



GHS
Wreadin' Writin' 'n' Wreminiscin'
Way ... Back To School
Debut Edition...27 July 2003

William **CHRISTIANSEN** . Old Lyme . CT
wqc55@aol.com

I really don't remember my first day in high school. I don't know if I was frightened or just numb. Coming from a small part of Greenwich, I knew and grew up with all of my neighbors. We were a close knit community. Chickahomany was pretty much an Italian neighborhood, even if you weren't Italian by birth you were Italian by association. Everybody knew everybody. The community all went to the same church St. Rochs (pronounced Saint Rocks). The community was pulled even closer together once a year in August for the local fair sponsored by the church. I can remember my mom and dad always worked at it.



High school was pretty much a shock to most of us Chickahomnians. There were all these kids, Christ, we didn't know there were that many kids in Greenwich. I guess that's what they call culture shock. Now, for the first time we were all on our own. We still stayed with our little groups but we did develop new friends. I learned that there were other musicians my age. At that time, I considered

myself a musician, that was my claim to fame. I can actually remember being in three Senior Vaudevilles. We weren't afraid to bring in ringers if we needed them. Like most of you, I can remember the good and the bad times in high school, that's part of growing up. I prefer to remember the good times and not dwell on the bad. Although music was a big part of life in high school and as a young adult, I did give it up.

Thirty years without music, I had a grown up job now, was married with a wife and a son. Music was in the past. Then two years ago I heard about this "big band" that rehearsed every Wednesday night just around the corner from me. Finally I mustered up enough strength to go down and hear them. I could see that they had potential and I actually knew a couple of the musicians in the band. One song that they played got me, Star Eyes, a big band classic. I just knew that I could play some really cool rhythms in it and make them sound better. Well, I eased my way into the band, that was two years ago, My wife says I spend more time thinking about and promoting the band than I do promoting our hardware store. She's right of course. I didn't realize how much I missed music until I started playing again, We're about to make our first CD.



Earlier I wrote Kathie **TEMPLE** Azoff about a class mate that has passed away, I told her that somehow I always thought that I would get to one of these reunions and see her again. Well, that's not going to happen now. I also wrote John **ABERCROMBIE** and said that I think we should all try to get together again before it's too late. He agreed. I think we all CAN go home again. I'll keep you all posted. I think I'd better stop now, I'm beginning to ramble. Bill

Gary **DERBENWICK**. Colorado Springs . CO
gary@celis-semi.com
g.derbenwick@att.net

I was interested to see the info on Gerry Mack. I wondered what he was doing now. He was a big influence on me, and the Senior Choir trip to Vienna and elsewhere in Europe in 1961 made a huge difference in my life. I was also interested to see the info on Tom Gorin. He supplied a lot of the music at the high school functions.

George **DEVOL**. New Canaan . CT 06480
ocruisenew@aol.com



I know Bob **CASSONE** quite well. He's working on a big-block Chevelle, the model is a Z-16. I've seen him at the last two reunions and because he's a car nut too, we talked for quite awhile. He said he actually bought two of the cars, one for parts, the other to restore. I remember in high school riding around with him in his '56 Chevy convert. After a night of driving, drinking, etc. we would stop at the bakery in Port Chester and get fresh hot Italian bread right out of the oven. It was great on a cold night with a couple of beers to wash it down!

[eMail response by "Editor"]

The keys to my father's '55 Buick Century fit Bob's Chevy... we could trade cars but he balked at the old "blue and white" bomb... I remember his being "green and white"... am I right?

I remember Bob's car as being black with a white top. Maybe he had another Chevy, that was green. Back then many GM keys interchanged. I think there were only about a dozen different key combinations. Even on my '62 Corvette, there is a single key for everything and you can take the key out of the ignition and leave the engine running!



Penny **HAYMES** Cox . Boulder . CO
vivipenny@aol.com

I remember friends, the heady romances of high school, certain events, and above all, Senior Chorus. But there is so much I don't remember.

There was a part of me that was wholly present, however, and it's going to sound odd I'm sure. *It is odd, I'm sure.* When someone asks "what do you remember most about GHS?" the first thing that comes to my mind is the building. I loved being in that building. I have very vivid, and moving visual memories of the hallways (in black and white interestingly), late or very early, when they weren't fully lit, the light softly reflecting off the floors and those long rows of lockers. Wooden doors with brass fittings and frosted glass windows. I liked the mechanics of them - how it felt and sounded to open and close them. I loved the entryway to the auditorium, the THEATER itself. And then there were the huge windows up in the back of the building, opened wide to the breeze, framing the sparkling (Long Island) Sound. I remember the color of the wood, but I couldn't tell you what the class was, or who else was there.



When I return now and then to Greenwich to visit my sister, I am comforted to see that most of the building is still there, still vital. But I don't want to go inside.

Bob **McMILLAN** . Scarsdale . NY
bmcmillan@bbbarch.com
bigmac2allbeef@yahoo.com
bobmcmillanghs@netscape.net



Greenwich High School

Greenwich, Connecticut

About GHS



After the eMail suggestion by Jim **NOWLAND** [see below], and the offer that I be editor for this section, I guess that I have to come up with something... Maybe I could start with... When I finally got the opportunity to drive my father's car... The Blue and White '55 Buick Century that I refer to in the [eMail response by "Editor"]... see George **DEVOL** above... I ended up at the high school parking lot... entering by the tennis courts and down through the arches and the parking area in the center of the school... and back out again curving up into the lot... I always parked the big "bomb" in the spaces along the hedges near to the exit lane... and there was a cop who directed traffic... along Field Point Road... He was a very friendly with my father and would report back to "him", if I stepped out of line. I remember one time someone "egged" the cars in the lot and the blue paint on the Buick bleached out with a huge white splatter. When school let out everyone would go over to the Post Road and have ice cream at Nielsen's.

There are several other "famous places" along the Post Road... like the Dairy Queen... Mike **TAYLOR**'s father opened the very first McDonald's-Like Cheap Hamburger Place.. in Cos Cob... I think they were 15 cents and you could spend a whole buck in a place like that... Of course I have my first place of part-time employment... the New Englander Motor Hotel (busboy) and eventually (room service) I started at the age of 12 and was serving liquor to the rooms at the age of 13... State legal age for working was 14, and for serving drinks was 21... but that's okay... cause I would drive to work with my father's car... and that wasn't legal until 16... Wonder what the Statute of Limitations is on that one? 45 years has got to count for something. Back along the Post Road... my second place of employ... The Clam Box. There was a part of town that sat in the valley at the bottom of the big hill on the Post Road... between Greenwich proper and the Dairy Queen in Cos Cob... Can't remember the name... but they were all the "snooty rich kids" in there with their own Country Club and Ponds... I think they all attended places like the Brunswick Academy and

Rosemary Hall. There was a big white farmhouse on the other side of the valley... that the town sold for \$1.00 and the buyer's had to move to another location,, cause they wanted to build the new GHS there.

I have a strange memory of having a "fire drill" at GHS, during the "show er" after Gym Class and everyone having to go outside in the paved areas next to the gym... And having to run up the staircases for basketball practices... wearing lead weights in funny little yellow pouches on my ankles... Those stairs were 5 stories high... at 12'-0" per story. And they were bluestone with metal risers... Just shows you how many times I had to do this kind of punishment.

James **NOWLAND** Phoenix . AZ
jncgcn@aol.com

I think it's a great idea...let's do "specific memories"



...i.e., what triggers instant memories of Greenwich and GHS when you think about them. I can probably come up with some examples: My sophomore year, when we beat Port Chester, the last football game of the year. They were state champs, and we were not supposed to have a chance. As I recall, we beat them something like 25-0. Or all the fun we had at Senior Vaudeville (I took EVERY pic of that which appeared in the yearbook). Remember Charlie Hotez, breaking the state scoring record when we played in the quarter finals of the state basketball championships? Or, just

simple stuff...like meeting your friends at Tod's Point. You remember graduation? When we had a sudden shower, and the maroon gowns we had all ran, and all the gals who had white blouses had maroon stains on them? What do you think ????????

Patricia **ROSE** Bishel . Colchester . CT
geminipat@webtv.net

I remember you in the Senior Chorus! Have you been singing again? I went to a chorus reunion a few years ago with Gerry Mack, which was fun. Were there ever any more of them?



Credits . Photo Editing . **Magnus Mortensen** . RPI Class of 2006 . Scarsdale . New York



G.H.S

Wreadin' Writin' 'n' Wreminiscin'
Letters to the Editor

01 August 2003

Jane **BENJAMIN** Sheen . St. Thomas . VI

jbsheen@islands.vi

I read with interest the info on Dick Delage. I also had heard the story that he became a serial killer. The general gist was much the same as people reported to you. I'm attaching a file with his mother's obituary that lists his address as Malone, NY. Nosy researcher that I am, I discovered that there are 3 prisons for men in Malone, Upstate Correctional Facility (maximum security), Bare Hill Correctional Facility & Franklin Correctional Facility (both medium security). It is my guess he is incarcerated in one of them. This new sletter business has certainly taken some interesting turns.

Editorial Comment:

Enclosed with Jane's letter was a pdf version of Mrs. Delage's Obituary from the Stamford Advocate dated Friday 24 January 2003. WW-N-W wishes to thank Jane for this research. Out of respect for the Family of Mrs. Delage, we will not publish this article in the body of this new sletter.

From an Anonymous Source:

Search Results from NY State prisoners site:

<http://nysdocslookup.docs.state.ny.us/kingw00>

Richard Delage, DOB 8/13/44, white, in custody at Bare Hill Correctional Facility.

Gary **DERBENWICK**

Colorado Springs . CO

gary@celis-semi.com

g.derbenwick@att.net

Thanks for all the stuff. Very interesting. I see I have the honor? Of being mentioned in the same sentence with Dick Delage. I didn't know what had become of him.