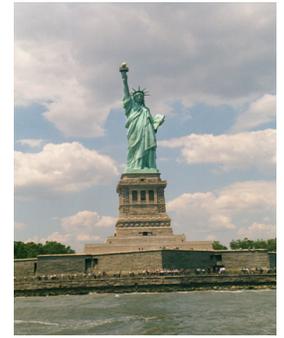




Bushy Tales

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



Issue #4

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Volume #10

Gary Schroeder (55), Editor gschroeder4@comcast.net
Visit the Bushy Park Web Site at <http://www.bushypark.org/>

Class Representatives



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



1954 - Betsy (Neff) Cote
betsycote@verizon.net



1955 - Nancie (Anderson) Weber
nancieT@verizon.net



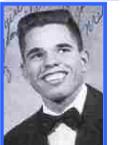
1956 - Edie (Williams) Wingate
WingW@aol.com



1957 - Shirley (Huff) Dulski
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1958 - Pat (Terpening) Owen
CHS1958@sbcglobal.net



1959 - John "Mike" Hall
MGHall@Q.com



1960 - Ren Briggs
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1961 - Betsy (Schley) Slepetz
bslepetz@comcast.net



1962 - Dona (Hale) Ritchie
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REMINDERS AND SPECIAL INFORMATION

1. Don't forget, if you're planning on changing your e-mail address (especially if you've been using a work e-mail to receive the newsletter and are planning on retiring soon) to let either Gary or Pat know so you can continue to receive news about your classmates.
2. Please try to remember to put BUSHY PARK or something similar in the SUBJECT line when you send us something. If we don't recognize your name or e-mail address we might delete it. (I've done that in the past - Pat). **We also need your class year.**
3. If you decide you no longer want to receive the newsletter, just send an e-mail to either Gary or Pat and let them know and you'll be taken off.
4. If you haven't received your newsletter by the 5th of any month (unless Gary or Pat let you know

if there will be a delay), please contact either of them and they'll get a copy out to you.

Roster Changes

New Email address:



Althea (Lawrence) Patterson (58)

Aepatterson1@hotmail.com



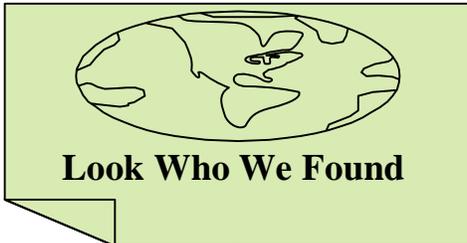
Nancy (Miller) Collins (60)

roost747@hotmail.com



Ron Brooks (61)

macchug@gmail.com



Look Who We Found



Terry (Hays) Roberts (59)

carolcroberts@cox.net

Memories of Bushy



Anne (Jones) Weber (53)

weberanne@msn.com

I was sad to read of all the changes at

Stonehenge. Gifts shops, fences, WCs. I remember one of those cold damp days where the air was heavy with moisture and the wind was visible with droplets of water-and those huge rocks, touching them, feeling one with the past and yet different. No postcards or key chains or quick trip to the Loo. We were alone that day with the past and alone with the white chalk horse cut into the hillside that we saw later.

And I think, in retrospect, we had it better than our children and grandchildren in so many ways. Reading the stories of the teenaged boys traveling alone on bikes through Europe with only a few dollars in their pockets, I remembered, on the obligatory Spring break family tour of the continent, being allowed to wander alone in Venice for the day at the age of 15. I was trusted to do no harm; it was presumed no harm would befall me.(OK,I had a small glass of wine, but, once we discovered the price of milk, all of us kids got wine and mineral water when we ate, so it was no big deal.) In Amsterdam, begging out of yet another tour of tulip fields, I was allowed to go by myself to the Ryks Museum to see the Van Gogh centennial collection. A chocolate bar for lunch, a bus ride back to the B&B. I don't know how many parents would feel comfortable letting their teen-aged girl go places like that alone today.

And when did they put those lines in front of exhibits in museums? I've been living a rural life for the last 35 years. Caught the Chihuly glass show in San Francisco a couple of years ago and was curious if what I saw was a reflection or an actual duplication of the behind a pane of glass display of glass balls...AND I STEPPED OVER THE LINE. I didn't touch. But the museum guard was next to me instantly. "I will have to ask you to leave if you do that again," he said. That's right. Threaten to throw out the old white haired lady. Yet at 15, I could have actually touched a Van Gogh. I didn't. I promise. But I could have. I was alone in many in of the rooms. I understand the need to protect exhibits from the damage caused by even the breath of viewers, but yesterday there was more trust and fewer people. We had more freedom and acted responsibly...most of the time...were reasonable...most of the time. I wish I could say the same for my grandchildren and great

grandchildren. It is a different world and not, in many ways, kinder. There is more freedom sexually at a younger age, but less freedom to wander safely around the world. I miss our world in many ways for myself and for them.



Reunion Information



Patricia (Miller) Hodges (55)
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BUSHY PARK REUNION CLASSES OF 1953-56 & Friends Wilmington, NC; 19-23 September 2010

Several activities have been planned, and some free time has been woven into the schedule. There is so much to see and do in this area, and we have tried to include highlights for everyone to enjoy. A complete schedule of events will be available at registration, but for now:

Sunday night will be the welcoming reception at the hotel. Monday will be a full day of fun, starting with a presentation on the history of Wilmington by a very entertaining tour guide, Mr. Bob Jenkins.

Bob is a Wilmington native and conducts walking tours of the historic district throughout the year. Following his presentation, anyone who wishes to take the tour with him is welcome to do so. At four p.m., Ted Hopkins will give a presentation on a topic of his choice. At our last reunion, he gave a most interesting and informative talk about the sound barrier, so we have asked him to speak to us again. Monday night, after dinner on your own, one of our classmates, Ed Toone '54 and his wife, Bates, are hosting a coffee and dessert get-together at their home. This will give us an opportunity to visit in a casual and homey atmosphere.

Tuesday is an all-day bus tour (9:30 a.m. until about 4:30 p.m.) of the area. We will have a guide to take us to Fort Fisher, the scene of the largest naval

battle during the War Between the States; Southport, a delightful little seaport town which is designated to become a major port in North Carolina but which is now fun to visit. We'll have lunch there and then proceed to Brunswick Town, site of the first English settlement on the coast; and finally we will visit the Orton Plantation gardens. The plantation used to produce rice but now has some gorgeous gardens.

On Wednesday a visit is planned to the Battleship North Carolina, right across the river from the hotel. Commissioned in 1941, this battleship participated in every major naval offensive in the Pacific. Throughout this entire time, the total loss of life was 11, which is pretty remarkable. Wednesday night is the banquet - hard to believe that the days will pass so quickly.

Many great restaurants are close to the hotel for times scheduled for "free time". The beach is nearby, too, and maps and recommendations will be available at registration. Hope you all can come!!



Ruth (Lund) Bethea (55)
rbethea@verizon.net

BUSHY PARK REUNION CLASSES OF 1953-56 and Friends Wilmington, NC; 19-23 September 2010

Wilmington is waiting for us to come and enjoy her rich history and beautiful scenery. The hotel is located on the Riverwalk and there are lots of shopping and attractions within walking distance.

"Wilmington's dynamic beat is felt even on its historic brick streets. Follow the vibe from antebellum mansions to hipster hotspots where movie stars play. Surprises surface along the way in this 270-year-old port city, whose enduring style never sits still."

On the last page of this newsletter there will be a registration form for this reunion .

This and That



Clifford Gunderson (Faculty)
cliff_gunderson@hotmail.com

I have made a gallery of photos for those of you who may be interested in pictures of the 2010 Gathering. I hope you can download any that you want.

<http://gallery.me.com/cliffordg9#101175>

I'm inspired enough to look forward to being with you again.



Leola (Sickler) Heslin (55)
l-j-hwh2736@hotmail.com

Well we finally made it! We are great grandparents. Her she is.



Edie (Williams) Wingate (56)
WingW@aol.com

Hi Gary--many thanks for ALLLLL of your hard work keeping us in touch!!! Here's a blurb for the next newsletter--edit as you want. Edie

Hello class of '56,

It would be fun to hear how we have "grown up"--learn where our lives have taken us since Bushy? Would you please take a minute to send me a short up date and be sure to include where you are now living--might learn another classmate is just a few miles away.

I'd like to pass the updates on for Gary to include in the newsletter as he has space. Many thanks.



Peter Burnett (58)
peterb40@sbcglobal.net

It gives me great joy to share this news with you my very special friends and relatives!

Brian Jolly is originally from Portsmouth, England and now living in Melbourne, Australia (or "Oz" as he calls it). Brian is head of the Orthopedic Department at Monash University in Melbourne.

What makes this so special? Many years ago in a land far away There was Regimental Sargent Major Bruce Clark Jolly, a career soldier in His Majesty's Royal Engineers in Bermuda. RSM Jolly became my father and he also had another family later after WWII in Portsmouth, England. Brian Jolly is one of three children of that Portsmouth family, and is my younger brother. He is 60 and I have never met him.

On Thursday 19 May Brian will arrive at San Francisco International on his way back to Oz from a medical conference in Miami. He will be spending three days with Robin and me in Vacaville.

This I am sure will be a wonderful experience as we get to meet and know each other.



Ingrid (Gath) Kakalow (60)
thegreek@q.com

We want to thank Ren and all the others who worked to put the event together.

My husband and I had a good time and I enjoyed seeing some of my Bushy Park classmates, looking at the old pictures and reading the newspaper articles and getting to exchange memories.



Ronald Brooks (61)
macchug@gmail.com

I just wrote you to change my e-mail address and it got me to thinking.

You asked for an article for the next newsletter and I think I might have something of interest.

For those of us who can't afford the time or expense of traveling to Las Vegas for the "Gathering" a mini-reunion has been planned for this July in Napa, California. It has been organized by Carol Armstrong Mitchell and she has lined up some activities that are unique to the wine country where she lives.

So far, there are about 15 couples that have confirmed and hopefully more will come as time permits.

Personally, I'm excited to reconnect with folks I haven't seen since graduation from Lakenheath in 1961, especially some "kids" from Bentwaters/Woodbridge AFBs.

If you would like more information, you can e-mail Carol. Her address is mmitch1@sbcglobal.net

What are we doing
now
?



Craig Sams (61)
craig@craigsams.com

I noticed the message from former Faculty member Martha Gail Kelly about Douglas House now being a hotel and this prompts me to write as I have recently spent a lot of time in the Bayswater area and it brings back many memories. I also noted Ellis Young's letter asking for more information about current activities and saying that the 'newsletter has pretty much exhausted past remembrances.' I still find that it stimulates memories that I had thought were long-forgotten, but I take his point and will try to cover both the past and the present.

When we first came to the UK in 1951 there was no base school as far as I know – the USAF would pay for education in British schools and I went to 3 different ones: Gibbs School (where Prince Charles' younger brothers Edward and Andrew went to school) then to Buckingham College in Harrow where they still used the cane on misbehaving boys, and finally to St. Mary's Town & Country School, which was a progressive school that didn't beat the kids and therefore attracted a lot of Americans. My classmates included the daughter of the European arm of Exquisite form foundation garments and I remember her house having mobiles hanging off the ceiling of cutouts of women in her dad's products. The 3 Weinstein sisters at the school were the children of Hannah Weinstein, who produced the Robin Hood series on TV. One went on to produce "Ghost" and her sister Paula produces endless Hollywood hits. So from 3rd Grade to 7th Grade I went to English schools, then spent a brief time as an 8th Grader at Bushy Park before our family moved to Wiesbaden, then SAC HQ Omaha, then Chateauroux France and then back to Bushy Park for my senior year. So some of the class of '57 and 58 would have seen me around but I wouldn't expect them to remember a lowly 8th grader.

From Bushy I got a scholarship to Penn and studied Economics at the Wharton School, a leading business school. I found it so dry and boring that I nearly flunked out – though being a frat boy in Phi Kappa Sigma didn't help my concentration, either. I lost my scholarship but hung in there with a

student loan in my junior year, then got my grade points average back up to par and took a leave of absence.

I traveled around Europe and spent a lot of time in Ibiza and Formentera, islands off the coast of Barcelona. Then traveled overland hitchhiking and trains and buses to Turkey, Syria, Lebanon, Iraq, Kuwait, Iran, Pakistan, India and Afghanistan – all friendly and peaceful places at the time. I often wonder if I could ever retrace my footsteps now and come back in one piece.

I got very sick from dysentery and hepatitis and in Delhi I was lying on the street wondering if my parents would ever know what happened to me. I assumed that after I died some enterprising Indian would get hold of my passport and nobody would know my ashes were floating down the Ganges. I headed back west and ended up in hospital of the USAF base in Peshawar, Pakistan. Being a dependent had its advantages – I might have died without those 3 days to restore my health.

Then on to Kabul in Afghanistan and then home on an Aeroflot flight with a few days in Moscow on the way. But being near the brink of death made me concerned about maintaining good health every since – never again did I want to feel like I was fixing to die. So I went on to a macrobiotic diet – not vegetarian but heavy on whole grains and vegetables and organic food. I graduated from Penn and decided to open a macrobiotic restaurant in London.

I lived around the Portobello Road and our restaurant was near Paddington Station. My brother joined me in the business (Gregory, class of 1965, Bushy Hall) and we soon opened a natural foods store, then started wholesaling and a bakery and manufacturing.

Our Whole Earth brand peanut butter became the No.2 brand in the UK by the late 1980s and Gregory invented the first ‘Vegeburger’ which he eventually sold to ADM.

It was while I was looking for organic peanuts that I came across some farmers in Togo in Africa who grew organic cocoa beans. We made up a sample

of chocolate from the cocoa beans and then decided to go into the chocolate business. My wife Josephine (“Jojo”) and I created the Green & Black’s brand and launched the world’s first 70% cocoa solids, organic and fair trade chocolate. It was a big success but we couldn’t keep up with the growth and kept running out of cash – a common problem with undercapitalized businesses. So we sold some shares in 1999 and eventually sold the whole business to Cadbury in 2005 and they got taken over by Kraft this year. I am still ‘President’ of the company but it is more of an honorary role reflecting my role as founder, though I still attend monthly meetings and help the new owners keep the brand on track. It’s the world’s biggest organic chocolate brand and the world’s first global Fairtrade brand.

After living in Notting Hill for over 30 years I moved to the seaside town of Hastings where Jojo and I own the local bakery and have a small piece of land 2 miles from our house in town where we have 13 acres of forest that we run as a charcoal enterprise and 4 acres of orchard and 3 acres of vegetable ground, where we grow apples, plums, pears, peaches, figs, potatoes, sweet corn, pumpkins, beets, leeks and other vegetables that we sell in our bakery shop and to local schools.

For the past 20 years I have worked with the organic food charity the Soil Association, first as Treasurer, then as Chairman, now on the board of our certification business. Our Royal Patron is the Prince of Wales who very kindly allows us to invite guests to visit his farm and home at Highgrove – seeing is believing with organic food and when people see that organic farming can make money and protect biodiversity in the landscape and produce good food their negative preconceptions slip away.

We invite journalists, supermarket executives, farmers thinking of converting and charitable donors on these visits. I’m also a director of his food company Duchy Originals, which is a brand that will be expanding globally in the years ahead.

A year ago I became a trustee of the Slow Food UK Trust – this organization was founded in Italy as a reaction to fast food and seeks to protect traditional

foods, food making crafts, heritage seeds and breeds and simply says that food should be 'good, clean and fair.'

It's a movement that's gathering momentum here and also in the US, where it's going from strength to strength. It's all about enjoyment of food at the deepest level and it does a lot of work (as does the Soil Association) with schools, where kids often eat the worst food of anybody. Thanks to the Soil Association's Food For Life partnership there are now 300,000 organic school meals served every day (in Italy it's 1 million) and the schools source more food locally and prepare more of it fresh on the premises. A lot of the problems of obesity, diabetes and heart disease trace their foundations back to habits developed in childhood and the looming health problems of our advanced societies threaten to break the bank of healthcare.

I am a partner in a business called Carbon Gold – we turn woody biomass into a form of charcoal called 'biochar' which is a great soil additive, reducing the need for fertilizers and watering. It is also a way of sequestering carbon in soil, where it stays for 1000 years, a better way to stop carbon emissions than to burn wood or bio-fuels.

I often stay near the Douglas House at the Henry VIII hotel – it's cheap and clean and has a great swimming pool in the basement. As I walk along to the underground station I pass both Douglas Hotel and the Columbia Hotel and remember how, as a kid, I'd ride by on my bicycle and dutifully salute the Stars and Stripes that fluttered over their entrances.

I also remember when some anti-US activists pulled up alongside our flat in Lancaster Gate on the back of a truck, jumped out and stomped on the roof of our Nash Rambler station wagon, things were pretty political in those days, with 'US GO HOME' the most popular graffiti of choice.

Like most Air Force brats I didn't really connect to a neighborhood and a group of friends that you'd grow up with from a tender age, through graduation and maybe even know as adults. Every year or so it was a new home, a new school and new friends. So going back to an area where I lived for four

formative years of my life has a strangely rejuvenating effect. As I walk along those pavements in a neighborhood that has hardly changed in appearance I become that 11 year-old American kid going to a British school and wondering where my Dad was going to move us to next.

This weekend in Hastings sees the Jack in the Green events, where the whole town is decked out with freshly picked greenery and the ancient May Day celebration of spring takes place. Morris dancing groups come from all over the country, as do bikers on motorcycles and, more recently, mods on their scooters. In the 1960s Hastings was famous for its fights along the seafront between the rockers and the mods. The police came out in force one historic weekend and marched them off in opposite directions to break up the fighting. They are all much older now and it's a charming aspect of the way people in England rub along together that if you go into any of the pubs this weekend you'll see middle-aged and elderly mods, rockers and Morris dancers all buying each other drinks and being totally friendly. Funny how tribal passions subside as the tribal members mature.

In June of this year my high school before Bushy at Chateauroux Air Station in France is having a big reunion and presentation of the Friendship Flame Statue to commemorate the warm relations between the USAF presence and the local French. The French love most things American (it may take a glass or two of vin rouge to get them to admit it) and there was much local regret when President DeGaulle told the US they had to remove their bases in 1966. I had a good French friend at the time who was recently re-elected as the Mayor of the town as well as to the French Senate, so it should be a great weekend.

Jenelle Peterson, a classmate of mine from that year, who now lives in Dallas, has organized this event and is a real inspiration. I think it's wonderful that my last two high schools both have active people keeping the bonds of friendship alive – many thanks to you all – I hope this contribution can help keep the newsletter keep going – it's always a welcome appearance in my Inbox.



**Letters to the
Editor**



**Suzanne "Snookie" (Garrison) Mayo
(54)**

sgmayo54@att.net

Hi Gary, Thanks for another interesting Newsletter. I think it is a great idea to know what everyone is doing now with their lives. Also, what year were the pictures taken that Mr. Gunderson sent to you??

The only reason I asked is that I thought I recognized some of the kids, and that meant it would have been 1954 or earlier. Course, I needed a magnifying glass to really see the faces and that I didn't do.



Carol (Smith) Benjamin (59)

carolbenjamin@knology.net

Thank you, Gary, for yet another great publication. I really thought that Leola Joy (Sickler) Heslin's story was amazing! How she ever survived those grammar school teachers' treatment of her is unreal. God bless her for persevering with her singing and music in spite of what they did to her. She's one brave lady and I applaud her. Thank God the school systems of today don't sanction such abuse. I thank her for her article.



John Strand (58)

jsstrand@hotmail.com

Dear Joy (and Gary),

How nice to be remembered in your reminiscences and know that I had a significant part in your life even though very briefly - I, too, remember that little place we played quite fondly although I don't remember where it was - but inside there was a tiny stage one step up with one glaring spotlight so that it was impossible to see the audience - I do remember the song "Frankie and Johnny" which we "borrowed" from a Les Paul and Mary Ford record -

the guitar I used was a very new 39.00 Sears and Roebuck Silvertone which I tinkered with over the next 10 years till I could afford a used Les Paul Custom - I still have that little guitar stored in its' case full of memories of all the different gigs through high school and college - it was the key to my entry into places that I never would have gone without it - and it turns out that little Silvertone is among the rarest of the rare old guitars - who wooda thot??

I have previously expressed my appreciation in earlier issues for the encouragement I received from Wallace Threlkeld and the guitar lessons he gave me plus letting me play guitar accompanying the choir for an actual performance - I remember that I did "Tumblin Tumbleweeds" and Denny Kise took over on the next number - Ted and Robin Hopkins mom was also a source of encouragement for my music when I spent the weekends with them out at Denham village and also after they moved into London -

The Sicklers and Strands lived rather close to each other - I was at #2 The Uplands in South Ruislip and you were only several blocks away - Mary Lou DeCoursey also lived in the neighborhood (I was amazed not too long ago that I was able to find a "street view" of that house on Google Maps - amazing - and it looked very much the same!) I remember taking a guitar on the bus with us regularly and the next "big hit" for us was going to be "Oh Happy Day" - certainly made those bus trips go faster - unfortunately, you all had just arrived as our tour was finishing and I left for stateside on the same ship with Robin and Ted Hopkins in June of '55 bound for Sheppard AFB and Wichita Falls, Texas where I spent the next 7 years with high school and college -

Now, here's a test for your memory - there was another singer on that night and I am pretty sure it was she who got us the gig - her name was Maud Merson, and her dad was a civilian in electronics at Ruislip - she was a classically trained singer and she did "Caro Nome" that night - Well, Joy, thanks again for sharing your remembrances with us - that's quite a journey you have had and it's really nice to realize after all these years what positive influences we were on each other "way back when" even if only in passing - thank you so much.

BUSHY PARK REUNION
 CLASSES OF 1953-56 and Friends
 Wilmington, NC; 19-23 September 2010
 REGISTRATION FORM

Name: _____ Class: _____
 Address: _____
 Telephone: _____ email: _____
 Guest: _____ Driving to reunion? Yes No; if yes, how many riders
 could you assist transporting to two activities? _____

A discussion of the daily plans appears in the information sheet in the newsletter. We hope everyone can participate in all activities, but we need to know for reserving transportation and meal requirements. Thanks!

Per person, except where noted:

	No.	Amt.
Registration fee: (\$25)-class member only; not guest	1	\$25
Sunday night reception: (\$10 + open bar)	_____	\$ _____
Monday evening dessert get-together (\$5)	_____	\$ _____
Tuesday all-day tour (\$45 - lunch additional; all admissions included)	_____	\$ _____
Wednesday battleship tour (\$10)	_____	\$ _____

Wednesday night banquet (**Circle choice of entrée* and dessert**)

*(Price includes entrée, salad, dessert, beverage, tax, and gratuity)

Vegetable Linguini	\$33	_____
Mixed grill (salmon, tuna & large shrimp)	\$42	_____
Crabcakes	\$47	_____
Garlic Chicken	\$39	_____

Total Meal(s) Cost \$ _____

Key Lime Pie	_____
Fruit Cobbler	_____

Reunion Grand Total: \$ _____

Please mail completed registration form and check **not later than 10 August** to:

Ruth Bethea, '55
 7309 Leesville Blvd.
 Springfield, VA 22151

NOTE: In the event of a cancellation, refunds are possible for the reception, battleship tour, banquet, and the dessert get-together.

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