

Bushy Tales

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



Issue #2

February 2026

Volume #26

Gary Schroeder (55), Founding Editor (1936-2016)

Bill Rumble, Co-Editor email: BushyTales1@verizon.net

Pat Terpening (58) Owen, Co-Founder and Co-Editor email: nemoamasa@sbcglobal.net

Visit the Bushy Park Website at <http://www.bushypark.org/>

CLASS REPRESENTATIVES



1953 – Marcia (Craver) Thomas
txstarmt@aol.com

1954 – Betsy (Neff) Cote (d. 2024)

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 (d. 2024)



1960 – Ren Briggs
rpbjr42@gmail.com

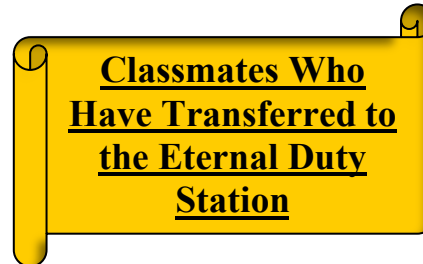


1961 – Betsy (Schley) Slepetz
bslepetz@comcast.net



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.



Joanna Cotrell (59) Williams
September 13, 1941 - March 8, 2016

Jo Williams, 74, a resident of Pensacola, FL, passed from this life on March 8, 2016.

She was born on September 13, 1941, in San Antonio, TX. Her parents, Edward J. and Mary Natilee Cotrell, predeceased her. Jo attended elementary school in San Antonio, then travelled with her family to England, where she completed high school. She attended The Sorbonne in Paris, France, The University of Texas, Our Lady of the Lake College, and Florida State University.

Jo married the love of her life, Charles "Chuck" Williams, on December 21, 1963. They lived in Texas, California, and New York during his military career, then Tallahassee and Pensacola. She truly loved Pensacola and called it home since 1970. Jo was an active housewife, devoted to family and to her faith in the Roman Catholic Church, where she discovered the joy of the Charismatic Renewal. She was a prayer warrior, an intercessor for many. That faith sustained her through the ravages of Multiple Sclerosis.

Joanna is survived by her loving husband of 52 years, Chuck, and by her four children: Karen Tinter (Terry) of Melbourne, FL, Diana, Bob (Amy McClellan) of Austin, TX, and Beth (Matt) of Palo Alto, CA. She is also survived by seven grandchildren and one great-grandchild. In addition, she is survived by brothers, Charles (Abbie) and Corky of San Antonio, and by sisters, Georgia of Austin and Linda Pike (Ken) of Pembroke, MA.

Mass of Christian Burial was held at the Cathedral of the Sacred Heart. She was interred at Barrancas National Cemetery.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the MS Soc and Covenant Hospice.

The family wishes to especially thank the staffs of Joyce Goldenberg Hospice and Willowbrook Court of Azalea Trace for their loving care of Joanna. She was truly "one of a kind".

Memories of Bushy Park

Robert Harrold (60) maintains a Bushy Park website at BushyPark.org Among the things you can see at this website is a "Guestbook", in which many website visitors have left comments. There are many entries, dating back to April 2007. Here is a direct link: [Bushy Park Guest Book](#)



From: Jerry Berry, 1955

Hi Bill.

Hope things are good with you. Here's another possible filler for the Bushy Tales newsletter.

Jerry Berry, 1955

To leave France, the Studebaker was simply driven onto the ferry. Chained in place with a parking lot's worth of other cars and trucks, carefully segregated, presumably to facilitate customs and retrieval in England.

Crossing the channel on the ferry was dull. A tame roller coaster ride, it would have been possible to get seasick, although none of us did. Cold, but a short trip. It must have been daytime, since I can remember going on deck to look at the sea. Arrival and customs, through quickly, presumably facilitated by the Status of Forces agreements and a lot of preliminary paperwork done in the month I was away in Rochefort High. Through the roundabout at the exit, past numerous warning signs, admonitions to "Look Right! Drive Left!" Wide white arrows on the roadway. We had arrived in England.

We had a rented house in Harrow on the Hill, Middlesex. Much smaller than the Chateau in France or the "Brick" in Cheyenne, but quite nice. Number 48, Bonnersfield Lane. We liked the landlord, and vice versa, I'm sure. Number 48 was furnished; he even provided a wind-up Victrola and a collection of shellac 78 rpm records. All classical, all opera, I loved in particular the "Flying Dutchman" playing the overture often. Down the hill was the Underground station and the sweet shop. My introduction to the English sweet tooth -and my own- was Cadbury Dairy Milk Chocolate. One version of this marvelous confection even had embedded raisins; I could think of it as a fruit bar, not just a candy bar! I searched them out today, 70 years later.

The Christmas hiatus was cool and foggy, not very rainy. The omens were good; in January, I enrolled in Central American High School, Bushy Park, Teddington. The classes had already started, but I was shoehorned in with not much friction except for Chemistry. The lab schedule was fixed, and my other subjects could not be arranged around the lab periods. Mr. Billington, the chem teacher, saw a way. He was willing to set up a special lab time for me; I could do the experiments alone, and I could fit into the lecture schedule. For whatever reason, the powers agreed, and that was how the second half of my junior year worked. Things just fell together. Chemistry lectures were interesting, tests were easy, I loved science subjects, and the solitary lab was fun. Nothing blew up, and I broke only an occasional piece of glass tubing trying to heat and bed it. I was starting to love school.

I was a good student, the evidence shows. Straight A's the rest of the year (and the next as well). I took all the science classes I could fit in, including a summer school session for biology. Taught by Mrs. Billington for four of us. I loved that small class. I remember incidents during those years:

Mr. Dickenson, English teacher, creeping up behind me during a lecture on a warm Spring afternoon as I gazed out the window, and demanding in an authoritative manner, my thoughts on the subject. Not knowing the subject about which he had been lecturing, I thought quickly (a technique of which I was not usually capable) and was able to concoct a polysyllabic sentence which seemed to throw him off course. He paused, and in the long silence, I heard Penelope Mele murmur, “What did he say? “

Pierre le Loup for French, Mr. Forster, coach Cannon soccer, Mr. Threlkeld (Kaiserslautern), music. Playing second saxophone when the Air Force band gave a concert -Comic Strip Suite- and I was totally lost. They played much faster than I could. Singing in the mixed choir. “Madame Jeanette”: I can croak the bass line, and still, I choke up over the text.

School was well underway when my younger brother Sam and I decided to join a local British Scout troop, the 21st Harrow, in lieu of trying to found a US troop. Much more on that in a later telling.

**

Jerry,

My father had a good friend from high school in New Jersey who was a Studebaker dealer there. In 1947, when we moved from the San Francisco area, where my father was stationed at the San Francisco Naval Shipyard. He had been transferred to the Main Navy Building in Washington, DC. He had not bought a new car since before WWII. So, he saw his friend and bought a 1947 Studebaker Champion, 4-door sedan. In 1950, he bought a Studebaker Champion convertible. In 1951, he was transferred to Mare Island Naval Shipyard. In 1954, he was transferred to the US Embassy in London as an Assistant Naval Attaché. Before we left for London, he bought a 1954 Studebaker Champion in yellow! He sold it in London after he was unexpectedly ordered back to the USA 18 months later.

The first summer we were in the UK, we were driving through Scotland in a city environment. Some young guy spotted our yellow car and yelled out, “Studebaker!!” Probably the first one he had ever seen in person.

I love your narratives of your time in Europe and the UK.

Kind regards,
Bill

###

Letters to the Editor



Lindsay Ervin (60)

Hi Pat and Bill,
Thanks for all you guys do in keeping everybody updated on our times at Bushy Park.

After I left Bushy, I went to Griffiss AFB in Rome, NY, and graduated from high school. After I figured out what I wanted to do in life (which took a while), I graduated from Purdue University with a degree in landscape architecture, with my goal being to design golf courses. After college, I worked for a Golf Course Architect in St. Charles, Illinois, which is about an hour west of Chicago. There I met my wife, Mary, and we have been happily married for 55 years. She has been a great wife, mother, and grandmother. We have three children,



2 boys and 1 girl. We have two grandsons, one granddaughter, one great-granddaughter, and one great-grandson, just 2 months old. I don't play golf anymore, unfortunately, since that was the reason I wanted to design golf courses. My fingers have some arthritis, which is making it hard to hold the club. We now share a house with my daughter, Cathy, and her husband in Lovettsville, Va. We live close to all of our children and grandchildren, so we get to see them quite often, which has been great for us.

I've been doing a little golf course design for a course north of Baltimore, where I'm remodeling two holes. But I am always looking for more work because I just like doing it. I've attached a few pictures from my time at Bushy. Hope you all have a Happy New Year.....Lindsay Ervin (60)



*(L to R) Ellsie
Coleman's back, Julie
Williams & Carolyn
Rodgers*



Our Typical Classroom (not sure who is in the photo)



*Party at Karen Sweetland's Home
(L to R Back) Julie Williams, Karen Sweetland, Frank LeGate, Self (Lindsay Ervin)
(Front) Bill Perkins, Ron Davis, Ellsie Coleman*



(L to R) (Hand on Window) Doug Eskra, Self (Lindsay Ervin), Ron Davis, Sam Jordan, Judy Tucker (After school, outside and waiting to board our buses)

###



Edie Williams Wingate (56)

Bill, a Happy New Year to you! Hard to believe it is now 2026!

Each month in the newsletter, you ask that we be "Inspired by this month's writers." And each month, you mention the Bushy Park website. Here is a partial inspiration....

In this month's issue, when you replied to Harlan Frymire (60), who was trying to find a classmate, you suggested he go to the Bushy Park website. You even had the link right there. So, it being a cold, windy day here in Potomac, MD (a Washington, DC suburb), I clicked on the link. Lo and behold, what a wealth of info. Even links to yearbooks are included! Many thanks to Bob Harrold (60) for all his work on this site!

Special appreciation goes to you for keeping Bushy Tales going all these years!! One of my New Year's resolutions is to send you a remembrance from 1954-1956, when I was at Bushy. Hopefully, others will do the same!

Wishing you and all Bobcats a Healthy and Happy 2026!
Edie Williams Wingate '56

###



From: Craig Sams (61)

Hi Pat,

I was just wondering...

Wouldn't it be an idea to publish pictures of Bushy Park students taken in the past 5 or 10 years?

How people age is interesting - imagine if we could have seen pictures of ourselves in our early '80s back at the time.

Best wishes

Craig Sams

106 High Street

Hastings

East Sussex

TN34 3ES

<http://www.craigsams.com/>

[Editor: Would any of our readers like to send us photos of themselves or classmates taken in the 1980s years? If they are properly identified, we will happily publish them in our newsletter.]

--FINIS--