

will Only Young Juice (Box store)

8/15/64

Atlantic
Coquini

Back

Anat. Call

Tom Bennet

~~4-5-73~~

"I can scarcely wait,
I started, suddenly
remembering that in two
years I would be just
about the same age as
that handsome and
distinguished - looking
Snuffy Edwards. ~~#10~~"

As the meal progressed I
somehow kept thinking of a book by
Thomas Wolfe called "You Can't Go
Home Again" and of the ^{mingled} poignance
and ^{high} comedy of us all having set out
to recapture our lost youth. "O
lost and by the wind given."

12/11/68
1st

I was totally unprepared for the event because
there's only young Juice

went back to
this one

Last fall I ^{sustained} a massive blow to my
leg; I attended my fortieth ^{year} class reunion at
Ann Arbor. ^{gone to} It was the first class reunion I had
ever attended. And the ~~the~~ main reason I did was that
I had been put on the committee (in my ^{backwoods} innocence
I had not realized that ^{most} people are often put on
committees to get them to do what ^{campus homecoming} they don't want
to do). Additional bait was ^{that it was the withdrawal of} the
Michigan football game. In many ways it was
a shattering experience.

That Friday ^{myself} morning

So I got a ^{fresh} haircut and bought a new
suit and that morning early I took off in my wife's
car for Ann Arbor with all my luggage. I say
all advisedly; some resourceful souls can pack
three suits and a dinner jacket in a ^{plastic} handbag; I
belong to that untidy group that packs at thirty
pieces. ^{moreover taken} I had everything along but a ^{tailoring} few pairs of ^{clothes}.

At about five ^{o'clock} I arrived I ~~arrived~~ on the fifth floor
of the parking ramp of my motel in Ann Arbor.
A half off hour later I had ^{an engine - powered} brought all my
luggage (which included ~~at~~ short-wave radio
informally called portavol) up to my room,
revived myself with a slug of bourbon, and made
my way down to ^{our} pre-banquet cocktail party.

and carefully washed my hair and checked my briefcase. Then I

and also the weekend of

6

a little pre-supper

~~my first blow came~~

I found

The lobby ~~was~~ awash with old grads of all ages and varieties. My first blow came while I ~~stood~~ ^{stood} gaping at the bulletin board trying

to find out where my ~~class~~ ^{class} was meeting to include youth and hilarity. Somebody nudged me

and I turned and ~~saw~~ ^{beheld} a wispy-haired, sunken-eyed, ravaged ~~old~~ ^{man} who addressed me in a quavering voice. - needed old

"Don't I know you?" he ^{cackled} ~~said~~.

"Possibly," I ^{parried} ~~parried~~, wondering whether he might not be one of ^{retired} ~~my~~ ^{old} ~~professors~~.

"Aren't ^{you} ~~one~~ ^{of} ~~my~~ ^{classmates}?" he ^{said} ~~asked~~.

"What's your class?" I ^{croaked} ~~managed~~ ^{to say} after I had rallied from the blow.

"Engineers, 1918," he ^{croaked} ~~said~~.

"Sorry," I ^{murmured} ~~said~~, ^{edging} ~~moving~~ ^{away}.

"I'm his father."

As I groped my way toward the ~~my~~ ^{comparative} group of youngsters who composed ~~my~~ MY class I ^{morosely} ~~reflected~~ ^{reflected} that I was still

fighting the battle of High Street Grammar School when this ^{misguided} ~~misguided~~ old wodge had got out of ~~graduated~~ ^{from a} ~~professional~~ ^{take} school. And he had

the nerve to ~~beat~~ ^{take} ~~mistaken~~ ^{take} me for a classmate...

merry
When I ^{finally} found ^{and} my ^{own} class, we made up
a group of about thirty old codgers, most of
us same hair, same sight and/or (as we lawyers
love to say) same ~~and~~ teeth. ^{in fact} I must confess

couple that most of them had changed so much
they didn't recognize me. (I must also ^{regretfully} confess
that I ^{just} stole the foregoing line from Corey Ford.)

None of us had forgotten how to
drink, however, and after an appropriate number
of rounds we began

Nature has ^{with} a sly ^{and merciful} way with this business of growing old: after shaving the same old mug for empty-odd years the possessor of it tends to overlook the ravages of time. But when suddenly he confronts a ^{group of} contemporary ~~group~~ he hasn't seen ^{forty years} ~~the~~ the shock is all but shattering.

Can these doddering old men possibly be the same boys one ^{used} went to school with? Has he really changed as much as they?

Spring

None of us had forgotten how to swallow, however, and after several rounds some of even began to reminisce. "Remember that ^{old} Smitty ^{and} ^{made} that flying tackle ^{of} that big football player after the ^{engineers} invaded the A Law Club arch and we pelted them from the tower with eggs and old fruit?" "Remember when ol' Smitty made that flying tackle on the lone engineer who stood his ground?" "Remember...?"

from Duke

At supper we learned that about half of our class ^{met} had already died and that only a fraction of the living had showed up. Many had sent their regrets from hospitals and nursing homes. One of our ^{most} colorful classmates had ^{mailed} ~~sent~~ him from a ^{midwest} prison where he more or less permanently dwelt ^{because} of his ^{irreversible} penchant for swindling. After supper those ^{of us} who ^{remained} ~~were still~~ ^{some} ~~unwaken~~ ^{old} Michigan songs; by nine o'clock most of us were snug in the sack.

incorrigible

concrete

Next noon, ^{only} about a dozen of us showed up for the football game - after all there was the problem of ^{walking from the car} getting to the stadium and ^{then} scaling the cliffs to our seat. After the game Ernie and Fred and I plodded our way to the nearest bar and applied ourselves to the business at hand. After ~~all~~ about six rounds we were so far mellowed and relaxed that Ernie suggested we plan to meet at our fiftieth class reunion.

"Here's to our fiftieth!" Fred toasted, ^{merrily} raising his glass.

"I can scarcely wait!" ~~Ernie~~

"Too bad it's ten years away," I responded, suddenly grown giddy. "I can scarcely wait."

P.S. ^{at least} We retained the Little Brown jug.

Written by:
John D. Voelker
Deer Lake Road
Ishpeming, Michigan

WE'RE ONLY YOUNG TWICE

by

Robert Traver

Last fall I sustained a massive blow to my ego. During a careless moment I agreed to attend my fortieth law class reunion at Ann Arbor and I did. It was an event I was totally unprepared for because it was the first class reunion I had ever gone to. And the main reason I went back to this one was that I had been put on the committee; in my backwoods innocence I had never experienced that sly maneuver of putting people on committees to get them to do what they otherwise would never do. Additional bait was that it was the weekend of the Minnesota-Michigan football game.

So I got myself a haircut and bought a new suit and early that Friday morning pointed the car toward Ann Arbor and took off with all my luggage. I say all advisedly; some resourceful souls can pack three suits and a dinner jacket in a plastic handbag; I belong to that untidy group that packs at thirty paces. The car was fairly swamped with luggage; in my efficient fashion I had taken everything along but a talking parrot.

On the long drive I pondered what dark compulsion drove people back to class reunions. After all, when we were in school the main thing my classmates and I had in common, besides youth, was the accident of our pursuing the same coveted meal-ticket called a diploma at the same time and place. After forty years it was a tenuous bond. In solemn truth I scarcely recalled even a score of them; those few I really looked forward to seeing could

be counted on the fingers of one hand. Wasn't there something ^{ghostly} ~~sinfully~~ morbid about going back to face and be faced by our dwindling knot of survivors?

About five o'clock I arrived on the fifth floor of the parking ramp of my motel in Ann Arbor. A half hour later I had fought all my luggage (which included an eighty-pound short-wave radio whimsically called portable) up to my room and sensibly revived myself with a slug of bourbon. Then, gravely pirouetting before my mirror, I checked my bridgework and carefully combed my hair, snipping off a few stray gray tendrils that my barber had carelessly overlooked. Then, brushing the dandruff off my shoulders and squaring them, I took a deep breath and descended to face the music at our pre-dinner cocktail party.

I found the lobby downstairs milling and awash with old grads of all ages and varieties. The first blow came while I stood peering through my bifocals at the bulletin board trying to discover where my old classmates were meeting to imbibe a little pre-supper youth and hilarity. Somebody touched my arm and I turned and beheld a palsied, wispy-haired, sunken-eyed, ravaged-necked old man eyeing me like a serpent.

"Don't I know you?" he addressed me in a quavering voice.

"Possibly," I parried, speculating that he might be one of my old retired law professors come to sponge ^{mooch} a friendly drink.

"Aren't we old classmates?" he cackled accusingly. "Wha-- what's your class?" I managed to croak after rallying from the trauma.

"Engineers, 1918," he quavered proudly, leering closer. "Aren't you Snuffy Edwards?"

"Sorry," I murmured, edging away. "I'm his father."

As I groped my way toward the group of comparative youngsters who composed my own class I reflected with melancholy satisfaction that I had still been fighting the battle of High Street grammar school when this nearsighted character had got out of his professional school. And the addled old coot had taken ME for HIS classmate...

When finally I found and joined my own class I discovered we made a merry group of about thirty old codgers, many of us sans hair, sans hearing, sans sight and/or (as we lawyers love to put it) sans teeth. In fact I must confess that most of my classmates had changed so much they didn't recognize me. (I must also regretfully confess that I just stole the foregoing line from Corey Ford.)

But none of us had forgotten how to swallow, and after several stimulating rounds some of us even began to reminisce. "Remember that Spring the marching graduating engineers invaded the Law Club arch," one of our old boys shrilled, "and we drove them off by pelting them with rotten eggs and old fruit from the main tower?" "Remember when li'l ol' Smitty raced down and made that glorious flying tackle on that lone engineer who dared stand his ground?" "Remember...?" Booze and nostalgia, I reflected, was the glue that kept class reunions stuck together. With characteristic modesty I refrained from telling them about the ancient engineer who had so recently tackled me...

Nature--I morosely reflected between drinks--has both a sly and merciful way with this business of growing old: after contemplating and shaving the same old face for umpty-odd years its possessor tends to overlook the ravages of time. But when

suddenly he confronts a group of contemporaries he hasn't seen for forty years the shock is all but shattering. Can these ~~seamy~~^{seamed} and bragging old men possibly be the same eager boys he once went to school with? And has he really changed as much as they? Pride and his ego keep beguilingly whispering no, but reason and his mirror (not to mention that astigmatic old goat out at the bulletin board) keep shouting "Hell yes!"

During supper there was a spirited session of vital statistics during which--preening ourselves with the pride of survivorship--we learned from Duke that almost half our classmates had already expired and, almost more sobering, that only a fraction of the rest had showed up. Some had simply dropped out of sight; many had sent their regrets from various hospitals and nursing homes; and one of the more colorful of our classmates had mailed his from a midwest prison where, he disarmingly explained, he more or less permanently resided because of an incorrigible penchant for swindling his clients.

As the meal progressed I somehow kept thinking of a book by Thomas Wolfe called "You Can't Go Home Again" and of the mingled poignance and high comedy of us old boys so wistfully seeking to recapture our lost youth. "O lost and by the wind grieved..." After supper those of us who still remained awake quaveringly sang some old Michigan songs; by nine o'clock most of us were snug in the sack. Only Fred and Ernie and I pridefully repaired to and doggedly closed the public bar; we were determined to be boys if it killed us--which, I should add, it almost did.

Next noon scarcely a dozen of the hardier of us showed up for the football game--after all there was the long trek from the car

to the stadium and, surviving that, the ordeal of scaling the steep concrete cliffs to our seats. "Cardiac Heights," I panted as I sank to my seat, fancying the phrase.

After the game--yes, Michigan retained the Little Brown Jug--Ernie and Fred and I plodded our way to the nearest bar in search of a tuft of the hair of the well-known dog. After several rounds we were so far mellowed and relaxed that Ernie boldly suggested that we plan to meet at our fiftieth class reunion. "We'll have a ball," he promised.

"Here's to a ball on our fiftieth!" Fred toasted, raising his drink--and we solemnly clinked glasses.

"I can scarcely wait," I blurted, grown a little giggly, suddenly remembering that in another ten years I would be just about the same age as that mysterious, handsome and ever so youthful-looking engineer of the Class of 1918, Snuffy Edwards.

Esquire

NEW YORK CHICAGO

488 Madison Avenue
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10022

Thank you for submitting this material. After careful consideration, we regret that it doesn't suit our present needs.

Please excuse this impersonal reply but it's impossible to send an individual letter to each contributor, much as we'd like to.

THE EDITORS

Written by:
John D. Voelker
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Stet
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