



Dear Fellow Alumni,

Spring 2004

We do hope that you are all well and enjoying life. We have had a cold, snowy winter and we up here are looking forward to the spring again.

Isabel & I attended a 90th birthday party in December for Rose (DeCaro) Orton. It was a very nice affair and it was well attended. Her brother, Gabe was there and her sister.

FROM: **Mrs. Edna Bricker**, [REDACTED] Chambersburg, PA 17201

Grace Marion Richey died May 10, 2003. She left Greer in the mid 1950's. She was never married and was part of our family. She was buried in our family plot. She 'adopted' us 1950-52 at Greer.

My husband died 1 1/2 years ago. He and I lived in Marcy Cottage; your mother was a wonderful person and a good friend.

FROM: **Don Miller**, [REDACTED] Columbia, SC 29201

I just received the December 2003 newsletter. Back in October I was heading north to Connecticut to visit some old friends, and the "pull" of Greer got me. As I drove into Verbank past where Butler's store used to be, I turned off my radio and rolled down the windows. I barely crept up the long stretch. I couldn't find the old sand bank that we used to roll down.

I turned in at Gate House and took some pictures (got one of the root cellar of which I had forgotten). Then, I walked up to the athletic field towards Daisy (no longer there). This was the field that I first played on for my first organized football and baseball games. What memories! Fred Hager, the Rolston brothers, Joe Lopez, Teddy Trommsdorff, Lee Arvidson and on and on.

I drove up to the Main House area and wound up talking to Jan Berry. When we were parting and I started to shake her hand, she hugged me and said she "Wasn't going to shake hands with her big brother", she was going to hug me. It almost made me cry. Here was a total stranger - but not really. What an incredible bond between the Greer "kids".

When I left Connecticut, I routed myself back to Greer and went to the Chapel and just sat there for a long while. I could just hear Mom Morton teaching us the Marcy carol and how to say BRAAANCHES, as in spreading your branches. When I left the Chapel and looked out over the field, down towards Rapallo, it was quiet and beautiful and then you could hear the "kids" running down through the field back to their cottages.

I retraced my way back past Gate House and took some more pictures; that was the last house I was in. The Cronks were our houseparents. I blame my bad knees on Mrs. Cronk in making me squat and hold books in our stretched hands. I can see that happening today - I guess that made me a better person.

Once again, I crept down the road to Verbank with memories flowing, a tear in my eye.

Short Biography: I live in Elgin, SC and I am an agent with New York Life. My wife is Cynthia. I have two children, Yvonne and husband David. They have 3 girls. My son is Dan.

When my brother Jack and I used to go home to Englewood, NJ, our uncles were sure to point out that our behavior and manners were remarkably improved.

FROM: **Jack Miller**, [REDACTED] Malone, NY 12953

You may already know this, but Jack Edmonds, who you knew, died not long ago.

Jack and I connected almost by accident, up here in the North Country after not seeing each other since '51. He eventually moved to an apartment very near me and we stayed in very close touch thereafter. He was a very handy guy and helped me considerably with all kinds of electrical, and carpentry jobs around the large, old, Civil War vintage home that we own. I got to know some of his girls - he had five- as his situation became more serious. Good kids.

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

At the present, 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 Wisconsin through most of the spring season. If anyone wishes to contact me the best way is by email.

[REDACTED] --this email address reaches me no matter where I am located.

FROM: **Diane (Hawkes) Johnson,** [REDACTED] Alameda, CA 94501

A Christmas memory I always remember - I think I was 9 or 10 years old. It was vacation time and those who were going home had already left on the bus to NYC. I was in Greer Cottage and the housemother sent me (with my suitcases) to Main House where Mr. Mac was to drive my brother, Richard and myself to Millbrook to catch a bus to Poughkeepsie. It seems I waited on the front steps forever, when Mrs. Fink came out. It seems I was left behind. Richard tried to tell Mr. Mack but he was talking with someone else. Anyway our father got a friend to come and pick me up, so I was relieved to be on the way home at last.

FROM: **Bill Seeley,** [REDACTED] Dallas, OR 97338

I just received the latest newsletter. Memorial Day was the first day of swimming. One year I got to push the oleo-coated watermelons out to the center of Rapallo pool for the watermelon races. I just about FROZE!!

Thank you for keeping the memories alive. Spread your "BRANCHES" far and wide.

FROM: **Helen Morley,** [REDACTED] Jackson Hts, NY 11372

I was at Hope Farm during the years 1925-1935, a long time ago. At the age of 86 years, I manage to get around but I don't travel too far from home. Looking forward to the next alumni letter.

FROM: **Ruth Wichelman,** [REDACTED] Chatham, NJ 07928

It's hard to realize the kids I taught in the 6th grade weren't too much younger than I was.

We had such fun having art outdoors - going to the pond to catch whatever for science class !! Of course, it wasn't such fun when the kids hid my keys at lunch. Mrs. Fink came, gave them 30 seconds to put them on my desk while we waited in the hall. Otherwise, they would have to wash the gym floor! Of course, the keys were there. That year, I had 17 boys and 3 girls. (1949-1950). They were great kids and I really enjoyed them.

Another time, they put a rat in my drawer, but I dissected it for them. Another science class! I certainly enjoy the newsletter.

FROM: **Bob Irwin;**

I know this won't arrive before Christmas, but I did want you to know that I appreciate your letter with all the pictures of Greer.

I was there for only a few years, 1935-37. If you have not figured it out, I am 84. Even though I have had several strokes I am doing well. WHY? (A)- I was married to the right woman for 59 years together and (B)- she takes good care of me. They won't let me drive - no car and no license. For excitement we got to buy pills and for BIG excitement we take one or two days bus trips. One time we even went on a four day bus trip to Maine.

All is well and I feel lucky. I'm like the man who once said "I am one lucky man- I have a watch and a wife and THEY BOTH WORK."

FROM: Alex Deeb, [REDACTED] Brooklyn, NY 11209-5501

Dear Jim,

Please find my enclosed check for 2004 Alumni Dues.

This is the time of the year when I remember the Christmas holidays at Greer.

Your "End-of-Year-Epistle", brought back many wonderful memories of winter activities at Greer. I remember a badly sprained ankle while skiing down School Hill. We also enjoyed skating and watching hockey games on the Ice Pond behind Rapallo Cottage when the weather co-operated and provided a sufficient thickness of ice.

Of course, there were the indoor activities such as working in the community dining room or kitchen at Daisy Cottage. Then,, there was the traditional Christmas Ceremony in the Chapel with Christmas Carols and the presents hanging on the Tree. My greatest thrill was the privilege of playing the role of Martin, The Shoemaker in the annual Christmas play at school.


That's enough nostalgia for now. Best wishes to you and everyone else and may the New Year bring you everything you desire.

Regards,

Alex Deeb (Moses) 1935-1941

P.S. I'm looking forward to the next reunion. It seems that the group is getting smaller each year.

Family Memories



Joseph Obregon
August 10, 1917 - January 23, 2004


Ann + Joe Obregon

Joseph Obregon
August 10, 1917 - January 23, 2004

In lieu of flowers, make donations to:

Albany Medical College
Anatomical Gift Program
47 New Scotland Ave. - MC 135
Albany, New York 12208-3479

In Memory of: *Joseph Obregon*



The Albany Medical College
47 New Scotland Avenue
Albany, New York 12208-3479

ANATOMICAL GIFT PROGRAM
(518) 262-5379
Room J 410-5
Mail Code 135

To Remember Me
Robert N Test

The day will come when my body will lie upon a white sheet neatly tucked under four corners of a mattress located in a hospital busily occupied with the living and the dying. At a certain moment a doctor will determine that my brain has ceased to function and that, for all intents and purposes, my life has stopped.

When that happens, do not attempt to instill artificial life into my body by the use of a machine. And don't call this my deathbed. Let it be called the Bed of Life, and let my body be taken from it to help others lead fuller lives.

GIVE my sight to the man who has never seen a sunrise, a baby's face or love in the eyes of a woman.

GIVE my heart to a person whose own heart has caused nothing but endless days of pain.

GIVE my blood to the teenager who was pulled from the wreckage of his car, so that he might live to see his grandchildren play.

GIVE my kidneys to one who depends on a machine to exist from week to week.

TAKE my bones, every muscle, every fiber and nerve in my body and find a way to make a crippled child walk.

EXPLORE every corner of my brain. Take my cells, if necessary, and let them grow so that, someday, a speechless boy will shout at the crack of a bat and a deaf girl will hear the sound of rain against her window.

BURN what is left of me and scatter the ashes to the winds to help the flowers grow.

IF you must bury something, let it be my faults, my weaknesses and all prejudice against my fellow man.

IF, by chance, you wish to remember me, do it with a kind deed or word to someone who needs you.

IF you do all I have asked, I will live forever.



An institution of the Albany Medical Center



A busy laughter game!



Teacher helping some with their home lessons



Youngsters playing "Indians"



Getting Swimming lessons from an expert

Hi to All -

Spring is coming --- We can't wait! Every day brings us one step closer. Changes are coming for the campus - Gate House is for sale - \$350,000 with 3.2 acres. It should be interesting to see who are new neighbors shall be! I will keep you informed. - Until next time - please keep those letters & cards coming

As Always
Jen + Mitzi
Sabel Dixie



Dear Fellow Alumni,

October 2004

As I sit here and type I think of you folks in the south and the storms you are having, we do hope that you came through them in good shape. We have had a wet, cool summer and I was thinking that Camp Barbey would not have been a good place to stay for three weeks. The wild life has increased here also. We had a black bear walking around the house twice. The deer are in the yard all the times, guess they are building too many houses around here.

We were asked to a 90th birthday party for Gabe DeCaro as I am sure that those of you in my time remember. Couldn't go I am sorry to say.

FROM: Joan (Harpell) Caprariello, [REDACTED] Port Washington, NY 11050

I was happy to receive the newsletter as always. Glad to hear about the birthday celebration for Rose DeCaro.

When we first came to Greer in 1944, my father worked with her father, Jimmy DeCaro. My father did the carpentry work and Jimmy did the plumbing. Those were great days!!

When my father was made Maintenance Superintendent, we moved into the house next to Mrs. "Mack". But while they were getting the house ready for us, we lived, for a couple of months in that little white house at the foot of the big hill next to the DeCaro's. (That house has fallen apart into the trees now.)

Mrs. DeCaro used to send over her homemade Italian food and vegetables from her garden.

So many good memories.

FROM: Don Charles, [REDACTED] Johns Island, SC 29455 March 5, 2004

Dear Jimmy & Isabel,

Sorry to be so late with it, but I am enclosing a check for \$25 for dues.

I am also enclosing three copies of photos taken of a snow statue I sculpted in front of Rapallo the day after a heavy snowfall. Perhaps you could include them in your next newsletter. I admit the lady is a bit - shall we say - "Ruebenesque", but it was a Greer School first (and probably the last). The lovely lady critiquing the Rapallo guardian angel is Mrs. Jensen, our houseparent. (George Freer remembered the sculpture in his Christmas card.)

The newsletters are always so welcome and it's nice to hear what old school chums are doing, and sad when we hear of the passing. My five years at Greer will always be a treasured part of my life. It was so unique, and as we all know, the world was so different back then. Most of us would probably agree it was a lot better than it is now. We can only hope it will improve.

My best to you and Isabel; If you can get through an upstate New York winter you can weather any storm!



Best Regards, Don Charles

FROM: Peter Puig:

Dear Jim, First a little note about the earlier years. When I arrived at Greer in June of 1954 I had already spent seven years at another boarding school, St. Johnland, in Kings Park on the north shore of Long Island. It was 475 acres and was started in 1889. In 1947 we were about 100 children and when it closed we were 59. Since 1954 it has become a full time nursing home. I returned in 2000 for a reunion and from everything I remember only the chapel still stands and is not in use and in disrepair.

Greer on the other hand was a thriving community filled with hope and adventure. I moved into Gate House and spent that summer just having fun and my first year at Camp Barbay.

I remember Mrs. Morton as house-mother at the little boys cottage across the road from Daisy. One year there was a donkey in the field there. If my memory is accurate, you traded your '59 Ford for a black '61 Ford Galaxie with the large round taillights. You took me for a ride down the winding road much too fast I thought, past the reservoir, past the McHenry crossroads, then the long loop back. I have to confess that my love of cars and a need for speed began and grew since that day. Today I drive the retro, Chrysler 300M.

I remember Mr. Groh with the VW pick-up, Hap Collins, Warren Olen my English teacher who wanted me to write poetry, Coach Maddox who drove me too hard to excel at football being the runt of the litter.

I remember Vernon Ladeau and working on the farm baling straw under the hot sun, milking cows and cleaning stalls in the cold of winter, getting light headed at the top of the corn silo, helping at the saw mill.

I remember Gwen and Randall Elliott with whom I left all my worldly possessions when I graduated and went off to the Navy in 1961, Priscilla and Percival Perry the house-parents at Crest, Charles Berry my shop and drafting teacher who led me to later choose my metals trade vocation, Mrs. and Marie McKinley watching the boys skinny-dipping in the freezing cold pool at Camp Barbay.

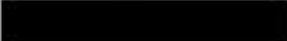
I remember Connie Kohler, the chef who taught me to make salad dressings and let me help him boil vegetables in the great steam kettles and make mashed potatoes. Then later when I delivered food and drove the VW bus and the Mercury station wagon, driving the farm tractor to pick up tree debris, the International dump truck to collect trash, the red farm pick-up to collect wet garbage from all the houses. The scary thing is that nobody suspected that I needed glasses all those years till I was almost seventeen. Then when I could actually see, everything that I already knew was a new adventure to me.

I remember Bruce Barton with his black leather jacket and boots with the buckles, the rebel, smoking and driving the big panel truck. He once showed me a drawing he did of a now famous Frank Lloyd Wright building which forever inspired the artist in me. I was devastated when he died in the kitchen fire.

I remember Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays when most of my friends took off to go home, a few of us sadly stayed at school and still had a nice time and the times I did go home on the train or by bus were also very special.

I remember swimming at the reservoir in summer and skating there in winter, skiing and sleigh riding on the little hill from the church to Rapallo Road, walking to Verbank for an ice-cream or riding bikes to Milbrook for a haircut.

After a tour in the Atlantic in the Navy, I lived in Queens and traveled the country working different projects and then moved to the San Francisco bay area with my wife of 34 years, her sister and her sister's grand daughter and live in the house we've owned for 22 years in. My mother, Lilo Zinger, who used to visit me at school with her second husband, Alfred, lives nearby with her third husband, Jack.

Jim, I hope to continue this correspondence and in case you're inclined, you can eMail me at: 

FROM: Bernard Orlamunder

Dear Jimmy,

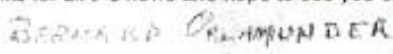
What a great surprise and delight to hear from you. We are all getting older but in your case I'm sure no one noticed... your hair has been shock white for over 50 years... besides you are still very actively holding all us former Greer wafs together with the Alumni Association and its newsletter.

I'm still working as a tour guide...one daughter in college and a son still in high school. I was on tour in Normandy with a bus of British WWII vets during the recent anniversary celebrations. Bush and Blair were there as well but the security was so tight that only special invitations allowed anyone to get near the main ceremony. It will come as no surprise to you that neither of these Chief Executives is very popular in Europe. In fact all the polls show that even the English, who initially supported "the war", have serious second thoughts about Blair and more than just unkind thoughts about the entire Bush Administration!

I don't know of any tour organisations that specialize in barge tours and also go to the Normandy Beaches. However, I can recommend that your in-laws visit the WWII museum at Caen, the American Cemetery on Omaha Beach, and also the U.S. Ranger landing point at Point de Hoc...also at Omaha Beach.

I should like to come back and visit with you all (have not been back in years) but at the moment it is a luxury that will have to wait for better times. Nevertheless, I avidly read all your newsletters which always bring back all those pleasant memories of Greer now more than half a century past.

Thanks for all the news and hope to see you one of these days. Bears in the Milbrook-Verbank area..Wow!!

B.O. 

FROM: **Richard Hawkes:**

RICHARD PALMER HAWKES
[REDACTED]
Albuquerque, New Mexico 87111

March 15, 2004

James Morton
[REDACTED]
Millbrook, New York 12545

Dear Jim

I am finally sending in my dues for 2004. I think it is now \$25.00 and you will let me know if I am wrong.

Thanks for the lovely newsletter which I am always thrilled to get and to hear from old friends. A lot of work for you much enjoyment for us.

There was a very large black and white picture of a group of boys in football uniforms passed around at the last reunion. Would it be possible for me to get a copy of it. I will gladly reimburse you for your time and expenses.

Thanks again for you time and help.

Sincerely,



FROM: **Kasper Knutson:**

Jim,

Maybe you can publish this in the next newsletter. Daisy Cottage, circa 1936. Note: Coach Hefner's car.



Fall is coming quickly to upstate and we are looking forward to the promise of beautiful colors. We are also looking forward to your input for our newsletter. Keep them coming.

We wish you all a great fall and we will be in touch again in December.

As Always,

Jim & Isabel, Mitzi & Doug



We do hope that you all have a safe and happy holiday.

FROM: Robert Irwin, [REDACTED] Greene, NY 13778

Most of the people I did not know in your last letter but the pictures were very nice. Most of the news from us is that I had my license removed because of too many strokes. But, I really don't suffer because Anne takes me where I need to go, Dr's, drug store, Walmart, and the like. We do go on many 1 - 2 day bus trips. We got to go to Gettysburgh and to see the new Washington World War 2 monument. (GREAT)

In mid October we celebrated our 60th. We had our son and daughter and their partners plus all 3 grand children and both great grand children.

Truly we are blessed.



FROM: Mrs. Carol Van Raay, [REDACTED] Lebanon, PA 17042

I received your newsletter in the mail. Until then, I did not have an address to send the following information.

Norm died July 8th of this year of kidney failure. As you may know he suffered with coronary artery disease for 12 years. In the end, it was probably a combination of all of the medications he had been on that finally affected his kidneys.

His death was very peaceful, in that he had slipped into a coma during the last few hours. The final illness lasted only a few hours.

He always spoke so very highly of Greer and credited it for saving his life. His thoughts and prayers were often with you all and all of the counselors and teachers.

In the end, he was still volunteering in various agencies and giving of his talents.

Thanks you all for all you meant to him.

FROM: John Hudnor:

Reflections on my annual pilgrimage to Greer ,September 23, 2004

Each year since I graduated from Greer High School in 1963, (except for four years) I have made an annual pilgrimage back to Greer. These visits usually occur in September as I use the weekend nearest my birthday as a time for re-connecting with Greer and reflecting on the people whom I knew and the influences that you each had in my life.

Years ago I used to feel as if my desire to annually return to Greer was somewhat eccentric, but I no longer feel that way at all, and just accept this desire as something that is a part of me-though I do not fully understand all for the reasons behind it. That being said, I really enjoy these return visits to Greer and have always been very lucky to see some of the people that still live in the area.

The visit in September of 2004 was especially nice for my wife, Sandy and I as we had the opportunity to visit with several people and also see the "Rhinebeck Aerodrome" show for the first time after wondering what it was like for so many years. We left for Greer on Friday, September 24 and stopped in to visit Herby and Sylvia Van Anden in East Freehold, NY. I had the opportunity to work on the Greer farm for three summers and learned the value of hard work from Herby. He was also a person who did not boast about all of the work that he accomplished each day - though he surely could have -and I find myself thinking of Herby on occasions when I start looking for reasons to slack off of my history teaching responsibilities at the high school. Herby taught me the work ethics, and I try to pass those values on to my students. Herby lives a quiet life in his retirement, and I come away from my visits with Herby and Sylvia with a greater appreciation for all that they stand for - and happy that I still have the opportunity to visit with them.

We got together with Jim & Eleanor Hamilton on Friday evening and kidded Jim about his being somewhat of an "ogre" because of his responsibilities as Greer's Student Life Director during the years that I was in school. Some of my responsibilities in the classroom cause me to have to perform the "ogre" role and I have a sense of how Jim probably felt when he had to enforce the rules at Greer. I told Jim that when you have to carry out this enforcement aspect of your job in the classroom, you really find out what you are made of. The lesson learned is that Jim's character was (and still is) of high quality. Jim & Eleanor enjoy spending their time with children and especially supporting their grandchildren. Until recently, Jim worked with the Hospice organization. I am familiar with this wonderful program because we study their good work in my Current Events class: "Hospice" helps people come to terms with end of life issues, and their support systems are incredibly positive for those whom they serve.

I touched base with Jimmy & Isabel Morton as well as with Doug & Mitzi Berry during Saturday morning. They continue the work of keeping this Greer Alumni Association alive. Their task is daunting as keeping this association going is very unique. For example, at the high school at which I teach, there are new alumni with each graduating class, and some of these students become involved in the activities that keep the association going. If you can no longer work on the alumni associations, there are always others to take your place. Because we have not had a Greer high school graduating class since 1963, the Morton's & Berry's do not have that luxury. Yet they endure and I might add without complaint. They continue to produce the tri-annual newsletter and think ahead of the responsibilities and necessary organizational plans for the next reunion. I expressed on behalf of all of you our continued appreciation for their tireless efforts to keep our association going.

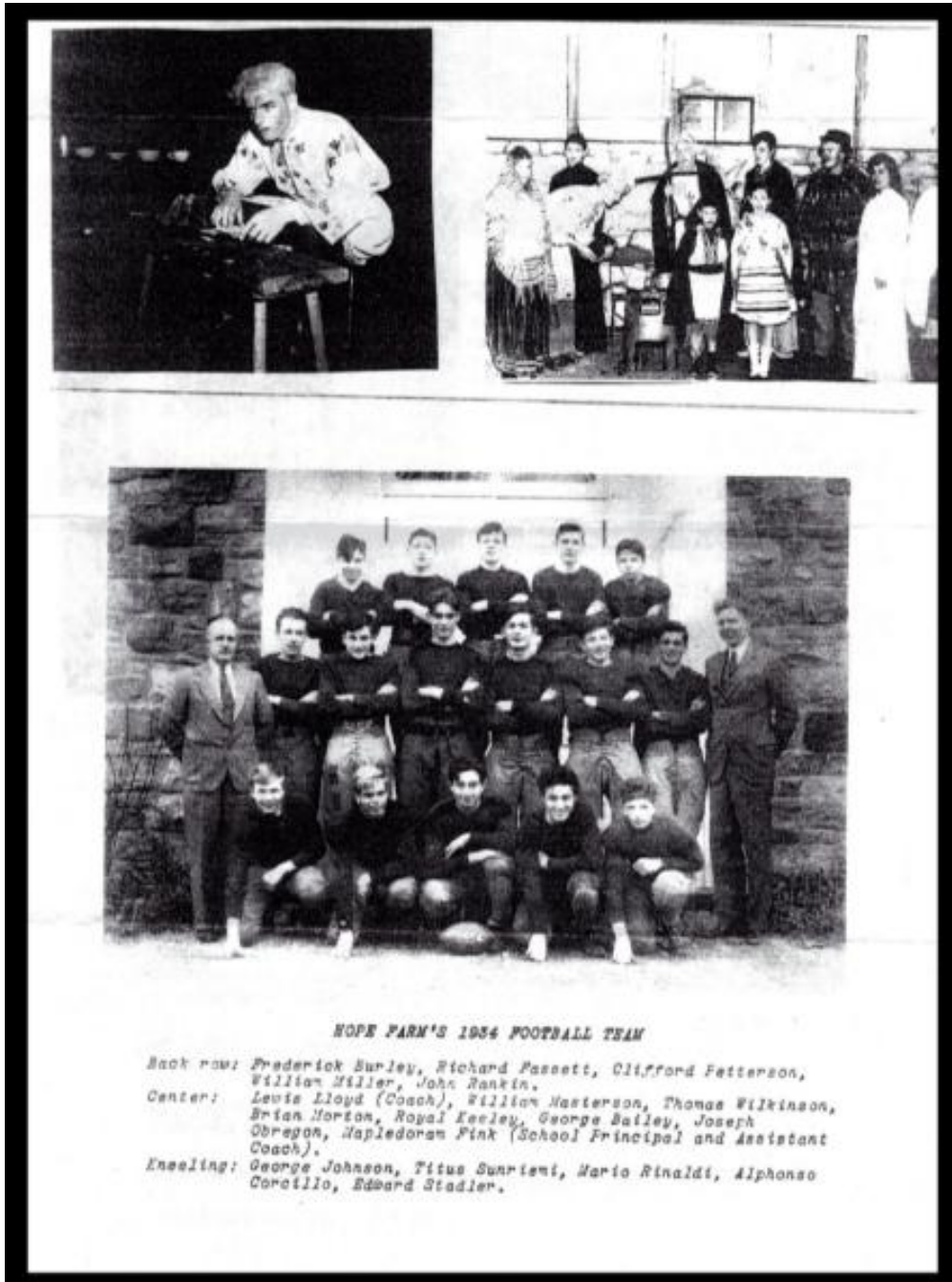
Sandy and I went to the Rhinebeck Aerodrome on Saturday afternoon. A great event for a history teacher. There were actual and restored WWI planes that are still flown. It was a fun and learning event for me. Seeing the planes up close after the show was over was amazing as well as informative, and we got to talk to some of the pilots who have gotten to know the history of these planes quite well.

We ended our trip by getting together with Angela (Oliver) D'Ambrosio & her husband Joe on Saturday night. Joe is a funny & wonderful story teller, and when you add that he is running for the State of New York Senate against an incumbent who has been in office for 22 years - well it was quite an evening stories and adventure. Angela looks great, and brought us up to date about her family activities.

As a side note: Mrs. Gwen Elliott recently moved from her beloved home just off the Greer campus (Hickory Heath) to North Carolina. Although she dearly misses being able to live in her Greer home, we know that there are wonderful experiences that await her in North Carolina and we wish her well.

Have a happy holiday season & Happy New Year.

The Hudnors, John and Sandy



FROM: Jimmy Morton

In the October 21, 2004 Ravina, New York paper I found that Ann (Meyrowitz) Foster has retired from the post office in Climax, NY. She was the postmaster there and said to be well liked by all, especially all the parties she had for the children around Climax.

Good luck on your retirement....I will miss her as the alumni assoc. purchased all their stamps there. It was a nice ride up the Parkway & off at the Hudson exit. Then stopping about half way to Hudson to the Star Light Diner to see Harry & Have goodies. Then across the Rip Van Winkle Bridge & north on 9W. About a 60 mile trip each way, now it will be a 3 mile trip... Crossing the Hudson River, I always hope there would be some large boat or tug going by. Really pretty. Always did wonder, if Capt. George Hanson was on the tug.....

Reunion --2006-(100 years since Founding)

Preserving a legacy

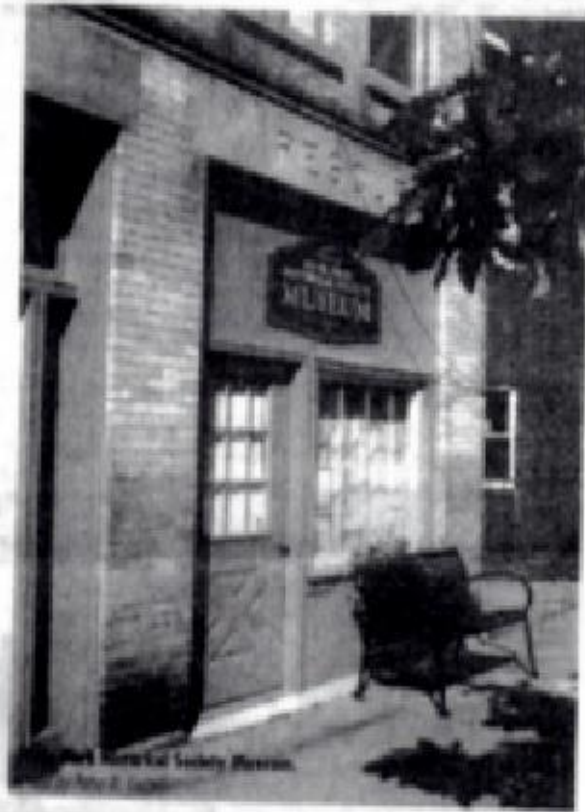
The Town of Hyde Park Historical Society documents everyday life through the years.

Hyde Park is rich with history. Some of its residents, notably Franklin Delano and Eleanor Roosevelt, are world-renowned. The lives of the Gilded Age gentry along the Hudson are equally celebrated, thanks to sites like the Vanderbilt National Historic Site and Stanburgh State Historic Site. But what of Hyde Park's everyday people – the salt of the earth who worked and lived in the town throughout the year?

The Town of Hyde Park Historical Society's mission is to preserve the heritage of the town's ordinary citizens. The organization achieves its goal through presentations, a "History Day" essay contest for local schoolchildren and by operating a museum on Route 9, diagonally across the street from the Hyde Park Post Office.

The Town of Hyde Park Historical Society Museum is located in the former Eagle Engine and Rescue Building, the old firehouse constructed in the early 1900s. One of the museum's prized pieces is the voting machine used in Hyde Park when Franklin D. Roosevelt ran for president against Herbert Hoover, with the ballot still in the machine.

A current piece of interest is an old-fashioned display of mitts, gloves, hampers, and handbags in a new, light cabinet purchased with a donation from the museum's former life member, Helen C. Park, who passed away in 2001 at the age of 107.



The holidays are approaching quickly - - - Where does the time go? Jim and I are beginning to make plans for the 2006 reunion. Lots of work to get ready for this one. Gate House has been sold and will be converted into a Bed and Breakfast.

We wish for each and every one of you a joyous holiday - full of love and memories, and you have peace in the New Year.

As always,

*Jim and Isabel
Mitzi and Doug*