



*GHS*

*Wreadin' Writin' 'n' Wreminiscin'  
November Nocturne. Volume I I  
27 November 2003*

*Way Back to School*

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A nice tribute to Allen Kirschner.

(Editor's Note: Pieter D. **BREITNER** contributed the poetry and tribute for Veteran's Day in Poet's Corner... 11 November 2003)



I remember him well as he was my 7th & 8th grade teacher at North Street School. Central Junior High wasn't finished so we were the last 7th & 8th grade at North Street (also we were the last freshman class at GHS). We only had two teachers for both those grades, and Mr. Kirschner was one of them. He was soft spoken, easy going and well liked by all. When we went to GHS for 9th grade, Mr. Kirschner came along. I remember in the first few months of 9th grade, he asked Clark Sorenson and me; if we wanted to be in a school play. We said yes. I can't remember anything about the play or others that were in it except for Marianne Scarpelli, Clark and Myself. Good memories of Mr. Kirschner

*Poet's Corner*



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(Editor's Note: Pieter D. **BREITNER** contributed: "1887" A.E. Housman in Poet's Corner... 11 November 2003)

You done good....I must tell you he is a favorite of mine, but not because of GHS..... I have done a new piece called, The Preparation (for War). It's out circulating now or I'd send it to you to take a look at, but prefer to see if it can get published first. It came about because I have a friend who had one son in Afghanistan and then one sent to Iraq when the war started...fortunately the one in

Afghanistan is home and so she only has to worry for the one still in Iraq, who won't be home until April.....we need a better solution to problems than war... people's children die in them... mother's sons/daughters, dad's sons/daughters, sisters, brothers, fathers, mothers, aunts, uncles, friends... war is always a bad choice.....it has made literature fat, but nothing else I think... Be well, and thank you for this... you definitely did good here... (Editor's Note: Several very heartfelt responses came in from classmates in response to Pieter's tribute. Those that came to my "address" were forwarded to Pieter. I

personally would like to thank Pieter for sharing that "writing" with me and a second thank you to him for allowing me to publish the tribute in the Editorial "Poet's Corner... 11 November 2003")

## Webbster 'n' Button



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As of today 11/24 Webbster & Button will be the new 'spokesmutt' for the Alachua County Humane Society <http://www.AlachuaHumane.org> . A new cartoon, bios, et al will be updated weekly or until I run out of gags! (And some may say that's happened already!) (Editor's Note: I asked if we could run "Webbster & Button" in the New sletter and Kent wrote back) Man, you are FAST! - Sure, I don't see a problem with it. The Humane Society is 'licensing' the cartoons in hopes of bringing more people to their site; they don't 'own' them. And "ANY INK IS GOOD INK!" ... :).

Perhaps some will visit the site! They have a 'live' kitty cam! But I KNOW, they will not ship cats - people will have to drive to adopt. (Editor's Note: Kent is also featured in the October Issue, in Brander Galleries, with his Children's Book "Violet's Violets")



[AlachuaHumane.org/comics](http://AlachuaHumane.org/comics)

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## Thoughts on 13 November 2003 Afternoon



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For me, this has been a very sad week. My boss, who quickly became my close friend, in what was then my new hometown of Bloomington Indiana in 1982; died after a prolonged bout with brain cancer. Gerry was my best man, 19 years ago and in the days when we could party hard, we really did party really hard. Gerry was nine years my junior, and one of the smartest people I have ever known - no, let me rephrase that, "brilliant". It was impossible to pose an ethical, technical challenge or moral dilemma that he would be unable to reflect on and bingo, soon thereafter Gerry would offer an outstanding practical solution. A Renaissance man in the "very" truest sense of the word... if ever there was a Renaissance man.

Although Gerry and I have drifted a little apart several years ago, when he moved on and up at Indiana University, I will really miss him. Believe me, when I say, "if you had known Gerry you'd miss him too."

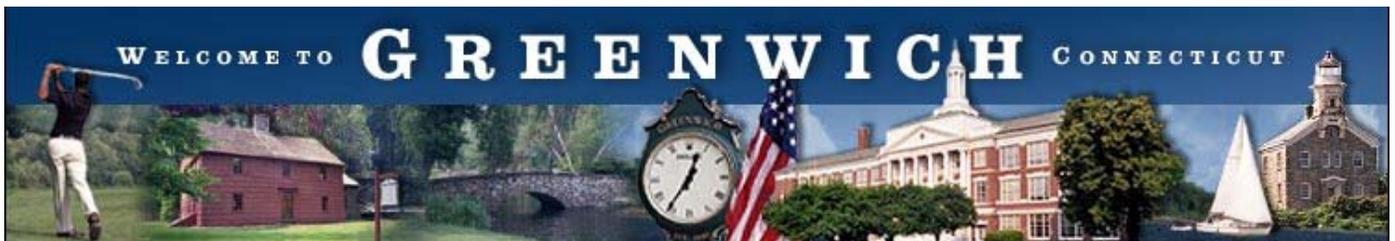
Gerry will be missed in the same way, I miss many of you, my GHS friends and classmates. Friends woven through the years of memories and the laughter. Some friends and memories are blurry memories to be sure. I have been so impressed with the crystal clear memories some of you have sent to the new sletter for publication. And to especially for Bob for having the balls to publish his most excellent memoir a while back to get it all rolling! Kudos!

Of course we will still have opportunities to press the flesh, laugh and reminisce at reunions and such. And whenever we have the opportunity to gather we need to make the most of the opportunities and remember it might be approaching the last chance. Too morbid? Too maudlin? Too real?



Brings me to another important life marker that's gone (practically speaking, that is) - Greenwich. My family moved to Glenville Rd in Greenwich in 1956. Marion (Hoppy) Hopkins and Lita Manero lived a stones throw from me. Hoppy, George Devol, and others road the bus to North Street School. We all had Alan Kirshner for 8<sup>th</sup> grade English. And Mr. Simko for math and science. I remember Simko told us shortly before the Russians launched Sputnik in 1957, "Man will never go into outer space because radio waves wouldn't work in a vacuum." I was compelled to correct him in front of the class. Too bad. I really believe my career in the sciences suffered for my honesty. I digress.

My Mom sold her house on Glenville Road and bought a place on Lincoln Avenue in Old Greenwich in the fall of 1962. She was still in OG until 1992 and then bought an apartment in Putman Park back in Greenwich, again. Who cares you say? Well, here's the rub. This October, at age 89, mom decided to sell out and move to Cleveland Ohio to be nearer her sister.



Good bye, Greenwich  
It's been great to know you. After almost 50 years, Greenwich is no longer my "hometown."  
Hello Bloomington, Indiana.



I just finished listening to Bob Dylan's *Delia*, with a refrain "All the friends I ever had, are gone." I know this isn't true- yet.

(Editor's Note: The photographs are buildings around the Bloomington Campus of Indiana University, The second from the left is the Kelly School of Business, designed by Beyer Blinder Belle Architects & Planners LLP. I was the Technical Lead for Exterior Systems... in Indiana Limestone... of course)

## *Greenwich Circa 1962*

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Yes the "Castle" is still there and was first restored about 25 to 30 years ago, with additional restoration work done since that time, I am sure. The last time I saw it offered for sale was about 8 to 10 years ago for around \$4.5 million.

When I get up to speed with this computer stuff, I'll scan two photos for you. One is a Christmas card my parents had made showing the outside. The second is of my sister and I sitting on a window bench in the "Grand Ballroom"

For a more accurate history of the "Castle" see if you can find a copy of a book, I think titled "The Grand Estates of Greenwich" Also some mention was made in the Greenwich Times, in a special done for the Town's 300<sup>th</sup> Anniversary.

From my recollections, it was modeled after a Spanish (or Mediterranean) castle. But I think the stone came from Scotland! The person who owned it while I was growing up (and the person my parents rented it from) was Mrs. Mitchell, and everyone called it Mitchell's Castle. She was widowed back, before or during the war and lived, I think, until the 1970s. She spent most of the year in Palm Beach, FL and only a few months of the year in Greenwich. Her



husband, either worked for or owned a large NY advertising agency. His claim to fame was that he came up with the slogan "I'd walk a mile for a Camel". Maybe the free cigarettes did him in. The Mitchell's bought the castle from a man named Green sometime in the 20s. Someone else actually started it, but Green (I think) was the one who completed it.



I recall my father saying even when Mitchell's owned it was never really finished. (My dad is still around, 91 and still quite sharp, so he might be able to recall some more facts about it). The main centerpiece was the "Grand Ballroom" that's the part that sticks out towards the road. At one end was a huge organ complete with pipes and large fireplace. It has around 40 rooms, 3 swimming pools (two of which I think were more reflecting pools than actual swimming type) a soda fountain, a "Chinese Room" and many other features.

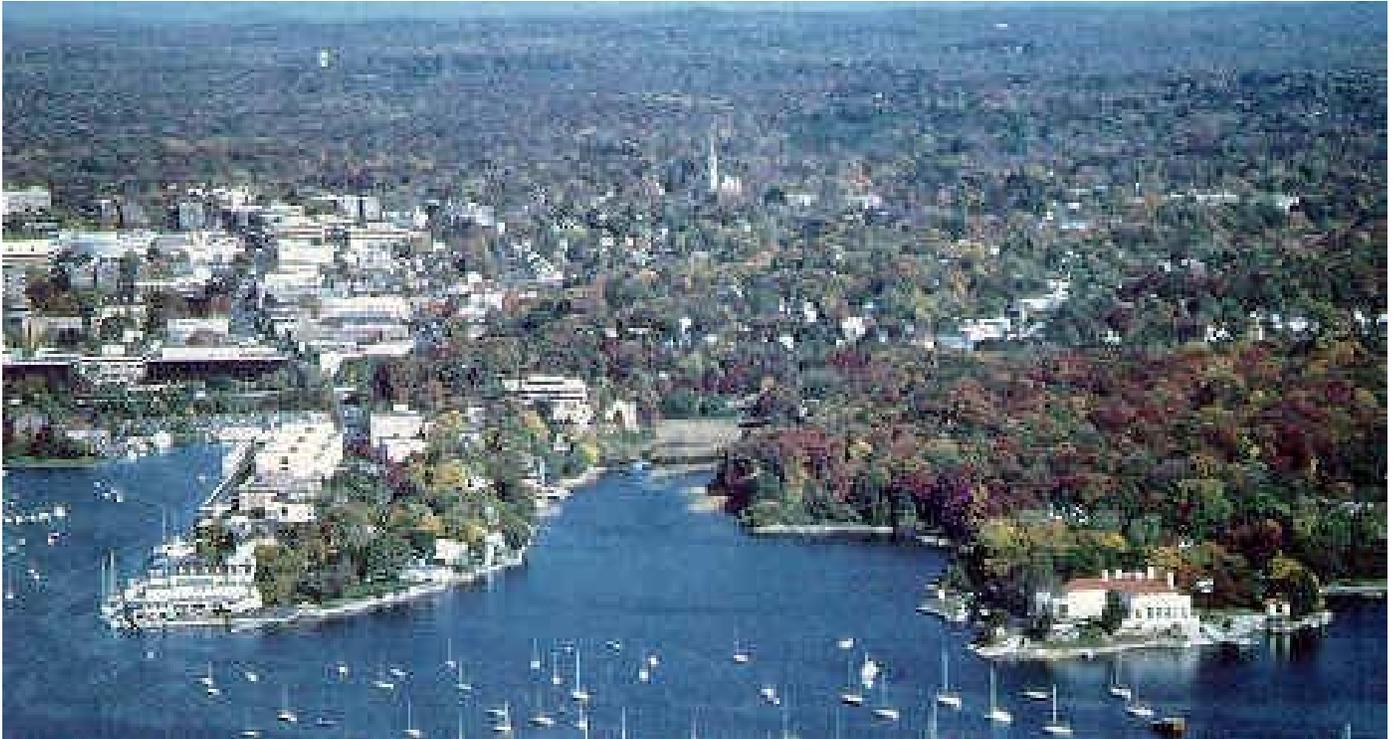
During the time, when we lived on Brookside Drive, while growing up, we always admired the castle even though then it was looking a little shabby and run down. I think at least two movies were filmed there over the years. I was too young to remember any of it and would love to see it now. My parents told me they had a couple of really wild parties the short time they lived there.

My second favorite house in Greenwich that I do remember was Old Mill Farm on Old Mill Road off Round Hill Road. It is



an English manor style with over 70 acres of land. I went to grammar school with one of the families children (the Maher's owned it, and recently was sold (I think) to Mel Gibson. I'll detail more in one of my future "recollections of growing up in Greenwich".

(Editor's Note: I was unable to find any photos of Mitchell's Castle or Mel Gibson's Old Mill Farm... But here are a few more photos of Greenwich Avenue, including two from Peter Hens, (Found in his attic and date from around 1961)



## *Looking Forward to December*



December Dusk – Cardinal  
Susan Bourdot 1998

Thanksgiving Day and the countdown begins, we find ourselves a bit bloated from the day's feast, so we kick back to watch a little football and talk about the family member's who couldn't be here today. Nice and comfy in front of a log fire, while the family mutt warms your slippered feet. A simple scenario, played out in many homes. Not here... the day's feast was an Ocean Harvest with Lobsters, Shrimp and all the fixin's. We stopped having Turkey, when we stopped having company. Now that we are here alone, (my son visits with his girlfriend upstate) my wife and I party hardy on the food and then repair to our various interests and pursuits.

This month we have a change in the newsletter's distribution system. I will be sending out the letter from the Yahoo eMail system. The original practice of using my office account for personal transactions was not looked upon as being fair to the "staff". So I am hoping that all "deliveries" make it to their appropriate "inbox". My apologies in advance to anyone inconvenienced by this new "wrinkle".

Coming at the turn of the New Year...

*December Dusk*

scheduled for your "Inbox" on 31 December 2003



December Dusk  
Nicholas Santoleri  
1986