

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
MGHall446@gmail.com



1960 – Ren Briggs
rpbjr@frontiernet.net



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



1962 – Dona (Hale) Ritchie
Dona.Ritchie@att.net

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.



Memories of Bushy Park

Robert Harrold (60) maintains a Bushy Park website at BushyPark.org Among the things you can see at this website is a “Guestbook”, in which many website visitors have left comments. There are many entries, dating back to April 2007. Here is a direct link: [Bushy Park Guest Book](#)

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I was at Bushy Park Central High as an Air Force dependent. We lived on the economy in Flackwell Heath, very near High Wycombe AFB. I commuted to Bushy Park daily on an Air Force school bus with the High Wycombe high school students. It was about an hour bus ride. My father was an Air Force fighter pilot. The year we spent in England his job was classified and we never found out what he was doing.

I went to three high schools, as did so many of us, then to Oklahoma University for undergraduate and University of Texas for my masters. I married Parke Davis from Tulsa, Oklahoma, in 1965. After living in Norman, Oklahoma for a few years, we moved to Pennington, (Princeton) New Jersey for 15 years, then moved to Austin, Texas in 1985 and retired here. We have 3 children, 10 grandchildren, one great grandchild and another great on the way. Our son and family live in Kerrville Texas, one daughter in Wilmington, NC, and one daughter and family live in Austin. We love to travel, play lots of golf, and are taking dance lessons for Texas Two Step.



I would love to know if there are any more of us in or near Austin. Let me know.

Patty Plott Davis (61) Pattydavis22@me.com

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As a number of my senior friends and I must now graduate to using 3-wheel bikes for purposes of safety, I am reminded of my green, fat-tired bicycle that Dad had shipped to England when we transferred to there in 1953. What a novelty it was for my new friends in Oxford! I had never before seen anything so skinny as their bikes with their typical handbrakes, and they had never seen such a heavy bike as mine. The neighborhood teenagers invited me to go riding to the park and, happy for this newly discovered popularity of mine, I gladly accepted. Well, I couldn't begin to keep up with them. I was not only a non-athletic type, but also a flatland Florida girl who had never had to exert myself by riding up even the least of elevations. The girls would circle around until I caught up with them. Finally, one of them offered to ride my J.C. Higgins (remember Sears brand?). Needless to say, the weight surprised her, but she struggled and did a lot better job than I. For a short time, I attended Milam Ford High School in Oxford before changing to Upper Heyford AFB Dependent School. I would ride my Fat Bike the short distance to school, and once again it became a big attraction to my classmates. As I struggled up that slight incline to school in my navy-blue school uniform, including that wide-brimmed hat of same color, I probably looked to any observer a bit like the witch in Wizard of Oz.



With more fond and fun memories,
Nettie-Grace (McClellan) Dunsford 1958

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You can Google deadly fog of London 1952...no one could drive and no bus and to eat we had to go to Bushy Park so we made a Congo line to get there...I always wondered what the English people thought when they could hear us but not see us! When you opened the door of the house we lived in, the fog would roll in like a ghost...sorry but I don't have any pictures to share with you 😊



Susie Talbot (53)

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