

50th high school reunion musings



Over Memorial Day weekend, my Class of 1964 celebrated our 50th high school reunion in Holyoke. Including some spouses, a total of 55 folks attended all or part of the events. To have 58 percent of our class come back after half a century was quite noteworthy, and those who were able to attend had a great time reliving many memories and renewing friendships.

I was going to poke fun at all the old-looking people in my class, of course noting that I have remained quite handsome, sexy and virile, while others have aged considerably, but I don't want to hurt anyone's feelings.

Suffice it to say that all of us had fun on Friday night at the Vets Club, our ice breaker of sorts, gawking at one another, straining to figure out just who that old person was who was staring back—perhaps someone we had not seen for five decades.

Sometimes, just a voice helped solve the mystery; however, it often took a first name or last (maiden) name for the light to go on. A skin crème salesman could have made out like a bandit at the bar that night!

And, of course, it would be easy to poke fun at some of the old people limping, stooping and stumbling around that weekend, thick glasses helping old eyes to see who was who.

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