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

Roster Changes

New Email address:

Sherry (Gregory) Carson (53)
SherryCarson@htcplus.net
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.

Are we getting that old that we can't remember those good times anymore?

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

Was pleasantly surprised to see that Pat sent you our correspondence about my appearance as "Pocahontas" in '57. I had sent her that as part of our discussion about meeting Prince Philip earlier that summer. In any case, it was nice of her to submit it to the newsletter (thanks Pat!)

I thought it might be good to clarify how and why I was appearing as "Pocahontas". As many of our classmates may remember, many communities around London loved to put on pageants in large stadiums called Military Tattoos featuring military bands and, displays of military might with appearances of not only the British branches of the military, but also the U.S., Canada, and the other provinces. Most often a dramatic performance of some kind was also presented. These Tattoos generally ran for about a week.

1957 was the 350th Anniversary of the founding of Jamestown, VA and most of the original settlers there had originally been from the community of Woolich outside London. Pocahontas is actually
buried in Woolich, and Prince Philip's Aunt, The Countess of Mountbatten was one of her descendants. When Woolich planned their annual Tattoo they decided to feature the "Pocahontas-John Smith" legend and advertised for an American girl to play "Pocahontas". My Mother begged me to enter...I did...and got the part!

Was saddened last month to see that classmate Janis "Skippy" Middlestadt has left us....way too soon!

Aaron (Father "Pete" to the class of '57) Sheldon Peters seems to have had a super wonderful trip and this is so heartening after the physical ordeal he has been through. I love the happy smiling pic with Carol Albert Yacavonne (she's been through too much sadness this year). What a nice pic ot Barbara Bookhammer Luehrs and family. I didn't know about Barbara's grandson's brain cancer and am so glad to see him smiling and happy in the photograph. A diagnosis like that is awful enough for an adult...just so, so cruel when it is a youngster.

Kudos to Marcia Craver Thomas for her placement in the Beauty Contest in Stanmore! We all had such great and exciting opportunities while residing in England!

Agree totally with Nancy Anderson Weber that we "Townies" had so many great opportunities for fun in and around London...I never regretted not being a "Dormie".

Gary, it is always wonderful to see pictures and read accounts of our memories of Bushy and England...even when I don't actually know the person contributing. Thank you and Pat for all your hard work putting this newsletter together and keeping it going!

Herbert “Chip” Delap (62)
cdelap@duffordbrown.com

First, I would like to thank Gary and Pat for their tenacity in producing the “Bushy Tales” each month, month after month (12 volumes - wow). I happened onto the Bushy Park website in late 1999 or early 2000 when I was planning a trip to the UK for my son and myself to see the old sites from my high school days – plus play golf on the golf courses where I learned the game. That led me to the “Bushy Tales” newsletter.

Second, I must confess to prolonged procrastination (that might be redundant). I have meant to write something for publication for quite a while. I don't recall seeing a lot of written material by the members of the class of 1962. About a month ago, the final push came from my receipt of the notice of the 50th year class reunion for the high school from which I did graduate in 1962, Lompoc Union High School next to Vandenberg AFB (we rotated back to the states my junior year, 1961). I am not sure what type of class reunion there will be for the Bushy Park class of 1962. We don't have a “geographic” location as a traditional high school might have. After all, and true to our nature as “military gypsies,” we are scattered all over the country, if not the world.

I have given some thought to what I might write about first – something that all of us, with our common experiences, might have encountered or felt at some time. It occurred to me that a common occurrence, when we were younger and meeting people for the first time, or now, at an older age, at cocktail parties, other social gatherings or events, is a conversation that turns to one's background … where were you born, where did you grow up, what's your home town, etc. We are a very mobile society. In Denver, Colorado, where I live, there are few people in their 30’s, 40’s, or older that were born and raised here. Most people are originally from somewhere else.

Confronted with these questions, myself, I admit that my father spent 29 years in the Air Force so I moved around a bit. As a not infrequent follow-up, someone might say: “That must have been hard,” or “Can't imagine what that was like.” For a long time, I vacillated between saying little, if nothing at all, or I tried to actually explain what that “life,” a life which we all know, was really like. That approach led to a lot of long-winded dissertations resulting in glazed-over looks by listeners who were trying to be polite. The reality is that unless you actually lived the “life” it is not easily explained. A number of years ago, in response to the “Can’t imagine what that was like” statement, I started to give an actual example of what that “life” was
really like. The example I have used is our departure from March AFB in Riverside, California, to England in March, 1957, and our return from England to California (Vandenberg AFB) in June, 1961.

At the end of March, 1957, six of us, my parents, myself and my three brothers (ages 13, 11, 9 and 3), with all of our luggage, piled into our 1955, blue and white, Oldsmobile 98. We drove 3,000 miles across the United States, spending time seeing the sites (some for the second and third time), staying with friends and relatives, arriving in New York City approximately three weeks later.

In New York City, after navigating the Holland Tunnel and some other traffic adventures, we parked the trusty Oldsmobile on the dock next to a large ship for transporting the car to the UK. After depositing the car, we took a taxi to Fort Hamilton in Brooklyn. We ate dinner in the Officers’ Club, but the four kids spent the night on GI cots in the gun placements (think dungeons), next to the Civil War vintage cannons, which at one time, provided defense for the New York Harbor. The next morning we took another taxi to New York Harbor and boarded the SS America. We were allocated two first-class staterooms. Needless to say, we were waited on hand and foot. While babysitting my three-year old brother on the Promenade deck (everyone else was seasick), one of the stewards inquired: “Sir, would you care for some consumé?” To my recollection, that was the first time someone had ever addressed me as “Sir.”

There were several very “famous” people aboard the SS America. However, the only one I remember was Salvador Dali, the artist. He had a significant waxed mustache and he wore a beret and a cape wherever he went.

We arrived in South Hampton, England five days later and immediately took the boat train to Victoria. The train trip to London involved two events that stand out in my memory. At the South Hampton train station, I remember spending six pence (that my father gave me) on a “Kit Kat” candy bar and receiving tuppence and a hay penny change in return. The six pence was the size of a U.S. dime, but the pennies were the size of 50 cent pieces and the half penny was the size of a quarter. This seemed an odd ratio of size to value.

Dinner was served in our rail compartment with white linen tablecloths and the silverware had the railroad crest on them. The waiter wore a starched white shirt, a black vest and a black bowtie, not to mention his white gloves. Theentrée choices were lamb chops or Dover sole. The lamb chops did not seem appetizing. Not knowing exactly what it was, other than a fish, I picked the Dover sole plus new potatoes. It was terrific. I have loved Dover sole ever since.

We stayed in England four years and a month. Our family of seven (my youngest brother was born at South Ruslip) departed the UK by boarding a C-54 with seats facing towards the rear (the Air Force assumed that your chances of survival were enhanced by that seating arrangement). Leaving Brize Norton, we stopped to re-fuel in Prestwick, Scotland, Reykjavík, Iceland, and Gander, Newfoundland, eventually arriving at Maguire AFB, New Jersey. At Maguire, we loaded into the same 1955, blue and white, Oldsmobile 98 and headed 3,000 miles back to the west coast. As my mother once observed, my youngest brother was conveniently small enough to fit in the back window.

We retraced our steps from the previous trip four years earlier, traveling across the United States seeing the sites (some for the third and fourth time), staying with friends and relatives and ultimately ending up at Vandenberg AFB. Our immediate lodgings at Vandenberg was somewhat less spectacular when compared to the five-bedroom house, plus servants quarters, we enjoyed in the UK. After two weeks in the Guest House, we were able to move to a two-bedroom apartment in Lompoc, California. This set of accommodations required us to have five children’s beds in one bedroom. This arrangement eliminated floor space and required a person to climb on and over each other’s beds when entering or exiting the room. It was tough to find a place to do homework. Some two months later, we were able to obtain a single-story rental house with four bedrooms. The definition of “bedroom” in that context was rather liberal.
But that was the life. From nomads to royalty to displaced persons.

With the indulgence of you who read this paper on a regular basis, I intend to offer, at a later time, other events from my memory during the four years and one month between the two trips described above. There are quite a few, after all, living in the UK for four years and one month was the longest time I ever lived anywhere during the first 18 years of my life.

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**Letters to the Editor**

Suzanne “Snookie” (Garrison) Mayo (54)
sgmayo54@att.net

Hi Gary, I really enjoyed reading the notes on the Coronation. As with most of our classmates, I was glued to the TV with all of the coverage of the celebration. It did bring back many memories of that day. My brother, Pete, and I were in the bleachers by the Parliament buildings. As the, soon to be crowned, princess rode by with Prince Philip, the sun came out and shone down on the gorgeous golden carriage and made it all worthwhile to be sitting in the rain for so long. It’s hard to believe that 60 years have passed. Thanks again for a most enjoyable issue.

Roberta (Sharpe) Martin (56)
rsybl@aol.com

Dear Gary:

I love the new format and seeing the pictures and news of the reunion in Arizona.

Judy (Senn) Pollock (59)
judith.pollock@languageatwork.com

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Hi Gary,

I hope you’re the right person to contact for this: I’m wondering if anyone knows the whereabouts of Eddie Noce. I am Judy Senn, class of 1959, which was Eddie’s year, as well.

Thanks for your help!

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**Deadline for articles and pictures for the September 2012 issue is August 20th.**