Fifty Years and Counting

By Rande Davis

This past September, the Poolesville High School class of 1960 held its fiftieth graduation reunion which obviously sets a remarkable milestone. On the one hand, for this class, even this achievement is just one of many. You see, this was their fifteenth reunion. In fact, since 2000 they have gotten together every year. My guess is that as you get older, you have reunions more often on the premise of not being sure who will show up.

Actually, the secret to their cohesion is simple enough. They turn their reunion into a mini-vacation of fun, frivolity, and food. Is there a better formula for success? You might not know many of them, but you sure do know many of their names. Check out some street signs and developments and you will understand—names like Allnutt, Beall, Aud, Butler, Hall, Hunter, Offutt, Spates, just to name a few.

Each year, they use the home of one of their classmates as the point of destination. This year, they traveled for a three-day excursion to Maine where Barbara Lynne (Allnutt) Cushman was the hostess. By keeping the three days open for personal things of interest—touring, golf, beach, shopping, etc.—they have found participation has been strong. Of course, their special banquet night is the primary draw and a time that they can share memories and update each other on current happenings. Each year, they give tribute to someone who was special to the class, and this year they honored Betty Titus in her role as Class Mom. Betty brings special memories to this class not only for the meals she prepared for them in their school cafeteria but for special pies and food from Titus’s Tasty Cupboard (now Bassett’s) when she had become infamous for her baked goods.

One of the traditions, possibly lost to newer generations but carried on by this class, is the practice of class poems and limericks. We don’t know who the class poet was this year, but the writer created a twenty-stanza poetic invitation reminiscent of such ditties from the forties and fifties.

Congratulations to the class of 1960 on its fiftieth reunion. We can’t be sure where they will go next, but we wouldn’t be surprised if it was Disney World.

P.S. The young man on our front page is Don Hoffacker.