

THE TWENTY FIFTH  
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Bill Love attended a twenty-fifth reunion that the Emory Class of '38 held in Atlanta about a month ago. The twenty-fifth is always an interesting reunion in that it definitely seems that it couldn't possibly have been that long since graduation, particularly when you yourself are still looking and feeling so young. Bill reported that it was even harder to believe there on the scene when he was confronted with a bunch of old, decrepit men, most of whom he couldn't recognize (he didn't know their names twenty-five years ago). He and Bunny Neighbors, from Athens, his one close crony who doesn't even look as old as Bill, did introduce themselves to another relatively young looking classmate, but he turned out to be the school photographer. After the banquet Neighbors and Love reminisced for hours about their gay, penniless days as country-boy interns at Bellevue in the big city, and Neighbors entertained relay after relay of classmates and a few hardy wives in the Love hotel room until 4:00 a.m. The occasion was memorable because it was the one time that Peggy Love, whose tender age in the past has entitled her to a seemingly unlimited endurance, complained that she couldn't keep up with all those old men.