

# DUST IN THE WIND

A Class of '76 Newsletter

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## REUNION MEMORIES

By Leslie Mallett

Well Clif and I together again- at our high school reunion, 30 years! Aagh! Are you off to your college or high school reunion, oh you must go! Your past will hit your present like a freight train. But just the same you will get reacquainted with all those crazy friends you had in high school and relive a few hilarious moments. It will definitely put a smile on your "crows feet face". Well you probably know Clif and I actually met in junior high and then dated in high school, so we are double trouble when we go to these reunions. Clif always puts his priorities first, well organized kind of guy he is. So I ask him on Fri. morning, as I see a empty suitcase sitting on the bed and plane leaving in a few hours, if he plans to pack or just layer himself for his trip. He informs he is working on it and I just should not worry about it. Fine and I continue on my whirlwind path of getting prepared. It just must be a bit harder for women, because I am worried about what dress to wear and my hair, makeup etc., such fretting went in to this event. I take my hounds off to be boarded, I am doing laundry for Clif's upcoming work week-I am basically going crazy, but there my high school sweetheart sits in his bathrobe on the couch reading his Wall Street Journal and I thought I heard him snoring, could that of been?

Anyway, he gets off his royal rock and I see him heading to the basement. I am really curious as to what he is going down there for instead to his closet to pack. Now he has already informed me that he is not wearing a tie nor a sport coat to this once in 30 year occasion, where I am quite sure everyone is going to be dressed to the nines. I have informed him if I have to wear nylons and bring out my "Sex In The City" shoes he is wearing a tie and jacket. But as I pass by the suitcase I see nothing but a empty bag. Down in the basement I hear noises- banging, shuffling, humming.....oh God it cannot be.....yep it is here

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# REUNION MEMORIES

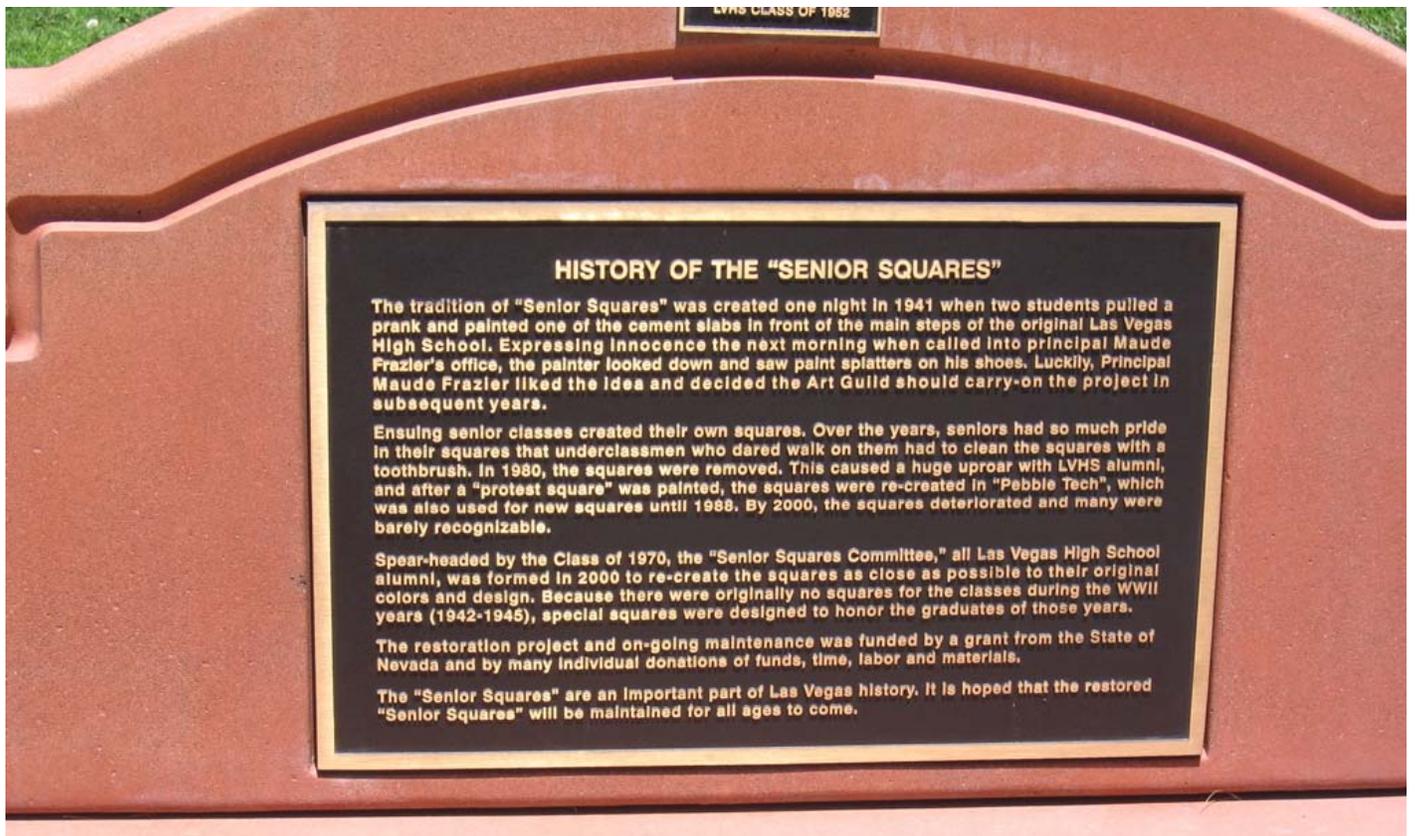
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they come.....GOLF CLUBS! So he hauls them up the stairs with a grin from ear to ear and hauls them in to the kitchen near the back door. Next I see him packing golf shirts, shorts, his special golf socks, oh yea he has got the look! I inform him that he is not playing in the US Open this weekend but going to LV for a reunion, remember Clif.....Oh yea, he says, with a look that you just wanted to.....well never mind. At this point I am ready...couple of dresses, the "Sex In The City" black shoes.....and being from LV.....lots of hair spray. Clif is still trying on slacks, asking for help to fold his golf shirts and then finally I see something.....yep a closed suitcase. Who knows what is in there.....

We arrive in LV.....nothing has changed.....same traffic jams, same construction going on a Fri. afternoon and the city is working on a lane of traffic on a Fri. afternoon at rush hour. Such a crazy town. Clif has headed to the Hertz counter to pick up his car, but has to wait awhile as that is what non GOLD Members do. He informs me that he never does this sort of waiting when he is traveling on business, name in lights and off he goes.....Oh well just see how the little people live, like me Clif, no lights, no name, just Cybil at the counter. After settling in the hotel and dragging the Golf bag along like it were a bag of gold Clif informs me that he has now forgotten his dress shoes! My look to him was just .....well you can imagine.....daggers....I asked- are you sure and of course he wasn't but he said he had his golf shoes and he could remove the cleats! WHAT! I was just ready to wrap that driver around his neck!

We head to the Hard Rock where the first night with the class of 1976, is having a ice breaker, so everything is casual and fun. However, by this time I could you less ice and more drink. We find friends we had not talked to in years. Such fun to catch up on how they are all doing and finding out all about their families.

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## REUNION MEMORIES

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Hugs, tears, kisses and tons of smiles.....Clif is happy relaxed and circling the crowd like a ringmaster. I hear from people that are bankers, ins., teachers, lawyers, nurses, real estate.....you name it we came from all walks of life...Clif the only railroader....One friend tells me about his wife who is mingling and I ask how he met her and if she is working, perhaps a lawyer like himself. He informs me with a chuckle and his same smile he had from high school, no she is a "hobo". A "hobo" I say-yep she is a stay at home mom-"a hobo". He says to me, so what are you doing, I say I am a "hobo". Later I run in to Clif who has caught up with everyone and has found his "Golf Team", where someone has a 3 handicap. He is having way too much fun.

The next morning Clif is gone before I know it with his bag of gold in hand.....I go off with some wonderful girls I had not seen in ages, a great day. I return to the hotel to find Clif unwrapping all the prizes he could possibly carry. Wow, he made out like a kid on Christmas day. Unbelievable. So I got some of the highlights of his day at Angel Park and I gave him my stories from our girls mini reunion get together. I did hear from one golfer who had played at the course with Clif that morning that Clif had played awesome that day, so I knew he would be pretty happy, like a hound that caught the fox. Off we head to the evening of dinner and dance.....oh yes there at the bottom of the suitcase was the dress shoes he thought he forgot, thank God. We eat, we take tons of pictures with friends and more friends. Such a wonderful night. I help with the singing of our fight song.....such a great night until our friend who was student body VP gets up and does all of the announcing for the evening.....and then from there.....Clif had played golf with this guy all day and sure enough he had harassed him to no end that day on the course.....so now in front of our class he gave Clif his just due. Oh boy....you can imagine.. Yep, it was brutal....

Just the same it was such a fun weekend and all this time I was sort of wondering what my job title was..... and as we left the terminal in LV.

Clif said to me-"C'mon Hobo" .....

## RAMBLINGS FROM THE EDITOR



I am so sorry I missed the reunion. From the first batch of pictures it looked really fun. I will definitely make the next one. The menu looked good from what I saw was offered in the photo next to this column. I have had feedback on whether to keep newsletter going or end it. Seems everyone who has responded wants the newsletter to continue. If David doesn't mind posting it to web site, I don't mind keeping it going. Hopefully we will get you shy people to contribute stories. This issue I didn't run any of the people photos from the reunion. I

will need help identifying them. Judy and I will get together soon and we will get names to the faces. I want to thank Leslie for the first review of the reunion. Lots of memories there. I am looking forward to my memory book and looking forward to more stories.

Dennis

**REGISTER  
AS A LVHS ALUMNI  
To register as a LVHS  
Alumni, please contact:  
Patti Haack  
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**THE TRAMLINES**  
THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA - NEW LP