

Bushy Tales

Dedicated to all who attended London Central High School
at Bushy Park, London England from
1952 to 1962



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Gary Schroeder (55), Founding Editor (1936-2016)

Bill Rumble, Co-Editor email: BushyTales1@verizon.net

Pat Terpening (58) Owen, Co-Founder and Co-Editor email: nemoamasa@sbcglobal.net

Visit the Bushy Park Website at <http://www.bushypark.org/>

CLASS REPRESENTATIVES

**1953 – Mariann (Walton)
McCornack (d. 2022)**

1954 – Betsy (Neff) Cote (d. 2024)

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 (d. 2024)



1960 – Ren Briggs
rpbjr42@gmail.com



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.



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

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: Alan Phillips (55)

Bill,

I applaud your efforts to keep the Bushy Park community in touch.

The Rumbles and Phillips arrived about the same time I believe - Spring of 1954. In those days the services were not particularly concerned about the dependent's school schedules when reassigning people. I left high school in April of my junior year in Vermont as my father was transferring from Korea to London. He picked us up en route. I scrambled to finish my junior year, take SATs, etc. before we sailed on the navy transport ship USNS Upshur (T-AP-198) from NY to Southampton.

As has been noted by others, there was still rationing and clean-up from bombing damage was just finishing up in places. Workmen wore ties. Ha'pennies and farthings were used. Two pennies (tuppence) for the public phones. We lived in Kensington and a fair number of townies were nearby; the Teen Age Club was quite active. Your brother Pete, Teddy H, Joe W, Betsy C, Nancie A, Fred B, Sheila P, were all in the area and the Ruislip crowd often came to town. First half of senior year I went to the Ealing Priory (St Benedict's) because I wanted to play rugby. The Fall term over and needing a US History credit I then transferred to Bushy Park.

We envied the dorm kids but on the other hand, we had the weekends to roam the city and some of the social activities (cricket, golf at Richmond Park, Queen Charlotte's Ball, Battersea Park, cheap theater, pubs). I also joined a local Boy Scout troop and camped with them on the Isle of Wight. I think the senior prom was at the Kensington Hotel.

Right after graduation I sailed back on another USNS ship to NYC, spent a couple of weeks at home in VT, and then to West Point on 5 July 1955. (Returned to London for summer leave in 1956 as my parents were still there.) Graduated in 1959; married after graduation ... Germany,

Vietnam, Vietnam again, ... various other posts and countries, retired from the Army in Brussels, worked 20 years for an American steel products company based in Belgium, spent 30 years total in Brussels, returned to the US in 2009 and settled in Maryland.

Alan P

Letters to the Editor

From: Bill (Grable) Rees (57)

Cold starting to snow. Bushy Park mini-reunion in Michigan. Class of 1957; Vaikai Brown and Bill (Grable) Rees November 2024.



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From: Jerry Berry (55)

Summer in France is pretty idyllic. Dad was working at Toul-Rosieres AFB, as a weatherman. Our rented home, the Chateau de Manoncourt, was above the town of Nomeny and near a hill with the remains of an old Castle? Chateau? I regret never having looked into what it might have been; to me and brother Gerald (not yet “Sam”) it was a destination. Any day might have found us going into Nomeny to purchase a fresh baguette and a bottle of Citron with the swing top. Drinking and eating, up the hill to the ruins, to explore and watch the countryside. We were both Scouts and could spend much time working on merit badges. Most of my memories of that summer are episodic, quite possibly wrong, but mostly pleasantly if oddly fragmented.

The official rate of exchange, for military personnel at least, was 300 francs for a dollar. The unofficial rate out of France was much better. Greenbacks could be exchanged in nearby Lichtenstein at 1000 francs per dollar and, with careful shopping, even 1100. Our bottle of Citron was about 50 francs. A dime coke. Not illegal but frowned upon in the interests of Franco-American relations. Every weekend, someone would take a handful of greenbacks and head to the border. The money changers were mostly around the station, and then - if we children were along - we would scatter to see whatever the town had to offer, then a nice meal and a stay at a pension and go home the next day. On one of these occasions, we were traveling late at night when the generator on the Studebaker Land Cruiser ground to a halt. We piled into what was clearly a gas station and asked for assistance. Not only could he repair the vehicle - although only in the morning as a part was required - but above the garage was also a Gasthaus (inn if this were England) with beds and food. Repaired overnight, we were fed, rested, and on our way again in the late morning.

On another occasion - these always happen at night - we lost our way. We were taking our landlady, Madame Defer, on this trip. She kept her window rolled up to keep the air out. We were lost in a German-speaking part of the nation. But Madame was prevailed upon to use her German to ask help of a local. After getting directions, as we pulled away I heard her mutter under her breath, “...Bosch..” No lost love in the lands that changed hands after every war.

That fall it was off to a new school, Kaiserslautern American High School, good old (actually brand new) KAHS. Say that fast and clearly! Mostly finished when we arrived by bus, this time. The school was complete, dorms ready, and in actuality quite nice, but the roads were mostly still crushed rocks and messy with that good German clay. Settled in with no distractions, my grades jumped up. Nothing much to do, no place to go, located on a military base. Several things were memorable to me, both musical. One was the music teacher, Mr. Threlkeld. With the talent he had available in the student body, he organized a band. Five of us, with him on piano, made up a Dixieland band. Sort of. I played tenor sax; we had a trombone, a clarinet, and a trumpet. Not very good, but it was much appreciated, my first playing since leaving Cheyenne a year before. A second musical memory was the KAHS Football fight song. All together now:

“With a hey and a hi and a ho ho ho!
Rhine high Raiders, go go go!
Fight and fight with all your might!
Play that game and play it right!
We’ve got a team that can’t go wrong!
Our backs are fast and our line is strong.!
So come on boys, let’s go go go!
With a hey and a hi and a ho ho ho!”

Near the end of that semester, Dad was caught in the Eisenhower RIF, and Sgt Berry was relocated to the coast near Marseilles pending assignment to England. For me, that meant starting in a new school for the last part of that year, in a brand-new old building with crowded dorms and insufficient classrooms: three chem students to each Bunsen burner. Rochefort American High School was bleak. It was always foggy in December, even during the rains. Rochefort was in the heart of the communist docks region. We had a small local PX - this was an Army facility - and visited it several times a week, walking with armed guards past the "US Go Home" banners and scowling residents. There was a mess hall with good food, albeit on steel trays. Eight-foot tall, barbed wire fence around the school, between the school buildings and the dorms, and between the mess hall and everything else. From palatial Frankfurt through raw Kaiserslautern to down-and-dirty Rochefort. How the mighty are fallen. I was a student there for only a month or so.. My grades were very good, no distractions!

But then Dad's orders came through; we were going to London at the New Year!

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