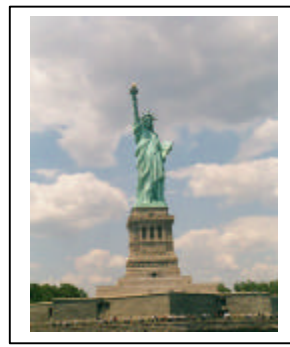




Bushy Tales

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



Issue #3

May 2004

Volume #4

Gary Schroeder (55), Editor gschroeder_uscgau@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@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@unedspeed.net

1961 - Betsy (Schley) Slepetz

sbslepetz@erols.com

1962 - Dona (Hale) Ritchie

DonaRitchi@aol.com

Roster Changes

New addresses:

Jack F. Murphy (57)

806 Juniper Drive

Fayetteville, NC 28304

My phone number will still be the same.

New email addresses:

Don Miller (54)

donaldmis@comcast.net

Ted Hopkins (55)

mrteddyboy@cox.net

Paul Middlebrook (56)

little16bit@robsoncom.net

Martha Connor Bartsch (56)

talon3811@aol.com

Brenda Farmer Bering (59)

jacknbrenda@bellsouth.net

Virginia "Ginny" Green Neece (60)

rmsdgo@earthlink.net

Dieter Horst Harper (62)

dieterharper@sbcglobal.net

FACULTY LOCATED:

From Wanda (Castor) DeVary (60)

mumszie@tampabay.rr.com

Hey guys, one more found. He was a Science/
Biology teacher 1959-62. His address is:

David Tampke

930 Via Viejo Street
Marble Falls, TX 78654-5874
Ph (830) 693-0736

This is his email.

Hello and what a pleasant surprise!!!! Thank you very much, Wanda, for remembering me and letting me meld myself once more with all my wonderful "kids" from the past who were also there at CHS during that wonderful ten year period. I am now 72 years old and in reasonably good health, although I have disassembled slightly. I have three daughters and five grandchildren. Their Mother, my ex-wife has passed away.

I have already zeroed in on your website and found it very interesting and complete. I still have the 1962 yearbook Thanks again for your initiative and remembrance.

Look Who We Found**E.L.Ferguson (58)**

Elfdocelf@aol.com

1370 Killearn Dr.
Titusville Fl. 32780
(321) 268-2941

Wanda:

Boy, it was great hearing from you. It is really a wonderful website. I am in Titusville, straight across the state from you. It is across the Indian River from the Kennedy Space Center. I was with the KSC Fire Department for over 32 years. I would still be there except for some serious health problems, which I am over now. Thank you so much for writing.

Keith Chermak (59)

P.O Box 1710
Newport, OR 97365

Alex V. Wolfe (60)

6261 E. Placita de Fuego
Tucson, AZ 85750

Sheila J. Sauzek Morgan (61)

Sjmorgan@skybest.com

Tennessee

Charles "Chuck" Hansen (61)

hansencharles@msn.com

23758 Japatul Valley Road
Alpine, CA 91901
(619) 445 3822 voice
(619) 445 1847 fax

John Albino (62)

jalbino@jwalbino.com

24719 Clock Tower Sq.
Aldie, VA 20105-2978
(703) 327-5301

I attended Bushy Park 1959-1960 -- I was a dorm student from Sculthorpe. Graduated high school in Washington DC in 1962, so I'm Class of 1962 for Bushy Park. Found the site by Googling -- after reading all the newsletters quickly, discovered I was on the "Wanted" list a couple years ago, so thought I should respond.

The yearbook misspelled my name as "Ablino" -- correct form is "Albino".

I'm now living in Aldie, Virginia (suburb of Washington DC) with my wife. After high school graduation went to college at the University of Connecticut, moved out west to Oklahoma City for a couple years, then Dallas, Texas for half-a-dozen years, and have been in the D.C. area since early 1976. Currently self-employed in the computer networking field, and as a digital image consultant and practitioner. (Fancy name for digital photography <g>)

It's fun and interesting to browse the old yearbook photos again -- I don't know where mine ever went to, but I know I haven't seen it in over 40 years.

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

From Roberta Marchant Jennings (58)
Chesleyj@aol.com

Great newsletter, thanks again. I was really glad to hear that Fred Buhler is doing great things in Iraq.

One bit of bad news, could you pass this along. My sister, Jackie Marchant Colangelo, passed away this morning at her daughter's house in Virginia Beach. She and Helaire were in the class of '57. Don't have any funeral arrangements made, but doubt that very many of her classmates are in the Springfield, Virginia area anyway. Just thought I'd pass it on. Thanks!

Mini Bios

From Robert Newkirk (62)
bobnewkirk@yahoo.com

My father worked for the Fluor Corporation. He came home from work one day and told my mother that we were all moving to England in two weeks. He took my younger brother, sister and I out of school in February, and off we went, flying to New York and then boarding the S.S. United States. Crossing the Atlantic in February 1959 was a memorable time, perhaps the most memorable that our family ever had.

None of us had been outside the country before and, once we got over the shock of moving on such short notice, we were impressed with the ship and all its

sophistication. The dining room, the menu's, the ships officers, and the other international passengers seemed very refined and worldly-wise compared to our previous environment in Whittier, California. Of coarse we were soon sea sick and unable to go with our father to the dining room.

We landed in Southampton, took a train to Waterloo station, and then got in a taxi to go to our hotel. That first taxi ride in a London Taxi during the evening rush hour was also amazing. It was a little like the Beverly Hillbillies going from the farm to Beverly Hills. We knew we were not in Kansas anymore.

My family moved into a house next to the French Ambassador's house in Wimbledon Park. My younger brother and I rode the bus from Wimbledon to Bushy Park. I became friends with my fellow bus travelers who included Skip, Ellen and Lynn. As a 15 year old I learned a lot riding on that bus each day, talking and fooling around as much as the bus attendant would let us. I still can visualize the appearance of the woman who was our bus attendant - she had ruddy red checks and she was always in a gray overcoat. The bus had upholstered seats and the very back of the bus was the best place to ride. That is where all the important information was discussed and the bus attendant had trouble seeing us.

I remember riding through the London traffic each day – it was about a 45-minute drive each way. Central High was welcoming to me, although it was much later that I came to realize that I had a lot more in common with everyone than I thought.

I entered Bushy in February of my sophomore year. As the son of an engineer working for a global construction company I had a lot in common with military dependents who got transferred frequently - I went to 4 different

high schools. The first time I walked into Mrs. Biddleman's geometry class she immediately told me to take my coat off and sit down - I thought she was really forceful. I liked all the teachers especially Mrs. Clark and I also remember Mr. Walsh for Latin and Miss Sutton for American History.

In the summer between our sophomore and junior years, Mike Beresford and I took a bicycle trip to the French Rivera. We loaded camping gear on our bikes and took a train to the English coast, took a ferry across the channel, and then another train into Paris. We camped out for a few days on our way bicycling down to Nice, France. We had a small camp stove that blew up one night. I remember some French men joking with us that we needed a motor on our bikes - we were loaded down with camping gear and pedaling furiously to get up the hills. Of course neither of us spoke French so there was a lot of gesturing and hand waving.

When my father's work in London was done we moved to Edinburgh for a few months while he started up a Butadiene (Ingredient for making rubber for tires) plant he was working on. We returned to Whittier in time for me to start my senior year at California High School. I graduated from California High School, Cal Berkeley, and then began a career as an engineer.

I have been married for 35 years, and have two grown children, and work as an IT guy at a credit union. How time flies. My time at Bushy Park was brief but very memorable.

I really enjoy everyone's stories of their time at Bushy and living in England. I enjoyed the reunion in San Diego and hope to rekindle friendships with as many Bushy Parker's as possible.

Keep up the newsletter. I have grown accustomed to reading it each month and I do enjoy it.

Classmates Who Joined The Military, Or Were Married to Someone In The Military

From Ellis E. Young (58)
eyoungf64@cox.net

Before Bushy Park. Born in Fort Riley, Kansas. Stationed with my parents in Illinois, California (2) Florida, Okinawa, Kansas and Nebraska. We flew from Westover AFB to Prestwick, Scotland and then by train to Fairford AFB. The following year we moved to near London.

12/57 Departed England headed for Westover AFB, MA, leaving behind friends at Bushy, our '52 Plymouth and my English sweetheart from Staines. I lived in Sunbury.

7/58 Dad reassigned to Whiteman AFB, MO again leaving dependant friends that lived with me on base. I would not, however, miss the unfriendly locals at Chicopee High.

11/58 Joined the Army. Basic at Fort Leonard Wood, MO. I was hoping to be stationed in Germany so that I could eventually send for my English sweetheart Sandra. That didn't happen as you can see from the next entry. (Ironically, my best Bushy friend, Kenneth Cummings, joined the Air Force, was posted to Germany, and promptly married Sandra's sister. Go figure).

3/59 Assigned to the Polar Research & Development Center, Fort Belvoir, VA, with duty at Camp Tuto, Greenland 4 months each summer. This was uneventful and lonely. Camp Tuto is 15 miles (toward the polar ice cap) from Thule AFB and is an acronym for

Thule Takeoff. Well at least I got to see Bob Hope and Jayne Mansfield live.

12/60 Married at Whiteman AFB, MO. Sandra got tired of waiting (me to) so she immigrated and we were married December 28th. We still are.

2/61 Assigned to the Army Map Service, Washington D.C. This was interesting and included a three months TDY trip to Cape Canaveral. The Army Map Service (now the Defense Mapping Agency) has over 5000 civilians and 27 military personnel. I don't have to tell you, we had it made.

3/62 Transferred to the Transportation Corp., Camp Zama, Japan. Speaking of having it made, we has a live in maid and money to burn. Both of my children were born in Japan.

3/67 Assigned to the 5th Signal Bn, Fort Carson, CO, after taking a long leave to visit England for the first time since leaving. I have returned about 20 times since then.

11/67 Discharged from Army. Had all I could enjoy, so we up and moved to Oklahoma for the sole reason that was where my best friend Kenneth and Sandra's sister lived. She naturally wanted to be near family. Guess who got divorced and moved back to England a year later? Sandra and I have never strayed from Oklahoma.

1/68 Department of the Air Force civilian (photographer) at Tinker AFB, OK.

10/79 Transferred to the Federal Aviation Administration (photographer), Oklahoma City, OK. This was pretty neat. I helped document aviation research project that dealt with protection and survival. I was also a member of the FAA go team that went with the NTSB to investigate aircraft accidents. Really don't know why I retired.

3/85 Joined the Army National Guard, OCS, Oklahoma City, OK. Having 9 years to my credit in the active Army made this an easy choice as any guardsman or reservist knows.

7/2000 Retired from civil service. I ended up with 41 years credit. Retired from the Army National Guard

5/2002 Started drawing Social Security. Every little bit helps.

PresentI work for Hertz part time as an over the road driver. I am the Administrator for the Dispute Settlement Board for Ford vehicles for Northern Texas and all of Oklahoma. These two jobs come with compensation. Being on the homeowner's board of directors for my neighborhood does not.

If your ever in Oklahoma and would like to stop by, give me a call. I am in the phone book, or, write me at eyoungf64@cox.net. And if you're wondering Sandra has lost most of her English accent. Cheers.

From Keith Johnson (59)

KeithJ@fieldstone-homes.com

Thanks for all your diligence on behalf of all of us. Getting the jump on you, my military service was:

September, 1963 – January 1964 -Officer Candidate School in Newport, RI
January 1964 to April 1964 - Various Schools Treasure Island in San Francisco Bay
April 1964 to January 1967 - USS Collett (DD 730) Home Ported in Yokosuka, Japan, then Long Beach, then back to Yokosuka.

From Richard Rauscher (62)

rickrauscher@yahoo.com

I was an Air Force dependent who went to school in London for my Sophomore and Junior years, and graduated at Altus High School, Oklahoma in 1962, but I never stayed

in touch with anyone from Bushy Park as I moved around with my father. I joined the Air Force myself in 1962 and retired in 1988 in Manila, Philippines. At Bushy Park, I stayed in the dorm and went home weekends. I was the Captain of the Soccer Team and on the Track Team. I was born in France and spoke fluent French, helping the French teacher (ha, ha!).

Memories of Bushy

From Richard "Dick" Schroeder (55)
SSchroe273@aol.com

Didn't see any guesses in the Feb, March or April about the photo in the January issue. Go ahead and tell them it is me in my Air Training Core (British Equivalent of the American Civil Air Patrol). The uniforms were heavy and scratchy wool but the experience of going to ATC camp at the British airfields was great.

Does anybody remember how awful the food was in the BP cafeteria? I remember that one time I ate there and the food (spaghetti?) had live weevils moving around in it. Needless to say, I declined to participate. Also remember the paper covers from the straws that were stuck to the ceiling from the people who dipped them in the food and blowing through the straw sent them on the way.

Did anybody go to the Airshow at Farnbrough? I went there the year before John Derry was killed in a fatal explosion of his aircraft as he made an exhibition pass across the field.

Was anybody in the English Boy Scouts? I had a great time in the local South Harrow troop I joined.

About the great fog of London, I remember that the buses still ran in the thickest fog. I can remember walking home from the Odeon

theater in South Harrow to home and passing the buses as they crept along at less than a walking pace. The conductors were out front leading them with a "torch" directed at the curb and one hand on the driver's window so he could signal when to stop or turn etc.

Did anybody go to English schools before going to BP?

**From Janis "Skippy" Mittelstadt
Ronnestad (57)**
jronnestad@yahoo.com

Thank you for your hard work in keeping the "Tales" going, I know that it has taken up a lot of your time. Here in Vail, Colorado we are coming to the end of the season. I have not been out of the valley this winter, with work and skiing. I will be visiting my daughter and her family Martin, Ingrid and Maria, in May and then return to work and then visit the other daughter Lene, her husband Tony and sons Terrence and Paxton in Benton TN. Terrence is a gifted basketball player and will be playing with the Tennessee Travelers this summer. Paxton plays also and has an exceptional wit. Britt is a teacher, and Lene is an anesthesiologist. I continue to work for TV8 and RSN affiliate, such super fun and I meet many people, plus working with intelligent and creative people. I enjoy it.

I am still single (how did that happen?). I have a full life and with working out, skiing etc and traveling in the summer is fun. I have been thinking of moving to TN and buying a new house. It is affordable as Vail Valley is not. When is the next get-together? I could not make the last one, but I promise to come to the next one...I have looked so forward to meeting everyone after all this time.

I am surprised at the clearness of memory that you all have. Some of my schooling is a little fuzzy. I remember my first drink with Doc

Ferguson at Southwald on the Sea. I remember Marshall and Jimmy and especially Dave Mangold, Cynthia Schofield, and her lovely apartment in London (I think). It will be nice to get-together and talk over old times. My sister Sandy remembers everything.

I will keep in touch better than I have in the past and keep the "Tales" going.

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

I've posted a picture of people who were in the choir at Bushy Park in 1957 at http://bushypark.org/choir_57.htm I have identified quite a few of the people pictured, but would like to try to get all of them. If you were in the choir in 1957 or know someone who was, could you take a look and see if you can help me identify the missing ones?

From Sandy (Klueh) Denney (60)
denney@kansas.net

With supper in the oven and two poodle puppies in my lap, I'm going to finally put some thoughts (hopefully brief) on paper. It's so easy to say you'll do it later, and later never seems to get here!

Our 10-day trip over the Atlantic on the U.S.S. Darby in December 1956 was horrible! The ocean was so rough that the ship's propeller would spin in the air as it rocked back and forth, and the captain didn't believe in motion sickness pills. We landed at South Hampton during one of England's worst winters and were taken by a military bus with a barely-working heater to Woodbridge AFB where Dad was stationed. By that time, Mom was ready to turn around and go back home to Texas, but my brother and I had decided this was going to be quite an adventure. Our first taste of English cooking—pork and beans on toast for breakfast!

I went to an English "Modern" school my Freshman first semester, which was a good experience except when an instructor called me a "Bloody Yank" in class! Most of the kids were embarrassed and, looking back, I wonder what might have happened for him to take his feelings out on me like that. Then on to Bushy Park in January 1957 for the Freshman second semester until the middle of my Junior year (December 1958).

Favorite memories?? Miss Gallagher (dorm supervisor—her name still gives me goose bumps); tossing Miss Purcell into the shower (another supervisor, and a good sport); the bus rides from Bentwaters/Woodbridge each week; demerits for finding dust on furniture in your room during morning inspection; the snack bar bell each evening after the two-hour study period; the fence around the girl's dorm (wish I had a picture of that); going into town on Thursday evenings for a couple of hours; getting fogged in on weekends; Wanda—do you remember practicing "jitterbugging" in our rooms??

Will try to scan a photo taken when Pat Terpening Owen and I met at the mall in Topeka, Kansas, shortly after Wanda found me several years ago.



I keep hoping to make it to a reunion--maybe the next one. Keep up the good work on Bushy Tales and the great web site!

From Edwina Edwards Whitehead (61)
G&Ewhitehead@satx.it.com

Here's a photo taken at the West Drayton Teen Club's New Year's Eve dance in 1956. It was also the installation of new officers for 1957. I don't remember everyone, but from left to right on the front row is: ?, ?, June Mills, Elaine Foster, Charlene Tigrett, ?, ?, and Mike Murphy on the end. The little guy on the second row is Mike's younger brother, George Murphy, and right behind him is their older brother, Jack Murphy. I am standing beside George in the fluffy dress, and Bobby Prichard is next to me. The tallest guy on the very back is Johnny James, I think. If you need for me to send it in a smaller version, let me know.



Look Who is Looking for Who

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

We've had a request to try to locate Sharon Rose Ibex, Class of 1962. If anyone remembers her, knows her sponsor's first name, or anything else about her, could you please contact me. Thanks.

This and That

From John Enroth (56)
johnemenroth@earthlink.net

I wanted to email you about an award that just happened to me. I know you are looking for news items and I do not know if this is appropriate, but I have just been notified that I have been selected for the American Youth Soccer Organization Hall of Fame. The induction will be in Oneonta, New York in August.

I have been a soccer (the real football) official for 31 years and a member of AYSO for 29 years and a USSF official for 19 years. I have been on the AYSO National Referee Commission and I have worked to improve the officiating skills of volunteer referees as well as officiate many, many games.

From Patti Fawbush Webb (58)
Webbpattih@comcast.net

Patti's second book, (also co-authored with Sarah Maddox), *A Woman's Garden of Prayer*, was published in March 2002 by Broadman & Holman (B&H). Whereas *A Mother's Garden of Prayer* (released in 1999) helps women use Scripture to pray for their children and grandchildren, the new book helps women pray for themselves. If you cannot find a copy in a store where you live, contact Patti to get a copy of either book. Patti continues to have opportunities to speak to women's groups (retreats, banquets, etc.), and lead Bible studies. Pray for her as she travels to Kenya with two other women on March 20 - April 5 to teach Kenyan pastors' wives.

From Tony Taylor (58)
tonyt@realtymail.net

Hope all is well with everyone. Gitta and I are enjoying our new home in Redmond. Already have had our first set of houseguest from back East...now we need some of you to come visit...just give us a date. Spring and summer in the Northwest is beautiful.

From Nancy Reed Robinson (56)

Nrobininin@cs.com

This Month I chose to celebrate the life altering experience of having lived in England by visiting London for a week. (If the Queen can have a jubilee why can't I?) The journey began with sight seeing in Harrods. I had forgotten the luxury of the whole building especially the restaurants, escalator, and now the memorial to Diana and Dote. The huge crowds were an experience as well.

The following day began in Westminster Abbey for Palm Sunday services. What an amazing experience! I was flooded with memories of all the coronations and burial services held there over hundreds of years. That day unfolded with a visit to the pub that commemorates Sherlock Holmes. Then on to Trafalgar Square and the National Art Museum currently housing an amazing El Greco exhibit. After feasting on art it seemed fitting to feast at *Dinner*, a play well worth seeing. Later we enjoyed a snack with the theater crowd in Leicester Square.

There were other sights to take in included the Tate, the Portrait Gallery, and the British Museum. In fact just being in London seemed was a sightseeing tour of shops, parks, double Decker busses, lorries, taxi's, and the tube. In the evenings we enjoyed opera, *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk* by Shostakovich at the Royal Opera in Covent Garden, a concert at the new Barbican Center and two other plays: *Blood Brothers* and *Bombay Dreams*. Theater in London is so grand! (I confess we also took in an American flick.)

A big event was a trip to Hampstead Heath to visit my old British Girls School with a chum of my sister's. At their home was coffee, then, went to Highgate, which overlooks London and ate lunch in a two hundred years old pub, and visited the gardens and museum in

Kenwood on the heath. Last we went to Hampstead Garden Suburb to visit the school, my former school, which was closed for holiday but did photograph it and our old home, and walked around the places I remembered walking 50 years ago. It was an amazing experience to see it all again and know I really had lived there so long ago.

Another fine adventure was to take a boat trip along the Thames and look at all the grand buildings and the Eye with my travel buddy's two British friends. No guided tour could have been any more informative. After a day of sightseeing we ate in Convent Gardens as we visited for hours comparing perspectives on world events.

This grand adventure has to be the first of several visits to England and to London. As you can see we barely scratched the surface. (May I live long enough to do it all!) Though, I saw many of my old haunts I did not get to so many others. The weather was cooperative with lots of sunlight, wind, damp, and occasional showers.

Letters to the Editor

From Priscilla Wilder Ambrose (55)

chairman@gwi.net

Good grief, how did you ever find me? I was a sophomore at Central High in 1952-1953. I would very much like to hear of people from that era that you have managed to find and I might be interested in a "reunion" at some time.

From Wanda Castor DeVary (60)

mumszie@tampabay.rr.com

Hey guys, remember me telling you that I was able to "hook-up" with a neighbor girl that went to school with me in England. Well, take a look at what she sent to me.... this was just

before I went to BP. I am not hard to find. I am behind the teacher and a little to the right with the glasses. I must have been about 12 or 13. Boy, do I love the computer age!



From Bill Cooper (57)

liammail@erols.com

I received a wonderful St. Patrick's Day gift: Francis Scott Cooper II born to Shawn & Frank just after 2200 EST 17 March 2004. Babe, Mom, and Dad doing well.

From Mike Murphy class (58)

OLDSALT1223@aol.com

Hi Gary. I want to tell you right off I didn't think the joke was inappropriate. I spent 30 good years in the United States Navy defending the right of American freedom, one of which is our right to free speech. OORAH to you my friend.

As for myself, my time in the Navy was spent mostly on ships underway. Destroyers mostly. As a person that had dyslexia in school, backwards is what they called it then, I had a great career, finally ending in 1987. I was an air controller, which is a very responsible job to say the least. Learning was hard for me in School, but I had lots of support from the great teachers at bushy park and my fellow students. One in particular was June Mills. I wish i

could find her to thank her. Yes, I spent my time in Vietnam, and the conflict with Col. Gadafhi's Country, and Grenada. I am proud to be an American and a veteran. Keep up the good work Gary. Judy Risler and myself support your newsletter.

From Wanda Castor DeVary (60)

mumszie@tampabay.rr.com

I just received some PDF files of High Times and I've already posted one of them up on the site. Just go to the site and click on the High Times button. For those who are unaware of the website it is:

<http://www.bushypark.org>

From Kathie de Russy(60)

der1213@hotmail.com

I did have a wonderful phone visit with Jonne LeGate (60) Davis. She is just as lively as ever. I plan to see her when I go to Galveston for a reunion with Tripoli friends. What good Brats we are, London buddies having a party with Libya buddies. Thanks again for all your work to help to find her.

Dieter Harper (62)

netwellenreiter@aol.com

I'm retiring next month and plan to RELAX! Thirty-four years in federal law enforcement has been fun but stressful. Particularly since 9/11. I don't intend to ever work again. It's going to be my hobbies, traveling, volunteer work and lounging around enjoying the good life.

From Martha (Bobbie) Connor Bartsch (??)

Talon3811@aol.com

What a wonderful thing...to talk to my friend, Paul Middlebrook and to be introduced into the "Bushy Tales" newsletter! Oh my! I only wish my memory were as good as all of the

folks' memories in the "letter"...it's not! I do remember some of the good times in the dorm. I remember "Pete" in the bus, asking me if I liked kissing...and I said "no"! But there were excellent friends like Paul who make some of the memories "flood" back, and that's so exciting!

Who would have thought that I would ultimately be back in touch with the days of Bushy Park High? One name that I would mention wanting to know about would be Judy Ashcroft. Anyone know where she might be? I am delighted to have this "bridge" back! Thank you to all! Especially Paul and yourself, Gary!

My brother, Miles, would be so glad to know that I will be perhaps back in touch with people he knew as well. Unfortunately Miles passed away in 1995 of Lung Cancer. He is sorely missed.

From Bill "Udo" Kissel Schwering (59)
UdoSonjaS@aol.com

Bill Holt, Mike Hoyt and I attempted to organize a reunion back in 1983-84, however as I went on assignment to Germany I lost contact with both of them for many years (20) and we never did accomplish what we wanted to. Too many other priorities!!!! Really too bad as I think it would have been more fun 20 years ago to see old school pals.

I had forgotten all about Bushy Park until yesterday when I was bored and my daughter was not on the computer, I decided to check Google to see what I would find. I was pleasantly surprised by all the information that had been gathered. You all have done a great job. I currently live in Europe with my wife and daughter.

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

WOW! In the current newsletter a gentleman from England offered to help find our British friends that we have lost touch with. I asked for some help finding a girl that used to live next door from me and it took him 5 minutes! This was great! 🥰

From Tony Taylor (58)
USNA1964@earthlink.net

This is an email received from Fred Buhler (58) in Baghdad, Iraq
Ddinmont2@earthlink.net

April 24, 2004 - I am getting short. About two weeks left. So I am hustling to get everything done. I was asked to stay – or to take leave and return – but having been away from home since August I'm not prepared to continue. I will return to California for a couple of weeks then return to Washington to finish up. Margie will join me on this last trip.

Things are generally going well, although increased violence the past few weeks has impacted our productivity. More about that when I see you. Casualties are up. You will no doubt have read about that. The field hospital for this area is just across the road. Some nights evac choppers run all night.

Our troops continue to do a superb job. As an American, I am very proud of our laddies and lassies. Yesterday I saw a humvee heading out for a patrol with a young lassie on the Cal. 50. The military has changed since my day.

The civilian force is suffering casualties. We are very cautious in our movements. Some, less cautious perhaps, have made fatal mistakes. Driving around in a thin-skinned vehicle is a mistake. An AK-47 will open a car up like a can opener. Not much protection. We are using armored vehicles and excellent personal security details. All are Brits, ex-special forces. Very professional. The other

day I was getting into the car in the parking lot when ordinance exploded nearby. They shoved us in the vehicle (not even "would you be so kind to enter the vehicle") and took off across the parking lot at high speed to a bunker. We sat in the bunker for a few minutes before continuing. I was impressed with their reaction.

"Two tube Charlie" was captured the other day. "Two Tube" had a couple of rocket tubes attached to the back of his pick up. Every morning, and some evenings, he would pull into an alley on the other side of the river and fire off a couple of rockets. Some Iraqi's turned him in. We thought we were ok, until his cousin "Morning Mortar Mo" showed up. Oh well...

From Jim Navy (61)
jnavy@earthlink.net

A blast from the past for sure. Yes I am the James (Jim) Navy that attended Bushy park, I haven't thought of that time period is such a long time. I would be interested in trying to get in touch with some of my old classmates.

From Charles "Chuck" Hansen (61)
hansencharles@msn.com

I attended school at Bushey Park, Sept 56-June 58 as an eighth and ninth grader. Just found the website and spent an enjoyable evening catching up. Will try to make next reunion.

Late Breaking News

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

Paulette asked me to forward her message on. Keep Paul and Paulette on your Prayer list.

Hi, Paulette here. Just wanted to give you an update on Paul. He's in the hospital for the third time since his surgery on March 22. This time he was admitted last Tuesday after being home less than 48 hours from the previous four-day hospitalization. The problem has been his body trying to reject the new lung. During the previous stay to this current one, his white cell count was up and the lung x-ray showed white patches that indicated rejection was starting. So, they pumped lots of anti-rejection drugs into him for four days and sent him home. However, after he got home last Sunday, he never felt good and actually started having severe pain whenever he took anything more than a shallow breath. So, on Tuesday, off we went to the hospital again. The x-ray showed fluid build up between his lung and chest wall, as well as increased white patches. This time they took a biopsy when they did the bronchoscope, as well as drained the fluid that almost filled a liter bottle. Paul said the pain instantaneously disappeared. In the meantime, he has been hooked up to IV drips 24/7 with anti-rejection drugs and antibiotics, even though the doctor couldn't find anything unexpected in the biopsy. Paul's attitude is good, in spite of everything so far. He's fortunate, in that, he's patient by nature, and He has an innate ability to deny reality, when it's not pleasant. Sometimes, that's not a good way to approach life, but in this case, I think it's working in his favor. We were thinking he'd be able to come home today, but the doctor said no when I spoke to Paul a few minutes ago. Evidently, they found a particular bacteria they need to kill with different drugs than the ones they've been using.