Bushy Tales

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

Issue #7 July 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

Continuing on with the classes, this month the Class of 1955 is being highlighted. The class of 1955 had 95 classmates, 59 of which have been located and 23 of those are deceased. Not found - 36.

FOUND:

Jerry Lane Berry - CO
Jay Berryman - New Zealand
Marianna Bramlitt Glantzberg - FL
Eleanor Campbell Thomas - CA
Thomas Carroll - DC
Kathleen Casey Sanders - NY
Antony Chapman - CA
Robert Coppa - CA
Phil Creasor - NV
Charles Dayhuff - GA
Robert Dropp - WA
Mary Eaton Fout - CA
Jerrell Ellis - FL
Coralee Guertin Lajoie - MA
Karen Harvey Petroni - NV
Edward Hopkins - AZ
Alice Jackson Wilson - OH
Sue Johnson Orth - FL
Robert Johnston - Email only
David Kremers - WA
Robert Kulesh - CA
Ruth Lund Bethea - VA
Penelope Mele Madison - CA
Patricia Miller Hodges - NC
Thomas Moncrieff, Jr - FL
Victor Nielsen - SD
Donald Peters - NC
Alan Phillips - I have Belgium, but I suspect he's in the US now
Donald Pohl - TX
Richard Schroeder - WV
Jonathan Searles - TX
Leola Sickler Heslin - NV
Henry Speed - OK
Jeanne Thomsen Fleming - CA
Fred Tims - NY
Priscilla Wilder Ambrose - ME

DECEASED

Nancie Anderson Weber
Eleanor Bennett Marlow - Feb 2013
Ferdinand Bidgood - Sep 2015
Joel Wayne Brown
Marilyn Burch Harkey - 2008
Lonnie Campbell
Elaine Coddaire Yurik - Apr 2017
Mary Lou Decoursey
Joyce Ford Williams - 2004
Sharon Johnson Tiglas - Aug 2006
May Arvie Martin St. Bernard - 2012
Deronne Meinecke - Dec 2001
Dianne Pendergrass Hopkins - Feb 2016
Donald Pierce
Lynn Pinneo
Beverly Robinson
Henry "Pete" Rumble – Oct 1997
Gerald Schroeder - 2016
John Tartar
DeWitt Thompson - Oct 2007
Cari Williams
Kirk Williams - 2001
Joseph Wolfe - Oct 2013

STILL LOST - I've written quite a few of these hoping that I'd found the right person (and in some cases I think I have) but there's never been a response back to verify I had the right person.

Anita Anderson
Earl Anderson
Douglas Beach
Ed Benson
Thomas Campbell
Joseph Cox
Kermit R. Day
Edward Garcia
James Grinnell
Mary Jane Grinnell
Pete Hassell
Grace Hoffman
Lura Hurley
Betty Jones
Marion Kimball
Ronald Larson
Angela May
Jacqueline McCloud Dean (husband Dale)
Nancy McNeal
Bonnie McNeeley/McNeely
Merianne/Maryann Meeter
Rober/Robert Michael/S
Warren Morgan
Ellen Nolan
Patsy Jean Pearson
Donald Price
John Shearon
Ray Short
Norman Smith
Joyce Snyder
Robert Stephens
Carol Von Sassenscheid
Krystna Warren
Kay Williams
Joyce Wilson
Earlene Young

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

Elaine M. (Coddaire) (55) Yurik

Kingston, NH: Elaine M. (Coddaire) Yurik, 80, of Kingston, NH, and formerly of Haverhill, MA, died unexpectedly on April 28, 2017, at the Exeter Hospital, Exeter, NH.
Born in Haverhill, MA, the daughter of the late Harvey and Margaret (Trainor) Coddaire, she attended schools in Haverhill and in England. Primarily a housewife and homemaker, she worked also as a seamstress and for the local school lunch program.

She was a member of St. Michael's Parish in Exeter and also attended St. Anne's Church in Hampstead.

A member of the Red Hat Society and an accomplished seamstress, Mrs. Yurik enjoyed making blankets, comforters and quilts. She also enjoyed line dancing, traveling, camping in her R.V., dining out, exploring flea markets and cross country skiing. A devoted grandmother she loved trips to the beach with her grandchildren and walking her dogs. She is survived by her husband of sixty years, U.S. Air Force Master Sgt. (Ret.) James J. Yurik; a son and daughter-in-law, David M. and Cheryl Yurik of Brentwood, NH; a daughter and son-in-law, Michelle L. Hennessey and Edward Harrison of Haverhill, MA; a brother, Robert Coddaire of Michigan; five grandchildren, Cameron Yurik, Alyssa Cook, Christopher Cook, Madison Marriott and Emma Marriott; one great grandson, Hunter and several nieces and nephews.

She was pre-deceased by a brother, Joseph Coddaire and a sister, Joan Coddaire.

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May Arvie Martin (55) St. Bernard September 25, 1936 – January 12, 2012

Arvie M. St. Bernard, 75 of Monroe, MI, died at 5:55 a.m. Thursday at Hickory Ridge of Temperance, MI. She had been in poor health for two years.

Burial was at St. Joseph Cemetery, Monroe, MI.

Born September 25, 1936 in Sealy, Texas, she was the daughter of H.H. and Luvenia (Proctor) Martin. She married John St. Bernard on May 8, 1954, at the Church of the Holy Rood in Swindon, Wiltshire, England. He preceded her in death on November 12, 2003. Arvie was employed at Home Lite Electric and the J.C. Penney Company as a sales clerk. She was a former member of St. Anne Catholic Church, Monroe and the Herb Study Group.

Surviving are her children Michael J. St. Bernard of Monroe, Kevin B. St. Bernard of Toledo, Kim L. St. Bernard of Ann Arbor, Vickie L. (Lawrence) Vanisacker of Newport and Wendy A. (John) Gatwood of Ft. Wayne; seven grandchildren Nikki Bradford, Ashley (Bill) Geyde, Cory Straub, Andrew Straub, Kassi Hall, Nicole (Dean) Reaume and Greg Vanisacker; two great grandchildren Patricia Reaume and Olivia Reaume.

She was preceded in death by her parents and husband

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DeWitt Thompson II (55) [No photo available]

Mr. DeWitt Thompson, II, age 70, of Douglasville, GA passed away Tuesday, October 30, 2007. He was born March 11, 1937 in Washington, DC, son of the late DeWitt and Cleo Elizabeth Spainhauer Thompson. Mr. Thompson was a veteran of the U.S. Air Force. He worked for TW Metals for over 30 years and Hoshizaki American, Inc. for 7 years as Quality Systems Manager. DeWitt loved painting and was a skilled artist. He loved writing and building model ships and cars. He was Presbyterian by faith.

He is survived by his wife Creta Thompson of Douglasville, GA; children, Tracy Thompson, DeWitt Thompson, III, DeAnna Thompson, and MaryAnn Thompson; step-children, Larry Barfield, Danny Barfield, Tracy Barfield, and Terri Blanchard; grandchildren, Adrian O'Bright, Christopher Thompson, Morgan Gehris, Tanya Thompson, April Doty, Brandy Doty, Austin Blanchard, Haley Blanchard, and Cole Blanchard; brother Joe Thompson; niece Kelly Thompson; sister-in-law Pat Thompson.

Memories of Bushy Park

"Tish" Carolyn De Vaughn (56) Floyd

Editor's Note: Tish sent me several of her snapshots of various people at Bushy Park and Teenage Club events from her time there. I am going to put a few in to the newsletter each month. Some are captioned or annotated, others are not. Perhaps you can figure out who these folks are and let me/us know. Here are three more pics:

1955 CHS Basketball Team & Coach Cannon

Judy Blakeney Singing at Prom? Feb '54

Formal Dance TAC 1955?

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Dear Bill,
Please let me introduce myself. I never studied in Bushy Park, although I do have a couple of history textbooks which I rescued when the base was demolished. Since 1957 I have lived in Clarence Road Teddington, a road which many base personnel and students would have taken when they walked to the town, cinema or railway station. When I went to junior school, I was far more familiar with 'Stars and Stripes forever' than 'God save the Queen.' Buy me a drink and I can probably still whistle 'El Capitan' and 'Liberty Bell' too.
I'm writing an article for a local history magazine about transport in Teddington, and I'm trying to pad out the very little information I have about the school links to the camp.
Did the students board in the camp during the week or did some/all go home each night? (I know some of the senior girls lived in a house in Surbiton, as I have a mate who had an affair with one.)
Were they all children of US military personnel, or diplomat's kids go to CHS as well?
I'm really interested in the coaches used to ferry the students around. Were they all USAF? My memory - not what it used to be - makes me think there were civilian firms 'Orange Luxury Coaches' comes to mind.
Please would you ask if anyone has any facts or pictures they could pass on to me.

Two points I would make:
The deal with the Americans always was that the site would revert to parkland, when the 'Yanks' went home.
In a world where governments often fail to keep their promises, they did honour that one, hence the park is a park again.
A few local people wanted to keep the bowling alley in the big Quonset hut, but there was no one to manage it, so that went, too.
On one website, I saw a statement that Bushy Park was a POW camp. Certainly, the area used by the USAAF never was.
German POWs were taken to Kempton Park (a Racecourse) about 5 miles away to be processed. They tended to be quite aggressive and would throw things at local school kids. I remember being told this by a couple of senior school boys, who added that they always had pebbles or railway ballast ready to throw back.

Attached a picture - not taken in Bushy Park - of the type of coaches I think were used.

Regards
Terry Bray

Hello, Terry:

Thanks very much for your email. Here are my responses to your questions:

1. Some students boarded during the week, some came by bus every day. Most who boarded at Bushy Park during the week went home (to their home base) on weekends. I think this is true, I will check. I rode the bus every day from central London.

2. Most of the students were military dependents. Some were dependents of diplomatic personnel or even civilians living and working in the UK. Not sure if they had to be U.S. Department of Defense contractors, or just know somebody. The largest number were USAF dependents, being the largest U.S. military force in the UK at the time. My father was a U.S. Navy captain assigned to the U. S. Embassy as Assistant Naval attaché. Sort of a military diplomat - carried diplomatic passports, which opened a lot of doors/borders.

3. The coaches used were civilian. No military vehicles were used. The photo attached is very similar to the bus I rode daily. Most were similar. I was there from mid-May 1954 through mid-November 1955. There were very few, if any, new coaches available in those days. Most were pre-WWII, as were most other cars and trucks on the road.

With your permission, I will include your email and my response in our next monthly newsletter. We can see what sort of response it elicits. I can include your email address, if you want to have people respond directly to you.

Regards,
Bill

[Editor's Note:

Some additional information provided by Assistant Editor Pat Terpening (56) Owen –
1. I believe we had a few students whose sponsor was stationed in Scotland, so those students only went home on holidays (Thanksgiving, Christmas, etc.) and summer. Think we may have even had one at one time from Norway, but can't confirm that.

2. Some students were dependents of movie personnel filming in the UK.

3. Military buses were used to transport dorm students back and forth on weekends and a few (where there were few students on that particular base) were transported by military staff car.]

Hi Bill,

Thank you for a very comprehensive reply.
You have my full permission to publish my email in the next newsletter.
You a right about the vehicles - England didn't really experience an economic upturn till the early 60's - the MacMillan years of 'You've never had it so good'. Even today, vehicles on school runs tend to be older ones. There is a large pool of high capacity ex-Hong Kong double deckers that do school work on weekdays and rail replacement services at the weekend.

The US did have a small batch of ten new vehicles built specially and they actually had military serial numbers They were classed as exports by the British authorities, as they were too long and

slightly too wide (8' instead of 7'6'') to comply with domestic regulations. I attach a poor picture.
Regards,
Terry Bray

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Letters to the Editor

Bill,
Here is a little something I just wrote for the "Bushy Tales" in response to Kenton Pattie's death. He will be missed by us:

I am saddened to see that my dear friend from Bushy Park, Kenton Pattie, passed in 2016. I would like to share the Kenton I knew over the years.

Kenton and I met at the teen center in the Barbara Hutton Mansion in London where we danced with the other American teens to Glenn Miller by the hours. We both lived near the Golders Green Tube Station in London and we developed a friendship and then both went to Bushy Park in 1954-55 to become 'Americanized' after our time in British Schools. Kenton had spent his whole school history in British Schools, I believe, before Bushy Park.

At Bushy Park, we took history from Mr. Francis and English from Mr. Dickinson. After a wonderful junior year among Americans while in a British environment we went our separate ways; me to Southern California and Kenton to Colorado, I believe. Our paths crossed again in 1963 or 4 when I was a widow with two young sons and was a grad student and a congressional aide to Senator Long. It was wonderful to see an old friend again but our lives were too different to meet often.

The first time I called him, it was his wedding day to Betty. We laughed at my bad timing and I congratulated him before I said goodbye.

Then in 1982 I looked him up and we had lunch and shared our lives with each other. I was teaching in Fairfax County, Va. and he was working hard but worrying about his kids' schooling. The upshot of the conversation was: I wanted to convince him to put his kids in public school for better services from specialists. He did move his kids to public school, because the next I knew Kenton was president of the PTAs in Fairfax County.

At that time, I was the Teacher Leader for Reading Recovery in Fairfax County and needed someone like Kenton to get on the textbook adoption committee. We needed to sway the text book selections to include more readable texts for children in first grade who were not doing well with basal readers. Kenton immediately understood the need. He was ready to help. He asked, " What should I look for..?"

I said, "Just think of your own kids at that age and what they needed and do not give in." He was wonderful! His natural instincts guided him and his stubborn personality surprised the others on the committee and the final selection were rich in good reading possibilities for all children. I praised him to the heavens and so did a lot of the primary teachers.

Kenton was hosting an in-county television station for the school system. He suggested that he feature me and Reading Recovery to an open microphone session. He said, "Do not worry at all about it. I will guide you and keep you out of trouble if you get stuck." I had done a school system talk show before with one of my bosses so I agreed to try it. We both

had a good time with it. He was good at doing the interview and he kept me calm throughout.

In 1998, I called on Kenton again. My principal had recommended me for teacher of the year. I needed some really good writers to write letters of recommendation for me. Naturally, I thought of my friend the president of the PTA's. Kenton got some facts from me about my history in the school system. He wrote a lovely letter for me. At the Teacher of the Year reception where my win was being celebrated, I had invited Kenton to be my escort. Kenton was by now a well know political figure in Fairfax County and the exposure was good for him. I think I spoke to him for about one minute before his was off and running, shaking hands with the politicians there at the reception. It was fun to see him do his thing!

After I retired I had some heart issues and when Kenton heard about it he made occasional visits to my place to see how I was doing. He has always been a health nut and he got me walking and taking care of myself. I even watched him in a triathlon race or two. Then we did not have any contact until I went to a Senior Olympics swim meet here in Virginia with my neighbor, Paul Gesswein. We got to the meet early and were walking around when I hear a voice call, "Nancy!" I looked around and Paul said, "That guy is calling you."

It was Kenton. He had obviously had a stroke. i was heartbroken to see the body of my dear healthy, friend now crippled by stroke. HIs wife Gayle was standing by him asking, "Who is Nancy? Kenton has not called anyone by name since his stroke."
I introduced myself to her and spoke to Kenton. 'Nancy' was all he could say.

Paul, and I watched this couple as Gayle tried to help Kenton participate in the swimming races. Paul won the swimming races and Kenton insisted on participating in each one. Paul and I were proud of him and felt sorry for Gayle who worried I am sure that he might hurt himself or be drowned. Later after the races, Paul and I saw Gayle waiting for Kenton to come out of the dressing room. Paul asked Gayle if he could help by finding Kenton. Paul found Kenton who had wandered to the pool area instead of the exit. Paul said, He was muttering, "She said just go right. I went right but where has she gone?"

Though I tried, I never saw Kenton again.

I thought there are probably others who would enjoy hearing about the friendship I had with Kenton Pattie over the years, after we shared one year at Bushy Park, and in London.

Nancy Reed (56) Gesswein,
Now living at 20550 Falcons Landing Circle, Apt 5204, Potomac Falls, VA 20165

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Dear Bill:

Love every one of the newsletters. Do want to comment on this recent one--whether you publish it or not is up to you.

Wally Costa's comments on how poor our education took my breath away--so different than what I experienced. I was a townie, so maybe my experience was based on that, but when I got back to the states, the last two weeks of my Junior year, after two and 3/4 years at Bushy, I was functioning as a sophomore in College academically. I had to attend only one hour of school to wrap up my junior year and one hour a day my senior year; I was too young for the school to graduate me, but that freed me up to work and apply the skills I'd

learned at Bushy. I took college courses which I challenged and passed with flying colors. (Except Math--our teachers were great, but Math was always a challenge for me, regardless of who taught it! LOL

I lived off base in London for the first of our few months stationed at High Wycombe; when transferred finally into base housing, I still took the bus. I never attended wild parties, never did sleep overs in opposite sex bunks, didn't get busted by the MPs (except once for skipping PE and eating cheese cake on the bleachers on the track field with Judy Stillson). I didn't belong to the goody two shoes bunch, but the folks that Wally Costa ran with certainly were not the folks I knew and while it sounds like he had a fun run, I want to applaud the education I received from our teachers and thank them for helping me turn out the way I did.

Susan (Miller) Dalberg (62)

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[Editor's Note: I happened to be exploring the BushyPark.org website and came across the following item submitted by Wally Costa in the May 2005 issue of "Bushy Tales"]

"From Walter Costa (54)
Here's one I wrote that was published in '97. My friends and I were often up before dawn in those days and in the dark our aircraft would be clawing for altitude on cold autumn mornings. We all had open cockpits at the time. Some of us would be freezing our butts off, but just after the sun breached the sky above the mountains, the colors snaking their way around the clouds and into the valleys were breathtaking. We would form into a tight formation of six or seven aircraft and just gaze in wonder at the panoramic beauty developing before our eyes. Then in a few moments it would be gone as dawn completed its cycle. Those were some of the most memorable moments of my life.

Morning Flight
In the cool crisp
of a lovely dawn
I join the eagles
and greet the sun

See Yah next month. Wally '54"

The prose is as poetic as the poetry, Wally.

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Picture is of my first car--bought in summer of 61--but obviously didn't have money to develop film until 63--or maybe I waited to take the picture until I'd paid it off. Look familiar? It's an Austin--not an Austin Healy, but just the ugly little bug that used more oil than gas. I bought that from an AF Sgt who bought it, I'm sure in England. I paid $325.00 for it--$25 dollars a month. Trusty little man, but I was an AF brat and although no longer living at home, Daddy went with me in uniform into base housing so I had "an edge".

Poor little thing had a distributor cap that constantly broke. When I finally traded it in, it'd been re-taped with duct tape so many times, it looked like it was black!! Got about 40 MPG--and I could cram 5 people in it. Often taking the other military brats to that obnoxious high school we had to attend (in Denver). Who on earth puts an elite, rich family new high school next to a base where we got constantly snubbed? Talk about bullying!! LOL Thank God, Bushy was such a terrific school, I was functioning as a sophomore in college academically so only had to attend 1 class my senior year. (Principal's assistant one day, typing and shorthand next day--tough year:) Was too young for them to "graduate me out" that last month of Junior Year, although I'd passed all requirements.

Anyhow, fun "Throwback".

Susan Dahlberg (62)

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This kindles memories of cars owned. My first car, purchased after being discharged after WWII, was a 1936 Ford 4-door sedan. Cars were scarce at the time because production of private cars was suspended during the war, so anything that ran was an easy sell. The worst thing about the car was mechanical brakes. All other major manufacturers were producing cars with hydraulic brakes by 1936, but not Ford. I wouldn't buy a Ford again for years because of the bad memories of those mechanical brakes. I don't have a picture, but they are displayed periodically on the popular car shows on TV.

Frank Janusz (Faculty Classes ’58 – ’61)

--FINIS--