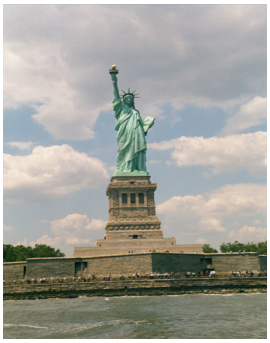
Bushy Tales

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



Issue #8 **November 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

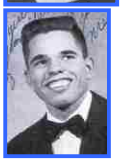
1954 – Betsy (Neff) Cote
betsycote@verizon.net

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

Roster Changes

New Email address:

Julie (Douglas) Roth (58)
mjroth22@tampabay.rr.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.

Raymond J. Walsh (Faculty)

(From Gail Kelly – Faculty.)
Mary (Reagan Walsh) asked Jack Wernette to please pass the news to those who may have known Ray - they married after that first year on the Bushy Faculty - best and love, Gail
----- Original Message -----
Sent: Tuesday, October 19, 2010 8:40 PM
Subject: Ray Walsh

Dear Gail and Bob,

Mary Walsh called last night to say that Ray had died earlier in the day.

The news has indeed saddened us. Ray and Mary have been dear friends of ours for many years. Peg worked with Ray in Japan the year before he married Mary. We were present at two of their four children's christenings, and guests at their daughter's wedding.

For several years after their retirement they spent their winters in our Russell Court flat, wanting to escape the snow and ice of Upstate New York and avail themselves of the cultural activities on offer in London.

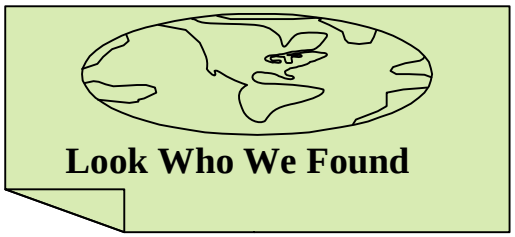
I can never forget that it was in this flat that Ray, having suffered for some time from Parkinson's, collapsed one day while working in the kitchen. All he could remember about it was that "I was doing something with apples." The fall damaged his spinal cord, although this was not diagnosed properly at the time. Ray kept telling the doctors at University College Hospital that he had a severe pain further down his back than in the area of the bruised ribs they were treating. Fortunately, Mary and David - one of their sons, who flew in from New York City when he heard the news - were able to get him home to Monroe before complete paralysis from the waist down set in.

Ray lived in this condition for a number of long years. Although he never complained and always put on a brave face for us, with each visit we could observe his gradual deterioration. At first he was able to use a wheelchair, and he would be his old convivial self at breakfast or at the dining room table. But as time went on, even this became too much for him. Last summer his body had wasted to such an extent that when we left their home in Monroe, buzzing with the activity of grandchildren, we wondered how he was still able to cling to life.

So another link in our chain of old friends has been broken. May he rest in peace.

Robert "Bob" Bailey (56)

Per his wife:
August 12th Bob passed away unexpectedly. He was in the Pine Crest Lake (Sierras) on a backpacking trip when he collapsed ...Upper GI bleed and left coronary artery almist blood. Although CPR was administered by pastor and a church member, he was taken to the hospital, he did not make it.



Linda (Sparks) Seeburger (56)
lseeb@cox.net
Linda (Sparks) Seeburger
4019 Calle Lisa
San Clemente, Ca 92672

James Field (61)
jfield11@cox.net

Doyle Dudley (62) (No picture available)
dddudley@windstream.net
2175 NC 108 Hwy E
Columbus NC 28722

Reunion Information

Dianne (Pendergrass) Hopkins (55)
Dhopkins400@peoplepc.com

The reunion is over. We planned, we talked, e-mailed, and had a working vacation last year in Wilmington. We also gained a new perspective on our reunions. It enlightened us on how much effort it takes to put a reunion together. Thank you to all the friends organizing the reunions that came before ours.

We had a terrific time touring the Cape Fear River area on the bus with historian Jack Fryar; being entertained by Ted Hopkins with two of his lectures (*The Speed, Excitement & Rapture of Flight* (including his first meeting with Chuck Yeager) *and What Really Happened at the OK Corral*). What a treat to have homemade desserts and drinks with Ed and Bates Toone. How gracious of them to invite us all to their lovely home.

We can't forget our lecture from a local guest speaker, Bob Jenkins, on the history of Wilmington and the importance of the pine tree. No napping for you during his animated lecture, which ended in a standing ovation for Bob. We also had a trip to the beach with an added attraction of a hunt for shark

teeth by Pat. Thanks to Ruth, after all of our searching for the perfect hotel, for finding the Coastline Inn right on the Cape Fear River; thanks to Pat for suggesting the perfect city; and thanks to Fred Times for the perfect night cap on the dock.

The reunion ended with a wonderful banquet on the river at the Pilot House, Pat's favorite Wilmington restaurant. The weather was fantastic, but most of all, our Bushy Park family made the reunion an enjoyable success. With fond memories for the scrapbook from Wilmington, we look forward to the next reunion in two years. See you all then.

Organizers:

Ruth Lund Bethea (rbethea@verizon.net
Pat Miller Hodges (pathodges@earthlink.net)
Dianne Pendergrass Hopkins
(dhopkins400@peoplepc.com)

What are we doing now?

Lyn (Peterson) Stinnett (58)
roverlyn@yahoo.com

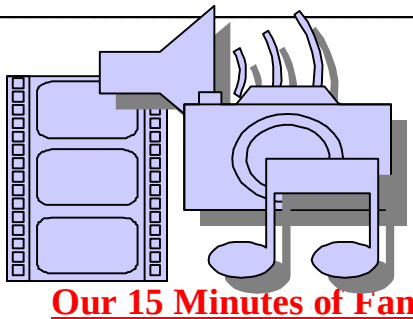
I was so sorry to have missed the reunion...wasn't able to get there from Indonesia!

I accepted a six month contract from the Government to go to Indonesia as an Expert Consultant! (How about that!) and assist in starting up the country for the Peace Corps. I was able to get a medical unit up and working, hired and trained a MD and RN then left just as the six months ended...what a lot of work that was.

No sooner got back to Arizona to rest up when they sent me here to Togo, Africa for several months. The permanent medical provider was called to another country to assist long term, so I am sitting in for her/or her replacement. No more two year contracts for me. These short 2-6 month assignments are just enough.

I should be home sometime in November.
I missed another Arizona summer so am in the rainy season here. Now the streets are covered with wet sand rather than dry...rather poor country but nice enough.

Keep in touch and have a lovely fall/winter! Best, PS Retirement? Not likely!! *(Note from Pat Owen (58) For those who aren't aware, Lyn is a Physician's Assistant and travels all over the world and works primarily with the Peace Corps. At the last "Gathering" in 2008, she traveled all the way from Mongolia to join us for the Class of 1958's 50th reunion.*



Our 15 Minutes of Fame

Are there any other classmates who've been on national TV, on the radio or in the movies? Let us hear from you.

Jerry L Berry (55)
memnosine@hotmail.com

You asked in the October edition for inputs from Bobcats in re "Fifteen minutes of Fame', movies, TV, radio. How about 15 seconds, eight bars, of ad lib sax solo on YouTube? Amateur band, amateur cameraman, amateur soloist, but there I am, still blowing the horn. Better than when I was in High school (but alas, not better than in college). But then I never played jazz in college, and would never have been able to improvise, having no idea what a blues change is anyway. Mr. McMillan, the concert band director, expected his saxophone section (I played baritone in college, alto now; not enough air to blow the big horn) to play it as written; no ad libs, no wrong notes, etc.

Look for me at 43 seconds into this cut. The band is the Mile High Community Band, based in Edgewater, Colorado. This cut is from the First Annual Colorado Community Band Festival; a half dozen or so bands came and played from noon until about seven PM. We all had lots of fun and made music that varied from pretty good to pretty pathetic. This piece is "Bossa Madeira", the URL is:
http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DHYpos0ESyE

I'm the old guy with the beard from 43 to 59 seconds. Yes, my eyes are closed; I'm making it up as I go along. Be kind; I may never be on YouTube again!

Gary Schroeder (55)
Gschroeder4@comcast.net

I guess you could say I had about 45 minutes to 1 hour of fame. ☺ It all started shortly after we arrived in England and had to go to English Schools because Bushy Park wasn't opened yet.

The Father of one of the English "blokes" Jeff that my brother Rick (55) and I went to school with worked as an extra in a lot of English movies and asked us if we would like to go along one day to watch a movie being made. I can't remember if Rick went with us or not. When we got there they were shooting a movie with Scott Brady as the Star. During one of the breaks Jeff's dad introduced us to Scott and when he asked where we were from we told him Buffalo, New York. He talked with us for about 20 minutes.

Some time later Shelley Winters, John Ireland, Jack Elum were in London for something, I don't remember what, but my parents took us to some kind of dance (may have been USO) and we got to meet all of them. Best part of that was when I got to dance with Shelley Winters, and she was a knock out back then. What a great memory!

Another time and I don't remember just when (dates are getting harder to remember all the time) Ava Gardner was at South Ruislip and I got to be one of her escorts for a day. When it was all over she gave me an 8 by 10 picture of her from one of her movies and signed it "To Gary my very special escort, Love Ava". Needless to say, at 17 I was in love and she remained my favorite Actress until she died.

Now the above three instances were not 15 minutes of fame but they sure gave me some very special memories that have lasted all life long.

Now comes the 15 minutes of fame.

While stationed at Clark AFB in the Philippine Islands my unit was asked if we would like to work as extras in a movie that was being shot on the base. The movie was "Merrell's Marauders" with Jeff Chandler. We had to do it on our off hours and we would not be paid but would be able to attend the party that was to be given upon completion of the movie. As it turned out it was Jeff Chandler's last movie before he died.

We were in all the battle scenes and in two of them if you know where to look you can see me. The first on is when we are charging up a hill to capture a Japanese position. If you look on the left side of the screen you can see me being bayoneted in the stomach. That should end my 15 minutes of fame but just to prove how resilient I am if you look close on the right side of the screen 4 and ½ minutes later when we are jumping into a ditch you can see me again. I must be a fast healer. ☺ We all had several occasions to talk and eat on lunch breaks with the

actors and had a great time at the party after the movie was completed.

My next experience of 15 minutes of fame came two years later when on a TDY trip to Okinawa. This time it was with Tab Hunter staring in I believe the title was “No Man is an Island”. Here again they needed military members to be extras for the battle scenes. I have watched the movie several times and can see myself but only because I knew where to look. Most of the scenes are shot from far away and it is hard to recognize anyone except the main stars of the movie. With helmets on we all look alike. ☺

Well that ends my 15 minutes of fame. Lets hear from some of you about yours.

Sherry (Cheryl) Burritt Konjura (57)
sherger2@gmail.com

I was living in Tennessee and my parents were across the country in Los Angeles County, California. They had never had the chance to see their 1st two grandchildren, my boys Craig age 3 and Eric age 8 months. I was watching the TV program IT COULD BE YOU one day and thought "they never surprise a man", so I sat down and wrote the show telling them all the above and suggesting they surprise my Dad who was stationed there.

Well, lo and behold I got a call and they said they were going to fly me and the boys to California to surprise Dad (and Mom) on the show and pledged me to absolute secrecy. They told my Dad that the Air Force was making a special film for Air Force families and wanted Mom and Dad both to participate with the filming to be a certain day at a TV Studio in Burbank.

When they got to the studio they were told that there was to be a delay in the filming and meantime they could sit in on a taping of the show in the studio - IT COULD BE YOU. In the middle of the show the host asked if there were any Air Force personnel in the audience and Dad raised his hand. He was brought to the stage and the host went through a silly game with him...and then got to the subject at hand...that he was about to meet his grandchildren for the first time. They brought Mom up on stage and had me come out with the two boys. It was a tearful and joyous reunion and I was able to stay there in California with them for the next week. I was given an audio recording or the part of the show involving us, but sadly, it got lost sometime in the past. I do, however, have photos to remember the occasion.

This and That

Gary Baldwin (54)
gbaldwin36@verizon.net

SS United States

A great number of our readers of the Bushy Tales will remember this ship from their personal

experiences crossing the Atlantic on their way to or from England. During the 17 years of her existence, she was used as a troop ship carrying service men and women and their families to and from foreign assignments in Europe from 1952 to 1969.

Sharing the elegant accommodations offered to you who were fortunate enough to be passengers on what is considered to be the gold standard in transatlantic travel by the SS United States Conservancy, were "countless celebrities, including U.S. presidents and first ladies, European royalty, U.S. Military personnel, movie personalities, artists, and captains of international business and industry."

I have been visiting this once great ship from time to time at its current resting place at Philadelphia's isolated Pier 82, slowing weathering away as she awaits the hope of restoration. Through the obvious weathering paint and lack life, her sleek lines and magnificent length will marvel the beholder, even those who have no idea of her legendary performance. I spotted her distinctive twin red, white and blue stacks ten years ago while crossing the Delaware River more than a mile north of the vessel and immediately set a new course to confirm my suspicion. Since that day, I have been intensely interested in her fate and recently participated in group whose speaker represented the SS United States Conservancy, whose mission is to preserve this unique national treasure.

According to Conservancy President Susan Gibbs, granddaughter of William Francis Gibbs, who designed the ship, "under the current plan, the *SS United States* will not return to the high seas. Instead, the Conservancy plans to create a public-private partnership to own and operate the vessel as a stationary attraction" and "to preserve the *SS United States* for generations to come." The SS United States Conservancy wishes continue to educate the nation and the world about the ship's unique role in American history. To learn more about the Conservancy visit their website at http://www.ssunitedstatesconservancy.org. You might also enjoy reading and looking at the photographs in Jack Shaum's great article entitled "The United States Gets a Reprieve" which can be found by copying the following link into your browser: http://www.sshsa.org/files/SSHSA%208-Page%20Promo%20Booklet.pdf In Mr. Shaum's article, he states that "thanks to Philadelphia philanthropist H.F. (Gerry) Lenfest the ship has won a reprieve. Lenfest has agreed to provide up to $5.8 million to allow the SS United States Conservancy to buy the ship from current owners, Norwegian Cruise Line/Genting Hong Kong, and maintain her at her current dock in Philadelphia for up to 20 months while plans for her redevelopment and refurbishing are completed. The Conservancy announced that the Lenfest donation allows it to enter into an exclusive purchase option agreement with the current owners. Under terms of the purchase option the Conservancy has until February 2011 to complete the title transfer and take possession.

I hope you enjoy a look back at this historic vessel.

Gary Schroeder (55)
Gschroeder4@comcast.net

A little over two years ago my wife and I were dealing with a major crisis in our lives with my Stepdaughter. She was a single Mom with two small children and ended up in the hospital with a flesh eating disease that they had no cure for. She spent 52 days in the hospital with the first 18 days being a fight for her life, (they told us the first day they didn't think they could save her). The rest of the time was spent fighting to save her leg. Because she was in the hospital for so long she lost her job and her health insurance. So many of you stepped up with money, prayers and support for her that ii makes me proud and humbled to be a part of such a wonderful and special group of people like all of you. Every time I think about it I get tears in my eyes. I owe you all so much and can never even begin to thank you enough.

I was reminded that it would be a good time to give you all an update on how she is doing. She has since remarried, has a new job and has gone through 3 reconstructive surgeries with two more to go. They had to put off the last two when she became pregnant. On the 28th of September last year she delivered a bouncing baby boy named Jackson.

Jacquie and Jackson

When ever someone asks her about her leg she tells them the story of what happened and how she made it through. She tells them how she knew she had the love and support of her family and friends but experienced something that she never had expected. She tells them *"One day I started to receive cards and letters, most of which contained checks, from people whose names I didn't recognize. When I showed them to my Mom and Gary and asked if they knew any of these people Gary said they were people he had gone to school with in England at a Military Dependents High School. These were people that I did not know, had never met, and may never meet, and yet they were sending me their love, prayers and money. I never knew there were people like that, they must be a very special group of people. They will always have a special place in my heart and prayers. I owe them a debt I can never repay."* I echo her feelings you are a very special group.

Sherry (Cheryl) Burritt Konjura (57)
sherger2@gmail.com

In the last issue Edie Williams Wingate (56) mentioned that she had noticed my mention of Nancy Rumph (58) and wondered if Nancy's brother was Bob Rumph (56). Yes, Edie – Bob is Nancy's brother. We met aboard the General Patch on the way to England and Bob was my boyfriend for a year or so. He escorted me to my first prom - his Junior Prom--a magical night I still remember very well. Bob now lives in Charleston, South Carolina with his wife Paige.

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

Greetings Bushy Brats: I just finished the most awesome book. It's called "The Yokota Officers Club" by Sarah Bird. She is a Brat herself. I was not familiar with her other works, however, rest assured I will be. This book is just a great, insightful look into our lives. Perhaps you will take a trip to the library and enjoy it! Be for warned that in some parts of the book it discusses alcoholism, child abuse. However, that being said, it's the quote below I'd like you to focus on. What a nice thing for Brats to hear.

I want to share a quote which she attributes to "Pat Conroy, from the introduction to Military Brats: Legacies of Childhood Inside the Fortress by Mary Edwards Wertsch"

"I imagined that all of us could meet on some impeccably manicured field, all the military brats, in a gathering so vast that it would be like the assembling of some vivid and undauntable army.

We would come together on this parade ground at dusk, million voiced and articulating our secret anthems of hurt and job. We could praise each other in voices that understand both the magnificence and pain of our transient lives.

In this parade…our fathers would stand at rigid attention. Then they would begin to salute us, one by one, and in that salute, that one sign of recognition, of acknowledgement, they would thank us for the first time. They would be thanking their own children for…enduring a military childhood."

That brought me to tears! Enduring was a perfect word.

Letters to the Editor

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

Hi Gary, Enjoyed all the stories in this issue. Very interesting. Am sure by next issue, a few classmates will have written about the reunion in Wilmington. It was great, sorry you couldn't make it.

Paul Middlebrook (56)
azmiddlebrooks@msn.com

Want to thank you for all your hard work on the new letter...among other things it led to me reuniting with Diane Zumwalt, Lee Gaga and Martha Conner. Also I was married to Joan Mardesich when she died in 1987. All of us were dorm students our freshman & sophomore years. Remember any of us? I do remember you, but we had no classes together so we never really got to know each other. Keep up the good work because I enjoy and look forward to the newsletter each month!

Ellen (Hollingshead) Steele (59)
emsteele@theinsightworks.com

Hi Gary,

I just have to tell you, this issue of the Bushy Newsletter has to be one of the best I have read. I read every one, of course, but this one is so delightful. Loved the letters. I think the students that attended Bushy are so fascinating, likable, and very talented recorders of that time in our history.

Carol (Smith) Benjamin(59)
carolbenjamin@knology.net

Gary,
Great publication! I'm keeping it on my computer so I can read it one more time. Thanks for all you do!

Ron Crowe (64) (No picture available)
roncrowe@pacbell.net

Great newsletter this month Gary. I really enjoyed reading the stories about what people did after

LCHS. I'm trying desperately to get my class, '64, to do the same thing but it's getting more difficult every month. I'm envious of the participation of your group. Keep up the good work.

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