



Dear Fellow Alumni,

Spring 1992

As I sit here and start this letter I am thankful that peace and quiet are again here and the Iroquois natural gas line construction is finished. Do love the quiet!!!!!!

We heard from David Kipp who lives in Hudson, NY. He was reading the paper one day and saw a Leon Gildersleeve had an accident. He thought the name sounded familiar, so he called and found they both went to Greer. Leon told him of the association and David called me. I sent him an alumni list. He called Joe Gabb in Albany, NY, who in turn called Herb Cuevas in Sun City West, AZ. Seems they played on the same baseball team at Greer. Herb then called me. So we have added two names to our list and are pleased that our association is still getting old friends together.

So if you have any information or stories that you want to share, please pass them along.

From: **Bob Constantine:** [REDACTED] San Diego, CA 92119

Within a week of receiving the Greer Roster I received two calls from former classmates that saw my name. They were Louis Paul in Chicago and Don Charles from New Jersey.

Is it fate...or what? In the roster my name is followed by the Coopers, Bob and Audrey... (formerly Audrey Prewitt)...shucks! I remember her as my first real crush on a girl. I think she is older than me, and was then too, of course. But I recall 'walking her home', as it were after school. She must have lived in Ledge. What a thrill when I took her hand (it was winter and she was wearing wool gloves). She looked so neat in her boots, jacket and wool cap. The last I saw her was when buddy Frank Richter sent me a 1949 year book. I have it here somewhere.....Ah....Ah...memories.

From: **Helene Robertson:** [REDACTED] Bessemer, AL 35933

How well I remember Camp Barbey and how much the McKinleys meant to so many youngsters, Christmas activities, (especially the Martin Play), the unforgettable Finks, Vitolo's bread, sleigh riding down Main House hill, Miss Sutton and her little Plums, plodding to classes through a winter wonderland of shining snow the silent Memorial Day parades (how on earth could you keep those lively youngsters silent? But they always were) —and it never rained on the Greer Memorial Day parade!

These are memories I share with so many wonderful kids and who are now parents and grandparents. (My own Amy is now a grandmother, enjoying a husky little two year old boy) I look forward to much more Greer news in the months to come.

To bring you up to date with my situation: I am now a secretary to Shepherds' Center in Birmingham and have a wonderful time playing with the computer (like now) and talking by this means to good friends who are scattered all over the globe by now. At age 82, I am still doing strong—still tap dancing and keeping my fingers in all sorts of pies.

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO?

Ross Barrett, class of '49 went to Rutgers and the???

Randy Rudder, last known about him he lived in Fallbrook, CA

We have been informed that **Fenton Keenan** has died.

We have also learned that **John Brewster** died on February 13, 1992

We have a few requests about the buildings at Greer, as far as history etc, so continuing the story of Prospect Hill and the founding of the school is as follows:

Prospect Hill is 965 to 1160 feet above sea level and was known to have the best health-giving, health-restoring air of any locality in the thirteen colonies. With this fact in mind General de Peyster built here the first hospital for tubercular patients in Dutchess County.

General de Peyster persuaded the Brothers of Nazareth, an Episcopal Order, to come to Dutchess County and he donated money and land to enable them to establish their hospitals and other institutions including St. Paul's Training School for Boys. The Main House was built in 1896.

In the early 1900's Bishop Greer, of the Episcopal diocese of New York, learned there were few organizations to receive and care for Protestant children in the need of care. A committee was formed to find such a place. Its members were Bishop Greer, Deaconess Boyd, Miss Florence Rapallo, and Mrs. Hibbs. About this same time the Brothers of Nazareth decided they could no longer maintain their establishment known as Priory Farm and offered to relinquish the property for the mortgage of \$16,000.00

When purchased in 1906, the property was called Hope Farm. The buildings at that time were Main House, with its three wings, "Paine Cottage" that was to become Bittersweet, a laundry building that was to become Plum Cottage, a small cottage between Main House and the garden called Shante, St. Paul's Training School, a two story building and a few farm buildings.

The farm property was purchased in 1906 on 465 acres of land. Small barns were built in 1906 and the large dairy and horse barn were built in 1915.

Paine Cottage was part of the original purchase and was later called Bittersweet. It was the superintendents' cottage from 1906 to 1908, at which time it was used as a cottage for 20 girls until Crest was built in 1913. After 1913 it became the director's cottage again.

Shante was a small cottage said to be 100 years old on the original property. It was used as the director's house in the summers. It was also used as a quarantine house, tenants' house, summer school and the local school band before being torn down in 1929.

Plum Cottage was rebuilt in 1908 from an old laundry at the site. It was remodeled many times. In 1932 cooking classes were started there, moved from Crest Cottage

Gate House was purchased in 1908 as part of the Kelly farm. Space was needed at this time because the St. Paul's Training School had burned down and placement was needed for the students who stayed there.

The Blacksmith Shop behind the Chapel was built so that flooring, trim and other materials could be made for use in the cottages that were being built.

Daisy Cottage was built in 1908 and 1909, a gift from Miss Bliss at the cost of \$24,000.00. Its capacity was 60 small children, boys, and girls. In 1921 the little girls were move to Greer Cottage (28) with the 30 boys remaining there. A library was opened in Daisy in 1926, and was moved to the new Library building in 1932. In 1932 also, the community dining hall was opened, serving meals for the Daisy, Gate House, and Rapallo boys. Sure was hard getting out of bed on a winters or rainy morning and running to Daisy before the door were closed at 7 a.m.

A camp was used for the first time in 1909 with tents and shacks. A swimming pool was opened in 1913. This camp was located in the fields behind Lovers Lane. It was abandoned in 1929 and a new camp was built on the property formerly owned by Benson and was called Camp Barbey.

Marcy Lester Cottage was built in 1910 at a cost of \$7,500.00 which was given by Miss Emily Watson. It housed 26 boys.

Crest Cottage was completed in 1913 at the cost of \$30,000.00, also given by Miss Emily Watson. Cooking classes were held there from 1927 to 1932.

The School building was built 1914 with stone quarried on the campus. The cost was \$65,000.00 and was given once again by Miss Emily Watson. A green house was added on the west end of the building in 1925. Junior high school was added in 1917, 9th grade in 1923, 11th grade in 1929, 12th grade in 1931.

The Chapel of the Child was built in 1914 in a simple gothic style at the cost of \$12,000.00, It was given by Mrs. William S. Brown and her sister Mrs. Pomroy. It was consecrated in May 1915 by Bishop Greer. The electric lightning was added in 1927. Stones used for the building were also quarried from the campus.

The Watts de Peyster property and about 100 acres were acquired by an anonymous gift in 1918. It was never used to house children but did house workmen. It was torn down in 1925 and the bricks were used to build Rapallo. This building was located east of Ledge Cottage in a pine grove.

The City House was given by Mrs. Lewis Preston in 1919 at the cost of \$34,906.00. This was located at 437 East 58th Street. It was sold in 1929 and a new house was purchased at 104 East 35th Street in November the same year.

In 1919 six employee's cottages were built.

Greer Memorial Cottage was built in 1921 at the cost of \$50,000.00. It was paid for by friends of Bishop Greer with the capacity of 30 girls.

Ledge Cottage was occupied in January 1921 and was used as a faculty house until September 1934 when the teachers were distributed to the cottages and Main House. The cottage was then used for 20 older girls.

Rapallo Cottage was started in the spring of 1929 as a gift of Mrs. William Sloan, sister to Florence Rapallo. It was occupied on February 5, 1930 for 20 boys and the student population was increased when the cooks' rooms were made available when the Central dining hall was opened.

In 1932, the libraries were joined in a new building housing the library and the first 5 grades.

The Russell A. Hibbs gymnasium was dedicated December 10, 1938. All children were required to pay \$.25 cents for a cement block that was used in the construction of the building. The boys were also required to remove the tree stumps from the ground.

Hope Farm School name was changed on April 11, 1940 to Greer School. Graduates had been having trouble securing jobs because it was thought they had been to an agricultural school or they had come from a "FARM" school which was correctional in nature.

The name was changed again on May 11, 1949 to Greer a Children's Community and then in 1974 to Greer Children's Services.

Charles Hayden Vocational Shop and the McAlister House for Home economics and a guest house for visitors were built in the late 1950's. The new cottages and the new central dining hall were built in the 1960's. Also built at this time were the Staff House and the McKenzie Infirmary.

Most of the above were taken from old newspaper articles, "The Story of Greer" by Miss Ethel Haines and notes made by Miss Misner.

When time permits again we will try to go into other aspect of Greer. The old buildings still remaining are Gate House, The Chapel, Ledge Cottage, The High School, The Infirmary, Vocational Shop, McAlister House and the employees' cottages which were built in 1919.

I would like to take this small space and remind you once again, how important your letters with your thoughts and memories are. They are the substance of our newsletters, as they bring to mind all the things that were so much a part of our lives. Without you, we have no newsletter. Please drop a line and share your thoughts with all of us. We care.

With love to All---

Mitzi & Doug & Jim & Isabel



Dear Fellow Alumni,

Summer, 1992

We do wish each and every one of you a happy holiday and were glad so many of you came to Your reunion. For those of you who did not get the October Newsletter, the reasoning for it is that you have not paid your dues. Bob Hougasian wrote a nice article on the reunion and we are sorry that you missed it.

From: **Donald Charles:** [REDACTED] Mount Pleasant, SC, 29464

Someone (I don't remember who) once said that we never know how good something is until it's gone. I think that's the way it is with many of us that spent any appreciable amount of time at Greer, and with time changing so rapidly and moral values and education apparently being severely eroded; it seems truer than ever.

I remember my arrival at Greer as though it was yesterday, although it's over 50 years ago. To me, those stone gates were very impressive— if not slightly intimidating. My world up until then had encompassed a 50 mile radius around my home town of Southampton, L.I., so a trip of almost 200 miles was quite an excursion.

There was that initial feeling of bewilderment – and abandonment – even though my foster parents were very good to me. The year I entered Greer – 1944 – found us in the throes of World War II, that most terrible of global conflicts, and my mother and father followed the war jobs from one city to another, as my father was awarded major government supervisory jobs at shipyards that built destroyers and minesweepers. It was decided that if I was ever to get a complete education, and avoid the emotional trauma that might come with continual uprooting, I had to be placed in one place and stay there. Greer turned out to be that place. (While it was not the case with me, I am reminded of a television discussion between a joint American/British group, wherein one panelist remarked that they, the British, had the only civilized approach to child rearing and education. “We simply send Imogene away - and by away, we mean to India – at age 5, and bring her back at 25.” Hmm...I wonder if that's what my foster parents really did have in mind. Only kidding – actually, my foster parents gave me a lot of TLC throughout their long and happy lives.

I went first to the main administration building, where I met Mrs. Fink – a lady as close to being a saint as it's possible to get. She loved all the students and fought fiercely over many years to obtain the best of everything for both students and staff, yet her patience was legend, though severely tired on many occasions. From there I went down to Rapallo cottage, which would be my home for the next five years. There I met some of my housemates and was introduced to Mrs. Jensen, one half of the houseparent team of Peter and Irene Jensen. The Jensen's were Danish, very nice, and had 3 sons and a strikingly pretty daughter, Isa. Isa lived at Rapallo with her parents, but we only saw ‘my three sons’ when they came to visit on few rare occasions. Since I had arrived in late August and had a week or so before school began, I had a chance to observe what a wonderful gardener Mrs. Jensen was. The flower beds in a sort of formal garden alongside Rapallo were a riot of colors, the result of her tender loving care. One spring, Mrs. Jensen handed me a bag full of flower seeds and told me I was going to be responsible for designing the garden that year. It was great fun and good training in flower bed layout, and we had beautiful flowers right through to the first frost.

School started and that delicious late summer-early autumn haze hung in the air.

I met Mr. Fink, school principal and shop teacher - a wonderful, patient and fatherly man and all the other exceptional teachers that I would frustrate so terribly in my years of just sliding along academically. I was continually reminded that I had plenty of intelligence but was just too lazy to use it. (Being endowed with a large streak of rebelliousness, and seemingly forever trying to extricate myself from one or another behavioral situations didn't help matters much, either. Ah, well....story of my life- but that's another book, another chapter. It took me awhile, but I slowly began to settle into the routine that would be my life until graduation in 1949.

There are so many memories that come flooding back when I think of Greer – most of them wonderful, some not so – but almost all of them worth keeping, many as lessons I how to live. There were so many new faces and names to remember. We were fortunate to have a staff of administrators, teachers, and houseparents that really cared about us. It comes as no surprise that many staff members who come to Greer thinking of staying a couple years, found the atmosphere so magical they made the school their permanent home and were always there for

us when we needed them – on any level – personal, academic or emotional. They were our ever-ready fonts of knowledge, compassion, and understanding. Classes were small and every student was able to receive one-on-one assistance with his or her studies if needed. When I tell people that my graduating class consisted of 14 students, they gasp and say – “Mine was 250,” or 500 or 750 etc. I find these figures mind-boggling, but the world seemed a little smaller then, in fact, a lot smaller.

With the onset of winter, I experienced my first Thanksgiving at Greer and it was unique. It was a tradition for the staff members and Board of Directors to serve the students that day, and the school auditorium was set up with rows of long tables, decorated with pumpkins, gourds, orange streamers and cutouts of pilgrims (where were the Indians?) After we finished stuffing ourselves, we went on a hike, to work off the food, and the staff and board members had to cleanup – pots, pans, utensils, tables everything. But Hey – it was only once a year. They never complained. Another event that took place at Thanksgiving and which I wish school all over the country would emulate, was the donation of the food baskets for the poor, which were blessed in the Chapel of the Child and picked up by the Salvation Army for distribution to needy families.

As Christmas vacation time rolled around, on the evening before we all went our separate ways, there was the reading in the Chapel of the story about the little old clockmaker, and his simple gift of an apple, which the Christ Child reached for from his Mother’s arms, ignoring the elegant and expensive gifts brought by others. Then followed the residents of each cottage gathering around the tree set up at the front of the chapel, hanging their individual pledges as high up as they could, and singing a carol. It was all so simple and beautiful, as was the Chapel itself, and for me it embodied the true spirit of Christmas, without all the hoopla and commercialism that has truly ruined what out to be a beautiful and spiritual occasion.

Over the 5 year that I spent at Greer, I carried the cross, sang in the choir, polished the altar brass, and rang the bell – not all at the same time, of course. I was eventually baptized there. I loved singing in the choir. Classical music, singing, and art were my great loves. I was also in the Greer School Glee Club, led by the wonderful Damarius Warner, who was a gifted singer with a beautiful voice.

When the war ended in 1945, a number of Greer’s students that had valiantly joined the armed forces to fight for our country, lying about their age, as they did across the nation, returned to school, and we cheered them and gave them our admiration and gratitude. Sadly, there were also those that did not come back and we mourned them and gave them our respect, they would never be forgotten. I remember drawing ‘pin-up’ girls in India ink on the back of khaki Air Force Bomber jackets that were shipped to Greer as war surplus and were warm and comfortable. I was surprised to see an example of my artistic efforts, still in mint condition, at one of the reunions a number of years back.

During the school year, there were the Friday night movies, Saturday night dances, to the records of Big Band leaders, other special events, and visits to Bennett Junior College for their plays, recitals, and lectures: Sunday afternoon passes to Verbank or Millbrook. Our Glee Club gave a concert at Bennett Junior College, and we were thrilled to be asked. Bennett was beautiful school where girls from only the wealthiest of families could afford to go.

In the summer, we spent a couple weeks at Camp Barbey, presided over by Mrs. Mom McKinley, where we did our summer jobs during the day, work in the mess hall from time to time and in the evenings had songfest, put on shadow plays in the ‘Rec Hall’, (which had a trunk full of costumes like an old Vaudeville theatre), banged on an old upright piano, and in general had a good time. We also swam in a pool that always seemed to be filled with ice water. Bill McKinley, who was in charge of transportation, was big, kindly man with a grip that could break every bone in your hand! Thank goodness he never chose to squeeze quite that hard.

We worked in the garden and the cannery, putting up all the canned goods we’d need through the winter. Picking strawberries was fun – we probably ate more than we ever put in the baskets, and Mr. Fink, keeping watch with a stern but benevolent eye, would say “Alright boys, that’s enough eating, put some in the baskets.”

Of course, the school had its share of delicious on-campus scandals, (what private school doesn’t?) causing a great deal of tongue-wagging-mostly among the students. The staff was wise and remained “mum,” thereby not adding fuel to the fire. Inasmuch as the school was relatively sequestered, it was nice to know that human foibles could still surface from time to time. Then again, that may have been the very reason they did pop up.

I learned many years later that Greer had the largest campus of any private school in the country – 1500 acres! That’s a lot of land, all amid beautiful rolling countryside, lushly green and included a good sized farm an apple orchard and a summer camp. The students’ cottages were roomy, friendly houses. I loved Rapallo, with its stately white columned porches and ivy covered brick, an added attraction was the swimming pool right behind it, which all the students used and in the winter, we skated on it. Back beyond that were rolling hills and woods, and the farm. Then there was Daisy, made entirely of fieldstone, where all the boys ate.

Down by the main gate was Gate House –white and elegant. (What a clever name, wonder who ever thought of it?) And let’s not forget the other cottages, Ledge, Crest, Marcy and Plum Each had its own particular charm. I was truly sickened when I saw Rapallo’s burned ruins while visiting Greer in 1979. It was as though a piece of me had been ripped away.

I managed to get through my 5 years at Greer relatively unscathed, and in the process it’s possible I may have learned something. (No fainting, please.) I was sort of the unofficial school artist, so I got to do some decorating and poster and even the sets for a couple of school plays (very primitive, I assure you- definitely not Broadway caliber!). There were also the aforementioned bomber jackets. Also the margins of my entire school notebook, unfortunately (or fortunately, perhaps) not saved for posterity.

When Greer celebrated its 40th Anniversary, the famous and beloved correspondent Lowell Thomas was our featured speaker at the ceremony, and lucky me, I got to meet him personally when I showed him where to park his car. That was quite a thrill for a 15 year old. I was a member of the Glee Club then, and as part of the celebration we presented the “Ballad for Americans,” a work for soloist, chorus and orchestra – our orchestra being a piano- and which had been made famous by the great Negro baritone, Paul Robeson. I also had the honor of meeting William L. Shirer, another famous correspond and lecturer, and author of “Berlin Diary”, and “The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich”, at a summer lecture series five at Bennett Junior College, where I was lucky enough to be allowed to attend several cultural events.

One summer, I was given an off-campus summer job assignment at a rather highbrow country club near Tannersville, NY. That was great fun! I was a lowly dishwasher at the Bear & Fox Inn, which had beautiful dining room with elegant food and service. I got to meet a few celebrities there, also. Among them were Gladys Swarthout, a leading mezzo-soprano with the Metropolitan Opera, actress Joan Fontaine, and a brief glimpse of Charlie Chaplin. It was not uncommon to peek through the glass “porthole” in the dining room and catch sight of one or more famous personalities seated at a table engaged in conversation and dressed to the nines. Those were the days when people dressed for dinner. It was also very chic for us kitchen workers and waiters to be ferried to the movies in Tannersville on Saturday night in a big, beautiful 7 passenger Packard limousine! Not too shabby.

I may have digressed somewhat, but I relate all this because like most of us, I had those teenage dreams of someday making my mark in the work, albeit in somewhat esoteric endeavors. It was my intention to be an opera singer an artist/designer, or an actor. Needless to say, none of these came to pass, although I devoted 8 years to voice training, piano, opera workshop, and other musically related studies, 2 ½ years of that at the now defunct New York College of Music in New York City. Had I applied as much effort towards attaining one of these goals as I did toward just “sliding through life”, I have no doubt could have succeeded. But that’s all water under the bridge, or to toss it off flippantly, quoting the French, “C’est la vie,” or more appropriately, “C’est moi.”

In any event, by some miracle, (or perhaps the staff’s burning desire to finally be rid of me), I graduated in 1949. I was too young and naïve then to appreciate how fortunate I was. Let’s face it, many of us could not wait to get out of the classroom “Hooray! Freedom!” was the thought on most everyone’s mind, none of us really bothering to worry about any of the trial and tribulations that might await us outside the gate of Greer. Looking back on it now I realize that I had had the good fortune to be placed in an environment that today would be the envy of many, many children.

All of us that remember Greer with nostalgia and genuine fondness were sorry to see the school close, taking with it a fine academic stand and a set of values that we are now hard pressed to find in today’s world.

As I said at the beginning of this “novel” we never know how good something is until it’s gone. Greer School and our youth may no longer exist in the physical sense, but in our hearts and minds it can never die; it was that “home away from home” and for some, the only real

home they ever knew, where we were molded into possibly worthwhile creatures with values that we have hopefully used for ourselves and passed on to others.

In the intervening years since leaving Greer, my life has been varied and interesting, with the usual share of ups and downs-fortunately more ups. I've met a number of famous people, traveled fairly extensively, done some regional theatre acting, some singing here and there, and spent the last 20 working years with AT&T. So, all in all, it's been an enjoyable trip through time, with more to come waiting in the wings. And hasn't this been a wild century to ride out?

I am now retired and living just outside Charleston, South Carolina (although I'll never be a true Southerner). I would be delighted to hear from anyone who might care to contact me: Don Charles, [REDACTED] Mt. Pleasant, SC 29464. (843)[REDACTED]. Class of 1949. (Which I'm told is referred to as the "Genius Class." As Polly Stock would say, "WELL...!")

We wish you all a great holiday—
And a new year full of health, happiness and sunshine

As Always,

Mitzi & Doug
Jim & Isabel



Dear Fellow Alumni

Fall 1992

There is a nip in the air and the leaves are turning color and starting to fall. It's time to get another newsletter to you. Soon, I will be busy shoveling and plowing the snow.

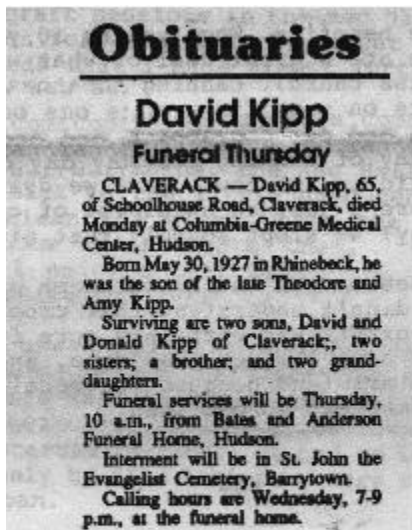
I had a visit from William Prentice and we did a lot of talking about the old days at Greer.

During the summer, my wife and I went to lunch at the River Run Café. 176 Franklin St, New York City. We ate with the owner, Don Berger, and were joined for lunch with Nick Anderson and Bob Ildefonso. We had an excellent meal and had a great time visiting while eating. (Must go back sometime again).

We also saw Karen (Venetian) Greer while she was on a visit to Mrs. Gwen Elliott at her home herein the Clove. I also get to see Mrs. Helen Fink about once per month. She and I have a lot of laughs about Greer and the old days.

Charles Better stopped at the school the other day, we did not have an address for him but did manage to get it while he was there visiting Mitzi.

Bill Beer writes that Wayne & Parrie Holton stopped and spent a few days with him on their way to Florida. He says, he is retired (early) from Eastern Air Lines after flying for them for 24 years on April 1, 1990; and since then have kept busy running, driving my motorcycle, traveling with Margie and "doing stuff a guy my age shouldn't do, Rock climbing and Bungee jumping."



6/1/92



aka Sue Thompson 8/22/92

GREER ALUMNI NEWSLETTER ARTICLE

BY BOB CONSTANTINE '44-48

If I remember, we assembled on the lawn in front of Daisy cottage and someone asked who wanted to join the "Flying Squadron?" I'm sure we all raised our hands. It was 1944, summer and wartime. I suppose we thought by joining the squadron, this bunch of 10-11 year old boys could do their part to win the war.

But our dreams of being at the controls of a P-38 Lightning or flying a B-17 bomber were soon dashed when we discovered the flying squadron at Greer School meant "piloting" a paring knife in the cannery, a hoe in the fields or harvesting a variety of fruits and vegetables from the bounty of Hope Farm...all for the grand sum of 75¢ a day.

Summer's harvest brought forth Swiss chard, corn, peaches, apples, tomatoes, green beans, peas and beets. I can still see the long slanted metal-covered work table inside the cannery building where a row of boys cut & diced, discarding skin, stem, worm, core and cob and filling the silvery #10 can with the un-cooked fruits and vegetables.

When a can was full, another hand threw in some salt or sweet syrup, then, after a machine squeezed on the tops, the cans were placed into a large cover kettle where the contents were cooked using pressure and high temperature steam.

There were however, fringe benefits. When you are 10 years old you are always hungry, so everyone ate a great deal of what was being canned, (except of course, the Swiss chard). Canning tomatoes guaranteed you'd discover the tiny knife cuts on your fingers. Wow! Did that juice sting! Sometimes we ate too much and our stomachs rebelled. Once, back in the cottage bathroom after a day of canning beets, a group of us stared in horror at the dark red liquid in the bowl. Were we dying?? ...No, the housemother assured us, there's just an awful lot of color in beet juice. Next time, don't eat so many! We slept soundly that night.

The hardest part of the season was having our camp stay interrupted to work in the cannery. We didn't understand that crops won't wait. Swimming, hiking and doing crafts was certainly more fun than shelling peas or slicing apples. But soon the work was done, and then, about two days before school was to start, and because we were 10, you'd think back and wonder why the summer was so-o-o- long.

Camp Barbey, Camp Barbey
That's the place for me
When the Summer time has come
It's the only place to be
I like it in the morning
I like it all the day
The swimming pool
Is nice and cool
And there I like to stay.

How many times we all sang that song---on our hikes, our many overnight trips, around the campfires and trudging up and down the camp road, helping ourselves to the ripening tomatoes as we passed the planted fields.

I remember the first day of camp when the first thing we all had to do was stuff our straw mattresses. How they smelled when they got wet and how difficult it was to ensure that the lumps were in the right place. I remember one night that we slept outdoors and the clouds were wondrous shapes and we lay, letting our imaginations run wild.

But in the middle of the night, a downpour sent us scurrying into our cabins, dragging our soaking and smelly mattresses behind. How anxious we all were to grow up so that we could live in Owl and sleep in real beds, not the wooden bunks.

I remember the walks we took, Mrs. Mac, talking all the time, teaching us the names of all the trees, identifying the leaves and the wild flowers. She loved nature and she shared her love and knowledge with us all. We gathered leaves for our craft sessions-spraying them with silver and gold for gifts for our parents. Remember those craft sessions in the Rec. Hall---weaving baskets and braiding lanyards for whistles. My mother still uses a basket for her sewing threads that I made almost 45 years ago.

Believe it or not, one of my favorite community service jobs was cleaning and filling the oil lamps and lanterns. Every morning I'd collect them from the cabins, the Rec. Hall and Mrs. Mac's house and carry them back to the little shed behind the McKinley home. There I would clean them with kerosene and then redistribute them. To this day I don't understand why I enjoyed that task. My least favorite job, of course, was cleaning the TREES.

Do you remember where you were when the Japanese surrendered? I do. Virginia Hougasian and I had been fooling around at the dinner table and had been sent to bed right after dinner. It was still very light so, obviously, we were still rough-housing in the cabin. When the bells started to ring, we had no idea what was happening. We ran outside only to find that they were ringing to celebrate the surrender of Japan.

Singing around the campfire and roasting marshmallow was one of my favorite activities. I remember scouring the woods for branches to drag to the bottom of the hill to the campfire site. I attribute my continuing enthusiasm for group singing to those evenings around the campfire at Camp Barbey.

I arrived at Greer as an 8 year old city girl on an August day in 1943. I went immediately to Camp since the younger girls session at that time was the last of the season. I hardly said good-bye as my tearful mother left me down at the pool. However, I was in a real dilemma since I couldn't swim a stroke. Every day for the next week I had to think up an excuse not to dive in and swim with the rest of the girls. I finally ran out of excuses and had to 'fess up that I couldn't even float much less swim. How embarrassed I was. Remember how beautifully Jean McKinley performed her dives? Gwen Elliott and I walked down the camp road this August. It hasn't changed much except that the woods and underbrush are encroaching and there are no fields to raid for tomatoes, cucumbers, bean or peppers. Camp Barbey was another story however. If the road hadn't come to the end and the Rec Hall hadn't been barely visible through the shoulder-high hay, I wouldn't have recognized the site.

A terrible feeling of melancholy settled over me as Gwen and I trudged through the high grass to view the ruins of the Rec. Hall and then up the hill to the McKinley House. Aside from those two building and one Trees, nothing else is standing. We walked down to the pool which was in remarkably good shape. Chewink had been moved down the hill and close to the pool, apparently as a place to change for swimming. All of the other cabins, however, --- Bobolink, Lark, Chickadee, Oriole, etc, -----are gone.

As we made our way back up the hill, I felt that I was truly saying good-bye for the last time. My memories of Greer are very vivid even after the passage of so many years. How lucky we were to have enjoyed a childhood at Hope Farm, near Verbank and Millbrook, in the midst of a beautiful countryside, and surrounded by friends who were as close as brothers and sister.

I'll never forget those days. -----**Karin Venetian Green** 1943-1953

We hope you enjoyed the two letters that were included in this newsletter. I know they stirred many memories for me. I can remember the Friday night movies, that were always Grade B, but they stayed in your mind as you walked home on the path behind Crest Cottage to get to Ledge. There always were one or two guys from Rap or Gate House that were hiding in the bushes just waiting for us to go by and they managed to scare us no matter what. Do any of you remember being put on 'bounds'? Or the seniors, from Senior Hall, sneaking downstairs to get peanut butter and jelly sandwiches at 2:00 in the morning?

Doug and I took a walk up to the apple orchard a few weeks ago. The trees have not been taken care of, but the apples are still there. We picked enough to make pies and applesauce. Not only was it fun, but it made our memories of Greer sharp again. Please drop us a line to share your thoughts. What you remember may open up a whole storeroom of memories for someone else. I have found that all Alumni who return share the same memories and traditions. This is the thread that holds all of us together. Please know your thought do make a difference.

On the back of this page is something special we wanted you all to have, as it was an important part of our "History."

We wish you all a delightful Thanksgiving and look forward to sending you our Christmas letter

Mitzi Schaeffer Berry

As Always,

*Mitzi & Doug
Jim & Isabel*



Dear Fellow Alumni,

Winter 1992

Greeting to all of you that we have addresses for. We are starting to plan a reunion to take place mid July 1993 and would like to know how many of you plan to attend. We would also like to know if you would attend a day time affair in a park and/or would attend an evening affair with dinner. There is a form on the last page to fill in if you think you can attend. Sorry to say but it is also time to pay your dues if you desire a news letter twice per year. The cost is still the same, \$15.00 per year. This is also part of the form on the last page.

We have managed through Mrs. Gwen Elliott, to obtain some old quarterly publications from Hope Farm and also some of the old Red & Whites. From these we have chosen a few articles that some of you had written and have added them to this letter. Hope that you all enjoy them.

We have seen Mrs. Fink many times and she is still well at about 99 ½ years old. One weekend she had a small reunion of her own as Bob Doel and wife, Wayne Holton and wife, Hoover Mountcastle, Joe Obregon and Bill Miller all stopped to see her at the same time. We do hope to get her to the reunion also.

The main campus at Greer was purchased by a Mr. Riess and is now a retirement center. Many of the buildings have been demolished and a large apartment complex has been erected. The school building is still there, but, the inside has been remodeled and looks very different. The rest of the large, 1500 acres, Greer campus is now owned by the Poughkeepsie Savings Bank and is being cut up into individual lots of different sizes to be sold. We did want to buy Ledge with your help, but the cottage is in terrible shape and the taxes would have been very high. As an example my school tax went up 20% this year and I am in the same school district as Ledge.

We feel that the alumni association is not a piece of land that we must return to, but we feel it is the comradeship that exists between us as alumni that really matters. The traditions, living together as kids the staff and all the other things are what matters, not the campus. Therefore we think it is worth the effort to keep us in touch with one another by the means of this association. This is enough of a lecture by me.....

We do hope that we will hear from YOU....Due to the cost of postage we will only send further information to the people sending in the dues or those wishing to attend the reunion....

An address from Mr. and Mrs. Robert Packer:

██████████
Watkins Glen, New York, 14891

Next year, Robert will be 93 on February 11, and Bertha will be 100 on September 14th. I am sure that many of you will want to send a card or a note on this special birthday. (How about a few Christmas cards? J.M.)

Wishing you all a joyous holiday. We hope to hear from all of you. We are looking to a special time at our next reunion. I hope you are a part of it.

With fondest wishes

Jim & Isabel
Mitzi & Doug

Having obtained some Red and White's and Hope Farm quarterly's we will write what some of you have written those long years ago. Maybe you will write other articles about the school.

Let's start with *Hope Farm Quarterly* of October 1, 1929, the article is entitled, "trip to Whaley Lake" and written by **Raphael Albert**, 9th grade:

On August 13th, thirteen boys took a trip to Whaley Lake. The group left there at 1:30 in the afternoon. When we arrived at Whaley, Mr. McKinley hired boats for us. One group decided to go fishing, a few went rowing and the remaining picnickers sought a nearby store.

Some of the best swimmers in the group swam around a cluster of islands, a distance of one mile. One of our numbers asked to borrow a diving tower. This question bought forth an expression of ludicrous amazement on the face of the keeper on duty, but on the repeated assurance that no one wished to bring home the tower, we were permitted to use it.

The fishermen returned at supper time with a sun fish and three yellow perch.

After a hearty meal, we started for home at 6:30.

Hope Farm Quarterly, January 1, 1930

Written by **William Prentiss-4th grade**

My Party at Crest

We had a Christmas party at Crest.

We had games and lots of fun.

We had candy and a happy time there.

We had a game of Santa Claus and a game of toy shop too.

I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Red & White October 25 1957

A poem by **Angie Oliver**

I walk, I talk, I speak.

But why is life so bleak?

I have a head ache and a sore throat,

For I refuse to wear my coat

My eyes are red and I am sleepy:

And I do look very creepy

Just please don't think this is new.

It's just a case of Asian flu....

Fall.....by **Darryl Hannon**

A single leaf floats through the air.

The wind has stopped to take a rest.

But soon the leave shall fly,

And cover the ground like a quilted bed cover.

Short is the time before the snow;

The summer is gone, soon wintry winds will blow.

So let's be glad for this brief intermission;

Soon for summer, we'll be wishin!

From the **Red & White**, November 21, 1958

End of the Football Season by **Carolyn Ladeau**

Now the football season is over we go into basketball season. Most of us must admit we played some tough football teams, but we managed to come out on top in some of our games thanks to our players and our two coaches, Mr. Maddox and Mr. Shirar.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank the players, coaches and students for a very enjoyable football season. We hope we have an even better one next year.

The Unknown Cowboy of Greer, by **Tony Voight**

It happened about 4:45 last Sunday when Glenn and I were walking down to Gate. We saw that Francis, Marcy's mule was loose and running on the athletic field. So naturally, Glenn and I joined the chase. We got a rope from one of the Daisy kids, and I held the rope while Glenn was supposed to throw it around Francis's neck.

All of a sudden, Francis started running at a bunch of Daisy kids. Glenn let loose and I was nearly pulled to the ground. Glenn had found his unknown talent. He had put the rope right around Francis's neck in a spectacular throw.

When we finally got Francis into his pen, we found out why he wanted to get loose. There is a saying that the grass is always greener on the other side of the fence. Well, this is true in Francis's case, because Francis doesn't have any grass on his side of the fence.

Fire Drill by **Nick Anderson**

On Wednesday, April 15, at about 7:15 P.M., Mr. Ladeau, the chief of the Greer School Fire Department with a few of his helpers started a brush fire on the Josephine Thomas Field.

Before he did this, he had Mr. Herb Van Anden take out the fire truck and hook it up. He also had the boys all around the field at strategic spots to make sure the fire did not get out of hand. They were all armed with Indian Pumps, fire extinguishers, used to fight such fires.

Mr. Ladeau then waited for someone to turn in the alarm; but nobody did.

All the firemen showed up and it gave them some useful experience in fighting brush fires. It also cleared the field of dead leaves and grass that made it look messy.

Auxiliary Fireman by **Danny Dewey**

The auxiliary firemen at Greer are an opportunity for every boy 16 and above. The Firemen meet in the staff room at the gym every two weeks. Mr. Dewees is the main speaker because of his teaching experience. The auxiliary firemen are taught how to fight different types of fires and the right kind of equipment to use.

From the *Red & White* November 28, 1959

Boy's Sports by **John Nicholas**

Greer's football team had a pretty good season this year. We have overcome very many heavy odds on our way up to the top to tie for the league championship with Millbrook and Red Hook. Our team has had five of its members on the B-Valley League All Star team.

They are Don Berger, Bob Ildefonso, John Nicholas, Bob Russoman, and Syd Nesbitt. We also have four more on the second team, Peter Osis, Tony Voight, Dan Dewey, and Fenton Keenan.

The team couldn't have reached this goal if it had not been for the fine coaching of Mr. Maddox and Mr. Shirar. We thank them for the hard work they did for the team.

Harvest Festival by **Doug Berry**

On November 22 1959, Greer held the annual Harvest Festival, in the Chapel of the Child.

The children from grades 1 thru 12 contributed as much money as possible to their class to fill a basket with food which will be distributed by the Salvation Army in the Poughkeepsie area.

Two children from each class, a boy and a girl, were chosen to carry their basket to the altar. The children who represented each class were: 1st and 2nd grade- Alan Blair and Deborah Hamilton; 3rd grade- Richard Sherman and Elaine Berry; 4th grade- James Coleman and Barbara Lawrence; 5th grade- Stephen Russoman and June Keating; 6th grade- Angel Cruz and Virginia Moffitt; 7th grade- Pedro Cruz and Rita Playfair; 8th grade- Thomas Honaker and Jacqueline MacGregor; 9th grade- Roger Russoman and Pamela Rogers; 10th grade- Louis

Rasado and Penny Cummings 11th grade- Robert Russoman and Anne Meyrowitz; 12th grade- Mark Parliearos and Elizabeth Rivera.

Football Supper by **Ed Martin**

On November 14, 1959 the Ledge girls put on a dinner for the football players in the McAlister House. Most of the boys arrived about 7:30 and sat around the fire place talking and listening to classical music. The tables were set up with white table clothes and candles. The meal began with the padre saying grace. As an appetizer there was tomato juice and wheat thins. The main meal consisted of fried chicken, mashed potatoes, creamed corn, and a lettuce salad Penny Cummings made. For dessert, there was pie ala mode. To drink we had milk and coffee. While eating dessert, Mr. Maddox mad a speech complimenting the football players on a fine season. The he called on Ildy, Don, next year's captains, Mr. Shirar, Miss Dallas, and Mr. Cheetam to say a few words. After the meal, most of the boys and girls sat around and talked until 10:00. We then proceeded to return home after a very nice evening.

Red & White December 1959

Pledge Service by **Cherie Abrahamsen**

Each year at Christmas time, the night before the students and staff at Greer leave for their vacation, a service is held in the Chapel. This service is called the "Pledge Service." The people from each cottage turn money in and receive small tags with the amount on it. At the service each cottage as a group goes up to the Christmas tree and places their tags on the tree. Then they sing the song they practiced for their cottage. When all the cottages have finished singing and are again seated, Dr. Elliott tells the beautiful, traditional story of the "Little Clock Maker".(Christmas Apple) After the service the children return to the cottages and the next say they leave for the city.

Twas the Night Before Christmas by **Paula Pequeno**

Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, just one little mouse.
He was grey with white whiskers, as cute as a dream.
And when Miss Joyce seen it, she let out a scream.
We all ran downstairs to see what was the matter,
Miss Joyce had hopped onto the table with a great deal of clatter.
Soon she got down and the cat strutted in,
With a proud look on her face and a sly little grin.
She was licking her chops and we all wondered why,
Then we found out, and left with a sigh.
Upstairs did we go to our cozy old beds,
While visions of sugar plums danced in our head.
We all said good night and fell fast asleep,
And now all was quiet there was hardly a peep.

Football by **Chris Doyle**

Football is an exciting but dangerous sport. Here at Greer the varsity plays "6-Man" and the junior and midge teams play "11-Man."

In the "6-Man" junior team practices we have snappy signals and complicated plays. When the plays work they make us feel good. Every Monday and Wednesday we have junior team practices. Every day at 4:15 to 6: P.M. there is varsity practices.

All in all, football is tops!

Autumn Leaves by **Rosemary MacGregor**

Pretty leaves of brown and gold
Make a carpet all around.
Wind will blow the leaves which fall
For you to catch and then let go.
The leaves may bring luck to you
If you catch them before they fall.
It may make a wish come true
If you catch one, then let it go.

Good Morning by **Georgia King**

“Post, post please post. Up and down; one, two, one, two. Every time his left foot comes forward, go up. You should go up once every two steps.”

This is what I spend most of my summers saying. My job? To teach 69 kids to learn to ride in 7 to 8 weeks.

There are 8 horses; Socks, Bingo, Pal, Scout, Trigger, Adam, Kelly and Streak. They were all pretty good horses with one exception, Trigger. He just wouldn't go unless you used a crop and when he didn't go that meant he was eating. Two of them Pal and Kelly, were very good lead horses because they were easy to get started; then usually the others would follow.

My day started at 6:00 am, when the alarm would protest at so early an hour by ringing until I awoke. After thinking how nice it would be to stay in bed, I would get up and feel my way into the bathroom and there my eyes would open as I washed. So it was, after I dressed, I would go off to the pasture with my little helpers, to bring the horse in, to feed and clean them.

The rest of the day was spent in saying, “Post, post, please post? Up and down, up and down; one, two, one, two. Every time his left foot comes forward, go up. You should go up once every two steps.”

Red & White April 1, 1959

Baseball Practice by **Don Berger**

The first real practice started Monday, April 13, for the 1959 season.

In our opinion, this year looks like it will be the best baseball season that Greer has had in many years. There are a total of 17 candidates for the baseball squad, 14 of them will be the traveling squad. There are 3 boys trying out for the pitching spot on the team, 6 boys trying for the infield one of whom is also a catcher, 2 boys trying for catcher and 6 boys trying for the outfield.

Girls Sports by **Madelyn Niemann**

Now that spring has shown its face and has decided to stay, the Girl's softball team has started its practice. Sometime this week, the team will be picked. Yesterday, April 13, the group went outside for the first time. It really showed, after a good hour of practice, how much more practice is needed. But the sun is shining and the shad flies are appearing so softball season is here once more.

Red & White May, 15, 1959

Tuesday's Test by Anne Meyrowitz

Last Tuesday, April 28, tests were given to the 9th, 10th, and 11th grades. Some people thought that they were intelligence tests, but they weren't. Others thought they were silly and some thought them practical. To tell the whole truth, I don't think anyone really knew much about them.

These tests were developed by the Science Research Development Associates, Inc. The National Education Development Tests, which were given to the 9th and 10th graders, are not tests specifically designed to help you understand some of your education strength and weaknesses. These tests will be scored during the summer and a list report of scores returned to school before September, 1, 1959

For the 11th grade the National Merit Scholarship Qualifying Test was given. The semifinalist will be given another test in the fall and the finalists of this test will be given Merit Scholarships. Those who do not make the extreme top will be letters commending them for their superior performance on the National Merit Scholarship Qualifying Test. Our school will receive an individual report of your five sub-test scores and your composite (total) score. Mr. Schultz will also receive suitable interpretive material which may be used as an aid in explaining the meaning and significance of your scores.

Red & White May 1, 1959

Movies by Glen Fillman

On Saturday, April 18 at 7:30 p.m. two movies were shown in the school auditorium for the enjoyment of the student body. The first shown was a scientific film on "Glass Eyes that See," which was made by the Mood Bible Institute. The second picture shown was "Going Steady," which showed the problems of teen-agers, and their dealings with religion. Some of the students think this second film was not really good because it did not hit on the right point.

Mr. Krissler's Talk by Larry VonRadics

On the morning of April 20 at 11:40 in the auditorium of the upper school, a talk was given to the student body by Mr. Krissler on the importance of having the right kind of education in order to get ahead in the business world. He gave many examples on the importance of memory and how good it is to have drive.

Mr. Krissler is a very exciting, interesting, and humorous speaker, and we are sure that everyone benefited from his talk in some way.



Shown above is Ann Foster, Postmaster of the Climax Post Office at Climax, New York. When Ann realized it would be 100 years for the Post Office in Climax, she thought something should be done to celebrate this big event. She started talking to people who came into her P.O. and found each had a different story about the area. Then she started interviewing different ones and one name led to another. More and more people came forward with small bits of information. Then a book came to mind condensing all these interesting bits of memories. Raymond Bucher was also a helping hand. He loaned articles from the Greene County Historical Society Bronx House. Other people brought in pictures of the school house and school children with dates and names. Putting all this together became the booklet "Climax Recollections". We are very proud of this lady, Ann Foster, for a job well done.

née Anne Meyrowitz

HEY ANN
 WE HEARD YOU
 LOCKED YOUR KEYS
 IN YOUR CAR WHILE
 TAKING PICTURES AT
 A FARM ABOUT A
 MILE FROM THE
 POST OFFICE.
 WE DO HOPE THE
 REST OF THE BIG
 EVENT WAS BETTER!



| | |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| NAME - | (SEE) |
| ADDRESS | |
| TELEPHONE # | |
| I PLAN TO ATTEND: | CHECK |
| A) DAY TIME ACTIVITIES | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| B) SUPPER ACTIVITIES | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| I AM ENCLOSING MY ALUMNI DUES \$15.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> |