

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
mgm2010@comcast.net



1954 – Betsy (Neff) Cote
betsycote@Atlanticbb.net

1955 – Volunteer Requested



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
rpbjr@frontiernet.net



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.



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



Douglas Eskra (60) - September 6, 1942 - June 7, 2021

Douglas M. Eskra, 78, of Smithton, IL, passed away peacefully in his sleep on Monday, June 7, 2021, at his residence in Smithton, IL.

Doug was born September 6, 1942, at Parklane Hospital in St. Louis, MO, the elder son of late Emil and Ludena Reames Eskra. On April 16, 1965, he married the love of his life, Darlene Weaver Eskra, who remained his love and companion until the end.

Doug came from a military family and had traveled frequently overseas to Europe and the Philippines. Doug started his high school career at O'Fallon Township High but graduated from Central High School in London, England in 1960. After the family returned from England, he attended Belleville Area College (SWIC) receiving an AA degree in 1962. He attended SIU Alton receiving a BS in Art Education in 1964 and then completed his collegiate career attaining a Master of Secondary Education and Master of Fine Art from SIU Edwardsville in 1967.

Doug began his career as an educator in 1964 at Pontiac-William Holiday Schools in Fairview Heights. Once completing his higher education in 1967, he began teaching full-time at Belleville West High School and part-time at SWIC. Doug retired from Belleville West after 29 years in 1996. In 1999 he started teaching full-time at SWIC with his final retirement in 2016 to enjoy life fishing, playing billiards, and going on RV trips with his wife, Darlene.

He was preceded in death by his parents; uncle, Eugene and wife Pearl; aunt, Loretta Reams Middleton; cousin, Mark Middleton; Rick Wheeler, widower of Sandra Reames Wheeler; son-in-law, Carl Hawkins; and close friend and colleague, William Evans.

He is survived by his loving wife of 56 years, Darleen Weaver Eskra; a daughter, Kellie Eskra Hawkins; a son, Scott and his wife, Sengul Eskra; granddaughter, Erin Treff and her husband, Chris; grandson, Devin Eskra, his son, Sterling, and his, fiancé, Danielle Wannemacher; brother, Victor and his wife, Vicki Eskra; nephew, Tod Eskra and his wife, Laura, and their two sons, Jase and Cade; and nephew, Ean Eskra, his wife Ana, and their daughter, Emilija Eskra. Also surviving are Gene Middleton, husband of Doug's aunt Loretta Reams Middleton; cousin, Art Reames and wife Kay; cousin, Robert Reames and wife Lisa; cousin, Sandra Reames Wheeler; cousin, Allen Reames and wife Janet; cousin, Don Brewer and wife Roseann; cousin, Carol Brewer Whittenberg and husband Bill; cousin, Cheryl Brewer Wahlmeier and husband Bruce; cousin, Harold Brewer and wife Kathy; Patty Middleton, widow of cousin Mark Middleton; cousin, Linda Middleton Connor; cousin, Matt Middleton and wife Jenny; and cousin, Rick Middleton and wife Stephanie.

In lieu of flowers, the family requests donations be made to a scholarship and award fund in Doug's name to support the work of young artists, just as he did in his life. You can donate to this link: https://www.paypal.com/donate?hosted_button_id=TNUVDSBM7TZPN .

Condolences may be expressed to the family online at www.rennerfh.com.

A gathering of family and friends celebrating Doug's life was held on Saturday, June 19, 2021, at George Renner & Sons Funeral Home, Belleville, IL

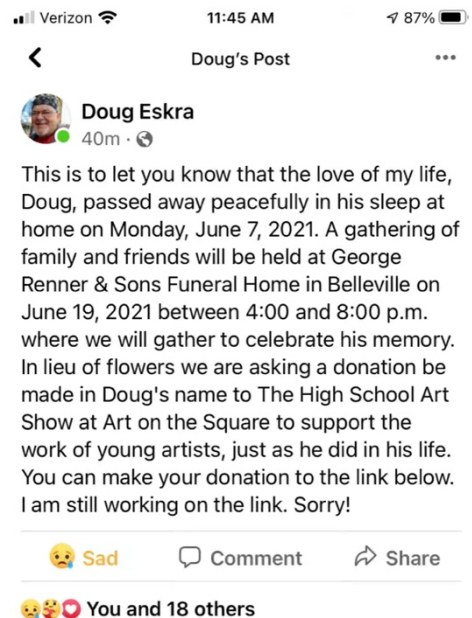


From: Jim Heck (60)

Pat,

I was FB friends with Doug Eskra and this screenshot is what I discovered today on Facebook. Really sorry to hear this and really didn't know he had any health issues. You might receive something from this wife Darlene, not sure.

Jim Heck (60)



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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: Patricia Brady (60) Thurman

Hi, Bill,

I love reading "Bushy Tales" but have never shared anything about myself or my time at Bushy Park, so it seemed about time to say something. I am Patricia (Brady) Thurman (60) and was only there my senior year. We lived in High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire on Straight Bit in a classic English house named Garth. My father was a colonel in the Air Force and my mother, younger sister, Carol, and I followed him around the world like

most military gypsies. I will spare you the litany of everywhere we were posted, but I attended 5 different high schools in 3 different countries over 4 years, making my way to Bushy Park.

We came from the previous assignment at S.H.A.P.E (Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe) which was in Paris, where we lived 2 years. I only tell you this because cuisine is such a topic in France and food is also the topic of this story.

I have been in contact with Anita (Hardy) Johnson (60) and we were talking about her azaleas, etc. This reminded me of Azalea Trails, the Girl Scout camp I went to when we were living in Riverside, CA and stationed at March Air Force Base. I told Anita the following story and she said I should submit it to the newsletter. I almost always follow Anita's advice, as she is one of the smartest people I have ever known. So, back to Azalea Trails where 5th grade girls were sent to learn to hike, do crafts and develop a taste for exotic foods in case we ever had to "live off the land" in an emergency. The camp counselors had killed a rattlesnake, skinned it, cooked it and fed it to us clueless scouts as (you guessed it...."chicken")! Then, around the campfire with our s'mores, we got the news of what we had REALLY had for dinner!

So, not knowing what to write about that would connect that to England and Bushy Park, I thought that I would defend the rather abused reputation of English cuisine. Coming from France, we had been warned that the British did not live up to their standards in the food department! Almost the first food I encountered in England was when my great aunt and a favorite girl cousin arrived to stay with us for a while, literally the day after we moved into our house! Aunt Frances had decided to take my cousin, Florence, on a version of "The Grand Tour" as her graduation from high school gift. We were frantically scrambling around like crazed ants trying to come up with enough clean bedding for everyone. We had no idea yet where the nearest grocery store might be. Therefore, we crammed the 6 of us into our 1957 Mercury Monterey and off we went to Windsor Castle! We stopped on the way for lunch at a charming little pub and I cannot tell you anything else we had there except the fresh gooseberry tart that was suggested for dessert was to die for! I didn't even know what a gooseberry was! They were huge and sweet and floating in a divine custard surrounded by a flaky crust.

After several movie dates in London always followed by fish and chips, I became addicted to same. I loved French fries in America and pommes frites in France, but greasy English "chips" doused in malt vinegar and wrapped in newspapers became another part of British cuisine that I miss to this day!

The final food fetish that I admired about the English was their serious attention to "theatre food". Remember the candy sellers with their cigarette-girl style mini candy counters that hung from around their necks? They would offer small bonbons or entire boxes of chocolates which some people simply placed on their laps and dug in. We were scandalized and perhaps a bit jealous of this over-indulgence. It did not seem like the British restraint that we had come to admire. We just wanted a whole box of chocolates of our own too!

So, what food in England did the rest of you love or hate?

Pat



From: Pat Terpening (58) Owen

Bill - when I read Pat Brady Thurman's story about her food likes, I wrote her back and told her my story about Yorkshire Pudding. She said I should add it next to hers, so I'm sending it along and you can decide.

When I first arrived in England, we were stationed at Wethersfield RAF Station, so that meant that my sister and I would be dorm students and we loved the idea of 'boarding' school.

Our first day at Bushy Park, we heard that dinner in the cafeteria that Sunday night would be roast beef and Yorkshire Pudding, and I was so excited. The dinner bell rang, and we all walked over to the cafeteria and stood in line waiting to get our dinner, and they put the roast beef on my tray and this thing that looked like a dinner roll that hadn't risen in the baking and then they poured some gravy over it. I looked at it wondering what it was, and where was my Yorkshire Pudding. When I sat down to eat, I asked one of the other girls what the dinner roll thing with gravy on it was and she said that was Yorkshire Pudding! Well, was I disappointed. Don't think I ever did eat Yorkshire Pudding.

Pat

From: Pat Terpening (58) Owen

Bill –

If we're going to go for food for one of the newsletters, I have another one for you.

After I graduated from Bushy Park, I visited some friends of my dad in Wiesbaden, Germany and one night we went out to dinner and I wanted to eat something that was typically German, so decided on Weiner schnitzel. After I ordered it, I asked what it was and was told it was breaded veal cutlets. I was so disappointed as that was something that we ate at home all the time.

However, have to say they were quite good with the little new potatoes in butter.

Another one was when mom and I went to visit the Duke of Bedford's house on a bus tour and part of the tour was stopping at a tea house for tea. When we got there they already had the cups ready with warm milk in the bottom of each cup and when it was my turn to get a cup I asked for it without milk. The girl looked at me and muttered, "Barbarian" under her breath, but she did get a cup out that hadn't already been 'milked'.

Pat

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From: Patricia Brady (60) Thurman

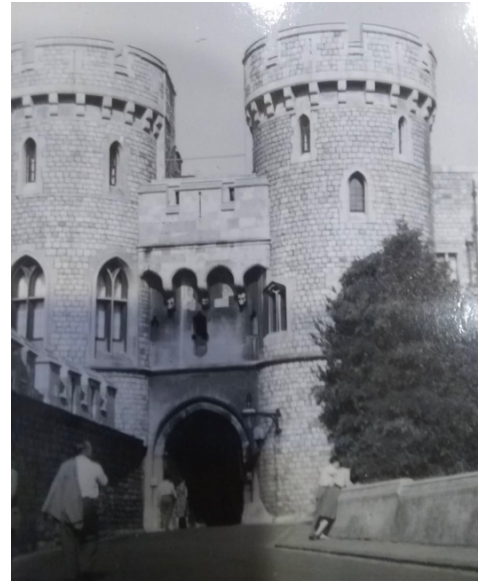
Hi, again, Bill,

Just sent you the 7 photos to be used or not. (You cannot hurt my feelings about this!) If anything works great! If not just sorry for all the trouble! This assumes that they actually GET there! Ironically, my current agreement with Google Photos app expired yesterday and I had to allow them to update the app to be able to send anything to anyone today! The word "Update" always makes me nervous. Your example with email/Verizon/AOL just ties right in.... Please accept my sympathy.

So, in case you do receive these ancient marvels of amateur photography and care to include any of them, I will identify the images in the order in which they show up in the album labeled England. The house on its side is "Garth", where we lived. I could easily do another whole article about that house and neighborhood! The next 2 images are Windsor Castle, the oldest continually occupied castle in the world, I was told. The Guard was on duty the day we escorted our relatives to visit Windsor Castle. The silly girl in the guardhouse is me. The girl standing next to the Thames is also me in Maidenhead, where we stayed until we could claim the house we were going to be in while living in England. The beauty in the last picture is one of the queen's swans, protected from all harassment by royal order! My sister, Carol, 11 at that time, scrupulously saved her breakfast toast every morning for the joy of sharing it with the queen's swans. They seemed to appreciate her thoughtfulness, even if she was an American.

I replied to an email yesterday from Jerry Kelly '58 and mentioned that I had submitted something for the newsletter. He wrote right back that he would watch for it and kept thinking he should write something as well! I am trying to get everyone busy telling their "Tales"! Hope you hear from Jerry. He is an interesting guy!

Thanks for being patient with me!
Pat '60 (Brady) Thurman





From: Jerry Kelly (58)

Hi, Bill,

I hope you are fully recovered from your surgery and feeling well. I have been going through boxes of old pictures and found a few to share with our group. I am sending them one at a time and some will have a word or two explaining what we are looking at. My personal story will follow.

Jerry Kelly (58)

I think that I am one of the few students that didn't want to be there and couldn't wait to graduate and get back to the life I was familiar with in Fairfield, CA. I had been pulled out of the high school about six weeks into my junior year after spending three years with most of the same kids. That included the 8th grade class. We were stuck in New York for several weeks waiting for transportation to England. I started at Bushy as a dorm student and shared a room with Henry Clark. I remember Mike Murphy was also a dorm student. The dorm life didn't last long as I recall, and a bus was available from the nearby town of Beaconsfield to Bushy Park. Since I had missed so much school, I had to drop a chemistry class that I really liked but other than having to do a lot of extra work in the required classes I settled down and did what I had to do. One advantage of going to high school in California at that time that the number of credits that were needed to graduate was 21. Central High required 16 and after finishing my junior year I had the 16 and only needed the fourth year of English and 4th year of U.S. Government or something related to it. I finished up with three total years of mechanical drawing that came in handy later. I left for the states within two weeks of graduation and didn't give Bushy Park much thought until maybe 1997 when I was exposed to a computer and joined classmates and reconnected.

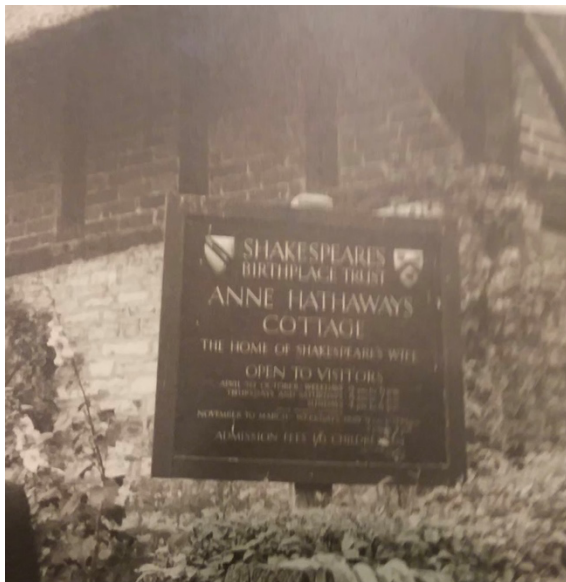
Jerry Kelly (58)

Our English house before base housing was available. It was old drafty and cold. To get there one would take the 27 Bus from High Wycombe to Little Kings Hill and exit the bus at the White Horse Pub, I think, maybe not. Over 60 years ago.



This is me doing something more constructive but, in the background, you can see more of the housing.

This is the type of housing on the High Wycombe base. As I recall they were mostly two-unit duplex's but more like an American house.



Don't know who took this one but the sign explains it. It might have been taken by some of the wives on a field trip.



This is me doing what I shouldn't have been doing. It was the time of Sputnik, and several guys were doing similar things. Most of my stuff just turned out to be big firecrackers especially the one pictured, 3-1/4 lbs. of black powder, and some sort of weed killer. I am lucky to have all my parts and now I don't even buy firework

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From: Winnie Thomas (Contrastano) (56)

Dear Bill,

Thank you for continuing to send me the newsletter. I look forward to it each and every month.

Enjoyed the letter from Elizabeth Leah Reed. I bought the two books she suggested for very good reasons. Regarding Mrs. Musterman – Milliner of Main Street: a Biography. My mother was born and raised in Annapolis, met my father there and I was born there. I lived my first 4 years of life at my Godmother's (Frances Perlitz) home at 74 Conduit Street. I have so many wonderful pictures of that home. Surprisingly, because of my age, I have some wonderful memories. I had family on my mother's side and so many friends. I remember my Godmother's daughter (Mildred Perlitz) pulling me up and down Conduit Street on a pony with wheels. I don't remember what area my Mother grew up in but I do remember her mentioning Cornhill Street often. She was thinking back and came to realize there was so much history in Annapolis and because she was raised there; she didn't appreciate it at the time. If we could only go back in time. My children took me for a long weekend in Annapolis for my 80th birthday. It was wonderful as cousins that we don't get to see often were able to meet us there. They too were born in Annapolis. I thank you so much for the recommendation.

Regarding the other book, *Not Like Home: American Visitors to Britain in the 1950s*. I was only 13 years old when we first arrived in London – spring of 1952. I was not aware of any bad feelings regarding us. However, because of the book, it caused me to revisit our time in England. When I arrived in London the American school had not yet opened. There was a very nice private school only a block or so from our house. Therefore, my parents took me to the school to have me registered. I had to have an interview (only 13) before being accepted. "Low and Behold", I was not accepted because I was too "sophisticated" to fit in. As I think back – how sophisticated could an American 13-year-old be? Made me now think that perhaps I was not accepted because I was an American. Who knows – just a thought? As a result, my sister and I had a tutor come to the house until the school opened. I was also thinking about another incident that happened. I became very good friends with the daughter of the caretaker of our house. I also had another friend whose family owned a string of "cinemas" in England. She thought it was appalling that I should have befriended the caretaker's daughter. So, I guess it was not all about the Americans. As I think back, seems that some British were somewhat snobbish. No matter what experiences I mention here, I feel my stay in London was my happiest due to my Dad's tour of duty. My sister feels the same and I would love to go back and revisit. Wish I had done that in my younger years. Bottom line is that most of the Brits that I experienced were wonderful. Again, thank you for the book recommendation.

Winnie Thomas (Contrastano) Class of '56

Thank you so much. Thought I would include the special house where I was born at 74 Conduit Street in Annapolis, MD.



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From: Ron Crowe (64)

Check this [link](#) for something sent to Anna for her birthday from an English friend. Click on Bertie's Ball to start history lesson. Be sure to keep clicking the "Next" button at the end of the card playing and it tells you even more about Bushy Park, including Eisenhower.

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Letters to the Editor



From: Patti Fawbush (58) Webb:

Thanks, it was so much fun to read about the book, *Not Like Home*, and Elizabeth Leah Reed's book *Mrs. Musterman, Milliner of Maine Street: A Biography*. I just ordered *Mrs. Musterman*. It was also interesting to learn that Stephen Richard Davies, who passed away, lived in Franklin TN not far from me. I do not remember him, but he was a senior when I was a junior at Bushy Park. Small world.

Patti Fawbush (58) Webb

Hi, Patti,

Always good to hear from you.

Made me buy *Not Like Home*, but I have yet to read it.

I am fascinated by the interesting lives of the Bushy Park folks. Unfortunately, many do not feel they are worth sharing. I disagree, but what can you do. We each have a unique life.

Stephen Davies sounds like he was an amazing person. His passion for travel may have been the result of his war experience in Vietnam. He was living every day to the fullest extent. My interpretation. Could be way off base.

Blessings,

Bill Rumble (57)

I agree, Bill, it is always interesting to hear what we who attended Bushy Park have done in our lives.

My husband Henry and I are most grateful to still be active in our church, our family's lives, and different opportunities to speak or teach. I recently had an opportunity to share with pastors' wives in Hawaii, Korea, Hong Kong, and Guam by Zoom from my home in TN. Who would have thought that at 81 years I would learn to be comfortable with speaking to a group using Zoom?

What are some interesting things you have learned to do recently because of being isolated by Covid?

In fact, Bill, that might be an interesting question to pose for readers to answer. Maybe you will get many responses for our newsletter.

Patti Fawbush (58) Webb

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From: Bill Grable Rees (57)

Mini-Bushy Park Reunion 2021
Bill Grable Rees (57) and Dave Mangold (57)
in Florida.



--FINIS--