



Dear Fellow Alumni

March 2002

We are quickly approaching the reunion date and we do hope to see many of you there. To this point (mid February), the winter has forgotten to arrive. Very little snow or cold, it was a good year not to go south for the winter.

I received a CD from alumni, Judy Wallace, called "Bringing it Back Again," which has songs she sings around the various night clubs on Cape Cod. Most of the songs were written by Judy and are like folk music. If any of you are interested please contact: Judy Wallace Group, Box 514, Mattapoissett, MA 02739

From: **George Fischer;** [REDACTED], Manahawkin, NJ 08050
Stanley and **Theresa (Giarusso)** Elbe celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary on 12/5/2001 at a party hosted by their three children and family. They also have two grandchildren. Theresa attended Greer School 1938 to 1948. Mr. & Mrs. Elbe owned and operated Elbe Apple Orchards in Northboro, Mass.

From: **Robert Irwin:** [REDACTED], Green NY 13778
Just to keep you up to date on the three Irwin's:

1. Richard died in Virginia Oct 01 a few days before his 84th birthday. I can't drive so we didn't attend.
2. Stanley 79 years old from near NYC went west with his wife and daughter in law.
3. I am doing well for 82, still married for 57 years. Despite a few handicaps I'm doing OKAY!

I bless the day the Irwin's were sent to Hope Farm way back in 1934. So many good memories of your mom, the Bacons and the Mac's.

From: **Al Corillo,** [REDACTED], Lindenhurst, NY 11757-3922

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

You have been doing an outstanding job with the Newsletter and I wish to thank you for your devotion in getting it done.

I arrived at Hope Farm on my birthday, [REDACTED] (but didn't know it was my birthday until Frederick Behrends, the Director at that time, told me that was the date on my birth certificate.) Marion Rinaldi and John Peters also arrived with me, from Jenny Clarkson School in Valhalla, which had been changed to a school for girls.

Frank Fasset and Douglas DuBorg greeted us and escorted us to Gate House, which was to be our residence. Two days later, on [REDACTED]---which I had always thought was my birthday, Darwin Parella, a summertime counselor (and nephew of Frederick Behrends), had me pulling weeds in the truck garden for "talking when I should have been listening." But I was a quick learner; I spent about half of the rest of the summer pulling weeds for the same reason!

At the start of school in September, I was mistakenly held back in the sixth grade for the first quarter. With the help of Mrs. Helen Fink, I finally made it to the seventh grade at the beginning of the second quarter. I was sorry to hear of her passing.

Things were a little rough for the next two years in what was then known as "Grammar School."

According to Mr. Stone, our English teacher and athletic coach, "you don't pass grammar; you don't get out of Grammar School." Boy, did I ever have to buckle down!

In high school I did fairly well. I made the football team but baseball and basketball did not fare so well with me. The ball was always out of reach, at the plate and in the field. Basketball, well-I-I let's say, I didn't quite get the knack. However, I did have the honor of being captain and goalie for the first ice hockey team.

With Margaret Churchill, the English teachers help, I also had the added honor of being editor in chief of "The Student Voice," our school newspaper.

Of course, I'm sure most of us can remember the annual tree planting; the garden work and canning; the summer fairs'; fishing at the reservoir; summer overnight hikes; lowering by degrees into the icy cold pool when over sleeping in camp. Who can possibly forget that last!

Who can forget Mom Morton? Some of the older boys at Gate House did some of the senior chores (KP) at Marcy. It was a pleasure working with her. May God bless her and her memory. I know she is in His good hands.

And who can forget the McKinley's? We all had close experience with them, at Camp out in the summers and year round transportation. God bless them and I know they are "up there" too.

After Easter of 1935, I was needed at home so I regretfully left.

I've always enjoyed the reunions and am looking forward to again joining my former schoolmates and all the Hope Farm and Greer School alumni at the next one.

I am enclosing my dues and a little extra. Please have a drink or something on me for the Holidays.

Hoping to see 'yo all' soon!

From: **Agnes Kraker**, [REDACTED], West Palm Beach, FL 33415

I've enclosed a check for \$30.00 for dues, don't believe I ever sent you one for the previous year and just wanted to get caught up...if I did, just add this to your expenses of keeping us all up to date and the wonderful news you impart.

Also want to tell you of my name change! Marvin, who you met at the last reunion, and I were married a year ago this past September. We met about 6 years ago and have been truly good friends ever since and love blossomed for us both. So please change your records from Agnes Davenport to Agnes Kraker. You will be meeting him again at this years' reunion for we plan to include this in our travels during the coming summer. I will look for all the details as you pass them along.

We also heard from Bob Cooper and he mentioned that he's planning to come east for the reunion. It will be so good to see him again along with all our other Greer family. Let's hope that it will turn out to be one of the best reunions that you all work so hard to prepare for us.

Say Hi to Gwen when you speak with her and please give her my love...see you this summer and thanks for all your wonderful work.

Love to all, Agnes Kraker

From: **Donald Charles**, [REDACTED] St. Johns Island, SC 29455

Enclosed is \$15.00 to the Greer Alumni Association for the newsletter. Let's .hope 2002 will be less eventful than 2001! I think we've been shaken up pretty badly. I hope you had a pleasant holiday and you are both well and happy.

I'm not sure about attending the July reunion. It's a pretty long haul for me and I just redid my mortgage and got a home equity loan, so for the next year – until I pay down some of my other accounts, any extra expenditure is sort of on hold. However, my presence is not required to make it a success, which I'm sure it will be. Maybe I'll get to the next one.

In the meantime, take care of yourselves, and give my best wishes to all.

One quick item before I sing off. I spoke with Betty Clarke around Christmas time and it seems Jack is not doing so well. Betty says his lungs are filled with fibroids and he has a lot of trouble just walking around. She said it is not a condition that can improve and may not even stay non-progressive. It's heartbreaking to think of Jack that way; he was one of my classmates and one of the nicest students Greer ever had. Awaiting your next epistle.

Sincerely, Don Charles

From: **Alban Richey**, [REDACTED] Plainfield, VT 05667

Here is my check to renew my "subscription" to the Greer School newsletter you so ably publish with interesting items about and from former student and faculty.

My brother James & I were at Greer only two years, 1940-1942. Pearl Harbor was attacked in December of 1941 in my senior year of high school for many youngsters like me; the event produced the same kind of patriotic fervor that we, as a nation at war once again, are being reminded of these days.

Someday I will write my memoirs of my Greer School days, because I do cherish them. I'll try to hold myself to that resolve, and so long for now.

Best Regards, Alban Richey, formerly of Daisy Cottage.

Dear Isabel and Jim:

Thanks for the October issue of Alumni News which, as usual was interesting to read, particularly the fact that we will all be getting together again July 27, 2002 and I look forward to further details.

We were sorry to hear about the passing of Ed Neal. I remember Ed as an easy going fellow with a good sense of humor. He was very good in sports at Greer particularly in football and was outstanding in the backfield. Going back many years ago; I was with Ed when he and I both applied for a job with AT&T in Poughkeepsie. I didn't get a job but he did and I note in the newspaper article you printed that he had retired from AT&T. We wish to express sincere sympathy to his family and particularly his wife Betty who I knew from Greer and my wife met, many years ago in the Green Tea Room, Bay Ridge, Brooklyn.

Another passing I was sorry to hear about was Bill McKinley who I met and knew slightly when I first came to Greer (Hope Farm then) and stayed with the McKinley's during the Quarantine period. I remember this from his visits to see his folks.

Thank you, Isabel, Jim, Mitzi, and Doug for keeping the Alumni Association going and providing us with the Alumni News, our link with the past.

Sincerely, **Joe Kaiser**

Greetings to All,

I have been planning our luncheon. It will be from 12 noon to 2:00 pm in the auditorium. Please remember to send in your reservations early so we can get a proper count.

News was given to us that needs passing on We have been told the **Jack Clarke** died on February 27, 2002.

We are looking forward to seeing you all in July. Until then...

As Always,

Mitzi & Doug
Jim & Isabel



We wish to thank you all for coming to the reunion. We were very lucky with the weather as it was very hot before and after the weekend. We also thank you for passing the hat around as there was \$1300.00 that we receive which makes a nice cushion for the bank account. We also hope that you all got home safely.

The Millbrook Round Table wrote an article which we are enclosing, there are a few things that are not fact but this is okay. There was a picture of some of you outside the school which we didn't enclose.

William Elliott obituary:

William J. Elliott

William J. Elliott, 66, a resident of the Town of Poughkeepsie for the past 40 years and previously of Moores Mills, N.Y., died at home on Wednesday, May 8, 2002.

Mr. Elliott was employed by St. Francis Hospital in Poughkeepsie and Beacon for 38 years.

A volunteer for the Arlington Fire Department, he was a life member of Engine Company #1. He also belonged to the Hospital Engineering Society and the National Fire Protection Association. He was a communicant of Holy Trinity Church in Poughkeepsie. Mr. Elliott served in the U.S. Air Force; he was stationed in Alaska.

Born in Sharon, Conn. on Jan. 10, 1936, he was the son of William J. and Tillie Williams Elliott.

On June 22, 1963, he married Cecilia A. Hedinger in Poughkeepsie. Mrs. Elliott survives at home.

In addition to his wife, he is survived by a son, Philip Cerniglia and his wife, Gloria of Hopewell Junction; a sister, Shirley Pryde of Hyde Park; a grandson, Jordan Cerniglia; three nephews; three great-nephews, and one great-niece. He was predeceased by a brother, David Elliott.

Calling hours are Sunday, May 12, from 2-6 p.m. at the William G. Miller & Son Funeral Home, Inc., 371 Hooker Ave., Poughkeepsie.

A Mass of Christian Burial will be celebrated on Monday, May 13, at 9:45 a.m. at Holy Trinity Church, 775 Main St., Poughkeepsie. Burial will be in the family plot in Calvary Cemetery.

Memorial donations may be made in Bill's memory to: St. Francis Healthcare Foundation, 241 North Road, Poughkeepsie, NY 12601 or to the Hospice Foundation, 374 Violet Ave., Poughkeepsie, NY 12601.

Please visit our web site for directions and to sign our guestbook at www.wmgmillerfuneralhome.com.

Fleming Standerwick
7/3/03

Helen (Coffinn) Andrews
7/9/02

From: **Robert Hougasian**, [REDACTED] Chesapeake, VA 23322

Our world has changed since we last met in '99. Not only has a complacent nation had a terrifying awakening on 9/11/01, but we're now looking at the rights we have long enjoyed and are in the process of restricting them. Be that as it may, I have never, never understood what kind of wishy-washy, fuzzy, liberal thinking puts forward the idea that anyone and everyone within our sovereign national borders will enjoy all the rights, privileges and protections of a citizen.

Here is what I've deleted a political viewpoint and concluded it with "Enough of the soapbox."

Some of the changes that are closer to the alumni are, of course, the loss of respected and loved alumni and Staff.

Here is one of them:

My very first day at Greer, at the beginning of September 1941; I was taken down to Marcy Cottage. Mrs. Morton (Mom Morton) to us) assigned one of the boys to be my Big Brother. You know, to get a new person off to a good start. He took this kid from the city around, showing him where everything was and introducing him to the guys. He not only explained the daily routing, more importantly he pointed out the boy at the top of the Marcy food chain.

That night, our beds being next to each other in the dorm, after lights out he reached over took my hand and said "don't worry, everybody cries the first night." For the next seven and half years (he was a grade ahead of me) we were friends. Not best of friends, but always friends. I can't describe it any better than that. When I found out he was dying, I struggles to put a letter together ---- there's so much to say. When my letter finally reached his home, he'd been gone a week. I grieved for Rod Hilsinger for many months. I've been to many funerals; the common threads are the mourners who, through their tears, regret not having told that person they loved them. I decided I would do my best

not to be among that sad crowd. To one degree or another, I love you, each and every one of you.

The feeling I'm describing is not something perverted or carnal, but a pure, wholesome, agape love.

My contact with most of you ended shortly after I graduated in June 1950. I still shudder when I think back on what a jerk I was.

Fortunately some small bits of wisdom have been able to penetrate and become part of me. I know little or nothing about your lives since we parted, "going home for good," wasn't that what we always said? This is what I do know; each and every day at Greer, a thread of our common experience was woven into a bond. Those bonds that were formed in my youth can never be broken. You were my family and though we have scattered to various parts of the world, you still are. I often wonder why some of these things were so hard to say when I was younger. One could claim the saying holds true, "too soon we get old, to late we get smart."

I came upon a few lines in Longfellow's poem "The Fire of Driftwood" that say it much better than I.

"We sat and talked until the night,
Descending filled the little room;
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
And who was changed and who was dead;

And all that fills the heart of friends,
When first they feel, with secret pain,
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,
And never can be one again.

O flames that flowed! O hearts that yearned!
They were indeed too much akin,
The driftwood fire without that burned,
The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

This would be my third re-union. I look forward to them for three years, they are important to me. The original departure date for the mission trip to China, which I am part of, was scheduled to leave on July 29. Close, but I could have still made the re-union. The departure date has since been moved up to July 12. I will be in Southeastern China during the re-union. It saddens me that I will not be able to share the fellowship of that gathering. I will be thinking of you and pray you will have a memorable time together.

Since I'm getting all these green squiggly lines under my sentences, it's time for me to sign off.

With love and respect to all of you, Robert Hougasian, Sept. '41-Jun. '50

..Reunion From Page A1

Greer School Alumni reunite in UV

By Robert Lachman
Staff Reporter

On Saturday, July 27 The Greer School Alumni held a reunion at the site of their former school, The Fountains at Millbrook in the Town of Union Vale. The story of the Greer School is a remarkable one.

Back in 1906, Bishop David H. Greer of the Episcopal Diocese of New York learned that there were many neglected children in the city who had no proper home life or guardianship and thought they were normal healthy children they needed a better environment in which to live. With the help of Deaconess Charlotte M. Boyd, Miss Florence Rapullo and Mrs. Russel A. Hibbs the bishop decided to establish "Hope Farm: a Protectory for Protestant Children," later to be known as The Greer School.

The first children and workers came to Hope Farm in January 1907. The buildings needed much repair and Bishop Greer chose the Reverend Thomas R. Hazzard, rector at Briarcliff, as the director of the school. He brought a group of Italian



BROTHERS AND SISTERS: A group of Greer School Alumni gather in front of the main building at the Fountains at Millbrook where they held their reunion luncheon. (Photo by Robert Lachman)

workmen with him to do the renovations. Many of these workers made their permanent homes there and spent many years at the school.

The board of directors were determined to do something different with the school and instead of housing all the children in

one large institutional building, as had been the norm, they decided to build a series of cottages, where children with a housemother would live as a complete home unit. In 1907, this was a radical idea in child care and the directors worked at obtaining funds for the project.

In 1908 the gifts began to come in and soon Plum Cottage was built, followed by Daisy Cottage in 1909, Marcy Lester in 1910 and Crest in 1913. At this point the Greer School could hold 180 students, teachers and workmen.

Children were admitted from the ages of 5 to 16 years. Older pupils received industrial training in carpentry, gardening, and canning. As the school grew the farm buildings were enlarged and improved until the farm produced most of the school's food.

By the 1950s more than 2500 children had passed through the school and it was constantly being enlarged. Haydon Vocational Shop and the McAlister House for home making and a guest house for visitors were built in the late 1950s. New cottages and the dining hall in the 1960s as well as the McKenzie Infirmary. In 1949 the name was changed to "Greer, A Children's Community," and in 1974 to "Greer Children's Ser-

tainis, is responsible for putting it all together. It was held in the original School House, which is now the common area for the Fountains at Millbrook. Louis Paul, alumnus from 1940-1947, came from Chicago by train to attend. "I had the best time of my life at the Greer School," he said. Jimmy Morton, one of the oldest alumni (1925-1944), first came to the school in 1925 when he was a young child because his parents worked there. His mother was a house parent. He left in 1944 but returned in 1952 to run the kitchen.

"The kitchen used to cook meals and deliver them to eight cottages. In those days there were four boys' and four girls' cottages. The boys wore knickers and a blue shirt and a tie and the girls wore pinafore dresses. When the boys were 14, they could wear long pants!" Morton said.

The dining hall was packed and there was a delicious cold buffet laid out on the edge of the stage. Everyone had a wonderful time

School's Memorial Day traditions: greasing the watermelon. "There'd be two teams, they'd grease a big watermelon, throw it in the pond and try and fish it out. We were all like family. We were all brothers and sisters and that's why everyone comes back," she said.

Bill Miller (1923-1935) said, "The adults were so devoted to this place. They had eight or 10 couples who lived here all their lives giving to the kids. I was here for 12 years and I never saw anyone hurt or abused in any way. These people were paid very little but they loved the kids. When you left Greer you knew how to do anything, be it electronic work or carpentry. We were taught self sufficiency at an early age."

The last Greer School graduates graduated in 1963; and due to new State rules and regulations and a weak high school program, subsequent students were sent to Millbrook High School to complete their studies. The golden age of Greer School was over...

John Hudnor—Greer School Reunion---2002

FROM: John Hudnor: [REDACTED] Lebanon, NH 03766
GREER SCHOOL REUNION---2002

As I was watching Jim Morton and Mitzi Berry going from table-to-table affirming that everyone was getting the meal they had ordered at the banquet in the Holiday Inn on Saturday night during the late July 2002 reunion, I felt a feeling of gratitude toward Jim, Mitzi, and their spouses for all of the hard work that they had done yet again to make yet another reunion a success! Also coming to mind was the work of Tony Vaz for creating the Greer web site, and all of the e-mail updates that he has given us since the last reunion in 1999. I'm hoping that it's fair to say that each of us who were the benefactors of this wonderful effort of the Morton's and Berry's and Vaz's were having those same feelings of gratitude. There is, and was, so much behind-the-scenes work done to prepare for a reunion, that words are inadequate to make up for all the effort. What a wonderful reunion it was. Here are some personal reflections.

I find myself anticipating Greer reunions for two reasons:

- (1) The ability to re-establish relationships with former staff and students. There is always more to talk about than there is time to catch up with everyone's activities, but you can still connect for a little while with many individuals, and this is very enjoyable to me. Forty years have gone by since my graduation, and yet, one can pick up and re-connect with former classmates as if you had only seen them yesterday.
- (2) The reunions are also a time to take stock---to consider where I have been, and what I have done since I left Greer; also to consider where I am going with my life. I'm also able to see where the influence of Greer has been on many aspects of my life: I'm happy to report that the influence has been quite substantial, and that almost all of it is of a very positive nature. I have taught in a public school for 30 years, and I always compare my experiences with Greer. As Greer students, we've come out very well in these comparisons. Thank you!

Lunch was at the school auditorium and as usual, it reminded me of Thanksgivings at Greer. While in '02, we served ourselves, you couldn't help but think of the great feast we had each Thanksgiving when the staff would serve us. A wonderful portion of this memory is the happiness that was felt by staff and student alike. Though much of Greer is gone, the Auditorium is a part of the retirement center and surprisingly, looks much the same as when we were a part of the school. Those beautiful, wooden beams are still there! Sandy and I sat with the Hamilton's, but I was busy taking so many pictures, that Sandy must have wondered why she came with me to this event! After learning how to take pictures for the "Talisman" in 1962-63, I caught the picture-taking bug, and it has never left me.

After lunch, there were group pictures taken outside of the High School entrance, and then many of us lingered and talked for quite a while before walking around the main campus area during the afternoon. I return to Greer each autumn, and never tire of taking pictures of the high school building; it is so much more aesthetic than the public school at which I have taught for so many years.

Dinner at the Holiday Inn in Fishkill was perfect; perfect in that the event took four hours, and yet it did not seem to be nearly that long because of the way the evening played out. Perfect in that there was plenty of much appreciated time to talk between servings. Perfect in our MC for the evening, Fred Trommsdorff, who announced at the luncheon earlier in the day that the dress could be casual for the evening's dinner. Yet, even more perfect as people came very well-dressed. I remember how we were expected to dress nicely for the evening meals at the older cottages when we were at Greer. One of those positive influences that I had mentioned earlier; it was so good to see people dressed so nicely.

There were representatives from the decades of the 30's, 40's, 50's, and 60's, and our good MC made sure that we all were invited to stand individually and be recognized. That took some doing, because there were well over 100 people at the dinner. Fred has a good sense-of-humor and is the right man for the job. Fred was also tactfully persuasive and as there were some expenses that the Alumni Association had to meet, with only a suggestion from Fred, hats that were passed were full, and many of the expenses were met.

This was a reunion contrasts for me. On Saturday I had the excitement of getting together with many friends at lunch and dinner. Sunday was a day of reflection, as Sandy and I enjoyed a picnic outside of Gate House. The peace, tranquility and beauty of the lower campus brought back a thousand wonderful memories.

My hope for all of us is that there will always be opportunities to come back and renew and reflect at these gatherings; I am so grateful for those who make it possible.

Thank you.

John Hudnor, class of 1963

From: **Peter Guild:** Greer Letter with CD

Hi All!

Well here is my CD of pictures I took at the Greer 2002 reunion. As we all share our different pictures taken with each other, other memories come up, which I think is great. Some in the past, have shared that they cannot open picture files, so I include a small program that anyone can install on their computer to view pictures in case they do not have a program of their own to use.

This is a program my teacher at the college recommended and is very adaptable to many different picture formats. It will also resize picture file formats to what someone might want as well as in areas of size, resolution, dpi and format change. It is free shareware on the Internet so there is no financial cost to anyone.

Use it; if it is helpful to you, ignore or let go if it is not.

I went upstairs in the old school building where no remodeling had taken place. Many of the old classrooms and principal's office were as they once were only filled with things not being used at this time. It was a feeling trip down memory land for me and I have enclosed a number of pictures I took up there.

Some of you know and others don't. Last year when starting some senior college courses I was tested and found to have Attention Deficit Disorder. This unlocked a 60 year mystery in my life as to why I had so many problems in all my school years starting in grade school and including ones at Greer and beyond. Now I have some skills to deal with these problems and I am still taking senior college course, just studying in a different way that every before. And it is working. I am learning and understanding much more of the material than ever before in my life.

To All:

The reunion was almost perfect, the food was good the weather was absolutely beautiful and the company was superb. We were fortunate that things worked for the 'perfect day.'

Thank you all for your letters and e-mails. There is a lot of work that goes into planning and bringing to reality a reunion, but the rewards outweigh the work. We are glad that you all were able to attend. We wish that everyone had been able to be there. Please know that those that were not able to come to the reunion were truly missed.

Please keep your letters coming – as they compose our newsletter. We look forward to hearing from you. Until next time...

As Always,

Jim & Isabel

Mitzi & Doug

Dear Fellow Alumni,



December 2002

Thanksgiving is here and we do hope that you remember the fest when everyone ate together and the staff serving us. It was a treat. Then, Christmas will soon be here with the Martin Play and the Pledges we gave in the chapel singing our cottage songs and being read "The Little Clock Maker". I find it hard going by any holiday without thinking of the school and the activities we did.

And with that we wish you all a HAPPY HOLIDIDAYS AND WE HOPE YOU WILL ENJOY THEM.

Violet (Smalec) Bysznski

We received a phone message on October 2, 2002 letting us know that Violet had died.

Jean M. BreMiller

RED HOOK-Jean M. BreMiller 75, a 15-year resident of Red Hook and a former 30 year resident of Millbrook, died Thursday, Oct. 31, 2002 at Northern Dutchess Health Care in Rhinebeck.

Mrs. BreMiller was a registered nurse and was employed at Vassar Brothers Medical Center, St. Francis Hospital and Wassaic Developmental Center. She retired in 1985.

She was a graduate of Millbrook High School in 1943 and Mt., Vernon Nursing School in 1947.

Mrs. BreMiller belonged to Lyall Memorial Federated Church.

She enjoyed her cats and was a very interested in nature and bird watching.

Born in Poughkeepsie on Nov. 16, 1926, she was the daughter of William and Marie McKinley.

On Mar. 16, 1955, she married Charles BreMiller in St. James Episcopal Church in Hyde Park. He predeceased her on Dec 20, 1995.

Survivors include three sons, William BreMiller and his wife Susan; Richard BreMiller of Shady, N.Y.; and Robert BreMiller of Catskill, N.Y.; a daughter, Susan Telford of Median, Ohio and grand children, Jason and Alana BreMiller, Evan Telford, Seamus Thompson and Collin, Shane, Jacob and Kayla BreMiller.

There are no calling hours.

Funeral services will be held on Tuesday, Nov. 5, at 7 p.m. at Lyall Memorial Federated Church, Maple Ave, Millbrook.

Memorial donation may be made to the Juvenile Diabetes Foundation, 316 Main Mall, Poughkeepsie, N.Y. 12601.

From: **John Hudnor**; [REDACTED] Lebanon, NH, 03766

I have been teaching in a public high school for 30 years, and I thought you would find it interesting to view some perspectives on the similarities and the differences of the public high school experience vs. the Greer high school experience. There are of course some shortcomings in doing this in that 40 years plus have passed since I graduated for Greer and our society along with technology have made the education scene much different. The other problem is that my own experiences are hardly a representative sample of a typical public school teacher. Given those shortcomings, I'd like to share my thoughts on the subject.

Relationships---Student/Teacher

I enjoyed my relationships with the teachers I had at Greer--especially in my last two years of high school because I had become more mature and able to enjoy these relationships. After having left Greer, I desired to maintain contact with some of the teachers as well as other staff, and to this day, still have contact with some of the staff and teachers that taught me or work with me at Greer over 40 years ago. I appreciate the continuance of those relationships.

When I started teaching in the public schools I felt what I had grown up with was the norm, and therefore would carry over to the school where I was teaching. Not so! I found that teaching did enable me to form some very solid relationships with some of my students in much the same ways as my teacher at Greer. What has not happened over the years is not the long lasting aspect of the relationships. Many have not lasted much beyond the year I taught the students. The first couple of years as this happened, it really confused me, but as I have had many years to ponder this, it has become more understandable.

I feel the relationships I am able to form with some of my students are wonderful and just as positive as I experienced at Greer. Human nature is pretty consistent over the generations, and these relationships (among other things) make teaching such a wonderful profession. The major difference in relationships occurs once the school year ends--within a day, week, month--you sense an ending of or changing of the relationship with the students whom you just taught for the last school year. That is how it probably should be in most cases; students like you, and visa versa, but they do move on and build other relationships once the term is over.

What explains the differences? I'm not really sure, but here are some ideas. One is that for most of us, we saw our teachers during non school hours at various sporting events and other activities at Greer. In fact, some of them lived in our cottages and became part of cottage life as they a e with us, and some were substitute houseparents. This makes a big difference. I almost never see my students during my off school hours and although I enjoy going to some extra-curricular activities, it is not tot he extent the Greer staff did. The Greer staff continuously showed up to our sporting events, Friday night movies, dances at the school auditorium and at the cottages. They helped take roles in school theater productions and participated with us in the traditions each year at the Labor Day and Memorial Day picnics, Thanksgiving dinner and the Christmas traditions of cottage decorations, Martin Play and Candlelight Services when all the cottages sang hymns around the Christmas tree at the chapel. When we do these same traditional activities at the public school, it is conjunction with the individual student's families, and we as the staff clearly play a secondary role.

Thirdly, and most importantly, I think because the staff were to some extent surrogate parents, it made a big difference on how we viewed our staff and teachers. We came to count on the staff and teachers at Greer to be there with, and for us that all of our non academic functions, and this gave us a sense of gratitude to them that lasted beyond our graduations. Yes, we had parent whom we saw as often as possible, but given the nature of the school and the distance from our parents homes, the Greer staff naturally fulfilled some of those important roles for us, roles that our parents could not have done for us at that time.

In summation, it is great to get to know students each year in class, and it's special to form positive, supportive and fun relationships with a distinctive few each year. But I have come to recognize and appreciate how different and unique my feelings we to many good adults that worked with me at Greer and I continue to hold these tender and wonderful feeling seven now. The Greer staff we not our parents, but the relationships went above and beyond the ones that are currently formed in most public school setting. It is with a sense of appreciations that I occasionally share some of these experiences and feelings with a few of the students that I teach. They are intrigued!

From **Bill Seeley**; [REDACTED] Dallas, OR 97338

GREER CHEERS

As recalled by Bill (Ching) Seeley after 50 years!

Cheer #1

Give a yell, give a yell, give a good substantial yell,
and when we yell, we yell like this,
This is what we yell;
Alamen, alamen, alamen-tiego, santiego,
hocus, pokus, try and choke us
Yeah Greer!

Cheer #2

Ala-maca ching, ala-maca chow.
Ala-maca ching, ching, chow, chow, chow.
Boom-a-locka, boom-a-locka, sis boom bah.
Greer School, Greer School,
Rah, Rah, Rah!

Cheer #3

_Come on you Greer team,
It's you we cheer team,
We're on our way to victory,
Get in and fight them,
You red and white men,
We're here to make new history.
We're on the right track,
We will not turn back,
And we will win,
That is our rule,
We will give our best in every test,
The Redskins of old Greer School.

It is time again to remind everyone that "dues" are due! At our reunion it was decided to raise the amount to \$25.00 per year. Still a bargain!

As you can see, our letter this month is quite small. We need to remind you all that without your input- - we have no output. Please keep your memories coming, as this is what makes our contact strong and growing.

From all of us here to all of you out there, we send you greetings for a most joyous holiday season and may your New Year be filled with good health, much love, and happiness.

Until next time-

We wish you rainbows all year.

As Always,

Jim & Isabel, Mitzi & Doug