

Morning Tennis Group



Ken



Gus



Lance



Skip



Joe



Jim



Nick M



Ray



Wayne



Joe J



Peter



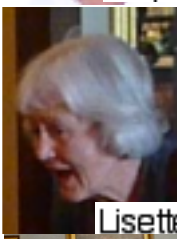
Ralph



Terry



Keith



Lisette



Klaudio



Paul



Marc



Tom



Chuck



Vincente



Rick

Taking Time to Honor Our Octogenarians

Still Young at heart
 These friends of ours
 With battered bodies
 But newer cars,
 Hiding within
 The child of old,
 No longer young
 And not so bold.

Other pals of ours
 Have moved on
 From the iron bench
 To the Great Beyond:
 Don and George
 Left us last year:
 Don gave his last speech
 Then packed up his gear.

Those born on/before '23,
 Now number 12 of us:
 Aram, Llyod, Con, Jack'n Joes,
 Ken, Kei, Mike, Steve 'n Gus's.
 Six of these twelve gents
 Still hit the ball well
 And give us diehards hope
 That we too might prevail.

January birthday boys:
 Bob, Shawn, Vince, 'n Bill
 Still take to the courts
 And seek the thrill.
 And congrats to Gus
 The gutsy Hassapakus
 For his eightieth year
 Without much ruckus.

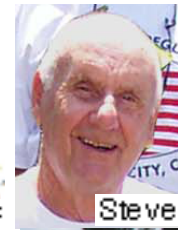
And to Jack Farmar,
 For his eighty-fifth,
 Con turns ninety-four
 Still not too old or stiff,
 While Truckin' Joe
 Still curses at eighty-three
 While many of us
 Often leave to pee.

Welcome back, Rick and me,
 and best to our community.

-- Joe Barile, January 15, 2013



Jack F



Steve



Jim G



Bob R



Con



Stan



Al



Aram



Joe B



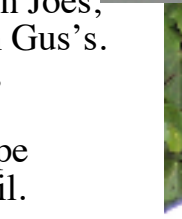
Igor



Don*



Gus H



Norm



Dean

A Tribute to Us All



Herman*

Cy*



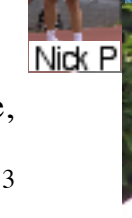
Nick P



George*



Mike



YN*



Kei