

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)
McCornack (d. 2022)**



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

1955 – Nancie Anderson (d. 2016)



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



**1957 – William Douglas
rwmdouglas@gmail.com**



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



**1959 – John "Mike" Hall
MGHall446@gmail.com**



**1960 – Ren Briggs
rpbjr@frontiernet.net**

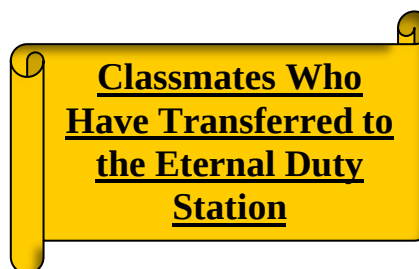


**1961 – Betsy (Schley) Slepetz
bslepetz@comcast.net**



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

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



Michael L. Hoyt (60)



Mike Hoyt (60), a very dear friend, passed away Tuesday, November 1, 2022. He was 80. I thought I would share a little bit about our paths crossing and his life.

We both attended Central High at Bushy Park from 1958 - 1960. We were dorm roommates along with two other fellows our senior year. That was the year we got to know each other and became good friends. That friendship has survived through all the years. Thankfully the internet came into being during the 90's and brought us back together, even though he lived in California and I live in Virginia.

Mike's father was stationed at RAF Wethersfield, and I lived at RAF Bentwaters. As a result, we had weekends at our respective bases thanks to the coaches (buses) that shuttled us home each Friday and brought us back on Sundays. At the time there were no high-speed motorways, so it usually took about four hours one way.

Dorm life was great. We got to know one another quite well during that year. There were some great day trips into London, which you can see through some of the attached photos. We visited numerous museums, No. 10 Downing Street, Piccadilly Circus, and various theaters.

Mike and his dad built a race car which his dad would race in local races in the Wethersfield area. If you look in the 1960 Vapor Trails annual above Mike's photo, you'll see that he also wanted to be a race car driver.

He served in the US Air Force and then worked for a municipal gas company for some 30 years. He and his wife, Kandia, raised a daughter on their small ranch in Apple Valley, California. He was always building numerous things such as dog kennels, as Mike and his wife raised West Highland terriers. With an eye to future energy dependence on solar power, Mike built the apparatus that holds and supports a bank of solar panels on his ranch. He did his own welding in addition to a great deal of carpentry.

I will remember Mike fondly. We shared many "coming of age" experiences in the late '50's at Central High. Friendships born and nurtured during those years don't often last a lifetime. I was blessed that Mike's and my friendship endured.

Respectfully submitted by Jim Heck (60)



Class of 1960...



Too hot to study in the dorm...



Senior class trip to Rome 1960...



Cards in the dorm...



#10 Downing St.



Piccadilly Circus...

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](http://BushyPark.org/Guestbook)



Letters to the Editor



From: Aaron Sheldon Peters (57)

Bill and Pat,

The latest issue is sooooo good. The letters brought to mind a number of memories. I'll only deal with one. First, however..

I spent a couple of days with Pat [Owen] and enjoyed our time together immensely could have stayed longer. At the moment I'm in Wichita, KS. Have been called back to the Abbey 2 days early for a very important meeting. Ugh!

1. That definitely canceled the trip to San Antonio for sure. But I did stop in Lubbock to see Warren Gehrett (CHS 56) and his lovely wife, Annie. His sister, Beverley Gehrett Wagner (CHS 58) has moved to Houston. And I forgot to take pictures.
2. Pat, I tried calling Al Koltermann twice, but no answer. So, I just came up to Wichita. Have to be back in Atchison tomorrow.



3. Jerry Berry's brief note reminded me of Coach Grover Canon and an incident that took me a good while to forgive him. He was a good man, but in '56 when we went to Munich for a track meet, I was supposed to run the 100m and 200m. When the 400 m was called Coach had put my name on the list. I had never run the 400m in my brief life and had not trained for it. I asked him if that was correct.
4. He said, "Run it." I came in next to last. Angry as all get out. Coach Cannon had not listed me for either the 200m or 100m. I could have won the 100m.

“Pete” Rev. Aaron S. Peters, OSB (57)

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From: Charlie Besancon (59)

Bill, here is my bio, hopefully. I use an old HP laptop and have trouble sending emails. If you get multiple copies of the bio, use the latest one.

Many thanks for the all the work you and Pat Owen due to keep us informed.

Charlie Besancon (59)

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Charles Besancon (59) Brief Bio

My Dad graduated from Central High School, Little Rock, Arkansas. At that time, he was one of the youngest licensed amateur radio operators in the State. After finding a job in the radio field hard to come by in the depression he enlisted in the Army Signal Corps in 1936. In 1938 he requested, and received, permission from his Commanding Officer to marry. My sister Ann (class of 1958) was born in 1940 and I was born on 10 November 1941 in Dallas, TX. Soon we moved to Midland, TX Army Airfield then to Hondo, TX Army Airfield. While my Dad was overseas in WWII (North Africa), we lived in Little Rock, AR near my Grandparents.

After the war ended, my Dad remained in the Army Air Corps and was sent back to Europe in 1947. In August 1948 my Mom herded three kids to Germany, first Stuttgart and then Wiesbaden. By that time the Army Air Corps had become the United States Air Force. My Father was part of the Air and Airways Communications Service (AACS) which set up airways communication all over Europe, including Berlin during the Airlift. I remember the devastation, especially in Frankfurt, and the Airlift airplanes flying over day and night but as a 7-year-old, I had no idea what the cold war was about. We returned to The U.S. in 1950 to San Antonio, Texas.

After three years at Brooks Field, My Dad was transferred to March Field, Riverside, CA. I finished ninth grade in Riverside in 1956. One day my Dad came home and said he would be transferred to a base in Turkey or England. We kids (there were four of us now) voted for Turkey. My Mom voted for England and since she outranked us, we went to England. We left New York on a MSTS ship. As we sailed down the NY waterfront, we saw a ship that was missing her bow. She was the “Stockholm” which had collided with and sank the “Andrea Doria” just weeks earlier. Nice way to start a sea voyage! The base where my Dad was assigned was RAF Chicksands, which had tall antennas but no runways.

My sister and I arrived at Central High School about three weeks after the school year started. We were dorm students, so it was a new situation for both of us. My first roommate was Fred Milburn, a guy whose IQ was probably twice mine, but he tolerated me. Each summer I worked at the American Youth Camp in Dorset.

When we returned to the U.S. in 1959, I enrolled in college. My Dad was stationed at Shaw AFB in South Carolina. In 1962 he had a stroke and was retired in 1964 after almost 28 years of

service. He was a CWO4 when he retired. I graduated with a BS in Mechanical Engineering in 1964 and went to work at the shipyard in Newport News, VA. After a year or so I enlisted in the USMC. It seemed like a good idea at the time and looking back, it was. When I phoned my Dad and told him I joined the Marines, he said “Why the hell did you do that?”

After the USMC I went to work for the Navy, got married, and bought a home. Charles III and Rebecca were born in Newport News. In 1983, I got a job with the Army in Charlottesville, VA. It turned out to be the best decision I ever made; job wise. It was in the vehicle mobility field, analyzing foreign vehicles that transported, erected, and launched missiles (TEL). In 1987 I became an inspector on the Intermediate Nuclear Forces (INF) Treaty and later the Strategic Arms Reduction (START) Treaty. For the next 13 years I went to the USSR (and the individual countries after the USSR broke apart) at least twice a year to inspect mobile missile facilities. I went TDY to Iraq for two months between the two gulf wars to search for SCUD launchers. I also went to Sub-Saharan Africa. Travel was a bennie I looked forward to. At one meeting in DC concerning a TDY trip, I drove home to Charlottesville after receiving eight shots in various parts of my body.

In 1989, our INF inspection team was in Leipzig, East Germany on an inspection trip. Our escorts (our minders) took us to an opera. As luck would have it, one of our team members got sick. Two of us volunteered to escort her back to our hotel, and after making sure she was safe in her hotel room, we decided we weren't going back to the opera. We wandered around Leipzig in a cool evening and found a group of young people singing folk songs accompanied by a violin and guitar. We could feel the emotion in the air. Nine days later the wall fell!

After my children had both graduated college, my wife and I divorced. Sue, who also worked for the Army in Charlottesville, and I married in 2002. Once, when I told her I had joined the Marines to get some maturity, she said “well, it hasn't kicked in yet”. Sue grew up in Cooperstown, NY and didn't leave New York State until she went away to college. Now Sue will travel at the drop of a hat. We both retired in 2003 and in 2004 bought a home in Oak Island, North Carolina. We travel as often as possible. We have visited all fifty States and much of Europe. We and five other retired couples (we are the dirty Dozen) hang out and travel together often.

Sue and I have four children and three grandchildren between us who are spread from Arizona to Sweden. We visit them as often as we can and combine the visits with travel to exotic places. After all, who would pass up a chance to see the Marfa lights (TX), the meteor crater (AZ), the largest ball of sisal twine (KS), the Pont du Garde (France), stay in a cave B&B (southern Italy), listen to pub music in Galway, Ireland or sip wine and eat bruschetta in a small Italian village square? All that traveling makes you thirsty so, after sampling margaritas in all our travels (they are hard to find in Europe), we perfected our own recipe and have our weekly margaritas on the beach or our back porch and plan our next trip. Our bucket list bucket is still overflowing. I am proud that my children both serve our country. My Son is a third-generation veteran (Marine Corps). When his active duty was over, he told me he would never again go out in the boonies with a pack on his back. He is now a cadastral surveyor for the Bureau of Land Management in Arizona, out in the boonies four days a week, often with all his survey gear on his back. My Daughter is a third generation Intel analyst. She recently completed a two-year tour in the Situation Room at the White House and is now working somewhere doing something she can't talk about. Sue's oldest daughter lives in Sweden writing English language copy for firms like IKEA. Sue's younger daughter works for a Richmond, VA A&E firm as a designer. I would not trade my experience as a military brat for any other way of growing up! Never living more than three years in any one place was made easy by growing up with other military brats who shared the same experiences. I agree with Toni Cooney Clem (62) on the time spent in

London. When I returned to the U.S. in 1959, I was homesick for London! Since 1959 I've been back to London three times and London still calls.

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From: Sean Kelly (78)

Pat - not sure I sent this to you at the time (but maybe I did). Just so you know, my wife and I went up to Buckingham Palace after the Queen died. We left some flowers in her memory in St. James's Park and I did so on behalf of Bobcats from across the years and all three campuses. I hope you can see from the pictures below.

These are just case you want to include it in a future edition (but you certainly don't have to) - here you go:

Sending best from Devon, England. Have a great weekend.

Sean LCHS '78



15 September 2022

Your Majesty:

In your memory and with thanks for your service .
RIP on behalf of those who were at

Central High School &
London Central High
Schools

* Bushy Park, ~~Teddington~~

* Bushey Hall, Watford

* High Wycombe Air
Station USAF, High
Wycombe



From: Joan Heck (58) Morris

Hi to Pat Terpening & also Bill Rumble:

As my own mother's parents were English, I grew up in Dayton, Ohio with my own memories of Grand-Dad & Grand-Mum 'til their demise.

However, I attended Bushy for the first time when my dad was stationed at Bentwaters Air Force Base near to Ipswich & Felixstowe, etc. That's when my younger brother and I were taken down to Bushy on the train, so as to join all of the other Air Force "brats" 'til my graduation. I had already received my diploma from Wilbur Wright High School in Dayton, so I graduated twice.

My time at Bushy was fun, and I was able to go with our class over to the Brussels World Fair, staying at a family home there, sleeping upstairs above a butcher shop. I got to know some of our classmates there as well.

My mom had been born in Dayton, as that's where her father had worked on early aeroplanes, etc. We also had some relatives there in London, and I would go down on the train from Ipswich, to visit with Uncle Charlie & Auntie Ciss.

I always had a great respect for Queen Elizabeth, and watched our TV coverage of her funeral procession, and the great celebration of her life.

My brother Jim Heck was at Bushy longer than I was. My name was Joan Heck, 'til I married and now am Joan Morris. I was thrilled that I got to live in England as we did, and have many great memories from that time in my life. My mom when driving our "English" car, would pretend she was Queen Elizabeth, and wave mainly just for my amusement. Hi, to Pat Terpening as well, because she and her husband came to Connersville, Indiana, and visited with me, as I lived near to Brookville, Indiana. We had a nice dinner there in Brookville, and they came out to my home in St. Peters, Indiana. Hi to Pat Terpening!!!!

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From: Martha Sue Isbell (60) Anderson

I am Martha Sue Isbell Anderson, class of 1960. I would enjoy hearing from classmates.

My email is marthasuetn@yahoo.com Thank you.

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From: Pat Terpening (58) Owen

Someone contacted me a while back about wanting to get in touch with Karen Cottingham (60) Trouvat. If that person will contact me again, I do have a current email address for her.

Pat Terpening (58) Owen

Ever wondered if there's anyone else living in the same town or near you?

If so, contact Pat Terpening (58) Owen nemoamasa@sbcglobal.net and see what she has in her database!

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From: Connie Newlin (60) Drennon

Hi Pat,

Really enjoyed recent issues, especially photos of buildings in background. As stark as I remembered. People's experiences so much more interesting than mine. I was very isolated and too goody two shoes. Dorm kids had a social life!

Question. Do you or Bill know if there is still one DOD high school open in England? My spouse thinks maybe Lakenheath or Mildenhall. Not sure of the spelling of either. My feeling is we have too few forces still in England. [Editor's Note: Lakenheath is the answer]

I learned of a teacher here who graduated many years ago from the private American High School of London. Evidently it was or is in St John's Wood. He teaches at St Vincent High, Akron, OH, the school where LeBron James graduated, before becoming an NBA champ. The man was written up in an article about local educators. One question was what would surprise your students. His answer was that he graduated in London. That made me contact him, just out of curiosity. His father was a geologist doing work on North Sea drilling, not military. Now I know.

Hope you are well and enjoying Fall. High color here, just past peak.

Not quite killing frost quite yet, but soon. Hate our winters!!!.

Connie D. '60

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From: Pat Terpening (58) Owen

Bill - here's what I got back from Sean Kelly (78) so far. Interesting info, and maybe something that might interest our readers.

On the schools, I can give you this - which is as official as it gets at this point:

<https://www.dodea.edu/europe/schools-by-area.cfm>

DODDEA - EU-WEST Schools (which is what the UK falls under):

Among them in the UK: Alconbury Elementary School and Alconbury Middle/High School

Then Lakenheath - and here's what I don't know:

It includes: Feltwell Elementary School (to me Feltwell was always a separate base)

Then:

Lakenheath Elementary School.

Lakenheath Middle School

Lakenheath High School

And something called:

Liberty IS

I do not know what this Liberty IS !!!! (It may be Liberty Infant School - trying to check into this).

I have fired off questions to DoDDS officials! Let's see what comes back. Chase me on this.

As for bases - this is what I think I know.... There is no formal list that I currently have access to — just that on Wikipedia and that may not be completely up to date.

The bases where the USAF and other US Military still have involvement:

RAF Alconbury (just technical site (runway sold off). 423rd ABG (since 1995)

RAF Blenheim Crescent. 422nd ABG (since 2007)

RAF Croughton 422nd ABG (since 2005)

RAF Fairford 420th ABG (since 2004)

RAF Feltwell 5th SSS/21st SW
RAF Lakenheath 48th TFW (since 1960)
RAF Menwith Hill
RAF Mildenhall 513th MAW (since 1966)
RAF Welford 420th ABG (since 2005)

--FINIS--