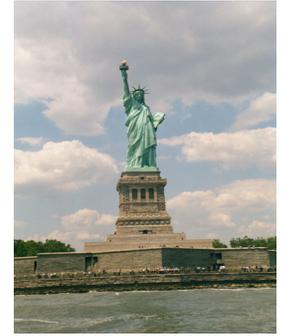




Bushy Tales

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



Issue #5

July 2011

Volume #11

Gary Schroeder (55), Editor gschroeder4@comcast.net
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@verizon.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

Reminders

1. We'd love to be able to remember everyone's maiden and married names and the year they graduated. Unfortunately, we can't, so when you send a note for the newsletter (or just a note), please remember to put both your married and maiden name (and if you used another name at Bushy, include that also), also the year you graduated. Thanks.

2. If you stop receiving the newsletter, it's probably not because Gary stopped publishing it. It's because your e-mail address bounced back, and without it we're not able to get the newsletter to you. Therefore, if you're going to be changing you're e-mail address please let us know so we can change it in our lists. Thanks

Roster Changes

New Email address:



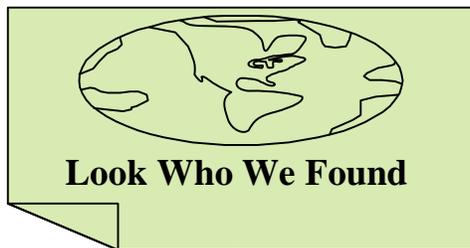
Gary Schroeder (55) your editor ☺
gschroeder4@att.net

The above email address is my new home email and should be used for anything you want to send to me. The only difference from the old one is what comes after the @. The @comcast.net one is not good anymore and if you have sent anything to that address in the past two weeks it has gone into cyber space. Please start using the new one. **The gmail.com address that I was going to use for the newsletter hasn't worked out and I am going to do away with it effectively immediately.** Too many problems trying to convert what was sent to a format I could use in the newsletter.



John Enroth (56)
johnemenroth@q.com

Stuart Randall (60) No picture available
yank1703@gmail.com



Nancy (Pedersen) Iverson (61)
chardonnay1@gmail.com

Memories of Bushy



James "Jim" Roberts (61)
robertsjim@aol.com

Reading Class of '61 president John Hoberg's splendid remarks opened a door to one of my memory banks. Out came tumbling some recollections of the senior class trip to Rome that he described, but only a few, drat. Like John, I remember Sharon Zink was on that trip. She was a pretty girl then who matured into a handsome woman now. I remain in touch with her (infrequently, she lives in Canada), but stay in better touch with her parents whom I periodically visit. They are the last living link to the time when my mother and father were young and alive.

When I next visit her parents, now in their mid-nineties, I will ask if Sharon ever told them of the evening in Rome when, while I was walking behind her, I almost lost my life. It was a case of Blind Love. Here's what happened: I was meandering innocently on a poorly lit sidewalk shortly after sundown. Ahead of me by maybe ten paces was Sharon Zink. In a flash, between us was a red sports car, a convertible with the top down. It happened so quickly I didn't have time to shout. All I could do is freeze in place hoping me and my blue suede shoes wouldn't be run over.

A young, hot blooded Italian version of a "Wind in the Willows" Mr. Toad saw Sharon as he was driving down the street; fell in love with her on sight and, determined to proclaim his ardor, sharply swerved ninety degrees from the street onto the sidewalk. He expertly drove between me and the object of his affection, Sharon. I recall that she was unfazed by the extraordinary event. She never stopped smiling or laughing. I also recall that I said not a word. I was focused on struggling, with as much composure as I could muster, to navigate around the rear end of the car and back onto the sidewalk.

While doing so, I conveyed with true Italian flair a singular hand gesture toward Sharon's admirer, the suitor wannabe in the red sports car. He never

acknowledged me, but I know he heard me. I had fresh heel taps on those blue suede shoes.

This trip also marked my very first international trade. While John Hoberg was being bedeviled by flesh peddlers in Naples, I was negotiating in the same city, no doubt at the same time, a transaction with a street purveyor of fancy watches. Once he determined I was interested, he displayed his wares by removing his long sleeved shirt. Sure 'nuff, there they were. He had maybe fifteen watches on each arm running from his wrists to his biceps. It was a singularly unique display of watches; one I've never seen since. They were all more or less the same money; all purportedly new Swiss-made, each with lots of jewels (inside the works, not on the face).

Not owning a watch, I was suffused by the logic train "if not now, when; if not me, who." I decided then and there to purchase one. However, because they were so cheap, I instinctively felt that I could make some money by buying a bunch. I'd keep one for myself and sell the rest. And so I did. I bought a half dozen. My plan was to sell the ones I didn't want for lots of pound sterling when I got back to England. And in this ancient pre-Ebay age, that's exactly what I did. In fact, I sold them all.

Because the prices I was being paid for them were so great, I decided to make hay while the sun was shining by unloading the entire lot. (Later, when I became an Air Force pilot, I was given a watch. It was a military issue just like my father's. It had white, glow-in-the-dark numbers on a black dial. I still have it. It's a wind-up, but works fine and keeps good time)

Bonnie Hendrickson, my prom date that year, is my witness to my watch re-sale transaction. She was with me in London when I sold them, to another street peddler no less. He operated out of a trailer behind a dank building near Portobello Road. Bonnie stood outside. She refused to enter the trailer. It was messy inside, and had a tea pot boiling away on a small stove, but that's about all I recall.

By the way, Bonnie was the major beneficiary of my short-lived watch import business. When I took her to the prom soon after, I spent some of my

watch profits on the essentials for that evening (e.g., tux, taxi, corsage, etc). I forgot what I did with the rest of my sales proceeds. Another memory lapse. After all, as class president "the man with a plan"

John Hoberg pointed out: all this happened fifty years ago.

If I could do it again, I would take more pictures, unfailingly write names and dates on the back of them, and kiss more girls.



Noni (Hoagland) Kripal (61)
fandnkripal@kci.net

Seeing John Hoberg's article in the June issue of Bushy Tales has prompted me to drop a line or two.

Yes, it has been 50 years!! Gads--time has flown by!

My family and I landed in England August 16, 1959. My father was a Lt. Col. at South Ruislip Air Base. Our first home was at Harrow-On-The-Hill. I remember the kitchen was 5 ft. wide and 5 ft. long. I remember one of us would stand in the kitchen at night and wash the dishes, then pass them to someone in the hall who would dry them!

A year later, we moved to Wembly Central. I was a 'townie' who rode the bus to school an hour and a half each way. Our driver's name was "Bill" and the monitor was "Dorie". I often wondered how they wiled away their day waiting to take us kids home at night! The long ride each day was the perfect time to memorize the 100 lines of Shakespeare that Miss Leigh gave us every night. It was also a good time to visit with Maxine Dansker, the vibrant Jewish girl from New York and Donna Newell.

I remember spending Saturdays at the various Embassies around London doing research for Mr. Frank Jansus P.O.D. class. I made certain that I always caught the last tube home at 10:30 each evening. I certainly didn't want to ever call my Dad and have him drive into London to get me!!

I have many fond memories of Lynn Russell, Craig Sams, Martha Burdick, Dusty and Ellen, Norman "Happy" Chalmers, John Hoberg and Ward

Wescott. Ward sends us an update on his family every year over the holidays.

Two years ago--out of the blue(after 48 years!) I received an e-mail from Bill Treharne. I met Bill at Camp Mohawk the summer of 1960. He was the arts and crafts director, and a counselor for some of the young men who worked there. He told me that there had been a young English lad there that he had had to reprimand for not taking his work seriously. Those of us who worked at Camp Mohawk the summer of 1960 unknowingly rubbed shoulders with a young man who became head of the Rolling Stones...Mick Jaggeer!!! (He must have been the skinny kid with long, stringy hair!)..One question on Camp Mohawk...who was the auburned hair gal in our tent who introduced me to Salem cigarettes?? Finally, after 20 years, I gave that up!

My parents were at the Officers Club the nite of Dec. 17, 1960..awaiting the arrival of the plane from Munich carrying students home for the Holidays. They were quite shaken when they arrived home. Dad kept saying, : "Noni, if you had been a year older you would have been on that plane."

I was eagerly looking forward to attending the University of Maryland in Munich after graduation. HOWEVER. Thanks to Nikita Kruschev and the Berlin Wall that August--my Dad had me on a plane bound for Nebraska within a matter of days!!! "Go stay with Aunt Margaret and go to school there. Forget about Munich".was all he said. Shades of 'The Great Santini'!!! Not my plan!!!

I hope all of you fellow "military" brats have been able to see the film, "Brats Without Borders". It is a documentary written by Donna Musil and narrated by Kris Kristofferson. This film is dedicated to promoting awareness and support for military brats. It has been screened in over 100 locations around the U.S.

I met my husband, Frank, in college. We have 3 children. Daughter Kim teaches in Estelline S.D. Son Mark is an audiologist in North Platte NE, and son Paul is an investment advisor with Edward Jones in Scottsdale AZ. Frank and I both retired several years ago. He was a Buick/Chevrolet dealer for G.M. and I was an elementary teacher here in

Chappell, NE. Since we are now "retired" we decided to trade in our snow shovels for a Park Modal in Mesa/Apache Junction AZ. We have been spending a few of the cold winter months there. Then come back to NE whe it is time to "Go to the "!!. Surely, there must be a few former "Bushy Brats" along the Colorado front range who have come to our great lake, Lake McConahay. It is located at the southern edge of the Nebraska sandhills and has miles and miles of great, white sandy beaches. Our family has enjoyed going there for years. (Son, Mark and his family are now there, as I write this.)

Did someone say something about a reunion in Tuscon? We have never attended a reunion but will keep Tucson in mind.

Thanks for all the wonderful memories!! Blessings to All.



Reunion Information

This and That

Letters to the Editor



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

I've been enjoying the many articles with memories of Bushy by so many

people we hadn't heard from before - great to see so many more people getting involved in contributing to the Newsletter! Of course, I

always particularly enjoy hearing about the exploits of my personal friends...but it seems that every article, whether I knew the person or not, brings to mind a memory of my own. One recent article from Ruth (Lund) Bethea (55) mentioned recently visiting Keukenhof Gardens in Holland...I remember going there with my parents back in 1956! A beautiful place.

Back in the April Issue there was an article about Karen Sweetland (59) and her new book *And Two Were Chosen*. I will surely be looking for that! Kuddos to Karen! Karen and I both lived on March Air Force Base and were friends back in the early 50's, Then I left and went to England, but she ended up coming to England later so we were both students at Bushy Park and were able to re-ignite our friendship. Can't wait to read her book.

Speaking of books: My brother, Duane C. Burritt, has written a mystery for young people called *The Secret of The Tunnels*. The target audience is Age 9-14, but my husband and I both enjoyed it anyway! It is loosely based on the place we lived in for a few months when we first moved to England. I say loosely...very loosely as the adventure that occurs in the book did not happen to us...but the location and descriptions of the house and area are accurate. Also he changed our names, physical descriptions and where we were from. The book is from Mountz Media & Publishing and can be obtained through Amazon. Duane is six years younger than I, so when I was a Senior at Bushy, he was in the 6th grade in the Elementary School there at Bushy Park.

A shout out to our dear friend Father Aaron "Pete" Peters. Several of us have talked to him and, despite his discomfort and impatience with having to wait to heal before continuing treatment, he



Susie (Thompson) Jackson (59)
suzijacksonart@yahoo.com

Always enjoy your newsletter! I am in Kansas City and loved the time in England. Have you ever had an address for

Margaret "Peggy" Jones. She was a town student at Central in 1959. I love to paint, have 5 grandchildren and always want to travel! Thanks for all your hard work.

Why do supermarkets make the sick walk all the way to the back of the store to get their prescriptions while healthy people can buy cigarettes at the front.

Why do people order double cheeseburgers, large fries, and a diet coke.

Why do banks leave vault doors open and then chain the pens to the counters.

Why do we leave cars worth thousands of pounds in our driveways and put our useless junk in the garage.

Why do we buy hamburgers in packages of ten and buns in packages of eight..

EVER WONDER ...

Why the sun lightens our hair, but darkens our skin?

Why can't women put on mascara with their mouth closed?

Why don't you ever see the headline 'Psychic Wins Lottery'?

Why is 'abbreviated' such a long word?

Why is it that doctors call what they do 'practice'?

Why is lemon juice made with artificial flavouring, and dishwashing liquid made with real lemons?

Why is the man who invests all your money called a broker?

Why is the time of day with the slowest traffic called rush hour?

Why isn't there mouse-flavored cat food?

Why didn't Noah swat those two mosquitoes?

This document was created with Win2PDF available at <http://www.win2pdf.com>.
The unregistered version of Win2PDF is for evaluation or non-commercial use only.
This page will not be added after purchasing Win2PDF.