



G.H.S

Wreadin' Writin' 'n' Wreminiscin'
Weekly Wreader
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Points of the Compass



Peter **HENS** . Salem . SC
pwhens@innova.net

No worries about your impression of being a bully; size did not intimidate me then like it does now . As a matter of fact, I remember us having a very good relationship as witnessed by this (rough) translation of my comments in your yearbook:

Bob / all the best "you tall drink of water" / we had much fun together / even though you are an "ouw ehoer" / Success / Peter

Very rough translation for "ouw ehoer" is something like a pisser; a term of endearment. Some of the fun you poked was undoubtedly continual prodding that you could kick my *** anytime you felt like it, regardless of whom I was hooped on the wrestling mats, including all comers such as Mr. Hines (coach McDevitt was too smart). Would have been interesting to see the outcome if you and I had actually ever gone to the mats.

Before and After



SUE **LEWIS** MITCHELL
Colorado Springs . CO
smitchel@uccs.edu



Way... Back to School



Nancy **DENNISON** Weaver . Casper . WY
nweaver98@yahoo.com

One of the biggest things I think about when I think back to our high school years is our music. Didn't we have the absolute best music? My folks grew up in the big band era and I am sure they thought their music was the best-and I do love that music too-but early rock and roll was so fun. I still love to hear the Supremes, Buddy Holly, and of course, being in the NY area we had such great disc jockeys.

I live far from the NY area now . I have been in Casper, WY for about nine years with stints in Colorado and several other states

in years past. Basically the west is where I feel I belong but I sure do miss the beach. I get back to CT about once a year to see my dad and sisters.

My husband "Weaver" and I have raised three great boys who bring us great joy. Grand children have now joined the picture. My oldest son Jeff has twins - which my twin, Sus, and I think that is a great tradition to carry on.

Thanks again for everyone's contributions. It is wonderful to hear how everyone's lives have developed. I will have to dig out a current photo to send to you.



Recollections



Alan Edward Bodman

From Bob McMillan:

Alan was one of the guys from New Lebanon part of Byram and was never really active in sports or other High School Clubs and Groups. He was in Chorus and Male Chorus, but that's about it. When we were young, probably 10 or 11 Alan was invited to my Birthday Party. He was the first kid in history to be "bounced" out of a kid's party, by my Mother... As the story goes... he was swinging on the Dining Room Chandelier and partying "hardy". Of course in later years after having thrown the Chandelier in the Dumps of Chickahominy, we learned that the piece was an original Louis Comfort Tiffany... Alas... Alan had good taste... in Swings.



Robert George Demarkey

From George Devol:

I remember that Bob was one of the smallest in our class. He was easy-going and friendly. I recall he drove a Crosley - a small car that fit him perfectly.



Bruce Forsch

From George Devol:

I remember Bruce as the type of person who felt it was important to hang around with the most "in" crowd and who always wanted to be at the center of things. I don't know if he had any real close friends because of this. He was kind of a wild, careless driver (he rolled a car at Todd's Point once), and it finally caught up with him as he was killed in an auto accident sometime in the 60s



Lawrence John Mann

From George Devol:

I didn't know Larry very well, but remember him from early Julian Curtis years as being the "tough guy" an image that I think he liked to carry through high school years too. I think he was easier going than the image. I think he ran a refuse company in Greenwich (possibly the family business) after high school and I believe he died of cancer when he was in his 30s



Henry A. Sabinski

From George Devol:

Didn't know Henry very well, but he was friendly and we talked on occasion. I ran into him once in the early 70s when my wife and I were looking for an apartment in Springdale it was one that. Henry and his wife lived in.



Susan Jane Steinberg

From George Devol:

Susan was of course, Bill's younger sister. Even though I was always hanging around with Bill, I never knew Susan that well. She and Bill were on different "wave lengths" She was always very pleasant and extremely smart. I forget where she went to college, but after she graduated she worked at (possibly headed) the library at Yale. Somehow she got to know a number of famous leaders of the world. She apparently was on very close speaking terms with King Hussein of Jordan among others. She passed away about 15 years ago (in her early 40s) of cancer.

From the Editor's Desk



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

We are starting into the Labor Day weekend and for a few of us, we have to get the kids ready to go off to "School". Of course, some of us have the luxury of having done this already for the last 20 years or so... to get the last one of our children, educated to the Master's Level so that they can go out into the

business world as a "gofer"... but more importantly to earn money, become independent and get their "butts" out of the family manse. Last Sunday, I made my annual trek north to Troy, New York... to check my son in for the start of his second year at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute and to take another look at where my money will be going for the next 8 months. I went up early Sunday morning and unloaded the first "delivery"... mostly the clothing, bed linens and furnishings.



My son, during this time, was somewhere in Mid-air between Miami and New York, having just returned from a week's cruise in the Caribbean. He was expected at the family house (downstate) by 2:00 and not expected to arrive at RPI until later that evening. In his car would be the most important stuff... Computers, Laptops, Cables and Wires, Cameras and his girlfriend who will be returning downstate with me, later that evening, after I help him unload his stuff. So I was going to have several hours to kill... so instead I tried to "kill" myself, instead.

I spent the entire day walking the campus... Now it is not the largest campus... but it is maybe the "steepest" campus of any American University. The entrance to the campus is via the Louis Rubín Memorial Approach... (shown in the image at right)... From Troy Level to the Dormitory Quads there are reputed to be 3,258 steps of between 6 and 8 inches in height... by all calculations it's about a half a mile... vertically. I was up and down that distance twice and starting on my third trip when I saw my son's Jeep coming into the Common's Parking Lot. Needless to say I was quite relieved... and very tired. I can fully understand why they have named the Louis Rubín Approach as a "Memorial". I stopped about midway up the staircase to rest for about 20 minutes each time. I would sit there, breathing heavy and listen to my heart pound, thinking "if I die here, they will probably think I am just a bum from Troy (locals are called Troylets)" and push me down the stairs to let the Troylets have their way with me.

