

# Bushy Tales

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



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## CLASS REPRESENTATIVES



1953 – Jackie (Brown) Kenny  
[JKYKNY@aol.com](mailto:JKYKNY@aol.com)



1954 – Betsy (Neff) Cote  
[betsycote@Atlanticbb.net](mailto:betsycote@Atlanticbb.net)

1955 – Volunteer Requested



1956 – Edie (Williams) Wingate  
[WingW@aol.com](mailto:WingW@aol.com)



1957 – Shirley (Huff) Dulski  
[sedulski@gmail.com](mailto:sedulski@gmail.com)



1958 – Pat (Terpening) Owen  
[nemoamasa@sbcglobal.net](mailto:nemoamasa@sbcglobal.net)



1959 – John "Mike" Hall  
[MGHall@Q.com](mailto:MGHall@Q.com)



1960 – Ren Briggs  
[rpbjr@frontier.net](mailto:rpbjr@frontier.net)



1961 – Betsy (Schley) Slepetz  
[bslepetz@comcast.net](mailto:bslepetz@comcast.net)



1962 – Dona (Hale) Ritchie  
[DonaRitchie@aol.com](mailto: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](mailto: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.**

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**Classmates Who  
Have Transferred To  
The Eternal Duty  
Station**

**From Ellis Edward Young (58):**



**In the most recent newsletter it reported the death of KENNETH RAY CUMMINGS. Ken Ray Cummings later became Ken Ray Earls and we married sisters from Staines, Middlesex. He lived on Queens Walk across the street from South Ruislip.**

**Anyway, Ken is alive and well and living in Yukon, OK. He was born in 1939 somewhere in Oklahoma. Hollis, I think.**

**Ellis Edward Young (58)**

**Editor's Note: I apologize for this unfortunate and unintended error.**



## **Memories of Bushy Park**

Let's meet in Dover. Not the one in the UK, but in Ohio. So started the mini reunion of Pat Cooper Cook, Bushy '58, and Connie Newlin Drennon, '60. The ladies, and Pat's two daughters, met at a half-way point from their homes for lunch. Copies of "Vapor Trails" were exchanged to compare who might have been known in common, and to rekindle memories of the now distant past.

Conversation revealed that sixty years ago Pat was denied walking across the stage to receive her diploma, by a change of station. No fun to just receive the diploma in the mail, after returning to the States. Connie remembered the class trip to Rome. That ended with the night before graduation spent at a deserted Rome airport, instead of at a hotel. Only after arriving at the airport was it learned that the flight crew had not had the required down time. The flight back to England wouldn't happen until the next day! Not only that, but the graduates that year ended up sitting on stage, facing the audience. It was said that you could tell who had been up all night, and who was in the group that had returned earlier, or had not made the trip. Each woman realized they had spent three teen years overseas, Pat as a dorm student and Connie a daily bus rider. Each had rather different experiences and opportunities. Such are the trials of being a service brat.



In looking through the "Vapor Trails" for 1958 through 1960, one realizes how the multiple schools represented in each issue came from places still in the news.

Pat Cooper (58) Cook

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Just before graduation, I came down with a nasty sore throat, and just couldn't get rid of it, but it was graduation, and no one wants to miss their high school graduation (at least we didn't back then), so I toughed it out. On graduation day, along with my parents and sister I trudged down to the Hall, and I felt just awful. Midway through one of the speeches I just couldn't go on and went out to the ladies' room. Barbara Sawyer's (58) father was a physician, so he came to check me out and sent me to the hospital at South Ruislip, where they diagnosed me as having tonsillitis and gave me a penicillin shot and sent me home. I had to go in twice a day to get further penicillin shots, but I wasn't getting any better. Finally, they decided that the little critters causing the tonsillitis were having a picnic on the penicillin, and the more I got the happier they were and the bigger they were getting, so

I was sent to the hospital and I spent about a week there getting better.



Heard from a classmate several years later that they thought I was drunk and that's why I left graduation. Nope guys it was something worse than that.

Pat Terpening (58) Owen

## Letters to the Editor



**Nettie-Grace (McClellan) (58) Brown-Dunsford**

**Dear Bill,**

The recent mention of a Bushy Park student having traveled on the SS America in Dec 1952 reminded me (again) of our trip to England on the sister ship, the SS United States. As I might have mentioned in an earlier note to Bushy Tales, my mother, 9-year-old brother Bill, and I were definitely not prepared for such a luxury, as the first-class tickets we were given upon arrival at the AFB in Brooklyn (FT Hamilton?). The ship was full of what appeared to be some wealthy people and there I appeared in my school clothes of cotton skirts and simple blouses. However, a 15-year-old boy from Charlotte asked me to play ping-pong and we became almost constant companions for the 5-day journey. He didn't care that I was only 12, but I don't think he ever told my age to his peers and the families with whom his parents evidently socialized on the ship. I became quite good at ping-pong and also at sipping those ice cream sodas he'd buy after the games. On that final night I had no fancy outfit on board (truth was I didn't own a fancy outfit) to wear for the Captain's Night. Some older teens, 2 girls and 1 boy who evidently knew Tate prior to this trip, were well prepared for this event; the girls wore satins and taffetas and both the other boy and my friend wore tuxedos. I was shy and embarrassed and said I'd not join the other teens for playing cards and board games after the dance. Tate, however, insisted I looked just fine and should feel welcome. On the morning we docked briefly in Le Harve, we stood together on the deck to watch the activity at the French port. That was the last I ever saw him. His mother seemed a little bothered by our friendship and, after beckoning him away, had some reason to keep him too busy to exchange addresses before we arrived at Southampton. I have often thought of how courteous he was to a young girl who obviously was not accustomed to the social status of him and his friends. At the time a few years ago that everyone was into Titanic stories, I told this story to my grandkids. I explained the role reversal---I was the "poor" girl and he was rich. Ours was such an innocent friendship of youth, but I had to convince my teenage granddaughter that there was no repeat of that "car scene" as in the movie. She tells me she was only joking when she asked me, but I wish these modern teens could understand the innocence we really had in that era!

**Nettie-Grace McClellan Brown-Dunsford (Class of 58)**



**Cheryl "Sherry" Konjura ('57) Burritt**

**Hi Bill,**

**I was so honored that Bill Rees sent you some pictures of their visit to the Theatre I was appearing in back in April...and so honored that he and Nancy not only came down to see the show, but brought along a couple of their**

**friends.**

**I appeared as "Mrs. Higgins" ("Henry Higgins" mother) in MY FAIR LADY at a theatre in Ft. Myers, FL from April 13th through May 19th. Here are some photos of me appearing in the show:**



**Me at Ascot with "Colonel Pickering"**



**Meeting "Eliza Doolittle" at Ascot**





The horse race at Ascot & "Eliza's" famous line:  
"C'mon Dover, move your bloomin' ass"



Approving "Eliza's" stand against "Henry's" boorish behavior

It was great fun getting to play this wonderful character and so nice to have had Bushy friends in the audience!

I'll be in Canada performing in a play about the Amish on June 23rd which has been slated as "Bushy Park Day"...but will be thinking of all my Bushy friends.

Cheryl "Sherry" Konjura ('57) Burritt

## **How We Met**

Sandra Simpson lived near London Airport in a town named Staines, Surrey County, UK. Somehow, I was invited to her house in 1957 for a New Year's Day party. Sandra and I hit it off immediately and it's been that way ever since. She was 19 days away from her 15<sup>th</sup> birthday. I was 16.

Sadly, my dad's tour at West Drayton was up in December 1957. So, promising to marry, we departed Manchester, UK, airport on a commercial flight to New York, then on to my dad's new assignment at Westover AFB, MA. I wrote to Sandra every day via Airletter.

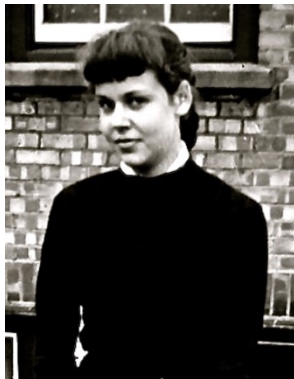


Ellis Young 1957



Sandra Simpson 1957

When my dad's tour here ended, new orders sent him and our family to Whiteman AFB, Missouri, in July 1958. The only thing that I cared about was getting back to Sandra. So, I joined the Army in November 1958. At the end of basic and advanced training, we were allowed to make three choices for where we would like to be assigned. I chose England, France and Germany. My new orders assigned me to Greenland! I had to serve two 6-month tours in the Greenland summer, then I could again make three choices for my next assignment. Naturally, I selected the same three choices.



Sandra Simpson 1959



Ellis & Sandra Visit to Sedalia, MO, 1959

In 1959 Sandra visited me for three weeks holiday in Missouri.

We married in 1960 at Whiteman AFB, MO. After finishing my tour at Fort Belvoir, VA, I received orders for Japan. Arriving at North Pier, Yokohama, we stayed for five years, had a great time, as well as two children.



When my tour was up, I received orders for Fort Carson, CO. That was a fun place, especially since I had only seven months left on my enlistment and not enough time to go to Vietnam. I exited the Army in November 1967 and our family moved to Oklahoma, where we still reside.

Sandra and I were both Civil Service employees. I retired in 2000.



Sadly, Sandra died in May 2017 of Alzheimer's Disease after 57 years of marriage. She was a picture of health.

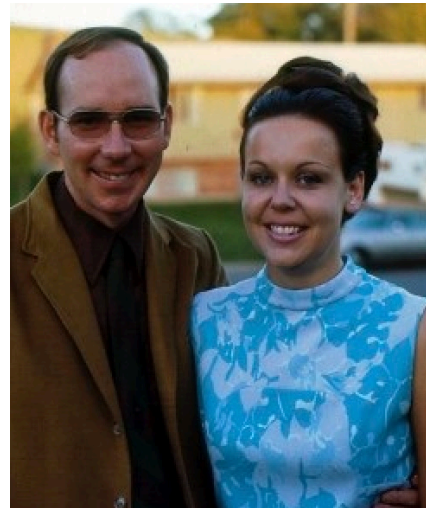
Ellis Young (58)



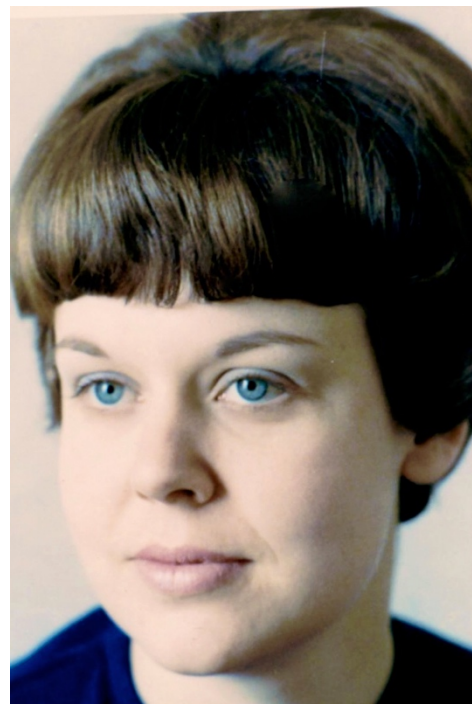
Sandra 1967 Colorado Springs, CO



Sandra and our children at Disneyland 1973



Sandra & Ellis, 1974 Dinner Date



Sandra 1975





**Sandra and Ellis, Oklahoma 2008**



**Ellis OKC 2010**

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**Martha GAIL Kelly was the name of the art teacher. Her husband Francis ROBERT Kelly was a popular London artist. Gail lived in a Muse and told me in the stable that she had 10,000 of his paintings and then asked, "Would you like to buy one? I can give you the student discount!" Both are dead now. Bob died of Alzheimer's.**



**She wanted to know if I would take photos of her garden. I said "garden?" She replied you know, Hyde Park, it's just across the street.**

**Ellis Edward Young (58)**



**--FINIS--**