



*G.F.S*

*Wreadin' Writin' 'n' Wreminiscin'*

*Weekly Wreader*

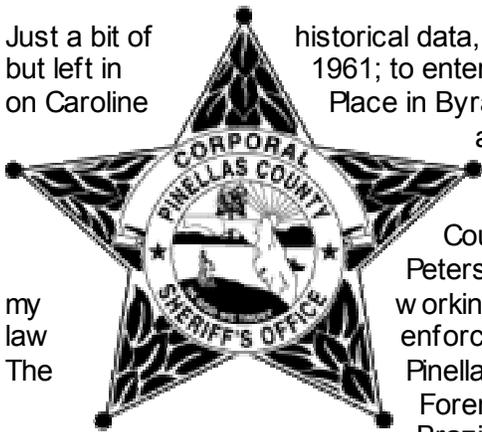
*Debut Edition...08 August 2003*

*National 'n' International*

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Just a bit of  
but left in  
on Caroline

my  
law  
The



historical data, I was part of the class of '62, 1961; to enter the military. I lived at that time Place in Byram and had previously attended Byram School. I last lived in Oxford, CT, 15 years ago and since in Pinellas County Florida (Clearwater/St. Petersburg). I've spent a majority of working life in the investigative and enforcement arena. I've been with Pinellas County Sheriff's Office for about 14 years now and work in the Forensic/Technical services area. I'm married to the former Denise M. Braziel, formerly of Naugatuck, CT. We're looking forward to our 28th

anniversary. Denise is a Cardiac Nurse Practitioner at the Bay Pines, FL VA Medical Center. We have two children, Matt 19-a film student at Univ. of Central Florida and Kaitlyn who is 15 and a Seminole HS student currently focused on getting her driver's license in October. I also have two children by my first marriage to Barbara Ann Donnelly, formerly of Cos Cob. Our son Mark and Daughter Suzanne, still live in CT. As you know, Cliff and Judy Barber have been dear friends, since forever. I know many of the folks I've seen on your mail list, especially those from the Byram/Pemberwick area. I do remember you as well, Bob, although we didn't travel in the same circles. Enough history. I'm open to and encourage email from any who recognize my name and wants to chat about old and new times.





Penny **HAYMES** Cox . Bolder . CO  
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In response to a classmate's query..... w hatever happened to... me? (long groan)

I am so tempted to make up something far more interesting, original and impressive than the "soap" of the past 40 years. How ever, I am loath to tell a lie... w hich, it turns out, can be a real handicap!

From GHS to Parson's School of Design, NYC, thanks largely to Mr. O'Hara's persistence. A few years in the graphic design department at Raymond Loew y, followed by several years as assistant/apprentice to Massimo Vignelli (Unimark), for the real design education. While launching an office for them in Cleveland, I met and married my first husband, also a displaced New Yorker. Back east four years later, shortly after the birth of our second child, w e separated.

After several years above a stable in Bedford, the kids and I moved to Chadds Ford, PA, to see w hat might come of a romance. I continued to freelance and mom for a few years, and Steve and I eventually married.



Shortly thereafter w e moved to Brazil for a brief (only a year and a half) but pow erful adventure-challenging



and w onderful and life-enriching. Then came too many years of corporate life in Wilmington, DE. Steve



traveled the w orld as an international marketing director in the plastic industry, and I w orked in various design capacities, parented and nested. Matt and Jen grew into themselves and in a blink, left for Gettysburg and Wittenberg. Somew here in the mid-90s, just w hen I w as getting ready for our honeymoon, alcoholism began to tear apart my husband, and eventually, our w orld. In the years since, w e have separated several times, reconciled, struggled. He has found sobriety, but our marriage has not survived. We are in the process now , after 27 years together, of its end.



Our last reconciliation brought me here, to Colorado, from Martha's Vineyard, where I lived for about two years. I loved "The Island", made good friends and art there. I love the West too, though these past several years have been... challenging. I brought my mother here from Florida about five years ago, and am her primary caregiver. She has Parkinson's and dementia, and has miraculously survived a number of crises. She now lives in an assisted living facility nearby, and is doing pretty well, in good spirits and looking lovely, still.

I too am a survivor. About three years ago I learned that I had a large and imminently life-threatening brain tumor. Only two surgeons in the country were willing to try operating. I chose the classical pianist in Phoenix. Thankfully, it was not malignant, and the surgery, which was as likely to kill me, didn't. I have some residual damage... minor to be sure... but I survived, gradually recovered, and am whole. I have made liars out of doctors who said, among other things, that I would not sing again, and I know a thing or two about fast accounting at the Pearly Gates. I was amazed to discover no regrets, no unfinished business and nothing but gratitude. That alone was worth the trip!

I live in a wonderful 1932 Sears bungalow in north Boulder, on the edge of an Iris farm, with the foothills for a backdrop. My second floor is all studio, where I still do graphics and interior design, and play with a variety of projects - currently the restoration of my 1955 Shasta trailer, all rounded and hokey with her original Birchwood interior. Come August she (trailer) and I will mosey on up to Montana to rendezvous with a bunch of great women known as Sisters on the Fly. We'll caravan around the Rockies with our trailers for two weeks, fly fishing, camping, horseback riding, laughing a lot and having "more fun than anyone", which is the whole point. This is my second year of participation in these



shenanigans, and it is by far the best thing I have done for myself in years!



My son Matt (33) lives nearby, which is a great joy. He is the sales & marketing director of a company that manufactures climbing walls, and an avid outdoorsman and athlete. He is also an artist and writer, and thinks perhaps he has at long last found his mate, Rose. He is presently in a slow recovery from a heart infection, which has sidelined him completely, and scared us all silly. My Darling Daughter Jen (30) is much

too far away... a pediatric acute care nurse at Columbia Presbyterian in NYC. 12 hr overnight shifts for the last two years, and needless to say, not much social life. She too is artistic, and funny, and musical. While at Wittenberg (Ohio) she sang in their excellent choir and traveled the country in concert each Spring Break. Warm'd Mama's heart! As do they both, always.

Hmmm. It would be nice to be able to say, "still happily married after 35 years, two great kids, lots of friends and travel, thriving art career, financially secure and I ride my bike 50 miles a day, when I'm not "volunteering". But there's that lie thing. Oh well. I got it right on the kids, and I'm still making art.



## *The European Tour... Summer 1961*



Rosemary **FINOCCHIO** Licare . Yorktown . VA  
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No words could express how much I have appreciated receiving these eMails over the past several days. I especially got a kick out of the most recent one re: The European Tour. Every once in a while I go through my scrapbook and pictures and get emotional thinking about how fortunate we were all were to have that opportunity. Mr. Mack was adorable and a leader extraordinaire. He was dedicated to this mission, but so were most of us. I can remember walking to rehearsals from the Pemberwick area to the high school in snow storms, rain, sleet, etc. just to get to rehearsal. The snow storm was on a day that everything was closed, but not rehearsal! Do you know if there are any recordings of the music we sang available? I would love to hear us again -- we were good! What wonderful memories.



Bob **McMILLAN** . Scarsdale . NY  
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There is an old 33-1/3 record of the chorus that was cut in Atlantic City, I remember having a copy in my attic with all my old LPs.. It is in a "White" (now yellowed) Sleeve and I believe the sleeve is adhered to the record with age... As the temperature today is about 80+ and my attic is at least 100+, I doubt I will try to find it today... However... when I do... I will write to you and let you know who recorded the music and the other data off the album label... then... oh damn... I am going up there...

Yes the record company is named Ficker Recording Service in Old Greenwich April 1960 GHS Senior Chorus with Community Strings Orchestra, Gerald R. Mack Conductor, Mary H. Mack Soloist, 33-1/3 RPM Missa Brevis (Haydn) XTV64974 and Christmas Pageant XTV 64973... See if the company is still around and in business.. then ask for a digital copy from the Master... I will publish this information in the next New sletter ... along with your eMail to me... and we'll see how many are interested.



Gerry **SHERMAN** . The Villages . FL  
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It was such fun reading the wonderfully detailed trip memoirs in the first edition. Any travel details I might add would be redundant. However, I wanted to share two trip incidents that have stayed with me all my life. The first occurred during our first concert in Vienna. I don't remember which piece we were singing but, for some reason I decided to stop singing for just a few seconds and just listen. I was so overwhelmed with the perfection and beauty of what we were singing that I started to cry. I've been in many singing groups since GHS but have never had a musical experience that even comes close to that night.

The second, and most vivid memory, of the trip happened while we were standing in line in the dark auditorium waiting to walk on stage for that same Vienna performance. Gerry Mack walked up and down the line whispering, "For most of you, this will be the most important thing you will ever do in your lives." Up to that point, I had thought the whole thing was just a lark . . . but that hit home and scared the crap out of me! But it worked . . . we were perfection itself.

Gerry Mack was the best teacher, mentor and "father figure" that I ever had. What he was able to create out of a bunch of high school kids was unbelievable. I was pleased to read how well he did after leaving GHS.



Photo Editing . [Magnus Mortensen](#) . Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute Class of 2006 . Scarsdale . New York

## *Way... Back To School*



Nancy **POWELL** Petherick . Hampton . VA  
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I took my 1st son to Nielsen's when he was 10 months old because I wanted him to have an **American** Ice Cream Sunday....we were back in the states on a short visit...and he just sat and looked at it, then at me and sort of had this look that seemed to say, "What do I do with this huge thing!" He didn't like it, and so I opted for a small dish of ice cream which he was used to in Australia and practically cried that this child didn't want a traditional American Ice Cream Sunday!!! I was sure he was ruined for life and would never be a true **American**....



Marianne M. **McLEOD** Adams . Morrison . CO  
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Here's a recollection I have of Greenwich High - one of the very few pleasant ones. I remember coming into some class - but before I did I saw something funny in the hallway, so I was smiling when I walked into the room. A fellow named Guy Carden looked at me and said, "You should smile more often. You look lovely when you smile." That remark touched my heart in such a big way, and as you can see, I have never forgotten those kind words. Thank you, Guy Carden!!!!



Patricia **ROSE** Bishel . Colchester . CT  
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By the way, who is Arthur **KUBRICKY**? I knew Patricia **KUBRICKY** Donnelly. She worked, and might still, as a secretary at North Street School, and she lives in Cos Cob. I knew her from Glenville School. (She is listed as Patricia Donnelly)

Also, isn't it "Judith **HARRY** Laine"? (She is listed as Judith **LAINÉ** Harry)

Thanks for all your efforts. This is turning into a life of its own, and it's a very special thing that you are doing for all of us.

After reading everything so far, especially the unfortunate parts of some people, I realize that I was not the only one who felt out of place. Here is a thought that I have been harboring about my membership in the GHS class of '62:

I can look back over 40 years at the person I was who had a giant inferiority complex. Having been raised with a mother and stepfather who were extremely negative and who didn't take one bit of interest in my daily life as a high school person muddling through, it's amazing that I got anyw here.



How I felt at GHS: Mainly I noticed all the cliques, of which I was never a part. I think I didn't know how to make friends. I hadn't developed my interests, nor did I know how to seek out other kids who were interested in what I liked. I loved riding horses, and I had a neighbor who had a horse that I rode often after school. I always went alone for about two hours at a time, through the woods of North Greenwich, across the Byram River, along the dirt trails, over some jumps at the Gimbel Estate, which I discovered. That was my peace of mind. We lived in North Greenwich off Riversville Road, and I always took the bus home, not having been encouraged to participate in after-school activities. I guess I missed a lot. It seemed to me that the major "cool" kids came from Old Greenwich and Riverside, and we lived too far away for it to be convenient to socialize.

Fortunately, I was able to participate in many music classes at GHS, especially Senior Chorus. I particularly enjoyed my French classes with Miss Armstrong and Miss Rochelle, both of whom have since married and retired. Someone mentioned that Miss Armstrong, whose married name is Asher, was active in the Senior Center. I used to visit her many years ago at her home, (I think it was Lincoln St.), and she had had 4 children very close together. I wonder how her family is doing.

Gym was funny in that we all pretended to take showers by wetting the back of our necks and reporting that we had done the deed! Miss Boles with the glass eye was tough. And I remember Marsha Washington playing basketball. She was a riot! Very good at it!



**Greenwich High School**  
*Greenwich, Connecticut*

About GHS



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Once when I was a junior I got thrown out of English class (Mr. Somebody Old - Scribner!) because some of us got to laughing hysterically, and I couldn't get my composure before Mr. S. lost his patience. So I spent a few minutes in the hall. It was just embarrassing to have to get up and leave for that time.

My homeroom teacher was Mr. Ridlon. We had a good homeroom, although I usually spent most of my before-school time in 305 with some of my pals from there.

My biggest shock was being the last one to get called for NHS in senior year. Then in the Spring having to make a speech in front of the whole school when the new juniors were inducted was a bit unnerving. But Guess what? I actually survived! It has only taken me over 40 years to realize that the world won't end if I have to face something nerve-wracking!

Well, that's about it for now. I feel like this new sletter business has opened up a whole new ability to put things from high school days into a different perspective and to see them from a new light. Verrrrrry interesting..... Patricia Rose Peterson Bishel °¿~

## *What Was Wrong With This Picture*



Nancy **POWELL** Petherick . Hampton . VA  
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I remember in one of my science classes the teacher had a hamster (think it was a hamster or guinea pig ...a rodent type thing as I recall) ... can't remember the teacher, but it was a woman and she would make me clean the cage of this rodent!!! She'd leave the room and I used to take the hamster out of the cage and run it along the open window .... the room was on the 2nd floor... I think or 3rd... just remember it was high and faced the football field. I hated that she made me clean the cage, so wanted that hamster to take a walk down the building, or get away from me and run riot in the class and out the door... and be "free at last!" If I remember correctly she "lost" it one day in her house, after she'd taken it home over a weekend... boy did I feel good. I had visions of her waking up with the hamster in bed with her ... Colored my kids lives....we had dogs/cats etc., but NEVER were they allowed to bring home or even ASK for a hamster or any such rodent.....Trauma, trauma, trauma!!!!



Patricia **ROSE** Bishel . Colchester . CT  
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Something funny happened in freshman algebra: Miss Anderson was very strict, and we had to quiet down right when the bell rang. At the beginning of class one day she banged a ruler with a metal edge on the blackboard, and the metal edge came flying out across the room! We were all laughing like crazy, but SILENTLY, me especially because it was so unusual, and then Miss Anderson came over and told me to put the ruler back together. I thought I would die laughing! She kept a straight face the whole time.....

Something I refer to once in a while is playing with liquid mercury in biology class with Mr. Barrett. Now days we take mercury to be so dangerous. How did we ever survive?! We also found out our blood type in that class. Amazing.....

## *Thinkin' 'bout da Hood*



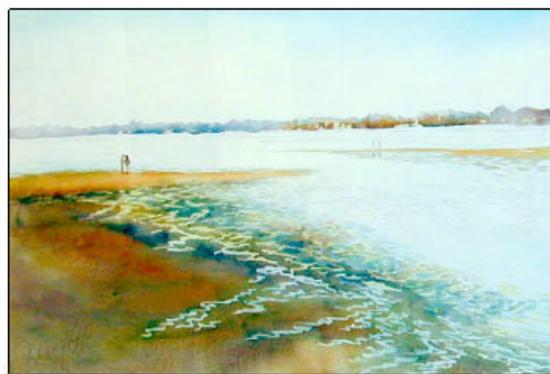
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On 13 October 2002, I was out on Tod's Point attending a Clambake that was set up by my Office. The CFO and The Human Resources Director, both live in Greenwich and there is a local business in Cos Cob called Fjord's Fisheries that sets up and runs Clambakes at the Point. While I was there... the Re-Union was going on somewhere in town. Being at the point brought back some old memories of Tod's.

Karen Heffner

Wading in the Mudflats off Cows' Barns, Tod's Point

My family used to go there and camp out at the end of the Point. There was a Picnic Grove with little Cabins where you could get in out of the Rain. They had areas where rocks were set in a circle and you could put a grill on them and cook outdoors. We used to wade out into the Bay between Tod's and Greenwich Harbor, feeling around in the mud for clams and then go up on the shore and eat them right there. They stopped that activity when they decided the waters were too polluted to allow clamming.



Most often we spent our time in Byram Harbor. Just about every kid in Byram had a boat of some kind. I had a skimmer with a 15 horse power Evinrude and my brother Phil had a Kit boat built by my older brother and fiber-glassed on top of wood... the thing was like a rock in water. However he had the "big engine" a 30 HP Johnson. (It's amazing to write about these old engines... today they make engines of 250 horses and more).

The guys in Byram would cruise the waters from Byram to Rye Playland and hang out along the route somewhere. I think a lot of the Guys kept their boats along the River... Water Street below the Bridge to Port Chester. The river above the dam would change colors... on a daily basis... depending upon the color of the Felts being dyed in the Factory just above Pemberwick... Good Ole Byram. The home of the dirtiest River in Connecticut.. I wonder what it's like there today?



Nancy **POWELL** Petherick . Hampton . VA  
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Yes, I used to do that also...get clams, wash them off, and eat them just like that.... you could throw a rock and the water would squirt out of the sand, and you dug and got one of the clams....we called them "piss clams," but I think they are the cherrystones that everyone talks about

now ....They spoiled me for when we were in Washington state and I was told how good their clams were....not true, not true!!!



I used to spend more time at Byram Shore and Island Beach than at Tod's Point, though because it was easy for me to walk to Byram Shore from Pemberwick and also easier to get a ride to the ferry for Island Beach. I was "in love" with a lifeguard at Island Beach, but he never gave me the time of day....you know the usual bunch of girls drooling over the "buffed boys!"... I loved Tod's Point also, but didn't go there as much. I also went to Rye Beach a lot as I had a lot of friends from Port Chester too... funny, the memory of the church festivals at Saint Rochs...that was a church I went to often too... alternated between that and Sacred Heart in Byram... and stopping at the Italian bakery in Port Chester.... gosh... it brings it all back... Fried Dough at the festivals with lots of sugar or sauce and Parmesan cheese... they were good times... and those church ladies could cook!!!!



## *A Championship Season*

### *Sports Section*



Chuck **HAYES** . Park City . UT  
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On another subject, I forgot that we referred to you as Little Mac. Having been a part of the six starters on the team that went and played against Lew Alcindor at Power Mem, that year. And since we've all seen both of you in the showers. I'm sorry to have to tell you this... but the name sticks. Lew's The Man!!



Vincent **PANTAS** . Washington Crossing . PA  
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You got me thinking so I put this together. As for the coaches theme, I've got a blown-out left knee playing for Rutigliano, a bad back from Luce hunched over running his California floating switching basketball defense, two ripped and spiked ankles from high, low hurdles and high jumping as well as a dislocated elbow throwing the javelin. Not a lot of life time sports there. I should have played tennis, but hey, it kept me out of 7th period.

## *Going 60 into the Sixties*



Gee, What's it like being 18 going on 60? Strangely, during a volley of eMails this past week, I discovered that this New sletter "Thingie" allowed me an opportunity to be 18 once again and face this mess all over with a whole new view point on growing older and wiser. (I assume that is the case, at least I am sure about the "older" part). I can look outward from the "geek" with a different perspective... and into the eyes of each of you... as you write. Oddly... The faces are the same as the Compass (Yearbook) and in order to complete this "Imagery" I have my son to thank for the Photo Editing from the Yearbook pages.

In the role of the 18 year-old voyeur, looking out of this 59 year old carcass... I can say... you all look great and that you all have not changed one iota. I am looking for the 18 year-old in all of you. Many have written that the 4 years of High School were a mixed bag of both being awkward as well as being "outsiders". Oddly, many of those who were considered to be the "Insiders" have continued to play it very "quiet"... sitting out on the "fringe" of this new sletter. While others... less "Inside"... have marched up to bite the bullet and write about what they've done. They have all been marvelous stories, and we have shared a lot of personal interests and pains along with the success stories.

You have all had 40+ years to work on the "subject" that is before you. I believe that each of you has something to add to the delightful mix of past memories and future dreams, that have already passed in these pages. We are entering a new generation of *WnW-WnW*. A weekly issue, that will only survive if we get written material from each of "YOU". I can not "Make Up The News".

I also would like suggestions on other features that can be added to the:

### *Wreadin' Writin' 'n' Wreminiscin' Weekly Wreader*

Hopefully in the Next New sletter (15 August 2003) we will have an Update on John Abercrombie with a bio from his website as well as his own comments on "What he's done with 40 years of Jazz and John"...