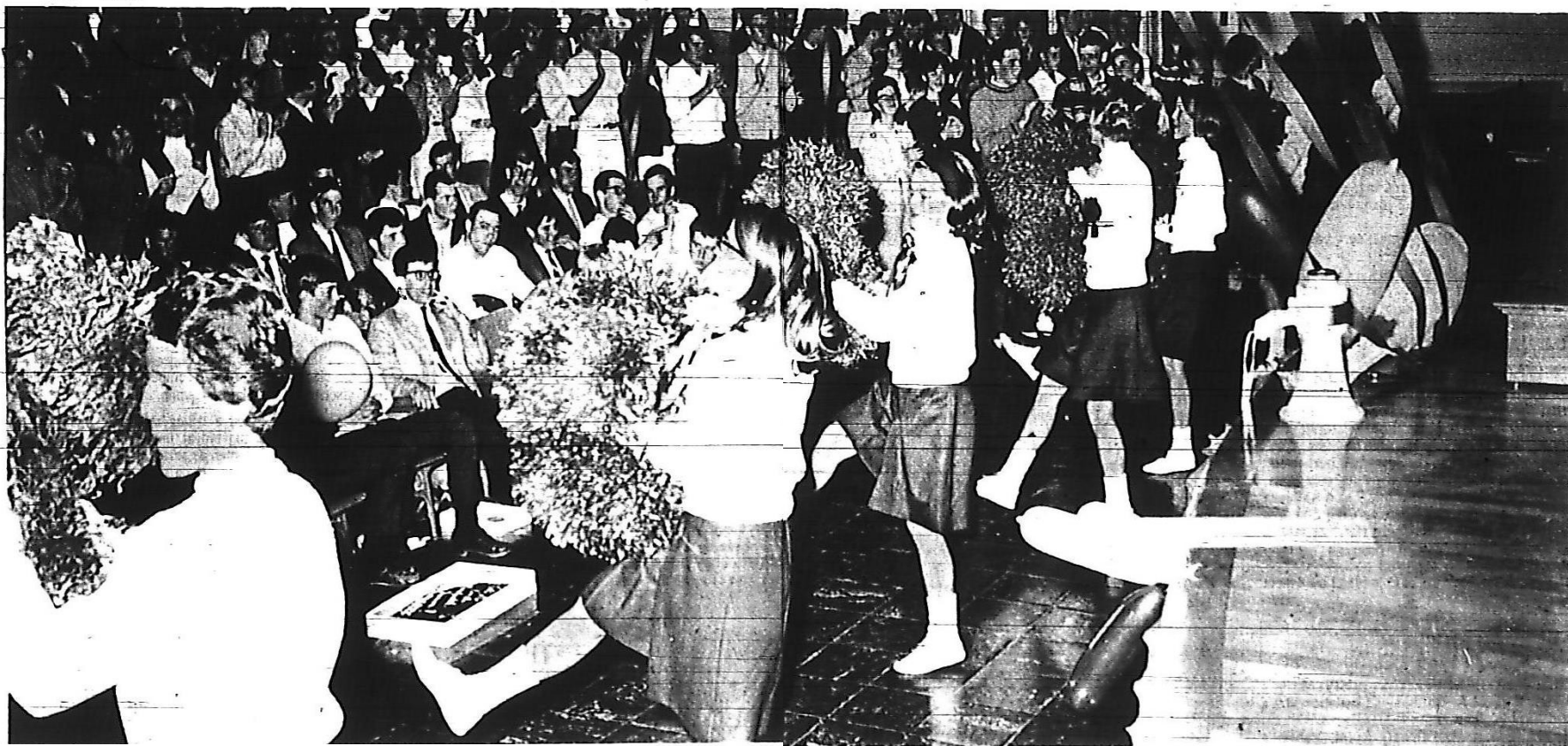


Charlottesville, Virginia, Thursday, July 21, 1977



The Class of '67: Where Are They Now?

By KAREN LOWE
of The Progress Staff

The Albemarle High School class of 1967 recently received green forms in the mail informing them that, yes, it has been a decade since they graduated and asking them to please describe what has happened in the last ten years on half a page.

Some forms were returned to a reunion organizer. Barbara Capron, blank and others arrived with miniature autobiographies.

But those who showed up to meet their former classmates all knew there was no way that those half-pages could do justice to the past decade.

For the 10 year reunion, the class of 1967 came from both coasts.

They came to "catch-up" on their friends' news and to reminisce about those moments which were thought to be mercifully forgotten. They came to see who "made it" and who didn't.

1967 was a watershed year for social and political revolution in the country. But at Albemarle, as in many high schools across the country, students' political consciences slumbered. Once awakened after graduation, however, some were shellshocked.

Some joined the growing ranks of demonstrators, conscientious objectors and the anti-establishment corps donning the appropriate casual attire. Returning 10 years later,

they appeared in coats and ties straddling the middle of the road, politically. Maybe leaning to the liberal left in some cases.

At Albemarle, 1967 was a big year. That was the year the football team won the Valley District Championship, 100-0. The final game was in Staunton and the football team trotted off the field dirty, sweaty and victorious. The cheerleaders kicked, jumped, smiled and bounced. Even when they were standing, they bounced.

The game displayed the concerns of most other high school students in the U.S. during 1967. They were worried about sports, sex and status.

And being a star football player usually meant you scored well in all three categories. Those who sacrificed their blood and bones on the field had a varsity letter. And having a varsity letter practically meant you had a good crack at first string and wouldn't be benched by that great big coach in the sky.

But on the flip side of glory, high school was the time of terminal acne, flat chests, skinny legs and braces. An era best buried, a time of acute embarrassment to many.

When flaccid egos needed an uplift, pizza, hamburgers, Coke and french-fries, with all of its pimple propensity, were only a drive-in away to drown and bury sorrows.

Tom Titus remembers burying a lot of bad feelings. In his year book, he looks like a chess fiend, which he was, and a choirboy which he was not.

He arrived last week with a bushy beard, beads and guru type clothes. "I just came to school to have a good time and to see friends. Not to learn anything. I knew too much anyway...."

I had an inferiority complex (about being too tall) then, too. And I was uncoordinated." Titus left school wanting to become a state trooper but was told he was too tall. He returned as a tree surgeon. And after having served a stretch in the service, he is happy to just write poetry and be with his animals in Maine.

He remembers when de rigueur dress included Weejuns, John Meyer skirts and blouses and buttondown collars for the men.

The vocabulary was not yet punctuated with words like "groovy" or "toke" and "trip." Grass was still something you walked on and "free love" was something in the Utopian dream, or, at best, something that happened to someone else.

And while a few were picking up on the messages that were wafting in on marijuana smoke from Haight Ashbury or heard the din from the growing Vietnam protests, the number was small.

Chris Murray was perhaps one of the few who heard the noises coming from the West Coast and Greenwich Village. "I was considered an athlete but I also had friends in an intellectual crowd who saw new things happening."

He was voted the "most sincere" and put in the Hall of Fame for numerous high school honors. He was picked most valuable track player, but along with his host of athletic honors, there was a hint of intellectualism. It was a rare name in the yearbook that claimed to be part of the Latin Club.

Murray said he saw the beginnings of change. "There was a conflict with being raised a Catholic and its religious values and what was available in the outside world."

And the outside world was changing fast in 1967.

That was the year that activists Jerry Rubin and Rennie Davis were trying to levitate the Pentagon. The White House was under siege from protestors. And television was giving American their daily dose of the Vietnam war—along with time to get another beer during commercials.

But, in high school, all of that seemed pretty far away.

"For the most part, we were flag wavers," recalled Mary Kathy McCauley, a former head cheerleader. "We were worried about the next football game and what we were going to wear."

Come graduation night, there was panic for some in 1967. Draft notices were arriving and some were called, others joined the Peace Corps and some others became conscientious objectors and still others joined the ranks of the counter-army chanting peace slogans.

Ms. McCauley, also a former homecoming queen, class president and "flag waver," was struck with the growing number of social movements shortly after arriving at college.

And arriving at college with your hands still warm from the pom-poms and used to freshly ironed pleated skirts meant doing a quick change number to understand and fit in with what was gripping the college campuses.

Ms. McCauley, concerned about how her parents would react, admits that, yes, she was at the demonstrations, grew her bobbed hair long and wore the appropriate anti-establishment dress.

She came all the way from Chicago for the reunion. She left Albemarle High School an idealist, she said. And returned an optimist. Stan Maupin left a Democrat, and despite what was going on in college and in the White House, he returned a Republican. Some former students were recognized immediately because the changes were few. But there were several blushing moments where a

back-slapping noisy hello was met with, "I am sorry, but I don't remember your name."

Malcolm McGilverly was kind of quiet during the reunion. He said he was happy to see old friends that he hadn't seen in awhile since he was living in South Carolina.

When he sent in his form to Barbara Capron and Aivars Osvald, the reunion planners, he didn't write much. A lot of people left the personal history blank while others took the opportunity to indulge in a little autobiography.

A few took roundabout routes in getting to the Boar's Head Inn via India, Jamaica and other exotic places. But Jane (Coleman) Britchett stayed right here in Charlottesville. "I never had any great desire to go any place else. I like it here. I wasn't very interested in politics or going to college in my senior year. But I also didn't see myself with a family in three years, either." She has two children and a third is obviously on the way.

And then, there's Mack Tate. In his 1967 yearbook picture he looks like the kind of guy whose palms became clammy before asking a girl for a date and who probably gagged on beer.

He described himself in '67 as "small, shy, nothing special" and weighing in at 110. No longer a feather weight, he tips the scales at 165 on a light day. And in checking out the other changes, well, well, there's no getting around it, he's balding.

It's caused by the largesse of his intelligence, he said. Tate portrayed his class as humanitarian, concerned about society's aches and pains and choosing occupations that help to remedy them: teachers, social workers, crisis center directors and housewives.

Charlie Garnett, for example, was the senior class president and officiated much of the reunion. His class expected him to use his high school office as a springboard to bounce him magically into the Oval Office.

Garnett said he never had any such delusions of grandeur and is quite happy as a social worker.

Albemarle school teacher Tate is a self-proclaimed conservative in high school but was liberalized by the Army. Strange but true. "It made me liberal because I lived through it." Tate followed the call of many youths leaving

high school in '67 and hit the road, spending months bumming around.

"But I finally got my B.S. from UVa. 10 years later. And on some days, I am even grown up."

Chris Murray recounted his struggle in more serious tones than Tate. He explained how he headed off for college in Scranton, and immediately after touching Yankee soil, wanted to turn around and hurry home. He did end up at Washington and Lee where, along with friends, he went the long hair-jeans-liberal route.

Now a furniture designer in Charlottesville dressed in traditional fashion and resembling his yearbook picture, he recalled seeing his first peace button on the lapel of a friend. "I had to ask him what it was. I had never seen one before."

Murray said not everyone made it to the reunion. He knew that some became "unglued" and involved in drugs and a few cracked under the social pressure.

Yes, most of the class reunioners questioned said, the pendulum did swing. In fact, the very ones that said they didn't believe in the historical pendulum got hit in the back when they weren't looking.

Albemarle principal Ben Hurt got up to recall what he felt in 1967.

"For awhile, I was afraid of some of the changes. The pendulum was swinging so far with change that I wondered when it would stop, but it is now swinging back to the times when you were there."



A BALDING MACK TATE WITH FRIEND FROM THE CLASS OF '67
Small Photo Shows Tate 10 Years Ago.



A BEARDED TOM TITUS LOOKS OVER YEARBOOK WITH CLASSMATES
Insert Shows Titus As Photographed for Yearbook in 1967