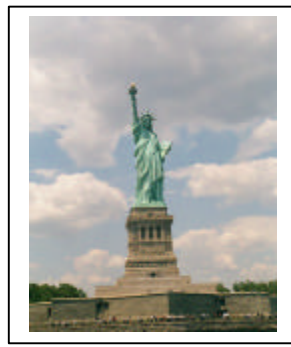




Bushy Tales

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



Issue #2

April 2004

Volume #4

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

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Roster Changes

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Change Apartment # to 401. Everything else
remains the same.

New email addresses:

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Wheeee - we now have high speed internet!

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Mini Bios

From Alan Meyer (59)

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I'm doing fine also and am living in a small town in Oregon. I have a 25 year old son who is a commercial model (and was Levi's primary fitting model) and who has been living in San Francisco until recently, and I

have a 21 year old daughter who is still in college and studying to become a nurse.

From Joseph P. Miranda (60)

jpmiranda@hotmail.com

When we came back from England, my dad shifted a bit, then we got to Castle AFB near Merced in about late 1959 or early 1960. I graduated from high school there and went on to a couple of years at University of Colorado, Boulder and eventually into the Air Force myself. My dad got transferred to Minot AFB in North Dakota where he later retired. I was stationed at Travis in northern California then in the Philippines.

From Nancy Miller Collins (60)

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What fun to keep track of this very special group of people. I have always thought that service kids had a unique bond and it seems to be true.

I have heard from several of the friends I knew in Sculthorpe and am trying to find more. It is so much fun to hear from them and see what they have done over the years. I hope to visit Geneva Dennard in Grants Pass. She may have other contacts also.

My parents were really tickled to hear of the Bushy Park website. They have such fond memories of their tour in England. Really, three years is the longest time we were stationed anywhere! They retired in Albuquerque, New Mexico, for the climate and also for the friends that they have there. Dad knew many of the civilians and many military have retired there too. They are too far away but I love visiting them in beautiful New Mexico.

My husband is retired now too. He flew for Pan American World Airways and then joined

United Airlines when Pan Am sold the west coast routes. We met in San Francisco in the 60's where I was a flight attendant for Pan Am. After marrying we moved to Medford, Oregon where we still live. We have raised two daughters here who are on their own; one in Portland, Oregon and the other in Anchorage, Alaska. Our younger daughter just married in October. This is a pretty area, the Rogue River Valley; lots of outdoor recreation and interesting towns. Until lately we have not been very crowded, but growth is here too. The entire west coast seems destined to a large population. We just returned from Palm Springs area and could not believe the traffic on our way through Los Angeles area. It's still winter here. Snowdrops are blooming. Lots to do soon in the garden.

Mini Reunions

From Suzanne(Snookie)Garrison, Mayo (54)

Sgmayo54@aol.com

Gemma Gamble Rettman (54) and her husband, Dale, plus their beautiful Golden Retriever, Cheyenne, paid a short visit to San Jose, CA to see the Mayos on their way home, to Eugene, OR, from a trip to Southern California. The four of us have been able to get together for a few visits in the past 10 years, which have been most enjoyable. We talked over a few of our memories of Bushy Park, and we decided that the "Dorm Kids" were really a wild bunch, since reading some of the many stories that have been appearing in the "Bushy Tales". I think the "town kids" were on a short leash, living with our parents, so couldn't get away with much!! The Rettmans will be attending the reunion in Laughlin and looking forward to hearing more stories from everyone.

Memories of Bushy

From The Editor:

Here is another picture from the collection.



From Bob Lyle (54)

robvlyle@cs.com

Reading Edna Hunt Ossa's article brought back some memories. The deadly smog in 1952 penetrated everything. The curtains in our flat in South Kensington turned gray. To try to escape, I remember going to the movies and even in the theater the visibility was very poor.

At some point during this 2 or 3 day ordeal I was with a group of friends in the vicinity of Lancaster Gate, on the north side of Hyde Park. Because the bus system was shut down, we decided to walk south across the park toward Princess Gate and for me eventually to South Kensington. You could see a distance of 2 – 3 yards at best.

After a long time trying to find our way, we ended up in the northwest corner of Kensington Gardens, toward the Notting Hill Gate tube station. Fortunately some of the trains were running so I took the Circle Line back to South Kensington. To this day I wonder how we got so far off course.

The square dancing at the International Dance Show at Royal Albert Hall was great fun. We had 2 squares and danced to live music in front of what I believe was a packed house. I did not remember we did the Texas Star (thank you Edna). The audience gave us a fine reception. This was organized through the American Teen Club and, as I recall, we practiced at our club meeting place which was the converted garage on the grounds of Winfield House, now the residence of the American Ambassador to Britain. I think there were several other Bushy Park students in the group, including Craig Barnes, Frank Embree, Paula Margolf and Pat Piety. There may have been others but my memory is a little fuzzy!

From Nancie (Anderson) Weber (55)

nanciet@verizon.net

Great, as usual. I started reading while the pages were coming off the printer, was so fascinated that I finished right there!

Directly from left field I speculate that that photo on page 6 is Vic Nielsen and Joy Sickler. But I could be waaaaay off. If Bill or anyone wants identification of his collection, I think our group might be the perfect ones to do that.

From June Kohanek (57)

rjk@open.org

Hi Gary -- the newsletter always makes my day!! -- I sit and read the stories and relate some of them to my husband even though he didn't go to Bushy -- he has met so many of

my classmates at the reunion in Branson and in San Diego...

I don't want the newsletter to not exist so had better think up some memories....

We went back to England in 1955 (Dec. 23rd, dumped in front of the Railway Hotel in Hunstanton, one block from the North Sea and so cold we could hardly stand it!!) We were one of five families that day and another family was named Percy and included Bob and Bill who would also go to Bushy...after the holiday break there was no room in the dorm for me so had to wait until early March to get back to school...didn't have any idea what to expect when my parents drove me to London but the first person I saw when I walked in the front door was Dawnna Andreassen who was a year ahead of me and had been at the same high school in California...later we would be followed by two others from that same school...In San Diego Celeste Brodigan and I were talking and found out we had gone to the same high school in San Antonio, TX, at the same time too and didn't know one another...

We roomed together our senior yr... believe it or not one of my fond memories was the bus ride to and from school...we were at Sculthorpe which was one of the longest rides but still had to go home every weekend...Al Kolterman would lead us all in singing and with a full bus it was sometimes loud...we always stopped in Baldock and everyone got off to buy fish and chips and the bus then smelled greasy and strongly of vinegar...took us from 4:00 pm to 10:00 pm to get to the base and sometimes we had a stop in Swaffham to drop Amy Bunn...Sunday just do the ride in reverse order...one sunny Sunday the driver stopped at Hyde Park and let us off to see and listen to the speakers...so many good memories--we didn't know how good things were for us!!

From William Vance (56)

kerfoothouse@worldnet.att.net

Gary, I didn't send you an email, but will respond to the latest newsletter by ID'ing the "mystery picture"...I believe it is the Junior-Senior prom in 1955, I'm escorting Joy Sickler...keep up the good work

From Mercy (Mercedes Kelly) Murphy (59)

laughlovelive@att.net

My husband and I were supposed to go to Virginia in March to visit his brother; but had to make the trip in February because the Lord took his brother home after a long battle with cancer. Although the trip was a sad one, we were able to touch bases with Gail Taylor Adams. She took us out to dinner and we just visited for hours. It was so good to see her again and relive our days in London and Bushy Park. She is a really neat person and just as lively and bubbly as she was in high school. We didn't get to meet her husband as he was feeling under the weather. It had never dawned on either of us that we had been together only two years but decided that the friendship was so intense back then that it has kept us in touch to these many years. Thank you Gail for a wonderful evening and a walk down Memory Lane.

After reading the March issue, I had to include this note about Dr. Ray Bernardi. I was in his typing class and was so sure that because my Mother was the fastest typist in the particular branch of Civil Service she worked in that I had this class made. Well, it didn't take long to realize that this talent was not passed down to me (a fact which I still remind my Mother about). Anyway, after struggling through to the end of the class, I still remember Dr. Bernardi's words to me...." I am going to give you a C because you tried so hard". I was so grateful and still have no connection between

my brain and my fingers. It was nice to hear that he is doing so well.

From Donald H Crews (59)

dhcrews@juno.com

Enough time has gone by that I think I owe you another vignette of London life.

When we went to London in the summer of 1954, we lived in three different places before we settled into Hampstead Gardens Suburbs. It took us about five months. That meant I attended the 8th grade from one of the early addresses, but I have no recollection of any other bus ride than the one from Hampstead. I do have some vivid recollections of those earlier places, however. The first was the AVAKA HOUSE HOTEL (Dad called it Provaca). It was an extended stay kind of place. The rooms were very large, but heat was provided by a gas grill that you had to feed 2/6, or the gas wouldn't flow. I think it was only in one room. They had a dining room (not really a restaurant) with a fixed menu, and dirty linen. That was the place where I first saw my Dad (who loved hot spices) driven to water by mustard. I'm sure they caught him off guard. That was also the place where I saw my Mom "fly" out of the apartment and down the stairs. Soon she returned with my ten-year-old brother in tow. It seems she had heard him out on the sidewalk, running up and down the street, slapping his thigh (horsey style) and singing out, "the British are coming, the British are coming, to arms, to arms!"

From Judy Risler Covington (60)

LCHS1960@aol.com

The Peanut Butter Caper

Three nights after I'd arrived at Bushy Park, the entire girls' dormitory was blasted out of bed at 2:00 in the morning by the sudden, frantic clanging of bells. I stumbled out of the

room, down the hall, and out into the cold, foggy English night with the rest of the hundred and fifty dorm residents. Wing Supervisors hovered nearby while we stood around in shivering little clusters, cussing and discussing what sadistic moron had chosen tonight of all nights to call a fire drill. Mid-term exams loomed in six hours. Many had been burning the way-past-midnight oil in last ditch cramming sessions, and hadn't been in bed long enough to warm the covers.

Then, through the grapevine, we found out this was no fire drill. We were freezing our rearends off because someone had spread peanut butter all over the toilet seats in the supervisors' latrine. We were not going to be allowed back in our rooms until the guilty party, or parties, went to the office, admitted their wrongdoing, and cleaned up the smeary mess straightaway.

But, surprise, surprise, surprise. Nobody did. After what seemed like forever, we were, indeed, allowed to go back to our rooms. But in less than thirty minutes, we were rousted out once more, this time to the long lounge. Guess it was too damned cold outside even for the irate supervisors. We milled around, smoked a cigarette or two, and gossiped about who and why someone would do this. Not that it really mattered. Some tried to figure out what was going to be on the all-important tests the next day. Everyone tried to maintain. Still, no one owned up to the dastardly deed. Again, we were told to return to our rooms. We'd just gotten back into bed, when the bells started clanging again, and the veddy British voice on the loudspeaker instructed us, none too gently, to reconvene in the lounge.

By now several of the sleep-deprived girls, seniors mostly, were ready to confess to anything up to and including the Jack The Ripper murders just to get some shut-eye. Scholarships were riding on their grades. I

was new, and didn't have to take the exams, so kept my mouth shut about what a hoot this all was, lest I be bound and gagged. Over the loudspeaker, the veddy British voice had been replaced by the steely tones of the American Dorm Administrator. This disrespectful act of vandalism was not funny, she intoned, and it was now time for the inconsiderate girls who were responsible to do the right thing. There would be no questions asked, she added.

Yeah, right.

Still, no one went to un-spread the peanut butter.

When they turned us loose the last time, it was after 4:00 in the morning. We were all braced for the clanger to go off once more, but it never did. The wake up bell, however, rang at 6:30am as usual.

It was several weeks after Christmas vacation before the truth came out. Oh, not about who did it. We never did find that out. Two of our Dorm Council reps, both seniors, neither guilty of the crime, had gone to the supervisors' latrine before the Dorm Administrator's harrangue was even over and did what needed to be done. I don't think anyone ever did own up to the prank. Certainly no one ever snitched. Military brats can be very closemouthed. It's ingrained in us, you know.

As for me, if I'd known who had masterminded The Peanut Butter Caper, I would have bought them a coke. Maybe two. They were obviously my kind of people.

What a neat introduction to life at Bushy Park!

(Editors Note: Below are the rest of his memories from the last issue)

From Norman Alm (61)
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Other random memories Having the run of a sophisticated big city because we could easily pass for 18 whatever age we were (and back home you needed to be 21 to get into bars) and at that time, relatively speaking, given the cost of living comparison, we had plenty of spending money. Being fascinated by the ladies of the night (10 shillings was the price for in the abandoned lot and 30 shillings if you required a room or so I was told). Enjoying Foyles the biggest bookshop in the world. The Teenage Club of London, in the basement of the Columbia Club at Lancaster Gate. We took a pride in the fact that the teenagers ran it themselves. A parent had to be in attendance as a chaperone for the Saturday night sessions. They usually sat and read or did knitting or a crossword. I think it's right that one night the parent was Maureen O'Sullivan, whose son (John Farrow, brother of Mia) was a member there while the family was in London. This was a great thrill for my mother, who was an old movie buff and remembered this particular Mom as Jane in the Tarzan movies of the 30s! At least I think I remember that right!

The tube station at Lancaster Gate was quite deep and had a long spiral emergency stair that put you straight out onto the street without going through the ticket collector. A much used route. In fact cheating the trains and tubes became an art form, done for the challenge of it, not because we could not afford the fares.

The fog so thick it rolled like smoke. Our left-hand drive car was handy for this, since the driver could look out the window to see the curb.

Being able to hop on and off the red double-decker buses whenever you liked, from the open platforms at the back - now no more, due to it being a more cautious age. Sitting on the top of the double-decker buses in a fog of cigarette and pipe smoke so thick and strong it seemed like it might be nutritious. The witty calls of the some of the clippies - the bus

conductors who had a ticket machine on their belt, a leather pouch for money, and thumbs black from the grime on the coins. The number 14 route stopped at the Worlds End pub in Chelsea which had a Salvation Army citadel next to it. One clippy would shout out World's End Salvation right next door. They said "Any more fares please" so fast and so often that it came out something like Bittta bitta beets.

We were warned not to get involved in any political controversies, being guests in the UK (and it being just after the Suez crisis, when the US was less than popular with some). However I used to enjoy hearing the orators at Speakers Corner in Hyde Park on Sunday mornings. Some extremely serious but many seemed frivolous. Very puzzling until I realized a lot of them were just having fun and showing off their wit. Attended a Ban the Bomb rally at Westminster Hall and heard Bertrand Russell speak. He was a hero of mine at that time and I was shocked when a man in a bushy red beard jumped up and started shouting abuse at him. My first introduction to the great British art of heckling the speaker, which is a result of the Great British attitude of mocking authority. Which is part of why I enjoy living here I suppose. Came back over in 1966 intending to stay for a year, and still here!

I'd love to hear from anyone who knew me then, and who'd like to email and swap histories of the last half-century or so.

From Edwina Edwards Whitehead (61)
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Who says you can't go home? Well, I did, and it was wonderful. My husband and I recently returned from a 10-day trip to England and Scotland. It was our 5th trip since 1980, the last one in 1991. Although this trip was planned to take us to areas we hadn't been to before, I could not leave without seeing a few

old friends. So, the first two nights were spent in West Drayton, my "home town" from 1955-58.

I have kept in touch with a few of my English friends through letters, phone calls, and even a few visits. But this visit would be extra special, as I had found one more of my chums who I had not seen since 1958. In those days I had three very good English girl friends. They came calling on me the second day after my family and I moved into our home on Money Lane, and, even though our schools and social lives were very different, we would remain close until the end of my father's tour. That little circle of four remains incomplete today, however, as I still have to find one more. I only hope that it happens before I'm too old to make the trip again.

My special girl friend lives in Gloucestershire, in a wonderful little rural village called Bourton-on-the-water. We enjoyed one night there, visiting with my friend and her "mum", and touring a "horse spa", or equine therapeutic center, that is owned by the daughter and son-in-law of my friend. While there, we watched a magnificent thoroughbred going through dressage training. Surrounded by lush, green, upland pastures dotted with sheep and edged with wild snowdrops, the experience was nothing less than awe-inspiring.

I know that some of you seasoned travelers are already one step ahead of me, knowing that we would have to have our shoes disinfected at customs on our return to the U. S. Yep, they pulled us aside when they saw on our declaration card that we had visited a farm and had touched animals. The hassle, however, was nothing to compare to the memories we brought back of that day in the country.

From Bourton we drove to Exeter in Devon where we stayed 2 nights in order to see Devon and Cornwall. My goal was to see St.

Ives. I had read a coffee table book by Rosamunde Pilcher that had pictures of the area of England where she was born. I was intrigued by the narrow streets, the coastal views, and the way in which she spoke about the charming little town of St. Ives. The poem I had heard ever since grade school about the town also sparked my curiosity . . . “When I was going to St. Ives, I met a man with seven wives. The seven wives had seven” . . . (Who can finish the poem and give us the answer to the question at the end?)

From Exeter, we began our journey northward toward our final destination, Edinburgh, Scotland. On the way, we stopped for lunch in Ludlow, an ancient market town in Shropshire, spent the night in Chester, the Roman walled city, and lunched the next day in Kendal, a charming city on the way to Lake Windermere.

Edinburgh proved to be every positive thing I have ever heard about it. The city is beautiful, ancient and modern at the same time, and the people are warm and friendly. Our guided tour to Stirling Castle, where Robert the Bruce defeated the British, Braveheart country, and Loch Lomond was thrilling, and it provided and overview of a country that will definitely be on our itinerary the next time we travel abroad.

It is true that “going back” is often disappointing. When houses seem smaller, when beloved friends have moved away or passed on, and when familiar landmarks are no longer there, we might question the truth of our memories. But SOMETIMES . . . sometimes the return can be glorious. West Drayton has changed very little in 46 years, and some of my cherished friends still live there. Thanks to God and to the Air Force for placing me in that place at that time. I hope you all can go back to “your” West Drayton some day.

From Gary Schroeder (55)

Gschroeder_uscgaux@msn.com

Since we have a few stories about the great London fog of 1952 I thought I would add my own.

I remember that 52 fog well. It cost me a brand new suit that I had gotten in London. Can't remember the name of the street but it was well known for making suits and etc.

I was coming home from a date and had gotten off the bus at the street where we lived in Northolt. The fog was so thick I could not see my hands in front of my face. I knew there were lampposts on the street but you could not see the light. So smart me, I walk up the street with my arms stretched out in front of me so I don't run into one. Sounds like a good plan right, except for the fact that the lamppost went right between my arms and I tried to move it with my nose. Blood flowed like water and got all over my new suit. Never was very bright. :)

From Sue (Doris Susan MacDonald) Henriott (62)

A little something for the Bushy Park Newsletter: My family lived in England from 1954 through 1965 attached to various bases. We did the tourist thing for a while - museums, plays, historic sites, etc. We were able to take advantage of the weekend jaunts to the continent and went to France, Denmark, Sweden, Germany, and Austria. As our parents said, learn all you can, you may never get to see this again. We kids attended several schools and my older brother Bob and I graduated from Bushy Park in 1961 and 1962. When we lived in Newmarket in 1954 we attended The Convent of St. Louis. I recall someone else had written that she and her brother went there, too, but at another time.

We wore the typical English school uniform - I didn't mind the tie, but how I hated that little hat.

From there we went to Eastcote Elementary with the playground/ball field several blocks away. We spent one year at Bushy Park before going to Junior High at Bushy Hall where one of our young scientists blew off his eyebrows grinding magnesium. We learned to draw maps in Geography class, ballroom dancing in PE class, and had our first Foreign Language course. I enjoyed the small classes and the friendships at Bushy Hall. Back to Bushy Park - walk a mile to the bus stop, then an hour bus trip each way. If the bus didn't pick us up within an hour we could go home. It was quite a culture shock seeing so many American kids in one place! The styles and colors and rock & roll! Post-war Britain was very gray, black and brown. Remember the rope down the middle of the main hall to control foot traffic. Our Art Teacher with the gallon-size water gun. The classrooms that opened from another classroom - if you were late to class, two rooms knew! Getting out of class to go to Mass on Holy Days - I didn't know there were so many Catholic students! The pep rallies on the roof of the school; football games with our only rival - Lakenheath. Someone painted Seniors '62 on the buildings and our class president volunteered to clean it up. There was always a suspicion that he may have been in on it in the first place. The proms at the Grosvenor House with the Air Force Band playing; the Shakespearean plays at the Old Vic; the Senior Class trip to Rome and the Isle of Capri and how we felt when we found out we'd be flying United Arab Airlines. Some fondest memories: the Strauss Concert at the Royal Albert Hall; Rome; Wiesbaden - when I accompanied my little brother's Little League All Star Team to the European Finals; learning to drive on the left in a car with the steering wheel on the left; the public transportation system - we could go anywhere for pennies

Looking back I see a very rich youth. We were accustomed to moving around, new people and new places; I learned independence, adaptability and tolerance. When I got married and had a home of my own, I still didn't unpack everything for ten years! You just never know.

My husband I will celebrate 39 years of marriage this May, four children and ten grandchildren. I have been blessed. My children grew up in the same house and went to neighborhood schools; they have roots. I encouraged them to see some of the world before settling down. Each in his/her own way did travel and now understand.

Look Who is Looking for Who

From Judy Risler Covington (60)

LCHS1960@aol.com

I was re-reading the last Bushy Tales, and thought the idea from Judy Burks Schroeder was great...listing people we are searching for. I'll start with a few:

Jim Nelson
Karen Dougherty
Bev Whatley
Rick Wheeler
Marty Bolton
Ingrid Gath
Valerie Hawkins
Jack Johnson
Maria Mask

From Pat Terpening Owen (58)

nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net

I need the help of those who also have access to Classmates.com. There are several former Bushy Park classmates who have signed in at Classmates.com, however, numerous attempts to contact them have failed (I presume it's because they don't recognize my name).

Therefore, I'm asking anyone who has access to Classmates and who knew any of the following to try to contact them and see if you can get information from them regarding their snail mail address or e-mail address so I can contact them. Any help would be appreciated. Thanks.

James Barron (61) - Lives in Chicago/Bollingbrook, IL area
Miriam Bolton Simpson (60)
Thomas Othan Callaway (60)
Mary Earlene Ham Masi (61)
James Harris (61)
Gail E. Hermansen Pantezzi (62) - lives in New York
Wendy Johnson Bunch (60)
Craig Kimm (58)
Carolyn Pair Marshall (62)
Michael Quigley (59)
William B. Robbins (54) - believe he lives in Redwood City, CA
Jean Rogers Davis (59) - lives in Texas
Henry W. Williamson (60)

The following former classmates have been located, but no information is available, so they can be reached through their siblings:

Thomas Carroll (55) lives in the Washington, D.C., area - brother is Kevin E. Carroll (53)

Juanita Sue Daves Lyon (62) lives in California - sister is Patricia Daves Cain (60)

Heather M. Fardy Spence (61) lives in California - sister is Kathleen Fardy (62)

Laura Farmer (61) sister is Brenda J. Farmer Bering (59)

Carol L. Patterson (60) - brother is Charles W. Patterson

This and That

From Billie (Culp) Bules, (54)

BCBules@aol.com

I received an email from the son of Joyce (Ford) Williams telling me that Joyce had a moderate heart attack and is in the hospital in Muskogee, Ok, but they will be transferring her to the Mercy Hospital in Edmond, Ok. on Monday (which is where her Cardiologist is located). He says that she is doing ok, but with her fragile health, I'm concerned.

Sad times for us too, as my Dad passed away on Feb. 29th. He had been ill for a long time, arthritis, diabetes, heart disease, Alzheimer's and went downhill very fast over the last month. He was 88 years old and had a good life and I feel fortunate to have had him this long.

From Chas Bailey (One of our English Friends)

chasbailey@blueyonder.co.uk

Hi Gary.

Thanks once again for sending me the latest Bushy Park newsletter as usual it was interesting reading.

I thought these web sites might be of interest to your readers and bring back some memories of their stay here all those years ago and also to the readers who have not been able to return to show them a little of modern London.

<http://www.londonlantern.com/>
<http://www.yourmemories.co.uk/>
<http://www.danheller.com/london.html>
<http://www.thesun.co.uk/> (newspaper)

I also notice some of your readers keep bringing up about the famous London fogs,

well I'm feel I must let them know that the fogs are a thing of the very distant past.

Once again I would like to make the offer of helping any of your readers trace any English friends they made during their stay here, I can't promise success every time but as you know Gary I have had some success. **(Editors Note: Chas found one of my English friends that I had been looking for since I left there.)**

Deborah (Alden) Terry (62)
acedebterry@aol.com

I arrived in London for the 1960-1961 school year as a Junior and graduated from Bushy Park in 1962. I then went on to the University of Maryland (Munich, Germany Campus) and spent a year there before returning to the states in the summer of 1963. What a long time ago that was!! I have heard from Ann Brooks (married name Gavin) just recently after I registered at Classmates.com.

I am interested in the "Gathering" in the DC area in 2005. Some of my family lives in Virginia and Maryland, I live in Houston, Texas and have since 1988. These past years have been the only time in my life I have ever spent any longer than three years in one spot! I'm sure it has been that way for all us military and civilian "Brats". I do so appreciate your contacting me. Thank you very much.

From Your Editor:

I have a question for those of you who went to England by ship during 1957 or 1958. Did any of you travel on the William O. Darby? The reason I ask is because one of my friends in the Coast Guard Auxiliary was a Navy Ltjg. on the ship during that time period. We were discussing his ship when he told me that it made the run from New York to England during that time period and carried a lot of military dependents. I told him I was going to

ask and see how many of you might have been on the same ship while he was there. Send me an email with your memories of your time on the ship and I will pass it on to him. Thanks.

Letters to the Editor

From Suzanne (Snookie) Garrison, Mayo (54)
Sgmayo54@aol.com

Hi Gary, A great issue!!! I also liked your "Editorial". I agree that the "Bushy Tales" is not a place for a political discussion. I have not gone back to read the joke which was offensive to some. I think all of us are enjoying the various stories and memories of the many classmates who are contributing articles. I know that it certainly jogs my memory of events and places that I had not thought of for scads of years. I am sure you will be deluged with many more articles for the newsletter. It is too nostalgic for all of us, not to have it continue.

From Marcia (Craver) Thomas (54)
TxStarmt@aol.com

Hello...just got your newsletter for March and saw the info from Edna Hunt Ossa... I think she is the girl in the pic that was up on the website at one time...the pic had Kelli Johnson, Connie Carpenter, and Edna? What is her email...I didn't see it...I'll ask her if she remembers...thanx....Marcia.

From Ray Mike Harper (54)
harpr@zianet.com

Gary, this is a picture of Tyke "Penny" Parrish 57, Ray Mike Harper 54, and Shirley "Penny" Harper 56. We were in London in Nov. 03 for a week, three weeks in Germany. My computer has been in the shop being up graded just got it back last night. We walked across Bushy Park, it is a park no buildings and lots

of deer. Some one had said that there was nothing left a couple of years ago, true.



From Dianne Hopkins (55)
td400@joimail.com

I just wanted to let you know I enjoyed your March issue as I always do. It is good to go back to old memories. Thanks for all your hard work! I also wanted you to know that I stand behind your editor's note, on the joke in the January newsletter. I took it at what it was, a joke, and no more. I stand with the people who are praying for God's Blessings on this great country of ours and keeping it that way, one positive thought and deed at a time. Keep up the good work!

From Sherry (Burritt) Konjura (57)
sherger@juno.com

Byron said: "And if I laugh at any mortal thing, 'tis that I may not weep."

Laughter is good...let's just take those "jokes" and "humorous anecdotes" in the spirit of lightening things up in this very serious world we live in! You do a wonderful job, Gary...don't apologize for anything...

Saw Bill Cooper and his lady friend Catherine when I was down in DC February 13th. We

had a lovely dinner together and some great visiting. He's a grandfather AGAIN...and all his kids and grandkids are a delight to be around!

I'm busy attempting to start a new career as a tour guide and have been in and out of town a lot...also very busy studying to take the exam to be licensed to lead tours in DC. LOTS of material to learn...this brain is OLD...not too easy to memorize anymore! But it's fun and interesting. Maybe I'll get the opportunity to get to some far-flung corners of our nation and look up some of my old friends. Ah...we can hope.

Hang in there Gary...I'm serious...you do a terrific job with the Newsletter and I, for one, am grateful you're willing to do it.

From Edward Brown (58)
easyed598@aol.com

Hi Gary-Just to drop you a note that I support you 100% on the Iraq joke rebuttal. I'm glad you took a stand. In these days of anything goes, ie: Howard Stern-Janet Jackson, it is surprising what trivial things offends some people.

From Paul Middlebrook (56)
centerstream@robsoncom.net

Last night I got a call from a Bushy Parker that I hadn't spoken to in some 51 years...Martha Connor (married name is Bartsch, but not sure if that name is spelled right so just use just the name we knew her by). We were in the eighth grade at Bentwaters in '51 and started out together as freshmen dorm students at Bushy Park the year it opened. Had a good time reminiscing with her. She was unaware of the newsletter but definitely would like to be added to your distribution list. I look forward to it each month Gary, and want to thank you again for all the work you put into it.

From Tom Dixon (62)

thdixon@sbcglobal.net

Since you asked, count me as one more who was grossly offended by the joke about which Craig Sams complained. Thanks for asking.

From Dan Guisinger (62)

dguisinger3@cox.net

My two cents worth regarding your From the Editor comments this last issue (which, by the way, pretty well summed up my feelings). I was disappointed -- and surprised -- to learn that anyone objected to past content. Always felt like we ex-military brats and, in many cases, veterans ourselves, were a little more worldly, a little more tolerant, than the population as a whole. The newsletter does a great job doing what is, and should be, a fun thing -- reconnecting a bunch of people who've shared a unique experience. Besides, as you suggested, a "sterile" newsletter would be an awfully small newsletter.

From me you get a long overdue thanks for what you do and the way you do it.

From Judy Risler Covington (60)

LCHS1960@aol.com

I like the idea Pat put forward about military service, who, what, when, where, etc. Here's another one for you. I think it would be interesting to see the careers our fellow brats followed as adults. You know, tinkers, tailors, sailors, etc. I know a lot of them did go into the military, and many of them became teachers. In fact, a few who I never would have guessed would choose that field at all. What do you think? Kind of do a poll of sorts. It would be interesting to see if their adult lives matched what we remember about them as kids.

Tony Taylor (58)

tonyt@realtymail.net

Tony received the following two messages from Fred Buhler (58) who's currently in Baghdad working with the Treasury Department.

FRED BUHLER IN BAGHDAD

First letter from Fred (Editors Note: Second letter will be in the next issue.)

I finally made it to Baghdad. I'm working in the palace, with the CPA, and living in a tent with 100 other souls. Interesting place to say the least. I expect to be here for three months. I will return to California mid-May. Then I'm done. Margie is doing ok -- very supportive. We are able to speak for a few minutes -- almost daily -- which helps. This is a unique place. I'm not sure how it will all play out -- but we're giving it our best shot. I'm looking forward to returning to normal life after being away such a long time."

In case you are not up to date with the goings-on of our good friend, Fred Buhler, he is currently in Baghdad helping set up a ministry of finance for the new Iraqi government. He started working on this project when he received a call from Washington last summer to see if he would help out at the Department of Treasury for a few weeks. Good ol' Fred said, "sure, I'll help out for a couple of weeks," especially since they were going to put him up at a first class hotel in D.C. across the street from the Treasury Department building next to the White House.

Nine months later he is still on the project, but now is in Baghdad. Initially he was staying at one of the palaces along with the troops, but he said at the time that that was really roughing it.

Late Breaking News

From Renold Briggs (60)

renpat1671@uneedspeed.net

Good Day, it is Saturday 3-27-04 at 6:15 AM. I just received a phone call from Doss's daughter. Doss is on his way to the hospital to receive his heart transplant. He received the phone call late last night to report to the hospital. They start at 10:00 AM Dallas time today.

He has asked me to be the point of contact for him and wanted me to let all of you know how the status progress. I will keep you as up to date as I receive the information.

Please put Doss and Paul Wilcott in your prayers. This is some kind of week for the old Bushy Gang. Paul had lung transplant this week at UCLA in L.A. I have not heard about Paul's status. Will keep you all posted as I get the information.

From Paul Wilcott (59)

Pwilcott@charter.net

First of all, please communicate this information to those people whom I didn't include in this email message who know Paul and are interested in his health and well being. I went through our electronic address book and Only included the names I recognized as being friends or family. This is not meant to exclude any of his friends.

We first received a call from USC Medical Sunday night, March 21, at 10:30 to standby for a second call to confirm that there's a possible donor match. About 30 minutes later, the transplant coordinator called back to give Us our marching orders to get to the hospital ASAP! We arrived at 11:30 and Paul was admitted. They told us surgery would be at 8:00 a.m. the next morning, pending the right

lung being a perfect match and it was. The last time we went through this drill on January 31, Paul was due to have both lungs transplanted, as they are both quite diseased. However, both of the donor's lungs were infected that time, so we went home after five hours with his old lungs intact.

Shortly after 8:00 a.m. Monday, March 22, Paul went into surgery, which lasted about five hours. They made at least one incision approximately 9 to 10 inches in a semi-circle, starting five or so inches under his armpit and going upwards around his back. The surgeon said there was minimal blood loss, but there were several scar adhesions to deal with as a result of the lung volume reduction surgery he had had in April 2000. He said Paul came through the surgery very well but remained sedated for the first 24 hours, after which he was weaned from the ventilator to breathe on his own. The way they do this, without causing him to be in excruciating pain, is they give him an epidural which is the same pain medication women receive when they're in childbirth. There's a line inserted that's located between his shoulder blades that's constantly dripping the pain blocker in his spine. Otherwise, he'd have to be on morphine or another drug that would control the pain, but he'd be doped up and he's dopey enough.

That's the good news. He was supposed to get out of ICU on Wednesday morning, but he started running a low-grade fever, so they decided to keep him. By the way, with the amount of steroids he's receiving, his blood sugar is very high now, so they're needing to control it with 3-4 injections of insulin each day. Now, for the bad news, I spoke to him a short while ago to see how he's doing this morning. It's not good. It seems his kidneys are not working properly, as they're not producing urine, so the urologist is scheduling him for dialysis shortly. Consequently, I will be signing off now to go see him. I will keep

you posted with developments, which will probably change from day to day. As soon as he's out of ICU, I'll let you know and provide a phone number to his room. In the meantime, if you want to send a card with get well wishes, please do because I'm sure Paul would love it. If you don't have our address, it is 4226 Tulane Avenue, Long Beach, CA 90808. Please keep sending your good thoughts and prayers his way as they are much appreciated. Best regards, Paulette.

An Update From From Patricia Owen (58)
nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net

Today's development (March 26). He's still in ICU at USC University Hospital in L.A. He underwent kidney dialysis today because on Wednesday, the doctors realized his kidneys weren't functioning properly, and the reason they waited until today was they were hoping his body would correct itself by adjusting to the mass doses of anti-rejection drugs. He'll have to have dialysis again tomorrow, and then they expect the kidneys to start functioning on their own to do what they do naturally. According to the things that can go amiss after transplant surgery, kidney malfunction does occur sometimes.

Additionally, he has developed an additional bacterial infection, and now to visit him, one has to suit up to look like a member of the surgical staff, wearing mask, gown, gloves and booties. He's in good spirits, all things considered. To talk to him on the phone, you'd never realize what he's going through. I don't know what to tell you regarding his prognosis. It's a day by day situation at this time. The doctors have never said how long to expect his recovery to take. They have to adjust the anti-rejection drug dosages, try to stay ahead of infections, get his blood sugars under control, not to mention jumpstart his kidneys. He might be out of the hospital in a couple of weeks, but it might not be for a couple of months.