

# 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 – Marcia (Craver) Thomas  
[txstarmt@aol.com](mailto:txstarmt@aol.com)

1954 – Betsy (Neff) Cote (d. 2024)

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 (d. 2024)



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



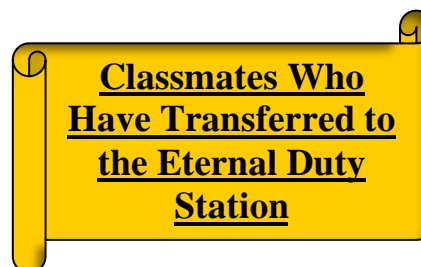
1961 – Betsy (Schley) Slepetz  
[bslepetz@comcast.net](mailto:bslepetz@comcast.net)



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

**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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**Priscilla Wilder Ambrose (55)  
28 February 1937 – 31 October 2023**

Priscilla W. Ambrose, 85, passed away peacefully on Oct. 31, 2022, joining her loved ones who went before. Born Feb. 28, 1937, in Boston, Mass., Priscilla was the second child of Mary E. Cady (Kenneth G. Cady) and Richard Wilder (Frances Wilder).

She was predeceased by her parents, brother Thomas C. Wilder, sister Phoebe Wilder, stepbrother John Turner, and husband, William G. Ambrose. She is survived by her siblings, Samuel L. Cady (K. Min) of Friendship, Maine and Constance B. Wilder of Newburyport, Mass.; stepbrother Dean Turner (Gudrun) of Mashpee, Mass.; her children, Fonda A. Hereford (Page) of St. Louis, Mo., Edith R. Ambrose (Yakir Katz) of New Orleans, La., David M. Ambrose (Sergio Guimaraes) of Soth Portland, and Rachel C. Ambrose of Portland; her grandchildren, Sally H. Child (Andrew), Thomas B. Hereford, and Emily A. Hereford all of Denver, Colo., Talia Katz Ambrose of New Orleans, La., and Sivan Katz Ambrose of Los Angeles, Calif.; and one great-grandchild, Robert M. Child.

Priscilla spent her childhood years in Boothbay Harbor, Maine, Newton and Winchester, Mass. with post WWII living experiences in Naples Italy, Les Avants Switzerland, and London England with her mother and stepfather, LCDR Ken Cady. Despite being sidetracked by polio at age 18, Priscilla graduated from Skidmore College (class of 1959) and obtained a master's degree from Lesley College. She taught school in Michigan, Washington and Midway Island where she met her husband of 53 years, LTJG William G. Ambrose. Together and with their four children, Priscilla and Bill lived in Indian Head, Md., Corning, NY, Durham England, Ridgewood, NJ, Hingham, Mass. and finally North Yarmouth, Maine where they successfully ran Bradco Chair Co. for 20 years before retiring in 2003.

Priscilla never missed a summer at her beloved seaside cottage in Friendship with friends and family accompanying her and Bill on island picnics and boat rides aboard Caroline. Priscilla lived an extraordinary and adventure-filled life. She was an avid tennis player, traveler, appreciator of the arts, especially music, author and diarist.

A memorial service and hymn sing was held in her honor at the Methodist Church in Friendship on Saturday Dec. 3, 2022.

The family thanks the kind and caring staff at The Cedars in Portland. Halls of Waldoboro has care of the arrangements. To extend online condolences visit their Book of Memories at <http://www.hallfuneralhomes.com>.

In lieu of flowers, please consider a donation to one of Priscilla's favorite causes: the [Friendship Library](#), Friendship Scholarship Fund or [Medomak Valley Land Trust](#)

###



**Richard Russell Guise (57)**  
**16 August 1939 - 27 September 2021**



Mr. Guise was a native of Boonville, Indiana and a resident of Port Barre. A veteran of the military, he proudly served his country in the U.S. Air Force. Afterward, Richard went on to work for T.L. James for over 20 years as a carpenter, specializing in bridge construction. In his spare time, he enjoyed fishing and attending services at Faith Lutheran Church in Lafayette.

Survivors include his daughter, Cheryl Guise Sanders; a son, Russell Kelley Guise and his wife, Peggy, of Port Barre; a brother, Marvin McKinley and his wife, Kaye; his sister, Donna McKinley Tharp; his grandchildren, Celeste Robin Verette, Jessica Kelley Guise, and Jacob Russell Guise; numerous great-grandchildren; a great-great-granddaughter; and many much-loved nieces, nephews, and cousins.

He was preceded in death by a son, Richard Stevens Guise; his father, Russell L. Guise; his mother and stepfather, Helene Kelley McKinley and Winferd L. McKinley; and a brother, James McKinley.

A memorial service will be held later in Indiana for Richard Russell Guise, age 82, who entered into eternal rest on Monday, September 27, 2021, at his residence in Port Barre. Interment will be in Maple Grove Cemetery in Boonville, Indiana.

In lieu of flowers the family requests that memorial donations be sent in care of Mrs. Peggy Guise to P.O. Box 781, Port Barre, LA 70577, to help defray costs of the memorial service being held later.

*Melancon Funeral Home of Opelousas, 4708 I-49 North Service Road, (337) 407-1907, is in charge of arrangements.*

###

**Robert James Goewey, Jr. (57)**  
**25 June 1939 – 25 January 2022**



He was in the U. S. Air Force, a Vietnam Veteran, and is buried at the National Memorial Cemetery, Quantico, VA.

###



**Peter Goewey (59)**  
**1941 – 27 August 2024**



Peter Goewey, beloved husband, father, grandfather and dedicated community member, passed away peacefully on August 27, 2024, at the age of 82.

Born in 1941 on Long Island, New York, Peter was the middle son of Brigadier General Robert J. Goewey and Janet Hatch. Growing up he traversed the globe and spent each year of high school

on a different continent. This diverse upbringing shaped him into an extraordinary individual who cherished every moment of life.

Peter graduated with a bachelor's degree in history from Wheeling College, where he met the love of his life, June. They married in 1965 at St. Paul's Cathedral in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Peter served in the U.S. Air Force, beginning his service in 1964. His military career spanned 28 years, during which he worked as an Imagery Analyst in Thailand, managed the Pentagon's Laos section, and debriefed returning POWs from North Vietnam - a highlight of his service.

In 1975, Peter left active duty and joined the Idaho Air National Guard in Boise as Chief of the Photo Intelligence Section, later serving as the Personnel Officer for the Army and Air Guard. He and June spent 12 years in Boise, raising their young family. In 1987, he returned to the Pentagon, accepting a civil service position with the National Guard Bureau.

After retiring from active duty as a Lieutenant Colonel in 1992 and from the National Guard Bureau in 1998, Peter continued to contribute to national security by providing intelligence support to the CIA.

In 2002, Peter and June moved to Southport, North Carolina where he enjoyed pursuing his passions, including golf, travel, and community service. He served as Sewer Commissioner for the Southeast Brunswick Sanitary District, was a dedicated member of the Knights of Columbus, acted as a Eucharistic Minister, volunteered at the hospital, and worked as a golf course ranger.

Peter will be remembered not only for his military service but also for his unwavering devotion to his family and community. His legacy will continue to live on in the hearts of those who loved him.

In addition to his parents, Peter was preceded in death by his brothers, Robert Goewey, Jr. and John Goewey.

He is survived by his wife, June; his daughter, Erin (Mark); his son, Stephen (Ali); and his grandchildren, Emma, John, Nick, Fiona and Gracie.

A Funeral Mass to honor Peter was held on September 6, at 12 p.m. at Sacred Heart Catholic Church in Southport. He will be laid to rest at a future date in Arlington National Cemetery.

In lieu of flowers, the family requests donations be made to [CaringHouse.org](https://www.CaringHouse.org).

Online condolences may be made at [www.peacocknewnamwhite.com](http://www.peacocknewnamwhite.com).

###



**William S. Parrish (59)**  
**25 December 1941 – 11 April 2023**

William S. Parrish, also known as Sandy, passed away on April 11, 2023, at the age of 81 in Dana Point, CA. He was born on December 25, 1941, in Atlanta, GA. He is survived by his wife Carol Parrish, his son Jon S. Parrish, daughter-in-law Kris Parrish, grandsons Jon William, Jake, and Josh Parrish, sister-in-law Tykie Parrish and nephews Glen and Fred Parrish. Sandy was preceded in death by his parents Glen and Louise Parrish, two brothers, Michael and Fred Parrish and his son, Jeff Parrish.

Sandy lived with his wife Carol in San Clemente for over 40 years. Sandy was a successful businessman who worked in the gaming industry for many years. In retirement, Carol and Sandy enjoyed entertaining friends and family at their lovely home in Cotton Point. Sandy vigorously pursued his love for golf, and he passed this love to his son and grandsons. Sandy coached his son's little league baseball team in Las Vegas. Later in life, he was a regular fixture at all of his grandsons' sporting activities including Taekwondo, rugby and football.

A memorial service was held on April 18, at South Shores Church in Dana Point.

###



**Kelly G Ross Jr., (59) Age 85 (Deceased)**

Resided in Redwood City, CA  
[I couldn't find any more info. Pat]

###



**Lee Thurston Gillenwater (60)  
27 March 1942 - 13 June 2024**



Lee Thurston Gillenwater, 82, passed away peacefully on June 13, 2024, in Logan, UT.

Lee was born on March 27, 1942 at the San Diego Naval Hospital to Thurston Maurice Gillenwater and Eunice Lynn Gillenwater. He was a “Navy brat” and the family moved several times. They lived in California, Guam, and London before settling in his early teen years in the Washington D.C. area. He came to Utah to attend USU and fell in love with Cache Valley, which he then made his lifetime home. He lived a life full of adventure and Service.

While at USU he joined the ROTC. This later led him to joining the Marines for a second time. From there, he did 2 tours of duty in Vietnam. He later served 1 1/2 year in Korea working with the military police. This peaked his interest in law enforcement.

After returning from Korea, he lived and worked for a short time in Montpelier, ID. Bear Lake is where he met Dorothy Izatt. They were married Dec. 30th, 1974. They made their home in Logan and River Heights, UT. He continued his education and graduated from USU with a master’s degree in education, with minors in history and speech. They had three children Troy Edwin, Jami Lynn, and Ryan Thurston.

Lee was very patriotic and had a great love for his Country, his state and his community. He spent much of his life serving and helping other in many ways. In Education, in the Military and in law enforcement.

He worked for Logan School District for 30 years. He ran the Alternative High School for 18 years. Many of his greatest moments were when he would see these students later in life and they thanked him for helping find their way. He then finished his years in Education as Vice Principal at Logan High School.

The year he retired he spoke at the Senior Class “L” Banquet. At this time, the Principal presented him with a Logan High School Diploma. Mr. Gillenwater became quiet and quite emotional. What the students didn’t know is that this was his first and only High School Diploma. He had never graduated from high school.

During this time, he volunteered with Logan City Police Department. He worked with them to set up the Resource Officer Program at Logan High School. Logan City honored him on his retirement with a badge.

Lee also volunteered with the Cache County Sheriff’s office for many years. He volunteered with Cache County Search and Rescue for 20 years and was the Commander for a year.

When Lee was 15 years old, he ran away from home and joined the Marines . It took 15 months before they found out he was too young. They sent him home and told him to come back when he was older.

While at USU he joined the ROTC which reawakened his desire to become a Marine. In 1966 He was sent to Vietnam for a year, he came home and then signed up for another tour of duty in Vietnam. He was exposed to agent orange which caused many issues later in his life. He also was troubled with PTSD although he worked to manage it and keep it from others. He then spent about a year and a half in Korea.

After getting married he joined the Utah Army National Guard where he served for 18 years. He was Commander of the Searchlight Battery, Artillery, etc. He retired as a Lt. Colonel. After retiring from Logan School District, he took his wife away on a cruise to the Mediterranean.

Shortly after that he had a job at USU in the parking department. He had already been volunteering and working with USU Police. He continued doing that until just a few years ago.

He enjoyed cruises, camping, shooting, hunting and spending time with his friends and family. Lee is preceded in death by his parents, Thurston and Eunice, and his oldest son Troy. He is survived by his wife Dorothy, daughter Jami (Scot) Davidson, son Ryan. Also, the 2 girls who are the light of his life — his granddaughters Taylor Jane and Madison Leigh.

Funeral services were held on June 20, 2024, at the White Pine Funeral Home, 753 South 100 East, Logan, UT. The interment was at the Providence City Cemetery. Lee's full obituary can be read, as well as the link for the livestreaming of his funeral at [www.whitepinefunerals.com](http://www.whitepinefunerals.com).

###

**From: Robert Harrold (60)**



“On January 3 at 4:45am Mike Kelly [LCHS ‘60] passed away. Services will be February 1, 2025, at 10:30am at Cornerstone Church of Cleveland 27453 W Southline St., Cleveland, TX 77328 United States”

When I was about 10 years old my Grandmother used to read the obituaries every day in the papers. I asked her why once; she said that it was how she kept up with her friends though she was sad that she had fewer and fewer as time went by. She was 103, almost 104, when she went ahead of us and was the last of her friends. 🥹

I’m not sure, but I think “James Michael Kelly” in this ‘60 LCHS yearbook photo is the “Mike Kelly” that Linda Kelly, his widow, posted. *[Pat has confirmed that both are true.]*

###



**James Roy Navy (61)  
11 March 1943 – 28 October 2023**

James Roy Navy, age 80, of Helotes, Texas passed away on Saturday, October 28, 2023.

###



**Bruce Eckard (62)**  
**8 October 1944 – 20 December 2024**

Bruce Eckard, 80, of St Petersburg, FL and Myrtle Beach, SC passed away December 20, 2024, at his home in Myrtle Beach, SC. Bruce was born October 8, 1944, in Nottingham, England to Oliver and Simone Eckard. Bruce had a long career in Banking in the Tampa Bay area and was a former member of Tampa East Sertoma Club. In retirement Bruce loved to travel and share the world and experiences with his wife Paula. He also loved to cook, read and enjoy the sunsets over Boca Ciega Bay in St. Petersburg.

He was a loving husband to his beloved wife Paula, a proud father and grandfather to his son Kevin and grandson Eric and a loving brother to his dear sister Gisele (Roger) Harrah. He was predeceased by his brother David Eckard and leaves behind many nieces, nephews and friends. He will be greatly missed by all who knew him.

A Celebration of Life was held January 10th, 2025, at Goldfinch Funeral Home, Beach Chapel in Murrells Inlet, SC with reception following. In lieu of flowers, donations to [Tidelands Community Hospice](#) would be appreciated.

To send flowers or a memorial gift to the family of Bruce Albert Eckard please visit our [Sympathy Store](#).

###



**Frank L. Janusz (Teacher)**  
**15 February 1926 - 8 December 2024**

Frank L. Janusz, 98, of Delray Beach, Florida, formerly of Chicopee, MA, died on December 8, 2024, in Boca Raton, Florida.

Frank was born February 15, 1926, to the late John and Agnes (Krawczyk) Janusz of Chicopee. He enlisted in the Army Air Force in 1944 and completed training as a radar mechanic. He was discharged in 1946, then worked at Westover AFB in Chicopee as a civilian contractor. He was always proud of the fact that he was the one who was called on to inspect Air Force One's radar system when it stopped at Westover with President Truman on board.

Frank married the former Eleanor Hitchcock of Monson, MA in 1952.

He was a high school teacher in Connecticut and then in several schools that had been established for the dependents of American military personnel stationed in Germany and England. He left teaching to go into private business and spent most of his working life first in South Hadley, MA, and then in New Jersey.

His wife Eleanor died in 2011, after which Frank retired from his business interests and moved to Florida. He enjoyed good health almost all of his life and played tennis well into his eighties.

Frank was predeceased by six sisters, Mary Chicketti, Julia Golba, Anna Bousquet, Sophie Sebolt, Stephanie (Stella) Konarski, and Jane Manfredi; by three brothers, Leon, Joseph, and Stanley; and by one son (adopted after the sudden death of Eleanor's sister Phyllis), Kerry Moorhead. He is survived by his son, Edward and his wife Susan Surova; and by many nieces and nephews and two generations of their descendants.

A private graveside service will be held in St. Stanislaus Cemetery, Chicopee. Memorial contributions may be made to [St. Jude Children's Research Hospital](#), [St. Stanislaus Basilica](#), or to the charity of one's choice.

###



**Charyl June (Trayhern) (61) Singer**  
**25 February 1943 - 13 August 2023**

Charyl June (Trayhern) Singer, 80, passed away on Sunday morning (August 13, 2023) at her home in Baldwin City, Kansas.

Charyl was born February 25, 1943, in Hillsdale, Michigan, daughter of the late June (Bruce) Greenfield and Edward Greenfield. She was raised by her mother June and stepfather, the late Robert Trayhern. Charyl was a 1960 graduate of McLean High School (McLean, VA) and a 1965 graduate of the Eastman School of Music with a bachelor's degree in piano performance. Later, she obtained her master's degree in piano performance at the Conservatory of Music at University of Missouri-Kansas City.

Charyl spent most of her life as a certified piano instructor and was a member of the Kansas City Music Teachers Association. She had a passion for classical music and enjoyed sharing her love of piano with the many students she was privileged to teach. Charyl was also a gifted gardener and found joy in cultivating beauty in the outdoors and making spaces in nature that could be enjoyed by all.

Charyl was a devoted daughter, sister, wife, mother, and grandmother. She enjoyed playing piano with her mother for hours (often accompanied by joyful laughter) and assisting her stepfather with caring for acres of azaleas. Charyl had a love of horses, which she shared with her children and grandchildren. She was the best storyteller, masterfully using tone and inflection to entertain all who listened, and she always found the right words. Perhaps most of all, Charyl was a moral compass and a trusted confidante for her friends and family. Her children and grandchildren will fondly remember annual family vacations taken with her to their favorite beach, where they were able to make wonderful memories together.

Charyl is survived by her sons and daughters-in-law, Gregory and Laurie Singer of Barboursville, Virginia, and Stephen and Greta Singer of Ottawa, Kansas; four grandchildren, Caden and Brennan Singer of Barboursville, Virginia, and Leela and Rhys Singer of Ottawa, Kansas; one sister, Laurie Trayhern, of Overland Park, Kansas; and one nephew, Michael Curtis of Menlo Park, CA. Charyl was preceded in death by her husband, Dr. Philip Anton Singer of Stanley, Kansas.

No memorial services will be held. In lieu of flowers, the family requests that memorial donations be made to [Friends of the Arboretum, P.O. Box 26392, Overland Park, KS 66225](#). *Lamb-Roberts-Price Funeral Home, 712 9th Street, P.O. Box 64, Baldwin City, KS 66006. Condolences may be sent the family through [www.lamb-roberts.com](http://www.lamb-roberts.com).*

###



## 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](#)



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

I've just learned we have a new class rep: Marcia Craver (53) Thomas. Yea Marcia!

When I heard Marcia had attended Bushy Park, for only her senior year at that - I wondered what that must've been like for her. Then I started thinking that many others might have arrived at Bushy in the middle of the year or had to leave in the middle of a year and wondered about their experience. [\*Were you one of those students? If so, please share your story.\*](#)

I was fortunate: we moved to England during the summer between my Sophomore and Junior years. I'd started my Freshman year of high school in Coral Gables, Florida where my dad was happily working for The Coca Cola Export Company. Then, in the middle of my Sophomore year my dad was suddenly transferred to Denmark. He went on to Copenhagen, while my mom and the four children went to Atlanta to stay with her parents for a few months. During those months, I attended a small Catholic girls high school.

In mid-March we sailed from NY to Copenhagen on the [\*Stavangerfjord\*](#). I hasten to add, it was not a glamorous ship, nor a warm or calm crossing! Once in Denmark we learned there was no English language high school. So, from early April on I just took Danish lessons and had the fun of exploring Copenhagen.

Fortunately, within a few months my dad learned we would not be staying in Denmark rather he was being sent to England. Although housing in the London area was still a challenge, my parents were able to rent a house out in Northwood, Middlesex, three underground stops beyond Harrow.

Next decision was what to do about schools. Not knowing how long we might be in England and realizing I'd have to drop back at least a year to qualify for an English school, the debate was whether to send me to the American school in London or to London Central High, the school the DoD ran for the children of military families. That school was located at Bushy Park, adjoining Hampton Court Palace. At that time the children of non-military families could attend by paying tuition. What tipped the scales was that bus service was available to the DoD schools!

As you can imagine, the bus ride each day-although long-was great fun; we had a nice mix of riders. Once at school, I found everyone to be friendly. There seemed to be no distinction between military and civilian kids, nor officer and enlisted kids. Nor did anything else matter with one exception! The kids who did seem to evoke envy were the ones who came from California! They had great tans, the latest clothes and knew the latest songs!

In hindsight, one thing that stands out were the teachers. They seemed to be young and energetic and really cared about the students. Later, when I went to one of the reunions, I was shocked to see how young they really were. Many weren't much older than we were. Clearly, they must have been recent college graduates who were open to an adventure!

*That's my story. What's yours? It would be fun to hear other's experience of coming to Bushy Park. [Did anyone go all four years?](#) Edie Williams (56) Wingate*

###



**From: Marcia Craver (53) Thomas**

I just downloaded the latest "Bushy Tales" and felt - again - a pang of guilt because there is an empty spot for the Class of 1953, the first graduating class at BP! I don't know what being a class rep entails, but I hereby volunteer to be that person. I am not sure if there are any left of that class! As a matter of fact, I may be the "oldest living graduate of Bushy Park". I know you published that a few issues ago, but I never saw any results from it.



This photo was taken on Monday, Dec. 23, 2024, in the living room of my ancestral 1885 home built by my great-grandfather Capt. Charles G. Graham and his wife, Texana Harris Graham. He, along with his large family, came to Texas in 1836 after many years in NC and then Tennessee. They settled in a nearby county called Paschal (now Cass) Co which is hilly with valleys and right on the south Arkansas state line. He and a couple of brothers came on down to neighboring county Marion (also part of Cass and Red River Co, at one time. It's complicated!) as Jefferson had been somewhat established as an inland riverport (see book "Jefferson: Riverport Gateway to the Southwest" by Dr. Fred Tarpley; Fred was a dear friend of all and I gave him the title to the book). Capt. Graham made a good life here and subsequently joined the CSA as a Captain and went to war. He was in the terrible Battle of Mansfield in north Louisiana and was shot in the throat by a ball, lay on the ground bleeding and

nearly dead, when a physician he knew personally from nearby Shreveport came by, saw that he was alive, and said "I can remove that bullet from you, but I have no ether!" My great-grandfather said barely audibly, "Cut away!". He did, and that saved his life. My grandmother told me this story numerous times and said he could never speak above a whisper the rest of his life. There has always been wars and tragedy in the world and the US was not immune.

But I digress: My mother and stepfather travelled with the USAF after he re-enlisted following their marriage in 1945 and spent most of 30 plus years in England (this is where I came in; long story I can relate later) during 50s; in Germany in 60s (Wiesbaden; I came home from England at 17 yrs and promptly married my former high school sweetheart, so I didn't get to Germany with them; have visited several times since however) and Orlando AFB (at least three times; all great periods in 60s) and finally in Panama at Albrook AFB for their last seven years before retiring (they loved that one in particular; I visited and took my children and we all loved it too!).

My grandparents, with whom I had lived and loved during my infant to teen years, had died in 1968 and my mother and stepfather purchased the old homeplace (hadn't been updated since 1885!) and were determined to retire, come to Texas and completely re-do the house. She called me one day to say "you and husband come on down and we'll all DRIVE back to Texas together! Of course, I was eager to do that, and my husband took a leave of absence from the Texas Hwy Department, I got his mother to stay with my two boys and we flew down to Panama, stayed a few days, and got in their new 1970s Galaxie Ford and started driving. It was a terrific trip! Went through all those Central American countries, got fumigated at each border, just missed a terrible volcanic eruption in Nicaragua; saw much abject poverty and beautiful scenery; hung around and got to know Rossano Brazzi and some of his family in Guatemala (he was on a film shoot) also visited an ancient settlement in the mountains called Chichicastenango where they still burned incense and sacrificed animals; it was scary until I saw a metal sign at the marketplace hut saying "visa"; was scared out of our pants at the cheevas (decorated buses) that hogged the narrow mountain roads; laughed at the "Pan-American Hwy" signs as we actually drove on dirt roads that crossed shallow rivers that the new Ford forged! And I didn't include the fun Indians we met, always smiling and happy to be around the Americans-of-Plenty and the National Guard at each country that got a big kick out of my faux fall hair I insisted on bringing knowing what the humidity would do to my hair....they laughed themselves silly each time because I had to take it out of the car while they fumigated! That adventure was as good as the ones we had in Europe while touring....just a different culture and terrain. At any rate, the trip took a month, and it was worth every freaking minute.....wouldn't want to do it now, however.

My mother and stepfather moved in the old house, hired a contractor and worked on that place to update everything and add a bathroom FINALLY. In my earliest memories of growing up there was still an outhouse in the backyard - a one-holer. The Graham's added an indoor on the screened in back porch I suppose as early as they could, but it was tiny and had a footed tub; still there. The space was enclosed and had a heavy door with a latch hook - still does! They did a great job on the old place and eventually mother's research was given to the state and they received a Texas Historical Medallion and a Texas Historical Marker for Capt. Graham.

As I said, the photo is in what is now the living room; originally it was a "sitting" room next to the dining room and the former living room had been made into a bedroom many years before so Mrs. Graham could rent out for income. That's a long story also but has to do with relatives who borrowed and never paid back! Everybody's got'em!

Anyway, we had been living in the nearby town of Marshall since the 60s and after much nudging from my mother, we sold and moved back to Jefferson. We restored a beautiful Victorian era brick commercial building built 1869 during the town's heyday of commerce. The building had been purchased by my great-uncle and used for rent, etc. We purchased from other heirs and restored it as well and lived there nearly 40 years.

I continued my performances as an actress and singer and within six months had made my living room into my Living Room Theatre. This continued on for over 30 years although I stopped traveling. too far.

My mother and I became widows in 2002, and she continued on quite well, helping me with my Living Room Theatre and other productions that I put together - including a community theatre group - until she got to be 100 yrs of age. I felt that I needed to back off and eliminated my regular weekend shows but kept the rest going.

She lived to be nearly 105 years of age and loved every minute. She died in the house in which she was born. My grandmother, my mother and I were all born in the west bedroom upstairs. She and I had attended a Bushy Park reunion at San Diego in 2004 and made an overnight stay on the

*Queen Mary* at Long Beach where she was docked to commemorate the wonderful voyage we had made in 1952 on our trip to England. She was a good writer, and I wanted her to write her life from beginning to 1945 when she re-married, but she never would. I think her life from beginning to 1945 when she re-married, but she never would. I think her life really got good in 1945 and she looked forward to every day and made hundreds of friends along the way.

She did write a super little book about the years of 1945 on and included all the fun stuff and some of the messes of her life. Its title is "I Don't Want To Miss A Thing!", and I guarantee you she didn't. She was with me constantly and never said "no, not going"; she went every day.

So here I am now, living in the old home place, just turned ninety years old and my Companion is a close to 5 yr old orange cat named Horace. He and his twin belonged to a friend who died in 2020 and I took them home with me. They were exactly alike and fun to have around. I named them Horace and George after my maternal grandfather Horace and his identical twin brother George. After about 8 months, George decided to leave and I could not find him so, Horace is my baby now. I was doing a little Scot plaid theme for Xmas and found this hooded cape for him. He wasn't too happy about it but tolerated it for a bit - just long enough for my granddaughter to take a photo... By the way, my granddaughter, daughter of my youngest son, graduated University of North Texas as Magna cum Laude with a master's degree about 3 years ago. She recently got engaged to a young man with a master's degree and they are going to be married in - guess where ? Disneyworld in Orlando in March! If I have anything to do with the future, next stop is Paris!

If you can use this, go ahead. I can relate other stories as time goes on. My granddaughter's wedding plans unearthed a story I had forgotten recently. I was a bridesmaid in an English wedding in the city of London. She was a friend of a friend of my mother's and needed another bridesmaid. I remember we had to wear yellow eyelet long gowns with puff short sleeves. I thought they were horrible at the time, but now I can see it was a typical 1950s wedding party. It was fun anyway because it was at an old church .....I'll have to look the name up. Cheerio!-

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Hey ... thanks for your reply. Yes, put my name as the rep for Class 1953....I actually finished my high school credits in December 1952. That year was the first year the school was organized for dependents...sure was different and fun for me.

I took part in our village/town during the Coronation year celebrations. I think I wrote some of this up for the "Bushy Tales" some years back, but I may do it again....it was great fun and gave me tons of international publicity, since I was a Texan/American involved in a beauty pageant for the title of Miss Stanmore! Came in third place after some lovely English gals with beautiful complexions (more later). An old family friend from Texas, also in the USAF stationed in Japan, happened to see the newsreel where I was featured and nearly fell out of his seat....he related the story to my grandparents and they to us.....the world was growing smaller and smaller by that time; now it's REALLY smaller... Be sure to ask if there is anyone out there who is older; my 90th birthday was December 15, 2024. Still can't believe it.....I've had an absolutely wonderful life!

Thanks!

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Of course. I arrived in England in February 1952 aboard the *Queen Mary*. My stepfather was a member of the USAF and stationed at South Ruislip near London. At that time, the authorities were planning to open a high school for dependents, but it wouldn't open until September that year. I spent the ensuing months learning how to understand Brit talk, use the red box phones, traveling the tube and visiting as many marvelous places that I could. Fortunately, my mother loved to see and go too, so we went as much as possible. We were living in a third floor flat in Ealing at that

time, a really interesting location operated by a slightly weird lady and her milk toast husband! She was into spiritualism and possibly had seances in her ground floor living area. There was another USAF couple who lived in the second-floor flat that were also a bit weird! They had been married for 20 years, and she found herself pregnant very unexpectedly.

Very soon after I arrived, my mother had an American woman friend with whom she worked who was married to a British Naval Officer. They raised French Poodles who were in the sire line of Churchill's poodles. She offered to give me one and I had to go to Bushy Park where my mother worked in the legal office and pick up the pup and take the long bus ride/train ride back to Ealing with that little one. He was black, a miniature size and a perfect companion during the day when I was more or less alone at that strange house.

At any rate, school was starting by fall and I, my mother and stepfather would catch a car ride with another USAF officer-friend of theirs to get to Ruislip (1 hour) where my mother and I would then get on a shuttle bus and ride another hour to Twickenham/Teddington (near Kingston on Thames) and finally to Bushy Park. The school was a part of the old RAF base that had been active in WW2 - and I found out much later the headquarters for General Ike Eisenhower prior to and during the D-Day Invasion. It was not particularly beautiful, very utilitarian but with all the American kids it soon became another US high school.

Mr. Farned was the principal, and I had a charming but no-nonsense teacher in history (can't recall his name right now) and several others that were pleasant enough - only one was English as I remember. After enrollment I was set to finish my high school points and graduate by December 1952. I made the most of it and made a few friends who, like me, lived on the local economy so I wasn't a dorm student. I had been taking instruction in voice, dance and drama all those many months after arriving in London and I spent most of my free time going to West End musicals and plays and studying for musical theatre.

I became friendly with a few Airmen, and one had put together a small combo and asked me to sing with it. I did play a few gigs with them and loved it of course. Wish I still had the cute 1950s waltz length, navy tulle with white embroidered top dress I bought at the local shop on the High Road in Ealing, but I do have photo (might try to send it).

At any rate, I was working a wee bit on stage at the young age of 16 by then and ever so eager to get out of school and go for it all, Every so often the Special Services at Bushy Park would offer a free show of an American entertainer and I, my new friend Barbara Bowman (uncle with whom she lived was later Gen. Julian Bowman), and one or two others would show up and catch the show. Larry Hagman had been assigned to Special Services, and he was around every now and then (his mama was in London appearing in the production "South Pacific" at the time) so I am sure that was specially arranged! Also, about this time, the powers that be decided to stage the first American Football game in England at Wembley Stadium. It was to be the Burtonwood Bullets and the Fuerstenfeldbruck Eagles. They also wanted a band with majorettes and cheerleaders on the sidelines and asked for volunteers at Bushy Park. Since I had been a majorette at my high school in Texas, I naturally volunteered and was chosen...I also volunteered myself and my mother to go to a costume company in the bowels of Soho (pretty dangerous area really) and rent the appropriate costumes and batons. That in itself is another story! Anyway, we got the costumes and me, Barbara Jean Grinnell, and two sisters Mary Jane and Betty Jean ? (I think) were the majorettes. The band was a combined band of two USAF locations, and we had one practice. They also provided a male drum major who was a terrific baton twirler. Marching on that field from the wings of Wembley Stadium was an exhilarating experience.....never forget it! We got tons of publicity as majorettes, lots of pics and I was profiled in the *Evening Standard* especially since I was a "girl from Texas". But back to Bushy Park, a fellow by the name of Dick Musgrave became my high school boyfriend sort of; he was likeable, a rascal, and reminded me of Fonzi and, oddly, of my "steady" I had left in Texas.

I know Barbara Bowman has passed, and I believe Dick (Richard) Musgrave as well; I actually found Barbara Grinnell by internet a number of years ago living in Dallas, but lost touch. Connie Carpenter contacted me by email before she died, and I found out some years back that Kelly (Celia) Johnson had died in a car accident near Austin.....she and Connie were close friends at Bushy Park. There was also Cecile Erichs, a rather exotic looking girl who always seemed bored with the whole thing...probably gone now also.

I recall a smoking room at Bushy Park where everyone hung out for one period in the Day, whether you smoked or not....it was the thing to do if you wanted to stay with the "in" crowd. That, too, got me a photo and story in one of the newspapers because by then I had gotten myself involved with the Stanmore, Middlesex, beauty pageant held during the celebration of the Queen Elizabeth coronation. (We had moved to Harrow and then Stanmore by then) I think they were intrigued with an American-Texan participating in an English celebration. That got me tons of fan mail from Brits and more international news coverage including a *Pathé* newsreel that went around the world. A friend of my family in Texas was in the USAF and stationed in Japan when he saw it. And guess what? I was able to get a reel of that by researching the *British Pathé* website. As you can see, I was never bored. I loved every minute of it and did not want to return to the states when the time came.....but that is another story.

Before final classes in December, a prom was held I think at the Rec Room on base. The girls were in formals and the guys suits; a big band was playing, and I, as you might have guessed, was asked to entertain with a singing and dancing number. I sang "You Go To My Head" and then danced to the music. I remember what I wore, a darling black taffeta quilted full skirt with rhinestones and topped with a bolero of the same look. My grandmother had sent that to me for Christmas that year. Wish I still had it! It was many decades later when someone sent me a copy of the 1952 grad class book that I saw that I had been given "Most Talented" title! They'd not be too surprised to learn that I am still working at it at this age!

Might try to email a few photos in separate email. Sorry, I didn't mean to write a book!





***Majorettes 1952***



**MOST SCHOOL SPIRIT**  
 Susie Talbot, Budge Lynn  
*Runners up:* Jackie Brown, Sam Neves



**BEST PERSONALITY**  
 Connie Carpenter, Ray Algren  
*Runners up:* Susie Talbot, Harold Baldwin

**WITTIEST**  
 Jackie Brown, Dick Musgrave  
*Runners up:* Anne Jones, Pete Garrison



**MOST TYPICAL SENIORS**  
 Sherry Gregory, Harold Baldwin  
*Runner up:* Jackie Brown

**MOST ATHLETIC**  
 Atha Robinson, Sam Neves



**MOST STUDIOUS**  
 Mariann Walton, Reed Muller  
*Runner up:* Irene Sersain

**MOST TALENTED**  
 Marcia Craver, Pete Garrison



**MOST COURTEOUS**  
 Bobbie Brewer,  
 Dick Leavell  
*Runner up:*  
 Connie Carpenter



*nineteen*



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

Bill - Blaine Campbell (58) sent this to me some time ago and I've just not done anything with it and decided it was time to send it forward.



I apparently wasn't there the day they took the picture so don't know exactly when it was taken.

There are four people in the picture I absolutely don't recognize, and I've contacted a couple of classmates to see if they do and they don't either, so I'm going to ask anyone if they recognize them:

- 1st Row - girl to the left of Kris Ludlow
- 2nd Row - girl to the right of Judy Garrison
- 3rd Row - boy to right of Steve Schlusel
- 4th Row - boy to left of Paul Thomas



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## Letters to the Editor



**From: Don Mercer '62**

I see that there is a note for graduates of the service academies to identify themselves. You might want to include many who likely graduated from a university ROTC program and were commissioned and served, some for careers.



Don Mercer '62

*[Editor's Note: Can those of you graduated from a military academy, served as an ROTC program graduate, served in the military as an enlistee, or are the spouse of anyone who served in the military in any of these capacities please identify yourselves?]*

--FINIS--