

Bushy Tales

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



Issue #9

September 2022

Volume #22

Gary Schroeder (55), Founding Editor (1936-2016)

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

CLASS REPRESENTATIVES



**1953 – Mariann (Walton)
McCornack (d. 2022)**



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

1955 – Nancie Anderson (d. 2016)



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



**1957 – William Douglas
rwmDouglas@gmail.com**



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



**1959 – John "Mike" Hall
MGHall446@gmail.com**



**1960 – Ren Briggs
rpbjr@frontiernet.net**

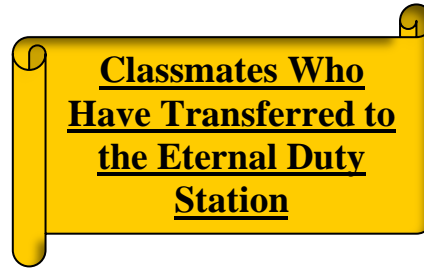


**1961 – Betsy (Schley) Slepetz
bslepetz@comcast.net**



**1962 – Dona (Hale) Ritchie
Dona.Ritchie@att.net**

A little reminder to all –if/when you change your email address, please let Pat Terpening (58) Owen 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.



Information received that the following classmates are NOT deceased:

Dale Robinson Agron (60)
Judith Ross Dunkle (60)

Per: Pat Terpening (58) Owen

###

Sent to me by Muriel DeStaffney (62) Karr:



Sandra Lee Littlefield (61)

Sandra Lee Littlefield was born on Saturday, September 18, 1943, and passed away on Tuesday, April 14, 2020. Sandra Lee Littlefield was a resident of Aurora, Colorado at the time of passing.

Published by Pipkin-Braswell Funerals on Apr. 25, 2020

###



**Richard Dennis Shrader (61), USAF,
Major - Retired**

January 30, 1943 - June 1, 2009



Major Richard Dennis Shrader, USAF, retired, 64, of O'Fallon, IL, born January 30, 1943, in Ft. Knox, KY, died Monday, June 1, 2009, in O'Fallon, IL. Richard was a member of Holy Childhood of Jesus Catholic Church in Mascoutah, IL and also taught science at Holy Childhood School. He graduated from the University of Evansville, earning his Undergraduate Degree. He was also a member of Sigma Phi Epsilon. Richard attended Air War College while in the US Air Force, retiring as a Major. He was a lifelong and dedicated fan of the Purple Ace's, in Evansville, IN, and for the last 25 years had attended every home basketball game. Richard was preceded in death by his parents Leonard & Buda, nee Patterson, Shrader and father-in-law Robert R. Berger. He is survived by his loving wife Tamara, nee Berger, Shrader, whom he married August 1, 1970, in Evansville, IN, his mother-in-law Ruth Berger of Valdosta, GA and his 3 soft coated Wheaton Terriers, who were his babies; Guilhooley, Hogan and Baili. The family requests that in lieu of flowers, memorials in Richards' name be made to the University of Evansville. Condolences may be extended to the family at www.schildknechtfh.com. Memorial

mass was held June 3, 2009, at Holy Childhood Catholic Church with Father Hartline officiating. Burial was at Jefferson Barracks National Cemetery in St. Louis, MO.

###



June Elaine (Koetitz) (62) Wyrick

February 12, 1945 – March 22, 2012

We mourn the passing of June Elaine (Koetitz) Wyrick, who went to be with the Lord just before midnight on March 22nd, 2012, at her home in Spokane, after a long and heroic struggle with cancer. She was a beloved daughter, sister, wife, mother, mother-in-law, grandmother, and friend.

June was born on February 12, 1945, in Shreveport, Louisiana to Fredrick and Florence Koetitz. She was the oldest of five children, with two brothers (Gerald and Edward) and two sisters (Virginia and Julia). She married Ronald Wyrick in Riverbank, CA in 1966; they celebrated their 45th wedding anniversary this past November. She moved with Ron to Spokane in 1974. They have four children: John (professor at Washington State University), Jared (cardiologist at Rockwood), Jeff (engineer in Salt Lake City), and Jill (science teacher at Rogers High School). Her family later expanded to include three daughters-in-law (Gretchen, Shelly, and Laurie), one son-in-law (Ben Doornink), and six grandchildren (Laina, Ronen, Josephine, Magdalene, Charlotte, and Matthew), who were her special joy.

June loved her family, loved the Lord, and lived life enthusiastically. She never hesitated to try or learn new things-"she even earned a master's degree at Whitworth University while raising four children. She taught in kindergarten and later as a substitute teacher, she served in the church, and was a tireless and devoted volunteer at the juvenile detention, Spokane County Jail, Riverview Youth Center, and First Call for Help, among other organizations. She was honored with the George Sterns Memorial Award (Department of Corrections, 1995 and 2003), the Messenger of Hope Award (Union Gospel Mission Ministries, 1996) and the 13th annual Life of Service Award (Union Gospel Mission Ministries, 2008). She loved to travel, especially to visit her family in Utah and California; she learned to play the dobro later in life because she loved music; and she enjoyed camping trips, the outdoors, and gardening. Her life was an inspiration. She is dearly loved and deeply missed.

Funeral Service was held March 31st at her home church of First Assembly of God, 828 W. Indiana Ave., Spokane, WA 99205.

Please visit June's on-line memorial at www.hennesseyfuneralhomes.com.

###



James Bernard Crain III (61)

April 6, 1943 - April 16, 2022

James ("Jim") Bernard Crain III of Fairview, Texas, age 79, passed away April 18, 2022. Memorial Services will be held Sunday, May 15th at 2:00 – 5:00PM at Friendship Baptist Church in Fairview, Texas. Jim loved most his family, community, and country. He deeply cherished his wife of 50 years, always beholding her with a sweet smile and a kiss on the hand! He was proud of his children and their families; adoring his five grandchildren. He was far from a perfect man, but his sentimental heart was huge, humble, and full of love and generosity. His patriotism was especially demonstrated by making purposeful efforts giving honor to, and holding friendships with, local veterans. A recent discovery of the poem, "Epitaph" by Merrit Malloy was found discreetly folded inside an unmarked envelope deliberately placed in his shop. We decided to share because once read, it is our belief that you

will gain a deeper sense of who was on the inside. Some of his hobbies in life involved bowling, camping, and fiddling with his evolving stereo system. Having been gifted with mechanical prowess, Jim's careers crossed over various domains. He was one of the original information technology software developers using punch cards and the UNIVAC system for the State of Colorado. He eventually worked as a hardware technician for Ramtek Corporation, which was credited with being one of the founding participants in cinema's first computer animation technology and other early video game development in the '70's and '80's. Fast forward, Jim worked at Quest Medical located in Allen, Texas in the Research & Development and Quality Control departments for many, many years. In concert with his time there, his most noteworthy side-business, Jim's Small Engine Repair, flourished. For over 40 years he served the Collin County community repairing and servicing lawn equipment and other small engines for which he is most remembered and appreciated. He was preceded in death by his parents, James Bernard Crain II (Retired Colonel, Air Force, WWII) and Patricia King-Sells. He is survived by his wife, Mary Doris Crain, hi' two sons and one daughter, Christopher Robert Crain (Leslie) of Ohio, Timothy Scott Crain (Ericca) of Celina, and Tracy (Crain) Ramsey (Tom) of Valley View, his grandchildren Brandt Crain, Landon Crain, Charlotte Crain, Seth Ramsey and Caleb Ramsey. In lieu of flowers, the family requests donations be made to Disabled American Veterans www.dav.org.

###



Robert F. Bullock (62)
November 8, 1944 – April 15, 2021



Bob's parents, Herbert H. and Waiva A. Gilbert Bullock, his niece, Samantha Whitney, sweet cousin, Tina Clarke, as well as his beloved Grandfather, Francis Gilbert, preceded him in death.

Born into an Air Force family in Troy, New York, Bob grew up at different military bases in the United States, as well as years spent in Tokyo, Japan and London, England. He returned from London after graduation to attend Syracuse University before transferring and gaining his bachelor's degree from Ohio State University. Go Buckeyes!

After college, Bob was commissioned into the U.S. Air Force and served proudly during the Vietnam War era, first in the Pacific Region Base, and then as the Titan III Missile Data Manager, in Los Angeles. He rose to rank of Captain before his Honorable Discharge.

After leaving service, Bob worked as a statistician for the Daily Racing Form. His love of Thoroughbred racing served him well in his career at the California racetracks, before returning to the Capital District of New York.

While living "back home" in Green Island, NY, Bob earned his MBA at the State University at Albany. Following graduation, he accepted a position with the Johnson & Johnson Company, Ethicon, located in Central New Jersey. He later worked and retired from Novartis Pharmaceuticals, in Summit, NJ and later, Suffern, NY.

While at Ethicon he met his wife, Karen Bean, and they were happily married on May 16, 1981. They were blessed with two children, Jason and Jessica, who were the pride of his life and who he loved more than can be expressed.

Bob enjoyed watching sports, especially the NFL and horse racing, and enjoyed the occasional friendly wager and discussions of games with his son, Jay. Recently, he discovered NBA Topshots, which gave him tremendous excitement for his last few months. His daughter Jessica

shared many philosophical discussions with him, also. Bob also loved collecting vintage books, antique postcards and all other types of ephemera. “Garage Sailing” with Karen and friends were some of his happiest times spent.

His favorite times were spent on the shores of beautiful Lake George in the Adirondack Mountains of upstate, NY. Spending summers on his family homestead founded in 1892, his enjoyment was found in swimming and boating in the crystal-clear waters, sharing food, drink, tall tales and cheer with friends and family while sitting by the campfire with a beer in hand. The familiar call of “love you, man” was often repeated by him. Bob always felt fortunate that his time at the lake, which he thought as “heaven on earth”, was frequent and filled with adventure. Even the many jobs and hard work that he shared with his sister, Becky, brought him pleasure.

Bob’s pets of the past, and current years, were well loved and cared for by him. His family knows there are many happy reunions happening between Bob and Matty, Jinx, Casey, Libby, Ginger, and Baby, to name just a few, going on right now on the other side of Rainbow Bridge. They must all be wagging their tails in joy, to greet him.

Bob is lovingly survived by his wife, Karen, his wonderful children, Jason (Jay) and Jessica, his future son-in-law, Bob Meck, his sister, Rebecca Noble, his sister, Sandra Whitney and her husband Al. He leaves behind nieces and nephews, Robin Noble and family, Richard Bean and family, Eric Bean and family, and Cynthia Bean, as well as his sister-in-law, Heina Bean. Bob cared for many aunts, uncles, cousins, and his in-laws. His cousins, Gilbert, Gary, Don and Dan, were like brothers to him and their love, care and help through the years were always, and will always, be appreciated by those who also love him.

His friends are too many to list here, but we believe as a family that they know how much he cared for each and every one of them. Dock-in weekend and dock-out weekend won’t be the same without you, Bob!

A celebration of Bob's life will take place at a later date. With much love and thanks to all who loved him, Karen.

Donations in Bob’s memory can be made to:

Lake George Association - Protecting our water, educating for the future. <https://www.lakegeorgeassociation.org/become-a-member/donate/www.lakegeorgeassociation.org/become-a-member/donate/> or St. Hubert’s Animal Welfare Center, North Branch, NJ - <https://www.sthuberts.org/donation>

To plant a beautiful memorial tree in memory of Robert, please visit our [Tree Store](#).

###

Robert “Bob” VanDerveer Lyle (54)
February 5, 1936 – December 6, 2020



Robert VanDerveer Lyle "Bob", 84, of Simsbury, CT, passed away December 6, 2020, surrounded by his loving family. Bob was born February 5, 1936, in New Brunswick, NJ. Growing up in NJ and spending childhood summers on his grandparents' farm sparked a lifelong interest in gardening.

Bob's family lived in England during high school, a grand adventure which he later chronicled in a memoir. He graduated from St. Lawrence University and joined the US Army Reserves, serving for 28 years.

He began his career as an Actuary at Aetna and held several positions in the Employee Benefits Division. After retiring from Aetna in 1990, he established Lyle Associates, where he provided benefits consulting services until 2010.

Bob married the love of his life, Lois, in 1961 and they settled in Simsbury, CT. They raised their children and made many lifelong friends there. Bob was very active in his community. He was a Founder and Commissioner of the Simsbury Youth Soccer Program. He was very involved in the First Church of Christ and was a member of various committees and served on the United Church of Christ's National Pension Board. Bob also served as Treasurer and Chairman of the Simsbury Salvation Army and could often be seen ringing the bell outside local businesses during the holidays. He enjoyed being a Board Member and Treasurer of the Simsbury Historical Society. Due to Bob's generous spirit and love of the community, he was honored as a Hometown Hero in 2015.

One of Bob's greatest passions was gardening. Bob spent many happy hours tending his large vegetable garden. He became a UConn Master Gardener in 2006 and served as Chairman of the Board at the Auerfarm 4-H Educational Center in Bloomfield, CT, helping with their program to donate fresh vegetables to Foodshare of Greater Hartford.

Bob and Lois loved to travel and visit with family and friends. When their family was young, the highlight of each summer was spending two weeks at the Jersey shore, sharing a beach house with three generations of Lyles. Later, Bob also cherished vacations spent with Lois, their children, and grandchildren, exploring new destinations each year. Bob was devoted to researching family history and wrote 3 books, all of which are treasured by his extended family.

In addition to his wife of 59 years, Lois, Bob leaves his 3 children, Randy (Mary) Lyle of Livonia, MI, Stephen (Linda) Lyle of Avon, CT, and Martha (Robert) Giegel of Salem, CT. Bob adored spending time with his 6 grandchildren, Rob and Kate Lyle, Jeffrey and Kevin Lyle and Andrew and Julia Giegel. He is also survived by brother John Hyer (Sherry) Lyle, Jr. of Prescott, AZ, and sister-in-law JoAnne Lyle of Circleville, OH and many nephews and nieces. Bob was predeceased by his parents, John Hyer and Mary Conover Lyle, and his brother, William Conover Lyle. Bob will be sorely missed by the many lives he touched. A private burial was held in December 2020, with a larger Memorial Service planned for later in 2021. Donations in Bob's memory may be made to the Salvation Army, Auerfarm, or the Simsbury Historical Society.

The Vincent Funeral Home of Simsbury is caring for the arrangements. Please visit Bob's "Book of Memories" at www.vincentfuneralhome.com for online tributes.

Babbette "Penny" Lester (57)

June 9, 1939 – February 15, 2022

Fort Walton Beach, Florida

###



Sammie Kennard (60)

Sammie was born on December 14, 1941, and passed away on Tuesday, May 25, 2010.

Sammie was a resident of Lawton, Oklahoma.

###

Memories of Bushy Park

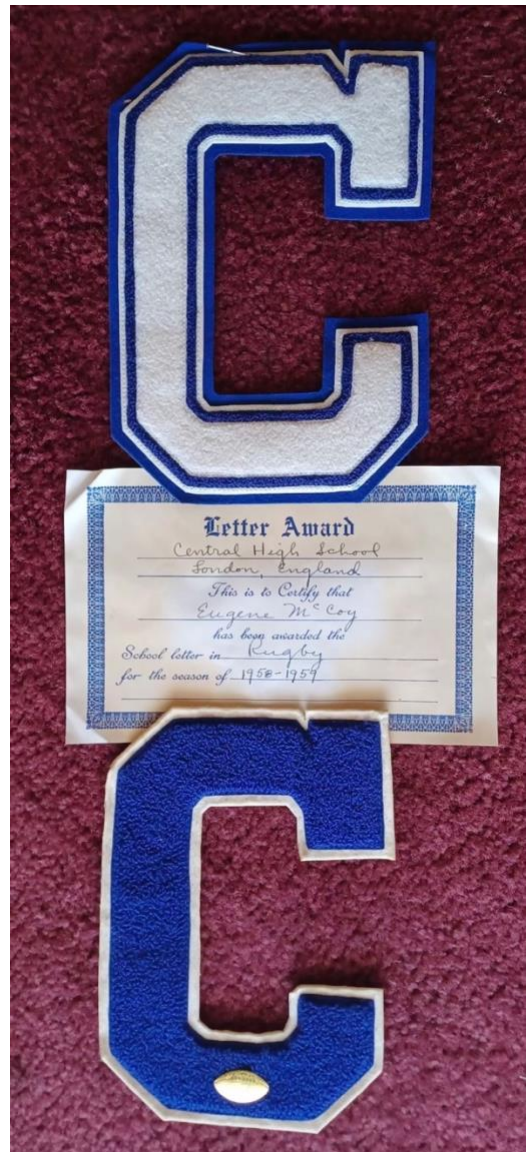
Robert Harrold (60) maintains a Bushy Park website at BushyPark.org Among the things you can see at this website is a “Guestbook”, in which many website visitors have left comments. There are many entries, dating back to April 2007.

Here is a direct link: [Bushy Park Guest Book](#)



From: Eugene McCoy (59)

I was cleaning out my garage attic and found this picture of CHS. I graduated in 1959. Eugene McCoy



###

From: Deonne (54) Giddens

Hi Bill,

My name is Deonne Allgeier Stewart Giddens. I was a Junior (Sep 1953-Dec 1953) boarding in Teddington. My Dad was Army, and attending the British Staff College in Camberley, Surrey. Being an Army Brat, instead of Air Force, and having no connection to an Air Base on weekends, I did not develop any long-term relationships with classmates. Ergo, I lost track of people from that short time as we moved to Stuttgart, Germany at the end of December and I finished my high school years at Heidelberg and Stuttgart High Schools. I do, however, have recollections of that period of time including what that original boarding house for the girls was like and how we "survived". If there is an interest, I would be happy to share them with the Bushy group. (I always thought it was Bushey).

Be Well,

Deonne (54) Giddens

**

Hi Bill,

Just realized my error. I finished my Junior year in 1953, so I attended Bushy Park HS from Sep 1952 to Dec 1952.

I realized my error when I looked up the timing of the Deadly Fog of 1952 and saw it was in Dec of 1952. I spent the weekend during it with a classmate who lived near the Base and have vivid recollections of it. I was also an observer of the DH110 Jet crash at the Farnborough Aerodrome which was close to Camberley.

Deonne Giddens

###



From: Suzanne Garrison (54) Mayo

Hi Bill,

What a sad newsletter with the list of our classmates who are no longer with us..

I am in Alexandria, VA at the moment for our great granddaughter's 1st birthday. Yesterday, I had lunch with Mike Salmon who was from the class of 1954. He was only at Bushy for his junior year and was my date for our Junior-Senior prom. He graduated from Annapolis and entered the Marine Corps following in his father's footsteps. We had a delightful time catching up after all these years.

I also see JoAnne Witzel (54) Martin from our class. She and I were roommates in Munich, Germany at the University of Maryland and she was a bridesmaid in our wedding 65 years ago. Joan and her husband were in the Diplomatic Corps for over 30 years and retired to California. She and I saw each other frequently until Peter (my husband) and I moved to Plano, TX where our son and family live. Joan and I continue to keep in touch; old friends who will never part. We are both widows now and hope to do some travel again.

Peter and I had been having mini reunions with the Gary Baldwins, Robert Lyles, Teddy Hopkins, Billie Culp Bules, and the Gemma Gamble Rettmans. Much fun, but time and age have gotten away from us. Sadly, Bob Lyle, Gemma and Gary's wife, Ruthann, are no longer with us.

Enough for now. Sorry I have never written about our trips back to England and the years between Bushy, college, marriage, and kids.

Ok, Bill. I hated to see all the classmates who have died, but we're all so old now, at least the first three classes are.

Thank you again for all the work you and Pat do.

Love,
Snookie

###



From: Winona "Noni" Hoagland (61) Kripal, Class '61 Secretary

Thanks for all the wonderful memories!!! As a "military brat", the daughter of an Air Force Officer, the years of 1959-1961 were an eye opener!! The tragedies and political events while there shaped my life.

Our family of 6 departed McGuire AF Base on August 15, 1959, headed for Europe. We refueled in Newfoundland, flew over the pond, and refueled in Prestwick, Scotland. We landed in England at Mildenhall. A van took us south towards London. We spent several weeks at the Chorleywood Hotel waiting to find housing. The Chorleywood itself was a new adventure! The public-water closet was down the hall and what was that thing in there? A bidet? What is that?

Our first home was at Harrow-on-the-Hill. The front door had been blown off during the war, and the kitchen, if you can believe it, was only 5' by 5'!! It contained a small stove and mini sink. My sister and I took turns doing the dishes at night. One of us would stand in the kitchen, wash the dishes, then hand them over to the other person who was waiting in the hall to dry them! Mom would then take them into another small room that contained a cupboard and put them away. Speaking of Mom, with Dad at the base every day she HAD to get a driver's license! On her third try, Dad slipped a \$20.00 bill to the examiner and HOORAY she passed!

The summer of 1960 found me at Camp Mohawk!! It was a camp for American youth, and I was lucky to get a job there. While there I met an English gentleman, Bill Treharne, who was the camp arts and crafts director. He was a teacher at an all-boys school in Twickenham. We dated during my senior year. We spent New Year's Eve in Trafalgar Square with a group of my friends from school and Bill had his first (and only) ride in a Cadillac!! I don't remember who had the car, but it was a great evening! Bill didn't drive or own a car. He had always used public transportation and had no need for a car.

Forty-eight years after I left England, I received an email from him wondering if I had remembered him after all those years?!! Of course, I did! He had managed to connect with me after finding an article on Bushy Tales! He said that there had been a young counselor there whom he had to reprimand for taking his work too seriously. He knew of him because his father was the chief basketball coach at that time. We unknowingly rubbed shoulders with a young man who became head of the Rolling Stones...Mick Jagger!

We exchanged a few e-mails catching up on each other's lives. He had married and they had two sons, Mark and Paul, and oh, by the way, Bill's middle name was Francis. My husband and I had 3, a girl named Kim, and two sons, also named Mark and Paul and my husband's name was also Francis!!! Small world!! It was nice to catch-up, but time to go on. Bill wrote saying, I hope you and Frank have not minded my getting in touch- and if so, I apologize, but I had to say Hi again. I won't write but I will often think of you all. Take care, Love Bill. Every Holiday season afterwards, we received a beautiful holiday electronic card. The year they stopped coming, I knew he had passed away.

Shortly before my senior year we moved to a new home at Wembley North. It was the nicest home we had ever lived in growing up! What a treat! To get to school, I would take the Wembley North

tube to Wembley Central, get off and walk past an open-air market...pew!! Smelly!! Soon the bus would be arriving for our 90-minute commute to school. Bus driver Bill was always accompanied by monitor Dori. The long commute each way gave me plenty of time to try and memorize the 100 lines of Shakespeare Edna Leigh assigned every night. Thanks to her, I was able to improve my study skills to the point where I graduated from college in 3 years by being able to take 19-22 credits a semester.

Saturdays in London found many of us downtown visiting various embassies for info on our assignments from Mr. Janusz. What a great teacher!! On one occasion the Egyptian Ambassador suggested to Lynn Russell and me that he would like to take us home for dinner. We politely declined the invitation. Doubt that my father would have approved!

Saturdays in London also found us at the theater matinees sitting in the 25-cent upper balcony section watching the latest stage play hits. I really remember seeing "Stop the World, I Want to Get Off". It was but one of the many hit shows we saw. Our Saturdays were great times for socializing. Mother always warned me, "Noni, you be sure to be on the last tube for Wembley Station. If you miss it and your father has to drive into London in the evening...." Enough said, I never missed that tube!

I was really looking forward to the prom that year. I had never been to a high school dance before, and this was my last chance. I splurged and bought a gorgeous gown (wish I still had it). I knew I couldn't ask Bill. He would not have enjoyed spending the evening with a bunch of American teenagers who were the same ages as his students...but one of the boys in our class did ask me to go. (Can't remember his name!) Oh well he called me three days before the prom and stated that he was "so upset about the world situation etc., that he wasn't going." He stood me up!!! Rats. When I got to class the next morning, I cornered a group of girls asking, "Who can I get at this late date to go to the prom with me!!??" They said, "Well, you might try Ward Wescott. He only dates English girls, and we don't know if he is bringing one or not." The minute I laid eyes on him, I ran down the corridor and tapped him on the shoulder. As he turned around, I blurted out, "Ward, will you take me to the prom?!! (I HAD to wear that dress I had bought!) He just looked at me and said, "Sure, I can do that." I probably would have given him a big kiss just then but didn't want to get caught!!! We had a great time that evening dancing to "Moon River", etc. and spent some time together over the summer, went to a few plays, checked out a few pubs. (I believe one of them was "The Prospect of Whitby), rode around the countryside, etc. Thank you again, Ward for the memories!! P.S. To whoever it was that stood me up for the prom, "THANK YOU FOR DOING ME A GREAT FAVOR". Ward and I did meet again in April of 2013 at a restaurant in Fountain Hills, AZ for a brunch with my husband and me.

As I stated when I started this note, the tragedies and political events that happened while I was there helped shape the rest of my life. Who can forget the plane crash of December 17, 1960 in Munich? My parents had gone to the Officer's Club for the evening for a celebration. The students from Bushy Park who had graduated that spring were flying back to London for Christmas break. My parents returned home early, visibly shaken. Dad just said, "Noni, if you had been a year older, you would have been on that plane."

I had been planning on attending the University of Maryland in Munich for a long time. Thanks to Edna Leigh I knew I could take care of my studies and still have a great time...skiing in the Bavarian Alps, Octoberfest was coming up.... Oh, what an adventure lay ahead.

Then came August 19, 1961, and the start of the Berlin Wall. My life as I had known it was coming to an abrupt end. My father walked into the house that evening with a somber look on his face. I could tell that he was on a mission, and I, unfortunately, was it. (At times there were traces of The Great Santini in him and this was one of them.) "Pack your bags, you're headed for the States as soon as I can get it all arranged." "What?" I protested! "I can't possibly get accepted into any college there at this late date." "Yes, you can," he replied. "I am sending you back to Scottsbluff,

NE to live with my sister and her five daughters. They will accept you into the college there. If I let you go to Munich, you will have to carry a \$100 bill on you at all times. If I should send you a message that says, 'Get out, you will simply have to disappear, tell no one, don't bother to pack, etc. Make your way quietly back to London. I don't want to hear from you or speak to you until I see you standing on the front doorstep.' I didn't bother to ask him, "Why?" I knew he wouldn't tell me, and we never spoke of that conversation again.

Mother quietly helped me pack and within a few days I found myself back at Mildenhall AFB. It was a dark evening when a flight attendant escorted me out of the terminal. I heard the glass doors sliding shut behind me and turned to see my family watching me leave. There had been no time to tell anyone "Good-bye." (When my father sets his mind on a mission, things move rapidly.) So that ended the chapter in my life where I was a 'military brat' and a new chapter was just unfolding before me.

Shortly after arriving in Scottsbluff, I was seated in a booth at the college cafeteria studying when someone slid into the booth across from me. I looked up and saw a young man smiling at me. "Would you go out with me sometime?", he asked. I replied somewhat rudely, I recall "I don't know anything about you. I don't even know your name." "I am Francis (Frank) Kripal," he replied, "and I know all about you." I seriously doubted that!!!

We were married two years later, and I have called western Nebraska, the home of Big Mac...Lake McConahay my home for the last 58 plus years.

There are so many people to thank for giving me such wonderful memories of my time in London – John Hoberg, Craig Sams, Donna Newell, Lynn Russell. I could go on for three more pages, just listing their names!! As my father would say, "Roger, Over and Out"!! Thank you all!

Cheers,

Winona "Noni" Hoagland (61) Kripal, Class 1961 Secretary

###

Letters to the Editor



From: Robert Harrold (60) <rharrold@harrold.org>

To: Pat Owen

Mon, Aug 1 at 11:41 PM

P.S. I posted the August 2022 "Bushy Tales" online.

Also, I'm making some CD/DVD copies of the entire <http://BushyPark.org> website to send to some other Bushy alumni so that, if I croak/or otherwise "go offline", the website will as of the date of the CD/DVD copies, be available to be restored online by someone else who might be willing to host a server & post docs, etc. 'dunno who to yet.

###



From: Toni (Cooney) (62) Clem

London Tugs at My Heart

(6/26/22 This is actually the fourth article I've written for the Bushy Park newsletter.)

What is it about London that tugs at our hearts? It's been five years since I booked us there for a few days after a cruise. Of course, the Pandemic (capital P) has upended everyone's travel/schedules for the past two years, going on three.

Missed London last time I flew over, to attend the Cannes Film Festival, because it was all business. And I took a friend, not Plug (my husband's nickname, yes there is a story there). We had a layover at Heathrow, but not long enough to go anywhere. The most exciting thing about the return trip was that there was a British Air employee strike scheduled to kick off that afternoon. We caught the last flight out of the Nice airport at the crack of dawn and made our connecting flight to DFW.

I said in a previous article that I write a film column, 36 years now, for the local paper, The Paris News and magazine. It's more an interesting hobby than a livable wage. My friends know I'd write the column for free, but we don't tell the paper. It is, however, a serious film criticism column, and it does involve press credentials for film festivals. And yes, Cannes is very glamorous. You have to anticipate going early, however, as car rentals and hotels/condos fill up quickly (something I learned the hard way).

Enjoyed Peter McLane's note in the July newsletter, commenting about being an "Anglophile," watching mostly PBS and BBC. Sounded too familiar. Our eldest, Chivas (his name a story too), has been here taking care of me as I do the radioactive iodine therapy (the dreaded quarantine) for thyroid cancer. He keeps asking why is it we only watch b/w movies, Masterpiece Theater and a collection of British sit-coms like "Father Brown" and "Upstart Crow"? So far, I haven't able to explain it to his satisfaction. I told him I have to watch some really bad contemporary films, and too many based on comics, so these things are basically 'comfort food.' And c'mon, doesn't everyone think "Upstart Crow" is riotously funny?

'Congratulations' to Miss Hebert for maintaining a crepe myrtle tree that far southwest in Castroville, TX. We live in Paris, TX, also known as the "Crepe Myrtle Capital of the World." Of course, we're also known for having that ridiculous-looking Eiffel Tower with the cowboy hat, reputed to be the second largest in the world. Tourists here also want to see the 'Jesus With the Cowboy Boots,' a huge monument marking a grave at the town's largest cemetery. Years and years ago, Molly Ivins came to town with a camera crew and did a little travelogue for PBS about Paris.

I was skeptical when the idea for the Eiffel Tower came up, but I have to admit that it brings a fair amount of tourism. German director Wim Wenders (who directed the 1984 Cannes Palme d'Or film "Paris, Texas") filmed a commercial for a German newspaper here. It was a great opportunity for an interview column.

So, I quit complaining about the thing. Actually, I confess that when last I went to Cannes, I took a handful of these little Chamber of Commerce pins that are in the shape of our Eiffel tower with the cowboy hat, the base spells out 'Paris, TX.' I handed them out to people at screenings, particularly if they were French. I was amazed at how delighted people were: "Vraiment, pour moi"? "Oui, pour vous, c'est un cadeau." If you want to improve your French, watch the WWII era series "A French Village" on Amazon Prime. It's more productive than a language course

Toni (Cooney) Clem '62

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