



Tessahoc News

Class of 1972

July 2012
Volume 1, Issue 1

40th Reunion Time!

July 19 is the deadline to purchase tickets for our 40th Class Reunion, which will be held over the weekend of July 28th, 2012.

The weekend kicks off with a party on Friday night at 7 pm at the George H. Mealy Legion Post (across from the Harbor at 98 Summer St.). It will feature our very own DJ, Jay Fiori, snacks and a cash bar.

The Reunion continues on the evening of Saturday, July 28, 2012 from 7-11 pm at the South Shore Art Center in Cohasset.

There will be a buffet dinner. The Art Center is located at 119 Ripley Road.

These events are for anyone who has ever been a member of the CHS Class of 1972.



How to Get Tickets

One ticket costing \$75 per person will cover both nights. Sorry, we cannot discount the price if you are only able to attend one night.

Pay by PayPal (click on the PayPal button, which is located under "Reunion Details" at <http://www.tessahoc72.com/CHSREUNION/r40.html>)

or mail checks written to 'Class of 1972 reunion' to:
Nick Anderson • 25
Sanctuary Pond Rd.
• Cohasset MA
02025



CHS Class of 1972 Scholarship

In keeping with a tradition started by the CHS class of 1956 at their 50th reunion, we would like to celebrate our reunion by awarding a scholarship donated by our class to help a deserving CHS student to continue school.

To make a donation, use the PayPal donation button In the Scholarship Fund section of the reunion website at: <http://www.tessahoc72.com/CHSREUNION/r40.html>

or mail checks written to 'Class of 1972 Scholarship Fund' to: Nick Anderson • 25 Sanctuary Pond Rd. • Cohasset MA 02025



Forty Years Ago

Not to rub in how old we are or anything, but 40 years ago things were different!

Average income = \$11,800
Average cost of new house = \$27,550
Cost of a gallon of gas = 55 cents

Popular Films:

- The Godfather
- Fiddler on the Roof
- Diamonds Are Forever
- What's Up, Doc?
- Dirty Harry
- The Last Picture Show
- Clockwork Orange
- Cabaret

Popular Musicians:

- The Eagles
- Simon & Garfunkel
- John Lennon
- Rod Stewart
- Don MacLean
- Michael Jackson
- Elton John
- The Moody Blues
- The Allman Bros.
- David Bowie
- Led Zeppelin

To get our reminiscing started, here's a poem by Jack Dean about some youthful exploits

A Hot August Night on Minot's Light by Jack Dean

A hot August night
A strong southwest breeze
Six buzzed Cohasset boys
Head out on the high seas

Willy, Stevie, Chris Macklin
And our friend we call Seal
We left the dock after midnight
With Billy at the wheel

Now, if the truth be told
The seas weren't that high
But five of the boys were
And... well, okay so was I

But we knew where to steer

Which rocks to beware
We knew the best route
To the lighthouse - a dare!

We'd heard that the door
Which was usually locked
Was now open wide
We had to go check it out - even half crooked

The ride out was a blast
Full of laughs and cajoles
Not a worry among us
As we sped past the shoals

Now the lighthouse itself

Looks small from the coast
But it gets really big
When you get right up close

Upward we reached
From the boat to the stairs
All rusty and crusty
With seaweed hanging like wet hair

Five of us climbed
And to our delight
The door was wide open
The rumor was right

We got to the first floor
'Bout forty feet up
And left Billy behind

To stay in the boat
(After all it was his boat and
he was the "responsible
one")

What would we find?
What was inside?
First floor not much
But seagull shit

Second floor more
Folding cots
Batteries
Rope
Flashlights
Canned food
Lots of good tools

A treasure to plunder
For six drunken fools!

The next floor was cool
Glass lenses and bulbs
To keep that light flashing 1-
4-3
While the waves kept a
crashing

I remember having a thought
Like a premonition but
deeper
I could live here a while
Be a lighthouse keeper

But one of the boys

Snapped me out of my daze
He was all the way up
To the top of the stairs

Up to the balcony
Holding the rail
The view was spectacular
Hey remember when the guy
Says, Drop the vernacular
And Curly says, Vernacular?
It's a derby!

Out on the balcony
Big shiny smiles
Good friends, good times
We could see for miles

Provincetown to the east
Gloucester to the north
Boston to the west
All of Mass Bay – the view
was the best

I highly recommend it
What an incredible sight
If you ever get the chance
Take it - Even at midnight

We soaked it all in
We had reached our goal
The lighthouse was ours
On Minot Light's shoal

When Billy walked up

It seemed fair enough
It was his boat that brought
us here
And besides he brought six
more cold beers

Check it out Billy
Look at this view! It's
awesome!
The stars, the moon, the
lights, the ocean... the boat
The boat! The boat?

The freaking boat broke
loose
The wind and the tide were
taking it astray

In the moment it took to
realize our predicament
That freaking boat was 100
yards away.

I felt it first
We all dropped our jaws
I started to wonder
What laws we were breaking

We were hopelessly
stranded
Personally, I started looking
For a place to sleep... well
I would have spent the night
Working on my alibi and
Praying for some lobsterman
to come

To our rescue in the morning
before the Coast Guard
found us
No one knew we were out
there

Well, I can't speak for all of
the guys, but I do know one
thing
Chris Macklin was not
thinking about a place to
sleep
Or who might rescue us in
the morning
He handed me his wallet,
kicked off his shoes
And jumped out the door
And splashed into the water
forty feet below
Which was also about how
far it was to the bottom
Forty feet down forty more to
go

Chris would either be dead or
he'd be the hero

No laughing matter now
This was dead sober serious
From the moment Chris
jumped
There was no turning back
The boat was gone
The ladder was well out of his
reach
It was a very serious situation -
no day at the beach

The odds were against him
But two things helped:
The water was fairly warm
Now, if you've been to Sandy
beach on a hot August day
You know that means - it still
feels cold
But it could have been worse.
He swam just as fast and as

long as he could, until he
was a speck in the dark in
the waves
There was no chance of
return unless he caught the
boat
And there was nothing we
could do but watch and hope

It felt like an eternity. He
swam a good half a mile,
maybe more
But he made it. He made it!

But now there was another
problem
He was so tired when he got
there
His arms were limp; his body
was cold and shaking
He couldn't get himself into
the boat



Hot August Night, continued:

He rested a while hanging
on to the side
And then finally dragged
himself in
To face another problem
He couldn't start the engine
It was one of those 40
horsepower pull cord
Mercury's that could be very
hard to start
It took him another ten
minutes to get his strength
back
By the time he got it started,
we could barely see him or
the boat

But start it, he did
With a puff and a roar
There were beers in the
cooler
So Chris had one more

He sped back to the
lighthouse
A big smile on his face
And we flew down that
ladder
Let's get the hell out of this
place

Six buzzed Cohasset boys
Got off Minot's light
And rode safely home
On a hot August night.

Watch Jack tell the
story on YouTube at:
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FsTThSpO-jo>



Reunions can give us a special perspective by Sue Healy Benterou

35 years ago in 1977, I was working in Boston and living in a charming brownstone in Brookline with my high school friends Nancy Libby and Ellen Barlow. We had just received word of our upcoming 5-year high school reunion. Feeling closer ties at the time with my college experience than that of high school, I told Ellen I had no desire to head to Cohasset to spend a night at Al's Spaghetti House (home of the famous Cockroach Salad), listen to the tunes of Scott 'Elvis' Anderson, and hang out with people who were no longer a part of my life. Ellen concurred. But when the day came, we both said "what the heck, why not?" So we went.

While actually enjoying the night, I was struck with a sense of kinship with all these people with whom I had shared a very special experience. No matter where we were in our lives, we would always have this common experience, this camaraderie of shared place and time. We had spent our childhood and adolescence side by side. Cohasset is the place where we developed our definition of a true friend, the place where we hung out with our first drinking buddies. We grew up in a town with its own beautiful beach and lighthouse, which we shared both day and night. Many of these people had not been my friends but we had shared classes, sports, and music. We knew all the same teachers, shop owners, town leaders, and slang.

So here we are, so many years and experiences later, on the verge of turning 60(!), and again we have had many common experiences, some wonderful, some tragic, but ones we can all relate to, because of our shared age. And still we have that shared experience of growing up and going to school in Cohasset. So this time I *know* I will enjoy seeing all of you at our 40th high school reunion.



Check out who's going to the reunion on our website at
<http://www.tessahoc72.com/CHSREUNION/paid.html>

Hope to add your name to the list and see you there!

