

# 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](mailto:betsycote@Atlanticbb.net)**

**1955 – Nancie Anderson (d. 2016)**



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



**1957 – William Douglas  
[rwmdouglas@gmail.com](mailto:rwmdouglas@gmail.com)**



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



**1959 – John "Mike" Hall  
[MGHall446@gmail.com](mailto:MGHall446@gmail.com)**



**1960 – Ren Briggs  
[rpbjr42@gmail.com](mailto:rpbjr42@gmail.com)**



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



**1962 – Dona (Hale) Ritchie  
[Dona.Ritchie@att.net](mailto:Dona.Ritchie@att.net)**

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



**Nancy (Pedersen) Iverson (61)  
15 July 1943 – 26 August 2021**

Nancy was at Bushy Park from 1958-1961 for her sophomore, junior and senior year. She played clarinet in the school band, was a cheerleader, and was elected Senior Class President.

She married Mike Iverson, a Naval Officer, in 1967. They lived in San Diego, Monterey, Thousand Oaks and Naples, Italy, and Coronado, California where they were both active in a variety of community activities. Mike passed away in 2007.

Nancy and Mike have two daughters. Prof. Jana Iverson is a developmental psychologist, currently at Boston University, whose specialist area is autism. Krista Kritenbrink is an engineering manager, living in Chicago. Nancy's two grandchildren were her pride and joy and she enjoyed spending time with them whenever she could.

Nancy adored children and had a unique way with them. She worked as a kindergarten teacher and was for many years the much-loved Director of Admissions for Christ Church Day School in Coronado.

###



**From: Sean Kelly (78)**

Pat - just to let you know that early days Bobcat Stuart Randall has passed at his home in Spain.

I have posted something on the London Central High School and West Ruislip Photos site following an announcement from his wife, Patricia.

I hope she will be able to post more. I know he was friends with Doug Eskra (I think it is) 1960.

We have pictures of him.

Had a lot of sad news this past week or so - one of my classmates '78 passed. Then a LCHS nurse from the 1980s passed. Now Stuart 'Dr. Rock' Randall. :)

We're all of an age!

This is what I wrote. His wife, Lesley Patricia Randall - is on Facebook here - and I think that if you can = ask her for his full obit when she is able to get it to you. I just threw up what I knew (or think I know)!

He was only there at Bushy Park a year, but it made a terrific impression on him - a lifetime impression!

Sending in sadness!

Sean

\*\*

Bobcats - it's been a week or two for bad news - and, sadly, I have more. Stuart Randall - "Doc Rock" - who was at LCHS when it was at Bushy Hall in 1959- to 1960, has passed away today in Mallorca where he lived. His wife, Lesley Patricia Randall, has posted the following message:

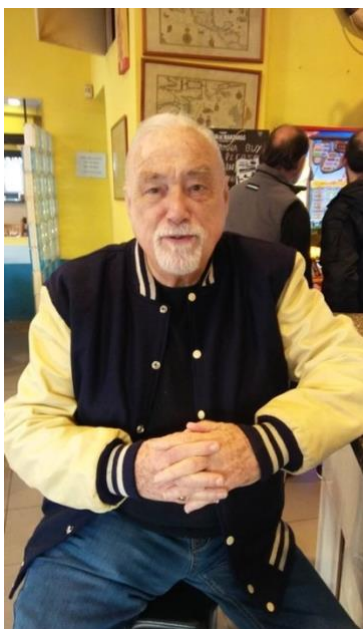
*Hi All Relatives, Friends, and Acquaintances,  
Very Sad News, my husband of 34+ years died in his sleep this morning.  
There will be no Funeral but a Cremation and later I will arrange a celebration of his life, once I have sorted things out.  
All the best to you All. Lesley x*

A number of Bobcats from across the years had connected via Facebook with Stu. Sadly, I never got to meet Stu in person but we exchanged many message over the years. He was at LCHS when it was at Bushey Hall from September 1959 to June 1960 and never forgot the place. He went on to college (University of Western Ontario, I believe) and then enlisted for Vietnam. (I don't know enough, but I know his older brother had been killed there).

In 1969 he was first sent to the USAF base Puig Magor and it was the beginning of a love affair with the place. He had actually married Lesley in 1989 in Derby, England, and lived at Port de Soller since 1985.

Perhaps about 10 years ago - he wrote about his visit back to Bushy Park (which had long previously reverted back to pre-War Royal Park status. "So peaceful," he wrote. For years we had spoken about meeting up - but life got in the way of living! But I'm delighted that fellow [Linda Catt-Vahrson](#) did manage to visit him in person a few years ago. Stu - I loved our exchanges about music and what you shared. I hope you have found peace - some of that same peace you found at Bushey Hall on your visit back to see the site of your alma mater. RIP Dr. Rock.

Below - Stu a few years ago. And also [Linda Catt-Vahrson](#) (seen on the right) and a friend of hers visit with Stu at one of his favourite bars near his home!



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## Memories of Bushy Park

*Robert Harrold (60) maintains a Bushy Park website at [BushyPark.org](http://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](#)*

*Nearly every newsletter published since 2001 are there to be seen a few of the earliest ones are not there. Bob has added a several new features to this website's home page that are worth checking out. It is all one click away!*

*Thank you Bob for all that you do for us.*



**Notice: Over the past few weeks, Bob Harrold (60) has been arranging to move the servers for the [BushyPark.org](http://BushyPark.org) website to a friend of his, George Seymour, in Panorama City, CA. George ran the website before Bob took over running it over seven years ago. The transition is occurring now and the last week or so of September. Anyone trying access the site during this period of downtime may be/have been frustrated.**

**At this new location, the servers will be capable of operating at 100 MB - In and Out! This will speed up the functioning of the website for all who visit it. This is 5 times faster in and over 16 times faster out!**

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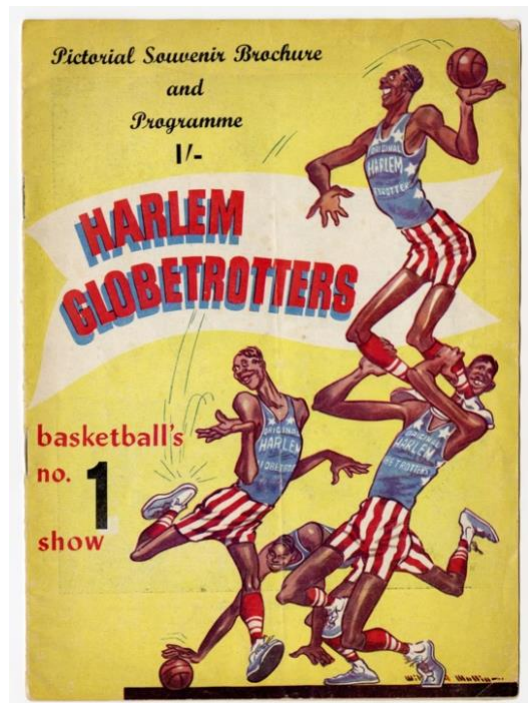
**From: Robert Harrold (60)**

Faggots 'n Fog — A bunch of us usLCHSGB dorm students went to see the Globetrotters one night in 1958 London. After the game, the fog was so dense that our LCHS school bus couldn't be driven back to our school on RAF Station Bushy Park in Kingston Teddington. We had to walk all the way back. Streetlights were useless. Barrels of paraffin-soaked faggots were on some street corners. Being the '50s, some of us had matches (and Zippos) so guys & girls lighted the torches to find our way. At times, the fog was so sooty & so thick that we could feel the heat from the faggots' flames 🔥 before seeing the fire. It was very chilly. Some new couples were made as we found our ways back, in the cold, to our dorms. 🙄

P.S. Note the ticket price on the '58 brochure. This year's game ticket is around £150!

Related '53-'62 LCHS Alumni

Website: <http://BushyPark.org>



**Editor's Note:**

noun

noun: **faggot**; plural noun: **faggots**; noun: **fagot**; plural noun: **fagots**

1. **OFFENSIVE-NORTH AMERICAN**  
a gay man.
2. a bundle of sticks or [twigs](#) bound together as fuel.
  - o a bundle of iron rods bound together for [reheating](#), welding, and [hammering](#) into bars.
  - o

Origin



Middle English (in the sense 'bundle of sticks for fuel'): from Old French *fagot*, from Italian *fagotto*, based on Greek *phakelos* 'bundle'.

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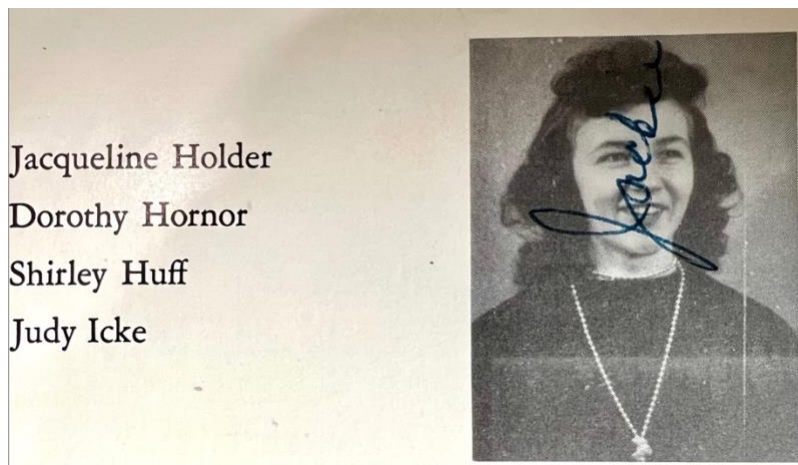


**From: R. William Douglas (57)**

Bill,

Your warning of “Without receiving memories, or current activities, from our readers in the 1953 - 1962 class years, we have nothing for the newsletter. Eventually, the newsletter will f-a-a-a-a-de away”, was met inside the newsletter with the obituaries of no less than seven '57 Class members emphasizing your point!

A sigh of some relief came when I saw the transitional note from Father Pete, but decided then that maybe I should look back on some of the dearly departed. I didn't know all of them, although



I recognized the pictures in my '56 Annual (never got the '57) of most. Jackie's picture was missing in the newsletter, and unfortunately, she opted to write her name across her picture in my annual, so I'm enclosing it if you don't have one.

Father Pete, Cindy, Jackie, and Cleo had all made comments in my annual that lead me to decide to expand on them for the newsletter (except for Father

Pete's which was a mundane “Willie, Thanks for your help on the Annual” – apologies Pete) since the others were more to the point.

Cindy commented “Best Wishes to another of Miss Hynes' problems” (although she did thank me for all the help on the Junior Review); Jackie said she “Will never forget the constant riot in History and English classes”; and Cleo simply was determined “to be the last one to sign this book (in the

bottom back inside cover)” only to run out of room for the last “s” in Chambliss, add an asterisk, and write an explanation for making her mistake. All good memories of friends.

As to the references to the English and History classes, there were some pretty good moments. John Soule, Bill Cooper, and I were more trouble to Mr. Francis in the History class than to Miss Hynes in English, but they might not have felt the same way. For those that were there in our Junior Year, hopefully you will recall what I think were the best two in “Fireball” Francis’ class: First, during lunch stacking all the desks between four of the posts and wrapping that area in barbed wire, playing a recording of battle sounds, and explaining that this scene was representative of the WWI history we were studying. Second, Bill having taken a white Lily from the Principal’s Office, and John and I carrying him holding it in by the shoulders and feet and laying him across Mr. Francis desk. Mr. Francis told us, “no dead bodies in the classroom, get rid of it”. The three of us left the classroom and headed for the park for the rest of the afternoon. Somehow, we avoided suspension for that one.

As for English Class, the best one in our opinion was the fake shooting of me by John using a starter pistol and me a plastic bag of ketchup for the blood. Rosemary took it in stride but think about that one in terms of today! Second would have been asking her what to do with our workbooks at the end of the term, and her reply of “burn them for all I care”. On the last day of class, we opened the doors at the back of the room, rolled out an aluminum sheet and encouraged our classmates to pile them up. Got a small fire started, but not too successfully (she wasn’t as calm about that one).

Only at Central High School!  
Bill Douglas ‘57

###



**From: Edith Williams (56) Wingate**

Bill--hope all is well with you. I have been going through old letters and such. If you need something for the next newsletter, here's a laugh. The paragraphs are taken from a letter my mother wrote to me the September after I went off to college. The "Julie" mentioned in the letter is my young sister who also attended Bushy via about a 30+minute bus ride. Nothing was said about how the kids eventually got home!! Many thanks for keeping us all in touch!!  
Eddie Wingate '56

*“I keep trying to get Julie to write you about school, but each day passes, and she never seems to have time. Last Friday on her bus they initiated the freshman en route home against the bus drivers wishes. Then they were singing so loudly he couldn’t stand it and finally stopped a policeman on his bike and asked him to come and speak to the children. Julie said, “We gave him the silent treatment and he kept asking, ‘you understand me, don’t you?’ Finally, the silence was broken by Peggy answering in a silly note, ‘mmmm.’”*

*With this, the cop quickly jumped off. The driver then said he was going to take them to the base commander, but on reaching the base he had no pass to enter so had to go inside for one leaving the bus at the gate. It so happened that the three M.P.s (Military Police) on duty at the gate were friends of Peggy’s so they roared with laughter and told them, “get off and run before the driver returns.” Julie said, “Mom you never saw a bus unload so quickly as that one and children scattered in every direction.” They got a little scolding at school the following Monday but not too much.”*

***[Editor’s Note: Does anyone else have a bus story, or two, to share from their days commuting to Bushy Park?]***

## Letters to the Editor



### **From: Penny Ohrman (61) Bernstein**

Was just thinking of topics for discussion like the SS United States.

Back in the late '50s and '60s being a stewardess was popular. No Stewards or Flight Attendants then - just Stewardesses. It would be interesting to see how many flew.

I flew for Delta for a year - couldn't be married then - graduated Friday, Dec. 13, 1963 and a man died on my first flight- Sunday, Dec. 15, 1963. His nephew put him on and said he was going home to his brother in Tampa. I served him tea and he asked to be moved. We got him up and started to put him in first class and he collapsed on the floor. I administered oxygen as we couldn't pronounce anyone dead. We had left Chicago on the way to Tampa and Miami. We made an unscheduled landing in Atlanta and the coroner came on board and pronounced him deceased and took him off. When we got to Tampa the pilot and I got off the plane and told his brother. The man who died was 80. My second flight the tail caught on fire on landing in Cincinnati, and on the third we were delayed due to ice on the wings in Dallas for several hours. Some pilots would not fly w/me when they saw my name on the list. Pilots tend to be superstitious. When my dad put my wings on, he told me to go where they sent me but never volunteer. Loved flying but times sure have changed, like everything.

###



### **From: Carol Albert (57) Yacovone**

To echo Pete, ( Father Sheldon Peters,) you all have worked hard and long on keeping this newsletter running. It was a little stressful looking through all the names from our classes of '57 - '59 and seeing so many lost...I wondered about Shirley Huff for some time. Since she used to do the '57 site and has been gone from it for a while...I had the joy of meeting up with her many years ago at one of the reunions, I believe it was Washington DC. Pete and I were reunited at our 1988 reunion in Houston so many years ago and have kept in touch and even had him here in person for a visit many moons ago. Pete, your cross still hangs over my entry door..

Through the years I was lucky to have had close contact and shared many good times with my buddy Robyn "Rudat" Allen and Sandy "Middlestadt" Buchanan, both who have left me behind - Robyn in 2014, which I shared with the newsletter, and Sandy in 2021. I still keep in touch with Bev Gehrett Wagner and Sean Carr McMann, both my roommates at Bushy. Bev, has a sister here in Florida not far from me and we usually get together once a year. Met and enjoyed reunions with many classmates over the years, including Dave Mangold, Bill Grable, Stan Beverly, Bob Chandonnet, Mike Murphy, Mike Hall, Sandy Dawe, Judy Tucker Dunderville, Jerry Hoffman, George Keach, Skippy Middlestadt, Warren Gehrett, and so many more. Went to reunions in Washington DC, Las Vegas, Biloxi, Fort Worth Texas, and of course the big one in 1988 in Houston.

Probably the greatest reunion came for me in '88, when I got to connect with my favorite Teacher and dear friend for many years, Ms. Kelly. I follow her son Sean, on Facebook and he does a great job keeping many connected to our English school locations. She visited with my husband and I along with her husband in Cocoa Beach many years ago, he was here for a Triathlon. We continued to keep in touch until her time to rest was eternal.

To my life, I live in Indian Harbour Beach, Florida with husband Phillip and have been here since 1984. When I returned from England in '59 I went on to Art School in Philadelphia, married in 1960 and had three wonderful children Chris Michocki my oldest., Chana Newport youngest daughter and son Chas McGuire my youngest, who we lost to cancer in 2012. I divorced and remarried in 1984 in Atlantic City, New Jersey and moved to Florida where my father and mother retired from the Air Force and NASA in 1982. Blessed with 8 grandchildren and 8 great grands. Youngest granddaughter Shaylee McGuire, from Son Chas., we are now raising and for now sharing our home with her older sister Aariel, also Chas' daughter, and her two girls 5 and 2. I am a long time Realtor and still work as much as I can. My awesome brother Ted Albert (59) lives in Washington State with his wonderful wife Nancy and is well.

So, life is busy for me here in sunny Florida. We are just south of Cape Canaveral and welcome any of my old chums if visiting the Space Coast. I would love to connect again after all these years.

Thank you for all you do to keep this going.  
Carol Albert Yacovone, '57 CHS Bushy Park

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**From: Elizabeth Leah Reed (60)**

Hi Pat,

Would you forward this piece for "Bushy Tales" for me? Thanks!

After reading and enjoying all the tales of traveling to England on the SS United States or one of the Queens, I had many memories of my family's trip across the Big Blue on a much smaller Navy ship. Not quite so luxurious as the liners, but also lots of fun. Our return to the US was on a larger converted troop transport ship, the USNS Gen. Maurice Rose. More teenagers on that one. I remember staying up on deck all night to be with the first see the lights of the US that last day at sea. I wrote this story as part of my memoir for my children, who didn't get to experience life on the move.

Thanks,  
Elizabeth

### **Crossing the Big Blue: August 1953**

Elizabeth Leah Reed ('60)

We said goodbye to Isle of Palms, South Carolina, journeyed to Memphis and Jackson to visit the Tennessee cousins, then my dad pointed the car north toward Annapolis, Maryland. There we stayed at my Gran's for a few weeks while Dad drove the 30 miles to DC every day for briefings about whatever it was he needed to know for his next assignment: mine sweeping expert in the Naval Attaché's office in London. He would work daily with a British Navy's team as he helped remove the last mines from the shores of Great Britain. That meant he would get to know many British officers rather than only other Americans. It wouldn't be all work. Along with this assignment came mandatory attendance at many social engagements like formal dinners and balls that required a uniform with tails and full medals dangling on ribbons. Mother bought at least one gown. Pink sateen. Full skirted. For her this was a reward for being a Navy wife.

While he worked, we played. It was beastly hot, so my sister Nancy ('56), my little brother Jim, and I sat in front of fans to watch TV—something we hadn't had in Charleston. When even fans didn't help, we'd go to the movies and enjoy the AC. The Queen's coronation had been in June and the film of her crowning—in color—was the hit of the summer. I became an Anglophile right there in the Republic Movie Theater. I was ready for England.



In late August, we said our goodbyes and drove to New York City to see the sights the day before sailed, probably some of the same ones he took our mom to on their honeymoon in 1936. The coin-operated Automat with its noisy spinning shelves of sandwiches and desserts for lunch. As we watched the high-kicking Rockettes at Rockefeller Center I imagined dancing like they did. Up for the view of New York City from the top of the Empire State Building, which hadn't yet lost its claim as the tallest building in the world at 1,250 feet.

Next morning, we drove to Brooklyn Naval Shipyard to drop off our car and wait on the dock until time to board our home for a week, the USNS Henry Gibbins. We watched from our perches on our sturdy new blue Samsonite suitcases as our powder blue and cream four-door Chevy sedan swing high overhead and disappeared into the hold of the gray ship. Finally, after the troops marched aboard, the call for the families to board came across the loudspeakers.

We struggled our luggage up the gangplank, found our staterooms, and unpacked. I was in a stateroom with my parents and little brother Jim. I on a top bunk and he below me. My parents were in bunks too. Nancy's cabin was down the way and shared with three other teenage girls. As we explored the ship—inside and out—my dad taught us the Navy terms: not staircases, ladders or companionways; not halls, passageways. Decks for floors, bow for front, and stern for back. The loudspeakers sounded three high tones of a whistle—bos'n's pipe—followed by “Now hear this, now hear this. All visitors ashore . . .” in a voice I recognized from every war movie I'd ever seen. My dad, like the seasoned Navy man he was, pulled out a bottle of Dramamine pills—one pill for each of us. The shudder of the engines as the screws (not propellers) began to turn sent a hum through the ship that would lull us to sleep for the next five days. One long horn blast riveted clear through our bodies. Our ship was leaving port.

As the tugs nosed us into the harbor, we stood on deck, madly waving at the people shrinking on the dock below. We knew none of them, but you had to wave goodbye. Goodbye America.

The Gibbins was a small ship—almost 490 feet from stem to stern with a 70-foot beam. During World War II as a US Army Transport ship, it shuttled as many as 2,900 crammed in troops at a time across the U-Boat infested Atlantic. In 1944, a thousand holocaust survivors came over those same waters to the only refugee camp in the United States. Somehow, these people had made their way from the camps through Italy to Naples for the passage to New York. After the war, in 1946, she was refitted as a “war brides ship and brought 315 Irish wives and 140 babies from Belfast to the US. Three decks of cabins, lounges, two formal staircases, a formal dining room and substantial plumbing upgrades were installed.

By the time of our voyage, the Navy had retrofitted the Gibbins to operate is as a Military Sea Transportation Ship—MSTS—to ferry troops and American military personnel and their dependents on a route between New York and Bremerhaven, Germany, with ports in between. We would get off in Southampton, England. For us, the formal staircases and dining room were gone. We had ladders and a mess hall.

The troops were stuffed in the bow of the ship, cramped below decks for meals and sleep. When they came up for air, they had to keep away from the dependents. That didn't stop the G.I.s from hanging out at the hatch dividing the fore and amidships areas—the strictly adhered to dividing line. They flirted with the teenage girls from a distance and sent catcalls across the decks. At 11 years, I was a bit young to earn a whistle, but Nancy got her share. The teenage girls pretended to ignore the attention, but a glance over their shoulder would give away their enjoyment of being noticed.

Along the bulwark on the main deck amidships people reclined in wooden deck chairs. On fair days they read, chatted, napped, or gazed out at the horizon. On cool days, they were wrapped in blankets. If someone got up to walk around the deck, another would soon take their place.

Where the bulwark ended, the deck was space enough for two shuffleboard courts, one on each side—port and starboard, not left and right. I quickly found this game on the high seas much more challenging than on land. Add to the goal of sending a disk down the court to a high scoring space, the roll of the ship plus the slight arch or camber of the deck that lets sea water run off. Not only did I learn to aim my cue well as I launched my disk to adjust for the slope, I also managed to take advantage of the ship’s pitch, and Wham! My disk would knock my opponent’s disk out and stop in the 10 spot.

The “Gibbins Express,” full of purple mimeographed news, was delivered daily. It listed movies and when sick call was open to troops, officers and civilian men, and women and children. Brief news items—in all capital letters—were included as well as a “distance traveled” hand-drawn map. The times for the meal seatings in the mess hall were accompanied with the admonishment: “All passengers are urged to be on time and presentable for all meals.”

When bored with open deck activities or when weather didn’t allow being topside, we had a library full of books to read, cards and board games to while the time away, and movies to watch. Every day a different, but old, film was shown. I preferred being on deck.

The August ocean was calm as we headed out to sea, leaving the sight of land behind. We soon traversed the sunny skies and blue water of the Gulf Stream strewn with seaweed and diving pelagic birds. The ocean took on a darker hue. For me it was heaven. I felt right at home on the ship. I got my sea legs fast and could walk the deck without swaying or stumbling. I’d stand at the rails or sit in a deck chair to watch the swells rise and fall. At the stern I would pause and gaze at the turmoil of the churning wake frothing away behind us. My thoughts would wander as I simply took in the enormity of the ocean, the distant horizon, the magnificence of the Big Blue.

And then everything changed. Two days before we entered the English Channel the skies clouded over as a gray mist shrouded the gray ship. The smooth-as-glass ocean turned to high swells. Waves crested and broke. Foam blew in the air. Every shudder and smack of the bow as it heaved out of the sea and slammed into the next wave trough sent us grabbing for rails to steady ourselves as we banged our way around the ship. We rocked and rolled our way to Southampton.

Those last days aboard ship, I bundled up to go out on deck. No more shuffleboard. Wind and spray and rain hit my face while the slick deck and roll of the ship challenged my footing. By now I knew to stay upwind of anyone hanging over the rails—and there were many. It was damp and clammy out in the fresh air, so I didn’t stay long. I knew not to go below for a movie in the stuffy theater or nausea would overtake me. I played some games, returned books to the library, and spent time in the cabin packing until the chimes of the dinner bell over the loudspeaker, followed by the now familiar “Now hear this, now hear this, the second seating . . .”

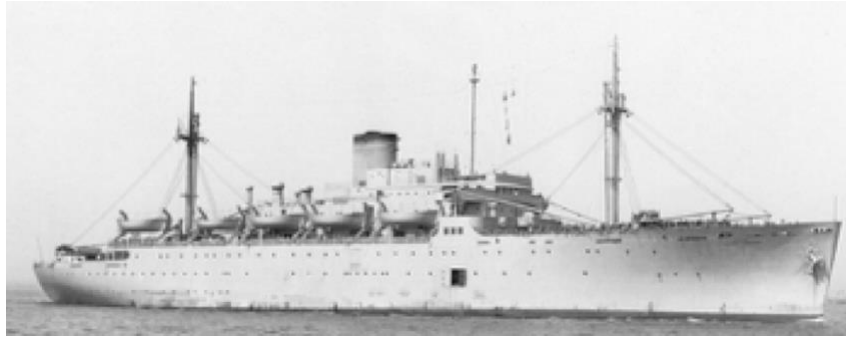
We lurched down the companionways and fended off the bulkheads in the passageways as we were tossed around on our way to the last dinner on board the Gibbins. The galley smells met us before we got to the mess, and Melvin, our steward for the week, seated us. We looked around at all the empty tables and realized taking my dad’s Dramamine paid off. It was August 24th, my brother’s fourth birthday.

I looked out the round porthole by our table. Up, down. Up, down. Sky, sea. Sky, sea. One or the other. Never both. No horizon through the gray mist to fix my eyes on. I was a bit queasy—I think we all were—but not enough to miss our last meal at sea.

Melvin cleared our plates and returned from the galley with the dessert tray held high. As he lowered it, we saw a candle burning brightly in the middle of each piece of pie—banana cream pie. We sang Happy Birthday to Jim while the warm banana aroma enveloped us. That did it for me. The final challenge to my cast-iron stomach won the day. “No thanks,” I said as I dashed out the mess, up the ladders, and back to our cabin. I was never sick that whole trip. I never had to go on deck and hang over the rails. But I sure came close that night.

By the time we awoke the next morning we were docked in Southampton. We clambered down the gangplank dragging that luggage again to be met by my dad's British counterpart and start the drive to our new home. London!

We're here. Really. England.



**USNS Henry Gibbons in 1953  
Crowded Troops in the Bow  
Service Personnel and Their Dependents Amidships**

***[Editor's Note: How did you arrive in England - ship, plane, naval ship or civilian ship, military plane or civilian plane, some other way? Tell us about your experience?]***

###



**From: Sean Kelly (78)**

I would very much like to write a more in-depth story of how the alma mater song came about. *See below.*

Are you in touch with (able to be in touch) any of those involved and credited (see bottom of song)? Do we know anything about them?

Thank you if you can ask your community - I would like to include their responses (if not about creating it, then maybe other, more general memories of hearing it or singing it) for the article. And It may be something you want to have/use.

Sending my best from England where Fall is just about to rush in it seems (Storm due on Wednesday here.)

BTW - for those who knew either my mom or Coach Lewis - this has appeared on the UCLA alumni site - well it's been there for a while, but I was just sent it. UCLA had asked me for information about both alumni....and it went up in June 2022. Anyone else from CHS go to UCLA?

<https://alumni.ucla.edu/class-notes/madison-taylor-lewis-51-and-martha-gail-kelly-nee-rochlen-54/?fbclid=IwAR1aG-QSXfbIgLbi7DckODBP6FOB04jEIoy6pE4-r-LQMMIG4I56FGBi>



## Alma Mater

On old London's Southern Borders  
There's a school we love.  
We will ever keep her standards  
Towering high above.

Alma Mater, thee we honor  
True and loyal be.  
Ever crowned with grace and glory  
Central, hail to thee.



In honor, truth and wisdom,  
Central is our guiding light.  
Which makes us ever loyal  
To the Blue and White.

Alma Mater, thee we honor  
True and loyal be.  
Ever crowned with grace and glory  
Central, hail to thee.



We all will be together,  
All one purpose we.  
Looking forward to the future  
Singing now with glee.

Alma Mater, thee we honor  
True and loyal be.  
Ever crowned with grace and glory  
Central, hail to thee.

Words by:  
Ann Hearn, Pat Piety and Nicky Bossett

Music by:  
Mr. Keeping

**From: Pat Terpening (58) Owen**



Judith Ann Hearn Jordan (54) - Deceased 2020



Patricia Alice Piety Schmidt (53) - Deceased 2011

I don't have any info on Nicky Bossett - they're not in my records at all.



Have Mr. Keeping on teacher page, but no first name and no other info. If someone has a first name for him, I could check it out.

Pat

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**From: Robert Harrold (60)**

An outline of the origins of the BushyPark.org website:

It goes back to a pre-Internet Bulletin Board, which became the ... "Bushy Tales ([http://www.bushypark.org/Start\\_News.htm](http://www.bushypark.org/Start_News.htm))" - Dedicated in Memoriam to Charlie Andrews (<http://www.bushypark.org/MAY2001.htm>) (CommoBunker) R.I.P.

It was "gone" for a while but morphed into the Website that we have today, which then was hosted by Wanda (Castor) (60) DeVary.

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Wanda Castor & Gary Schroeder

([http://www.bushypark.org/Wanda\\_Castor-and-Gary\\_Schroeder\\_Memorium.htm](http://www.bushypark.org/Wanda_Castor-and-Gary_Schroeder_Memorium.htm))

Mar 9, 2019 — Wanda (Castor) DeVary. NOVEMBER 2, 1941 ~ AUGUST 15, 2018 (AGE 76)

OBITUARY: DEVARY, Wanda Castor, age 76, of Spring Hill, FL died Wednesday ...

[bushypark.org](http://www.bushypark.org)

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Welcome LCHS Alumni

([http://www.bushypark.org/welcome\\_alumni.htm](http://www.bushypark.org/welcome_alumni.htm))

Aug 30, 2023 — This Bushy Park roster site was originally created & maintained by: Wanda DeVary . R.I.P.. DoD Dependent Schools. ← MST. U.K. DODDS 2014. Map ...

[bushypark.org](http://www.bushypark.org)

<http://www.bushypark.org> > ...PDF

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Bushy Tales

(<http://www.bushypark.org/PDFFiles/2004/November%202004%20issue.PDF>)

Nov 9, 2004 —

**From:** Wanda Castor DeVary (60)

Wanda (Castor) DeVary (60) and Gary Schroeder (55), plus Pat [Terpening (58) Owen], and there're others I don't know, did the "grunt" work.

At some point, having access to Internet servers offered to keep the Website online.

**From:** <http://www.bushypark.org/mar2002.htm> — *"My sincere appreciation to Nancie (Anderson) Weber (55) for all the help and encouragement when I first started this Newsletter. She kept me on the straight and narrow and inspired me to keep going.*

*Many thanks and appreciation to Wanda (Castor) De Vary (60) for all the hard work and time she puts in maintaining the Web Site and keeping it up to date. Folks, it takes a lot of work to keep it up to date with all the updated information and the posting of the newsletters. And thanks to Bob Harrold (60) for hosting the Web Site on his server. There is no way we could afford to have a site this big with so many pictures.*

*And lest I forget, many, many thanks to Pat (Terpening) Owen (58) for all the many long and hard hours she has spent on finding people, keeping up with and sending me the corrections for the Roster, and for finding all my errors in the Newsletter before I send it out to all of you.*

*These are the people that do so much to keep us all together after we have found each other again after all these years. Those years in England were very special and all of you are very special. No one else can know or share what we had there, we are a unique group, and I would not change a minute of our time together for anything in this world. So, this is why I wanted to thank those that have done so much to keep us all together."*

— Gary Schroeder [55]

*[Editor's Note: I underline the above sentence on Gary's statement because it is something that I have believed ever since I attended Bushy Park in 1954-1955. It was a special experience, and we were each fortunate to participate. I could not say it any better than Gary did here.]*

Pat may know best, but Wanda wasn't as social as Pat & Gary. I never met Wanda.

I was way too busy work & time wise to do any "leg work" "in the trenches" so to speak, to do the heavy lifting that you and Pat now do from your predecessors.

At some juncture, time wise, after Wanda's active involvement, I with her agreement continued to host the site. At a reunion in L.V., sometime back, I agreed to do the web server hosting, but others would have to do the content & I'd post it.

Ask Pat how she, and you, picked up the reins and have kept the camaraderie or comradery alive for us. Pat Owen's "corporate memories" about the origins and iterations of the Website - a history from her perspective, posted for posterity, would be good.

Frankly, I have only "kept the engine running" while others have driven the vehicle.

Bob Harrold (60)

*[Editor's Note: Thank you, Bob, for this information! Pat Terpening (58) Owen will be providing her input on all of the above information in the next newsletter.]*

--FINIS--