswagen car is going to open the door to a whole lot of foreign business."

"Thank goodness I won't live to see the day when the Government takes half our income in taxes. I sometimes wonder if we are electing the best people to congress."

"The drive-in restaurant is convenient in nice weather, but I seriously doubt they will ever catch on."

"There is no sense going to Lincoln or Omaha any more for a weekend, it costs nearly \$15.00 a night to stay in a hotel."

"No one can afford to be sick anymore, at \$35.00 a day in the hospital it's too rich for my blood."

"If they think I'll pay 50 cents for a hair cut, forget it."

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