

Bushy Tales

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



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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.

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](#)



Letters to the Editor

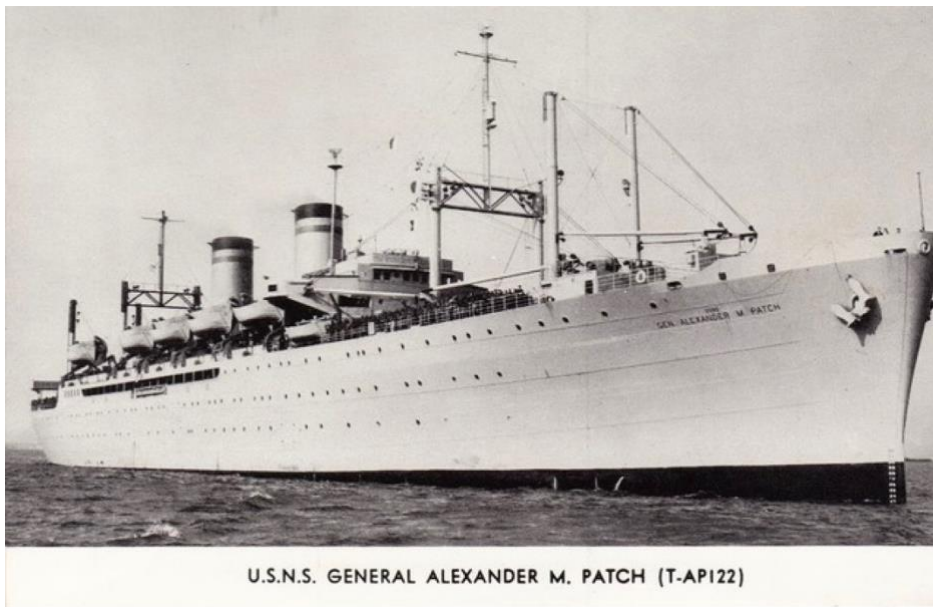


From: Sherry (Cheryl) Burritt (57) Konjura

Hi Bill,

I've enjoyed reading the accounts of various "Bushyites" and their travels to England. Here is my story:

My trip to England in October 1954 was aboard the US Naval Ship The General Alexander M. Patch

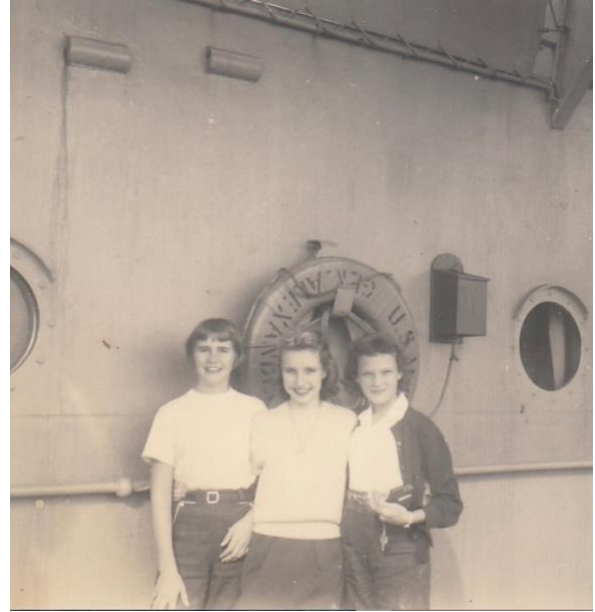


U.S.N.S. GENERAL ALEXANDER M. PATCH (T-AP122)

My father had already deployed to England earlier in the year, so it was just my Mother, my brother Duane, and me.



Me, Mom and brother, Duane



Carolyn Strandburg, Me, and Nancy

I was pretty seasick to begin with but found relief in Saltine crackers and Ginger Ale. Once I got my “sea legs” I was able to go up to the public room for passengers and meet some people near my own age. We enjoyed going out on deck, watching movies in the evenings and just being sociable.



Bob, Me, Mrs. Rumph, Duane, Nancy, and Vernon

One of the girls I met was Carolyn Strandburg. Unfortunately, she wound up living on one of the bases further north of London and, while we stayed in touch for a long time, we eventually lost track of one another. The same is true for a fellow we all met named Vernon Cotton. However, I met a girl just a bit younger than me named Nancy Rumph. I eventually got to also meet her older brother, Bob (who later became my boyfriend for a while), their Mom and Dad and little sister, Joanne.

My Dad was based at Mildenhall-Lakenheath, which meant we would be living in that area of the country. We ended up living in a portion of an old Vicarage in Soham. We were fortunate that we had the portion of the building which had once been servant’s quarters, so our rooms were small enough to be well heated. The other two apartments had huge rooms with very high ceilings and were almost impossible to heat sufficiently. My bedroom looked across a stone wall into the Church Cemetery. There were tunnels under the house that had been used for the escape of Oliver Cromwell.

During this time, I corresponded with both Nancy and her brother. My parents didn't want me to be away, so didn't send me to The American High School at Bushy Park. Instead, I attended a Catholic School in Newmarket. Fortunately, Dad was transferred to West Drayton in May of 1954, and I got to attend Bushy Park. Bob and I dated for the better part of that year. We did break up in the fall, but I remained friends with the entire Rumph Family. After they got sent back to the States due to Col. Rumph's illness, I continued keeping in touch with Nancy. She has remained a good friend all these many years until recently when she became physically unable to keep in touch.

Sherry Burritt (57) Konjura

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From: Jerry Kelly (58)

Pat, I just read the newsletter and read your article. When the family was going to Hawaii in 1951, or thereabouts, we were on the USS William T. Mitchell also. We sailed out of San Francisco, and I was seasick for the first three days because of the swells, but was soon running all over the ship. Great times, we were young and dumb, most of the time anyway.

Take care,
Jerry Kelly

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From: Carolyn (Tish) DeVaughn (56) Floyd

Pat, I remember flying to northern England in June of '52. We stopped in Newfoundland and then took off again. I was dressed as you would expect in the fifties with suit, gloves, and hose (remember those?). There were about 30 babies and/or toddlers who cried the entire flight, but we prevailed. I was thirteen. I remember standing in queue for Queen Mary's funeral and disappointed that I did not see her body. She was Queen Elizabeth II's grandmother I think, Mary of Teck. I ran the streets of London during the coronation's activities until I was pursued by some young men—that scared me, and I retreated to the Tube in Marble Arch. They managed to find me, and I kept getting on and off cars until I finally lost them. The crowds were enormous, but I was familiar with the city by that time.

In June of '55 we came back to Baltimore, and I graduated in Glen Burnie, MD in 1956. We flew home and arrived in Delaware; I think. It was terribly hot and there was little A/C in those days. Back over to England in 1957 on the USNS Geiger, formerly a troop ship. My parents retired and lived in Beaconsfield. I flew home and was married at age 20 for 57 years. My highlights were being taken to Paris when I was 16 with my dad. I wanted to see the Bastille and we managed to find what was left of it. I think there was a street sign and nothing else. My school years I lived in Windsor and commuted to school 90 minutes one way. No time to get into trouble. Those were good old days. Back in the states I was always considered English even though I did not have an accent. So many things had changed in such a short time, or was it just that I had changed? Or maybe both!

Tish, '56

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From: Connie Newlin (60) Drennon

Hi Pat,

This may be too late for the June issue, but here is a little about my trip to the UK.

We sailed in late July 1957, on the USS George M Randall, a two stack Navy vessel. I shared a stateroom with two other girls who also later attended Bushy Park. We even rode the same bus to Bushy. The rest of my family had accommodations on the main deck level.

At both ends of the ship there were troops, on their way to Germany. A year later, one of those troops was Elvis, according to some sources. The troops spent as much time as possible on deck. Unfortunately, one morning we and the troops discovered a fine film of greasy, black soot covering all surfaces. It ruined more than a few outfits and uniforms before it was recognized and cleaned up.

The voyage was also marred by a midsummer storm that made a lot of folks very seasick. I was told even the ship's captain was in bad shape. I was a little green just before things became really rough. It didn't help that the nightly movie was "Lust for Life", where the artist Van Gogh cuts off his ear. Anyway, the next day Dad told me to put my initials on the paper that proved the family was all still aboard. No problem. Dad and I had the same initials. By then, I was fine, but the paper sacks tucked in the Handrails, along the passageways were being snapped up and put to use. Seats at meals were rather empty and dishes wanted to slide around, without being touched.

Then Second Lieutenant Pete Dawkins was mentioned in last month's newsletter. A Heisman winner at USMA, he was the graduation speaker for the class of 1960. I have his autograph on my program. He retired as a Brigadier General, after his career in the US Army.

Hope this provides a little something for BT.

Connie Newlin Drennon '60

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Hi, Connie,

Thank you for your great story about your experience traveling in the USS George M Randall. We appreciate your taking the time to share your story with us and all our readers. It will be in the June newsletter.

I served on a destroyer from November 1962 through October 1964. All Navy ships periodically clean the soot out of their smokestacks. This is called "blowing tubes". The soot generated burning heavy fuel oil is pretty nasty stuff. It sticks to just about everything. Normally, when blowing tubes, the officer of the deck will maneuver the vessel to have any prevailing wind run across the width of the ship to minimize the soot collecting on decks, handrails, and other above deck surfaces. If the ship cannot be maneuvered this way, the flow of air is predominantly along the length of the ship.

When I was a Junior Officer of the Deck, I stood bridge watch underway with our Engineering Officer. He didn't get along with our Weapons Officer, who was responsible for maintaining all topside surfaces. As soon as we assumed the watch about 11:45 to 11:50 PM, he would order me to maneuver the ship into the wind, so that the full force of the wind ran the length of the ship. Once the ship was in this position, he would call down to Main Engine Control and order them to, "Blow tubes!!" He did this knowing full well the result would be as you and the troops discovered. Your description of what you saw, smelled and felt is exactly as it is.

Thanks again for sharing your experience,
Bill

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From: Windy Parish (56) Gaines

The surprise in my life is that I became a teacher. I had always known that I wanted children and after our seventh one went off to school my husband said, "So what are you going to do now?" I said: "I thought I was doing it taking care of the family." I also had gone back to night college and eventually did get a degree.

But when asking my best friend here: "What kind of job could I get?" She replied: "There is a teaching job at a sweet Grace School looking for a preschool teacher." She encouraged me to apply for the job. I said: "But I have never taught." She said: "Windy, you have been teaching all along, you just never knew it."

I got the job and have had 34 wonderful years as a teacher and with my life in the home that my family and I have enjoyed for almost 60 years! I still read to third graders each week. This has been my surprise!! I actually like children. My husband, who graduated from the Naval Academy, served for years, and then went into the music field as a piano player, also became a High School teacher for 25 years. I graded many papers, and math was the subject he taught. I got to use the grade sheet to correct since math was not my field.

My best to those who are still remembering the wonderful years shared in London. Sparkie (Linda Sparks) Seeburger and Betsy Brune stay in touch. My links to our class. I loved!! Thank you for keeping us connected.

Fondly, Windy

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From: Edythe William (56) Wingate

Hi Bill--As always, I do so appreciate all that you are doing to keep the grads connected and the newsletter going. Below is a blurb for the newsletter. Hope all is well with you these days,

Eddie Wingate

WINSTON CHURCHILL--Given the role that Bushy Park played during WWII; I thought Bushy alums would enjoy knowing about the International Churchill Society. From this site there are fascinating links to everything you ever wanted to know about Churchill.

winstonchurchill.org

The International Churchill Society (ICS), founded in 1968 shortly after Churchill's death, is the world's preeminent member organisation dedicated to preserving the historic legacy of Sir Winston Churchill. We are a UK Registered Charity and US IRS 501c3 Registered Nonprofit. The Society's exhibits are located at the Churchill War Rooms in London, and the National Churchill Library and Center at the George Washington University in Washington D.C.

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