

Dear Fellow Alumni



March 1995

We wish to thank you for all the Christmas cards WE RECEIVED AND DO HOPE YOU ALL HAD A HAPPY HOLIDAY.

We had a note from Mary (Cuevas) Krawczyk about the Class of 1943. One sentence stated as follow: "This was led by our very able vice-president who banged on tin cans." Mary wrote that, "I do not remember doing this. I was the vice-president. Where did you get this from? I just dragged out my year book for the first time in over 20 years". She didn't say if she remembers it.

During the holidays we were invited to Pat Dallas' for a get-together. We stopped in Hyde Park & picked up Mrs. Fink. Those who attended were Jim & Eleanor Hamilton, Mrs. Fink, Isabel and Jim Morton, Maurice & Ginny Neville; we had a very nice time.

We also received many snapshots of the people at Greer in the '50's from Betty (Brown) Lucas; those were well accepted and will go into the photo albums of the alumni association.

This letter was addressed to the Chamber of Commerce 10/26/1994

I would like to get some information – I think you can help me.

I am interested in what happened to Hope Farm, a home for children. My daughter was up there a week ago and said everything was gone, it's all condos, and I wanted to cry! What happened to all the children that were there?

Maybe I'd better start from the beginning. I'm 88 years old; my two sisters & I were the first ones up there. All there was then was a monastery, where we lived until they build the cottage for all of us, then over 100 children, then a school a church, etc. Miss Rapallo was the kind lady who took us all in when nobody else wanted us. We worked very hard, not much time for play, cooked our own meals, made our own clothes, gardening, we even had a few cows. It was heaven to us, and there only was one housemother, who we all loved. About 20 years ago my whole family went to visit, it was still Hope Farm, I was so glad. After a good cry, I went around to see Marie McKinley, who was retired and living in the same cottage. There were a lot of changes, but it was still a home for welfare kids. After my daughter came back from her visit, the only thing left was the same church I went to all my childhood, noting else, another good cry. I'm glad I had pictures of the old Hope Farm I took when I was sixteen. I had to leave the only home I had ever known, but its part of my life. I'll never forget. I made it part of my family's life also. I had 6 children. My little sister died up there. (At Hope Farm)

My family was sad when I told them what happened; they remember Hope Farm from their visit years ago, they loved it.

It's like the last chapter of my life, I was only 4, and it seemed like my beginning, that's all I ever remembered. My sisters were, Alvina 3, Mathilda 5, brother James 6. I'm so glad and feel lucky to have had such a wonderful childhood, when I think of all those other poor kids in foster homes.

I didn't mean to be so long, when all I wanted was some information and would like a little history about it so I can pass it on to my family. I don't ever want them to forget where I spent my childhood.

I'm now living in a senior citizen housing in Milford, CT. If you would be kind enough to give me more information or someone else who could, I'd appreciate your help and thanks.

If I'm no longer around you can send it to my daughter: Janet James, [REDACTED] Milford, CT 06460.

My name is **Esther Fenton**: [REDACTED] Milford, CT 06460. My name at Hope Farm was **WOODS**....

(Letters were written to her by Mrs. Fink, Edna Dicker and Jim Morton.)

From: **Joe Kaiser**

I'm thinking of you in the hills of Mosquito Bite and where the tall pines rustle during this Thanksgiving season.

Around this time of year, I usually get a bit nostalgic thinking about the holidays at Daisy when all the guys went home and us squirts had the place to us. Of occurs it was the same situation at Gate, Rap, Marcy, etc. I remember the decorating of the Christmas tree in church, the Christmas carols and the new found freedom we had, ice skating, ping pong.

After the big Thanksgiving feast we took the hike to Verbank to walk it off and came back twice as hungry again. I also recall the Thanksgiving at the McKinley's and the number Bill McKinley did on the turkey in the back yard. Greer was a great place to live as a kid and grow up. I still think about it 50 years later & it's amazing how much is recalled & how strongly it sticks in the mind, because of the lasting impression the school had on us.

Millie & I are finally getting good & settled in our new home here in New Jersey.

From: **Cathy Devaux:** [REDACTED] Durham, CT 06422

My dear husband **Gene** passed away suddenly on November 2, 1993. We were married almost 33 years and I'm afraid I'm still having difficulty accepting it. We have 2 children, David & Nancy and 2 grandchildren.

Gene always spoke most fondly of his years at 'Greer. I almost felt that I knew many of the people he grew up with.

We had a Christmas letter returned from **Leo Kraft** in NYC. The reason for this return was Leo had died. Sorry we do not know any of the details.

We later had a letter from Helen Zarakovitis [REDACTED] Miami Beach Fl, 33140, stating Leo Kraft passed away on September 1. "I called his office last night and they confirmed it. My brother Ernie was the one who gave him his nickname "Gipper." Sorry I did not get to the reunion he finally went to -I at least spoke to him a few times on the phone and we reminisced the good times at Greer".

From: **Ward Bell,** [REDACTED] Sea Cliff, NY 11579

I want you to know how much I enjoy your newsletters. No only do I quickly read each item, but I go back to them and the past comes constantly because they remind me so much of the pleasant 3 ½ years I taught there .

I first went to Hope Farm in 1937, right out of college (Colgate). I was teaching history & coaching all sports at a boarding school in Highland, NY, across the Hudson from Poughkeepsie. Making up the basketball schedule, I was told that a possible game might be arraigned with a school called Hope Farm, but nobody knew its address. I wrote a letter addressed to Hope Farm School, East of Poughkeepsie, NY. Shortly thereafter, I received a letter from Jack Heifner, Hope Farm coach setting a game there. Arriving in the old auditorium gym, I was greatly surprised to meet the young teacher who would serve as referee. Know to all at Hope Farm as Mr. Bertram, it was Mr. Fink's nephew, Mr. Bertrand Fink who was a fraternity brother of my older brother at Wesleyan Univ. We had previously met and we were well acquainted with each other. Our reunion was repeated in the baseball season when "Mr. Bert" informed me that he was leaving at the end of the year to accept a scholarship to Teacher College, Columbia Univ. in NYC. As he was being paid \$30.00 per month more than I was getting on my job, I took steps to apply to be his replacement. One Sunday, I was interviewed by Mr. Behrends and visited Hope Farm for the afternoon.

Shortly I was notified of my appointment to the job for the fall of 1939. Thus began my time there.

I enjoyed the letter from William Seeley even though his years at Greer began a year after I left; things sound quite the same, showing a warm affection for the whole living situations that both student & faculty remember.

From the faculty, I continually see Mr. Braynard, who goes back to being a childhood friend in my old home town, Sea Cliff, Long Island where we both still live. He has become world famous due to his activities in Maritime History. He met with President Kennedy to start the first Tall Ships Events, bringing the old full-rigged ships to this country from Europe and all of the Americas. He has continued these events ever since. He is now the head of the Maritime Museum at Kings Point Merchant Marine Academy. He has many books in print and tells me that a student we both know, Joe Kaiser, helped him to launch his 5 volume history of the famous ocean liner "Lusitania." (I think it is called the "Leviathan.")

I also see Mr. Thompson who taught math at Greer in the early 1940's. After WWII, he came to Sea Cliff to teach and he and his wife were the first tenants in a small apartment that I built in my home, originally owned by its 1890 builder, my great grandfather. I see Mr. Thompson in the village church and at retired men's lunch groups. He is an avid 'Birder', leading bird watching expeditions to many Long Island places.

I am in contact with Mr. Ross, science and music, 1939 & 1940, I think. I later taught in the same place, Walden, NY after leaving Greer.

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

I think what Gingrich has in mind is a facility like "Old" Greer when he talks of disadvantaged kids today on the mean streets and "orphanges" don't you? It didn't do us any harm. I wouldn't trade the Greer experience for anything.

From: **John Langton**, [REDACTED] Northport, NY 11731

It is with deep sadness that I am writing to tell you that Martha (Jones) died on September 7, 1994. She had been in the hospital for treatment of heart and lung problems and had only been home a few days when death occurred. We had 53 years of marriage and I had visited Greer several times with her. In fact, it was Hope Farm at the time of any early visit. Her accomplishments are many; mother of 4, grandmother of 7. She had achieved her RN, plus her masters' degree. She taught many years at Mallow College.

From: **George Freer**, [REDACTED] Clifton, NJ 07011

I have swapped letters with Bob Doel in Maine. We discussed writing a book about Greer, adding to the work by Ethel Haines.

Wrote to William Seeley in Oregon last month after his comment about "Ivy", the tractor in the fall newsletter, sent him (and Bob) a Xerox copy of the air view of Greer from the 1954 yearbook and last night he called to thank me, we talked a half hour about our experiences.

There is another air view (and a poem) in the 1960 yearbook so I'll Xerox that too and pass around a few copies.

From: **Ward Bell**, (As a follow up to the last newsletter)

Yesterday I received a Christmas card from Mary (Cuevas) Krawczyk. What a surprise and pleasure to hear from her. She included a newsy note, reminiscing of our time together at Hope Farm. I think she was in my first year 8th grad home room that graduated from Greer in 1943.

She told me a story as follow; "My memories of you will probably be strange. We put a tack o your chair and when you sat down, we expected you to leap up the way Mr. Ross did. No such luck. You purposely sat there and did nothing. It certainly took the wind out of our sails." I vaguely recollect something like that happening and as I wrote her last night, I said that I think that I noticed the tack and caustically made a defensive move, sitting down carefully beside, not on the tack.

She also mentioned Gloria Smith, Vi Smalec & Mary Rankin all of whom I remember well.

In replying to Mary Cuevas, I told her about the musical revue that her class put on before the Friday night movie. It was a Christmas theme made up of the then – popular records of the day, sung and danced by the 8th grade class members. The hit of the show, however, was when our Santa Claus, dressed in a red suit made by the girls, was on-center stage doing his act when he began to lose the red pants. The audience roared! As I recall he was not the traditional Santa Claus size, but was tall and thin. I can almost see him in my imagination, but I do not remember his name although I have struggled for week to do that.

From: **Pat Dallas**, [REDACTED] Staatsburg, NY, 12580

Program for the Spring Festival May 25, 1958

| | |
|---------------------------|---|
| Marines Hymn..... | Jacqueline and Rosemary MacGregor |
| Man in the Moon..... | Thompson |
| | Laura Ayers |
| Song of the Palomino..... | Krogmann-Schaum |
| | Ann Rittgers |
| Keyboard Recreation..... | Thompson |
| | Amy Robertson |
| Tiresome Woodpecker..... | Thompson |
| | Linda Devendorf |
| Dreamland..... | Aaron |
| | Rosemary MacGregor |
| Riding on a Mule..... | Schaum |
| | Louise Caward |
| Morris Dance..... | German-Schaum |
| | Stanley Rittgers |
| Santa Lucia..... | Neapolitan Song |
| | Thomas and Jack Wesdorp |
| Reverie..... | Thompson |
| | Pamela Fernandez |
| Sonatina in F..... | Quade |
| | Allegro –Andante-Presto, Thomas Wesdorp |
| Minuet from Don Juan..... | Mozart |
| | Susan Ferwerda |
| Starlight Waltz..... | Thompson |
| | Sharon Wilson |
| Journey in the Artic..... | Thompson |
| | Jacqueline MacGregor |
| Polonaise, Op. 53..... | Chopin-Schaum |
| | Jack Wesdorp |
| The Fountain..... | Boehm |
| | Angela Oliver |
| May Day Queen..... | Susan Ferwerda |
| Crown Bearer..... | Michael Skinner |
| Flower Girl..... | Pamela Pequeno |
| Attendants..... | Carol Wilson, Sarah Boettke, Laura Ayers, and Sharon Wilson |
| Announcer..... | Robert Drillien |
| Accompanist..... | Miss Dorothy Schafenacker |

The various parts of the program were taught in Physical Education and Music Classes under the directions of Miss Patricia Dallas, Mr. John Maddox, and Miss Dorothy Schafenacker.

From: Mrs **Helen Belehrad, (Wehenkel)**, [REDACTED] Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33310

My brother, Bob sent me the December 1994 newsletter and I enjoyed it very much. I would like to become a member of the association. My sister Grace would also like to be put on the mailing list: Mrs. R. Ledeschi, [REDACTED] Brooklyn, NY 11204

If you are still in contact with Mr. Bell – I still have the scrap book he gave to the 1941 8th grade gradates and the program with the words to the “Greer Song on Praise” he wrote. This class consisted of:

| | | |
|------------------|---------------------|----------------|
| Evelyn Brown | Angelo DeCaro | Edward Orr |
| Edward Bunn | Therese Hendrickson | Robert Ramirez |
| Frances Bunn | David Hayter | Helen Wehenkel |
| Joan Crawford | James Johnson | Alvin Williams |
| Helen Combs | Raphael Lopez | Jack Lucas |
| Charles Curculis | June Markham | |
| William Davis | Joan McClellan | |

Where did they all go so that I would have been the only 12th grader and so if you were one of our fire fighters you may remember the night the hamper in the basement of Greer Cottage caught on fire and the one fellow who so heroically save the wash board.

Charles L BreMiller obit:

Charles L. BreMiller, retired teacher

RED HOOK — Charles L. BreMiller, 65, a retired teacher at Roy C. Ketchum High School in Wappingers Falls, died Friday at his home in Red Hook.

Mr. BreMiller was a U.S. Navy and U.S. Marine Corps veteran, serving on active duty.

Born Aug. 22, 1929, in Towanda, Pa., he was the son of F. Stuart and Mabel Allebach BreMiller.



Mr. BreMiller

A graduate of Muhlenberg College in Allentown, Pa., he earned a master's degree at the State University College at New Paltz. He was an Eagle Scout.

He is survived by his wife, Jean Marie McKinley BreMiller at home; three sons, William BreMiller of Millbrook, Richard BreMiller of Shady, Ulster County and Robert BreMiller of Cairo, Greene County; a daughter, Susan BreMiller of Medina, Ohio; and three grandchildren.

A service will take place 7 p.m. Monday at the Roberts & Straub Funeral Home, Inc., 55 E. Main St., Wappingers Falls. Please use the Mesier Ave. entrance.

Burial will be in LaGrange Rural Cemetery at the family's convenience.

POUGHKEEPSIE JOURNAL
SATURDAY DECEMBER 24, 1994

From: **Jack Wesdorp**, [REDACTED] Saugerties, NY 12477

(This is not the complete letter but all we can use due to space)

One year the new thing was raccoon pens. Over in the side garden, the boys built extensive pole and chicken wire cages. At night, when the banditos came to raid the garbage pails out in the side shed, they'd trap them in cardboard boxes set up on a stick with a pull-string to let the thing down.

That way they got a dozen little furry guys into the zoo. We dug 'em for a whole summer, and then let them go back to where they wanted to be. Way back before we'd ever heard of the Catskill Game Farm

Here's some name-dropping:

- Tom Buchanan “Buxe” – wanted to be an actor
- Bertha Packer – Angle of Mercy
- Dorothy Schafenacker – willing to listen
- Peter Osis – hero of the fire
- Randle Elliott – gave boxing lessons on the sly
- Warren Olsen – ho hum
- Carmine DiArpino – mess at home
- Bob Tate – far seeing
- Garold Berry – best shop teacher in the universe
- M.a.r.t.i.n.hnnnn!
- Ruth Freitag – right church, right pew
- Charmi Neely – elfin

One of the delights of those days was the farm. Every fall, the pasture in front of Rap would be mowed, the baler would drag on around, and the older boys hauled those bales up to the barn loft. That's where we made hay bale houses, burrowing into the concealment to the grass. It was my job to drop them through the hatch and parse off a hunk for each of the stalls, each square would get a cup of molasses drizzled on it – and they were happy cows. Oh yes, I sample the barrel regularly. But the best of it all was the milk, bottled right there, non pasteurized and afloat with cream. We'd look at all those glass bottles line up in the refrigerator, and know we were rich.

Behind Rap was the pool, and that was the place. Filled by a stream that trickled down from the farm, it silted up over the years and settled in as a congenial home for sunfish and polliwogs. It has gently sloping concrete sides and was safe enough for kids' games. So we made pirate rafts and Lilliputian sail boats, and sailed the main in our back yard. In the winter when snow blew two feet thick, we'd sweep it off – and that was the skating rink. In Spring, down Fairyland stream, down towards Daisy and the football field, back there in the woods, we built stone and branch dams, to try and contain the youth every streaming away from us, though we knew it not. Oh How I miss it.

Down slope from the Chapel, across the road leading off to the farm, there grew an excellent stand of blackberry canes. Each summer we'd be there with tin cans, groping in through a Sleeping Beauty thorn brake, picking out berries like quarters. Those that made it home wound up sugared on the breakfast corn flakes, or as juice in a secret wine, pink-frothed' and mysterious. Best I ever tasted.

One night the main kitchen burned and the brilliance of it lit the world. We sat on the porch roof and gazed at the wonder of it, mounting wind-sparked into heaven. So hot it was that we could feel it all the way across the cow pasture. There were true heroes made that night, pitting their courage against an elder God. We remember this and salute you. And then of course it was raised again and better, a new cook, Connie Keuler, was hired and, ah, the food got much happier.

From: **Jack DeWaal**, [REDACTED] Rochester NY 14626 --1/17/95

Thank you and everyone else who, over the years, had a part in it, for sending out the newsletters from Greer School. The latest issue addressed to my sister, Mrs. Richard Lee reached me through Postal Service Forwarding. Mrs. Lee, Marideen (Deanie) DeWaal, enjoyed keeping up with Greer's news and events.

"Deanie" passed away last April, 1994, from a massive stroke and a massive heart attack. She went peacefully while comatose.

Please relay this news, and for anyone interested in more information I can be reached at the address above.

We have a question for all of you. Can anyone out there tell us anything about the history of the bell in the bell tower of the Chapel of the Child? The tower has been restored and the residents at Millbrook Meadows have inquired.

Happy Spring to all.

As Always,

Jim & Isabel Mitzi & Doug



Dear Fellow Alumni

October 1995

We do hope that you all had a pleasant summer. We are planning a reunion for August 10, 1996, so please mark your calendars for this date. We did see a few of you over the summer, Rose and Judy Wallace, Dorothy (Rogers) Regorrah, Matilda Immediato, and others. Always nice to see old friends.

From: **Pat Hilsinger**, [REDACTED] Philadelphia, PA 19116

I want to thank you so much for taking the time to send a copy of Helen Zarakovitis' letter to all of us ex-Greer-ites. I really appreciated being informed and having a chance to write Helen a letter. I was able to notify Rod (my ex-husband) at his summer place in Delaware, because I figure it would take awhile for a Philadelphia letter (letter sent to his Philadelphia home) to be forwarded to him. He also was so grateful to be informed and indicated he would call Helen.

I really never knew Helen and George, except through the Greer reunions, because I only went to Greer for my high school years and came about the time George left (1946). But I had several long talks with George (we had something in common as lawyers) and he later kindly offered to help my son's band in San Francisco get representation through his firm. The band foolishly decided to go with a lawyer in San Francisco. They have since disbanded.

Helen, I learned is really a wonderful person in her own right. She spends a lot of time feeding the homeless in Miami. I also have been involved in homeless issues in the past, so we had that in common. I could tell by the way she talked about George that his loss will be devastating to her. I was really glad to be able to express my sympathy by mail.

You are really wonderful to be such 'lifelines' for the rest of us. Many thanks!!

From: Ms **Herta Freitag**, [REDACTED] Roanoke, VA. 24012

I had already heard the tragic news about George from Helen with whom I am in regular correspondence. I taught at Greer from 1944-48 so had the privilege & pleasure to have George as a student in my mathematics' classes. It became clear at once that, beyond being an exceptionally fine young man, he was also an outstanding mathematics student. We became friends immediately. In fact, he and a group of his classmates made a date with me during one of our free weekends. They came to NYC where I lived and (I had hardly seen anything of the city yet) took me out to Radio City for a lovely show. We also discussed the mathematics' involved to give this huge theater hall its startling fine acoustics. He managed to secure a blue print of the building for me. Needless to say, how interested I was in that.

This one of the many heartwarming experiences I had with –at the time- **George Zarakovitis**.

All, who knew him, loved him and we are all very proud of the outstanding way in which he conducted his life.

Even though I spoke to Helen over the phone, I felt, you should know it too – how deeply I loved and esteemed George, and how very, very sadly he will be missed, by me and by everyone who knew him.

From: Narciso & Betty Lopez, [REDACTED] Spring Hill, FL 34608

Thank you for mailing the obituary and memorial letter of George Zachary. We knew him from childhood, and are so saddened by his passing.

We appreciate your other mail to us and want to give you our correct address. (See above)

We are enjoying our retirement in Florida very much, and having our grandson for the summer, keep us very busy and happy. We hope to see you all at the next reunion and send best regards to all our friends.

From: Joe Kaiser, [REDACTED] Brick, NJ 08724

Thank you for the notification of George Zachary's passing. We appreciate being told and receiving a copy of Helen's letter and the obituary containing George interesting background, He really made a good reputation for himself.

All is well here with us and we are in good health and enjoying a good summer here in New Jersey. We just came home from a tour of central and northern Norway which was very enlightening. Now we are looking forward to the next Greer reunion; in '96 and our only hope all future news happening you send out will be good and the sad event such as George's death will be in the far distant future or never.

We saw Hanna & Herb Cuevas in Arizona and Rammy (Bob Ramirez) in New Mexico this summer and they are in great shape.

From: **Jack Edmonds**, [REDACTED] Brushton, NY 12916

My visit to Greer was very pleasant, the accommodations great and the staff at Millbrook Meadows fantastic. I was especially happy to have had a chance to speak to Mitzi & Jim. Both of you are very busy people and to set aside a few minutes to talk to me meant more than you know. I hope to see and speak to you again over the summer or fall, I'm not sure of my plans at this time.

In the two days of my visit, I covered most of the old Greer campus, Fairyland, Rapallo pool, the field beyond Camp Barbey, the trail below Watts also Ledge Cottage, the reservoir on the Camby Road, tired to get to the ravine but the way was really overgrown with brush. Spent some time in the Chapel too (memories of special events there overwhelmed me.) Did you know I was confirmed there and received my first Holy Communion at the Chapel? Anyway, I wanted to go to the old cemetery, the one on the road to Ledge. I kind of believe that in time, this will be one of the only places left to visit that have been a part of the Greer School, Hope Farm.

I read the June 1995 issue of the newsletter with great interest. My brother Chuck has finally become active and written about Greer. After reading his letter and the one from George Freer, I sat down and wrote one too, I hope it will be worth printing in a future letter. I have written two, but for some reason, the second letter about sports leave out too many long forgotten names who were active in sports at the time (1946-1947) I wouldn't want to provoke anyone by omitting a name.

I am going to close now. This letter finds all of us up here, happy and healthy. Barbara is pretty well back to normal, she's mowing the lawn now in addition to helping out with some of the construction work I am doing. The girls are looking forward to summer vacation and another visit to Greer. I am happy toad that all of them are doing very well in school with two of them on the honor roll.

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

George Zachary was a wonderful guy and my mother, her son and two daughters, Betty and Helen Gregory loved him very much and will mourn his loss forever.

He was so alive and caring to us and everyone. When he came to Miami he made it a point to visit us or we him. He was very kind and generous to us and would always lift our morale. He was a close friend of my brother Gregory, as well.

Through the years he was a wonderful person and had a good sense of humor and always a positive attitude on life.

We will all miss him. His passing is indeed a tragedy and we know his many friends at Greer will miss him too.

From: Mrs **Mima Lindquist (Arronel)**, [REDACTED] Venice FL 34285

I went to Greer, January 1950 to June 1951, graduated the 8th grade. (Future class of 1955).

I still keep in touch with good friend Pam Stobbe Todd. Greer was a wonderful experience. Thank God for it. Still have my 1951 yearbook.

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

Summer time – and the life is easy....well...err....relatively speaking.

Sandy has already given the “the list” and it looks like this is going to be a ‘honey do’ vacation. But –getting away from the intensity of teaching makes the living easier, and I love the summer because it let me get ‘off’ my fairly rigid routine. A good chance to write letters, although I’ve resorted to the ‘dreaded’ typed letter. But I’ve got to learn to use the computer by writing letters, and writing letter is one of the fun things I like to do with the computer.

Summertime is also Nirvana for teachers! The wonderful thing about being in this field is that there is an ending to each year, and time to reflect on what goes right and what goes wrong in your job. Feelings are bittersweet as you inevitably miss some really good students, but the good thing is you start ‘fresh’ back in September. This year was fairly typical: I had one class that I really, really liked and looked forward to being with, on that ummmmm!!!

In summary, we will be a much different school next fall as we go on a block schedule. In short, I’ll teach 3 classes a day each 90 minutes long as opposed to teaching 5 classes a day for 45 minutes. I’m concerned that this is going to take a lot of work to revise the curriculum. On the other hand, I’m glad because the longer periods will work well for my debates. It takes about 20 minutes long for students to warm up on debate days, which is half my period. With the new schedule, the debating will reach the levels that I want: e.g. students will get to the point where they’re doing some higher level thinking and analysis, and this make teaching wonderful.

My goal, (and remember, I’m writing this at the beginning of the summer) for the summer is to make significant progress on my family history, to that end, I want to put all of my journal writing onto the computer, to make a photo-history for all my children and to continue to do Genealogy work through a contact in Ireland. All three of these goals take time and especially money (lots of it) but I feel very strongly about getting a personal and family history completed. I procrastinated this for too many years. Sandy & I will make our trip to Washington, DC in mid July to combine her business and family church work at the church temple.

Sandy continues to work hard at her business. It’s hard and requires lots of practice & persistence – she’s determined to succeed and I admire her grit. Like in any new business, it takes 2 to 5 years to start to reap the benefits; she’s coming up to the end of her first. If she can keep up her persistence it will pay off. I play mainly a supportive role and give lots of encouragement.

At a recent Church conference, a leader made an interesting remark, he said, “Life is what happens to you while you’re making other plans.” That sure sounds like me! I always try to find the perfect schedule but life does demand we be flexible, hey!!! I hope you’re doing great! Let us hear from you?

Love, John and Sandy, and family

From: **Violet (Smalec) Byszynski**, [REDACTED] Toms River, NJ 08757

Dear Jim & Mitzi,

Your recent newsletters have been so entertaining and I must confess they have, on occasion, made me very nostalgic. I entered Hope Farm as a tot and it was truly the only home of my early years

Following are some vignettes which come to mind that I would like to share with those who remember Greer from the years 1930-42. I was processed through quarantine at the Gould Foundations and I recall awakening in a room with white ruffled curtains blowing in the breeze and the unfamiliar sound of birds chirping outside and being painfully aware that I was separate from my mother. To this day I am affected by that image when I hear the chirping of birds in the early morning. My next recollection was that of entering the school areas (probably the road from Verbank to Greer) seated between Mr. Mack and Mr. Fink and the stately canopy of trees along that road.

There are so many memories of those years to which others may relate. Remember the work assignment at the princely rate of 6¢ per hour? Remember always appearing to be

busy so that you wouldn't have to pull weeds out of the gravel driveways? I have pleasant memories of camp counseling because Mrs. Mac made us feel so special and responsible. I also remember how I enjoyed visiting Mrs. Mac when my chores were done, just to chat and to watch her bake for her family. Miss Misner was another wonderful person. She was so kind to my mother and me in the difficult adjustment. Mrs. Hibbs comes to mind as an example of dignity and grace. One teacher I'll bet a few will remember -- Miss Riggs -- That tiny lady taught the 4th grade and I credit her for all her efforts to instill in our 8-9 year-old minds an appreciation for Greek culture and mythology.

What an impossible task, and I think of her when I am inspired with the correct answer when I watch Jeopardy. To list all those who affected my life would take too much space for this publication, so I'll limit my thought to memories of hikes, my awareness over those year of the beauty of my surroundings, also pilfering skis from more fortunate students so I could ski during noon break. Do you remember those frosty mornings when our wash cloths were frozen to the pipes? I remember those happy song fests we had with Jessie Bean and Miss Williams at the piano, how they played duets of ragtime, stepping up the tempo to tease one another. To this day, I love ragtime. Remember the scary radio stories we listened to with only the fireplace aglow to set the mood? Mary Cuevas Krawczyk was our radio repair person with her trusty dinner knife. She would strike that old Majestic radio in just the right place (with appropriate threats) to stop the static. Remember our trips to the Waldorf to hear the Young's People's Choir conducted by Mr. Camilieri? Remember the Bennett College girls who entertained us annually and gave us gifts at Christmas? Remember Baby Rose Marie entertaining us with songs in the auditorium?

Who remembers those camping hikes when we would trudge through the woods to the dilapidated house of a very old black man who sat in his rocking chair on the porch as Mrs. Mac lined us up to sing our sincere little hearts out with a rendition of "Old Black Joe"...not politically correct today, but our hearts were pure and he seemed to enjoy our efforts.

There were staff members who were kind and encouraged me along the way but space will not permit, but those lectures by Mr. Fink on ethics remain to this day.

In conclusion, I would like the alumni to know that I have photographs for the years 1940-42 which I am anxious to pass on to those who feel they may be one of those photographed. I have had minimal success so far. I can be reached at the address above.

Best to you and you must know we appreciate the work you do in reaching out to all of us.

Vi

From: **Jack Edmonds**, [REDACTED] Brushton, NY 12916

I've written a few pages about some of the rules and regulations we lived with as students at Greer; however, I know it's too long to place in the newsletter. What I've done to make a point, I used my own personal experience to try to highlight my opinion in regards to these rules, etc.

Marcy Cottage became my new home on January 12, 1944, taken right from the streets of Poughkeepsie, NY needless to say, from my family, all but my two older brothers, Harvey and Charles. Having little sense of direction or purpose I life, hardly any discipline or guidance at home, I didn't adjust to life in Marcy very well. Mom Morton showed me much love and care but I tried her patience too many times. Her son, Jim, a big brother to all of us, tried to set me on the right track too. I didn't listen and I found myself living at Daisy. I was 9 years old, the boys here were older. I adjusted in a hurry. The silent codes & rules were well enforced. Once I accepted the inevitable, life became pleasant for me. I settled down, minding my own business, respected the rights and properties of others. They all showed me the same courtesies in return; life at Daisy became livable as long as I walked a straight line. I soon learned that there was a big beautiful campus that needed investigating. Along with several other boys, we began to explore all over, settling in Fairyland, building huts or damming the stream. We eventually discovered the ravine which also became part of our playground I can still remember that place as a winter wonderland, the icy cascades, and the frozen derbies of

the rushing water. Another pastime we had, was going up to the barns and romp in the haylofts, as long as no one got hurt.

I think all of us had our bad times at Greer, I was no exception. I became happy that summer causing my own grief by rebelling at the authority of the houseparents Mr. and Mrs. Pratt. I missed many Friday night movies in addition to being confined to Daisy. I don't have to tell anyone that I straightened out my act in a hurry, some of my pranks or stunts were affecting the others, and they took matters into their own hands. I didn't have to just answer to the faculty, I had to answer to the students too when I was in the wrong, I paid for my actions the hard way. Not long after, I was given my freedom back, life at Daisy almost became normal, but I was kept in line by boys in the cottage.

From: **William Seeley**: 16360 Ellendale Rd, Dallas, OR 97338

Greer from 'A' to 'Z', well almost

| | | |
|---------------------------------------|---|--------------------------------------|
| A Air Your Pant Arrangements | N | New Boy |
| B Bennett Jr. College, Butler's store | O | Oleo Lard |
| C Cowbell, City House | P | Pop House, Pie Bed, (short sheeting) |
| D Dungeon | Q | Quarantine |
| E Egg Shampoo | R | Rat Cellar, Ravine |
| F Fairyland | S | Staff Path, Sand Banks |
| G Geography, Game Room | T | The 'Trees' |
| H Honey Man, Half way Stop | U | Upside down day |
| I Infirmary, Ivy | V | Vassar Hospital |
| J Jungle gym | W | Watts, Wigwam (ice Cream Stand) |
| K 'Knucks', Kool Aid | X | X-acto knife |
| L Lantern boy, Little side (pool) | Y | Yellow Bean (early station wagon) |
| M Move up, Martin Play | | |

People, place, phrases, and thing, I have left off people's names & everyday common names like, Marcy, Main House, Greer, Gate House a& Bittersweet.

How many more can you think of?

Bill Seeley, 'Ching'

Phyllis Andrews Obituary

Phyllis Allen Andrews, teacher

LAGRANGEVILLE — Phyllis Allen Andrews, 69, a 50-year Lagrangeville resident, formerly of Sherrill, Oneida County, died Wednesday at The Baptist Home in Rhinebeck.

A homemaker, Mrs. Andrews was a home economics teacher and dietitian at Greer School in Hope Farm, Town of East Fishkill. She also had worked as a mail carrier.

She was a 50-year and seventh-degree member of the Union Vale Grange #87 and a member of the Poughkeepsie Rug Hookers Guild, Ruston Collectors Club, the Care-Givers Organization, Union Vale Historical Society and the Verbank United Methodist Church, where she had served as a Sunday school teacher and a youth fellowship leader.

Mrs. Andrews was an amateur ham radio operator, a stamp collector and a volunteer for Meals on Wheels.

Born Dec. 15, 1925, in Oneida, she was the daughter of Vernon

Llewellyn and Ruby Jenks Allen.

She was educated in Sherrill public schools and earned an associate degree in home economics and dietetics in 1945 from the Morrisville Agricultural Technical Institute.

On June 30, 1945, in Sherrill, she married James Edwin Andrew who survives at home.

Also surviving are two sons, Raymond Andrews of Concord, Mass., and Kenneth R. Andrews of Lagrangeville; a daughter, Jan Andrews Cardinal of Millbrook; seven grandchildren; and a great granddaughter.

Two brothers, Lowell V. and Raymond Allen, predeceased her.

Services will take place 3 p.m. Friday at the Verbank United Methodist Church. The Revs. Dick Reilly and Phyllis Skidmore will officiate.

Burial is in Verbank Cemetery.

Arrangements are by the Hufco Funeral Home, Main Street, Dove Plains.

We had two letters returned due to the death of that person:
THEY ARE:

Mrs Seward Marshall
and
Ms Betty Welch

George Clifford Zachary, beloved attorney to stars

By DALE MILLER
Herald Writer

If a measure of a man is how much he is loved by others, George Clifford Zachary, a partner at the Beverly Hills law firm Rosenfeld, Meyer & Susman, and part-time resident of Miami, was a truly great man. Attorney to such stars as Jack Benny, Marlon Brando, Ernie Kovacs and Edie Adams, Zachary died of kidney failure July 13. He was 63.

Though business kept him on the West Coast, his family says he would have preferred to live in Miami. On Saturday, Zachary will be buried in the town he loved.

"He loved Miami, especially South Beach and Coconut Grove," his sister Helen Zaras said. "He said it doesn't compare with anywhere else, and my brother has been all over the world. He wanted to be cremated, but he had his will changed. He said, 'If I have to be buried, I want to be buried in Miami.'"

Zachary's is a rags-to-riches story. The

youngest of four, born George Zarakovitis to Greek immigrant parents in the Bronx, New York, Zachary was 5 when he and his brothers and sister were orphaned. Rather than allow themselves to be separated by the courts and sent to different godparents, the children chose to stay together in an orphanage.

"George always worked," Zaras said. "When we were children, we would sell sodas in the park to make money to go to the movies with. On Saturdays, we would light stoves for Orthodox Jews for three cents."

After graduating *summa cum laude* from the City College of New York, Zachary worked as a waiter to help put himself through Yale Law School. He graduated in 1955 along with Sen. Arlen Specter, R-Pa., religious broadcaster Pat Robertson and Dade County Judge William Gladstone.

"He was a good person, a good human being, in addition to being a brilliant lawyer," Gladstone said. "[He] climbed high in

his profession but never forgot his humble beginnings. He always gave back more than he gained."

Marvin Meyer, Zachary's partner at the firm for 37 years, says Zachary's devotion to his clients went far beyond the specific legal problem he was working.

"He would really care about them and their lives," Meyer said. "If we had a hundred more lawyers like George Zachary, we could wipe out all the lawyer jokes."

His clients, like singer/actress Edie Adams, widow of Ernie Kovacs, saw Zachary as a father figure.

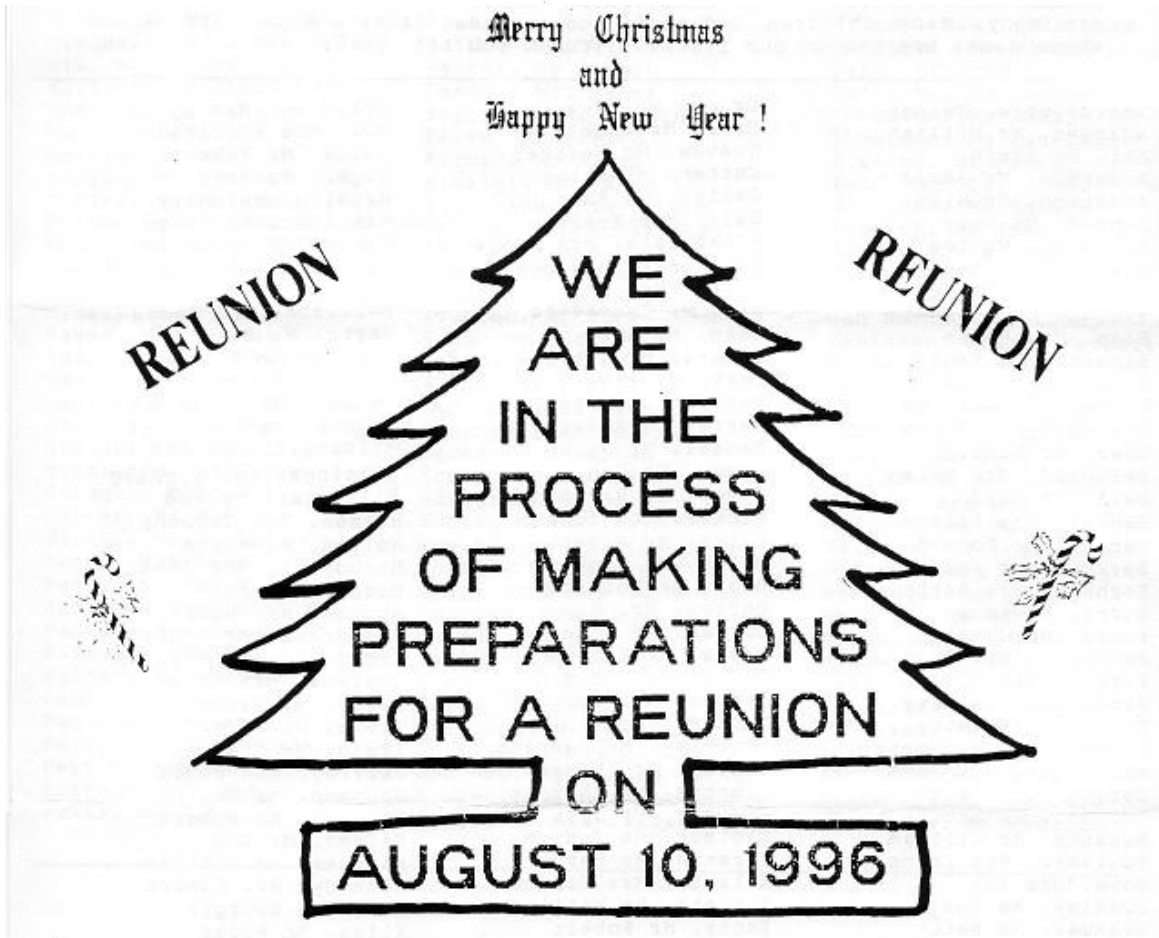
"The only good things that happened in my life are when I did what George advised. The bad things happened when I didn't," she said. "He was a friend you could rely on."

In addition to his sister, Zachary is survived by his brother Ernest Byron, three nieces and a nephew. Services will be at 11 a.m. Saturday at Van Orsdel North Miami Funeral Home, 14990 West Dixie Hwy.

That's all for now.

As Always,

Jim & Isabel Mitzi & Doug



Those who are interested in attending, please write.
We will send details to all requesting this information and
to members with the Spring Newsletter.

Your alumni Dues are also payable now---\$15.00

Thank You

As we send these Christmas letters each year we have many returns, most people have moved & we were not informed. The following is a list of 333 names has gone down from 450 from when we started. We are asking you to look over this list & if you have names which we do not, please let us know. Our association will continue to shrink but here are many, many children and staff members who attended Greer-Hope Farm School whose names are not on our list. Thank You!!

Abercrombie, Ms Amy
Anderson, James
Arvidson, Lee
~~Baschuk, Kenneth~~
Bates, Grace
Beer, William
Benner, Arlene
Bernard, Betty
Berry, Doug & Mitzi
Bliven, Betty
Borjeson, Eric
Boulware, Francis
Brammer, Betty
Braynard, Frank
Bromley, Henry
Bruak, Barbara
Burrus, Robert

Adamsen, William
Anderson, Nick
Aumick, Donald
Bass, Helen
Batter, Charles
Belehrad, Helen
Berger, Donald
Berry, Amos
Bertram, Pat
Blownstine, Herbert
Borsodi, Albert
Bove, Ida
Brammer, Dolan
Brewster, Janet
Brown, Dr. Donald
Burbank, Jeanne
Byron, Ernest-

Ali, Armin
Arnold, Mary
Austin, Joseph
Bassett, Paul
Beardsley, Mrs. Shelton
Bell, Ward
Berkey, Pam
Berry, Charles
Birdsill, Mary
Bolognini, John
Bosanko, William
Bradley, Sonja
Brammer, Robert
Bricker, Janet
Bucher, R C
Burrus, Barbara
Byszynski, Violet

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|---------------------------|-----------------------------|------------------------|
| Cain, Calvin | Campbell, Ingeborg | Caprariello, Joan |
| Caram, Peter | Carlson, Edward | Carlson, Victor |
| Catalano, T. P | Cavanaugh, Linda | Crump, Edward |
| Cruz, Angel | Cuevas, Herbert | Cutten, Bates |
| Charles, Donald | Clarke, Arthur | Clarke, Jack & Betty |
| Coates, Dorothy | Constantine, Robert | Constantine, William |
| Cooper, Mr. & Mrs. Robert | Corillo, Alphonso | Cougan, John |
| Coutant, Vera Lee | Craig, Vicky | Dallas, Pat |
| Daly, Evelyn | D'Ambrosia, Angie | Davenport, Agnes |
| Davis, Amy | Day, Charlotte | Dean, Anne |
| DeCaro, Gabriel | Deeb, Alex | Deeb, Edward |
| Derry, Barbara | DeWaal, Jack | Dewey, Dan |
| Dewey, Raymond | Dicker, Edna | Dilks, Albert |
| Dilks, Renwick | Doel, Robert | Dorren, Guy |
| Dorren, Robert | Downs, George | Doyle, Chris |
| Drohan, Dorothy | Duckles, Vincent | Dunckley, Kenneth |
| Dunlap, Thomas | Edmonds, Charles | Edmonds, Jack |
| Eiclmer, Judith | Eireman, Margo | Elliott, Gwen |
| Elliott, William | Ennis, Michael | Farrington, Guy |
| Farrington, Millet | Fenton, Pat | Fertig, Anthony |
| Filer, Dee | Fillman, Glenn | Fink, Helen |
| Fischer, George | Fischer, Joe | Foster, Anne |
| Fox, Gayle | Fox, Marian | Fredericks, John |
| Freer, George | Freitag, Mrs. Herta | Furman, James |
| Gabrielson, Benny | Gandara, Raul | Garbus, Georgeanne |
| Gartner, Don | Gilchrist, Arthur | Gildersleeve, Harold |
| Gildersleeve, Leon | Gildersleeve, Marvin | Giles, Malcolm |
| Goe, Mr. & Mrs. Roderick | Golden, Kenneth | Golden, Russell |
| Grandt, Mrs. Robert | Graves, Robert | Green, Karin |
| Greene, Vivian | Greenlee, Mike | Gue, Phyllis |
| Guida, Robert | Hager, Fred | Haislip, Mary |
| Hamilton, Eleanor | Hammer, John | Hanson, George |
| Harris, Kenneth | Harrison, James | Hartz, Dean |
| Hawkes, Richard | Hayden, Nora Lee | Heisel, Richard |
| Higbee, Pat | Hilsinger, Pat | Hilsinger, Richard |
| Rod Hilsinger | Holmes, Dorothy | Holton, Wayne |
| Horodyski, Jean | Hudnor, John | Hughes, Thomas |
| Ildefonso, Robert | Immediato, Matilda | Ireland, Marge |
| Irwin, Richard | Irwin, Robert | Irwin, Stanley |
| Jeffrey, Paula | Johnson, George | Johnson, Robert |
| Kaiser, Joe | Kastner, William | Kennedy, Robert |
| King, Georgia | Klein, Roger | Knutsen, Kasper |
| Kranert, Helen | Krasting, Winifred | Krawczyk, Mary |
| Ladeau, Vernon | Lang, Kevin | Lang, Michael |
| Latucha, Dr. Albert | Lawrence, Barbara | Lindgren, Ted |
| Lindquist, Allen & Mima | LoCasto, Pat | Lopez, Ciso & Betty |
| Lopez, Joe | Luberto, Cheryl | Lucas, Jack |
| Lucas, James | Lucas, Dick & Betty | Luthardt, Clarabel |
| Maddox, Bill | Magnussen, Irene | Mahon, Arden |
| Manson, Helen | Marbolin, Kim | Martin, Edward |
| Mathewson, James | Matthews, Judy | McCandless, Harry |
| McCandless, Thomas | McHenry, Jack | McKinley, William III |
| McMuntry, Dorothy | Miller, Dean | Miller, John |
| Miller, Maureen | Miller, Vera | Miller, Virginia |
| Miller, William | Mitchell, Gloria | Mitchell, Mr. & Mrs. |
| Sydney Mix, Robert | Moffitt, Clarke | Moffitt, John |
| Monza, Bill | Morgan, Jane | Morgan, Steven |
| Morley, Helene | Morton, Isabel | Mountcastle, Hoover |
| Munzer, Dinny | Munzer, Peter | Myerly, Selma |
| Nakos, Mrs Thomas | Neal, Mr & Mrs Edward | Neely, Charmi |
| Neville, Maurice & Ginny | Nicholas, John | Niemann, Madelyn |
| Nikolatos, George | Obregon, Joe | Oliver, Floyd |
| Oliver, Thomas | Orton, Rose | Paoli, Karin |
| Paolina, Janet | Parker, Rosemary | Parnell, Pam |

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|---------------------------|--------------------|-----------------------|
| Patten, Mrs Jack | Paul, Louis | Pequeno, Pam |
| Percy, Mr. &Mrs. Thomas | Peyton, John | Pittaway, John |
| Plass, Neil | Plunkett, Hildi | Pownall, Mrs John |
| Prater, Mrs F | Prentice, William | Preston, Charles |
| Quinn, Datmar | Rauche, Joseph | Reeder, Wanda |
| Regorrah, Dorothy | Reiss, Marion | Ross, Eldred |
| Rotan, Mary | Richey, Alban | Rinaldi, Mario |
| Robertson, Helene | Robertson, William | Robinson, Mary |
| Rogers, John | Rogish, Alberta | Rolston, Jack |
| Runstad, Barbara | Rothenberg, Inge | Russoman, Roger |
| Sackett, Allen | Scala, Sandra | Scoggins, Penny |
| Scott, William | Seeley, William | Sewell, Calvin |
| Shay, Mrs Thomas | Shotter, Klora | Shumer, Sylvia |
| Sichel, Capt. Edgar | Slator, John | Smith, Richard |
| Snelling Mr. &Mrs. Ronald | Soderberg, Gladys | Soo Hoo, Harold |
| Sorrentino, Suzanne | Spagnola, Carol | Speakman, Mark |
| Standerwick, Fleming | Standerwick, Robin | Steele, Robert |
| Stiles, Viola | Stoczek, Charlotte | Sunriemi, Wilco |
| Tate, Robert | Tedeschi, Grace | Thompson, Donald |
| Thompson, Juanita | Tiesing Henry | Todd, Neil |
| Tolliver, Robert | Travlos, John | Trefrey, James |
| Trommsdorff, Fred | Trommsdorff, Ted | Van Anden Mr. Herbert |
| Vanderhoof, Mrs. Farnham | Van Horne, Candy | VanRaay, Norman |
| VanWagner, Richard | Vitolo, John | Voight, Tony |
| VonRadics, Victor | Walker, Hugh | Wallace, Judy |
| Wallace, Rose | Webster, Mary Ann | Wehenkel, Robert |
| Wesdorp, Jack | Whitney, Melissa | Wichelman, Ruth Ann |
| Widmer, Hener-Walt | Williams, Al | Williams, Carol |
| Williams, Eve | Wolfe, Jerome | Zarakovitis, Helen |
| Zebrowski, Bernard | Zebrowski, William | |

CHRISTMAS BIRTHDAY

December, 13, 1957

Christmas Birthday Program

Processional-----“O Come All Ye Faithful”
 Candle Lighting-----Wayne Berry
 Song- “Happy Birthday-----
 Scripture Lesson – Luke 2: 1-15-----In Unison by 3rd Grade
 Christmas Prayer-----George Common
 (All join in the Lord’s Prayer)
 Flag Salute
 Keeping Christ in Christmas-----Weldon Beach
 Nativity Scene:
 Mary-----Bess Bates
 Joseph-----Stephen Perkins
 Angels-----Patricia Wolverton, Pamela Pequeno, Elaine Berry
 Shepherds-----Lee Oblak, Sean Sharp, Jay Smith
 Poem -----“Sleep Baby Jesus Sleep”
 Speakers-----Ronald Brewen, James Coleman, Michael Skinner
 Song-----“God’s Christmas Gift to You”-----1st and 2nd grades
 “We Three Kings”-----4th grade
 “God Holds my Hand-----Zoë Walton, Alan Bassett, Patricia Honaker
 “The First Noel”-----5th grade

“O Little Town of Bethlehem”-----6th grade
Recitation-----“One for Another Boy”-----Joe Delisle
“Silent Night”-----3rd grade
(Mrs. Rittgers at the piano)
Audience-----“Joy to the World”

Merry Christmas to Everyone!

From: **Helen Zarakovitis**, [REDACTED] Miami Beach, FL 33140

Thanks for the newsletter, just received. I appreciate what you all wrote about my dear brother, George C Zachary. I used to talk to him every day and sure miss him. Glad you set a date for the next reunion. God willing, I will be there – Plan to drive up and going to try & bring Herta (Taussig) Freitag with me. Sure a lot of you all would be glad to see her as well as I. She lives in Virginia. I will also try to bring Helen (Gregory) Bass.

An article is going to be written about George - Rags to Riches. People want to know more about the orphanage (Greer), so I will tell their writer. If they had more places like Greer today, the kids would turn out better.

Thank you all for the work you do in sending out newsletters and keeping the alumni organization going. We all appreciate it.

Thanksgiving is just around the corner, How I remember those wonderful dinners.

Take Care

I did hear that someone was at the Stormville flea market last summer and was telling Owen Vose he went to school at Greer with me. We, who-ever you are if you come next May, look at slot G138, as I should be there,. I get to see Mrs. Fink often and she is well & looking forward toward the next reunion as we hope you all are. This year we have received many snap shots from the alumni of Greer & the students of whatever era that person went to Greer. We put these in albums and these will be at the next reunion so everyone can take a look. Again a request, anyone going to throw away any pictures please send those on to us so we may keep them so other alumni can see them.

Again at this time of year I do remember the Thanksgiving dinners both as a student & as staff: the Martin Play, the Pledge Service the buses to New York City & so many other things.

Guess it was good living at Greer during those years. Happy Holidays to Everyone!!

---*Jim & Isabel*

There has been a positive change in the Chapel of the Child. On September 16, 1995, Bishop Stuart Wetmore and Rabbi Harry Rothstein held a “Revision of the Chapel.” Although the Chapel is still on consecrated Episcopal ground, it is now open to people of all faiths, and interdenominational services can be held there. It is good to see the Chapel being used by so many people again. The Chapel is one place here on the campus that has remained basically the same.

Have any of you folks become involved with computers? I have joined America On Line (AOL), and I thought it might be fun to communicate with alumni who are also on-line. I have spent the past few weeks looking for you, but as yet, I have not had any luck. My call on line is [REDACTED]@aol.com. I hope to hear from you.

The holidays are upon us, (where does the time go?) and we wish all of you a joyous & blessed season. We are looking forward to seeing you at the upcoming reunion.

-----*Mitzi & Doug*
