

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

1955 – Volunteer Requested



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



1957 – William Douglas
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1958 – Pat (Terpening) Owen
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1959 – John "Mike" Hall
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1960 – Ren Briggs
rpbjr@frontiernet.net



1961 – Betsy (Schley) Slepetz
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1962 – Dona (Hale) Ritchie
Dona.Ritchie@att.net

A little reminder to all –if/when you change your email address, please let Pat Terpening (58) Owen 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.



Thinking this Memorial Day Weekend of all those who lost their lives in defense of our country. Thinking also of all their family members and all those with whom they served.

Also thinking of all those who have served in our military over the years. We are all very grateful for your service, for your sacrifices, and thinking of your family members, they serve, too!



**Classmates Who
Have Transferred to
the Eternal Duty
Station**



**Stephen Dwight Warner (58)
May 12, 1940 – April 16, 2021**



On Friday, April 16th we lost our dear soldier, patriot, and traveler.

Stephen Dwight Warner was born on May 12, 1940, to Victor E. Warner, Jr. and Harriette Warner (nee Dwight) in Salt Lake City, UT. The son of an Army officer, he grew up with younger brother Jeff and younger sister Randy in Hawaii, Germany, England, California, and Northern Virginia. He graduated from McLean High School in 1958 and attended the United States Military Academy at West Point where he played soccer and was active in the Parachute and Russian Clubs. After graduation in 1962 he was commissioned in the Infantry and attended Airborne and Ranger Schools.

He began his Army career in the 1/187th Infantry Regiment of the 82nd Airborne Division as a platoon leader, before returning to Ranger School as an instructor at the mountain phase camp in Dahlenega, Georgia. He first saw combat in 1965 while serving as a Battalion Advisor to 25th Infantry Division Army of the Republic of Vietnam, followed by a 6-month tour extension to serve with the Vietnamese Airborne Division as a Battalion Senior Advisor. In 1967 he attended the Infantry Officers Advanced Course and Pathfinder School at Ft. Benning, GA, before returning to Vietnam in 1968 with the 1st Cavalry Division as a Company Commander and serving a second 6-month extension with the 1st Cav as a Battalion Executive Officer. From 1970 to 1974 he served in Washington, D.C. as training staff officer with the Defense Language Institute and at the Pentagon. In 1974 he was assigned to Riyadh, Saudi Arabia as tactical advisor and staff training officer for the Saudi Arabian Army National Guard Modernization Program. He later served with III Corps headquarters at Ft. Hood, TX as the Chief of Officer Personnel Management, and as the

Chief of Reserve Component Training and Command Plans Officer for Corps Support Command at Ft. Bragg, NC. Steve then transitioned to the Army Reserve and retired as a Lieutenant Colonel.

His decorations include the Bronze Star with 3 oak leaf clusters, Air Medal with 2 oak leaf clusters, Meritorious Service Medal, Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry, Vietnam Service Medal with 7 bronze stars, Combat Infantryman's Badge, Ranger tab, Senior Parachutist Badge, Pathfinders Badge, Vietnamese Honor Jump wings, and 6 overseas bars.

He began his Civil Service career in 1980, returning as advisor to the Saudi Arabian Army National Guard Modernization Program in Riyadh until 1983. After a three-year assignment in Atlanta, GA, he moved to Germany where he remained for 15 years with assignments in Darmstadt and Grafenwöhr, working in joint multinational battle simulations for the 7th Army Training Command. Steve retired to Tampa, FL in 2002.

Steve was a legendary world traveler. We find what is called a "compass rose" drawn on maps, used in electronic navigation systems, carved in memorials, and referred to in literature, to designate the four cardinal points, or directions, of north, east, south, and west. Steve Warner had his own compass rose.

The first point of his compass rose is "The Academy," that is, West Point. And Steve's North Star was the speech delivered by General Douglas MacArthur on May 12, 1962, the day of Steve's graduation and also Steve's birthday. The General's commencement address was titled "Duty, Honor, Country," the motto of West Point that became the cornerstone of Steve's life and beliefs. The second point is the Potala Palace, in Lhasa, Tibet. Steve's childhood dream was to visit this destination. He credited it for sparking his lifelong passion for travel, and it was a site to which he made multiple pilgrimages.

The third is Pitcairn Island, which held a special fascination for Steve. One of the remotest locations on the planet, in the middle of the South Pacific Ocean and thousands of miles distant from New Zealand, French Polynesia, and the coast of South America, Pitcairn also came to stand for other remote islands he visited: Lord Howe Island, the Cocos (Keeling) Islands, the Australian Antarctica Island of Macquarie, to list only a few. Steve traveled to all 193 countries recognized by the United Nations, and a total of 324 unique global destinations designated by the Travelers Century Club, the membership organization of some 1,500 devoted travelers from around the world.

The fourth point on Steve's compass rose is the agricultural village of Old Corinth, Greece, which came to symbolize the extraordinary gift Steve had for deep and long lasting friendships with so many people everywhere in the world. For example, the bonds he made with fellow Eagle Scouts while a teenager living in England matured into a lifetime brotherhood of inseparable friends, no matter that they lived on several different continents. Then there was Ruby Abercrombie, the hospitable local woman who always gave the young Second Lieutenant a warm welcome at her dinner table in Dahlonaga, GA while he was at Ranger Camp, and Steve never forgot her kindness. And for more than 50 years, he shared his friendship, support, devotion, and unquenchable zest for life with the simple farming family in Greece living in a world so different from his own. In every place on earth Steve visited, there are friends who love him and honor him.

Steve is predeceased by his brother, Jeffrey Knight Warner (USMA Class of 1964), and survived by his sister, Randall Victoria; sister-in-law Gloria; daughters Stephanie and Linda; niece, Michelle; nephews, Michael and Tasso; and by his life partner, Sally McNally Shimell.

Steve Warner's epitaph at Arlington National Cemetery will read, "Soldier, Patriot, Traveler."

In lieu of flowers, please join us in celebrating Steve's life with a donation to help support servicemembers and veterans families during their time in need through the Fisher House Foundation. <https://connect.fisherhouse.org/campaign/SDWarner>



Stephen Richard Davies (57)
July 18, 1938 – October 12, 2020



Stephen Richard Davies was born in Ann Arbor, Michigan on July 18, 1938, to Arvon Lloyd Davies and Billie McMachan. He was the oldest of four: Peter (Janis) Lynn Davies, Phillip (Sherry) Lloyd Davies and Cynthia Ellen Davies, all of Clemson, South Carolina. He treasured his role as an uncle to Danny (Denna) Davies of Queensbury, New York, Janie (Patrick) Fitzgerald of White Plains, New York, Rachel (Thomas) Hohman of Queensbury, New York, Jeremy Davies of Seneca, South Carolina, and Tyler Davies of Hollywood, Florida.

Steve spent most of his young life in Michigan, New York, and the United Kingdom. He attended Decatur High School in Decatur, Alabama through his junior year and graduated from The American School in London in St. John's Wood, London. Steve served as a Military Policeman in the United States Army followed by the Army Reserve.

Steve studied Architecture and Business at Auburn University. There he roomed with Corey Ray Jacobs. Corey invited Steve to visit his family in New Hope and asked his mom to find Steve an eligible, nice girl so they could go on a double date. Mrs. Jacobs heard Nancy Sue Childers had just ended a serious relationship, but Nancy wasn't too keen on the idea of a blind date. On May 6, 1961, just three months after a chance blind date, Steve and Nancy eloped.

Steve and Nancy were the proud parents of Stephanie DeAnn Davies of Dunwoody, Georgia, and Scott (Kelly) Daniel Davies of Seneca, South Carolina. They were also blessed with four grandchildren: Emma Bay Dickinson of Athens, Georgia, Vander Ashen Davies of Athens, Georgia, Seth Donovan Davies of Conway, South Carolina and Samantha Danielle Davies of Clemson, South Carolina.

Steve spent 35 years of his career in field construction. He served as an Industrial Construction Manager with Fluor Daniel for 21 of those years. He later joined Rust Environment & Infrastructure where he served as Construction Consultant for both Midway Airport and Navy Pier. During this time, he and Nancy relocated throughout the United States. It was at work where Steve met Billy Jones. Steve and Nancy became best friends with Billy and his wife Carolyn. They were often assigned to the same projects, moved to the same states, and shared many adventures together. Billy and Carolyn were also Steve's support when Nancy lost her battle with cancer in 1996.

Years later Carolyn decided to set Steve up on a blind date with her brother's widow Judy who had lost her husband to cancer as well. On October 16, 1999, Steve married Judy Langford Hardison. He welcomed her daughters Tiffany (Eric) Holcomb of Franklin, Tennessee, and Kristy (Carlton) Drumwright of Brentwood, Tennessee into his family. He also gained five grandchildren: Hannah, Madeline and Ethan Holcomb, and Josie and Benjamin Drumwright.

Judy and Steve moved to Franklin, Tennessee where they shared a love of boating at the lake, gardening and visiting with neighbors. You could always find Steve outside helping a neighbor and sharing a story of days gone by. Steve was devoted to his Christian faith and was a member of Brentwood Baptist Church for the past eighteen years. He was always the first to offer help when he heard about someone in need.

Steve's greatest joy in life was without a doubt his grandchildren. If he wasn't talking about cars, he was bragging about his grandkids. And anytime he was with them you can bet they would be sneaking away for burgers and milkshakes.

Steve's character can best be shown from the time he was diagnosed with cancer. He faced his diagnosis with strength and positivity. He continued to work hard and take care of those around him until his last days, even mowing the yard just weeks before. He loved and lived every moment he was given. Always helping others, until God called him home.

In lieu of flowers donations may be made to [Alive Hospice](#).

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Conrad Nicholas DeGennaro
July 18, 1943 – December 17, 2018

Conrad Nicholas DeGennaro, 75, of Topeka, passed away on Monday, December 17, 2018, at his home. He was born July 18, 1943, in Hoboken, New Jersey, the son of Carlos Nicholas and Lydia (Hahn) DeGennaro.

Conrad graduated from AJ Demarest High School in New Jersey. He attended George Mason University. Conrad had resided in Topeka since 1976. He was employed Iron Workers Local No. 10.

Conrad married Diana Treinen. They later divorced.

Survivors include two daughters, Nicole DeGennaro, and Leslie Fisher, both of Topeka, four grandsons, Joshua Fisher, Jaden Fisher, Maxwell Kelly, and Nicholas DeGennaro, and his seven siblings, Judy Gustafson, Rosie DeGennaro, Steven DeGennaro, Connie DeGennaro, Lu Allison, and Regina DeGennaro.

Conrad was preceded in death by his sister, Lydia DeGennaro.

To leave the family a special message online, please click here [Share Memories option](#).

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](#)



From: Norman Alm (61)

Hi, Bill,

Attached, as pdf and docx is a piece for consideration for Bushy Tales.
Had great fun writing it (and reliving it!)

Keep up the good work!

Best wishes,

Norman Alm (61)

A group of us used to go down to Eastbourne on the south coast of England for occasional weekends. The regulars in this group included Dick Cunningham (62), Butch Blonts (62), I think Tom Dixon (62), and ... anyone else want to own up? We would each tell our parents we were staying at the others' houses. In Eastbourne we would look for girls in the coffee houses (usually unsuccessfully) frequent the pub, try to get into parties, and usually sleep on the beach.

Sometimes we got lucky and could stay at the home of one of the kids we met there. One time we were invited to stay with a guy who lived in Bexhill – a few railway stations along from Eastbourne. Two of us went with him. We got to the tiny house he lived in with his parents. We bunked down in his room, one on a couch and one in the bed with him. I got the long (or the short) straw. Hopped in with him -- these were more innocent times – nobody expected anything other than a few hours sleep. Which is what happened. Next morning before we moved on his Mum made us all a big breakfast and was quite curious about us Yanks. Looking back, I think -Yikes! What were we thinking? Ah the recklessness of youth. It's in the job description.

On one of the Eastbourne jaunts someone in our group had arranged to borrow an old car. It was the group property of a gang of boys from a rough part of London. They lent it to us for a few cartons of American cigarettes, which we got from the PX. One of us could drive (no license of course) and he took the wheel.

As we were approaching Eastbourne the car started making funny noises and slowing down. We pulled into a filling station and opened the bonnet (hood) to see what we could figure out. 'Rev it hard' we all shouted to the driver. The revs rose higher and higher and then there was an almighty bang, followed by a clatter on the ground beside us. The car had thrown a piston rod straight up through the engine and 15 feet in the air. Lucky no one was peering over the engine at that point. We continued the rest of the way by bus. On returning to London, we permanently avoided going back to the part of town where the ex-car owners lived.

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From: Elizabeth Leah Reed

Hi Bill,

Here's a piece I wrote for a future issue of "Bushy Tales." It includes the photos.
If you need a different format let me know.

Thanks for keeping us connected!!

Elizabeth Leah Reed

Tucson, Arizona

Author of: [Mrs. Musterman—Milliner of Main Street: A Biography](#)

Not Like Home—A Book About Us!

Elizabeth Leah Reed* (Class of 1960) reedeliz@gmail.com

I just finished reading *Not Like Home: American Visitors to Britain in the 1950s* by Michael John Law, and I highly recommend this book to everyone who reads "Bushy Tales." Law's book is a delight, and I guarantee new memories will emerge when you sit down with it for an afternoon.

Many of us responded to Law's survey three years ago when announced in "Bushy Tales." He asked then for our impressions and anecdotes, following up with a few of us. It's all there—our responses—in his chapter 8: "Encountering the British—USAF Families." I could take objection to that title because my sister Nancy (Central High class of '56) and I were in a Navy family. But his statistics (see Appendix 6 for numbers of servicemen in United Kingdom by service) show ten times more Air Force personnel than Army, Navy, and Marine Corps combined.

Because we subscribers of *Bushy Tales* lived in England during Law's study years, I suspect while you will enjoy the data-filled book, you might argue some of his points. I know I did. Especially the oft repeated "wealthy American" theme. We were. But only during those two or three years and only because of the devalued British currency.

How many of us kids at Bushy Park felt wealthy? And why? Or why not? After all, the dollar was \$2.80 to the pound, so our dads essentially had an almost a three-times pay increase while we lived there.

Most of the book focuses on the visitors, tourists, and travelers to Britain in the fifties and Law mentions the intentional devaluation of the pound by the British government to attract them in the struggling post-war economy. I remember carrying my sugar and butter ration cards when going to the nearby high street to shop at the various grocers and mongers. And how inexpensive everything was. A gardener's pay was included in our rent for a furnished house (five bedrooms!) as well as the piano tuners for the baby grand. My mother was able to have an au pair to help with my brother and an Irish charlady for some weekly cleaning. Mother enjoyed crawling through the silver vaults in the basements of London banks and found some wonderful items that have become family heirlooms. Expensive luxuries she never could



afford before when we lived on an island near Charleston, South Carolina, nor after we transferred to Southern California.

In addition to American wealth, Law points out that we were accustomed to central heating and air conditioning back in the States, but I know my family didn't have the latter. We were still sweltering through the summers in the South in the early 50s and our return ship, the converted USNS Rose—an MSTS (Military Sea Transportation Service), not a liner—docked in the 95° F oven of New York City in August 1955. Few hotels had air conditioning, so we didn't stay for a couple days as planned. We caught the train to Baltimore, Maryland, (unairconditioned) to stay in my grandmother's unairconditioned



The Reed's Having Tea—Iced!
Nancy, Capt. Reed, Mrs. Reed, Jim, & Elizabeth
July 1955

home—also with temperatures in the 90s. We had become so accustomed to the cooler English weather that just the month before, we were “sweltering” in our garden having tea (iced!) when thermometers hit 30° C (85° F) in London. I remember a news article at the time described a woman getting stuck in the melted tar crossing the street!

But overall, I thoroughly enjoyed the book—the information and statistics. If you haven't got it already, I recommend it. Unfortunately, the British system of footnoting what we cite as “personal communication” with the contributor's full name is attributed only with an initial. That means we can't figure out who said what unless it is our own story. Like who is “H,” who responded to the survey in September 2017? “I was impressed by how easily one could work into a conversation, how forthcoming they [the British] were if you spoke up.” Or “K” who answered a follow up question in March 2018? “I think they [British colleagues of his father's] weren't aggressive enough for him, the hard-driving American . . .”

The statistics throughout the book are informative and fun, especially Table 2.4 (Life Magazine “How We Appear to Others”) and Appendix 3 (British survey about Americans). The table lists “favourable” characteristics as generous, courteous, optimistic, exuberant, charming and “unfavourable” as arrogant, brash, parochial, immature, noisy. In the appendix the negative opinions held by the British about Americans are similar, ranging from 45% “boastful and swaggering” to 5% “they are too noisy in speech.” In between are such comments as live at too high a pressure, place too much importance on material things, are immature and ostentatious. Positive comments range from the high of friendly at 28% to the low of home loving at 5%. In between are work hard, generous, and ambitious.

And what did we think of them? Law reports that we Americans sometimes confused British reserve for hostility but were more often surprised by the open nature and warmth of many Brits. In the early fifties, the dirty cities and grimy buildings were disappointing to tourists, who also found the food bland everywhere they went. But Law notes Americans found British heritage and history appealing—castles and palaces—something we didn't have at home. This verifies what I remember—being enthralled with the history of kings and queens.

I found my British friends charming, warm, and welcoming. My parents' British friends extended hospitality and opened up their homes to us. Some, but few, British neighbors wanted nothing to do with Americans. But I do chuckle when I remember the American kids who lived near me and our antics. Don Crews ('59) stands out. We knew the British expected us to be those "noisy, mischievous Americans" and when we got together, we never let a chance go by to live up to our reputations. (See "Bushy Tales," September 2005, "A Memoir of Life in 1950s England" <http://www.bushypark.org/PDFFiles/2005/September%202005%20issue.PDF>) Every month I enjoy reading "Bushy Tales" and all the stories and memories shared there. They bring back those wonderful years so vividly.

Law's book, *Not Like Home* was published by McGill-Queen's University Press in 2019 as a part of its Transatlantic Studies series whose purpose is to "provide a focal point for scholarship examining ... cultural, political, social, and economic connections between nations ... that border the Atlantic Ocean." You'll enjoy reminiscing and maybe some new memories of your time in jolly old England will well up.

* * * *

A little about me. I was in Mr. Shermer's 7th grade class at Bushy Park (1954-55). What a remarkable teacher. He told great stories, banged his map pointer on our desks to wake us up or get us to shut up, and was fair in grading. And my writing career started there—as a reporter for the "Junior High School Notes," together with Judy Bishop, Meredith Carey, and Roberta Robinson.

I also want you to know that I've just published a book: *Mrs. Musterman, Milliner of Main Street: A Biography* (available on Amazon). For any of you who lived or visited in Annapolis, Maryland, at some point in your travels, you might enjoy the 20th century history interwoven throughout her story. And anyone who

enjoys biography, especially books about strong women, will learn about this creative single mom and entrepreneur, who opened her hat shop in 1921 and didn't shut the doors until her retirement in 1967—after more than 46 years of crowning the heads of Annapolis women.



Mr. Shermer
7th Grade Teacher
Bushy Park 1955



Elizabeth Reed
Bushy Park 1955

Letters to the Editor



From: Bill (Grable) Rees (57)

Two members of the 1956 Bobcat Basketball team,
Bill (Grable) Rees (57) & Chico Kieswetter (56) in Ft. Myers, Florida
2021.



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