

Fall 2005
Issue No. 10

"Lies! Lies! All of It, Lies!"
**JHS Class of 1972 Thirderly
On-Line Newsletter**

Welcome to this, the tenth newsletter of the Jericho High School class of 1972.

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Thanks to this issue's correspondents. We hope that you will contribute news about you and yours to future issues. Best wishes to the JHS class of 1972.

You can find all issues of the class newsletter on our official Web site, at <http://www.jhs1972.net>.

Official Propaganda Tool of Jericho High School's Class of '72

Ol' George Woulda Been Proud!
**Results of the Class's Vote on Where to Hold Our
35th Reunion: Milleridge Inn, 38; Florida, 17**

AFTER TWO MONTHS AT THE POLLS, the JHS class of 1972 has chosen the Milleridge Inn as the site of its thirty-fifth reunion in September 2007. Voting broke down along geographical lines, with all but a few of the South's votes

coming from Floridians. We promise you folks a Havana reunion at some point in the future.

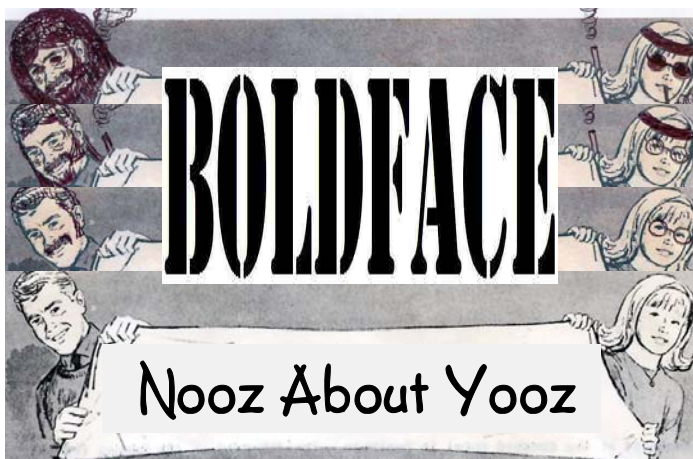
So, mark your calendar: What do you mean, you don't have a 2006 calendar

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Listen to the father of your country: "Tis a well-known historical fact that I slept at the Milleridge Inn. Now it's your turn. Come to your 35th high-school reunion. Martha will be buying a new low-cut frock for the occasion. Right, Martha?"



*Jericho High School Class of 1972
35th Reunion
Saturday, September 29, 2007, 1 P.M. • Jericho, L.I.*



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 between 8 AM and 3 PM.

News That Is Sure to Floor You

Cherrie Fleisher Strauss, who lives in Manhattan, informs us that her sister **Debra Fleisher Livingston** (class of 1975) has just launched a new Web site for her custom floor cloth business. You can check it out at <http://www.arteffexinc.com>.

Manon Fielding: Chiropractical

Dr. Manon Fielding recently opened her second chiropractic practice, in Durham, North Carolina, where she makes her home. In June, she and daughter **Amanda** vacationed in Paris. Amanda, a

tenth-grader, attends Durham School of the Arts — and, at 5'10", "towers over her mother," says Manon.

Chiropractic is a second career for Manon, who used to work in computer-support management. She became interested in chiropractic through her ex-husband.

"I went with him to a chiropractic spinal class at his chiropractor's office," she recalls. "And I was in awe of the work that the chiropractors were doing. It was so holistically oriented, and people just glowed when they left their office.

"I was also very impressed that chiropractors loved what they did and were very passionate about it. I soon enrolled in the program for a Doctor of Chiropractic degree.

"It was a tough haul at thirty-five, as I had Amanda at the same time," she says, "but here I am, happier and more

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Our Newest Dad: Jim Greco

"I would like you to know that after fifty-one years, I am finally a dad," writes **Jim Greco**. On August 11, he and wife **Nicole** welcomed six-pound, ten-ounce **Isabella Frances** into the world. "She is what I've been waiting for all of my life."

In the aftermath of the terrorist bombings in London last July, you may have heard or seen Jim interviewed on the news. His company, Long Island K-9 Service, located in Manorville, is the largest

certified explosives/narcotics dog kennel on the Island. "We provide trained explosives dogs for the government and for many companies all over the place." Jim, a Nassau County sheriff, began training canines in 1979.

In addition, Jim provides security for World Team Tennis, Estee Lauder, Lizzie Grubman, and events in the Hamptons. If you'd like to learn more about Jim's interesting line of work and see plenty of photos of these beautiful animals, visit LI K-9's Web site at <http://www.lik-9.com>.



One happy fella: Jim Greco and daughter Isabella



Ooh-la-la! Dr. Manon Fielding and daughter Amanda in Paris. Hey, are those Freedom Fries they're eating?

*First Person Singular***Wendy Foxmyn: Class(y) Individual(ist)**

I remember when the yearbook came out, and there it was: Class Individualists, Wendy Foxman and Billy Hartley. I really didn't know why this "Super Senior" honor was bestowed on me. I still wonder.

What I've come to realize is that what sets me apart in some ways is that I'm very reflective, and I've always been that way. I'm a sharp observer of people and events, always reading, thinking, and analyzing. Over the years, I've come to realize how many of us struggled with our self-esteem, our identities, what is unique about ourselves and what is shared among us. And of course, we're all Class Individualists.

I was stunned when classmates at each of our two recent gatherings said to me, "Wendy, you were so smart!" I was in AP English with what I thought were the *real* smart kids, and I didn't feel smart compared with them. Despite my adoration for Mr. Boroson, I struggled terribly with geometry and trigonometry, whatever *that* is (!) But thank you, Lou Boroson and your wonderful wife, for bringing women's liberation — and probably one of the first high-school consciousness-raising groups — to Jericho High School. This exposure to feminism had a profound influence on my life and the direction it has taken.

From Jericho to Cincinnati ...

My ticket out of high school was music; specifically, the violin. The Jericho High School music department, through string teacher and orchestra conductor Alan Arnold, had developed a relationship with the College Conservatory of Music (CCM) at the University of Cincinnati. Stephen



Molina, Toni's older brother, was succeeding there as a string bass player, and CCM was impressed with Jericho's music students. Joyce Barry spent some time studying piano there too.

Unfortunately, my time at CCM was short-lived. I was so excited to be in college, I did too much. I was given a waiver to take extra credit hours and was studying ballet, violin, several academic classes, and I was in honors music. I had fallen in love with early music (Medieval and Renaissance) and was spending hours learning and practicing the viola da gamba. I just wore myself out. Three

"Paul Simon lived across the road and came over to play softball, and Carly Simon was my guitar teacher."

months into my first semester, I came down with mononucleosis. I ended up leaving the music school and switching into the liberal arts school. A year or so later, I switched again, into the UC College of Community Services and graduated with a degree in Urban Affairs. Shortly thereafter, I took my *Urban Affairs* degree and moved to *rural* Massachusetts.

Before my story moves on to the Massachusetts years, I should say a bit more about my transition from music student to feminist/social justice activist. I volunteered with a consumer advocacy center and an off-campus women's crisis center. I interned as a producer with Cincinnati public television and became very involved with a startup community radio station. I was a producer, an on-air host, and public-affairs director. I loved producing the old-fashioned way, with reel-to-reel tapes and edit blocks. I've had a few opportunities over the years to host and/or be a guest with local stations. I'm considering the possibilities again, as a new, low-power FM community radio station just signed on in my home city last week.

When I was nineteen, I changed the spelling of my last name to Foxmyn, with a y instead of an a. Sometimes, when people ask me, "What kind of name is that?" I've replied, "Jewish-Feminist." You had to be there.

A short VISTA stint in Cincinnati immersed me in the work of anti-poverty agencies and offered me one of my earliest opportunities to learn and use the community organizing skills that have proven invaluable since that time.

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Wendy Foxmyn

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From Cincinnati to Massachusetts ...

After five years in Cincinnati, I wanted to come back East, to be near my family. My parents still lived on Long Island. I also had family in Rochester, New York, where my parents were raised and I was born. When I was six months old, we moved to Queens and then to Jericho when I was five. I did not have that Brooklyn-Bronx connection the way many of my friends and classmates had. By comparison, I felt Midwestern. I'm certain this was one of the reasons I'd chosen to go to school in Ohio.

For four summers, starting in 1967, I attended Indian Hill Arts Academy, in Stockbridge, Massachusetts. Carol Miller, an extraordinarily gifted artist and Jericho classmate, attended Indian Hill as well. It was an amazing place, filled with highly accomplished teachers and young, talented musicians, filmmakers, artists, dancers, and actors.

The camp directors, Irma and Mordy Bauman, lived in Greenwich Village and Stockbridge and tapped their ever-growing circle of both mainstream and cutting-edge artsy friends to staff Indian Hill. I stay in touch with the Baumans; I sent Irma chocolate-covered strawberries for her ninetieth birthday in August. Paul Simon lived across the road and came over to play softball, and Carly Simon was my guitar teacher. Indian Hill and the Berkshires (Tanglewood, Jacob's Pillow, etc.) stayed with me, and I wandered back here after college.

I moved to Greenfield, Massachusetts, a town of 18,000, in 1977. Greenfield is about an hour east of the Berkshires and about ninety minutes west of Boston. Janet Penn lived in the area and convinced me this was a wonderful place to live. Janet and I played violin and piano duets in high school — she's a very talented pianist and has sung professionally. So I settled in Greenfield, renting an apartment in a large complex on the edge of town, then proceeded to undertake tenant organizing. I worked for Legal Services for several years as a family and housing paralegal, and became heavily involved with local politics and civic activities. I've served as an elected

town councilor and county charter commissioner, coordinated several local, regional, and statewide political campaigns, founded a community-access TV station, co-founded a housing land trust, and served on many other government and non-profit boards and committees. I performed with an early-music ensemble, a klezmer band, symphony and opera orchestras, and "in the pit" with several musical theatre productions. All this was after work; my day jobs kept me busy too. Speaking of work, I have been fortunate to have work that has been interesting, meaningful, and challenging. I've been nicknamed the "Move On Queen," and a look at my resume and an examination of my personal life will reveal why.

Since last October, I've been assistant town administrator of the Town of Wilbraham, Massachusetts. It's one of several town administrator positions I've held during the last twenty-five years. I've worked for towns with populations under five hundred and was a shared administrator — a "circuit rider" — for several small towns concurrently as part of a state initiative to professionalize government operations in small communities. I worked with a regional government to provide technical assistance to area local governments and nonprofit organizations, and have done this same work as a private consultant.

In New England, most small communities continue to have a "town meeting" form of government, with an appointed administrator, an elected board of selectmen (three or five members) and either a "representative" or "open" town meeting. Open town meetings provide an opportunity for any registered voter in the community to attend, debate, and vote. Annual town meetings are held in the spring and set the budget for the town and schools; they are, essentially, the legislative branch of town government. Dozens or hundreds may attend. To quote a colleague, "Ah, the New England town meeting: three hundred years of tradition unbroken by progress."

And it's true. I hold competing views and mixed emotions about the town meeting. It's a messy, cumbersome relic that unnecessarily complicates the efficient operations of a town — yet it's a model for citizen engagement,

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Wendy at our 30-year reunion with pal Michael Lewis.

Wendy Foxmyn

Continued from page 4

deliberation, and democracy. For a municipal manager, though, it's an enormous headache!

I remember my very first town meeting, about twenty-five years ago. I was warned, "People are going to stand up and wag their finger and yell and shout, but don't worry, they'll all shake hands at the end," and, that's just what happened. During these last twenty-five years I've seen an increase in rancorous debate that doesn't end, let alone with handshakes. The ever-increasing number of mandates from federal and state government, coupled with the different — and higher — expectations of newcomers moving to town, have placed a burden on small towns and, in turn, led to deeply divided commu-

nity life. I've watched area towns erupt over issues such as whether or not to build a new school, widen a road, allow Wal-Mart into town, or build a bike path. Sometimes these divisive debates continue for years with a change in the subject matter but the usual cast of characters lining up, predictably, on opposing sides.

About ten years ago I rekindled a long-term interest in the practice of mediation. I was trained as a mediator in 1983. Witnessing the increasing breakdown in civility in public life, I decided to marry my interest in mediation with my years of involvement in government and public policy. I immersed myself in the field of mediation and conflict resolution, including graduate studies, numerous trainings, seminars, and confer-

ences; directed a community mediation program; and trained others in conflict resolution and mediation. Although I have not hung out a mediator's shingle, I find the listening and communications skills I have learned are in constant use in all aspects of my life, especially in the work I do in government.

This part of western Massachusetts is a very special place to live. I have observed that most of the people who move here come because of the "here" about here. It's beautiful. There is very little traffic and noise, there are no lines to wait in when you shop or bank, and the cost of living is considerably lower than in metropolitan areas. Yet there are five colleges (Amherst, Smith, Hampshire, Mt. Holyoke, and the University

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FROM THE 1972 JERICHO *IMPERATOR*

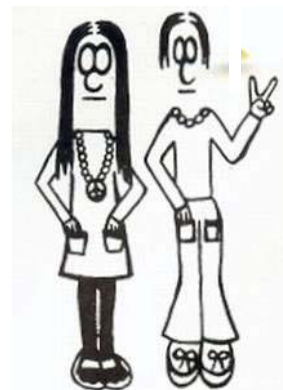


William Hartley

CLASS INDIVIDUALIST



Wendy Foxman



CLASS FAVORITES

TEACHERS — Miss Sutcliffe and Mr. Boroson — FOOD — Whopper — BEVERAGE — Wine — SEASON — Spring — HANG OUT — Diner — RADIO STATION — WNEW FM — MOVIE — Summer of '42 — SONG — Maggie Mae — MUSICIAN — Cat Stevens — CAR — Jaguar — PASTIME — Smoking (Whatever you want) — BOOK — Love Story — ACTOR — Dustin Hoffman — ACTRESS — Jane Fonda — PAINTER — Picasso — POET — E. E. Cummings — COMIC — Peanuts — MAGAZINE — Playboy — COLLEGE — Nassau Community — PROFESSION — Doctor and Teacher.

"... AND NOW, FOR THE YOUNGSTURS ..."

What are some class of 1972 progeny up to? Find out right here ... on our page ...



Jack "Stud" Stabenfeldt

Jack (Schaefer) Stabenfeldt

In July, Penny Schaefer Stabenfeldt's twelve-year-old son, Jack, made the front page of the Marin Independent Journal after pitching a three-hit complete-game 4-1 victory. Jack, Penny, and husband Dave live in Larkspur, California. Here's the article:

Little League: Stabenfeldt Gutsy in Twin Cities Win

By Robyn Wolf

Twin Cities pitcher Jack Stabenfeldt pitched a masterful three-hit complete game last night against Mill Valley American despite being hit by a sharp line drive comebacker in the second inning. Stabenfeldt looked like he would come out of the game, but stayed in to

earn the 4-1 victory at Babe Silva Field in Novato. "It hurt a lot, but it made me want to work harder and fight back," Stabenfeldt said. "It seemed like everything was clicking after that."

Stabenfeldt continued to pitch well in the 11-12 Little League District 3 Tournament game, giving up no hits, one walk, and striking out two after being hit. Twin Cities coach Pete Turner was impressed by the maturity and perseverance Stabenfeldt showed on the mound.

"He was fabulous. I went out to the mound to see if he wanted to come out, but there was no way. He said, 'Don't get mad, get even' and he threw like that. He threw the game of his life," Turner said.

Stabenfeldt's teammates felt that his staying in the game inspired the team and focused the defense. "When he got hit by that line drive he showed what a stud he was," third baseman Andrew Stahl said. "For being hit in the shoulder like that he pitched a great game," shortstop Jake Packman added. "It actually seemed like he got better after that."

Stabenfeldt thought that the defense playing behind him also contributed to the win. "The defense was awesome," he said. "They laid out and got tight." Twin Cities committed no errors. Immediately after the line drive hit Stabenfeldt, Packman ranged deep to his right and threw out the runner at second for the second out of the inning and Stabenfeldt cruised after getting out of that jam. "His defense made the plays," Mill Valley coach Bruce Dorfman said.

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*First Person Singular***Jill Harmon: A Twin in the Twin Cities**

You know how so many kids today seem to know what they want to do or where they want to live at an early age? "I want to be an entertainment lawyer in California." Or, "I want to be a large-animal vet and live in the country." They already *know*. When I was a teenager, I had no idea of what I wanted to do! My career and life, for that matter, just sort of unfolded.

I didn't realize it at the time, but after my sister, Amy, and I graduated in June 1972, the Jericho chapter of my life ended. While I visited home and kept in touch with friends, I was never home for longer than the one month winter break we got from college. Unlike many other parents in Jericho, ours never pushed us to stay in the New York area. They encouraged us to go where the job was — where our futures were waiting — wherever and whatever that might be. (Maybe they just wanted to get rid of us.)

After receiving an industrial and labor relations degree from Cornell University, I landed a job in Pittsburgh with LTV Steel, working in labor relations. At LTV, I started as a labor-relations trainee — only the second woman ever to be hired into this program. I was actually on the shop floor of the Pittsburgh Works steel mill, investigating grievances and preparing for arbitration cases. I wore a hard hat, flame-retardant clothing, and metatarsal boots. The mill ran for several miles on both sides of the Monongahela River and incorporated the entire steel-making process, from the blast furnaces, through the electric furnaces, to the finishing operations.

It was another world for me. I frequently asked myself what was a

nice girl from Jericho doing in a place like this! The mill was a really dangerous place to work (there were three fatalities and numerous accidents in the five years I was there), and the men were incredibly macho, but there was an energy and spirit in the Steelworkers that I truly enjoyed. And the ethnic and cultural diversity of Pittsburgh was fantastic. It was quite a change from what I'd grown up with.

And, as luck would have it, I did have a wonderful Jericho connection during those Pittsburgh years. Mark Whitehill was completing his Ph.D. in clinical psychology at that time, and lived just up the hill from me. I even

"Right down the street from the building that I work in is a statue of Mary Tyler Moore throwing her hat in the air, right where she did in the opening to the TV show."

ended up introducing him to my girlfriend Cynthia, who would later become his wife!

Pittsburgh was where I met my husband, Frank Fairman. He grew up in Pittsburgh and had come home after college to work for a brief stint before going off to graduate school. While he was working on his MBA in Philadelphia, I accepted a job in Scranton, Pennsylvania, where I worked as a human resources manager for Schlumberger, a large oil services company. Our plant manufactured down-hole tools for oil exploration and instrumentation/controls for naval nuclear subs.



After a year, they transferred me to Engler Instruments, a unionized (but friendly) teamsters plant in Jersey City, New Jersey. At least I was moving closer to Philly, where Frank was, and it was the one and only time that I would live close enough to New York to enjoy seeing Beth Flanders and Cindy Rosenthal on a regular basis.

Frank and I got married in New York in 1983, after he'd finished business school. Unlike most of his colleagues, who wanted to work in finance, he didn't want to go to New York City. He wanted nothing to do with it; maybe because he grew up in a mid-size city like Pittsburgh.

A guy he'd played soccer with in college was working for Piper Jaffray, a regional investment bank in Minneapolis, and he recruited Frank. I remember looking at a map and thinking, *What? I'm moving to Minnesota? That's next to North and South Dakota and right above Iowa! What's a nice girl from Jericho going to do in a place like that?*

The Long Road to the Heartland

Frank had already started his job in Minneapolis. I drove myself out here very slowly, stopping along the way

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Jill Harmon

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Jill with Cheryl Russell Tuoff at our thirty-year reunion.

to visit friends and family. I think my new husband thought I was never going to arrive in the Twin Cities!

Once I got settled, I started looking for work. It was a few weeks before Christmas, 1983. On the day I had my first interview scheduled, it was twenty-four degrees below zero. Actually, that was the day's *high*. Now, we always get a few winter days where the high is minus ten, minus fifteen, but minus twenty-four is really, really cold, even for Minnesota. The company was so impressed that I even showed up, I'm sure that was half the reason they hired me.

The job wasn't in human resources, it was in executive recruiting. I'd never thought about doing that before, but they thought I might be good at it, so I decided to give it a try. When I started, it was really hard. I basically was given an office and a telephone. Plus, it wasn't the type of firm that handed you leads, and I didn't know a soul in town. But it turned out to be something I was successful at, and it was interesting. I got to learn a lot about different businesses and different jobs.

After my son and two daughters were born, I took nine years off to be home with the kids. Did that time ever fly by, and I'm grateful that I was able to be there when my children were young. I decided to go back to work five years ago and got hired by another search firm, Schall, Lyman & Carlson, where I now work part time.

There's Life After New York

After Pittsburgh, I was really kind of sold on medium-size cities. We have a great lifestyle in the Twin Cities. It gives you the opportunity to kind of be a bigger fish in a smaller pond. I have been able to keep up the cello; I joined the St. Paul Civic Symphony, which rehearses at Macalester College, five minutes from my house. I'm also active on several non-profit boards, including Community Action Partnership, a federally, state, and locally funded organization that administers Head Start and other anti-poverty programs.

It's also kind of fun, frankly, to be an Easterner in the Midwest. I'm definitely a little bit different than the tall, blonde, and stoic Scandinavians who predominate in this area. I can tell that people are not generally accustomed to my East Coast style,

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Locating the Class of '72

We've found all class members except for these seventeen folks. If you have any idea where they or their family might be, please let us know.

Georgene Borgess • Grainger Cole • Juliet Cucco • Joseph Esposito • Olivia Fairfield • Steven Gross • Randy Haas • Billy Hartley • Judy Lubitz • Bea Mari • David Meadow • James Rorer • Ayda Saydan • Laurie Siegel • Barbara Simpson • Emma Snow • Sam Turetsky

And Now, For the Youngsters: Jack Stabenfeldt

Continued from page 6

In contrast to Twin Cities' flawless defense, Twin Cities' aggressive baserunning caused several Mill Valley errors. Trailing 1-0 in the third, Packman drew a leadoff walk and then Stabenfeldt laid down a bunt that moved Stahl all the way to third because the base was not covered by Mill Valley.

"I've had a couple plays like that before this season and I just took the extra base. Once I saw he wasn't there, I ran my hardest," said Stahl, who scored on a two-out infield single by Andrew Suliteanu.

Packman delivered a two-out single in the fourth and headed toward third on a grounder to right field. A wild throw to third base allowed him to score the go-ahead run.

Twin Cities extended the lead to 4-1 with a two-run fifth that began with singles off the bats of Stahl and Stabenfeldt. The runners were advanced into scoring position with a bunt by Jordy Gallegioni, and scored on an error.

Twin Cities specifically focused on baserunning and bunting in practice. "That is the way we play," said Stabenfeldt. "We work on bunting a lot and taking the base when it is open."

Mill Valley pitcher Mitch Abramson also pitched a good game, allowing two walks and striking out six. Only one of the four runs he allowed was earned.

"He pitched a great game, but our fielders let him down," Dorfman said. "We played great to get to this spot, but I think we got a little too excited." ■

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By Dan Clurman

About Dan:

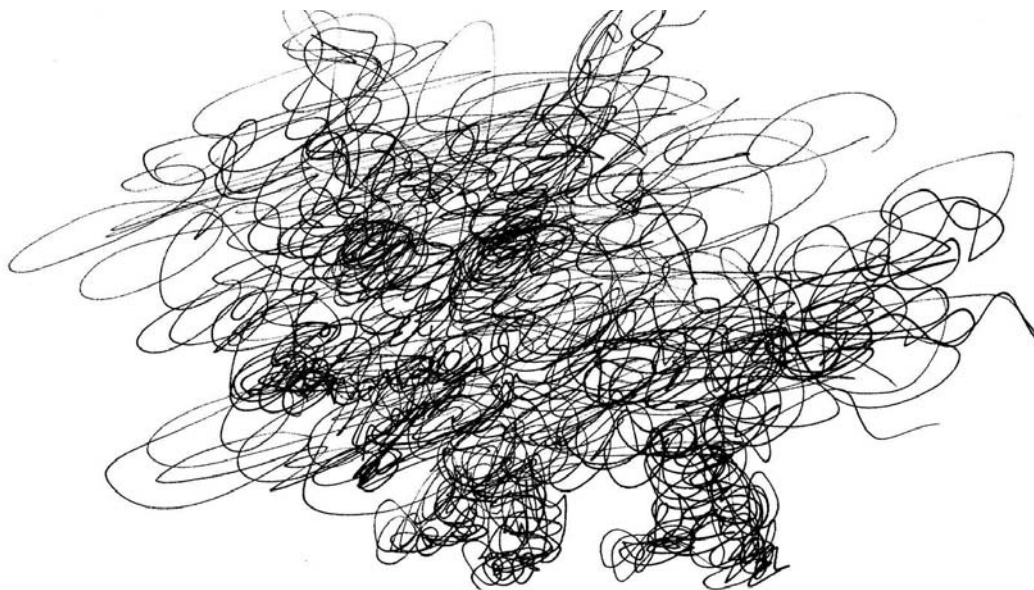
"I have been a coach and educator for the last twenty years, delivering training and classes in non-profits, universities, and corporations.



"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.

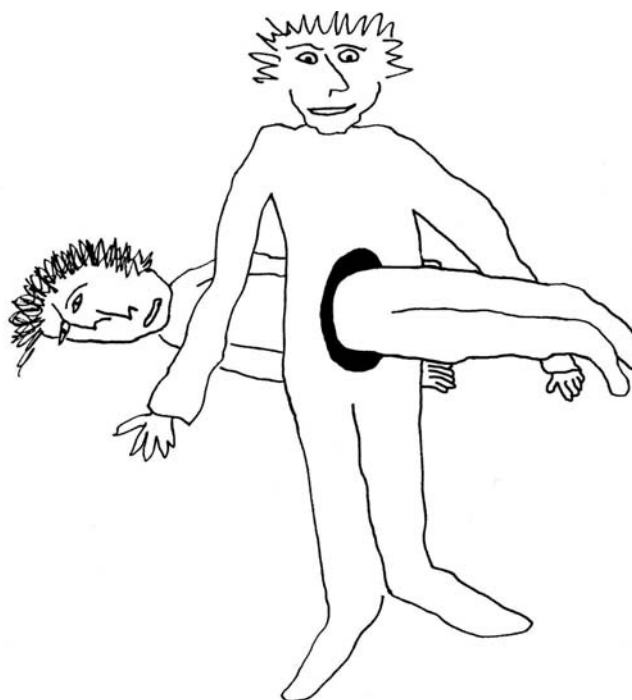
"I've cowritten a few books, *Money Disagreements: How to Talk About Them* and *Conversations With Critical Thinkers*, as well as a book of poems and drawings, *Floating Upstream*. The book these toons are part of will be published in a few months."

To purchase *Floating Upstream*, send \$15 (plus \$2 postage) to Dan Clurman, 396 61st Street, Oakland, CA 94618. For *Money Disagreements*, send \$10 to the same address.

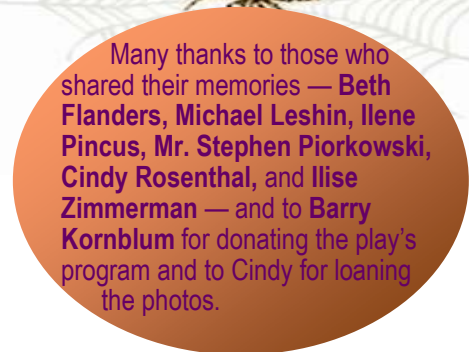


Bad Hair Dog

CLURMAN



Passing Through



Junior Year: The Harlequin Players Present *The Crucible*

THE HARLEQUIN PLAYERS' PRODUCTION OF ARTHUR Miller's *The Crucible*, directed by Mr. Stephen Piorkowski, stands as one of the most memorable dramatic performances in the history of Jericho High School.

"A labor of love," Mr. Piorkowski calls it. "I was brand new to Jericho and was besieged by students from my eleventh-grade English class — Cindy Rosenthal, Beth Flanders, Celia Felsher, Mark Ratner, Benita Zahn, Lee Bloomrosen, Bruce Stern, Jerry Kay — to revive the defunct drama club, Harlequin Players.

"We were studying *The Crucible* at the time, and I suggested that play. They were just delighted to have someone willing to showcase their talents. I held an open audition and did cast members of the other grades, but for the most part it was your class that spearheaded the whole show." As you can see from the program, the class of 1972 dominated the production.

"With a mere \$65 provided by the district — yes, that's all — we set about doing Miller's play," Mr. Piorkow-

ski continues. "Cast members chipped in and paid for the material for their costumes, parents volunteered the lights (Lola Rosenthal) and the printing of the program (Lou and Gloria Kaufman), student council officers volunteered their time to build and paint scenery.

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THE JERICHO HIGH SCHOOL HARLEQUIN PLAYERS

present

The Crucible

by ARTHUR MILLER

Directed by Stephen Piorkowski

Assistant Directors
Lori Berman
Ilise Zimmerman

THE CAST
(in order of appearance)

REVEREND PARRIS	Michael Leshin
BETTY PARRIS	Jacqueline Schachter
TITUBA	Benita Zahn
ABIGAIL WILLIAMS	Cindy Rosenthal
SUSANNA WALCOTT	Amy Harmon
MRS. ANN PUTNAM	Elise Goldstein
THOMAS PUTNAM	Mitchell Douglas
MERCY LEWIS	Janet Silverstein
MARY WARREN	Celia Felsher
JOHN PROCTOR	Mark Ratner
REBECCA NURSE	Ilene Pincus
GILES COREY	Lee Bloomrosen
REVEREND JOHN HALE	Ross Kaufman
ELIZABETH PROCTOR	Beth Flanders
FRANCIS NURSE	Michael DiPasquale
EZEKIEL CHEEVER	Mark Sacks
MARSHAL HERRICK	Mark Whitehill
MARTHA COREY	Linda Frankel
JUDGE HATHORNE	Bruce Stern
DEPUTY GOVERNOR DANFORTH	Jerry Kay
SARAH GOOD	Susan Finkelstein
HOPKINS	Marc Powers
GIRLS:	Linda Frankel, Jill Harmon Gael Malkenson, Janet Penn



Several members of the cast at our thirty-year reunion: Bruce Stern, Lee Rose, Cindy Rosenthal, Mr. Stephen Piorkowski, Mark Ratner, Amy Harmon Snodgrass, and Beth Flanders. Hey, how about a reunion tour, like the Stones?

The Crucible

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“The result was so good because we all wanted it to be good.”

Arthur Miller’s play ran for six months in 1953 at Broadway’s Martin Beck Theatre. Although *The Crucible* was a work of fiction based on the Salem Witch Trials of 1692, it was a thinly veiled allegory of of the witch trials then being conducted in Washington, DC, by Wisconsin senator Joseph McCarthy and the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

The original Broadway production starred Arthur Kennedy as John Proctor, Madeleine Sherwood as Abigail Williams, and E. G. Marshall as Reverend John Hale. Despite the fact that *The Crucible* had a relatively short run – possibly due to the anti-Communist hysteria rampant at the time – Miller and his play both won Tony Awards, as did actress Beatrice Straight, who portrayed John Proctor’s long-suffering wife, Elizabeth.

“In all my years of education and observing student productions,” reflects Mr. Piorkowski, who retired in 1991 and still lives on Long Island, “I have never seen as comparable performance quality as the cast and crew of Jericho’s *The Crucible*. I’m still mighty proud of it.”

The production brought an unexpected dividend, too, he adds, in the form of “lifelong friendships among the cast members – and me.” ■



ACT I

- Scene 1: A bedroom in Reverend Samuel Parris’ house, Salem, Massachusetts, in the spring of the year 1692.
- Scene 2: The home of John Proctor, eight days later.
- Scene 3: A wood.

INTERMISSION

ACT II

- Scene 1: The courtroom, two weeks later.
- Scene 2: A cell in Salem jail, three months later.

THE PRODUCTION STAFF

- Business Manager Margaret Eraclio
- Lighting Steve Sakson, director;
Barry Kornblum, Jon Greenberg
- Scenery Steve Spencer, director;
Arlene Berrie, Paul Corwin, Ann DeBenedetto,
Amy Lubow, David Lutzker, Judy Spera, Sandy Sylvan.
- Stage Construction Mitchell Douglas, Lee Bloomrosen,
Ross Kaufman, Jerry Kay, Mike Leshin,
Mark Miller, Mark Ratner, Steve Spencer,
Bruce Stern, Mike Sugarman
- Costumes Marion Lomurro, director;
Sue Friedland, Randi Blatt, Eileen Marder
- Publicity Ellen Rader, Michael Sugarman
- Sound Effects Jim Sausmer

The Crucible

Continued from page 11

Cindy Rosenthal (Abigail Williams): "I remember the fun (and thrill) of playing Abigail in that 'naughty' scene 'in the woods' with Mark Ratner as John Proctor. I remember Benita Zahn's brave, exciting performance as Tituba. And I'll never forget the screaming of the girls in that fabulous court room scene. Truly, working on that role, with that director and that company, made me want to be an actress."

Black and white photography by David Lutzker ('73)

Ilise Zimmerman (assistant director): "I was always in awe of my fellow classmates who could get up on a stage and act. I know that I felt close to every member of the cast."

Ilene Pincus (Rebecca Nurse): "Benita Zahn [who played the Indian slave Tituba, portrayed as African American in Miller's play] was not allowed to appear in black face, so the darkest color we were allowed to use was a kind of reddish tan."

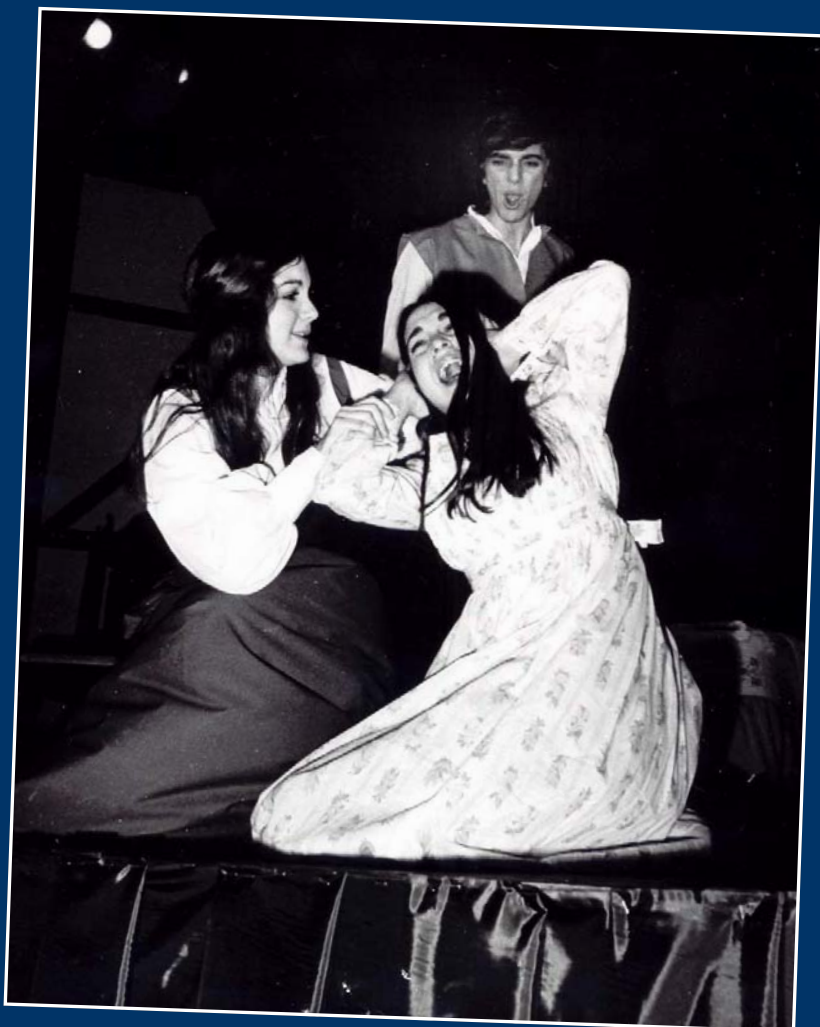
"I still have the gold eye-glass frames that were loaned to JHS as part of my costume! Whoops, guess I forgot to turn them in!"



Left: Michael Leshin and Cindy Rosenthal, and, inset, Michael today. Below, *The Devil in Miss Schachter*: Jacqueline Schachter from the class of '73 as Betty Parris (center), surrounded by Cindy and Mark Ratner.

Michael Leshin (Reverend Samuel Parris): "*The Crucible* was an extremely memorable and important part of my youth. It provided a real sense of community for those of us who shared an interest in the theatre. And there was a great esprit de corps for all of us in the production."

"It propelled me onto a short-lived path of pursuing theater as a career; majoring in theater in college, doing some summer stock and a year or so of doing the 'struggling-actor routine' before switching gears to attend law school. Two years ago I was in *The Crucible* with Needham Community Theatre, in Massachusetts, which was a great experience."



The Crucible

Continued from page 12

About the Director, "Pior"

Beth Flanders (Elizabeth Proctor):

"What I remember most about *The Crucible* was Stephen Piorkowski's deft hand at directing it, and wishing my prudish character could have held on to her man (John Proctor, played by Mark Ratner!) instead of losing him to some witchy, bitchy mistress (played by my dear friend Cindy Rosenthal)."

Cindy Rosenthal (Abigail Williams):

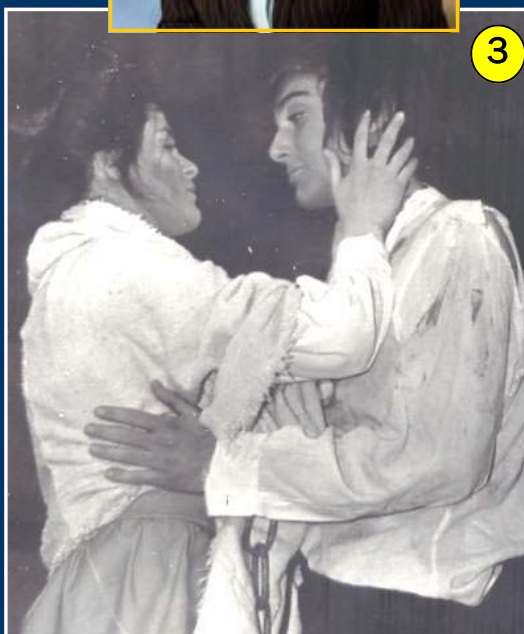
"Steve Piorkowski* was an incredible director. Not only was he creative, imaginative, and completely supportive of young actors who had never tried their hands at a substantial and serious text before, he was an extraordinary community builder among the theatre-arts-minded students at Jericho."

* "'Pior' is what Beth Flanders and I used to affectionately call him. Today we still struggle with addressing our much beloved and esteemed director and teacher as 'Steve,' which is, of course, what he'd prefer."

Ilene Pincus (Rebecca Nurse):

"Mr. Piorkowski was so wonderful. I remember trying to get into character, hobbling down the hall with my cane, and he was trying to rush me because he was afraid I would make a late entrance on stage."

"I waved my cane at him and called him a 'young whippersnapper,' which cracked him up."



1. "Evenin', Reverend, and how are you?" "Why, just fine, Reverend, thank you for inquiring." Ross Kaufman (Rev. John Hale) and Michael Leshin (Rev. Samuel Parris).

2. Benita Zahn, now a TV anchorwoman on Albany's NewsChannel 13 (inset), played Tituba.

3. Beth Flanders and Mark Ratner as John and Elizabeth Proctor

*Ye Olde Cast Party:
Nothing but Tea and Biscuits and Plenty of Quiet Prayer and the Singing of Hymns...*

Ilene Pincus (Rebecca Nurse): "The cast party [at Mitchell Douglas's house] was a total blast and a half! I remember Wayne Friedreich screeching, 'They're smoking pot in there!!!' outside the bathroom door."

Michael Leshin (Reverend Parris): "The show left a searing memory of just how degenerate a cast party can be. Now that my two daughters are in camp and school productions, I have this visceral flashback to that cast party every time they go to one. Thankfully, I think their cast parties are tamer and have some modicum of parental supervision."

Wendy Foxmyn

Continued from page 5

of Massachusetts) within a fifteen-mile radius, all bringing intellectual and cultural vitality to the area. I love to ride my bike up and down the hills. The other day, just up the road from my home, I rode by people on their horses, and past goats, cows, deer, and wild turkeys. The last two summers I had black bears in my backyard!

I've always loved biking. When I was a teenager, I'd get up very early on the weekends and ride all over the North Shore, although I didn't know where I was going or how I would get home. I remember so clearly the summer before twelfth grade, because I was going into AP English, and we had several books to read before school started. I remember all the spots where I read *The Once and Future King*, a book I never would have chosen to read. But I

loved it. The memory is indelible for me, because it was coupled with this enormous sense of freedom, to take myself beautiful places and get myself home again.

An Appreciation of Jericho

During the last few years, I've come to realize and value the excellent education I had in the Jericho schools. The University of Cincinnati is a big Midwestern university with fraternity and sorority houses, nationally recognized football and basketball teams, and a largely Midwestern (in today's parlance, "red state") student body. I used to laugh and say that I went to college in high school and went to high school in college. I fondly recall Mr. Matienzo's existentialism class, Mr. Vigilante's humanities class, and Mr. Hoffman's social studies class examining the momentous decisions of the U.S. Supreme Court.

I have come to appreciate how important it is to have a teacher or other adult mentoring and motivating you. I guess at our time in life, it's something we should all think about now — how much wisdom we have gained from whatever we've done with our lives, and think of those things that we want to pass on, whether it's how to take minutes at a meeting or how to organize a scout troop. I do it consciously as much as I can, to help the next generation. Mentoring. Giving back. Taking our place in the cycle of life.

In high school, David Giber and I discovered Rachel Carson's *The Sense of Wonder*, a simple, important book about appreciating the natural world. I knew back then that having a sense of wonder and insatiable curiosity would propel me through life, and that I would forever be drawn to people who shared this sense of wonder. My life, thus far, has been wonder-filled. ■



Let's Learn About Other States! It's Fun! It's Educational! It's ... Fun-u-cational!

What Images Come to Mind When You Think of Massachusetts?



Salem Witch Trials. Even today, every Massachusetts home has a dunking chair for keeping the kids in line.

Thank you, Bill Buckner, thank you, thank you, thank you ...



Tanks for the memories: Loser No. 1, Loser No. 2. Please, no more Democratic presidential candidates from Massachusetts!

Jill Harmon

Continued from page 8

which is definitely more direct than the average Minnesotan. That keeps life interesting, but I feel that I have found a way to fit in.

Another advantage of a medium-size Midwestern city is the relative affordability of the housing. About fifteen years ago, we moved into this great old house in St. Paul (near where F. Scott Fitzgerald grew up) and began renovating it: a large 1914 Tudor Revival designed by Alan Stem, the architect for Grand Central Station. It's a forever project, but it's the journey that I've enjoyed. I trace my interest in fixing up old houses to my parents, who were very much into old furniture and were always schlepping us to antique stores.

Home & Garden's TV Show *Restore America* actually did a piece on

our house a few years ago; you may be able to find it on the Internet if you search hard enough.

My Wholesome Midwestern Family?

My husband still works at Piper Jaffray (twenty-two years later), where



he is the head of their municipal bond investment banking business.

I was fortunate to find a great husband who doesn't like to change jobs or wives. Frank is the opposite of me in most every respect. He can be described as a preppie (he went to Yale), a jock (he has been the top-ranked squash player in Minnesota for many years), an intellectual (he is still able to help the kids with their calculus homework), a nerd (see previous parenthetical, although our daughter's friends describe him as "G"). For reasons that I cannot explain, we seem to get along fine, and we always seem to laugh together.

Frank and I have three children: a son, Evert, who's twenty; a daughter, Paley, who's almost eighteen; and our youngest daughter, Jillian, who's fifteen. Raising kids has been the toughest but most rewarding

Continued on page 16

To see HGTV's piece on the Harmon-Fairman home, go to:

http://www.hgtv.com/hgtv/rm_restoration_homes_areas/article/0,1797,HGTV_3787_1384292,00.html



Let's Learn About Other States! It's Fun! It's Educational! It's... Fun-u-cational!

What Images Come to Mind When You Think of Minnesota?



Friendly locals turning the world on with their smile!

Snow. Lots and lots of snow.



Cheeseheads? Wrong state, genius. That's Wisconsin, another frozen hell-hole you know nothing about!

Jill Harmon

Continued from page 15

job of my life. I feel that I have had my challenges as a mother, but I have tried hard, and my children seem to have survived and appear to be at least close to normal. Evart just finished spending a year in Ameri-Corps, working in the CityYear program in a South Philadelphia inner-city high school, which was an eye-opening experience for him. This was in stark contrast to his sheltered upbringing in wholesome St. Paul. He is now attending college in Vermont.

Our daughters are both high-school students at St. Paul Academy and are making life complicated for their parents as they advance through their teenage years. We're an animal-oriented family: a dog (formerly two dogs), two cats, and horses, which our daughters have ridden for many years.

A Familiar Dilemma: How Do You Get to See Family When Everybody's Everywhere?

When Amy, our brother, Jon, and I were kids, our family traveled a lot. My father was an elementary-school principal in Queens, and my mother was a kindergarten teacher in Syosset. So every summer we used to go camping in different parts of the world: the U.S., Europe, Russia, and Mexico. We even drove up to Alaska once.

Ironically, now it's hard for my family to see one another because we're so spread out. My parents (who are still both healthy) moved from Jericho to Wellington, Florida, in the late-1980s and also have a house in Chatauqua, New York, in the western corner of the state. Jon lives in Tampa. And Amy, who's moved around a lot, has been in Boston for the past seven years.



Frank's family is also all over the place. His parents still live in Pittsburgh. He has one sister in New York City and another in Paris. So we have great places to visit (if we only had more time to do so!).

You're Gonna Make It After All!

We've been out here in St. Paul now for twenty-two years without any family close by (other than our own). For

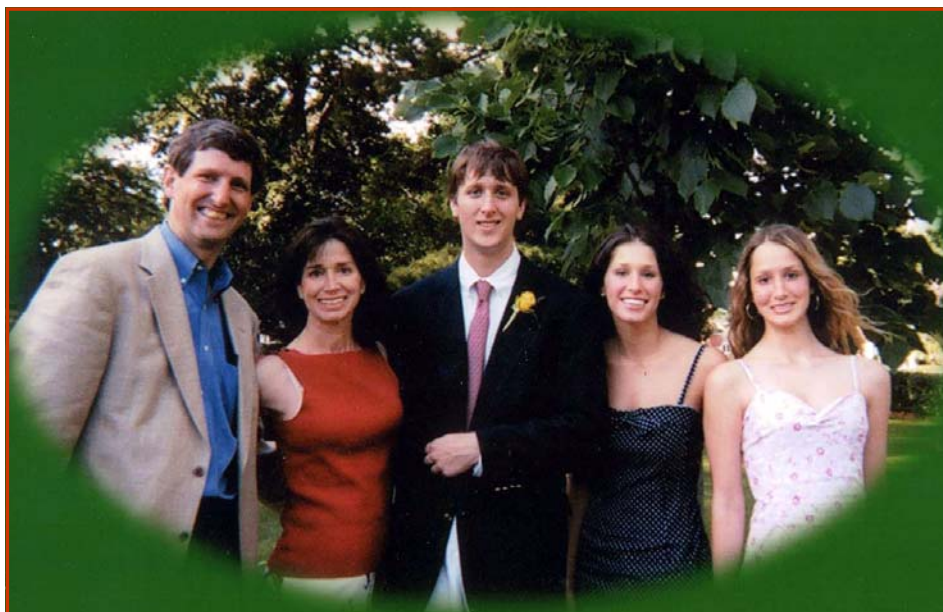
Some Folks'll Do Anything Not to Miss a Good Party!

Now, how often does *this* happen? Jill, Amy, and older brother Jon (class of 1970) all share the same birthday, December 5. Twins Jill and Amy were both born on Jon's second birthday.

me, Minnesota is where my life is now. It's home, and it would be very hard to leave at this point. Right down the street from the building that I work in is a statue of Mary Tyler Moore throwing her hat in the air, right where she did in the opening to the TV show. Somehow, I doubt that they would put a statue like this in New York.

While I miss New York and the East, I feel incredibly fortunate for the path that I have followed on life's journey. Just as long as the path doesn't deviate and take me to Iowa!

Above: Jill in 1980, posing with her cello in front of the blast furnaces at the Allipippa Works. Below: husband Frank Fairman, Jill, son Evart, and daughters Paley and Jillian.





Do You Remember **Rock & Roll Radio**

1966-72

Which Was *Your* Favorite Station?

These were the voices that woke you up in the morning, nursed you through the day, and put you to bed at night, from New York's five premiere AM and FM rock-music stations during your junior-high and high-school years.

WABC 770 AM

The premier Top 40 radio station, heard all over the Northeast.

In the morning

- Herb Oscar Anderson (1966-68)
- Harry Harrison (1968-72)

Midmorning to early afternoon

- "Breakfast Club" with Don McNeill (1966-68)
- Roby Yonge (1968-69)
followed by
- Ron Lundy ("Hello, Luv!") (1966-72)

Midafternoon to early evening

- Dan Ingram ("Hi, Kemosabi!") (1966-72)

At night

- "Cousin Brucie" Morrow ("Hey, cousins!") (1966-72)
followed by
- Chuck Leonard (1966-72)

Overnight

- Charlie Greer (1966-69)
- Les Marshak (1969-70)
- Jay Reynolds (1970-72)

WMCA 570 AM

Home of the WMCA "Good Guys" until 1970, when it switched to an all-talk format.

In the morning

- Joe O'Brien (1966-68)
- Dan Daniel (1968-70)
- Ed Baer (1970)

Midmorning to early afternoon

- Harry Harrison (1966-68)
- Ed Baer (1968-70)
- Johnny Michaels (1970)

Early afternoon to late afternoon

- Jack Spector (1966-72)

Late afternoon to evening

- "Dandy" Dan Daniels (1966-68)

At night

- Gary Stevens (1966-68)
- Lee Gray (1968)
- Frankie Crocker (1969)
- Johnny Michaels (1969-70)
followed by
- Barry Gray (talk) (1966-70)

Rock & Roll Radio

Continued from page 17



WOR 98.7 FM

For a brief time, from October 1966 to October 1967, the first progressive-rock station in the U.S. After management switched to a conventional Top 40 format, Scott Muni and Rosko landed at WNEW-FM.

In the morning

- John Gambling

Midmorning to noon

- Scott Muni

Noon to midafternoon

- Johnny Michaels

Midafternoon to early evening

- Scott Muni (again!)

At night

- Murray the K

Overnight

- Rosko (Bill Mercer)

The Voices

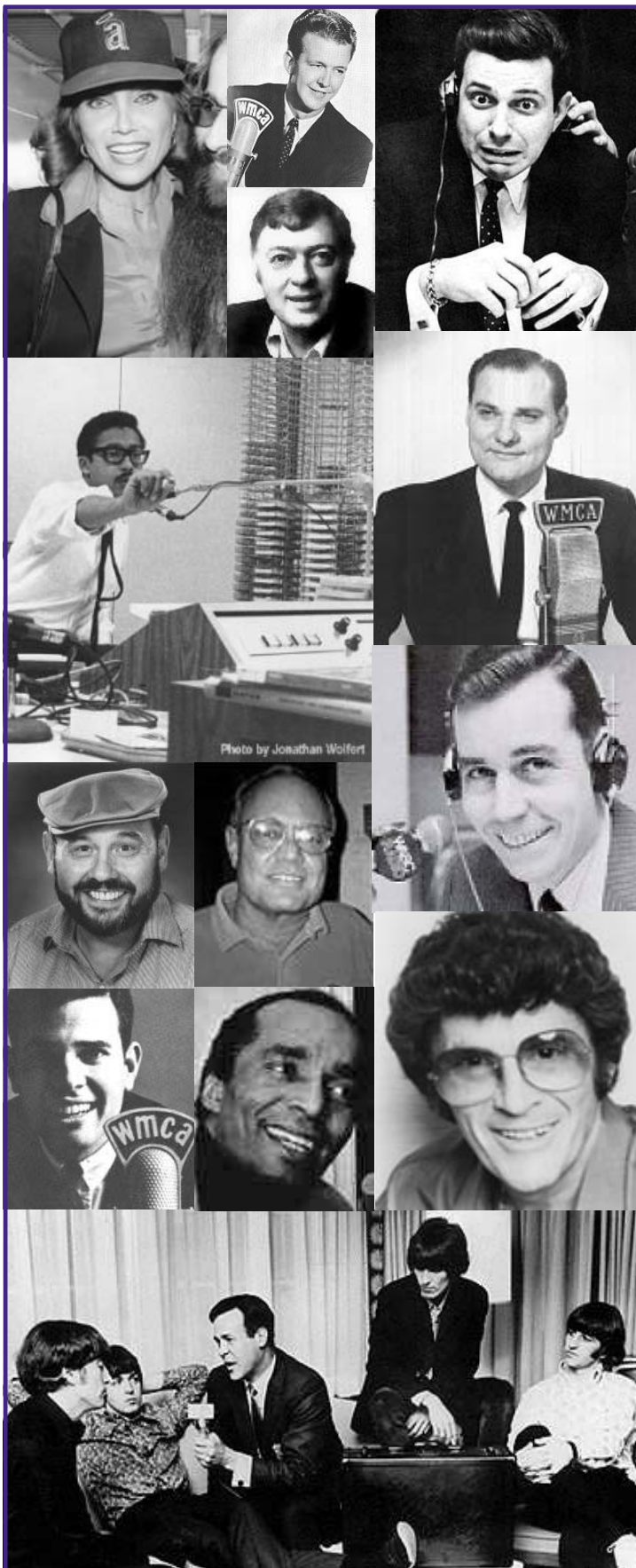
Top row: WNEW-FM's Allison Steele, the Nightbird; WMCA Good Guy Dan Daniels; WNEW-FM program director Scott Muni; WABC's Dan Ingram.

Second row: Chuck Leonard (WABC); Herb Oscar Anderson (WMCA/WABC).

Third row: Ron Lundy (WABC); Jonathan Schwartz (WNEW-FM); WABC morning mayor Harry Harrison.

Fourth row: WMCA's Gary Stevens; Rosko (Bill Mercer), first of WOR-FM, then WNEW-FM; famed Murray the K, who started WOR-FM's progressive-rock format — the first in the U.S. — in 1966.

Bottom: Cousin Brucie interviews the Beatles in 1965.



Rock & Roll Radio

Continued from page 18



WNEW 102.7 FM

The successor to WOR-FM, and the most influential progressive-rock station of its time.

In the morning

- Klavan & Finch (1967)
- John Zacherle (1968–69)
- Johnny Michaels (1969–70)
- Pete Fornatale (1970–71)
- Mike Harrison (1971–72)

Midmorning to midafternoon

- Jonathan Schwartz (1967–71)
- Pete Fornatale (1971–72)

Midafternoon to evening

- Scott Muni (1967–72)

At night

- Rosko (1967–71)
- Jonathan Schwartz (1971–72)
- followed by*
- John Zacherle (1969–72)

Overnight

- Allison Steele (“The Nightbird”) (1967–72)

Play It Again, Sam

In case you required proof that there’s a Web site for every obsession, these sites feature recordings of hundreds of vintage broadcasts from WABC, WMCA, WNEW, et. al., including jingles and commercials. Re-live your past at:

- ♦ <http://www.musicradio77.com/>
- ♦ <http://musicradio.computer.net/wmca/home.shtml>
- ♦ <http://www.reelradio.com/>
- ♦ <http://www.jingles.org/>
- ♦ <http://www.reelradio.com/>

WPLJ 95.5 FM

Beginning in 1970, the former WABC-FM challenged WNEW with a more commercial rock format. Its new call letters came from the title of a little-known 1955 R&B song, recorded by a group called the Four Dueces (and covered by Frank Zappa in 1969), commemorating their favorite drink: white port and lemon juice.

In the morning

- Dave Herman (1970–71)
- Michael Cuscuna (1971–72)
- Sean Casey (1972)

Midmorning to midafternoon

- Tony Pigg (1970–71)
- J. J. Jackson (1971–72)
- Dave Cassidy (1972)

Midafternoon to late afternoon

- Jimmy Fink (1970–71)
- Tony Pigg (1971–72)
- Paul Krimsier (1972)

Late afternoon to evening

- Jim Rabbit (1970–71)
- Vin Scelsa (1971–72)
- Paul Krimsier (1972)

At night

- Dave Herman (1970–72)
- Tom Hogan (1972)
- followed by*
- John Zacherle (1972)



Instamatic Moments



Pictures From Back When You Were Adorable* ...

(1) Patti Brand, MaryEllen Brodbeck, and the birthday girl; (2) Leslie Axman and Pam Shufer; (3) Pam with Melissa Gordon; (4) Debbie Armstrong, Debbie Segal, Beverly Weissman (in yellow).



THE EVENT: SUSAN FRIEDLAND'S SWEET SIXTEEN
THE DATE: AUGUST 1970
THE PLACE: SAITO'S JAPANESE RESTAURANT (NYC)

Sing along, everybody!*
"You're 16/You're beautiful/And no doubt you're going out with some \$#!@&% senior who drives a car, not a bicycle, and has to shave more than once a month!" **
* To the chorus of "You're Sixteen"
** Bitter? Do we sound bitter?



(5) Pam Shufer, Linda Robbins, Leslie Axman, Patti Brand, and Dorene Kinberg; (6) Elyse Shalat with Leslie and Dorene; (7) Leslie, Debbie Segal, Risa Sugarman, and, at far right, Debbi Nathel.

Many thanks to Susan Friedland Cristina, now of Boca Raton, Florida, for sending these great shots.

* Don't worry, you're still adorable.

**Wanna learn what some of your former teachers are up to?
Then drop in, pull up a chair, set a spell, but most of all —
NO TALKING! — at the ...**



This Issue:
Mr. Louis Boroson

Mr. Louis Boroson, voted the class of 1972's favorite teacher, along with Ms. Judy Sutcliffe, was legendary for setting aside class time to discuss current events. Making this all the more remarkable was the fact that he taught high-school math, not social studies. Now 78 and retired, Mr. Boroson admits to wondering sometimes if perhaps he should have been a social studies teacher. But then, in a progressive community such as Jericho, he pretty much got to do both at the same time.



It's an interesting story why I became a math teacher and not a social-studies teacher, since I was a liberal-arts major at Union College in Schenectady, New York, my home town.

In the mid-1950s, I was a labor organizer in upstate New York. I had just helped organize a small chain of mini supermarkets when a very slick corporate lawyer voided our contract by first closing the stores for four days and then re-opening them under a new name. Several key union supporters lost their jobs, and I was helpless to do anything for them. I was personally devastated, and after

a while I decided to become a teacher.

When I started teaching, in 1958, the paranoia and fear of the McCarthy era had diminished but not entirely. That year, the state changed social studies' name to "civics." I called the New York State Department of Education to find out why and was told that social studies sounded too much like *socialism*.

Since I had been active in various progressive causes, like the labor movement, I felt that it might be safer for me to become a math teacher instead of a social-studies teacher.

Before I came to Jericho, I taught in a place called Downsville, in upstate New York. Six different math courses at the same time. Then I got married. I spent seven years on Long Island, in Merrick and Oceanside, then a year in Hartsdale. At the time, my wife, Florence, and I were living in Brooklyn.

I wasn't happy teaching in Westchester and saw an ad in the newspaper from Jericho High School. Frankly, I didn't know if it was a good district or a bad district, but I wanted to make a move. It turned out to be a very fine move! I started teaching there in September 1966.

Talkin' Current Events in Math Class?!? Heresy!

The day after Martin Luther King was killed, in April 1968, the school held an assembly. Afterward we went back to class. I just felt that there was too much going on to return to work as normal. So we spent the entire period talking about what was going on in the country. From then on, I used to devote five, ten, fifteen minutes of every class to discussing whatever the kids wanted to talk about.

Not only was it interesting to me, but I think the students seemed to enjoy it. (If nothing else, it gave them
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Mr. Louis Boroson

Continued from page 20

a five-minute reprieve from having to do math.) I kept up these discussion for the next twelve years or so. In all that time, only one complaint was ever made. Oddly enough, it came from the child of one of the other teachers. My department chairman mentioned it to me, but said, "Don't worry about it."

That probably couldn't have happened in most other districts, and it was one of the wonderful things about Jericho. The administration was excellent, and the community was supportive. We had some innovative programs at Jericho, like the Student-Faculty Committee, which my friend Bob Hoffman started. Once or twice a week, the faculty and students met after school just to talk to one another. David Giber, Dan Clurman, Susan Lubow, Wendy Foxman, and others from your class were part of that. Eventually the administrators joined. Then the Board of Education members started attending meetings. It was a very interesting phenomenon.

Bob and I joined the faculty the same year. He's been a big influence on me throughout my career. At one point he basically convinced me that there were more important things than getting kids to do well on the math regents, and I took that to heart. I started a Women's Lib group after school — that's what we called it — with about twenty to thirty girls (and a few boys). After that I led a Nuclear Freeze group, and then a Students for Social Responsibility group.

With the help of students in the various clubs, we brought some interesting speakers to Jericho: Republican Congressman John LeBoutillier, Abbie Hoffman, Curtis Sliwa, a local rabbi, two Catholic priests, a reporter

from *Pravda*, and others. It was appropriate for the times. Do you remember the days following the shootings at Kent State University, when C.W. Post students rampaged through the Jericho High halls?

Here's another thing that happened:

One of my classes was in a classroom that overlooked the flag pole in front of the school. Students would lower the flag, then Mr. Rathje would come out and raise it. About an hour later, the students would lower it, and he would raise it again. This went on all day.

Without the Vietnam War as a focal point, though, students at Jericho eventually lost interest in current events. By 1980, I would ask them if there was anything they wanted to discuss, and they didn't seem to want to talk about *anything*. I guess they just wanted to do well on their regent's exam.

I retired from Jericho in 1989. I'd been doing an extra-help for mathematics program on Cablevision since around 1980, and I continued to do that for a few years. I also did a little

bit of tutoring. Then I *retired-retired* from teaching mathematics. But I'm involved in a lot of things.

My family moved to Stony Brook in 1967. My wife was an administrator at the university. After retiring, I joined what they call a Life Long Learning Institute, where a group of people get together and teach their own courses. You can teach whatever you want to teach. It's really very nice. There are a wide variety of courses. This semester I'm going to take a course on Islam, a course on the Civil War, and a course on political philosophies, going back to the time of Aristotle. When I joined, there were maybe thirty members; now there are close to six hundred.

I'm still active in both the labor movement and the antiwar movement. In February 2003, before the latest war in Iraq, my wife and I attended that huge rally they had in Manhattan. It was freezing out — maybe ten, fifteen degrees — but we stayed for five hours.

I'm involved in the Jericho High School Hall of Fame, which Bob Hoffman started, and I'm also helping him on a film documentary that he's making about the 1954 Little League World Champions, from Schenect-

Continued on page 23



He looks exactly the same! How is this possible? Mr. Louis Boroson with wife Florence and adorable granddaughter Leana.

35th Reunion at Milleridge Inn

Continued from page 1

yet, much less one for 2007? As your guidance counselor no doubt once admonished you, *How do you plan on getting through life with such poor organizational skills, young man/young lady?*

You also voted overwhelmingly to include the classes on either side of us. As always, you can invite as many people as you want from any class, but

this would be an "official" 1971-1972-1973 party.

Our next step is to contact the classes of 1971 and 1973 and see if they would even consider socializing with the likes of us. If they are interested in collaborating, we would probably move the party to the Milleridge's larger catering facility, Milleridge Cottage. We hope to have this all sorted out by the end of 2005. For more details, visit the "Senior Lounge" on our class Web site, at <http://www.jhs1972.net>. ■

Manon Fielding

Continued from page 2

fulfilled than I've ever been!"

Around ten years ago, Manon opened her first practice, in nearby Hillsborough, North Carolina. "I was intrigued by the small-town atmosphere," she explains. "Hillsborough is a historic town dating back to the Revolutionary War. But a few years ago, I decided that I wanted to live in a bigger community. So Amanda and I moved to Durham, where I decided to open this new practice, Fielding Chiropractic Center of Durham."

What's the best part and the worst part about being chiropractor? "The best part," she says, "is helping people who are in significant pain and dysfunction become pain-free and regain their wholeness

and quality of life. I really enjoy working with people who are motivated to move forward not only physically, but emotionally and spiritually as well.

"The worst part is probably having to deal with insurance companies and the pettiness of individuals in the lay and medical communities that have no idea what chiropractors really do.

I think it's the most misunderstood and underutilized health profession in the world. Most chiropractors go way beyond their chiropractic-school training to do postgraduate work in acupuncture, nutrition, sports medicine, and much more.

"I personally specialize in low-force structural adjustment and alignment, Quantum-Touch healing, and anti-aging nutrition." ■



Mr. Boroson

Continued from page 22

ady. Since it takes place in my home town, I sort of chauffeur him around.

One other word about my friend Bob: I was quite sick a couple of years ago. And so I said to him, "Sometime in the future, maybe you'll think about writing a eulogy for me." He really liked the idea. Except that now every time I tell Bob I'm feeling pretty well, he gets sort of disappointed.

Sweet Memories and One Regret

In recent years, I've had some regrets about teaching math. It concerns me that I saw so many good math students go into areas such as the defense industry and scientific research without an adequate understanding of the ramifications of what they're doing. Maybe I should have taught something else, or maybe I should have taught math with a greater emphasis

on the potential harm of what it can be used for.

On a brighter note, I'd like to tell you about one of the nicest things that happened to me in Jericho. Not long before I retired, I was asked to speak before the Honor Society. I decided to talk about my grown son and daughter.

My son had been a very fine student, he was head of his school newspaper, and he went on to a very fine college. Then he came home and he told us that he was gay. Now, this was in 1987 or 1988. And although it's hard to imagine now, the issue of homosexuality was still something of a taboo subject. I also talked about my daughter, who's a very creative writer, and how women weren't being given enough of a chance to succeed in certain fields.

I was very nervous about the speech beforehand. But it was very personal for me, and it was received quite well, which is another tribute to the Jericho community. ■

Your Back Pages

“I was so much older then, I’m younger than that now.” — Bob Dylan

You wish!

The World Around You • Fifth Grade, 1964-65

◆ Hey, hey, LBJ: In the November 3, 1964, presidential election, incumbent Lyndon Baines Johnson and running mate Hubert H. Humphrey win re-election in a landslide over Republican Sen. Barry Goldwater of Arizona and New York Congressman William E. Miller. Goldwater wins only his home state and five states in the Deep South, for 52 electoral votes to Democratic ticket’s 486. The popular vote goes 42.8 million (61.1 percent) to 27.1 million (38.5 percent) in the president’s favor, making it the biggest landslide to date in U.S. history. The campaign brings us one of the most memorable TV commercials of all time, “Daisy Girl,” which implies that a Goldwater presidency will increase the risk of a nuclear conflict. After the little girl plucks the last petal from a daisy, a nuclear explosion erupts. The commercial actually ran only once, in September, then was pulled when Goldwater threatened to sue Johnson for libel. But the spot repeatedly turned up in news coverage about the controversy.



5, 4, 3, 2, 1,
ka-boom!

◆ Black-nationalist leader Malcolm X, thirty-nine, is assassinated as he begins to address a rally in a Washington Heights public ballroom on February 21, 1965.

◆ A first-class postage stamp costs five cents.

◆ In June Astronaut Ed White becomes the first American to walk in space during the flight of Gemini IV, three months after the Soviets had accomplished the feat.

◆ Easy come, easy go, comrade: The same day that the New York Yankees fire manager Yogi Berra, Leonid Brezhnev and his fellow conservatives oust Nikita Krushchev as Russian premier after eleven years.

Ground control to Major Tom ...



Continued on next page

Your Back Pages

The World Around You • Fifth Grade, 1964-65

Continued from previous page

ON THE RADIO: Animals, “The House of the Rising Son” • Roy Orbison, “Oh, Pretty Woman” • Temptations, “My Girl” • Manfred Mann, “Do Wah Diddy Diddy” • “Shangri-Las, “Leader of the Pack” • Petula Clark, “Downtown” • Beatles, “Eight Days a Week” • Supremes, “Stop! In the Name of Love” • Herman’s Hermits, “Mrs. Brown You’ve Got a Lovely Daughter”

ON THE BIG SCREEN: *The Sound of Music* • *Goldfinger* • *Cat Ballou* • *The Pawnbroker* • *Zorba the Greek* • *Mary Poppins*

ON THE TUBE: “Man From U.N.C.L.E.” • “The Dick Van Dyke Show” • “The Defenders” • “The Patty Duke Show” • “Petticoat Junction” • “Combat” • “Peyton Place” • “Addams Family” • “The Donna Reed Show”



Supremes Mary Wilson and Flo Ballard flank Miss Ross. Avert your eyes!

In Sports:

◆ The St. Louis Cardinals edge the New York Yankees in seven. The next day, in a bizarre chain of events, the Bombers fire manager Yogi Berra, while winning manager Johnny Keane quits the Cards. Soon thereafter, he turns up as Berra’s successor. Keane would get to preside over the franchise’s collapse. The Yankees, who’d played in fifteen of the previous seventeen World Series, wouldn’t return to the Fall Classic until 1976.

◆ The Cleveland Browns, led by NFL rushing leader Jim Brown and quarterback Frank Ryan, maul the Baltimore Colts in the championship game, 27–0. In the AFL, Jack Kemp and the Buffalo Bills dethrone the San Diego Chargers, 20–7.



◆ The Boston Celtics’ dynasty continues, as John Havlicek and Co. beat Jerry West and the L.A. Lakers in five games for their seventh consecutive NBA championship.

◆ After three straight Stanley Cups for the Toronto Maple Leafs, Canada’s other NHL hockey team, the Montreal Canadiens, edge the Chicago Blackhawks in seven games.

Game over. Yankees coach Frank Crosetti (No. 2) congratulates Mickey Mantle on his dramatic walk-off home run in the bottom of the ninth inning of game 3. The 2–1 victory gives New York a 2–1 game edge over the St. Louis Cardinals. Third baseman Ken Boyer (No. 14), that year’s N.L. MVP, trudges off to the visitors’ clubhouse.