

LOS GATOS Weekly

Volume 6, Issue 10

An independent



BULK RATE
U.S. POSTAGE PAID
LOS GATOS WEEKLY
PERMIT NO. 172
CR-RT SORT
POSTAL PATRON LOCAL

20 S. Santa Cruz Ave.
Los Gatos, CA 95030

CAR-RT SORT

**CR 19

May 14, 1987



Swiftly go the years

The Class of '67 reunites . . . and then life goes on

by Dick Sparrer

Sunrise, sunset. Sunrise, sunset. *Swiftly go the years.* The years of high school don't seem to go swiftly by, at least not while we're living them.

Al Simon's freshman Algebra gives way to Lefty Lefkowitz' sophomore Safety Ed. Bob Negendank's junior U.S. History is followed by Gerald McCloskey's senior Civics.

And through it all, the long, hot after-school football practices would extend the school day into night.

"One season following another, ladden with happiness and tears."

The days dragged into weeks; the weeks into months; and the months into years. From orientation to graduation seemed an eternity where we experienced the gamut of emotions for those of our age group.

But they were exciting days. They were days in our lives that we will never forget, and days that we don't want to forget. They are times, though sometimes painful, that we keep with us forever, and time many of us don't want to let go.

So we have high school reunions. Ten years, 20 years, 50 years. It's a chance to get together and to relive old memories, to catch up on the years and to rekindle old friendships.

Los Gatos High School had just such a reunion recently for the "Class of '67." I was there—it was my graduating class.

"I don't remember growing older. . . when did they?"

continued on page 12

Gordon and Margie George, still sweethearts.



Charlie Eddie, pro at La Rinconada Golf Club

Reunions: Memories, old friends ... and curiosity

continued from front page

It was like high school prom night all over again, except this time I didn't need my dad's help to tie my tie. And I didn't have to worry about impressing my date and her parents, just whether or not she'd get out of the bathroom in time for me to have a few moments with the mirror.

There were the familiar butterflies churning in my stomach, an anxiety that I experienced some two decades ago.

Would I look alright? Would anyone notice me? Would I spill salad dressing on my sport coat? All of those were concerns on prom night '67... and all came flashing back with a haunting reality on reunion night '87.

After my wife had assured me a half dozen times, "Yes, Dick, you look fine," we were off. Not to a high school gym decorated with crepe paper and balloons for a prom, but to white tablecloths of San Jose's Red Lion Inn for a 20-year reunion.

I was going back to high school, and I was as nervous as an incoming freshman on the first day of school.

Just as emotions shifted so abruptly in high school, mine did at the reunion as well. Apprehension quickly gave way to delight at the sight of old schoolmates, some barely recognizable and others appearing as though they had stepped right out of the commencement line.

Twenty years in the real world had salted hair with gray and tugged at the hairlines of many. And 20 years of pasta, beer and inactivity had created bulges where before there were none.

But, all in all, the Class of '67 looked great. "Most Likely to Succeed" Dave Anderson is indeed successful as an attorney in Davis, and "Best Looking" Margie Dains, the cute high school cheerleader, has found true beauty in maturity.

Cap Cornwell brought us his heart-warming "Best Smile" all the way from his new home in Florida and Martha Gee's "Best Eyes" are still sharp and penetrating. Craig Wilder and Cheryl Fritz still appear to fit their "Desert Isle Companion" roles and Jeanne Peterson's "Best Legs" remain the best.

Time certainly hasn't stood still, but it's been good to the "Class of '67." Yet it's true—the years have been "ladden with happiness and tears."

Gordon and Margie George would beam with

delight when talking about their four lovely daughters. And others expressed their happiness through their children and professional success.

But there have also been tears.

Joe Mickelson, who seemed to have it all going for him as the good looking quarterback of the high school football team, took his own life just two years ago. The "Class of '67" also lost Jenny Werner, Bill Steed, Barry McBride and Pug Vaughn.

Rumors of the passing of other class members flew about the Red Lion banquet room and cast a bit of a cloud over the festivities. Death emphasized the harsh reality that, though many of the faces looked the same, 20 years had passed us by.

On the inside, we may have felt like the same teenagers who had scurried about the Los Gatos High School campus in 1967. But we weren't the same... 20 years had seen to that.

I had grown older, and so had they.

The hilly road that twists down to the high school parking lot is now one-way. The dusty track that surrounds the football field is now one of the best around with its tartan surface.

And the boy's locker room is almost unrecognizable.

A lot has changed around Los Gatos High School. And the members of the "Class of '67" have changed as well.

But of course, that's natural over the years. We expect people to mature and to grow after high school graduation. And that's one of the reasons we go back to our high school reunions—to see how much our classmates have changed.

"It was more of a curiosity than anything else," said '67 graduate Bruce Frazer, now a success in commercial real estate. "Because I wasn't in the position of being noticeable in the class, I had nothing to worry about."

Admittedly, Bruce wasn't "in with the in crowd" in high school. He was quiet and shy, and blended well into the high school woodwork, not to be noticed by his classmates.

He returned to join those classmates at the reunion having lost most of his hair, but having gained self-confidence and pride through personal and professional success. One of the high school's quiet ones had made it.

"When I look back on high school, it was not a great time—I don't remember high school very

well," he admitted. "So the reunion didn't have any affect on me."

But the reunion did take its toll on others.

"There was definitely a letdown afterwards," said track and wrestling standout Howard May, now a successful Los Gatos dentist. "It was a depression, like 'is this it?' And life goes on." "All weekend, we went through it," added Margie (Dains) George. "It was a real low, and physically and mentally draining."

High school pom pon girl Terry Schwaterer, now a Spanish teacher at both Los Gatos High and Loma Prieta School, figured it was the late night that had her down.

"I wasn't at all (nervous about going to the reunion), I was just excited to talk to all the people," said Terry, another cute high school girl who has grown beautiful with the years. "But there was definitely a feeling afterwards that lasted all week. I thought it was because I hadn't gotten home until five the next morning."

Others experienced a post-reunion depression that lasted most of the week following the event. Was it the reality of growing older? Was it hearing about the death of classmates? Was it simply that we'd rather not let go of that time?

"I'm not sure," said Terry, "but my mood has been different."

"It was disturbing to me for the ones who weren't able to be there," said Margie George, referring to those who have passed away. "That was a little upsetting. Those kinds of things left sort of an overhang."

It was also difficult to really talk with former classmates.

"It was a real exhausting evening from that standpoint," said Margie, "just to get past the hellos."

"After not seeing those people for so long," said Terry, "and then we barely got to touch them."

Gordon George had hoped to talk with many former classmates, but found himself spending most of his time with those who were the closest to him.

"I found myself gravitating back to friends that I'd known since grade school," he said. "That's where the ties and bonds were the deepest."

"There was a reason they'd been your friends way back then," he added. "Something had clicked, and it started clicking again."

Howard May had trouble enjoying the first half of the reunion, fretting over a speech he would give later that evening. It was something

that he had to do.

"I did it because I never could have done it 20 years ago," said May. "I was just too nervous and too shy back then. So it was therapy for me to get up and talk. I had to do it, and I'm glad I did."

Los Gatos High School has changed over the years, and so have the members of the "Class of '67."

Beatles were just bugs to be squashed in the backyard, and monkeys were curious little animals we'd visit at the zoo. And rolling stones? They simply gathered no moss.

That's how it was when we entered high school in the fall of 1963 for the sunrise of our maturity. But as the Beatles and the others reached the top of the pop charts, so did things change rather quickly for that wide-eyed freshman class.

We grew up together in our four years at Los Gatos High. And it was that growing, maturing process that created a bond between us that will never be broken.

We were, and will always be, the "Class of '67."

Our memories of high school may fade with the passing years as well as our memories of one another.

In fact, classmate Donna Gasiorek may have summed it up the best when she wrote in my high school yearbook 20 years ago, "Well, sport, your name will always remain in my memory. Well, at least until next year."

But while we many not remember all of the names, we remember high school forever... the pain and the joy of an important time in the maturation process. And we will always have a fascination for the time, so we reunite every decade or two.

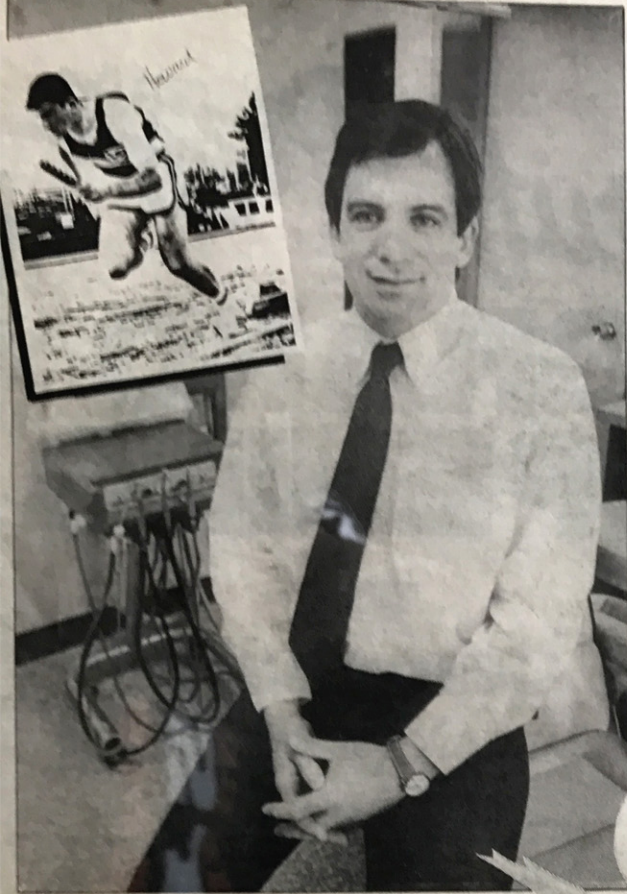
Thomas Wolfe once wrote, "You can never go home again." And indeed that's true, even if you never leave home in the first place. We can never recapture the past, simply remember it.

And the "Class of '67" was remembering the past at its 20-year reunion recently.

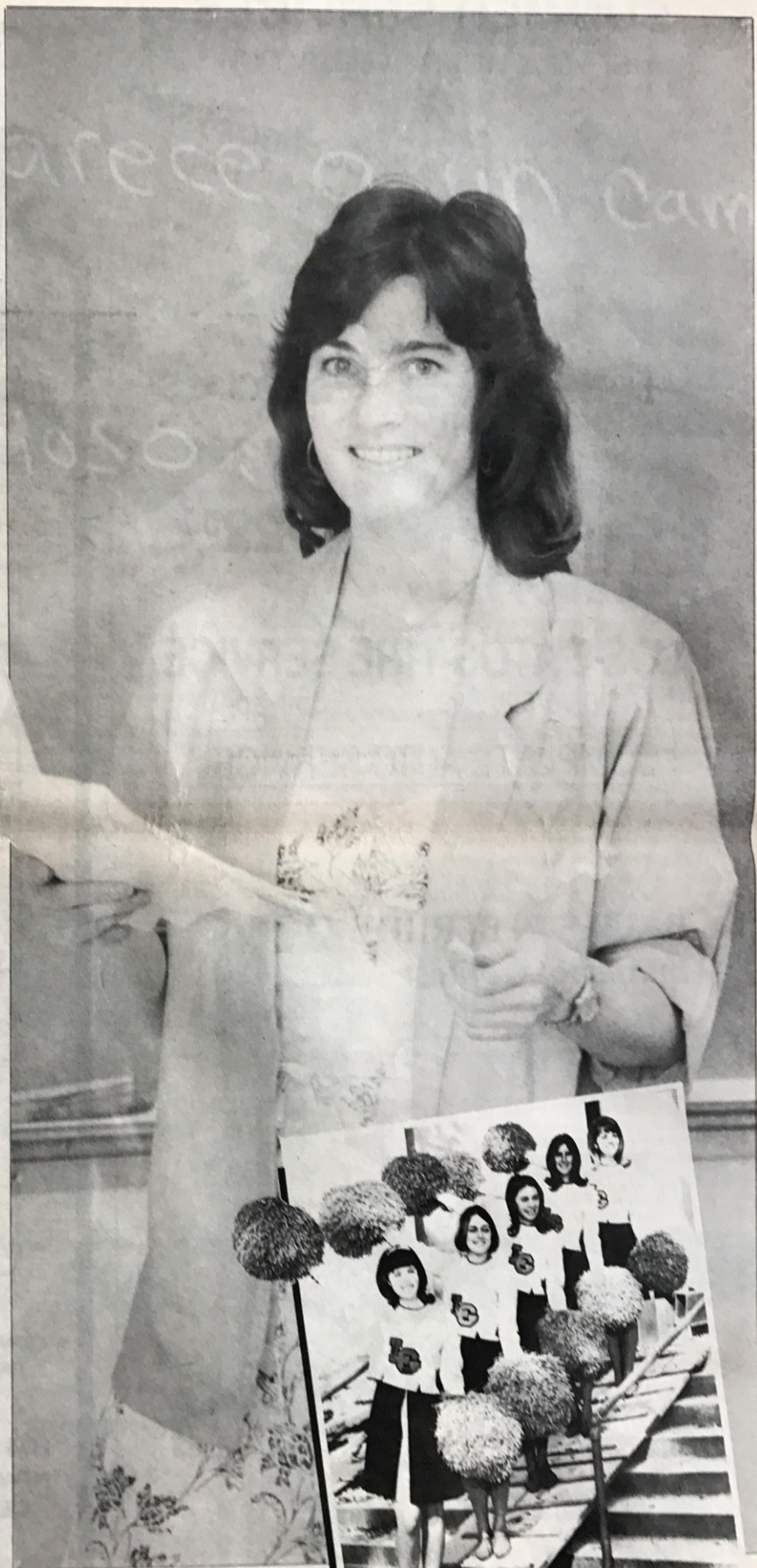
Policemen, school teachers, salesmen, investment brokers and a writer or two.

We've traveled different roads in our lives, but we all started down those roads at the same place... Los Gatos High School.

"Sunrise, sunset. Swiftly go the years." It seems like only yesterday.



Howard May, on the right track.



Terry Schwaterer, from pom poms to Spanish.



Dick Sparrer, a 1967 grad.