



GHS

Wreadin Writin n

Wreminiscin

From the Editors Desk

14 December 2003

Fallin and Breakin News

Having w oke this morning to a silent and peaceful falling of flakes and the news of the capture of Saddam Hussein. The snow has continued to rise and the News continues on a "round the clock" report of the same news, repeated every 30 minutes. I have been out to Sno-Throw my driveway and front walks, twice, and I have finished the NYTimes Crossword, NYPost Crossword and even filled in the blanks on the checkered tablecloth in the Kitchen. I am now sitting on the second level and watching the snow accumulate. The count is approximately 8 inches and may continue through the night. Quite clearly, the morning commute to New York may be delayed or more likely, cancelled. So, what better thing to do than to issue an "Editorial".

Class of '62 Holiday Bulletin Board

This whole thing started, when I received the following eMail from Otto (Clark) Sorensen. And from there we may have begun a ritual, the Class of '62 Holiday Bulletin Board:



Clark **SORENSEN** . Bloomington . IN
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I wonder if anyone else remembers the GHS Christmas pageant I think in Dec of 1959? What I remember is, then senior Dave Howe (star football running back-I think) member of Senior Chorus singing "Oh Holy Night" solo. In a packed GHS auditorium. My-oh-my!

I still can hear him and the carol has been my favorite ever since.



James **NOWLAND** . Phoenix . AZ
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The snow is up to an ant's knees... Actually, if you go three hours north, to Flagstaff (or as they say here, "Flag"), you get cooler weather, nice summers, actual, real winters. Another hour north of Flag is the Grand Canyon.

But here, today, it's a BEAUTIFUL, balmy 75 and drop-dead gorgeous, blue sky, sunny. And this February, I get my new Harley, and I'm going to do NOTHING but ride.

Merry Christmas... One of the highlights for me was the Xmas concert done by the Chorus. We always did such beautiful music.



Susan **DENNISON** . New York . NY
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Happy holidays to you and yours. Where will you be spending the time? I will have Christmas in Greenwich with my sister Peggy and then up to my sweet Victorian home in the Catskills.



Greenwich Point (Tod's) circa December 2001, Island Beach and Captain's in the distance.



Dr. Conrad A. **LOHUTKO** . St. Louis . MO
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I don't think that hardly anyone knew that David Merrick, the Broadway producer, was in the audience for our senior skits. He said that he laughed more at our skits than most comedies.



Nancy **SCHMIDT** Lambert . Somerset . CO
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Ahhh, the Christmas Pageant!! Alden Smith's resonant voice narrating, the fabulous Senior Chorus chorusing and the "townspeople" going onstage in slow motion and kneeling down in slow motion and just thinking about it makes my knees hurt! Linda Smith and three football player kings - what a huge good memory that is! Merry Christmas all!



Peter **HENS** . Salem . SC
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Here's wishing everyone the best during the Holiday Season and of Things Yet To Come. May you bask in the glow of pleasant memories.

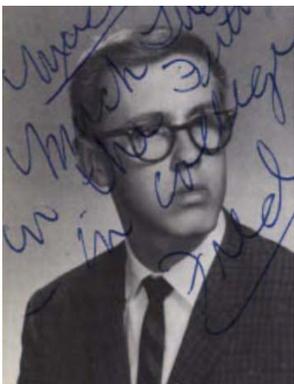


The Boatyard at Byram Park with Little Captain's and Greenwich Point in the distance circa January 2003



Nancy **DENNISON** Weaver . Casper . WY
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Merry Christmas to all. Do you remember when someone "walked out" Merry Christmas on the football field one Christmas season? Who was that? It was great!



Fred **KRAUT** . Salt Lake City . UT
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It is amazing that as we grow older...I like to think of it as getting better in all that we do...that we tend to reflect on the simplest of thoughts at this time of year...that we ask for ...and receive ... those thoughts and wishes...Peace and love on this great planet that we all inhabit...and the fact that we might actually see it still in our lifetimes.

Enjoy and please have the Merriest of Holidays...



Patricia **ROSE** Bishel . Colchester . CT
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I have memories of GHS Christmas seasons, specifically, the pageants in which the choruses participated. Remember the man (teacher?) who read the whole thing in such a deep voice? It was beautiful in our auditorium. The whole thing was done so seriously with somber scenery and costumes that you would swear were the originals.



Robert **FORTUNATO**
Sharon **BROWN** Fortunato
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Merry Christmas classmates,

We pray for peace, love, and joy to enter into your lives for the holiday season and last throughout the New Year.

Best wishes.



Vincent **PANTAS** . Washington Crossing . PA
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Holiday greetings. This one says it all.

(Editor's Note: Vince attached an "Animated Short" (i.e. the "one" in "This one...."), but I was unable to blend it into PDF Format and have it "play"... so I will have to describe it: A Snow man at the top of a hill, falls over and rolls down the hill, gathering snow along the way. At the bottom of the hill, a somewhat "rotund" snow man proclaims, "I always put on weight this time of year")



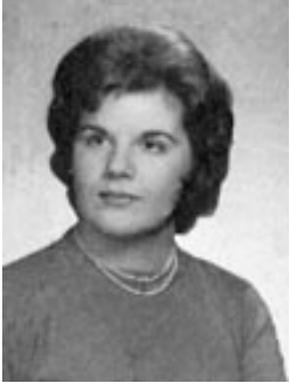
Robert **HOWARD**
Kristen **ASZLING** Lindblad Howard
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Jill McGovern's caroling parties. A fond memory.



Sharon **JOHNSTON** Kalinski . Richmond .VA
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Just wanted to wish everyone a Wonderful Holiday and a great 2004!
Thinking back, do any of you remember waking up very early on a snowy day to listen for the local fire station to blow their fire horn signaling "NO SCHOOL" - 3 Blasts for School, and 4 for No School - or maybe the other way around - can't remember??



Rosemary **FINOCCHIO** Licare . Yorktown . VA
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I don't know about you, but I am always looking for special things to talk about while sitting around the family Holiday table. I like to call these "Simple Life Lessons and Reminders" and like to share them - the younger generations seem to like to hear them.

HOW TO STAY YOUNG

1. Throw out nonessential numbers. This includes age, weight and height. Let the doctors worry about them. That is why you pay them.
2. Keep only cheerful friends. The grouches pull you down.
3. Keep learning. Learn more about the computer, crafts, gardening, whatever. Never let the brain idle. "An idle mind is the devil's workshop." And the devil's name is Alzheimer's.
4. Enjoy the simple things.
5. Laugh often, long and loud. Laugh until you gasp for breath.
6. The tears happen. endure, grieve, and move on. The only person who is with us our entire life is ourselves. Be ALIVE while you are alive.
7. Surround yourself with what you love, whether it's family, pets, keepsakes, music, plants, hobbies, whatever. Your home is your refuge.
8. Cherish your health: If it is good, preserve it. If it is unstable, improve it. If it is beyond what you can improve, get help.
9. Don't take guilt trips. Take a trip to the mall, even to the next county; to a foreign country but NOT to where the guilt is.
10. Tell the people you love that you love them, at every opportunity.

AND ALWAYS REMEMBER:

Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take, but by the moments that take our breath away. Live life to its fullest each day

Warmly wishing everyone the joyous spirit of love, the shining miracle of hope and the priceless gift of peace through the holidays and always.



Sharron **CASTRONOVO** Restivo . Norwalk . CT
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Wishing a beautiful and peaceful Holiday Season, to all my fellow classmates and especially a very Healthy and Happy New Year.



Nancy **POWELL** Petherick . Hampton . VA
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Merry Christmas/Happy Holidays to all 1962 Class, and especially to those who remember sledding down the hill in Pemberwick Park each Winter!

The Pemberwick Park sledding was very tricky if you went from the very top and rounded the corner coming around the top of the hill....if you "missed," you ended up dropping a long, long way to the baseball diamond area of the park....no railing barriers when I was doing that...some of us went to the top always and some didn't....yes, I went to the top always!!!!!! I still can feel that run in my body when I

think of it...a bit fear, a bit fearless.....

Bob **McMILLAN** . Scarsdale . NY
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The Battle of the Slopes. The mention of Pemberwick Park and the sledding, draws out the competitive side of me. When it comes to sledding, Byram Park has it all over any park in town. Those that had the opportunity to sled down the "baby's hill" toward what used to be a set of swings, can remember the dynamics of the hill. Starting at the top of the hill near the Games Pavilion... (Occupied year round by Hoey Sudell, the Byram Park Resident Groundskeeper). You could sled down the

extreme right side of the hill, where, if the sidewalks had not been cleared, you could cascade down the steps to the parking lot in front of the "Byram Boat Club" (Other villages in Greenwich had "Yacht" clubs... not Byram). Of course, this was considered too dangerous for the little kids. On the left side of the hill was a shallow area where, if you could maintain your speed, you could glide all the way to the roadway that entered the Park. Or you could continue straight ahead and "dodge" the poles that held up the bar for the swings, or hit the swings themselves. In those days, they didn't remove the swings to avoid the "weather-





beaten" look of raw wood. (I can remember the splinters in the underside of my legs. But that's a memory for another time).

Of course the "Hill" of all Hills, is not pictured in any of the photos on this page. To describe it would require the words "You'd have to be there"; but it had any number of names, including "breakneck" and "hell". It started at Hoey's House and cascaded down a "super-slope" to about 1/3 of the way from the bottom, where there was a sidewalk "level" to the slope of the hill. Hitting the sidewalk at full speed you became

airborne and would land about 30 feet away in the middle of the Park's Entrance roadway. That was the good part. When "Hell Froze Over" it notorious for the side areas to the hill. The path down the center was about 30 feet wide at the top and bottom, but was framed by pine trees spaced closely with low hanging branches. I believe there is an "un-built memorial" at the top of the hill, listing all the broken, maimed and deceased sledding hero's of Byram. I could never brave myself to try the hill more than once. My brothers were often there with their friends. It was a mark of the Byram boy to boast the scars of battle on the "hill".

