

*"Lies! Lies! All of It, Lies!"*

# Jericho High School '68-'69-'70-'71-'72-'73-'74-'75 Online Magazine

## Official Propaganda Tool of 1968-1975 JHS Alumni

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A girl, a camera, and the great- est city in the world!	



"Barbie, do you want to tell them that the Gathering of the Tribes III Senior Prom Reunion is on Saturday, June 6, at 7:30 p.m.?"

"No, Ken. You go right ahead. Be sure they know that it's at the Homestead restaurant-bar in Oyster Bay."

"Barbie? I don't want to. You do it. Please? And Barbie? How is it that Mattel never gave us brains, yet we're able to talk? Can you explain that?"

"No, I can't Ken, on account of not having a brain. Now I have a question for you. Please tell me you're gonna wear a shirt to the reunion?"

"Shirt? I have no idea what that is. And Barbie? Why are your hands always so, so cold?"

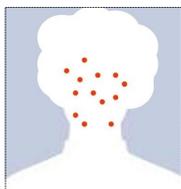
"Because we're both plastic dolls, Ken. You mean to tell me you're just noticing this now?"

"Barbie? How is it that Mattel never gave us brains, yet we're able to talk? Can you explain that?"

"You're going to continue asking that question indefinitely, aren't you ..."

**Still Need an  
Invitation?**

**Click Here!**



# Yearbook 2 facebook



In our travels around cyberspace, we frequently come upon photos of former classmates, especially on Facebook. Can you *believe* how good everyone looks?!

*Maybe they're all robots.* Yep, that must be it.

**Marsha Held ('72)**  
Syosset, NY



**Barbara Venezia ('74)**  
Newport Beach, CA



**Jill Schiesser Atkinson ('73)**  
Columbia, SC



**Frann Tillman ('75)**  
Deerfield Beach, FL



**Steven Bernstein ('72)**  
Greenville, SC



**Dr. Jane Weston ('70)**  
San Francisco, CA

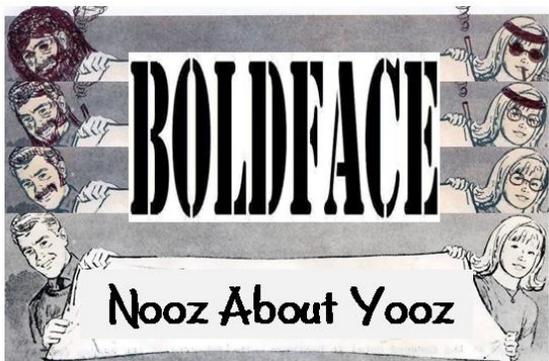


**Emily Mourgides ('72)**  
St. Petersburg, FL



**Steven Jay Shimberg ('71)**  
Washington, DC





Do the clean-cut young folks above look familiar? They should. Their images graced the Jericho School News newsletter that was mailed to your parents to let them know just what it was you were supposedly doing on weekdays.



### Why? Because It's There!

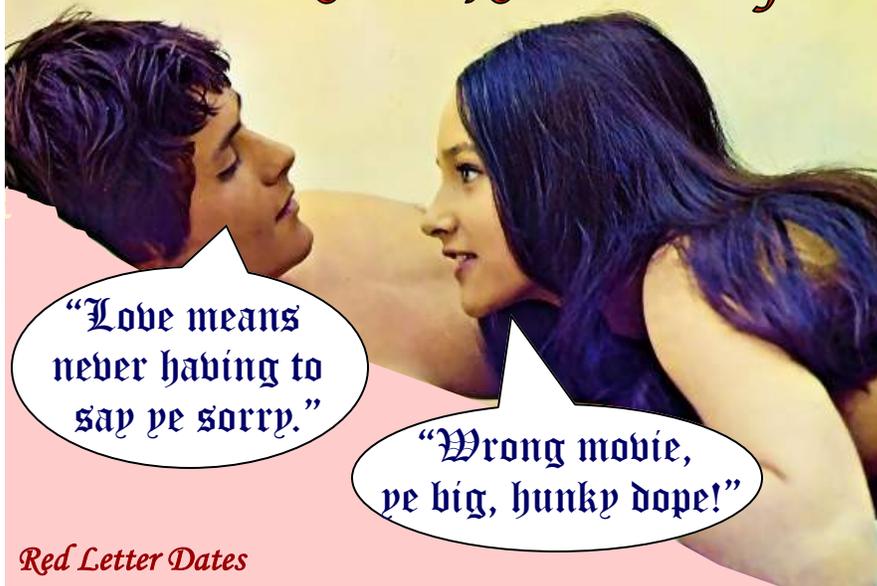
Alan Geringer from the class of 1968, who lives in Baltimore, sent this photo of him and his daughter, Elizabeth, standing on the summit of Mount Kilimanjaro—the world's highest free-standing mountain—last July. Just looking at this pic is enough to induce vertigo.



### Judy Tulchin Schroff ('68): An Occupational Therapist Discovers Art Therapy

Judy Tulchin Schroff recently exhibited several of her acrylic paintings in Buffalo, New York, where she has lived since 1973. An occupational therapist at Buffalo General  
*Continued on page 4*

## Romeo and Juliet, Jericho Style \*



### Red Letter Dates

### Meredith Cohen Roseman ('74) and David Roseman Celebrate 40 Years of Marriage!

Mere Reflects On What Makes Them Work Together (Figuratively), Including When Working Together (Literally)

It's always funny to think about how easy it would have been for David and me never to have met. He's originally from Brooklyn but grew up mainly in East Meadow. After he graduated, his parents moved to Florida. David came back up north to attend the New York Institute of Technology, where I happened to be taking two courses during my senior year in high school. I was seventeen; he was four years older, which made him seem so *mature!* I'd dated a few different guys, but this was my first serious relationship.



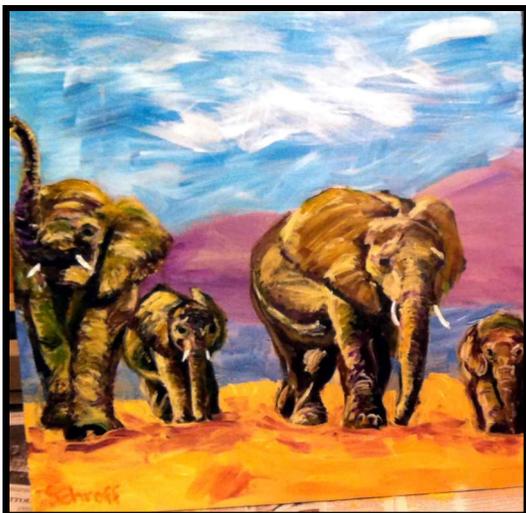
That summer of 1974, I flew down to Florida to visit him. I was very excited about making the trip, my first time in an airplane.

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\* But, unlike Romeo and Juliet, without all that fueding among the in-laws and the unpleasant stuff at the end with the poison and "O, happy dagger!" and double suicide and all the rest, blah blah woof woof.

## Judy Tulchin

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Hospital, she took up painting just two years ago "to have a passion should I decide to retire." She's certainly got the talent.

"Elephants are a subject I'm fond of," she says, "since I travelled to Thailand three years ago and got to spend a day in the jungle with these magnificent creatures and rode one bare-back. They're so wise, patient, and compassionate."



*The Tree of Life* (near right), on a four-by-five-foot canvas, was commissioned by a friend of Judith's "to hang in her bedroom and change the décor following a divorce.

"And the painting of the flowers," she explains, "is an exercise to capture their essence." Judy, who has been widowed for fifteen years, has two adult children, both of whom live in Buffalo, and is about to become a grandmother for the first time. ■

## Meredith Cohen

Continued from page 3



In the fall, David came back for his last year at NYIT, and I started at Nassau Community College. We got married the following October, and I moved down to Florida to begin our life together. We drove my car: a 1968 Chevy Nova with no a/c. So not only have we been married for forty years, but I'm also a forty-year Florida resident, in Cooper City.

I was one of the first of my friends to get married. I grew up in Oakwood, near the Robert Seaman Elementary School. It was a nice neighborhood to grow up in. My next-door neighbor, Bonnie Colgan Kosonovich, who's a year older than me, is the only person I knew of who got married before me. Her wedding was in June 1975. As kids, Bonnie and I did everything together.

I just saw her recently, in fact, when she flew down from her home in Michigan to visit her daughter in Orlando. I drove up there with my eighty-eight-year-old mother, who now lives in Sunrise, Florida, and we got to see Bonnie's two grandsons. I've also seen her a few times when both of us were visiting New York at the same time: me to see my parents and sister, Laure, who graduated in 1978; and Bonnie to see her parents. Her dad still lives in the same house on Willets Lane in Jericho.

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## Catch Up With ...

# Gerry Gaffen Alterbaum ('72)



***“We lived in Buffalo for eight years. I loved Buffalo! I gave birth to both my kids there. (And I’m still a Bills fan, by the way.) Since moving to Westchester County in 1983, we go back there to visit every year.”***

I spent my career teaching ninth- and tenth-grade global studies and twelfth-grade economics and participation in government. But growing up in Jericho, I was more of an art student. I knew I wanted to teach, though originally I planned to teach biology. For some reason, though, while at junior college in Massachusetts and then at Adelphi University, I always used to take electives in art history and history, and as a result, my focus gradually changed. I love history and social studies.

I finished college in three years, and in 1975 I moved to Buffalo for two reasons: in reverse order, to go to graduate school at the University of Buffalo, and to be with the man I would marry one year later.

Alan Alterbaum and I have known each other since we were kids. He’s from Queens. We met as campers at Camp Wel-Met, which was a rustic Jewish Federation sleepaway camp in Narrowsburg, New York, the Catskills. At one time, Wel-Met was one of the largest sleepaway camps in the country. Little-known historical fact: Howard Stern went to Wel-Met, which had two other camps, also in Sullivan County. Alan was bunkmates with the future radio shock-jock, and Howard and I worked in the

same unit as counselors. Many people who went to Camp Wel-Met have wonderful memories of the place; there’s even a website dedicated to it.

Alan is one year older than I am, and we didn’t really associate much as campers. But then in the summer of 1973, we were both working at Wel-Met as counselors, and we really connected. The funny thing is, we never really had a formal courtship; we were great friends, and one thing led to another. In all honesty, we never did “Can I take you out?” It was always going out with a group of friends.

My best friend from Jericho was and is Caren Kushner Gottesman. [See “Besties,” on page 6.] Her husband’s name is Alan, too (but spelled *Allan*), and they also met at a sleepaway camp, outside of Toronto. I know: it gets very confusing. At one point, the two of us were both going to Adelphi, and on weekends, we’d drive up to Buffalo together to see the two Alans. Her Allan, who is Canadian, would drive down from Toronto and meet us all there.

One day, my Alan and I decided, “Hey, let’s move in together.” And that’s when I

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***What’s the matter, you didn’t get enough snow after eight years of living in Buffalo? Gerry and Alan in Lake Tahoe in 2013. They plan on eventually retiring to Nevada.***

## Gerry Gaffen

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moved to Buffalo. Interestingly, Alan proposed to me the night of Caren's and her Allan's engagement party. It was Halloween night, 1975. I didn't tell her the big news, though, because it was her night, and I didn't want to take the attention away from Caren. Was Alan influenced by the

atmosphere? Maybe there's a romantic side to him after all! (Kidding!)

### Let It Snow, Let It Snow, Let It Snow

We remained in Buffalo for eight years. I earned a master's degree in education at UB and gave birth to both of my kids there. I love Buffalo! (And I'm still a Bills football fan, by the way.)

Since moving to Westchester County in 1983, we go back there to visit every year. Buffalo is called the city of friendly neighbors, and it really is. Whenever we're there, I turn into a foodie, which, I know, sounds strange. Foodies? In Buffalo? But I have to go to this particular Chinese restaurant, and I have to go to this certain ice-cream parlor. And, of course, I have to get my wings. (Not

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**More snow! (Have you detected a theme here?) Caren joined Gerry in March 1993 for daughter Jessica's Bat Mitzvah. "Caren's son, Jared, has gone backpacking with my Alan and Jordan," says Gerry, "and her daughter, Amy, and her husband, Jared (yes, they too have the same name) have spent New Year's in the Adirondacks with my two sets of kids and spouses. They've become a second generation of friends."**

Caren and I have been friends ever since seventh grade. We got married within months of each other in 1976. And even though she and her husband, Allan Gottesman, moved to Florida almost thirty years ago, we're still very close. We've gone on cruises together, and have traveled overseas, too.

One crazy day in June 2012, Caren called up and asked, "Gerry, would you like to go to China?" It was to be a group trip, which I'm pretty sure was the only way to visit China then, and we would be roommates, because her Allan didn't want to go. I said, "Sure! Let me just tell (my) Alan." I called her back and said, "The good news is, I'm going; the 'bad' news is, so is Alan."

Her roommate wound up being her son, Jared. The four of us spent two weeks in China, which was great. And last summer, Caren and Allan came up to our house in the Adirondacks for a week.

How close are Caren and I? Not only are we both married to "Alans/Allans" that we met in sleepaway camp, but in high school, the two of us dated these twin brothers from Plainview, whom we had met at a party of people I knew from Camp Wel-Met. One was named Steven; the other, Warren. My twin, Warren, came with me to our last-minute prom in June 1972, but Caren's twin, Steven, couldn't make it. So she went with Gary Shevin from our class of 1972 instead.



## Gerry Gaffen

Continued from page 6

at famous Frank's; we go to Duffs. Buffalonians will know what I'm talking about.) For me, those foods are staples, and they never let me down.

The snow never bothered us. We were there for the giant blizzard of January 1977. To this day, I keep a postcard of the blizzard on my refrigerator. People really bonded then, because you'd go stir-crazy if you didn't leave your house. So friends would throw potluck breakfasts, and you'd trudge through eight-foot-high drifts to get there, because there was a driving ban. And when you finally could use your car, you could drive only in the deep tracks left by the car in front of you. If you wanted to turn onto a side street, but it didn't have any tire tracks to follow, forget it. Not coincidentally, I've driven a four-wheel drive vehicle ever since.

The snow wasn't why we eventually returned to the New York area. It was because of the "have-ta" holidays. Alan's parents, who are now deceased, were elderly and could never make the trek up to Buffalo. So we'd always be driving down: "We have-ta go down for Passover." "We have-ta go down for Thanksgiving." "We have-ta go down for winter break."

With two kids, we decided that we needed to be a little closer to home base. Alan applied for a job advertised in the *New York Times* for a math teacher in Tarrytown. Now, in the early 1980s, there was a high demand for teachers of math and computers. So get this: the person in charge of the math department actually flew up to Buffalo to interview Alan. And when he rejected the district's initial offer, they called him back and said, "Name your price."

He moved down to begin teaching in January 1983, which left me in Buffalo with two kids. And I was teaching. And making the weekend treks back and forth, be-

cause we had to find housing in this area. Finally, when the semester ended for me, we all moved down here in 1983, to Yorktown Heights.

I literally live in a pine forest, with no sidewalks. It's much more rural than, say, Jericho, which is something that people don't always associate with Westchester. But there are really two Westchesters. Southern Westchester is very much like Long Island was when we were growing up, whereas Northern Westchester has a much slower pace and isn't nearly as built up. That's what we like about the area. We also have a second home up in the Adirondacks, on Saranac Lake.



**Left to right: son-in-law Garrett, daughter Jessica, husband Alan, Gerry, daughter-in-law Alicia, and son Jordan.**

I taught at Yorktown High School for twenty-eight years before retiring in 2012; Alan, who was assistant principal at Sleepy Hollow High School, retired the year before. I was very active in the local teachers union, and Alan is still involved in the State Administrators Association of New York. (Teachers and administrators don't always see eye-to-eye.) I really enjoyed teaching, although I'm not going to comment here on my feelings about the New York State Annual Pro-

fessional Performance Reviews of teachers and principals, or about the Common Core curriculum. I could stay up my soapbox forever, especially being involved in a union as much as I was.

The biggest change I saw in education from the 1980s to the 2010s wasn't so much in the classroom but in terms of parents enabling kids. When we went to school, if a teacher called your parents, you were in hot water. Now, when a teacher calls a parent, the parent often takes the side of the child, no matter what. So-called helicopter parents. For example, I had a high school senior who needed to take an exam but kept blowing it off. His parents came in to beg and plead on his behalf. And I'm thinking, *Why isn't your child speaking to me directly? What about his responsibility here?* I began seeing that more and more over the years.

Both of us still work part-time: I administer the SAT

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## Gerry Gaffen

Continued from page 7

exam for ETS (Educational Testing Service/College Board), sometimes for kids who require modifications, while Alan teaches at Pace University. But only the fall semesters, because spring is our time to travel. Last May, Alan and I took a catamaran cruise around the British Virgin Islands with Ellen Weinstein and her wife, Christine Brown. I'd reconnected with Ellen at the class of 1972's 40-year-reunion in 2012. I love both of them; they're a phenomenal couple. Now, my husband is a runner, and you can't really run on a catamaran, so he wasn't the happiest of campers. And I came down with conjunctivitis in both eyes.



*(Top) Gerry celebrating the big 6-0 with her parents last September; and (above) also celebrating aboard a catamaran with classmate Ellen Weinstein and their respective spouses, Christine Brown (far left) and Alan on the right.*



*Globetrotting with the Gottesmans: (Left) Alan and Gerry with Caren and Allan on an Alaska cruise in 2006, and (below) in China in 2012. That's Caren's son, Jared, pinch-hitting for his dad, on the left.*



But it was a lovely, relaxing vacation, and Ellen and I got to celebrate our sixtieth birthdays together, which were just days apart. I would definitely do it again. As for Alan ... he prefers land.

Our long-term plan is to eventually retire to Nevada. In fact, we just spent six weeks skiing in Colorado and then winding up in Henderson, Nevada, right outside of Vegas. We haven't gotten to the point of buying property there yet, mainly because my parents live in Cranberry, New Jersey. They sold our house in West Birchwood in the mid-1990s. My dad is eighty-five; Mom, eighty-four. And they're both in wonderful health and loving life. But it's important to me to know that in an emergency, I can be at their house in less than two hours. A lot of parents from Jericho also now live in their part of New Jersey; in fact, my mom still plays Mah-Jong with two of the same people she played with way back when.

Our eldest child, Jessica, just turned thirty-five in January; and Jordan is thirty-two. Jessica has been

married to Garrett for seven years. I don't know if they want children or not, but that's for them to decide and not for me to say, "Hey, I need to be a grandmother!" Because I don't. They live in Hawthorne, New York, which is just twenty miles south of us. She works as a sales manager in hotels, and he is an actuary.

Jordan, a chef, is married to Alicia, who is a lawyer. They also live relatively close by, in Astoria, Queens. What's nice is that both my kids get along really well, as do their spouses. It's so great to see the four of them socialize together.

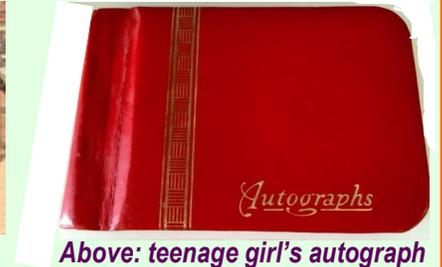
All in all, I'm just enjoying life. I'm very content. I'm very fortunate to have a pension that allows me do the things I want. I have a good husband; our marriage is solid. And, most important of all, of course, good health. ■

### Everybody's Got a Story to Tell — Even You!

How about sharing it in the pages of your JHS Classes of 1968-1975 Online Magazine? Feel free to write it yourself or, as is usually the case, get to feel like a real big-shot and be interviewed over the phone. Interested? Contact Phil at [philipbashe@optimum.net](mailto:philipbashe@optimum.net).

# Zip from the Crypt

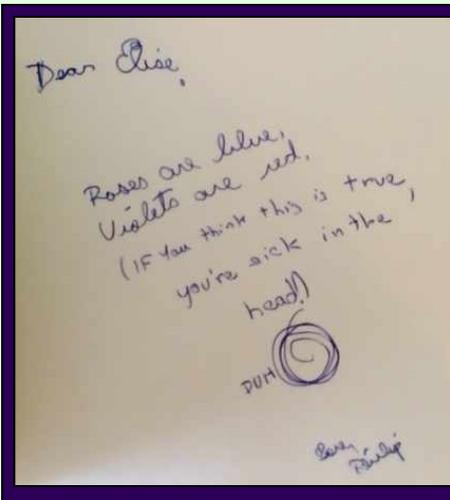
## DIG IT: ARCHAEOLOGICAL FINDS



Above: teenage girl's autograph book circa AD 1966.

Ilise Zimmerman ('72) writes from Harworth, New Jersey:

"Hope this note finds you and your family well. I am fine, although recovering from a major flood that occurred in my basement. While sorting through the boxes that got wet, I stumbled upon my autograph book from 1966. Below please find some priceless entries! The one you wrote to me is funny. The one from **Andy Romanoff** is hysterical. Unlike many valuable documents that were drenched and had to be tossed, the autograph book survived the years and the water is in perfect shape!"



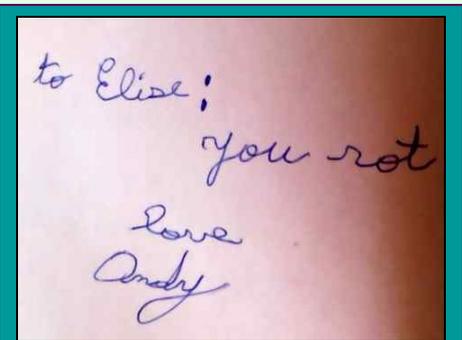
Translation:

"Dear Elise\*:

Roses are blue,  
Violets are red  
(If you think this is true,  
you are sick  
in the head.)

Duh.

Love, Philip [Bashe]"



Translation:

"To Elise\*: you rot.  
Love, Andy [Romanoff]"

\* Notice how both male adolescents from ancient Jericho misspelled Ilise's name. Way to go. Clearly a couple of underachievers.

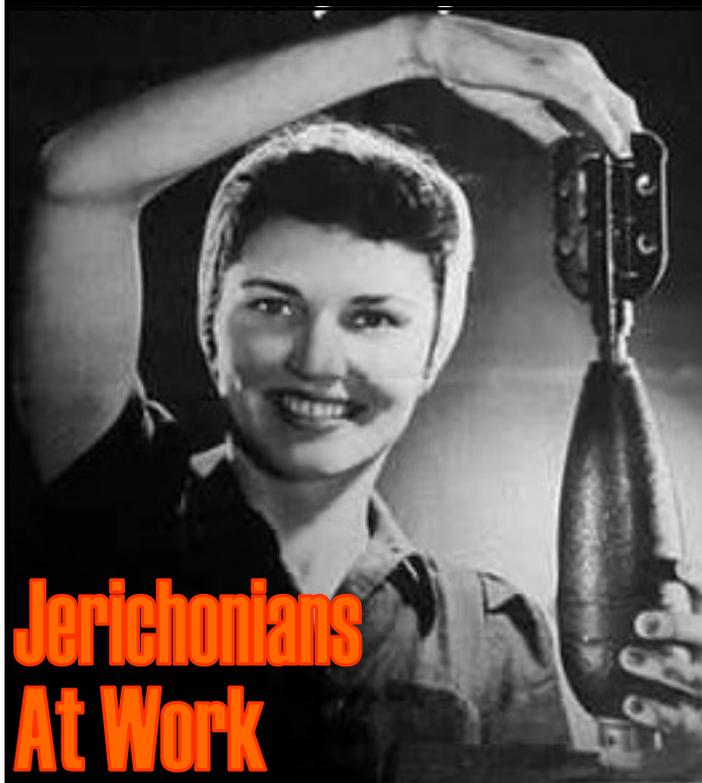


Mrs. Helen Coelho's sixth-grade class, Cantiaque Elementary, June 1966: Ilise is top row, center; Andy, middle low, far left; and Phil, middle row, second kid from right.\*



Ilise and her family hiking in Copake, New York, where husband Dennis Posen, an architect, renovated a lakeside cottage into a winterized weekend retreat. Daughters Michelle and Stephanie both live and work in Manhattan.

## Takin' Care of Bidness!



### Susan Gallo ('75)

#### A Calling for Creativity and Design Brings "Avon Calling"

##### Creative Director, Avon Products, Inc.

I am kind of a private person, and at first I wasn't sure if I wanted to be profiled in the alumni magazine. But I talked to my mom about it, and she said, "Do it! Do it for posterity!" And so here we are.

Reflecting back on Jericho High School, I really appreciate what a progressive place it was, especially for girls in the early 1970s. There was a very progressive message of feminism, in the sense that girls were encouraged just as much as boys were. I don't think that happened at every high school back then. But for me, it made a big impact, especially on my future.

My fondest memories are of Mr. D'Amato's art class. He used to call me "The Gallo" and was always so supportive of my art. I also remember my class with Mr. Posnanski and Mr. Grasso. It was such a calm and mellow class. Every day, they'd play Carole King's *Tapestry*

while we painted or created something. To this day, whenever I hear anything from that album, I'm right back in that classroom.

I realized early on that I had a certain talent for art, and it was important to me to be able to turn that into a career. My father was a scenic artist and set designer for NBC TV; he worked there from 1955 to 1995—very much the golden age of television. I used to visit him often at NBC Studios in Rockefeller Plaza and knew then that I wanted to follow in his footsteps.

I always knew I would end up at an art school in Manhattan, but decided that first I should go away to college, so I spent my first two years as a graphic design major at Buffalo State College. While there, I took a lithography class, and became interested in printmaking and illustration. I decided to go more in that direction and away from graphic design, so after my sophomore year, I applied to the Parsons School of Design and was accepted into its illustration program. In 1979 I graduated with a fine-arts degree with a concentration in illustration.

#### New York, New York, It's a Helluva Town!

With graduation under my belt, I decided to move from the Thirteenth Street apartment I shared with my brother, Christopher (then a photography major at the Cooper Union), to a new Thirteenth Street apartment I would share with Jericho friends Cynthia Marshall and Ellen Miller. It was a great time for three girls to live in Greenwich Village, explore the city, develop our careers, and eventually meet our spouses.

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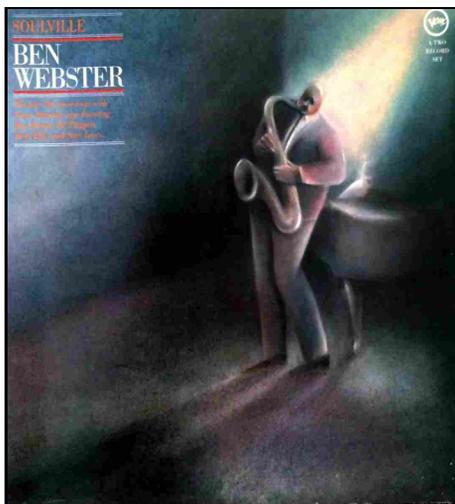




**Susan Gallo**

*Continued from page 10*

My first job—“just to pay the bills”—was doing paste-ups and mechanicals for a medical publishing company on Madison Avenue. During my lunch breaks, I would make appointments to show my portfolio of illustrations. I went to CBS Records, *Rolling Stone* magazine—probably every publishing company and magazine in the city. Eventually I was hired to illustrate an album cover: one of



the Verve series featuring legendary jazz sax player Ben Webster. But I soon realized that these jobs would be few and far between, and, besides, I liked working with lots of people as part of a company. I started getting more and more back into graphic design, and decided I wanted to move from medical publishing to the field of fashion and beauty, and that’s when I got a job at

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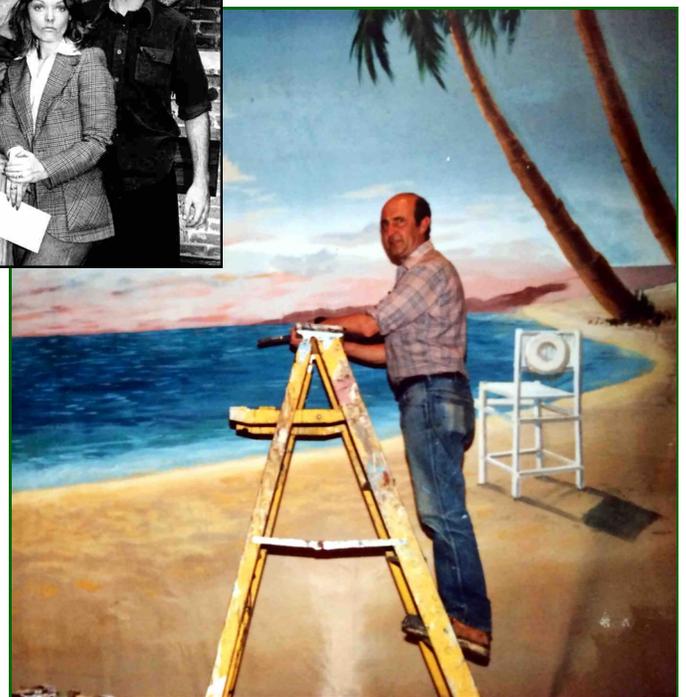
Around the time I graduated from high school, my father came home one night and told us about a new show he’d soon be working on at NBC. “It’s going to be live,” he said. “What a crazy concept!” My dad had worked on the *Perry Como Show* when it was live, but by 1975, most programs, of course, were on tape.

So that fall, my dad was in Studio 8H from Thursday mornings through the night of the live broadcast, creating sets for each and every skit of *Saturday Night Live*. I was in college in Buffalo for the first two seasons, but by 1977, as the show began season three, I was living in the city and going to the Parsons School of Design. I used to visit Dad all the time. Watching SNL rehearsals was always illuminating. I was struck by how Dan Aykroyd was

very much the leader of the cast. He wasn’t just a great comic actor; he’d write and even direct a lot of the sketches. Every May, I’d get to attend the big season-ending cast parties. It was a fascinating glimpse into the world of celebrity.



*Well, isn’t that special! Susan’s father (right) was a set designer for SNL’s first twenty years until retiring in 1995. (Above): original cast members Chase, Newman, Belushi, Radner, Morris, Curtin, and Aykroyd.*





## Susan Gallo

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Fairchild Publications, publisher of *Women's Wear Daily* and *W* magazine. It turned out to be a fantastic opportunity where I could hone my design and typography skills, and, most importantly, begin to direct photo shoots which, to this day, is something I love to do.

Although I had a very small photo shoot budget at Fairchild, I was lucky enough to work with young “newcomers” such as photographer David LaChapelle and supermodel Linda Evangelista. I had a lot of creative freedom there and was beginning to build a strong portfolio.

After a few years at Fairchild, I moved to Charles of the Ritz, the cosmetics subsidiary of Squibb Pharmaceuticals, which included prestige brands such as Yves St. Laurent. There I learned a lot, and the work was interesting, but it had a very intense, haughty type of atmosphere—not my kind of place. Three years later, Revlon bought the company, and I was married, pushing thirty, and ready to start a family. I knew I needed to make a change.

A number of people I knew recommended that I try getting in at Avon, which had a reputation for being a very benevolent, family-oriented kind of company. I'd actually worked for Avon once before: for, like, a hot minute. Remember Avon ladies, who used to sell cosmetics door to door? “Avon, calling!” Well, in junior high school,

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## Portfolio: What I Do

Designing woman: just a few Avon catalog covers and ads by Susan.





## Susan Gallo

Continued from page 12

one of my friends from the neighborhood became an Avon rep, and she asked if I'd like to make some extra money helping her. I don't think I actually sold anything back then, but in 1987 I landed a job as an art director at Avon's NYC headquarters and have been there ever since.

The same week that I started my new job at Avon, I also made another big change: my husband, Larry, and I moved from the city to our first house, in Syosset. Larry is from Westbury (he went to Chaminade High School and Hamilton College), and by 1987, we decided to bite the bullet, and move back to the burbs.

## Hello LIRRI!

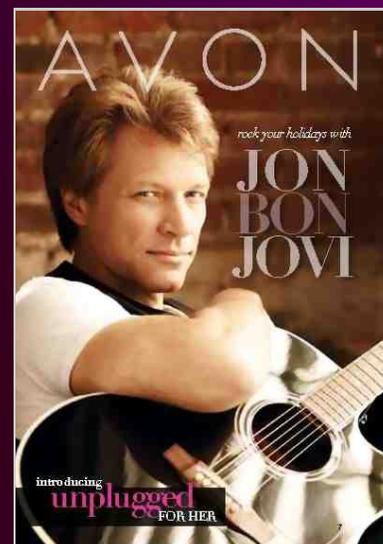
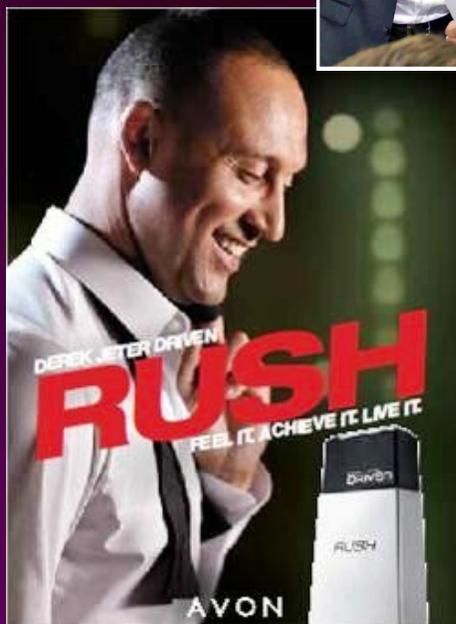
From the start at Avon, I was given a great opportunity to create and visualize many of its beauty brands with some of the finest talent in NYC. Whether it was collaborating with Diane Von Furstenberg on a new fragrance, or working on the launch of the Avon Breast Cancer Crusade, the experience was invaluable. By 1994, I was promoted to associate creative director shortly after the birth of my first son, Trevor.

Avon's tagline is "The Company for Women," and it really is. I had Trevor when I was thirty-five, and Peter four years later, and Avon allowed me to juggle it all with a flexible work arrangement that lasted eleven years.

Continued on page 14

## Portfolio: What I Do

Right: "Okay, Cap'n, now listen up, and listen up good." Susan directs a photo shoot with Derek Jeter and famed sports photographer Walter Ioss. Below, the finished advertisement.



The photo shoot with rocker Jon Bon Jovi (above right) took place at Brooklyn's Williamsburg Music Hall; (below) NBA star Chris Paul of the L.A. Clippers brought his young son with him to the photo session.





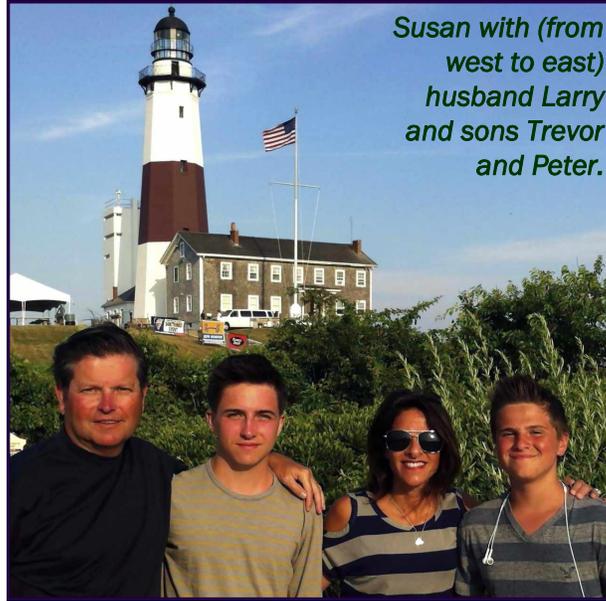
## Susan Gallo

*Continued from page 13*

Although I had to give up my associate creative director position, it was well worth it. I enjoyed and appreciated every spare moment I had with my boys.

By 2008, they were in high school and middle school, and Avon wanted me back full-time. I agreed, and soon after was promoted to creative director of Avon, North America. Despite the long hours and many demands, it's been an incredible opportunity, something I never expected to happen in my fifties. Some of my most memorable experiences include a photo shoot with Jon Bon Jovi for a fragrance called Unplugged. I also was privileged to shoot both Derek Jeter and Chris Paul several times with sports photography legend Walter Ioss.

Both athletes are consummate professionals, extremely respectful and genuinely nice. The first time I shot Jeter, we had the run of the Yankees spring training complex in Tampa. We photographed him on the field, in the locker room, the dugout, and batting cages. He has this way about him to put you at ease: like, he'll give you a little shoulder massage while making conversation: "Now, what school does your son go to? Wake Forest? Oh! I have a friend who played baseball there!" The following year, we went back to Tampa for another photo



*Susan with (from west to east) husband Larry and sons Trevor and Peter.*

shoot with Derek. We had scheduled a wardrobe fitting in one of the suites at the hotel. I arrived early and waited for everyone to show up. But first there was a knock at the door. It was some guy in a hoodie, all by himself—it was Derek.

"Oh! Hi!" I said. He came in, and I asked if he wanted to start looking through the racks of clothes, and he said politely, "No, that's okay. We can wait for everyone else to get here." So there I was, alone in a hotel room with Derek Jeter, and nervously trying to make conversation. I asked him about his re-

cent ankle surgery, and he told me about the rehab he was doing. Then he asked, "Do you want to see it?" Well, the scar was pretty awful looking, and I wondered if he would ever play again—but mostly I was relieved when everyone else finally got there.

Looking back, one of my greatest accomplishments has been achieving what was first encouraged many years ago at Jericho: that I can have it all—a fulfilling, challenging career and the joy of raising two great kids. But to do that took a lot of blood, sweat, and tears on my part, a company that was willing to "flex," and the incredible support of my parents—who, by the way, still live in our house in Princeton Park!

With Trevor graduating from Wake Forest in May and starting a career in DC, and Peter graduating from high school and attending college in September, I hope to continue my career with the same tenacity I always have. Well, maybe just a little less. I love what I do but wouldn't mind, at some point, to take some time to stop and smell the garlic—that I grow in my garden. ■

*A daily LIRR commuter, Susan passes the time photographing "whatever captures my interest" on her iPhone. "It's tricky to do, because the train is always bouncing."*



# TOONS CARTOONS CARTOONS



By Dan Clurman (72)

**About Dan:**

"I have been a coach and educator for the last thirty-plus years, delivering training and classes in nonprofits organizations, universities, and corporations.

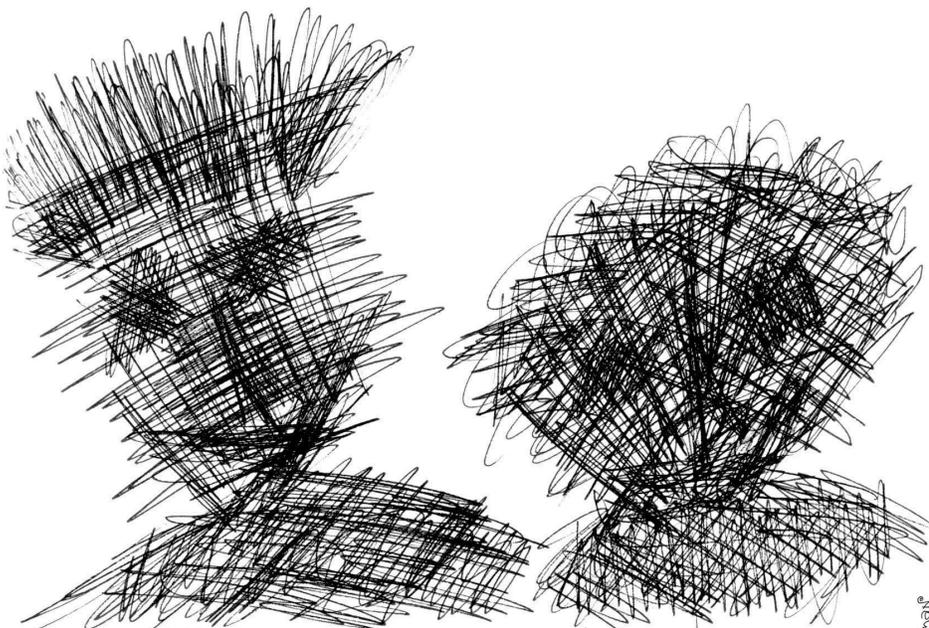


"I assist professionals, business people, couples, and students to more skillfully navigate life transitions, as well as improve their communication and presentations. I also have a small practice as a Feldenkrais® practitioner, a movement-based form of education.

"I've cowritten a few books, *Money Disagreements: How to Talk About Them* and *Conversations With Critical Thinkers*, as well as a book of poems and drawings, *Floating Upstream*."

These toons are taken from Dan's most recent book, *You've Got to Draw the Line Somewhere*, available for \$15 at <http://www.dantoons.com>.

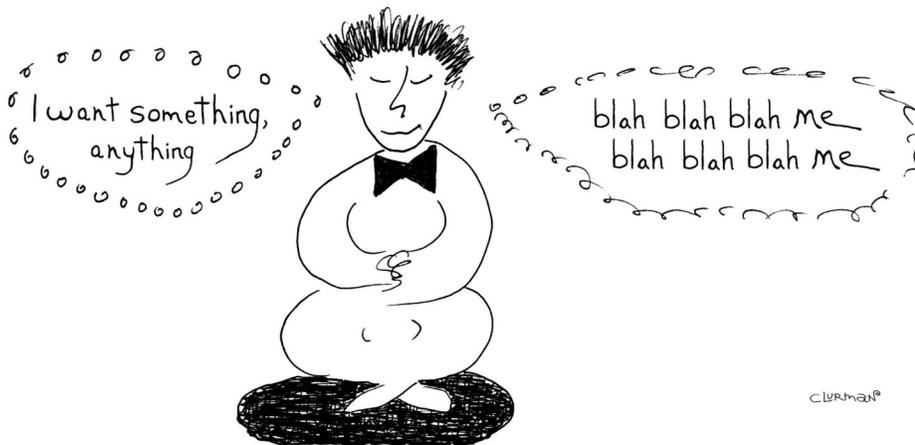
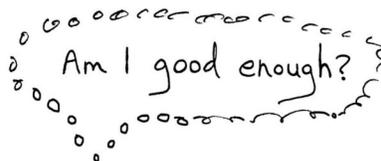
Daniel Goleman, bestselling author of *Emotional Intelligence*, has this to say about *You've Got to Draw the Line Somewhere*: "impish but pointed, edgy and astute, wise, and just plain funny."



CLURMAN®

Overcaffeinated Couple

Wherever you are, there you go



CLURMAN®

National Bestseller

## Everything you always wanted to know about Bruce Steiner ('68)\*

\* But Were Too Self-Absorbed to Ask!



back to kindergarten. And her “kid” sister (now Andree Brown), who was four years younger, came with her.

Another reason for the closeness was that many of us also knew one another from community activities, like Little League, or through the local church or synagogue. I had a lot of friends through Hebrew school at the Jericho Jewish Center.

In high school, I was probably known best for being good at math. I was on the math team in both junior high and high school. The “coach” in the junior high was Mr. Paul Selise, and in the high school, it was Mr. Stan Katz, the chairman of the department. You’ll remember that back

**M**y family was one of the first to move into the Oakwood section of Jericho, in 1953. I was three years old, and my brother, Keith ('73), wasn't even born yet. We lived on Halsey Avenue, right by the Robert Seaman Elementary School.



My class, from 1968, is pretty close, and I think a lot of it has to do with the fact that, for one thing, the class sizes were still pretty small, although they were growing rapidly from year to year. Our class had around 260 people, whereas the year before had maybe 180, and the class of 1969 had 340 or so. Compared to many high schools, even 340 is nothing. So we all pretty much knew one another. For me, having spent my entire school career in the Jericho school system, from kindergarten through high school graduation, I knew a lot of people for thirteen years, and some even more than that.

In 2010 our class had a forty-two-year reunion. Or you could refer to it as a fortieth reunion two years late. I was very happy to see Michelle Edelheit Black; we go all the way

then, the junior high school consisted of grades seven, eight, and nine. Well, In eighth grade, I placed first in Nassau County in the junior high school math competition.

The next year, ninth grade, they drafted me to be on the high school team. About six of us were offered the opportunity to join the older kids, and we had to compete. They gave us this test—it was actually for high school students, not junior high—and I got the highest grade of anyone. In fact, my score was roughly equal to those of the second- and third-place finishers combined. So they said, “We’d like you to be on the high school math team and compete in the county tournament.”

I said, “But I’m in ninth grade! I don’t know anything!”  
“Well, you did better than anybody else.”

So they put me in the tournament, and I didn’t do very well. But the next three years—tenth, eleventh, and twelfth grades—I did well. In twelfth grade, I finished fourth in the county. And when I represented Jericho in the national tournament, I placed tenth in the New York metropolitan area, which was pretty good, because we were competing against elite schools like Stuyvesant High and Bronx High School of Science.

I was also on the chess team. Back then, Jericho always used to win chess tournaments. You know that big glass trophy case in one of the hallways? It was filled mostly with chess trophies. Nowadays, the school is probably pretty proud of that, but at the time, I don’t think we were greatly appreciated. In fact, nobody paid much attention at all to the chess team.

The two top players were Arnie Berman, from my class, and Steve Siegel, from the class of 1967. Only five players from each school got to go to the tournaments, and I was usually number six or seven, but so I never

*Continued on page 17*

**“In April, I turned sixty-five, and, of course, everybody keeps asking me if I’m going to retire. And the answer is: I don’t know! One of my coworkers just retired last year. At ninety.”**

## Bruce Steiner

*Continued from page 16*

got to compete. But I always enjoyed it. The same thing happened in ninth grade when I went out for the freshman track team. One of the great things about the track team was that they never cut anybody; it doesn't really matter how many people you have on the squad, right? I did the shot-put, and I was actually reasonably okay. The problem was that the two best shotputters in the division happened to be from Jericho; in fact, they were both in my class: Mark Rudes (who is married to Linda Glasser, also from '68), and John Hollosy. In every meet, they'd finish numbers one and two—in whichever order—and so everyone else, not only on our team but on the opposing teams, were all vying for the third spot, so it was tough to place in the top three. I never did. But, again, it was a lot of fun.

### Off to College: Cornell, Buffalo, NYU

As you might expect, I started off as a math major at Cornell University. Then I switched to government, which everybody also calls political science. I was involved in a lot of political stuff then. I spent the summer of 1971 working as an intern for our local congressman, Democrat Lester Wolff. And I did volunteer work for different campaigns over the years, like for Congressman Allard Lowenstein, who was an important figure of the sixties and seventies. He was one of the leaders in the movement to try to get a different president in 1968. I'm not sure whether Richard Nixon turned out to be an improvement over Lyndon Johnson, but looking back, they both did a lot of great things: Johnson with civil rights, voting rights, and Medicare; and Nixon with clean air, clean water, and opening up relations with China. They both had their flaws, of course, which caused them to leave office earlier than they might have, but they both still did a lot of great things. Nowadays I follow politics but haven't really participated in it since I got out of college.

*Continued on page 18*



Hey, Jericho readers! It's me, TV host **Bob Ew-banks**, and it's time to play America's fav-o-rite game show:

## Name! That! Neighbor!

**[APPLAUSE SIGN FLASHES]**

***Bruce has amazing recall of the kids he grew up with in Oakwood. Could you name all of your neighbors?***

On my side of **Halsey Avenue**, the **Schers** were the first house. And just around the corner, on **Leahy Street**, were the **Storms**: **Larry** ('68), **Scotty** ('69), and **Laurie** ('75). Then, turning the corner, you had the **Sadowskis**, **Bob** ('68) and **Carol** ('72); the **Greens**; and going farther east was the **Martin** family: **Bob** ('64), **Michelle** ('69), and **Neil** ('72). The house after that was **Fran Cordasco**, who was in the class of 1970. The house after that belonged to the **Gros-sés**: **Bobby**, who was in '66, and **Chris**, who was my year. Next were the **Koffs**, who had five kids: **Howie**, **Sharon**, **Martin**, **Anne**, and **Teri**.

Up the block, you had the **Meslins**—**Harvey** ('72) and **Parker**—the **Kochnowers**, **Jeff**, **Janet** ('68), and **Laurie** ('72); the **Ehrlichs**, **Bob** ('72) and **Ben**; the **Mendelsohns**—**Mark**, who was in my year, and **Irene** ('71)—and the **Sadicks**: **Barbara** and **Michael** ('73). On the other side of the street were the **Wiskoskys**, **John** and **Mildred** ('69), **Walt** ('72), and **Ann** ('75), and the **Resnicks**, **Gerald** and **Roz** ('69). The **McLaughlins**, **Ken** ('69) and **Debi** ('72), were in the last house on **Dewey Street**, on the corner of Halsey. Their parents still live there.

Up the block on the north side of Halsey Avenue were the **Reales**, **Joe** ('66) and **Nancy** ('71), the many **Krasners** and **Kofflers**, **Steven Dershowitz** ('73), and the **Schlussels**: **Stephen** ('68), **Fred** ('71), and **Neil** ('74). The **Minekeses**, **Ron** ('66), **Neil** ('69), and **Jonathan** ('75), and the class of 1967's **Alan Rodstein** lived toward the end of the road and across the street. And both the **Edelheits** and the **Widlitzes**—**Amy** ('68) and **Evan** ('71)—were on **Willets Lane**.

I'm sure I've missed some, especially if they were a few years before or after me. ■



## Bruce Steiner

*Continued from page 17*

I really enjoyed Cornell—a little cold in the winter, but other than that, it was great. A lot of people from Jericho went there or to nearby Ithaca College, so there were many Jericho grads in the area.

From Cornell, I went to an even colder place for law school: SUNY Buffalo. People forget that, at one time, Buffalo was a very important, major US city, with huge manufacturing, and transportation, and it was something of a financial center, too. It had hosted a World's Fair, one president came from there (Millard Fillmore), and another was assassinated there (William McKinley). But by the early 1970s, like a lot of upstate New York cities, the large manufacturers, such as Bethlehem Steel, to name one, began closing, and Buffalo has struggled ever since.

The school was wonderful for me because one of UB's great strengths was tax law, and I got to take lots and lots of tax courses there, more than you could at most schools. It pulled everything together for me. So when I got into the graduate tax program at New York University, I was way better prepared than most everybody in my class. Tax law really was a natural progression for me, combining

*Continued on page 27*

## Hiring the Hassles a Major Hassle For Principal John Heller

**I was president of the Student Council my senior year. (Marty Weisberg was my campaign manager. Thanks, Marty!) We'd organized a dance for the first weekend in April 1968. It was to be in the gym, of course, and we'd hired a very popular local band called the Phaetons. That Thursday, April 4, Dr. Martin Luther King was murdered.**

Everyone just had the general sense that we should call off the dance and reschedule it, just in case there might be trouble—whatever that meant. Given the ethnic makeup of the student body at the time, I'm not really sure what people feared would happen. But nevertheless, we canceled it. Under the circumstances, the Phaetons agreed to tear up their contract.

We rescheduled the dance for June. The Phaetons would have brought in a very big crowd, but they weren't available. But we made up for it: we were thrilled to hire another local group: the Hassles. They'd already recorded an album for United Artists records, were about to make another, and their soulful cover of "You've Got Me Hummin'" just missed making the Top 100.

There was a Jericho connection, too: drummer Jonathan Small had graduated from JHS in 1965. The band's organist and backing vocalist was a guy from the Hicksville-Levittown area named Billy Joel. We contracted to pay them \$850. All contracts had to be approved by the principal, Mr. John Heller. And Mr. Heller was very concerned about how much we were paying the Hassles, for several reasons.

First, he wanted to make sure that we had at least \$850 in the treasury in case we didn't sell a single ticket. We did. And we sold a lot more than one ticket.

He was also concerned because the Hassles, being a recording act, would play for only one hour. Usually, the band you hired played for the entire dance. We had to actually go and hire a second band to play the rest of the night, so that was another \$250. Principal Heller did the math, and he calculated that the five members of the Hassles would earn \$170 an hour apiece—which, naturally, was a lot more than the hourly pay of a high school principal. And for some reason, he seemed to fixate on Jon, the drummer, whom I assumed he knew. It really seemed to bother him that the drummer in a rock band would earn so much money. (Jon, incidentally, inducted into the JHS Hall of Fame in 2014, is a renowned video director for countless artists, including Aerosmith and his former bandmate, Billy Joel.)

Of course, what Mr. Heller wasn't taking into consideration was the fact that a band has expenses, maybe a manager, and so on. I'm an attorney in a law firm, and sometimes in explaining our hourly billing rate, I have to point out that no business puts all 100 percent of the gross in its pocket. There are many things that have to be paid for. And in the case of a band, it's not as if they're performing eight hours a day, five days a week every week. I don't remember if we had to point that out to the very concerned Principal Heller, but in the end, he did sign the contract, and the Hassles rocked the Jericho High School gymnasium in June 1968. ■



**The Hassles: John Dizek, Jon Small, Richard McKenna, Howie Blauvelt, and Billy Joel.**

## Meredith Cohen

*Continued from page 5*

Moving to Florida, where I didn't know a soul aside from my in-laws, was a really big adjustment. It was my first time away from home. But, you know, it's all part of growing up. David began working in his family's business in Fort Lauderdale. The company installed and serviced soda fountain equipment for restaurants, bars, and such.

We have two children. Josh, who will turn thirty-seven this year, lives in the suburbs of Atlanta. His work involves something to do with ad coding, which I really don't understand! He's a single dad and has an adorable eight-year-old daughter, Alyssa. She is a sweetheart and smart as anything. Our daughter, Sarah, thirty-two, lives in the area and works in retail management.

When Sarah entered preschool, I went to work as a preschool teacher. Then I decided to go back to school: first, at Broward Community College, and then on to Florida International University, where I earned my bachelor's degree in education. I worked as an elementary school science resource teacher for ten years, but then I developed problems with my knees. After undergoing knee replacement surgery in 2006, I decided that it had come time to try something else.

At the time, real estate was really hot in Florida. A friend of ours talked me into taking a real estate class with him. We got our licenses and then worked together for a while. Meanwhile, around the same time, David sold his share of the family business to his partners. For all intents, he was retired. But then, two years ago, he decided to get his real estate sales license too, and now we work together.

We have an office address because brokers are required to have one, but we mostly work out of our home. At first I wasn't sure what it would be like to work together—I thought, *Uh-oh, this is going to be very difficult*—but it hasn't been that way at all. We just learned our comfort zones, and we fell into a pattern that works for us. I think we do a very good job.

People ask, What's the secret to a long, happy marriage? For us, laughter helps a lot. David and I have grown up together and shared many stages of life: being a young married couple; then with little kids; then teenagers; then empty nesters; then a boomerang kid who moved back in—and then back out again! And now we're grandparents. Experiencing all of that, I think, gives you a deeper level of understanding about your partner. Caring for each other is important, obviously, but I think that we really always try to listen to each other. Hopefully

we'll be together as long as David's parents, who just celebrated their *sixty-fifth* anniversary! My father-in-law is eighty-five, and my mother-in-law, eighty-three. They met while in grade school in Brooklyn, and I guess he just decided that she was the one for him. She was only seventeen when they got married.

As for how we plan on celebrating, to tell you the truth, I don't know! A lot of it depends on our parents' health. We've talked about traveling to England and Ireland, but that's not something you'd want to do in October. We'll probably wait on that until the following summer. I'd be happy just to spend a weekend with the kids and our granddaughter. ■



*(Above): Meredith and sister Laure (JHS '78) with their mom, now eighty-eight. (Left) On the beach with daughter Sarah and granddaughter, Alyssa. (Below) Alyssa with her dad, Meredith and David's son, Josh.*



## The Jericho High School Alumni Hall of Fame Turns Twenty-five

Mr. Bob Hoffman, Who Spearheaded the Hall, Explains How It Got Started, Where It's Headed, and What It's All About



*Inductees and student presenters at the twenty-fourth induction ceremony in 2014.*

**A**round 1988, Emil Voigt, who was the head of the teachers union, went to the superintendent of schools and negotiated for me two free periods to do futuring for the district. And that's because I was teaching future studies as a class. So I was teaching three classes, and the other two periods, I was researching the future of education, and so on.

One of the things we were working on was trying to figure out how to get publicity out about Jericho. After all, we've had many, many talented, bright people go through here.

At one of our meetings, Dr. Matt Mandrey, who was the high school principal at the time, commented, "Jericho has a history, but it doesn't have any traditions." Which was true. Someone suggested that we have Waldbaum's make up grocery bags imprinted with "Jericho High School: A School of Prominence." Then someone else—and I really don't remember who it was—said, "How about Jericho having a hall of fame, because so many of our students have gone on to great success?" The idea was that we could honor these former students, involve the community, and bring back these alumni to talk about their experiences with our current students.

That's basically how the idea came about. Matt took it to the Jericho High School Student Council, which



*Mr. Bob Hoffman, Hall of Fame founder, with committee MVP Mary Vitale.*

thought it was a great idea. Because I was handling the futuring aspect of it, it was left to me to determine how and where and in what manner this would be done.

We started a committee: it consisted of my good friend Lou Boroson, the math teacher; language teacher Ken Larkin; phys ed instructor and coach Tony DiNome, and me. Our first task: Okay, how do we structure this thing? I'm pretty sure that it was Tony who mentioned that a Catholic School in Brooklyn, Saint Ann's School, had a hall of fame. He might have taught there before coming to Jericho. I asked him to bring us back some information about its hall of fame, and he brought us back its charter. Matt presented it to the superintendent and the board of education, and they were all enthusiastic. We got the go-ahead.

### The Hall of Fame Takes Shape

The format of the induction ceremony has remained pretty much the same since the very first one in 1991. First, there's a dinner for the inductees and their families, along with former teachers, administrators, and so on. The Maine Maid Inn was a popular hangout at the

*Continued on page 21*

## Hall of Fame

Continued from page 20

time, so we held it there until it closed in 2008. Since then, we've held the dinner at the other logical spot, Milleridge Inn.

As for the induction ceremony itself, it has always been held in the lovely auditorium at the Jericho Public Library rather than in the high school's Little Theater or auditorium. There's a reason for that. I've always viewed the Hall of Fame as being not just about Jericho High School but about the entire community. In a sense, we were honoring the "early settlers"—by which, of course, I mean the families that moved here in the 1950s and 1960s and created this climate for educational excellence.

At the ceremony, each inductee receives a plaque and gives a speech, and then we have a wall of smaller plaques in the school itself. If you take the tour of Jericho High School on the morning of June 6, 2015, it's on the brick wall facing the west entrance (where all you kids used to hang out and smoke in the mornings), near the library and the cafeteria. After the ceremony, we have a reception for everyone, and then the next morning, the inductees come back to the school for breakfast and to speak to various classes.

### The Criteria for Induction

Jericho High School has so many distinguished former students that we could probably add fifty people to the Hall of Fame each year. No exaggeration. The number of doctor nominees alone could fill the hall. We sometimes joke that at other schools, most of our inductees would probably have a whole wing named after them. We eventually settled on five inductees per year, for the simple reason that when you have more than that—and there were some years early on where we had as many as seven—the ceremony would go on for days! Five seems to be the ideal number.

The nominations come from *you*. Every November, my right-hand person on the Hall of Fame Committee, Mary Vitale, mails out nomination forms to an expanding list of alumni. With the advent of email, we now also distribute the forms that way as well, and anyone can access the form online on the Hall of Fame website: [www.jerichoschools.org/resources/community/jericho\\_hall\\_of\\_fame](http://www.jerichoschools.org/resources/community/jericho_hall_of_fame). You can nominate a friend or family member, or even yourself.

In the beginning, naturally, it took a lot of time and effort to track people down. Thanks to social media, it is

**“Jericho High School has so many distinguished former students that we could probably add fifty people to the Hall of Fame each year. No exaggeration. The number of doctor nominees alone could fill the hall.”**

far easier now. Our first group of inductees, in 1991, consisted of sports agent Arthur Kaminsky and writer Larry Grobel, from the class of 1964; from 1969, David Starobin, a world-renowned classical guitarist, and Maureen Byrnes O' Reilly, a psychiatric nurse; Rose-Ann Schifiano (1965), a corporate secretary; and the class of 1968's Pamela Joan Tropper, MD. Bob Perna, a much-loved elementary school English teacher turned district administrator, emceed the first three ceremonies; then in 1994, Barbara Murphy took over until 2005, followed by Nick Maraventano, a social studies teacher at the high school, from 2006 to 2014. This year, the emceeding duties will be shared by administrator Brian Cummings and teacher Meredith Hynes.

If I were naming the Hall of Fame today, I think I would change it to the Jericho High School Alumni Hall of *Distinction*. Because what we're really looking for are people who have distinguished themselves in their field, done interesting things, and have made a difference, whether it's in their community or on a larger scale. The 131 inductees to date reflect the diverse interests and talents of the people who have passed through here:

*Continued on page 25*



**Founding fathers:  
teachers involved  
with the Hall of Fame  
at its inception  
(clockwise from  
above): Mr. Ken  
Larkin; Mr. Lou Borson,  
with wife Florence;  
and Mr. Tony DiNome (r.,  
with Mr. Mike Lamm).**



# Kids in the Hall: Inductees, 1991-2015

The Brief Descriptions Below Convey Only Part of What Makes These Alumni Hall of Famers, but You'll See How Eclectic Jericho Grads Are: Doctors, Lawyers, Firemen, Photographers, Dancers, Teachers, Musicians, Authors, Businessmen, Builders—Even an Opera Star

## 1st Induction Ceremony, 1991

**Larry Grobel** (1964), author  
**Arthur Kaminsky** (1964), attorney  
**Maureen Byrnes O'Reilly** (1969), psychiatric nurse  
**Rose-Ann Schifano** (1965), corporate secretary/treasurer

**David Starobin** → (1969), acclaimed guitarist  
**Pamela Joan Tropper** (1968), doctor of perinatology, obstetrics and gynecology



## 2nd Induction Ceremony, 1992

**Paul Altesman** (1970), United Nations delegate

**Wendy Chin Parise** → (1971), special education instructor  
**Dr. Ellen Cooper** (1965), assistant professor at Boston University and virologist for AIDS



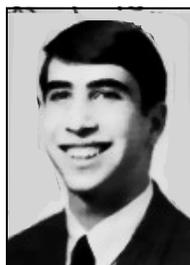
**George Gilson** (1967), business/concrete slip forming company and author  
**Martin A. Lee** (1971), political activist, journalist, and author  
**Marc Miller** (1965), attorney, author, and activist

## 3rd Induction Ceremony, 1993

**Barbara Block Goldstein** (1966), social worker and public education coordinator

**Mitchell Goldman** → (1968), attorney and founder of drug education program  
**Ronald Irving** (1969), professor and director of graduate studies, University of Washington

**James Mansberger** (1964), fire commissioner, Jericho Fire Department  
**Susan Sternberg Raff** (1964), vice president and regional director of stores for Macy's East



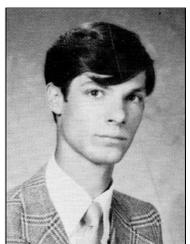
## 4th Induction Ceremony, 1994

**Sharon Becker Markovics** (1968), physician and leader in the field of pediatrics and adult allergies

**Lorraine Huzar** (1968), teacher and community activist

**John Innelli** (1973) → attorney specializing in securities fraud and antitrust violations, political leader

**Stuart Shalat** (1968), leader and researcher in occupational and environmental science  
**Michael Soupios** (1967), college professor and administrator, author, lecturer  
**Jay D. Tarnow** (1965), child psychiatrist, medical school professor



## 5th Induction Ceremony, 1995

**Diane Freedman** (1973), college professor and author

**Steven Gittelman** (1967), president of Vanderbilt Museum and entrepreneur  
**Roberta Grobel Intrater** (1962), photo journalist

**Randi Kramer Fox** (posthumously) (1971), geneticist and founder of National Marfan's Syndrome Foundation

**Peter Miller** (1968), Emmy Award-winning sound engineer and editor

**Steven Shimberg** (1971), lawyer and environmentalist

**Sanford Sylvan** → (1972), opera singer



## 6th Induction Ceremony, 1996

**Philip Bashe** (1972), author  
**Carol Fein Ross** (1968), chief attorney, Warner Books

**Robert A. Kaplan** (1963), pediatrician  
**Robert Raiber** (1964), dentist  
**Jonathan Santlofer** (1963), artist

**Gary Strudler** (1973), early childhood educator

**Ilise Zimmerman** → (1972), executive director, Northern New Jersey Maternal/Child Health Consortium



## 7th Induction Ceremony, 1997

**Joan Baiman Rosenberg** (1971), educator

**Elizabeth Bernstein** → (1970), attorney, educator

**Robert F. Fischer** (1965), psychiatrist  
**William Herskowitz** (1964), educator

**Steven Molina** (1971), musician



## 8th Induction Ceremony, 1998

**James F. Davis** (1963), financial analyst

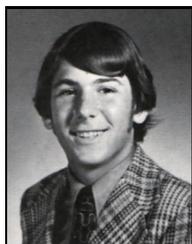
*Continued on page 23*

## Kids in the Hall

Continued from page 22

### Brad Spencer →

(1975), attorney  
**Robin Samuel Twerdahl** (1967), educator  
**Bonnie Siber Weinstock** (1971), labor relations attorney



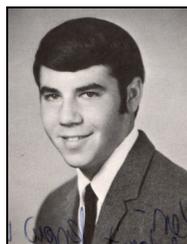
### Heather West

**Werthessen** (1967), educator

### 9th Induction Ceremony, 1999

**Bruce Browner** (1964), professor of orthopedic surgery

**Ira Goldman** (1969), gastroenterologist  
**Edward Green** (1969), musician, educator



### Steven Hahn →

(1969), professor of history, author

**Lesléa Newman** (1973), author

### 10th Induction Ceremony, 2000

### Mark Jay Friedman →

(posthumously) (1973), cardiologist

### Michele Innelli Cox

(1976), director of human resources

### Neil Minikes

(1969), pediatrician/allergist and immunologist



**Geoffrey Touretz** (1969), educator

### 11th Induction Ceremony, 2001

### Debra Esernio →

(1974), pediatrician, child advocate

### Elizabeth Nicolosi

(1980), international entrepreneur

**Sharon Press** (1979), attorney

### Leslie Shalat Katz

(1967), award-winning educator



## Hall of Fame Records

**It's Not a Contest ...  
 But Our Class Has More  
 Inductees Than Yours  
 Does! Nyah! Nyah-Nyah!  
 Nyah! Nyah!**



### Class Number of Inductees

1964	12
1969	11
1968	10
1973	9
1965	8
1968	8
1971	8
1972	7
1976	7
1974	6
1978	6
1975	5
1979	5
1977	4
1963	3
1970	3
1980	3
1982	3
1966	2
1984	2
1962	1
1981	1
1985	1
1986	1
1987	1
1992	1
1997	1

### 12th Induction Ceremony, 2002

### Sharon Chalkin Feldstein (1973) →

TV fashion designer, fund-raiser for children's causes

### Martha Flanagan

**Sammartano** (1975), educator/volunteer

### Alicia Romano Neri

(1977), pediatric endocrinologist



**Paul Singer** (1964), artist/graphic designer

**Glenn J. Winuk** (posthumously) (1979), litigation attorney, volunteer firefighter, 9/11 hero

### 13th Induction Ceremony, 2003

**Jennifer Armstrong** (1968), director-consumer bank programs for Citicorp

**Joel Flatow** (1982), senior vice president, Recording Industry Association of America (RIAA)

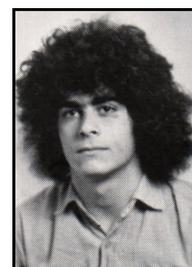
**Edward Mardovich** (posthumously)

(1977), stockbroker, volunteer for the Make a Wish Foundation

### Paul Pellicoro →

(1974), dance instructor to the stars

**Wendy Schack** (1976), attorney, volunteer for Meals on Wheels



### 14th Induction Ceremony, 2004

### Walter Bachman →

(1968), teacher/mentor/coach

**Bruce Smoller** (1975), medical pathologist

**Lori Traikos** (1974), photojournalist

**Arlene Lori**

**(Wasserman) Weiss**

(1976), toxicologist, environmentalist

**Susan (Winston) Berland** (1979), council-woman/community activist



### 15th Induction Ceremony, 2005

**Ellen Friedland** (1976), documentary filmmaker

**Diane Krencik** (1975), dentist/environmentalist

**Howard Lutnick**

(1979), CEO, Cantor Fitzgerald

### Michael Milner →

(1969), elite firefighter

**Richard Zimmerman**

(1976), medical director of the Mayo Clinic



Continued on page 24

## Kids in the Hall

Continued from page 23

### 16th Induction Ceremony, 2006

**Jon Carin** (1982), recording artist, keyboardist with Pink Floyd, Roger Waters, Bryan Ferry, others

**Celia A. Felsher** → (1972), attorney/school board president

**Bruce Friedman** (1976), chiropractor

**Geraldine Kalfus-Gurman** (1964), dance and drama educator

**Jill Seelig** (1979), publisher of *O, The Oprah Magazine*  
**Matthew D. Lynch** (posthumously) (1997), first lieutenant, US Marine Corps



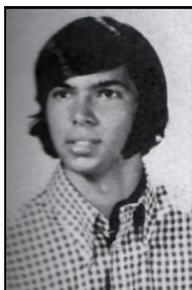
### 17th Induction Ceremony, 2007

**Fred A. Bernstein** → (1974), journalist, educator, attorney  
**Paula Flatow** (1980), freelance musician and teacher

**Leslie Prichep** (1964), associate director of brain research labs at NYU Medical Center

**Peter Saunders** (1967), civil engineer, US Navy captain

**Jeffrey Weinstock** (1978), international marketing executive, Carnival Cruise Lines



### 18th Induction Ceremony, 2008

**Joann Ferrara** → (1974), founder of Dancing Dreams Ballet  
**Bonni Retzkin** (1978), Olympic skating coach

**Neil Schechter, MD** (1965), pediatrician

**Adrienne (Levine)**

**Shelly** (posthumously) (1984), actress/director/filmmaker

**Ronnie Steinberg** (1965), sociologist



### 19th Induction Ceremony, 2009

**Robin Bergman** (1973), fashion designer/entrepreneur/political activist

**Daisy Khan** → (1975), executive director, American Society for Muslim Advancement

**Adam Levy, MD** (1986), pediatric oncologist

**Jessica Pincus Gerschitz** (1970), president/COO of Abilities Inc.

**Marvin Schwartz** (1969), CEO of Jarro Building Industries



### 20th Induction Ceremony, 2010

**Lainie Friedman Ross, MD, PhD** (1978), pediatrician, medical ethicist, professor  
**Lori Greene** (1978), executive producer, BBCAmerica.com and vice president of New York Women in Cable Telecommunications

**Sandra Gumerove** → (1968), attorney and advocate for families with special needs

**Jay S. Winuk** (1976), president, Winuk Communications Inc., cofounder/vice president of MyGoodDeed

**Mark S. Zaid, Esq.** (1985), managing partner, attorney, litigation, National Security

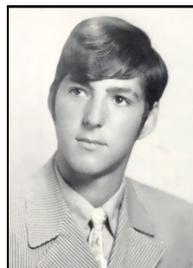


### 21st Induction Ceremony, 2011

**Neil Goldberg** (1981), graphic artist  
**Larry Licht** (1972), senior staff engineer, General Dynamics

**Les Scheinfeld** (1973), associate director of Habitat for Humanity  
**Gail Sider** (1977), fourth-grade elementary teacher

**Stephen Spencer** → (1971), attorney, labor and employment law



### 22nd Induction Ceremony, 2012

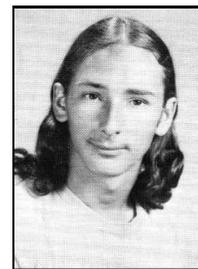
**James Greco** → (1973), president, Long Island K-9 Service

**Patricia Monk-Eichner** (1980), guidance counselor

**Peter Shulman** (1964), CEO of Pediatric Associates

**Richard Slater** (1978), girls' basketball coach

**Benita Zahn** (1972), TV news anchor/health reporter



### 23rd Induction Ceremony, 2013

**Douglas Baumol** (1974), family-business consultant

**Cliff Forziat** (1966), teacher, wrestling coach

**Dr. Robert Martin** (1964), pediatric dentist

**Janet Penn** → (1972), founder and executive director, Interfaith Action (IFA) Youth LEAD

**Judy Reisman** (1967), founder, Guanacaste Animal Welfare Foundation, photographer



### 24th Induction Ceremony, 2014

**George Haggerty** (1977), member of New York Governor Andrew Cuomo's transition team, real estate attorney

**Edith Lutnick** (1977), cofounder, executive director and president, the Cantor Fitzgerald Relief Fund

**Lori Meyers Peterzell** (1978), developer of social-media strategy for A&E (*Storage Wars*, *Hoarders*, *Duck Dynasty*, others)

**Cary Siegel, MD** (1977), attending physician, assistant professor at Montefiore Medical Center, Albert Einstein College of Medicine

**Jonathan Small** (1965), award-winning TV/concert/video producer and director

Continued on page 25

## Kids in the Hall

Continued from page 24

### Hall of Fame Records



#### The Only Triple-Play Combination in Hall History!

There have been several pairs of siblings to enter the Hall, such as Steven Spencer ('71) and brother Brad Spencer ('75), and John Innelli ('73) and sister Michele Innelli Cox ('76).

But only one Jericho family has contributed *three* members. That would be the Friedmans:

- **Mark Jay Friedman** ('73), inducted in 2000
- **Bruce Friedman** (1976), inducted in 2006
- **Lainie Friedman Ross** (1978), inducted in 2010.

### ... And Introducing the Newest Members of the JHS Hall of Fame

#### 25th Induction Ceremony, 2015

**Ken McLaughlin** → (1969), Emmy Award-nominated journalist, *San Jose Mercury News*  
**Louis Nicolosi** (1984), FDNY firefighter, 9/11 first responder, three meritorious awards  
**Steve Noviello** (1992), Emmy Award-winning TV investigative reporter



**Bonnie Schneider** (1987), meteorologist, Weather Channel personality, and author  
**Glenn Stoller** (1982), ophthalmologist, surgeon, researcher, inventor

## Hall of Fame

Continued from page 21

physicians, nurses, lawyers, educators, firefighters, businessmen, artists, journalists, coaches, political activists. It's an impressively varied list.

A Nominating Committee of seven or eight people comb through the nomination forms and often do additional research to come up with a varied group of worthy candidates each year. The original committee included three board members: Hal Felsher, Selma Constant, and Howard Jankowitz. Selma and Howard were on the committee for more than twenty years, as was Lou Boroson. Science teacher Miriam Reff was another, until she moved to the West Coast, as was assistant principal George Batjiaka. We've always had a former student, too: the first was Linda Glasser Rudes from the class of 1968; today it is Janet Kesner Hopf, from the class of 1978.

One criterion for consideration is that the candidate must be out of school for a minimum of twenty years. In 1991 that meant a former student from Jericho's very first graduating class, in 1961, through 1971. This year anyone up through the class of 1994 is eligible. (One exception was made in 2006, when we posthumously honored US Marine First Lieutenant Matthew D. Lynch, from the class of 1997, who lost his life while serving in Iraq during Operation Iraqi Freedom.)

### The Ceremony: Poignant but Fun—And Funny

If you've never attended one of the Hall of Fame induction ceremonies, which are open to the public, you really should. It is always such a wonderful evening. The library auditorium is packed with friends and family, many current students, and current and retired teachers. It isn't an evening of stodgy speeches; it usually turns into a night of great stories, many of them hilarious. At the very first ceremony, you had two friendly high school rivals, Art Kaminsky and Larry Grobel, wisecracking back and forth at each other during their speeches.

The teachers enjoy it very much because so many of the inductees reflect on their experiences in the classroom and often pay tribute to a particular teacher. They're always so generous in their praise. Most talk very happily about growing up here; they view Jericho as having been a special and unique place. But not all do, and those are some of the most moving moments of all.

At the fifth ceremony, in 1995, Steve Gittelman from the class of 1967 spoke honestly about how his teenage years were tough: he didn't have that many friends, he said, and his parents were going through a divorce. He'd become a very successful businessman and

Continued on page 26



*Barbara Murphy (r., in 2006, with inductee Celia Felsher and JHS librarian Joan Jacobs) emceed the ceremonies for twelve years.*

## Hall of Fame

Continued from page 25

was the head of the Vanderbilt Museum in Suffolk County.

When he got up to speak, holding a prepared speech, he said, "I'm not going to read what I wrote; I'm going to talk about something else. I didn't have a really great experience growing up in Jericho, for a multitude of reasons. But I had this one particular teacher, and from her teaching and her influence, I literally developed into the person that I am today." And he went on to talk about science teacher Sally Schneider. Afterward, he wrote to me, "You know, that night completely changed my opinion of what Jericho was like." It was cathartic for him. Later on, Steve used to come talk to my leadership classes.

We had a similar moment last year, in 2014, when honoree Dr. Cary Siegel (1977), a longtime physician at Montefiore Medical Center in the Bronx, revealed how difficult high school was for him, especially after one of his parents passed away. He, too, spoke gratefully about how a certain teacher took a special interest in him and

helped make that painful time more bearable. You'll frequently see tears of joy and sadness in the course of a single evening—sometimes even during the same speech.

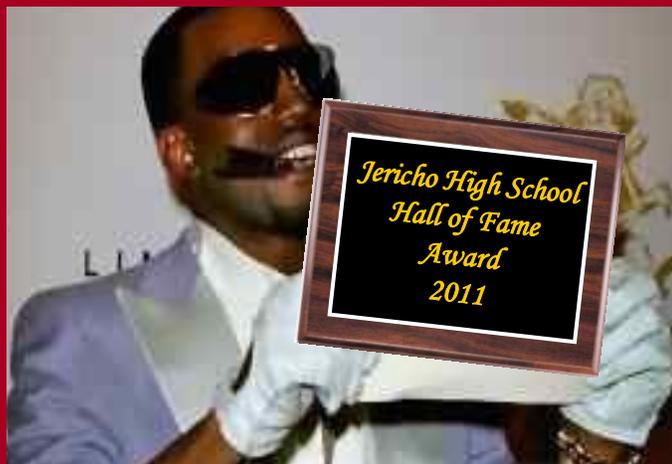
That aspect of it is especially interesting to me because, as a teacher, every time the bell rings, you get another twenty-five kids in your class, and every year you see a hundred or more students. And your focus, of course, is teaching. You never really know what's going on in their minds. What's going on at home? What problems are they having? What difficulties are they facing?" And then years later, as adults, they tell you the backstory. (My dear friend Lou Boroson, who passed away in 2012, frequently used to take the first ten minutes of math class to ask, "What would you like to talk about? You have any difficulties, any problems?" A lot of kids remember that about Lou. Can you imagine *any* math teacher doing that today, what with the Common Core curriculum and pressure to teach to the Regents exam? But that was my boy Lou.)

Now, just because someone has gone on to do something distinctive in life doesn't mean that he or she will be an engaging public speaker. Every year I worry that maybe this will be the year we get five duds who just put the whole auditorium to sleep. It never happens! I could name dozens of favorites, but those who come to mind include Paul Pellicoro ('74), the dance instructor to the stars, who put on a tango display with his dancing partner that had the audience on its feet. Jon Carin, also from '74, was a standout, too. Jon is the longtime keyboardist for both Pink Floyd and Roger Waters, and has played with many, many other famous musicians, such as Pete Townshend. He was a little reticent at first: "I can't really stay long; I'll just give my presentation and then leave." Not only did Jon stay for the entire ceremony, he was one of the last ones to leave the reception afterward. He spoke off the cuff—no prepared notes or anything—and took questions from the audience, something that has never been done before or since. The crowd loved it.

Not everybody on that stage was a superstar in high school, by the way; sometimes far from it. So you'll get hilarious stories about cutting class (Edie Lutnick, from 1977, who talked about spending most of her time in the music room), getting into a fight on the very first morning of junior high school (George Haggerty, also from '77), and of getting members of the custodial staff to place bets on the horses for them (James Greco, 1973). I'm sure that their stories are uplifting for the teenagers in the audience who perhaps don't have their lives all mapped out. They see that sometimes young

Continued on page 27

### The Hall of Fame: Not Without Its Controversies



**Damn you, Kanye! Few who were at the 2011 ceremony will forget when Kanye West bolted onstage, wrestled the plaque away from Superintendent Hank Grishman before it could be presented, and hightailed it out of the library auditorium. Kanye had just lit his victory cigar in triumph when suddenly he heard the pounding of footsteps behind him: Mrs. Karen Schwartz, still as fit as ever, came bursting through the auditorium doors, tackled him from behind, and proceeded to beat the living crap out of Kanye to the delight of everyone all over the world.**

## Hall of Fame

Continued from page 26

people take a few detours before discovering the road they are meant to travel.

Each honoree is inducted by one of Jericho's super seniors. And these kids are just outstanding. We often joke at meetings that these teenagers are so accomplished already that we should probably just induct *them* at the same time, to save them the trouble of coming back in twenty years. Many times, they almost rival the inductees. One thing that I learned only recently is that getting picked to be one of the five student presenters has turned into a very prestigious honor, and sometimes, when kids don't make the cut, they're actually ticked off about it.

Twenty-five years after we started, I have to say that it's all developed better than I could have imagined. The district loves it because it's great for the prestige and pride of the school and the community. And Jericho remains one of the only schools on Long Island to do this. So many times, I've had teachers from other districts see what we do and say, "This is amazing. I want to bring this to my district." But for some reason, it never seems to happen.

For me, one of the best parts is afterward and the response we get from the inductees. The committee will receive letters from them saying things like, "That was one of the best nights of my life. Thank you so very much." ■

## Bruce Steiner

Continued from page 18

my talent for math with my interest in the law. I could sort of see the tax issues and also the directions to go in much more easily than some people could.

Living in Manhattan that year, 1975–76, was really nice. I was in the dorm building at 33 Washington Square West, just around the corner from the law school. I would have liked to stay in the city, but things didn't work out that way. For a good reason, though.

In 1977, shortly after I started working at a law firm, I met my wife, Sandy, at a dance at a temple in Great Neck, and we got married two years later. She's from New Jersey and works as an investigator for the US Department of Labor. My parents were selling the house in Jericho to move to Florida (my father died in 1993; my mother, the next year), and Sandy's parents still lived in Jersey, so it made sense for us to move to Jersey too. Since 1991, we've lived in Springfield.

We have two children. Our daughter, Michele, is thirty-two, and is a litigator, while our son, David, thirty, is a college student. He's not able to take a full course load, but he takes it slowly and does very well. Sandy and I are extremely proud of both of them. We live together, along with my eighty-nine-year-old mother-in-law. Luckily there's enough space!

### Yikes! Turning Sixty-Five

I've been with the same New York law firm, Kleinberg, Kaplan, Wolff & Cohen, since 1987 and am a member of

the New York, New Jersey, and Florida Bars. I do a fair amount of writing, which I really enjoy, for different law journals, and over the years, I've sort of become the go-to person for the media to interview about certain tax issues.

This April, I turned sixty-five, and, of course, everybody keeps asking me if I'm going to retire. And the answer is: I don't know! One of my coworkers just retired last year. At *ninety*. But then you have my brother, Keith, who retired about ten years ago and who spends a few months a year traveling around the world. So I just don't know.

I really like what I do. Also, part of me says I'd love to live in Manhattan, and part of me says it'd be nice to be in Florida, where it's warm and where many of my contemporaries are starting to move. It'd sort of be like being in college again, with all of your contemporaries in one place—but in Florida. And

Continued on page 28



*Bruce (right) with his family: daughter Michele, son David, and his wife, Sandy.*

## Bruce Steiner

*Continued from page 27*

then part of me says, we love our house in Springfield, so maybe we should just stay put. It's hard to know what tomorrow might bring.

Reflecting back on Jericho, I have to say that we had many phenomenal teachers. At Cornell, I loved that our professors would usually be the guys who wrote the book, while professors at other colleges were the guys who read the book that our professors had written. In Jericho, we had teachers who were independent thinkers. The history teacher would have her own view of what the key battle in a war was, or what the turning point of the war was.

Mr. Ira Greene, who left teaching for a law career, was great. I never was a student of his, but he was the faculty advisor for the student council. Mr. Herb Kramer, my eighth-grade science teacher (who also became a lawyer), was great too, and Mr. Bob Hoffman, my twelfth-grade economics teacher, was always interesting. Although I could never figure out why he always used to lower the shades at the beginning of class.

You know who was phenomenal? Dr. Joseph Pedoto, the language teacher. I still remember one student complaining that he was having trouble understanding Dr. Pedoto's accented English, so Dr. Pedoto offered to speak to the student in whichever language he preferred. (He spoke a lot of different languages.) And although some people thought that Dr. Pedoto was kind of tough, the scores on the French Regents exams from his class were always very, very high. He said that anyone who chose to do the work was going to do very well. And he was right.

One of my great thrills is to provide tax or estate planning law advice to people with a Jericho connection. I'm always willing to do a favor for folks from Jericho. Usually it's just quick things and involves merely pointing someone in the right direction. But other times, it turns into a big project, and in those cases, I've probably saved millions of dollars for people with Jericho connections, which is always nice!

## O Brother Where Art Thou? Keith Steiner ('73) Cruises the World

*We last updated you about Bruce's brother, Keith, in the Fall 2008 issue (number 20). Since then, he reports, there have been quite a few changes in the Steiner family:*

"My wife, Anne Marie, and I moved from North Texas to a retirement community in Georgetown, Texas, located in the Texas Hill Country just outside of Austin. We both enjoy our new community. We stay very active, each taking several fitness classes each week, along with working with a personal trainer.

"I've represented the neighborhood on several items, and Anne Marie has served the past few years as president of her local sorority alumni chapter.

"We welcomed our first grandchild to our family in September 2011, when our daughter, Jennifer, and son-in-law, Gui, became parents to grandson Andre. On the day before Thanksgiving 2014, we were at the hospital for the birth of our



second grandchild, Emma. Our son, Eric, was married in May 2011 to Kara. Just a few weeks after Emma's arrival, they had their first child, Jackson, on December 20, 2014. Jennifer and Gui reside less than an hour's drive from us, and Eric and Kara are a little over two hours away, providing many opportunities for us to be together.

"Both my wife and I turn the big six-oh this year. As part of the celebration, we are taking a world cruise that will circumnavigate the globe, including stops in North and South America, Australia, New Zealand, and Africa. Then we'll extend this to include stops in Europe."

*Keith and Anne Marie with bundles of joy Andre and Emma. And say hi to Jackson (inset), just a few hours old.*



BOOKEND

**Diane Freedman ('73)**

*Midlife with Thoreau* (Hiraeth Press, 2015)

Diane Freedman's *Midlife with Thoreau*, her first book since 2003's *The Teacher's Body*, is her most personal work to date. "It's a memoir in poems, essays, and journal entries," she says. "I began it around 2007, and it covers the many things that have happened to me since that time: divorce, my mother's dying, dating, finding new love, and some of the crises that ensued and are still dangling. It forms a life. Or, more specifically, midlife! That's exactly what it's about."

As for the title's reference to Henry David Thoreau's *On Walden Pond*, Diane explains, "I live on a pond too"—not in Massachusetts, however, but in Durham, New Hampshire, where she is a professor in the English Department at the University of New Hampshire College of Liberal Arts.

*Midlife* includes reflections  
*Continued on page 30*



**Between the Covers**

**New Books by Jericho Authors**



"And what's it all come down to in the end?  
A boooooooooooooook!"

**Q&A**



**Channeling Dorothy Parker**

Ellen Meister ('75) Talks About Her Second Novel to Feature the Spirited Tart-Tongued Queen of The Algonquin Round Table

*You've been busy already this year: launch party for your new book, Dorothy Parker Drank Here, at the Algonquin Hotel, plus book readings on Long Island.*

*Continued on page 41*

BOOKEND

**Lesléa Newman ('73)**

*Heather Has Two Mommies* (reissue), Candlewick (2015)

*I Carry My Mother* (Headmistress Press, 2015)

"*Heather Has Two Mommies* was a grassroots effort," prolific author Lesléa Newman recalls about her 1989 classic. "A friend who had a desktop publishing business and I brought out the book ourselves because I could not find a publisher for it. We wrote letters to people on my mailing list asking for ten-dollar donations to fund the project. So to see my book, which had such humble beginnings, have a new life twenty-five years later by being published by a highly respected mainstream children's book publisher, is really terrific.

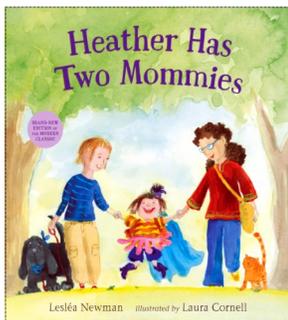
"The world has changed in many ways since 1989. Gay marriage is now legal in thirty-seven states and the District

*Continued on page 30*



## Lesléa Newman

Continued from page 29



of Columbia. Families like Heather's are very common. I am happy that children with two moms can see a family like theirs featured in a children's book, and happy that kids who come from other types of families can learn to appreciate, accept, respect, and celebrate diversity. A new day has come."

*I Carry My Mother*, Lesléa's new book of poetry, explores a daughter's journey through her mother's illness and death. The daughter, needless to say, is Lesléa, who notes that many people in her class knew her mom.

"Writing *I Carry My Mother* couldn't save my mom," she reflects, "but I truly believe it saved me. As my mother knew it would. During her last hospital stay, she beckoned me over to her bed and said, 'I want you to write about this under one condition: promise me I'll never have to read it.' And since I always listened to my mother (well, there were a few exceptions during my tumultuous teen years), I wrote a book about her illness and death and how I have carried on without her.

"My mother loved poetry," says Lesléa, who lives in Massachusetts. "I felt this was a fitting way to honor her memory. It is divided into three parts. I wrote the first part while she was still alive and I was taking care of her. Every night after I tucked her into the hospital bed we'd set up downstairs, I crept upstairs to my childhood bedroom, sat at the same desk I had done my homework on, and wrote.

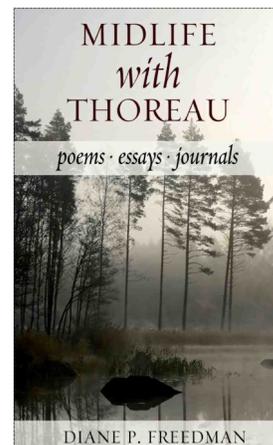
"I wrote the second and third sections of the book the fall after she died. All the poems are written in accessible form, and I believe they will resonate with anyone who has lost a loved one, especially a parent. Here's a short example—a haiku."

"Beacon"

Cold dark wintry night,  
Who will light the way for me?  
The mom in the moon.

## Diane Freedman

Continued from page 29



on Diane's teen years in Jericho, where, incidentally, her dad, now ninety, still lives. We're reasonably sure that the poem "Wrong Number," excerpted below, is the only one in the history of mankind to refer to Dario's pizzeria in the Birchwood shopping plaza.

"Zamboni"

*You silvered up my slivered  
life, helped me forget  
the twisted ring.*

*I unspooled,  
gazed at the pond beyond  
in that summer we met  
here in my house.*

*By winter, we were linked,  
skating the river  
of which the pond  
was but a part.*

*I knew I had suffered blades,  
hades, but did not anticipate  
how narrow the arrow  
how near the pierce,  
that the loop of love could re-start.*

"Wrong Number"

*It was Dario's Pizzeria I got calls for  
on my red Trimline phone back in the '70s,  
when my number was different by one digit.  
Today it is Domino's pizzeria my white cordless  
has almost the same number as,  
and when my cell phone rings, ninety percent  
of the time it's a wrong number.*

*I am waiting for calls and nothing comes  
but hungers I can't fill  
while I am hungry,  
now as then,  
for true love.*



*What's Up, Doc? Plenty!***John Pellicone, MD,  
Takes On a New  
Challenge at Sixty**

I still have a copy of my valedictorian speech, which I delivered at the C. W. Post Tilles Center in June 1973. The major theme of the speech, edited by Mr. Stephen Piorkowski, was pretty universal: we're part of America's future and its leaders, and we've got to be both creative and happy with what we do. I think that's how I've tried to live my life ever since.

I knew I wanted to be in medicine probably even before my family moved from Brooklyn to Schuyler Drive in West Birchwood when I was four years old, in 1959. Our family doctor in Brooklyn had this great office with an old white medicine cabinet and, in the waiting area, these big leather chairs with brass buttons. It really impressed me, and that feeling never left me.

I'm one of those people who had an absolutely outstanding time in Jericho and at Jericho High School. I am forever grateful for the quality of education that I was able to receive there. Maybe we all just hit it at the right time, but from elementary school through high school, there seemed to be just one outstanding teacher after another.

My favorites included three of the math teachers: Ms. Judy Sutcliffe, and Mrs. Broadwin, who taught me calculus, and Gerry Mastellon, my onetime algebra teacher. I have two sons, ages twenty-three and sixteen. The younger one, Vincent, is still amazed how much I talk about my favorite English teacher. Her maiden name was Linda Bueschel; probably some of you knew her later as Mrs. Donovan. I'll say to Vincent, "You see this green-and-white book? This is *Warriner's English Grammar and Composition*. Kids today don't know what ob-



*Visiting the old homestead on Schuyler Drive: John with two of his best friends from '73, Stephen Harfenist and Brett Silvers. How close are they? They even match! "I love telling people that I've known these guys for more than fifty-five years," he says.*

jects of the preposition are. Nominative case? Objective case? Gerunds? Participles? Nobody knows the difference between them. Well, we couldn't get out of Ms. Bueschel's class without knowing those!" It was outstanding—just a great experience.

Our teachers were independent thinkers and extremely creative. I remember reading at the time that Jericho had one of the highest starting teachers' salaries in the country. That no doubt attracted a lot of great educators. But also, frankly, the district didn't tolerate people who weren't up to snuff. If you remember the PTA back then, that was a tough crew, boy! The superintendent had a lot to deal with! They were demanding, and for good reason: these were the folks who moved from Brooklyn, the Bronx, and Queens, to Long Island for the better life, and they were going to make great things happen for their kids. The standards were really set high. And we were beneficiaries of that.

Another teacher I remember well was Mr. Rudy Cesarini. My classmate Barry Waters and I took his advanced-placement chemistry class our senior year. In fact, we were the entire class! Just me, Barry, Mr. Cesarini, and a textbook. Barry, by the way, is also a doctor, a rheumatologist in Coral Gables, Florida.

My closest friends from Jericho were three guys that I met soon after moving there: Brett Silvers, Stephen Harfenist, and Jon Friedman. We still get together a couple of times a year. Brett lives in Connecticut, Steve is in

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*"Dartmouth has a reputation as a politically conservative school, and it was like that even back then. When some student protestors took over one of the administration buildings, although only briefly, this was headline news! It was unbelievable that such a thing could happen there, because the students were usually more interested in how many distilled beverages they could consume."*

## John Pellicone

*Continued from page 31*

the Princeton, New Jersey, area, and Jon's in Manhattan. Brett and I talk all the time. I love telling people how I've known these guys for more than fifty-five years.

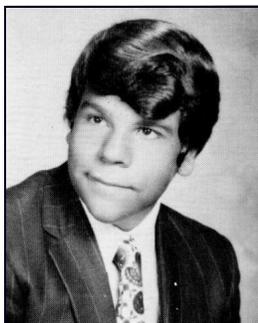
Although I wasn't a very good athlete, I always participated in sports, simply because I loved it and found it healthy not just physically but mentally.

I was a late-starting fledgling ice hockey player. In fact, I was part of a group that was trying to get the first Jericho ice hockey team started. I don't remember the name of the teacher who was making the effort, but we just sort of ran out of time. Cantiaque Park has an ice-skating rink, you might recall, and that's where I learned to skate and play in my first recreational hockey league in its inaugural season, 1972.

I still play, by the way. I have the good fortune to play with my older son, Chris. every Saturday morning, from six to eight, at this giant mall called the Palisades Mall up near where I live in Rockland County. Believe it or not, they have an ice-skating arena on the fourth floor of the Macy's there. And then I also play one night a week in a men's league over in Elmsford in Westchester County.

### A Dartmouth Man

My interest in Dartmouth came about largely due to the influence of our next-door neighbor, Dr. Mark Smoller, a dentist. He not only graduated from Dartmouth but also was an interviewer for the school. By the way, he still lives there at 4 Schuyler Drive, and his son, Bruce, who's two years younger than I am, is a nationally known dermatologist specializing in esoteric skin disorders, in Little Rock, Arkansas.



In the fall of 1970, when I was in tenth grade, Dr. Smoller took me, Bruce, and my dad up to Dartmouth for a football game against Columbia University, which it dismantled by a score of 55-0. (The team won all nine of its games that season, shutting out the opposition six times.) That was impressive, but what really appealed to me was the small-town setting, the classic college green, and the ivy-covered walls. Plus, I'm a sort of a cold-weather person too, so that helped. After looking around the campus, I just thought to myself, *Gee, this would be a great place, if I can get in.*

Dartmouth has a reputation as a politically conservative school, and it was like that even back then. When some student protestors took over one of the administration buildings, although only briefly, this was headline news! It was unbelievable that such a thing could happen at Dartmouth, because the students were usually more interested in how many distilled beverages they could consume than in being politically active.

The college offered a superb and well-rounded liberal arts education. I graduated with an honors degree in chemistry, my major. But I learned a lot about writing and communicating, both of which have proved to be essential skills in my career as a physician. The Dartmouth radio station wasn't your typical college station: it actually competed with the CBS radio affiliate in that part of New Hampshire, and it was really professional. I started out writing sports copy for the station; all of it was very valuable training.

After Dartmouth, I went to the Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons—the school with the football team that I'd watched get its ass kicked by Dartmouth years before. I was on the 168th Street campus and lived in the dormitory for the medical students, a block away from New York Presbyterian.

Columbia is where I met my wife, in 1979, when Maria was doing her clinical work for the Columbia University School of Nursing. Our relationship

*Continued on page 33*



*John, shown guarding the net for Dartmouth (l.), still plays, with son Chris, in the Westchester Adult Hockey League. That's him, below, in the center of the front row. Go, Mutiny!*



## John Pellicone

Continued from page 32

grew very serious very quickly. She graduated in 1980 and was working as a nurse while I was finishing my fourth year. We married the next year, just after I graduated and about a month before I began my internship at Montefiore Medical Center in the Bronx.

### ***Ships in the Night—Really, Really Tired Ships, Too***

That was a tough year. Most interns try to live right near the hospital because of the horrific hours. Especially back then, before interns' hours were capped. We chose not to live in the cinder-block-walls building across the street; Maria and I moved to Rockland County, where we still live today, in New City. At the time, we were in a garden apartment complex at the foot of the Tappan Zee

Bridge, and I drove back and forth to the Bronx during my internship and my residency. Both of us were working extremely hard, especially Maria, who was moonlighting in addition to her regular nursing job. We knew the other was still living there only because it looked like somebody had slept in the bed. We didn't see each other very much! But we survived.

I knew that I wanted to go into pulmonary medicine, so my next step was to train for two years at New York University-Bellevue—an even longer commute. But we loved it here in Rockland County and knew that we wanted to stay. In 1986 there weren't any pulmonary practices taking new patients, so I took the then unprecedented move of staking out on my own and opening a practice.

Nowadays, the expense and debt that a young physician would incur would make it far harder to do. It was tough getting started; I took a lot of

*Continued on page 34*



*John, a fan of manual transmissions ("My very first car was a Honda Civic, and yes, it was a manual"), enjoys restoring vintage cars, like this 1937 Packard 120C. Below, voila!*



Actual 1970s Advertisement for Methaqualone (Quāālude)

### **A Good Morning After a Sleep-Through Night**

That's how a patient feels after a restful night's sleep provided by Quāālude-300 (methaqualone).

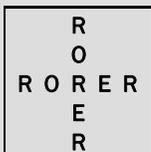
He wakes up alert and ready to face the demands of the day. (Quāālude patients usually awaken easily and without evidence of "hangover", because he slept well all night. (Quāālude usually helps produce 6 to 8 hours of restful sleep), and he didn't have to lie awake for a long period of time before he went to sleep (Quāālude can induce sleep in 10 to 20 minutes). Now the physician has one less tired, sleepy, and apprehensive patient to contend with.

Nonbarbiturate Quāālude-300 is chemically unrelated to other sedative-hypnotics. Its therapeutic value has been established in controlled clinical studies and by wide usage of methaqualone throughout the world.

Side effects reported have been mild, transient, and have often proved to be statistically insignificant when compared to placebo effects.

For these reasons, maybe the prescribing physician sleeps a little better, too.

A nonbarbiturate  
**Quāālude-300**  
 (methaqualone)<sup>300</sup> mg tablets  
 William H. Rorer, Inc.  
 Fort Washington, Pa. 19034



## John Pellicone

Continued on page 33

emergency room calls. But gradually we built a very successful practice. I say we, because Maria used to serve as the office staff in the late afternoon, once she got off from her nursing work. (I also had a part-time secretary; that's it.) Once the practice grew, things got so busy that she left her other position and worked in my practice full-time—until recently. I'll tell you all about that in a moment.

Pulmonary medicine moves slowly, but we've seen some very exciting advances, such as techniques for diagnosing lung cancer and also being able to insert a bronchoscope down the throat and into the lung and biopsy a small amount of tissue. I trained in the era of AIDS, which enabled me to develop my skills in this area. As a medical fellow, I performed well over 220 bronchoscopies, which was unprecedented. I saw patients with everything from asthma, to emphysema, to inflammatory lung diseases, to cancer.

In 2001 I was named the chief medical officer at Nyack Hospital. Then a year later, I was appointed to the same position at Helen Hayes Hospital in nearby Haverstraw, which made me the only CMO of two hospitals at the same time. Both facilities belong to the New York Presbyterian hospital system. Helen Hayes Hospital, now in its 115th year, is one of the first specialty rehabilitation facilities in the United States.

By 2007, however, it became clear that each of my three jobs—CMO of Nyack Hospital, CMO of Helen Hayes Hospital, and running a private practice—was in itself a full-time position. Something had to give, so I retired as the chief medical officer at Nyack Hospital. And just recently, in early January, I announced



*The Pellicones in Paris:  
Chris, Maria, Vincent, John.*

that I was closing my private practice *and* retiring as the chief medical officer at Helen Hayes Hospital.

### Retiring but Not Retiring: Dr. Pellicone Will Explain

My father, who is going to be eighty-seven, still works. He worked for Chesebrough-Ponds, the company that owned the manufacturer of Q-Tips. Chesebrough-Ponds moved its operations up to Connecticut in the mid-1970s, so as soon as my sister, Lorraine, graduated in 1976, he and my mother sold the house in West Birchwood and moved to Connecticut. They're still there, as is Lorraine, who is a nurse.

Like my father (who, as a matter of fact, went to a consulting job just today), I have no intention of retiring. Besides, I have a sixteen-year-old, so I'll undoubtedly be working for a while. I was recently appointed the chief medical officer at Metropolitan Hospital

Center, a full-service community hospital on Second Avenue and Ninety-Seventh Street in Manhattan. So I'll be commuting from Rockland County to NYC again.

What's most exciting is being able to concentrate on a particular task without a multitude of interruptions. Being a CMO *and* trying to run a private practice had become impossible. So now, without being involved in direct patient care, I'll finally have the opportunity to concentrate on those duties that a chief medical officer is required to do, and to return to a more academic setting. Metropolitan has a 105-year affiliation with New York Medical College, and has medical students, residents, and fellows, as part of an extensive teaching program.

As for Maria, once the private practice has been completely closed down, she intends to continue nursing. She has a multitude of skills. In addition to being an orthopedic nurse, a critical-care nurse, *and* an infection-control nurse, she has a

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National Bestseller

## Everything you always wanted to know about Neil Immerman ('71)\*

\* But Were Too Self-  
Absorbed to Ask!



Growing up in the late 1960s and early 1970s, there really was a sense that we could change the world for the better and end the Vietnam War. Maybe that was naive, but it felt very real. I was active in working against the war. I also wrote for the school newspaper and for the alternative newspaper that some of my friends had started, called the *Catalyst*.

The thing I remember most fondly about Jericho was that we had a student-faculty committee made up of students and teachers who were interested in making the school better and more “relevant,” which was a popular term at the time. It felt like we could change anything, and it was very exciting. Two of the teachers who were most involved on the committee were math teacher Mr. Boroson and Mr. Damon, an English teacher. Mr. Damon was a very interesting guy. He was *different*: always joking around but very serious about making the world a better place. I still remember Sara Nerken, who graduated with my class but was a year younger, keeping the minutes of one of our student-faculty committee meetings, and she set it to the tune of Simon and Garfunkel’s “The Sounds of Silence.” It was hilarious.

Here’s another example of how progressive Jericho was: I belonged to an extracurricular group called Students for Environmental Control. Growing up, my best friend and next-door neighbor was David Janower, who was a year older. After school, we’d hang out in his backyard and play ball or throw a Frisbee around. It might have been David who got me interested in the importance of protecting the environment; he was the first person I ever knew who recycled newspapers. I helped him collect newspapers and bring them to a paper recycler in Hicksville. This was before anyone had heard the word *recycle*. Sadly, David passed away in 2013. He is still often with me in spirit. I saw him almost every single day from the time I was three until he went off to Cornell University.

I reconnected with Nancy Reale from my class several years ago, and

she reminded me that the two of us marched together down Fifth Avenue in Manhattan on the first Earth Day, April 22, 1970, and also the following year.

### Goin’ Down to Mexico—Not Me, My Parents!

Remember how it was common for young people to take time off from school in their twenties—maybe travel to Europe or bum around Mexico? Well, in my family, which includes my older sister, Jill (JHS ’68), who lives in Brooklyn and teaches English and psychology at Manhattan’s School of Visual Arts, it was my parents who “dropped out” for a while. As soon as I headed off to Yale University in the fall of 1971, they sold our house on Hazelwood Drive in East Birchwood, got rid of most of

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*“It was very difficult to find a job in math at that time. In fact, I remember applying to grad school at the University of California at Berkeley. All applicants, including me, received a letter back saying basically, ‘This is the current state of the job market. Do you really want to come here?’”*

## Neil Immerman

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*Neil with classmate Nancy Reale at the 2007 "Reunion in 3-D."*

their possessions, packed up a station wagon, and drove down to Mexico. My father was fifty-one; my mother, fifty. She says that this was more his idea than hers—apparently he was feeling a little restless, which I had never realized. For my first spring break the following year, they sent me a plane ticket so that I could meet them in Guadalajara.

Truthfully, I don't know what they thought they were going to do down there. The way that my mother tells it, my dad thought it would be warm in Mexico and inexpensive to live there. Which it was. But they didn't know anybody, and they missed their friends, so they came back to New York in the summer of 1972.

After living in an apartment in Queens for a year, they bought a plot of land in Cold Spring Harbor and built a wonderful house. My mother is an artist with a really terrific sense of design, and she designed it along with the architect. She and my dad lived there from 1974 until about six years ago, when my father died. My mom, who turns ninety-four this year, is doing remarkably well: still sharp and with it. She moved into a really nice independent-living facility just three miles from my home in

Amherst, Massachusetts. I'd always thought of her as a very private person, and I know that she was uncomfortable at first with the idea of moving up here. She didn't expect to like living in that type of place. But she loves it. Every night she goes out to dinner with other residents, and she's busy taking an exercise class four days a week and also moderating a Friday-afternoon current events discussion group. It really couldn't have worked out better.

### From Physics, to Math, to Computer Science

I'd really expected to major in physics in college. My most interesting intellectual experience in high school was an AP physics course with Mr. David Martin. The course didn't really exist: about six of us were interested in taking such a class, and Mr. Martin offered to teach it. And the administration approved it. I doubt you would see something like that in most schools nowadays.

From ninth grade through my senior year, I attended a Saturday Science Honors Program at Columbia University. Since I was in the city, I went to what was then the only Barnes & Noble bookstore in Manhattan and bought six copies each of the two-volume physics textbook, by Resnick and Halliday. These were heavy books, and I had twelve of them: for everyone in the class. On the train ride home from Manhattan, I needed a whole other seat just for the books.

Just weeks into the AP physics class, most of the others had dropped out because it was so hard. Mr. Martin didn't lecture; we pored through the textbook and did the problems. There's a big disconnect, though, between just reading the text and being able to solve the problems. You have to ask yourself, "Okay, how do I apply these laws of nature and laws of physics to real-life problems?" It was a challenge, but one that I enjoyed. A friend of mine from the class of '71, Danny Abuhoff, was one of the kids who dropped the class, but he kindly offered to continue being my lab partner, which was really sweet of him.

My other major interest was math, which goes back to fourth grade. Of all my teachers—and I had some really exceptional ones, like Mr. Martin, and Miss Poltorak, who later married Mr. Hoffman, for social studies—the most influential for me was Mrs. Seaman at George Jackson Elementary School. She had this remarkable approach to teaching. Basically, she would tell us these fascinating stories for a while, and then she would look at her watch and say, "Oh! We've been doing this much too long! We've got to get down to work." She taught us a mathematical method called "casting out 9s," which was a way to check your an-

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page 37*



*Neil with his wife, Susan Landau.*

## Neil Immerman

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swers when multiplying two-digit numbers. She was such a cool teacher, because she admitted that she had no idea how this technique worked. I found that inspiring, and it made me want to try to figure out that mystery. Even in high school math, you learn formulas and rules, but you never really learn what math *is*. For me, that changed during the summer of 1969, between tenth and eleventh grades, when I took a six-week summer math class at the University of New Hampshire, sponsored by the National Science Foundation.

The teachers there were very inspiring. They explained that math is very different from what is usually taught in high school. It basically entails looking at patterns and conjecturing about how things really work. For me, the amazing thing is that once you figure it out, you can prove that you are correct.

### Descriptive Complexity Made E-Z!

I guess I tend to be generally shy, but in Jericho, I'd lived there all my life and knew everybody, and so it was a place where I was very comfortable and was involved in a lot of things, like writing for the school paper. Yale was, I have to admit, a little intimidating. Very competitive. For instance, you couldn't just join the *Yale Daily News*; you had to compete to win a spot—if you were lucky.

I made one mistake at Yale: because I was very interested in and very good at math, I took a course called Early Concentration Math, which basically crammed the first two years of college math into one year. The class was well taught, but unfortunately all the kids in that class were assigned to the same entryway of the same dorm. One of the purposes of college is to expand your interests and groups of friends, and I didn't get to do as much of that as I would have liked.

In 1975 I went to grad school at Cornell University, which had an excellent math department and an excel-

lent group in logic there. I planned on studying logic, but I was disappointed to discover almost immediately that, in some sense, a lot of the more interesting issues had already been solved. I wasn't that interested in what the logicians there were working on then.

At the same time, however, I was taking a couple of courses in theoretical computer science, and in that field, all the questions were brand new. Everything was opening up, and there was an incredible excitement

there. In the 1930s, before computers had even been built, Alan Turing and others had come up with definitions of what it means to be computable. Turing, recently the subject of the film *The Imitation Game*, was the brilliant British mathematician whose deciphering of Nazi Germany's Enigma code played a major part in the Allied victory in World War II. In the mid-1970s, many questions analogous to more abstract ones that Turing had solved in the

1930s were now being asked about real computers. Questions like, "Which problems can be computed within a few minutes or hours, and which would require years or centuries?"

These questions are central and basic, and I found them fascinating. So I began to move over to theoretical computer science, which is really part of math, but applied to computational problems.

My decision may have been partly pragmatic. It was very difficult to find a job in math at that time. In fact, I remember applying to grad school at the University of California at Berkeley. All applicants, including me, received a letter back saying basically, "This is the current state of the job market. Do you *really* want to come here?"

When computing, you have different kinds of resources. For example, there's time: how many steps you take. And there's memory space: how much memory you have. People understood more or less that if you had more time, you could do more; and if you had more space, you could do more. But people didn't understand the relationship between the two very well.

I thought, *A-ha!* Nobody had really been able to solve

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*Neil and Susan's daughter, Ellie, reads a speech at the wedding of her older brother, Daniel (r.)*

## Neil Immerman

*Continued from page 37*

these complexity questions via these models of computing, which were called Turing machines, for Alan Turing. I wrote a thesis examining the extent to which you can understand complexity from the logical point of view. And it turns out that there is a direct correspondence, so you can understand all of complexity from this descriptive point of view.

So I ended up more or less starting a new approach to computational complexity. In my thesis, I called it “first-order expressibility,” but, luckily, my advisor later suggested a better name: descriptive complexity.

In 1999 I published a textbook by that title. I enjoy writing. But as you can probably imagine, the theory of computer science is highly complex, and the challenge is to write about it in such a way as to make things understandable but without losing readers.

Funny story about the cover: *Descriptive Complexity* was put out by Springer, an academic publishing company. The front covers of all the books in the series were solid gray. I asked my editor there if, instead, the cover could contain a diagram that helps to illustrate the relationships between logical classes and complexity classes. Much to my surprise, the folks at Springer said yes.

I came home that night feeling really pleased. I told my wife, Susan, “They’re letting me put my diagram on the cover.” Our son, Daniel, who was ten or eleven at the time, asked me about it, and I explained that this diagram mapped out what the book was about. Daniel said, “That’s very good, Daddy! That means no one will buy that book who shouldn’t.”

Daniel is twenty-nine now; he just finished defending his doctoral the-

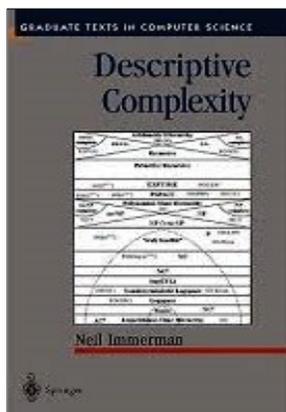
sis in philosophy at the University of Notre Dame and is about to apply for jobs. Daniel is married, and he and his wife, Emmy, are great cooks.

Our daughter, Ellie, is twenty-six, and a graduate student in the Technology and Policy Program at MIT, where she is working in nuclear non-proliferation. She’s done several other interesting things, including a year at the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace and a year teaching in Somaliland—which worried us quite a bit, but she came back safe.

MIT is also where my wife got her PhD in applied math. Like me, Susan became interested in theoretical computer science, but looking at complexity problems from an algebraic point of view rather than from a logical point of view. She was also interested in public policy, and now she works in cybersecurity policy. Susan combines the technical with the legal and the economics. She has written two books and many articles about cybersecurity, government surveillance, and related technical and policy issues.

### Liking Biking, Hiking

Remember that summer program I attended at the University of New



Hampshire in 1969? I met Susan through that, but indirectly, and not until two years later. The story is a little complicated, but far easier to understand than descriptive complexity.

There were four colleges in the Amherst area: Amherst College, of course, as well as the University of Massachusetts, Smith College, and Mount Holyoke. In 1970, people from the four schools helped establish what they hoped would become an ideal experimental college, Hampshire College, built in Amherst on what had been an apple orchard.

David Kelly, the math professor who had directed the NSF summer math program I went to in 1969, moved to Hampshire the year it was established. He invited me and the other alumni of the UNH summer program to visit. I drove up with a friend from New York City. This was the summer of 1971, just before I was to start Yale. It turned out that my teacher from 1969, Larry Carter, was again teaching at Kelly's program, now at Hampshire College. Susan, who grew up in Manhattan, was a student at the program that summer, and was in Larry's class.

One weekend about four weeks into the six-week program, driving back from Tanglewood, Susan said, “This program is so great! Couldn’t we extend it?”

Larry, who was at the wheel, asked, “Are you serious?”

“Yes!”

So she and her friends organized a two-week extension, which I attended. There was such a warm feeling among the students, that we had

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***“College students today are more concerned about their grades and their career progress. It’s understandable: they’re under far more pressure than we were. But it’s also a little sad, because this is a time of life when you should be able to experiment and discover.”***

## Neil Immerman

*Continued from page 38*

many reunions. We got to know each other better. In the summer of 1974, Susan and I were both going to be working as assistant teachers at the Hampshire College Summer Math Program. Since we both enjoyed biking, Susan and I decided to bicycle up to Amherst, camping out along the way. We met at the Bear Mountain Bridge, with saddlebags, sleeping bags, and not much else. We pedaled all the way up to Dartmouth College to visit some friends and then headed down to Amherst. We both still have very fond memories of that first adventure together.

I began Cornell in 1975; Susan followed a year later. And then we started living together. Ithaca, New York, is one of my favorite places. That's true for a lot of people who go to Cornell; many wind up staying and building a life there. The town was great, with an alternative-style community. And the Finger Lakes are very special, with incredible scenery.

There are many wonderful places to hike and bike. My first year there, I was living in a poorly insulated room, and it was a cold winter. One beautiful day in February was sunny and unseasonably warm. Although I wasn't in great physical shape, I decided that it would be fun to bike along Lake Cayuga. I didn't expect to go

very far. But the trees were bare, so I had a perfect view of the lake, I was feeling great, and I made it all the way to the top of the lake, which is forty miles.

That's when I realized I'd had a stiff wind at my back the whole time. Now, on the ride back to Cornell, it was whipping against my face. Plus, I'd gone out in just shorts and a T-shirt, and by late afternoon, biking into the wind, I was cold, tired, hungry, and thirsty.

Not very far from Ithaca, I just stopped at a small house and knocked on the door. A retired couple answered. "Could I please have a cup of tea?" I asked. They invited me inside, and gave me a cup of hot tea and a granola bar. That's what I needed, and in my memory, after that, it was a short ride home.

I still love to bicycle—in fact, Susan just bought me a new bike for my birthday—and I love being outdoors. We have a place on Cape Cod, and we enjoy going there to swim, bike, and kayak up and down the bay. Susan and I have always loved the Northeast for its change of seasons and quality of life.

Susan didn't find a professor at Cornell who could advise her on the combination of algebra and theoretical computer science that she wanted to study. So she left Cornell with a master's degree and moved to Boston in September 1979. Meanwhile, I was finishing my PhD at Cornell.

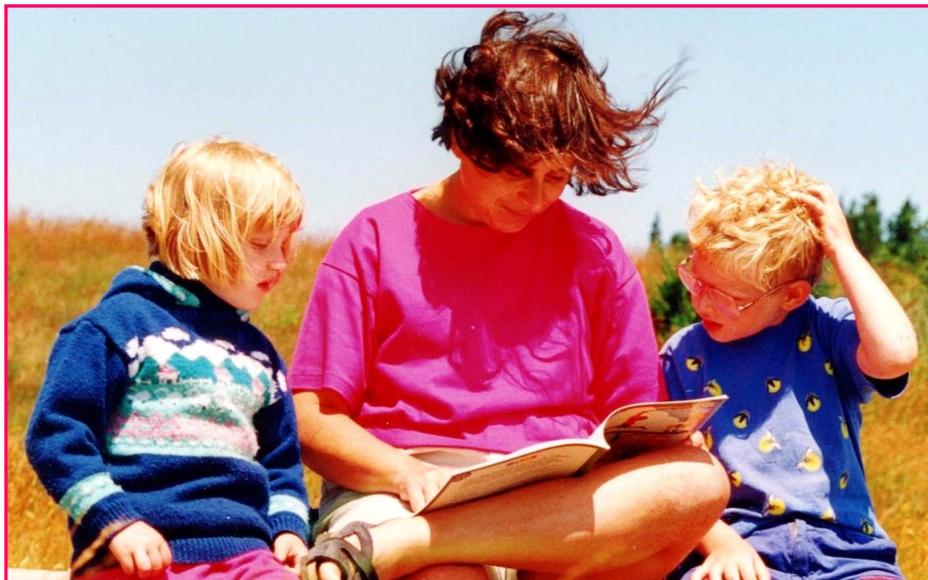
Susan writes very well, and back then she seriously considered becoming a science writer. In fact, while she was a grad student at Cor-

nell, she wrote an article about the city of Ithaca and sent it to the *New York Times*. It appeared as "What's Doing in Ithaca, New York" in the Sunday Travel Section. After she moved to Boston, Susan decided to try writing a freelance article—hopefully for the *Times*—about new research on fast algorithms in number theory, which had striking applications to cryptography. She called

Garry Miller, a young professor at MIT, to interview him about his recent breakthrough algorithm for testing by computer whether a given huge number was a prime.

He asked her, "How technically can I answer you?"

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*Beautiful shot of Susan reading to the kids when they were little. Daniel is now twenty-nine; Ellie, twenty-six.*

Susan and I bought cross-country skis and taught ourselves to ski along the same trails we had hiked on in the fall. That was an ideal way to enjoy the winters and made us look forward to the snow. With the physical exertion of the cross-country skiing, we never got cold.

## Neil Immerman

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“As technically as you want,” she replied.

“How can that be? You’re a freelance writer for the *Times*.” And she said, “Well, actually, I talked about your thesis in both the theory seminar and the algebra seminar at Cornell.”

After talking for a while, Gary was impressed. “Say,” he said, “I have a National Science Foundation grant on algebraic algorithms, but I can’t find any students with the right mathematical background. Would you be interested in coming to MIT and being my grad student?” Susan was soon accepted to the PhD program in applied math at MIT.

Meanwhile, I was applying for academic jobs. I ended up taking one at Tufts University, so that Susan and I could live together while she did her PhD at MIT. We got married that summer.

Three years later, Susan completed her thesis on algebraic algorithms. She took a job as an assistant professor at Wesleyan, and I became an assistant professor at Yale. The two schools are forty minutes apart, and we lived right in the middle, in a charming town called Durham. One thing about Yale, though, is that it is not very good about promoting people from within. I was not very skilled at institutional politics, and when they decided not to put me up for tenure after six years, I left to teach at UMass, Amherst. I’ve been there since 1989.

### Dr. Pedoto Was Right

It’s probably the ideal job for me, because I get to teach, work on my research, and then share my ideas with my students—and I’m basically left alone to do what I want. Teaching is not only rewarding but also a good way to remain clear and focused on what you’re doing. I remember something that my junior high French teacher, Dr. Joseph Pedoto, said once: he told us that he loved teaching seventh graders because they didn’t know anything, and so for him it was like starting fresh and building their knowledge from the ground up. I can truly appreciate that now.



My new students come in, and they’re free of biases; of thinking that something should be this way or that way. They’re open to all possibilities.

One difference between the students of today and our generation is that I would say they are more centered on how they are going to succeed professionally. At their age, I was concerned mainly with having a positive impact on the world, without a practical sense of what I would do with my career. I was very good in math, so I simply assumed that I would go in that direction and that everything would all work out—which, with a few bumps more for Susan than for me, it did. These kids are more concerned about their grades and their career progress. That probably has a lot to do with an uncertain economy, and it’s understandable; they’re under far more pressure than we were. But it’s also a little sad, because this is a



**Neil and Susan are dog lovers. That’s Izzy above, and, at left, Zosja, also a standard poodle, after a hard day of skiing.**

time of life when you should be able to experiment and discover.

UMass Amherst is a big university in a small town, and it is quite rural and quite slow and easy—you don’t even have to have a car, which is pretty amazing. In nice weather, I might bike to work.

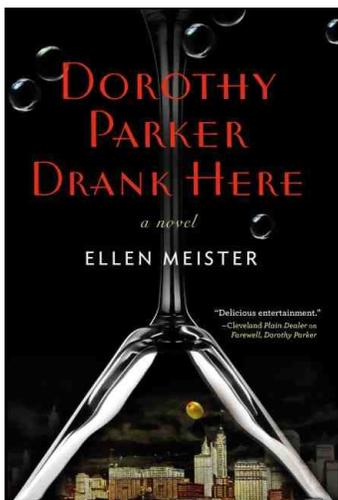
Even on a miserable day, I don’t have to drive, because the five colleges have a free bus system; there’s a bus that passes by my house every fifteen minutes that can take me to the university.

We chose our house for its location. We’re close to the center of town, on the bus route, but we’re also on a dead-end street, and the end of the street is conservation land, because Amherst is very forward looking about having a lot of land that is forever wild. There are many acres where our dog, Zosja, can run free, and immediately adjacent to the conservation land is an actual working farm. I’m in those woods every single day. There’s something really wonderful about it.

## Ellen Meister

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My first Long Island event was at the Book Revue, a fantastic independent bookstore in Huntington. I was worried about following it up with Barnes & Noble in Carle Place, because I often find that my friends and fans come out en masse for the first event, leaving less for the second. But Barnes & Noble really came through with publicity: it put two ads in *Newsday*, and I wound up with a standing-room-only crowd at B&N. Lori Kroll LoSchiavo, from my class, came to that one, and both Mike Diehl and Linda DiBari, also from '75, were at the Book Revue, which was very sweet of them all.



**Tell us about the launch party at the Algonquin, on West Forty-Fourth Street in Manhattan, where Dorothy Parker lunched and traded barbs and witticisms with other famous writers of the 1920s, such as Robert Benchley, George S. Kaufman, Alexander Woollcott, and a number of others.**

That was a dream come true, especially since, in this book, most of the action takes place at the Algonquin. It was an amazing evening. We were in a section of the Algonquin called the Oak Room, which is very historic because it is where the members of the "Round Table" had their very first lunch together before moving into the Rose Room soon after. We had a wonderful turnout: also standing-room only. It's always nice when you're giving a book reading, and you see the staff bringing in extra chairs. A lot of people who were there said that they felt Dorothy's presence in the room. It was very cool!

**Did the previous book, *Farewell, Dorothy Parker*, which received a great deal of critical praise, meet your expectations for it? Exceed your expectations?**

A little bit of both. What exceeded my expectations were the incredibly wonderful emails that I got from Dorothy Parker fans who expressed their gratitude and said that I'd captured her. But then I also received a lot of emails from readers who said they hadn't known about Dorothy

Parker until they picked up my book. That was incredibly gratifying.

**The buzz on *Dorothy Parker Drank Here* seems to be even louder than on the previous book.**

Absolutely. I've never had buzz like this for any of my previous four books. I think it's my best book yet. I'm really proud of it, and I'm thrilled by the reception that it has been receiving.

**How did you come to write another book involving Dorothy Parker?**

Truthfully, I had no intention of writing a sequel to *Farewell*. But I did have this idea for a prequel. One day my literary agent called to say that she'd been talking to my publisher at G.P. Putnam's Sons. "They think you're really onto something fresh with this idea of resurrecting a historic figure in a contemporary setting," she said, "and they wondered if you would consider doing that with another person?"

And, as a matter of fact, I *had* been considering that. The person who'd been rattling around in my imagination was the famous actress Tallulah Bankhead. She came from a prominent patrician Alabama family—her father was a US senator—but Tallulah was outrageous for her time. She was witty and bawdy and sexual and just ... crazy. But very serious about her craft, too. A really fascinating, larger-than-life character, and I re-created her in one scene in *Dorothy Parker Drank Here*, as she passes through the Algonquin on her way to the afterlife. (Not many people realize that Tallulah Bankhead was part of the Round Table for a while, too.)

Anyway, I told my agent that I was even more excited about this idea I had for a *Farewell, Dorothy Parker* prequel. She asked the people at Putnam's if they would be interested in my revisiting DP, and the answer was a resounding yes. And so I dove in.

**At the time of *Farewell*, you began a *Dorothy***

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Ellen with brother Stephen Meister ('72) at the Algonquin.

## Ellen Meister

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**Parker Facebook page. The membership has grown and grown.**



The Facebook page has taken off in ways that I never expected it to. When I started it, in 2011, I thought, *Maybe I'll find a few hundred like-minded Dorothy Parker fans.* The page now has almost 150,000 followers. It has been a lot of fun, because I get to interact with all of these fans, and they respond to my posts. It is time consuming—I devote thirty minutes to an hour to the page every day; you really have to post something new every day to



**(Above) An author's work is never done: the book is in the stores, and yet Ellen, ever the perfectionist, adds a serial comma by hand to every copy. Ah, kidding! That's Ellen autographing Dorothy Parker Drank Here at B&N and (second from left in photo at right) at an appearance at the Book Revue in Huntington, Long Island.**

keep readers interested and coming back for more. But it is definitely worth the effort.

**What is the age range of your Facebook followers?**

It skews a little bit older than the average Facebook user. Probably most of the people on the page are in the thirty-five-and-up range. And it's a little bit heavier female than male. You might think that it would be sixty-five plus: after all, Dorothy died in 1967. Also, the page has followers from all over the world. It's kind of phenomenal.

**When you write a book, you become intimate with the main characters, whether they are real or fictional. It's like they live with you. Is Dorothy Parker a fun houseguest? Does she put away the liquor bottles after she's done with them?**

The funny thing is, I felt that Dorothy Parker was living with me long before I ever got the idea to write *Farewell, Dorothy Parker*. Her voice was always in my head, cracking me up with all of those snide, vicious, judgmental remarks about people and things in my world that I would never *dare* say! I would hear her; she was there. So yes, she is a lot of fun. It is kind of freeing to feel like you don't always have to filter yourself and be politically correct all the time.

She's like my bitchy alter ego! ■



## John Pellicone

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**John and the former Maria Granato. The couple married in 1981.**

whole other level of expertise with regard to credentialing and billing and running a private practice.

Right now, both our sons live at home. Chris just graduated from college with a sports-management major, and he is currently investigating some positions. While he's doing that, he's also working for a construction company.

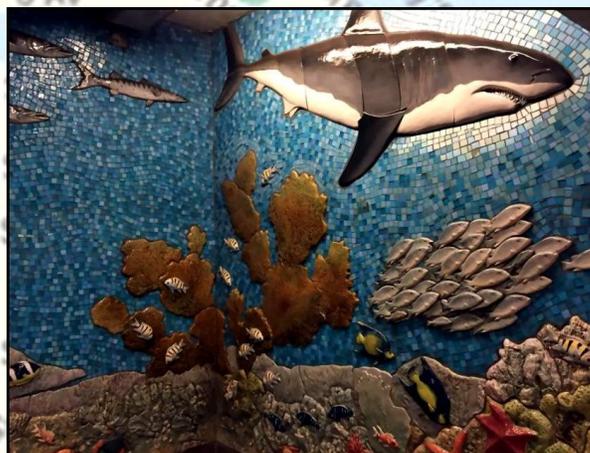
Meanwhile, Vincent, a high school junior, is not only a superb student but also is far more the artisan than I ever was. He swims on the varsity team, plays baritone sax, flute, a little keyboard, and some trombone, and is involved in a lot of community activities.

We've already begun investigating colleges. Just like I was at his age, he's enthralled by a relatively small school with the classic campus and green, in a college town. Dartmouth would suit him, Brown University, too, and a few others. They're all tough to get into these days—tougher, probably, than in our day; the competition is just *intense*—but it helps that he's got a healthy outlook about it all.

So right now it's an exciting time for all four us. ■



**Concept: A girl. A camera.  
And the greatest city in the world!**



*"Museum of Natural History subway station is one of the most beautiful in the system."*



*"Times Square post-celebration."*



*"Getting ready for spring: Times Square BID brings back outdoor seating."*



*"One last snowstorm before winter finally clears out."*

*"... And the surest sign of spring of all: unbearable traffic as road crews try to repair pothole damage!"*

