

June 11, 2015

Hi Sandy & Classmates of WBHS 1965,

It's (obviously) taken me awhile to respond to you about graduation, etc. Unfortunately, I will not be coming to PA to attend any of the festivities. About 3-4 years ago I was diagnosed with Parkinson's Disease, a (neuro)degenerative condition, and it makes long haul traveling very problematic. I still drive but not such long distances as the 300 miles to PA. I was very much looking forward to being there with everyone. I only ever missed the 20th reunion and I always regretted that mix-up, lest we forget how ALL of you embarrassed Scott and me at the 25<sup>th</sup> with our 20<sup>th</sup> Buttons! Growing up in The Boro during the time we did was an incredible experience and I'm certainly nostalgic about it.

Growing up with all the kids I did was amazing. Looking back on my youth, now that our 50th is upon us, I couldn't imagine growing up in a better community with better peers. From that, you never know where life will take you but you always have those roots.

You may not know that all during my school years I was, unbeknownst to me too, challenged by Tourette Syndrome and several other (co-morbid) neuro-biological conditions, about which I won't bore you. Suffice to say my inner world was quite different from my external presentation. I tried hard to, as Fernando (aka Billy Crystal) would say, "Look Good." About that, John Eisenhard said to me a few years ago, "We didn't think you were different, we just thought you as Garry," the most affirming things anyone could ever say about another person. Such a comment could only come from those who know you, literally, from when you were in diapers! Ironically, my primary neurologist, with 30 years of practice under her belt, has only had one other patient with both Tourette and Parkinson's. Lucky me.

At any rate, I'll ask you to forward this to one and all. I hope they get a kick and/or warm feelings out of the following:

My father, Harry, graduated WBHS in 1935. He was Class President for his 50<sup>th</sup> in 1985. His sister Evelyn Schooley (Kit's mom) taught at Liberty Elementary. My sister Marcia and first cousins Kit Schooley & Cheryl Crewdson were all in the class of 1963.

I grew up on Sycamore Street (2419) with about 75 other kids under the age of 21. Among that crowd were Danny McPeek, Jackie Lowe, Jack & Jill Webster, Terry Raub, Carolyn Cairol, Linda Gensheimer, Juddy Biasiotto and, of course, The Jet, Cheryl Eastman. Nearby, and Liberty alums were Bobby Conroy, John Eisenhard, Jimmy Adams, Lloyd Cramer, Jim & Tom Mertz, Rod Nace, Dave Terzino, Linda Allshouse (one of 7 Lindas in 3<sup>rd</sup> grade), Luba Kohut, Dave Sestak, Linda Smart (another one of the 7), Jackie Streeter and Scholarship Honoree, Ronnie, forever in our hearts. Please note that I did not intentionally leave out anyone. There's just too damn many of you.

While we grew up in an era of rock and roll, I personally had nothing to do with the other two of the trilogy, namely sex and drugs. Well, at least not until later. For most of us it was the Palmer School dances starting in 3<sup>rd</sup> grade. From there we moved on to the YWCA Saturday dances and to Notre Dame Bandstand. We listened to AM (there was no FM) on transistor radios and loved, loved, loved the music. I'm still a huge Doo-Wop fan. Speaking of WOPs (try to follow me on this, ok), who could ever forget Miz's steaks (WOP = with onions and peppers), as opposed to the actual WOPS/Italians, first "Cuz" Al Misero followed by our own, Wayne, who ran the place

and their great jukebox of 45s.

With my Mom's passing in October 1962 and my subsequent move to Palmer Township, there was NO WAY I was going to Easton High. WBHS '65 was it!

1961 brought the Meuser Park Pool, a great summer hangout which also became a fave "after hours" locale for me and the likes of Barry Hudson, Richie Brown and Tom Sweeney. The less said the better. The CUE lounge was another. My father, (early 1960s) President of the Lions Club (they built the pool), sold the second most bonds that financed the pool, around \$110,000.00 which included everything.

Speaking of swimming, ask Trig to tell you stuff about the swimming team, and while you're at it, the Fenwick Soldier's "drop down" during the Senior Play. As proof, see the pictures I've included.

The Cub/Boy/Explorer Scouts were important to many of us guys: Ronnie, Terry, Richie, Anthen. Bobby, Jimmy, Russ & Kenny, et. al. Camp Weygadt in the summer and that eventful NY Finger Lakes canoe trip.

As mentioned earlier we had AM radios - NO FM, CDs, DVDs or even cassettes, let alone 8 traks. No cell phones, Wi-Fi, texting, sexting (damn it, that woulda been cool), digi-cams or computers. And, we walked - everywhere. We actually "went lookin'" for whomever, via shoe leather.

We had terrific teachers who cared and, albeit with few exceptions, we cared about each other. While I wasn't and haven't been around The Boro much since the late 1960s, it was and always will be, my home. And, that makes all of you, my family. (I did say I was nostalgic, right?) After all, my father's parents lived in The Boro before It WAS The Boro, on 17<sup>th</sup> Street and then Hay Street where I lived until I was 3 years old when we moved to Sycamore Street.

After graduation, I worked for a year and then went to Moravian College, graduating in 1970. From there to the University of Connecticut School of Social Work (M.S.W., 1972). I remember Lorraine Stueber, as a guidance counselor, telling me that if I didn't go on to college right away, that I probably never would. Yuck. I not only got one Master's degree, in 1999, I got a second one in American History (ya gotta be a lil nuts to get a second one). I also earned Black Belt status in the martial arts. Go figure.

Despite all that and despite traveling throughout the country presenting professional development seminars on child & adolescent mental health, I regret not being able to be with all of you for the 50<sup>th</sup>. I will certainly miss the festivities I was looking forward to participating in for sometime.

I will never forget the years growing up with all you kids. While I'm sure The Boro has changed (as has the school itself), when it comes down to it, we're all who we've always been. As for me, just think of me as Garry, your friend and classmate. Please, share your stories with each other. Carry on, Class of 1965.

I could probably go on and on and on. Rest assured I'll be with all of you on Friday Night. Promise me you'll all reminisce and laugh your old asses off when you do. And, please pass along my best wishes to the Class of 2015. The ride ain't over yet.

Take Care of Yourselves & Each Other (I stole that line from Jerry Springer).

Garry