Bushy Tales

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

Issue #1 **January 2010** **Volume #9**

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

Class Representatives

1953 - Jackie (Brown) Kenny
JKYKNY@aol.com

1954 – Betsy (Neff) Cote
betsycote@verizon.net

1955 – Nancie (Anderson) Weber
nancieT@verizon.net

1956 - Edie (Williams) Wingate
WingW@aol.com

1957 –Shirley (Huff) Dulski
shuffy2@msn.com

1958 – Pat (Terpening) Owen
CHS1958@sbcglobal.net

1959 – John "Mike" Hall
MGHall@Q.com

1960 - Ren Briggs
rpbjr@frontiernet.net

1961 - Betsy (Schley) Slepetz
bslepetz@comcast.net

1962 - Dona (Hale) Ritchie
DonaRitchi@aol.com

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:

Richard Stillwagon (57)
stlwgn@att.net

Gary Culp (58)
gculp@ix.netcom.com

Susan and I completed our move to Arkansas in Jul & Aug. We love it here on our 10+ acre mountaintop overlooking a beautiful valley in the Boston Mountains of Northwest Arkansas. We call our place Tara on the Mountain, derived from the colonial style of our home with its 4 large columns covering 2 stories. It was an active horse farm, complete with several pastures, lots of woods, 30 by 50 ft horse barn, loafing shed, etc. We're not "horse people," but will maintain it as a viable horse farm for future owners (hopefully many years from now).

We've been really busy trying to get unpacked, settled in, improving home/land, enjoying local family, and getting involved in volunteer activities. Susan has published her first book, and has had several book signings. She's also finished a complete draft of her second novel--both books with lots of people and dog humor. I did our final editing, and have been helping promote her book. I haven't retired, but consulting has been slow for several years. Have bag, will travel should duty call! Meanwhile I'm having fun doing lots of other things.

You are all very welcome to visit us. We have lots of space--and our "motel" has an affordable price--just the cost of good friendship, food, drink and conversation. So get your wheels rolling and come see us sometime.

Here's our new contact info:

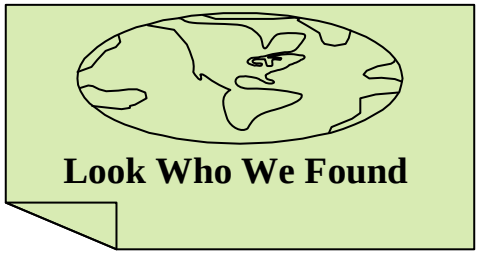
Physical Address: 16290 S. Highway 170,
West Fork, AR 72774-9612

Mailing address: P.O. Box 1209,
West Fork, AR 72774-1209

Home phone: 479 839-2696
Gary's cell phone: 562 252-5904
Gary's e-mail: gculp@ix.netcom.com
Susan's e-mail: susansfrogs@yahoo.com

(Editors Note: If anyone knows of birthdays coming up in February please send the name(s) no later than the 20th of January so I can get them in the February issue.)

January 1st.
Nancie (Anderson) Weber (55)



William Gates (60) no picture available.
wpg2007@rainbowtel.net

Memories of Bushy

Diane Helen (Lathrop) Zumwalt (56) no picture available.
dhzumwaltdorsey@cox.net

Reading the last issue of the BP Tales put me in mind of my old school days in England, pre-Bushy.

We went over on the Rose in June which was not too bad, but we came home on the Rose (again) in mid-December. We were horribly sick like everyone else on board including the young APs policing the halls and being sick into their helmets (poor guys).

We could see ice bergs in the distant and of course, we had Titanic on our minds when we could stop barfing long enough. I have to share a story with you: the last day as we steamed into New York Harbor, we nearly hit a tanker and the crew threw the Rose into reverse. It was so violent that lots of people (me included) were thrown out of bed and onto the floor. It was lots worse for those who were sleeping in upper berths (luckily, I was on the bottom and did not have so far to fall). Thankfully, we missed the tanker which would have been much worse than falling on the floor. Some people were slightly injured (breaks and sprains), but it was an experience I will never forget (and they probably won't either. Life was sometimes exciting for us service Brats, wasn't it?

When we first got to England (via the MSTS "General Maurice Rose,") my parents were in a quandary as to where to send my brother and I to school.

We lived at the time in Hitchin, Herts and my Dad was stationed at Chicksands Priory AFB. Bro and I were not good candidates for the British "Public Schools" as their curriculums were worlds away from what we had been studying in San Antonio, TX (our last post). So Mother decided we should go to private schools and, as the Convent of Sacred Heart was the closest, I was enrolled there (though we were not Catholic). The Sisters were mostly kind to me, but I was treated a bit like the Resident Freak and usually called "Yank" or "American Gel" by the other girls.

Besides having to get used to a "Boy-less" society, I was also less than thrilled to learn that I must wear the school uniform and my blue jeans went into the closet except on weekends. The uniform consisted of a white men's style shirt, Brown tunic (or jumper), gold & brown striped tie, high brown socks and brown heavy shoes and topping off this horrifically unstylish ensemble, a big brown felt hat with an elastic under my chin.

To me, though, the worst part was having to wear brown cotton "knickers!" (I cried when I saw them - to this day, I hate brown and never buy clothes in that color. I was really glad my old friends at Harlendale Jr. High in San Antonio couldn't see me.)

I stumblingly made it through my semester at the Convent, not an easy feat as I had little to no grounding in subjects like 2nd year French (I never had 1st!),"Maths" (including Algebra, Geom and Trig) or English History. (I got into a "spot of trouble" when I stood up in class and when asked about the English Civil War, loudly describing it as a "very Bloody war - which it was!). You could have heard the collective gasp of horror clear to London! I was puzzled as to the uproar until I was informed by most of my classmates that I had "Cursed". I was a pariah for at least a week and I never made that mistake again (at least not at school). Americans and British are reputed to speak the same language, but you can't prove it by me!

I have lots more memories: our life in an English hotel (Really!), experiencing a true English Christmas and others that are coming back to my mind now that I have gotten started, but I'll save it for another time.

Michael Mitchell (61) no picture available.
mmitch1@sbcglobal.net

I have enjoyed Bushy Tales for several years now. Thanks Gary for all your work. In spite of good intentions, I have never gotten around to contributing.

I only attended Bushy Park my sophomore year (1959/60), but I have many great memories of the Long Lounge, fog days, wing outings into London, seemingly endless 5 hour bus rides home every Friday night and back to school again on Sunday – etc. I transferred to Lakenheath H.S. when it opened in the fall of 1960 for my junior and senior years. (Those who attended Central H.S. in the 50s may not be familiar with Lakenheath H.S. It was a brand new school that the USAF built at RAF

Lakenheath for the students who lived in northern England. It was quite a nice change from Bushy Park, but I missed being in London and all the cultural opportunities. At least the bus ride was a lot shorter – only about an hour and a half or two hours. Fortunately, we continued to qualify as dorm students. All the full time students from Prestwick,

Iceland etc. remained at Bushy.) I remember only a very few of my classmates from those days at Bushy, unless they also transferred to Lakenheath. I do, however, enjoy reading other alums stories and remembering similar experiences. Overall, I loved my time in England. I thought it was an exciting adventure that forced me to become more independent. I also established wonderful friendships that have lasted a lifetime. We're like family and get together whenever possible.

What inspired me to write was the contribution from Dee (Davis) Roth in the August edition. She shared her memories of the tragic Christmas 1960 plane crash in Munich that took the lives of many former Bushy Park students. Having lost my good friend, Marjory Karr, in that crash, it warmed my heart to hear about the heroic effort Dee, (as editor-in-chief of the University of Maryland newspaper, The Continental,) made to put out a special edition in honor of the students who died. Coincidentally, at that time, my junior year at Lakenheath, I was taking a journalism class and was sports editor of our school paper. I was a cheerleader and attended all the games, so the class decided that was a good job for me! (I graduated from San Jose State here in California with a major in journalism and published a magazine for several years, so I can really appreciate what Dee accomplished with such a short deadline.)

Even though Marge was a senior at Bushy and I was a sophomore, she took me (the new girl) under her wing, and we were soon good friends. It helped that her family lived in the other half of our duplex on RAF Woodbridge. Our parents were also close friends and our dads actually worked together frequently. You see, her dad, Col. Bill Karr, was the base Staff Judge Advocate and my dad, Major Jack Armstrong, was the Chief of Security and Law Enforcement at RAF Bentwaters and RAF Woodbridge, a joint command. They saw each other in court often!

The summer after Marge graduated we had a great time exploring the English countryside on our bikes. Our bedrooms in the duplex shared a common wall, so we devised a code to tap messages to each other. Marge was the oldest of four children and planned to become a lawyer like her dad. Quite an ambition for a girl in those days! As that wonderful summer drew to a close, we had some unexpected news. Marge's mother, Beulah, announced that she was expecting a fifth child. I can still hear Marge saying, "Can you imagine my mother pregnant again at her age?" Marge wasn't upset, just very surprised. Of course, we thought our parents were old! (My mom was close to turning 35 and Beulah wasn't much older!)

I missed Marge when she went off to Munich, but I had a new school to experience (Lakenheath) and lots to keep me busy. I can remember being very excited the day Marge's parents left for London to pick her up for the Christmas holidays. (I didn't know until my mother, Prue Armstrong, told me on Christmas Day, but she and Beulah had gone shopping at the BX together and gotten Marge and me the same gift for Christmas. It was, for those days, a very nice little portable stereo. I will never forget that Marge never received that gift.)

As I anxiously awaited Marge's arrival that day, I decided to make some Christmas cookies to pass the time. I was watching TV from the kitchen as I rolled out the cookies. I can remember having to crane my neck to peer into the "pass-through" to the dining room/living room in our little base house. Suddenly, a news bulletin came on BBC announcing that an American plane had crashed while taking off from Munich. The report gave few details, but somehow, I immediately knew it was Marge's plane. My mom was folding laundry in the bedroom, and I ran to her screaming that Marge's plane had crashed. She kept insisting that I was wrong. (After all, the Karrs were in London picking her up.) Unfortunately, that was not the case and soon the base chaplain arrived next-door to await the Karrs' return. (The plane hit a church steeple and crashed into a trolley car right in the

heart of Munich. All the people in and nearby the trolley were also killed. I understand that there is a memorial of at that spot today.)

This was the first tragedy that I had ever experienced in my young life. I was shattered! In the years since, there have been other tragedies to endure; however, sharing the shock and grief of Marge's death, along with my family and the Karrs, had a huge affect on my life. To this day, I feel so sad that Marge and all those who died that day were never able to live their lives and fulfill their dreams. Marge would have been a fantastic lawyer! Needless to say, every year when the holiday season arrives, it brings with it the lingering memories of that horrible Christmas of 1960.

The Air Force immediately sent the Karrs back to the States to the base of their choosing, so they could be close to family. They went to Tinker AFB in Oklahoma – (their home state.) I remember that everything happened very fast. We all continued on with our lives and our families remained friends with many visits over the years. Coincidentally, I ended up at the University of Oklahoma for my freshman year of college. It was great having the Karrs nearby, since my dad was stationed at Griffiss AFB in Rome, New York!

After college, I lived in Vail, Colorado for twenty years. The Karrs had retired in Denver, so I saw them frequently. I also watched their youngest daughter, Sally, grow up. (She is that fifth child that Beulah was expecting when Marge died. - God works in mysterious ways.) I even attended Sally's wedding and have stayed in touch with her at Christmas. Unfortunately, my folks are gone now, and I haven't heard from the Karrs in a couple of years. I understand that they are in failing health. The last time I saw them was six years ago, when I was in Denver. As always, one of the first things I did was climb the stairs to their bedroom and say "hi" to Marge. The beautiful, large, color portrait of her was still hanging in the same place of honor, high on the wall across from their bed looking down at me.

Reunion Information

Renold Briggs (60)
rpbjr@frontiernet.net

Bushy Park, Central High Gathering 2010
Celebrating The Class of 59 and 60
50th Anniversary

It does not seem like 50 years has past since we walked the halls of Central High School in southwest London. But it has even if it feels like yesterday.

Mike Hall (the class of 59 rep.) and Ren Briggs (class of 60 rep) are working on putting on the Gathering 2010 together. Although our theme will be celebrating the class of 59 and 60, 50th anniversary like all Gatherings it is open to all Bushy Park Central High Classes members from 1953 to 1962.

In the past our Gatherings are in month of October. Because of the 50th Anniversary for the two classes, we are moving it up to the first week of May 2010. At this date we have not made a commitment to final dates and location. This notice is for you to mark your calendars for that first week in May. We hope to have all the information out by mid September or earlier.

For those who have attended our Gatherings in the past know what an outstanding time we have. We hope this will be our biggest and best Gathering.

Every student on the master list will receive an invitation via e/mail or slow mail. The information will also be in the News Letter.

If you have never attended a Gathering in the past or have not attended one for some time, *DO NOT MISS THIS ONE*

Mini Reunions

This and That

From: Margee Cannon, Grover Cannon's (Coach) daughter. My 87 year old father had a stroke in August and is now currently living in a skilled nursing facility. He is alert and able to get himself around, by wheelchair, on his own. My husband, Brad, and I had him over to our house for Thanksgiving and get him out as much as possible. It does not appear that he will be moving back to Heather Gardens both for safety and medical reasons. His current address, and direct phone number in his room are as follows:

Shalom Park, Room 230
14800 East Belleview Place
Aurora, CO 80015
(303) 699-4381

Unfortunately my father currently does not have access to a computer or his WebTV at Shalom Park, so the only way to communicate with him is by traditional mail or telephone. Though he's disappointed he won't be living independently anymore, he seems to be accepting of the circumstances. You are welcome to contact me at madacannon@comcast.net if you wish. Brad and I will be shutting off my father's WebTV soon, and wanted to let you know why.

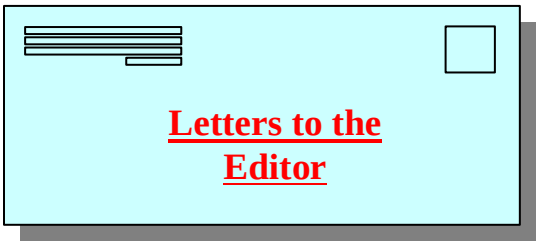
Thank you and Happy Holidays!
Margee Cannon and Brad Pierce
4804 South Eagle Circle
Aurora, CO 80015
303-750-2653

Carol (Albert) Yacovone (57)
CYaco149@aol.com

I just thought this was quite a wonderful story to share. I recently received a very colorful photo of my wonderful art teacher from CHS days and her husband dressed very colorfully as usual and commented on their attire. Her response was that her brother was the creator of Jams World. A very popular clothing item found locally in our surf shop in Indialantic and all over the world....So read the history and you will see Gail mentioned there as well.....such a small world and colorful Ms Kelly has as always been a very interesting part of it..for me for sure.....after all, I was the TEACHERS PET, Picture attached

A Brief History of Jams World

What are we doing now?



WIT AND WISDOM - MILITARY SOURCES

"A slipping gear could let your M203 grenade launcherfire when you least expect it. That would make you quite unpopular in what's left of your unit."
Army's magazine of preventive maintenance.

"When the pin is pulled, Mr. Grenade is not our friend."

U.S. Marine Corps

"If the enemy is in range, so are you."

Infantry Journal

"It is generally inadvisable to eject directly over the area you just bombed."

U.S. Air Force Manual

"Whoever said the pen is mightier than the sword
obviously never encountered automatic weapons."

General MacArthur

"Try to look unimportant; they may be low on ammo."

Infantry Journal

"You, you, and you ... Panic. The rest of you, come with me

U.S. Marine Corps Gunnery Sgt.

"Tracers work both ways."

U.S. Army Ordnance

"Five second fuses only last three seconds."

Infantry Journal

"Don't ever be the first, don't ever be the last, and don't ever volunteer to do anything."

U.S. Navy Swabbie

"Bravery is being the only one who knows you're afraid."

David Hackworth

"If your attack is going too well, you're walking into an ambush."
Infantry Journal

"No combat-ready unit has ever passed inspection."

Joe Gay

"Any ship can be a minesweeper. Once."

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