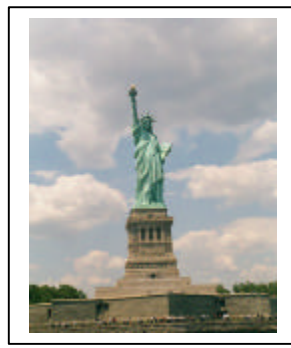




Bushy Tales

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



Issue #4

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Volume #4

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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@charter.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

Roster Changes

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Look Who We Found

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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

**Joyce (Ford) Williams A.K.A. "Binky",
Class of 1955
Jeff Jowdry Class of 1957
Doss Harsch Class of 1959**

(Editors Note: The notice of their passing, and tributes to each are below.)

Joyce (Ford) Williams A.K.A. "Binky" (55)

From R.D. Chapman (Joyce Ford's Son)
wardale61@yahoo.com

I am sorry to have to share this with you. I will leave it up to both of you to share this with the Bushy Park group. Mom passed away at approximately 745 p.m. the 25th of April 2004 on a Sunday. She had gone in for a simple procedure. It is a great loss to my family, her community, and her friends. I know she loved you guys. She was so looking forward to the reunion in October. I was going to go with her and attend the dinner as her escort. Her funeral is set for 10 a.m. on the 1st of May (Saturday) at Bowers Baptist Church. We are going to lay her to rest next to Justin, her first-born grandson. Please feel free to respond. I, along with my sisters, are a little numb but will make every effort to remain in contact. Mom is the only constant we 4 have ever had and we all grew up hearing about you

girls and guys. If at all possible, I would like to try and represent mom at the reunion in October. It was her focal point. I am so sorry that she will not be present. Again, you know moms love never ends. Moms # 1 son, Roy

From Billie (Culp) Bules (54)

BCBules@aol.com

A Tribute to my friend Joyce (Ford) Williams A.K.A. "Binky", Class of 1955.

Joyce and I met on the SS United States in October 1953, on the voyage to England. She was in her junior year of high school and I in my senior year and we became instant friends. While at Bushy Park, Joyce, Mary Lou DeCoursey, Penny Mele and I became the United Sisters of London and had a lot of fun times together. Joyce and I lost track of each other a few years after we left England, but in 2000 through the efforts of Nancie (Anderson) Weber we were able to find Joyce again. We renewed our friendship and had 3 wonderful visits in the last 4 years, including being roommates at the reunion in Branson. Joyce was a bighearted, loving, fun and funny person and was devoted to her family and they to her. I admired her courage and strength; through all the hard times she had she still had a positive attitude to the end. She was an amazing woman! Being back in touch with Bushy Park friends was the highlight of these last few years for Joyce and she so looked forward to the 50th reunion in Laughlin in October. Sadly, she passed away on April 25, 2004. I loved her dearly and will miss her.

From Nancie (Anderson) Weber (55)

nanciet@verizon.net

This is tough, learning about Joyce and passing the news along to classmates. We knew, those of us who've been in touch with her in the past few years, that her medical problems were complex (mostly heart related)

and overwhelming. A huge burden to bear for anyone, but Joyce--as we remember her--carried the load philosophically and with her lifelong, unfailing positive attitude.

Among her life's highlights was, I believe, our reconnecting her to Bushy Park--some good friends and some very good memories. The lights of her life were her children Beth, Cathy, Roy, and Terri--all of who have been close to mom over the years and who returned her devotion.

Jeff Jowdry (57)

From Sherry (Burritt) Konjura (57)

sherger@juno.com

I must pass the sad news of Jeff Jowdry's death on May 4th in Bangor, Maine. Jeff was part of my class...1957. It's so hard to see our classmates fall by the wayside like this. Brings reality home with a jolt. Jeff wasn't one of my close friends, but I remember him well. I checked the Zip code book for Dexter, Maine and got the zip: 04930. So, for anyone wishing to send a card to Jeff's wife, Tina it would be:

Tina Jowdry
47 Pleasant Street
Dexter, ME 04930

Doss Harsch (59)

From Ren Briggs (60)

renpat1671@uneedspeed.net

It is with a heavy heart that I have to inform you that Doss Harsch (class of 59) passed away today. It has been a long struggle after the heart transplant. The new heart was doing very well. It was the downfall of kidneys, liver and lungs along with a weakening condition.

The family would like to thank all for your prayers and cards. Services have not been

established, but Doss will have a full military service and be laid to rest at the Military National Cemetery in Dallas, Texas. The family also request in lieu of flowers that you make a donation in Doss's name to you local Heart Association.

Doss my friend you will be missed.

Reunion News

From Billie (Culp) Bules (54)
BCBules@aol.com

Class of 1954, 50th reunion

If you were a member of the class of 1953, 1954 or 1955 and have not registered for the 50th reunion in Laughlin, NV, October 10, 11 & 12, 2004, you still have an opportunity to register and attend. We can accept 7 more for the dinner cruise on Oct. 10th and 7 more for the bus trip to Lake Havasu to see the London Bridge, Oct. 12th and room for many more to attend the dinner/dance on Oct. 11th. Email Billie (Culp) Bules, class of 1954 at bcbules@aol.com for registration information, or mail your registration to her at 1105 E. Annette Dr., Phoenix, AZ 85022-1123

Mini Bios

From Shirley (Huff) Dulski (57)
sdulski@acs.carleton.edu

At the end of April, I went on a "Back to the Fifties" trip. I had attended Highland Park High in Topeka, KS. my freshman and Sophomore years, and Bushy Park during my junior and senior years. So, I was able to see classmates/schoolmates from both schools on this trip. I visited with Fr. Aaron in Paola and then followed him up to Pat and John Owen's home in Topeka. Carol Bassham drove up from Texas and met us. We had two fantastic days of visiting, reminiscing, laughing (oh my,

how we laughed), eating (a great cookout ala John and Pat) and sampling Fr. Aaron's cordials and wines. We also were able to talk with Jackie Holder Asher by phone one evening. Now I can hardly wait for the 2005 Reunion. If any of you come to Minnesota, please email or call me. These mini-reunions are great. If anyone knows the whereabouts of Shirley Mitchell, I would love to get in touch with her. As I was looking at a Highland Park yearbook when we would have been freshmen, I see she attended HP and I didn't remember that. Was a real surprise!

From Ray Faass, (57)



4 Bobcats Up A Tree

For probably the first time in American history, four Bobcats were up the same tree at the same time in Florida this March.

The Bobcats are (clockwise): **John Hoberg, (61), Ray Faass, (57), Susan Hoberg Peters, (64) and Judy Kirtley Hoberg, (63).** The tree

is site of Ray and wife Adrian Fogelin's sunset-watching tree house in their escape-farm south of Tallahassee.

The four graduated from Central High; Ray and John from Bushy Park and Judy and Sue from Bushey Hall. Judy and John married in 1967 largely because of John's lie to Centrals Counselor Miss Clark in 1962 and sister Sue's 1963 insistence that he take her out "just once" when she arrived at Ohio Wesleyan University. But that's another story for another time.

Adrian photoed the scene after a morning canoeing the Wakulla River. Ray and Adrian, lovers of their Florida panhandle environment, led Judy, Sue and John up the river for a little wildlife. They were highly successful, spotting 3 manatees, pileated woodpeckers, alligators and witnessing a bald eagle steal a fish from the claws of an outraged osprey.

This Bobcat reunion occurred because Sue and Adrian became friends during Adrian's book speaking trip to Ocala, Florida several months earlier. Adrian has written *Crossing Jordan*, (paperback \$6.95 on amazon.com) and other thought provoking books about race relations among teens and their families in Tallahassee. Her books have won prestigious awards.

Sue, librarian for Bellevue High School near Ocala, housed Adrian for 4 nights as Adrian spoke at several schools about writing. Sue later arranged the trip, during John and Judy's March flight from the frozen north, to beautiful Wakulla Springs State Park and its restored 1930s lodge, where the 4some planned their canoeing over dinner. The peace of nature was shattered next day as strained strains of *Go Central High, always fight onto fame...* and other poorly-remembered songs tore through the cypress.

John was especially thrilled to meet Ray, apparently one of the Dorm kids of whom John had heard legends as an eighth and ninth-grade townie. How do you spell Faass? Adrian was less thrilled by some of their reminiscences of late-50s Teddington and assorted shenanigans.

Ray is counting the days until retirement from FSU, where he custom-builds laboratory furniture for various science departments. He and Adrian are at AdrianFog@aol.com. Sue, who attended Bushy from 5th through 12th, regularly spends summer months in England and is at Susanhp2@cs.com. Judy, an artist who runs an art studio, and John, a retired lawyer, now making video programs and publishing an art book, live in Columbus and are at jhoberg@columbus.rr.com. All heartily recommend the Wakulla River as a "Real Florida" vacation site.

Memories of Bushy

From Susan (Sue Miller) Dalberg (62)
Wolfpaw81@aol.com

Okay, I can't stand it. Have to add my two cents for the next newsletter. Have been trying to let everybody else "talk".

Bushy thoughts: Guys, I absolutely love getting the newsletter every month! It simply can take the crummiest day and make it glow with special thoughts--and brings out the nostalgia of wishing I'd kept better contact with some of the wonderful folks I attended school with at CHS. Personally, I think we had the best teachers in the world. What a pleasant shock to go back to the States and find out I was about two years above grade level. Made my senior year easy - only had to go two periods first semester (typing/ shorthand and principal's assistant) and second semester only 1 hour. (Assistant to the Dean of

Boys). Technically I was through, but because of my age, they simply couldn't just let me "graduate" when I first got there that last two months of my Jr. year. I think I had 12 credits more than I needed, but also like the other person this month, went to a lot of high schools due to dad being in SAC and constant rotations.

I am like some of the recent writers--my memories are so cloudy on some things, yet a word or two of a remembered event and I'm 17 again! Cafeteria food???? Yuck. Instant food poison, but we had no other choices, right? Wasn't like we could zip out to a McDonalds for a happy meal. I don't know how we managed it, but Judy Stillson and I snuck out to the PX (or canteen? Can't remember what it was called) one day at lunch and bought a Sara Lee Cheesecake. The two of us sat on the bleachers on the track field and ate the whole thing instead of the gross lunch being offered that day. Needless to say, we were sick for two days. Didn't know diarrhea can affect even your eyeballs (grin)

Pat and I had a wonderful visit prior to the San Diego reunion. Talk about intimidating! She knows more about my classmates than I can remember. What an awesome lady you are Pat. Her hubby may as well be a Bushy-ite--he is as good as she is with names and years.

Every time I see a new name, I whip out the old yearbook and as I told Pat, it's gotten more miles on it the last two years than in the last 40. She was gracious enough to pay me back for loaning it to her by making me a scanned copy of just our section, so now I can whip through my little file and see names and faces when they appear in the newsletter.

At last! A story of a voyage over on a ship that didn't make me resent the hell out of my 28- hour MATS flight. Most of the stories have been about the luxuries of the beautiful

ship, etc., so was glad to read the two most recent stories that all was not a fairytale on the liners either.

Still trying to find out if Pam Pash is, indeed, deceased. I don't remember her married name!

I just passed my 3-year mark of being cancer free! YESSSS. I am working from home and loving it--not having to bother dressing up in heels and pantyhose--or wearing that dangled prosthesis! Energy is still not what it used to be, but they say that will take time to recover from all the chemo, radiation and surgeries. Hubby reminds me I just turned 60 last month and that could be a tad of the contributing factor.

Yep, I married military also, but unintentionally. We rotated back to the states because Mother had TB. She was put in the Sanatorium in Denver, so dad was stationed there. After dating nothing but military brats, then military guys, I married two years out of high school to an accountant (after dating pilots? Yawn!) from GMAC--immediately proceeding Dad's reassignment to Germany. (Should have skipped the marriage and gone to Germany).

Married one year, GMAC transfers us to Cheyenne, Wyoming. I had a great job working on the underground (17 stories) Titan Missile Sites (outside the building said Carrier Air Conditioning--slick, huh?). I ran the teletype and communicated with all the SAC AF bases and absolutely had a ball--the only pleasant thing about Cheyenne.

One year into our assignment at Cheyenne, Viet Nam came knocking. We had no children, GMAC had a great program for military service, I of course, am very pro military, so Jay enlisted and went to OCS, Fort Benning, Georgia. Two-year stint in Nam for him, I went to OKC (my home state) where,

by now, folks are back from Germany and stationed at Tinker. Great time to get to know them - they celebrated their five year sobriety while we had that time together.

Back from Nam, we go back to Fort Benning, (both my boys born there) then to Boot Strap for his Masters in Omaha, Nebraska, then to Fort Knox. (That's when they were switching Majors and above within the different divisions for cross training. Marriage, which was in trouble before Nam finally ends, back to OKC for my job. Date nothing but military, mostly pilots again, folks both die in 72, so off to CA where my Sis lives. She and I hadn't lived in the same state since before Bushy Park days. Middle of Military heaven out here, single ten years, wind up marrying a furniture salesman! :) Go figure. He's a Korean vet, army, so I'm right back where I started. Guess it never gets out of our blood.

Anyhow, enough rambling, but just couldn't keep the lip zipped any longer. Feel like I'm "catching up" with old friends.

This and That

From Pat Terpening Owen (58)

nemoamasa@worldnet.att.net

Have a small request for anyone sending in information for future newsletters:

1. Please include your maiden name, so we can locate you easier. I'd like to think that I can remember everyone by both their maiden and married name, but I can't. Including your maiden name saves me much time trying to remember who you are.
2. Also would be appreciated if you could include your graduation year when sending info. Again, this saves both Gary and me having to look this information up.

Sometimes we have the info handy, and sometimes we don't. Thanks much everyone.

From Mike Murphy (58)

OLDSALT1223@aol.com

Judy and I just got back from our east coast trip. We visited Tupelo, Mississippi where Elvis was born, then went to Nashville. Danced at the Wild Horse Saloon, went to the Grand old Oprey, saw Wynonna Judd and her mom and many more wonderful performers. Then went to Ashville to visit the Biltmore House. It was wonderful. We also visited my brother jack in Fayetteville North Carolina. Next stop was to Charleston, South Carolina where we went to Patriots Point and saw the USS Yorktown, the fighting lady, and the destroyer Laffey. (one like I served on). Also took tours of the battery downtown and to Fort Sumpter. We got a chance to visit with Judy's classmate, Neil Cannon. He is doing great, we had a nice dinner and hashed out good old times at bushy. Then to Savannah to visit with Penny Campbell. I had never met her before, but she is one super lady. We are home now planning our next adventure... Keep following the great adventures of Judy and Mike.

Letters to the Editor

From Dianne (Pendergrass) Hopkins (55)

td400@joimail.com

These are the pictures that I took on my visit back to Bushy Park September 2004. The plaques are about 20 or 30 feet apart and are located where our school buildings stood. They are honoring General Eisenhower and his staff who occupied these buildings during World War II and planned the D-Day invasion here. Now it is a wooded grassy area with a walking trail and children riding their bikes and people enjoying their picnics. They all share it with a near-by herd of deer. If anyone

has any questions about the area, feel free to contact me.



From Jerry Berry (55)
jlberry@frii.com

In the last issue, Dick mentioned being in an English Boy Scout troop, in South Harrow, and wondered if anyone else had. Well shucks, I was a member of the 21st Harrow in 53-55, until I went home for college - University of Colorado at Boulder- and the sponsor went to Germany. Brother Gerald (Sam) Berry was also a member of the same

troop. Ah, the memories! We joined as second class, with credit given for our BS of A service, but left England as Queen's Scouts. I was the first, and Sam the second, American's to become Queen's Scouts and Eagles. Made the papers (moired scan of old clipping attached). (Editors Note: Scan of the clipping was too large a file and I was unable to use it.) Our scoutmaster was one H. Pleasants, Esq., and a proper old Englishman he was. Sir Robbie Burns, he was, down to the knobby walking stick. We exchanged Christmas cards for a few years, which dwindled to nothing as I became involved in school. After I went to work for Lockheed, in the then hush hush space program, I got a warning not to maintain contact (which I had lost long before then) as he was --GASP!-- a Socialist!. This would have been in the McCarthy era (we're there again, have you noticed?). Pleasant memories of that phase of my life included playing cricket in the church great hall, walking home in the fog and rain, and those glorious chips, wrapped in newspaper and dripping with grease and vinegar (others have described them here the same way!) that we ate with our fingers. Simpler, calmer, less contentious times.

I dated, if that word may properly describe one dinner at her house and one at mine, a Girl Guide named Vicky (Victoria) Blinkin. The Guides met at the same time as the Scouts, so propinquity came into play.

Every year the Scouts participated in the "Gang Show", along with the Guides, the Rovers, the Church staff, parents, etc. I recall singing songs/skits from the Ralph Carmichael annual big time Gang Shows presented at Wembley to raise funds for the Scouts; anyone else ever go to one? Singing "Crest of A Wave", "Fl-Fl-Fl-Flying High", "Over The Garden Wall". "Memr'ys", as Llyod Weber wrote in "Cats"; they can't take those away from me. In point of interest, I remember them clearer than the play I attended last week.

From Phil Creasor (55)

Creasor@cox.net

Hi all,

The American Battle Monuments Commission will be dedicated on Saturday, May 29, 2004. The National World War II Memorial was constructed on the Mall in Washington, D.C. It is located between the Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial. The memorial will honor the 16 million Americans who served in the armed forces during World War II, and more than 400,000 who died, and the millions who supported the war effort at home.

They have creating a Registry of Remembrances in which you may enter the name of someone who helped win WWII, whether in battle or on the home front. You may submit your name, or a family member or a friend. The Registry will be accessible on site at the memorial, and also available for viewing over the Internet.

There is no fee to register a name in the Registry of Remembrances.

For the latest news on the National World War II Memorial, you can check their website at WWW.WWIIMEMORIAL.COM

Or you can call a Customer Service staff at 1-800-639-4992.

Since most of us Bushy Park Alumni had parents that were in WWII, I wanted to pass the word to all just so no one would be left out of the Registry of Remembrances. With 16 million it is easy to overlook a name; my father's name was not in, until I added it.

From John Enroth (56)

johnenenroth@earthlink.net

I saw an article from your brother, Rick, in one of the latest issues of the Bushy Park news. He asked if anyone had gone to an English

school prior to coming to BP. The answer to that for our family is a big 'yes'. My brother Richard (class of '59) and I spent three years in English schools in the north of England before coming to BP in 1953. Our father was a civilian maritime surveyor. He was responsible for surveying the construction of four cargo ships being built in Barrow-in-Furness for one of the Greek commercial shipping companies. The year was 1950 and Britain was trying to get back on its feet from the devastation of the war. No doubt they offered the Greek shipping magnate a smoking deal to get the business in Britain. Anyway, that is what brought our family from Newport News, VA to Britain. Richard and I spent three years in the English school system taking many different subjects (Richard was 9 and I was 11). I began my French and Latin classes there as well as physics, chemistry, biology, art, English etc. and, of course history. English history, that is, since anyone else's history did not matter. I wanted to play soccer there but the school only offered rugby, so I played rugby and cricket. By the time we got to BP we both had strong north England Yorkshire accents. The students at BP we met were wondering what these 'blokes' were doing in an American school. It took a while to convince everyone we were real Americans.

Our memories are of the school bus ride from Hammersmith to and from BP; the one traffic accident we suffered when Chuck Stuart got shattered glass on him when a double-decker bus slammed in to the rear of the school bus. I remember Mrs. Bidleman's math classes, Mr Roseman's French classes, Coach Cannon, the track teams trip to Munich in 1955, the teen age club at the Columbia club, just down from Marble Arch. We had great fun in Hyde Park playing touch football with all the people staring at us wondering what we were doing. I finally got to play soccer at BP. We did ok, considering we were not familiar with the

game. We played local English schools and held our own for the most part.

I had three great years at BP. Richard had more than four years as he started in the 7th grade and left in the middle of his junior year. Dad was transferred to Los Angeles in 1957. I came home a year earlier to go to University in Texas. All together the family spent 7 seven years in England. My wife (Clare) and I have gone back to Britain four times to visit places where I lived and my old school in the north of England. The school is called, Queen Elizabeth I, name for the first Elizabeth who reigned from 1558 to 1603. The school was founded in 1591 and is still operating.

As childhood memories go, we had good ones and we met some fine people along the way.

The class reunion in October 2003, in San Diego, was a wonderful experience. We look forward to the next one.

From James Craig McAllister aka Craig Kimm (58)

I am Craig Kimm and while I changed my name from I stepfather's, I still go by Craig with my friends and family. I was class of 1958 but lost a year due to illness. I graduated in 1959 from a school in the States.

I will definitely plan on attending the gathering in DC in October 2005. I would appreciate you adding me to the newsletter. Should any former "Bobcats" be in the Nepal region, I would enjoy catching-up with them.

Right now I'm living in Nepal and restructuring a commercial bank on a World Bank Financial Development project. I expect to be finished and back living in Columbia, MD by October 2005. From time to time I return to DC for business meetings or to take home leave and visit my children. I expect to

be in the US in September/October 2004 for about 10 days.

From Lloyd Bess (59)

lbess@cox-internet.com

I exchanged emails with Stephen King, Bushy Park 59. Steve was Town and I was Dorm, so we didn't know each other that well at BP. We also both graduated from UNC in Chapel Hill in '63 and roomed together the last couple years there. Stephen has written a very interesting book. Information about the book can be found on the publishers Web Site at www.hubertlathamwindkiller.com All you have to do is paste it into the address line in your browser. You can also Google the book title. Here is a little teaser from the web site:

“This is the story of the final years of the life of Hubert Latham, a French aviation pioneer pilot who, along with Louis Blériot, was one of the two best known and popular Frenchmen alive during the period 1909-1911, back in the days when aviation was in its very infancy. Windkiller is replete with fascinating stories and details about the men and their machines during the early days of flying. Their intense rivalries, with their victories, defeats, and disasters, provide a thrilling background to the compelling story of Latham's intriguing and exciting life as a world-class pilot.”

From Penny (Schmid) Shoppel (61)

stknpenney@sbcglobal.net

I received your letter last week re Bushy Park and the reunion. Yes, you got the correct person. My legal name is Ann L. (Schmid) Shoppel, but I always went by my nickname Penny. It can cause confusion to this day! I attended Bushy Park in '59/'60 and then was switched with many others to Lakenheath H.S. and graduated in 1961. I'm sure you must be aware there have been several Lakenheath reunions with combined graduation years. I

have kept in touch with several people. The closest and most frequent correspondent is Gloria (Tyree) Talbot. Her sister Carla and Gloria has been to the reunions and we have tried to find other friends who have fallen out of touch. (Shirley Ann Shirley, Barbara Milburn and Kaye (Camp) Zibolsky.) They all attended both Bushy and Lakenheath and were contacted for those reunions since many would have attended both schools. I can't believe all the reunions have been on the East coast! My husband and I are retired and travel off and on. The family is from the Chicago area and we fly there every year, so it is possible we could continue to DC, depending on the time of year. (I don't do humidity!)
(NOTE FROM PAT OWEN: I did put her in contact with Shirley and had info on Kaye Camp, which I passed on.)

Richard D. Shrader (61)
rsville@charter.net

Pat, you said you were looking for Richard D. Shrader and wondered if I were her. I am not, but am him. I attended the 'Bush' from 1959 to 1960. I subsequently graduated from Lakenheath in 1961. There must be a lot of interest in Bushy/Lakenheath as I have heard from Tom Brietbarth in Atlanta, who attended both schools, Carla Tyree (both), Pat Eggersdorf and Shari Ann Sellars.

From Bill Grass (61)
liveklg@yahoo.com

Boy, where do I start? At the beginning and I will fill up your whole newsletter for the month. Let's start with how I found my old classmates...actually only one so far.

I had been trying to get in touch with Karen Cottingham Trouvat and she with me but it was not working out. Finally, she sent an email to your active member Pat Terpering Owen and Pat contacted me. She mentioned the

Bushy Web Site and I have been surfing it ever since.

First I went and read some of your old newsletters. Very interesting and Karen even had an entry there a year or so ago. We still have never connected, she is in Paris. Pat then put me in touch with another classmate Wanda and she told me about some more sites. It was fascinating reading about Bushy being used for D DAY planning by Ike.

Lastly, I contacted one of the listed classmates Kathy Holden Love and it turns out we sat next to each other in band our eighth grade year. We have emailed each other several times and exchanged pictures.

Using your web site it took me awhile to figure out how it works. I read all these names of the Class of 1961 but only recognized a couple of them. Who were all these people??? I finally figured out that these were people that went thru Bushy over several years and even graduated from there where as I had moved on to Bushy Hall for ninth grade and then rotated back stateside. Once I had that solved, I realized only two or three people were on your site that I remembered. So I emailed Kathy, Edwina Edwards, and Karen. So far only heard back from Kathy.

I remember little of those days but what I do follows in case you can use it.

We went overseas to our German station Furstedfeldbruck on a troop ship and I think it was the U.S.S. Rose. We had to wait to disembark at Bremenhaven while they took off a young girl dependent who had severed her finger when a watertight door slammed on it. We did our tour there and then drove to England, taking the ferry of course since there was no Chunnel then, to our England assignments in 1955-1956. We flew home on

MATS stopping at Goose Bay to refuel and landing at Andrews AFB.

I rode the bus over an hour each way to Bushy and remember the upperclassmen taking over the back seat for who knows what! I was already a tall kid at an early age and the size intimidates so no one ever tried to pants me and I minded my own business. My favorite part of the trip was a stop for snacks on the way home and I loved the hard candy lemon fizzies in a little bag and the sodas in the glass bottles with the ceramic and rubber stopper with the metal flip catch. I had to walk thru a gypsy camp in the dark to get home to our rented house in Denham, Uxbridge and my Mom always worried about me. We had rented the place from a famous English movie director, Charles Saunders, who was stateside doing a movie. We stayed friends with them and they would visit us in the States occasionally.

Our first house was a little rental in South Ruislip near the base from a Mrs. Malarky. She lived there also and I remember she used to give us a lot of malarky. She had lots of rules and we never seemed to please her in keeping them. I would go down in the early morning and build and light the fire in the boiler so we would have heat and hot water. Little kerosene lamps lit the stairs at night.....kinda an early nightlight.

At Bushy Park, I was only eighth grade but remember some soccer playing and being good friends with Robert McDonald and John Connelley. We used to go down town to London together and visit sites like Trafalgar, Imperial War Museum, Covent Garden, and other places. We had the free run of the buses and the Tube and did a lot of exploring. It was a great adventure for me and I have always been amazed how much freedom my folks allowed me during that time.

My ninth grade year at Bushy Hall I remember hating the dance classes and being the master of ceremonies for one of the events. Have no idea which one.

The best trip I ever took in England was when we took a bus down to Plymouth to see the Mayflower II ship that was recreating the Pilgrims trip and met Capt Vickers. We stayed in a hotel and I can remember one of the girls smoking in our room and going out the window when a teacher came checking on us. Remember Birdy? My first true love was on that trip, Molly Collins. When I look at our eighth grade pictures now I wonder what ever happened to her. They used to tease us by saying when we went to college we would go to William and Mary.

Finally it was time to come home and it was off to Little Rock, Arkansas to a new SAC base and Karen and her family got sent there too. Our families vacationed together and stayed friends until they all passed on. I finished high school in Arkansas, had a first alternate appointment to the new AFA in Colorado Springs (they were still building it) but the primary went so I attended Texas A&M instead graduating in 1965. By that time, I decided against a service career and so I went on to a 31-year career with Union Carbide in New Orleans, West Virginia, NYC, Danbury, Ct. and finally here in Chicago where I retired in 1996 at age 53. I enjoy traveling, TV, my computers and the sites and sounds of my big Windy City.

Well, it has been a long time but the memories are still there. It must be a lot of work to do what you do so thanks for your efforts. Hope to attend a reunion soon and put faces with the names. Feel free to use any of the above if you want.

And if anyone knows where my Molly is, have her email me!!!!!!!!!!!!!!