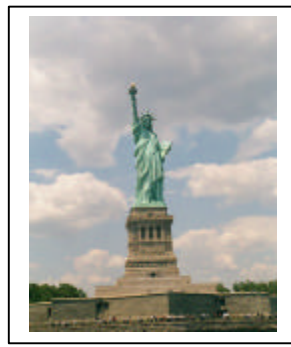




# Bushy Tales

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



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

## Class Representatives

1953 - Jackie (Brown) Kenny

[JKYKNY@aol.com](mailto:JKYKNY@aol.com)

1954 - Betsy (Neff) Cote

[betsycote@charter.net](mailto:betsycote@charter.net)

1955 - Nancie (Anderson) Weber

[nancieT@verizon.net](mailto:nancieT@verizon.net)

1956 - Glenda F. Drake

[gfdrake@swbell.net](mailto:gfdrake@swbell.net)

1957 - Celeste (Plitouke) Brodigan

[Mbrodi1939@aol.com](mailto:Mbrodi1939@aol.com)

1958 - Pat (Terpening) Owen

[nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net](mailto:nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net)

1959 - Jerry Sandham

[Jsandham@quixnet.net](mailto:Jsandham@quixnet.net)

1960 - Ren Briggs

[renpat1671@unedspeed.net](mailto:renpat1671@unedspeed.net)

1961 - Betsy (Schley) Slepetz

[sbslepetz@erols.com](mailto:sbslepetz@erols.com)

1962 - Dona (Hale) Ritchie

[DonaRitchi@aol.com](mailto:DonaRitchi@aol.com)

## Roster Changes

### New addresses:

**Jerry Kelly (58)**

[JKelly1597@aol.com](mailto:JKelly1597@aol.com)

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### New email addresses:

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**Emma Jo Barrett Maas (61)**

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**Richard "Dick" Cunningham (62)**

[dickc747@comcast.net](mailto:dickc747@comcast.net)

**Katherine Brookshier Dohse (62)**

[doecdoe@earthlink.net](mailto:doecdoe@earthlink.net)

### Change in Primary email address:

**Blaine Campbell (58)**

[Chipc1@earthlink.net](mailto:Chipc1@earthlink.net) - primary e-mail  
address

**John Strand (58)**

I plan on retiring at the end of the school  
semester. I will be off line for a while until I  
get things organized at home, so go ahead and  
cancel my email address here as of 12/19/2003

However, I can still receive messages at my sisters address [ksmgmom2@aol.com](mailto:ksmgmom2@aol.com) I will check in again when I get a computer at home online.

**Phone number correction**

**Lynn Thomas Jadovitz (60)**  
(619) 440-0494

**Look Who We Found**

**Jesse R. Turner (56)**  
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**Mini Reunions**

**From Diane (Lathrop) Zumwalt (56)**  
[dz@cmaaccess.com](mailto:dz@cmaaccess.com)

The weekend of November 20, my Fiancé, Patrick Dorsey and I, spent a very pleasant time with Paul Middlebrook (56) and his wife at their lovely home in Chandler, AZ. It was really great to connect with Paul after all these years (51 - count 'em!) since we were classmates at dear old Central High. We had lots and lots to talk about and the "do you remembers" came fast and furiously. Paul lived in the "big dorm" when I resided out back in the "annex" with the other freshman girls. I remember all the girls thought Paul

was so cute, but so shy! We had some great times back then. We are looking forward to visiting him and Min again in the very near future.

Thanks for the newsletter - it enabled Paul and me to connect after all the years.

**From Suzanne "Snookie" (Garrison) Mayo (54)** [Sgmayo54@aol.com](mailto:Sgmayo54@aol.com)

(Editors Note: This picture was for Snookie's article in the December issue – somehow I overlooked it. Sorry Snookie)



**Gary Baldwin, Snookie, and Bob Lyle.**

It was taken in Newport Beach, Rhode Island in Oct. when Pete and I were visiting both the Lyles and the Baldwins. We all were staying in a Bed and Breakfast, circa 1776 in Newport Beach. The picture was taken at one of the "cottages" where the rich and famous would go for summer vacations, trying to get away from the heat of New York and other places.

**From Connie Newlin Drennon (60)**  
[Cbdrenn@uakron.edu](mailto:Cbdrenn@uakron.edu)

I don't think I mentioned to anyone that Rachel Snee Binegar and I lunched together this past summer in Athens, Ohio, where she lives. Small world. Both my daughter and son-in-law are Ohio University grads and OU is located in Athens. My son-in-law has a Masters in Sports Management, the same area

one of Rachel's daughters has nearly completed her doctorate in.

Rachel met her husband while they were both teachers in DOD schools years ago. Rachel and Duane Smith are both Goodyear Tire Company kids. Duane knows how to reach Alan Meyer, another Goodyear Tire Co. kid. I think I was told he is in Oregon. Hey, I just noticed that our class president, Gil Staffend, listed Dayton, OH as the "hometown" in the yearbook. I had hoped to look him up in Michigan now that I have a reason to go to that area. We spent Thanksgiving at my son's house not too far from where Gil lives. The weather was bad and I was coming down with flu or whatever, so we made it a too short trip to do any extra visiting. Gil and I have exchanged a few e-mails. I have never been able to get him to say what he does/did.

### **Reunions**

**From Pat Terpening Owen (58)**  
[nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net](mailto:nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net)

The classes of 1967-1983 are holding a Reunion in San Antonio, TX in July 2004. They have extended the invitation to all classes of LCHS. If anyone is interested in more information, please contact Twila Pitcher Brand - [ma-brand@msn.com](mailto:ma-brand@msn.com)

**From Tom Ackerman (62)**  
[TMAckerman@aol.com](mailto:TMAckerman@aol.com)

I've been meaning to contact ya'll for quite some time but have been procrastinating (as I did with my studies in the dorm at Bushy). Not too long ago I received a notice from OVERSEAS BRATS re. a Homecoming/Reunion they will be holding in Atlanta in July '04. Since the Bushy Park reunion in San Diego was so recent, the BRATS reunion might not be of interest to many but, for those of us that attended more

than one military HS overseas (I was at Burtonwood, Bushy Park & Lakenheath) it's an opportunity to see classmates/acquaintances from other periods of our lives. The BRATS organization will set it up so that depending on group size, arrangements can be made to have meeting areas for the individual school groups. Even though Bushy Park has tentatively set 2005 for a reunion in the "East Coast" area, there still might be an interest from some individuals to attend the '04 gathering in Atlanta. With this thought in mind, Gary might wish to take up a little space in the BUSHY TALES to promote/advise of the OVERSEAS BRATS Homecoming. Complete information can be obtained at:

<http://overseasbrats.com/homecoming2004.asp>  
The prices I observed appear very reasonable.

### **Memories of Bushy**

**From Donald Miller (54)**  
[donaldm1@comcast.net](mailto:donaldm1@comcast.net)

Regarding the picture of the Christmas Dance - I think I can name 3 of the individuals but not sure of the year. Front row right to left, Bob Lyle - Yours Truly - and Pat Miller who was my date as I recall. I welcome corrections, as it's been a couple of years.

**From Coralie (Guertin) Lajoie (55)**  
[Mondo1934@aol.com](mailto:Mondo1934@aol.com)

While reading the newsletter, I was hit with nostalgia so I wrote this poem. I hope you get a kick out of it.

#### **ODE TO "BUSHY TALES"**

Oh, how I love to read about my Bushy Park chums,  
where they are, where they've been  
and what they have done.

Though years have passed

and my memories have grown dim,  
the info I garner about them in "Bushy Tales"  
brings it back again.

So, my hat's off to Gary and Pat,  
I think they're the best,  
they give up their time and do not rest  
just so they can bring us the news from East to  
West.

**(Editors Note: I am not going to show who  
this picture came from, as it would give  
away the answer to the question.)**

Who is our Bushy Park classmate between the  
two English kids?



**Judy Burks Schroeder (59)**

[BandJinNe@aol.com](mailto:BandJinNe@aol.com)

Enjoyed the November issue of Bushy Tales,  
as I have the others. Guess I assumed other  
people's stories would be of more interest than  
any of mine. But, since I want issues to  
continue.... here goes:

I remember when my Dad came home and told  
my mother, sister and me that he had requested  
two stations for our next tour: Japan and

England.... I did not want EITHER!!!! I was  
very happy living in Nebraska, stationed at  
Offutt as a 13 year old and having my secure  
circle of friends. Well, the news came: it  
would be England.... I cried for days.

We drove from Omaha to Texas, spent several  
months with my grandmother since we did not  
get concurrent travel, and finally drove to New  
York in our 1954 turquoise blue Ford with NO  
air and took off for our flight to England....  
When we landed in England, after a proper  
amount of "air sickness". It was such a culture  
shock.... beginning with driving on the  
"wrong" side of the street.... remember the car  
my Dad had borrowed, had a little arm that  
flew out on the side of the car when we drove  
around a corner. We drove to Hillingdon,  
Middlesex, where we were to live for the next  
3 years.

My Dad was stationed at South Ruislip and I  
was to spend many days going from home to  
the base to pick up Daddy if Mother had  
needed the car that day, and will never forget  
the wonderful feeling at hearing "Stars and  
Stripes Forever" as the flag was lowered at 5  
p.m., and the sight of all the men walking out  
of the buildings on their way to cars and their  
trips home. I can never hear a Sousa march  
without a tear in my eye and a song in my  
heart.

I attended Eastcote grade school and made  
great friends there.... at 13, I made friends  
fairly easily.

Then the transition to Bushy Park as a town  
kid. Will never forget all the bus trips (when  
fog held off)!!!! We had the best bus driver,  
always stopped on the way home at a bakery  
for a little treat for us....

Teachers who come to mind are Mr. Mitchell,  
the French teacher... will never forget the time  
I got a D+ and after sitting in the back of the  
room after the bell and crying, he raised it to a

C-. My father was VERY strict and a D+ would have NEVER flown in my house. Always had a special feeling in my heart for him, and his wonderful stories in class, and our songfests of French songs. And, of course, the gorgeous Mr. Farrell, the biology teacher. He was soooooooooo cute to a 15- year old girl - especially with his Porsche.... I will never forget the time we had to cut open a fish, and I was at a table of 3 boys and me.... When Mr. Farrell left the room, they put the eye of the fish down the back of my dress and I went crazy.... will never forget that class....

After returning to the States in 1957, moved back to Nebraska, a few years later, opened the paper and there was Mr. Farrell in the sports page.... seems he was traveling through Omaha, visiting his parents (with his French wife) that broke my heart. Could go on forever about my love of those times, but won't.... just hope all of you who enjoy these newsletters will share some of your feelings as well. I was always proud to be an American military brat, proud of what my father did and proud to say I went to Bushy Park. As fate would have it, my father returned to the UK in 1963 and my little sister graduated from there in 1964. That's what I get for having gotten married !!!

**From Terry Ennis (60)**

[TRENNIS1@aol.com](mailto:TRENNIS1@aol.com)

Martha Clark Saved My Life, by Terry Ennis.

Martha Clark was school counselor when I was a student at Bushy. Unknowingly, she saved my life.

I had managed to get myself in trouble a couple of times at Bushy by going over the wall and doing some pub-crawling. On each occasion they sent me home by train in the middle of the week instead of by bus on

Friday. Needless to say, my father was immediately suspicious. For some reason he stopped trusting me.

All through high school my strongest subject area was mathematics. I just seemed to be able to handle it without much trouble. Therefore, I decided I wanted to go to a college that had an engineering program. One day during my senior year, I was passing by the school offices and Ms. Clark called me in to speak to me. She asked my intentions regarding college. I told her I wanted to go to a college with an engineering program but my father insisted I start out at the University of Maryland in Munich because he did not trust me to go back to the States on my own.

Ms. Clark informed me that Maryland had a decent Liberal Arts school in Munich but offered no engineering classes at all and that I would be much better off going to a stateside school.

I went home that weekend and told my father what Ms. Clark had said and his attitude was "tough luck" old boy. When I returned to Bushy I again spoke to Ms. Clark and advised her my father insisted I start out at Munich.

Ms. Clark really thought that would be a waste of my time and talent and put me a whole year behind in reaching my goals. Without me asking her to do so, she took it upon herself to actually write a letter to my father expressing her beliefs.

After receiving a written communication from Ms. Clark, my father had second thoughts and finally decided that if I could get accepted to Arizona State University and would live with his mother in Mesa, Arizona so she could keep an eye on me, he would allow me to return to the States.

Thus, I did not go to Munich and was not on the plane that crashed killing so many of my classmates. Ms. Clark probably never realized it, but she did, in fact, save my life.

### **Classmates Who Have Transferred To The Eternal Duty Station**

Our love and prayers go out to the family and friends of our classmates who have gone on before us. We will miss them, yet we can find comfort in knowing that one-day we will all join them for the greatest of all reunions

**Ann Clagett (62)** - per Bill Ballenger - was an AP correspondent

### **Look Who is Looking for Who**

**From Connie Newlin Drennon (60)**  
[cbdrenn@uakron.edu](mailto:cbdrenn@uakron.edu)

I attended Bushy Park for three years, graduating in 1960. I just tried looking to see if the younger brother of one of my classmates stayed in England to continue school. Now I see all pictures and lists are gone for you class (and his). Kenneth Novak was a class officer when his brother Richard was a senior with me. I know neither has been found, but wondered if Keith stayed to graduate. Would you know this?

I attended the gathering in San Diego a couple of months ago and really had no chance to gather information as I had hoped. I believe that family was not military, rather associated with an oil company. They were day students.

Any information would be appreciated.

### **This and That**

**From Gary Baldwin (54)**  
[gbaldwin36@earthlink.net](mailto:gbaldwin36@earthlink.net)

Subject: An Email from a Captain in Iraq

" We knew there was a dinner planned with Ambassador Bremer and LTG Sanchez. There were 600 seats available and all the units in the division were tasked with filling a few tables. Naturally, the 501st MI battalion got our table. Soldiers were grumbling about having to sit through another dog-and-pony show, so we had to pick soldiers to attend. I chose not to go.

But, about 1500 the G2, LTC Devan, came up to me and with a smile, asked me to come to dinner with him, to meet him in his office at 1600 and bring a camera. I didn't really care about getting a picture with Sanchez or Bremer, but when the division's senior intelligence officer asks you to go, you go. We were seated in the chow hall, fully decorated for Thanksgiving when aaaaaallllll kinds of secret service guys showed up.

That was my first clue, because Bremer's been here before and his personal security detachment is not that big. Then BG Dempsey got up to speak, and he welcomed ambassador Bremer and LTG Sanchez. Bremer thanked us all and pulled out a piece of paper as if to give a speech. He mentioned that the President had given him this thanksgiving speech to give to the troops. He then paused and said that the senior man present should be the one to give it. He then looked at Sanchez, who just smiled.

Bremer then said that we should probably get someone more senior to read the speech. Then, from behind the camouflage netting, the President of the United States came around. The mess hall actually erupted with hollering. Troops bounded to their feet with shocked smiles and just began cheering with all their hearts. The building actually shook. It was just unreal. I was absolutely stunned. Not only for the obvious, but also because I was only two tables away from the podium. There he stood,

less than thirty feet away from me! The cheering went on and on and on.

Soldiers were hollering, cheering, and a lot of them were crying. There was not a dry eye at my table. When he stepped up to the cheering, I could clearly see tears running down his cheeks. It was the most surreal moment I've had in years. Not since my wedding and Aaron being born. Here was this man, our President, came all the way around the world, spending 17 hours on an airplane and landing in the most dangerous airport in the world, where a plane was shot out of the sky not six days before.

Just to spend two hours with his troops. Only to get on a plane and spend another 17 hours flying back. It was a great moment, and I will never forget it. He delivered his speech, which we all loved, when he looked right at me and held his eyes on me. Then he stepped down and was just mobbed by the soldiers. He slowly worked his way all the way around the chow hall and shook every last hand extended. Every soldier who wanted a photo with the President got one. I made my way through the line, got dinner, then wolfed it down as he was still working the room.

You could tell he was really enjoying himself. It wasn't just a photo opportunity. This man was actually enjoying himself! He worked his way over the course of about 90 minutes towards my side of the room. Meanwhile, I took the opportunity to shake a few hands. I got a picture with Ambassador Bremer, Talabani (acting Iraqi president) and Achmed Chalabi (another member of the ruling council) and Condaleeza Rice, who was there with him.

I felt like I was drunk. He was getting closer to my table so I went back over to my seat. As he passed and posed for photos, he looked my in the eye and "How you doin', captain." I smiled

and said "God bless you, sir." To which he responded "I'm proud of what you do, Captain." Then moved on. "

**From Dianne (Pendergrass) Hopkins (55)**  
[td400@joimail.com](mailto:td400@joimail.com)

I took a trip back to England with my daughter Sept. 17 thru 29 and just wanted to share it with you. This was my third trip back but this was my first time to go back to Bushy Park. We had planned the trip the first of the year and to my surprise Nancie Anderson Weber found me in July of this year. What good timing that was! I was so glad to hear from her and about the newsletter and the reunions since 1988. I have also had some wonderful talks with Ruth Lund Bethea, and would love to hear from some more friends.

We spent 4 days in London, 7 days at a condo outside of Birmingham near the town of Oakham. We stayed at the Holiday Inn in Kennsington, which was central to most places to see. We went to the Tower of London, Westminster Abbey, the House of Parliament, Big Ben, St. Paul's, Tower Bridge, Trafalgar Square, Piccadilly Circus, a boat trip on the Thames, and of course a trip to Harrods. We used the "Big Red Bus" to get around. I had not used that before and it worked out great. They had cassettes telling you of the history of England and where to get off to see the attractions. I always enjoy seeing everything over and over.

It was really special to go in Buckingham Palace and see the staterooms. We also went in Windsor Castle and my daughter Teri commented; "Now this is truly a Castle". I had talked with Pat Owen about directions to Bushy Park and the location of where our school had been. I never knew that the buildings had been General Eisenhower's headquarters during W.W.II. We picked up our rental car and headed for Bushy Park and

Teddington. Since I was a dorm student, I can remember walking to the Teddington station to catch the train into London and then on to Hunstanton in Norfolk County. My mother had cancer while we were in England, and I would go home to help out. Thank the Good Lord they were able to get it all. There are two plaques honoring General Eisenhower about 20 or 30 feet apart and telling about his headquarters, and also corner markers for the building. It was pretty emotional for me just standing there and thinking about the two years I had spent there at school. I wish the buildings had still been there. I'm sure that many of you, like myself lived in England longer than any other place. I first returned to England in 1979 and had not thought about this until then. I didn't realize what a privilege this had been until many years later. We then went out the same iron gate that we used and went to the Adelaide and had lunch in the outdoor garden. By now it was afternoon and we needed to start to our condo near Birmingham.

The condo had been an estate on "Rutland Water" near the typical English town of Oakham. The countryside was just beautiful! We made two trips to Hunstanton where we lived before getting quarters on the base of Sculthorpe. I found the house we lived in and it still looked the same, as did the whole town. We went thru Sandringham, the Queen's summer home in Norfolk County. We lived near it and we went to the chapel one time and saw the Queen Mother. We used to go on family picnics on the grounds which was outside the gate and one time when we were having a picnic this English gentleman came up and joined us and then invited us in the cottage he was staying in inside the grounds. He was one of Queen Elizabeth's uncles. I asked about his name when we went on the tour but the guides told me that various relatives had stayed there in the cottage from time to time. My mother had remembered his

name but I didn't. We went by Sculthorpe the base that my father was stationed at but it had been closed. I could see the hangers in the distance and was later told that jets still fly in and out of the base. We also went to the town of Fakenham where Ruth Lund Bethea, Kathleen Casey and I went for our sophomore year to the English Grammar School because there was no room at the dorm at Bushy Park. The school is now a junior college. We saw the cathedral at Peterborough, Stratford on Avon, and Nottingham, We also went to Stamford and saw the Burghley House, which had 220 rooms. It was built and designed by William Cecil (who became Lord Burleigh) between 1565 and 1587. He was the Lord High Treasurer for Queen Elizabeth I. I just saw a movie about her and when she became Queen, England was broke and when she died England was the richest country and this was known as the "Golden Age".

I am more interested in history now than when I was in school! As you can tell from this detailed account we had a great time and enjoyed every minute of our trip, and I'm sure that I will return again sometime in the near future! Happy Holidays.

**From Blaine Campbell (58)**  
[Chipcl@earthlink.net](mailto:Chipcl@earthlink.net)

Steve Schlussel (58) and I roomed together for the short time we were on the senior class trip, and what a trip it was. I will never forget it because we stayed with the president of the Automobile Club of Belgium, and I was a race car nut. He arranged for me to spend Saturday before our departure at the Franconchamp racecourse in the Ardennes where I had a spectacular and once in a lifetime opportunity to be in the pits with some of the greats of the time, like Carol Shelby, and Archy Scott Brown, who was killed on Sunday during the race, while we were on the ferry headed back to jolly old.

**From Donald H. Crews (59)**

[dhcrews@juno.com](mailto:dhcrews@juno.com)

If anyone has a copy of something called "Student Directory C.H.S., This is a Student Council Project" for the school year 1954-55, I would like a copy. In a like manner, I have a copy of the 1955-56 edition. If anyone wishes a copy, please let me know.

## **Comments From You Our Readers**

**From Emily Melvin (59)**

[melviea@auburn.edu](mailto:melviea@auburn.edu)

Thank you very much for putting so many of us in touch with one another. Here is a brief contribution I would like to make to the next newsletter.

It is a great and unexpected pleasure to be re-connected to friends from so long ago. I was at Bushy Park from 1955 until 1957 and remember the experience with much fondness. I am still in touch with schoolmates Ann Nelson, Donna Forsman, and Elena Ruddy. After college, I worked and traveled abroad for a number of years.

Returning to the U.S. to teach school and to engage in graduate studies, I began my career in education. Having been a professor at Auburn University, in Alabama, for nearly three decades now, I finally feel "rooted" to a community! One of my primary interests, however, continues to be exploring, especially in remote corners of the developing world.

**From Frances Edwards Mong (60)**

[franmong@aol.com](mailto:franmong@aol.com)

Have really enjoyed reading about the San Diego gathering - so wish I could have been there - unfortunately family events (birth of a new grandson...YEA!!) prevented that - but, I noticed that the next gathering is scheduled to

possibly be in the D.C. area and since I live just outside of D.C. in Northern Virginia I wanted to volunteer to assist in any way that I can.

**From Mercy Kelly Murphy (60)**

[laughlovelive@att.net](mailto:laughlovelive@att.net)

I was just reading the new newsletter, and the letter sent by Harlan Frymire stirred up some old memories. I also remember the old man with no nose and Harlan really sticks out in my mind but I can't remember why. Maybe we rode the same bus. I hate it when I only remember portions of things.

It has been really a blessing to me to be reconnected with my best friend Lynn Thomas after so many years. There are some people who you have in life that are truly one with you and she is one of those for me.

I retired recently and am now waiting for the reality to sink in. Eventually, after my husband retires, we plan to become full time RV folks. Moab, Utah is one of the places we want to spend a lot of time. It is so awesome there. Hope you can keep the newsletter going....

**From Ren Briggs (60)**

[renpat1671@unnewspeed.net](mailto:renpat1671@unnewspeed.net)

Our Soldiers

The writer and his wife live in LA and both work for Uncle Sam.

## **A Day at Baltimore Airport**

Dear Friends and Family,

I hope that you will spare me a few minutes of your time to tell you about something that I saw on Monday, October 27. I had been attending a conference in Annapolis and was coming home on Sunday. As you may recall, Los Angeles International Airport was closed on Sunday, October 26, because of the fires

that affected air traffic control. Accordingly, my flight, and many others, were canceled and I wound up spending a night in Baltimore.

My story begins the next day. When I went to check in at the United counter Monday morning I saw a lot of soldiers home from Iraq. Most were very young and all had on their desert camouflage uniforms. This was a change from earlier, when they had to buy civilian clothes in Kuwait to fly home. It was a visible reminder that we are in a war. It probably was pretty close to what train terminals were like in World War II. Many people were stopping the troops to talk to them, asking them questions in the Starbucks line or just saying "Welcome Home." In addition to all the flights that had been canceled on Sunday, the weather was terrible in Baltimore and the flights were backed up. So, there were a lot of unhappy people in the terminal trying to get home, but nobody that I saw gave the soldiers a bad time.

By the afternoon, one plane to Denver had been delayed several hours. United personnel kept asking for volunteers to give up their seats and take another flight. They weren't getting many takers. Finally, a United spokeswoman got on the PA and said this, "Folks. As you can see, there are a lot of soldiers in the waiting area. They only have 14 days of leave and we're trying to get them where they need to go without spending any more time in an airport than they have to. We sold them all tickets, knowing we would oversell the flight. If we can, we want to get them all on this flight. We want all the soldiers to know that we respect what you're doing, we are here for you and we love you."

At that, the entire terminal of cranky, tired, travel-weary people, a cross-section of America, broke into sustained and heartfelt applause. The soldiers looked surprised and very modest. Most of them just looked at their

boots. Many of us were wiping away tears. And, yes, people lined up to take the later flight and all the soldiers went to Denver on that flight.

That little moment made me proud to be an American, and also told me why we will win this war. If you want to send my little story on to your friends and family, feel free. This is not some urban legend. I was there, I was part of it. I saw it happen.

Will Ross Administrative Judge, United States Department of Defense

### **News From The 2003 Gathering in San Diego.**

**From Nancy Reed Robinson (56)**

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The 2003 Reunion in San Diego in October. I decided early last year I wanted to be a part of the 2003 reunion called the "Gathering" in San Diego. I have not attended any other reunions nor had I kept contact with many classmates over the years. I had been a bus student and I felt I had missed the **real** experience of being at Bushy Park, except the bus with some very great souls. My sister, Elizabeth and I tried to remember the names and circumstances of those we knew. I became acquainted with the **Bushy Tales** and after emailing a few people who live in my area or whom I remembered. Every time I made a contact I was delighted by the results Celeste Brodigan and Ruth Lund said they were going. Later I heard from Don Crews who would be there with June and the list grew.

When I arrived in San Diego I saw Celeste at the hotel door. She pointed out Ruth sitting in the bar with others. Immediately, I felt contented! I loved it. Later that day Don came up and asked me if I was part of the Gathering. We did not recognize each other. We had a

good laugh and a lovely visit! (Don was a near neighbor in London) This was Thursday evening and the group grew day by day. It was great fun even if I had no history with most people. That night I got together with Neal Wolfe and talked of many things including his brother Joe. By Saturday a group of us had been to the zoo and were ready for the Gathering. The Gathering included the delightful surprises of people I remembered suddenly appearing with little time to catch up. I was sorry to hear that some were leaving the next morning. Though few from '56 arrived, we did have time to meet. So many people I talked to I had met before or heard of. I topped off Saturday evening by having time to jitter bug! I would have happily continued several days of renewing acquaintances.

Long ago Gary had said when I asked him that he always stayed beyond the scheduled reunion to continue enjoying the fun. I took that idea for my own when I heard that Ruth and Marilyn Harkey were staying until Wednesday and stayed too. We three shared the same room, which was great fun! I felt like I was having the "dorm" experience that I had missed in England.

Along the way were side trips, I got to visit with my brother, Jim who lives in Seal Beach and Celeste shared a family brunch her family had with Bill Cooper and me. On that trip Bill and I were in a car that took Celeste's mother home and we got a breath taking view of San Diego from a high residential peak overlooking Sea World.

Monday Don Crews and his wife June shared their rental car with us and we did some sightseeing and said good-bye to Diane Lund. Tuesday Nanci Anderson Webber and her husband took us on a sightseeing trip that was by land, by sea, and on the Marine base. Nanci added Old Town, Mexican food, and shopping to the day. Wow! My sister Elizabeth picked

me up at the air port and wanted to hear about the "Gathering". Once home I got a call from Joe Wolfe and we talked about the "Gathering" and brother Neal. Now there will be another reunion in 2005 and I recommend it!

**From Donald H. Crews (59)**

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What a delight it was for me to see Nancy Reed (1954-55 class of '56 bus mate), Neil Wolfe, and Richard Enroth (1954-56 class of '59 Classmates), after almost 45 years. Special too was meeting, and getting to know "classmates", but who were not "friends", way back then. I went to the "Gathering" knowing that only (3) people there would know who I was. I came away with a dozen I'm looking forward to seeing again in 2005.

**From Anita Hardy Johnson (60)**

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(This was written just after the "Gathering" in San Diego)

Phil and I are in Pasadena now. We just checked into a room with Internet service so we can send out some messages. I had a great time and feel that I didn't get a chance to talk as long with everyone as I had wanted to. So many people to say hi to, huh? On Monday in San Diego, the fog cleared off some and Phil and I took a trolley tour.

Being museum freaks, we spent several hours in the Maritime museum and walking around the sailing ship "Star of India" and others moored alongside it. Really good books in their bookstore. Then we went to the Harbor village, had lunch at the Coronado Hotel overlooking the ocean, made it back to Old Town for some more culture and retail therapy in the junk stores. We finally wound up at the Casa Bandini for a "large" margarita which was served in a gallon size glass. We staggered aboard another trolley for a ride

back to the Handlery hotel in time to fall in bed. On Tues morning after checking out we drove the last 16 miles to the Mexican border. Now Phil and I have driven the entire coastal highway that ends about halfway up BC in Canada in the little wide spot in the road called Lund. The road runs out onto a wooden dock with a yellow line drawn down the center of it and ends at the water. I'll have to send you a photo of that one. At the border we had about 1712 miles on the van. That's just one way from Seattle.

We called home and found out it had rained 5.02 inches in one day. It set an all time record. Wouldn't you know it as we had the yard dug up, no grass, and now a sea of mud no doubt. All the downspouts are in a temporary condition. Like on the ground..... In Pasadena, we had to go to a train store to look at model trains.

Tomorrow we go to the Huntington museum then to the Nethercutt museum to see a bunch of classic cars, furniture, loot from Europe, etc. I was going to Six Flags and ride all the roller coasters as they have a bunch of new ones I haven't been on before, but LA had 101 degrees yesterday and I don't do HOT that well. I must be hot enough on my own without standing in line for hours in 100 degree weather. After that we start the trek back. Yosemite, the wine country, over to see Melanee Wright in Cambria, then back over to San Francisco maybe, then up to Sacramento to see a big steam train museum (full size ones this time). Phil loves trains. We may wander thru the gold country up in North CA then back to Oregon. Have to stop at the big golf discount store in Eugene OR and find something to make my golf balls go straighter...see how much time is left before we have to get back around Nov 4 th or so.... Mike Hoyt was wrong about people changing - I still see all the people that I knew 43 years ago. Mother Nature and karma have not been

so lenient with some of us as others, but we're all much better people than we were then. We care enough about each other to show up no matter how bad the body is falling apart !!!! Thanks a whole bunch Ren, we all appreciate all you and the rest did for us.

**From Diane Drude Clayton (62)**  
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I too am just getting back into the groove after the Gathering. Judy Laird and Thy Caldwell came back to my house for a week, and we just continued to have more fun...this time my husband was included. The Gathering was the best yet, and the one in 2005 should have more people than this one.

### **Now For The Lighter Side**

**From John O'Neal (62)**  
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A squad of Marines were driving up the highway between Basra and Baghdad. They came upon an Iraqi soldier badly injured and unconscious. Nearby, on the opposite side of the road, was an American Marine in a similar but less serious state. The Marine was conscious and alert.

As first aid was given to both men, the Marine was asked what had happened. The Marine reported; "I was heavily armed and moving north along the highway. Coming south was a heavily armed Iraqi soldier."

"What happened then?" the corpsman asked.

"I yelled to him that Saddam Hussein was a miserable #%%\$@\*, and he yelled back: "Tom Daschle, Ted Kennedy and Bill Clinton are miserable #%%\$@\*."

"We were standing there shaking hands when a truck hit us."