

• **NOTE-MRS. FINK--- 100TH THURS. MAY 27, 1993**

Dear Fellow Alumni,



Spring 1993

The plans for our next reunion have been finalized and it will be July 10, 1993. We do hope that you will pass this information on to anyone you may know. Thank you for that.

We had quite a few articles written by you and will enclose as many as space will afford.

From: **Dan Dewey:** [REDACTED] Indian Valley VA 24105

Do you remember me? Ed Baker used to call me 'squeaky' and burned my first baseman's glove with baseballs thrown at 100 M.P.H. I remember you and "Mom" and living in Marcy – or at least fragments. I remember Francis the mule and Larry, Donny, Tony and more as your newsletter was a catalyst for many warm feeling about life and belonging which have been colder than the memories of Deathdays.

As you can see I have enclosed some writings about Hope Farm, yet reading these old excerpts were in some ways like coming home and seeing it for the first time. I'd like to tap more warm emotions to write with.

Presently, I am self-employed artist/research librarian with 3 kids, (6, 8 and 15) who call me 'mommydaddy'. We live in the remote part of the Blue Ridge Mountains for the past 16 years; burn wood for heat, eat the "King's Deer" and home school.

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

Thank you for keeping things going and keeping the old folks informed. We had two Irwin reunions in 1992 so brothers Richard '36 and Stanley '40 have kept up with some of your news. In fact before I started this I urged them to join the association and I have high hopes they will want to join in mid-July. While our numbers are getting less, I am sure there will be some they know like Hoover Mountcastle, Joe Obregon, and Bill Prentice. Too bad we did not have Robert Packer's address in Watkins Glen. The fall reunion was in Watkins Glen. We could have surprised him, but aren't we all brothers having the same Alma Mater?

Mrs. Irwin and I have been very active in our church...She is more than I. The church decided to add a bell choir to increase interest. My ambitious wife made a few decorated sweat shirts to see to raise money. They went so fast and they were so popular that she decorated 75 and sold them all. She closed down the factory (Kitchen...Sweat Shirt Factory) and turned down a chance to do more.

At the moment we are packing to take off for our rented Condo in Ormond Beach, FL.

I mention these things so that you can see we are alive and well and just doing fine. So are Dick and Stanley.

I am so grateful that the three of us were able to stay together when our home broke up due to my father's T.B. and that there were people like Nellie Morton, the Bacon's and the Finks' to name a few.

So it is off to Florida and we will be back in the spring.

From: **Hoover Mountcastle:** [REDACTED] Bronx, NY, 10462 [REDACTED]

The Place----Hope Farm

Three Trees of the Christmas Season

Christmas Eve 7 PM Service in the Chapel

We hung our pledges on the Tree.

Money for children less fortunate than we.

Christmas day in the cottage.

A well decorated tree with lots of presents.

Gifts from relative, friends and benefactors

Day after Christmas

We gathered around the largest tree with the most lights in the school building, sang carols and received candy and gifts from Hope Farm.

The year was 1929.

From: **John Rogers:** [REDACTED] Bloomfield Hills, MI 48304

Always great to hear from you and also about Greer.

Sorry to hear of its dismantling and the sell-off of what was once principally Greer or, as I knew it better, "Hope Farm."

But as you say, Greer will remain with meaning to all of us who attended though its buildings be gone – it represented upbringing, a brother and sister-hood and a set of values that holds solid and vibrant memories.

As we get older, we reflect more, particularly back to our childhood days, and certainly the McKinleys, the Mortons and the Finks and others as well as our classmates come pleasurably to mind. En Toto, it was a good experience and stood me well through the years, as I am sure it did for others of us.

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

I taught at Greer in 1941 – 1942.....have still kept up with one of my students, Joe Kaiser. I remember Wayne Holton very well. I have grand memories of Greer and my 1 ½ plus years there. I would love to hear from alumni now and then.

Since leaving Greer I have written 35 books; organized the tall ship event of NYC.....in 1964 called OPERATION SAIL...ran the OPSAIL event in 1976 and helped out with similar events in 1986 and this past July 4th, survived cancer and drawn thousands of pictures.

From: **Kasper Knutsen** – 4 James Circle, Longmont, CO 80501

Dorothy and I have lived in Longmont since 1984. I retired from Exxon Company in 1982 after 34 years. Spent most of those years in Wayne New Jersey.

We have two sons living here and one living in Lyndhurst, New Jersey.

Enjoy traveling about the states and attending Navy reunions each year, have no plans to move again.

O B I T U A R I E S

From: **Helene Morley**

Rita Wynne died August 1992. Rita went to Hope Farm at a very, very young age (3 years old) She lived in the nursery at Daisy for quite a few years then moved on to the other girls' cottages. Graduated from Hope Farm in 1935.

She made her home In New York City and retired from Radio Corp. of America in 1984. She had no immediate family.

From: **Candy Van Horn**

It is with a great deal of sorrow that I have to tell you that Van died in November 1991. You knew him as "**Elmer**" but to me he has always been "Van."

I would not be able to attend the reunion in July, but send my best wished for a successful and happy event.

From: **Mary Ann Packer Webster**

On December 13, dad, **Robert Packer** was admitted to our local Schuyler Hospital. He had suffered a mild heart attack, congestive heart failure and was unable to walk. He was recuperating nicely when he suddenly collapsed while being walked. Dad's wonderful heart stopped at 11:20 am on Tuesday, December 29, 1992. He remained alert until the end and his spirit was willing, but his body wasn't.....

From; Jack Wesdorp: Saugerties, NY 12477

Hey there, Jimmy Morton,

12/15/1992

I was there, '54-'59, the dumbo eared 'czar's' kid over in Rap; I had daily what most of you needed, so much-steady parents. So here's the view from the balcony, where a privileged few could sit and watch the Friday night movies. Hopalong Cassidy headin' 'em off at the pass, pretty soon I was in the booth, learning how to operate those two ancient carbon arc projectors. I'm the guy who for several years threaded film through the roller and synchronized the end of one reel with the beginning of the next. And how about back stage with that monster A2 on rollers, and the bank of crumbling rheostats in the closet, stage left?

Do you all remember the Gilbert and Sullivan productions, with Dorothy Schafenacker at the piano, and the Martin Play with the behind the scenes wind machine; and Arsenic and Old Lace, with Teddy roaring "charge." Then there was scouting at Camp Nooteming – remember the fake plane crash and the rescue through the woods?

In winter, there was sledding down the Marcy Hills and skiing between Daisy and Rap. How about Rap pool and Fairyland stream? And in the far basement room of Rap, for just a brief time, there was a Lionel model train set you wouldn't believe; alas, there were accusations of nepotism and hoarding of the goodies – as I recall, the whole thing got dismantled and disappeared in the more or less directions Gate House. I don't know if they ever got to play with it, sure was nice while it lasted.

Up the hill, to the left of the chapel, there grew a truly excellent blackberry patch.

Further on was the road down to Camp Barbey, with kerosene lantern lights at dusk all hanging on the front of each cabin as magic beacons for the lost. Beyond that lay the farm, with its working dairy herd, and bottling plant, remember skimming cream off the tops of those bottles? And hay baling and summer walks down to the Res?

Up the circling staircase of Main House in the topmost room, there was a mineral and gem collections all laid out – I wonder what became of that? Remember the old red food truck bringing around those stainless nested canisters, and I recollect, the food got a lot better after the old kitchen burned. We sat on the front porch roof of Rap and could feel the heat all the way across the cow pasture; after that, they rebuilt it and hired a very professional Connie Keuler to run it. And let's not forget, Bruce Barton died in a flaming torch in that old kitchen, as he attempted to clean the grease off the exhaust fans with gasoline. One of the good guys, he's still there.

And towards the end, a magnificent new shop building was put up, wood work, aeromechanics, and electronics bench, and the Home Ec. House. As I understand, it's almost all gone now, but I wouldn't want to have missed for anything this world could now offer me. Thanks Greer, my profound thanks!

Good fortune to you all out there.

We have a busy day planned for our July reunion. Check in time is at 10:00 am. We shall start the day by meeting on the Greer Campus at the Field House. There you will be able to sign in and meet with everyone. A lifeguard will be on duty and we will be able to use the pool. Lunch consisting of cold cuts and salad will be served here. Then, to O'Neil's Irish Castle for dinner.

We have a block of rooms being held for those of you who wish to spend the night. You must make your own reservations. Cocktails will be at 6:00pm and dinner will be served at 7:00 pm. We have decided not to have band, as we seem to enjoy just visiting with everyone. We will set up tables and have music. There will be a cash bar available. The evening will draw to a close at 11:00 pm.

Mitzi and Doug *Jim and Isabel*

Dear Fellow Alumni,



October 1993

The reunion was a very nice affair and the attendance was good considering the very hot weather, but you all held up to it very nicely. Good going!! Now the weather starts to cool down and it will be time shovel snow again before we know it.

While on vacation on Cape Cod we happened to find a teacher (through Judy Wallace) who is 93 and her first teaching job was at Hope Farm in 1925. Her name then was Betty Brown, her name is now Bliven. She remembers me as baby with nice blue eyes. We do wonder how many alumni do live in places that we visited and we haven't any address for them. Our list consists of about 350 names and we do always hope for other alumni showing up so we can add them to the list. Have any names we don't?

We are planning so send a letter to all the alumni at Christmas and would appreciate any news that any of you may care to write about. We are sure there are plenty of stories out there about Greer or about what or what some of you are doing now...

Before we close this letter to you, want to take a moment and thank all of you who have sent in your thought and memories....all thing shared with us. Jim and I can put together our newsletter, and we ca print them but the contents come from you. Without your memories, there is not letter. Please keep them coming. It is an important part of our past, and you never know who your memories touch.

In going over some information about Greer, Hope Farm, I came across this:

"Greer believes that the child, school and community must be combined into an effective team, base on faith in God and service to man. That its children are entitled to not merely intellectual tools, but also a basic training for a democratic rich and wholesome life"

I think they followed this belief very well.

Until next time,

Doug & Mitzi

Jim & Isabel

HAPPY 100TH HELEN!

From: **Helen Zarakovitis**: 8/24/1993

Dear Fellow Alumni,

Sorry my brother George and I missed the Greer reunion on July 190th. Would have loved seeing you all and being there to celebrate Mrs. Fink's 100th birthday.

I saw pictures from several alumni and news as to who was there. I'm sure it was very hot that weekend. If so, I didn't miss that. Hopefully the next reunion will be in August—I went out to California in August to help celebrate my brother George's birthday.

A great time was had as usual.

Regard to all.

July was picked for the reunion as the last one in August was very hot! Sorry we did pick another in July that was so hot! Can't win them all—Jim Morton

Gertrude Sutton died:

Fred Trommsdorff's daughter died:

GERTRUDE SUTTON
 Gertrude Sutton, 95, died Aug. 22 in Cornwallville. She was born in Windham, April 14, 1898, daughter of the late Osmer and Inez Cooke Sutton.
 She was a retired public school teacher in Millbrook, N.Y., and a member of Susquehanna United Methodist Church, Durham. She was predeceased by four brothers, Asbury, Russell, Max and Erik Sutton.
 Funeral services were Tuesday, 11 a.m., from the Cunningham Funeral Home, Greenville, with the Rev. B. Reay Mahler of Cornwallville officiating. Friends called at the funeral home Monday from 4 to 7 p.m. Interment was at the Cornwallville Cemetery.
 Surviving are two sisters, Leslie Sutton of Cornwallville, and Mrs. Olive Leith of Peabody, Mass.; and several nieces and nephews.

Inge Rothenberg called to inform us that Fred Trommsdorff's daughter died suddenly.
 OUR DEEPEST SYMPATHY IS EXTENDED TO FRED AND HIS FAMILY.....
 Mr. FRED Trommsdorff
 [REDACTED]
 Hicksville, New York
 11801
 516- [REDACTED]

Recollections of My Time at Greer School 1947-1954

Jim Mathewson
Raleigh, NC 2609

I expect Jimmy Morton to boil this down to a manageable piece of text, any improvement will be appreciated. Jim

The first I was aware that there was a change about to happen, was when I noticed piles of clothing in the living room. There were also a lot of tags near the clothes. Some of the clothes were my sister Margaret's (Peggy) and some were mine. There were labels nicely preprinted "PLUM." Added to this were my sister's initials, "MLM" in India ink. There were other labels which said, "DAISY," my initials were on these. I didn't know the labels were going to be sewn into the clothing yet. Dad sat my sister and me down and explained we were going to go to a school in New York State. It was a "boarding" school. Around Labor Day 1947 dad drove us to Greer. It was a beautiful place. I remember large lawns, big trees, and rolling countryside. I don't recall what happened administratively. I do remember my first cubicle mate's name, Howard Hobson. He was very tall and I was short. Mr. and Mrs. Hefner were the house parents. I heard stories of guys being homesick. I was not for one minute. This was a great place to be! All these guys to mess around with and all that country to roam, **I was happy!**

I recall the trip to "City House" for the 1947 Christmas vacation. That was an adventure! I don't remember how many buses drove from Greer to the city but when they all arrived on 35th street, a major traffic jam occurred. There was so much commotion and excitement!

We returned early from our vacation. Daisy was closed and the Daisy boys were staying at Marcy cottage. I go to know Mom Morton's gentle but firm management style. She was non-stop actions. If you stayed put for a few minutes, she came by. There were always questions and directions. There were no idle boys around mom. I broke some rule and had to forego dinner. I was concerned I would starve! After everyone had eaten, mom took me into the dining room and sat me down for a meal of bread and milk. I was allowed to add sugar and nobody watched! I don't know what the other kids had for dinner, but mine was fine, thank you. Mom also ran the Cub Scouts. For awhile I was a Cub. She took us on nature walks and lectured us about animals. Most of what I knew about animals and trees I learned from Mom Morton.

I remember my first trip to camp. Mrs. "Mac" McKinley was a great deal like Mom Morton. There were lots of orders and she was constantly among us. She had a great wealth of information and very open attitude. I had thought all older people were very rigid. Mrs. Mac was not at all rigid except about some things. There was no bullying, **everyone had a job and everyone did it!** There were crafts and nature walks and hikes to Dover Furnace. Mrs. Mac didn't take that hike, but met us there with food and refreshing drinks of KoolAid.

The pool was something else. I don't know what glacier fed that pool, but when we went down in the morning before breakfast for a dip to wake us up threw an expression, "Who's going to break the ice"? It was very nearly literal. I might have done it the first time, I'm not sure. What I am sure of it; I never came close after that. I remember the stories around the camp fire. I don't quite remember Dr. Elliott's story

about "Mad Monk." I do remember not going to sleep immediately. If anyone had told me I would enjoy sleeping on a mattress "tic" stuffed with straw, I wouldn't have believed them. You did have to learn to stuff it so the ends didn't dig in to you. I learned! I slept! Boy! Did I eat!

As I grew older I graduated to Gate House. It was well named. I remember fling airplanes from the top of the root cellar. Eugene (Plugger) Devaux built a shelf in shop. In order to raise money to spend for Christmas, he raffled it off. I believe he had ten chances at ten cents apiece, I bought a chance. Gene had poor luck selling chances so I bought another. His luck didn't improve, so I bought another. I got caught up in the raffle and ended up with nine of the ten tickets. I don't remember who bought the tenth ticket, but I hope he enjoyed the shelf!

Learning went at a rapid pace. Clark Moffitt and I did many odd jobs around the school as long as there was a machine involved. The school had a Farmall "A" tractor which we did many interesting things with. For those unfamiliar the "A" had its motor set well off center to allow a good view of the front end. This helped a great deal in cultivating. I recall a Saturday we were plowing a field with a steep slope. Clark had done most of the plowing but he gave me a turn. He didn't give me any instructions! He expected me to understand what was going on by watching. I made the mistake of plowing the wrong way around the field and the off center construction of the tractor allowed it to turn over. Clark managed to get it back on its wheels without any help (or anyone knowing). The only apparent damage was the muffler. It broke off in the roll. We liked the way it sounded! Learning went on!

Finally I graduated to Rapallo. They had TV! They also had a laundry chute. Some of us were brave (or stupid) enough to use it as a path to the basement. The first time I went down it was head first. There were clothes in the bottom so it was a rather crude landing! The second time I threw a test ball of dirty laundry down and followed immediately. The clothes were hung up just below the first floor door and so was I! As I said learning went on. That was my last trip down the chute.

Who remembers the spotting tower on Main House? I did some work on that. There was the Daisy fire. I melted the tar for the roof reconstruction. We built garages at Daisy. We put in a new sewer field. I was there to watch the barn burn down. It was very sad! I remember putting a new foundation and beam under the White house the McHenrys moved into and taking a barn down piece by piece and the hurricane which knocked down so many tall pines in an area we called Watts near Ledge Cottage.

When I look back on the things we did and what we learned and the people who taught us, I have to say they were very patient, at times demanding, and always encouraging people. I say people rather than teachers because teacher means someone conducting a class to me. I learned from everything in the experience. I never took a class from Mr. Fink or Mr. Groh, but I learned greatly from them! I came to appreciate some of the work done by Dr. Elliott and Mr. Kenneth Kenneth-Smith at City House long after I had graduated. It's too bad so many of us didn't appreciate their effort at the time but, they weren't looking for appreciation. They and many more were doing difficult, vital work for us in difficult times. I'll never know how much I owe and to whom I owe it. Greer taught me to be self reliant, willing to take a chance and endowed me with the feeling that whatever it was, I could do it. Along with leaning to be independent, we learned to be reliable.

We did what we said we would and expect the same in return. I haven't always done it but I thought I could!

Speaking of old acquaintance, does anyone know where Harry James (Jim) DuMond is? I have made some efforts through limited channels and he disappeared from the face of the earth. I borrowed Mrs. Elliott's alumni lists and put the ones I knew into my computer. If you are of a mood to share your list, I would appreciate browsing it and filling some blank spots.

I retired from IBM after 37 years n July of 1991. I have worked for them off for them as a contractor for nearly 2 years. I am currently under contract but plan to allow myself a little time off. My sister left IBM Rochester last year after about 15 years. My dad and his wife, (my evil step-mother) live in Myrtle Beach, SC. I have a son who lives in Charleston, SC. Between my son and I we see him fairly regularly. He is in good health for 86. His mind is better that his body, but that's the important part.

Historical Society presents award

nee Anne Meyrowitz



GREENE COUNTY presented the first annual Beecher Award Sunday evening, recognizing a person who has worked to preserve and promote local history. Left to right: Ted Hilscher, board chairman; Raymond Beecher, Vedder Memorial librarian, for whom the award is named; Society president Robert Stackman and the award recipient, Ann Foster, who compiled extensive records in celebration of the 100th anniversary of the Climax post office. She received a silver bowl and a collection of Greene County history books published by Black Dome Press.

ANNABETH JENKINS/SCN

From: Inge Rothenberg

American / International Executive Business Center, Inc

Inge F. Rothenberg
President

14 East 60th Street
Suite 307
New York, NY 10022
(212)-308-0049
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Dear Jim & Isabel,

I want to personally thank you both and Mitzi and Doug for giving us this extra pleasure in life. We all love coming and none of us have the time to put it together – we also have to thank Fred Trommsdorff for his presentation and his presentation and his presentation, but he was good and again none of us could have done it.

It was particularly nice to have the reunion at Greer. To see how it is and still remember the basic beauty even if most of the cottages are gone but the church is there, the school to a degree is there and we can walk around (without a permit) and that is wonderful. You did a nice job of choosing the motel. It was close, to school and everybody could find it. The evening and the dining room and the dinner were all excellent. With Fred we didn't even miss the music, and the truth is it gave us an extra opportunity to talk with each other and table hop.

I am sending you copies of the pictures I took—sorry that they are mostly of our group, but let us hope that some of the other groups will send you some too so that you can have a current collection as well as the oldies. By the way, none of us could figure out what to give Mrs. Fink, the idea of the \$100 bill surrounded by all the names was a terrific idea—a big thank you for that. The cake and the flowers at lunch and dinner were thoughtful—for you are right, it is hard to tell if a beautiful lady of 100 is up to all that emotion. But she did it and did it beautifully.

I sent Betty and Dick some copies and they were so sad not to be able to be there this time, maybe next one. The same with my sister, Marion. Joe Lopez is getting married in October to Sandy, the beautiful blonde lady who has attended now several times. The next reunion Karin and Bill Beer promise to bring their spouses. Keep us posted with whatever and again really thank you and thank you.

The four of us thank you all for coming and making the party a success. -Jim Morton



THE ENCYCLOPEDIAS

The encyclopedias passed, from hand to hand, within the same generation like ancient relics--heirlooms from our private past.

Covers frayed, copies missing, pages torn and scribbled on, still the books occupied an important place on the family mantel.

They were the freezing winter day when Mother lay in a snowbank by the side of the rural town road waiting for someone to save her, as she cried in the icy silence.

They were the traveling salesmen who amused her as she sat at home, car-less in the country; raising children, never understanding how, while father worked day and night trying to succeed.

They were the abuse that finally became public information--the frustration Father felt when Mother ordered what he'd have to finance; the final straw to break his back. He threw her out, where she drifted in the snowy haze, hollow from another beating.

WRITTEN BY:
Ms Judy Wallace
P.O. Box 2512
Orleans, MA 02653

I read the Book of Knowledge. Its volumes of pleasing pictures told of children from other lands--other children who somehow survived the cruelties of childhood--some fortunate, some famous, each giving hope to one like me.

My brother prides himself--how he rescued the books from obscurity--how he insisted they be returned to the fold when Mom gave them away--to an alcoholic friend. "They belong in the family," he lectured, his solemn sermon.

My sister saved them again, from the moldy mildew of a storage shed. She proudly displayed them in her tiny kitchen where they lined an entire wall. When she moved she was forced by space to put them into boxes again.

We took them to my basement, then up to the living room where they now sit on shelves that hug a whole wall. No one uses them. There are others; newer, nicer. Still, we treasure them; not because they are valuable--because we remember the price paid for them.



Bertha Fife Packer-Obit

BERTHA FIFE PACKER, age 100 of State Route 414, Watkins Glen, died Wednesday, September 29, 1993. Bertha was born Sept. 14, 1893 in Windermere, Ontario, Canada. She was a graduate of the Toronto General Hospital School of Nursing, in 1917 and did private duty before retiring from nursing at age 75. She was a member of Toronto General Nursing Alumni; School Nurse at Greer School, Hope Farm, N.Y., and church camp nurse during summers at Path Finder Lodge in Cooperstown, N.Y. Bertha was a member of the First Presbyterian Church in Watkins Glen and a life member of Schuyler Hospital, Montour Falls. She was predeceased by her husband, Robert on December 29, 1992. Surviving is her daughter and son-in-law: Mary Ann and Robert Webster of Watkins Glen; grandchildren Diane Cooper, Watkins Glen; Gordon Cooper, Atlanta, Ga., and Nancy Cooper Davis, Albany; many nieces and nephews. Family and friends are invited to call Monday, Oct. 4, from 1-2 p.m. at the Royce-Chedzoy Funeral Home, 212 East Fourth St., Watkins Glen. Funeral Services there at 2 p.m. following Visiting Hours. The Rev. W. David Ashby will officiate. Burial in Mt. Hope Cemetery, Norwich, N.Y., on Tuesday, 11 a.m. Memorials may be made to the First Presbyterian Church of Watkins Glen or Schuyler Hospital, Montour Falls.

* Auxiliary

See you next time.

As always,

Mitzi and Doug

Jim and Isabel



Merry Christmas
And
Happy New Year!

Dear Fellow Alumni,

December 1993

On the beautiful, sunny, warm day of Friday, October 12 1993 this reporter crashed a wedding and had a very nice time watching the proceedings.

Mrs. Gwen Elliott said that Inge and Marin Rothenberg were coming up and stopping at Mrs. Elliott's house. I went down to say hello as I do live close by.

The girls were looking for the Millbrook town hall so I drove my truck and guided them to it. The groom was there and he asked me to stay, which I did. It was a very nice wedding held outside in the warm sunlight. There were 6 alumni in attendance and they were as follows: Inge and Marion Rothenberg, Ciso and Betty (Gregory) Lopez, and not forgetting the groom JOE LOPEZ. I was number 6. Joe married his friend Sandy Abbemante. I was glad to have been included even though I crashed it.

We, the staff, of the alumni association do want to wish all of you a very happy holiday. We also hope that all is going your way, again, every one of you.

ANY ADDRESSES OR NEW ITEMS ABOUT YOURSELF OR GREER THAT YOU WOULD CARE TO SHARE WITH US, WE WOULD APPRECIATE THEM.

THANK YOU.

Join us: association dues \$15.00: Join us

From: **Jack Wesdorp** Saugerties, NY 12477

Greer was a magical place, where we came to be healed of our affiliations. For a child there is no greater woe that a father and mother who, for whatever the reasons (and they are legion) dissolve their partnership. We were the lucky few who made it through the contortions of the social welfare system and into the extended families in the cottages at Greer. There, where the healing process could commence, we got what we needed most: Friday night movies, regular meals, private space, summer vacation camp, daily ritual adventuring, sports hotly contested, stage experience – the list of kid oriented stuff is long. And we got the more profound lessons too: exploring the pecking order, schooling, Sunday sermons, professional health care, tribal orientations- this list is the one that prepares souls for the life cycle.

Into the care of a trusted, dedicated, handful, was it given to guide us among the pitfalls? And where the thorns were sharp, when illness felled us, there was one ready and capable to lead us always. Bertha Packer passed on just the other day, age 100 – one of those mysterious perfect numbers – and going strong right to the end. She saw to it that we got our polio immunizations, made several inspections tours a year to keep the place clean, nurse our misbehaving bodies back to health in the infirmary and socked a stalwart piece before the gathered Sunday congregations.

Last night, in a dream, I saw her standing near the chapel Christmas tree. After the singing, the candled, ceremonial, and the promise...after the church was vacant and silent...she turned to me and said clear as can be: "You can see, you know." And I, who have traveled the long path into near blindness...stepped out into the freshly fallen snow, softy flakes the size of quarters mouthing about the belfry. And I followed a hundred footprints, each to their appointed place, and I could see forever.

From: The Hope Farm Quarterly July 1, 1930

Gall Flies- **Joe Obregon**

Gall flies make tiny nest on trees and bushes. One day on our nature walk, Mr. Bacon cut open a nest and we found a little bug inside. We were told that when the gall fly wishes to make a nest

he stings a leaf on a tree. This makes the leaf swell. At the same time she lays her egg on the place she made the swelling. Another gall fly grows out of the egg, bores a hole through the leaf and flies away to do the same thing. There may different kind of galls.

From: the *Red & White* March 26, 1954

Seniors Stage Martin Play

December 16, 1953, the Senior Class of Greer School presented the traditional Christmas play, "Where Love is, There God is Also," adapted from a short story by Leo Tolstoy'. Under the excellent direction of Mr. Carmine Di Arpino, the play was a master stroke of acting, lightning and casting.

THE CAST

Prologue	Mary Ann Packer
Martin	James DuMond
Neighbor	Judy Mahler
Pilgrim	Peter Munzer
Ivan	Jim Mathewson
Poor Mother	Gwen Jones
Beggar Boy	John Maffi
Voice	Tom King
Children	Angela Oliver, Marie Barkman, Pam Fernandez
Epilog	Dee Wadeley
Acolytes	Jerry Wolf, Amos Berry

The gentle Christmas spirit of the play brought out everyone's, best ability. The well known plot of the cobbler, embittered by the loss of his son, who finally finds peace in Christ, does not need to be told.

The play was produced in a very effective way, with the acolyte's, organ and choir. The choir, made up of volunteers, sang many selections to the accompaniment of an organ played by Mrs. Eleanor (James) Hamilton. To sum up the spirit with which the seniors presented this play, I quote the sentence that was printed on the back of the program: "We hope that the spirit of this play will carry through the coming season and make Christmas and the New Year joyful."

From: *ECHO*, Greer School Christmas - Issue No Date

"Sunset" by Peggy Mathewson 10th grade

One day I was walking to Ledge, on the Ledge road. It was dark out and the moon couldn't be seen, but the setting sun was blazing orange. The trees and the ground were all shadowed as if someone had spilled black in over the earth. Everything was silhouetted except for the sun. It looked as if someone was very angry or bad tempered, and the silhouetted earth looked like its servant.

"St. Nicks' Journey" **Tecla Klyce**

The stockings by the chimney hang
The children in their beds are laid.
The light are out, the skin is dim,
The snowflakes fall light and thin.

The earth is silent, the stars are still.
St. Nick's on his journey through the hills.
You hear a tingle, you see a sleigh,
Far up on the roof top far away.

The chimney's clean, there fires are out,
Here comes St. Nick, with his bag sot stout.
But he laughs all over from head to foot.
He pulls out his bag all sorts of gags

A dog with a tag, a snake as a gag.
Up the chimney he flies like a bird,
Out in the sky he quickly flies

“An Invitation” - **Robert Tate** 10th grade

An invitation comes to him,
And he gratefully replied,
A meal to top all meals he read,
He wouldn't miss it 'less he was dead.

As he packed his things to go to eat,
He expected an expensive meal,
With all sorts of candies and sugars and treats,
A real rip-roaring deal.

A meal for nothing wasn't bad,
Thought he with a broad smile,
Dinner at eight he couldn't wait
Not even the short while.

Somewhere the sun shines bright and gay,
But not near the diner who was delighted;
Because with sugar, spices and candies,
Today cooks the guest who was invited.

From: *Red & White* December 14, 1957

“Crest Christmas Spirit” by **Ellie Gral**

As far as I can see, Crest has shown a remarkable Christmas spirit. Everyone is very excited about it, mainly because of one small fact. Most of the students are going home during the vacation.

At Crest, we have place our Christmas tree on a table in the living room in plain sight of everyone who comes in. It was decorated by Cherri Abrahamsen and Charmi Neely with a FEW assistants. Our living room has been decorated in other ways such as with ornament son branches of the tree laid over the fireplace.

Everyone is sincerely awaiting the arrival of Christmas.

We sing Christmas Carols (after lights out). I'm sure everyone in Main House appreciates our beautiful soprano voices. But one thing is certain; everyone in Crest is awaiting the one thing that will make Christmas special.....SNOW

“Saint Nicholas” by **Pat Bogert**

All over the world the birth of Christ is celebrated by many different types of people. In Italy, Children of Nicola and in Germany they talk of Kris Kringle. Saint Sylvester is whispered about in Russia by young people who are much the same as the boys and girls in the United States.

All of us know Santa Claus, the jolly little character, who on Christmas eve, comes to the houses of both the rich and the poor to fill the stockings that have been hung by the fireplace and put presents under all the Christmas trees. It is believed that only the BAD ARE PASSED BY. What is this amazing old gent like?? WELL...let's see if we can describe him...

Now there is a quick little man
That is rather short and stout,
A lively gentleman,
The elves help to get about.

The suit he wears is bright red,
A matching hat upon his head,
Now these are both trimmed in white.
His boots are black as the night.

His pipe is clinched in his teeth,
His cheeks have such a rosy hue.
Down the chimney, covered in soot,
He brings Christmas joy just for you.

RED & WHITE -year 1958

What would you do if a flying saucer landed? By **Maureen Meyer**

Darby Sievers: I'd probably run and hide behind a bush.
Fenton Keenan: Man oh Man? I'd probably join them.
Terry Abrams: I'd hop aboard.
Miss Buhlman: I'd sit on it.
Tony Voight: Have fun, walk in and say hello.
Don Berger: You couldn't write down what I would do.
Darryl Hannon: I'd ask them for their passports.
John Hammer: I'd go and greet my old acquaintances.
Bob Tate: Run like blazes.
Robert Ildefonso: I would go and ask them to take me to their leader.
Glenn Fillman: I'd ask them if they enjoyed their trip.
Herbie Dais: Run!
Karin Townsend: I haven't got an answer.
Sue Lovett: I'd make one of them in the flying saucer give me a five-minute speech for me on Friday.
Mr. Di: I'd go up and talk to the people, obviously.
Louis Rosado: I'd go back with them to Mars.
Georgeanne Clark: I'd scream.

From: *Red & White* November-December 1959

A Poem by **Cherri Abrahamsen**

Penny and Cherri sat in their room
Doing their homework at night.
Penny was chewing on straw from a broom
And Cherri had turned on the light.
Penny reached down to pick up a book,
Then she let out with a scream.
Cherri just said "Let me have the look,"
Then she hit her head on a beam.
There on the floor, big as life,
What do you think they saw?
A snake, a kitten, a farmer's wife?
Let me tell you it all.
Right on the floor, next to the bed
Was a miniature monster asleep.
As we screamed it awoke and moved its head.
Then it began to creep.
We called in Georgeanne, and she nearly died,
When she saw that small monster there.
We called in Paula she just cried,
"I think this is just a nightmare!"
We called everyone in Ledge,
Who proceeded to jump on our beds.
Someone yelled "Let's go get the sledge
And hit it over the head."
Miss Joyce heard the noise and came running in,
She said "It's afraid of us.
It's not much bigger than a fish's fin,
So why should there be such a fuss."
Then entered the hero, whose name we withhold,
But she was a wonderful gal.

She picked it up in a paper fold.
 We thought it started to growl.
 She studied thoughtfully the monstrous bug,
 And then she said with a moan.
 “Your monster is only a little slug.
 It isn’t even full grown.”
 With flick of the hand out the window it went,
 And down it dropped to its doom
 We hope that never again shall be sent
 A monster like that to our room!!!!

“Story” by **Doug Berry**

On December 4, 1959, Mrs. Watson invited Mrs. Devlan from Bell Telephone Company to speak in assembly. Phyllis Campesi introduced her to us. Miss Devlan showed us some telephones and then a movie on telephones, featuring Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy.

There have been four birthdays, in the month of December. They were Dean Hartz, Don Berger, Gary Wood, and Peter Puig. There are two more coming up; they are those of Anne Meyrowitz and Danny Dewey.

On Tuesday December 8, 1959, a gentleman from Social Security office came to speak on Social Security. He spoke of many of the points of the Social Security law.

You have all send the pine tree in front of Main House. Every year it is decorated with brightly colored lights. It is a lovely sight.

There is a suggestion box in the receptionists’ office in the upper school building pertaining to the Rule Book Committee. How about using it?

Thanks to Mr. Kuehler, the students at each cottage were treated to cake, cookies, and cocoa on Sunday night December 13th.

Thanksgiving Dinner by **Cherri Abrahamsen**

On Thursday, November 26, 1959, the annual Thanksgiving dinner was held in the Greer School Auditorium. The groups meet in the class rooms and then proceeded to the auditorium. We sang a song and Mr. Robert Packer led the opening prayer; then we sat down to eat. The meal consisted of turkey, potatoes, peas, stuffing, cranberry sauce, gravy and various small dishes such as olives, and fruit cups. For dessert we had ice cream. Cider was the beverage of the meal.

The meal closed with the presentation for the Albrecht Award which went to Rose McClain and Robert Ildefonso. Honorable mention went to Liz Rivera and Mark Parliearos. We sang “America” and the proceeded to the different recreations for the day.

We would like to than the staff, cook, Mr. Morton, Mr. and Mrs. Kuehler, Tony Voight, Tom McCandless, Larry Von Radics, and anyone else who had anything else to do with the meal.

Student Guidebook 1956-1957

Rates 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 pr week unless otherwise stated):

<u>Job</u>	<u>Good</u>	<u>Avg.</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 10¢ per hour
16 years of age.....top rate 15¢ 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 the amount of incentive wages which might have been earned for good work on that day.

Do you remember?

Where love is, there God is also.....

Year after year, the simple story of Martin the Shoemaker has held the children spellbound. They sorrow with him; at the cobbler's bench thinking of his wife and little son who had been carried off by death....they feel his hopelessness and despair...are awed when in anguish the poor cobbler complains of God.

A weary pilgrim comes by and Martin mends his worn boot. Noticing Martin's despair, the pilgrim says that there is one kind of happiness we may all have, the happiness that comes from helping others He counsels Martin to read the Good Book.

Each morning and night since the pilgrims visit, the Bible is Martin's constant companion. He no longer feels alone and without hope in a dream he hears a voice, "Martin, Look tomorrow into the street I am coming."

In the early light, Martin peers from his window. He sees only old Ivan the street sweeper. Martin is disappointed, but sees how cold old Ivan is and asks him indoors and gives him a hot tea to warm him.

Late in the day a poor widow comes and Martin gives her a cloak to cover her infant and his little boys' shoes. But he still waits for the Coming.

There is a low knock on the door and Martin is aglow with certainty it is He. The door opens it is only a little child, cold and hungry, begging a crust to eat. Martin warms the child's frozen hands, heats a bowl of broth and lays the child to sleep in his own bed.

With the Good Book in his hands, Martin sits at the side of the bed, wondering when He will come.

The voice whispers softly, "Martin, I am here."

Martin looks up and in the glow of the light he sees old Ivan the street sweeper, the woman and her babe and the beggar child.

"For I was hungered and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in; in as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Wishing you all much joy for the New Year. May your Christmas be Merry.

Love to you all,

Doug Jim
& &
Mitzi Isabel