Bushy Tales

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

Issue #4 April 2017 Volume #17

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

CLASS REPRESENTATIVES

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

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

1955 – Volunteer Requested

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

1957 – Shirley (Huff) Dulski
sedulski@gmail.com

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

1959 – John "Mike" Hall
MGHall@Q.com

1960 – Ren Briggs
rpbjr@frontier.net

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

1962 – Dona (Hale) Ritchie
DonaRitchie@aol.com

ROSTER CHANGES

From: Pat Terpening (58) Owen

A little reminder to all –if/when you change your email address, please let Pat Terpening nemoamasa@sbcglobal.net or me know, if you want to continue to receive the newsletter. Too many times we only find out when you send us an email saying you haven't received the newsletter in few months. Thanks, guys.

Classmates Who Have Transferred to the Eternal Duty Station

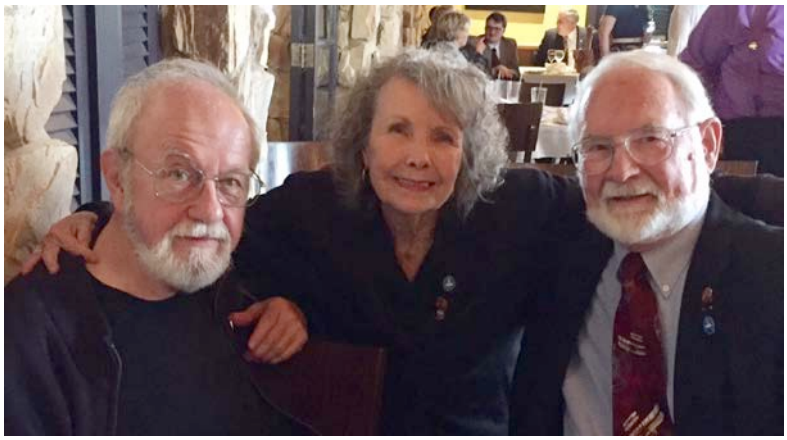
William Cooper (57) 1939 – 2017
Great sendoff for W.W. "Bill" Cooper yesterday with family and friends including three '57 classmates, myself, John Soule, and Sherry (Burritt) Konjura. Sad reason to gather, but we had laughs remembering moments with Bill at CHS. We had a toast to him and at a Maggiano's reception afterwards then tried hanging spoons in his honor, but due to the weight of the soup spoons couldn't keep them on long enough (we did achieve hangs) for a synced photo, so ended up holding them! His kids included the attached as a reminder to all of the "spoons" legacy. My own kids and grandkids hung spoons at dinner last night in his honor, as he had taught them – rather more successfully I'm told than us older folks!

Bill Douglas (57)

John Soule

Sherry Burritt Konjura

Bill Douglas



John Soule Sherry Burritt Bill Douglas

Yesterday (3-7-17) my husband Gerry and I drove down to the DC area to say our final "Good-byes" at the funeral of our dear friend Bill Cooper.

Also from Bushy were John Soule (who flew in from California!), Bill Douglas (with his wife) and Celeste Plitouke (57) Brodigan.

At an informal get-together after the funeral my husband got these shots of John Soule, Bill Douglas and me...one where we hung some spoons in Bill's honor.

I think Bill's spoon was about to slip!

Here is a copy of the Mass Program and Mass card:

Bill would have been thrilled to see so many of us wearing our blue "Team Cooper" pins. This was a sad day for us all, but we know that our Bill is up there flying with the Angels now.
Sherry (Burritt) Konjura '57

By the Way...Bill's daughter, Cecily handed me several of the Mass cards and asked if I would send them to any of Bill's friends who would like to have one. So, if you would like one of the cards, just email me at sherger2@gmail.com. Just in case your email ends up in my "trash" file, *put Request for Mass Card in the subject line and I will know it is a legitimate message and retrieve it from that file.*

Also...is there anyone out there who ever took a photo of the Mural the Art Classes painted on Mr. Thelkeld's Music Room wall? If so, I'd love to have a copy. Thanks!

From: Sherry Burritt (57) Konjura
My husband, Gerry, admired Bill Cooper's poetry so very much, but is also poet himself. The day after Bill passed away, Gerry handed me his homage to Bill:

For Bill

A Wordsmith you were
with your paper anvil
and hammer pen
your tomes made us laugh
cry, smile, think, experience

but most of all
filled us with joy
with your liam stamp

Obviously the heavens
needed a poet laureate

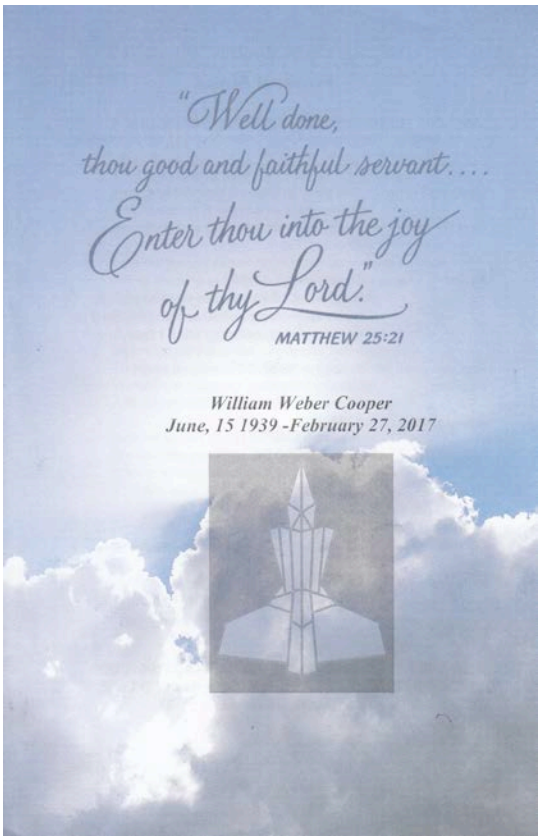
Most obviously we are selfish
needy
and missing a friend
a loved one

Your gift to us is a joy
eternal
which transmogrified us
by your mere presence

We wish you pleasant peace
On your new journey
through an early morning town

Gerry Konjura
2-27-2017

Funeral Mass Program



Funeral Mass

Celebrant: Father Milt
Musicians: Regina and Chris Loffredo and Deb Kijak-Hess

Opening Hymn	The King of Love – Hymn #712
First Reading	From the Book of Wisdom 3:1-9 Reader: Frank Cooper
Psalm	Psalm 23:1-3,4,5,6 Response: **The Lord is my shepherd; there is nothing I shall want. The Lord is my shepherd, nothing shall I fear.**
Second Reading	From the Book of Romans 5:17-21 Reader: Thomas Cooper
Acclamation	#343
Gospel Reading	John 6:51-59
Homily	Father Milt
Prayers of the Faithful	Reader: Kit Cooper Response: "**Lord, hear our prayer**"
Offertory	Gift bearers: Emily Cooper and Kimberly Palace
Holy Holy	#198
Mystery of Faith	**When we eat this bread and drink this cup, we proclaim your death, O Lord, until you come again.**
Great Amen	Response: **Amen**

Our Father	**Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; Thy kingdom come; thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil.** ... (some words by the priest) **For the kingdom, the power, and the glory are yours, Now and forever. Amen.**
Lamb of God	#204
Communion Hymn	I am the Bread of Life – Hymn #945
Eulogy	William (Bill) Charles Cooper II
Invitation to Prayer	Father Milt
Song of Farewell	I Know That My Redeemer Lives – Hymn #527
Closing Hymn	Be Not Afraid #683

The Cooper family would like to thank all for attending. Special thanks to Holy Cross Hospice for the support during these last weeks. Thank you for the support of all his friends at St. Matthias Church and the assistance of Advent Funeral Home.

BURIAL AT CROWNSVILLE VETERAN'S CEMETARY
1:45 PM ~ ALL ARE WELCOME

Crownsville Veteran's Cemetery
1122 Sunrise Beach Road
Crownsville, MD 21032

Memorial Contributions can be made to Holy Cross Hospice

A SILLY VERSE FOR THE EVENING OF MY DEMISE

They'll be hanging spoons all over the world tonight
For a poet who had the habit of doing so.
And I must say it seems both fitting and right
In so far as any memorial gatherings go.

I can tell you for certain he wouldn't have wanted a wake
Full of weeping and somber maunderings and such.
He was ever given to laughter and did not take
To gloom or even seriousness overmuch.

So among the things the participants well might do
To please his ghost, which I've no doubt will be there,
Would be to pause for just a moment or two
And, spoons still in place, offer this simple prayer:

Now let us give thanks for all of the silly stuff,
For harmless persiflage and frivolous good,
Remembering well, as can't be said often enough,
That silly once meant holy, as still it should.

W W Cooper
19 June 2007 aD
And Still Hanging In There

COOPER

WILLIAM W. COOPER "Bill"

William Weber Cooper of Glenn Dale died at home on February 27, 2017. Bill was comforted in his final weeks by all of his nine children, as well as family and friends.

Devoted son, brother, father, grandfather, great-grandfather, Air Force officer, aviator, poet, origami master, NASA employee from the Apollo 7 program to the Space Shuttle and Space Station, proud Vietnam Veteran, patriot and federal government retiree.

Bill attended St. John's College High School in Washington, DC, London Central High School in London, England (1957), St. Thomas College in Minneapolis, and the University of Maryland at College Park (1962).

He is survived by his brother, John; children, Bill, John, Karl, Tom, Kit, Eric, Cecily, Meg and Frank; 18 grandchildren; one great-grandchild; and his longtime companion, Catherine Hardy. A Mass of Christian Burial will be celebrated at 11 a.m. on Tuesday, March 7, 2017. St. Matthias the Apostle Catholic Church, 9475 Annapolis Rd., Lanham, MD 20706. A viewing will be held for one hour before Mass. Burial at 1:45 p.m. on Tuesday, March 7, 2017. Crownsville Veteran's Cemetery, 1122 Sunrise Beach Rd. Crownsville, MD 21032

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to Holy Cross Hospice, 11800 Tech Rd #240, Silver Spring, MD 20904

HYMN FOR THE FALLEN

Come let us sing of those who've been brought low
In that hard fight which goes on to this day,
Who have been bested by the deadly foe
And set the best part of their lives away.

Aye sing we for the lot of us, that we,
The fallen, may find courage, and will all
Arise again as often as need be
From our grave sins, wherein we fail and fall.

W W Cooper
7 June 2016 aD

U2342

Mass Card

†

In Loving Memory

William Weber Cooper

June 15, 1939
February 27, 2017

O GENTLEST Heart of Jesus ever present in the Blessed Sacrament; ever consumed with burning love for the poor captive souls in purgatory, have mercy on the soul of Thy departed servant. Be not severe in Thy Judgement but let some drops of Thy Precious Blood fall upon the devouring flames and do Thou O Merciful Savior send Thy angels to conduct Thy departed servant to a place of refreshment, light and peace. Amen.

May the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen

"The following poem by William Cooper, Class of '57, was read out at the LCHS closing ceremony on 15 May 2007." *

VALEDICTORY – LCHS

Those who hardly know you will now speak praise.
They'll say farewell who lately said hullo.
But they've not known the light of other days
Nor had the gracious chance to love you so.

Thus it must be for all like you who've claimed
So many hearts and new-born dreams that they
Stir up old joys by merely being named.
Not even those you've blessed know what to say.

Yet for true hearts and dreamers even these
Plain words become a magic spell whereby,
Faithful forever to your memories,
All of the bells of London sing and sigh.

W W Cooper
Class of '57

***From the book, "From the Faculty Lounge: Memories of London Central High School", by Sean C. Kelly.**

Bill, noticed today, when looking at the Bushy web site, that fellow classmate and good friend, William Byng Robbins (54), was not listed on the update roster.

Dan Chew, Class of (54)
Bayside, Wisconsin

"William Byng Robbins, 75, of Port Angeles passed away August 8, 2011, of respiratory failure, was born April 20, 1936, in Fairbanks, Alaska, to S.E. Robbins and Virginia Bing.

"Byng," as his loved ones called him, was the son of an aviation pioneer, and he followed that pioneering spirit. Byng worked in Alaska on the North Slope for almost 20 years, in radio, as a mechanic and later as a cartographer. Byng also worked as a radio personality in the 1960s for the Monterey, California, radio station KIDD.

A self-taught sailor, he learned to sail by reading while in his one-man snowmobile in Alaska.

When he left Alaska, he bought a sailboat, practiced sailing in the San Francisco Bay and then sailed solo to Hawaii. He continued sailing through South America for many years.

He was passionate about music, art and political conversation. His sense of humor was exquisite! He was a great friend, uncle, brother, father and grandfather.

Byng is survived by daughter Erin Bresnahan of Colorado Springs, Colorado; sister Diane Jorgenson of Port Angeles; granddaughter Elizabeth Tango of Gunnison, Colorado; and numerous beloved nieces and nephews."

People's Memorial Association is in charge of arrangements. Please visit the website at www.peoplesmemorial.org. Published in "The Peninsula Daily News" on Aug. 19, 2011

CLARENCE ALTON "AL" MARTIN (57) July 27, 1938 – June 19, 2013

Clarence Alton "Al" Martin, age 74, of Center Point, AL. died June 19 at his residence. He is survived by his wife, Fran D. Martin; sons Benjamin Clarence Martin (Gail) and Jeffrey Daryl Martin (Rosy); two daughters, Janice Martin Cook and Jennifer Martin Rief; thirteen grandchildren; two great grandchildren; and sisters, Carolyn Martin Carter and Delores Martin Sims. He was born July 27, 1938 in Shelby County, Alabama, to Benjamin Clarence Martin and Eleanor Seagle Maddox. He is preceded in death by his parents and son, Charles Anthony Martin. Burial at Cedar Grove Cemetery, Maylene, AL - See more at: CLARENCE ALTON MARTIN's Obituary on The Birmingham News

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Memories of Bushy Park

Hi Bill, Another interesting issue. Thank you for encouraging us to write something for you to include in the next issue. So here goes:
We moved to London in June of 1952. For the first two weeks we lived in a flat in Kensington. My brother, Pete, and I had much fun getting to explore what the city had to offer. Pete graduated with the class of 1953.
We then moved into a great house in Northwood, which was closer to South Ruislip, where my father was stationed. My brother and I rode bus 3A everyday and we made lasting friends whom we still see today.
A few years ago, my husband, daughter and I were back in England and we took the Tube from Baker st.to Northwood to try to find our home, which was called "Charnwood". Roads had changed a lot, but we finally found it, knocked on the door, and the owner invited us in. This was after I explained that I had lived there back in the 50's. She insisted on taking us through her home , showing me my bedroom , etc. It was a lovely visit.

Since our first Bushy Park reunion in 1994(our 40th reunion), a few of us have been meeting every 2 or 3 years. We have all tried to attend the reunions of the first 3 year years especially (53, 54, & 55). We decided we are not getting any younger and we have already lost some of our closest classmates and spouses. What we have loved about our "gatherings" is that our spouses are as close to our classmates as we are.

So that's all I have for now, Bill. Guess I was rather long winded.
Thanks again for all you do for us.
Love,
Snookie Suzanne Garrison (54) Mayo

***

I sent an article some time ago but it was never in the newsletter so I probably did it wrong. Pat's mention of Mynai brought back some memories. Mynai was a good friend of mine for many years. She wanted to have me over to her house and I wanted to have her over to mine. My father and grandmother said no and it was so hard for me because I really didn't understand. Then Miss Thaxton, I believe her name was, had a student in her English class stand and tell all of us what was going on in the south. I was so shocked and vowed to myself that I never wanted to be involved in any racial acts. We are all children of God and I have kept that vow. I valued my friendship with Mynai. She was one smart girl and many years later I lost my address book and lost contact with her for many years. Was saddened by her death a few years ago.

Mercedes (Mercy) Kelly Murphy '60

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Hi Bill,

Thanks for carrying the torch for us with the continuation of "Bushy Tales". Here are some memories of life in London in the time period just before Bushy Park opened.

The American Teen Club was an important outlet for many of us. We were all going to English schools but on Sunday afternoons we would gather for fun and games at Winfield House, a mansion on grounds adjacent to Regents Park, vacant at the time but now the home of the American Ambassador. In the warmer weather the guys would play touch football or baseball on the grounds. About one year after we joined the Teen Club the meetings were moved to another place on the property, a building which formerly was a large garage converted to meeting space.

Aside from the Sunday afternoons, we had periodic socials on Friday or Saturday nights and we had a basketball team that played in a league with English teams, including the YMCA, British military and schools. We did not play any US military teams – not sure why not. In that year (1950/1951) we did not lose any games. My older brother. Bill, was our best player. After that year, Bill returned to the US to go to college. At that time basketball in England was like what I imagine it must have been like in the US in the 30s – very physical and not a lot of finesse. Refereeing was not very well advanced! Anyway, we beat everyone.

Toward the end of that season we were asked to play a game at Wembley Arena, preliminary to the Harlem Globetrotters game. The Globetrotters were there for a week-long engagement. I don't remember who we played or the score of our game but I do remember someone telling me that sometime that week during a game the Globetrotters took the ball out of bounds at one end of the court, the player threw the ball the entire length of the court and the ball went right through basket. The English audience was non-plussed by this play – thought it was routine.

One of our players was Richie Lyon son of Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels, the Hollywood stars. The Lyons had been living in London for some time and while we were there put on a very popular weekly radio show on BBC featuring Richie, his older sister, Barbara and their parents. The show was called Life with the Lyons and was prompted by the popular radio show in the US, the Nelsons. The show later went on TV but that was after I was gone. Barbara was 19 when the show went on in 1950, Richie was 16 or 17. By that time Richie was a seasoned actor having already starred in several movies but he was just a regular guy with all of us. Anyway, the Lyon's family show was soon accepted and firmly established as part of the British entertainment scene.

A few times some of us were invited to the show. There were, perhaps about 100 people in the BBC studio. Ben Lyon would come on stage to warm up the audience. Then the whole family would appear in front of microphones with scripts with a sounds effects guy and they would do a live half hour situation comedy. According to what I saw on the internet their show was the first situation comedy in Britain. The Lyons were all very sharp and professional and very funny. Richie and Barbara were active members of the Teen Club although Barbara was there for only a short time.

Standing left to right: Tommy Holland, Harper Keeler, Eddie Warren, me and Sgt. Dull (our coach).
Kneeling: Howard Dull, Wally Chesterfield, Craig Barnes and Danny Dull.

Unfortunately I don't have a picture of the 1950/1951 Teen basketball team but I do have one from the team the next year – this team was even better than the previous one. A few of us went on to be Bushy Park students, including Harper Keeler and Craig Barnes. Our best player was Howard Dull. He had basketball instincts and quickness I had never seen before. His father, Sgt. Dull, was our coach. That year I was "elected" to be the scheduler and manager, as well as player. I don't know how I kept it all together, but I do remember that after at least one game with a British military team we all (both teams) went to the local pub and drank some beer together. Of course, in those days the pubs closed at an early hour (maybe 10:30PM), so we were all able to get home by public transportation (tube or bus). How things have changed!

Bill, thanks again for your leadership.

Bob Lyle
Bushy Park, Class of 1954

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Letters to the Editor

Ron Crowe (64):
Attached is the flyer re: Jerry Donahue (64) benefit. Several of us that live in the Los Angeles area are going and I thought you would like to know about the event. I realize quite a few of you won't be able to attend, but I wanted you to know about the fund raiser.

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Owen – I have become fascinated by your question about a running track on the former Bushy Park Air Force Base. The simple answer is: Yes, a cinder track was built at the base in about 1958-9, and was rumored to have been one of the best running tracks then existent in the south of England. That may or may not have been true, but it is too bad it wasn't preserved when the grounds went back to the Queen's deer.

Before I discuss the base/school further, I want to affirm that you have no idea the extent to which we students at Bushy Park in the 1950s-61 LOVED and still love England. In spite of the extensive remaining war damage and deprivations, and the regular, terrible fogs and rain, England became an important part of each of us, which many still celebrate regularly. It was a magic land to us. This "Bushy Park Bobcat" (John Hoberg, Class of 1961) and my wife (Judy Kirtley, Class of 1963) salute you.

I attach these WWII photos of the base, which I found in a search on Google "Bushy Park Air Force Base Teddington" – "Images," and also found there under "Maps" the Google Earth map you enclosed in your enquiry to the newsletter. North is toward the top.

This is a "close up" of London Central High School which I attended from October 1956 through June, 1961. The administrative (principal's and counselors') offices are at the right end. The central corridor extended between and joined side buildings, each generally with two classrooms, although one of the side buildings (2nd from right top-north??) had the cafeteria, another the library. General Eisenhower's office as SHAEF commander was in one of the two central southern buildings at its south end, marked by a commemorative plaque. I believe it was a typewriting classroom during my time. I believe that the small east-west buildings just south of the high school were bomb shelters. I am told (alas, without personal experience) that some students snuck away from lunch at noon, into the shelters, to do what teenagers do with each other under such circumstances.

This larger picture shows the entire base; most of its roads can still be seen on the Google Earth map. The base was all north of the east/west road between the trees and lagoon at the southeast, which is called Nightingale Lane on the Google Earth map. You see the High School as the whitish buildings near the top center. The similar whitish buildings west of them were there and included, I believe, the base Post Exchange (PX) store and cafeteria, an elementary school, the base chapel, and some Air Force offices for ongoing operations. I believe there was a weather squadron detachment in some of the buildings. Our soccer field, football field and baseball diamond were south and west of these buildings. In between those buildings and the High School was a parade ground, and what is now called the SHAEF Gate on Google Maps was just northwest of the parade

ground. The 36± school buses that daily brought students from throughout the London area to and from school entered that gate – and left by another gate east of the school, which has been bricked up now. There were also many dormitory students who spent all week on the base because their parents were stationed outside of the London area. They lived in some of the black buildings that are near and roughly parallel with the high school buildings – boys to the right of the High School, girls to the left.

I believe that most of the other narrow black and white roofed buildings shown were gone when I got there in 1956. I believe the track was about in the area NNW of the group of trees (remnants of which are on Google Earth) in the area where the thin black roofed buildings are close together and pointing NE. A Quonset Hut (Nissen Hut) was close to the track. It was at first a small gymnasium for physical education classes, and then became a bowling alley about the same time the track was built. East of them were a number of outdoor basketball courts. The above picture is high resolution. When I blow it up to 400%, I think I see just north of the west end of the narrow black buildings Quonset Huts, two of which may have been moved and used for the bowling alley and another as a teen club.

Hey, Bobcats, do any of you have corrections or additions to my descriptions, or any shareable memories? That's about all the tales I have to (should) tell. What a great experience Judy and I had at Bushy Park (although we did not know each other until she came to my college of Ohio Wesleyan University). Central High was a great school with great teachers. Let's keep sharing more of those memories.

John Hoberg (61)

[Editor's Note: I refer you to Owen Delaney's original questions in the February 2017 issue of "Bushy Tales"]

--FINIS--