



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/>

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Roster Changes

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Look Who We Found

Memories of Bushy



1958 – Pat (Terpening) Owen
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CLASS OF 1958

Did you go on the Senior Class trip? Do you remember who you stayed with? Do you have any fond memories of the trip? Share with us.

I think the Class of 1958 did something that no other Senior Class did before nor did one do it after (probably because the teachers were unable, through no fault of their own, to keep track of us)!

For those who weren't around then or don't remember, we went to the World's Fair in Brussels, Belgium. To cut expenses, we invited Belgian students to stay in our homes (can't remember if they came to school with us or not), for a week during their Spring vacation time, and in exchange we were invited to stay in their homes while we were in Brussels.

Connie (Haave) Saunders and I roomed together. We were picked up by a chauffeur and driven to a wonderful apartment building owned by the man who owned the Mercedes-Benz dealership in Brussels. It was on the top (third) floor, had two bedrooms and two baths, a lovely kitchen, and huge living room. Every morning the landlady would bring us coffee and croissants. The coffee was awful. We tried everything to dilute it, but it was still awful. We'd pour it out, eat the croissants and thank her every day.

Because we were staying by ourselves (no adults), we were responsible for our own meals, and the first night there, we went down the street and bought some bread and cheese and some cheap wine. Connie was smart, it was so bad that after about half a glass she refused to drink any more, but not me - I was cheap! I'd bought this wine, and by gosh I was going to drink it. Next morning I awoke with a terrible hangover, and wasn't able to drink wine for years.

A few days into our stay, Althea (Lawrence) Patterson came to stay with us. We all had a great time, and the last day we were there the Mercedes-Benz dealer invited us up to his office, and toasted us with Mumms champagne. He had a whole refrigerator full and said he drank a bottle every day, and that's what kept him young. It was all I could do to take a few sips. Then his chauffeur drove us back to the ferry and we returned to England with many fond memories.



Mike Murphy (58)
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As I embark on my 72nd year of life on August 13th, I reflect on my high school years at Bushy Park Central High. We arrived in October 1955 in England. My dad was first stationed at Croft which was far away from Bushy Park. At first we thought we might have to spend our first year in a English school or maybe a convent school, but Bushy Park said we could attend. This was my first time in a dormitory situation but I had my brothers Jack and George there too, so it wasn't all that bad. Jack was one year ahead of me and George 2 years behind.

My first day at Bushy, I checked into the dorm and was assigned a room with Hank Clark, shortly after that, Julius (can't remember his last name.) (**added by Pat Terpening Owen - Julius Lloyd**) came in to our room also. He was a very nice black fella. That night I was short sheeted, but I figured I was new, so I had it coming. We spent the remainder of the year in the dorm taking the bus back and forth to school. The next year, my dad was transferred to West Drayton and we became townies. We rode the train from Staines to school It was great fun. I was never a great student, but I enjoyed being there. My favorite teacher was Ms. Martha Kelly, art teacher. I played baseball on the West Drayton pony league team and worked at the commissary and bowling alley. My father was in special services at West Drayton, so he got to take us on bus trips and we went to London a lot. Took in the Changing of the Guard, went to SOHO and walked the streets of London. We rode the double decker red bus back and forth or rode our bikes the back way to West Drayton past Heathrow airport. We ate fish and chips like regular blokes, cued up for the flickers

and got harassed by the teddy boys. It was all good fun.

I had one girl friend in school, but alas, it only lasted a fleeting moment until she met another boy and away she went. I attended the junior/senior prom with Eleanor Bestwick only because it was arranged. We had not known each other but I knew she was in my class. I learned to dance at the West Drayton teen club, got tutored by June Mills or MIMI as we knew her and went to the Worlds Fair in Brussels, Belgium. I saw my first color TV at the American Pavilion. We rode the ferry across from Dover.

During my 3 plus years there, many friends came and left, but that was the nature of the Military brat. In June 1958 I graduated (barely) and soon after that my dad transferred to Homestead AFB in Florida. My time at Bushy, the friends and teachers I met and left behind and now the reunions I attended have all made it possible for my life to be shaped the way it is. I thank all of you for the experience. Of course the United States Navy finished the job of maturing me to a good man. After 30 years I retired as a Senior Air Controller. The Highlight of my life was meeting Judy Risler Covington class of 1960 after my wife Paula died in 1998. We now live in West Monroe, Louisiana and we are married for 3 years. Thank you Gary for making it possible for all the Bushy brats to keep in touch through the internet. Judy and I love you all.



Reunion Information

Mini Reunions



Elizabeth (Griffiths) Jackson (62)
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Eight members of the Bushy Park class

of '62 got together July 30th for a luncheon in Arlington, VA to celebrate our 49th graduation anniversary. The old yearbook was a great reference and there were many memories and good laughs. Amazing how much we all remembered! All of our classmates were in our thoughts that day and it was hard to image so many years had passed. In addition to lunch, several sightseeing trips were scheduled plus Friday night dinner at DC's Old Ebbitt Grill. As usual, our expert photographer, Charles Arnhold, took the attached photo:



Standing from left: Ila Newsom Brunson, Bob Goldenstar, Kathlee Knopke Bryan, Charles Arnhold Seated from left: Bonnie Fritz VanKeugelen, Gail Hermansen Pantezzi, Anne Cable Silver, Liz Griffiths Jackson

Thank you for sharing our reunion photo and sending our regards to our classmates everywhere!
All my best, Liz Griffiths Jackson '62

This and That



Aaron (Pete) Peters (57)
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Greetings.

Thanks to all who have sent cards, emails, and phone calls since my cancer surgery. It is appreciated and I feel truly blessed and privileged.

I've still got the dribbles, so to speak. The incontinence is frustrating, but am getting used to it. Don't like wearing wet diapers at all. I can recall my mom telling people that I was a real bugger in that respect when I was an infant. I guess in some things we never quite grow up, eh? Ha! In any case, I'm wearing an external catheter for the time being, and of course that presents it's own problems, especially when it doesn't work, falls off, etc. And it has happened in the most embarrassing places. I've got a number of stories about that that are funny as everything. An example would be: One day while in the check out lane at Wal-Mart, the catheter popped off, and I thought, "Oh no!" and a few other unspeakable thoughts. Soon there was a little puddle forming at my feet. There was a young mother behind me with her little boy of about 3-4 years. The little boy popped out with (and probably pointing, too) "Look Mommy, that man is doing what you spank me for!" Of course the mother tried to hush the kid up, but to no avail. Everyone had their hands over their mouths To keep from busting a gut, myself included. I explained to the check out lady and she got on the intercom an announced, "We need a mop at A man peed on the floor." I could have died right then and there. I'm sure glad I didn't have my Roman collar on. Someday when I write my auto biography, I'll have to include these experiences.

Still haven't started either radiation or chemo. The healing on the inside is taking it's own sweet time. And the doc won't start either treatment until healing is completed. Of course, the cancer continues to grow all the while, and I can feel it at times. If I can be so bold, my testes are quite enlarged and very tender and sore—a good indication that the cancer is spreading to that area. We know that it has gotten to the seminal vesicles.

I see the doctor next on August 12th. Time seems to drag in that regard, and I'm having difficulty sleeping, too. Pain is bad at times, but I don't want to take meds for that. I'm so aware of how easy it is to become reliant on that stuff, and I take plenty of pills as it is. I often tell folks I'm a walking pharmacy.

I am anxious to get back to work, and go out on

mission on the weekends. We have three postulants coming next week, so I've got to get busy and make habits. And on Saturday we have a young man professing his Solemn vows.

It's terribly hot here. Of course, it's hot everywhere. We are still flooded on the Missouri River about 9 feet above flood stage. The abbey is not affected since we sit high on a bluff.

We had a nice stand of sweet corn, but in one night the coons and deer ate it all. The tomatoes are delicious however, as well as the melons, and other veggies. The young junior monks are doing the gardening this year and they were told To put up electrical fencing, etc. But of course they knew better. I think next year they'll put up the fences.

Take care. God bless. I love you all.



Frank Hannibal (59)
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As we get older we tend to forget many of the details of our past and the changes we have seen over the years. When I was a student at Bushy Park there were no cell phones, color TV had not yet been introduced, and air travel was almost 100% driven by propeller. The list of things we did not have when compared to the kids of today, Ipod, kindle, lap top, just to name a few, has inspired me to take a closer look at the many changes we have seen over the years. To start my investigation I asked my father, who turned 94 this year, to record his life story. At first he said he did not think it was worth the time or trouble to do so. At least not until I mentioned that his grand kids and his great grand kids had no idea about what life was like when he was a kid living in the Carpathian Mountains of Eastern Hungary. That struck a chord with him and he bought a digital recorder and has begun recording his life history. In short, we are talking about a man who started life living in a small wooden home, in a small village, with no running water, an outhouse, few paved streets, no telephone, or any of the modern conveniences we accept as everyday items. This is a man who is now enjoying retirement after 33 years of active duty in the US military. Active duty in three branches of

the US military, US Navy, US Army, and the US Air Force, retired Lt. Col.

I only mention a small part of my Dad's life so many of you will start thinking about your life and the lives of your parents and how much things have changed with the hope you too will take time to record your life and the lives of any of your parents that are still with us so that your children and grand children will know not only who you are, where you came from, where you have been, but also so they might have a greater appreciation for what they now have. Each of us tries to make life a little better for those that follow us in life and knowing what preceded them could give them a better understanding of who they are and what is important in life.

Today we also have the luxury of being able to research our ancestry through many different web sites, another thing our parents did not have. There are web sites that can determine not only that your family might have lived in Ireland many years ago but in fact those Irish ancestors immigrated to Ireland a thousand years prior from Italy. It is amazing what can be found with a little research. What is more important in this chaotic and often violent world than family? Without family the individual is nothing, at least in my opinion. To know your roots should give more meaning to our lives and greater respect for all of human kind. The world is becoming a smaller and smaller place and the strongest thing binding any of us together is family. Civilizations come and go but families go on forever.



Charlie Besancon (59)
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Further Reminisces of a Weapons Inspector

In early August 1997 I was in my cubicle leaning back in my chair with my feet on my desk, head against the cubicle wall and eyes closed, contemplating the relationship between vehicle fuel consumption and the terrain over which the vehicle traveled when a shadow fell across my eyelids. I opened my eyes, but before I could say "thinking is hard work" my boss, without speaking, beckoned me to follow him. Bill was a man of few words. He

had used most of his up trying to convince, cajole, and coerce those of us in his division to keep him out of trouble. He didn't succeed very often.

Once in his office he said "you're going to Iraq." I said "oh? When?" He said "in 3 days." I said "why?" He said "you'll find out at a meeting in D.C. the day after tomorrow."

At home I informed the family of a trip and consulted with my son, the Boy Scout, about clothing for a desert environment. He commented that my usual outfit of a light blue, button down collar, oxford cloth shirt complete with pocket protector, khaki trousers, and Clark's wallaby desert boots with crepe soles wouldn't cut it. Loose fitting, light colored, long sleeve shirts, and lightweight trousers would be appropriate. So off we went to the Army-Navy store to outfit me. He also offered me the use of his official U.S. Army sun helmet a gift from his great uncle Jim, a WWII veteran.

As the PA system announced the boarding call for my flight to D.C., my daughter returned advice that I had been preaching to her for years. She said, "Bye, Dad. Don't forget to trust but verify, consider the source, and most of all, the more you sweat in peace, the less you bleed in war." So, suitably encouraged, I was off to D.C. to learn my fate.

I was to be a member of an eight man team, four Americans and four Russians, who would verify the serial numbers of the SCUD transporter-erector-launchers (TEL) the Iraqi's had been required to destroy after the first gulf war. The TEL were built on four-axle heavy truck chassis that were modified to transport the SCUD missile horizontally, erect the missile to vertical, and launch it, hence TEL. Several SCUD TEL had been destroyed before the gulf war ended, and serial numbers of the TEL destroyed under UN supervision had not been recorded prior to the TEL being destroyed. The Russians had finally provided a list of the serial numbers of the TEL the Soviet Union had supplied to Iraq, so someone had to match the Iraqi TEL against the list. Some of the TEL had been explosively destroyed, some had been cut up and buried, but a few were still relatively intact. We would be working for the United Nations Security Council under Security Council Resolution 687

which required Iraq to make a “full and final disclosure of Iraq’s weapons of mass destruction (WMD) programs.”

In D.C. I met the other three American members of the team, only one of which I knew, and after we were briefed, we proceeded to New York to get briefed again by the UN official in charge of the operation, who was a Russian. During the briefing, he kept using the word “query” as if it were a physical location. I finally asked what he meant by “query,” and he said “query, you know, where they dig up gravel.” Ah, a quarry, now it made sense.

After a mad dash across New York City to the AAA office for international drivers licenses, we were taken to JFK to catch our flight to The Netherlands and then on to Bahrain. UN policy for flights over 9 hours says you go first class. KLM treated us great, plying us with food and drink until we drifted off to sleep with our KLM booties and sleep masks in place. At Schipol Airport we had a lengthy layover. One member of the team went to the airport casino and won over \$300. He then treated us to one lousy drink apiece. What a guy!

There were a lot of women aboard the flight to Bahrain; almost all dressed in high fashion exercise outfits. About an hour out of Bahrain they made for the restrooms. When they came out they were in long-sleeved gowns that weren’t exactly Burqas as they did not have veiled head covering. The Scarves covered their hair instead.

The four of us had rooms at the Manama Holiday Inn, a swanky place if I do say so. We met in the bar to relax a little and listened to a Philippine rock band belt out old favorites such as “Mustang Sally” in a heavy tagalog accent. The bar was rocking with Arab men in white robes and Arab headgear tossing back beer and cocktails without a single woman, except the band’s lead guitarist and bass player, in sight. One of our team felt so bad for the band he got up and sang with them. We and the Arabs gave him loud applause. Every morning we enjoyed a breakfast buffet at a serving table that seemed to stretch to the horizon. No pork sausage links though. After 2 weeks of briefings (and eating) we boarded a white Air Afrika C-130 and headed to

Baghdad. We had yet to meet our Russian teammates.

A UN worker met us at a military airbase near Baghdad and drove us to the UN building. As we drove through the airbase, we saw concrete aircraft bunkers with a single hole in the thick concrete roof and complete destruction in the interior of the bunker. It must have been penetration ordnance.

Baghdad was at that time a nice looking modern city with wide boulevards and squares and little evidence of bomb damage. There were, however, huge pictures of Saddam everywhere. Here in a pilot’s flight suit, there in a business suit, around the next corner in a white robe and Arab headgear, down the street in a Field Marshal’s uniform, and on and on. In the center of one square was a huge statue of Saddam with wreckage of several U.S. cruise missiles at his feet.

At the Baghdad UN building we finally met our Russian teammates: an army colonel, an engineer and production manager from the TEL factory, and a linguist. We were briefed on the schedule, exchanged money (\$20 was equal to 17,000 dinars), checked out 4X4 SUVs, and drove to our hotel. We thought the UN rep said it was the Hiatt but it turned out to be the Al Hyat, a basic but clean Iraqi hotel. Our rooms overlooked the pool, but all we ever saw at the pool were Arab men. Bummer! The Russians stayed at a nearby Russian consular house claiming they couldn’t afford the Al Hyat. That was odd for we all received UN per diem. I guess they were saving their money to take back to Russia.

We would leave the hotel every morning about 0430, pick up the Russians, and drive through the sleeping city to the UN building. A lot of the city residents would pull their beds out onto the wide sidewalks to sleep in the cool night air so we crept quietly through the city using only parking lights. After breakfast in the UN cafeteria, we would draw our gear (tools and equipment, German MREs, and coolers full of ice and bottled water), meet our Iraqi escorts (we used the British term “minders”), and head for the desert. On the way we always stopped at one of the numerous watermelon stands for the daily watermelon ration.

Each TEL had a unique serial number. The only problem was where was the serial number located? Would you believe the Russians feigned ignorance? Several of the TEL had been explosively destroyed out in the desert near the Iranian border. We combed the area and examined every piece of wreckage we found with no luck. We then concentrated on the intact vehicles. Still no help from the Russians.

We Americans talked it over and decided the serial number had to be on a part permanently added to the basic vehicle chassis after it was received at the TEL factory for conversion to a TEL. After several days of attacking the TEL with wire brushes and paint scrapers we found our first serial number. We revisited the destruction sites and found more serial numbers. It was impossible to find the serial numbers on TEL that had been explosively destroyed and on TEL that had been buried at the quarry. Contrary to what we expected, the quarry pits were full of water! When we excavated the buried TEL they were heavily corroded by the ground water making it impossible to determine the serial numbers.

After completing our serial number hunt we were given the task of inventorying SCUD missile warheads at Taji Camp, a huge Iraqi Army base outside of Baghdad. At Taji we saw a considerable number of damaged and destroyed buildings, and bomb craters were everywhere. None of the SCUD warheads we inventoried were explosively loaded, so there was no real danger to us. We still called on the UN nuclear-biological-chemical team to check the buildings before we entered, even though our Iraqi minders assured us the buildings were safe.

After about 6 weeks we flew out to Manama to write our reports. The time in Iraq was stressful to some extent, but it was also exciting. The Iraqi civilians we met were curious and courteous. Our minders put very few limits on our activities and generally were helpful, except for the serial number hunt. The head civilian minder had graduated from university in England, and one of the other minders had been an Iraqi Olympic greco-roman wrestler. We guessed he was their "heavy" who would twist us into a pretzel if we got out of hand.

We had some good times too. The following are some personal stories and observations.

My son's help in wardrobe selection was a lifesaver. The sun in Iraq in August was brutal, but there was always a dry wind to cool us. When we left the hotel at O'dark thirty, long sleeves felt good as it was actually chilly. But by 1500, the temp would reach 120 degrees in the shade, if there was any. All day long the wind would get stronger, so by the time we got back to the UN building around 1800 there would be a brown ground haze of wind-blown dust. It got in your eyes, nose, and ears, in short it covered you. To keep out the dust, the minders would wrap their Arab headdresses around their heads until only their eyes were visible. Our baseball caps and sun helmets were useless against the dust. By the next morning the air would be clear, cool, and calm, until the wind and dust cycle started all over again.

The terrain in Iraq is not the sand dune desert type. It consists of a gravelly plain, and our 4X4s had no trouble anywhere. The quarry site was located between the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers, and, when we excavated, the holes would soon start filling with water. The water was heavily mineralized and had a milky blue color. The Russians didn't mind the water and spent some time swimming in the pits while we looked for serial numbers. When the Russian Colonel took off his shirt to swim we noticed he was covered with scars. When he noticed our stares, he just smiled and said "Afghanistan."

Our minders told us the heavily mineralized water was only good for growing corn and okra. A farmer in the quarry area who tended small fields of corn had gathered a lot of TEL parts for us. We gave him several large bottles of our ice cold water as a gift. He called out all of his sons from his mud block house to meet us. His wife and daughters were conspicuous in their absence.

Iraqi women are second class citizens. If we saw a truck on the road, the cab would be packed with men and boys while the women and girls rode in the truck bed with the goats. It was probably cooler and more comfortable in the truck bed than in the cab.

Men in Iraq wear white, while the women wear black. I never got an explanation of why it is so. The same holds true in Bahrain, but I did see some women in Bahrain in western clothing. I even saw one driving a car. She must have been a truly liberated woman.

One day at the Manama Holiday Inn I passed a woman in the hallway. She wore a flowing black burqa with the eye opening covered by delicate black lace. All I could see were beautiful sparkling brown eyes behind the mesh, brilliant red nail polish on long slim fingers, and Ferrari red, pointed-toe, stiletto high heels that clicked smartly on the tile floor. I was left with the impression she was beautiful, but who knows?

In Iraq we often ate dinner out on the town. After sunset when the wind died and the dust settled, we four Americans would head for the Christian quarter of Baghdad and eat at an outdoor restaurant. We often went past a Christian Church with a blue neon cross on the front wall. Yes, Christianity was tolerated in Saddam's Baghdad. We usually dined on pizza or gyros. It was excellent tasting food, but one night I had a goat meat gyro. My stomach rebelled, and I was miserable until the next day when the head civilian minder picked two seed pods from a desert plant and told me to chew and swallow them. I did and soon felt better. I have no idea of the name of the plant, but it worked. Other than the goat meat gyro I enjoyed the food. At the UN building the cafeteria was run by an Arab contractor, and we enjoyed several traditional Arab dishes served over rice. We always tried to get back to the UN building before the cafeteria closed but seldom made it in time.

The midday meal out in the desert was a German MRE. They consist of lots of crackers, bread, and wurst. As soon as we got to the work area, we would place the cans of wurst on the SUV roof. By noon the cans would be so hot we had to handle them with gloves. The grease around the meat would be liquid, and we would pour it off and enjoy the hot wurst. In the middle of the afternoon, Americans, Russians, and Iraqis would gather around the melon cooler and enjoy ice-cold watermelon. I'm not a fan of watermelon, but it sure quenched my thirst. One time I used my

Leatherman tool to cut the melon. The Russians and Iraqis marveled over its many features. I later gave it to the Russian production manager, the friendliest of the Russians. The Russian engineer could have used it to open the vodka bottles you could hear clinking in the gym bag he carried everywhere.

Horse lovers might like Iraq. Well, for the horses anyway. We saw lots of beautiful horses, all used to pull carts and wagons. One day while we were waiting outside a building for a meeting, we heard a horse coming down a side street. Not the normal slow clip-clop but an almost musical clippity-cloppity sound approaching at a fast pace. A dappled gray mare with a delicate head held high and ears alert came around the corner. She carried herself proudly as if she were leading the Rose Bowl Parade. No Iraqi ballet company (if there is such a thing) dancer could have been more graceful. The mare pulled the wagon load of oil-for-food grain with grace and dignity. An old man, sitting half asleep on a grain sack held slack reins; the mare was in charge and she knew where she was going!

Each morning when we went to the supply room to draw our gear we asked for French MREs. We were told "sorry, we are all out of French MREs" and were offered our choice of U.S. or German MREs. We always wondered where the French MREs went, because we were usually the first team to visit the supply room. If there were really any French MREs, I suspect the supply personnel (New Zealanders) ate them. We heard stories that the French MREs contained meals such as Confit de Canard accompanied by a plastic pouch of an appropriately paired wine concentrate (just add some water and shake). We never found out for sure as no one on the field teams ever enjoyed a French MRE. Recently, I read a book about the siege of Dien Bien Phu in which it was mentioned that containers of wine concentrate were airdropped to the French troops, so at least wine concentrate was not a tall tale.

The economic sanctions hurt but only the common people. For instance, Iraq had no indigenous auto-parts industry, so it was hard to find a car without a cracked windshield and with good tires. On the other hand, we saw more than a few late model

Mercedes sedans with heavily tinted windows. Each Mercedes was preceded and followed by several pickup trucks packed (cab and cargo bed) with Iraqi troops each clutching an AK-47. Our minders told us the Mercedes carried high-ranking government officials.

Everything not made in Iraq was in short supply, including writing paper. The minders had notepads made from wrapping paper and even wallpaper. On our last day in the field, we Americans gave the minders all our unused notepads and spare pens and pencils. When we were working at Haswa, a large derelict vehicle boneyard, the head military minder would wander through the derelict vehicles, and, at one point he found a serviceable vehicle generator. He said he would adapt it to be wind powered and use it to charge the batteries used to provide lighting at his home during power outages.

Each morning we would pass children rolling what appeared to be BBQ grill propane tanks towards markets to exchange for full tanks. The tanks provided fuel for cooking as there was no firewood. In a country awash in petroleum, gasoline was cheaper than drinking water. A liter of gasoline cost approximately 12 cents U.S. There didn't seem to be any automatic shut-off fueling nozzles at gas stations, as people would wait until gasoline came spewing back out of the gas tank filler neck before stopping the filling process. We never saw any fires but just in case always exited the vehicle when it was being fuelled.

We had periodic meetings with Iraqi officials. One particular official would always look up at the wall behind us for a time before replying. I thought he was taking time to consider his answer. And he was! When I turned around and looked up on the wall behind us, there was large picture of a smiling Saddam. I guess he was thinking "what would Saddam say" before he answered.

On one trip to where several TEL had been explosively destroyed, we were accompanied by an Iraqi general. On the return trip to Baghdad, the general directed us down a side road that led to a huge lake. Below the dam the outflow water formed large shallow pools. The general removed his shoes and socks, rolled up his trousers, and spent about 30

minutes wading in the pools with his hands clasped behind his back, and looking down into the water. It appeared to be therapy for him. We had no idea who he was or why he had accompanied us other than to wade in peace and quiet.

Some time after we left Iraq the Iraqi government sent a message to the UN declaring all U.S. personnel working, or had worked for the UN in Iraq, Persona Non Gratia (PNG). That suited me fine. Although it wasn't as prestigious as being PNG'ed by the former Soviet Union, it was to me a mark of distinction. I wish I had gotten hold of a copy of the message. I would have highlighted my name and framed it. Of course the fact that mine was just one of 400 or so names did kind of lessen the honor!

I retired in May 2003 and was not involved in the search for WMD after the second gulf war. I don't know why no WMD were found. The only fact I know for sure is that several times in the 1990s the Saddam regime certified to the UN that Iraq had made full and final disclosure of its WMD programs and each time was caught in a lie. Was it just poor Iraqi management and recordkeeping, or was it something more sinister?



Walt "Curly" Hunt (56)
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Gary...nice doin'. Great issue! You reach a lot of brats that I'm sure are grateful. This is one of your better issues. Keep up the good work. Thanks.



Sherry (Cheryl Burritt) Konjura (57)
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I truly hope people will "come through" with articles for you. You work so very hard to get out this newsletter and it is greatly appreciated. Perhaps it's just that so many people are busy right now with summer vacations?

I am about to depart for Rock Island, IL for two months. I have been asked to perform the lead in a delicious comedy called NANA'S NAUGHTY KNICKERS at a beautiful theatre in Rock Island that used to be one of the major Vaudeville Houses on the circuit. I will tread on the same stage as such predecessors as The Marx Brothers and others from the Vaudeville era. This is a show I did last year near here and had the audiences howling, so I hope it is as well received there. The play is described thusly: "Bridget and her grandmother are about to become roommates. However, what Bridget saw as a unique opportunity to stay with her favorite Nana in New York for the summer quickly turns into an experience she'll never forget. It seems her sweet grandma is running an illegal boutique from her apartment, selling hand-made naughty knickers to every senior citizen in the five borough area! Will Bridget be able to handle all the excitement? Will Nana get arrested--or worse!--evicted?"

As I was "Nana" in the Premier Production of the show my name is listed in the Samuel French publication of the script...quite an honor!



Robert Hurt (61)
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In Memory of Lois A. Hurt
July 29, 1941 to July 9, 2011

Wife of Bob Hurt, Class of 61. A service to inter Lois is being held at Arlington National Cemetery in Washington, D.C., on August 19, 2011. Her remains will be interred in the Columbarium. Upon our original announcement concerning Lois's death, we had asked that in lieu of flowers that donations be sent to the Montgomery County Women's Center.

Since this notice I discovered that The Montgomery County Women Center which supports our community has been planning a new annex at the

shelter to house families with older children. The Board of Directors for the Center has decided to name the building after Lois to memorialize her. Any financial support to erect the Lois Hurt Annex at the shelter for battered women and children would be most appreciated. Those contributions of \$1000 or more will be recognized on a "Donor Wall" in the building.

Lois was a big advocate of the Women's Center and supported their many programs. This will be a lasting tribute which will offer shelter to women and children for many years to come. Lois would have been so proud to know that she was the inspiration for providing this safe shelter.

For those not familiar with the organization, it is a private nonprofit 501-c-3 serving victims of family violence and sexual abuse in the community. Unfortunately, because of the overwhelming need for emergency shelter the current facility stays at or above capacity most of the time. The current setup allows for two families to share one common bathroom. By law families with children over the age of 15 cannot share any portion of their living quarters with another family; therefore the need for the additional building.

We hope you will join us as a partner in this project, a gift like this is much more than a charitable donation it is an investment in a safe future for those in need. Please send your donations to:

Montgomery County Women's Center
1600 Lake Front Drive, Suite 100
The Woodlands, TX 77380

Thank you,

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