

Fall 2006
Issue No. 14

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

Welcome to this, the fourteenth newsletter of the Jericho High School class of 1972 and friends.

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

**We're Looking for a Few Good Men
And Women! Help Us Out!**



INVITATIONS TO THE reunion in 3-D will be going out around the first of the year. We're in the process of putting together our mailing lists for the classes of 1971, 1972, and 1973.

We currently have contact info for all members of '72, except for about twenty or so; have about two hundred folks from '73; and about one hundred from '71. Ideally, we'd like to be able to invite everyone from all three classes to their 35th reunion, on October 6, 2007, at Milleridge Cottage.

Your help in locating missing class members would be greatly appreciated. If you know the mailing address or e-mail address for anyone in the new "Lost and Found" section of our website, please get in touch or have the person get in touch directly. Any info at all would

be helpful, like the whereabouts of any family members or friends who might be in contact with them, the type of business the person is in (we're often able to locate folks through business associations), etc. The lists for all

three classes include the names of people who have listed with classmates.com or reunion.com. The problem with both sites is that few folks ever pick up their classmates.com or reunion.com e-mail, probably assuming it is spam.

Thanks in advance. To contact the reunion committee with any alumni-related info, e-mail us care of webministers Phil or Larry. ■

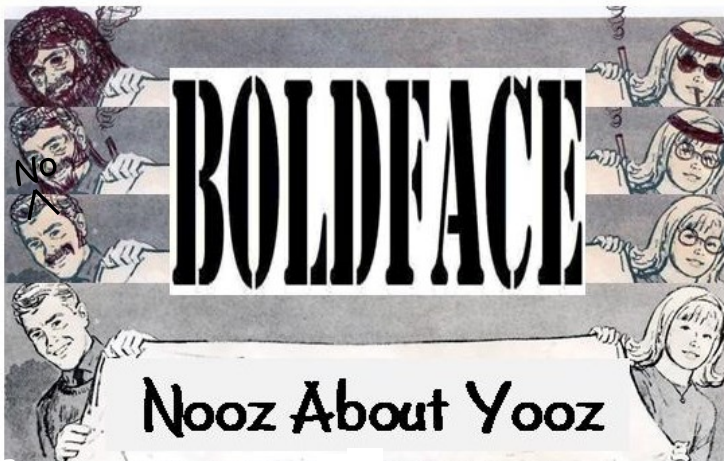
Looking for someone from JHS?



Wheeeeeeh doggies, Granny! You can get 20 percent off the price of the reunion by RSVP-ing early!

It's One Year Until the 35th Reunion in 3-D, on 10-6-07.

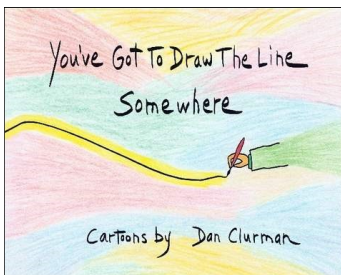
To entice you into RSVP'ing early, we're offering you \$25 off each adult admission now through December 31, 2006, when invitations go out. That's \$100 — a 20 percent discount. For more info, go to our website's Senior Lounge.



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.

New Book by Jericho Author Dan Clurman (Class of '72)

Dan Clurman, resident cartoonist of the Class of 1972 Thirderly Online Newsletter, has a new book out, *You Have to Draw the Line Somewhere*. Its 137 pages are full of the



wonderful cartoons that we get to giggle at in each issue for free. Needless to say, a bargain at \$15! For information on where to order it — as well as Dan's contributions to this issue — turn to page 11.

And Speaking of Cartoons ...

Mark Albin and the Newark Museum in Newark, New Jersey, continue to put on extraordinarily creative programs. Example: from September 15 through January 28, "Masters of American Comics," the first major museum examination of this uniquely American art form.

The two-part exhibition, being shown simultaneously at the Newark Museum and Manhattan's Jewish Museum, looks at such influential comics artists as Winsor McKay, Charles Schulz, R. Crumb, and Harvey Kurtzman. Comic strips from the first half of the twentieth century will be shown at the Newark Museum, while the Jewish Museum will feature comic books and graphic novels from the 1950s onward.

For more info, check out the website of the Newark Museum (www.newarkmuseum.org), where Mark serves as deputy director of marketing and public relations. Cool show! ■

Triple Threat Karen Goodlerner ('71)

Karen Goodlerner Siegel, who lives in Atlanta, recently took part in her first spring triathalon. That's a 400-yard swim, 13-mile bike ride, and 5 kilometer run. We're gasping for breath just writing about it.

"I finished in a little over one hour and thirty-three minutes," reports Karen, "which was eighth out of a field twenty-nine in my age group. I did this with two friends of mine, and we also finished first in raising the most money for ovarian

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*History of Jericho,
Part III of XVGG*

Milleridge Inn

You'll Be Having Your 35th Reunion There Next Year; Learn a Little About the Joint

By Silo Pegbottom, Village Historian

Exactly three hundred years before you graduated from Jericho High School, in 1672, a woman named Mary Willets built herself a tiny two-room home with a central fireplace. This would later be incorporated into what is now the Milleridge Inn. Both rooms and the fireplace still stand virtually untouched, just to the left of the restaurant's main entrance.

In 1783 Mary Willets's great-granddaughter, Jemima Seaman, and her Quaker husband, Elias Hicks, began offering food and lodg-



ing to travelers. Town lore has it that George Washington slept at the Milleridge Inn, but this is supposedly inaccurate. He is said to have actually laid his powdered wig at the nearby Maine Maid Inn, which is also still standing — even after the class of '72 descended upon it for cocktails prior to its thirtieth reunion in 2002. However, the father of our country used to regularly turn up at the M.I. to terrify young children by taking out his wooden choppers,

while wife Martha elicited the same horrified reaction simply by removing her bonnet.

The Milleridge became a restaurant in 1933. It's a splendid place for holding our 35-year reunion, in the Cottage, one of two separate catering facilities later built on the premises. But as a place of employment — at least back when we were in high school — um, not so splendid.

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Workin' at the MI: Dress Code



Yipes, stripes! Paula Doherty ('73) modeling the red-and-white-striped bus girl outfit.

"THERE WERE THREE DIFFERENT Milleridge Inn uniforms," says Janet Rhoads Leslie. "This one was usually worn by the waitresses; we had to wear it temporarily until we got a black-and-white striped one. I distinctly remember smudges of chocolate frosting or cherry filling on black and white fabric. That one had the same apron, the lovely doilee hat you see here, and the plastic priest's collar. The collar was the killer. It used to scrape against your neck; kept me out of the priesthood for sure! The third uniform consisted of hand-sewn long skirts with a white blouse."



"... plastic collar ... is ... choking ... me! Get it ... [gasp] off ...": Janet Rhoads ('71) in full regalia.

Milleridge Inn

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"I used to work in the shops," recalls Janet Rhoads Leslie, from the class of 1971. "Mainly in the bakery but also the general store and the glass cottage. I got my friend Lorraine Triggiani a job there too; we spent many a dark, lonely night back there when nobody would come in.

"The owner, Mr. Murphy, was very cheap," she says. (The Murphy family has owned and run the Milleridge since 1962.) "We got paid waitress salaries — \$1.50 an hour — but no tips. Plus, we'd be sent home just before our shift ran long enough that he would have had to feed us.

"I'd been working there for a while and felt, for some reason, that I deserved a raise. I guess maybe I had trained some people to differentiate between the 20-cent plain loaf of bread and the 25-cent cinnamon-raisin bread in the bakery, or how to sell licorice whips in the general store.

"Anyway, I walked into ol' Money Bags's upstairs office. Appropriately, he was sitting at his desk counting money and didn't even have the courtesy to look up. I stood in my long skirt, which had a twelve-inch slit in back so that I could walk. I nervously stated my case.

"Mr. Murphy made no response, and after an awkward silence, I turned to leave. 'Next time,' he said, 'put the slit in the *front* and make it a little higher. *Then* I'll see what I can do about a raise.'

"Sixteen-year-old me was too naïve to get the full meaning of his comment; otherwise, I could have been a rich woman!" Janet did eventually land a raise, though — of a nickel.

Paula Doherty Cox, from the class of '73, also worked at the Long

Island landmark, about a year or two after Janet, when she was fifteen and sixteen. Her memories aren't much better.

"I hated working there!" she says, laughing. "My grandmother used to eat lunch their with all of her friends, and when I got the job as a bus girl, she thought this was the coolest thing. She was so proud. Meanwhile, I tried to tell her that these people were mean and horrible! The cooks would spit in the food. And yet everyone who ate there thought it was this nice, homey place.

"Being a bus girl was exhausting work. We had to carry these big, heavy trays. It built character, my mother said. Good for ya! Toughened ya! We'd get so thirsty, but you practically had to beg for water. They wouldn't even let you have any bread to eat. We had to steal it!

"It was a rough crowd there; everybody out to make a buck. Even the waitresses. We used to call them 'rough girls.' They'd all be cursing and smoking. I worked there with a friend of mine, and when her mother would pick us up at the end of the night, we'd be reeking of cigarette smoke. She was concinved that we'd been smoking and get all upset. We never smoked. But we'd been sitting in this hot little room with twenty waitresses who did.

"A lot of single older people would eat there, especially men. Maybe their wives had passed away, and they'd come in for an early dinner. One time when I was new on the job, there was this old man, a regular, who was having dinner alone.

"I looked over at his table and noticed he wasn't there anymore. He'd had a big lobster dinner, and it didn't look like he'd eaten much, but I figured, *Well, he's old, and maybe he wasn't that hungry.* So I emptied

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About Janet

Janet, a private speech-language pathologist (and member of the reunion committee), lives in Mount Sinai, Long Island, with husband Don and her sixteen-year-old daughter, Brittany, a budding actress. For more about Janet, check out her profile in issue No. 12.



About Paula

Since graduating from Buffalo State College, where she survived the famous blizzard of '77, Paula immediately headed south, living in Manhasset, Atlanta, and Houston. She and her family settled in Cary, North Carolina, seven years ago, and, she says, "I'm here to stay. It's a great place to live. It's laid back, although so many people from New York and New Jersey are moving down here. Everybody at my grocery store has a New York accent, so I feel right at home."

Paula is an elementary-school psychologist with the Wake County Public School System. "I also work privately for a pediatrician, evaluating kids with ADHD, and do testing through a private practice when I have time." With two sons, ages fifteen and nineteen, "I'm busy," she understates.



Paula Doherty Cox
with husband Tom

First Person Singular

Harvey Fialkov: The Sporting Life

He's a Newspaper Sportswriter, Married for Twenty-two Years, and a Proud Father of Two. But Who's Keeping Score?

My family moved from Hicksville to Jericho in time for ninth grade. It was tough for me at first; I didn't know anyone. But eventually I used my wacky sense of humor and ability to imitate anyone to fit in.

I just wish I'd had the guts to go for what I wanted at an earlier age. Like, I would have been on the baseball team, because I was a damn good athlete. I've won lots of tennis tournaments including the media tourney in Key Biscayne five or six times with the legendary tennis writer/announcer Bud Collins calling the lines. I'm still pretty good for an old dude! I wish I'd known that in high school; I would have been on that team too. I know I would've kicked Robert Banner and Kenny Kalb's butts! I used to play basketball against Kenny and Ban in his backyard, as well as with Gary Roney and Howie Silber down at Merry Lane, and I held my own. I was affectionately called "Arab" in Mr. Plaggemier's math class after scoring a soccer goal and colliding with a fellow Jewish goalkeeper!

But remember, I was five-foot-three in high school and five-foot-five when I got out. Now I'm five-nine, a giant of a man. I grew nearly six inches after high school. My wife and I went back for the twentieth reunion, and I remember one girl was looking up at me, going, "Harvey?!"

Although I'm a sportswriter, I started off wanting to be a sports-

caster. Basically I wanted to be Marv Albert — before he went kinky. I love Marv, to this day. When I was fourteen, fifteen, I used to watch Knicks games, then "call" the game into a tape recorder afterward, re-enacting the action and describing the stars: "twenty-four points for DeBusschere, eighteen for Bradley; Frazier had eight assists." You'd think my parents would've figured it out, but I guess they just thought I was crazy.

I went to Nassau Community "High School," then SUNY Albany, but not for broadcasting. I got into accounting, and I hated it, so I ended up in family businesses. My father had a restaurant in Manhattan called George's Seafood. I basically helped

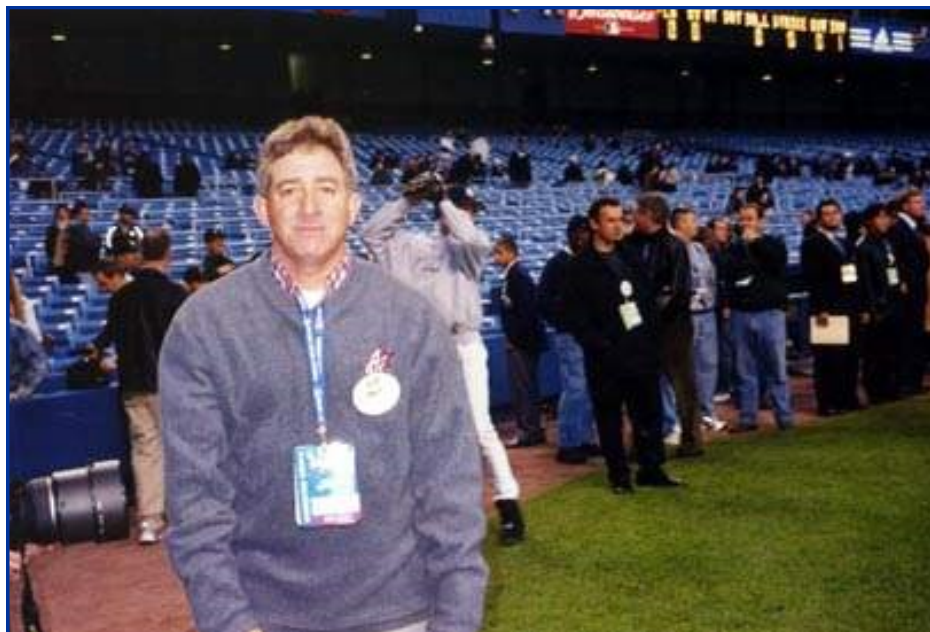
my dad and my older brothers run that. It was a lot of fun (and the city women were smoking!). Then at one point, we bought a card store, Twist of Lemon, on Broadway in Jericho. Right next to the Pathmark that's still there. Between my chatty mother, gift-buying sister-in-law, and me, we basically ran it into the ground! Actually, Pathmark bullied us, doing things like underpricing Christmas cards during the holidays, just to kick our asses.

The deviled sea crab was delicious but George's didn't offer me enough income with my brothers and their families gobbling up the cash, leaving me leftovers. So in 1984 my uncle Hy (Herman Fialkov) — a legendary L.I. venture capitalist — offered to foot the bill for me to go to Boston University for a masters degree in broadcast journalism, and that's what I did.

I turned thirty on August 26, got married on September 3, then my wife, Maria, and I moved from New York to Boston the next day. Some pretty dramatic — and traumatic —

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Harvey at the office, covering the deciding game of the 2003 World Series between the Yankees and the Marlins at Yankee Stadium.



Harvey Fialkov

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changes in the space of just one week.

At first we lived in Cambridge, where your IQ goes up automatically by osmosis because you're sandwiched between MIT and Harvard. But since I've moved to sunny Florida, I've burnt off several of those points!

Payin' Dues

Anyhow, there I was, a maniacal Yankees fan living in Beantown. I fell in love with Fenway Park, but not the cursed Red Sox. While I was going to B.U. grad school — it was an eighteen-month program — I got a part-time radio gig at WMRE, doing production and a little bit of on-air work. The door from the studio opened up right into Fenway, so I got to sneak into the Mets-Red Sox World Series in 1986. That was really cool.

While I was doing that, the Continental Basketball Association was holding a color commentator competition, and I tried out for it. They played a videotape from an old CBA game, and you had to call it in the studio as it was happening. I won the New England competition over hundreds of entrants.

Then I went to New Jersey and won that one and advanced to the finals at the Penta Hotel, across from Madison Square Garden. You were calling the same game, just later on in the game. Using my head, I went to the Widener

Library at Harvard and looked up the game to see how it ended. I saw that Stewart Granger hit the game-winning shot, so I had the call all ready:

"Hiyo silver! The Lone Granger rides again! Stewart Granger hits a three-pointer from the parking lot!" I had the whole place cracking up. I sounded like Dick Vitale on speed.

I figured they were looking for someone with personality. Sourpuss Billy Cunningham and deathly dull Dick Stockton were judges. Afterward, Marv Albert called me over for an interview. Marv, my idol! He called me "the colorful Harvey Fialkov, from Cambridge, Massachusetts" on his evening broadcast. But I was beaten out by this smooth, slick-talking trial attorney from Philadelphia.

Stockton said, "I really like Fialkov, but I don't know if I could listen to him all the time; he's so excited." I wanted to say, "Dick, it was the last two minutes of an exciting game, and I want to get known. What am I gonna do, call it like *you* do and put people to sleep?"

TV Guide did a big story on that color-commentator competition and highlighted me a lot, as did Tom Brokaw on his national NBC evening newscast. From there, I got a job with a station in Framingham, Massachusetts, called V-66. (WMRE had folded.) They were a music-video station that took on a sports program and other stuff; just trying a new format. I was on a show called *Boston Sports Beat* with Gil Kerr, now vice president of broadcasting

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In Your Face!

Some of Harvey's memorable encounters with assorted sports psychos:



Friend of the press and all-around good guy Barry Bonds:

Barry was gruff with me at the beginning. My first question, I don't even remember what it was — this was in 1997 — but he gave me a look, like, *You wanna repeat that?* So I did.

Maybe I made more sense the second time, because he sat down and spoke to me alone for fifteen minutes. He was having a horrible first half, and he said, "The reason we suck is because of me, man. I'm letting this team down; I've been horrible. But I'm gonna carry them the second half." And that's what he did. He carried the Giants into the playoffs.

Tennis heartthrob Anna

Kournikova: My heart melted while I was talking to her. I didn't care *what* she was saying, I was just staring.

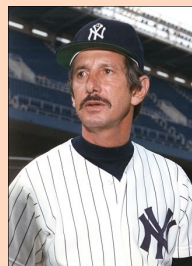


Tennis madman John McEnroe:

"What do you mean the refs didn't have it against me? You wanna step outside?" C'mon Mac, I love you, man!

New York Knicks giant center Patrick Ewing:

"Hey, man, watch it!!!" That was after I stepped on his protruding feet in the middle of the locker room ...



Five-time Yankees skipper Billy

Martin: Billy Martin scared the *crap* out of me. One day during spring training, I went into the clubhouse late to interview a pitcher. Billy sees me and starts barking, "*Where the hell've you been?!*" Billy Martin

yelling at me, oh man!

Harvey Fialkov

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and programming for the Professional Golfers' Association.

After six months, though, *that* station folded, in 1986. Remember Chernobyl? The head of the station calls us into an office and says, "Sorry, the station is closing, and we've got to let you all go." The reason? "We just didn't get enough publicity, because of Chernobyl." I thought, *What? This guy's blaming the poor ratings on Chernobyl?!* The joke was, we all got nuked!

Right about then, our son Jason was born, and I needed a gig. I'd always been a good writer; wrote a little bit on sports for the *Jer-Echo*, I think. I was interning at a TV station in Derry, New Hampshire, doing on-air reporting covering the Nashua Pirates, the Red Sox minor-league team. I did my own writing for that sportscast (which featured Doug Brown, who has since worked for ESPN radio). I was also announcing high-school football and basketball games for a cable-TV station in Boston. I just started calling newspapers and began freelancing for a lot of the small-town papers. I covered Boston College and the Boston Celtics, which was pretty cool; I was interviewing Larry Bird and Kevin McHale on a regular basis and getting my first taste of interviewing and all that. All for about \$35 a story. I paid my dues, bro!

My wife really wasn't thrilled, though; she was alone all the time. She wanted to move to Florida, where her parents had moved from Hicksville. She's from Colombia and is one of *ten*. It's a great family, very close-knit. They're all spread out between Long Island, Florida, California, and Georgia. We just rented a house with half of 'em on a lake in Georgia and had a great time. One of her brothers is a stand-up comedian, Carl Guerra. Does the cruise ships.

Another brother puts on parties for children; he put our kids to work for years. As a matter of fact, Maria and I did costume characters. Do you know what it's like to be wearing a Big Bird costume, and a woman places an infant in your hands? You can't even see the kid — can't even *feel* it, with the feathers, and all that stuff — and it's about 100 degrees inside the costume. "Take this child away from me! I'm gonna drop this kid!"

Anyway, we up and moved to Hollywood, Florida, where we had Sarah. (I think it happened on my in-laws' waterbed; I wanted to name her *Agua*.) At first I freelanced down here for the *Miami Herald*. Then I got a job covering the Miami Dolphins and other big-time stuff for the *Hollywood Sun-Tattler*. The paper had been around

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The Fialkov Factor in The 2003 N.L. Pennant Race

In September 2003, the Florida Marlins and the Philadelphia Phillies were battling for the National League wild card spot. The Philadelphia players were on the verge of mutiny against their fiery (read: unstable) manager, Larry Bowa, when a Fialkov column nearly sent him over the edge.

"The Marlins' manager, Jack McKeon, was an old guy, a little bit senile, but great fun. He used to tell all these stories from fifty years ago, and he'd repeat them over and over again while blowing cigar smoke in your face until your eyes teared.

"Before the game, we always interviewed the manager in his office, and everyone else cleared out. I said to McKeon, 'Hey, Jack, they're combusting in Philly. It looks like Larry Bowa is panicking.' And he repeated that: 'Yeah, Larry Bowa is panicking! I don't do that. I keep my boys calm. You can't panic in the heat of the playoff race.' Blah blah blah.

"So I went with that: Jack McKeon says Larry Bowa is panicking. Now, in the eighties McKeon had given Bowa his first managing job, with the San Diego Padres, then he fired him, so these guys had a history. Bowa responded to the quote by going crazy in the Philly papers. Then it was all over Philly radio.

"Jack denied having said that and began ripping me on the radio. I was quite the rage! But my editor had advised me to save the tape, which I did. When the Marlins came back from their road trip to Philadelphia, I played it for McKeon in the corridor to the clubhouse. And there it was: 'Yeah, Larry Bowa is panicking!'

"Jack McKeon looked me in the eye and said, 'Harvey, I apologize.'" The Marlins went on to win not only the wild card but the National League title, then the World Series, upsetting the New York Yankees in six games. ■

Harvey Fialkov

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for forty, fifty years. It folded! So within five years, I put a radio station, a TV station, and a newspaper out of business. I was on a roll.

I continued to pay my dues, freelancing for the Associated Press, the *South Florida Business Journal*, the *South Florida Sun-Sentinel*, and *Sports Illustrated for Kids*. I was the number-one freelancer in Southern Florida and got to cover the Panthers during their magical run to the Stanley Cup finals. I got a gig at the *Stuart News*, covering high-school sports and the Mets in spring training. I was kind of a big fish in a little pond. I did that for about a year, commuting something like ninety miles back and forth to Plantation, where we ended up moving from Hollywood. Thank God my friend Andy Cohen, who owns *Dolphin Digest* and many football publications, hired me, so I could get out of that Stuart thing.

A Crisis of Conscience for a Native New Yorker

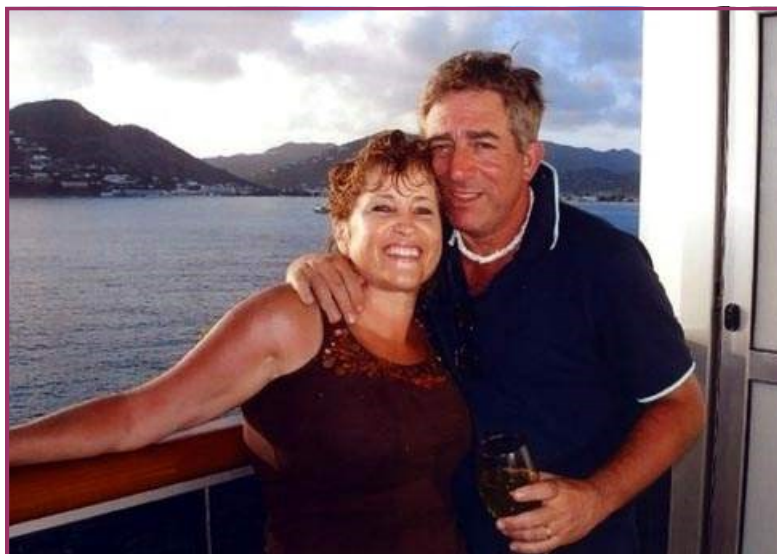
All along, the job I wanted was a full-time sportswriting position with the *Sun-Sentinel*. Finally, about eight years ago, I joined the staff, but as a copy editor. My first year on the desk, I won the prestigious headline of the year award. Dolphins kicker Olindo Mare won a game with a last-second kick on Christmas Eve, so my blaring headline was "MARE CHRISTMAS!" I soon became a full-time writer, covering the Miami Heat, Marlins, and pro tennis.

I covered both Florida Marlins World Championship teams, in 1997 and 2003. The '97 team was a bunch of jerks — Kevin Brown, Bobby Bonilla; and even their manager, Jim Leyland, was a curmudgeon. But the 2003 team was a lovable group. To cover the World Series that year against the Yankees in Yankee Stadium was my biggest thrill. On the eve of game six, with the Marlins up three games to two, Pat Riley suddenly quit as coach of the Heat. Our columnist stayed home for that story.

Meanwhile, the main baseball writer covering the Marlins couldn't make the game because his wife was about to give birth. Suddenly, I'm the only writer from the paper in New York. I had to do the complete setup for the game and basically wrote the whole section and saved the *Sun-Sentinel's* butt that day. The front page is laminated and framed in my home office.

For a lifelong diehard Yankees fan, to be on the field and in the clubhouse before the game with Derek Jeter having a catch behind me, I was in heaven. I'd come a long way from talking Yankees with Phil Bashe, Andy

Iskoe, and Jordan Kapchan in home room. But I fell in love with this Marlins team. Now, as a reporter, you're supposed to be objective. You can't root in the press box, or you'll get kicked out. I've had to hold that in over the years. As the series was about to start, I didn't know who I was going to root for. Until the first pitch. I realized, *OhmyGod, I'm rooting for the Marlins!* My



Harvey and wife Maria, married twenty-two years

brothers wanted to disown me; to this day, they won't let me live it down. But there I was, rooting for the Marlins against my beloved Yankees. Both my brothers still live on Long Island, and my mom, God bless her, is still going strong at age eighty-six. She was diagnosed with cancer about eight years ago and was told she had six months to live. She lives in Plainview, volunteers as a candy striper at the hospital there, and remains independent.

Right now I'm traveling with the Dolphins. I think they're going to be a contender this year, with QB Dante Culpepper and tailback Ronnie Brown. I work mostly from my home office, which is full of all my memorabilia, including signed boxing gloves by Muhammad Ali, and souvenirs from the ballparks and stadiums from around the country. We've got a beautiful house here with a giant backyard surrounded by canals. I love Plantation; you're in the center of everything, close to the beaches, stadiums, airport, Fort Lauderdale, and downtown Miami. The hurricanes are scary sometimes. Wilma took out a giant redwood tree and did some roof damage. But we lost

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Harvey Fialkov

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Daughter Sarah, 18, and 20-year-old son Jason

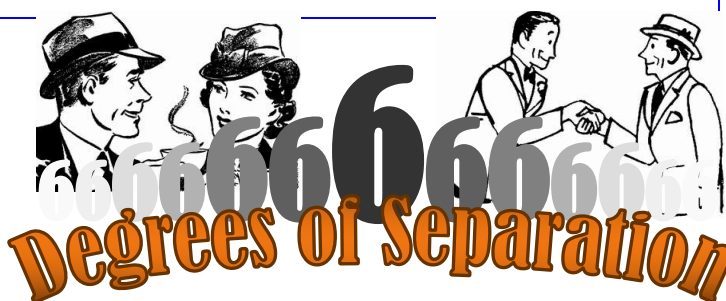
power only once last year. We have hurricane parties at friends' houses! We really haven't gotten nailed too badly yet. Still, this year I finally caved in and bought an electric generator.

Get Paid to Attend Sporting Events? Is That the Life?!

They pay me to watch sports? Are you kidding me? I love my job. I still get a little bit awestruck, like when I'm sitting next to Marv Albert in the press room. I've talked to Walt Frazier, whom I idolized as a kid. I'm having dinner with Rick Barry, who starred for the New York Nets. Chris Evert has become like a friend of mine. Covering Dan Marino's induction into the Football Hall of Fame was a thrill. Bud Collins and I are tight; I grew up listening to Bud, who's also a great sportswriter. He's watched my kids grow up. Don Shula's on my cell phone.

It's been a fun ride. I tell my kids, Find something you love and then go for it. Don't give up. Be persistent. And pay your dues. A lot of people don't want to pay their dues. I wouldn't want someone else to pay his dues as long as I did, but a lot of people give up on their dreams — or don't even chase their dreams and then regret it later. Not me.

I've got two amazing, gorgeous children. Really, no b-s. Lucky, they take after my wife! Jason, who goes to the University of Florida, was a high school golfer and



Scary Premise: Wherever You Go, You Might Bump Into Someone From Jericho — They're Everywhere!

This Issue: The Next Generation

Ilise Zimmerman, who lives in Harworth, New Jersey, writes: "My daughter **Stephanie** is living in Washington, DC, for the summer and is rooming with a friend of hers from Cornell University named **Nicole Weinstock**. Last evening I was talking to both girls about growing up. We were all amazed to discover that Nicole is the daughter of **Bonnie Siber Weinstock**, Jericho H.S. class of 1971." Bonnie, an attorney, lives on Long Island.

"And today I learned that **Jeff Putterman's** son **Josh** is also a friend of Steph's at Cornell. Those Jayhawks certainly fly in small circles!" ■

Too complicated for you? Follow this diagram ...



(Bonnie also figures in another Six Degrees of Separation coincidence. See page 16's article on Joan Baiman Rosenberg.)

lacrosse player, as well as a great baseball player. Unlike me at Jericho High, Jason is a chick magnet! I was too, except I repelled them! Lovely Sarah just started her senior year at Nova High School, a magnet school. She's a true leader and starting second baseman on the girls' softball team, as well as two-time yearbook editor. She's also an unbelievable artist; she wants to do something related to graphics arts. Both of them are perennial top students in honors classes, and I expect Sarah (5-plus GPA) to get a free academic ride to UF like Jason did.

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Q&A: Author Lesléa Newman

This prolific Jericho Hall of Famer from the class of 1973 has written more books than you've probably read in your lifetime — including comic books.



Lesléa Newman is the author of more than fifty books covering a broad range of subjects, including 1989's children's picture book *Heather Has Two Mommies*. Her intention was simply to write a book for kids growing up with gay parents, to give them some positive role models. So it was with some surprise that she found herself branded one of the most dangerous writers living in America today (!) by elements of the religious right and denounced on the Senate floor by North Carolina's Jesse Helms. Of course, some would say that is the ultimate compliment for any writer. *Heather* has sold more than 35,000 copies and is regarded as a classic.

Lesléa, who did not come out as a lesbian until she was in her twenties, lives in western Massachusetts with her spouse of eighteen years, Mary Vazquez. The two were legally married on their sixteenth anniversary and share a home with their two cats, Princess Sheba Darling and Precious Sammy Dearest.

I was reading the excerpt on your website from your 2005 young-adult novel *Jailbait*, about a lonely fifteen-year-old girl who falls for an older man. You seem extraordinarily at-

tuned to teenagers and their feelings, whereas many if not most adults seem to lose that sensitivity as they grow older. Why do you think that is?

It's my job as a writer to inhabit characters, much like an actor, so their voices come through me. One of my signature stories, "A Letter to Harvey Milk," is told in the voice of a seventy-seven-year-old male Holocaust survivor. Another story, "Mothers of Invention," is told from the point of view of a woman who goes to great lengths to get pregnant. (I am not a parent.)

My novel *Hachiko Waits* is based on the true story of an Akita dog who spent ten years at a train station hoping for his master's return and takes place in Japan, a country I have never visited. It's just part of my job, and I hope I am skilled enough to do my characters justice.

How old were you when your talent as a writer first became apparent?

I started writing at a very young age — eight or so — and before that I always loved to read. Two of my teachers in Jericho, Ms. Barbara Murphy and Ms. Estelle Stern, were very encouraging.

Continued on page 26

Takin' Care of Bidness!



Ellen Rader Smith

ERS/Ergo & Rehab Services
Montville, NJ
(973) 334-7499
ellen@ellenradersmith.com
Website: ellenradersmith.com

I am a licensed occupational therapist, certified vocational evaluator, and certified professional ergonomist.



I've owned my business for almost twenty years. ERS offers two primary services: expert witness services to the legal community and ergonomics consulting services directed at the control and prevention of musculoskeletal injuries.

Expert legal services relate to providing evaluations that assess and document a person's current functional capacities and limitations, with respect to personal care, homemaking, childcare, work/vocational status, and ability to pursue recreational endeavors. I provide these services throughout the tristate area for personal injury,

Continued on page 27

TOONS CARTOONS SCARTO OTOONS SCARTOONS SCART



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.



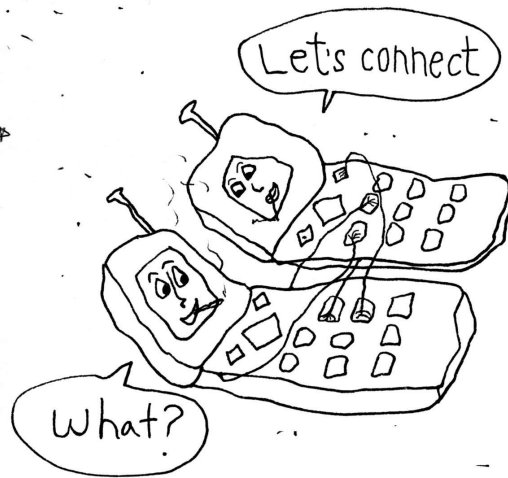
"I assist professionals, business people, couples, and students to more skillfully navigate life transitions, as well as improve their communication and presentations. I also have a small practice as a Feldenkrais® practitioner, a movement-based form of education.

"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*."

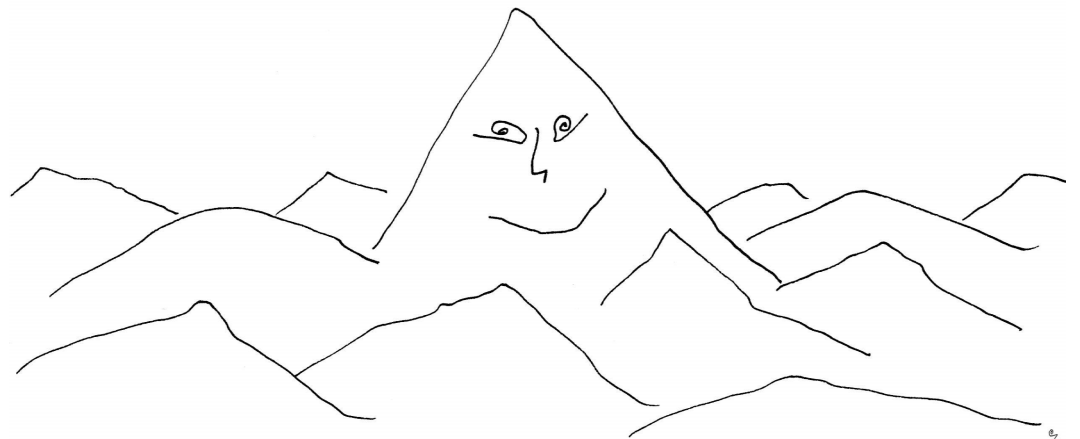
These toons are part of Dan's just-published book *You've Got to Draw the Line Somewhere*, available for \$15 at <http://www.dantoons.com>.

Daniel Goleman, best-selling 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."

Phonation



CLURMAN®



CLURMAN®

Peek experience

Jess Appelbaum



"... AND NOW, FOR THE YOUNGSTERS ..."

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



◀ In June, **Jess Appelbaum**, Linda Appellbaum's 14-year-old daughter, was one of twenty-five gymnasts from Aurora, Colorado's Illusions gymnastics team to perform at the Danish Festival of Sports and Culture in Hadersley, Denmark. Her team also traveled to England, France, the Netherlands, Germany, and Belgium. Here's Jess posing atop the British Airways London Eye.

◀ **Justin Bashe**, 14, son of Philip and Patty Bashe, dances with his grandmother Rachelle at a recent wedding. Can you tell that he's wearing his first real suit?

Justin Bashe



Danielle (Kibel) Shriger



◀ Cathy Kibel Shriger's 8-year-old daughter, **Danielle**, just returned to California

from a year in Israel. "She reads, writes, and speaks Israeli with absolutely no hint of an American accent," says Cathy. "She took up gymnastics before she left for Israel and just won her first gold medal there." In other news, Cathy's 29-year-old son, **Derek**, had a daughter (inset), **Jodan Elise Williams**, on August 29, 2005. That makes Cathy a *safta*, she specifies, not a grandmother. "I am too young to be called that," she laughs. We absolutely agree.

The Poetry of Spiro Agnew*

Surely one of the most eloquent voices of the 1970s belonged to Spiro Agnew, our pit bull of a vice president. Whether waxing nostalgic about his pet cat Mr. Napalm or demonstrating his flare for alliteration, the vitriolic veep wove a unique tapestry of words and images. So sit back, turn off the Indigo Girls CD, pour yourself a warm cup of chamomile with honey, snuggle up in your favorite shawl, and be prepared to let the former Maryland governor's liquid language caress you like ... a big, liquid caressing thing.

When Dew Drops Settle on Yonder Meadow

*If you tell me hippies and yippies are going to be able to do the job of helping America,
I'll tell you this:
They can't run a bus,
they can't serve in a government office,
they can't run a lathe in a factory.
All they can do is lay down in the park and sleep or kick policemen.*

The "N" Word

In the United States today, we have more than our share of the nattering nabobs of negativism.

eFFete Fetish

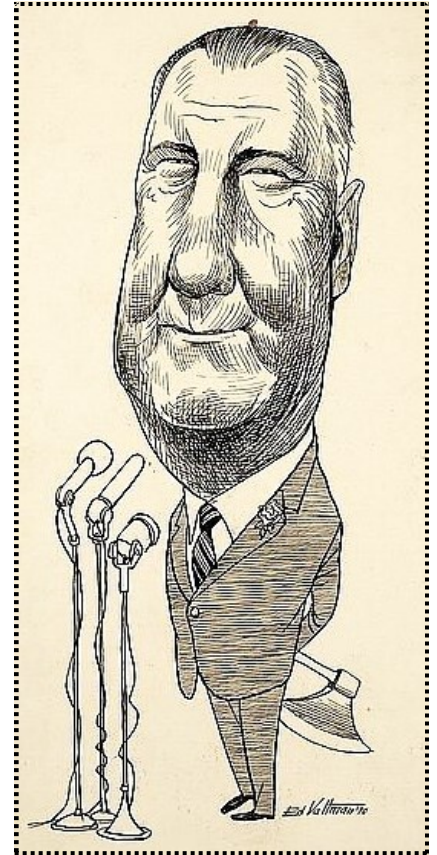
*The student now goes to college to proclaim rather than to learn.
A spirit of national masochism prevails, encouraged by an effete corps of impudent snobs who characterize themselves as intellectuals.*

Haiku No. 43

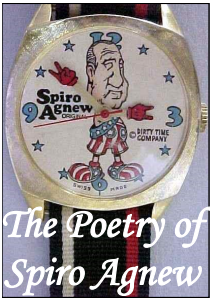
*I've been into many ghettos, and, I have to say:
If you've seen one city slum, to some extent, you've seen them all.*

Tapioca Mind Pellets (Ode to Timothy Leary)

*I find it hard to believe
that the way to run the world
has been revealed
to a minority of pushy youngsters and middle-aged malcontents.*



* In reality, the ol' blowhard's words were written for him by White House wordsmith William Safire. But it was Agnew's bellicose delivery that really put 'em over.



The Poetry of Spiro Agnew

Continued from page 13

“My Cuddly Li'l Cat Mr. Napalm”

(Experimental piece)

Ultraliberalism today translates into a whimpering isolationism in foreign policy, a mulish obstructionism in domestic policy, and a pusillanimous pussyfooting on the critical issue of law and order.

“Rebozo the Clown”

To penetrate the cacophony of seditious drivel emanating from the best-publicized clowns in our society and their fans in the Fourth Estate, we need a cry of alarm, not a whisper.

“The Deeper Truth (Cosmic Soul Excursion)”

An intellectual is a man who doesn't know how to park a bike.

Nooz About Yooz

Continued from page 2

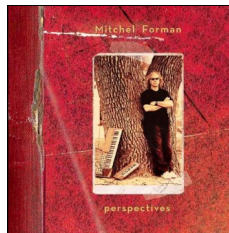
cancer research, taking in close to \$5,000 in contributions.

“It was an overwhelmingly wonderful experience,” raves Karen, “and I will absolutely do it again next year, with even better results. My next fitness goal is to do a century 100-mile bike ride. I might be fifty-three, but I feel like I'm sweet sixteen!” Obviously.



New Mitchel Forman ('73) CD

Jazz keyboardist **Mitchel Forman** ('73), who you read about in issue No. 13, released his latest CD, *Perspectives*, on August 10. To order a copy, and for more information, go to Mitchel's website at www.mitchelforman.com.



Harvey Fialkov

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My beautiful Maria is an elementary school teacher who had both kids in her class. I can't say enough about her. Not only has she worked all these years, but she's the best mother on the planet. That's why our kids are great students, well rounded, surrounded by cool friends. She deserves most of the credit. We just celebrated our twenty-second anniversary.

It's funny: We went to Hicksville Junior High together but didn't know each other; then I moved to Jericho. But we still had a lot of the same friends. In fact, years ago I went with her to a reunion she organized for kids from Hicksville, and I had as much fun as she did. I still hang with Danny Friedlander, but I wish I had stayed in touch with some of my other Jericho pals like Ban, Dik, Kenny, Lee, etc.

In high school, I was the lovable class clown. Just ask Mr. Beekman, who I nearly drove to tears once after cracking up the class. Or even the easygoing Mr. Boroson, who I once imitated, earning another trip to the principal's office. Or Mr. Lynch, who I nailed with a paper airplane and received a one-way trip into the wastebasket!

Unfortunately, I was scared of girls on a one-on-one basis, so although I had crushes on every hottie in class — Debbie A., Debbie N., Debbie M. (guess I had a thing for Debbies, so now I just eat the little cakes), Penny, Jane, somebody stop me! — I rarely dated.

During and after college, though, I made up for lost time. I was a dog until I met Maria at Wicker's, that bar in Hicksville at the corner of Old Country Road and route 106. I think it's still there. Maria was down on the dance floor, leaning up against a beam. I said to her, “If I ask you to dance, will the ceiling fall down?” She giggled, and we danced, and the rest is kind of history.

Checking In With the Classes of 1971 and 1973

Since we'll all be getting together again at next year's joint 35-year reunion, we thought we'd acquaint everyone by profiling several members of the classes of 1971 and 1973 in each issue.

We all have our own definitions of success. It could be our families, our careers, or winning the award for Most Back Hair at the county fair. Just still being here after fifty-plus years is an accomplishment in itself. Everyone's life is uniquely interesting. If you'd like to share your story in a future issue, please get in touch; we'd love to hear from you and about you.



**Cathy Morway
Bloomberg
(‘73)**

For some folks, turning fifty is a time when they

start to cut back on work — not always voluntarily, unfortunately. For Cathy Morway Bloomberg, who lives in Cheshire, Connecticut, the big five-oh marked her return to the workplace full-time after twenty years. To say that she was nervous is an understatement. And understandable.

After graduating from Cortland State College in 1977, Cathy spent eight years working in the cosmetics and fragrance industry at such high-profile Manhattan companies as Elizabeth Arden, Oscar de la Renta, and Charles of the Ritz. Then in 1985, she gave birth to her first child, son Ken, followed three years later by twins Leigh and Kay.

While her children were growing up, Cathy worked part-time at a local apple orchard for seven years. “I did the marketing, advertising, and sales promotions,” she says. “Plus I started a children’s program, where I gave tours to bus loads of school kids. I used to be a camp counselor, so this was right up my alley. It was a lot of fun.”

Once her daughters got their drivers licenses, they weren’t home

as much. Cathy started playing golf, and she says, laughing, “I got so obsessed with it, my husband became afraid for me. He said, ‘I think you have more time on your hands than you know what to do with.’ And he was right! But I procrastinated getting a full-time job for a year, because, to be honest, I was so afraid that nobody would want me.

“When I left the business world,” she continues, “the only person that had a computer on their desk was the main secretary. What little I knew, I’d learned from my kids. So right before I started applying places, I took a course in Excel. That gave me a little bit of confidence. Then I started working as an administrative assistant for a book publisher, Taunton Press.

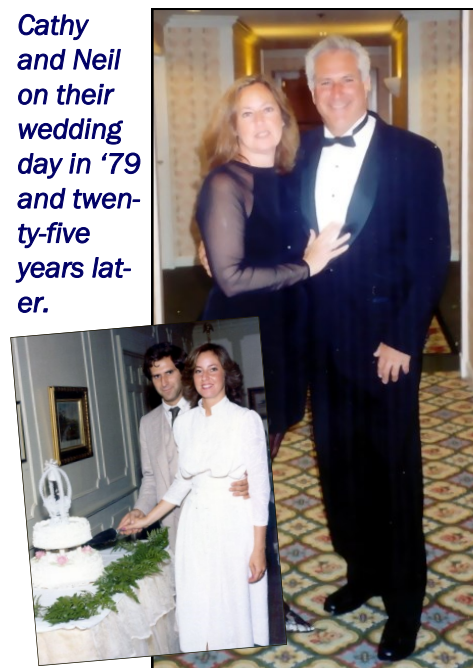
“The job kept me on the computer eight hours a day, and I got really bored. Plus, I was taking care of eleven people in a department, and I was like their mommy. That wasn’t for me; I had enough kids at home!”

In February 2005, a friend offered her the position of assistant to the affiliate administrator of the Connecticut branch of the Susan G. Komen Breast Cancer Foundation, the Dallas-based national breast-cancer organization founded nearly twenty-five years ago. It proved to be a perfect fit. Then, earlier this year, the friend left, with Cathy assuming

“I procrastinated getting a full-time job for a year, because, to be honest, I was so afraid that nobody would want me. It’s been a real boost to my ego to know that I can go back to work, in a field I knew nothing about, and become successful.”

her

Cathy and Neil on their wedding day in ‘79 and twenty-five years later.



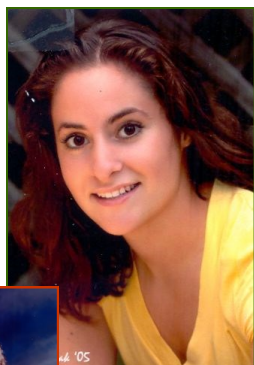
Cathy Morway

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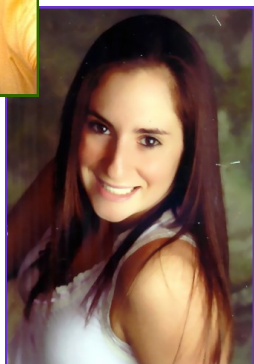
she explains, “or someone looking for a patient-support group in their part of the state, or someone calling for a free mammogram.” The Komen Foundation funds free screening mammograms, since breast cancer is at its most treatable when detected in an early stage.

Most of the organization’s budget goes toward funding patient services throughout the state, while 25 percent is earmarked for research. Over the last five years, the national organization has returned almost tenfold what the Connecticut affiliate has sent it for research, and has awarded research grant of \$2.5 million to Yale University and the University of Connecticut.

Cathy has also been pressed into service as an affiliate spokesperson, which suits her just fine. “My background is speech and hearing, so I had to take public speaking,” she says. “I’ve always been confident speaking in public. Besides, it’s very easy to talk about something in public when you’re passionate about it and you believe in it.” Her mother, currently in Florida, and father, now retired to Arizona, are both cancer survivors.



Cathy's kids: left to right, Ken, Kay, and Leigh.



Passion, she goes on to say, runs throughout the organization. “It’s a great group of people.” Most of them, naturally, are women. “A sisterhood” is how she describes it. “There’s none of the cattiness you might find in a different kind of workplace. We’re all there for the same reason.

“Once volunteers get involved,” she continues, “they get so into it. We like to say that they become ‘Komenized.’” Cathy includes herself among the converted, citing her wardrobe as proof. “I never wore pink in my life, but now half my wardrobe is pink!” Pink, of course, is the color of the ribbon to promote breast-cancer awareness.

All in all, she says, it’s been the ideal transition. “I’d had a good eight-year run in the cosmetics and fragrance business,” she reflects. “Then I became a mother, and it just consumes you. You forget that at another time in your life, you had another identify, as a worker, a boss, a this, a that. It’s been a real boost to my ego to know that I can go back to work, in a field I knew nothing about, and become successful.

“Whether I could have done it at the same time I was bringing up our kids, like so many women do, that I don’t know. Fortunately, I didn’t have to; I thank my husband, Neil, for that.”

Cathy and Neil met in 1978. “My college roommate was in Washington, DC, for the summer,” Cathy explains, “and asked if I wanted to catch a ride with her boyfriend’s college friend who was driving down to DC from Brooklyn for the weekend. I had been dating someone else at that time, but it was love

At first sight. Neil and I were engaged four months later and married a year after we met.” The couple recently celebrated their twenty-seventh anniversary.

Leigh and Kay just went off to Boston University and University of Connecticut, respectively. And with Neil presently working in Atlanta while Cathy is in the process of selling the family home, she’s able to put in the necessary nights and weekends, something that she couldn’t have done before.

“Right now the only one that’s dependent on me is our 120-pound yellow Labrador, Jake,” says Cathy, laughing. “This is a time in my life when I can do this, and I’m happy with the way that things have worked out.”



Joan Baiman Rosenberg ('71)

How’s this for having a unique perspective on Jericho:

Joan Baiman Rosenberg graduated from JHS in 1971, moved back there with her own family ten years later, then became a guidance counselor at the high school in 1983. And all three of her children attended school in the same district where she’d grown up.

Wait — it gets better. In 2005, after twenty-two years in the guidance department and four years as president of the teachers union, Joan was promoted to assistant principal, making her the first former student in the history of Jericho to join the administration. Yep, it’s finally happened, folks: The inmates have taken over the asylum.

Joan never imagined herself as JHS assistant principal, not even

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A Continuing Series

What It's All About: Friendship

Ilene Pincus and Monica Wood Izzo

~ Friends for 43 years ~

By Ilene Pincus

MONICA AND I MET IN MR. HYDE'S FOURTH-GRADE class. I remember Bobbi Solomon and I giggling when Monica came in late (she was a "bus child"), and the only chair/desk left available was one of the huge ones. Poor little Monica's feet were dangling; they didn't even touch the floor.



We ran away again when we were around fifteen, on New Year's Eve. We pooled our money, went to Sandy's for hot chocolates, then to Oddvark (the head shop on Broadway, just west of Mid-Island Plaza), where we bought a hash pipe. Then we got cold, so we called our parents and went back home. Monica got punished for like a month. I got to have a New Year's Eve party that night.

Monica, whose nicknames over the years have included Gog, Monique, Deke, Monty, and Spaghetti (to my Meatball!), was the one who started "our crowd," which was composed of over sixty kids. Most were from Jeri-

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"Summer 1964: The first known photo of me and Monica, behind her house on Fern Drive West."

I lived on Maytime Court in East Birchwood, and Monica lived in "Jericho Park," the "new" development that was built after a bunch of Boy Scouts having a campout accidentally burned down the woods that used to be beyond our backyard. We became best friends instantly, did everything together, including summer camp at Marydale, if I remember correctly. It was a CYO camp, or a Catholic camp or something; I remember a big statue of the Virgin Mary on the campgrounds!

We often laugh about the time we "ran away from home" at about age ten or so to the stables that were on Jericho Turnpike. We were cleaning out a chicken coop and decided we were going to live there. We were chased off the property by the owners' son. Gee, after we did all that work cleaning out their chicken coop!!



"Summer 1968: "This is Monica sitting in the waterfall just over the fish pond in my backyard, before the big party that started our crowd."

Ilene + Monica

Continued from page 17



"Here's the two of us sometime in the 1980s."

cho, but a handful were from Westbury and Hicksville. It was the summer of '68, and I was having a big party in our backyard. It was gorgeous, with three patios, a trail through the wooded hill, a waterfall coming down into the fish pond, all landscaped with lighting – just beautiful. Monica had become friendly with a few older guys, like Gary Malin, Fred Schlusssel, and Don Schragger from the class of 1971, and she brought them all, and all of *their* friends, to my party. Our crowd was born that night!

We all stayed friends throughout high school and college, and many of us remain close to this day. In 2003 I organized a fiftieth birthday party for the guys in our crowd, most of whom were a year older than the girls. It was at the restaurant Testarossa on Jericho Turnpike, and people flew in from all over the country. It was great to see everyone again! There were people there who hadn't made it to the official reunion.

From Jericho, I went to Ashland College in Ohio, a very expensive private school. Monica followed me out there, paid her tuition herself, only lasted a semester or two, but it was fun to share the Ohio experience.

We were part of each others' families. I remember ...
... when her brother Andy was born, and I saw that ucky black thing in his bellybutton for the first time. When I was in college, A.J. used to write me letters in crayon, which I'd hang in my dorm room.

... My sister, Gay, gave Monica horseback rides in our living room.
... Monica's sister Roberta used to love to sit on my lap.
... Monica's other sister, Paula, lived with my family for a couple of weeks before moving in with her husband-to-be, Marc Sheiner.

Our lives have been intertwined since fourth grade, and now I've moved from Long Island to Florida and bought a condo in New Port Richey, just one door down from Monica. A ninety-year-old lady, Jo, lives between us; she loves us both. We go running back and forth to each other's condos in our night-gowns, borrowing cups of coffee and pieces of homemade cherry pie.

There's nothing better than an old-old-old friendship. No one on

"April 2006: Me and Monica when I moved down to Florida."



earth knows me better than Monica, and no one knows Monica better than me. We've been there with each other through our trials and tribulations, deaths and divorces, heartaches and rejoicing, births of babies, promotions, falling in and out of love. I couldn't love her sons, Billy (twenty-five) and Ben (twenty-two) more if they were my own. Both are very cool heartthrobs, driving all the Tarpon Springs girls crazy.

Our friendship is one of the things in the world that I am most thankful for. ■

"The boys are back in town — for a 50th birthday party in October 2003 at Testarossa: Roy Fiorino ('71), Guy Fils ('73), Don Schragger ('71), Gary Malin ('71) and Kraig Libstag ('71), just a few of the attendees. It was a fabulous party!"



Have a friendship you'd like to celebrate? Tell us about it!

Joan Baiman ('71)

Continued from page 16

when the job was offered to her last October. But becoming a guidance counselor, that's a different story.

"During my three years of high school," she reflects, "I probably saw my guidance counselor all of two times. And I can remember being in tenth grade and thinking, *There's got to be more to this job than what they do here!* I decided that's what I was going to do, and I never veered from it."

After earning her bachelor's degree in psychology at Boston University and a master's degree in counseling at Columbia University, Joan spent six years as a drug and alcohol counselor at Francis Lewis High School in Queens. As much as she enjoyed it, "I was putting too much of myself into it," she says, "and it became too exhausting." At the end of the 1983 school year, she remarked to her husband, Randy, "If I don't get a job someplace else, I don't know if I can go back in the fall."

Seeing Jericho From the Other Side

She didn't have to. That September Joan began working in the Jericho guidance department, which was, and still is, headed by Ms. Lois Smith. Students at Jericho receive much more support than they did back in our day. The current guidance staff of seven includes a social worker and substance-abuse counselor who provides prevention, intervention, and referral services to students faced with low self-esteem, family problems, peer conflicts, eating disorders, and substance-abuse issues.

"It's an interesting place to be," she says. "We're growing in size. Seven, eight years ago, we had all of 525 students in the high school. This year

we're going to be up to 1,200. We have to develop ways of working with the kids that will allow us to still give them individualized attention, because it gets tougher and tougher the bigger you get."

The changes in guidance reflect the changes in Jericho and society at large. "The school society and the kids' experiences have changed so drastically in the thirty-five years since I graduated," Joan observes.

"Back in the sixties and seventies, as a group, we were much more socially conscious than the kids are now. Vietnam, obviously, was a big thing. To these kids, it's history. We lived it. Kids would march out of school en masse and head to Mid-Island Plaza for a day of protests.

"I think that today people are a lot more self-involved and a lot less

interested in causes. If it impacts them directly, they might rally around an issue for a day or two – like when there's talk about possibly reinstating the draft. But when it's no longer a threat, it's as though it doesn't matter anymore.

"There used to be a lot more community spirit," she continues. "For instance, we were big on dances, which the teachers would chaperone, in the cafeteria or the gym. Those things don't go on here now."

Asked why, she pauses for a moment.

"I think that in many families, there are two working parents, so the kids are left to their own devices a lot more. There's also a big focus on activities outside of school: tennis instruction, or horseback riding, or

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"This shot was taken right after a Yankees game, one of our family passions": Joan (bottom, center) surrounded by Carly (l.) and Jamie (r.); in back, husband Randy and son Marc.

Joan Baiman ('71)

Continued from page 19

ice-skating, or whatever it happens to be. We have a lot of independent home tutoring going on in the district, even for our high-achieving kids, so they can do better and achieve more.

“And get into the college of their parents’ choice,” she adds wryly.

“It’s sad. Many kids are not allowed to be kids now. I mean, I remember, even in elementary school, coming home from school, changing into my play clothes (because we had a dress code back then — not anymore!), and telling my mother, ‘I’m going to ride my bike over to so-and-so’s house.’ And my mother would say, ‘Okay, just be home by six for dinner.’ You don’t see that today. Everything is so totally planned out, minute by minute, hour by hour, for many of our kids.

“As a counselor, I used to be asked all the time, ‘What should my kid do for the summer?’ Now, my son, Marc, is sixteen, and this summer he went to sleepaway camp. That’s what he wanted to do.

“The reaction from other parents is often ‘How come you’re not sending him to a college program for the summer?’ ‘Why isn’t he doing some community service down in Costa Rica, or something else that’s going to look good on his college resume?’ That type of thing.

“My feeling is, you know what? Let them be kids! For the next forty, forty-five years,

he’s going to be working. ‘Well,’ they’ll ask, ‘what is he getting out of it?’

“And I’ll say, ‘He has a sense of accomplishment, plus he’s working on his social skills and his independence skills.’ For some people, though, it’s not ‘good enough.’

“But I’ve always been that way,” says Joan. “I’ll point out to these people that my oldest two didn’t do all of those things. Yet they both got into Ivy League schools, have done very well for themselves, and, most importantly, had a childhood.” Jamie, twenty-five, works and lives in Manhattan, while her twenty-year-old daughter, Carly, just started at Brooklyn Law School.

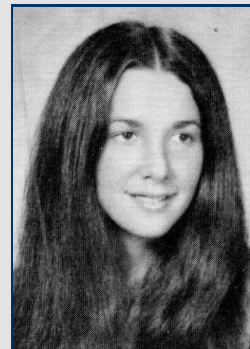
As Joan points out, the hypercompetitiveness among high-school students is by no means unique to Jericho. “It’s happening all over the country,” she says, “because more and more kids are applying to college, but the colleges aren’t increasing the size of their freshman classes. So you have a growing number of students competing for fewer positions. Everybody is looking to get a ‘leg up,’ and the kids are definitely feeling the pressure.”

Joan Becomes Assistant Principal

Ten years ago, Joan earned a professional diploma in administration at C. W. Post, although, she says with a laugh, she never intended to use it. “But my husband always said to me, ‘If you’re going to earn credits and move across the salary scale, you might as well

Continued on page 21

In Memoriam: Ellen Lowenstein Ross



Ellen Lowenstein Ross from the class of 1973 passed away on August 12, 2006. One of her lifelong best friends, Beth Fischer Gemmill, shares some memories of Ellen, who lived with her family in the same house in which she’d grown up, on Merry Lane in East Birchwood:

“Most of us met Ellen in third grade, when she moved to Jericho. She went to George A. Jackson Elementary School. After graduating from JHS, Ellen went to the University of Stony Brook and received a masters degree in home health care.

“Ellen was married to Howard Ross and had two daughters: Samantha, who is a sophomore at SUNY Binghamton; and Vanessa, a junior at Jericho High School. Ellen contracted Lyme disease approximately fifteen years ago and battled it ever since.”

We’d like to extend our deepest sympathies to Ellen’s family and many friends. ■



Ellen (center) with Marilyn Pike and Laura Sheftman Strafer at the class of '73's thirtieth reunion.

Joan Baiman ('71)

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do it to add up to something.” Just weeks into the 2005–2006 school year, a brand new assistant principal announced that he’d decided to return to his former district in Suffolk County.

When the administration asked Joan to toss her hat into the ring, her immediate response was “absolutely not,” she says. “I didn’t want to leave my forty guidance students in the lurch. Plus, I was president of the teacher’s union,” having succeeded longtime head Mr. Emil Voigt (“the icon,” she calls him) in 2001.

“First, though, I asked my son,” now a junior, “how he would feel about my becoming assistant principal. If he wasn’t okay with it, I would not have taken the position. All three of my kids went through the school with me being there, and all had totally different reactions to it.

“My oldest wanted to have nothing to do with me in school. When teachers would ask her if she was related to Joan Rosenberg, the guidance counselor, she would tell them no, that Rosenberg is a common last name. My middle one managed to find me whenever she needed money or a ride. Marc has no issues with my being there, even though teachers give him a lot of ribbing.

“But being a counselor was one thing; there’s not a lot of discipline that goes along with that. As assistant principal, some of his friends would be under my jurisdiction. I said to him, ‘You’re going to be hearing some nasty, negative things. They’re going to say that your mother’s a real witch and a real tyrant, and you’re going to say, “Try living with her!”’

He’s a pretty self-assured kid, though, and didn’t have any problem with it. That kind of gave me an extra

push to really consider doing it.” So did the support of her immediate boss, Lois Smith.

Joan went through the interview process and was named assistant principal last October. “I told the administration and the teachers right away, ‘If you think I’m going to be a hard-nosed disciplinarian, that’s not me. That’s not my style. I’m more of a negotiator. ‘Let’s sit down and see what our options are.’ Is it a different

“It’s sad. Many kids are not allowed to be kids now. Everything is so totally planned out, minute by minute, hour by hour.”

bent? Yes, it is. Definitely.” Not many school administrators come from a guidance-counselor background.

“To be honest, I thought that might be a disadvantage, because I have never been a classroom teacher per se; I went directly from grad school into counseling. And as assistant principal I have to do in-classroom observations and write up evaluations. But we seem to be able to work around that.”

"I Hate to Bother You, But ..."

You can add yet another facet to Joan’s multidimensional perspective on Jericho. It’s rare for school administrators to live in the same district where they work. Joan, who grew up in East Birchwood (“my parents still live there on Mellow Lane, right around the corner from the Jackson

elementary school”), resides in Princeton Park. She can be out to dinner with her husband or shopping at Waldbaum’s and find herself colared by a parent with a question, even though she’s off-duty.

“You get used to it after a while,” she shrugs. “Although my husband gets a little aggravated at times. We’ll be sitting in a restaurant, and somebody will come up to me and say, ‘I hate to bother you, but ...’ And he’s ready to say, ‘Then don’t!’ But the same thing went on when I was a counselor, too.

“Most of my friends in the district know not to try getting any information out of me, because it’s not going to happen. And my kids have always said that they’re the last to know about stuff that’s going on in the building. It’s never dinner talk, it’s never something that goes on in conversation in the car.

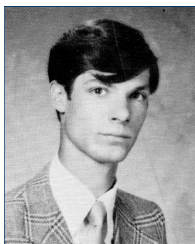
“I’ve always tried very hard to separate that out: being a member of the community, a parent, and an employee. There are times when people say to me, ‘Which hat are you wearing right now?’ Sometimes it’s difficult to separate them; sometimes it’s very clear which one I’m wearing.”

When Joan came back to Jericho in 1983, many of her favorite teachers were still on the faculty. Now only Lois Smith and Mr. Ernest Savaglio are still there. “I remember around 2000, a number of teachers retired, like Bob Hoffman, Estelle Stern, and Barbara Murphy. It was sad to me, because they represented the history of Jericho. Ms. Murphy said to me, ‘Joan, you’re the history now.’”

“I said, ‘That’s a little frightening!’” ■

Everybody has an interesting story to tell. Even you.

**Interested in sharing it in our next issue? It’s like free therapy!
Get in touch with Phil.**



John Innelli ('73)

While attending the University of Pennsylvania, John Innelli seriously considered pursuing a doctorate in economics, “in no small part due to Bob Hoffman,” his twelfth-grade economics teacher. “But my father kept saying to me, ‘How are you going to earn a living with that?’” he recalls, laughing. “Being pragmatic, I decided to go to law school instead,” at Washington and Lee University, in Lexington, Virginia. However, John has come to incorporate his economics interest into his law practice, which he started in 1995.

“I specialize in securities, fraud litigation, antitrust litigation and complex commercial litigation,” he explains. “Anything that has to do with a business where an investor believes that in some way financial fraud is taking place or the rules of the marketplace are being distorted, to his detriment.”

What does he like best about this area of the law?

“I guess it’s a toss-up between arguing in court — I’ve always liked to have a captive audience — and analyzing transactions.” The latter John compares to detective work. “It’s trying to determine whether or not a fraud has taken place. Remember the mantra of Senator Howard Baker during the Watergate hearings: ‘What did the president know, and when did he know it?’ That’s really what I do in any fraud case. You take the players involved in a transaction, and you search to see what they knew and when they knew it. It’s a puzzle that you have to piece together.

“Meanwhile, the defendant’s side tries to provide as little information as it can. (I’d say ‘tries to

hide information,’ but that would reveal my bias!) It’s always incumbent on me to build a strong enough case to show that some of the puzzle’s pieces haven’t been turned over, then to persuade the court to get a hold of those pieces. It’s challenging. And when the day is done, and you’ve been able to put all the pieces together and right a wrong, it’s very gratifying.”

One of John’s favorite cases would make a great film, he says. Indeed it would. The plot is too convoluted to recount here in its entirety, so we’ll present it as if making a pitch to a Hollywood producer. (Are you listening, Bob Simon?) Here goes:

Millionaire’s ne’er-do-well son, a flying enthusiast who owns several airplanes, meets up with a con artist named Rubin at his country club in Minneapolis. Con artist convinces millionaire’s son that he is a pilot and former American Airlines exec who could develop a lucrative business chartering out the planes as well as giving flight instruction.

Invites his grifter girlfriend, Janet (“who had a rap sheet as long as both arms,” says John), out from Las

Vegas to join him in the fraudulent business. The two of them fabricate flight logs and financial records to make the company look incredibly successful — so successful that they’re able to orchestrate public offerings of \$1 million, then \$5 million. Which they promptly burn right through. Are on the verge of pulling off a \$50 million IPO with junk-bond king and future jailbird Michael Milken of Drexel-Burnham-Lambert when one of their pilots gets wind of the scheme and rats them out to the FBI.

The tale’s other highlights — or lowlights — include:

- (1) a gun runner named Rodriguez, who is under investigation for dealing arms to the Contras;
- (2) General Paul Tibbets, pilot of the *Enola Gay*, which dropped the first atomic bomb on Japan during World War II;
- (3) the obligatory location for any story involving fraud; namely, the Cayman Islands.

We envision a cast including Hugh Grant as the ne’er-do-well millionaire’s son, Adrian Brody as Rubin, Heather Graham as Janet, and Steve Buscemi as the blackmailing pilot. Every film nowadays has to include Steve Buscemi. It’s a law.

“As we kept uncovering more and more information,” says John, laughing, “it just got more and more fascinating.”

A Philly Fanatic

After law school, John decided to return to the City of Brotherly Love. He, wife Holly, and their children, Kate and James, live in Rose Valley, Pennsylvania, a Philly suburb. “I can go from my home to my office down

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John Innelli ('73)

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town in just twenty-five minutes," he says. "It's a great place to raise a family, and the cost of housing is a mere fraction of what it is in the New York Metropolitan area. Plus, my wife is originally from the area. All of that resulted in my moving to Philadelphia instead of going back to New York."

But, he hastens to add, "I still consider myself a New Yorker. I root for the New York sports teams I grew up rooting for. And I love going back there to visit my sisters and my brother, who all live in the Metropolitan area. My father, in fact, still lives in the same house that we grew up in, in Princeton Park, right behind the Jericho Jewish Center." The JJC's rabbi, Stanley Steinhart, lived next door.

"Whenever they needed a minion," says John, "the joke used to be, 'Go ring the Innellis' doorbell and have John and Frank (my dad) come over.'"

"I have tremendous memories of Jericho," he continues. "Really had a wonderful time growing up there." While in junior high school, John got his first taste of politics by getting elected student council president, a feat repeated during his senior year in high school. In 1990 he ran as the Democratic candidate for U.S. Congress in Pennsylvania's overwhelmingly Republican Seventh Congressional District. Any parallels between seeking elected office in high school and in the real world?

"Other than having a strong ego and a desire to undertake difficult tasks, no," he says. "In running for office in high school, you don't need a lot of money. In the American political system today, especially at the local level, that's all that matters. It's made it very difficult for us to have a

true two-party system. Usually one party dominates to such an extent that there's not a level playing field. "Also," he adds, "the political world is far more vicious than anything you encounter in high school." John and his family experienced this firsthand during his campaign to unseat incumbent Curt Weldon.

"Delaware County is controlled by a Republican machine," he says seriously. "One thing you learn about municipal politics is that it's all about money and how millions of dollars get spread around to people with special interests, like those who want contracts. People use their muscle to protect their interests. A challenge to any political machine is met with a very fierce response. I mean, Karl Rove is not unique. There are a lot of operatives like him throughout the country."

During the 1990 race, John focused public attention on Weldon's questionable conduct regarding his chairing a quasi-governmental unit that received tens of millions of dollars in federal funds. At the time, a grand jury had been convened to investigate misuse, with indictments being handed down against two of his closest advisors.

"One afternoon," John recalls, "I received a phone call at home. My wife and daughter, who was two at the time, were out shopping."

The mysterious voice on the other end warned ominously, "You ought to tell your wife and your daughter to be very careful where they go." He named the store where they were shopping and read off their car's license-plate number. "They might want to lock the doors, because you never know what the police will find in your car ..."

"Stuff like that happens," John says flatly, "although it doesn't get much attention in the press. You can only imagine what kind of impact

*An ominous voice warned,
"You ought to tell your wife
and your daughter to be
very careful where they go."*

that had on Holly's enthusiasm for the campaign."

One funny story from the morning after the election: "My daughter had gone campaigning with me, and she has some very fond memories of it all. Being two years old, she'd gone to bed before the returns were in." Weldon, with a two-to-one Republican advantage, had won re-election. "That morning Kate came bounding into our bedroom, crawled into bed, and shook me awake. I opened one eye.

"Well, Daddy?"

"Well Daddy? what?"

"Did you win the race?"

"And I said, 'No, Kate, I'm sorry. Daddy didn't win the race.' And she pounded her fist on the bed and said, 'Darn it, why couldn't you have run faster?!'"

Upon request from the Clinton White House, John ran against Weldon again in 1996, although more for the purpose of serving as a party spokesperson. Despite his baptism by fire sixteen years ago, he remains interested in possibly seeking public office in the future, especially with Kate off at college and James not too far behind.

"Politics is very, very taxing on the family," John reflects. "The demand for your time, the intrusiveness. Still, matters of state are very important." In 2004 he served on John Kerry's finance committee, helping to assemble the Massachusetts senator's campaign operations in Pennsylvania.

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**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 ...**

Faculty Lounge



This Issue:

Mr. George Batjiaka

**You Remember Him As
Assistant Principal. But He
Started His Career Teaching
Spanish — And Still Does!**

I've had a good life. The things that I did worked out wonderfully, like deciding to teach in Jericho in 1959.

It was my first job since leaving Woodsville, New Hampshire, the little town where I was born. I spent my first twenty-two years there. My high school had just 100 students in grades nine through twelve. There were twenty-five kids in my graduating class. But it was great; everybody was a big fish in a little pond.

In a town of two thousand or so people, you got to know everybody, and it was a very friendly place. I attended Dartmouth College, which was only about forty miles away in Hanover.

I had an older brother and two younger brothers. My mother saw that

as much as we liked Woodsville, there was nothing for us in a small town. So we all came to Long Island; a cousin who lived in Lynbrook touted his town and said we should move there. What did we know?

I'd always been fascinated by teaching because of teachers that I'd had in high school who had really turned me on to it. And so that's what I wanted. And while in college, I took a lot of Spanish, became very interested in it, and wound up teaching it. I got my masters degree at St. John's University.

In 1959, Long Island schools were hiring teachers like crazy. You had all the war babies and everybody moving from the city to the suburbs. I signed up with a large educational employment agency. Someone there suggested I interview at Jericho, saying, "You know, that might be a good deal going there, because you're going to get right in on the ground floor of this district that's going to take off, more than likely, and it's going to grow, and you can be part of that." Good advice!

Jericho Back in the Day

I went from one small community to another. When I started teaching Spanish in Jericho, it was still kind of rural. Jericho Turnpike was two lanes, one eastbound, one westbound, full of beautiful trees. Where the shopping center is now, there were, oh, a couple of stores, and that was it. West Birchwood didn't exist yet.

There was no high school, either; classes were held for grades ninth through eleven in the Robert Seaman Elementary School while the school was being built. The senior were sent to Carle Place. We didn't have our own graduating class until 1961. As the district continued to grow, they added to the high school.

What's interesting is that the teachers who started at Jericho were

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Mr. George Batjiaka

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all in their twenties; it was a very young faculty. I was twenty-four. We grew together and we grew with the system. It was a very interesting evolution to where it is today. I always felt that Jericho was a top-notch academic school, which it still is. If anything, it got even better.

In 1966 Jericho started a house plan in the high school and junior high. They approached me and asked if I'd be interested in becoming housemaster of House B in the high school. I thought, *Why not?* I enjoyed being an administrator very much. In Jericho, you're not just dispensing discipline, you're involved in the student council and many other things. Plus, you still got to teach two classes.

After two years, they abandoned the house plan, and we went from being housemasters to assistant principals. I worked with Paul Flanzer, Pete Lawrence, Paul Hall. (It was a laugh a day with Paul Hall; a very funny guy.)

It was a great place to work. It must have been; I was there for thirty-four years, retiring in 1993.

Mr. Batjiaka at last April's Jericho Alumni Hall of Fame ceremony.



But I'm a guy who likes to work at things I enjoy. I've had a few careers since. First I was a paralegal. Then I worked for my son's travel agency for six or seven years. (I have three sons, aged forty-six, forty-five, and thirty-seven.) That was probably the best job I ever had, because I traveled extensively. Cheaply, too, I might add! But after 9/11, the travel industry took a big hit, and he closed the business.

Since then I've returned to teaching Spanish; specifically, tutoring homebound students. If a student is out of school for any reason, he's entitled to tutoring, even if he's been suspended. I really enjoy the language and working with teenagers. I tutor in three or four communities near Oceanside, which is where I've lived since 1960. It's funny: My three sons all went through the Oceanside school system; now two of my grandsons live here and are going to the same elementary school — School 3 — that my kids attended.

Fond Memories

I went from classroom teacher to housemaster to assistant principal. Now, usually, you don't stay an assistant principal; you pursue the next level, principal, somewhere else if you have to. But you know what? A lot of us stayed on with what we were doing because we enjoyed working in Jericho so much. It was such a great place to work that nobody left!

We have an active retired teachers association in Jericho. I happen to be the organization's secretary. We have lunch and meetings three, four times a year. And they're all well attended. You get to see many of the people that you worked with for a long period of time, like Ed Corallo, Andrew Chaglasian, Karen Schwartz, Dick Drab, Joel Brodsky. Everybody

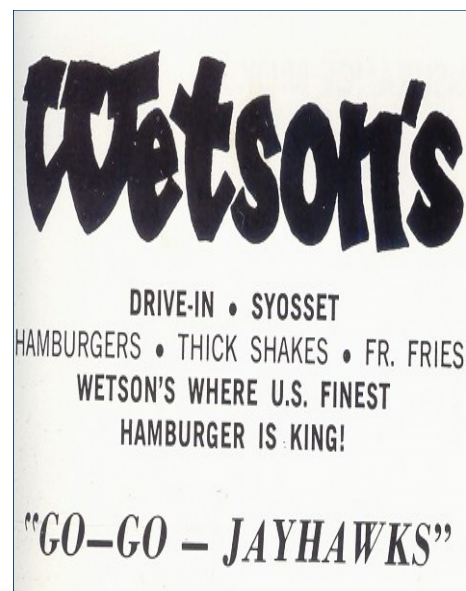
It Was Da Bomb!

One part of his job that Mr. Batjiaka didn't particularly enjoy was responding to the frequent bomb scares during the early 1970s. "I have to tell you, the bomb scares were the biggest pain in the butt imaginable," he says. "You'd have to empty out the whole school and go through all of the lockers, and it was very disruptive to the whole educational process. I can remember some days having two or three bomb scares.

"We didn't truly believe that someone had planted a bomb in the building; it was probably just some kid who was angry at the system. But we had to go along as if it were real. David Nydick, the superintendent said no ifs, ands, or buts; the building had to be evacuated, and he was right." ■

has good stories and good feelings about Jericho.

Which is nice, to be able to look back on your career and say, "Boy, you know what? I really enjoyed that." We all say that we'd go back and do it again, in a day." ■



John Innelli ('73)

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Kate, whom John describes as the "apple of my eye," is a freshman at American University's Foreign Service. "She has a lot of the same interests as her dad," he says with a laugh, "although she's very much her own person. She's interested in international affairs, and she found Washington, DC, very attractive."

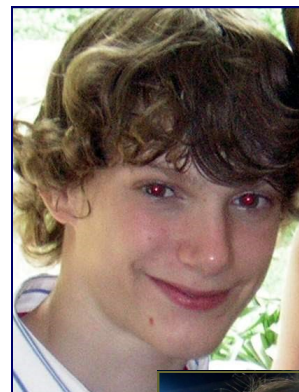
As for James, who just turned fifteen, "I think he's likely to end up a scientist. He's a great athlete and swims competitively." Both kids, he notes, are extremely socially conscious and civic minded.

That social consciousness and corresponding interest in politics is deeply ingrained in the Innelli family.

"My father was an advance intelligence scout for General George Patton's 3rd Army and one of the first Americans to enter into the Dachau concentration camp. What he saw and experienced there shaped his outlook on life. During the first forty years of my life, he never once mentioned the fact that he had helped liberate a concentration camp. But a day didn't go by without his teaching — through his actions — tolerance and compassion for all human beings. He and my mother went out of their way to take my sisters, Michele (class of '76) and Hope ('78), my brother, Frank ('82), and me to religious services of all faiths.

"My mother and her family experienced ethnic profiling. Her parents, who were from a prominent

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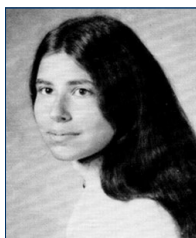
James just turned 15.



Kate turns 19 in November.

Q&A: Lesléa Newman

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I sent the poems in, and they were chosen by the poetry editor at the time, Hilary Cosell, daughter of Howard Cosell. I went up to the office, in midtown Manhattan to meet her, and she was very kind to me. She dumped a shopping bag of pages onto her desk and said, "This is what arrives in the mail every day. Your poetry stood out like a diamond."

There were several poems; one was about meeting my father in the city under the Accutron clock right outside Madison Square Garden.

You say on your website that you always knew you wanted to be a writer. What was your concept at the time of what the writing life would be like?

I never gave it much thought. I just knew I wanted to write and was eager to see my photo on a book jacket some day. What I have found out is the more successful I become, the less time I have to write, because of demands on my time, so it is always a struggle. When I was growing up, writers were not public figures the way we are now, going on book tours, lecture tours, and so on. But I still write almost every day — otherwise I am not happy.

You earned a B.S. in education at the University of Vermont. Did you see yourself teaching writing while continuing to write?

Again, I didn't give it much thought. I just took my first "official" teaching job, at the Stonecoast MFA program

at the University of Southern Maine. Before that I taught private writing workshops for about twenty years.

I'm really interested to hear about your experience apprenticing for Allen Ginsberg. How did that come about?

When I went to Naropa Institute, I applied to be Allen's teaching apprentice and was chosen. He was very warm, funny, demanding, and kind. My job was to answer his mail, and he got tons; as much as Hilary Cosell at *Seventeen* magazine. Allen paid equal attention to every letter, and he received mail from important editors, politicians, and young boys who didn't know where else to turn. He had me answer them all.

He gave me good feedback on my poems and asked me my opinion of his. He also let me stay in his apartment in Manhattan for several months when I needed a place to live. If you want to know more, there

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For much more about Lesléa, visit her website:
www.lesleanewman.com

Milleridge Inn

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the plate into this big bin of dirty, yucky dishes with food and everything. I went on clearing other tables, when the waitress came over to me.

“Where’s that man’s dinner?” she hissed. I said, ‘I figured he was done, so I threw it in that bin.’

“She got all upset. ‘You idiot! He just went to the bathroom! He might be there for a while.’ She took the lobster out of the bin, put fresh lettuce garnish around it, and just propped it up.

“That poor guy, when he finally went back to that table and resumed eating, I thought I was going to throw up. But he ate the entire thing.”

The following story has a real *Love Lucy* quality to it.

“On New Year’s Eve 1971, I was working the coat room with my friend Vicki Monaco,” Paula recalls. “We’d never done that before. It had one of those revolving coat racks, like you see at a dry cleaner’s. It was raining that night, so everybody had an umbrella, which you were supposed to hang on these special hooks. Instead we laid them across the top of the rack.

“It was a prix fixe dinner, so everybody left at the same time. When we switched on the coat rack, the umbrellas would bend or snap as they came around. It was horrible! Everybody went home with a damaged umbrella that night. Vicki and I were definitely like Lucy and Ethel.

“I worked there for a year or two,” says Paula. “Then I went over to the mall and worked at Lerner’s, the clothing store. I liked that a whole lot better.”

At least one good thing came out of the experience: “Now, whenever my kids complain about their jobs, I always reply, ‘Oh, yeah? I was a *bus girl* at the Milleridge Inn.” ■

Ellen Rader

Continued from page 10

medical malpractice, auto, WC, Social Security, and long-term-disability matters. I enjoy applying my knowledge to specific case situations — stating only what I feel is within my expertise and which I could easily defend in court (the least favorite part of my work, but, fortunately, it doesn’t happen that often).

Ergonomic services are provided to minimize musculo-skeletal injury risks in industrial and office workplaces — for small- and large-size businesses, and home offices. I’ve also been involved as an expert in assessing work-related injury causality for various cumulative-trauma injuries, particularly for persons who sustained injuries while working on the railroad.

I’m the sole proprietor of ERS, and I enjoy being in charge and having the flexibility of scheduling from my home office. This also allows me to do carpools as needed from 4:00 to 6:00 in the afternoon for my soon-to-be Bat Mitzvah’d daughter, Molly, and my sixteen-year-old football star, Josh, and then write my reports at night.

I never planned to be my own boss; it was just a process that developed early on and has worked out very well! ■



Ergo I am. Ellen is a certified professional ergonomist, OT, CVE

Tell us about your job or business in the next issue! Get in touch, and we’ll tell you how.

John Innelli

Continued from page 26

Albanian family, fled Albania at the outbreak of World War I as the Ottoman Empire began to crumble. They became American citizens and accepted member of the community. They prospered here, and, not forgetting how poor and destitute Albania was, sent humanitarian aid periodically over the years before World War II.

“At the end of the war, some twenty-nine years after my grandparents had become American citizens, Albania fell under communist control. Solely on the basis of their ethnicity, J. Edgar Hoover, head of the FBI, placed the family home in Bay-side under surveillance, and the IRS engaged in regular audits of my grandfather’s business.

“After a while, people in my mother’s neighborhood came to understand the family was under surveillance and a stigma attached to my mother and her sisters, who all were in high school at the time. A proud woman, my mother never really shook the feeling of somehow being different. She always conveyed to her children that we should never do anything to make another person feel ashamed of their heritage.

“Anyone who spent time in our home knows how warm and embracing she was to everyone. And she encouraged political debate at the dinner table regularly, in a way that promoted critical thinking and respect for differing points of view.

“Kate and James have been exposed to my parents’ experiences. And Holly is a role model for independence of mind, individuality, and social awareness,” he adds proudly. John and Holly, a corporate communications writer, married in 1985, but the couple were together for ten

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Q&A: Lesléa Newman

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is an essay on my website about my friendship with him.

On your website, you write about how an encounter with a lesbian mom outside a bookstore inspired Heather Has Two Mommies. Sometimes a book, or music, or any art form takes on a life of its own, one that the creator never could have imagined. What was it like for you to learn that Heather was attacked on the floor of Congress, and so forth?

The reaction to my book floored me. A friend and I first published it on our own because no publisher wanted it. I never thought it would get the attention that it did and still does. I fluctuate between being amused, frustrated, sad, and incredulous.

Did you come out while in high school? And if not, was Jericho a place where you felt that you could have?

I did not come out until after college, but I don't remember Jericho High School as a place that was gay-friendly when I was growing up. Or even now.

I say this because in 1999 I was inducted into the Jericho High School Hall of Fame. During my speech in front of the entire school, I asked what it was like for gay students at the high school today. After a long pause, a student in the auditorium called out, "We don't have any gay students here!"

Of course I knew that couldn't possibly be true, but I didn't push the issue further. A year later I got an email from a young woman who told me she had been a senior when I visited the school and felt very un-

safe to come out there. Now she was in college, and she wanted me to know how much it meant to her to have an out lesbian visit her school. So it doesn't seem like much has changed.

I did not find Jericho a kind place. If one was "different" in any way, one was made to feel inferior, disliked, etc. I remember being teased about the size and shape of my body by my classmates. I know others were disrespected in similar ways. The school was full of cliques; I always felt like an outsider.

You were voted class wit. Were you always considered funny? Does your sense of humor find its way into your work a lot?

I was very flattered to be voted class wit and, yes, I use humor a lot in my writing. I don't know how anyone gets through life without a sense of humor.

John Innelli

Continued from page 27

years before that, having met at the University of Pennsylvania. John explains:

"The campus was in the process of switching from just dormitories to college houses, and I got into one of the first college houses. The male-female ratio at Penn was three guys for every woman, but in Stouffer House the ratio was one-to-one. There were so many applicants, we had to have an admissions process, and I happened to be on the admissions committee.

"On her application, under 'Sex,' where you were supposed to check male or female, Holly wrote 'Yes!' So I decided to interview her.

"And as they say, the rest is history."

Fan E-Mail and Threatening Letters



"Comments? Feedback? Fan mail from some flounder?"

Errata: Rudy-Giber in '68!

The article about the Doom [issue No. 13] was a great reminder that expressing my gratitude for your putting my Jericho Junior High School student-council slate over the top is long overdue.

Of course, it was Jay Starr who put the slate together and ran the campaign with almost Carville-esque strategic acumen. Whatever, but, after more than thirty-five years in a Purple Haze, it is high time I thanked the Doom for its Sunshine of Your Love for our campaign.

So much for the love, though. Steve Lehrer was a great guy, and it was fantastic to see him at the thirtieth reunion. However, he was not my running mate that year, as reported. That person was another great guy, David Giber, who actually challenged Larry Goldstein in a "primary" election for the VP slot and won. Not that I couldn't reasonably be confused for a major political heavyweight back in the day, but David clearly brought some serious credibility to the ticket.

So, my appreciation for Steven notwithstanding, David was The Man, and it would be terribly unforward of me not to correct you while belatedly thanking the Doom for its support and great music. Keep the news coming.

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Your Back Pages

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

The World Around You • First Grade, 1960–61

◆ In October, John F. Kennedy and Vice President Richard Nixon face off in the first televised presidential debate. According to a poll, radio listeners name Nixon the winner, but on the tube, it’s JFK all the way. The Massachusetts senator edges Nixon by a margin of only 113,057 votes out of nearly 70 million cast to become the thirty-fifth president, although the electoral vote isn’t nearly as close: 303 to 219 in favor of the Democrat.

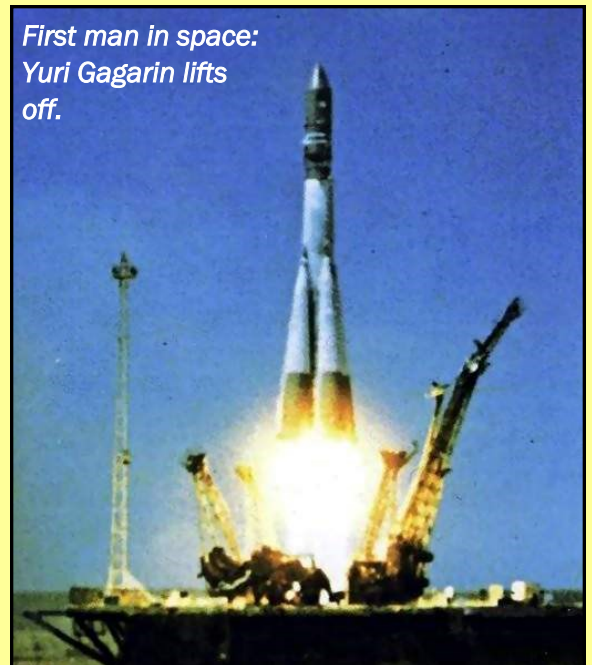


“Hey, shave much?”



“Oh yeah? Who was that woman I saw you with last night, Romeo?”

- ◆ There are 74 million automobiles on U.S. roads, up from 33 million in 1941.
- ◆ In April, the Bay of Pigs invasion ends in a fiasco for the United States and for the CIA-trained Cuban exiles. Dictator Fidel Castro’s forces repel the invaders with heavy losses.
- ◆ The Peace Corps is established.
- ◆ On April 12, cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin becomes the first man in space, completing one orbit around the earth in his Vostok I spacecraft. On May 5, U.S. astronaut Alan Shepard makes a suborbital flight, but the Soviet Union grabs a clear lead in the Space Race.
- ◆ Federal Communications Commission chairman Newton N. Minow has this to say about the state of U.S. television programming: “a vast wasteland — a procession of game shows, violence, audience-participation shows, formula comedies about totally unbelievable families, blood and thunder, mayhem, violence, sadism, murder, more violence, cartoons ... and, endlessly, commercials, many of them screaming, cajoling, and offending.” Sure this isn’t 2006?



First man in space:
Yuri Gagarin lifts
off.

Continued on next page

Your Back Pages

The World Around You • First Grade, 1960–61

Continued from previous page

ON THE RADIO: Rick Nelson, “Travelin’ Man” • Elvis Presley, “It’s Now or Never” • Chubby Checker, “The Twist,” “Pony Time” • Ray Charles, “Georgia on My Mind” • Shirelles, “Will You Love Me Tomorrow?” • Marcells, “Blue Moon” • Ernie K. Doe, “Mother-in-Law” • Del Shannon, “Runaway”

ON THE BIG SCREEN: *The Miracle Worker* • *Dr. No* • *The Longest Day* • *Days of Wine and Roses* • *The Manchurian Candidate* • *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* • *The Birds* • *Cleopatra*

ON THE TUBE: “The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet” • “Gunsmoke” • “Wagon Train” • “The Real McCoys” • “Candid Camera” • “Rawhide” • “The Untouchables” • “The Price Is Right” • “Dennis the Menace” • “The Danny Thomas Show” • “My Three Sons” • “77 Sunset Strip” • “The Flintstones”

In Sports:

◆ After missing the Fall Classic in 1959 for only the second time since 1949, Casey Stengel’s Yankees begin a streak of five straight World Series appearance. Despite bludgeoning the Pittsburgh Pirates by scores of 16–3, 10–0, and 12–0, the Bronx Bombers lose 10–9 in the bottom of the ninth inning of game seven when Bill Mazaroski belts a leadoff home run off Ralph Terry, who tells reporters, “I don’t know what the pitch was; all I know is it was the wrong one.”

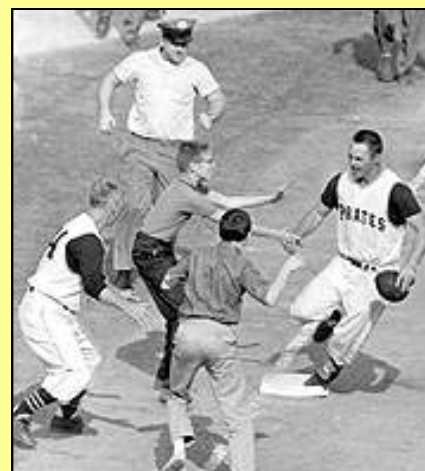
◆ Vince Lombardi takes his first Green Bay Packers team to the NFL championship game but loses to the Philadelphia Eagles 17–13. The new eight-team American Football League begins play. The Houston Oilers capture the first AFL flag by defeating the San Diego Chargers 24–16.

◆ The Boston Celtics put away the St. Louis Hawks in five games for the NBA championship.

◆ In the NHL, the Montreal Canadiens win the first of four straight Stanley Cups by beating the Toronto Maple Leafs.



America’s favorite family, the dynamic Nelsons: “Mornin’, Pop,” “Mornin’, Rick,” “Mornin’, Mom,” “Mornin’, Dave ...”



Pandemonium in Pittsburgh