Bushy Tales

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

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

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all.

Class Representatives

1953 - Jackie (Brown) Kenny
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1954 – Betsy (Neff) Cote
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1955 – Nancie (Anderson) Weber
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1956 - Edie (Williams) Wingate
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1957 –Shirley (Huff) Dulski
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1958 – Pat (Terpening) Owen
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1959 – John "Mike" Hall
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1960 - Ren Briggs
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1961 - Betsy (Schley) Slepetz
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1962 - Dona (Hale) Ritchie
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REMINDERS AND SPECIAL INFORMATION

1. Don't forget, if you're planning on changing your e-mail address (especially if you've been using a work e-mail to receive the newsletter and are planning on retiring soon) to let either Gary or Pat know so you can continue to receive news about your classmates.

2. Please try to remember to put BUSHY PARK or something similar in the SUBJECT line when you send us something. If we don't recognize your name or e-mail address we might delete it. (I've done that in the past - Pat). **We also need your class year.**

3. If you decide you no longer want to receive the newsletter, just send an e-mail to either Gary or Pat and let them know and you'll be taken off.

4. If you haven't received your newsletter by the 5th of any month (unless Gary or Pat let you know if there will be a delay), please contact either of them and they'll get a copy out to you.

Roster Changes

New Email address:

Craig Barnes (54) no picture available
craigatsantafe@gmail.com

Patti (Fawbush) Webb (58)
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Lynne (Fitzgerald) Drews (59)
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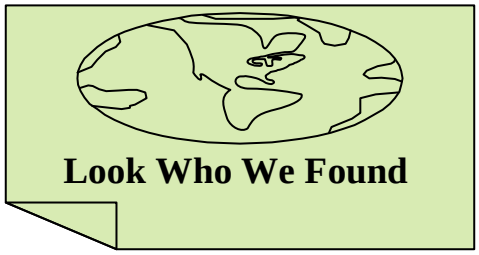
(Editors Note: If anyone knows of birthdays coming up in January please send the name(s) no later than the 20th of December so I can get them in the January issue.)

One we missed from November.

November 8th.
Valerie (Filnson) Katz (61)

December 15th.
Al Koltermann (57)



Leland "Lee" Beach (59)
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Memories of Bushy

Diane Helen (Lathrop) Zumwalt (56) no picture available.
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I have been enjoying the Bushy Tales for quite a while and it has followed me in moving from Kansas to Arizona and now back to Kansas.

I remember my year (53) at Central High with some nostalgia and wonder how we all made it through being "on our own" (sans parents) for probably the first time in our young lives.

I know my parents sent me to CHS with some trepidation as I had been pretty "sheltered" and they were loving but strict. It must have been a real shock to them when I "grew up" with the assistance of all night parties in the dorm, swapping my good clothes and never getting them back, having my pricy new hair style ruined with the "help" of my scissor-happy roommates, the "bad" language I picked up (we never used 'those words' at home - my father said I had learned words at school that he didn't even use!) It all seems pretty amusing now from a vantage point of more than 50 years, but having since raised two girls of my own, I can truly sympathize with my dear departed parents.

However, my time in England gave me an appreciation for things "Brit" and I still confess a fascination with the royal family, British mysteries and dramas (I have lots of CDs which I treasure including "As Time Goes By, starring the wonderful Judy Dench; "Cadfael," with Derek Jacobi, the story of a medieval monk who plays detective to solve crimes; "Foyle's War" all about a WW II small-town English detective; and "All Creatures Great and Small" a terrific series about a British vet.

I have always wanted to go back to England to see the places I lived and didn't live (castles, Scotland, etc) but I imagine I will have to exist on my CDs, Brit books and fond memories of my wild and crazy days at Central High School.
Thanks for your work on the newsletter and I am glad to be able to contribute.

Mike Murphy (58)
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Just a short story. I roomed my first year at Bushy with Hank Clark and a fellow named Julius(don't know the last name) Hank was studious type, but Julius and I were more free spirited. We got along fine, except the day after I got there, I got in my bunk and found the sheet much too short. Both Hank and Julius were busting a gut, and I was miffed. it was then I found out what "short sheeting meant". Taking it in stride I felt I had been accepted, only to find out the next day all my school papers were taped to the ceiling. I also took that in stride and from then on, throughout the year we were fine.

At the beginning of the next year my dad was transferred from Croft to West Drayton, so I became a townie. On the day I told Hank I wasn't going to be a dormie anymore he just laughed and said I could come and visit anytime. We became good friends but I felt I owed him one, so one morning I went to the dorm, he wasn't there, so I promptly tied all his shirts and pants in knots and put them back in his drawer. He never said a word to me about it. Payback is hell. After graduation I never heard from him or Julius again. (Added by Pat Terpening (58) Owen - Julius was Julius Lloyd (58). Neither he nor Hank have been located to date.)

Jerry Kelly (58)
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Remembering England:
The family flew over to England on a MATS C-118 and as to time in the air it is still the longest flight I have ever been on. We landed at night in Prestwick, Scotland and I remember the cold and dampness of the place even now.

We finally ended up in an English house just outside of High Wycombe and if you took a bus from town it was the # 27 bus to Little Kings Hill. After a couple of months we finally moved into quarters on the base and life seemed more normal.

Like many other guys I worked in the commissary bagging groceries and stocking shelves and sometimes on Friday or Saturday nights I worked in the NCO club but did not handle any liquor, just washed glasses and kept the ice buckets full and cleaned up the place. I stayed in the dorm for only a few weeks until the bus service was extended out to the area. I had to

have eaten in the AFEX cafeteria but have no memory of it so it couldn't have been that bad.
I had to do a lot of extra school work having missed a couple of months in transit form the states but the requirements in California were more that Bushy Park so after my junior year I had enough units to graduate except I needed English IV and US Government so my senior year wasn't bad but I really didn't strain myself studying.

I made a lot of rockets with most turning out to be just big firecrackers and I am lucky to have left the country with all my parts. Some funny things were at the commissary when word got around that a case or two of "Delsey" toilet paper had arrived and sometimes a case of stateside lettuce came in but it was usually all rotten. All in all I was happy to graduate and get out and back to the states.

Looking back now I was as dumb and naive as the present generation but I am sure they will make it too.

Winter in High Wycombe

Tony Taylor (58)
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If you are still interested in photos that show the original school sign, here is a photo taken in front of the Bushy Park in October 1957. **Miss USA**, Charlotte Sheffield, came to speak to the students during an outside assembly (the only place big enough for the entire student body to gather), just as it started to rain. So as not to pass up the chance to keep the moisture off the lovely lady's head and fur cape, I borrowed a "brolly" from one of the teacher and stepped up to do my duty... could I have done anything less? (The autographed photo bears a message that is only privy to Charlotte and me!) FYI, she was only 19 at the time... the same age as Brigitta, whom I was dating, and whom later became, and still is, my wife.

Gary Brown (62)
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Well, I finally did it. After planning for six months, my wife and I traveled to England and Paris for a wonderful ten day visit. I didn't really know what to expect after 50 years, but was pleasantly surprised that most things I remembered hadn't changed.

The tubes still ran like clockwork and there was still a lot of walking in some of the larger stations, although many of the long staircases had been replaced with escalators, and the tubes were no longer the old maroon cars with the wooded doors (I can still remember the sound of all of the doors slamming shut before the trains departed for the next station). The doors open and close automatically now, imagine that!

All the major historical buildings in downtown London are more beautiful than I remembered. I realized over the years I was just too young to really appreciate what I was seeing when I was there in the late fifty's. One difference now is the covering

of large areas of many buildings with scaffolding and tarps for the endless cleaning they are doing to keep the structures looking their best. Coal smoke is no longer a problem, just the accumulation of industrial dirt as a byproduct of metropolitan activity.

We visited our old home in Harrow-on-the-Hill and the neighborhood looked almost the same. I was still able to find everything I remembered, with the exception of the business street in Harrow where I used to buy model kits and chemicals for my chemistry set. All the small shops were gone, replaced with two large office buildings that took up several blocks.

We visited several pubs, trying all the local food, including fish and chips, of course. I didn't recall the large mound of (English) peas that come with it now.

We actually did see the crown jewels this time and they are simply beautiful, including the largest diamond in the world. We didn't see them when we were living there, but came close once (Dad didn't want to wait in the long line).

After five days in London, including Windsor Castle, Bath and Stonehenge, we took the Eurostar under the channel to Paris. At 187 miles per hour, it only took 2 hours and twenty minutes to go from St. Pancras in London to Gare du Nord in Paris.
Paris was much more beautiful than I remembered. Jan is an artist, and we spent a half day in the Louvre (and only saw one wing). It was wonderful, but seeing the Mona Lisa wasn't the same. I remembered standing in front of it in 1959. There was no one else around me, and it was only protected by a red rope and some stands about four feet from the painting. The painting did not have any glass in front of it. Now, you can't get any closer than about twenty five feet and it is covered with a thick protective glass panel that has a kind of yellowish tint. There seems to be a perpetual crowd around it.

The Eiffel Tower is beautiful at night. It is beautifully lit with yellowish colored lighting, but every hour for five minutes, it sparkles with hundreds of white spot lights positioned all over the structure. I would recommend skipping the elevator lines at the tower and just go to the top of the Tour Montparnasse (60th floor) at night and watch the Eiffel from there. It is the best view of Paris at night.

Anyone who hasn't returned to England because they think it may have changed too much need not worry. The old England you remember is everywhere, and it is truly a trip of a lifetime, especially if you include Paris. We returned with over four hundred photos and still only saw a small portion of what is there is to see. Ta and Bonjour!

Reunion Information

Mini Reunions

Carol (Albert) Yacovone (57)
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As you know I am one of the many to celebrate a Birthday in November. Ahh and sweet 70 is was. How lucky was I to have been able to share it with two old class mates from Bushy Park. My husband was extra nice to me this year and planned a cruise to the Bahamas for the three of us....so....my friend Bev Gehrett Wagner, class of 58, and my junior year at Bushy roommate, along with the my miracle girl and life long best friend, Robyn Rudat Allen, class of 58, who despite all her health problems of the beginning of this year, made their way here to Florida to help me celebrate, Robyn from Mississippi and Bev from Arizona. It could not have been a better Birthday....We took a 3 day cruise and got to spend some wonderful time together enjoying our memories of Bushy and years of friendship....promised Ms. Kelly I would share photos and so here they are.....the golden girls of Bushy....

Warmest regards for your Holidays ahead to you and all our friends from CHS

Sherry Burritt Konjura (57)
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Back in 1985, before we all managed to connect thanks to the Internet, I was reunited with one of my best friends from Bushy Park. We had initially corresponded with one another, but lost touch when we both moved about the same time, so there was a 27 year span when we were out of touch.

I was doing a show in a Dinner Theatre in Montgomery Alabama in January of 1985. My character was a crazy neighbor to the lead actress and I not only was dressed in a very frumpy manner complete with "cat-eye" glasses, but my hair was up in a messy bun and I walked all slumped over - not very recognizable as myself.

Nancy Rumph Butzer ('58) and her husband, Barry, were living in Montgomery where he was based temporarily with the Army. Someone had given them free tickets to the Dinner Theatre and they had about decided not to use them. However, one rainy Saturday night they decided to use the tickets after all.

After the show the actors hung out and met with the audience members. One woman was dominating my time and I could see a couple quietly waiting out of the corner of my eye. Finally the woman left and I started to turn toward the couple.

Almost simultaneously Nancy spoke my name and I spoke hers! I would have recognized her adorable little face anywhere! Barry told me later that she recognized me the minute I came onstage and kept saying over and over again throughout the show – "That has to be her!" My listing in the play program was not the name she had known me by - so that was no clue to her at all!

I was off the next day, so went home with Nancy and Barry that night and spent Sunday with them. Nancy and I stayed up for hours reminiscing and catching up with each other's lives. It was one of those very special reunions that I cherish. Attached is a photo that Barry took of the two of us that weekend.

Donna Forsman (59)
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In September I had the great pleasure of going to lunch with my onetime art teacher Gail Kelly and her artist-husband Bob at the pub on Leinster Mews, just down the block from their mews home. Age may have slowed them

down a bit, but they are as colorful and cheery as ever. I hope the many students that Gail inspired during her long career at Central High will enjoy this picture taken just outside the pub.

This and That

Gail Kelly (Faculty)
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Hello Greer - I enjoyed your reminiscences in the Bushy Tales. Mike Hull was a classmate of my son Sean's; they have remained in touch all these decades, as Mike has with me. I believe I was Varsity Club sponsor when they were senior athletes. Mike and your friend Carole had 3 princesses, now grown - sigh.
The strength of our school's scholarship were the seasoned teachers who never stopped perfecting their teaching skills in their respective subjects. For instance, Edna Leigh became an expert on Mythology and 'Ancients'? Edna's daughter Florence published a book from her notes on her pet subject Homer after her death - http://www.amazon.co.uk/Homers-Secret-Iliad-Night-Decoded/dp/0719557801 - for a smile, here are your other teachers-in-common. Cheers and best wishes, Martha Gail Kelly, LCHS Faculty 56-86

Gordon Robinson & Wally Threlkeld

Howard Abramowitz & Gail Kelly

Nancy (Reed) Robinson (56)
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American Teen or English Girl 1953-54 Nancy Robinson.

My fourth form group met in Miss Riggs's classroom and she was strict. I arrived at in navy blue potato sack uniform, just like everyone else. I was a long way from Charleston, South Carolina. That day there were two new girls, one an American and the other diabetic. The other girl was tall with

olive skin. The girls decided she was the American until I spoke. After that we were just one big group and Miss Riggs was the boss. We had regular fingernail inspection, dirty neck check, and a check for skirt length. Miss Riggs said," You are fortunate, during The War (WWII), school was six days a week".

She taught us: "One should **always** keep one's throat bare to prevent colds, there should always be a window open in the classroom, bathing too often weakened one's immunity, and young ladies should **never** eat in public, nor worse chew gum. In addition she warned, "Wearing bobby socks and blue jeans like American tourists do, shows a lack of respect for oneself and others!"

One day Miss Riggs pulled me aside as our group was going to class. Miss Riggs said, "Nancy, will you give this book to Miss Jones for me"? I replied, "Yes, Ma am". Miss Riggs stormed at me, "Don't you ever say Ma am to me again. That term is only for the Queen. Don't try to mock me. Do you understand?" I was startled and replied, "Yes, Ma am-Miss Riggs." Miss Riggs was now in a fury as she said, "Come here. I just told you to never address me by the Queen's title. Did you not hear me? I was now really up set, "Miss Riggs, I did hear you. Ma am is a term we use like sir for our elders and people in authority in America especially in the South. I was taught to always say it". Miss Riggs said, "You are not in America now. Do not say it again." With head bowed I said, Yes, ma..Miss Riggs. Then I fled down the hall.

She pulled me aside another time to ask, "Do you, like other American girls, have dates and wear lipstick." I in amusement responded, "Yes". She kept an eye on me. I was the only American in Dame Henrietta Barnett's School for Girls. I felt my life as an American teen had ended. This was a private, or government school, with girls who qualified academically for admission.

Though the building was cold (55 degrees Fahrenheit) and the formality difficult, I adjusted to such things as; standing when call upon, sipping water from the public spicket outside with a metal cup on a chain, the gym changing room filled with the aroma of pubescent girls some of whom did not know about deodorant and customarily bathed once or twice a month. Just as challenging were the square necked white blouses with elastic waist bands that never met the elastic waist band of the bloomers for gym. Out on the playing fields I participated. I excelled occasionally and I loved gymnastics! I was excluded from tennis since Americans do not play the game.

Going to this school was a cultural experience. The British girls were delightful to know and the classes I took were interesting and numerous. I took science, history, English, Old Testament Bible, and art. The art class was exceptional, a professional artist taught it. I was thrilled when I took home a water color showing I had mastered painting fog!

I was not qualified for advanced French, but I was unfortunately included in British Geography, mathematics, and Latin (*Caesar's Gallic Wars)* which was the equivalent to Latin III or VI. Each subject was beyond my experience. The others had years of background!

Lunch was a big event. We walked and talked to a building down a hill, several blocks away. We stood in line outside among tall thistles and nettles rain or shine waiting to be admitted. Inside we stood at tables for 10 and waited until ten people were present, joined in the noon prayer, and then sat in unison. Lunch was a silent event. We were each given a loader plate of food to consume. Neither sharing food, nor disposing of it was acceptable. Clean plates were acceptable. What we actually did was finish what we liked, and someone else ate what we did not so we could all be excused. This was accomplished by surreptitiously sliding the plates in unison around the table. When we finished, a faculty member checked and dismissed us, we rose together as one, and then walked and talked back to the school. I rarely liked the food so my plate circled the table before it was clean and we could be dismissed. Fortunately, others were hungrier and faster eaters than I.

Science was fascinating. We went out and scooped up whatever pond scum or water we wanted for exploration under microscopes. We cut up frogs to see their insides. Each lesson was a hands-on experience. The science mistress had a tapeworm on

her lectern, which a friend had given to her after a gourmet trip to Italy. It was about four yards long and wrapped around two metal rods inside a large beaker of clear preservative. One day in an animated jester Miss James hit the tapeworm beaker and it splashed all over the front tables. We screamed and jumped away. She screamed, "My tapeworm, save my tape worm!" as she rushed to save her precious specimen! None of us touched it.

In history we studied The Napoleonic Era, which included Napoleon's attempt to colonize Mexico. One message was that the Monroe Doctrine was a British creation, developed while we Americans were preoccupied with our Civil War. I questioned the origin of that document since it **is** called the Monroe Doctrine. I was assured it was a British document but England allowed the Americans to claim it since both countries interests were served. That teacher was challenging and very interesting. Everything she taught us had to be recorded into little booklets with bottled ink and pen-no ball points-for future study. The lectures were memorable and I did well.

In English there was literature and composition so we wrote essays. There were no lessons in grammar. We read *The Count of Monte Cristo*. The teacher was Welsh and I could not understand a word she said, nor could she understand me. A student translated for us. Miss Jones requested that I read aloud daily in my southern accent. I do **not** like to read in front of any class so one day after reading aloud, I closed my book, said, "No more". I sat down. That was the end of my oral performance. I did enjoy *The Count of Monte Cristo*.

The too challenging courses were beyond me. I had studied Latin only one year. My Dad got me a tutor who tried to teach me with different texts which meant different vocabulary. I never accumulated enough vocabulary to be a successful student of Latin. That tutor grabbed my hand and his ruler one day in an attempt to rap my knuckles. In American indignation, I glared at him and withdrew my hand. He did not persist! I got crib notes for *Caesar's Gallic Wars* in English to learn what I was reading. Needless to say, I did not pass.

I was also hopelessly lost in Maths with pounds, shillings, crowns and guineas plus meters and centimeters. Since I was in the low group I got the poorest teacher, especially for me, she had a lisp. She talked about rathoos (ratios). In class we had business math on Monday and Friday, geometry on Tuesday, trigonometry on Wednesday, and algebra on Thursday. I had not previous experience with algebra, trigonometry, or geometry. The odds of me being successful were small.

Geography of the British Isles was another overwhelming subject for me. The other students were familiar with the names, terrain, products, and locations of places like; "The Lake District", the Moors, and the White Cliffs of Dover, before that class began. My family as tourists visited, Scotland but that was not enough to pass the class.

Fortunately, I had friends to enjoy in the school. There was Irenie who invited me to her birthday party right after I arrived and her best friend, smiling, happy Valerie, who became my friend as well. They made me feel welcome. Irenie lived in a cold water flat with a tubroom and a WC down the hall. One day at school Irenie came up to me with a big smile and hands outspread, "Look I have not washed my hands or my face in five days". I tried to smile and said nothing. Irenie had her own ways to cope. I was amazed by her and her flat with her single mother. The war years had been hard on them.

One day when I walked to Althea's house I could see her father cranking up his car to get it started. They had a cold house with unlit fireplaces in each room but the kitchen. (We had the only house I ever visited that had central heat.) Althea loved to join me when I got together with the other Americans in the area to play softball. The Americans boys loved tall, slender, athletic Althea as well.

Joan and I walked together to and from school often. Joan was Jewish as were most of the people in our community. These families had escaped from Germany just before the war. I was told that most of these girls' parents did not allow Gentiles into their homes. One weekend Angie was going to have a party. She and the other girls tried to convince me I could pass for Jewish and therefore I should attend

the party. I felt very welcomed and loved by that offer but, I said, “Thank you but not this time”. I had been taught not to impose on others. To go seemed like imposing on Angie’s parents.

One day my mother was not home so I decided that Joan and I should go to my house for coffee sometime in the late morning. It was an opportunity for a break from the school day. Joan and I easily escaped the building and did not consider getting caught. When we returned Miss Riggs met us at the door and declared, “You are truant!”

I with my fingers crossed behind my back asked, “What’s that”? The question must have surprised her for she explained the infraction and that was that. Often the staff was more than fair to me.

Another friend Molly who was very good at art did not pass her exams that June. She had to leave school. That surprised me. I could not imagine leaving school at 16. She was no more mature than I. I wondered how she would manage. We did see each other again; in fact we went to London to visit coffee shops where her new, older friends went. I met a lot of her friends. She attended art school and worked full time.

The play at the end of the year was a special event. With a British sense of humor, I was assigned the minor speaking part of the third citizen in Shakespeare’s *Julius Caesar*. The play went very well and toward the end I in the crowd of Roman citizens, boomed in my southern accent, “Halt, who goes there?” The audience broke into uproarious laughter including us Romans. Everyone thought was a great finale.

In my next new life still in London, I went by bus to Bushy Park, the American dependents’ school. The change of schools was necessary to organize my credits in subjects like algebra I and II and foreign language to guarantee that my high school graduation would be on time when I transferred to a stateside American high school the following year. While there I was invited into the National Honor Society.

The next year I was invited back to the first dance the Girls’ school traditionally offered the girls from my class who were now in the fifth form. Boys from nearby schools were invited. I went to see my friends again. It was a very stiff and formal event. The dance was the two step in a large circle with couples spread out sparsely in the circle around the room. Most of those in attendance stood around the edges and watched. I was disappointed because few of my friends attended the dance. My year in a British Girls’ School was over. I felt lucky I got to attend that school. The people, both teachers and students, made a unique education experience possible for me.

Tony Taylor (58)
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Since most of us at Central High School were military dependents, most likely we had attended numerous schools leading up to the time we were at Bushy Park. I know that some of us had probably been to 12 or more schools all around the world by the time we graduated. One of the schools I had attended in my elementary years was Punahou School in Honolulu, TH (Territory of Hawaii), and there must be more than just a few of us who attended Punahou at one time or another. I know that Kathy (Tibbets) Robinson, a graduating Bushy Park classmate in '58, had attended Punahou several years prior to coming to London.

Punahou has a very active alumni program, including a quarterly glossy alumni magazine, and each year the various classes celebrate major reunions much as is done by universities. I mention this since even though I had not been to Punahou since 4th grade, I have remained on their roles as a member of the Class of '58, and am invited to all of the class reunions, including the 50th last year in Honolulu. I am curious as to whom else who has attended Bushy Park was once a student at Punahou.

As a follow-up question, how many of us attended other Armed Forces Dependents School during our school years? I am sure that most of those who attended a dependent's school elsewhere were either in Germany or Japan. In the second grade, I attended the Pearl Harbor Elementary School, a Navy dependent's school (my classroom in 1947 was in a quonset hut) in Pearl Harbor, TH.

James "Jim" Hartung (60)
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Reading Connie (Newlin) Drennon's article for the November issue brought back wonderful memories! As I recall, in '56 the BBC was the only TV in Britain. Sometime in '57 ITN began commercial programming and British TV changed forever. My family had a TV down in Birchington-on-Sea, Kent (remember the tax one had to pay for even owning a radio or a TV set?), and one of our favorite programs on weekends home from CHS and during the summer was a show called "The 6-5 Special". "The 6-5 Special runnin' down the line; the 6-5 Special runnin' right on time...". One of the acts that they often featured was Lonnie Donegan's Skiffle Group as Connie describes. Another was Willie and the Hand Jive, where the English kids in the small stands at the studio all sat and danced with their hands to the beat of the music. Of course, we "sophisticated" American kids, cutting our teeth on American rock and roll and doo wop, with our faves Little Richard, Fats Domino and Elvis would laugh at this seemingly hokey attempt at "coolness". Little did we know what it was destined to become...the British invasion! A short ten years later, The Beatles, The Animals, The Kinks and a legion of other British bands dominated the rock and roll scene on our side of "the Pond". Thanks for the memories, Connie!

Gary Brown (62)
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Does anyone remember or know the whereabouts of Tom Lorenz. He was a friend in the ninth ('58/'59) grade graduating class at Bushey Hall. I don't know if he attended Bushy Park or not, but would have been class of '62.

I went to his house once and he showed me his father's studio. There were large and intricate western art action illustrations and paintings around the room, with a few in progress. I've always wondered how accomplished his father was with his talent and whether he pursued a career as artist. It would be interesting to see some of his work today, as I remember they were exceptionally well done.

I found a picture that you can add to my previous note about looking for Tom Lorenz. This is the 9th grade class from Bushey Hall on their trip to Paris in 1958 or 1959. The only person I can recognize is Chuck Knowles standing by the tree.

As usual, a lot of parents took the opportunity to come along as well. I remember the guide stopped at a small bakery and a bunch of us guys bought those long skinny bread loaves and were sword fighting with them on the sidewalk. Our guide explained that the French people work all day to afford a loaf of bread and we shouldn't be so frivolous with it (where does their feeling about 'ugly Americans' come from?). Thinking about it now, I believe he was exaggerating just a little.

What are we doing now?

Elizabeth "Liz" (Griffiths) Jackson (62)
ljackson262@msn.com

Being a military brat and living around the world added the travel bug DNA to my composition and I created a career around travel. In my early years I was a travel agent, and became a sales executive for Eastern Airlines, president and part-owner of a sales and marketing company for

luxury hotels. I founded a meeting management company which organizes hundreds of meetings and conventions in the US and worldwide each year. I have been back to London many times since my teen years and the city becomes more global each time…..fewer bowler hats and more nationalities represented. My old neighborhood of St Johns Wood is actually posh now and my old apartment house has added a penthouse level. Change is continual.

I never thought I would stop working full-time and full-force but a surprising health issue woke me up. My heart valves failed which was caused by genetic issues and I had open heart surgery to replace the values. Thank goodness for science! Saved my life but ruined my cleavage. The entire issue opened my eyes to the brevity of life and I decided to only take on consulting assignments I would enjoy and have more time for family and travel.
Some items from my current resume include serving as a mystery shopper at luxury hotels….checking in and anonymously reviewing the hotel for 24 hours. I also work with a large marketing company helping develop new business clients. My business skills are used by a USAID funded organization in assignments in Ghana where I work with women entrepreneurs to help develop their business skills and their advocacy efforts to improve women's rights in Ghana. Lots of pro bono work – helped the Ghana Assn of Women Entrepreneurs find a social responsibility technology partner in the US which built and hosts a web site for them. I brought the Institute of Food Technologists to the role of teaching safe food processing and packaging in Ghana which is now the pilot program for IFT members to train people in the food processing business in developing countries worldwide. I am working on some other West Africa projects and hope to have some more good results by 2010.

My husband and I had one son who is a VP at UBS in DC serving as a financial manager for high-end clients. We have 3 granddaughters living within 15 minutes of us and know how fortunate we are to have family so close. We spend winter in Sarasota, FL; I definitely do not like cold weather. I have kept in touch with several high school friends and see Randy Atwell '61, Fred Clough '61, Fred Sinclair '60, Charles Arnhold '62, Bonnie Fritz '62, Gail Hermansen '62 and Nancy Christie '62. I am always looking to connect with other Bushy Park alumni so let me know if you're in or passing through the DC area or Sarasota in January, February or March. I attached a photo taken of me at a recent women's conference in Ghana so you will recognize me when we meet again….I am very gray.

Letters to the Editor

Marsh (Carver) Thomas (53)
TxStarmt@aol.com

Hi Gary.....still enjoying your newsy newsletters and stories from the past. One of these days I'll get around to finishing mine! I have come into possession of a 1954 annual published for the high schools of Germany and France. Its in good shape and quite heavy and also very interesting. BP, as I recall. had only a paper annual for its first year but this one is nicely bound. I never got one of those because I graduated a mid-term (and didn't know I had won "most talented" until decades later at one of our early reunions!

I will be happy to send it to anyone or any location that might wish to have it for posterity. I think it must have been in an estate sale in Ft Worth but got to my location in a roundabout way. The name of the person who owned it was REX L. GLEASON, Munich. I would just ask that the one who will get

it reimburse me for mailing expense - this is a really heavy, well-produced book. They can contact me at: TxStarmt@aol.com or 903/665-2310.

Suzanne "Snookie" (Garrison) Mayo (54)
sgmayo54@att.net

Hi Gary,

I certainly enjoyed this last newsletter. So interesting that classmates are finding each other and getting together for mini-reunions. I am sure that there are many more Bushy Park people living quite near me and never know how many times we have passed each other on the freeways or at Safeway.
Thanks again you two.

Lindsay Ervin (60)
chs1958@sbcglobal.net

Hi Gary & Pat,
Congratulations Grandpa!!! Thanks to both of you for the great job you are doing with the newsletter. From reading it, it is amazing how all of us have such fond memories of Bushy Park and how bonded we are to those memories we share will all of our school friends. It was truly a wonderful time we all shared with each other. If I can work it out, I would like to attend the 2010 reunion in Las Vegas. Thanks again for all of your work.

Greer (Sells) Conrad (61)
greer.gsc@juno.com

I realized that I made a terrible mistake in my bit of news. I spelled Edna Leigh's last name Lee. Curses, big mistake. She was a stickler for spelling. Please apologize to all of her students that loved and feared her for me.

Susan (Dalberg) Miller (62)
wolfpaw81@aol.com

Greetings Bushities: In the newsletter a few months ago (that was posted on line rather than Pat sending out), I had asked if there were 'brats' who experienced a lot (seemingly more than normal) of illness in their families.

Remember, a lot of us lived on bases where every Friday we got doused with malithion (sp?) and other pest/weed control substances. We were never told to stay indoorsJ At any rate, I was curious if Brats and families seemed to have higher incidents of TB and/or cancer than other families. My dad had TB in 51, mother in 61 (which was the reason we had to leave High Wycombe and return stateside) and I had it in 81. Mother died of cancer in 72, daddy already had COPD, I had breast cancer in 2000. (The Stillson family, that we lost two of in May, had several bouts of cancer.)

Just wondering if there was any others who had wondered and how far off "normal range" statistical research we'd be if someone did a comparison with folks living in the same town without bases for most their life. NOTE—to the one woman who replied, I've lost your email, appreciate your input and sharing your family health similarities. Maybe if we put it out there again in print, we'll get more replies.

Any folks who love to do statistical gathering in our group? As I recall in college, taking statistics was the closest I came to a nervous breakdown—so any takers? J

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