



The Hope Farm / Greer School
Alumni Association
Newsletter



Autumn 2022
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Autumn, 1962—the beginning of the end of an era.

As the school year began in September of 1962, we became aware that this would be the last year of Greer's high school students attending school at Greer—for the announcement came that starting in September of 1963, Greer's students would be attending school at Millbrook's high school. My



feelings at hearing about this change were ambivalent. On the one hand, I was very pleased to be able to finish my schooling at Greer, as I had started school in 1st grade and attended Greer for all 12 years of my schooling. The other feeling was a very sad one because Greer's unique high school experience would no longer be available to the Greer students. In talking years later to the students who went to Millbrook they reported that for the most part, the adjustment went rather well, and they enjoyed their time at Millbrook.

It is hard for me to fathom that 60 years have passed by since 1963, but what amazes and pleases me even more is that after these 60 years have passed, we still have a wonderful Greer School alumni association, and friendships made at Greer are still able to be maintained. The alumni association enables us to keep in touch and gather

at reunions, and we hope you enjoy still being a part of our Alumni Association.

John Hudnor, Class of 1963

Letters received concerning the Fischers

Editor's note: We received feedback from some of Greer's alumni concerning the Fischer's after their son's story appeared in the last issue of our newsletter. Here are some letters we received.

Some random memories:

From Jim Anderson

Playing Daisy midget football and baseball under Coach Fischer.

Babysitting Bea's boys while she held the 5:00 PM daily cottage meetings; going to



the Millbrook movie theater with coach Fischer to pick up movies for a Friday night showing at Greer—those movie containers were so heavy; they had a maroon station wagon. I felt closer to Bea Fischer because she was always in the cottage while Coach Fischer was coaching and doing so many other things away from the cottage. She was a sweet lady. Last of all was a memory of the day they left Greer—I was heartbroken, and **Bill Monza** told me he also cried that day.

From Charmi Neely

It was great to read the stories of Coach Fischer and Bea Fischer that were told by their son Rick. The memories, and through Coach Fischer's eyes, the LOVE of it all---of Greer not only as a school and a home, but as an unforgettable, magical time and place with a spirit that, when called up today, is still very much alive.

From Diana Munzer



I was pretty skinny when I was a cheerleader at Greer. One Halloween, Bea Fischer asked to borrow my cheerleading outfit to wear as a costume. I think it was meant to be a surprise to Coach Fischer as she asked me to keep it quiet. Of course, I gave it to her. She must have been very, very tiny, as she fit into my red corduroy Bermuda shorts cheerleading outfit. When she returned the outfit, she gave me a lovely note and a beautiful necklace.

Coach Fischer was always a calming influence. During the basketball season I remember the sound of many basketballs being dribbled, but when Coach Fischer walked into the gym, there was quiet. He didn't need to say anything. If Ed Baker or any of his teammates were fooling around, they would immediately stop. Last of all, I remember Coach always had a pencil and clip board—he was very organized.

From Russell Golden

When Coach Fischer came to Greer, he was the one who started the Daisy midgets' football and baseball teams.

Coach Fischer was the Greer School Scoutmaster, and through his encouragement and help, I advanced in the scouts to become a Life scout and made the prestigious "order of the arrow" society. I stayed in the Scouts until my senior year at Greer.

Bea Fischer ran Daisy cottage and Joe was her backup. One time a fellow student and I were arguing as to when the Fischer's new baby would be born—the argument got heated and Coach made us box it out with large gloves to calm us down: it had the effect Coach wanted.

In six-man football the rule was if a team got ahead by a score of 45-0, the game would be declared over. In one game we were ahead 42 -0, so coach sent in Lee Arvidson to attempt a field goal and Lee dropped kick a 45-yard field goal—a **national high school record** for that distance of yards for a **dropkick field goal!!!** The game was then declared

over because the score had reached 45-0. In another game, we were ahead 30-0, so Coach had me switch from playing center to quarterback. On one play, I received the ball from center, threw it to our halfback, he then tossed it back to me and I ran for a touchdown—a razzle-dazzle play. Coach was so excited that he kidded me by calling out, "you're my new quarterback!" I did remain the center, but that one play for me and game vs. School where their four-streak, I early in the their players block on me, was so much fun for coach. In the Chatham High we stopped year winning remember that game, one of threw a body and he bounced off me and said, "this is going to be a long game!" That proved to be correct. That game was sure one to remember.



Coach and Bea Fischer were always there when you needed them.

From a mid-1950's graduate of Greer

Coach Fischer was a very interesting guy. Player **Don Brown** always recalled his singing to us on our way home from "away" games. It sounded like opera, but no one could figure it out. His smile was always on the ready, and he had great compassion. His wife **Bea** was always an "up" person as well.

A story. It was our last football game of 1953, and I was the only senior on the team. I did not give that fact much thought, but apparently **Ed Baker** did. I was the center, and we were at midfield. **Ted Trommsdorff** called a pass play, and I was to stay on the line to block. Ted's pass was deflected and



landed in my hands. I started up the field, and suddenly Ed Baker ran by me and said, "C'mon",

and he brushed some guy from the other team onto the ground. About 10- or 15-yards further Ed took two more guys out. I cut to my left to avoid the tangle of legs, and as I did, another defender went by me on the grass. I then ran as fast as a scared guy could run to the end zone. Coach was always saying to run with longer strides. I guess I was trying to keep my feet a little closer together to be able to turn quickly. At any rate, I was really stretching them out to run away from anyone else on my tail. As I heard it, Coach Fischer got so excited that he fell backwards over the bench and missed my scoring the touchdown!!!! I should mention that toward the end of the game, I was playing end rather than center. Instead of Teddy calling the play, Ed Backer told me to go down in the end zone, and he would throw me a pass. Some play, huh? I did run straight to the end zone and after running about 30 yards, the defensive player let me go. Ed was beating guys off with his left arm and threw a beautiful spiral. I was afraid that I would drop it, but I was able to catch it. As we came off the field, I heard coach Fischer ask Teddy, "What was that play?" He said, "ask Baker." Coach was all smiles and Eddie had a big grin, but it didn't beat my smile!!!

Last of all, I inquired of him to explain how Greer's football teams were so good (undefeated for 4 years in a row until the last game of the 1955 season), despite playing many schools with more students than Greer. He said that they were all fit by working at jobs at Greer that required physical exertions. The players, he said, were a close-knit group that knew each other well and could instinctively fill a need on the field. Also, Coach Fischer would get inventive ideas that threw the opposition off and gave us an advantage. An intangible was the development of an attitude that we just didn't like the idea of losing, and that was a by-product of the on-going winning streak.

From Pauline (Wendt) Kalahele



Rick Fischer's family story was awesome, and I learned so much about both parents. Coach Fischer's military time in WWII was mind-boggling as was Bea Fischer's becoming a registered nurse after being able to skip her last two years of high school. I had the privilege of serving guests along with **Karen (Venetian) Green** at Bea Fischer's baby shower given by the **Elliott's** at Bittersweet when Bea was expecting her first baby.



Coach always met you with a smile and a "Hi" in his casual way. One of my assignments one time was to lead a pep rally in the high school auditorium "mimicking" coach. I wore a plaid flannel shirt over my skirt and a pair of rain boots with clips (which coach used to wear) walking back and forth on the stage laughing and yelling cheers. I found out later that he was sorry that he wasn't about to make that rally but was honored that I choose to do him and thanked me. The Fischer's came to Greer in 1947, and thus I had the benefit of knowing them the entire time I was a student at Greer: lucky me. Thanks, Rick Fischer, for the beautiful story of your parents!

I loved girls' sports as I tried out for the teams and managed to letter in field hockey, basketball, and softball. I also became a cheerleader, and that was a lot of fun. During my junior and senior years, the girl's teams were undefeated in **all sports**. We had



a great PE teacher, **Mrs. Helenjane "Rusty" Cougan** who drilled us hard. She wrote in my yearbook, "happy go lucky-you were always giggling—I can't she said, but you did. Practice makes perfect." She helped me a great deal.

Note: Pauline's other memories of Greer to be continued.

Other letters

From Cheryl (Montaigne) Crawford

Cheryl wanted to be reminded of how we managed our lunch meals on a school day. We did go back to our cottages for lunch, but the lunch hour was an hour and a half as afternoon classes started at 1:30. That gave us time to eat, wash dishes and the food truck crew to collect the metal containers and return them to the main kitchen. You were correct to assume that this could not be done in 60 minutes—but the extra ½ hour made a big difference. Plus, the food truck crew got out of their class at 11:50 am to get over to the central kitchen and load up the truck for deliveries to all the cottages.



Hey, Cheryl, lunch is gonna be a widdle late!

Annual Greer Gathering

Our annual gathering will be on Saturday, September 24, 2022. We look forward to seeing you at the Greer high School auditorium. From 8:00 am to 11:00am will be breakfast foods for you to enjoy coffee, juices, water, donuts, bagels, and fruits, etc. These will be provided by the Greer School alumni association.

We will begin our luncheon at Noon, and I have enclosed the registration form for you to fill out to pay the cost of the luncheon per person. Please make check out to **"John Hudnor"** as I will pay the Fountains-at-Millbrook out of my bank account funds to cover the cost of the luncheon.

After two years of not being able to meet on campus because of the pandemic, we are looking forward to seeing all of you again. If you have any questions, feel free to contact me at:

newsletter@greerschool.org

Sad News

Margie Tracy notified us that her husband, Police Captain Thomas "Tom" Ames Tracy passed away on

January 29 of this year. Tom left Greer after his older late brother Bill graduated in 1962.

We heard from his son-in-law that Morris Wistar Wood passed away March 11 of this year. Wistar along with his wife Bertie were "house parents" at Greer in the early 1950's. Their first child, Carol, was born while at Greer and they always spoke fondly of their time there

Laurel Breztman notified us that her mother, Harriet Costas Evdoxiades Mock passed away on April 8 of this year. She was a 1953 Greer graduate.

We previously reported the passing of Michael Neil Ennis on April 27 in Glen Rock, N.J. of this year.

Greerschool.Org Web Site Update

The Spring and Summer 2022 issues and this issue will be uploaded to the Newsletter page soon after the publication of this issue.

That's all for now.

Tony Vaz – Webmaster Greerschool.Org
Greer Class of '61 (Honorary)

Report any change of address to me at tonyvaz@greerschool.org or a521@bellsouth.net

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