



Bushy Tales

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



Issue #11

January 2009

Volume #8

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



1958 - Pat (Terpening) Owen
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1959 - Jerry Sandham
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1960 - Ren Briggs
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1961 - Betsy (Schley) Slepetz
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1962 - Dona (Hale) Ritchie
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Roster Changes

New Email address:



Suzanne "Snookie" (Garrison) Mayo
(54)
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Memories of Bushy



Peter Burnett (58)
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CHAPTER 2

It got cold standing across from the Newmarket
Swimming Baths ---- sometimes a wee dram of

something was in order to take the chill away!
What's a "dormie" someone wrote? ---- That was a student who lived at Bushy in the dormitory. Most of us went home on Fridays, but Steve Wilson, who lived in Oslo, only when home every couple of months.

Phyllis Moore would already be on the coach. I had a crush on Ms. Moore, however, she was a devout Christian girl and probably wouldn't have wanted to "neck" all the way to Kingston and share a "wee dram"! I did however think her beautiful, even if she was a junior, and I only a lowly frosh, not worthy to carry her books. Charley Andrews (56), who later became famous in Europe singing C&W under the name of "Licksillet Slim" and Kinny Vines (57) also rode out of Newmarket. We would stop about half-way just before entering metro London at a pub and score on those English ham sandwiches slathered up with Coleman's Mustard --- delicious!

The English bus drivers were usually good guys and went out of their way to cooperate and help. However, one Friday, as we were leaving Bushy Park, colours were being lowered. The clown refused to stop the bus and let someone exit to salute the ceremony. His career was short --- we never saw the guy again --- probably transferred to the Eastern Front..

After about two plus hours, the bus pulled into Bushy Park and we exited to our dorm. I was initially rooming with Fred Shantz, a fellow classmate from Lakenheath. However, Fred was a practical joker and I had to seek other refuge! Fates led me to a guy that was a soul mate type guy, no less than Steve MacElroy (MG, USAF Ret). Yeah, that's right, the same Steve MacElroy who was reportedly deported in 1956 for falling through the girls dorm roof while seeking action (we listed Steve as "kia"). His father was base commander at Greenham Common, a fighter Ace of WW11 and one embarrassed Colonel! I was proud to know Steve; he was a wonderful friend and my kind of guy --- obviously a bit horny at times! We did the usual over the fence after study hall to conduct commando raids in the park or Hampton Court. Sometimes we ran into Mike Murphy going, coming, or in the local pub. Officially, Steve was

sent to his Grandpa in Pennsylvania; however, I really feel that he was incarcerated in an Amish community to mend his ways and repent his sins or planned sins on that roof! Steve, his beautiful wife and I had dinner together about five years ago in Austin, Texas. I was pleased to see him changed little with his value system still intact!

I lived in Donald Leighton's freshman residential wing. He was a wonderful caring man, an RAF veteran, who had our interests and growth genuinely in his heart. He took us to climb the White Cliffs of Dover over a wet weekend in big camping tents. We had great fun, and I had recently learned some new hymns at the Billy Graham rally at Wembley. Rock of Ages seemed appropriate with ever step up that white mass, and I that that if I sang this for Phyllis Moore she would surely be impressed!

I usually arrived at Bushy on Sunday night with \$5.00 in my jeans --- pretty good for a Master Sergeant's kid I thought. Down the hall, Dad Monroe's wing was on the left (Cat's Cave). I turned right for the game room and the pool tables. Remember, I was a moral degenerate in those days! Usually I was able to increase my investment from \$5 to \$25 or so. I also remember a Mr. Churchill, Peter, I believe, who also was a kind and interesting dorm dad. Some of us drove these brave men to near insanity!

There were the usual curiosities off base – teddy boys, the Elephant and Castle, the tubes and all the wonderful sites of London to see. We were able to attend the Harlem Globetrotters (Goose Tatum) ---- geez; the guy was seven feet tall! Also, I learned that Billy Graham was doing his thing at Wembley. The show really go my attention when Volney Farned, our esteemed principal, decreed that anyone wanting to go could leave school on the twelve noon buses ----- I became an "instant Christian" and was gone to see Billy G. ---- Besides I suspected that Phyllis Moore was going! All kidding aside, I heard some of the most beautiful music from George Beverly Shea, and truly great words from Billy G! And, I must cop to the admission that much of what I heard has guided me in life!

It was no surprise that we, American lads, could get into the local pubs in our early years. American lads looked older than our English counterparts, so it was easy to spend a quid or two, enjoy darts, and try our skill at billiards and snooker. Snooker was a difficult game for me. It is played on a table much larger and wider than our pool table, with rounded corners on the six pockets. Even with my weekends totally devoted to practice at the Carlton Hotel's bar in Newmarket, I never mastered the game.

Well, if anyone is up to a Chapter 3 of this self imposed drivel, I will tell you how I joined the RAF and saved England!? Want a clue? ---- "Dick Schroeder".

This and That



Pat O'Brien (57)

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Just how old are we? Remember: Piggly Wiggly stores, Party Lines, Burma Shave road signs. What about 10 cent cokes at the Drug Store counter. The B-36, or the F86. Did your dad have squirrel knobs on his steering wheel? I bet you remember Buster Brown Shoes, and looking at your feet as through you were looking at an x-ray. Ted Mack's Armature Hour, or Fred and Ethyl Mertz. Life before fast foods. (although we did have Wimpies(sp) in London) Skate Keys. Tang, The Lone Ranger (and Tonto). Dragnet starring Jack Webb, or Princess telephones (usually pink & aqua. 25 cent school lunches or Broderick Crawford in Highway Patrol, MARBLES: STEELIES, AGGIES, CAT EYES, AND BOULDERS, Flag salutes in schools off base.. Mimeograph machines

Poodle skirts, Black and white saddle shoes, Pegged jeans. Flat top hair, or Home permanent waves (usually frizzy) What ever happened to Smokey the bear? AND, DO YOU REMEMBER THE

PADDLE IN THE SCHOOL PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE. There is a site www.beerinthevening/pubs that you can look up

the pub or cafe you enjoyed. Most I have looked at are still there happy holidays.



Judy (Risler) Covington (60)

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Wanted to let everyone know Mike Murphy (58) and I have decided to make honest people of each other. We are getting married 3 January 2009! Hope all our friends will join us in our shared happiness.

Thought some of you might like to see an excerpt from "Memories of Bushy Park", just to see what it's like:

"...which brings me to the subject of food. T'wasn't the best. Our cafeteria, which at one time was the base mess hall, was located in the main school building. We were obliged to go to breakfast in shifts each and every morning, prompted by the clanging of the bells from 6:30am to 7:00am, at which time we were offered an assembly line of food, sometimes edible, sometimes not, depending on the state of your stomach and your willingness to journey into uncharted territory at that ungodly hour. You didn't have to eat, of course, but a wise choice was a cup of tea or coffee, neither of which could be screwed up entirely.

Attendance at breakfast and supper, another culinary experience, was mandatory. But lunch was not. Lunch tickets, purchased by your sponsor, were the only requirement for the noontime meal, and it was totally up to your discretion whether you used them or not. Some preferred "not", and ambled the short distance over to the teen club to meet friends, listen to or dance to a little rock and roll on the jukebox, and smoke a cigarette or two.

Sustenance came in different modes at Bushy Park."

Due to printing costs and postage, I've had raise the price to \$20. But I think you'll enjoy my effort to capture the essence of our school.

If you are interested in purchasing a copy, you can send a check to:

Judy Risler Covington, 114 Oliece Drive, West Monroe, LA 71292.

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