

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
rpbjr42@gmail.com**



**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. [Thank you Bob!!]

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



From: James Sherry (61)

Dear Bill,

Having completed 7th and 8th grades at Ruislip AFB while my family lived in Northolt, we moved to Teddington, very near Bushy Park. My father had built a small outboard runabout in our garage at Northolt and needed a place to use it. He found a house to rent in Teddington on a dead-end canal off the River Thames, where we spent our last year in England and my first ('57-'58) in high school at Bushy Park.

That was a fabulous year. School was actually fun (most of the time) and being on the river was wonderful. The runabout ran about, but I acquired a large, heavy, old, lapstrake-built rowboat with extra-long oars and spent as much time as possible exploring the river. The canal provided access to the river. We lived near the dead-end of the canal, complete with a haunted boathouse (that's another story). The canal was narrow, with boats of various sizes parked by the residences along the canal, so using those long, curve-bladed oars to propel my boat out to the river was impossible. So, the technique was to sit on the bow of the rowboat, so the stern was headed toward the river, and use a canoe paddle to maneuver down the canal and into open water.

That year flew by, but most of my memories of England come from experiences in Teddington, at Bushy Park, and on the river.

I have never made friends easily, but one that I'll never forget from that year was Walter Smith. Most of you in my class may not remember Walter. He was quiet, dignified, and handicapped by near blindness and severe hearing impairment. He was a gentleman at 14, and an example I've carried with me all my life. Not that I've lived up to his example, but I admired him and was reminded often that his carriage and behavior constituted one of the standards I wanted to emulate. If any of you remember Walter, I'd be glad to hear from you.

We left Teddington in May of 1958 on another troop ship, the *MSTS Geiger*. We had sailed to England on *MSTS Goethals* in 1955, which was decommissioned shortly after that crossing. It needed to be! We moved into quarters at a tiny Army post that occupied all of an island in Long Island Sound, Ft. Slocum. Once again, Dad's runabout had a home, but a year later it was destroyed in a hurricane. Dad was despondent, and never again owned a boat. Nor did I, but weekends

snorkeling in the murky waters of the Sound, getting about in a small, borrowed rowboat, was a satisfactory continuation of the adventure.

We took a ferry every day to and from the mainland to get to school in New Rochelle, NY. Miss the ferry and be late for school, so regardless of the weather the trek to the ferry dock constituted a deadline not to be trifled with. New Rochelle High School had been recognized as one of the most beautiful in the nation, but it was rather dismal compared to my first year at Bushy Park, where the high school would not have won any prizes for architectural attractiveness. Interesting how real value is essentially unrelated to physical beauty.

New York was to be our home for the next several years. After two years at Ft. Slocum we moved to Ft. Totten, a peninsula jutting out from Bayside in Queens, NY. My last year of high school was in an industrial-style structure in Bayside that was so overcrowded that we went to school in shifts: 7:00 am to noon for the first half of the year, and noon to 5:00 pm for the second semester. We had over 1,100 graduates that last year, 1961. Then on to college in the Bronx, followed by several years in the US Army, with two tours in Germany, one in Vietnam, and the rest in Maryland, where I met and married Rose Marie, and Alabama, and New Mexico.

After leaving the Army we moved back to Alabama where I worked with NASA on the Space Shuttle booster program, then to Florida, still with the Shuttle program, then to the DC area where I worked again with NASA, supporting their Space Station headquarters. Years later we moved to Oklahoma to help take care of my ailing mother, and where I worked in oil and gas exploration. Now retired and living in the lovely Shenandoah Valley of Virginia, our lives continue to be interesting and fulfilling. Our only child and our grandchildren live in the Houston area. Too far to be on-call babysitters, but not too far for visits.

It's been a good life.

Jim Sherry (1961)
Winchester, VA

Letters to the Editor



From: Charlotte Biggers (59) Hester

I have been wanting to write about Van Cliburn, the then very young and brilliant American pianist who won the Tchaikovsky competition during the years I was at Bushy Park. His piano playing was fantastic. To all Americans in Europe at that time, it represented a kind of victory of our way of life. We had great pride in his accomplishment. I forgot about it over the years until I saw the notification in the newspaper "a few" years ago. It stood out for me during the altogether 4 and a half years we lived in Europe.

I was in the Class of '59. London was and is my favorite city. Now I am in Colorado, where I have been for over 17 years. After London, it was California, then Massachusetts, then when my children were grown, living and traveling in my little RV for 5 years off and on. Now I'm in assisted living in Lafayette, Colorado. That's the short version. I hope that is enough and hasn't gone into the subject line. If it has, I will rely on one of the young care givers to help me rescue it. After all, my 9-year-old granddaughter can help me if I'm struggling with tech. What a changed world! I would welcome email from anyone I knew at Bushy Park.

Sharley Biggers (59) Hester

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From: Ron Crowe (64)

Subject: Look at the license plates!

We had dinner last night with Phil and Becky Souza then took pictures of our license plates. Phil gave me the right to legally get his California plate when he moved to Nevada. He got his Nevada plate when they got settled in Reno. His car is a lot newer and mine is vintage.



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