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*Wreadin Writin n Wreminiscin
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About P.O.E.T.'s and Gulliver's



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(Editor: This is all she wrote.)

Piss On Everything Tomorrow's Saturday

Do You Remember



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A few more "remembers"

- A Coke was 5 cents, and later 10 cents
- There was no McDonald's in Greenwich, it was either Nielsen's, Dirty Lou's or, of course the Cos Cobber
- If you needed a car you went to any of the car dealers in Greenwich who always had a supply of \$25 wonders to sell you. They would either last two days or a year, you never knew.
- Cigarettes were \$.25 a pack in a machine
- Beer in Port Chester was \$1.05 for a six-pack and they gave you a church key to open them (no pull off tabs)
- You could have an open beer in your car even if you were under 21! The law at the time said you couldn't buy it in Connecticut, but there was no law that you couldn't possess it or drink it!
- Songs and records were either about love, tragedy, or silly things (like the purple people-eater by Shep Wooly)
- The nearest thing to a calculator was a Frieden. You punched in a lot of numbers, hit the total button and 5 minutes later after a lot of clanking you had an answer.
- You could call the fat kid "fattie" and the one that wore glasses "four eyes" - try that today and they'll send the kid to counseling, or give him Prozac.

- Your parents joined a Christmas club at the bank so they had money to buy you presents at Christmas.
- Television programming didn't start until about 4 or 5 in the afternoon (unless you liked watching the test pattern)
- You had to walk to the bus stop - today the bus stops at every driveway and mommy or daddy have to stay with the kid (drinking a cup of coffee) until the kid gets on the bus.
- To make a phone call you waited for the operator to answer then you gave her the number to call.
- To Nancy Schmidt's 57 Chevy's were the dream car - they still are for many!
- We went out to play in the morning, and as long as we were home by dinner our parents didn't worry.
- A draft beer was 15 cents at Wilson's (John's) in Port Chester and every third one was on the house!
- If you didn't have a car you would hitchhike around town.
- The Island Beach Ferry cost 10 cents to ride.
- You behaved when you were at the store or restaurant with your mom or dad. Manners were taught and expected back then.
- A semi-private room in Greenwich Hospital cost \$25 a day, \$30 a day for a private room. The charge that much for an aspirin today!
- If you were sick, your Mom called the doctor and he came to your house. I don't know what the cost was, but my guess would be about \$7 to \$10. Anyone know what it cost?



The first high school was the one behind the old town hall in the postcard, but the second one was we remember as the Havemeyer Building (the building some walked to for shop and other classes) that's the one shown in Gene Davino's postcards.



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Gulliver's was the building formerly occupied by the bowling alley attached to the Old Post Grill, or OPG, as it was known to many. Gerry Sherman and I bowled there more than a few times, as I recall. After a long absence from Greenwich, I came back to visit my parents, and while driving down the Post Road I looked over and saw the wreckage; this was several years after the fire. When I got home I asked my mother "What happened to the OPG?" (the abbreviation covered both the restaurant and the bowling alley)

"Didn't you know?" she replied -- one of her most often-used phrases when I asked a question -- "That was Gulliver's." I was dumbfounded; out here we'd heard it was in Port Chester, but I didn't know it was that close to home.

Regarding the state line, the gas station at the bottom of the Post Road hill across from the OPG had a painted state line running across the asphalt. If I recall correctly, the office was in New York but the pumps were in Connecticut. I imagine that kept their accountant busy.

I remember those three AM rock stations (Seventy-seven, Double-you Ay Bee SEEEEEE!) and I have to pay tribute here to a wonderful man, B. Mitchell Reed. When I moved to L.A. in 1967, BMR was the #1 disk jockey in town, on KFWB 980, which has been an all-news station (You give us 22 minutes, we'll give you the world!) for decades now. I had an assignment for photo school to do a takeout on a celebrity, so I called him up and he quickly agreed to do it, which was the start of a friendship that



lasted until his death in 1983, two years younger than I am now. In 1968, Mitch moved from KFWB to KPPC-FM, LA's first underground rock (hippie music) station. Through him I met a lot of musicians, some of whom are still alive; if you want to know if those stories you've heard about rock musicians of that era are true, I can assure you that most of them are, and I can tell you some that you won't believe even though I have pictures.



At any rate, contrary to his on-air persona, Mitch was a very intelligent and thoughtful man, and I miss him to this day; his original career plan was to be a professor of political science; I can remember many a conversation that went on into the wee hours and didn't include music at all. In a way, he was a father figure to me, but he was young enough to be a friend as well. For you trivia buffs, the "B" stood for "Burton"; I often picked up his allowance checks for him from his financial manager, made out to "Burton M. Reed."

(Editor: B. Mitchell Reed first from left in the tan jacket)

Before n After

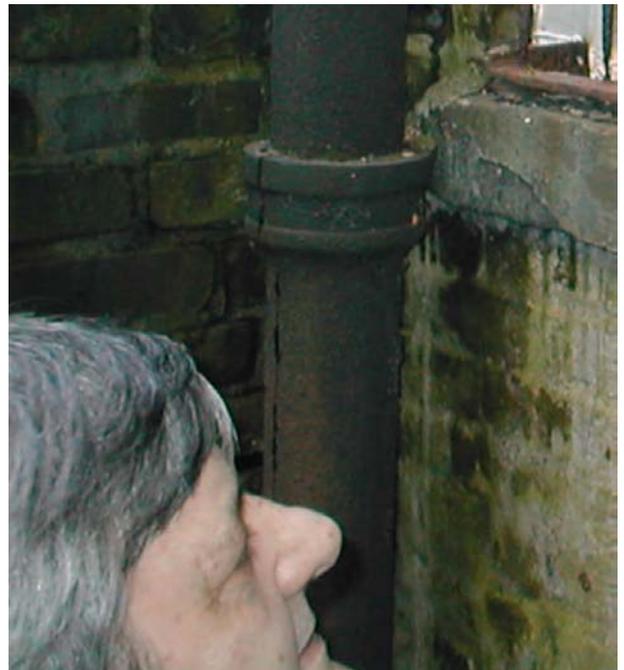


Bob McMILLAN . Scarsdale . NY
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When pressed by several classmates for a "recent photo" of myself. I share the one at the right of this page.

That's me and my "schozz", you can compare the two photos and make the determination for yourself... I have not had rhinoplasty. The setting is the rear yard of a federal style

townhouse on Horatio Street in Greenwich Village. The storm leader in the distance appears to be in need of "paint... but in real life the side that is visible is the only existing material... the rear side of the pipe is long gone, as are the security bars on the widow that I am looking at. This house has 10 apartments on 5 Floors. I have been given the task of renovating the whole building to become a "party" house for a rather wealthy individual... who visits Manhattan at best twice a year and has become tired of Hotels. The staff member who took this photograph of me, without my permission, has been "let go". Can't get good help now adays...



This story is not over yet... I have to admit that the photo shown at the right sides of the above paragraph, did not pass muster with John McLane. So I was "beaten" into submission with a set of emails... we continue...

During the week, I got an eMail from John McLane and he says... "I have a recent photo and I will make a deal with you... If you show me yours... I will show you mine". Now ... I have already informed many of you that I have had some "Life Experiences" which I could not include on my Resume. But I was taken aback by John's request. I read further and found that John had the Sadie Hawkins Party in mind, and was a trifle bit concerned about not being able to recognize one another on Leap Day at Manero's.



John **McLANE** . New Canaan . CT
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I relinquished the above photo to John and he said... "No deal"... and the hunt was on to get a Photo. At this time, I was working with one of my staff, concerning a reinterpretation made on the construction of one of my current projects. AS I walked over to the Construction Administration Department, I was caught in a "pose" that is all too frequently my "Trademark".

I sent the photo to John, with the following notes:

This photo was taken approximately 10 minutes ago in the Construction Administration Department, by a Project Architect for the Center for Jewish History here in NYC on 18th Street... It is the best you are gonna get... so "come on send me your Photo"...
Ps. I am having a bad hair day...



John Shot back the following:

Holy sh--! I never would have recognized you. So, to prove I'm a man of my word - here is a pdf file of me taken in Florida in December with my wife of almost 29 years (Sandy).

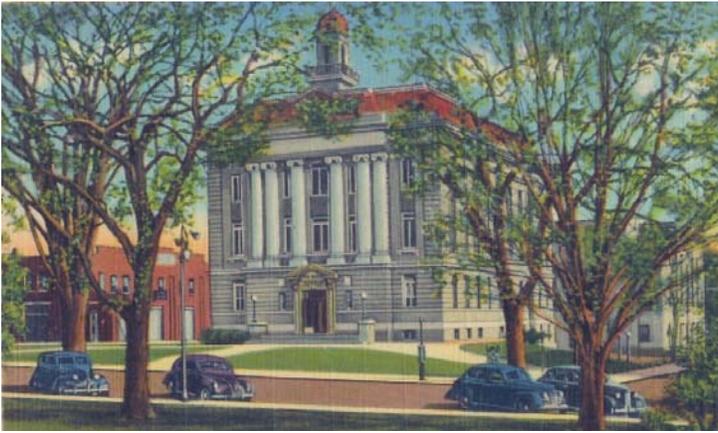


The Davino Collection



Eugene **DAVINO** . Greenwich . CT
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Gene has returned to the attic to find a few postcards from Greenwich Avenue. In a "Before and After" we have the Town Hall and then two Libraries, I can't remember which was on Greenwich Avenue, But I have added the Current photos of the Libraries of Greenwich. And to top off the collection we have the YMCA on the Other end of Putnam Avenue.



Town Hall Greenwich



Town Hall Today



Public Library



Library Today - Main Branch



Public Library - Greenwich Avenue???



Byram Library



Not for the Life of Me... Help me out here???



Cos Cob Library



The Other Face of the Main Branch



Perrot Library Old Greenwich



The YMCA Greenwich



YMCA Today

Were You a Kid in the Fifties



Maureen **BREUEL** Bohning . Cos Cob . CT
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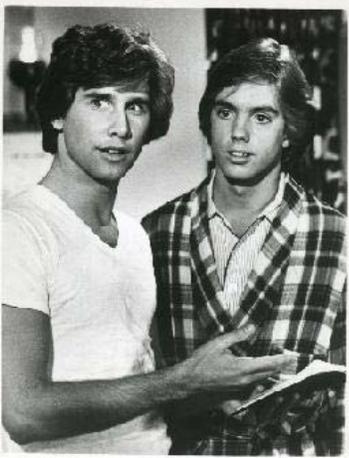
(Editor: The following was sent in by Maureen, she did not write it, but it seems appropriate for the "Do You Remember" Category.)

Everybody makes fun of our childhood! Comedians joke. Grandkids snicker. Twenty-something's shudder and say "Eeeew!". But was our childhood really all that bad? Judge for yourself:

In 1953 The US population was less than 150 million... Yet you knew more people then, and knew them better. The average annual salary was under \$3,000... Yet our parents could put some of it away for a rainy day and still live a decent life. A loaf of bread cost about 15 cents... But it was safe for a five-year-old to skate to the store and buy one. Prime-Time meant I Love Lucy, Ozzie and Harriet, Gunsmoke and Lassie... So nobody ever heard of ratings or filters. We didn't have air-conditioning... So the windows stayed up and half a dozen mothers ran outside when you fell off your bike.



Your teacher was either Miss Matthews or Mrs. Logan or Mr. Adkins... But not Ms. Becky or Mr. Dan. The only hazardous material you knew about... Was a patch of grass burrs around the light pole at the corner. You loved to climb into a fresh bed... Because sheets were dried on the clothesline. People generally lived in the same hometown with their relatives.. So "child care" meant grandparents or aunts and uncles.



Parents were respected and their rules were law.... Children did not talk back. TV was in black-and-white... But all outdoors was in glorious color. Your Dad knew how to adjust everybody's carburetor... And the Dad next door knew how to adjust all the TV knobs. Your grandma grew snap beans in the back yard... And chickens behind the garage. And just when you were about to

do something really bad... Chances were you'd run into your Dad's high school coach... Or the nosy old lady from up the street... Or your little sister's piano teacher... Or somebody from Church.... ALL of who knew your parents' phone number... And YOUR first name.



Buffalo Bob and Clarabell The Clown with Howdy Doody

REMEMBER...

Send this on to someone who can still remember Nancy Drew, The Hardy Boys, Laurel & Hardy, Abbott & Costello, Sky King, Little Lulu comics, Brenda Starr, Howdy Doody and The Peanut Gallery, The Lone Ranger, The Shadow Knows, Nellie Belle, Roy and Dale, Trigger and Buttermilk as well as the sound of a real mower on Saturday morning, and summers filled with bike rides, playing cowboy, playing hide and seek and kick-the-can and Simon Says, baseball games, amateur shows at the local theater before the Saturday matinee, bowling and visits to the pool..and eating Kool-Aid powder with sugar, and wax lips and bubblegum cigars.



Do You Remember



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When I was a kid and my sisters (6 and 8 years older than I) were at GHS, our phone number was Greenwich 8-5726-W. It was a party line with Miss Boles (sp?) the GHS gym teacher, who lived with her sister - another Miss Boles. I can remember my sisters listening in on there (the Misses Boles) conversations on the phone in the pantry - of course we only had one phone in the house. Why would you need more - or any color

other than black? Ah, those were the days...even before Townsend 9 and Normandy 1.



I received this today and thought it had to be shared with all my "young" classmates! Have you been guilty of looking at others your own age and thinking...surely I cannot look that old? You may enjoy this short story. While waiting for my first appointment in the reception room of a new dentist, I noticed his certificate, which bore his full name. Suddenly, I remembered that a tall, handsome boy with the same name had been in my high school class some 40 years ago. Upon seeing him, however, I quickly discarded any such thought. This balding, gray-haired man with the deeply lined face was way too old to have been my classmate. After he had examined my teeth, I asked him if he had attended the local high school.

"Yes," he replied. "When did you graduate?" I asked. He answered, "In 1962. Why?" "You were in my class!" I exclaimed. He looked at me closely and then asked, "What did you teach?"



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I positively LOVED the stuff that everyone sent about "do you remember". A Chinese Fire Drill was: you had a car full of people (a convertible was best, but not absolutely required), and when you hit a stoplight, the driver put the vehicle in "park" or neutral with the handbrake on, and EVERYONE got out of the car, ran around it, and then jumped back in the car. This was especially fun when the light was not long. You REALLY had to hustle. I remember many bruised arms and banged heads jumping in and out of cars (It was particularly difficult in a 2-door vehicle).

As far as the snow storm of '47, I too have some amazing pics of that, at three years old, but they are all in storage in Maine, so they won't be published for a while.

I too remember using Townsend 9, 1234 for calling in Greenwich, on a rotary phone. However in my house, I first learned how to ask the operator for that number. Do any of you remember using an operator, before the system became automated?

My father ran the TV, but I was the "remote". Whenever a channel change was required, I was the one that got to get up and change it! Or, come to think of it, volume change.

Ah yes, and carrying books...huge amounts of books, forearms indented from the edges. Only the "nerds" used briefcases.



I have always commented on three things that evolved from the 60's to today. When I was a kid a backpack was used for camping. Pants Suits (popular with the ladies in the 70's) were (as I always joked) good for only two things...going to a dog fight or mixing cement! And the wonderful baseball cap, which you ONLY wore if you were PLAYING baseball. I've always said the only two times you wear a baseball cap backwards is if you played catcher or were undercoating a car. (think about it...lol)

As for school dress...I remember a certain young lady (with whom I graduated from Cos Cob Elementary) being accosted in the HS hall by Principal Andy Bella for wearing a skirt that was (horribly) a couple of inches above the knee! I can't remember if she got sent home to change. I do remember seeing that movie about how guys and gals SHOULD dress. What a classic that is.

Speaking of changes, and trends...remember when a new pair of sneakers cost somewhere in the neighborhood of \$5? And you wore them because you were doing something athletic.

"Parking" at Bruce Park, and as you cruised for a place, seeing all your friends there (actually, seeing their CARS...they were either below the windows, or the windows were steamed, and you couldn't see anything). I remember going by many cars with a bunch of guys, slowing down, and yelling not-so-nice things to the occupants. We did that one night to Henry Sabanski (several times) that he got so mad he chased us. As we fled, we got on the CT Turnpike and raced towards Riverside/Old Greenwich with Henry in hot pursuit; and a State Trooper pulled him over for speeding. Needless to say, when we saw him on Monday he was NOT amused.

Seatbelts! There was a gas station in Cos Cob that was offering (in 1958) to put in two front seatbelts for \$10. I remember my Father asking me (this was the FIRST time he ever asked my opinion on anything of importance) if we should get some. I remember telling him, the race drivers, who put their lives on the line in every race, use them; there has to be something good about wearing them. We (I've) had seatbelts in every vehicle since that time.

The Senior Chorus Project

An Update on the project. The recordings are being transferred to CD Rom and that part appears to be well cared for by Nancy Rosan Roblin and Diane Adams French, along with the help of our Newly Adopted Classmate Thomas Pryor. Many thanks go out to this team for their contribution to the project.

Dr. Gerald Mack has offered to "pen" the Liner Notes and below is an eMail from Penny Haymes Cox which outlines, our current knowledge of the "Volume of Music" captured in Three Years of the Senior Chorus starting in 1959 and ending with our Graduation in 1962.



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(Editor: [An eMail to Gerry Mack](#))

Bob suggested that I send this information on to you. Limited as it is, perhaps someone will be able to fill in the blanks where needed, such as correct titles, composers, soloists, etc.

The LP (Ficker Recording Service - Old Greenwich, CT) I have here has the following information on the label:

Side 1

Greenwich High School Senior Chorus, Gerald R. Mack, Conductor

December 1959 Christmas Pageant, Narrator: Alden W. Smith

Soloists: Linda Smith, David Howe, Ronald Smith, John Moran, and William Cuff

Although not individually listed on the label, the following selections (by title or opening) are included, in this order:

Glory

Three Kings

Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem

Mary Had A Baby

While By My Sheep

Gloria

Oh, Holy Night

Side 2

Greenwich High School Senior Chorus with Community String Orchestra Gerald R. Mack, Conductor, Mary H Mack, Soloist, April 1960

Missa Brevis (Haydn)

Kyrie

Gloria

Credo

Sanctus

Benedictus

Agnus Dei

I also have an old tape I made of the 1961 European Concert Tour album. I think the Spring 1961 Cherubini Requiem is on side 2 of that LP, which is in storage, so I can't check the label, but the European performances is as follows:

Oklahoma! Medley

Set Down Servant

My Lord, What A Morning

Lord, Make Me An Instrument of Thy Peace (Prayer of St. Francis)

Witchmen - (names?)

Liza Jane

Animals Are Comin'

Wait For the Wagon

Happy Wanderer

Alleluia

Fa Una Canzone

Fair Maid Thy Charm and Loveliness

Three Chansons

Madrigal Singers - (names?)

Da Untem Im Tale

Little White Hen

Stomp Your Foot

Wayfaring Stranger

Shenandoah

It might be fun to note where the various performances occurred, if known... and any other anecdotes. For example, I sang the Shenandoah solo in Venice (Conservatory of Music?), on a steaming hot 4th of July. I think Tom Shaw's solo in Wayfaring Stranger was from that same performance. Afterwards, we gathered in a marble hallway and sang the Star Spangled Banner, one of my favorite memories of the trip.

I hope this is helpful, and stimulates lots of memories and details!

Lookin Forward

This being the end of the first Month and the beginning of another... The WW-N-W New sletters begin Production of the next Volumes, w hich w ill be called:

February Fantasies

Due in you eMail Inbox no later than 29 February 2004

And Just in case anyone was wondering what the WW-N-W New sletter's Offices look like, we have added a recent photo of our Headquarters, taken approximately 3 days ago during our most recent snow storm. That's me on the sixth floor third arch from the left... Do we have any damsels for the Towers?

