Bushy Tales

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

Issue #3 **May 2010** **Volume #10**

Gary Schroeder (55), Editor gschroeder4@comcast.net
Visit the Bushy Park Web Site at http://www.bushypark.org/

Class Representatives

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

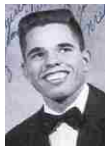
1954 – Betsy (Neff) Cote
betsycote@verizon.net

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:

Joanna (Cotrell) Williams (59)
golfercsw@hotmail.com

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.

Kristen (Ludlow) Ravetz (58)

From Tony Taylor (58)
Our classmate and my dear friend, Kristen Ludlow Ravetz, passed away on Wednesday, 31 March. Kris had been seriously ill since late last summer. I had been in touch with her frequently, and Gitta and I last visited her in early January. At her request I did not notify her many friends and classmates from Bushy Park... she was very private that way... but Kris did have many friends and neighbors near their home in the woods on Whidbey Island, Washington.

Gitta and I often visited Kris and her husband, Ted, at their little island home where they raised and married their children, and they in turn would come share lunch or supper with us in home in Redmond, just an hour away. Kris loved her garden... a garden with the freshest of vegetables and the most beautiful of flowers... she once shared some of her iris and day lilies that I still treasure in my garden. Ted and Kris had a small stream-fed pond with great overhanging willows next to their oh-so-neat rustic home which was always full of sunshine and surrounded by singing birds and the occasional deer.

In the spring of 2008 we joined Kris and Ted at their home for a lovely dejeuner to celebrate 50 years since, as high school seniors, Kris, Sandy Johnson, Sandy Kosanke Frantz, Chuck Stewart, and I spent our Easter vacation in Paris. For those who could not be with us, we toasted to their health and called several of them on the phone to share in the celebration. I had brought along a recording of Edith Piaf singing "La Vi en Rose"... we had all gone to the Paris Opera House those many years ago to see "The Little Sparrow" sing on a beautiful spring evening. And it is only fitting that Kris's passing comes just days before Easter... it was Easter that the five of us attended services at Notre Dame in Paris... a memorable occasion.

Ted and their children will be joined by other family members and close friends for the scattering of Kris' ashes overlooking Ebey's Landing near their home... her favorite place to walk and to watch the sun set over the water.

As the sun sets on your life, Dear Kris, we bid you farewell with the fondest of memories. Au revoir.

Memories of Bushy

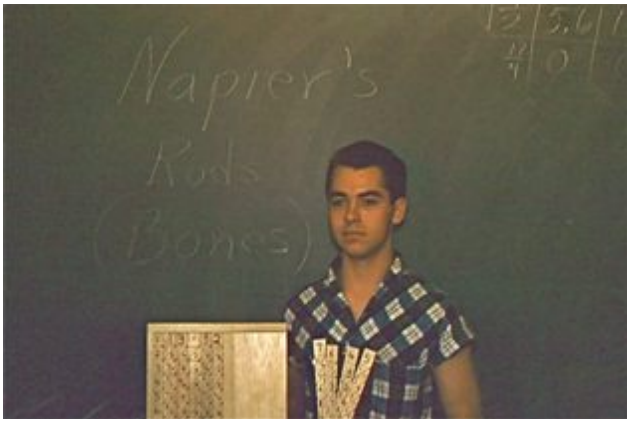
Clifford Gunderson (Faculty)
cliff_gunderson@hotmail.com

I scanned some old slides and found these that I had taken in my math classroom. I sent two to Jim Heck and he thought I should get them into the newsletter.

Here is a link to the photos in my gallery and note that the photos were saved as .tif so hope you can get them.

http://gallery.me.com/cliffordg9#101150

(Editors Note: I have included three of the pictures here. Files were too big to use all of them in this newsletter. Please follow the link above to see the rest of the pictures.)



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

Hello Bettie and Gary - the former Douglas House is now this hotel - right around the corner from my mews.

Park Inn Hyde Park
*www.hyde**park**.**parkinn**.co.uk*
66 Lancaster Gate
London W2 3NZ
020 7262 5090
Underground: Queensway

Take a look at this:
http://www.flipkart.com/douglas-house-gerald-collins/0974562408-0bx3ftn2zc

This is a book by a former Navy chap stationed here about the Douglas House. My son Sean is contacting him to contribute to his next book, Home Bases.
The Columbia Club is also now a hotel - The Columbia Hotel:

Ickenham Park Village - ever heard of it?
http://www.google.co.uk/search?ie=UTF-8&oe=UTF-8&q=ickenham+park+village&btnG=Google+UK

The new 'luxury homes' village on the site of West Ruislip Base which has been demolished. I believe the school is the only building we knew left. Turn, turn, turn - Gail

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Reunion Information

Patricia (Miller) Hodges (55)
pathodges@earthlink.net

BUSHY PARK REUNION
CLASSES OF 1953-56 & Friends
Wilmington, NC; 19-23 September 2010

Several activities have been planned, and some free time has been woven into the schedule. There is so much to see and do in this area, and we have tried to include highlights for everyone to enjoy. A complete schedule of events will be available at registration, but for now:

Sunday night will be the welcoming reception at the hotel. Monday will be a full day of fun, starting with a presentation on the history of Wilmington by a very entertaining tour guide, Mr. Bob Jenkins.

Bob is a Wilmington native and conducts walking tours of the historic district throughout the year. Following his presentation, anyone who wishes to take the tour with him is welcome to do so. At four p.m., Ted Hopkins will give a presentation on a topic of his choice. At our last reunion, he gave a most interesting and informative talk about the sound barrier, so we have asked him to speak to us again. Monday night, after dinner on your own, one of our classmates, Ed Toone '54 and his wife, Bates, are hosting a coffee and dessert get-together at their home. This will give us an opportunity to visit in a casual and homey atmosphere.

Tuesday is an all-day bus tour (9:30 a.m. until about 4:30 p.m.) of the area. We will have a guide to take us to Fort Fisher, the scene of the largest naval battle during the War Between the States; Southport, a delightful little seaport town which is designated to become a major port in North Carolina but which is now fun to visit. We'll have lunch there and then proceed to Brunswick Town, site of the first English settlement on the coast; and finally we will visit the Orton Plantation gardens. The plantation used to produce rice but now has some gorgeous gardens.

On Wednesday a visit is planned to the Battleship North Carolina, right across the river from the hotel. Commissioned in 1941, this battleship participated in every major naval offensive in the Pacific. Throughout this entire time, the total loss of life was 11, which is pretty remarkable. Wednesday night is the banquet - hard to believe that the days will pass so quickly.

Many great restaurants are close to the hotel for times scheduled for "free time". The beach is nearby, too, and maps and recommendations will be available at registration.
Hope you all can come!!

Ruth (Lund) Bethea (55)
rbethea@verizon.net

BUSHY PARK REUNION
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Wilmington, NC; 19-23 September 2010

Reminder:
Hotel reservations may be made directly to the Best Western Coastline Inn

1-800-617-7732

$89 group rate

Reservation cutoff date is **19 August 2010** (and remember, you can cancel within 24 hours of arrival)

Please see the Registration Form

On the last page of this newsletter there will be a registration form for this reunion .

This and That

Leola Joy (Sickler) Heslin (55)
l-j-hwh2736@hotmail.com

Life & Stories of Leola Joy
Loving Music

My parents told me that I started singing at the same time I started talking. I do remember singing in "The Christian Church" as a small child, in Suitland, MD. Also Mom and Dad said I sang around the house a lot.

I remember singing to Mom & Dad on the back porch when I was six years old, in St. Joseph, Missouri, before Dad went overseas. They told me I made up my own songs and danced around the yard as I sang. I remember doing this. I really enjoyed it.

Bea, Johnnie and I went to the movies a lot. The theater was just two blocks away. They showed

a lot of musicals then and I liked them. My favorite star was a Spanish lady Carmen Miranda. She was tall with long black hair that she wore high on top of her head. She wore bright red long dresses trimmed in black lace. She wore three or four inch high heels. She danced and sang. That must be where I learned to do that. I started wanting to be a move star that sang and danced. I asked if I could take dance lessons but Mom told me she didn't have the money for that.

One time Mom bought home some airmen to have Thanksgiving Dinner with us. One of the men could tap dance and he showed us what he could do. He then worked with me and I tried to learn to tap dance. I was taken with that but again there was no money for that.

When I started school in 1942 the teacher didn't like the military children. She said they took away from the local children. In those days the military didn't give the schools pay for teaching their children. So she put us all in the back of the room. We were not allowed to open our mouths to answer any questions. We were not given books to read or paper to write on. We were expected to sit and do nothing. One day she had the children sing some songs. I started singing with them. She walked over to me and slapped me. She told me that I had an ugly voice and should never open my mouth and sing as no one liked the sound of my voice. Well as a six year old I believed her and I stopped singing. I failed first grade. I didn't learn a thing. The next year wasn't much better. But by then Mom and the teachers started to believe I was mentally retarded. They passed me to second grad and I had a nice teacher who tried to help me. But by then I had become so verbally mistreated that she couldn't reach me.

In 1946 we moved to Palm Beach, Florida. Dad had come home from the war and was reassigned there. They put me in third grade, I was nine years old. The teacher wasn't very nice. She decided that I needed to sing "Oh! Susana" to the class, by myself before I would be allowed to sit at a desk. I had no idea how to sing that song. I had never heard it sung. I was an introvert and was quite afraid that if I did sing she would get mad at me because I had such an ugly voice. Then I knew the

children would make fun of me. So my only alternative was to stand next to the teacher's desk all day long. I thought that she would let me sit down the next day, but no such luck for me. There I was standing by her desk for another long day. Recess wasn't any better. I hid behind a palm tree and cried. The third day my brother and his new friend saw me crying and asked me what was wrong. I told them and both boys couldn't believe it. But the new boy said he knew the song and would help me learn to sing it. The next day before leaving for school I prayed to Jesus that he would help me sing the song right. I went into the class room with confidence and told the teacher that I could sing the song now. I stood next to the teacher's desk and sang as loud as I could. She told me I could take the desk in the back of the room. The rest of the year I tried to be as nice and quite as I could be so that the teacher wouldn't get mad at me and everything would be ok. I failed school again that year but I was thankful that we were moving back to Suitland, Maryland.

We moved back to Suitland, MD. In 1946 and I went to school with some of the children that I had known as a small child. I was ten years old. I was put in the fourth grade. Every day for one hour we had music with a special teacher. I was so shy I wouldn't sing very loud. She was so nice to me and kept telling me that I had a sweet voice. Very soon I was singing normally with the class. Then we started practicing some special songs for a recital. She told me that she wanted me to sing a very high soprano part that would be different from the other children. I learned the parts and was able to sing them. I felt so good about that. I started singing outside in the yard or in the woods when I was alone. I often pretended I was a Star performing on stage. This became my dream.

We moved again in 1947 and they didn't have music classes. It wasn't until I started in Jr. High School in1948 that they had music classes. Mrs. Moorhead was my teacher all though high school. She tried to teach me to play the piano but Mom and Dad didn't think it was worth the money to get me a piano. So I was unable to learn. But she did teach me to keep time with my hand and arms. She often had me lead the class the last four years. She also would have me substitute for an hour or two when she had to go somewhere.

I sang in our Methodist Church Choir with Mom. She helped me learn to read the notes and follow the words. I couldn't read well but when I was in choir I followed Mom a lot. I think I did learn to read some by singing.

Between 1947 – 1954, Mom and I sang in specially formed choirs that sang in Easter Sunrise services. During those times we performed at Arlington National Cemetery, Jefferson Memorial and Lincoln Memorial. One time we sang on the Capitol steps. We also sang in the Washington Cathedral. I loved doing this even though we had to be there by five AM and it took us and hour or more to get there. We would then attend our regular Church services at ten Am for their Easter services. Dad didn't like going to Church on Easter or Christmas. He said he liked to leave the seats for the heathens to sit in as that was the only time that they went to Church.

In High School I sang in State Choir in 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th & 11th grades. The first two years I went to Baltimore for practices, I lost my voice so I was unable to sing at the performance. Mrs. Moorhead talked to me about that the third year. She told me that I tried too hard. So she didn't want me to use my voice at the practices. I was to mouth the words and listen to the other singers next to me so I could learn how to sing the songs. It worked. I was able to sing at the performances after that.

I was in the school Acappella Choir and Glee Clubs. I never sang solo. Mrs. Morehead tried to have me sing solo on stage one time but I froze up. I often sang special parts with the choirs. Mom & Dad came to hear us sing one time and they told me that I sounded really nice.

I know I had a loud voice and I could be heard above all the others singers. Mrs. Moorhead taught me how to control the volume so I wouldn't over power the other singers. She told me to listen to the persons next to me and if I couldn't hear them I was singing to loud.

We moved in October 1954 of my senior year to England. The school music leader had already chosen all the singer for the groups and told me that I wouldn't be able to join them, so I just left without a protest. I met a boy two years younger than myself on our school bus. The last month of school (April or May. His name was John Strand.) We often sang on the bus so he thought I could sing solos. He asked me if I would come to his house and sing with him. I did and really enjoyed it. He played a guitar. After a month or so he told me he had set up for us to play at a Cricket Club outside of London. I was excited and was looking forward to doing that. I'm not saying I wasn't nervous, I was. Two nights before the show I asked my Mom and Dad to listen to me. I wanted to know if I was okay. After I sang the first song they both clapped and told me I was very good. Then Mom started telling me things I could do to help my performance. Mom had done a lot of singing and as a child I often went with her. So I knew she knew what to do. She had sung in an opera in college and once she sang with Tommy Dorsey's band in Washington, DC. I was with her then and she sang really well. I knew she could have been a great singer given the chance when she was younger.

The night of the performance I was very happy. Mom, Dad, Gloria and Tom Bogle came to watch. When I got on stage I just took over. I felt confident. After singing the first song (Frankie and Johnnie Were Lovers) I started shaking. Everyone started clapping and yelling "Bravo!!" I stood there for a while then started to leave the stage when everyone started yelling "More! More!" John looked at me and said sing "

John started playing and I started singing the other song we practiced. ("Harbor Lights".) When I sang the chorus I sang it as if I was trying to break a glass. The notes were just right and everyone clapped that encouraged me and as I continued to sing with more confidence than I ever had sung.

When I got done everyone stood up yelling for more. But I was shaking and feeling weak. I ran off stage. John followed. He took one look at me and put his guitar down and ran to me. By then Mom, Dad, Gloria and Tom were coming to me. I started crying. I was a mess. But it felt so good. It's hard to describe just how I felt but I knew I wanted to sing again.

It was two weeks later that John called and asked if I wanted to sing at a school dance. I did, and it was rewarding, even though the kids didn't respond as they did at the Cricket Club. Tom and I were talking marriage by this time and I knew I had to make a choice. Did I want to be a star, which would take me from my family a lot, or did I want to be a wife and mother. I chose to be a wife and a mother. No regrets!

Life went on and the only place I sang was in Church. I was never asked to sing a solo and I was still a little shy about asking if I could sing solo. So I didn't sing solo till 1967 when we lived in Burkburnett, TX. I sang in sacrament "I Stand All Amazed". I have sung in church a number of times since. I do have a loud voice and I never needed a mike to carry my voice all the way to the back and even outside.

In 1966 we moved to Anchorage, Alaska. I was working in the PTA and was enjoying it. Come December they wanted to have a Christmas program put on by the children in all the classes. A group of us wrote it up and I was asked to direct it.

Each class sang a song and acted out the parts to tell the story of Jesus birth. It was a nice show. I lead the children in their songs as there wasn't a music teacher. I didn't think much about it. It seemed normal for me to do this as I worked in Sunday Schools with lots of pre-school children to learn these songs. I didn't realize that I was doing anything special. By this time in my life, my first husband Tom Bogle had convinced me that I couldn't do anything. There again I believed him as I did my first grade teacher. The next summer in August I had found the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints" and my four older boys and I joined. Within a month Bishop Dickey called me to his office for an interview. He asked me to except a call to direct music in Sr. Sunday School. I told him I didn't know how to direct music and I couldn't read music. He told me that he had seen me direct the Christmas play and I did very well. So I accepted the call and began serving as a music leader in the Church. I worked hard at it and soon found out I could do it. As the years went by I became better and better at it. I have even directed Church Choir at times. I also have taught others to direct. That has been very rewarding.

In 2000 I started losing my voice because of ulcers. I was upset at first and stopped trying to sing. But then I found out that I could sing with a lower voice. But even now there are times I just can't sing.

On March 1, 1999, Pres. Monson was an Apostle for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, was coming to talk at a regional conference in Las Vegas. I was practicing with the choir that was going to be singing in conference. I kept hearing this voice above all the others. I recognized it but it took me a while before I knew whose voice it was, it was my Mother. It was as if she was singing right beside me. It made me feel really good. It also gave me a testimony that she was now singing with the angels in Heaven. Could you ask for more?

The Lord blessed me with this gift and I am sure in my heart that I will be able to use it in my life in the hereafter.

Written By: Leola Joy (Sickler-Bogle) Heslin

Judy (Risler) Covington (60)
lchs1960@aol.com

I wanted to take this opportunity to say to all the "kids" who will be at the gathering in Las Vegas next month...I can't wait to see you! And to those who will be with us in spirit only...I will miss seeing you! Either way, I hope all of you know how very much you mean to me. You are my family, and you are in my heart always.

If you are planning on attending the gathering, PLEASE bring whatever pictures you can...of yourself, your family, anything from Bushy Park...

I know we'd all like to see and "meet" the loved ones in your life.

Letters to the Editor

Ellis Edward Young (59)
eyoungf64@cox.net

Let's ask from the newsletter readers, comments about the teachers from Bushy Park. Their whereabouts and current disposition.

OR

Updates about Bushy Park former students and their current activities.

OR

How life at Bushy Park has affected their lives, dreams, hopes.

The newsletter has pretty much exhausted the past remembrances. Maybe future newsletter should focus on the here-and-now. "What's going on in you world"?

An ongoing call for photos from the Bushy days. There must be tons out there. Maybe offer a free scanning service (photos would be returned). I could help here.

(Editors Note: Alright everyone, this is you newsletter so what are your feelings on this, and what would you like to see in it?)

And They Ask Why I Like Retirement !!!

Question: How many days in a week?
Answer: 6 Saturdays, 1 Sunday

Question: When is a retiree's bedtime?
Answer: Three hours after he falls asleep on the couch.

Question: How many retirees to change a light bulb?
Answer: Only one, but it might take all day.

Question: What's the biggest gripe of retirees?
Answer: There is not enough time to get everything done.

Question: Why don't retirees mind being called Seniors?
Answer: The term comes with a 10% discount.

Question: Among retirees what is considered formal attire?
Answer: Tied shoes.

Question: Why do retirees count pennies?
Answer: They are the only ones who have the time.

Question: What is the common term for someone who enjoys work and refuses to retire?
Answer: NUTS!

Question: What do retirees call a long lunch?
Answer: Normal .

Question: What is the best way to describe retirement?
Answer: The never ending Coffee Break.

I've had two bypass surgeries, a hip replacement, new I've sure gotten old! knees, fought prostate cancer and diabetes.

I'm half blind, can't hear anything quieter than a jet engine, take 40 different medications that make me dizzy, winded, and subject to blackouts. Have bouts with dementia. Have poor circulation; hardly feel my hands and feet anymore. Can't remember if I'm 85 or 92. Have lost all my friends. But, thank God, I still have my driver's license.

BUSHY PARK REUNION
CLASSES OF 1953-56 and Friends
Wilmington, NC; 19-23 September 2010
REGISTRATION FORM

Name: _____Class: _____
Address: _____
Telephone: _____ email: _____
Guest: _____ Driving to reunion? Yes No; if yes, how many riders could you assist transporting to two activities? ____

A discussion of the daily plans appears in the information sheet in the newsletter. We hope everyone can participate in all activities, but we need to know for reserving transportation and meal requirements. Thanks!

Per person, except where noted:		**No.**	**Amt.**
Registration fee:	($25)-**class member only; not guest**	1	$25
Sunday night reception:	($10 + open bar)	____	$_____
Monday evening dessert get-together	($5)	____	$_____
Tuesday all-day tour	($45 - lunch additional; all admissions included)	____	$_____
Wednesday battleship tour	($10)	____	$_____

Wednesday night banquet (**Circle choice of entrée* <u>and</u> dessert**)
*(Price includes entrée, salad, dessert, beverage, tax, and gratuity)

Vegetable Linguini	$33		____
Mixed grill (salmon, tuna & large shrimp)	$42		____
Crabcakes	$47		____
Garlic Chicken	$39		____
		Total Meal(s) Cost	$_____
Key Lime Pie			____
Fruit Cobbler			____
		Reunion Grand Total:	$_____

Please mail completed registration form and check **not later than 10 August** to:

Ruth Bethea, '55
7309 Leesville Blvd.
Springfield, VA 22151

NOTE: In the event of a cancellation, refunds are possible for the reception, battleship tour, banquet, and the dessert get-together.

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