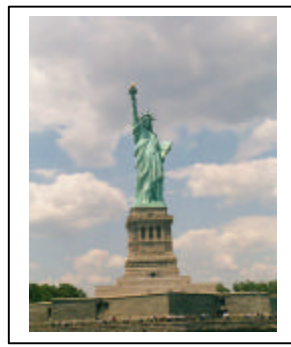




Bushy Tales

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



Issue #4

July 2004

Volume #4

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

betsycote@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@unedspeed.net

1961 - Betsy (Schley) Slepetz

sbslepetz@erols.com

1962 - Dona (Hale) Ritchie

DonaRitchi@aol.com

Roster Changes

New email addresses:

Betsy Neff Cote (54)

betsycote@atlanticbb.net also my husbands is
jpacote@atlanticbb.net as his is the one with
the printer for the newsletter.

Ted Hopkins (55)

I am sorry. I did pick up high speed internet but Outlook Express came with it. I have used it but it just doesn't have the features I was use to with AOL and I have some problems opening attachments. I never did discontinue AOL so.... MrTeddyboy16@aol.com is still on line and will be my primary contact point. The MrTeddyboy@cox.net will also stay working but I won't be as up to date. Use whichever suits you.

Coralie Guertin Lajoie (55)

Mondo19341@aol.com

Diane (Lathrop) Zumwalt (56)

dzumwalt@cox.net

Michael Moorman (58)

michael.moorman@saintleo.edu

michael.moorman@earthlink.net

John Strand (58)

jsstrand@sbcglobal.net

Mike Perkins (59)

Mike_perkins@comcast.net

Geneva Dennard Miller (60)

Geneva7478@msn.com

John Stephens (60)
Keoni@netlplus.com

Look Who We Found

Harold Dilley (56)
111 Clairewood Ct..
Greenville, SC, 29615
Harold does have an e-mail address, but has asked that we not post it. If you'd like to contact Harold, let Pat know and she'll make contact for you.

Duane S. Cole (60)
Cozycole1@aol.com
3547 Placita Del Lazo
Las Vegas, NV 89120
(702) 434-6584

Mary Elsa "Elsa" Coleman Blades (60)
12421 Shari Hunt Grove
Clifton, VA 20124

Jim Crutchfield (60)
jimcrutchfield@yahoo.com
3919 Browns Lane North
Highlands, CA 95660

Karen Cottingham Trouvat (60)
6 rue Puits du Cormier
77630 - Barbizon France
Telephone: 01-60-66-41-03

Dorothy J. Sallas Sowers (nickname D.J.) (62)
djsowers@sbcglobal.net
11813B Spruce Run Drive
San Diego, CA 92131
(858) 536-1924

Look Who Is Looking For Who

From Katherine Brookshier Dohse (62)
doecdoe@earthlink.net

'Looking for Someone' I'm trying to locate Sherry Penry. She went back to the states in 1961, Topeka, Kansas, and would have graduated in 1962. It would be great if someone knew something about her.

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

Wallace Threlkeld (Faculty)

From W. W. Cooper (57)
liammail@erols.com

Dear Classmates

Yesterday I received word from Gail Kelly that Wallace Threlkeld, one of our LCHS music teachers, died early on the 14th from a brain aneurysm. His four daughters were with him at the hospital when he passed away.

I never took any classes from him, but I remember well his warmth and good humor. And, with many of you, I had the joy and honor to delight in his dear wife Rosemary's English class. I particularly remember how beautiful they both looked the day they were married. That is the fair memory I shall keep of them till I see them again.

From Marshall Kremers (57)
mkremers@hargray.com

Wally Threlkeld was a wonderful band/music teacher, as was Rosemary for English. I., too, attended their wedding and can still see their beaming faces. I saw Wally in Houston at the all-class reunion (in '86?) and we had a nice chat. He was retired and living in Minnesota, I

think. Or maybe it was Wisconsin. I remember that he used to talk about being from the heart of the Midwest. I will pass the news on to my younger brother, Bob, who was one of Wally's most devoted students. The first thing Wally said to me when we met in Houston was, how's your brother, Bob? I think about both Rosemary and Wally often. When I saw Rosemary in London in the mid-Sixties, she asked me if I still remembered reading "John Brown's Body." I said, how can I forget it? You almost made us memorize the thing.

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

Bronwyn Threlkeld posted this on the Bobcats' Chat line about Mr. Threlkeld and I thought everyone might like to read it.

This is Bronwyn emailing you. We are all feeling dad's loss today. He died at 10:45 pm (June 14) last night quite peacefully after a couple of days of very labored breathing. Megan and Randall, dad's life partner, were with him at the moment and we are so relieved that his struggle is over. We are going to delay dad's memorial service until the fall, his favorite season. It is the Stone Arch Festival this weekend in Minneapolis and the entire area around dad's house will be packed with people and booths. Dad wants to be scattered in the Mississippi here so any type of service would almost be impossible. He will be cremated today and we will keep the ashes until fall.

It is a sad time, but we all know that dad was not one for pomp and circumstance. We found a poem in his will that said:

Miss me but let me go.....
When I come to the end of the road
And the sun has set for me,
I want no rites in a gloom filled room,
Why cry for me a soul set free.

Miss me a little, but not too long,
And not with your head bowed low.
Remember the love the we once shared,
Miss me- but let me go.
For this is the journey that we all must take,
And each must go alone.
It's all a part of the Master's plan,
A step on the road to home.
When you're lonely and sick of heart,
Go to the friends we know.
And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds,
Miss me-but let me go

From Gail Kelly (Faculty)
martha.kelly@virgin.net

On line guest book for Mr. Threlkeld is at
<http://www.legacy.com/StarTribune/Guestbook.asp?Page=Guestbook&PersonID=2345848>

Reunion News

2005 – COLUMBUS DAY WEEKEND A FUN-FILLED ALL CLASS REUNION IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL

Mark your calendars and start planning.
Dates - October 7th thru 10th 2005
Place - The Washington D.C. area

More to follow in successive newsletters.
Right now we're looking for the right place to party. Got a favorite hotel in the area?
Email your suggestions to Bill Cooper ('57)
liammail@erols.com

Mini Reunions

From Mercy "Mercedes Kelly" Murphy (60)
laughlovelive@att.net

In March, my husband Richard and I drove down to El Cajon, Ca. to visit my dearest friend Lynn Thomas (60) Jadovitz. We had

not seen each other since 1968. It was a very emotional time because I thought I had lost contact with her forever and because of the health issues she is facing right now. She did not know we were coming, and we were able to surprise her with the help of her husband Jerry. It was so wonderful to see her after so many years and Lynn and Jerry were such gracious hosts. We spent several days with her and then Gail Taylor Adams (60) flew in from Virginia, and we were together again just as it was in high school 46 years previously. It was such a special time and one that has brought us back the closeness we once had. My husband and I are hoping that Lynn and Jerry will be able to come to Idaho this summer as Lynn says she is feeling stronger. Please keep Lynn in your prayers.

As always the newsletter is great.

Memories of Bushy

From your Editor: Anyone want to guess where this is?



From Anne Weber (??)
WEBERANNE@msn.com

Sue (Miller) Dalberg (62) made me remember how fine our teachers were. I'm especially thankful to 2 who taught me life long lessons.

First Mr. Francis who taught English history. On one test he asked: What is the historical significance of Kingston? Well, the Kingston Cinema was where I saw my first foreign film- "Forbidden Games," which changed my viewing habits forever; however, while that was historically significant to me, I doubted it was what Mr. F. had in mind. I cornered him angrily when we got our papers back. "That wasn't in the book! How're we supposed to know it was the seat of 7 Saxon kings if it isn't in the book? That's not fair!" He answered something to the effect that we were responsible for knowing the past of our present familiar places, for knowing who lived there before us, and how they lived. That reply influenced the rest of my life, and is why I now know that the reason I till up old marbles in the garden is that there was once a school on this property.

The other person I'd like to thank was our dorm mother, Miss Hayward. I had to give a speech at graduation and, for some reason I wanted to include a phrase our advisor didn't want me to include. I went to Miss H, all bent out of shape at the injustice of it all. I wouldn't give the speech. Wouldn't graduate. Didn't care. I'd show them. They can't do this to me. (Wasn't it payback time later to hear those exact phrases coming from my teenage son?) Miss Hayward advised me that I'd reached an age when I did need to make my own decisions. "Never say 'No' to life," she advised, "But say 'Yes' in a way that will cause the least injury to others...and to yourself." I rehearsed the speech one way and said it the way I wanted graduation night...and no one noticed ...or cared. (How black and white life appeared back then and how self-righteous I was at 16) So, thank you to 2 teachers whose lessons have lasted me for 50 years.. and more, since I passed both on to my sons. One of whom teaches 4th graders how they should always know who lived before where they live now. And the other who

teaches his daughters to say "yes" to life without hurting themselves or others.

This and That

Nancy Reed Robinson (56)

Nrobinin@cs.com

My Year in a British School in 1953

We moved three times before we had our rented house in Hampstead Garden Suburb. Even before moving into our London home Daddy marched me up to the local school for an interview and an exam. We also got a list of things I would need at school, a schedule for homework, plus a bedtime of 8:00 pm. I felt my life had just changed abruptly. I was now in uniforms at Dame Henrietta Barnett School for Girls. This was a private, or government school, with British girls who qualified by passing an exam to get in. Not sure how I got there even now.

My fourth form class was based in Miss Rigg's room and she was strict. We had regular fingernail inspection and a check for skirt lengths among other things. Miss Rigg told us how fortunate we were since during The War (WWII) they had school on Saturdays too. She once took me aside and asked if I, like other American girls had dates, wore lipstick, etc. Of course I told her, yes. She also taught us that one should always keep the throat bare to prevent colds, never, eat in public or worse chew gum. She also mentioned wearing tennis shoes and blue jeans as a true travesty! I could not even do that today!

Though the building was always cold to me (65 degrees Fahrenheit) and the formality was strange, I did have a wonderful time in the school. The other girls were delightful to know and the classes I took were fascinating and numerous. I was not included in French

because it was an advanced course. I did take science, history, English, mathematics, gymnastics and sports, scripture, art, English Geography, and Latin, *Caesar's Gallic Wars*. The art class was exceptional, a successful artist taught it.

Lunch was a big event where we talked and walked to a building several blocks away; we stood in line outside among the thistles waiting rain or shine to go in. Inside we stood at tables of 10 and waited until ten people were there and then sat together. We were each given a loader plate of food that we were expected to clean. We finished what we liked and someone else ate what we did not, all done by surreptitiously sliding the plates around because neither sharing food nor throwing it away were allowed. We did not speak at lunch. When we finished we rose together as one and then walked and talked back to the school. I rarely liked the food and my plate often went all around the table before it was clean and we could leave.

Science was wonderful. We went out and scooped what we wanted out of ponds or of the soil for exploration under a microscope or cut up frogs to see their insides. Everything was a hands-on experience. The teacher had a tapeworm on her lectern, which a friend of hers had given to her after a gourmet trip to Italy. It was about four yards long and wrapped around two metal rods inside a large beaker. One day in an animated jester the science mistress hit the tapeworm and it splashed all over the front row of desks. We screamed as the teacher rushed to save her precious tapeworm!

In history we studied The Napoleonic Era, which included Napoleon's attempt to colonize Mexico. The message was that the Monroe Doctrine was really a British creation, which was developed during our Civil War. I did question that since it is called the Monroe

Doctrine? The teacher was challenging and very interesting. Everything she taught us had to be written into a little booklet in pen, for future study. The lectures were interesting and I did well. (History, English, and science were the only subjects with content that was offered just that year. Everything else was a continuation of the year or years before.)

In English there was literature and composition so we wrote essays. (The British did not teach grammar, everyone is supposed to know it since they speak English!) We read *The Count of Monte Cristo*. The teacher was Welsh and I could not understand a word she said nor could she me. A student translated for us. She asked me to read daily. I do not like to read in front of any class so one day, I closed me book, said, "No more!" and sat down. That was the end of my oral performance.

Next come the challenging courses. I had studied Latin one year before. I was put in third year Latin with the rest of the class to study *Caesar's Gallic Wars*. My Dad got me a tutor who tried to teach me with different texts but I never accumulated enough vocabulary. I finally got a crib book of *Caesar's Gallic Wars* in English but I still did not pass. What a tough subject! Also I was hopelessly lost in Math and Geography of the British Isles. The other students had at least heard the names like "The Lake District" before and maybe been on holiday to some of them. In math we had business math on Monday and Friday, geometry on Tuesday, trigonometry on Wednesday, algebra on Thursday. Remember if it was math the money problems were done using the British monetary system. They do not even use that any more!

I had wonderful friends in the school. There was Irenie who invited me to her birthday party right after I arrived and her best friend Valerie who became my friend as well. They made me feel welcome. Althea lived not far away. She loved to join me when I got

together with the other Americans in the area to play softball. Then there was Joan who lived the nearest and we walked to and from school regularly. One day when my mother was not home I decided that Joan and I should go to my house for coffee sometime in the morning. It was a perfect opportunity for a break from the school day. When we returned Miss Rigg met us at the door and asked if we knew we were truant. I said, "No." The answer must have surprised her for she explained the infraction and that was that.

Another friend Molly who was very good at art but did not pass her exams in June was no longer in the academic school the next year. That surprised me. I could not imagine leaving school at 15 or 16 like that. Though we did still see each other, she went to art school and to work and I went to Bushy Park.

The play that year was a special event. With a sense of humor, I was assigned the part of the third citizen in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*. When I, among the crowd of Roman citizens on stage, yelled in my southern accent, "Halt who goes there?" The whole audience broke into uproarious laughter including us. It was a wonderful year.

From Beverly Gehrett Wagner (58)
Packrats2@aol.com

Bob and I were able to get to Fayetteville, NC the end of March to welcome home our grandson, David, from a year in Iraq. He turned 20 over there. It was a great homecoming. Our daughter, Trish, and David's dad George, were able to be there for a few days too. The little kids enjoyed it. We all stayed at the RV park the base has, very nice.

After a couple of weeks visiting David, we traveled to Patrick AFB, which is close to my sister. What a great RV park there. We had

the runway behind us, and dolphins and manatees swimming up the river practically at our front door. We enjoyed a dinner with Carol (Albert) Yacovanne, (class of 57) and her husband. Carol and I were roommates my sophomore year at Bushy Park. She and Phillip showed up on their Harleys! We had a great evening!! Carol said she might write an article and send a pic of the 2 of us to Gary. My computer crashed awhile back, and I lost all my pics, hadn't gotten them backed up.

We have been in Asheville, NC since the end of April. Bob is helping complete another church project. Don't know how long we'll be here, or where we'll go when done.

From Peter Burnett (58)
peterb40@sbcglobal.net

About three or four issues back, there was a photo of three boys in RAF (Air Training Corps) uniforms. Who are they? I spent 53-55 in the ATC at Newmarket Squadron -- learned to fly there. (Editors Note: The one in the middle of the picture was my brother Dick and the other two were English friends of his.)

From Fred Buhler (58)
ddinmont2@earthlink.net

Mercy Kelly Murphy (1960) dropped in to see Margie and me in mid-June. Our dad's worked at Bank of America in London and we were in Spanish class together. A photo is attached. I made it back with all 2,000 of my body parts intact. Margie counted each of them just to make sure! Thanks to all my Bushy Park classmates for sending encouraging notes while I was in Iraq. In particular, Tony Taylor and Birdie Jennings sent notes every few days. Thanks for your support.



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

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HOLY DIVER: Father Aaron Peters, OSB, recalls his days aboard a Navy submarine

By Monte Mace
Leaven Staff

ATCHISON - Even though St. Benedict's Abbey is perched on a bluff overlooking the Missouri River, the 60 monks who belong to the monastery are rightly considered landlubbers.

Except for one: Father Aaron Peters.

He's the reason the abbey's dining hall was filled with talk of submarines May 12. About 25 members of the local chapter of the United States Submarine Veterans organization and their wives gathered for dinner with the monks that day to honor Father Aaron for his service as chaplain to the group. At the same time, they made him a lifetime member of both the local and national organization. But Father Aaron is more than a submariner in title. In fact, he can talk shop with the best of them. That's because he served 10 years as a yeoman on subs in the U. S. Navy during the late 1950s

and mid-1960s. He wasn't a priest at the time. In fact, he wasn't even a Catholic until his last three years as a sailor.

The Navy, Father Aaron likes to joke, "drove him to the monastery."

But he had to become a Catholic first. The seed for his conversion was sown in 1964, when he accompanied a buddy on a retreat led by the Order of Discalced Carmelites of Boston. He was "very inspired" by the spirit he witnessed - so much so that he not only converted, but also made plans to join the Carmelites.

His conversion to Catholicism created tension in his family, however. The Carmelites advised that he reconcile with family members before entering the order.

Since his father had by that time retired from the Army Corps of Engineers, his parents had moved to Lehigh, in the central part of Kansas. In order to live closer to them, Father Aaron moved to the area, knowing that to do so would mean limiting his choice of Catholic colleges to two: Rockhurst College in Kansas City, Mo., or Benedictine College in Atchison. It took only one visit to Atchison for Father Aaron to know he wanted to become a Benedictine. What impressed him most was the spirit of community he observed.

"I was very inspired by the monastic lifestyle and the spirit of family," Father Aaron said. "In fact, being a submariner is sort of a monastic lifestyle. You spend long hours at sea with a lot of time for reading, study and reflection."

In fact, said the veterans gathered to honor Father Aaron, the inherent danger of submarine life caused many sailors to take their faith more seriously than others their age might. Every time the boat dives, they explain

simply, a submariner is never really sure he'll return to the surface alive.

Father Aaron recalled one incident in the Caribbean on the diesel-powered USS Clamagore when he thought the entire crew of the 200-ft.- long sub was doomed. "Just forward of the aft torpedo room is a room called the cubicle," he said. "The cubicle is the heart of the sub's electrical power. Under that is the motor room. We sprang a leak there - a real major leak. We started sinking. By the time we got it fixed, we had gone down a lot farther than we ever should have."

All of the veterans - whose service ranged from World War II to the Korean War and the Cold War - had similar stories to tell: of leaking water, being under fire, having to dodge their own torpedoes that missed a target and turned on their own subs, or surviving blasts from Russian depth charges (a subject seldom publicized). "All of us experienced the same thing," said Father Aaron. "Submariners are a large brotherhood. We're very close. If you've been on a submarine and you see the dolphin insignia, you're a friend automatically."

Following ordination in 1977, Father Aaron taught religion at Benedictine College; served as associate pastor at various parishes, including St. Matthew Parish in Topeka and Holy Spirit Parish in Overland Park; and was chaplain at Valley Hope, an alcohol and drug rehabilitation center in Atchison. He now serves as chaplain to the Ursuline Sisters in Paola.

In 1997, he joined with several other sub veterans to found the Topeka-Jefferson City base chapter of the veterans' group. But because Father Aaron wasn't retired, he was unable to attend many of the meetings which moved from city to city. He left the position as

chaplain about a year ago, but his concern for others wasn't forgotten by the submariners.

Art Randall, director of the organization's central region, lives in Chesterfield, MO., and was on hand for the event because Father Aaron went above and beyond the call as chaplain. "He does more than just give the benediction," Randall said. "He sends birthday cards to everyone and was always available for sick calls. He was a perfect find. "

Bret Cortright, a parishioner at St. Joseph Parish in Shawnee, also attended the dinner. A district commander for the organization, he served three years on subs in the late 1970s and early 1980s. "Father Aaron has an incredible memory," Cortright said. "He sends a birthday card every year to each one of my four kids and he remembers their names."

Don Cole of Richmond, MO., a base commander for the group, also joined the contingent honoring Father Aaron - even if he couldn't help roasting him a bit, too. His favorite Father Aaron story was when they were serving together aboard the USS Pompon, and Father Aaron had to take his turn in the ship's mess. Unfortunately, he wasn't exactly gifted in the culinary arts at the time. Instead of confessing his ignorance when asked to make coffee, the young seaman decided to bluff his way through. Father Aaron wound up with an undrinkable liquid - and Cole with a priceless story.

Note for those unaware: Fr. Aaron (Sheldon) Peters is Class of 1957

From Katherine Brookshier Dohse (62)
doecdoe@earthlink.net

I've just been enjoying the 'Bushy Tales' from May again! What a wonderful job done by Gary and Pat.

From Dorothy J. Sallas Sowers (62)
djsowers@sbcglobal.net

I am so disappointed that I was not aware of your "Gathering" in San Diego. What fun that would have been, next time I will try to be a part of the "Gathering".

I live in Scripps Ranch where the fires hit, but fortunately, my home was about 2-5 miles away from the homes that were burned. The worst part of the fires was the smoke, fumes and ashes that lingered for days after the fires. I have lived in California for many years and have been near many fires, but I must say, this was the worst fire yet.

I was pleased to receive your letter and inquiry regarding former Bushy Park students. I only attended 1 year. My father was transferred back to the United States in 1960. I long ago "lost touch" with the few friends I had while I lived in England. I must admit that I will need to pull out the annual from 1959 so I can even remember their names! However, I still have many memories from that special time in my life and I would love to know about them. Please do send me information regarding your newsletter and the "Gathering" in Washington, DC. I think that city is a very appropriate place to gather for all the former children of our government/military personnel.

Thank you for your interest in finding me. I look forward to receiving all the latest information about my former, and now very middle aged, classmates.

From Emma Jo Barrett Maas (61)

Dear Relatives, Friends, and others who have no idea why they are receiving this message:

Wanted to let you know that we are leaving Alaska. After 31 years we do so with a heavy heart mixed with apprehension and excitement. Jo, Dave, Sarah, and the two dogs

will depart Anchorage tomorrow morning (this was written in early June) for Bellingham, Washington. We will be moving into a new house but it will not be ready until some time in July. Our temporary address is P.O. Box 0277, Bellingham, WA 98227. After August 1st it will be 817 Spieden Place, Bellingham, WA 98229. We will use Dave's UAA e-mail address afdcu@uaa.alaska.edu until we can arrange for a personal one.

Hope everyone is well and enjoying the summer. For all those who could not come to Alaska, or those who are passing through Seattle, we expect to see you soon.

Letters to the Editor

From Coralie (Coco) Guertin Lajoie (55)
Mondo19341@aol.com

As usual the BP Newsletter was terrific. I always feel like I'm greeting an old friend. I look forward to reading the articles people send in. I was especially happy with the article Phil Creasor wrote about the WWII Memorial. As a result I was able to enter my dad into the Registry of Remembrances. It was very emotional, as I was old enough to remember how proud he was to serve his country.

Not only was I able to register my dad, but my husband's sister was able to register their brother who was killed in India, when his plane went down and all aboard were killed. She was ecstatic when I gave her Phil's info. We must never forget our military men and women who fought and died for us, and who still are fighting in Iraq, to keep us free. God Bless America.

Harold Dilley (56)

We moved from West Virginia to South Carolina in late March. Too much winter and

very little warm summer weather plus getting a little too old for a big snow blower. We have a new home and are very happy to be here in Greenville. All is well with me and my wife and three dogs.

From Geneva Dennard Miller (61)
Geneva7478@msn.com

I was so sad to hear about Doss. We will all miss him. I have been in touch with Nancy Miller Collins class of 60. We were friends and were both at Sculthorpe A.F.B. She has lived only 29 miles from me in Oregon for many years. How strange is that!!! We plan to meet in the near future.

Robert Melrose (58)
jagbob69@charter.net

Thanks for finding me again. Couldn't make San Diego. Wish I could have...now D.C. too far away. Will settle for San Diego pics. Will check out your website. I don't know if anybody has ever wondered what happened to Robert Melrose. I did run into 2 people by chance from Bushy Park 40 years ago in D.C.!! Emily Melvin and Eddie Noce.

Stephen Warner (58)
stevewarner5@hotmail.com

You and Gary continue to do a wonderful job keeping us all together down memory lane. I continue to be on the lookout for Chris Boex, '58.

John Strand (58)
jsstrand@sbcglobal.net

Have finally gotten a computer and am online - although both the purchase of the computer and the getting on line were exercises in frustration! This connection seems to be holding although phone service was disrupted for almost two weeks - Anyway, I am checking in again at this address. Can't

believe that five months have passed since I retired - and I am just now getting back to living - had no idea that 38 years teaching would require this much "downtime" although others have told me to expect it.

Duane S. Cole (60)
COZYCOLE1@aol.com

I did go to school at Bushy Park but I was only there from Sep. to November as my father passed away there. He drowned in a fishing accident along with two other men. I shared a room with a guy whose father was the president of Firestone Tire in England. I did not have a chance to meet many people so I don't know if anyone would remember me my family was shipped back to the states within days after my dad died. Thank you for locating me I would be curious to know if anyone remembers me.

Nancy Christie Carrillo (62)
Rustytopp1@aol.com

Hi, my name is Nancy Christie Carrillo and I graduated in 1962. I read in the newsletter about a reunion in 2005 in Washington, D.C. This is the first time I have heard about it. I live in Fairfax, VA, and was not able to make the last one due to surgery, but I want to make the next one. I don't recognize a lot of names on the lists, but one of your newsletters mentioned Joe Svoboda and that triggered my brain. I also remember Gail Hermansen. She and I used to practice our musical pieces on the bus. I loved my years at Bushy Park. I work at Costco as one of their Virginia licensed Opticians and have run into a couple of Bushy Park folks. This newsletter has been a bright spot every month for me, and I would love to find out about this reunion.

Bonnie Fritz (62) saw me at Costco and tapped me on the shoulder. Small world.

Peter Burnett (58)
peterb40@sbcglobal.net

I was an AF Reserve Officer out of Aviation Cadets in 1962. My last date of rank was Aug 28, 1969. For that I thank Curtis LeMay, SAC and spot promotions for Lead Crews. My father, a Vet of WWII in Europe, at age 83 is robust and happy in Vacaville, CA. He is a retired USAF Master Sergeant & FAA employee. The proudest badge on his Air Force uniform was the long rifle on a blue background with a wreath (combat infantryman).

I was the only Cadet awaiting his commission so I could get my first salute from my "old man!" Although trained as a Navigator, Radar Navigator (Bombardier) and Electronics Warfare Officer, I was strictly a "peacetime airman". Oh, I volunteered for Nam and was rejected by the DOD ---- their reason? As a reservist, they might "need me" --- go figure!

Jim Crutchfield (60)
jimcrutchfield@yahoo.com

Patricia, I am the Jim Crutchfield you are looking for. I attended Bushy Park from 1956 to 1959 and left in the 11th grade. I graduated from Fredrick Sasser in 1960 located in Upper Marlboro, MD, close to Andrews Air Force Base. I remember Mike Murphy from the old days. I am now doing Computer Consulting and have been for about 20 years.

Nena Guilshir Soldatenkoff (57)
solnic@club-internet.fr

I read all the Bushy Tales I receive with great interest but to tell you the truth I don't remember much except some of our class and some of the teachers. My family was in London on a special mission with the Embassy and we lived in London and I saw very few classmates out of school. I will probably be in

the Wash. DC area visiting my brother in Nov, so I will get in touch with Celeste (Plitouke) then.

Wanda Castor DeVary (60)

mumszi@tampabay.rr.com

Do you remember Joyce Knapp? She is a mystery writer now and has been published. You can find her books on Amazon.com under the name Mary Holland.

From Joyce Knapp Holland (58)

Boatdollie@aol.com

I will finally be appearing on A&E's City Confidential in an episode called, "Autopsy of a Marriage". NOTE: This episode aired on A&E on June 14, and Joyce did well. Pat Editors Note: I watched it also and Joyce did a great job.

From Mike Murphy (58)

OLDSALT1223@aol.com

Since our last newsletter, Judy Risler and myself Mike Murphy, have once again taken off for far away places. This time we got in our car, and away we went to Albuquerque, Santa Fe, and Ruidosa, New Mexico. Along the way we stopped in Dallas Texas to tour the Dallas Cowboy stadium. Even went out on the field and threw the football. We visited Jerry Kelly (class of 58) and his wife sandy in Albuquerque. We had a very nice visit. Then off to Santa Fe where we rode the Santa Fe railroad to Lamy NM. Then off to Ruidosa, NM. We didn't bet on the horses, but did manage to see the track and take pictures. We called Bud Haines in Dallas, but we weren't able to hook up due to his job. (my god, some one from LCHS still works.. bummer.. then back home through all the back roads we could find.. Our next visit is to gulf shores in August, so if any of you Bushy brats live in that area, please write me, and we will come and visit. Happy traveling.

From Your Editor:

The people in this picture look like they may have gone to Bushy Park – anyone want to take a guess at who they are?



Here is a hint. ☺ Pat Owen (58) Carolyn Bassham (57), Fr. Aaron (Pete) Peters (57) and Shirley Dulski (57) at the home of Pat when everyone was visiting in late April.

From Your Editor:

1. Please, please include your maiden name when sending information in. We'd like to think we recognize everyone's name, but we don't, and without that all important maiden name (the one we knew you by in school), we have to search for the information to put it in the newsletter.

2. Please, please - when you change e-mail addresses, remember Gary and Pat when you notify friends and family. Some of you we only have e-mail addresses for, and when we lose that we lose you. This is also true if you change your snail mail address.

Really appreciate it.