



Dear Fellow Alumni

March 2001

We do hope that you had a Happy Holiday and we also hope that you are enjoying an old fashioned winter. We haven't had one like this in sometime. As like everything else, the first BIG storm came and the first thing that happened was the snow blower stopped working after about an hour. I have the bird feeders cleaned out and the birds are here all the time, them and besides the deer and turkey. It is funny to see them also use the paths that are shoveled to stay off the deep snow. While attending a Christmas Eve service at church I remembered our service at Greer and I think it was much more meaningful then, of course the old will never return...

Mrs. **Helen Fink** wishes to thank all of you who sent her Christmas cards and she is sorry that she did not answer each on of you, BUT she does wish that all of you had a Happy Holliday and that the current year will be a great one for each and all of you.

From: **Robert Irwin**, [REDACTED] Greene, NY 13778

Bob from '37 is alive and well. My brother, Dick, '36 lives in VA and brother, Stan, lives near New York City.

We must be boring. Anne and I have been married 56 years; we are still in the same house we had built 43 years ago. We don't take long rips anymore, but we do take short bus trip, i.e. we spent found delightful days in West Virginia this summer.

We are in our 80's and have slowed down, but doing well. The Lord's been good to us. Biggest good news of 2000---we became great grandparents, a boy. He's only 5 hours away in the next state.

From: **Pam (Stobbe) Todd**, [REDACTED] Scio NY 14880

I am so sorry to hear about the death of Carmine DiArpino. He was my history teacher and made it so interesting. I entered Greer July in 1949, going to the 7th grade. We graduated June 1955; our class was only 17 students.

I went to Elmira College; then running low on money I left and went to work at one of the banks there. I was there before getting married to Neil Todd in June 1958. He was employed at Worthington in April 1959 after being in the Air Force in Korea the last 4 years. He went to college afterward. He was at Worthington until 1993, when he died of heart trouble. I continued to work at Scio school kitchen till June 1998, when I retired. I went to England, Ireland, Belgium, Holland, Germany, and France. We had a grand time I was very interested in all the history I saw, what an experience.

Last year I went to New Orleans with my sister-in-law, as we have gone on vacations together for several years. This year we went to Vicksburg, MS and Hot Springs, AR. In June my whole family (Shawn and his family from FL and Kevin and his family, from Webster, NY) and we went to Mississippi to visit my sister-in-law and be there together for my niece's wedding. It was a great family get-together.

I look back on my years at Greer with lots of good memories, learned a lot, and met many good people. It was good training for me. The Fink's, Mom Mac and many other were so good to us all.

The sports, the movies, and the dances were great to have. I loved sports and still do. I live in western NY (Buffalo Bills) and am still a rabid Yankee fan. I follow football too, and NASCAR racing, due to my husband and sons.

Life is pretty good and I enjoy all my memories of Greer. Glad I had the chance to go there.

From: **Frank Braynard**, [REDACTED] Sea Cliff, NY 11579

Thanks for your newsletter. I have a little news for you. My home here in Sea Cliff is surrounded by other Greer "alumni" - you will remember Ward Bell, I am sure, Don Thompson. Both have been friends since we knew each other at Greer. I was houseparent at Gate House, also president of the stamp club, on the fire dept, and assistant football coach. Don and Ward are both fine, I know Don has several grandchildren and Ward continues his love for woodworking. Their respective wives are both fine. Also I have kept up with Joe Kaiser, grand Greer student who I knew well. I have two grandchildren, both girls, and both giving my wife and me acres of fun and happiness. I have two new books in the works. This will bring my total of books with my name on the title page up to 40. Most friends remember me as the originator of the tall ship event in NYC, beginning with the 1964 one, ever memorable to me because of the hour I had with President Kennedy in the White House when he agreed to be a patron of the project.

Some of my sketches published as post cards are attached. (Frank forgot to mention that he was a teacher also....JM)

Mrs. **Dora Von Radics**, [REDACTED] San Diego, Ca 92105

Your letter to Victor and his pleasant stay at Greer, so many years ago have been so pleased to me in my years attached to my sons, Victor and Larry, while they were a wonderful part of that school and environment.

In those years being alone and deeply responsible for them, Greer was a heaven sent home for them and a comforting spot to the boys. I have always been so grateful for both boys.

Now that I am an old lady I still recall those years. In the past months, I have been living with Victor happily comforted in all ways. I'm still here at my age, 93, years old.

Are any folks still around? I would love to hear from the Fischer's, the McHenry's, Mr. Morton, Mrs. Packer, Mrs. Elliott, and Tony Vaz. And others a bit vague to me, but all in all, a peaceful time for us, and a wonderful part of Victor's and Larry's ages.

Please be happy and joyful.

My First Day at Greer---From **Lou Paul**, [REDACTED] Chicago, IL 60640

It was a very hot day in early August of 1940 when I left my foster home on Long Island for a school in upstate New York near the town of Millbrook.

We went by car to New York City and on to Grand Central Station for a train ride upstate to Dover Plains. I was sitting in my seat when a young boy came over to me and asked where I was going. I told him that I was going to school he asked where it was and I said that I do not know where it was. His name was Lindley Farley. He gave me a piece of candy.

When the train got to Dover Plains, we were met by the school station wagon and then went on to the school. When we arrived at the school, we both were told to go to Main House. From there, I was taken over to Plum Cottage to meet all the boys and girls. They were having a picnic out on the front lawn. All I had to eat was a bowl of pears that night. After the pears, I just sat there and looked at rolling hills and I could smell all the clean air.

It turned out to be the best years of my life.

That's it for now. See you next time.

As always,

Jim and Isabel

Mitzi and Doug



Dear Fellow Alumni

October 2001

We have a date for you to remember, July 27, 2002. That is the date of our next reunion. We do hope the weather will be fine; we have had a strange summer between wet and cold and very hot and dry. Keep your finger crossed. Most of the details will follow in the December letter.

From: **George Freer,** [REDACTED] Clifton, NJ 07013

Thank you for the letter about Mrs. Fink. Ed Crump had called me about her failing, so I sent a get well card, reminding her that it was spring and time to start planting tomatoes. The next time he called I knew it was bad news. He gave the details about the memorial service and I managed to make it there by 12:50 pm, after driving 30 miles south to shop for a sick friend in Scotch Plains.

With or without my glasses I couldn't spot a familiar face and since I had neglected to bring my yearbooks or any other Greer memorabilia, I only waited a few minutes, standing in the parking lot until other people began to leave, then headed down route 9 in a fog.

It was a very lovely service and I showed the plastic-coated memorial card to many friends and neighbors. At 93, Annie Kmets next door is my oldest friend. She is still active, with a four-footed cane, going to work in a bakery once or twice a week and rewarding me with boxes of cookies whenever I sweep her sidewalk or rake the back yard.

Too bad that I missed seeing you and Wayne.

From: **Joe Kaiser,** [REDACTED] Brick, NJ 98724

Thank you for the latest alumni news.

We were both sorry to hear about the deaths of Marvin Gildersleeve and Rod Hilsinger. I knew Marvin of course, much longer than Rod, because we go back to the old days of Heifner, Bacon and Torgeson with Behrends leading the way.

We note your comment about the next reunion being in the 'thinking stage' and we both look forward to the news when it comes.

From: **Joe Austin,** [REDACTED] Sun City, AZ 08724

Not sure if we responded to your Christmas letter so here goes.

It is always good to hear the news of former Greer staff and students

Our daughter Joyce who lives three miles from us penned you a note which I may have not sent. She said, "Jimmy Morton, you still owe me a large white bunny." Jim do you remember when you accidentally ran over her rabbit named Moppet.

(Sorry I have forgotten that one Joyce---Jim Morton)

Two weeks ago we had a nice visit from John and Sandy Hudnor. Unfortunately, Alice was ill most of the time they were here. We made a two weeks trip to Thailand. No one became sick then. But two days after got home Alice couldn't get out of bed. Joe had to call 911 and after spending several hours in the emergency room found out it was a viral infection of the inner ear which affected her balance. She had a re-occurrence while John and Sandy were here.

Joe is on medication for Parkinson's disease but is doing well. Swims several times a week and does a lot of walking for exercise. We are sorry to hear of Tom Shay's death, we sent Isabelle a card.

Andrea Mattice, a former secretary at Greer just retired after 30 years with the state of Colorado Health Dept. We still keep in touch with her even though we are in Arizona. Our kids invite her to family affairs. Joyce's son, Gordon is working in New York City for 3 months on assignment for his company in computer work. We were at Greer 1959-1965

Dear Friends,

06/11-2001

With a very sad heart, I want to inform you that **Don Gardner** died at 5:30 this morning. He was surrounded by his wife and three children and died peacefully in his sleep. Kelley and I spent most of the weekend at his house and much of this morning. Funeral plans are incomplete at this time. Don loved Greer and named his first daughter after the school.

He and I were friends for fifty four years and he will be missed. If you want to send cards to his family, their address is: [REDACTED] Wilmington, Delaware, 19808

Take Care

Don Brown

Died- Sept 1. 2001

William McKinley III –SAR No 131992---only son of William Gilbert McKinley and Marie Caroline (Hildenbrand) McKinley of Union Vale Township, Dutchess County, New York State. He was born 17 Oct 1917 in Poughkeepsie, Dutchess County New York and attended local schools, the Millbrook NY secondary school, and Saint Lawrence University. He was married 23 Oct 1943 to Helen Virginia (Plympton) McKinley DAR No 312043 –only child of Frederick Knowlton Plympton and Naomi (Dockery) Plympton of Fairfield County, Connecticut State. He was a veteran of WWII, United States Navy No 8976953, serving aboard the USS Wyoming. He was retired from AMG Inc, where he was engaged in sales engineering, plant design, and machine design, holding US Patent in high speed production and packaging equipment.

He was long involved in world travel, genealogical research, wood carving, and completing the studio home that he and his wife, Virginia, have converted from and 1864 Fire House, at [REDACTED], Chillicothe, Ohio, 45601. He was a member of the Arthur St Clair Chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution, the State of Ohio Historical Society, the Ross County Historical Society, serving on the board of trustees and the Ross County Genealogical Society.

In addition to his wife Virginia, he is survived by two daughters, Allison Virginia Wright of Mt Gilead, Ohio, and Lindsay Plympton Eilenfeld of Powell, Ohio.

There will be no funeral arrangements; internment will take place at a later date in grand View Cemetery, Chillicothe; Ross County, Ohio state. Any memorial remembrances should be directed to the Southern Ohio Band of the Planned Parenthood Society.

Completed genealogical records for the McKinley and Plympton families can be located in the files of the Ross County Genealogical Society, the Ross County Historical society and the Union Vale Township, Dutchess County, New York State Historical Society.

Monday June 25, 2001

Edward C Neal

MILAN, NY – Edward C Neal, 77 of [REDACTED] in Milan died Saturday, at Ferncliff Nursing Home in Rhinebeck.

He was born on Aug. 30, 1923 in Lynn, Mass, the son of the late Llewellyn and Beulah (Keating) Neal.

A local resident for the past 15 years, he previously resided in Hensonville, NY (Greene County)

He was a veteran of World War II, Serving in the United States Army and a member of the Phoenix Orion Lodge #205 F&AM in New York City.

Before his retirement, Mr. Neal had been employed with AT &T Telephone Repair service in Cairo, NY.

Survivors include his wife, Bette (Markham) Neal of Milan; two daughters, Lynn Neal of Taghkanic, N.Y.; Lee Neal of Rhinecliff; four grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

Friends may call 5-8 p.m. Tuesday, at the Dapson-Chesney Funeral Home, 51 W. Market St., Rhinebeck.

The Hendrix Hudson Lodge #875 in Red Hook will conduct services at 7:45 p.m., Tuesday.

Private interment will be held at the convenience of the family.

From: **Ward Bell**, [REDACTED] Sea Cliff, NY

Dear Jim and Associates,

Your four certainly do a fine job in keeping Hope Farm/Greer folks in touch with one another and with our pleasant days at Greer, as the song says, "Our home and school." You did very well in your memorial issue for Mrs. Fink. She undoubtedly was proud of you, not only in your school days, but also in your super newsletter, days as well. Both Mr. and Mrs. Fink were wonderful people and I consider myself very lucky to have been associated with them.

After graduating from college in 1937, I taught for a year across the river in Highland. In scheduling my basketball team, I was told that a very fine school across the river, east of Poughkeepsie had once been on the schedule, but the informant did not have an address. I wrote a scheduling proposal addressed to "Hope Farm School, East of Poughkeepsie," shortly thereafter, I received a reply from Coach Jack Heifner, got confirmation of my suggested date, plus his driving instructions, and went.

To my great surprise, the referee who walked onto the court in the old auditorium was William Bertram Fink, whom I knew as a college pal of my brother! That coincidence became a strong friendship, especially after baseball season when we concluded another sports home-and-home series.

At the ballgame Mr. Bertram, as the kids called him, told me that he would not be returning to Hope Farm, as he would be continuing his studies at Teacher's College in New York City. I immediately spoke up to ask him if there were any chance that I might be considered for the job. His affirmative answer, led me to apply, have an interview with Mr. Behrends, the school's director, and in the fall of 1938, I began my very pleasant stint as a teacher there. During my time, the name-change to Greer became a fact.

I am sure that I not only enjoyed my three and a half years with you Jim and Wayne Holton, Eddie Rossman, George Fisher and dozens of others that I have always remembered and someday, I will send you my photos scrapbook of the dozens and dozens of snapshots that remind me of those happy times. I appreciate your newsletters and that I have received from so many others as we all reminisce about those times.

With sincere best wishes to all.

From: **William Seeley**, [REDACTED] Dallas, OR 97338

In late July of 2000 I visited Greer and later viewed the web page for the first time.

I had also originally planned to make the trip east by train as time was no object, but found that I couldn't get closer than 90 miles of my destination. I was to learn however that flying was not a sure thing either. Instead of 90 miles, it was plagued with 90 minutes at the least, of delays for connecting flights. I met Jim & Mrs. Elliott in front of the school where we spent time recalling peoples we had known and incidents that we considered to have occurred in the Dark Ages.

Jim, my sister and I then walked to the "Chapel of the Child," one of the few remaining landmarks at what is now known as "The Fountains." I found it hard to adjust to the sight of the slow decay of the chapel. I am sure that many of you can recall time spent in the chapel as members of the choir, altar boys, and singing around the Christmas tree. The condition of the chapel and the recent passing of Mrs. Fink brought back the thought I had after my last visit to Greer about 13 years ago.

Had the situation existed where it became necessary for my son to be placed outside the family, would a Hope Farm/Greer School type placement been an option? I would venture to say that local, state, and federal law rules and regulations in effect these days would not allow the school to be founded. Much less exist as long as it did.

In the March 2000 newsletter, there was included a copy of an article published in 1939 in the "Poughkeepsie Courier" that described Hope Farm as a "Boarding School Plus." The article goes to say that student are given practical employment experience within the printing shop, canning plant, baker, machine shop and laundry. In addition, Hope Farm has its own fire department with a real truck and a proud brigade of 'boy fireman'. As recently as thirty years ago, child labor laws and the Occupational Health and Safety act enforcers would have a field day issuing citations for all sort of alleged violations. This would be in addition to questioning the actions and credentials of the school staff.

You Marcy boys, how do you think "Citizenship" would be accepted? Do you remember standing up in front of the whole cottage and stating that you did or did not try to do your best on your honor as a Boy or a Cub Scout? I am sure the experience would now be considered self incriminating. Sadly to say, I have forgotten what it took to get to the Friday night movie. The placing an individual in a position where they faced peer group pressure would have resulted in Mom Morton being arrested for practicing group therapy without a license.

I must admit that at the time Greer did not appear as a bed of roses. I often felt that Charles Dickens' "Oliver Twist" and I had a lot in common. The five years that I spent at Greer makes me a "Boot" to use a Navy term to those of you who were there 12 years in some cases even longer. The facts of the matter are that we all survived.

It was unique experience to much so that we remain connected to Hope Farm/Greer School as alumni, through the web page and the reunions.

From: **Chip Fowler**

It's official. I've been adopted. I can put away the shopping cart and the cardboard boxes.

Across the street from where I work, I started to walk this nice couple's dog. Then when Barbara went into the hospital with a broken pelvis & wrists, I fixed dinner for Chandler, who has painful arthritis and uses a walker. When Barbara came home from the hospital she asked me to stay for awhile to help her. The next thing that happened was the house I was living in was sold and torn down to build apartments, so Barbara and Chandler asked me to stay until I found a place. But as time went by and Barbara was still too weak and her back hurt with painful osteoporosis, they decided they really didn't want me to leave.

Now, they have decided to gut Chandler's den and I can decorate it to suit my tastes and I can stay there forever as long as I like...rent free. In exchange, I do their grocery shopping and fix dinner every night....which I would do for myself anyway.

I'm in the hills near Universal Studios, but I'm keeping my PO Box, so if you don't have it, here it is [REDACTED] Burbank CA 91505. I don't give out their phone number because I don't want them limping to answer it and it turns out to be for me.

Hope you are all well and happy,

Chip

Greetings to All,

This is a hard time for all of us and it makes writing to you all difficult. We would like to extend out thought and prayers to everyone-those who are directly affected by the horrid act of violence that was inflicted upon us on September 11, 2001- and those who are indirectly affected. This act has a profound effect on each of us as our basic security has been rocked.

As you know, we are planning a reunion next July. We are hoping that everyone who is able can come. This gathering will be important to all of us, as it will give us all a chance to be with our "family" and to touch base with our "roots." More information regarding our reunion will be sent to you all in the next newsletter.

Please keep the spirit of Peace in your hearts. We look forward to seeing you all next July.

As always,

Jim and Isabel

Mitzi and Doug

Dear Fellow Alumni



December 2001

We wish you all the Seasons Greeting and do hope you may all have an enjoyable one. We had dinner with the Hamilton's, the Austin's, and Gwen Elliott at Gwen's' house. We also noted that Judy Wallace had signed in up at the Fountains but we didn't get to see her. Had telephone calls from some of you but haven't had too much contact with anyone.

It is now time to pay your dues again. \$15.00 this entitles you to our newsletters that we send out 3 times a year.

We would also request that when you change your address to please give us this information also. We do lose a few names each time due to address changes. Got to keep the family together!!!!

From: **Reginald Mabie**; [REDACTED] Marlborough, MA. 01752

Remembrances of my seven years at Hope Farm 1932-1939 are very clear in my mind.

When Mr. Bell first arrived at Gate House, I was assigned to clean his bathroom every morning before going to school. I tried very hard to rinse the scouring powder from the tub, not too successfully I'm afraid. His room was in the attic of Gate House.

I recall sitting in the school auditorium, next to a student, who was much bigger than I, that boy was you Jim! I remember lines from the minstrel show that Gate House presented. My line, can't recall exactly, but something about women shopping, "Bias this, Bias that." I didn't know why the adults would laugh at that, because the students didn't, the Christmas play, why I was on the bed on stage, and my line was "I'm so sleepy," almost flubbed it.

My fourth grade teacher, Miss Kettley, who passed me from the fourth to the sixth. Her extremely interesting lessons about South Africa, her homeland, the Boer Trek, building a wagon, that I believe was finished by other grades. I wonder if she returned to South Africa?

Arbor Day, lines for diggers, then the planters, the trees are sixty five years old.

My favorite; May Day, a bottle of Birch Beer and a Hot Dog.

Halloween; where did all the bed sheets come from to costume so many ghosts?

Memorial Day; at the cemetery, the fainting, and the solemn ceremony.

The Christmas tree in the auditorium waiting for our gift.

Prent (William Prentice) was my god father (five years my senior) and more loyal to our friendship than anyone could have hoped for. I keep in contact with his wife Ann. He was a lucky man to have had her to share his life, and four wonderful children. At the school he would run the back road to Millbrook, buy a cake, run to Gate House, wake me, share the cake, and the next day ask me if I liked that particular kind. I had to tell him to make sure I was awake to enjoy the treat. (The crumbs in my bed let me know he was telling the truth.)

I read James Cagney's autobiography. He spent his youth in Hell's Kitchen in Manhattan. I can well understand his affinity for the students at Hope Farm, and his being on the school board. If all the former students related their histories of their life pre-Hope Farm we'd shed a few tears. But the school was instrumental in erasing most of that from our memories. I know some of your history Jim; my father left my mother in 1930. She had to try to take care of four kids all alone. Eventually my brother Bill and I were fortunate in being entered in Hope Farm, my uncle volunteered to give me a home in 1939-40. I was very close to him for the rest of his life; he was 86 years old when he passed away. My mother cared for her bedridden mother for seventeen years. I then became knowledgeable about my family history. My maternal grandfather was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor in the Civil War. He was in the 6th N.H. Volunteer regiment; I presented the medal to the Historical Society in Peterborough, N.H. his home town, along with his papers. He's buried in the Southboro cemetery; I walk there three or four times a week so I can tend his grave.

I enlisted in the army in 1943 and was sworn in nine days before my 18th birthday. I was in the 806th Tank Destroyer Battalion and ended up in the Philippines in 1945 at the end of the war.

I retired from the post office when I was 68 years old, I'm now 75. I have been on the operating table seven times in seven years, I am doing well now.

Last spring, I told my wife I would be visiting Gate House, etc., but she has had a spine operation, so for the last seven months we've stayed close to home. I am going to try very hard to visit the area next spring.

I remember "Mom," your mother that you shared with hundreds of other boys. Our society could learn a lot from how we were handled, never punished physically, yet well behaved, your mom and others did something right.

I recall Johnny Rogers and me against Prent, playing hockey in the locker at Gate House, when Prent would slam us against the lockers; he always said that he had won, because he was bigger and older. Johnny, one day, next to the cottage, explaining patiently, that the fluffy things in the sky were clouds, consisting of rain drips, (moisture) (I knew they were formed by smoke) I understand how he was able to create a law firm. Although it may have had something to do with his favorite singing duo, Nelson Eddy & Jeannette MacDonald.

Wayne Holton, the Zebrowski brothers; Willie, Paul & Bernard, Billy Cox, Bosco O'Rourke, George Hanson and so many more. The Torgesons, so young, so responsible.

The penny from our allowance every Sunday to put in the collection box; I was not the only one to drill a hole in the penny, attach a rubber band, safety pin up my sleeve, our consciences win out after a couple of weeks.

I'm sure you would agree, we could fill a thousand pages with pleasant remembrance, but I reluctantly must end this letter.

I cannot even think the name Ward Bell. He was MR. BELL, as you were Jimmy, not Jim. Oh well, I'll return from my reverie to reality....

From: **Pearl Farley**, [REDACTED] Walton, NY 13856

For years you kept me in touch with my Greer Family all over our great nation. Please note my new address as my dream for many years has finally come true. I've recently been able to move back home to New York.

I was saddened to hear about William McKinley's, death this past September. My heart and prayers go out to his loved ones. I personally knew Wm. McKinley as a young girl at Greer. He was Uncle Bill to me and I was very blessed to be part of the McKinley family. They were the only real family I knew. When Uncle Bill would come home on leave from the Navy it was always a great family celebration. The genuine joy he brought into my young life was never and will never be forgotten.

I was 3 years old when I arrived at Greer and lived 3 ½ years with the McKinley's. I was at Greer for almost ten years. Then I moved back to the city. I would still spend my Christmas vacations from the city with the McKinley's as I always did all the years I was living at Greer. The McKinley's also took care of my mother, Viola Wall, when she attended Greer as a young girl. For several years after I left Greer I would also spend part of my summers at camp with Mom McKinley. To pay for my room and board I would each day hike up the camp hill and go to Plum Cottage to help Miss Sutton with the children there. I'd take them on nature walks then bring them back to Plum in time for their supper, read stories to them, and put them all to bed for the night. I'd then walk back down to camp. I did this every day during the older girls' camp stay. I enjoyed it thoroughly and so grateful to be close to Mom McKinley again.

In your newsletter I've read several letters that mentioned my brother Lindley Farley. I am sorry to say that Lindley passed away several years ago. I was happy to hear that he was remembered in a nice way in your letters. Thank you.

There were five of us children in our family that lived at Greer for many years; Viola (Vicky), Priscilla, Ida, Lindley, and myself Pearl. Priscilla has also passed away. I now live close to my sister Ida in upstate New York, Viola visits each year from Texas.

Five years ago I was able to attend my first Greer reunion. How wonderful it was. I had lived in Washington State for the past 45 years. Now that I am finally back home in New York to stay, I'm looking forward to attending many more reunions

My best to you all...

REUNION NEWS: the reunion will be held on Saturday, July 27, 2002. The reunion supper will be held at the Holiday Inn in Fishkill, New York. The cost of this meal will be \$30.00 inclusive per person. A block of rooms has been set aside at the cost of \$229.00 per room plus a 10.25% tax. We will send a listing of other places on request. When calling for reservations say that you are attending the Greer School Reunion. More information will be sent after you indicate that you will be attending.

POUGHKEEPSIE JOURNAL SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 2001

Mr. and Mrs. Clarke

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Clarke, Narragansett, R.I., and formerly of LaGrangeville, celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary with a party at the Spain restaurant, Narragansett, hosted by their children: Betty Andrews, Union Vale; Barbara Zittel, Poughkeepsie; Diane Coup, Glendale, Ariz.; John Clarke and Jackie Clarke, both of LaGrangeville; and Rich Clarke, Warwick, R.I. They also have 12 grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

Mr. Clarke and the former Elizabeth Cambell Burr were married Aug. 26, 1951, in Huntington, Long Island.

Mr. Clarke served four years in the U.S. Air Force and worked for New York Telephone Co. for 35



years before retiring in 1989. He is a member of the Sons of American Revolution and a former member of Aquatic Explorers.

Mrs. Clarke worked for the Department of Social Services for 10 1/2 years before retiring in 1989. She is a member of the Daughters of American Revolution and served as a volunteer for 20 years with the American Heart Association.

"Hi" to all --

Everyone, I am sure, is busy getting ready for the holidays. Before you know it, summer will be here and it will be time for our Reunion. I am working on making arrangements to have a luncheon here on campus. We have done this in the past, as it gives us all a chance to "come home" again. The residents who are now living here at the Fountains are looking forward to having you here. They have taken a great interest in the kind of life that we all experienced living here, and I know that they would like to talk to us and find out (first hand) what we did. I am working on the possibility of meeting with them in the afternoon, perhaps having a small social event, including a slide show and giving them a glimpse of what life was like for us. But all these plans are "up in the air" at the present time. Jim and I will keep you all informed as to how things are progressing.

I learned that on Thursday, November 15, 2001, Dr. Ian Morrison died. I have no other information.

We would like to take this opportunity to wish you all a holiday season that is peaceful and joyous. We are looking forward to seeing you all in August of 2002 -

*As Always,
Mitzy + Jim
+
Doug + Isabel*