

GHS '69 Reunion Narrowly Avert Disaster

A scant month before the Groves Class of '69 was to gather for its 30-year reunion at the Community House in Birmingham, catastrophe struck. It seemed to be a ho-hum morning for classmate Sue Witzig Rugenstein, Groves reunion organizer extraordinaire, when she received an ominous phone call. A kind, but concerned, woman identified herself as Grace, the banquet director from the Community House. "That sinking feeling was quickly settling in my heart" recalls Sue, "as Grace said she didn't know how it happened, but the bride has already sent out 250 invitations."

The bride? What bride? We had July 17 all booked for our class reunion. In fact, we'd reserved that date a year ago!

Very apologetically, Grace explained that the date had somehow been double-booked. Double-booked? How could this be happening? Sue started firing off her objections: *We* booked first! *We* signed a contract, *we* paid our deposit, *we* needed the big room! Grace apologized again several times.

Sue wisely realized that she needed a cooling off period, and said she'd call back after touching base with the reunion committee.

"Our options seemed dim," remembers Sue. "I had visions of us trying to rent the old Clawson Hide-Out. What the heck! Surely no one uses that

anymore!?" We'll call it a trip back in time."

Sue placed a frantic call to Class President and ace attorney Jim Cameron.

"Where will we go? What will become of us?" cried the normally unflappable Sue. Jim reassured her that we had the legal right to enforce our contract. But in the end, our romantics-at-heart committee's decision was unanimous. We'd go elsewhere. How could our great Class of '69 be implicated in a disaster in the life of an unsuspecting, innocent bride?

So Sue phoned the Community House with a list of the committee's "demands." Grace stopped her in her tracks by revealing that she and her staff had already taken the liberty to scout out other venues in the area. They'd found three that were available and very suitable alternatives.

"The rest is history," explained Sue. "We liked the banquet staff at the Troy Marriott. They were wonderfully accommodating and sympathetic to our dilemma. We booked with them the next day. The Community House even offered to spring for our dessert station."

In the meantime, the rest of the reunion planning was going smoothly. The committee had contracted with Texas-based Taylor Reunions to handle reservations, credit card charges, and address updates at their toll-free number. (Call 1-800-677-

7800 if your data isn't current.) The company was responsive and flexible to the idiosyncrasies of more-involved-than-the-norm cast of committee members (i.e., control freaks).

As the Fourth of July approached, the committee honed in on the last of the reunion details. Jim Cameron's shrewd delegating skills served the process well. A now unruffled Sue Rugenstein continued final fine-tuning.

John Green coordinated Friday's golf outing and the reunion entertainment program. Around an office conference table near downtown Birmingham, the group polished the list of "top 12 reasons you almost didn't come to your 30-year high school reunion" and practiced their lines about things and places, then and now.

They previewed the black and white slides taken from the pages of old *Scriptors* prepared by photojournalist John Dickson (GHS '71) a week before he moved across the country. They reviewed the items for the '69 Museum," including yellowing spiral notebooks with old-fashioned Falcons (circa 1965) found in the back storage room at Groves, as well as Debbie Dorsch Arnold's prom dress, sent second-day mail. They discussed possible awards for Sharon Herrick Laing to present. Least changed? Maybe. Most changed? Well, no.

(continued on next page)

The committee didn't always agree. John and Jim wanted Sue D. C. to read one of her old preachy editorials out loud at the reunion. She refused. Bon wanted the committee members

to sing her parody of "Hey, Jude." They refused.

Mark Henning confirmed the arrangements for the family picnic at Beverly Park on Sunday from noon to 4 p.m. As far as we

know, our group has an exclusive reservation at the park, with no outdoor weddings booked for the same date.

We're ba-a-ack!

Some former Groves journalists decided to supplement the no-frills reunion directory published by Taylor by putting together this 30-years-later edition our school newspaper, *The Scriptor*.

In a classic example of "be careful what you wish for," Sue Dickson Carlson noted in her questionnaire that if she could go back to high school for a day, she'd like to experience the euphoria of one more *Scriptor* deadline.

As Bon Rose Fine had appointed herself personally in charge of Sue's wish fulfillment for the year, Sue and Bon found themselves up to their chins in this project for the first weeks of the summer.

Linda Shahan, 1969 *Talon* co-editor, stepped over to the *Scriptor* camp to provide astute help with the questionnaires. Former *Scriptor* staffers Scott Duncanson, Wendy Wilder, and Deborah Thomas had their arms twisted (via e-mail) to submit columns. Groves English teacher Beth Oberfelder Greenbaum agreed to update us in writing on the new (and improved?) Groves.

(By the way, the contemporary version of the real Groves *Scriptor* is produced on "PageMaker" software. It uses a smaller format without the old-English script masthead, lists a Beverly Hills address, and calls students "Groivities." What ever happened to "Falcons?")

Though Bon and Sue made use of a moderate amount of technology to handle their task, they put the paper to bed the old-fashioned way, with rubber cement, blue pencil, and t-squares. "We were going for a retro look," Bon explained. They tried to imitate the look of the old headlines with the font styles and sized available on ClarisWorks, a welcome change from the old headline machine in G-6.

There were some striking differences in the process of putting together the 1999 *Scriptor* versus the 1969 editions. Bon arranged for a body worker to come by and give them some well-deserved seated massage.



Groves Class of '69 30-Year-Reunion Committee

Rear: Sue Witzig Rugenstein, Jim Cameron, Linda Shahan DePietro, John Green. Front: Bon Rose Fine, Sue Dickson Carlson. Not pictured: Mark Henning, Beth Oberfelder Greenbaum.

(Photo by Ed Fein)

The tradition of delivering pizza was enhanced by being able to heat up the cold slices in the microwave. They had to juggle the responsibility of taking care of their sons with wracking their brains for snappy leads and succinct headlines.

Sue now refers to Bon's house as "that charming little bed and breakfast outside of Ann Arbor," where in the mornings she was awakened with a knock on the guest room door and Bon calling out, "Time to make the *Scriptor*!"

State of the Old School, 1999

Groves' Mrs. Greenbaum Explains It All for You

By Beth Oberfelder Greenbaum

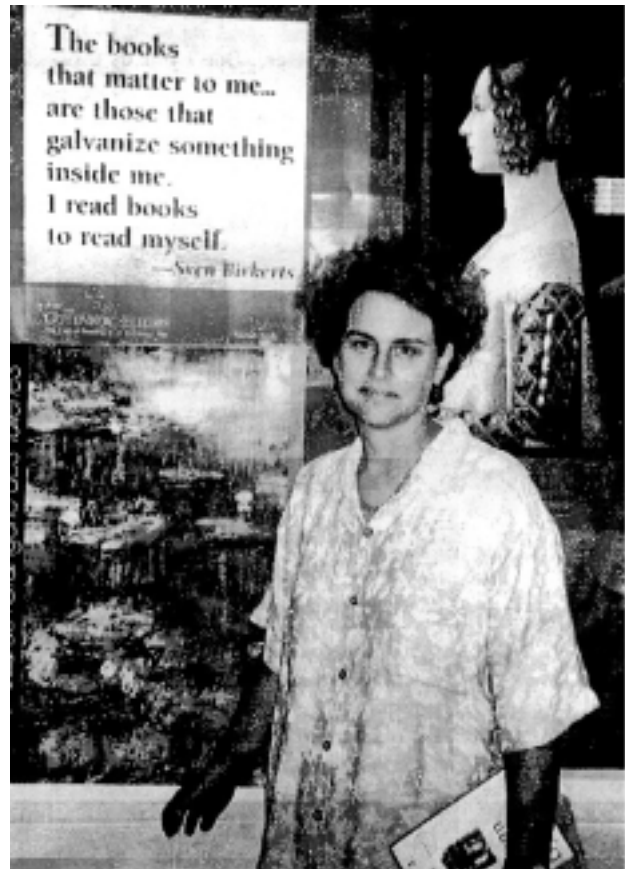
Editors note: Class of '69 grad Beth Oberfelder Greenbaum has taught English Literature at Groves for the past two years. (Before that, she was on the staff of that school down the road.) We asked Beth to give us the scoop on what our alma mater is like today.

What's new at Groves? Physically, we now have a huge auditorium that seats about 1200. Teachers don't have classrooms; we have "teaching stations" and work between classes in the "pod area" where there are 42 desks and nine computers. We don't have dittos you can smell when they get passed out wet and purple. We have Xeroxes from a machine that constantly breaks down from heavy usage—about 250,000 copies are run off every couple weeks. Why? We don't use textbooks. Well, we do, but the book budgets are so low, that we end up Xeroxing a lot!

We are getting a new music department built behind the new auditorium. We are getting new work areas for teachers, new classrooms with inter connections and VCR links, and portables that fill the jock lot while construction continues for the next three years: about 39 million dollars worth of work.

Girls don't have to wear skirts. Boys don't have to tuck in their shirts. In fact, as many of you know, because you have children who dress for high schools, kids wear, basically, what they feel like wearing. Blue jeans, chains, tight t-shirts, baggy pants, nose rings, eyebrow rings, tongue rings. They also wear J Crew, Gap, Banana Republic, Guess, and Roots. Nordstroms is a popular place to shop. So are second-hand stores like Value Village. Thick-soled shoes are in for girls, so are running shoes—as colorful as possible. Everyone has a pair of Birkenstocks—including most teachers.

School starts earlier, at the ungodly hour of 7:25 a.m. and gets out earlier at 2:40, ostensibly for the bus schedules, as the last bus run is for elementary school, which begins at 9:00. On Tuesdays and Thursdays, however, kids can sleep in if they want and come to school by 8:57 when second period begins. We have block scheduling: Monday we go to all our classes for 48 minutes each, Tuesdays and Thursdays we go to X-Block (when students can meet with teachers, make up tests, work in the media center, which is no longer called the library) and periods 2,4,6. On Wednesdays and Fridays we have periods 1,3,5,7. There are 60 Macintosh computers in the Media Center. Most



Beth Oberfeld Greenbaum in her classroom at Groves

(photo by Sue Dickson Carlson)

research is no longer done in books, but in cyberspace. All students have signed forms that say they will not go to pornographic sites, then they are assigned a password for the computer network.

Groves still has a good athletics department—and we still compete with Seaholm. But no one has recently been driven to painting maroon buildings

(continued on next page)

(Mrs. Greenbuam)

green, as far as I know. There are pep assemblies about once every season (as opposed to our weekly pep assemblies where cheerleaders performed and kids cheered). What's different is that girls athletics gets almost as much support as boy's athletics. And our girls, I think, have far more confidence. There is girls' track, girls' basketball, girls' lacrosse, girls' swim team, girls' golf, girls' tennis—you name it. Title 9 has made a significant impact.

Competition for grades and college has become more intense—as it has nationally. While our class of 600+ sent about 65 kids to the University of Michigan, this year's class of 350 will send just under 60 kids to the University of Michigan. The percentage has nearly doubled. B's seem to be the average grade rather than C's. C's are BAD grades, equivalent to D's. And students turn in papers downloaded from the Internet because they are afraid to get B's or C's and because they are lazy and don't trust themselves.

A few of the same teachers are around: Bud Guilment, Judy Kent Guilment, Doug Shonk, Ken Ciszewski, Emma Jo Washka, Gail Graor, John Sala, Karen Oxley Lessenbury, Susan LaBatt, and George Zainea (who retires this year). There are six married couples among the teachers—and one more couple about to exchange rings. The teachers who were in their twenties when

we had them are now in their fifties. And we're almost their age!

But the real changes, I think, are in mood. The Littleton shootings have brought locked doors and police to the Groves campus. It's also brought copycat crimes—probably in an effort to get school closed. A week after the Colorado massacres, a student found etched with cigarette burns into the G-wing girls bathroom (next to the cafeteria) "I kill on Monday everyone." Students were given the option of staying home. Most did. I taught classes with zero to seven students. We couldn't work. Parents who sent their kids to school were irate that we did not forge ahead with an educationally challenging day. Instead, we talked in my classes about their fear. It was scary to come to school for them. Things were too random. They didn't know who was crazy enough to act out. It could happen here, they all said.

Another big change is the diversity of the Groves community. No longer is the school a "white" school (though, interestingly, Seaholm still is). We have African-Americans, Chaldeans, Koreans, Indians, Chinese, Arabs, Jews, Japanese, Russians, and Israelis. We offer English as a Second Language. There is a large diversity committee in the school that plans assemblies and retreats. Each year there's a multi-cultural retreat that takes student leaders and teachers to camp for a week

to discuss diversity issues and bring back more understanding to the Groves community that, I think, functions very well (and which is why I didn't think a Littleton situation would come to Groves). The principal, Bob Lentz, who is retiring this year, was a former "Outward Bound" administrator. He has brought the principles of the "Outward Bound" style programs to Groves.

And that brings us to the "Experiential Learning Center," a department of the school that employs three men who lead classes that teach leadership and communication skills—like climbing ropes and walls, and overcoming obstacles—like differences in belief. There are trips during vacations sponsored by Experiential Learning to hike in the Grand Canyon and the Everglades, to build house for Habitat for Humanity, to camp out in Detroit parking structures, to go on snowshoes and dog sleds in northern Michigan. They also sponsor peer-mediation classes to help "mediate" the fights and disagreements, which despite our efforts, still occur in the hallowed halls of Groves.

In general, Groves is a good place to be. The administration and the teachers seem, for the most part, tuned into the needs of the kids. And despite the talk of fear and the occasional police car that now cruises the parking lot, kids feel safe at school. And they seem to be learning, too.



* kulcher kalender *

By Wendy Wilder

Editor's note: Arts maven and culture vulture Wendy Wilder spent her senior year guiding Scriptor readers to the best entertainment venues in her kolumn. Now a nursing school student, she recently took time out from bedpans and care plans to review reunioneers' links to the arts.

Howdy there, kids! Yep, that's right, kids, albeit kultured ones for sure; doesn't matter if some of you are grandmas and grandpas. We're the atomic age baby boomers, remember? Well fed, well educated and we're still here! The living legionnaires of the legendary sixties. Welcome back to the daze of future past.

The old Chessmate may be yonks gone, Jimi Hendrix and Janis and Jim turned to stardust (a la Hoagy I'm sure), those

picturesque wild Canadian Geese at Jack Minor's are now declaring domestic domicile in your backyards instead; the current suburban high school dress code—baggy blue jeans (and flak vests); the military industrial complex under the command of a draft dodging pot-smoking (non-inhaling) lame-duck boomer and this two-bit kolumn—a MacWindows resurrection for ye olde Scriptor.

Whatever, regardless of all these monster changes, there are still some constants in the life of our times. Forget Kay Baum's Pickwick Shoppe, and Chudik's (hey, forget Crowley's Sanders and NBD). Never mind The Mermaid Tavern and Canned Tuna (or was that Hot Tuna and Canned Heat?). "That was yesterday's lunch and yesterday's done."

* Feed Your Head

Today's kultural menu for y'all and your kids and your kid's kids consists of red hot chili peppers prepared by bar naked ladies at the Lilithpalooza fest lunch counter served by Teletubbies somewhere on Sesame Street. Gee, the more things change the more they stay the same—Chaos rules.

And in life as usual, the kultural konstants are to be found in the homegrown, homespun talents of the artists within. To the artists, musicians, authors and antiquarians, and the kultural arts

lovers of the greater Groves community alumni—we pay homage and heartfelt thanks for keeping the kultural flames kindled with your passion for artistic expression and appreciation! No one kalender can describe all the accomplishments of Groves' finest from living out all those creative dreams and schemes; often first nurtured in the wings, walls (and stalls) of Wylie E. Sometimes, this was because of such inspirational teachers as Miss Angott, Mr. Bronson, Mrs.

LaBatt, Mr. Landino, Miss Micheletti, Mrs. Sarris, and Mr. Vaydik and the wonderful library with Mr. Gozesky, to name just a few. And sometimes, it happened in reverse inspiration (from those teachers who shall remain nameless).

Whatever! You can't accuse any of these Groves kids of being kultural illiterate, no siree. Read on kidz and we'll fill you in. Starring in alphabetical order, da da da da da da (fanfare) THE ARTISTIC ALUMNAE/NI OF THE GROVES CLASS OF 1969.

* Those Fantastic Alumni

MARC BERGERON—landscape photography—has shown and even sold some of his work!

SHIRLEY—*Art as a Passion*—**BINE** (like how passionate, Shirley?).

GARY BURNETT—piano—tickles the ivories (passionately, of course) to stride/early jazz and has smarts enuf to transcribe!

LYNN CAMERON—Kultural Arts kindler—patron of museums and art events (go girl!)

NANCY CORGIAT—a clarinetist with the Richmond Concert Band, Va. (Mr. B is listening and proud wherever he is).

* Art Expert in Europe

JUDY FOLGART—lives in Germany and produces art history guides; former art exhibit arranger for contemporary German artist (maybe the next reunion committee can fly you back to arrange the 'Groves Museum').

DEBBIE GOPIGIAN—an actual antiquarian (Hey, Debbie! I'm trying to find my old flowered bell bottoms that I bought from Ellie Kramer cause her mom wouldn't let her keep 'em).

JOHN GREEN—and the entire Green family are very involved in local community theater. A couple of reunion committee "field trips" have been to see John's

* Kinetic Art in Oregon

CRAIG HUBER's Galaxy Glass Works kaleidoscopes have been sold in museums, art galleries, and even the Smithsonian catalog. Working in a studio behind his home, Craig also creates sculptures, mobiles, and kinetic art. Recently Craig has been consumed with a big project, building a giant kaleidoscope for the 30th anniversary of the Oregon Country fair. "Art Angels" (One hand supporting the Arts, the other hand extending from your heart") is Craig's newest dream. Craig and his wife Annie are seeking patrons to become Art Angels by purchasing their kaleidoscopes and donating them to pediatric hospitals. Check out Craig's web page at <http://garcia.efn.org/~huber/>.

* Author in Oregon

TED MAGNUSON—Ted can be found on page 33 in the *1969 Talon* with his head in a book. In fact, this episode resulted in Ted actually writing a book! *Oregon Trivia*, published in 1998 by Rutledge Hill Press, has made Ted into something of a local celebrity. (See <http://www.rutledgehillpress.com> for details on Ted's book and also on other states that have been "trivialized.") Ted has traveled all over Oregon promoting the book and doing book-signings. His

PATTI ESCHELS—an inspirational art teacher who did beautiful calligraphy on her questionnaire (OK! Next time *you* get the job of addressing reunion invites).

successful directorial efforts and/or to see his son in performance. His wife directs musicals at that other Birmingham public high school.

ROBIN GREESON—is an antique dealer and a textile restorer (sounds like a perfect "web" of intrigue for a mystery, in "the Cat who..." genre. How about it Groves authors? Robin gets some of the royalties though).

TOM GROVES—(Wylie E.'s grandson) has a double major in contemporary and traditional fine arts: TV clicker control and seeing his kids in their high school musicals.

PAUL KAGAWA—artiste extraordinaire—checking in from California where he's been supporting himself as a photographer for 20 years, now doing mostly industrial photography at Chevron. He's got a web site if you'd like to check out his pix: <http://home.earthlink.net/~pkagawa/> Say Cheese!

SUSAN LAPP—lives in a 250-year-old farmhouse in Massachusetts where she makes a living selling antiques.

RICHARD LUTHER—(great grandson of the original Martin Luther, I believe) does stained glass work very religiously and, no doubt, passionately.

present writing projects are fiction, one a space fantasy and the other a family saga.

SUSAN MARRIOTT—loves music and comes from a musical family; her father was a church organist and her mom a music teacher. Susan was in band, choir, and ensemble—I can still see her in that marching band uniform and her bright perky face.

* Journalist in Dallas

LAURA MILLER—Editor at the *Dallas Morning News* is a successful journalist (way to go, Laura!) who says she owes it all to Mrs. Vaydik. (Let her know it, kid. She'll be one happy lady.)

JUDY NAIMARK—President of Aspen Art Marketing Ltd. is an art dealer selling Eastern European original posters and representing artists for licensing. (Wowda!)

KAREN NICKELL—(a.k.a. K. Serota's betterest half; GHS sweeties still married after all these years. That's an artistic achievement nonpareil!) is an

independent fine arts consultant and Cranbrook volunteer. Her current project is cataloging artwork at the Edsel and Eleanor Ford house in Grosse Pointe.

BETH OBERFELDER—Published author, poet, and inspirational English teacher at Groves HS, has written a book with promising publishing capacity and is working on her next one. (Are you and Ted M. in one of those writer circles? Who brings dessert?) Beth has a most fabulous vocabulary and could spar head on with Buckley, Rushdie, and Robertson Davies or their ghosts.

* Beauty in Berkley

MARY PARTRIDGE—is into home renovation and has won the Beautification Award in Berkley two years in a row. Mary is in the process of putting a Victorian porch on her house and is awaiting results from a *Better Homes and Gardens* contest (with baited hammer on pins and nails).

CATHY RAUP—is working on publishing a journal of her great grandfather's life, complete with maps and pictures. (Ah, the real people's history.)

* Rocker in Haslett

JAMES RENDER—is still rockin' and rolling—plays drums in a band AND sustains and encourages mighty artistic creativity (go get 'em Tiger).

BONNI ROSEN (now Bon Rose Fine)—astrologer and author—has won the di-*stink*-tion of being declared the best worst poet in the national 1999 Julia A. Moor Poetry Contest held in Flint, Mi. Please visit her web page:

<http://hometown.aol.com/bonstarz/myhomepage/index.html> to find out more about this great honor. Bon will post a special bad poem commemorating our 30th reunion.

PAT SEJNOST—continues her passionate love affair with vocal music. She sings in her church choir, community chorus, and small ensemble.

DAVE SEMAK—(another band protégé of Mr. B's) is still kicking out the jams on his drums in his Sylvan Lake pad. If this turns you on, alumnae, he is single.

LINDA SHAHAN—would try out for a school play if she could use the "Wayback Machine." It's always been clear that our former yearbook co-editor had lots of Talon-t!

* Mover in Motown

DAVE THOMAS—no kids, not the hamburger mogul or that Canadian comedian—you know, the former *Scriptor* sports editor, is a Detroit kultural mover and shaker from the ground up. He and his wife Alyn (GHS '71) are part of the family business, Forbes Management, that recently moved and saved the historic Gem Theater in downtown Detroit, sparing it

from the wrecking ball of Comerica Stadium construction. The Gem now has a plaque from the *Guinness Book of World Records* proclaiming it the heaviest building ever moved on wheels. Call (313) 963-9800 for tickets to "Forbidden Hollywood" or the Jeff Daniels deer-hunting comedy, "Escanaba in Da

Moonlight," starting in September. (Gee, I can take my husband to that one.)

DEBORAH THOMAS—(no, not the sports editor, the *Scriptor* copy editor) is a quintessential Renaissance woman. After studying fine art in NYC (she must've gone to the DIA too) she's now in the Pasadena, Ca. area painting, doing photography, and exhibiting her work. She also authored an article in *Antiques Magazine* about a British landscape painter.

* Actor in Hollywood

And nearly last but way not least, **DAVE URSIN**—is still hustling in Hollywood. He's a character actor and also in the TV news biz. He was in a Miller Beer commercial. He played a guy watering his lawn and drinking beer while looking at his yuppie-SUV-driving neighbor with disgust.

* That's All Folks!

Anyway kidz, thanks for all your responses. I am sure there are many, many more kultural kquips to tell about the ole Groves kids. These will have to suffice for now. Until next reunion time, keep passing the

DAVID UNNEWEHR—sustains his passion for music and the theata' by making time for Quartet singing and the St. Matthews Musical Theatre Troupe. (Dave, I always liked you and your amazing name. What do they call your wife Ursula? U2?)

Turns out his neighbor was a GHS alumnus who threw a bottle of Sam Adams out the window, clobbering him in the head—now they're all going to appear in TV court with the Honorable **RANDY WEISBERG** from Portland, Or. presiding. (Psych, NOT!) By the way, Randy plays in a rock band with other attorneys called Ms. Demeanor. Well, you can't roll over old Groves rockers.

kultural torch, and keep your calendars open for mo' kulcher. Bravo, kids, BRAVO to y'all.

The show goes on.

Dunc AfterBeats

By Scott Duncanson

"It ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe, if you don't know by now." Just as it was 30 years ago, sitting at an IBM Electric in room G-6 working on the *Scriptor*, the lead is always the hardest part. There's so much to say. Or maybe there's nothing to say that can bridge all that time and distance. And plenty of things better left unsaid.

Like my latest spiritual crisis (or awakening), athletic injury (or breakthrough), professional achievement (or fiasco). The

marriage made in heaven (or hell). My children's most recent artistic, academic, athletic, or social triumph (or disappointment).

How free agency (computers, Watergate) changed *everything*.

How embarrassed I am at half the things I did in high school, and how ashamed I am remembering some really cruel things I did to people who deserved better. (You know who you are.) And how understanding, forgiving, and "over it" I am

about the things some of them did to me.

How I wish I had talked to that girl (or guy) in math (or history) class who I never gave the time of day because they didn't fit the profile of what I was looking for, but who was probably really cool and smart and funny. And how much the commitments made over the years have stretched or severed connections with the

(continued on next page)

(Dunc Afterbeats)

(friends I did make, and still would like to know, if only I was more organized or someone invented a 48-hour day. How life is short.

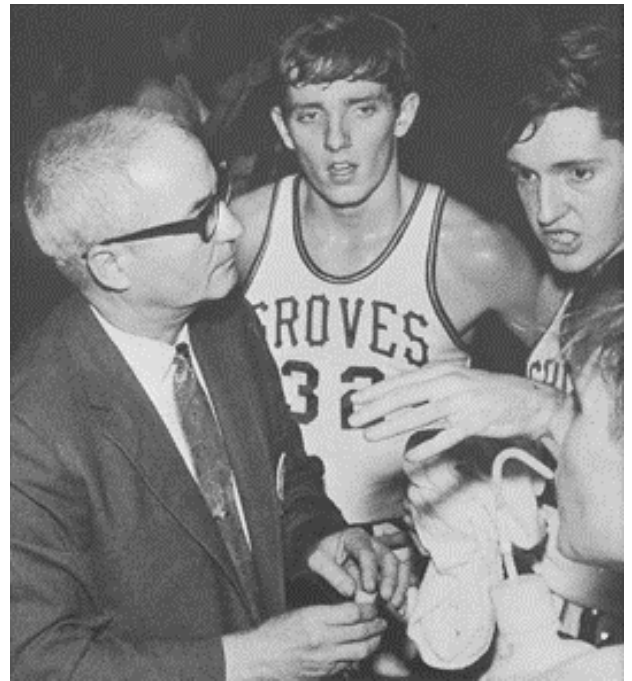
How different high school is for kids today. How the more things change, the more they stay the same. How well a great school like Groves prepared me for the great liberal arts curriculum they call 'life'. How badly a privileged environment like Groves prepared me for 'the real world', and how it's worth it to "really know what it's like to have the blues."

How I've gotten past my romantic notion of being a writer, scholar-athlete, or educational revolutionary, mostly. How gratifying it is to have a practice that keeps building on itself and revealing my own brilliance, stupidity, power, and vulnerability. How much fun it is to dig deeper into my own practice in my endeavor to pass it on.

How humbling it is to see strangers, friends, and family members knocked down by injustice, misfortune, disease, and just weird stuff that happens. How youth is wasted on the young. How lucky we were to be in the right place at the right time to experience the sweet, wild moments that seemed to descend on us like magic.

How much clearer the courtship and mating rituals are now that I have a teenage son and daughter. After all, the tribal gene pool is at stake! And the amazing, perplexing rush of seeing them grow up.

How life follows art, like the annual Holiday Letter that shapes the events of the year for the benefit of family and friends, so we can then live up to that image we create of ourselves and actually live a life worth writing about.



Scott Duncanson and Jim Cameron

Pictured with the late Coach Tom Carson during the 1968 Groves-Seaholm game.

(photo source: 1969 Talon)

And how I would much rather have a real conversation than write a bunch of self-indulgent cliches. Oops, too late.

By the way, have you seen the new biography of Bob Dylan? It's by Andy Gill (NY: Thunder's Mouth Press, 1998), and it's called *Don't Think Twice, It's All Right*



**The Reunion Committee
Still Hangs Out at the
*Big Boy***

Elias Bros. Big Boy
31805 Woodward Ave.
(at 13 Mile)

Editorial

Stay in Touch!

I recently read that only the thin and the rich go to their high school reunions. Too bad for me. I'd already sent in my reservation and my credit card had already been charged. So, I know at least one person will be glad to see me at the reunion, and that'll be the second-fattest person there.

Why *do* we choose to reunite?

Perhaps we savor being in the company of people who liked us when we didn't truly like ourselves very much. There is, of course, that impetus to show up to show off how well you turned out. Or a defiant desire to say "*This* is what became of me—take it or leave it—I'm satisfied with the results!" Do we seek negative pleasure to learn of the karmic/ what goes around comes around comeuppance of a classmate we always envied and hated? Or do we take solace in the fact that the other kids with whom we came of age, have survived as well, after all? Maybe we're just curious.

We camp on the bedrock of our shared experience, our intertwined memories. We knew each other when we all knew so very little. We interacted during a time in our lives when we got charged up about 'most everything. There is nostalgic joy in seeing matured faces, but still being able to find the exuberant teenage twinkling in the corner of an eye.

For myself, although I certainly wasn't the rah-rah, be-true-to-your school type during my adolescent years, I've gotten a lot of pleasure out of attending our reunions and even helping with the planning. My motivation was to make sure that our lives were chronicled in some kind of publication, perhaps for posterity. Maybe just for fun.

One of the biggest frustrations of the Groves Reunion Committee has been the need to, essentially, beat the bushes looking for old classmates. It's getting harder and harder to find peel. We understand that sometimes folks just don't want to be found. Maybe many classmates are still holding resentment for past slights or cruelties, and that resentment has turned into

indifference. We have, however, with just the right blend of luck, opportunity and synchronicity, found quite a few of you who were just tickled to be off the "lost list." Only about 100 of a class of over 600 responded to our search efforts. We mourn over the lost connection with the others.

One of our prime considerations for contracting with this company to help organize our reunion was that they seemed to have the resources to find you. Frankly, members of the committee could have just as competently handled most of their other services. We're now thinking about what we should have been attending to 10, 20, and even 30 years ago. How can we hang on to the classmates we've found?

Help Us Find You!

You all can help by doing your part. When you move (as so many of us frequently do), send change of address cards to at least a couple of people on the Reunion Committee. Dave Stacy is a great example of this. When he moved a couple of years ago, he sent Sue Dickson Carlson a note, and she was happy to keep track of him. In some way or another, we're all linked together—please don't break the chain.

You are all high school graduates—surely you're bright enough to do the math and figure out that we are going to try to reunite in increments of ten years. In the year 2009, if you know you've moved and not kept in touch, call over to Groves. We will always use the school as a resource and a touch point and they'll have a contact name for you. Check out the Internet; surely we'll have a web page of our own that can be accessed with a keyword or two. With technology we've now got, there is no excuse for being lost if you want to be found. And we want to find you.

We're getting older and crankier. Don't put us through this aggravation again.

Bon Rose Fine

⇒ *POST SCRIPTORS*

- ✓ Do you realize that 30 years before 1969 was 1939?
DBT
- ✓ To Mrs. Mary Ellen Vaydik, journalism teacher of our hearts: You have been with us the whole way.
BRF and SDC
- ✓ To our classmates: thank you for sending in those questionnaires. We wish we could have included everything you shared.
BRF and SDC
- ✓ Kudos! Kudos! Kudos to all youse on the Reunion Committee!
WWW
- ✓ Yes, I know tonight's a Void-of-Course Virgo Moon. No, they didn't consult me about it.
BRF

The Top 14 Reasons

You Almost Didn't Come To Your 30-Year High School Reunion

14. You couldn't remember the date.
13. You almost had to baby-sit for your grandchildren.
12. You were afraid you wouldn't be able to read the nametags.
11. You didn't want to pay \$873 for your overdue library book.
10. You thought that you might have to give a 3-minute extemporaneous speech.
9. You were disappointed it wouldn't be held in the school gym.
8. You were afraid Miss Pulley would inspect you after your shower.
7. You're still in therapy for never having been in a Kay Baum ad.
6. The diet you started on July 1st didn't work
5. You were reluctant to shell out 50 bucks for a few measly appetizers.
4. You found out that Marc Bergeron wouldn't be working at the milkshake machine.
3. You didn't know how to dance then, and you still don't.
2. You didn't know what in the heck "spiffy casual" meant.
1. You were afraid, after 30 years, no one would say "hi" to you in the hall.

The Scriptor

A once-in-a-decade publication the Groves Class of 1969 Reunion Committee:

Jim Cameron, Sue Dickson Carlson, John Green, Mark Henning, Beth Oberfelder Greenbaum, Bon Rose (nee Rosen) Fine, Linda Shahan DePietro, and Sue Witzig Rugenstein.

WYLIE G GROVES HIGH SCHOOL
20500 W. THIRTEEN MILE ROAD
BEVERLY HILLS, MICHIGAN 4802

Vol. XXXIX No. 1
July 17, 1999

SCRIPTOR STAFF: Co-managing Editors: Sue Dickson Carlson, Bon Rose Fine

WRITERS: Scott Duncanson, Beth Oberfelder Greenbaum, Deborah Thomas, Wendy Wilder Werner, and Sue Witzig Rugenstein.

INTERNET VERSION: Excerpts from the original *Scriptor* were reformatted and published on this web page by the GHS'69 Webmaster