



# Pulse of '62



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(The Saint Louis Class of 1962)

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## Rupert Wants Data

By Danny Hinton

One day about a year ago, I got a phone call from Rupert Hunt. I hadn't seen him or talked to him since 1962; but as we talked, it slowly became clear to me that some things hadn't changed much. He was still the nicest guy I have ever known. He still could talk me into doing anything he wanted me to do. And I still had a secret desire to strangle him for being such a nice guy.

"So, Danny, we are working on a project and we're hoping you can use your journalistic skills to help us out.", he said.

Journalistic skills? It's true I wrote a few articles for our high school newspaper more than fifty years ago. Since then, nada. Still, the way Rupert says it makes it sound so sincere, it must be true, so I start thinking. Let's see...I think I could fairly be described as unfair. And God knows I am definitely unbalanced. Unfair and unbalanced...yeah that'll work in this journalistic environment.

Desperate to avoid any actual work, I tried the national defenses defense. "Love to help you Rupe, but I'll be out of the country for the next six months. Over in the Middle East. Doing some work for Uncle Sam (nudge nudge, wink wink)."

"No problem, Danny. We weren't planning to get started until six months from now. I'll call you back then with the details."

"Great!" Rats!

Six months and two days later (he's never pushy) Rupert calls back. "So, Danny. We're working on a project where we get one member of the Class of '62 to call up a dozen of his former classmates and chat them up and find out what they're doing nowadays, and what makes them happy or sad, and what makes them feel young, and stuff like that."

So the computer has spit out Danny's Dirty Dozen? Hey, Rupert wants data. I'll get him some data. How hard can this be?

"Hi, this is Danny Hinton from Saint Louis High School. We haven't talked in nearly fifty years, so I'm sure we have a lot to talk about."

Long pause. "Fifty years. Hey, let's not be too hasty." Click.

I was doing much better with my second attempt, talking with a classmate of native Hawaiian descent, until we started talking about the Hawaiian Independence Movement. I said, "I think we should give them back the big island and let them govern it. I mean, it's not that good an island anyway, so if they screw it up, it won't be a big loss."

Short pause. "Now I remember – you always were a stupid haole." Click

Oh for two. Could it be that the only common thread in the Class of '62 is a dislike of me? Seems statistically unlikely. Desperate, I resorted to the oldest journalistic trick in the world: I listened. I called up guys and just listened to them. Turns out they are quite willing to provide data, but not always so willing to have their names attached to the data. And a good journalist always protects his sources. We have ethics, you know. So here's the stuff I dug up:

1. One guy said he read that the average American man gains one pound for every year after high school. He said he is certainly doing his part to keep up that average, and challenges the rest of us to weigh in.



2. One former classmate says he is working on his fourth religion and his third wife. Or maybe I got those numbers reversed. He claims they keep him feeling very young. Or very confused. Which is almost the same thing.



3. One guy had six children. He sent them all to good high schools. Then he sent them all to good colleges. Then he sent them all to good graduate schools. He is justifiably proud of himself, and says he can't wait for them to start paying him back. Really. He can't wait.



Yes they are all mine!

4. One former classmate got a nose job. Then he got a chin tuck, then a tummy tuck.



He got so used to the knife that he went ahead and had a sex change operation. She says she is planning to come to next year's fiftieth re-union, but disguised as her former boyish self. Stay alert, men.

5. One of our Protestant classmates says that he renounced his religion. Then, later, he renounced his renunciation. But he says he is now leaning toward renouncing his renouncing of his renunciation. He really does protest too much.

6. After years of thinning hair, one guy finally went completely bald. He seemed quite happy about it. "It's amazing how much time, effort and money we spend on hair. Me, I never have a bad hair day. I get up in the morning and go. Plus, my running times and swimming times have both improved now that I am so 'aerodynamically efficient'."



7. One guy made a huge pile of money, then he moved away from Honolulu. Then he moved away from the state. Then he moved away from the northern hemisphere. Apparently, he wants to get as far away from his roots as possible. He is currently negotiating with NASA for a ride off the planet; and he says his only regret is that he was born a few centuries too early to get a ride out of the solar system.

MONEY CAN'T BUY  
HAPPINESS  
AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT  
WE TELL POOR PEOPLE



8. One guy had a big problem with medication. Even though he was only taking one dosage of each medicine per day, he had so many prescriptions that they hurt his stomach if he took them all at once; but if he didn't take them all at once he would sometimes forget to take them. Finally, after he retired, he hit on a system: he lines them all up in alphabetical order on the front of his dresser, then every hour on the hour he goes in, takes one pill and moves



that bottle to the back of his dresser. "It's a weird system," he says, "but it works great. My stomach pains have gone completely away. And I know it's almost bedtime by the time I get to the Viagra."

9. One guy was quite proud of his twenty-twenty vision. Asked about the reason for such longstanding good vision, he replied that he hadn't cracked a book since he left Saint Louis High. There's a lesson in there somewhere.
10. One former classmate was extremely hard to track down. He says he never uses e-mail, doesn't have a cell phone, doesn't know twitter from trigger. "And you can tell Rupert Hunt, and Saint Louis High School, and Brother Oliver Aiu, and the great state of Hawaii that they can all kiss my rosy red..." Well, let's just say he probably won't be coming to the re-union.



So there you have the results of several weeks of hard work. On reflection, it occurs to me that, except for the he/she guy, I share a lot of the characteristics displayed by my ten classmates. Say, you don't suppose this was one of those Zen exercises where you go into the world searching for something and end up finding yourself. Do you? Nah, Rupert wouldn't do that to me. Would he?

Anyway, I hope to see all my former Crusader friends at the class re-union next year. I'll be the bald, fat guy walking with a limp, clinging to my bag of medications, and whispering, "Psst...wannah try to compromise my journalistic ethics?"

Aloha, braddahs,  
Danny Hinton

#### **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

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