



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
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1954 - Betsy (Neff) Cote
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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
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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:



Richard Stillwagon (57)
stlwgn@att.net



Susan (Miller) Dalberg (62)
wolfpaw@socal.rr.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.

(Editors Note: While Paul was not one of our classmates he was the husband of one of our own and we send our love and prayers to Nancie.)

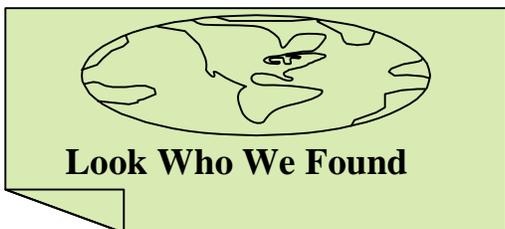


Paul Weber (Husband of Nancie (Anderson) Weber (55)).

With sorrow I report that Paul passed away on Saturday, January 29, 2011. A stroke on the 21st had rendered him partially paralyzed and unable to communicate. He'd been in declining health for several years, and I think his body just wore out. With some relief I and the family wished him Godspeed to a better place.

He'll be buried at West Point, probably around April. Meantime, Al Phillips (my point person from Paul's class) has been attentive, helping me through the hoops.

Nancie.



Sue Ann Johnson (55)
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Hi. Just found you last night. My son was trying to locate Central HS in London and found London Central HS. The rest - as they say - is history. What a trip down memory lane as I tried to read back issues. I found out I am a "Charter member" and that you were looking for me. I attended school at Bushy Park from 53 - Jan 55. I formally graduated from Bushy Park in Jan. I believe it was a class of 3 graduating. I will have to

see if I can find any old diaries etc. I am married with 2 sons. Please put me on your newsletter mailing list, (Editors Note: The above information was taken from the Bushy Park Web Site.)

Memories of Bushy



Pat Terpening Owen (58)
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I remember the first day I started at Bushy Park. Our parents put my sister, Marty and I on the bus and we took off. The bus was late that night, but we did get there in time to have dinner, and they said it was roast beef and Yorkshire Pudding. I was so excited, as I'd never had any before, and was looking forward to having something typically British that I'd heard about. Imagine my disappointment, when they put this flattened biscuit on my tray and when I asked what it was they said "Yorkshire Pudding". Wasn't looking like any pudding I'd ever had before. It wasn't bad though, but not one of my more favorite things.



Susan (Miller) Dalberg (62)
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Thanks to Pat and Gary for being the reason that Jim Fields, Bob Hurt and I are reconnected after all these years.

Although we haven't seen each other in, what, 50 years, in talking through email, it's like we are still teens and talked just last week on the bus! The teen club at High Wycombe was our hangout and we've had lots of fun reminiscing about all the dancing we did, and wishing we could track down a few more of the High Wycombe gang. Pat told me she had heard through the grapevine that Pam Pash is dead, and we're still trying to find Jane Vicroy, Peggy Jeffers and Eddy Roberson. Any of you in contact with them or remember their parents names? Jim sent us some photos and honest to God, if I saw him on the street, I would have recognized him immediately! Aged, yes, but still looks the same! His emails make me laugh, which he was always good for!

Here's a little trip down memory lane. Remember the dancing rules? They (chaperones) had to be able to see day light between bodies, the twist was considered sexual and banned from the teen AND the USO. I'm in an exercise class now and we do what our teacher calls the "grapevine". We called it the Stroll--our generation created line dancing and didn't even know it! What fun that was. (Except for the crinolines soaked for hours in sugar water that would get soggy from sweat and stick to our butts when we sat down). Remember, girls?

For a very brief period, I was a little on the chubby side, (freshman year I think, but gone by beginning of Sophomore year). I'm sure all of us thought about our weight, but I don't remember any demand to have that crack addict skin and bones look, do you? We didn't have anorexics or bulimics', did we? Do I just not remember? I look through the year book and we all look about the same size--medium! Not skinny, not fat.

Remember when Jane Mansfield came to the base and to the school? (about 60, maybe 61). She sat up on the back of that red Cadillac, waving to all the GIs and students. Except in movies, I'd never seen that color of blonde hair, nor seen anybody show as much cleavage as she did (and boy, did she have cleavage). Did they do boob jobs back in the 60s? Her husband was with her and for the life of me I can't remember his name. I don't believe it was long after she came to England that she was in that car accident and decapitated. So many of the stars we knew and loved are passing; a constant reminder that we are tolling the bell ourselves! In our family, I am pretty close to the front of the line myself! Yikes. How did I get this old this fast?

Come on, guys, let's give Gary lots of fodder--we don't want our newsletter to disappear!

Mini Reunions



Billie Culp Bules (54)
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In December a good friend and former classmate from Bushy Park, Gary Baldwin and I found ourselves both in San Antonio, Texas and met up for dinner. We had a delightful visit and walk along the San Antonio Riverwalk, which was beautifully decorated for Christmas with lights and luminaries. He was there from his home in New Jersey, visiting his brother Hal Baldwin and family for Christmas and I was there from my home in Fayetteville, Arkansas, attending a niece's wedding. When able to visit with friends/classmates from Bushy Park, the years since we were students in London seem fewer than reality.

What are we doing now?



Ruth (Lund) Bethea (55)
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ALASKA

A year and a half ago my sister Diane Lund McMahon ('58) and I went on an Alaska cruise. We fell in love with our 49th state and decided we wanted to return in the wintertime to see the "real" Alaska. We (this trip also included my brother-in-law Jim) just returned and I'm happy to say we had a fabulous time. Our objective was to see the northern lights and take a dog sled ride.

We flew into Fairbanks and stayed one night before being transported out to the Chena Hot Springs Resort (about 60 miles out of Fairbanks) on a snow-covered paved road for a two night stay, spotting several moose on the way. We took their geothermal renewable energy power plant tour; the Chena Fresh greenhouse tour; and experienced the spectacular beauty of many ice carvings in the Aurora Ice Museum (which maintains a constant 20 degree indoor temp year round with the use of a patented absorption chiller). We took a horse drawn sleigh ride out into the beautiful snow covered black spruce and birch tree wooded trails; toured the sled

dog kennel; fed the resident goats; and had an exciting 30 minute snow coach ride up 1500 feet into the snowy hillside where we spent almost 4 hours (9 pm until 1 am) in and out of the heated 30-ft Yurt watching for the northern light display which sadly didn't happen due to the overcast sky. Diane and Jim went for a swim in the outdoor 105 degree rock lake and found it wonderfully relaxing (and didn't feel cold when stepping out into the single digit temps...). We stayed in 1 room of a 2-story, 8-room wooden cabin with all the comforts of home (2 beds, ¾ bath, TV and coffee pot – no phone). A fun, beautiful stay before being transported back to downtown Fairbanks.

While in Fairbanks we stayed in the Marriott SpringHill hotel which is on the Chena River in the heart of the old city. Our room on the 5th floor overlooked the frozen river, the Yukon Quest headquarters, Peace Park, and a spectacular view of the area across the river. Out the back door of the hotel is an old block of stores called Co-op Plaza. The concrete building which houses the Co-op Plaza was built in 1927 as the Empress Theatre, and later became Co-op Drug and then Co-op Plaza. It is a delightful emporium of shops, boutiques and more including the New Co-op Diner (which is only open for breakfast in the winter). We had lunch one day at Soapy Smith's restaurant, one of the establishments in the Plaza. "With a delightful gold rush atmosphere, Soapy Smith's embodies living Fairbanks History: the owner is a past legislator, his father was governor of Alaska, and his grandfather came north via the Chilkoot Trail. Bill, the head waiter, is quite the character as well. Come in a Cheechako and leave a Sourdough."

We went by taxi the approximately 10 miles out of Fairbanks to Paws For Adventure where we "experienced the thrill of dog-powered transportation and adventure with the comfort and safety of an experienced musher on board. This action-packed adventure took us uphill, downhill, thru the spruce forest finding excitement around every corner. You'd be amazed at the power and eagerness of this wonderful hard-working pack of Alaskan huskies – they love to pull." Diane and Jim took a double sled ride with owner Leslie Goodwin and I had a single sled with Adele mushing. The kennels are located at the Tolovana

Roadhouse (the last remaining Roadhouse of the early 1900 time period on the Nenana-Nome Mail Trail. It was listed on the National Register of Historic Places in 1989). We spent a good bit of time petting the various dogs before and after our rides.

Diane is an excellent planner and guide. With her research we were able to walk down to the bus station and catch the green line bus and go to the North Pole. We toured the Santa Claus House and grounds (which included a visit to Santa's reindeer and a 42 foot tall, 900 pound, three-dimensional Santa Claus statue) where Christmas is alive 365 days a year!

We returned to downtown and caught the blue line bus out to the University of Alaska's Museum of the North, on a ridge overlooking the Tanana River and Alaska Range. We spent an interesting afternoon viewing many galleries – one featuring Alaska's five major geographic regions with highlights of the objects and artifacts, people, wildlife, geography and history of each region. "We didn't get to see the aurora borealis, but we did, in a way, hear it. The composer John Luther Adams has created a sound-and-light installation called "The Place Where You Go to Listen"—a kind of infinite musical work that is controlled by natural events occurring in real time." On our return yellow line bus trip back to downtown we passed through many neighborhoods and shopping areas – guess what, they have a Wal-Mart Supercenter!

We visited the very interesting Fairbanks Community Museum (housed in the historic city hall building just down the street from our hotel) commemorating and celebrating everything from the gold rush era to the great flood of 1967.

The Yukon Quest 1000 mile sled dog race started in Whitehorse (Yukon) while we were visiting Fairbanks. Diane and Jim visited the headquarters and got updates as they came in from the various checkpoints. One report stated that a sled came in with 9 dogs instead of 10 – they assumed the missing dog was in the sled but were going to check on it. Sadly our stay wasn't long enough to view

the finish, which is expected to be Feb 14th through the 18th in Fairbanks.

Our last place to visit was the Morris Thompson Cultural and Visitors Center where we saw a delightful PBS film on sled dogs and an exhibit hall featuring 9,000 square feet of museum-quality interpretive displays and dioramas depicting Interior Alaskan landscapes and seasons. Diane and Jim had spent some time here earlier in our stay and went back again to share the experience with me.

We took plenty of warm clothes and found the negative and single-digit temps not the least unpleasant as it's a dry climate, so not as penetrating. Fairbanks doesn't get lots of snow but we had many snow flurries. We actually had some days that were warmer than the lows of Kerrville, Texas and Springfield, VA.....

I'm already eager for another visit. It was a great adventure.



Jerry Berry (55)
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The attachment is for your consideration

for the "What are we doing now" section of the newsletter. Two photos as well.

Jerry Berry ('55) and tall but lovely wife Linda, visited the Land of Antiquity, Egypt, in late January. Sort of. Excellent place to visit, poor timing. We arrived Thursday afternoon, after the usual day of airplanes and airports, at our hotel, the Four Seasons First Residence on the Nile. Unpacking completely, we were planning to try and rest for the Egyptian Museum the next morning.

There were a large number of people passing on the street below our window, between the hotel and the zoo. Opening the window -yes, one could open a window fourteen floors up!- let us hear the chants

of a large demonstration, forming several blocks away in the square. Peaceable, almost festive. (See sample section of the march, photo 1). This went on until early morning, when we finally gave up and went to sleep.



After a sumptuous breakfast the next morning, we found our plans were changing, as the government had closed the museum for the day. Instead, we visited the pyramids and the Sphinx at Giza, returning for lunch and the news that the government has cut off all internet access and the cell phone system.



Demonstrators were still passing in front of the hotel, presumably joining those who had spent the night in the square.

After lunch we learned of a government curfew that would prevent any evening excursions, with the further news that the hotel, the US Embassy, and

the responsible tour company, Lindblad/National Geographic, all advised against leaving the hotel at all, even for the local restaurants and malls. This was because of the call for a bigger demonstration after Friday morning prayers. Sure enough, the walking crowds started again after our lunch, now accompanied by a multitude of little white police cars. Later in the day the faint odor of tear gas drove people away from the poolside restaurant.

The curfew was extended with promises of strict enforcement. Dinner was accompanied by distant concussions and the announcement that we were to be extracted as rapidly as possible, the tour canceled.

Later that night, too dark for my camera, the marchers were joined by tanks. By noon we were on our way to the Cairo airport, with heavy security, for a Swissair flight to Zurich, thence to our originating/final destinations (with warnings from seasoned travelers not to let our bags be checked through to JFK unless we really wanted to go there the next morning. The New York terminus was a placeholder, not intended to be final).

The streets were easily passable on the way from the hotel to the airport, bar an occasional burning vehicle and a clog where looters had parked for easy access to a shopping mall. The Zurich airport was a haven of calm after the crowds -not yet desperate, but getting edgy- at Cairo International.

After a peaceful night at the Radisson Blu, watching trapeze acrobats retrieving wine bottles from a three story wine rack, it was off to Frankfurt and Denver, arriving home on Sunday, four days after leaving for three weeks in the middle East.

Total times: 13 hours in airports, 32 hours in airplanes, 48 hours in hotels, and four hours with the handiwork of Ancients in the desert sands (photo 2, Jerry and Linda with the Great Pyramid of Cheops).

Kudos to the Lindblad home and local offices and their staff; a lot of people did not get away as cleanly or easily as we did.
Next year in Cairo!

This and That



Mike Murphy (58)
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Hi everyone. This is my first update.

Most of this year has been eaten up by medical problems. I myself have had arthroscopic knee surgery and then recently full knee surgery of which I am still recovering. Judy and I did make a trip to Oklahoma to visit Judy hall and her husband and mike hall and his wife Gloria. Had a good time.

We are planning a trip to Florida in May and then again in August if i heal properly. Judy is doing well, she spends a lot of time baby sitting her great grand daughter after school. We still go to yard sales and estate sales. We did have a few cold days about a week ago and even a few snow showers, but it is beautiful now.

Judy and myself are staying busy. We enjoy each others company and we don't get bored. I hope all of you are well and staying out of trouble. We send our love and hope to see some of you in our travels



Darby (Grimes) Wyatt (60)
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After reading the Feb issue I decided it was time for me to get off my duff and contribute to the newsletter. I really don't have anything of interest to say but will try and find something.

We arrived in England Oct 1955, I was in 8th grade and my brother Bill was a senior. I then attended CHS for my 9th and 10th grades. I was a town student (in fact Pat and I rode the same bus, she has a better memory than I do) so did not participate in many outside school activities. My brother did play basketball so being the great little sister (and I still am) I did attend the games. I don't remember if I had a choice! My dad was later stationed at Griffiss AFB in Rome, New York. It turned out that

Lindsey Ervin's dad was also stationed there. So Lindsey and I went through all four years of high school together. When the first day of school started in Rome, I at least knew one other person.

I retired in 2002 after 12 years with the Red Cross and 25 years with the State of Oregon. I sure do like having Saturday and Sunday as my week days. When I started work in Portland at the Red Cross a guy (George Monague (60)) and I stated taking and decided we knew each other. We both looked in our yearbooks that night and sure enough we were at CHS the same time. Small world.

This isn't much but I just wanted to let you and Pat know how much we all appreciate the hard work you do putting out the newsletter each month. I know it means alot to all of us to remember the good times in CHS and England. Keep up the good work.



Ray Millar (62)
ray.millar@verizon.net

I was a dorm rat, from Norway, during the school year 58/59.

My parents had written me that pop was going to take some leave and they were going to drive to Bushy and pick me up. We would see some of the sights in England then take the ferry at Dover. Once in France we would visit the cemetery at Normandy, where some of the men from pop's WW2 unit were buried. From there we were going to travel thru France and on into Germany before heading back to Norway. That part of the trip went OK.

What I wanted to tell about was my mother's story of what happen when they first got to England. It seems that pop took a wrong turn and headed north toward Scotland instead of toward Bushy. Mother said that she kept telling him that they were heading the wrong way and he kept insisting he was on the right path. My mother was the navigator in our family. Pop could get lost in his own back yard. She was far sighted and could read the road signs from a distance, plus she had an excellent sense of direction.

Close to dark they decided to stop and get a room for the night. The only place they could find was this B&B that she called a “ram shackled falling apart” old building with the typical English lack of warm heating. She said that the bed had to be ancient with a large worn out area in the middle. They wound up jammed together in the middle of the bed. They didn’t get much sleep.

The next morning, breakfast was a miserable affair. Luke warm tea, some barely heated up sausages and cold biscuits. It was at this time pop finally believed that he had gone in the wrong direction. They started back in the right direction, and ran out of gas. It took them several hours to finally get enough gas to get to a station and fill up.

When they eventually got going again, it started raining and became very foggy. Sure enough, they got lost and had to spend another night on the road. This time they lucked out, found a nice small hotel and were able to get a good night’s sleep along with a decent meal.

I was lucky that they had planned to arrive in England a couple of days before school let out. They got to Bushy just in time to pick me up before the dorm closed for the summer.

One thing good that came out of that trip is that pop let mother do all the navigating from then on.



Sherry (Gegory) Burritt Konjura (53)
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Glad you sent it out anyway Gary...I

knew Bob Bailey...not well, but I did know him and was sorry to hear of his passing. Even though it was just 3 pages, I really appreciate that you sent it out.

Wish I had some "news" to send your way...but not at the moment.

Best to you...



Carol (Albert) Yacovone (57)
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Well Gary it would seem that as the classes of the 50's finished celebrating their 50ths the news just stopped flowing....now it is going to take that same driving interest that we older Bobcats had for CHS to keep your reunions and news going....so come on you 60 children....get the news moving.....or guess we older ones will just have to start planning our 60th and have a contest to see who makes it there.....anyone game? Hell its only 6 years away for me.....WE CAN DO THIS....GO BOBCATS..... Gary, don't you dare print this without editing. (Editors Note: It looked good to me so I didn't change it. Guess I am in trouble again. ☺)



Tony Taylor (58)
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I know it is tough when you see a month passing by and almost no material to include in the next issue of your newsletter, but as a suggestion you might consider that if the incoming mail is really slow sometime after the middle of the month, why don't you (or Pat) send a short reminder to everyone asking that they take a moment to send you that letter that they have been putting off and had forgotten to send?



Carol (Smith) Benjamin (59)
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(Editors Note: Please note Carol's email address – it is new but I couldn't get it in at the top)

Thank you, Gary, for February's newsletter. It was short but sweet and we all appreciate your wonderful efforts at getting the Bushy Tales to us. Just chalk it up to some months it'll be short and some months you'll have more than you can print. But the main thing is you keep us all together and up to date---short or long--it's great work that you do. God bless you for it.

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