

Old Friends Getting Older

by Jerry Ratch

John S. sold his place in Florida and took a real beating and moved back to his place in Wheaton, I believe. His sister Laura is still married and lives in the western burbs too.

I just amuse myself by buying old guns and refurbishing them in my basement as I listen to old Bohemian polkas on cassettes. I guess I'm trying to fool myself into thinking I'm some kind of craftsman or something. After having three strokes, my fine motor control is pretty limited, but I still try.

My son lives in Phoenix with my ex-wife who has been very ill. I keep toying with the idea of buying him a place and hoping that it turns out to be a good investment. Other than that, I have no idea what to put money into these days.

I was always fascinated by the markets, but once I realized how manipulated they are (I really think most big brokerage places are run by organized crime — as are our politicians) ... I'm afraid to buy anything anymore.

I heard that you're in contact with your old flame, Alana. No one could forget her! I think you were still going out with her when I introduced you to Marnie, that model from Chicago you wouldn't sleep with for some reason. I had my eye on Alana myself. Did I ever tell you?

Been divorced since 1973, from the girl I met at John S's party when you were there that night. It's sad I guess, but I've done everything I wanted to do in life.

No one else from our old class of '62 really has anything to do with me anymore, but it would be nice to go to the reunion and see who is still alive.

Bill B.

