

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 Website at <http://www.bushypark.org/>

CLASS REPRESENTATIVES



1953 – Jackie (Brown) Kenny
JKYKNY@aol.com



1954 – Betsy (Neff) Cote
betsycote@Atlanticbb.net

1955 – Volunteer Requested



1956 – Edie (Williams) Wingate
WingW@aol.com



1957 – Shirley (Huff) Dulski
sedulski@gmail.com



1958 – Pat (Terpening) Owen
nemoamasa@sbcglobal.net



1959 – John "Mike" Hall
MGHall@Q.com



1960 – Ren Briggs
rpbjr@frontier.net



1961 – Betsy (Schley) Slepetz
bslepetz@comcast.net



1962 – Dona (Hale) Ritchie
DonaRitchie@aol.com

ROSTER CHANGES



From: Pat Terpening (58) Owen

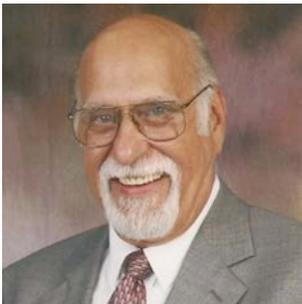
A little reminder to all –if/when you change your email address, please let Pat Terpening nemoamasa@sbcglobal.net or me know, if you want to continue to receive the newsletter. Too many times we only find out when you send us an email saying you haven't received the newsletter in few months. Thanks, guys.



Classmates Who Have Transferred to the Eternal Duty Station



William Vance (56)



William Edward “Bill” Vance, 78 of Athens, WV, died Wednesday, July 13, 2016, at his residence surrounded by his loving family. Born January 17, 1938, in Brewster Hollow, VA, he was the son of the late Dale Lampkins Vance and Oma Rasnake Bowers. Bill was a retired owner and operator of NAPA Auto Parts Store in Princeton. He was a member of Maranatha Baptist Church in Princeton and formerly active with Gideon’s International. He was a U.S. Air Force veteran.

In addition to his parents, he was preceded in death by four brothers, Dewey, Jack, Franklin, and Dale Vance; and three sisters, Dolly Reid, Anna Jean Murphy Wilson, and Barbara Bryan.

Bill is survived by his wife of 58 years, Yvonne Fish Vance of Athens; three daughters, Robin Clevers and husband Richard of Athens, Vicki Harrison and husband Robert of Elgood, and Michelle McKenzie of Princeton; one son, William S. Vance of Athens; six grandchildren, David Vance, Timothy Harrison and wife Kiesha, Christopher Harrison, Jessica Sizemore and husband Richard, Denise McKenzie, and Savanna Clevers; ten great-grandchildren, Bryce and Abby Vance, Logan Shrewsbury, Madison and Conner Harrison, Gavin McKenzie, Kristen, Kennedy, Khloe, and Khlair Sizemore; one sister, Yvonne Vance Wilson and husband Jerry of Venice, FL; one brother, Pastor Sam Vance and wife Delma of Beaver, WV; two sisters-in-law, Ann Vance of Smithfield, VA, and Delores Vance of Woodbridge, VA; many nieces, nephews, and cousins including special cousin, Annette Branch.

Memorial contributions may be made to Maranatha Baptist Church, 314 Oakvale Road, Princeton, WV 24740.

Memories of Bushy Park



Walter Costa (54) [Sorry for the poor photo – Editor]

Hi Bill,

Thought I'd drop you a line to see if you'd do a recall to see how many originators of our terrible school are left. {Not a whole lot of real education done in that place just a whole lot of cigarette smoking, skirt chasing, and raids on the girls dorm.) I was one of the Surbiton Originals. I still remember the huge tub we used to take baths in. I could lay flat in it and I was 6' 2 ". Anyone remember the gang wars we used to have?? I can't remember the principal's name, that grabbed me by the back of the neck for kissing some skirt in one of the halls in school. I always regretted not kicking him in his privates, but those things just weren't done in those days. Thanks to Mr. Poole for giving me a makeup test so I could graduate with my class. I know I failed it, but he let me go anyway. Good man ole' Poole.

I'm now 80 years young and still fly my own plane. I do all my own work on my vehicles (I have 5) and yard, and still can do 50 pushups. Well -- maybe not 50 --- more like ten. Very happily married to my last bride for over 16 years, and over all I'm probably the happiest dude on the planet.

Thanks, Bill, for your efforts with the newsletter.

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Anne Jones (53) Weber

Susie Talbot's mention of the London fog of December '52 brought back many memories, but this is the first chance I had to reply. Some of us had gone to the Teddington cinema. We came out to a yellow sulfurous alien landscape. Trying to cross the street back to the dorm, we got lost somewhere in the center of the 2 cross streets. When we finally came to a curb, we didn't know which of the 2 streets we were on. The street sign was there, but the fog was so thick, we couldn't read it. (You couldn't see your own feet.) We had to hoist the lightest member of the group up to get close enough to read the sign at the top of the pole. We saw a man in uniform with a flashlight and a rope over his shoulder. The rope disappeared into the fog. Then he disappeared, and a bus inched out of the haze attached to the rope. The yellow smog crept in under doors like a poisonous snake. Thousands actually died as a direct result. I remember hearing, at the time, that cows choked to death at the Smithfield's cattle show. The owners had to make temporary breathing masks for their animals with sacks soaked in water. It was a real horror show. It took 2 or 3 years before the British passed a clean air act that outlawed coal burning in the city..

Penny Ohrman (61) Bernstein [No photo available - Editor]

Bill,

Along with all the others, thank you for continuing to gather the news and memories of Bushy Park.

I attended Bushy Park from Oct. '56-June '57 in 8th grade and commuted. We lived in High Wycombe on the economy, when we first arrived. I would walk a mile to the local bus, get into High Wycombe and walk to the other end to the train station, take the train to the next town, walk up a hill and catch the school bus into Bushy Park - about an hour's ride. Looking back, I think of kids today - and yet then, in a new country at 13, I thought nothing of it! Then for the '57-'58 school year Bushy Hall opened - I saw someone mentioned that they graduated from there in '62. It just went through 9th grade that first year and I remember graduating there, or I sure remember going everywhere with my mother trying to find a graduation dress.

When we moved into base housing in June '57 it was all brand new. We were the first to live in our house. I think everyone moved on base that summer.

I was so surprised when I went back to High Wycombe about 12 years ago to see the base and that the school was now in High Wycombe. All those years ago taking two hours each way and a few more years, I could have walked to school.

During my time at High Wycombe and Bushy Park those that rode the bus were Jerry Kelly, Karen Cottingham, David Anderson, John Clarke, Sharon "Tiny" Swim - we've never located her - and me.

From there we transferred to Bitburg, Germany, in June '58, where I spent my sophomore year, and then to Charleston AFB in SC. In 1988 I founded the Bitburg group of anyone who attended the school from '56, when the school opened, through '63. We had our first reunion, that was magic, in June '88 in MD, where I lived. We thought we'd maybe have 15 in my backyard for crabs. We had over 110, including 10 faculty, that first reunion. From there we met every three years and went to San Antonio, 15 months after that a true Homecoming to Bitburg, complete w/cheerleaders leading the Homecoming Pep Rally in uniforms. Of course, our cheerleaders did "give me a B" and their cheerleaders did a pyramid! We went to the AFA, Charleston, Seattle, with an optional Alaskan cruise, Graceland, Las Vegas, Pigeon Forge and the final one was Aug. 2015, again in San Antonio.

I often think how fortunate we were to live overseas in those years following the war. Not a lot of tourist, no long lines. I can remember spending Sundays at Windsor Castle. Going back years later, the lines! We almost had Europe to ourselves back then. Nice memories, nice people. I am still in touch with Jerry, Karen and Edwina Edwards. Edwina and I saw each other in San Antonio, when I was doing the reunion there last year.

Again, Bill, thanks for all you do. After doing the Bitburg newsletter – a Christmas wrap up each year of all the news – for 28 years, I signed off with the Christmas one this year. It is a labor of love.

For all of us who lived the military life, I think it is so ingrained in us. I am taking two of my grandchildren and one daughter to Arlington Cemetery to lay wreaths for Wreaths Across America on Dec. 17th. My father is buried there and I salute the organization that founded the event.

Happy Holidays to everyone.

Letters to the Editor



John Enroth (56)

Bill,

Great Job. To see all the Bushy Park students respond was terrific.

I see we have the same connections with December 7, 1941. My wife, Clare, has a family history with the attack on Pearl Harbor. I claim that if it had not been for the Japanese, Clare would have been a Californian and not a Washingtonian. Here is how that happened.

Clare's father, John Reis, was a gun turret captain (Seaman 1st class) on the Battleship Maryland. The Maryland was next to Ford Island with the Oklahoma on its port side. He was coming up from the mess hall after breakfast (7:54 am) when he heard loud noises and wondered why they were having maneuvers on a Sunday. When he reached topside, he saw a Japanese Zero fly over the forecastle. At that time ship went immediately to 'Battle Stations' and he and his crew were firing their weapon continuously for more than two and a half hours. John thought they got one of the 29 planes the Japanese lost. At one point he was reaching down for another shell, and had his head and arm leaning on the bulkhead. Just as he lifted his head a piece of shrapnel hit the very spot where his head had been.

After passing the shell he kicked the burning shrapnel to the side to let it cool. After the second wave of Japanese planes left, (Naguma, the Japanese commander, canceled the third wave attack) he picked up the cooled piece of shrapnel and brought it home. After he died Clare, being the oldest, took the shrapnel and we have it next to his picture and Flag.

Clare's mother, who was more than eight months pregnant with Clare, did not know for more than three weeks if her husband survived the attack. Then John's post card arrived from Bremerton, Washington naval base telling her he was OK and that the Maryland sustained some damage fore and aft. The Maryland was able to clear the harbor after the attack and sail to Bremerton for repairs. Obviously, the Maryland was protected by the Oklahoma who received most of the torpedo hits from aircraft and the only Japanese mini-sub that got into the harbor.

Pregnant or not, Clare's mother, Ruby Reis, got on a train in Gardena, California and traveled to Washington State to be with her husband. Clare was born at the naval hospital on January 17th, 1942. We celebrate our 54th wedding anniversary on December 22nd. By the way, I was born in Maryland. Funny coincidence, hey?

Keep up the good work.



Marcia (McCasland) Craver (53) Thomas

Hello, I just read this and thought you might be interested. <https://www.news-journal.com/obituaries/2016/nov/28/mrs-dorothy-brown-craver-lnj/>

Dear Editor: I thought you might want to run this obituary that I wrote for my mother in the newsletter. I was a grad of the first class at BP 1953, while living in England with my mother and step-father who was stationed at Ruislip AFB. We lived in Ealing first, then Harrow, and then Stanmore, until returning to US. I was luckier than most people since my mother was nearly 105 when she passed on Nov. 26 and she loved every minute of her life from 1945 (her marriage to CM/Sgt. Ken Craver) forward. I did not want to go to England from Texas, where I had lived since birth with my grandparents; leaving my friends and boyfriend was traumatic at the time! However, our trip to England on the Queen Mary opened my eyes to the world at large and I found that I wanted to study for the musical theatre on the ship and continued to do so while waiting for BP to open. I took voice, dance, a few drama classes and planned to graduate high school and work in the West End, where I had auditioned (at age 17) and been chosen for a role in a new musical. I also did a fair amount of entertainment around the area, including as a singer with an AF combo and as a featured singer in a revue put together by an airman who pitched it to several private clubs (Ace of Clubs, I think, as one in perhaps Kingston). At any rate the producers thought I was Canadian and told me to go get a work permit before they would give me a contract. Of course, the hateful person I had to deal with at the government office told me that I could not get one unless they gave me a contract. Big problem. I was to go back and do a dance routine the next week so rushed back to Stanmore for a quick lesson to set up a routine that showed ballet, tap and jazz in brief. I desperately tried to think of a way to get that work permit all week - but it soon didn't matter anyway. My step-father came home at the end of the week and said "get packed; we're returning to the states very soon". I did a lot of squalling and bawling, but to no avail - we were leaving. We left by military plane and spent a few days in Prestwick, Scotland, then left for the final legs of the trip. We arrived in Texas during late July (very hot!), my friends took me to look up my old boyfriend and by September we were married! We were very young, but it was definitely meant to be - and certainly what the Lord wanted me to do. We had nearly a 50-year marriage with two children and a good life. My theatre ambitions went on and on and I was able to be somewhat successful in and around the Ark-La-Tex, owned my own repertory theatre, and founded the local community theatre, which I still run. All the while, my mother was there helping me, especially after we both became widowed within six months of each other in 2002. And now, for the first time in my life - literally - I am alone. I had no siblings and all the old folks and nearly all the friends are gone. My sons have their own families and lives and live hours away so I shall have to adjust to this type of existence and I will eventually. Since my mother accompanied me to at least one of the BP reunions in San Diego some years back, I thought the readers might find her capsuled life story interesting. And I can guarantee you that SHE found it interesting and made an effort to enjoy any and everything everywhere they lived - England, Germany, Orlando, Lubbock, and her favorite, Panama.

This is quite lengthy and you may not want to use it. An area newspaper did a beautiful article about her. which I will send to you by separate email. She made friends everywhere and was loved and celebrated every birthday. They're going to miss that next February.



Pat Terpening (58) Owen

Fr. Aaron (Sheldon) Peters (57) was in the Topeka Area on Christmas Eve Day and spent part of it with Pat Terpening (58) Owen and her husband John Owen.



We had a good chat and went to a local barbeque eatery for a late lunch/early dinner before Pete had to leave to say Mass in a nearby town.

Hard to believe that Pete and I rode the same school bus in 1956/57 from Wethersfield for me and Stansted for Pete - 60 years ago!!



Sheldon "Pete" Peters (57)

--FINIS--