



Bushy Tales

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



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

Class Representatives

1953 - Jackie (Brown) Kenny

JKYKNY@aol.com

1954 – Betsy (Neff) Cote

betscote@atlanticbb.net

1955 – Nancie (Anderson) Weber

nancieT@verizon.net

1956 - Glenda F. Drake

gfdrake@swbell.net

1957 – Celeste (Plitouke) Brodigan

Mbrodi1939@aol.com

1958 – Pat (Terpening) Owen

nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net

1959 - Jerry Sandham

Jsandham@quixnet.net

1960 - Ren Briggs

renpat1671@uneedspeed.net

1961 - Betsy (Schley) Slepetz

sbslepetz@erols.com

1962 - Dona (Hale) Ritchie

DonaRitchi@aol.com

Chico Kieswetter (56)

Kiesy@optonline.net

Glenda Butcher Bentley (61)

ebutcher@earthlink.net

New Address and Phone Number:

Beverly Gehrett Wagner (58)

Packrats2@aol.com

PO 220309

El Paso, TX 79913

New home phone # (505) 589-3312

New Address and email:

David McManigal (56)

dmcmanigal@cableone.net

2307 Oak Lane

Miami, OK 74354

(817) 549-9956

Stuart Randall (60)

stuartrandall_1944@yahoo.co.uk

Club Marina 604

Benito Jeronimo Fiejoo 9

01781

Portals Nous

Mallorca

Spain

Tel 0034971 676419

Mobile 0034 679824878

Roster Changes

New email addresses:

Peggy Corder Johnson (54)

PetuniaPatchJX@bellsouth.net

Have decided to live full time on the island. Summer has just ended but is a pleasant 65 degrees in late Oct.

Look Who We Found

Paula Rae Apple Shaulis (58)

Shaulis1@webtv.net

8164 N. Wheatfield Drive
Tucson, AZ 85741
(520) 744-3839

Richard "Dick" Wilson (58)

dicksuewilson@insightbb.com

7415 Woodhill Valley Road
Louisville KY 40241
Phone: (502) 228-1127

Louise Starnes Lewis (59)

693 Larson Way
Folsom, CA 95630

Reunion News

From Bill Cooper (57)

liammail@erols.com

THE LCHS 7 THRU 10 OCTOBER 2005
ALL CLASSES REUNION IN THE
NATION'S CAPITAL NOW HAS A VENUE

Our hotel is the Holiday Inn in Rosslyn, less than a half mile across the Key Bridge from Georgetown. The hotel is two blocks from the DC Metro, which affords easy access to downtown DC and National Airport. There's a fine restaurant with an unequaled panoramic view of Washington. There are also shuttles to a variety of locations. Check out this website:

<http://dc.onetravelsource.com/brochure/10045353>

The Holiday Inn has given us a rate of \$99 per room per night, plus 10.25% tax. This is a

very good price for the area. Mention code **LCH** to get this rate.

The dates remain as before: Friday, October 7 thru Monday, October 10, 2005. For those of you who plan to stay at the hotel, it's not too early to reserve a room. Do it as soon as you can. The Holiday Inn has 300 rooms and has set aside half of them for us at this time. As soon as it becomes apparent that we'll need more, the Holiday Inn will be happy to give us more, *but only if they're still available*. Let's fill the place up!

Events for the reunion are still much in the planning stage. We do have the Holiday Inn's ballroom reserved for dinner and dancing on the evening of Saturday the 8th. I'm also working on a Potomac cruise, possibly on Sunday afternoon/evening. Most important I'd like to put together something special for us gals and guys from Bushy Park.

Ideas are most welcome, as are helpful volunteers. Watch for further announcements in future issues with details about registration for the dinner dance and other events. Email your suggestions and questions to me,

Mini Bios.

From Richard "Dick" Wilson (58)

dicksuewilson@insightbb.com

Well Pat, you found me (54-57; grades 9-11). I still have the textbook Miss Hynes passed out, and occasionally, look up poetry in it. I finished my senior year in high School at Sidwell Friends school -- yes, the same tiny Quaker School that Chelsey Clinton later attended; Al Gore's son played on the same football team I did, 40 years later. Then I went to Cornell for a couple of years, and transferred to the University of Maryland, where the silly savages gave me a degree and a Commission in the Air Force. I spent not quite

8 years in the Air Force, mainly in missiles, in Missouri, Okinawa and North Dakota. I was a Captain. I got out, came 'home' to Louisville, got a job, went to night law school on the GI Bill and spent 30 years practicing law and teaching part time for Webster University, the University of Louisville and Jefferson Community College.

My wife Sue and I have three sons. One married last year, another to be married next year. My father passed away in 1986. My mother is still living at age 97, but suffers from deafness and senile dementia to a profound degree.

Memories of Bushy

From Dave McManigal (56)
dmcmanigal@cableone.net

In case any of my old friends is curious, I'm submitting a "mini-bio" and a few reminiscences.

On arrival in England in January 1952, we were stationed at Sculthorpe and lived in Heacham. I recall riding a bicycle past Sandringham on the day King George VI died, although I did not know that he had died until I returned to Heacham and heard it on the radio... uh, the wireless.

I didn't spend much time outside of the school building at Sculthorpe, where one Quonset complex handled all grades, but I do remember playing badminton in the rec. room. That's about all the recreation I recall there, aside from long rides on the school bus and teasing Sue Larimore (I do apologize, Sue -- I teased because I thought you were attractive, but I didn't have the nerve to say so). There were also long walks (about a mile) to and from the school bus stop and long bike rides around Norfolk County. What a beautiful place it was, especially along the coast!

We were transferred to West Drayton in June 1952, and we moved into a flat in Chiswick. The first evening there, I walked from Chiswick to Piccadilly and Trafalgar Square, around the heart of London and back. My mother was a bit worried, but I got home before my curfew, and I never got lost.

We were the only Yanks in the area, so far as I know, so summertime started on a lonely note. After a couple of visits to Kew Gardens, a long walk or a short bus ride from our flat, I got up the nerve to ask the superintendent for a job. Surprisingly, he hired me as a student gardener for the balance of the summer. After a couple of weeks of training, I was assigned responsibility for plant maintenance in two tropical greenhouses. I was already skinny, but that heat sweated me down to toothpick size! It was an experience I treasure, nonetheless. Lunchtime discussions at a nearby cafe exposed me for the first time to British politics, ranging from Tory through Labor to Communist. It was quite an education, especially in view of Eisenhower's presidential campaign, which attracted intense interest among the English. I was fourteen years old, but I was the only Yank around at the time, so they pumped me dry.

My freshman year at Bushy Park was a blur at the time, and it remains so in my memory. One vivid memory does stand out: the killer fog. The first clue that it was extraordinary was riding a bus at walk pace while the conductor walked along the curb with a flashlight (sorry -- a torch) to guide the driver. The second clue was literally being unable to see my hand two feet in front of my face. The third was needing to breathe through a folded handkerchief to avoid coughing fits, and seeing patches of black soot that accumulated on the outside of the handkerchief. The final clue was spending two weeks on my back with a National Health nurse visiting our flat twice a day to give me injections (I think they were Penicillin) to fight

the "fog poisoning" which killed thousands over one weekend, and nearly got me.

My sophomore year was better; I actually remember some of it! We moved to Hayes, so the bus ride changed, but not much else. Of course, much break time at Bushy Park was spent at the horseshoe pit, where I actually developed a modicum of skill. My favorite class was chemistry, which I took up as a hobby for that year. I recall setting up a mash still alongside the water still that I maintained for the class in the chemistry lab, then showing off test tubes of "pure" (it probably was about 75% pure) alcohol to classmates. There wasn't enough to be worth drinking, and it tasted awful, but it carried the mystique of "contraband". I don't recall which teacher asked me to get rid of it, but that was the end of my brief walk on the wild side.

We returned to the States in August, 1954. For my last two years of school, I attended Tucson High School. Early in my senior year, there was a bus strike. I had my own wheels by then (a '39 Buick coupe), so our neighbors two doors up the street sent their two daughters over to ask me for a ride to school. The younger sister had a smile that made my day (and still does), so I agreed to drive them to and from school. I was smitten from the start, but it took me five years to get around to marrying Marcia.

After high school, I didn't know what I wanted to do, and I was tired of school, so I joined the Navy. After electronics school, eighteen months of sea duty and nine months of Naval Academy Preparatory School, I was poised to enter Annapolis but I also wanted very much to marry Marcia. Not wanting to depend on her waiting four years until I graduated, I chose to resign my appointment. I left the Navy a few months later, and we were married a few months after that. We've been married

for forty-five years, so I suspect I made the right choice.

While in the Navy, I'd been given a USAFI test that resulted in Associate degree equivalency. This, together with other Navy records, helped me to be hired by IBM as a field engineer. We'd been married for less than a month when Marcia and I packed everything we owned into our '55 Chevy and drove from Tucson to Poughkeepsie, New York, which we'd never seen before. Our first two children were born in Poughkeepsie, but IBM stands for "I've Been Moved", so we moved a few times after that.

After 32+ years, much of it in development engineering management, I took early retirement. Five years later, IBM called me out of retirement, and I worked another five years. Marcia had worked happily for many years as a banker, but she finally agreed to retire two years ago, shortly after my re-retirement. Now we live in her birthplace, which we think is a pretty good retirement choice. If any alumni wish to contact me, our address is 2307 Oak Lane, Miami, OK 74354, or telephone (918) 540-0052.

We raised three children, Michael, Susan and Paul. Mike graduated from West Point in 1983, Sue graduated from Mount St. Mary College in 1985, and Paul graduated from The Citadel in 1988. Now Mike is a computer engineer (with IBM, of course), Sue is a fourth grade teacher, and Paul is a deputy sheriff (in the crime lab, thank goodness -- we hated his ten years of "street" duty). We have five grandchildren whom we'd like to spoil more than we have done.

Through all of this, the Bushy Park experience has exerted significant influence. At the very least it expanded my horizon, and I cherish many happy thoughts, including the memory

of a field trip to Windsor Castle via a Thames riverboat.

From Pat (Terpening) Owen (58)
nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net

SOME BUSHY PARK - LONDON TRIVIA!!!

Pat Terpening Owen (58) and the person who submitted the below information and who shall remain anonymous temporarily.

Can anyone identify either the Bushy Park classmate who submitted the below information or their father? The answer will be given in next month's newsletter if no one comes up with a correct answer.

This person's father gave the name "Central High School" to the school at Bushy Park.

My father named the school "Central High School -- until you can come up with a better name".

In the same vein: Ambassador Whitney took over the AF Officers club in Regent's Park as the Ambassadorial Residence. They leased White's Hotel on Bayswater Road to be the new Officer's Club, and this person's father said "We need a name that is distinctively American, but non-partisan, non-sectarian, or anything like that; something like 'Columbia Club'. See what you can come up with." That stuck too.

From Lindsay Ervin (60)
lbe@lbegolfcoursedesign.com

Thanks again for another great newsletter and all the work you guys do!!! It is always good reading when these newsletters come out and they bring back some good memories. They also bring some news that is not always good, such as in the passing of Jeff Jowdry. But

such is life and as we all know, all things pass in their own way and time.

I have always liked to remember those that I knew in a positive way. With Jeff Jowdry I have some good memories of him during his senior year which was my freshman year of 1957. That year I had made the basketball team and was very excited and proud to be a member of the team that consisted of (I'm glad I have my 57' yearbook to help my memory) Jeff Jowdry, Mike Hall, Bill Grable, Leroy "Doc" Ferguson (Captain), Bob Stark, Jerry Upton, Wendell Oren Jones, George Keich, Marshall Kremers, Frank LeGate, Jim MacLean and our coach was Grover Cannon and our manager was Bob Beverly.

Besides being a great basketball player, Jeff was the team clown, always joking around and doing things to get a laugh out of everybody. We practiced at the South Ruislip AFB gym and played all of our games there also. After school, we were bussed over to the gym for our practice. On one of our practice days, coach Cannon brought a friend who may have been another coach (I really do not remember who the guy was or why he came with us) along for the bus ride to South Ruislip. Coach Cannon usually rode in the front of the bus but for some reason he went to the back of the bus and sat in the very last seat and had Jeff sitting to his right and his friend to his left. Well the coach's friend smoked and lit-up a cigarette. When this happened just about everybody else on the bus was looking to the back of the bus. Jeff smoked, as did many others, and when this guy lit his cigarette, Jeff's eyes got real big as he looked forward towards the rest of us. As the coach's friend puffed away, the smoke drifted up and behind Coach Cannon's head towards Jeff. As the coach turned his head towards his friend to talk, and thus away from Jeff, Jeff stretched his head back and towards the oncoming smoke and started inhaling the smoke thru his nose. Everybody started

cracking up when this happened. Coach Cannon just looked at everybody with a sort of puzzled look but deep down I think he knew what was going on but never said anything.

Another time, Coach Cannon invited the entire team over to his house for dinner. Coach Cannon's wife was a sweetheart and prepared a great chicken meal. The chicken serving was almost a whole small chicken. Well, when the coach left the table to help his wife bring in some other servings, Jeff started doing some obscene things with the chicken and had everybody laughing. As I was laughing I remember thinking, "I can't believe he's doing that".

Jeff also had a serious side to his personality. Being a freshman, I took a little ribbing from some of the other guys (nothing bad) but Jeff treated me very respectfully and one day (I don't remember exactly the entire situation) I think my basketball uniform didn't fit well, maybe too big or something, and I was complaining about it. Jeff came up to me and said "It's not the uniform that makes a player great, it's what's inside of the uniform that counts." I remember thinking "He's right and that's pretty cool". I didn't complain anymore.

I didn't hang out a lot with Jeff so I really didn't know him as well as some of the other team members, but what I do remember left some very fond memories of Jeff Jowdry and our times at Bushy Park.

From Anne Cable Gingras Silver (62)
Agingrassilver@aol.com

Glad you found Charles Arnhold, and I enjoyed hearing his news. Last I knew of him he was living in San Jose, California and was a professional photographer. He was kind enough to take pictures of my parents 50th Anniversary in Napa. No, Charles, I didn't leave before graduation. I was there at Bushy

from the 7th grade through the 12th, the longest of anyone I know. I was one of the few civilians there, along with Sherry Fei, and actually lived in England 9 years. My parents were there for 23 years.

I am also guilty of being "a certain redhead" referred to a few issues ago who lost her bikini on the Capri trip. Mary Loomis and I had just gone shopping and bought cute little bikinis, and having never worn one before I didn't know how easily they slipped off. Somebody (Eddie Broadhurst maybe) dared me to jump off one of the highest rocks into the ocean, and of course I lost the top, which prompted a number of guys to jump in to "help" me find it. I was never so embarrassed in my life, and being a redhead I think I blushed all over.

Enjoy reading the newsletter. Keep it coming!

This and That

From Mike Murphy (58)
OLDSALT1223@aol.com

Judy and myself, Mike Murphy class of 58 just returned from Chattanooga Tennessee. We had 5 great days there, and saw Ruby Falls, Rock City, rode the incline railroad and took in some flea markets. The weather, except for the first day, was great. Just shows you that even in our older stages, we can still have fun. Our next trip is a cruise to Jamaica in January 2005. We are hoping to attend the 05 reunion where ever it may be now. Bushy Park High School was a marvelous place. It was not Bushy Hall, or Bentwaters, or Lakenheath. It was BUSHY PARK there is a big difference.

I want to thank everyone for their letters and prayers on behalf of my brother Jack who passed away in September. Judy and I love you all.

From Beverly Gehrett Wagner (58)

Packrats2@aol.com

Here's the sequence of events (abbreviated version):

Sep 2 - Bob (husband) is on collapsing ladder, slides down door stud, legs tangle with ladder - crushing injury to left calf, nothing broken; thank God. Ohio.

Sep 12 - Heading back to El Paso, stop in Ottumwa to visit Bev's brother (Warren '56) & sister-in-law.

Sep 16 - Bob to Dr. in Ottumwa with severe infection in left calf - undergoes 6 days of out patient IV antibiotic therapy, minimal activity, leg elevated & iced, etc. Bev enjoyed the pool at the YMCA (brother works there) during this time.

Sep 22 - On the road to El Paso again, Bev doing the majority of the driving, and.....surprisingly, enjoying it!!! Bob in passenger seat, with leg elevated!!

Sep 27 - Arrived HOME!! Dr. visits for Bob. Leg is looking goooooood!! Again, another prayer of thanks to the Lord.

Oct 11 - Flew to CT. to see if we can get Bob's sister Louise, who is 81 and not in the best of health, to move to El Paso with us. We flew into NYC in the daytime, right over the Statue of Liberty, a BEAUTIFUL sight!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Oct 21 - On the road to EP with Bob driving small U-Haul, and Bev and Louise in her car. (May I NEVER drive across country in a car again!!)

Oct 26 - HOME, again!! All of us now moved into an apartment in Santa Teresa, NM (just west of the Rio Grande).

And now is a time to be stationary. Expecting new and different blessings daily. We got to see our granddaughter, Shawnee, acolyte at church for the first time last Sunday.

Our motor home is set up at our son's new property, 3 miles from the apartment, so we have room for visitors. Come on down to the land of blue sky, wide open spaces, sun, and afternoon siestas.

From Paul & Sandy Johnson (58) Thomas (58)

Paul.Thomas@byu.edu

We have a flat in Oxford where we go each summer for two or more months (almost three next summer) and occasionally for six months or so when I'm on leave from the university. When we're not there we typically rent it to academics visiting or studying at Oxford. In addition to reading papers at various international conferences most summers, I manage to do some research into medieval literary manuscripts at nearby libraries. Having the flat has really worked out wonderfully for both of us.

This last summer we were visited by our youngest son Justin, his wife Becky, and their three children our younger set of grandchildren. (We have three other grandchildren who are teenagers or close to that age.) Justin is a civilian social worker/family counselor employee of the Army in Germany for a little over a year dealing with soldiers coming back from Afghanistan and Iraq who have post-traumatic stress problems. He worked previously with the Navy in central California with family abuse problems.

Sandy is fine. We just had a fun weekend of three plays down at the Utah Shakespeare Festival fall season in Cedar City, UT. We saw the play in which we fell in love at Bushy

Park, Blithe Spirit by Noel Coward, Macbeth, and Spitfire Grill, the latter a really super musical about how one person, however flawed, can change a town for the better. It was a really enjoyable weekend - one play Friday night (Blithe Spirit) and two on Saturday (Macbeth matinee and Spitfire Grill at night).

From Wanda (Castor) DeVary (60)
mumszie@tampabay.rr.com

Can you add this bit to the next newsletter please? We have received a lot of help from many people in our hunt to find old classmates. Now we are being asked for some help in return. A rep from the school in Ankara, Turkey is looking for someone with a Vapor Trails yearbook. She is looking for someone with 59, 60 & 61 yearbook that can look some information up for her. She is trying to verify that that Suzanne (Sue) Farris did indeed attend school in Ankara. She most probably was class of '63 or '64 but should appear in the 59, 60 and/or 61 Vapor Trail under the Ankara section. I have all of the yearbooks posted on the site but these books were on loan to me and of course I sent them back to their owners. I did not scan the whole book. I only scanned the BP portion. If you can find her in one of your yearbooks please let me know and if possible please scan the page she appears on. You can send the info to me at mumszie@tampabay.rr.com Thanks

From Judy Risler (60) Covington
LCHS1960@aol.com

It is fall in the swamps and it is quite beautiful, I have to say. A welcome sight from that tired look of the long, hot summer. Mike has done a fantastic job rejuvenating my yard. Neither Ron nor I were yard people. We admired that trait in others, but beyond keeping the grass mowed, our horticulture efforts were null and void. When Mike arrived, he was like a

kid at a circus when he saw all those empty flower beds, and "vast wasteland" of yard. I turned him loose, and he has done wonders with the plants and flowers and shrubbery. Who would have thunk it!

We have so enjoyed our many trips. Sometimes we just putz around the surrounding area, then take a two-weeker or more and really see some of the country. We "ooh and ahh" our way back and forth from wherever. It's so nice to have someone to "go" with. We're planning a trip to Germany in May to visit his brother and sister-in-law who live in Heidelberg.

They've lived there for twenty years! She's from Pennsylvania; he's an old AF brat like most of us. But when he retired from the Army, he just kept his same job, and kept his same place of abode, and so have been there for two decades. I'm not overly anxious to get on a plane for 8 hours, but if I want to see Germany guess I'll have to knock myself out With valium after I get on board. Would there were a highway across the oceans!

We're going on a cruise to Jamaica 2 January. The hurricanes did a number on the island, so am only assuming there's enough of it left to see.

Letters to the Editor