



*GHP*

*Wreadin' Writin' 'n' Wreminiscin'*  
*September Sunset*  
*30 September 2003*

*Recollections*



**Bruce Forsch**

From Kent Remington:

Bruce Forsch was one of the WORST poker players I've ever met. He could put Stanley Bunk, Bill Shockley and Mike Taylor into the hall of fame (they were the others I played 'heads up' with after school). - But he certainly had spirit. And I don't agree with George Devol that Bruce always wanted to be with the 'in' crowd. He couldn't care less. Bruce marched to his own drummer. - I double dated with him a couple of times and once at the drive-in in Stamford he announced, "Let's switch!" The boy was definitely before his time.



**Robin Jean Martin Aksnes**

From Nancy Fitzgerald McCoy:

What can I say about my best friend, Robin Martin? My parents moved me to Greenwich from St. Louis the beginning of January, my sophomore year, right before my 16th birthday. I thought that my life was over. We were all very dramatic back then. I was on the outside looking in. Since I lived next to Greenwich Hospital, someone and now I do not remember who, thought that I should go meet this girl Robin that was enduring a long hospital stay. We met and became best of friends from that moment on. One good friend is all that it takes to get started in life. She was warm, friendly, and had a beautiful smile. That red hair was to die for. She was a beautiful skater and even taught me how to skate on the river where she and her family lived. We went off to Michigan State together, but Robin missed her family so much that she came back home. Her family was her life. When she and Frank married and moved to New Haven several of us helped move them in. She and I kept up by phone and letters. When it came to selecting who was going to be in my wedding in 1968, of course Robin was one of my bridesmaids. My parents moved from the Greenwich area and our paths did not cross very often. She and Frank divorced. She worked hard at finding herself and what she wanted in life after that. We had planned to meet for one of the Greenwich High Reunions but my dad was very ill and I could not get away. She called me when she remarried and when she moved to Norway. Then we just lost touch. I was so saddened to see that she had passed away. I truly felt a void in my heart. She was that kind of friend. Though we lost touch, she was always with me. I hope I was with her.

## *Local 'n' Regional*



Patricia **ROSE** Bishel . Colchester . CT  
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We're going to Scandinavia Sept. 16-30. As soon as we arrive, a couple we met in Oklahoma (a square dance caller and his wife), will meet us and show us around Copenhagen for the day. They live in the south of Sweden, and they come over the new bridge to Copenhagen, which takes about ten minutes.



Did you know that square dancing is all over the world, and it is always called in English? We had a fun time in Paris a few years ago: a French caller made a call, the square broke down, and he proceeded to explain in French. My husband was in the square while I was taking photos, and since he doesn't understand French, he made some funny faces!! When we get to Stockholm we'll see my cousins and visit for the day. We have been writing to each other since we were in high school, and we finally met in 1989. Now we try to visit each other every year. Have to finish packing!

## *National 'n' International*



Nancy **FITZGERALD** McCoy . Chapel Hill . NC  
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In many ways the years at GHS seem like only yesterday. I guess that is what happens as we enter "our golden years". I have never forgotten the wonderful friendships, breakfasts at the beach, walking to school (whoever gets to do that anymore?), the AFS student Kim who lived with us- all the way from Laos, and that beautiful building. After graduation, I attended Michigan State University with several other classmates. I think that we all loved it once we adjusted to that first cold winter. Washington DC was my next stop. I moved there with 3 sorority sisters after graduating from college. I taught blind and visually handicapped students from kindergarten through 12th grade. I was an itinerant teacher so I really knew the area. My car was my home away from home. It was at the end of that first year in DC that I met Jim (my husband of 35 years). We got married in Greenwich in August 1968. That was one of the last times that I got to see so many of my friends because my family moved from the area. Jim and I lived in New Haven the first two years of our marriage. He was completing his Ph.D. and I was teaching second grade.

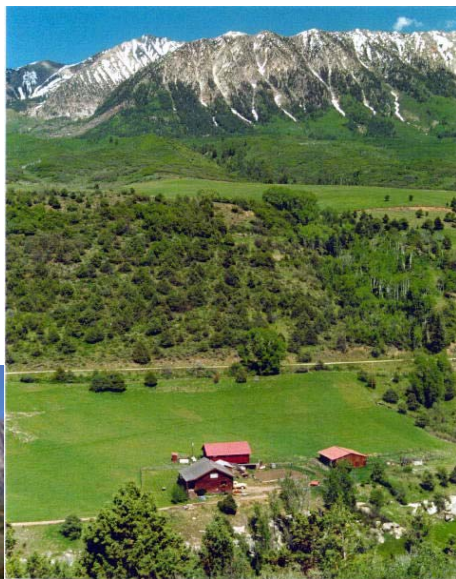
Chapel Hill, North Carolina was our next stop as Jim took a job teaching Greek History at the University of North Carolina. It has been our home for the past 33 years. It is truly the "Southern part of Heaven" and yes, the skies are Carolina Blue. It took us no time to become real Tarheels! Both of our children were born in Chapel Hill. James is now 32 and lives in Charlotte, single and works for a sports marketing company. Katie is 29, married, a Physician Assistant in Chapel Hill and a brand new mom. More about that later. Over the years, we have kept busy with lots of friends, school events with the children, travels to Greece, beach and mountain vacations, and aging parents (I lost my dad almost a year ago). When the children were young, I taught Kindergarten while they were in school half day. I presently am working as the Administrator at a Neuropsychiatry practice where I have been the past year after leaving a pediatric psychology practice where I spent thirteen years after giving up teaching.

Probably the most important event in our lives happened this July when our daughter gave birth to a beautiful 5lb. 5oz. little girl - Madeline Elizabeth. She was born with EXTENSIVE heart problems and she is truly our miracle baby. She has already had major heart surgery at 7 days and spent the first month of her life in the hospital. Every day is a gift and we pray for the miracle to continue. She is tough and a real fighter. We will not give up hope. When my daughter goes back to work in November, I plan on taking care of Madeline in the afternoons. We have a wonderful woman lined up for the mornings. I cannot tell you how much I am looking forward to this bonding time. Jim is jealous and sorry that he is still a few years from retirement. We now know what all our friends meant when they said "wait until you are grandparents", there is nothing like it. Well, that is 41 years summed up as best I can. Life is good.



Nancy **SCHMIDT** Lambert . Somerset . CO  
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In an eMail message, when asked the meaning of the RGDMTN in the screenname Nancy returned with the name "Ragged Mountain" and a photo... saying "Here is a photo of me on my front porch and Ragged Mountain in the Distance"... I leave the rest of the 1000 words to this magnificent picture...



In response to the previous "copy" sent to Nancy for "preview" and editing she returns with:

I'm attaching a photo I took a few days ago that you may or may not want to substitute ... I think the blue roof is better looking than the old one, and you can see the house is a little bigger. Whatever you want to



do is fine. The colors are even better today than they were last Sunday - we're driving over the dirt County road to Collbran tomorrow to check out the "skeenery" and next week I'm going over Kebler Pass to Crested Butte with a couple of pals.

Editor's Note:

As to which of the two settings is more "Magnificent"... I leave the choice up to the "Readership".

## Compass Points



Patricia **ROSE** Bishel . Colchester . CT  
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Thanks again for sending the new sletter so I can get it! And I enjoy the attachments, too. (Editor's Note: WebTV does not allow the opening of PDF Formatted Documents)

You wrote in my Yearbook:

*So here we stand listening to the immortal words of Oliver Twiddledy:  
"So those may come in peace others must depart".*

OK, do you remember doing that? I guess it's "too deep" for me... (ha! ha!). Keep the news coming. I enjoy reading what everyone has to say.

My Response: I find it difficult to believe that I was that "Deep" in High School, I am simply amazed, really.... I can't imagine myself even saying that... I wonder who "Oliver" was?

From Pat: I think you made up the name Oliver Twiddledy for fun. However, I think the quote is from someone a long time ago, but it beats me... Have fun!

From the Web (search for Oliver Twiddledy): And that's the end of the story of Cinderella, but there's a moral to this fairy tale, because Cinderella never gave up. And as you walk down the pathways of life, never give up. Christopher Columbus never gave up, Benjamin Franklin never gave up, Abraham Lincoln never gave up, Oliver Twiddledee, who's he? You don't know, 'cause he gave up! So always remember this little philosophy:

*"some of our snubbles are trall, and some of our bubbles are trig, but if we try to have no humbles, how can we blecognize or ressing?"*

## Operation Vienna – Summer of 1961



Pieter D. **BREITNER** . Toluca Lake . CA 91602  
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My favorite moment of the chorus tour, and I still tell the story, was the Haydn mass at the Dominikaner Kirche. Whenever we did one of those major works in the school auditorium, as the last notes died away I'd be on a tremendous spiritual high -- and then someone would start to applaud, and the mood would be gone in an instant. But that afternoon, we finished and all that I heard was the shuffling of feet and the sounds of coins

dropping into the poorboxes. Talk about great acoustics . . . I don't think my feet touched one of those stairs as we descended to the buses. My memory being what it is, I Googled to make sure that I had the right composer, and found this image of the Missa Brevis sheet music -- is this the edition we used? It looks very familiar, although I don't remember it being in color -- perhaps ours was in black & white.



# *A Championship Season*



Peter HENS . Salem . SC  
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Here's one for "That Championship Season" and a thanks to my old friend John McLane. Whilst the 1960 season in soccer was a learning experience for me and many others, it wholly prepared the team for a terrific and then championship season in 1961. Until then, no one in Connecticut's hotbed of soccer



(anywhere in CT except Fairfield County) had heard of Greenwich. State tournament opponents routinely looked beyond their immediate match with GHS and, one after another, made the same mistake: overestimating their ability to hold this team back. Anchored by John McLane, Rudyard McGary, Fred Endres, Gerry Sherman and Hans Lange, these guys pulled off what no one had ever done: put Greenwich permanently on the Connecticut soccer map. Great thing to watch from the sidelines where I did my share of cheering.



## *Sheddin'a Little Light on the Subject*





## *Brander Galleries*

Title: Lather  
Artist: John McLane, III  
Date: June, 2002  
Media: Original Acrylic on Canvas  
Size: 30" x 40"

Artist's Comments: The mission of this work was to find a balance between abstraction and realism. By breaking the figure down into a system of circles the background becomes a function of the figure itself creating a uniform matrix of paint. From up close one can see many separate colors, but the more distance between the viewer and the work the more those colors become one flesh tone through optical mixture. Therefore, the closer the viewer is to the work, the more abstract it becomes, and the farther away from the piece the viewer gets the more realistic it becomes.



John **McLANE** . New Canaan . CT  
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This month's exhibition was sponsored by:  
John McLane (II)  
father of the artist.

Title: Two Dancers  
Artist: John McLane, III  
Dated: October, 2002  
Media: Original Acrylic on Canvas  
Size: 24" x 30"

Artists Comments: (SOLD to Colorado Collector) The intent in this piece was also to unite abstraction and realism. However, instead of applying the paint in circles I used a more free form of splatter painting to create the space in which the figures live.



## *In the Aftermath of Isabel*



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

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Your Hurricane email touched a cord. As I think you know , I have been down that road a few times. My major hurricane experience was during Marilyn in '95 when a flying beam from a house above poked a hole in our roof, created one of those amazing pressure things, instantly the roof on one section blew away and the interior walls collapsed. (Yes we had hurricane clips, hipped roof etc. etc, but there is not much one can do in 200 mph + winds) My husband and I were buried in the debris from 12:30 am until daylight when we crawled out over the mess. I recited "perfect Acts of Contrition" (shades of my Catholic childhood) and prayed to see my children again, who fortunately were safely in the States in school. We were

without power from 9/15 until the day before Christmas, got our phone for Easter and cable TV about 2 years later. I have some amazing pictures. Maybe I'll try to scan one or two and put together something for a future newsletter.

On a more philosophical note, and at the risk of sounding schmaltzy - one thing you learn from an experience like that is what is really important in your life, and in most cases it is people, not things. Also, since everyone around you is in the same boat, it makes for some amazing camaraderie and many unexpected acts of kindness.



Maureen **BREUEL** Bohning . Cos Cob . CT

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I remember the first big blackout back in the late 60s. Our family was celebrating Thanksgiving and Christmas because my oldest brother was going to Vietnam the next day. Right in the middle of our feast everything went black. My big bro got up grabbed his camera and started toward the door. My Dad asked him what he was doing, he replied... going to the top of the hill to get a picture of the mushroom cloud forming over NYC. Very funny chap.



Bob **McMILLAN** . Scarsdale . NY

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Now I can't be One Hundred percent sure about it, but I have been around for a considerable number of "Disasters", and perhaps I may be the "draw" for events to occur. I can go back to my youth in Byram, when we faced "Diane". My family owned several boats as each of three sons spent most summers on the water...daily... even in storms and my father was a "cabin cruiser fanatic" growing from a 22 footer (Owens), to a 30-footer (Chris Craft)... and when he wasn't cleaning off the seagull droppings, he would take the family out for a cruise... to the gas dock in Greenwich Harbor... to Great Captain's... then Calf's Islands... and back to Byram... It never changed, except when the storm warnings went up. Then we would go out and set special drag anchorage at 4 points in the cove. Diane was the worst of the series and I think we lost the "Owens" to the rocks on that one. That was the reason for the upgrade to the 30-footer.

Blackouts... All three in New York... First one wasn't all that big a deal as I was at Pratt and we never knew it even occurred... (too stoned)... But we did have a Major Water Main Break that "destroyed" Clinton Hill...

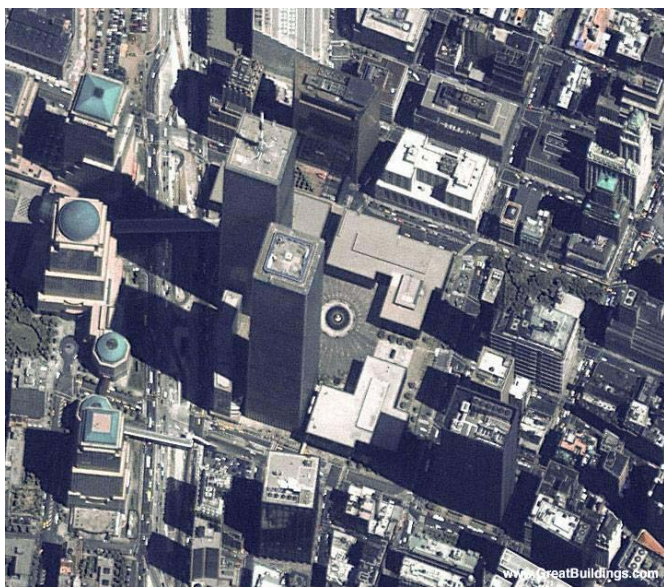
Blackouts... All three in New York... First one wasn't all that big a deal as I was at Pratt and we never knew it even occurred... (too stoned)... But we did have a Major Water Main Break that "destroyed" Clinton Hill...

when the Mighty “Washington” (Street) overflowed its curbs. Also, the President of the USA, Jack Kennedy was assassinated during Lunch.

Blackout No. 2 was seen from my 14<sup>th</sup> Floor Terrace of 236 East 36<sup>th</sup> Street... The apartment no. was “PH”... for those not familiar with New York real estate... this is a boast... it means the only apartment atop the building... (brag... brag... brag...) My lovely wife is the reason I could afford this place. It is one of a kind and we still have it... The views are 360 degrees on the east side of the city looking to the first major obstacle in all directions... To the West is the Empire State Building and as the Blackout hit... we watched the lighting cascade “up the shaft” of the building at a very slow pace.... It was dramatic.

Blackout No. 3, a few weeks ago, caught me at work in the middle of a “drawing” when all the computers went “kaflooiie” an IT Term for... Wot da f@\*k?... Thanks to the fast thinking of my “Human Resources” director... we were in a car heading north within an hour of the occurrence. Of course I could have gone to the apartment, but there is one thing that is not “nice” about living 14 stories in the air; It’s a heck of a hike up the stairs and then when you get there... there is no water for bathing, drinking or that other thing... “disposal of wastes”. The trip out of the city normally takes 40 minutes at best... but took 4 hours that day, just to reach the toll bridge in the Northwest Corner of Manhattan Island... entering the Bronx... then 10 minutes from there.

War Stories from the Front Lines... The Seven Days War started when I was in Ashqelon, a little town nestled in the southern region of Israel. It was 1967 and I was in a local tavern when a fellow came running in and alerted everyone in “Israeli” Hebrew. Of course, I didn’t understand the language, but everyone else went running, including the bartenders. I left the building and watched as just about everyone in town ran toward the southern end of town, which was the northern edge of the Negev Desert. I was politely, ushered out of town and sent back to Tel Aviv where I was packed aboard a plane and sent back to Turkey where I was living at the time.



11 September 2001... I was in Soho, about 10 blocks north of Ground Zero when the first plane crashed into the North Tower. My natural curiosity made me move “toward” the disaster and not away. But due to my being overweight and slow of pace, it took me a considerable length of time to walk those 10 blocks and found myself turning around and heading back to our offices in Greenwich Village when the second plane was reported hitting the South Tower. I reached our offices perhaps an hour later, just as the buildings started to crumble. Every street below 11<sup>th</sup> Street (where I work) was crowded with “gawkers” in disbelief and tears. As the day unfolded, we closed the office and sent staff on long treks to their homes. It was very strange to see armed Military Forces occupying the streets of the City and to see thousands of people migrating out of the center of the city.

Beyer Blinder Belle, our firm, was chosen to prepare the first Six Designs for the Area surrounding the Trade Center and the other lost buildings surrounding the site. Sadly, we were highly criticized by the New York Times for being “less than creative in our solutions”. The General Public rejected the first six designs, and hired another architect (after a competition) Daniel Libeskind, only to arrive at the same conclusion. The most recent design has been “favorably” compared to one of our original designs. We have since been



vindicated by the NYT in an article on "Saturday" of this last week. Of course they know that no-one reads the Saturday Times... But I did and most of my firm has had their chance to read it as well. Few can imagine what damage a "Bad Criticism" can do to the morale of a firm, not to mention... pocketbook. We are now only beginning to recover from the damage caused by a "misunderstanding".



Sheila **RICE** Evans . Chapel Hill . NC

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We were hit pretty hard by Isabel here in Chapel Hill but mainly by high winds, rain, lots of trees down and no power for 2 days. (I actually flew to PA on Friday morning to see my daughter and was that a rough ride with high gusts!). For us that is minor compared to last winter's ice storm which left us without power (which means heat!! and water as we are on a well) for six days. After two days we were able to cut down enough trees to get out of our driveway and as I am a home nurse, I was then able to get to Durham and check on all of my elderly patients. But it was a long and cold time for us. We fared better than others as we only had ourselves, my husband and myself, and our pets to keep warm but

those with little ones and elderly ones had a very difficult time and many had to leave the area and go to hotels.

By the way, how many of us graduated in 1962? I had a mini reunion last year, our second, with Kolbe Pitkin, Sue Lewis, Rilla Eckholm, Janet Madenford, the Aszling twins, Jill Guinon. 15 years ago we did the same thing and that time Marion Curell was with us also.



James **McAFEE** . Richmond . VA

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I think you're remembering Diane (1955). Diana (1984) messed only with North Carolina.



Nancy **FITZGERALD** McCoy . Chapel Hill . NC

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[wjmccoy@mindspring.com](mailto:wjmccoy@mindspring.com)

Well, I finally have my power back after four days and my cable TV back as of yesterday. Hurricane Isabel was not as bad for our family as Fran was or the famous ice storm last December. We lost a few trees. Our big loss was FOOD. We had to throw out over \$500 worth. Wouldn't you know that several weeks ago we had stocked up the freezer. Oh well, food is replaceable. I hope that everyone is ok.

We actually had another incident far worse last week. Our new little baby granddaughter was sent to the hospital and went through heart surgery #3. A lot for an 8 week old. Things seem to be going better and we try to enjoy everyday with her.



Vincent **PANTAS** . Washington Crossing . PA  
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2004 it is. I've logged the festivities in the old silicone memory along with a 30 day advance wake up call. I fear not senility! For I have my Palm Pilot beside me.

Glad to hear Isabel did you and yours no harm. Hope any classmates in her path got out safely. My pride and joy "GrammyLand" is headed for a storm haul at the nearby marina just before the storm hit Tilghman Island, MD. Hey even the worst day sailing beats the best day at the office. Boat's fine, can't say that for the docks in the background after Isabel did her thing.



Nancy **POWELL** Petherick . Hampton . VA  
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Well we had the hurricane and my home sustained NO DAMAGE AT ALL, but I still have no power...I work a block from my house and we have power here...so, I'm checking my email before I go home and find I STILL have no power ....but I am hoping I will have.....this was really devastating for a lot of folks. My friend, Sylvia's home is just a mess, tree on the roof, water wrecked the entire den, everything gone, and everything in her garage...nothing is salvageable because it is seawater and just a mess.....all insulation under her home has to be ripped out because it is soaking wet ....it goes on and on...and she is one of the "lucky ones,".....I have spent the weekend tearing out soaking wet carpeting, throwing out

food, carrying out everything and anything which is ruined....horrible.....but work has power and here I sit!!!

Sooooo, this was not fun.....next hurricane, no matter what category, I'm boarding the old windows and heading NORTH!!!! Take care.....from the still soggy South!!

### *Well Before... Before 'n' After... The Future*



I found this picture of my grandson and me visiting my Mom on her 89th Birthday. I actually had more hair than Jamie. That's my brother Lee and sister Lynne class of '60' to my left.

## *Goin' 60 into the 60's*



Kathie **TEMPLE** Azoff . Old Greenwich . CT  
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In preparation for "Going 60 into the 60's" Kathie Temple Azoff has sent a photo, the guest list and the original mailing for the 40<sup>th</sup> GHS Reunion, held in October of Last Year. For those who missed the event we give you a little glimpse into near past and a wish that we can do this with greater "zest" for the near future...



Front Row (Kneeling): Danny Lovallo, Lynn Deyber, First Row (Standing): left to right, Lorraine Muhlfeld, Peter Orbanowski, Joann Tripodi, Louise Capalbo, ?, Nancy Schmidt, Pat Olsen, Nina Oliva, Sandy Rozmus, ?, Katharine Nielsen, Rob McEnany, Ginny Mitchell, Elaine Infante, Sara Clark, Suzi Smith, Marie Proudfoot, Jeff Mayer, Peggy Infante, Back Row : John Geter, John Giddings, Maureen Breuel, Jim McAfee, Jane Benjamin, Tom Vizzo, Rick Hvolbeck, George Lamonica, Christo Ellef, Mike Taylor, William Steinberg, ?, ?, Margie Stevenson, Ginny Theis, Marylou Eickmeyer, Jill McGovern, Kathie Temple, Aimee Morner, Don Newhouse,?, Others that were there but can't be identified or not in the photo: Bob Cassone, George Devol, Jack Dvorak, Betty Fossum, Michael Higgins, Sherry Holland, Robert Kennedy, Donna Tennant.