

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 – Marcia (Craver) Thomas
txstarmt@aol.com



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

1954 – Betsy (Neff) Cote (d. 2024)

1959 – John “Mike” Hall (d. 2024)

1955 – Nancie Anderson (d. 2016)



1960 – Ren Briggs
rpbjr42@gmail.com



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



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



1957 – William Douglas
rwmdouglas@gmail.com



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.



**Classmates Who
Have Transferred to
the Eternal Duty
Station**



Georgia Sue (Talbot) (53) Cameron

Georgia Sue Talbot Cameron was born in Pratt, Kansas, on November 21, 1935, to Gilbert and Margo Talbot.

Sue and her "Sweet William" moved to Stone Mountain, Georgia, in 1970. She was a Girl Scout leader from 1971 – 1980. Sue was a strong, active supporter of scouting. Bill and Sue loved camping and traveling the country with their family. She worked for both Drs. William and Robert Marshall from 1985 until her retirement in 2019. Sue was an active member of Memorial Drive Presbyterian Church until she moved to be with her daughter.

Sue was preceded in death by her husband of 59 years, William Cameron. She is survived by her daughters, Sherri Ogle and Christy Waits (Mark); her grandchildren Jason Wade (Rosie), Thomas Dougherty (Tierra), Billy Fulcher (Dakota), Iris Waits, Logan Waits and Sophia Waits; and one great-grandson, Zane Fulcher. She is also survived by her sister-in-law, Carolyn Andrews.

A celebration of life was held at Snellville United Methodist Church, 2428 Main St. E, Snellville, GA 30078, on October 24, 2021. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the Salvation Army, Hospice of Northeast Georgia in Gainesville, GA, or to a charity of your choice.

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Dawnna G. (Andreasen) (56) Black passed away peacefully in her home on Orr's Island, Maine, on Jan. 5, 2026. She was born on Dec. 2, 1938, in Salt Lake City, Utah, as Dawnna G. Andreasen.

She was the daughter of an Air Force serviceman whose career took the family across the world during her youth. Dawnna spent some of those years in England, where she attended school at Bushy Park in London and later graduated from St. Francis College in Letchworth. It was in Bedford, England, that she met Brian Black, marking the beginning of a love that would carry them through a lifetime.

After her father was stationed at Topsham Blockhouse, Naval Air Station Brunswick, Dawnna and Brian settled in their forever home on Orr's Island, Maine, in 1961. There, she built a life defined by selflessness and service, with a constant willingness to help others.

Dawnna began her professional career as a writer, working for the Brunswick Times Record and The Associated Press. Her work reflected her thoroughness and a commitment to doing things well — qualities that carried through all that she did.

Her dedication to Harpswell took many forms. She worked at Harpswell Islands School, later serving the town as office manager. She also ran the town's welfare services, offering support and guidance to those in need. She was a certified water safety instructor, teaching swimming lessons to generations of local children. Many in the community can say Dawnna Black taught them how to swim.

She was the beloved wife of Brian Black and a devoted mother to Michelle, Robin, Pamela, and Stephanie, who had lived with them for many years. Dawnna was also a cherished grandmother, a steady presence in the upbringing of many wonderful grandchildren, shaping their lives with her kindness, patience, and gentle care.

Dawnna will be remembered for her brilliance, strength, compassion and spirit of generosity. Her legacy lives on in those who loved her deeply, in the community she served, and in the many lives she touched through her kindness.

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Memories of Bushy Park

Robert Harrold (60) maintains a Bushy Park website at this link: 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: Jill Hardwick (65) Allen

So sorry your wife is going through these heart issues. Praying she stays strong and gets through this well. And praying you stay strong for her, also! As we are all finding out, getting older is hard work!

Jill Hardwick Allen (Bushy Park and Bushey Hall, Class of 1965). Dad's second tour in England ended in the fall of 1964. I left England early, in the summer of 1964, to stay with my best friend in NJ so I could spend my senior year at the high school I attended for 8-9th grades when we lived at McGuire AFB. I was thankful I got to graduate with kids I had gone to school with in 1959-1960, but I sure missed graduating from Bushey Hall!

Hoping all works out well for you and your wife!

**

Dear Jill,

Thank you so much for your kind words of support and encouragement. We appreciate your prayers also.

My older brother and I were in Bushy Park from May 1954 through mid-November 1955. My brother, Pete, graduated in June 1955 and went on to one semester at the University of Maryland in Germany. Bushy Park was my third school in my freshman year of high school! I graduated from my fourth high school in Portsmouth, NH. We were expecting to be in London for three years. Halfway through our dad was ordered to return to the USA for a position at Portsmouth Naval Shipyard. He was a Naval Academy graduate and a Naval engineer and designer.

We enjoyed Bushy Park in our time in the small, original location. Class sizes were small, the teachers were amazing people. I was a commuter student from central London to Bushy Park and back each day. My older brother lived in the dorm for his second semester.

I can't even imagine what it was like in the much larger version of the high school that followed our version. When I started editing the newsletter about 10 years ago, I met a 1964 graduate who lived near me in Southern California. He told me that he had tried for years to find interest among students in his class and others in the following years to support their own newsletter. He was met with total disinterest 😞

Thank you again for your kind email.

Kind regards,
Bill

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Hi, Bill! I do hope Barb is progressing well and life has calmed down for you both!!

I loved your memories! My family must have had our first tour in 1955...I don't remember anything about rations by that time or scrip, but I was 9 years old and may not have known about any of that. Those British coaches were still in use into the 1960s, as that is what we rode in also when we lived where we could attend an American school, and hour-long trips back and forth were the norm. You are certainly welcome to use anything I share that might bring back memories for others who spent their growing-up years in England!

I do remember a food truck coming once a week to one house where we were living on the economy. They sold us fish and chips...yum! At the time, we were sharing a huge 'Manor' in the small town of Shelton with another renter family...we had one bedroom and a sitting/kitchen room on the first floor, and two bedrooms, a shared loo, and a shared bathroom on the second floor. The English family lived in rooms all around us! Quite different from our norm, but we seldom saw them. No heat in any of our rooms except for the fireplace in the sitting room and an electric heater in the bathroom. The house was the front side of a square courtyard that was open in the middle, outside buildings forming the walls of the square, with a brick wall separating the stock pens and the house, which had a driveway between it and that wall, and all the side buildings had doors opening into the central stock pen. A local farmer, who owned the property and lived in another nearby town, Lower Dean, kept cattle in the stock pen over the winter. One side of the square had a tack room, a room where some foxhound puppies were kept, and numerous rooms for chickens. There were stalls for two foxhound horses across the back side, along with a huge hay storage area, and hogs were raised along another side. There was even a 'carriage house' attached at the end of the house that was part of the square, the garage for 'previous transportation', and the farmer was raising pigeons in there. I imagine it smelled wonderful, but I was young and loved horses, so it wasn't a problem for me!

One exciting surprise for me happened there during the fall. I was looking out of my parents' bedroom at the front of the house and saw a fox wiggling through the side gate of the elaborate garden at the front of the house. The fox ran across the yard and got out on the other side and ran off into the neighboring field, along with the pack of foxhunting dogs and the riders on horses who had jumped into the yard and followed the fox into the field! (The farmer who owned the place was taking part in the hunt and came back later to smooth over the hoof prints across the garden and fix a few bricks kicked off the walls during the jumping.) It was my first and only chance to see a foxhunt up close...quite an experience!

While living in Shelton, my two siblings and I walked several miles (just a guess on how far it was...on cold or rainy days it seemed like 50 miles!) on a narrow country road to a neighboring town, Upper Dean, and attended an English country school for my English equivalent of 'fourth

grade'. Two rooms comprised the school: a kindergarten room set up at the rear, and one big room in front. The 'forms' (grades) were set up by rows of chairs, and we had maybe 6 chairs per form. The kitchen was directly in front of us with a big stone fireplace blocking part of the view along with the table at which we ate. The cook prepared and cooked the meals while we studied, and it usually smelled delicious...a bit distracting! Quite a bit of the instruction was done over the radio, which was a first for us, and the 'loos' were a separate, small, unheated building in the yard with several individual toilet rooms...with half-doors that were open at the top and the bottom to the wide outdoors (and wind and snow!) When it was cold (which it was all of the winter), no one wanted to use those facilities! One problem we had attending that school was that our teacher was patently anti-American, and never missed an opportunity to deride the USA, which didn't sit well with us, but we behaved and learned to ignore her.

Influenced by that English school teacher, I learned early on in England that I was a proud American, and nothing I saw convinced me that any other country was as great as ours!

**

Dear Jill,

Thank you for your support and for even more interesting stories of your time in England. I keep urging others to relate their own experiences in England. While we share some of the same experiences, most of us have many other experiences that others may not have had. The cultural differences between Americans and the English were evident everywhere. This was also true of differences between English, Scottish, and Irish. Fascinating to see and experience. Basic TV and no Internet, Facebook, Google, or other social interaction sites to spread the cultural differences across the British Isles.

Kind regards,
Bill

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Letters to the Editor



From: Babs Odbert (60) Lizette

Thank you for posting my photo at 80 years old. Thank Bill for the newsletter. I appreciate his dedication and hope his wife will get better daily. I will keep her in my prayers. A few notes about Bushy Park. My best friend, and roommate, was Sylvia Ford Gebo, who graduated with me and died of cancer after marrying and giving birth to two boys. I remember being Mrs. Wragg in the senior class play, traveling to Rome for our Senior Class trip, seeing "Gone with the Wind" in London, and our Senior Prom, which I attended without a date because he did not show up. Also, I remember taking a train home to Becker's and missing the station. I had to go to the police station, call our neighbor, since we did not have a phone, and have him pick me up. Also, I remember a plane crash from Germany to England which killed some of my co-actors in the senior class play.

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From: Bill Rumble (57)

In response to my notice regarding my wife, Barb, and her heart health, I had several emails wishing her well and offering prayers. Barb and I are grateful for all of the wishes and prayers, whether an email was written or not. One cannot receive too many prayers!



I am very happy to report that your well wishes and prayers have been answered. Barb is feeling much better since her second heart ablation was done during her recent hospital stay. At the after-ablation follow-up appointment, her cardiologist/electrophysiologist reported that her atrial flutter was gone and that the AFib that appeared seemed to be occasional, rather than constant. Also, her previously reported heart valve leakage is less significant than previously reported.

Barb is feeling much better, especially after the second ablation stopped the heart flutter and 10 days of in-home PT, and continuing these exercises daily since then. She is wearing a heart monitor patch for another 4 days to see if there has been any change in her AFib since stopping amiodarone, originally prescribed to help control the AFib. The results of this monitoring will determine the next step(s).

Thank you again to the following readers who sent me an email of concern:

Mike Perkins (59)
Peggy J. Corder (54) Johnson
Babs Odbert (60) Lizotte
Nettie Grace McClellan (58) Brown-Dunsford
Penny Ohrman (61) Bernstein
Edythe Williams (56) Wingate
Roberta Sharpe (56) Martin
Anita Hardy (60) Johnson
Jill Hardwick (65) Allen
Patti Webb (58)

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