



Dear Fellow Alumni

January 1998

We wish all of you a very Happy New Year and we do hope that it will be a good for YOU!!

Art Graves wrote over the Christmas holiday that this sister Adeline had passed away in December 1996. We were sorry to hear this.

This is a special letter as we had a few things to send and we do hope that you will send us something we can include in the March letter to you.

Memorandum from: Mrs. **William Robertson**, NY, NY 10280 – 12/3/1997

I wanted to write sooner to let you know that Bill died in July 13, 1997 from cancer. He was diagnosed in March and fought a valiant fight to a very painful end.

Greer meant a great deal to him. He talked of his time spent there often with tremendous love and loyalty. I wanted everyone to know that he was taken too soon, but will not be forgotten. Thanks to all of you for our friendship.

Andrea Robertson

From: **Donald Brown** PhD, [REDACTED] Pitman, NJ 08071

This is Don Brown from the old Greer School. I just came across your alumni letter of last spring and thought I'd drop a quick line. In the near future, I hope to have the time to write a letter and also donate some money to keep the group going. You are doing a good job of keeping in touch and I've contacted Jim Matheson and Mary Ann Packer so far today.

I'm still an absent-minded professor at the College of New Jersey, teaching primarily in the field of human sexuality. This is my 26th year here and I love it.

My wife Kelley and I visited Greer a few years ago after a trip to Millbrook to bury my mother. We have between us 3 daughters, 3 sons and 6 grandchildren. Now I believe the old saying: "If I knew grandchildren were so much fun, I would have had them first."

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

As promised to Jan back in early October, here is my letter for the Alumni Newsletter. I have a few questions for fellow students who were also at Greer during the years of 1944-1949. I'm hoping for a good response through the Newsletter so all readers can share the information. The reason I say that is this, since I wrote to the Newsletter last, I received a nice long letter and pictures of Greer from Bob Constantine. I had the pictures duplicated and shared them with Jack Miller, as well as the letter. You have no idea as to how I felt when I read this letter from an old acquaintance from Greer almost 50 years ago. I answered Bob's letter and gave him some memories of our past. I'm hoping he passes them on. I got a big kick out of relaying them to him; I know we aren't the only people who have good happy thought of the old Greer School. Jack and I really can pass sometime as we exchange our memories, so, c'mon everybody, drop a memory to the Newsletter – all it takes is a little time and you won't believe how great writing makes you feel.

So much for that and here is my first question; Does anyone remember the barn fire of the mid-forties, the exact year and date if possible? I recall that this was one spectacular fire lasting a couple of days and nights, lighting up the skyline. The smell of smoke in my nostrils lasted for days after. I'm curious to know what other fire departments came to the aid of the Greer F.D., who were our staff and older students that were involved. I know the sheep barn across the country road soon became the Greer Dairy barn cutting off the hayloft to us who romped there whenever we could.

Does anyone recall December 27, 1947? It was the day of the worst snow storm of my entire life. I was home for the Christmas holiday and was very anxious to get back to my home away from home, Greer School. When I did return, I was overwhelmed at the sight

of all that snow. Greer was a winter wonderland, the pine boughs sagging almost to the ground, the drifting snow all but burying the snow fences, the sides of roads were banked high after the snowplows went through, all of the paths we used, gone, under 3 feet of snow or more. Yet, by the time school reopened, Greer was functioning like nothing ever happened. Several of us in Daisy Cottage, felt that this was a time for adventure in a new world, the few of us braved the depth and cold of the snow and weather, lasting outdoors until we were soaked to the waist, our hands and feet numb from the cold. Safely back inside Daisy, we were scolded by Mr. & Mrs. Pratt for our foolhardiness and stupidity, but we were young, healthy, and full of hell, we could have care less what anyone thought. Not a one of us took sick. We were in the outdoors constantly after that. Still, not a one of us became ill.

The nurse in the infirmary was kept busy; this was the cold season and with a student body of almost 200 children, it was inevitable that some were to get sick enough to demand her attention. If possible, I'd like to know the names of the nurses who attended us at the time -1944-1949. I guess I was one of the lucky ones, I was only in the infirmary for check-ups and for a physical yearly, always eager to be gone away from there, never learning the names of the nurses or doctors.

Does anyone recall Election Day 1941? As far as I know, FDR was re-elected for the fourth time. Miss Day was jubilant as was the whole staff of the school at the time. We paraded all around the school, cheering for what? I didn't fully understand then, but it was my first election ever, and in later life I knew the importance of any election, be it presidential or any type of vote.

That about says it for me for now. I promise to continue to write to the Newsletter but have to say, I need some ideas from others who were also at Greer when I was.

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

One of the reasons for my writing to you at this time is to send you a very interesting news item about **Robert K. Dorren**, or as we all remember him "Rammy." He is quite a guy as you will note when you read the article. Maybe you would like to reprint it in your next issue as I am sure there may be some of the alumni around from the forties who will remember Rammy and be interested in his running exploits.

All the best to everyone and good health and happiness to all our alumni friends, particularly during the coming holiday season of Thanksgiving and Christmas.

Local runner takes gold in Duke City

By Scott Grover
Observer staff writer

During the last 10 years, Bob Dorren has developed a serious affinity for running.

The passion, "addicting, intoxicating and habitual" as he labeled it, recently culminated in a first-place finish at the Duke City Marathon.

Dorren's gold medal for his age group, came after 26.2 miles of stride after stride that took him through parts of Albuquerque, across the Montano bridge and into the West Side, not too far from Rio Rancho, where Dorren has been a resident since May of 1992 — when he retired.

And the Duke City was his second marathon of the year. If all goes well, he'll be trotting through Honolulu in December as he participates in his third.

"I try to do two, possibly three a year," Dorren said. "It all depends on my fitness. If I have the flu, forget it."

Since 1990, Dorren has run marathons in such places as Madrid, Spain; the Gold Coast, Australia; Los Angeles, San Francisco, New York and Hong Kong.

"The rain forest of Hong Kong," Dorren recalled, "was the most exciting, most frightening of the races. They told us that the big cats will sometimes come out of the forest and attack the runners."

Training for the races is no simple task either. Dorren explained that at least 50 hours a week must be invested up until the time of a race to have the body, and the mind ready to endure the length of the marathon.

"It's a hobby, a vocation, a compulsion," Dorren mused. "I keep doing it for the fun of it, and it helps keep me in shape."



The Running Man — Marathon runner Bob Dorren, with his Duke City Marathon medal. (Observer—Grover photo)

In preparation for a marathon, a runner never quite reaches the 26-mile plateau, leaving that final, often tortuous physical ascent for the actual race.

"Those last few miles, it's sheer determination," he said.

During the 20-plus miles prior to the final push, Dorren said he spends his time soaking in the view, talking with other runners and simply enjoying himself.

"I've never done the same marathon twice," Dorren admits, saying that he'd likely become bored if he did.

"I'd run the Duke City before, but this was the first time I'd run the full marathon. They changed the course (this year), it was nice along the river, and there was very little traffic compared with what it was like in the past."

Although happily content with his accomplishments, Dorren does have a pair of marathons he'd like to run.

The first, the more unlikely one he admits, due to its restrictive public entry and stringent qualifications, is the Boston Marathon.

"That day has come and gone," he said.

The second, the San Diego Marathon, is one he will likely participate in, provided all is well. Like any athlete, Dorren prefers not to look past the next event.

"If all goes well, I expect to compete in the San Diego Marathon. I could be disappointed if I look past the next race, but that's my expectation," Dorren said.

The appeal of San Diego? Before retiring to Rio Rancho, Dorren worked as a design engineer in southern California.

Not all of his time these days is spent training on the hills and mesa near Stapleton Elementary.

Dorren has worked for the City of Rio Rancho Department of Public Safety as a crossing guard at Enchanted Hills Elementary School for the last three years.

"My primary purpose is to protect the children, and I enjoy what I'm doing," Dorren said. "You get to know the children by name and some of the parents."

And Dorren strongly believes that running has made him who he is now, even if that person is an occasionally two cards short of a full deck.

"Nobody's quite as insane as I am. And I strongly suspect you have to have some of that to do this," he said. "But after the pain (of a race) is gone, you do feel really good about what you've done."

From: **Alban Richey**, [REDACTED] Plainfield, VT 05667

Dear Mrs. Fink,

I have just received the Greer School Alumni newsletter published by James Morton. This issue contains a delightful local newspaper article about your wonderful life that began in 1893 and continued through the years that my brother James and I were at Greer School, 1940 -1942. My brother, 4 years younger than me, was in your 6th grade class when we entered Greer. It was in the industrial arts course and mechanical drawing that I knew and admired your husband Mapledoram. A more patient and kind teacher I could never imagine.

It might be of interest to you to know that my father (Alban Jr.) was priest and rector at St James, Hyde Park, around 1928. My parents knew and associated with the Rogers and Roosevelt's and my mother (Lucy) maintained a relationship with the Gordon Kidd family for many years after he became rector.

I had the pleasure of visiting the FDR home and Library a couple years ago when I was attending an Elderhostel at the Holy Cross monastery, West Park. It was quite a thrill to return to Hyde Park after some 45 years. I hope to revisit Greer soon and to revive memories of those teen-age years at Greer that shaped my life.

My best wishes to you for a blessed Christmas season and good health in the New Year.

Sincerely,

Alban Richey, III

From: **Alex Deeb**: 8823 Colonial Rd., Brooklyn, NY 11209-5501

Sorry I missed the last reunion, but the summer of 1996 was a difficult time for the Deeb family. First, my wife lost her three year battle with cancer. She died in August of 1996 just six days before our daughter was to be married.

Second, Brother Ed's wife suffered a stroke which left her blind and paralyzed on her left side.

However, good news always follows the bad. My youngest daughter presented me with a grandson just ten days ago at noon, Nov. 17th.

I received a photo from Herb Cuevas showing Mrs. Fink at 103 yrs surrounded by Pat Dean, Wayne Holton, Herb Cuevas, Vera Vitolo, Joe Kaiser, & Betty Clarke. She sure looks very well. Give her my regards when you next see her.

Hope to see you at the next reunion.

Regards to all,

Alex Deeb

Plans for the changes here at The Fountains (Greer) have been finalized and we are looking forward to seeing the changes. Jim & I will keep you "on top" of what is happening.

Wishing you all a healthy and Happy New Year.

As Always

*Jim & Isabel
Doug & Mitzi*



Dear Fellow Alumni

March 1998

We do hope that most of you are enjoying the winter as the weather in some places has been bad. Here we are beginning to think it was the winter the never was. But then I really expect to get REALLY SNOWED ON YET.... We haven't any plans for a reunion at this time as we want to find out if the new owners of Greer will allow us to meet there. We are thinking in terms of the summer of 1999. Please keep us in mind if you should have any stories that we can put in YOUR LETTER.

From: **Anne Marie Novick**, [REDACTED] Wappingers Falls, NY 12590

I hope you had a wonderful holiday and I want to send you a big "Thank You," for your help in my search for my Uncle **Bill Davis**.

Thanks for asking around the reunion last year, someone remembered that he moved to Delaware after leaving Greer.

I also wrote a letter to the alumni newsletter and I received a reply. One of Billy's classmates sent me a photo!

I did eventually locate Uncle Billy and thank you again for all you've done.

From: **Billy Beer**, [REDACTED] Atlanta, GA 30360

Margie and I are still doing really well and being retired these last 7 ½ years really agrees with us.

Wish I could write a great story about my time at Greer and tell a funny tale but as I remember it was a really good time and I have nothing but fond memories of my 6 years there, 1946-1952.

If we're going to have a reunion this year, I sure would like to hear about it as soon as possible because our summer are always very full and we have to make plans as early as possible.

Thanks to all your hard work, it really is nice to be able to see all the old names and remember the good times.

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

Back to campus from our vacations spent at home with families. It was always great to see everybody again and also to deal with the anticipation (and sometimes anxiety) of moving to a new cottage for the coming school year.

September was the Labor Day picnic and the start of the fall sports season. I played after the Joe Fischer era, but I do remember the two-a-day football practices of Jack Maddox and later Ken Lynn that began that first week of September. Two-a-days were so tiring that all you wanted to was survive the, (and drink plenty of liquids,) although they were a necessary evil, it was always great to get that first week done and then only have one daily practice once the school year started.

In the middle of the month was the welcome back dance in the auditorium. As I teach in the public schools and see the lack of dances, I really appreciate the regularity of dances at Greer as we looked forward to them very much.

For the younger grades, there was the Annual day trip to Bennett Junior College and all of the attention that would be given the students by the girls at Bennett. Games on the field, a trip to the riding stables, and all the goodies of candies and food always made for a memorable day.

In short, September was always a month of renewal and a fun time to be at Greer.

October was a special month – hayrides, bonfires, spectacular colors, and football/field hockey games. Football was the most successful sport at Greer: and in this sport, we were

always competitive against other schools that had more students to choose from. 1952 – 1955, we won 25 straight games before losing to Millbrook in the last game of the '55 season. Greer got revenge in 1959 against Millbrook as Greer stopped a Millbrook undefeated team. In 1961, Greer's only league loss was the heartbreaking loss to Red Hook.

The crisp autumn air with the beautiful colors made October a special month. Bonfires and the Halloween dance were other highlights of October. I don't remember the trick-o-treat tradition being a part of Greer, but the school dance was a good substitute for that.

In my last two years at Greer, the older cottages were able to invite their dates to dinner on Fridays nights and then to the movie afterwards.

November brought the sport hop in the auditorium to celebrate the fall sports season. We usually saw our first snowfall in November, but November will mostly be remembered for the Thanksgiving Celebration. As a younger student, it was an honor to be chosen to go to Millbrook to buy food from the store, then bringing the baskets up to the front of the Chapel was also special. In later years, it was playing football on the boys' field to work up the appetite and then having the staff serve the student in the school auditorium were great memories. To this day, Thanksgiving is one time of the year that I always think of Greer.

Greer Football Team ^{10/23} Edges Chatham, 14-13 ₁₉₅₄

Greer school's six-man football team had a close call at Chatham last night, eking out a 14-13 triumph.

Coach Joe Fischer's players piled up a 14-7 halftime advantage and hung on the rest of the way as they captured their fourth straight win.

The home team scored first on a 15-yard pass play, quarterback Charley Vieni pitching to Bob Goodrich. Vieni pegged to Larry Schroeder for the extra point.

GREER GOT its first score on a safety. End Jack Rolston tackled a Chatham back in the end zone. The Greer squad racked up two touchdowns in the second quarter.

Tommy King circled end on a seven-yard scoring scamper to climax a 65-yard downfield drive. The extra point was missed.

Substitute center Russ Golden blocked a Chatham punt a few minutes later and Lee Arvidson recovered it for a touchdown.

Vieni and Schroeder formed a touchdown pass combination for Chatham in the third quarter. But Arvidson broke up an aerial for the extra point to preserve the Greer lead.

The clock worked against Greer on two occasions. Greer had the ball on Chatham's one-foot line when the first half ended, and was within two yards of the goal when the final whistle blew.

In 1954, Greer went to Chatham, New York and defeated a team that hadn't lost in four years. I remember Joe Fischer talking about how exciting this game was in an all-school assembly the next year just before the 1955 season started. This must have been one great football game for our 6-man team

The lineups:		Pos.	Chatham
Greer			Goodrich
J. Rolston	1.E		Haner
R. Rolston	C		Carlo Vieni
Baker	RE		Charley Vieni
Trommsdorff	QB		Breads
King	HB		Schroeder
Arvidson	HB		

The score by quarters:				
Greer	2	12	0	0-14
Chatham	7	0	6	0-13
Greer substitutes: Wolf, Golden, Freitas, Heisel, Devaux, Stark, Chatham substitutes: Simmonds, Williams, Flouten, Keller, Sulliffe, O'Connor, Johnson, Hansen, Mimallo, Officials: Conley, Nolan.				

From: Cheryl (Montaigne) Crawford, [REDACTED] Austin, TX 78767

I can't believe it! I went to visit Greer after 38 years (January 11, 1998). I was there from 1952-58. I had forgotten how beautiful it is there. I was there for one day and spent 5 hours wondering all over the grounds, trying to recapture my childhood. I ran into Herb Van Anden who was there visiting and he gave my name and address to James Morton. James recently sent me a newsletter and I was so thrilled to receive it. It had names that I remember well i.e., Anne & Eve Meyrowitz, Mary Anne Packer, Diana Munzer, Ronald Cooper. Speaking of Ronald Cooper...He and I were in a bicycle accident on our way to

the swimming pond. We were knocked out and both lost our front tooth! I was so pleased to receive the "Christmas Apple" story.

I only wished I had known where people like Mrs. Fink were. She sounds incredible and as caring as ever. Does anyone have her address?

I have some questions and hope some of you might be able to help me. There were a lot of buildings I couldn't find. I videotaped the entire grounds while I was there.

- 1) Does anyone have copies of pictures I could have? I will be more than happy to pay for the copies.
- 2) Where are the following buildings? And what is in their place now? The gym, elementary school. Camp, football field, swimming pond, ice skating pond, farm, all of the cottages. I can't remember all of their names. I was at Plum and Greer.
- 3) Does anyone know where Cheryl Gieringer, Harry McCandless, Ms Sutton, The Hamilton's are?
- 4) How many kids were at Greer?
- 5) When did the school close?
- 6) Who was Greer named after?
- 7) Where did Greer get its funding?

I have so many wonderful memories from Greer. I remember being in the Martin Play one year. I was one of the little kids who ran behind the window and knocked. I remember Miss Schafenacker trying to give me piano lessons; I never did learn to play. I remember Thursday we had liver and stewed tomatoes and Fridays we had blue fish. To this day, I don't like stewed tomatoes or blue fish. I remember filling my bathing cap with wild cherries and eating them on the way to the swimming hole. I used to get in trouble at camp for waking everyone so early in the morning. I had to go to the director's building and sit on the porch until it was time to get up and then I got to ring the bell to wake everyone up. Those were wonderful days.

Bruce Barton was eight years older than me and always called me his little sister. One day when he came to deliver the food at Greer Cottage he gave me his rabbit foot that he always carried around. Two days later he died in a tragic fire in the main kitchen at Greer. He had a chair on top of the stove with a pail of oil and was cleaning the fan above the stove. The chair slipped out from under him and the stove exploded. I saw his grave in the Greer cemetery and was overwhelmed with sadness, but knew he was OK now.

I guess I wished everything could have stayed the same. The buildings were so beautiful, I just wish they could have remained standing and that someone could have used them for the future changes. I was glad to see the Chapel, high school, the infirmary, the Gate House, the cemetery and some remains of Ledge Cottage.

To all of you who might remember me, I wish you the best and know Greer School provided you with a wonderful foundation. I feel fortunate to have had so many positive influences in my life. I just hope I can make it back for one of these reunions. I would love to hear from those of you who wished to correspond. I am on-line my email address is: bpwq30@██████████. Wishing you a wonderful, happy successful New Year!

Sincerely,

Cheryl Crawford

From: **Richard Devaux**, ██████████ Plainsboro, NJ 08536

Thank you for your quick response over the year-end holidays. I received both your e-mail and the Christmas Newsletter, OK. Enclosed is a \$15 check for 1998 dues. With regards to the Class of 1953, I have attached a copy of the nine members (from my old year book). Thought you would be interested. Also a copy of the Commencement Exercises, I can make additional copies of both if anyone else would like one. As I indicated in my earlier letter, I still would like to renew contacts with some of my old classmates if you have any information that you could share? Anyone wishing to contact

me can call at 609 [REDACTED]—this phone number has both Voice Recording and Fax Receiving facilities. I can also be reach vie the internet at rndevaux [REDACTED].

Again wishing you and our family a Happy and Blessed New Year!

Sincerely,

Richard Devaux

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

Enclosed are my dues and a brief rundown about the ice storm of 1998 here in the North "Country of NY. This is day 14 since the onset of that storm, while we here in NY state are almost back to normal, Quebec, Canada still has thousands and thousands of people without power. I must say that whatever I learned in Greer School during the 1940's, I applied that knowledge to get through this storm. An example was how Mom McKinley ran Camp Barbey. We had no electricity, therefore we had to use lanterns or light form the logs burning in the fireplace of the Rec Hall. We didn't have toilets that flushed; having to walk either up to one or down to the other outhouses. Naturally we didn't need heat other than what was again, the fireplace on cold and damp days. There was a phone in the White House, the cooking done by gas and aside from that we asked for little, maintaining the everyday maintenance of the buildings, kitchen, pantry and the dining hall in addition to our cabins which were inspected on a daily basis. I can recall waking up in Daisy Cottage in the A.M. in winter. One could see the breath vapor like steam. It was so cold; I felt that I'd never be warm again. Yet, there were few complaints, life went on as usual.

As this ice storm got worse, you could see the ice forming on all that was outdoors, a twig 1/4" thick, soon looked to be 1" or better. We lost power on the first night, but we were ready, fifteen gallons of water was stretched out for two days, we melted ice on kerosene heaters and used the water for dishes and for flushing the toilet. On the third day after hearing radio reports that power would not be restored for up to four weeks, it was then that the situation looked bleak; I had to find a generator. They could not be found which I learned after phone calls to ten or so farm supply or hardware store. About ready to five up on that endeavor, I receive a call that generator were being sold in Messina, 30-35 miles away. I was told that there were only 100 for sale, first come, first served. That was at 9:00 AM and at 10:00 AM I was standing in a waiting line, the temperature a wet 20°F. Call it luck, fate or whatever; I was #99 in the line that was now 200 people deep. I came home with a 5000 watt unit and enough gas to run it for a day. In less that 1/2 hr, we had power in the house. Over the portable radio, we learned that generators on trucks were being hi-jacked, the units taken, generators outside of homes were being stolen as they were supplying power to that house. The price gouging began, units that sold for \$500, were now worth their weight in gold, selling for \$1000-1500. Accessories for them were not available, 3 prong, 220v plugs, wire, gas and oil were bought out for miles around. We had to have the plugs sent to us, thanks to an Aunt in Geneva, NY, who called just as the storm began.

Before long, stores opened their power from generators. There was 2-3" of ice on the roads, with potholes so big that if one wasn't careful, one could rip out the under-carriage of the vehicles. Yet we needed supplies. Six miles away was the nearest gas station and store, which we selling gas and kerosene right off the delivery trucks, the prices remained the same.

1/28/1998---1600 utility workers from all over the eastern states, came in to help Niagara-Mohawk restore power. That also included crews fro the telephone company. With them they brought in hundreds of miles of wire, electric and telephone poles. One stretch of road 5 miles long, had poles down, snapped as though like toothpicks. So these crews could work safer and faster, we were placed under curfew at 8:00 pm, while teams worked the night through undisturbed. The state and local police were working 12-18 hour shifts, the National Guard, 300 strong, reinforce them. Fire departments., the Red Cross, church organizations, Veteran, all had hundreds of volunteers assisting where possible. I have never seen such camaraderie among a population as I saw during this state of emergency. People were opening their homes to those less fortunate lending vehicles, wood burn stoves, giving away cords of wood, you name it, they were available for those in need. If anyone remember the blizzard of 12/27/1947, that was a cake walk

compared to this ice storm I have never seen anything like it in my whole life, huge trees, doesn't matter what kind fell, weighted down by the relentlessly falling rain now formed as ice on anything it touched. Some roads are still blocked; Southern Canada still has hundreds of homes without power. All in all, this is one happy and very thankful family. I'm not looking for another storm but if there is one, I know that this family will rise up and defeat any situation that comes along.



YALE LAW SCHOOL
P.O. Box 208215
New Haven, Connecticut 06520-8215

ANTHONY T. KRONMAN
Dean

January 5, 1998

Ms. Helen Zarakovitis
1605 NE 105th Street
Miami, FL 33138

Dear Ms. Zarakovitis:

I want to thank you for your splendid gift to establish a scholarship fund in memory of your brother, George C. Zachary. The devotion to the School of its graduates and friends is the School's most precious asset and absolutely essential to its continuing vitality and strength.

Every year, the Yale Law School enrolls a new class of wonderfully talented men and women. They come to the School with great gifts and high ambitions, for themselves and for the world. They come with intense moral commitments and profound intellectual curiosities. Above all, they come with the conviction that in the law they will find a true engagement of the heart and mind, and a path to their diverse dreams.

The mission of the Yale Law School can be simply stated. It is to develop these gifts, and strengthen these commitments, and to liberate the ambitions that its students bring to the School each year. It is to provide them with an environment of moral and intellectual stimulation that will fulfill their own high hopes for the law. It is to nourish their dreams while it disciplines them, and to instill in every student that combination of exuberant imagination and steady practicality and deep devotion to the improvement of the world that is the mark of a Yale Law School education. This is the mission of the School, and your support is vital to its success.

Over the years, the Yale Law School has made a significant contribution to the nation and the world. There is no way to measure this contribution exactly, but it has been large and lasting in every area of life. You know this, and take pride in it, and are determined, as am I, that the great traditions of the School shall endure. They shall endure, with your devoted support. I promise you that, and thank you again for all you have done to help sustain this very special place.

Sincerely,

Thank for this inspired and inspiring gift. Your generosity moves me deeply. Your brother lived a great life in the law, and your magnificent gift honors him for it. Thanks!

From: **Gary & Cherri Wood**: 302 SE 21st St., Cape Coral, FL 33900

Gary & I would be happy to be included in your directory. Here is some info if you want it.

We were married in March 1963. We have two grandchildren, daughter, Adrienne Westerlund married to Ken Westerlund, and they have two children; Ariane and Marisa. Our son Scott Wood is not married. We've just completed our 20th move in 34 years and hope we will stay settled here in Florida since we have both retired from the government as Computer Scientists.

I SPENT 6 YEARS AT Greer from 1956- 1962; Gary was there from 1959-1960 and graduated from Walt Whitman HS in Huntington, NY in 1961. I graduated from Greer in 1962 in a class of 7 (2 girls and 5 boys). Other classmates included John Nicholas, Paula Pequeno, Tom McCandless, and Ed Martin. We all kept in touch with several people including Georgeanne (Clark) & Dean Hartz for awhile and then Gary and I started traveling overseas and didn't really hear from anyone until we found you on the internet.

Our address is [REDACTED] Cape Coral FL 33990. We moved to Florida to enjoy our favorite hobby of Scuba diving and underwater photography. We have spent many of the last 34 years overseas in England and then many years in various parts of Asia.

The last people from Greer that we really had any contact with was Paula Pequeno who was living on Roosevelt Island in NY. I think we talked to her in 1989/90 before we headed off for Japan. Her sister Pam also lives in New York and Phyllis was married and living in Pocomoke City, Maryland.

I have included Madelyn, Anne & Jim in this email also.

Keep in touch. We're interested in your directory and home page when you get it done.

Hi to all-

Things here are moving forward on the legal end and we hope to see some physical changes in the near future. The Fountains have plans for the old Maintenance shop and fire house. They are planning to convert the building into 3 apartments. I'm glad they are not going to destroy the building. This new company has a great respect for the land and the history that it holds.

We hope that you all are surviving the winter. The promise of spring is in the air, keep smiling.

Until next time-

Mitzi & Doug
Jim & Isabel



Dear Fellow Alumni,

October 1998

This past summer my wife and I traveled to London to see the sights and also to see my folks.

We had a great time and managed to get to a couple of plays while there. On the suggestion of Ed Crump we visited the Soane Museum with its many artifices, quite nice.

On Sept. 25 a group of alumni from about 1960 visited Mrs. Elliott. Carolyne Ladeau, Madelyn Niemann, Anne Foster, Angie Oliver, Tony Vaz, John Hudnor, the Hamilton's, Loren Shirar and Carmine DiArpino. Hope that I remembered all the names. A good time was had by all. We felt bad for Tony as a hurricane was just about to hit in the area where he lives and we hope that he didn't get too much damage.

At this time we are in the process of planning a reunion; for sometime next summer, but will have more data with the Christmas letter.

I received a telephone message from Dr. Ian Morrison informing us that Don and Betty Laws' daughter had died, she was 39 years of age at the time. I believe this letter with 5 obits is the most we have lost from our alumni in some time. Our thoughts are with you all.

Please note that we are asking anyone who has a year book that we do not have to send one. We are trying to get a complete set of these and will bind the together so they can be kept safely.

Have a good fall season.....The trees are starting to turn.

We received a letter from Helen Zarakovitis during the month of April 1998. She enclosed a letter which she had received from a person who knew Charlotte Day. In this letter she stated that Charlotte had died in January 1998.

August 1, 1998

Dear Jim,

I sure am not enjoying writing this letter. I lost Audrey on July 3rd, after a 2 ½ year battle with ovarian cancer. She was at a real battle more than she should have been. She was worried about leaving me and the children both hers and the grandkids. It's over now and she's in much better hands now. "Death is beautiful, dying is not." We always wanted to go to one of Greer's reunions. I'll have to try and make the next one by myself.

Agnes Kraker (Slewick) will be stopping for a visit Aug. 7th. She and Marvin are on the way to Alaska. I'm looking forward to their visit.

Jim I just don't have much to say except it hurts. Audrey and I where together from 1947 to 1998. It was a wonderful 51 years. Never would have met her if it hadn't been for Greer.

My Best to all,

Bob Cooper

**WE DO NOT HAVE THE FOLLOWING
YEARBOOKS
CAN YOU HELP US?**

1921	1930	1940	1964
1922	1931	1944	
1923	1932	1945	
	1935	1946	
	1936	1948	

Thank you

Philip Stokes Van Hook, former area resident

HOLIDAY, Fla. — Philip Stokes Van Hook, 84, a former Hyde Park resident, died Tuesday at Harbor-side Healthcare Gulf Coast in New Port Richey, Fla.

A dean at Frederick Community College in Frederick, Md., Mr. Van Hook was a member of the Maryland Association of College Business Officers and past chairman of the Association for Maryland Community Colleges.

He was a member of Asbury United Methodist Church in New

Port Richey.

Born June 8, 1914, in Freehold, N.J., he was a son of the Rev. Carlton R. and Ethel R. Stokes Van Hook.

He married Frances E. Deuel, who survives at home.

Other survivors include a sister, Mary Lou Dyer of Whiting, N.J.

Memorial services are at 11 a.m. Saturday at Michaels-Lundquist Funeral Home in New Port Richey.

Burial of remains will be in Union Cemetery, Hyde Park.

EDWARD L. BUNN, JR. Lumberton, N.J. resident

Edward L. Bunn, Jr., of Lumberton, died on June 22, 1998. He was 72.

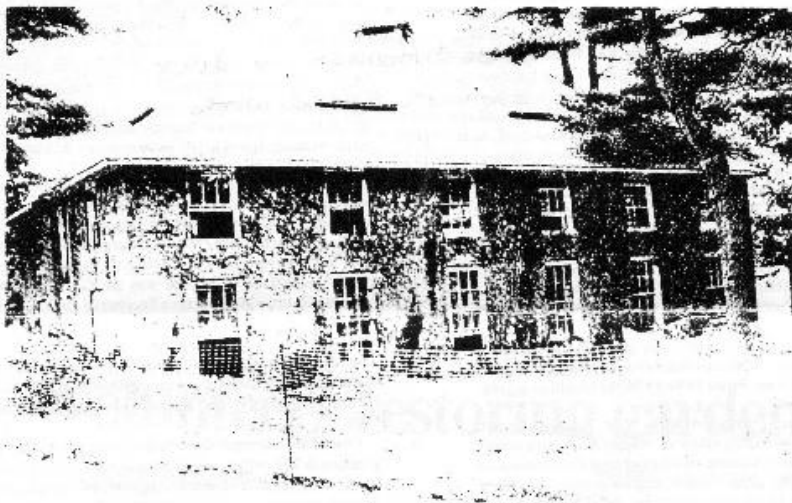
Mr. Bunn was born in New York City and proudly served his country in the U.S. Army during World War II where he earned the Bronze Star, The World War II Medal and the Army of Occupation Medal, where he retired as a Captain with 22 years of service, both active and reserve. Mr. Bunn was a member of the Retired Officer's Club, the National Association of Retired Federal Employees, where he retired from over 20 years of service Ft. Dix Department of Engineering and Housing. He was also a member of the Good Sam's Club and numerous other camping associations and clubs. Mr. Bunn was a private pilot & a past member of the McGuire Aero Club.

He was a loving husband to Celeste (nee Quadarella) and dear father of Edward L. III, Rustburg, VA, Jeanne M. Bunn, Mt. Vernon, NY, Paul R. Bunn, Westville, NJ and Valerie A. Scully of Willingboro. Dear brother of Frances Boulware of California, Frank Bunn of Colorado and Rev. Leslie Bunn of Flemington, NJ. Dear grandfather of seven and great-grandfather of one.

Relatives and friends are invited to attend his funeral Friday at 10:30AM at LER/GIVNISH OF MT HOLLY, 317 High St. followed by a Funeral Liturgy at 12 Noon at Sacred Heart Church, Mt. Holly. Interment NJ Vet. Cem. Arnetown, NJ. Viewing will be today 2-4PM and 7-9PM and Friday morning 10:30-11:30AM.

In lieu of flowers the family requests donations to Sacred Heart Church, 360 High St., Mt. Holly, NJ.

ntains plans \$1.4 M in renovation



LUXURY LIVING: This firehouse on The Fountains at Millbrook campus, which dates back to 1906, will be turned into three luxury apartments as part of The Fountains' \$1.4 million renovation. (Photo by Don Conklin.)

Set to double in size

by Don Conklin

After the renovation and expansion at The Fountains at Millbrook is complete, residents of the beach retirement community in Union Vale won't have to worry if they can no longer take care of themselves.

Currently in the midst of \$1.4 million worth of renovations, The Fountains recently obtained the Union Vale Planning Board's approval for new assisted living accommodations that will double its number of available spaces.

The Fountains' executive director, Deb Jones, explained that when the facility opened 13 years ago, senior citizens flocked to fill up the numerous cottages and apartments.

The original Fountains dwellers liked it so much they never left. "Now they're getting frail," she said.

The Fountains is currently an independent living community — if a resident wants a ride into town or across the grounds, Fountains staff can help. But if a senior needs help bathing or getting dressed, they have to hire someone privately.

The planned 60-bed assisted living unit, a comparably sized nursing home

and a 30-person Alzheimer's unit will allow residents to stay at the Fountains even after they have grown too weak to get around by themselves. Friends can still see each other, and community can be maintained.

Old buildings on the Fountains facility, formerly a boarding school

campus, are also being improved and renovated. Meadowview and McAlister, currently used as independent living areas, are being upgraded and a new building which contains the dining hall and a variety of activity rooms is getting a dramatic

facelift.

An dilapidated brick firehouse dating back to 1906 is being completely restored, and will be transformed into three apartments. The top floor will be turned into one 2,000-square-foot unit, which Jones called "spectacular." It's too late to have a chance to live there, though — some lucky person already put down a deposit.

Jones highlighted the overhailed auditorium as one particularly impressive project. The Fountains stopped the old carpeting to reveal an impressive wood paneled floor and is adding acoustical tile to the walls to dampen sound.

There will be temporary assisted living facilities until the nursing home can be added across the street to the main building. Jones hopes that the plans for the addition, which will more than double the size of the Fountains from 136 units to almost 290, will be completed by the fall.

Jones hopes to break ground on the addition by the end of the year, and is clearly excited at the prospect of adding more services to the Fountains mix.

"We get a lot of educated, sophisticated, neat people," she said. "It makes it a fun community."

Thursday April 16, 1999- Quotes from Helen Fink a star is born

Dutchess Titanic link-Thanks to the motion picture screen, everyone in the civilized world must now by now that at about this time 86 years ago a supposedly unsinkable ship call the Titanic, carrying more that 2,000 passengers, hit an iceberg I the North Atlantic and indeed sank. Among the 1,500 or so passengers who went down with the ship was on of the Hudson Valley's best-known and wealthiest citizens, Col John Jacob Aster IV of Rhinebeck.

One of Hyde Park's best known residents, Mrs. Helen Christmas Fink, who will be 105 years of age in a few weeks, remembers this event well. It occurred about one month before her graduation from Poughkeepsie High School. In a recent conversation she spoke about her mothers' employment relationship to Mrs. Helen Astor Roosevelt, the sister of John Jack Astor IV. "Helen Astor Roosevelt was the wife of James Roosevelt, Franklin Roosevelt's older half-brother, who was called "Rosy." They lived just south of Springwood. My mother worked for Mrs. Helen Roosevelt and knew Col. Astor from his visits to see her. He was a kind man and once gave my mother a five dollar bill which was a lot of money in those days. We learned about the sinking go the Titanic and his death from the newspaper, the Poughkeepsie Eagle which we got twice a week. Remember there were no radios or phone in those days and news didn't travel too fast."

Volunteers Restoring Garden

Wednesday, May 20, 1998

Group saves work of noted designer----by Fred Johnson for the Poughkeepsie Journal
HYDE PARK- on the north side of the Roosevelt historic site lays a "secret garden" often missed by visitors.

The garden, designed in 1912, by noted landscape gardener, Bearatrix Farrand, is at Bellefield Estate, the former home of Thomas and Sara Newbold.

One person fortunate enough to have seen the garden in its original condition is Helen Fink, 105, of Hyde Park.

"My grandfather was the gardener over at the Roosevelt estate. We would go to visit him and we would see the garden." Mrs. Fink said. "I liked the garden very much because of its use of borders. I'm sure the Newbold family would appreciate having it continue."

Crew of USS Quincy visits FDR home

Tuesday May 26, 1998

HYDE PARK--On a day set aside to recognize those veterans who died in service too their country, the residents of Hyde Park also celebrated those who survived. Hundreds of local residents didn't let a rainy Memorial Day morning stop them from lining Route 9 for Hyde Park's annual parade.

There were parents, cousins, friends, neighbors, and out-of-town visitors watching fire trucks, antique cars, legion members, baseball teams bands, cheerleaders and 105 year old Helen Fink go up Route 9 in honor of fallen veterans.

Residents revel in festivities

Sunday July 5, 1998

By Shawn Cohen and Elizabeth Lynch
Poughkeepsie Journal

Austin Perrotta of Hyde Park is a little spoiled when it comes to his birthday. When he turned 4 years old Saturday, he clapped and cheered as the entire community threw him a parade. Helen Fink, the oldest Hyde Park resident at 105, drew wild cheers simply by waving from and vehicles, "What a waste of film," she joked to a few residents who took pictures of her.

The Labyrinth by Tom Oliver

Those of you who never lived in Marcy Cottage probably never knew what I am about to tell you ever existed. So we eliminate all the girls and anyone who started their Greer life in Daisy.

All of the buildings at Greer were big and I assume they all had parts that most of us never visited. Marcy was no exception.

On the stairway going down into the basement room from the kitchen in Marcy was a small door that opened into a small dirt floored room. During the summer, sleds were stored in this room, during the winter, bicycles, and year round, the broken parts of both. Somebody was always trying to salvage enough parts to build a bike, but that's another story.

In the back corner of the room under the stairs, there was an opening leading into what could only be called compartments made up of other foundation sections in the non-basement part of the building. The opening was quite small. No adult could possibly crawl through. However, eight, nine, and ten year old boys had no trouble scampering in.

Once inside, you were in an area with a dirt floor and too low to stand up in. It was also very, very dark. If you have ever been in the bottom of the Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico when they turn out the light, you know how dark it was. We didn't have flashlights very often, batteries being at a premium. So, most of our expeditions were in total darkness.

What we discovered over the years, was that there were openings in the walls similar to the one we entered through, which led to other chambers in the foundation. In fact, if you knew where you were going, you would crawl in a big circle and come out in the basement through a small door set high in the wall of the furnace room.

On rainy days when there was nothing else to do, an expedition would be organized to explore the labyrinth. One of the older guys who knew the way would lead; the new younger guys would follow. The instructions were to crawl through the first opening then grab the ankle of the guy in front of you and hold on for dear life! If you let go you would be lost forever!

It was not a pleasant place. The dirt was very fine and rose as dust. In summer the air was stifling hot and in winter it could be very cold.

We never lost anyone permanently. But we did have some let go of the foot in front. Letting go of that foot, left you in total darkness with absolutely no idea where to go. If you were tail-end Charley, the last guy in the line, you were really alone. If there was someone behind you and still attached at least you had company!

I guess traveling through the foundation was a sort of rite of passage for young boys. The older boys knew the way and the younger boys had to screw up their courage and prove they were as brave as the others.

Believe me, you were asking a lot of an eight-year-old to enter that place!

You all may be interested in knowing that the architect, who is working for The Fountains, contacted the New York State Office of Parks, Recreations, and Historic Preservation. The Chapel of the Child meets the criteria for inclusion in the State and National Registers of Historic Places and there for shall always be protected and preserved. It is nice to know that the Chapel shall always be here.

We wish you all a joyous Thanksgiving. We will be in touch at Christmas.

As Always, Jim & Isabel, Mitzi & Doug