



*G.H.S*

*Wreadin' Writin' 'n' Wreminiscin'*

*From the Editor's Desk*

*31 August 2003*

### *The Newsletter Must Go On*

I am sitting here on the second floor of a stone Tudor cottage, overlooking the “burned” lawns of my neighbors, sweltering in the humidity that precedes a (predicted) four day storm. The “mailperson” just dropped off a bundle of bills and the usual 20 catalogs for garden tools, lawn furnishings, snow tires, clothing, cheeses and bacon, computer gear, camping gear and the “Have you seen?” flier. Why is the Mail just like television? You can never find anything that interests you, yet there is so much of it.

The room that I am sitting in, is my son's “computer lab”... my computer has been relegated to a far corner of the room near the windows. His mega-computers, which used to sit on top of and below the long table on other side of the room, have all moved North to join him at Rensselaer. So I have the whole room to myself at last. During the past Summer, I have had fun coming up here and publishing the *Weekly Wreader* on a regular basis.

September is here, it's knocking on the door, disguised as Labor Day Monday, and it purports that it's time to put the Joys o' Summer to bed and knuckle down for the start of the “School Year”. All things must advance to the next level. The *Weekly Wreader* is no different. Starting 01 September 2003 we will be returning to a Monthly format and the name will be changed... “Once Again”.

Our “School Year” has begun, having returned after a long, long, very long summer recess and all of you are behind in your writing assignments. If necessary, I will keep some of you after class to work on the “subject at hand”. Seeking the help of our Class Advisor, he advised... “Put down you copies of Moby Dick and start writing”. The following Writing Assignments shall be considered posted and be prompt in your submittals:



### *What Have You Done With The Last 41 Years?*

Many of you have written to me saying how much you enjoy reading about what others have done with those “precious” 41 years. We have 112 people in the Class and to date we have only heard from 23 of you. It doesn't take a rocket scientist to run up those numbers, to see that some of you have been slacking off. (Think of your GPA and how it's gonna look on your Resume).

Some of you have written and said that you planned on writing but haven't had the chance to sit and think about it. Well, you can stop reading this Newsletter and start typing your papers right now, they are due... immediately.

And those of you who have been hiding behind your eMail “automatic replies” you have to come clean and answer these requests. No one is excused. And you must have a note from your Doctor or Parent if you have to miss this deadline. Also, the “Dog Ate My Homework” doesn’t fly on this one.

## *Recollections*

Ron Brander has been on vacation for the last month. (we have a very liberal perks policy at [www'n'w](http://www.rcn.com)). But I am sure he would be thrilled at coming back to edit *Recollections* and you can send your writings directly to him at [rbrander@rcn.com](mailto:rbrander@rcn.com). As many of you have come to realize, the opportunity that *Recollections* brings to the table, is a chance to share thoughts about those that left our group.... Way... too Early.

## *Way... Back To School*

Fond and Foul Memories of GHS. As we described in earlier “new sletters”, some of us did not have the best time being 14 thru 18 and finding ourselves a part of a class of 300+ others and maybe we weren’t the brightest, the cutest, the tallest, the shortest, the most macho, the best car, the greatest sport, the best voice... I could go on... But we are all 59 going on 60 (except Mickey Sherman) and many of us have watched our own children go through this transition. Some of you have watched it with more than one generation (Marsha... Not Bad for a Great Grandma... Washington Gilmore).



Things were different back then. Women did not have any “Rights”, nor did Blacks, Hispanics, Asians, Native Americans, and just about everybody else except the Rich Kids.

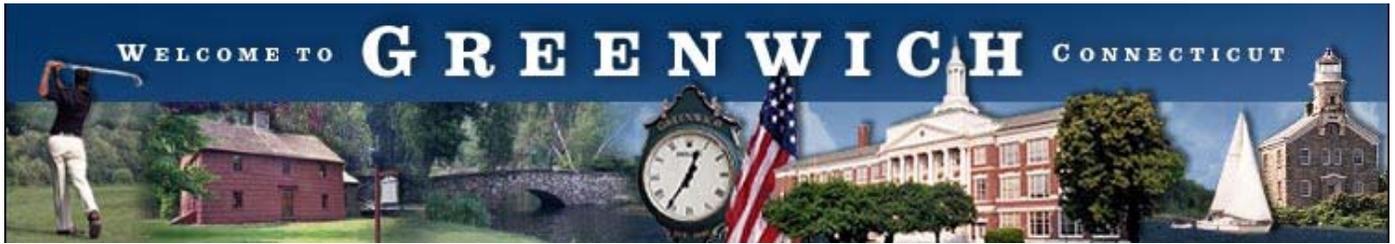
There were no Gays, Lesbians or Transgender Types floating through the

Hallways. At least we were not allowed to say those words in public. The styles were “horrible”... I mean just “Look at the Cheerleaders”. Would you be caught dead in those outfits... or what? “Wait a second... Is that a Kneecap that I see on Breu.... Pull that skirt down this minute... young lady”.

So start writing... I am sure you can find something to say about the “Good Ole Days” even if it’s bad... WE can take it.

## *Thinkin’ ‘bout da Hood*

We have been told about the great times at the Festivals in Chickahominy, and events that occurred at Byram Park, Tod’s Point and gone skiing with Bill Morgan. But Greenwich has many neighborhoods, and even a few that have two sides ie. Byram and New Lebanon. But there are many of you from other parts of Greenwich who have to stand up for your Nabe. The Turf wars are even juicier now that most of you are far



from the place. Let's not go through the List again because I am bound to stumble over Millbrook and Belle Haven. By the way, for all accounts and purposes, Captain's Island is a Neighborhood, as is Island Beach, Calf's, Pembroke and all the little ones that we each called differing names.

## *Operation Vienna 1961*

That's what it was called... It's written on the Black Leatherette Passport Folder. Wow, what a great thing to have happen to one lucky group of teenagers. I, for one, have not heard the last of the Weiner Schnitzel Saga and look forward to others telling us about their memories of the Senior Chorus Trip.

## *Poet's Corner*

## *Idyll Thoughts*

## *Brander Gallery*

The Art's and Entertainment section of the Newsletter. In the last few months we have had an opportunity to read the works of Nancy Powell (Petherick) in the *Poet's Corner*. Nancy has been published in the 25<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Edition of Kalliope, which I was lucky enough to read, thanks to Patricia Light Sager who located the piece in North Carolina. Penny Haymes Cox contributed to the start of *Idyll Thoughts*, a place to sit and think in writing. As we return to a Monthly, perhaps we can convince Ron Brander to re-open the *Brander Gallery* and see more of his work. We are open to all forms of arts, entertainment, and self expression as long as the individual submitting the work is the "creator" of that work.

## *A Championship Season*

The Sports Section and naturally, the Sports themselves. There were the best Basketball Players in all of Fairfield County, except for a little flaw... something about a game with Notre Dame of Bridgeport and a final score of 70/66. But look at these guys, especially the big guy kneeling down front on the right end of the line... It is the only photo of me in a group, where I am not the center of the back row. Wow, that alone is a reason to write an article for



## *A Championship Season*

## *Going Sixty into the Sixties*

Some of you are already into the 60<sup>th</sup> year. Other's like myself are nearing the 59<sup>th</sup> birthday when the process starts in earnest. I, for one, am unhappy that I don't have all my parts working as well as I wish and wouldn't mind going back to try it all over again. Alas, fleeting youth, but I still have plans for celebrating my 60<sup>th</sup> Birthday in Style... with as many of you as I can convince to come to Tod's for a Clambake. This includes Coach Luce... (Bill Christiansen has got that one in his back pocket)...

The new sletter must go on:

## *Wreadin' Writin' 'n' Wreminiscin' September Sunset Due... 30 September 2003*



September Sunset... James McBey 1883-1959