Bushy Tales

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

Issue #8 **October 2007** **Volume #7**

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

Class Representatives

1953 - Jackie (Brown) Kenny
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1954 – Betsy (Neff) Cote
betsycote@atlanticbb.net

1955 – Nancie (Anderson) Weber
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1956 - Glenda (Fuller) Drake
gfdrake@swbell.net

1957 –Shirley (Huff) Dulski
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1958 – Pat (Terpening) Owen
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1959 - Jerry Sandham
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1960 - Ren Briggs
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1961 - Betsy (Schley) Slepetz
bslepetz@comcast.net

1962 - Dona (Hale) Ritchie
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Roster Changes

New Email address:

Gary Schroeder (55)
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Robert Herbold (62)
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Clifford Spohn (62)
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New Address:

Linda (Fulton) Julian (59)
2539 Cimarron Drive
New Port Richey, Fl. 34655
Ph: 727-376-0080

Look Who We Found

William (Bill) Gates (61) (no picture available)
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Everest, KS 66424
(913) 367-2464

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.

Marilyn (Miller) Emmons (56)

I received this sadly this morning from a Burtonwood alum. Marilyn and I came from Burtonwood High School and attended Bushy Park for one year in 1956. We were roommates in the dom and best friends.. Marilyn was a senior. (I was a Sophomore) She was also Class Secretary and a cheerleader. I am sure many will remember her fondly, she was a special person with an incredible smile! I will miss her....
Carol (Naldrett) Carpenter (58)

Kenneth Robie (56) - per Nancy Reed Robinson

Dallas L. Wickham-Grodman (60)

Dallas Louise Webb Wickham-Grodman passed away on August 29 in San Antonio, TX at the age of 65 after a courageous battle with lung cancer. Preceded in death by her parents Edna and Dallas Webb, her brother David Webb and first husband Donald Wickham. Survived by husband Harold Grodman of Bulverde, daughter Winona Wickham-Miller and husband Matt of Austin, son Jack Wickham, grand-daughters Winona Jo and Bailey Wickham of San Antonio, sisters Cassell Webb-Leon of London, Rebecca Kidwell of Sacramento, California, Jimmie Whipple of New Braunfels and brother Mitchell Webb of San Antonio and many other relatives and dear friends.

The oldest of six children, Dallas was born August 19, 1942 in San Antonio and traveled extensively with her military family. Theatre was a passion and she was the first American accepted to the world renown Cambridge School of Drama in England.

A gifted actress, Dallas appeared in many theatrical productions, but to the benefit of thousands of young people she also acted upon her enthusiasm for literature, drama and life during a much honored 35 year teaching career; the majority of which was as a beloved teacher of English, Speech and Drama in the San Antonio area.

At age 45 Dallas returned to college and earned her master's degree. She became a reading specialist, fulfilling one of her greatest passions, which was assessing and improving reading problems to enrich the lives of area youth.

In 1991 she married Harold Grodman and after retiring from teaching, moved to a country setting in Bulverde. Her work with children continued as the celebrated children's dramatic storyteller at the Bulverde Library. Even after being diagnosed, Dallas continued her passion and volunteered at the library teaching English as a second language.

Tributes to Dallas

Judy Risler Covington (60)
LCHS1960@aol.com

One of our own, a pretty, peppy cheerleader from 59/60 has passed away. Dallas Webb Grodman died Wednesday, 29 August 2007. Services will be Saturday, 1 September, at the Sunset Funeral Chapel on Austin Highway in San Antonio at 3pm. Dallas loved flowers, but memorials to the Bulverde

Children's Library would also be appreciated if you wish.

Dallas was my best bud at Bushy. We laughed together, roomed together, got lost in Rome together, shared secrets and makeup and even boyfriends on occasion. Anyone who remembers her can recall that bright smile, those sparkling eyes, and that special something only she possessed. The world will be a little less snazzy without Dallas. I will miss her so much.

IN MEMORIAM:
Dallas Webb, Dec 29 Aug 2007

This is a copy of a letter I sent to Winona Miller and Jack Wickham, Dallas' two children.

31 Aug 2007

Dear Winona and Jack,

I cannot begin to tell you how saddened I am at the passing of your mom, my dear friend, Dallas.

She and I go way back...back to a Sunday in 1959, when she got on the funny-looking English bus that was taking us military kids from our base in northern England, RAF Sculthorpe, down to London Central High School, Bushy Park, a 4-1/2 hour ride one way. Transients all, we knew how it felt to be the "new kid", and so we made it a point to introduce ourselves, and welcome her into the fold. Because in our little corner of the world, there were no strangers, only buddies we hadn't met yet. Fresh-faced and eager to meet whatever challenges there were in attending a co-ed boarding school so far from home, Dallas responded in kind, with good cheer and enthusiasm. "Come, sit with me," I said, joining the others in instantly deciding it was going to be a pleasure to share her company, as a dorm mate, a school mate and friend. On the trip down to London, I also decided she was as scatterbrained as I was, and it was going to be a hoot and a privilege just being around her.

As I knew she would, in a very short time, Dallas took Bushy Park by storm. She charmed everyone with her bright, shining personality and ready laugh. Absolutely no one was surprised when she made head cheerleader.

We became fast friends at school, and at home. Neither one of us lived on base. An only child, I lived with my parents in the little town of Hunstanton, an English resort beside the North Sea, about twenty miles from the base. Dallas, her four siblings and her parents were housed closer inland, just outside the base, in a huge house with a swimming pool! Unheard of in England, since it seldom got warm enough to swim. (Be that as it may, in the summertime, we did engage in some clandestine skinny dipping!) Dallas' house soon became a gathering spot for displaced teenagers. The memories of her, and that big, robust family of hers will forever live in my mind. I distinctly remember her mom, Edna, playing "Silent Night" on that ocarina she'd confiscated from somewhere, with such dramatic flair, you wanted to weep. All summer long, whenever two or more of us would gather, out came the ocarina. Because, Edna said, there was an unwritten rule that everybody had to do something creative to earn their cokes and potato chips, and it was the only song she knew how to play. So we'd sing, individually or as a group, with or without music, or emote, or play guessing games, or just sit around and contemplate the world as we knew it. But always there was laughter and fun and good will abounding. Dallas brought that to us.

Our school graduation trip was to Rome! The two of us were appropriately excited, although very conscious of how limited were our funds. We simply could not afford too many extras. Like a night at the opera. "Madam Butterfly" was playing, but we already knew we couldn't afford the ticket, so we made do. Another girl, Marty Bolton, joined us as we wandered into the hotel lobby, not sure what our next move should be. Lo and behold, there was our two favorite teachers, Mr. Frank Janusz (government), and Mr. Bill Law (English), who asked why we weren't at the opera. We explained that we were a little short on cash, but open for suggestions. And so it was decided they would escort us on a moonlight tour of Rome. What a magical time that was! When our room mates finally came in from seeing Madame Butterfly, and asked what all we'd found to do that evening, Dallas and I looked at each other, and then, very casually, said, "Oh, we went on a moonlight tour of Rome with Mr. Janusz and Mr. Law. And then we went to the Trattoria del Giardino for a

glass of wine, and were serenaded by three classical harpists who played for our listening pleasure. That's about it." They were so jealous!

One day, we all went on a grand excursion to the beach, a short train ride away from Rome. The Mediterranean was absolutely breathtaking, and we, along with several of our compatriots, kicked back and soaked up the sun big time. Unfortunately, Dallas and I soaked a little too long, and weren't paying enough attention to what was happening around us, and by the time we realized it was time to leave made the amazing discovery that everyone had already gone. Not to worry. Giggling, we made our way back to the train station, but there our worldly demeanor vanished. We had no idea which train to take back, much less where "back" was. We asked one of the porters, as best we could, what train to take back to Rome. He must have told us, but we couldn't understand a word he said. Finally, Dallas spotted a train that said ROMA on the front, so we figured that must be the right one, and got on. The hour grew later, and later, and we still had not gotten to the city, or to the huge terminal where we remembered getting on. Surely we hadn't gotten on the wrong train. Surely we weren't headed to Siberia. More than a little scared, we were about to panic, when a kind, English-speaking attendant asked where it was we wanted to go. We told him, and he patiently explained that we were on the right track, but on the wrong train. We weren't on the express, as we should have been. We were on what was equivalent to the milk run, and though we would eventually get to the terminal in Rome, it would take awhile. We couldn't phone home, or get off and walk. All we could do was ride it out, and hope the American Embassy would contact our parents if we were never seen again.

Suffice it to say, we were very late getting back to our hotel. However, nobody seemed upset about that, so we took it as a good sign and slinked up to our rooms. The next day we did get a sharp reprimand from somebody, I forget who, but that was much better than what we'd imagined.

We also got in trouble for being two of six girls who, quite innocently, made arrangements to have dinner with some Italian law students we met one day. They took us to the La Biblioteca, a swanky club/restaurant, with racks of vintage wines on every wall, a lovely dance floor, and a good band. Only one of the law students spoke English, and none of us spoke Italian, so he was busy interpreting all night. But it didn't matter. We were having the time of our lives. When you're young, full of life, sharing good wine and good food and good-looking company, sometimes it isn't necessary to verbalize. When the evening grew late, this gentlemanly group of students walked us back to our hotel, kissed us goodnight, whispered a romantic Arreverdci in our shell pink ears, and took their leave. We floated upstairs, where we gathered to relive each and every detail. Such a wonderful experience. Until the mother of one of the girls, who'd came along as a chaperone, got wind of our experience and proceeded to get into a major flap about it, and wound up involving Mr. Janusz, and Mr. Law, and anyone else she could find to squawk to. Finally, since it was all done and over with anyway, she quieted down, but not until she tried to lay a profound guilt trip on everybody involved for not being more responsible. Young and foolish, Dallas and I considered it a tempest in a teapot, and laughed about the experience for years.

I could go on and on. Dallas and I had some wonderful times together, just being ourselves, and waking up in a new world every day. I treasured her friendship then, and I still do. She was one of the most memorable, fun, interesting, loveable, pleasurable people I have ever known. Our friendship has remained strong and alive for the past forty-seven years, even during the long periods of time when one of us had no clue where the other one was. When we did get back together, we simply took up where we left off, filling in the blanks as we went. I will miss her so, so much.

Memories of Bushy

Suzanne "Snookie" Garrison (54)
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This was taken at the Junior Prom at the Winfield House, May 1953. That is Mike Salmon with me. Don’t look as if we were having much fun, but am sure that was not the case.

Thanks for all you are doing for all of us who love hearing the various stories from classmates, whether

we know them or not. They do jog our memories and that is what is important.

Kathleen (Casey) Sanders (55)
HSand12380@AOL.com

With some prodding from my old (newfound) room mate Dianne Hopkins, I have found some material, specifically a feature from the base paper on the "remodeled" dorm in '54 and some other articles with pictures on the school. Also, some really interesting dorm rules. Certainly would make nice fillers when you run out of material!!!

Lindsay Bruce Ervin (60)
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Thanks for another great newsletter. Regarding the photos on page 4, the people in the photo, above Peggy O'Neill's picture are, I believe, from left to right: Pat Ackley then Willene "Willie" Gilbert and I'm not sure about the girl on the right. On the photo below Peggy I believe the people are, from left to right: Karen Sweetland, Wendy Moffett (girl in the front of the picture), Julie Williams (girl behind Wendy's head) then myself on the right. I think this photo might have been taken at our teenage club near Ruislip but I'm not sure. I don't know who the guy on the left, behind Karen's head, is. It would be interesting to hear from other classmates on who they think are in the photos.

Sandy (Klueh) Denney (60)
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This is of Bob Harrold signing yearbooks. Think it was near the end of the school year--May or June 1958.

Mini Reunions

Tony Taylor (58)
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Wow! How lucky can a guy be? I just had two of the loveliest girls from the Great Class of '58 spend the night in our home... a really special treat when you consider that they were **Sandy (Kosanke) Frantz '58** and **Kris (Ludlow) Ravetz '58**. Sandy was in Seattle for a conference and chose to grace our home by spending the her first night in town with Gitta and me. Kris, who lives just north of here on Whidbey Island, also graced our home by spending the night with us so as to catch up with Sandy on almost 50 years of life, including children and grandchildren. Kris and Sandy were roommates at Bushy Park our junior year, so they had tales to tell about dorm life those many years ago. **Dan Frantz, also '58**, and Ted Ravetz, chose to stay home and take care of their respective family dogs knowing that the girls would have a lot to talk about well into the night.

Actually, for those of you who read my story last year in *Bushy Tales*, you may remember that Sandy Kosanke, Kris Ludlow, and **Sandi Johnson '58** (now the lovely wife of Paul Thomas, also '58) spent a week in Paris during Easter vacation of our senior year with **Chuck Stewart '58** and me... what a memorable time that was.... Yes, we even had the exciting opportunity to see Edith Piaf, one of France's most beloved singers at the Paris Opera House. But it was sharing that week with these special girls and Chuck that has been one of the most memorable moments of my high school life... life was so much simpler then....

Sandy reminded me that she was in the car with me early during our junior year when I drove my mother to sign the guest book at Buckingham Palace. The night before my parents had been at a reception given by Queen Elizabeth II, and according to protocol, one returns the next day to sign the Queen's guest book. At the time we still had our 1950 Ford sedan that we had brought with us from Virginia. My mother asked if I would like to act as her "chauffeur" and drive her to the palace while she sat in the back seat. For reasons that we can't remember, Sandy happened to be at our house that day, so we asked Sandy to join us in the car. Although my mother asked Sandy if she would like to join her in entering Buckingham Palace, miss-proper Sandy declined the offer because she did not want to be seen in the palace in her bobby socks!

Anyway, Sandy, Kris, Gitta, and I had a wonderful evening sharing stories about our days in London and made an attempt to tell one another about all that has taken place in our lives since then. Of course if it were not for the Internet, email, and the efforts of people like **Pat (Terpening) Owen '58** and **Gary Schroeder "55**, we may not have ever found one another and would have missed opportunities such as these to relive and share stories of our lives at Bushy Park. We have all promised to get together again, next time at Sandy and Dan's home in Easton, MD, hopefully someday soon.

Attached is a photo of Sandy and Kris at Tony and Gitta's home in Redmond, WA.

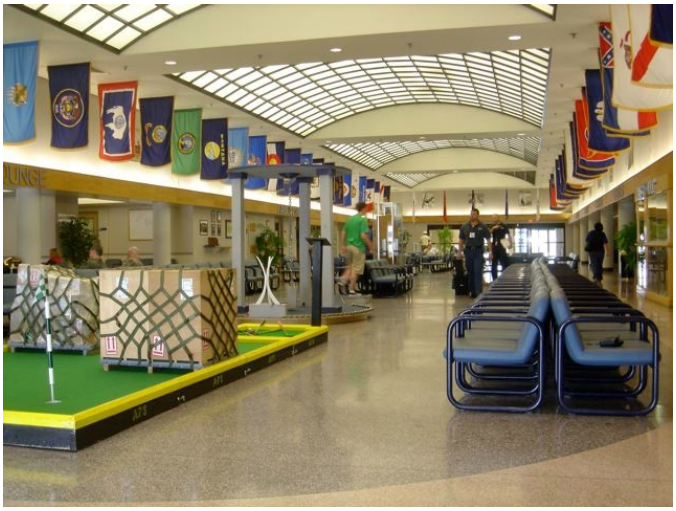
This and That

John and Doris Billington (Faculty)
Billinkton@aol.com

This should bring back many memories for those of us who made many trips to Europe in the 1950s.

McGuire AMC terminal room where the Billington family spent many hours of our lives - view looking back from tarmac. Counters on right,. Stevie in green shirt center. Sarah was there (kind of) when

Yvette and I flew to Rhein Main 6 weeks before her birth. On left is miniature golf, not a cargo pad!



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

Great story sent me by Bev Strickland, our Assistant Librarian, and mother of three Bobcats herself - cheers, Gail

Dear LCHSers,

You may want to pass this on.

A friend sent me this clipping from the OVERSEAS BRATS magazine-August 2007 issue.

THREE TEACHERS AT VIRGINIA SCHOOL ATTENDED THE SAME OVERSEAS SCHOOL!

While attending a teaching convention during the summer of 2006, three high school teachers from Deep Run High School in Glen Allen ,VA, discovered that they all went to the same overseas school.

One of the speakers at this convention asked the audience to stand if they were a former Military Brat, and three teachers who knew, associated with each other daily at this high school located in Richmond, VA, suburb stood up. Later they made a more surprising discovery: they all attended LCHS and had teachers in common.

Greg Metcalf was at the school between 1968 and 1970. Tanya Smith attended between 1980 and 1985. Sarah Kirkbride walked the halls of London Central High between 1994 and 1997.

Tanya and Sarah had the same geometry teacher, a Ms DeYoung, and Greg and Tanya had two teachers in common named Strickland and Threlkeld.

Betsy Neff Cote' (54)
betsycote@atlanticbb.net

I finally have something that I think you can use in the Newsletter. A long time neighbor lady died the other day who has a son that was a friend of my son during their high school days. Upon reading the obituary in the local newspaper I read that her son had retired as an Air Force Major and was now living in Shertz, TX. I then called Bob Lyle to check and see if Hal Baldwin was still mayor of that city and was assured that he was. I then went to see the son, Ed Schnaubelt and his wife Patty (who also attended Penn State with one of my daughters) to tell them that I knew their mayor, Hal Baldwin. Since Altoona is a long way from Shertz they were surprised that I could possibly know the same Hal until I explained that we had attended the same high school in London, England. They apparently know Hal well and I got the impression that Hal as a mayor will be a hard act to follow. After talking about Shertz, I proceeded to tell them that my son was retired from the Navy and was now Director of Engineering at the Texas Scottish Rite Hospital in Dallas, TX. Ed has a construction company that is

planning to do a job in the Dallas area so I hope he and John have an enjoyable reunion like the ones our alumni have had. I would also like to add that I took a copy of our newsletter to show Ed and Patty and they thought it was impressive and said it sure would be nice to have something like it from their schools. Does this prove that you never know who might know somebody you know?

Renold Briggs (60)
enpat1671@uneedspeed.net

My wife Pat and I have returned from our 3 month across the US trip and are now back on line at the same e/mail address. After dragging our 33ft 5th wheel 11,795 miles it was good to get home.

We had the best time and seeing some of our old "Bushy Mates" was great. Bill (class of 60) and Donna Percy joined us for 3 weeks with there 5th wheel and did the New England States with us. We also got to spend some time with Bob (class of 60) and Linda Percy at there home in Ocala, FL. We also spent time with Judy (Risler class of 60) Covington and Mike Murphy (class of 58) in Monroe, LA. Then we were off to McAlester, OK to see Terry (class of 60) and Joy Ennis. It was so good to spend time each of them.

But the *BIG* surprise was in York, Virginia. Pat and I had just completed the National Park tour at York Battlefield where the Americans defeated the British General Cornwallis. That day I had on my shirt from the 2003 Gathering in San Diego. On the back it says Central High School, London England. This very nice lady comes up to me and asked if I had attended Central High. She said she had and would have been in the class of 61. She was there from 1957 to 1959. I told her that I was there at the same time. I was there from 1958 to 1960. Her name was Carol (Olmstead) Lee and she and her husband had just retired and are now full time RV's. After I introduced my self she knew who I was from reading the News Letters about doing the Gatherings. She said she has never been to a reunion or a Gathering, but planed to attend the next one now that she is retired and has the time.
I told her we are working on the next "Gathering 2008" and to watch the News Letters for location and date information. She said that she would and is hoping to attend.

It only shows how small the world is. If I had not had on my Central High School shirt, we would only have been people pass each other some where in the world. I am glad I had it on that day.

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

Hey you two: I love the new look! putting the photos in by their names saves me from dragging out that poor old tattered book (that is showing far more wear than when you borrowed it, Pat). I keep thinking a light will go on and all these people will just come flooding into my frontal (foggy) memory! I like to blame it on the chemotherapy amnesia, but think that's a stretch--five years is a long time to be blamed for every memory failure!

So sorry to hear about June's passing. So many of us have battled with Cancer. It is not just the patients' battles; cancer is a train wreck and the whole family suffers because of the disease.
Our classmate July (Surles) Stillson, class of '62, has just finished her *fourth go-round,* but like June, she continues her valiant fight, maintaining that constant sense of humor. As I wrote a year or so ago, just when Judy was told the cancer was back for the forth time, her home burned to the ground! They are finally in their rebuilt home, they're giving Judy a break from treatment, so thanks for all your good thoughts. She still doesn't have a computer to replace the one they lost in the fire, but I pass on thoughts to her. Terry Stillson (class of '60), her older brother is still alive, living in MA.

I was reminiscing about the teen club on High Wycombe the other day, remembering the first night a young man, new, walked in, looking very reluctant to enter. Course, one is not allowed to be a "new kid" long among "Brats". Eddie Robertson, class of '60, was officially one of us. Eddie was from Columbus, Ohio and wanted to be a Business Executive according to the yearbook. It took a very short time to know that Eddie could have been anything he wanted to be--talented, funny, smart, attractive, and soooo grateful for how he was originally accepted by us.

It took a long time for me to realize why the gratitude--he was, after all, just another "Brat". But, as that first night wore on, I remember clearly asking Eddie if he wanted to dance--his foot was tapping and fingers snapping, but he hadn't danced once since his arrival. He looked at me like I was from Mars, and slowly went to the floor with me, boyfriend Bob Hurt not at all concerned or jealous--after all I was the dancing fool who would drag any wallflower to the floor (but always left the Teen Club with my 'steady feller') You see, the quandary for Eddie was "should I take the risk of dancing with a 'white girl'?"

This was the early 60s, remember? Yet, being a Brat, it never occurred to me to look at the color of Eddie's skin; all our Dad's wore the same uniform. It was with Eddie a few month's later, that I won my first and only prize--a set of pearl earrings for a dance contest. Eddie was loved by all of us at the teen club; surely some of you remember him from school. He worked at the commissary on base with Bob, but other than that, neither of us can remember where he was headed after graduation, and have seen no mention of him having been found by the group. Did any of you keep in touch? He was just one of those truly nice people hard to forget.

I am rambling, so will sign off, hoping you have all had another wonderful summer of memories.

The Story Continues

Walter E. Hunt (56)
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BICYCLING EUROPE ON $1.00 A DAY:
A Cold War Geographic and Cultural Memoir

Chapter 6 - Easter, 1955, Holland again

Dad and I took the train to the Dutch border. I don't know why, on three trips to Holland, I never cycled down the Rhine. We biked over terrain I had already seen twice before, through Amsterdam, Alkmaar, Edam, The Hague, and on to Rotterdam. Then the fun began.

You have to imagine this: Holland is laced with canals. They are not only part of an extensive transportation system, but also part of an elaborate system of dikes that holds back the sea, since much of Holland is below the North Sea. In fact, about one-fourth of Holland is below sea level, and built on land reclaimed from the sea.

We were cycling along a canal in Rotterdam when we passed a heavily loaded barge. The barge was so weighted that the midship section was submerged. Just the bow and stern were above the water. It was a surprise to see this boat motoring along, when one would think it should be sinking. As we slowly rode past the barge, watching it all the time, my dad's foot pedal caught on a fire hydrant on the edge of the cycling path and in a flash he was flipped into the canal. Fortunately, the water was not too cold, and help was readily at hand. A nearby police officer rushed over and pulled my dad from the canal. Other than a slightly bruised ego, the only damage we discovered after we returned home. The camera he had around his neck to record our trip went with him into the canal, and several of the slides we had taken had an interesting snowflake-like crystallized pattern on them, no doubt from the salt water.

I still have a boat horn that barge operators used to sound when they wanted a bridge raised so they could motor through the canals.

Aaron S. Peters (57)
aaronosb@hotmail.com

Am forwarding a note I got from Sean Kelly. I'm sure he won't mind. Take from it what you think is pertinent and place it in the next Newsletter. Pete.

"Fr. Aaron (Pete) - glad you have at last got the book and that you are enjoying it. It doesn't capture enough of the early days by half, but I hope you see the ethos and uniqueness of LCHS shining through. I think the Ralph Ensz story is wonderful and different. I think Jack Wernette is a superb storyteller. And then there are just interesting

snippets and memories from mostly after your days. I should have had more pictures in there from earlier days.

Question for you – did you ever cross paths with a fellow Bobcat (from any year) in an unusual location or weird circumstance? It's a question I am asking more and more as I hear stories of people who went to LCHS either together or across the generations meeting by chance in some out of the way place. I might try and look for those stories by way of another book. Or maybe not.

I don't remember if you will recall West Ruislip – or if you do go to the reunion – if any of your fellow Bobcats will recall it (or have pictures of it), but a little bit of history is happening there today. The US Navy hands back the keys to the rest of the site (the sports fields, the school and the church) today to a private contractor – it is to be redeveloped.

I have followed the fortunes of Eastcote – another base – which has now been flattened to make way for housing. If you do meet up with your DoDDS people I am looking for stories, memories and photos of the base.

My regards to you. Come back to me at any point. If you can't reach me on this address go through Gail or through the website – www.fromthefacultylounge.com

Sean Kelly
Class of '78"

Diane (Lathrop) Zumwalt (56) (no picture available**)**
dhzumwalt@comcast.net

Hello Gary: You credited me with the photo and write up on the USS New York. Well, while I would have liked it, I did not send you that. (Editors Note: Now I have no idea where I got it from. Can anyone give me some help?)

Actually, the ship we went over to England in 1950 (and also came back on in 1953) was the MSTS "Maurice Rose". What a tub (dump?). Going over was not so bad as our voyage was in June, but coming back was a real nightmare as it was in December and very ROUGH. We were originally assigned to come back on the "United States" - I don't know what happened to that, but we got the "Maurice Rose" again instead. Nearly everyone was sick as dogs and upchucking all over the place - I remember seeing a poor young AP (who was supposed to be watching out for the passengers during the roughest part of the crossing) standing in the hallway barfing into his helmet. Someone literally had to help hold HIM up and get him to sick bay.

With typical AF planning and efficiency, my Dad was sent back on the same ship as my Mother and Brother and myself, but he had to stay down with the troops and we 3 shared a cabin with about 6 or 8 other women and kids. One of the women spent all her time moaning loudly and saying she "ached all over."

The crowning touch was when we pulled into New York harbor very early in the morning and almost hit a tanker which caused our ship to put engines into fast reverse! Everyone literally fell out of bed and "Mrs. I Ache All Over" and the rest of us really had something to moan about. It was very cold and snowing in New York as I remember, but we were really just glad to get off that (literally) stinking ship. Thanks for all your work on the newsletter and glad I could share my recollections with you.

Louise (Penfold) Frisbie (59)
Lpfrizz@aol.com

Please add me to the list by e-mail for the Bushy Park newsletter. Linda McDowell Novasad has forwarded the last three but this being an older computer or me being a novice at this I don't think I am getting them in full.

We've lived in Mogadore OH the last 43 yrs. coming here from Kansas for a job for my husband . He is a retired high school math teacher and I retired in 2000 after driving school bus for 25yrs. We like to play golf and "camp" in our travel trailer.(if you can call it camping!)

We have five children, four girls and a boy. Four of which are married, out of college, gainfully

employed and Insured! They've given us eight grandchildren whom we thoroughly enjoy.

I graduated with the class of 1959 from Bushy Park in London. I stayed through graduation there. Do you have a list for '59 of other people who have signed up with you? I am in touch with Scott MacLaughlin and Carl Chatfield.

I will be looking forward to the next newsletter. I wish we could attend the reunion in Kansas City this month but we just returned from there the end of July from a family reunion/wedding.

Noni (Hoagland) Kripal (61)
fandnkripal@kci.net

Here is some info on BRATS; OUR JOURNEY HOME. It is a documentary about growing up military- that also hits home with other "third culture kids" like DoDDS, Foreign Service, aide, oil, and corporate brats. It is narrated by Kris Kristofferson and it includes an interview with General Norman Schwarzkoph. BRATS has been shown in over 40 cities in this country-- at colleges, military bases, and brat reunions, including West Point, Rice University and Denver.
They will be screening the film at the Overseas Brats gathering in Boise, Idaho in October.

Tell all of our former Bushy Park students to go to www.bratsfilm.com. Donna Musil has won rave reviews for her work and she is currently working on a new brats movie-- a coming-of-age drama set on a military base in Asia.

I didn't find out about the reunion in Kansas City until just last week, so I won't be able to make that one, darn!! Are there any reunions planned for Jan.-March in Mesa or Scottsdale AZ.? We have two new baby granddaughters there so we are planning on spending some time there in 2008.

I have fond memories of Bushy and all the great people I met there.. Ward, Craig and Martha, Dusty and Ellen, Norman(Happy) Chalmers, Sharon Zink, Babs Eckles, Kathleen Kelly, Donna Newell, Lynn Russell, Maxine Dansker, Mrs. Leigh(and her 100 lines of Shakespear every nite) John Holbrook, and Mr. Frank Janusz, just to name a few!!! I will try and write something for the newsletter in a few weeks. As my father would say for now, Over and Out!

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

Our classmate, Judy (Stillson) Surles, is back in the hospital and has just been told that her cancer is back. This will be Judy's fourth, maybe fifth round with cancer, so all good wishes and prayers could be sent her way. She has NOT lost her courage or wonderful sense of humor. If you'd like to send a card, her address is:

Judy Surles
223 White Oak Road
Fredericksberg, VA 22405

For all of you that attended the reunion you know I am expecting an article and maybe some pictures from all of you ☺

DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN...?

When a quarter was a decent allowance?

You'd reach into a muddy gutter for a penny?

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