

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 – Jackie (Brown) Kenny
JKYKNY@aol.com



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

1955 – Volunteer Requested



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



1957 – Shirley (Huff) Dulski
sedulski@gmail.com



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



1959 – John "Mike" Hall
MGHall@Q.com



1960 – Ren Briggs
rpbjr@frontier.net

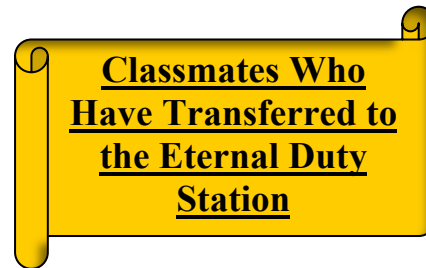


1961 – Betsy (Schley) Slepetz
bslepetz@comcast.net



1962 – Dona (Hale) Ritchie
DonaRitchie@aol.com

A little reminder to all –if/when you change your email address, please let Pat Terpening (58) Owen nemoamasa@sbcglobal.net or me know BushyTales1@verizon.net , 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.



**Robert "Bob" L. Chartier (61)
November 3, 1943 - November 13, 2013
Irmo, South Carolina**

A memorial service for Robert "Bob" L. Chartier, 70, of Irmo, was held on November 17, 2013 at Redeemer Lutheran Church.

Mr. Chartier passed away suddenly Wednesday, November 13, 2013. Born in Wichita, Kansas, he was a son of the late Kenneth and Maxine Chartier. He was the husband of Kathleen "Kathy" B. Chartier. Bob attended Redeemer Lutheran Church. He was retired from the Palmetto Richland Health System as an architect. Bob was a US Army Veteran having served during Vietnam. Affectionately referred to by his grandchildren as Oopa, Bob taught them to scuba dive and together they enjoyed several scuba excursions. He was an amateur radio operator and had weekly radio schedules with his brothers.

Surviving are his wife of 47 years, The Rev. Kathleen Chartier; son, Sean Kenneth Chartier; grandchildren, Cameron, Donovan, Carol, and Lottie; brothers, William, Phillip, and Jon. He was preceded in death by a daughter, Robyn C. Crotwell.

In his youth he played the saxophone and accordion and in his 60's was learning to play the piano. Among Bob's other interests were sailing, scuba diving, archery, painting icons, and doing "sculptys" with his grandchildren. In college he was a cartoonist for the N.C. State newspaper. Had degrees in architecture from both N.C. State and Clemson University and was a member and past president of the Columbia Optimist Breakfast Club that sponsored the Governor's carol lighting.

In lieu of flowers, memorials may be made to Redeemer Lutheran Church, 525 St. Andrews Road, Columbia, SC 29210 or the Robyn Chartier Crotwell Scholarship in Art Education Fund. Checks payable to USC Educational Foundation, 1600 Hampton Street Suite 736, Columbia SC 29208.

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Edwin Love Toone III (54), 81, of Wilmington, died June 15th, 2018 surrounded by his family. He was born in Richmond, VA to the late Edwin Love Toone, Jr and Kathryn Brooks Toone. He was preceded in death by a sister, Kathryn Brooks Toone Taylor.

He graduated from St. Christopher's School in Richmond and attended the U.S. Naval Academy before graduating from the University of Louisville. Ed was a lifelong Episcopalian who devoted his life to serving those in need. As a civil rights activist in the 1960s, he participated in the 1963 March on Washington with Dr. King. In 1983 he started the Good Shepherd Soup Kitchen, which later grew into the Good Shepherd Center. In 1984 he helped to sponsor a Vietnamese boat family of 9, setting them up with housing and work in Wilmington. As an Episcopal youth leader, he organized mission trips to Honduras, South Dakota and Mexico. He was active in the revitalization of downtown Wilmington in the early 80s and was co-chair of the first Riverfest. He ran All Saints Episcopal Conference Center in Kentucky before retiring to Wilmington. In retirement he co-mentored 3 Education for Ministry groups sponsored by the School of Theology, Sewanee, TN and returned to the Good Shepherd Center, serving the homeless until 3 weeks before his death.

Ed enjoyed spending time on and near the water. He was an avid birdwatcher and enjoyed traveling with his wife. He was warm, gregarious and funny and will be missed by many. He leaves behind his wife of 54 years, Julia Bates Peacock Toone, daughter Julia Toone (Brian LeFevre) of Winston-Salem, son Edwin Toone (Amanda De Luis) of Barcelona, Spain, grandchildren Noah LeFevre, Ben LeFevre and Amélie De Luis Toone and several nieces and nephews. A funeral service will be held at 11:00 a.m. on Saturday, June 23rd at Church of the Servant Episcopal Church, Wilmington. Special thanks for the support provided by friends and family and by the Lower Cape Fear Hospice. In lieu of flowers, donations can be made to Good Shepherd Center, www.goodshepherdwilmington.org. Condolences may be offered to the family at www.andrewsmortuary.com

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Lydia Ropp Crewdson - Class 1962

Lydia was born on November 12, 1943 and passed away on Tuesday, August 9, 2016.

Lydia was a resident of Bluffton, South Carolina at the time of passing.

Lydia was married to Robert W. Crewdson.

No service information has been added.

In lieu of flowers, remembrances may be made to the American Red Cross-Disaster Relief, the Lexington County Choral Society, or the Sun City Chorus.

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Suzanne de la Vergne (57) McIntosh

CHARLESTON, SC - Suzanne de la Vergne McIntosh, age 79, died April 17, 2018 in her home. A private service was held May 20th at the Huguenot Churchyard. Suzanne Louise de la Vergne was born in New Orleans, LA to Meyssac Jacques Phillippe Villere de la Vergne and Suzanne Louise Perez de la Vergne. As a small child, Suzanne fondly remembers her loving caregiver, Rose Ashton, telling her at breakfast to "be a good baby and drink all of her coffee." Thus, would begin a lifelong ritual and an unwavering commitment to New Orleans coffee.

Suzanne's parents divorced and her mother remarried U.S. Naval Commander Arthur Spencer Huey, Jr., who raised Suzanne like his own and whom she always called "Daddy." Suzanne graduated from Louisiana State University with a Journalism degree. She married William McIntosh, III (Bill) and moved to his hometown. Her new mother-in-law had prepared Charlestonians that her son had married "a little French girl from New Orleans." Suzanne realized she surprised and disappointed her new acquaintances as her first and only language was English.

Suzanne was ultimately hired by the "Evening Post" and became the beat reporter for the Medical University of South Carolina and The Citadel. Suzanne and Bill bought their house in 1961 from the Historic Charleston Foundation as part of the Ansonborough Rehabilitation Project. Before painstakingly restoring it, they had to make it habitable by fighting off bats and removing a headstone from the den. Suzanne always remained an avid preservationist, a proficient writer, a delightful hostess and even a dedicated editor for her husband's self-published books.

Suzanne was a creative and engaged mother and grandmother who provided nothing less than an enchanting childhood for her three daughters and two grandchildren. She was an adoring mother whose love was returned in kind. Having to physically care for elderly and infirm parents is a full-time job. Having to advocate for them is even more difficult. Please be proactive. The Mayor's Office on Aging is very helpful. Suzanne is predeceased by her husband of 55 years, William McIntosh, III and her half-brother Arthur Spencer Huey, III. She is survived by her three daughters, Suzanne Leda Jackson (Edward) of Charleston, SC, Jeanne McIntosh Rietzke (Dick) of Wilmington, NC, and Hayden McIntosh Geer (Richard), of McClellanville, SC. She is also survived by her two grandchildren, Suzanne Motte Peronneau Jackson and Edward Chisolm Jackson. Visit our guestbook at www.legacy.com/obituaries/charleston

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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](#)

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First, thanks everyone who works on the newsletter. We all appreciate the planning and the time you give to publish it every month.

I was class of '61 and attended Bushy Park for only one year, my sophomore year, 1958-1959.

We lived on the economy in Flackwell Heath, a small village with its own golf course, a riding stable, and a small Anglican church, and one summer, a terrific fair with bumper cars. My friend Jack and I were pictured in the little local newspaper driving wildly. There was a pub down our street and my family and I were there once a week and sometimes after church on Sundays.

I rode the school bus which came from the base at High Wycombe. Like so many of the Bushy Park day students, I had a 90-minute commute. I rode the bus with my good friend, Heidi Boselli. I remember Jean Lack, a cute girl named PJ, and two guys, Jack and Barry. On weekends we would often meet at the base in what I think was High Wycombe teen club.

When we left England, I kept in touch with Heidi until she was lost in the Munich plane crash.

I loved my year at Bushy. I particularly remember a school outing to see West Side Story, the Sadie Hawkins dance, taking the train to and from the dance, history classes in Eisenhower's WWII Headquarters, and watching the deer out classroom windows. It was a memorable year and I am glad I was there, even one short year.



**Patty Plott Davis
Class of 1961**

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PHOTOS (1962 AND NOW — Skinny Denny and former US Army Special Forces, Airborne):



We dorm students thought we were like James Bond characters because we were so often so successful at sneaking out of the dorm at night, slipping past the Air Police guard shack, climbing over the wall, and then heading down to Kingston to purchase a gallon of triple vintage cider for the equivalent of 50¢. We succeeded in retracing our steps and returning undetected to the dorm. We would chug about half the cider until we hurled and then polish off the bottle. That way, we were so drunk that our buzz lasted until the next day at class. What a lark! It was years later that I met a couple of airmen who manned the AP guard shack and I was disappointed to learn that they always saw us coming and going, but deliberately looked away. After all, they weren't much older than we were. Consider the fact that I enlisted in the Army at nineteen, and remember that some of us played rugby with the British Royal Marines, whose obstacle course was situated behind our dorm. So, it was young guys all round.

The exciting thing about England at that time was that Trad Jazz (traditional jazz) was all the rage. I loved spending time in smoke-filled (marijuana?) bars with great music blaring. I sometimes lied to my parents that I had football practice on the weekend so that I could remain at Bushy. I would then take the train into London and spend the entire weekend, day and night, wandering around the city talking to locals and Bobbies. The elder Brits were often good for a free pint of Watney's best bitters and a few rounds of darts. Somehow, I would find out where the party barge was on the Thames that night. There was a red lantern distinguishing it from other barges and the river silenced all sound. Once you opened the hatch, however, a musical roar shattered the quiet. All hell was breaking loose down below. Those were some wild times! It was great to be 17 or 18 years old in England in general and London in particular.

I recall going into the dorm one afternoon and passing some British workers laboring in a ditch outside. One of them looked up at me as I passed by and said, "Best years of your life, Lad. Best years of your life." He was spot on. We Bobcats knew then that those were destined to be some of the best years of our lives. We sometimes knowingly discussed the fact.

John D. Stephens
New Market, VA 22844

Letters to the Editor



Hi Pat:

A couple of issues ago there was a piece about the passing of John Beverly (56). I first knew of John when I was a freshman at Armijo High School in Fairfield, California. The occasion was that John and another student were fighting in the back of the school. John had a cast on his forearm. I don't remember who won.

A couple years ago at a gathering in Las Vegas, John was there. In our conversation, I mentioned the fight but had the other student misidentified. Back in 1954 I knew John as Stanley Beverly and that he was a big guy, but that was because I was a very short guy, not even five feet tall, but meeting him at the gathering we were about the same size. I talked with John a couple times over the years and was saddened to read of his passing.



Rest Easy John.

Jerry Kelly (58)

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We ain't all gone yet!!!!

Here's one that'll test your memory, those that still have one, and aren't drooling all over themselves!!

What was the name of the mascot in the male dorm in Surbiton and what kind of a mascot was he???????

Answer will be following the next issue. Those with the correct answer will receive a two-hour pass from the "assisted living" you're in and if you get both answers correct we'll throw in a Burger. (After it's passes through a mixer so you can eat it!) Hah!



Wally Costa (54)

--FINIS--