Class Representatives

1953 - Jackie (Brown) Kenny
JKYKNY@aol.com

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

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

1956 - Edie (Williams) Wingate
WingW@aol.com

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

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

1959 – John “Mike” Hall
MGHall@Q.com

1960 - Ren Briggs
rpbjr@frontiernet.net

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

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

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REMINDERS AND SPECIAL INFORMATION

1. Don't forget, if you're planning on changing your e-mail address (especially if you've been using a work e-mail to receive the newsletter and are planning on retiring soon) to let either Gary or Pat know so you can continue to receive news about your classmates.

2. Please try to remember to put BUSHY PARK or something similar in the SUBJECT line when you send us something. If we don't recognize your name or e-mail address we might delete it. (I've done that in the past - Pat).

3. If you decide you no longer want to receive the newsletter, just send an e-mail to either Gary or Pat and let them know and you'll be taken off.

4. If you haven't received your newsletter by the 5th of any month (unless Gary or Pat let you know...
If there will be a delay), please contact either of them and they'll get a copy out to you.

Roster Changes

New Email address:

Frank Janusz (Faculty)
frankjanusz@verizon.net

Betsy (Neff) Cote’ (54)
betsycote@verizon.net
(Editors Note: In the July issue I spelled verizon with an “s” instead of “z”. The one above is correct.)

Vaikai Brown (57)
vaibrown38@yahoo.com

August 10th
Johnny Maurer

August 11th
Ruth Davis, Clyde Smith

August 12th
Bonnie McNeely, Gail Lemmon, Helen Speed, Joyce Wilson,

August 17th
Ray Algren

August 19th
Jean Jones

August 25th
Richard Currier, Pat Wells, Dan Wright

August 26th
Judith Richards.

Look Who We Found

Timothy Cole (62)
tccyberdad@aol.com

Memories of Bushy

Ellen (Hollingshead) Steele (59)
emsteele@mac.com
I wrote about a year ago, after Fred Buhler

(Editors Note: Betsy (Neff) Cote’ (54) sent this list of Birthdays for August. If anyone knows of birthdays coming up in September please send the name(s) no later than the 20th of August so I can get them in the August issue.)

August 1st
Glynell Colwick

August 3rd
Sam Neves

August 5th
Lois Fontaine, Virgil Hammock, Joan Maltman

August 9th
Beverly Robison
and I connected. I knew him through the Friends of the Nevada County Military and the Packing Parties, but it was a conversation between my husband, Russ, and Fred that connected the dots.

I am so delighted to re establish ties with Bushy Park and the students who made it so special. After 14 military moves (Russ retired in 1980, Lt Col, USAF, my yearbook must be in some obscure box somewhere. Fred lent me his copy, and I had a wonderful time remembering classmates and friends from Bushy.

I attended Bushy in 57', 58', my Junior year. My family returned to Hamden, CT for my senior year. When I would remember people from high school, I had a hard time placing them in London or Connecticut. But, when I spent some time looking at Fred's yearbook, I realized that most of the classmates I remembered were from Bushy Park! They made quite an impression.

That year was so special. It involved a lot of travel, two summers in Europe. But, my days at Bushy Park were among my most treasured memories. Really nice people- the students and the teachers.

My last memory of Bushy Park was the last day. My friend, Sharrie Mace, found out we could go around and have the teachers place our grades on our report cards. We would not have to wait until the next day, or half day to come back. We had a chance to say goodbye to our friends and teachers, and we took a Double Decker bus back to our homes. We rode on the top deck, in the open air, and somehow that adventure remains unique.

Russ and I have a classic Airstream trailer, and enjoy our travels. Last year we headed across the country for 3 months, visiting interesting places along the way. When we were about to run out of land in Maine, we headed north to Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island, the Gaspe, Quebec, and Montreal. From there we crossed several provinces, entering the US again at Sault St Marie. We enjoyed July 4th on Mackinac Island, then traveled to the Black Hills, Yellowstone, returning home the middle of July.

This year we embark on a Book Tour in August. Yes, Russ finished his book on the Blackbird Mine, Cobalt, Idaho. We will spend a week of Book related activities in Salmon, ID, visiting old childhood friends. Then we will head for Vancouver, BC to visit in laws, and leisurely make our way through Washington, Oregon, to California. Russ' free lance writing is making retirement interesting. We continue to grow through new friends and old. Life is not dull! I do the editing for all his writing, which keeps me busy.

His latest book came from our four daughters and grandchildren asking for stories about Russ' growing up in the wilds of Idaho and Wyoming. He decided to write the stories down. There is a history of the mine, along with several chapters of family stories. The remainder of the stories, photos and videos are posted on Cobalt Memories on line.

Our daughters all grew up as AF kids. They live in California. We have a lawyer, a food scientist, a Drug Rep, and an IT Manager. I think they all have the camping and travel bug. This year's Family Camp will be at Big Basin State Park, in the giant redwoods.

I read the Bushy Park Newsletter each month, and so enjoy reading the stories from people who shared similar experiences at Bushy Park. Thank you so much Gary, for all your hard work. Your dedication is reaching so many people!

Dee (Davis) Roth (60)

deerothgarden@yahoo.com

CHRISTMAS PLANE CRASH – 1960

I attended Bushy Park my sophomore year, which was 1957-58. I remember the bus rides in and back from Manston RAFB where we were stationed. There was an intermediate snack stop, at which I bought a candy bar that I think was called a Cadbury’s Milk Tray. (My love for dark chocolate hadn’t been cultivated yet.) I also remember the occasional train rides, when it was too foggy in London for the busses to get in and out, and the very strict housemothers in the dorm, one of whom caught me reading with a flashlight under the covers one night after Lights Out. But my most searing
memory happened years later, after we were transferred to Germany. I had graduated from K-Town, and I was a freshman at the University of Maryland in Munich in 1960-61.

Twelve of my classmates died in a tragic plane crash on their way home to England for Christmas vacation. There had previously been a big school assembly with music, including the Hallelujah Chorus from Handel’s Messiah, and everybody had left for their home bases laughing and happy. Some of the kids who died were in the choir, and that music was the last memory we had of them. It was literally a decade before I could listen to the Messiah without crying, and I still have that association even after all these years.

I was the editor-in-chief of the campus newspaper, The Continental, and I came back to school early after the tragedy with a mission: we would put out a special edition of the paper, honoring all those who were killed, in time for the memorial service that was held when school resumed. I remember so clearly that I was nearly possessed with a sense of seriousness about this task and the importance of doing a good job on it, but I had very little material to work with. So I talked to people, located high school yearbooks with information, and collected their official U of M photographs that had been taken in the fall. For a couple of days, I carried 12 big index cards around with me at all times.

We put out the edition, just in time for the memorial service. Throughout the whole research and production process, people complimented me on how composed I was, how well I was taking it. But at the memorial service, with the task finished, I lost it. It was awful having to get to know some of those kids after they were gone. One I knew too well—Doug Avery. He was a sophomore, and when I arrived at Munich as a freshman, I had gone up against him in the competition for editor-in-chief of The Continental and had won. He was very bitter and angry about it when it happened in September. In January, writing his memorial, I struggled not to feel guilty.

After the memorial service there was one last part of the task to do: I wrote a letter to each of the parents and sent them copies of the memorial edition. I got some very nice and appreciative notes back, which helped a bit, because I had very much wanted a part of the tribute to be for them. Probably most of those parents are gone now, but I feel very somber about the grief that must have persisted for the rest of their lives.

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Reunion Information

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Mike Murhpy (58)
oldsalt1223@aol.com

Just a bit for the newsletter. On July 2nd, Thyra Caldwell and Dianne Drudy stopped by to visit on their way back to Colorado. Had a nice afternoon visit and lunch. Judy and I are headed to the big water park in New Braunfels Texas this week. I still like to ride the slides even at almost age 70.
Peggy (Corder) Johnson (54)
PetuniaPatchJx@aol.com

I am sad to say that my mother Elva Corder Born March 19, 1915 (Daddy was M/Sgt. Lon Corder) died tonight at 10:15 p.m. She had a massive stroke this afternoon and never regained consciousness. My Grandson found her on the floor at 3:10, called 911. She died of a stroke 7/19/09.

Pat O’Brien (57)
agentobrien@comcast.net

The class ring for the class of 1957 was Big Ben. What a wonderful sound. You can find it on Youtube. Look for London 2008 Big Ben rings twelve.

From Marshall Kremers (57)
mkremers@hargray.com

Two Family Reunions

In October, my twin sister, Margery ’57, and I will be celebrating our 70th birthday and for that we are planning a family reunion here in South Carolina. My wife, Paula, and I live at Moss Creek, which has a Hilton Head Island postal address but is actually in the town of Bluffton, a few miles west of the island.

My two brothers and their spouses will be here as well. Dave ’55, Bob ’59, and Margery (and her husband, John Franklin) all live on the West Coast. Margery and John live in Mill Valley, California. Dave and wife Vicki, and Bob and wife Maureen live near each other in Seattle. They are all retired but I'm still working (as a prof in the English Department at USC Beaufort, a branch campus of the University of South Carolina). That's why we are having the party here.

Margery will be making a gutsy effort to get here. She recently had both hips replaced and is just now getting back on her feet. Her support group consists of friends and, of course, John and her two daughters, Laura and Kristienne, who also live in the Bay Area. Laura has a daughter, Alma, and Kristienne has a son, Sebastian (Sabi). I’m sure she would enjoy hearing words of encouragement from classmates. You can reach her at spockie@att.net.

In a related development, we are going to have a second “family reunion” with Chico Kieswetter ’56. We will gather here later in October with classmates from Manhasset High School on Long Island. My wife, Paula, and Chico went to grade school together and had a lot of mutual friends growing up on Long Island, and then Chico came over to London for half of his junior year and attended Bushy Park. Chico played basketball with Bill (Grable) Rees ’57 and me among others. I’ve attached recent pictures!

Marshall and Paula (after a recent choral concert)
Remembering Jane Milburn Reid ‘59

Jane Milburn Reid passed away in March 2008 of complications of multiple sclerosis. She was an accomplished actress, appearing on stage in Dallas as Stella in “A Streetcar Named Desire” and as Sadie in the Steven Martin film, “Leap of Faith,” among many other roles.

When I was a senior at Bushy Park and Jane was a sophomore, we dated and became good friends. Jane’s father, Conn L. Milburn, who at that time was a military attaché to the U.S. Embassy, went on to become a major general and an assistant Surgeon General of the Army. Her maternal grandfather, Charles Reynolds, was also a general officer in the Army Medical Corps and served as Army Surgeon General alongside General Pershing.

In London, the Milburn family lived in Kensington Square near Gloucester Road and a favorite activity was to take Jane’s youngest brother, Charles, 7, on trips to the Regent’s Park Zoo. We also liked to explore around London looking for small eateries in tucked away places. A favorite was The Dover Buttery, which was located somewhere around St. James Park.

Jane announced her ambition to become an actress one day when we were sitting in her living room (probably playing two-hand canasta). I had asked her what she planned to do when she graduated whereupon she suddenly jumped up and said, “I’ll show you.” Jane moved a few chairs to make a little stage and then launched into the part of Cherie in William Inge’s “Bus Stop.” What struck me then was that she did the part without any self-consciousness or hesitation, and I realize now that she had been preparing for an acting career since she was a child. Jane went to Stephen’s College in Missouri because they had a highly-regarded drama program.

Jane was a quiet, modest person with a loving nature and a good heart who was absolutely determined in her career ambition.

Here is a link to her obituary in the Dallas Morning News:


Sherry (Burritt) Konjura (57)
sherger2@gmail.com

THE ART OF THE HANDWRITTEN LETTER

I’ve been meaning to write this for the Newsletter for some months now and have allowed a too busy schedule to get in the way. However, it is time to give thanks where thanks are due.

In this day and age of the internet, e-mail, cell phones, texting, twittering, Facebook - you name it, the handwritten letter sounds like it came from the dark ages.

All of the above named innovations have their benefits. Were it not for the Internet we fellow Bushy Park and CHS alums might never have managed to reunite. So I’m not disparaging the use of these wonderful tools to help us communicate. It is delightful to open my e-mail and find messages from my friends - and so convenient. I admit it - it’s addictive and so easy.

BUT - when was the last time you received a lovely handwritten letter? When I go to my mailbox I find bills, flyers, magazines and junk mail - bet that's what you also find in your mailboxes.

Imagine my delight at receiving handwritten letters from fellow alums! (You know who you are - I won't embarrass by naming names). There is something so thoughtful and personal connected with receiving that envelope containing a message of thanks written in a friend's own hand.
So I want to applaud and thank those of you who took the time to sit down and pen a message to me, then put it in an envelope, address the envelope, attach a stamp and then put it in what we fondly now refer to as the "snail-mail". It may be "snail-mail" - but it sure was a nice surprise and I treasure those notes and letters.

Please don't take this observation as a ploy begging for mail - not so. Just wanted to recognize the efforts of my friends and also pay homage to an activity which is rapidly disappearing.

Best to all of you,

Ren Briggs (60)
rpbjr@frontiernet.net

Well as you can see Pat and I are now home and back on line. After 7891 miles, 12 states and seeing many friends and family we are back to Bullhead City and 114 deg. temps. Oh the bank account is also shorter.

Please take the time to see this great country of ours. I know we are working on our next trip already. We must do it now when our health will allow us.

Robert Dropp (55)
gopdrd@msn.com


Drive to Texas about three time a year - help out with my sister (husband afflicted with Alzheimer's).

Have two more grandkids with daughter living locally. Keeps us busy. Son and wife in Virginia learning Chinese - enroute to next duty as Naval Attaché in Beijing.

Otherwise, same stuff, different day. Again, thanks for all your work keeping CHS London ’55 together.

Bettie Whitehurst (56)
coastlinenc@yahoo.com

Wow, that was a long time ago but surely does not seem like it.

What is going on about a reunion in Wilmington, NC??? I really want to attend that one.

I am still working for Homeland Security (Customs and Border Protection) - it is too funny - in the yearbook it was portrayed that I would be a customs agent!!

Thank you so much for the work you do on the newsletter - I thoroughly enjoy it.

Mike Murhpy (58)
oldsalt1223@aol.com

Gary - you've probably seen the first one, and I'm not sure that the BLUE FRIDAY thing is on the level, but thought they might be nice to use in a future newsletter. (Editors Note: If it isn’t on the level then maybe we should start it and make it happen.)

Blue Fridays

Very soon, you will see a great many people wearing blue every Friday. The reason? Americans
who support our troops used to be called the 'silent majority'. We are no longer silent, and are voicing our love for God, country and home in record breaking numbers. We are not organized, boisterous or overbearing.

Many Americans, like you, me and all our friends, simply want to recognize that the vast majority of America supports our troops. Our idea of showing solidarity and support for our troops with dignity and respect starts this Friday -- and continues each and every Friday until the troops all come home, sending a deafening message that everyone red-blooded American who supports our men and women afar, will wear something blue. By word of mouth, press, TV -- let's make the United States one every Friday a sea of blue much like a homecoming football game in the bleachers. If every one of us who loves this country will share this with acquaintances, coworkers, friends, and family, it will not be long before the USA is covered in BLUE and it will let our troops know the once 'silent' majority is on their side more than ever, certainly more than the media lets on. The first thing a soldier says when asked 'What can we do to make things better for you?' is, 'We need your support and your prayers.' Let's get the word out and lead with class and dignity, by example, and wear something blue every Friday.

Editors Note: Seems I need a filler to make the pages come out even. I have printed this a few years ago and since we have some reunions coming up next year I thought it was time to reprint it. It’s funny – enjoy)

The Reunion

I had prepared for it like any intelligent woman would. I went on a starvation diet the day before, knowing that all the extra weight would just melt off in 24-hours, leaving me with my sleek, trim, high-school-girl body. The last many years of careful cellulite collection would just be gone with a snap of a finger. I knew if I didn't eat a morsel on Friday, that I could probably fit into my senior formal on Saturday.

Trotting up to the attic, I pulled the gown out of the garment bag, carried it lovingly downstairs, ran my hand over the fabric, and hung it on the door. I stripped naked, looked in the mirror, sighed, and thought, "Well, okay, maybe if I shift it all to the back... 'bodies never have pockets where you need them. Bravely, I took the gown off the hanger, unzipped the shimmering dress and stepped gingerly into it. I struggled, twisted, turned, and pulled and I got the formal all the way up to my knees... before the zipper gave out. I was disappointed. I wanted to wear that dress with those silver platform sandals again and dance the night away.

Okay, one set back was not going to spoil my mood for this affair. No way! Rolling the dress into a ball and tossing it into the corner, I turned to Plan B. The black velvet caftan.

I gathered up all the goodies that I had purchased at the drug store; the scented shower gel; the bodybuilding, and highlighting shampoo & conditioner, and the split-end killer and shine enhancer. Soon my hair would look like that girl's in the Pantene ads. Then the makeup – the under eye "ain't no lines here" firming cream, the all-day face-lifting gravity-fighting moisturizer with wrinkle filler spackle; the all day "kiss me till my lips bleed, and see if this gloss will come off" lipstick, the bronzing face powder for that special glow... But first, the roll-on facial hair remover. I could feel the wrinkles shuddering in fear.

OK - time to get ready...I jumped into the steaming shower, soaped, lathered, rinsed, shaved, tweezed, buffed, scrubbed, and scoured my body to a tingling pink. I plastered my freshly scrubbed face with the anti-wrinkle, gravity fighting, "your face will look like a baby's butt" face cream. I set my hair on the hot rollers. I felt wonderful. Ready to take on the world, or, in this instance, my underwear.

With the towel firmly wrapped around my glistening body, I pulled out the black lace, tummy-tucking, cellulite-pushng, ham hock-rounding girdle, and the matching "lifting those bosoms like they're filled with helium" bra. I greased my body with the scented body lotion and began the plunge. I
pulled, stretched, tugged, hiked, folded, tucked, twisted, shimmied, hopped, pushed, wiggled, snapped, shook, caterpillar crawled, and kicked.

Sweat poured off my forehead but I was done. And it didn't look bad. So I rested. A well deserved rest, too. The girdle was on my body. Bounce a quarter off my behind? It was tighter than a trampoline. Can you say, "Rubber baby buggy bumper butt?" Okay, so I had to take baby steps, and walk sideways, and I couldn't move from my butt cheeks to my knees. But I was firm!

Oh no...I had to go to the bathroom. And there wasn't a snap crotch. From now on, undies gotta have a snap crotch. I was ready to rip it open and re-stitch the crotch with Velcro, but the pain factor from past experiments was still fresh in my mind. I quickly side stepped to the bathroom.

An hour later, I had answered nature's call and repeated the struggle into the girdle. I was ready for the bra. I remembered what the saleslady said to do. I could see her glossed lips mouthing, "Do not fasten the bra in the front, and twist it around. Put the bra on the way it should be worn ---straps over the shoulders. Then bend over and gently place both breasts inside the cups." Easy if you have four hands. But, with confidence, I put my arms into the holsters, bent over and pulled the bra down...but the boobs weren't cooperating. I'd no sooner tuck one in a cup, and while placing the other, the first would slip out. I needed a strategy. I bounced up, and down a few times, tried to dribble them in with short bunny hops, but that didn't work. So, while bent over, I began rocking gently back and forth on my heel and toes and I set 'em to swinging. Finally, on the fourth swing, pause, and lift, I captured the gliding glands. Quickly fastening the back of the bra, I stood up for examination. Back straight, slightly arched, I turned and faced the mirror, turning front, and then sideways. I smiled. Yes, Houston, we have lift up! My breasts were high, firm and there was cleavage! I was happy until I tried to look down. I had a chin rest. And I couldn't see my feet. I still had to put on my pantyhose, and shoes. Oh... why did I buy heels with buckles? Then I had to pee again.

I put on my sweats, fixed myself a drink, ordered pizza, and skipped the reunion.

Thirty great memories about music that caused our parents and teachers grief! Take the quiz and see how you score as a true 'Oldies Fan.' Write down your answers and check them against the answers at the end. Don't cheat, now!

7. He asked, 'Why's everybody always pickin' on me?' Who was he?
   (a) Bad, Bad Leroy Brown
   (b) Charlie Brown
   (c) Buster Brown

8. Bobby Darin's 'Mack The Knife,' the one with the knife, was named:
   (a) MacHeath
   (b) MacCloud
   (c) MacNamara

9. Name the song with 'A-wop bop a-loo bop a-lop bam boom.'
   (a) Good Golly, Miss Molly
   (b) Be- Bop-A-Lula
   (c) Tutti Fruitti

10. Who is generally given credit for originating the term 'Rock And Roll'?
    (a) Dick Clark
    (b) Wolfman Jack
    (c) Alan Freed

11. In 1957, he left the music business to become a preacher:
    (a) Little Richard
    (b) Frankie Lymon
    (c) Tony Orlando

Answers:
7. (b) Charlie Brown
8. (a) MacHeath
9. (c) Tutti Fruitti
10.(c) Alan Freed
11. (a) Little Richard