

Dear Alumni



Spring 2003

First, let me thank you for your well wishes to me during my sickness, I am getting better, BUT I am tired of the winter weather and hope the snow melts soon

From: **Ruthann Wichelman**, [REDACTED] Chatham, NJ 07928

I came to Greer and taught 6th grade (49-51) in Mrs. Fink's former classroom. She had a china closet filled with stuffed birds. One day for an art lesson each child chose a bird to draw. There was an owl in a show box on a back shelf. One boy wanted to draw the owl. He did and I placed the owl in the box. We never took it out of the box.

Well, the next day it was gone! I was very worried. I told Mrs. Fink who very gravely told me how serious that was because part of the birds stuffing was arsenic, and a kid could get very sick if he put his hands in his mouth.

After two days of worry, and not finding the bird I went back to Mrs. Fink who told me she had the owl. She had removed it from the classroom so no one would take it and get sick.

Somehow I didn't think that was funny.

Greer was a wonderful place to start a teaching career. I enjoyed the staff and the students. Until recently, I had a correspondence with Georgia King.

From: **Helen (Gregory) Bass**, [REDACTED] Miami, FL 33138-[REDACTED]

Happy New Year to all. I am so happy to be home. I was in the Villa Marina Rehab for 7 months. I talked with Kloria (Brewster) Shotter and she always loved Greer. She lost her husband a year or so ago and lives in a Lutheran housing project in St Petersburg. I speak with my sister Betty every day, she and her husband Ciso (Lopez) drove down from Spring Hill to see me when I was in Villa Marina. I had two operations. I now am home and use a walker and am doing very well. Helen Zack has glaucoma and is blind in one eye, losing her sight in the other and has arthritis in her legs. She used to be such a vibrant person and always loved Greer and enjoyed the reunions with her late brother George. She misses him terribly and had never gotten over his passing.

From: **Richard Devaux** [REDACTED] Plainsboro, NJ 08536

Dear Jim

Enclosed is a \$25.00 check for Year 2003 dues. I agree whole heartedly with your comment in December newsletter that the amount is "still a bargain"—in fact I would go much farther and say "it is a bargain at any price." I'm always happy to be reminded of the many Greer experiences that shaped who I am today!

I was sorry that I could not be part of last years' reunion. I was out at my second home in Watertown WI through July; visiting with my handicapped son who resided in an Institution located near my home. If a list of Reunion Attendees exists, I would be interest in getting a copy so I could see who was there. Maybe you could publish this list in the next newsletter.

At the present time I am at my Plainsboro, NJ home, which is my primary residence. I will remain here through March and then again will be visiting my son in WI through most of the spring season. Since we have not had an email contact for awhile I want to let you know that my NJ email address has changed.

My new address is rndevaux@[REDACTED], the same as my WI home email address, so you can reach me by email no matter where I am located. Please update your records to reflect this change. And can you send me a brief email message so that I know that our email communications link is still OK? If your reunion attendees list is in electronic form, please attach it to your email message.

Also could you in your email response let me know how I can access the Greer School website? I have not been able to contact Tony Vaz on this matter.

My thanks again for all your help in keeping me informed about Greer School and especially for your efforts in putting together these newsletters---they are really appreciated!

I wish you and your family my very best and may this New Year be filled with Happiness and Good Health!

From: **Tom Oliver**, [REDACTED], Pocono Lake, PA 18347

When I arrived at Greer as a 7 ½ year old, I hadn't much experience with sledding. Of course, as a 7 ½ year old, I hadn't much experience with anything. Being pulled around on the streets of Brooklyn or an occasional trip to the back of the Brooklyn Museum which had a pretty nice hill was about it. I went into Marcy Cottage, turned 8 in November, and so began my sledding career.

At Marcy, when there was snow, the general winter afternoon after school and all afternoon on Saturday and Sunday were spent on the hill in front of the cottage. If you will recall, standing on the steps of the porch looking out, the parking area went off to your left to the end of the building, then over a small berm down to the driveway leading to the back of the building. Keep going and you went into the field where Mom Morton had her garden and we all planted our own little garden plots. To the right the path led up into the woods. Straight up the hill the path led to Greer Cottage. About ten yards into the woods the path turned to the left and led up the Girls Athletic Field. The path had log steps set into the soil.

After the snow had been tromped down we would take our sleds up the hill towards Greer until the hill flattened out. From this point there was a shot down the hill either over the log step which provided fine bumps or to the left of the steps. Out over a portion of lawn, across the parking area, over the berm across the driveway and out into the garden area. We would ride this hill for all the time we could. I don't know how we stood being so cold and wet, but we did. We would ride alone, two on a sled, as many as we could get on a sled, sitting and occasionally standing. We would make trains of sleds by putting our feet into the opening of the sled behind.

One incident on this hill stands out. We would occasionally build jumps on this hill. The best spot for a jump was on the berm at the edge of the parking area. A jump built here shot you out over the driveway into the garden area. We built one then got buckets of water and poured the water on the jump. The next day it was solid ice! We were having a fine time going off when Dr. Elliott arrived with his 8mm camera. He wanted to take some film of us going off so we all went to the top of the hill, lined up and went down as close together as we could. Now this was a really well done jump! Launching off this thing we were probably five and a half or six feet in the air and would fly twenty feet or so. Dr. Elliott filmed us all going off in very rapid succession and ending with Eddie Sichel on skis stopping at the top. As I understand later events, Dr Elliott showed this piece of film to a parents meeting at City House which almost caused some of the mothers to faint when they saw how their young kids occupied their time. I do believe Mrs. Elliott still has this film; it would be very interesting to see 50 some odd years later.

When I moved over to Daisy Cottage the sledding hills changed. Now we would use the hill from the edge of the Girls Athletic Field down to the Main Road. This was the normal route for the Daisy residents to go to school. A turn to the left just after you went over the edge took you down the route the Gate House guys would use going to school. During the week the run to Daisy stopped at the road, on weekends a staff member watched for traffic and now we could cross the road and go all the way to Daisy Cottage.

If I remember correctly, the run towards Gate House was called Suicide, someone can correct me if that's not so.

Another not very much used run was down the Staff Path that ran on the straight line from Main House to Gate House and crossed the Main Road at the same place as the run to Daisy. When conditions were right, basically frozen slush you could run almost all the way to Gate House.

There was another run again not very much used, in the woods starting at about the same place as the runs to Daisy and Gate House. It ran straight as an arrow and almost exactly

perpendicular to the Marcy Cottage road and came out about halfway down that road. It was fast, but if you crossed the Marcy road, you were headed for the fence around the apple orchard/cow pasture.

The Crème de la Crème of all the rides on a sled at Greer really didn't have a run or trail at all. This ride needed certain snow and weather conditions. Imagine ten to twelve inches of snow, a warming trend with some rain, then a hard freeze. These conditions produced a crust of ice on the snow that was almost impossible to break through. Now take your sled and pull it up to the road between Main House and the Chapel. You are looking down the large open field with the main road on your left and Rapallo on your right. Start sliding slowly because the hill is not very steep. However the conditions allow for almost constant acceleration. We had to mark the spot to cross the road from Rapallo to the main road because there was only one spot to cross the ditches. After crossing the Rapallo road you crossed the long narrow field between Daisy & Rapallo. You are now headed for the hedgerow dividing this field from the large field behind Daisy, the athletic field and Gate House. Did you know that this large field was the school's septic field, but that's another story. Through the opening in the hedgerow and into the last field aiming for the corner where the steams from the swimming pool and the little one behind Gate House joined the run was braked to a stop by running into the brush in the corner of the field. I recently plotted this run on a mapping program and came up with a distance of about 1,600 feet and a drop of 900 feet.

From a highly technical point of view, my sled was a Flexible Flyer Airline Pursuit. How the manufacturer combined Airline and Pursuit, I'll never know. When I arrived at Greer this vehicle was several years old. It had been run over in New Jersey when my father used to tow a dead battery to a service station, but it was repaired and gave yeoman service all the while I was there. When I left the sled had basically fallen apart. Since I left Greer I don't think I have every ridden on that type of sled.

From: **Tom King**, [REDACTED], La Plata MD 20646

Thank you very much for the copy of the Greer Alumni Newsletter. I assume you responded to Mrs. Elliott telling you about my chance visit with her. Almost the proverbial million-in-one chance meeting. Was on a motor home camping trip with my wife and one of our stop off places for a few days was Rhinebeck. Our itinerary included a day visit to Greer. While at Greer, we were sitting on a bench beside the old county road that ran by Plum and Crest Cottages, then past the McKinleys and Harpell's, eating a picnic lunch, and John Hudnor recognized me as he drives by and stops, he was visiting Mrs. Elliott as he said he always does on his birthday.

One thing leads to another and we ended up driving down to see her. She was soon to be packing up and going back to Durham, NC for the winter, so we were lucky to catch her.

I took a picture of the four of us with a digital camera and have it on my computer. Is there some way I can send it to you over the Internet?

I am retired for the past three and a half years, and enjoyed it very much, have missed keeping touch with everyone, just lost it somewhere along the line (my fault). Probably lost it when I moved down from Silver Spring to La Plata in southern Maryland when my company sent me to a field office at the US Naval R&D Center in Dahlgren, Virginia just across the Potomac River over thirteen years ago (boy, how time flies). Sure nice to connect back up.

The newsletter was brief, but very much enjoyed reference to the Greer holiday events:

i.e. Thanksgiving and Christmas, both in the newsletter and John's short essay on student/teacher relationships, I was very sorry to read about Jean McKinley BreMiller's passing in October. That sad event resurrects all kinds of good memories for me, with respect to herself, and her parents. Is there anything you would like me to provide about myself for the alumni database I expect you are maintaining? Anything for the newsletter? How often do you send out each newsletter?

I have three grown children (adults), ages 43, 40 & 39 and four grandchildren, the last one a two year old Russian girl, adopted April this year.

When I visit Greer there are two things that strike me, they are: Absence of most of the primary structures (buildings) we grew up with, but the preservation of most of the old

infrastructure (roads paths, etc.). I believe I could make a tour of the place with my eyes closed, do it by retrained memory only and not make a misstep or get lost. For me it was a wonderful place to visit with nothing but the best of memories. Sure, while there as a student, there were some less than memorable things/events that occurred, but over time, even those have become "good" memories. What a great time and place it was to grow up. I do feel very fortunate when I visit, I feel like I have total recall of those 12 years ('43-'55) I lived there, and it sometimes bring tears to my eyes.

I seem to have also lost touch with my sister Georgia. Happened six or so years ago. Not sure what caused it, but have not been able to reconnect, so I'm not sure at this point where she is living or her address. A family friend made contact with her about year ago, and confirmed that she was okay, but nothing more. Certainly wish, and hope I can find out more in the near future.

From: **Alban Richey**, [REDACTED], Plainfield, VT 0567

While I don't like to be reminded that I'm getting older each time I receive your newsletter, I'm gladly paying my dues because you help to keep memories of Greer School alive. News of living alums and Greer traditions, and sadly, even the obituaries recall a unique school environment and community that encourage the formation of positive attitudes toward learning and self-improvement.

Last summer I was pleasantly surprised by a visit from Eldred Ross who was my sophomore math teacher and chorus director. As we lunched together, we shared our memories of Greer and our life journeys to the present time. A very enjoyable two hours! Due in part to his enthusiasm for music, I regularly sing two concerts a year with a local chorus here in central Vermont.

Keep up the good work and Happy New Year!

From: **Alex Deeb**; [REDACTED], Brooklyn, NY 11209-550

I received your December Epistle and noted with sadness the passing Violet Smalec and Jean McKinley. These were people who lived at Greer during my time. Violet was in the graduating class after mine in 1942.

I remember Jean Marie McKinley at summer camp. During the month the boys were there, we all took turns chasing after her when Mrs. Mack was not around. She was the only girl there at the time.

It is sad to see our family getting smaller as the years go by. Friends that I knew who were at Greer when I was there (1935-1941) are gradually leaving us.

Enough sadness. Let's start the New Year off on a more positive note. I am enclosing my check for dues for 2003. How's that for optimism? Hope to see you all at the next reunion.

From: **James DuMond**, [REDACTED], Canon City, CO 81212-4392

What a grand time the reunion was this past summer. It was the first I had attended after being found after forty eight years. Due to some research by Mary Ann Webster (nee Packer) one of my 1954 classmates and to the Internet, I was reunited with her and three other classmates at the reunion. Most to them I had not seen since 1957 or 58, at a convention in 2000 I managed to have a get together with Pete Guild in Dallas. We had dinner with our wives and relived some Greer memories. I had a convention to attend in Philadelphia in the summer of 2001 and hooked up with Don Brown and Jim Mathewson for a couple of days. It was pointed out to me that my attendance was required at the 2002 school reunion.

It was so nice to see some old familiar faces and some not so familiar. Especially gratifying to me was seeing Mrs. Gwen Elliott after so many years and to visit with her. She insists on being addressed as Gwen but I just have not gotten to that stage, to me she is still Mrs. Elliott.

For any of the Alumni that have not attend a Greer reunion you are missing a wonderful time of sharing memories and meeting former classmates, when the next time rolls

around make an effort to attend if you are able. My thanks to Jim Morton and staff for keeping us all informed in the newsletter.

One sad note I was distressed to learn of Jean BreMiller's (nee McKinley) passing I remember her from the Camp at Greer in the summer of 1951.

Felicia DeCaro 50th Wedding Anniversary:

POUGHKEEPSIE JOURNAL SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 2003

Mr. and Mrs. Northrop

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Northrop, Cortlandt Manor, celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary with a party at Little Sorrento Restaurant, Cortlandt Manor. Among the guests were the maid of honor, Vera Vitolo Miller and the best man, Raymond Northrop.

Mr. Northrop and the former Felicia DeCaro were married Nov. 29, 1942, at St. Joseph's Church, Millbrook. They have two daughters: Ann Boyle, Fishkill, and Margaret Fucello, Nutley, N.J. They also have two grandsons, two granddaughters and a great-grandson.

The couple are natives of



Dover Plains and moved to Westchester County in 1959. Mr. Northrop retired in 1983 from the maintenance department of Camp Smith.

They are members of St. Columbanus Church, Cortlandt Seniors and Nor'Cort Seniors Group.

Angelo Anthony DeCaro Sr., Obit.

Angelo Anthony DeCaro Sr.

AVON, CONN. - Angelo Anthony DeCaro Sr., 77, of Avon, Conn., passed away Sunday, March 2, 2003 at his home after a brief illness.

He is survived by his wife of 54 years, the former Carmela Gasparro; sons, Angelo Jr. and his wife, Angela Kruse of Austin, TX; Vincent James and his wife, Beth Fabish of Apex, N.C.; daughters, Ginny Mulpeter and her husband, Michael of Unionville, Conn.; Nancy Camille Magliocca and her husband, Angelo of Beekman.

Angelo was born in Brooklyn on June 7, 1925 to the late Maria Landy and Vincenzo (James) DeCaro. He was raised in Verbank, N.Y. where he attended Greer School. He resided 34 years in Poughkeepsie and 16 years in Boca Raton, Fla. He was the youngest of six children and is survived by his sisters, Rose Orton of Stanfordville, N.Y.; Florence Northrup of Peekskill; and his brother, Gabrielle DeCaro of Poughkeepsie. He was predeceased by his brothers, John DeCaro of Union, N.J. and James DeCaro of Las Vegas, Nev.

He is also survived by his eleven grandchildren, Francesca, Julianne, Joshua and Danielle DeCaro, Gabriel and Emma Rose DeCaro, Kathleen, Patrick and James Mulpeter, Sara Camille and Angelo Vincent Magliocca.

As a young man, he worked as a butcher on the Hope Farm in Verbank and as a mechanic with International Harvester in Poughkeepsie before joining IBM on June 4, 1948. His career with IBM started in the typewriter factory, to the machine shop and manufacturing engineering floors of the Poughkeepsie facility. Various length assignments in Fishkill and Europe as a Senior Engineer. His retirement after 42 years was from the Development Laboratory in Boca Raton, Fla.

His passion was his family, friends and his homes. He was an accomplished wood worker. He was a loving man and a loyal friend with an easy smile that endeared him to others.

In lieu of flowers, memorial donations may be made to the McLean Home Hospice, 75 Great Pond Road, Simsbury, CT 06070 or St. Jude Children's Research Hospital, 332 N. Lauderdale St., Memphis, TN 38105.

Calling hours are on Wednesday, March 5, 2003 from 2-4 and 6-8 p.m., at William G. Miller & Son Funeral Home Inc., 371 Hooker Ave., Poughkeepsie.

Services at Mt. Carmel Church in Poughkeepsie are scheduled for Thursday, March 6 at 9:30 a.m. with a burial at Poughkeepsie Rural Cemetery.

The family extends their deepest appreciation to the McLean Hospice for their compassionate care and support.

Jack Edmonds, Obit

John P. "Jack" Edmonds

MALONE, N.Y. - John P. "Jack" Edmonds, 68, a longtime resident of Malone, N.Y. and a former local resident, died Monday, Feb. 24, 2003.

Mr. Edmonds was employed as an electrical engineer at IBM Poughkeepsie until his retirement.

He was a graduate of the Greer School in Millbrook and served in the U.S. Army during the Korean Conflict.

Born in Poughkeepsie on Oct. 27, 1934, he was the son of the late Harvey and Rose Decker Edmonds.

Survivors include six daughters, Mary Louise Kniffin of Florida, Debra Hall of Pennsylvania, Carol Quick of Gardiner, Jacqueline Merensky of Georgia, Tammy Popowick of Wallkill, and Jan Reid of Gardiner; 15 grandchildren; five great-grandchildren; and many nieces and nephews. He is also survived by four brothers, Charles Edmonds of the Town of LaGrange, Robert and Joseph Edmonds of Pleasant Valley, and Fred Edmonds of Albany; five sisters, Anna Mold, Geraldine Conn and Wanda Secor of Poughkeepsie, Gail Palen of California and Sheila Palen of Plattekill; his companion, Barbara McMillon-Wilkinson of Brushton, N.Y.; and three stepdaughters, Adrienne, Samantha and Elise McMillon-Wilkinson, also of Brushton, N.Y.

He was predeceased by one brother, Harvey Edmonds.

Calling hours will be Thursday, Feb. 27, from 5-7 p.m. at Copeland Funeral Home, Inc., 162 So. Putt Crs. Road.

Mary F (Klein) Birdsall, obit

MARY F. BIRDSALL
New Paltz, N.Y.

Mary F. Birdsall, a homemaker and 12-year resident of the area, and prior to that a resident of Newburgh, died Monday, December 2, 2002 in Benedictine Hospital, Kingston. She was 85.

The daughter of the late Harry and Edna Miller Klein, she was born October 7, 1917 in Monroe.

She was the widow of William S. Birdsall, who died in 1974.

She was a member of St. George's Episcopal Church, Newburgh, where she also was a member and past president of the Girl's Friendly Society, and presently a member of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, New Paltz.

Survivors include son, William K. Birdsall of Spring Hill, Fla.; brother, Roger Klein of Stanford; four grandchildren; six great-grandchildren; and several nieces and nephews.

She was predeceased by her brother, Richard Klein. Visitation will be held from 10 to 11 a.m., Friday, December 6, at Copeland Funeral Home Inc.

Funeral services will be held at 11 a.m., Friday, December 6, at the funeral home, with Canon Anthony Cayless officiating.

Burial will be at Woodlawn Cemetery, Newburgh. Contributions may be made to Hospice Foundation Inc., 334 Broadway, Kingston, NY 12401.

Robert L. Brammer, obit

Robert L. Brammer



STAATSBURG, N.Y. - Robert L. Brammer, 55, of Staatsburg, died on Sunday, March 16, 2003 at St. Francis Hospital in Poughkeepsie, as a result of injuries sustained

in a motor vehicle accident. A longtime Staatsburg resident, he was previously from Lakeville, Ct.

Most recently, he was a steamfitter for Lomasney Combustion in Poughkeepsie, retiring in 1995. Prior to that, he was employed by Triple R Industries, Milton and was a supervisor at the former Western Publishing, Poughkeepsie, where he worked until the Poughkeepsie location closed.

He was a trustee and manager of the bar at the Poughkeepsie Moose Lodge #904 in Hyde Park. He enjoyed the outdoors and he was also a member of the Staatsburg Rod and Gun Club.

He was a member of Regina Coeli Church in Hyde Park.

Born in Sharon, Ct., on January 9, 1948, he was the son of the late Robert Brammer, Sr. and Irene Duntz Brammer. He attended the former Greer School in Millbrook.

On July 6, 1968, in Regina Coeli Church, he married the former Mildred Indelicato. Mrs. Brammer survives at home.

In addition to his wife, he is survived by his daughter, Mildred Brammer and her companion, John Evans of Poughkeepsie; a son, Robert Brammer III and his wife, Rachael of Staatsburg; two grandchildren, Krystal Berry of Staatsburg, (resided with Robert); and Nicholas Evans of Poughkeepsie; seven brothers and eight sisters, Jerry Brammer of Lakeville, Ct; Cindy Webb of Lakeville; Jeff Brammer of Oklahoma; Carol Brammer of Torrington, Ct; Betty Brammer of Massachusetts; Jerry Brammer of Troy; Dolan Brammer of Cohoes; Linda Sawyer of Troy; Krista Joles of Troy; Tina Jackson of Troy; Howard Brammer of Chatham; Clarence Brammer of Troy; John Brammer of Troy; Mary Lou Richards of Rensselaer and Roxanne Brammer of Guilderland.

He is also survived by several nieces, nephews, aunts and uncles, especially his aunt, Nina Brammer of North Carolina; and many cousins.

In addition to his parents, he was predeceased by two brothers, Ronald Brammer and George Mott; and an uncle, Jerry "Beefy" Brammer.

An hour of memorial visitation will be held on Wednesday, March 19, 2003 from 9-10 a.m. at Sweet's Funeral Home, Inc., Rt 9, Hyde Park.

Also the following Deaths have occurred:

Returned December newsletter marked 'deceased', Terry (Percival) Siegler

John Vitolo, 1/9/2003

From: Bette Roe Mitchiltree, [redacted] Webster, NY 14570. Her sister Beatrice died in August.

Dorothy Marie "Dot" Knutsen, obit

Dorothy Marie 'Dot' Knutsen
Nov. 13, 1925 — Dec. 6, 2002

Dorothy Marie "Dot" Knutsen of Longmont died Friday, Dec. 6, 2002, at Applewood Living Center. She was 77.

Mrs. Knutsen was born Nov. 13, 1925, to Ragnvald and Dagry Beylegaard Michaelsen in Brooklyn, N.Y.

On Sept. 30, 1960, she was married to Kas Knutsen in Brooklyn, N.Y. She worked for several years at Duplex Products in New Jersey.

The Knutsens moved from Wayne, N.J., to Longmont in 1964.

Mrs. Knutsen was a member of the Sons of Norway and St. Stephen's Episcopal Church.

She was preceded in death by her parents and a brother, Raymond Michaelsen.

She is survived by her husband; three sons, Douglas Knutsen and his wife Denise and Keet Knutsen, all of Longmont, and Kirk Knutsen and his wife Judy of Lyndhurst, N.J.; two grandsons, Ryan Knutsen and his wife



Knutsen

Sarah of Littleton and Kris Knutsen of Longmont; seven granddaughters, Tammy Dill and her husband Shane, Ashley Knutsen and Karen Knutsen, all of Longmont, and Brooke and Courtney Knutsen of New Jersey; and two great-grandchildren, Derik and Madisyn Dill.

Visitation will be from 2 to 7 p.m. Monday, Dec. 9, at Ahlberg Funeral Chapel. Cremation will follow.

Funeral services will be held at 1 p.m. Tuesday, Dec. 10, at St. Stephen's Episcopal Church with the Rev. Max Bailey officiating.

Inurnment will be held at St. Stephen's Episcopal Columbarium.

Memorial contributions may be made to St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, 1303 S. Bross Lane, Longmont, 80501, or Hospice of Boulder County, 2594 Trailridge Drive East, Suite A, Lafayette 80026.

Our long awaited “signs of spring” have finally arrived. We’ve seen some Robins, Red Winged Blackbirds, and some grassy spot are popping up from under the snow. This winter brought back memories of how it was when we all were growing up here at Greer. This is just a small reminder to all of you that this is your newsletter. Your memories that you write are ‘joggers’ for the rest of us.

Please keep them coming. Without them-----we have no letter

Happy Spring!

As Always

Jim & Isabel
Doug & Mitzi

Dear Fellow Alumni



November 2003ⁱ

We wish you all well and hope everything is fine with you all. It has been a strange year in this part of the country weather-wise and we hope the winter will be better. Anyway, I am still smoking Camels and listening to Frank Sinatra.

FROM: Ms **Ana Andino**: [REDACTED] Springfield, MA 01107

Thank you for the newsletter, re-read it over three times even though I only recognized the names of some of the writers but what they wrote about, (the Greer experience) was very precious to me. At my age, with six children, 11 grand children and three great grand children to be able to reminisce about my childhood with people that were part of that period is one of the greatest gifts that I could receive. Finding the web site brought back that scared Puerto Rican girl that arrived at Greer School and was received as one of the family from the very first day. It brought back memories of going into the woods in the back of Crest Cottage and finding a quiet spot with a convenient log in which to sit and write her poems. This log became a refuge and with me the beginning of my love for reading and writing that is with me to this day. I remember Mrs. Potter the relief housemother at Crest Cottage that no matter how bad I was she always had loving advice to give me. I remember playing next to the Chapel, the boys were always the Americans and us girls had to be Communists so we ended up losing our make believe wars. To this day I cannot go out with my family near a river or stream and if appropriate, say to my grandkids, "That is a meandering stream, and Mrs. Freitag taught me that in Earth Science at Greer." I remember being goalie for the Jr. Varsity field hockey team and Gerry Wheelwright walking me back to the showers after a game and so many other memories of Pat Monza, Peggy Mathewson, Angie Oliver and Darby Sievers always teasing me and Floyd Oliver following in his lead. I remember Mr. Packer teaching me math and trying to make me behave, I was always a rebel and it carried on until today. I was shaped by that wonderful school and I will cherish that experience and have taught my children that the meaning of my Greer School family way before I knew the web site existed.

FROM: **Peggy (Mathewson) Sparks**; [REDACTED] Rochester, MN 55904

I remember the two gigantic porches on the back of Greer Cottage. One was off the dining room & one was off the living room. The window in the living room had three sectioned panels, the upper two were glass paned windows and the lower section was made of wood which went to the floor. Roller skates in those days were very noisy & you had to have a key to tighten the clamps to the shoes. We would open the bottom & middle section of the window & skate right into the living room, if the houseparent wasn't looking! We did it a few times; I think the housemother turned an ear & eye on those occasions. On those big porches we learned to play hopscotch, jump rope, play jacks & of course roller skate. We could still go outside when it was raining as the porches were covered with large roofs. On Saturday morning, when we all did our household duties, we were known to open the bottom panel of that window & sweep the dirt outside.

When I got older & lived in Ledge, I worked in the infirmary. I didn't like walking alone at night past the cemetery; it always gave me the creeps. One night I was heading home from work & as I passed the cemetery, there was an explosion so loud it shook the ground. I ran like greased lightning past the cemetery scared out of my wits. It wasn't until the next day I learned it was a jet plane going faster than the speed of sound.

FROM: **Keith Wingate**: keithwingate@[REDACTED] --- I came across your website when searching for my father's name, Spencer Wingate. His name was listed in the Honor Roll

section of the 1943 yearbook. (Those in the armed forces during WWII) I believe he may have spent some time at Hope Farm, along with his two brothers and maybe two or three of his sisters. This would have been about 1943 or 1935.

(editor's note: 1935 might be a typo, perhaps was 1945 Keith meant to write) Is there anyone who remembers them??? Jim

FROM: **John Malcolm:** [REDACTED] Canoga Park, CA 91304

My sister, Janet Brewster, tells me that you are interested in hearing from Hope Farm Alumni. I was there 1930 to 1935, leaving when I was 10 years old and still have fond memories of the school.

Periodically I revisit the school grounds for a few nostalgic moments, and though you would get a kick out of the enclosed snapshots. (Jim Morton responded: "They were good.") On my most recent visit I had trouble identifying familiar landmarks, but the old Chapel is certainly holding up well. It was a beautiful day and nothing can detract from the gorgeous scenery. The "Fountains at Millbrook" organization seems to be doing a good job.

FROM: **Diana Munzer:**

I missed you all because I couldn't attend the reunion last year. So when do we get together again? Things are good with me. The lawn is mowed and there are lots of boats in the Marina. I remember all the daffodils sprouting at Greer and how cheery they were. There were lots around Crest and even in back by the burn pit.

It was such a great walk thru the woods from Ledge down to Greer Cottage early in the morning, going to wake up all the little kids. Remember those dresses that had buttons down the back and ties, they were impossible to button up by yourself. One needed a big kid to comb hair and button up. I loved that job.

FROM: **Vera (Jones) Coutant:** [REDACTED], Pleasantville, OH

Memorial Day will never be the same as we experienced at Greer. The quiet dignity of the parade to the cemetery and the services is, to me the epitome of Memorial Day. I recently participated in a Memorial Day service complete with a jet flyover. Impressive YES - - - quiet NO.....

FROM: **Peter Guild,** [REDACTED] Dallas, TX 75381-6335

A couple of months ago, one of my front teeth became infected & had to be removed, so I had a missing front tooth for awhile. As soon as we left the dental office after the removal, my wife wanted to make an appointment to have the bridge put in the next day. I explained to her that the area had to heal first before anything could be done. Well things went downhill from there. I went into Bubba redneck teasing mode after that. I even purchased a Bubba badge to go with my missing tooth. Enjoying my wife's reactions as I went out in public that way, one of the things we enjoy is square dancing, so a lot of people saw me in my Bubba program. I enjoyed watching my wife's reaction to this. Also a female volunteer coordinator where I do some of my volunteering work was reacting a lot as well. I had decided to have a dentist in Mexico just across the border near Yuma, AZ do the bridge work. The costs were 15% of what a dentist in my Dallas, TX area charged. I had been to a dentist previously and had been very satisfied with her work, my brother-in-law had sent over 50 people to her. So for the same money we could have a complete as well as the dental done. Well we made the appointment and at the last minute the remodeled dental office was not ready so we had to wait two more weeks. Bubba and his life extended. My wife was not happy. Went

to the dental office and had all the preparation work done, had my eyes closed during the mechanical part of the procedure. Was never in any pain, this dentist makes sure of that. Anyway at an extended quiet time I opened my eyes to see three women at my teeth, then dentist, her receptionist, and my wife, all decorating and deciding as to what color the bride was to be. I realized this was a natural thing that most women anywhere will decorate things in a man's life at any opportunity they get. Well it took several days for the permanent bridge to be made, so the dentist put in a temporary bridge, warning me that it was not very strong. My wife was so happy, Bubba was gone. On to San Diego for the vacation part of the trip. I forgot what the dentist had said about the temporary bridge not being very strong and ate an apple. Well the temporary bridge came out and now I look beyond Bubba, more like a tiger shark. My wife Betty wanted the temporary bridge put back. I explained to her it would not hold and I was not going to take a chance and super glue it back in myself. That things were just going to have to be that way, they were for the next few days. We went to sea World. There is a circular seated ride that goes very high and one can see everything from a top view. All of the seats in this ride are close together and they want all the seats filled. So everyone must sit next to someone else. Anyway, a boy about 5 years of was seated next to me, took one look at my tiger shark look and moved his younger sister into his seat. He was very willing to sacrifice his younger sister to the tiger shark instead of himself.

Well it is all over now, back home with good looking front teeth, and the experience of a neat vacation and a happy wife. Every once in a while someone calls me Bubba, sort of reminds me of the good old days.

FROM: **Elizabeth Rivera:** [REDACTED] New York, NY 10037

Hi Tony, I'm really excited about finding Greer - I attended 1957 to 1960 graduated. E-mail [latin.liz@\[REDACTED\]](mailto:latin.liz@[REDACTED]) I'm interested in getting in touch with the following people: Carol Miller, Ellinor Gral King (roommate), Maureen Meyer, Paula Pequeno, Edward Martin (my Prom escort), Pamela Lauricella good friends. A little history about me almost right after graduating my mother enlisted me in the US Army WAC and I served from 1960 to 1963. Then I came home and joined the city workers of New York. (Did 25 years) Also joined the Army Reserve (did 21 years) so now I'm getting a pension from both the Army and the City of New York. Not bad, if I were in a third world country I'd probably live like a queen. But, in New York, it pays the rent and this and that. We need another reunion, how about it!!! Please do write, right now I'm communicating with Darryl Hannon one of my high school classmates.

Charles H. Edmonds-Obit

TOWN OF LAGRANGE-Charles H. Edmonds 71, of the Town of LaGrange and a lifelong area resident, died Wednesday, Aug 20, 2003 at Vassar Brothers Medical Centre, Poughkeepsie. Mr. Edmonds worked for IBM, Poughkeepsie for 26 years, retiring in 1990. He served in the United States Air Force from 1948 to 1952. Born in Poughkeepsie on Sept. 29, 1931, he was the son of Harvey and Rose Decker Edmonds. He was an alumnus of Greer School and attended Roosevelt High School. On Dec. 14, 1982, in the State of Florida, he married Bernice Sherow Delehanty. Mrs. Edmonds survives at home.

In addition to his wife, survivors include daughters, Charlanne, Osoba and husband, Vincent of Wallkill, NY, Susan Edmonds of Poughkeepsie, and Nancy Hedman and husband, Crain, of Tallahassee, FL; stepdaughters Colleen Johnson and husband, Brad of Burgaw, NC; Bonnie Marva and husband Miro of Boca Raton, FL; Patricia Moran and husband, Michael of Wilmington, NC, and Jane Cookingham and husband John of Poughkeepsie; four grandchildren; Derek, Melissa and Kelsey Hedman of Tallahassee, FL, and Laurel Annie of Poughkeepsie, brothers and sisters: Robert Edmonds and Joe Edmonds both of Pleasant Valley; Fred Edmonds of Albany, NY, Geraldine Conn and Anna Molt, both of Poughkeepsie, Wanda Secor of Pleasant Valley and Penny Palen of Plattekill; eight step-grandchildren; and several nieces & nephews.

He was predeceased by two bothers, Harvey 'Butch' & John 'Jack' Edmonds.

William Miller-obit--Husband of Vera (Vitolo) died May 13, 2003 in New York City.

Marian Louise Hicks, 92-Obit

Pinellas Park, FL: Marian Louise Hicks, 92, formerly of Pinellas Park FL & Millerton, died Wednesday, March 26, 2003 at Noble Horizons in Salisbury, CT. Mrs. Hicks was born in Willimantic, CT on March 30, 1910, the daughter of the late Edgar E. and Florence Mattoon Bass. She graduated from Willimantic High School and Wellesley College, Class of 1930. On Aug. 6, 1932 she married Clarke B. Hicks, who died on Feb. 20, 1982. She taught school at Hope Farm (now Greer School) in Verbank and later worked at the Millerton National Bank, where her husband served as president.

Mrs. Hicks was a former member of the Millerton Presbyterian Church and was a former president and treasurer of the Millerton-North East Library.

Clark & Marian Hicks were summer residents of The Twin Lakes section of Salisbury for many years.

She is survived by two sons: John C. Hicks and his wife Marjorie of Salisbury, and William J. Hicks and his wife, Linda of Glen Allen, VA; there grandchildren, Any S. Hicks of Hood River, OR and Katherine Parks of Parksley, VA and six great-grandchildren.

Fire fighters will honor benefactor

HYDE PARK - The Hyde Park Fire Department will host The Helen Fink Appreciation Tea at 4:30 p.m. Saturday at the firehouse on Albany Post Road.

The event is being held to honor and show appreciation for the legacy Fink left at the department. Tributes will be made by the Hyde Park Fire and Water District Board of Trustees, officers of the fire department and town Historian Margaret Marquez.

Memories by Ellie (Gral, King) Burke

In this fast paced stressful world, sometimes its' comforting to look backwards for a moment, rather than forward.

An unexpected email from my roommate Liz Rivera prompted my journey to the past. I had signed up for Classmates.com, and to my surprise, an email from Liz arrived the next day. We began to plan a mini reunion when she told me that Tony Vaz had originated a Greer School Web site. As I looked at the pictures, I was transported back to another time, and the memories began to flood in. Some were hazy and some crystal clear. With a little help from my diary more and more came into focus. (Oh, how self centered I was then.)

I remember the snow, so much snow, and how excited we were when the 'cats' pushed it all around an we played in waist deep drifts.

I remember social and *slow* dancing to "Blue Birds Over the Mountains" and "Tears on My Pillow."

I remember getting *so early* to cook breakfast at Plum Cottage, and being so thrilled with my 94-cent paycheck.

I remember hating Mr. Olsen and loving him, and being so proud of a good grade in Mrs. Freitag's Biology class. I remember the infamous typing class that I struggled with and now am grateful for every day.

In looking at the Web Site pictures of the church, I remember how moved I always was during the holidays when each dorm sang its Christmas carol and wishing so much I had a better voice.

I remember the field hockey games, boys and girls' basketball games, and our winning football season. The excitement and energy leaps off the pages of my diary. I'm not sure I will ever feel quite the same as when we won that game against Millbrook.

My memory of Greer is of a safe haven in my then unstable world. Though I hated it at time (when I was in trouble) in the end I came to feel it was my family for those 4 years. I believe it helped mold me in a positive way, and I am forever grateful.

In an email conversation with Tony Voight, I was reminded that as a psychologist, I have spent my entire adult life trying other troubled children and adolescents.

Interesting isn't it, the power of those early years.

FROM: **Barbara Derry**, [REDACTED] Alstead, NH, 03602

Recently I have made three excursions to 2 different hospitals. On June 17, I experienced 3 spells of light headedness and sparkles in front of my eyes. On June 19 I went for a ride, sitting in the passenger's side of the vehicle and the shade went almost down but not quite, I had been told to push water so I did so. On June 21, I was coming from the kitchen using my cane, quite properly and a plastic glass of water in my left hand. I don't remember how far into the living room I got, but I blacked out and came to as I was landing on the floor, screaming. Gavin, my tenant, came down and called 911. I was really hurting. They came and packed me up so tight that I couldn't move and off to the hospital we went. I spent 7 1/2 hours in the ER, many X-rays were taken of my whole right side (nothing broken) must have very good bones. I went upstairs to the ICU, spent 3 days on telemetry, they sent me home on Tuesday. On June 29 I was being taken to church and had another spell, black shade with blue polka dots, we turned around and come back home and I called 911, this time I sat up on the way down. In the ER a short time and they released me, stopped at the drug store and I had another blackout (partial) and back to the ER and they kept me. At midnight they found what was the matter with me. Sinus Bradycardia and at 1 AM they shipped me to Dartmouth-Hitchcock hospital, arrived at 3 AM with no records with me!! So now I have a pace maker installed on July 8. During all this time I have been complaining about an ache in my left ankle and lower left leg, nothing was done so I made an appointment with an orthopedic doctor and was told it was sympathetic pain. Went to my primary doctor the next day and he sent me for an X-ray, nothing was broken but I had a sprained ankle. I finally got pain medicines that didn't make me itch The weekend of Jul 26 I went to Maine for a wedding, on Friday late we got back to our cabin and I tripped and fell on my left side. the next morning I could bear no weight on my left leg so we called 911 and an ambulance came and toted me to Franklin Memorial Hospital in Farmington, ME. X-rays were taken and I had sprained my left knee, at least on the same leg. On August 8 I began driving again, I have friends who have been toting me around doing banking, getting mail, shopping, etc. I has only been one month and 8 days but what a lot was packed into it.

August 8, 2003-This past Tuesday Agnes & Marvin called from Brattleboro & said they would come to the Friendly Meals, so I called Fred & Ellie Trommsdorff a & they come also, a small Greer reunion. We discussed if there was anyone computer-wise to put any information to the web (Tony's) & I didn't hear the reply.....

From: **George Freer**:

Absent-mindedness has been a lifelong problem for me, but it id help me get to Greer, in a roundabout way. In the spring of 1945 I had been staying with the people who adopted my sister after our mother died in 1943. They operated a beauty salon just a few blocks from my father's house in White Plains, NY, & I hung around there after school, sweeping up hair & picking up hair pins with a magnet.

One day they told me to go back to my street & play with the other kids, but be back to the beauty parlor by 6 PM for the trip home to North White Plains. It was great fun at

first, but i lost track of the time & when it got dark the other kids went inside. By then the beauty parlor had closed, so I ran some, and eventually bummed a nickel from a man outside a bar, then took a bus to North White Plains.

As soon as I walked in the door at 9 PM they said, "Tomorrow you go back to live with your father." My aunt & her two daughters were also staying with my father at the time, and soon I had a disagreement with my aunt & ran away from home. The railroad police picked me up at the train station where I went to hop a freight out of town. They took me home & my aunt persuaded my father to let the welfare dept. have me. After a month in a foster home and eight weeks in summer camp, I went home just long enough to pack a suit case for "an indefinite stay at someplace called Greer School at Hope Farm, NY."

It's probably a reform school I thought. And when a Mr. Tiana dropped me off in Dover Plains, NY, and I saw the big scary-looking man who was waiting for me, I was sure of it.

Of course, it was William McKinley and he quickly put me at ease, saying that Greer was a wonderful place to live & grow up. And so I did.

CLARIBEL HUNT LUTHARDT

Rhinebeck-Claribel Hunt Luthardt died Sunday, Sept 21, 2003 at The Baptist Home at Brookmeade, where she had lived for several years. She was 96.

A resident of Dutchess County for more than 40 years, Mrs. Luthardt was born in Orchard Park, NY on Mar. 9, 1907. She was the youngest daughter of Howard Lincoln Hunt, a physician & Jessie Bunting Hunt. Mrs. Luthardt, known as Cab to her friends & family, graduated from Orchard Park High School in 1927. In 1930, she earned a nursing degree from Buffalo Children's Hospital School of Nursing. She practiced pediatric & industrial nursing for many decades. She was supervisor of obstetrics at Buffalo Children's Hospital from 1930 to 1939. She married Richard Luthardt on Sept 9, 1939. They later divorced. From 1945 to 1964 Mrs. Luthardt was supervising nurse for General Foods Corp. in New Jersey.

Beginning in the 1960's, Mrs. Luthardt worked for Greer School at Hope Farm in Verbank, where she was a much loved chief nurse until her retirement in the 1980's. Mrs. Luthardt loved working with children, & her position at Hope Farm enabled her to share her great capacity for affection with many disadvantaged boys & girls.

Mrs. Luthardt was a member of the New Hackensack Reformed Church in Wappingers Falls.

She is survived by her three nephews; Bruce Blackstone Burnett Sr. of Hyde Park, Dean H. Armstrong of Fairfield Glad, TN & Wesley A. Armstrong of Wicomico Church, VA.; three nieces, Emily D. Miller of Mansfield, OH, Kathy Fallon of Simsbury, CT, & Jane Brown Thomas of New York City; and several grand nieces, grand nephews, great grand-nieces & grand-nephews.

Mrs. Luthardt was predeceased by her sisters, Ellen Hunt Armstrong of Southbury, CT & Marin Hunt Burnett of Orchard Park, NY, & her brother Richard Sargent Hunt of CA.

The funeral will be held on Sunday, Oct 5, at 2 p.m. at The Baptist Home at Brookmeade in Rhinebeck. Burial will be at the family's convenience in Poughkeepsie Rural Cemetery.

Funeral arrangements are under the direction of Parmele Funeral Home, 110 Fulton Ave., Poughkeepsie.

Hi to All-

Fall is upon us, which usually means winter is not far behind! But right now, we should all enjoy the fall colors. It is beautiful!

I wanted to mention that Charles Edmonds' family had a Memorial service for their dad on Sunday, September 28, 2003 at the Chapel of the Child. They also had a lovely Red Oak tree donated to The Fountains. It was planted outside the Chapel & dedicated to the memory of their dad.

We want to thank you all for the letters that make up this newsletter. It has certainly sent me back to a simpler time. Wishing you all a warm winter--

We will be in touch again during the holiday season.

As Always,

Jim & Isabel, Mitzi & Doug

Dear Fellow Dear Alumni



December 2003

Seasons Greetings to you all! We hope that you will have a Happy Holiday Season.

I have been having trouble with my telephone since September. They say it is fixed now, I hope, but if any of you were trying to call or send e-mail, it might not have gotten through. One night while without a phone a black bear tore a screen on the porch and then somehow opened the screen door & took a box containing about 30 pounds of bird seed and took it up into the woods. Couldn't call anyone for help.....

While attending a grange lunch at Stanfordville in October, we sat with a woman about my age. When we told her where we were from she asked if we ever heard of Greer School. Said she went to school there and one of her teachers was Mrs. Fink. Her maiden name was Mary Cook and her father John worked on the farm; they lived off of Coffin Road. (Later called Old Camby)

From: **Robert Constantine:**

To: **George Hays**

Sent: Monday, November 03, 2003 12:56 PM

Subject: RE: Wildfires

Thanks for thinking of us Smoke Jumper. Yes, terrible fires all around us. Fire coming up over the hill 3 miles from us. Many evacuated. Sunday and Monday skies an eerie orange and ash everywhere.

We were caught with our fire pants down due to the San Bernardino fire that took away our tankers. Lost deer hunters started our fires; setting a fire to tell his companion where he was. That was 4PM; night time came quickly before water bucket shopper could get in and knock it down.

On top of that the weather was fire-perfect...90 degree temps, 12 percent humidity and high winds. One of our immediate close friends was asked by police to evacuate their home.

Can't believe the devastation. Three hundred fifty \$500,000 homes leveled in one community 13miles northwest of us. We had fire trucks here from Tucson, Las Vegas, Wash state, Modesto, Colorado.

All is well now....clear skies, lower temps, rain due tonight.

Just like folks living along the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers...there will come a time when you're gonna get flooded out. Same here with folks who choose to live in the back hills. They're gonna get burned out. But this time it got too close for comfort for coastal San Diego.

Lots of finger pointing already. We must have up-to-date retardant bombers here at all times and a fire strike force always on call, especially during fire season.

13 lost their lives. Driving in smoke is like fog. Many veered off rural road banks escaping the fire and couldn't get out. Horses, cows, goats, dogs all had to be hauled out of the eastern areas. Fires move alarmingly fast, ya' can't outrun them if you don't take heed of the policy early warnings to G-E-T-O-U-T

Dat's it from Smokey the Bob.

Please forward this on to other Greer alums whose email addresses you have.

MARK PARLIEAROS

Wurtsboro, NY - Mark Parliearos, a retired teaching assistant at Middletown Psychiatric Center & a lifetime area resident died Friday, October 3, 2003 at home. He was 62. Mark was the son of George & Virginia Parliearos, & was born February 18, 1941 in Poughkeepsie. He was a United States Army veteran. Survivors include his beloved wife, Ursula Rogge Parliearos, at home; three half sisters, Dixie, Christine and Gina; mother-in-law, Ingeborg Rogge, sisters-in-law, Christ Clark & Helga Schwarz & her husband, Ronald; brother-in-law Erich Rogge & his wife, Leslie; and several beloved nieces & nephews.

There will be no visitation. Private memorial services will be held at the William M. Gagan Funeral Home.



Vocational Training for girls in dressmaking, suiters cutting, hand and machine sewing.



Working with hand and power tools, plant repair and new building construction are part of Vocational Training for boys.



Small classes and individual attention help students make progress.



The Cub Team joins in a stirring play in which good sportsmanship is the major requisite.

FACTS ABOUT GREER

The boys and girls at Greer are social children. They are not delinquents.

The children live in eight cottages, each in charge of a housemother, or a housemother and father.

The fully accredited School on the grounds has eight elementary grades and four years of high school.

A well-rounded Vocational Training program enables the children to acquire many skills. A junior group of boys and girls, 12 to 15 years of age, engage in pre-vocational group-projects. A senior group of boys and girls, 16 to 18 years of age, are given vocational training through "on the job" apprenticeship work side by side with competent carpenters, electricians, plasterers, seamstresses, cooks, librarians, nurses, and other craftsmen and professionals.

Another phase of the training for boys is concerned largely with new construction, while the older girls receive nurses training, library sciences, home management, cooking, typing and clerical work.

There is plenty of fun at Greer, too—baseball, football, basketball, hockey, track, swimming, ice skating, ping-pong, Boy and Girl Scouts, Cubs and Brownies, and many other outdoor and indoor sports, free play and hobbies.

To feed, clothe, shelter, educate, provide medical and dental care costs more and more each year. Greer is not a richly endowed School. It must always depend on the generosity of its friends to carry on its work.

The children at Greer look to you—and to all our friends and neighbors—for your interest and friendship.



Personal Cleanliness:

Students should have a daily bath or shower, teeth should be brushed and hair combed. Hand should be washed several times daily, especially after the toilet and before meals.

Vocational Training:

Under Greer's vocational training program you have an opportunity to acquire various skills and work habits that will be valuable to you when you finish school. If you are at 14 or more years of age, you are assigned to "pre-vocational" jobs and group-work projects. The objects of those assignments are to help you learn how to work successfully and to discover what your natural vocational interests are. In this process, your vocational supervisors also find out what kinds of jobs you are able to do best, so that they can advise you to good advantage with respect to you long-term vocational plans.

Older students, from 16-18 participate in the full-scale "vocational" program, which consists primarily of on-the-job apprentice training with Greer's carpenter, painters, plumbers, farmers, foresters, cooks, nurses, librarians, household managers, child-care supervisors, office managers, and other craftsmen and professionals. The experience you acquire on these jobs insures that you will always be able to support yourself and your family after you are out of school, and that you need not stumble into the first blind-alley job may be offered when you are graduated.

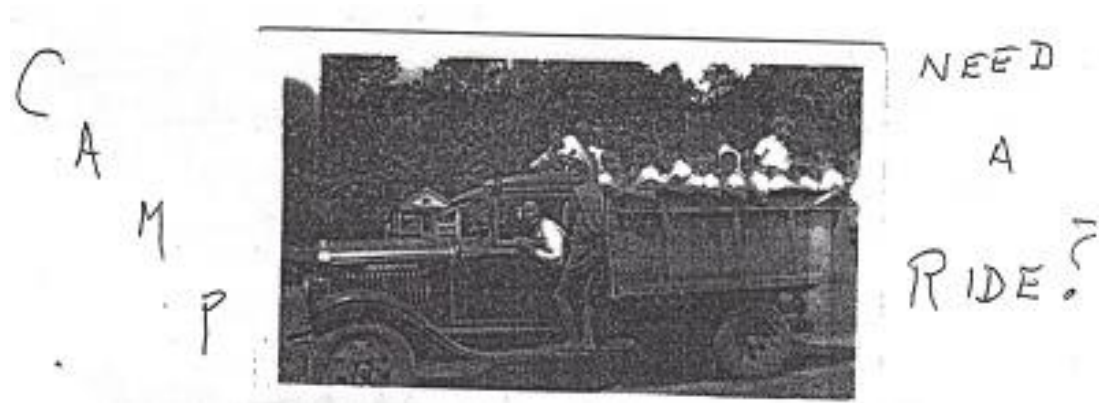
In addition to good experience, you earn "incentive wages" for all of the vocational jobs you do. And you have the opportunity of helping to operate the Greer community which for the time being is your home. In fact, Greer could not function effectively without the older students who assist in caring for younger ones, serving food, delivering supplies, operating offices, helping run the infirmary, and maintaining buildings and grounds.

Cottage Life:

Your cottage is home for your and 20 or 30 other people. Talk with your friends and houseparents about it; they will help you appreciate its improvements and satisfactions. When you discuss your cottage and the people in it, try always to notice their best pints, for the worst is easy to see.

Remember that even in small families, life does not always run smoothly. Yet much more cooperation is required with a group of 20 or 25 'brothers and sisters'--each from a different family background and hence each with a different set of standards upon arriving at Greer! Your personal help and teamwork is needed to mold this group into a team, and thus insure a happy home life for you at Greer.

When something does disturb you, think before you complain about what could be done to improve the situation. If ever you feel like shouting, tumbling, chasing or playing ball, do it outside. More important, if ever you feel like causing damage--even just a little bit--figure out how many hours of your own time it would take to correct or repair the damage, and think of something you could do to make someone happy instead. Your cottage will be the home--perhaps the only home--of many other young people just as fine as you and your friends. Help this home to be more comfortable and attractive when you leave it that it was when you came in.



Allowances:

A system of monthly allowances provides spending money for children who are too young to earn their own wages through the vocational training program. Parents are encouraged to deposit the following allowances with the Assistant Director, who in turn issues the deposited amounts to each boy and girl through their houseparents.

<u>Age of child</u>	<u>per year</u>	<u>per month</u>
6-7	\$2.40	\$.20
11-13	\$7.20	.60

Student Guidebook

Rate of pay

The amount of money that you are able to earn as incentive wages depends upon your age and the type of job you hold, as well as upon the performance rating you achieve in your work. The following list shows the amount of pay for the different types of jobs and for each rating.

A. Three-times-a-day jobs (rate per week unless otherwise stated):

<u>Job</u>	<u>Good</u>	<u>Average</u>	<u>Fair</u>	<u>Poor</u>
Cottage Assistant	\$2.50	\$2.00	\$1.50	\$1.00
Steward/Stewardess	2.00	1.55	1.10	.65
Plum Kitchen	2.00	1.55	1.10	.65
Pantry	1.50	1.15	.85	.50
Sick Relief	.50	.40	.30	.20
Relief	.30*	.25*	.20*	.10*

* - per day, when actually working.

B. All other jobs pay by the hour according to age of the worker:

14-15 years of age.....top rate 10c per hour

16 years and over.....top rate 15c per hour

(The cleaning job at Main House pays by the hour as shown above, plus a bonus of \$1.00 per week for good work.)

Tardiness as well as poor work and poor attitudes will cause a trainee's performance rating to be marked down. In the case of any unexcused absence from work, a trainee is marked "d.c" (for didn't come) and then he or she must pay to the Vocational Department for amount of incentive wages which might have been earned for good work on that day.

Memorial Day

Memorial Day is not a holiday at Greer, but a day of special civic observance. The program for which attendance is required is as follows:

8:30 a.m.	Breakfast
10:20 a.m.	School bell--students leave cottages dressed in school clothes.
10:30 a.m.	Students report to class rooms.
10:45 a.m.	Students assemble for parade.
11:00a.m.	Processional with drumbeat. Service at cemetery. Recessional with drumbeat.

There is no talking among the paraders (sic) during any part of the ceremony from the time the students assemble until they are disbanded following their return to school.

1:00.m Picnic on Girls Athletic Field.

In the afternoon various activities are planned. In the evening, a softball game between the staff and students is played on Von Lackum Field.

Christmas Pledge Service:

It has been our custom for many years, before we exchange Christmas gifts with friend and loved ones, to offer something towards the happiness of a sick child. We do this in the name of the child Jesus. On the Friday evening before the Christmas holiday, the children from each cottage go up to the Christmas tree in the Chapel and after placing their pledges on the tree, sing a carol. The pledges are sent to an organization which helps less fortunate children--generally the Cerebral Palsy Clinic in Poughkeepsie.

To All:

We wish for you all a joyous Holiday packed with happiness and memories. May your New Year bring you all health and happiness. Please keep your letters coming—Remember, it's "you" who create this newsletter. Without all of you, there is nothing to write.

Until next year—

Mitzi & Doug, Jim & Isabel
