

Fall-Winter
2003-04
Issue No. 4

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

JHS Class of 1972 Thirderly On-Line Newsletter

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

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Thanks to this issue's correspondents and to Webmacher Freda Salatino. We hope that you will contribute news about you and yours to future issues. Here's wishing a happy, healthy new year to all members of the Jericho High School class of 1972.

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

Tracking Down the Class of 1972: Roughly Two Dozen Fugitives Remain

All things considered, we've had pretty remarkable success tracking down approximately 90 percent of our class's members. Ideally, we'd love to make everyone on the class of 1972 aware of our July 17, 2004, communal 50th birthday party and beach blast. We're asking your help in finding the two dozen or so alumni who remain at large.

The many on-line people search engines are helpful (see page 3 sidebar) but imperfect — they often contain outdated addresses, telephone numbers, and so forth.

Please look over page 3's list of missing class members. If you know their whereabouts, kindly let us know at philipbashe@earthlink.net or ask them to

get in touch directly. In lieu of an exact address, phone number, or e-mail address, the following information can be extremely helpful in locating people:

- person's middle name or initial;
- name(s) of brother(s) and/or sisters(s);
- parents' names, address;

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Tracking Down Your Teachers Too

Invitations to our communal 50th birthday party have gone out to roughly 125 of your former teachers — from kindergarten through twelfth grade — in the hopes that they'll join us.

Mrs. Joan Kingsley



You remember her as a gifted high-school English teacher. She's now an attorney here on Long Island.

If they do, traffic on the East Coast of Florida will be noticeably lighter that weekend, because a number of Jericho faculty have migrated there along with far too many of our parents.

Turn to page 18 for the preliminary list of invitees from high school, junior high, and the four elementary schools: Can-tiaque, Jackson, Seaman, and Williams.

Mr. Ernest Savaglio



You remember him as art-department chairman. He is now administrator of fine arts, business, home, and careers.

B O L D F A C E

Nooz About Yooz

But First Some Nooz About Us: Did You Notice? We're Now a Thirderly

As we were preparing this fourth issue of the year, a wizened old man with a flowing white beard wandered into our editorial offices. He appeared confused, yet, strangely, he radiated a powerful sense of purpose.

In an agitated — no, cranky; well, bitchy, if you must know the truth — voice, he pointed and snapped, “Quarterly too, too many. Must be Thirderly!”

“No,” we replied politely. “We publish a quarterly newsletter. See? Four times a year.” That’s when he punched us in the throat.

“No! Too, too much! Thirderly! Thirderly!”

“B-but why a th-thirderly?” we asked in between gasps, while he sensuously fingered a ceremonial sword worn at his side.

The old man’s face creased into a smile, and he posed a riddle to us.

“Is not a three-legged chair steadier than a chair with four legs?”

How the hell are we supposed to know? we wanted to say. Do we look like Bob Vila? Instead we just shook our heads vacantly while cowering behind our desks.

The visitor bowed, then vanished like a Boston Red Sox lead in the bottom of the ninth, leaving us to let his lesson sink in. *Three steadier than four ...* What did it all mean? For one thing, he obviously worked at Crate & Barrel. Then it suddenly became as apparent as a

lotus blossom come to rest upon the loins of a tapir (from a ribald Nepalese limerick; you wouldn’t understand):

We should publish this sucker *three* times a year instead of four! Thank you, old man, for enlightening our inner consciousnesses — and, as we later discovered, lightening our wallets of cash and credit cards.

Okay, who are we kidding? There was no old man, no ceremonial sword. Punch in the throat, maybe. What with the communal 50th birthday party coming up in seven months, not to mention our *oh-so-busy* lives bussing the cheeks of the faux and fabulous as greeters for the new Beverly Hills Wal-Mart (the constant bending over is just *murder* on your lower back), three times a year sounds more reasonable.

We’re confident that you’ll find it within yourselves to cope. ■

Congratulations to:

Jim Greco on his September 2003 marriage ... Adin Levy, daughter of Cindy Rosenthal Levy, on her November 2003 Bat Mitzvah ... Pitcher Jack Stabenfeldt, son of Penny Schaefer Stabenfeldt, on being named his Little League team’s Most Valuable Player ... Fellow Little Leaguer Derek Embry, son of Andrea Celenza Embry, for cracking five home runs in 2003.

Perhaps You’d Like to Share Your Joke With the Entire Class, Mr. Simon

Here we have a little reunion-related humor (bet you didn’t even know there was such a thing!) submitted by TV producer



The 50th Birthday Watch

Well, it’s begun: the first* members of the class of 1972 to turn fifty — at least that we know of. Birthday wishes go out to:

Kari (Karen) Kellerman, Dec. 7
 Gaile Goodgold, Dec. 29
 Alexis Weisman, Dec. 29
 Ilise Zimmerman, Feb. 1
 Amy Lubow Downs, Feb. 6
 Marc Wander, Feb. 7
 Freda Salatino, Feb. 8
 George Ploskas, Feb. 20
 Penny Schaefer Stabenfeldt, Feb 23
 Dale Krakow Rothfeld, Feb. 23
 Susan Nolan Perrone, Mar. 7
 Larry Goldstein, Mar. 17
 Ellen Rader Smith, Mar. 22
 Ilene Pincus, Mar.22

Congratulations! And report back to the rest of us what it was like to turn fifty, will ya? The sensation of leaving your physical body behind, the brilliant white lights, the voices of loved ones welcoming you over to the other side, etc., etc.

*through 3-31-04

Please let us know when your birthday is, so we can wish you happy birthday in these pages!

and Los Angeles resident Bob Simon:

Have you ever been guilty of looking at others your own age and thinking, *Surely I cannot look that old?* You may enjoy this short story:

While waiting for my first appointment in the reception room of a new dentist, I noticed his certificate, which bore his full name.

Suddenly I remembered that a tall, handsome boy with the same name had been in my high school

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Tracking Down the Class of 1972

Continued from page 1

- college attended.

Now here's the list. Any help that you can provide will be greatly appreciated!

1. Centola, Donna
2. Clark, Dennis
3. Clay, Jonathan
4. Cohen, Peter

Had been sending all reunion-related mail and e-mail to Peter's sister Leslie, but the e-mail address we have is no longer valid. Any help in finding either Peter or Leslie?

5. Cole, Grainger
Pretty sure he lives in

Sherman Oaks, California. Last known address was 14358 Magnolia Blvd., #102, Sherman Oaks, CA 91423.

WANTED

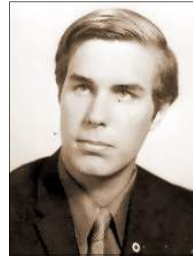


Grainger Cole

6. Cucco, Juliet
7. Eraclio, Margaret
Lives in either New Jersey or Pennsylvania. Anyone know Margaret's married name?
8. Esposito, Joseph
9. Gross, Steven

10. Haas, Randy
According to Randy's older sister, as of two years ago he was living in California.

WANTED



Randy Haas

11. Hartley, Billy
12. Lubitz, Judy
13. Mari, Bea
14. Meadow, David
Attended SUNY New Paltz. Is his brother in the JHS class of 1974?

15. Rorer, James
Believe he lived at one time in Folly Beach, South Carolina.

16. Siegel, Laurie
We're pretty certain that Laurie lives on Long Island and is married to a caterer.

17. Simpson, Barbara
18. Snow, Emma
19. Stein, Richard
Had contacted Richard for the 30-year reunion through his father, Gil, then living in Florida. Old contact Info for Mr. Stein no longer current.
20. Turetsky, Sam
21. Wright, Philip

The following five folks are on classmates.com. Problem with e-mailing someone through classmates.com, however, is that its e-mails show up on the recipient's screen without any identifying information, so it appears to be nothing more than a piece of spam. Presumably, most people delete classmates.com e-mails without opening them. Then again, maybe they just delete *ours*. Will have to ponder that ...

1. Barry Kay, Joyce
Last known addresses are 36 Valley Park South, #120, Bethlehem, PA 18018, and, prior to that, Mickleton, New Jersey.
2. Fairfield, Olivia
3. Friedman, Jeff
Lives in North Dakota, but no listing.
4. Hoffman, Steven
5. Katz, Elaine

Want to Find a Long-lost Friend or Relative Without Spending a Dime?

On-line people search engines promise to dredge up a person's address and telephone number at a cost of \$12.95, \$39.95, \$59.95, or more. However, many times the address and/or phone number found is outdated. But you can combine features of several free search engines to find all the ghosts from your past that you care to contact.

Basic Strategy

If the person you're looking for has a fairly unique first or last name, you're in luck. But if you're trying to track down, say, "Joe Smith," knowing his middle initial or age will help you to narrow down what could be a field of hundreds of people with that same name.

Step #1

- Go to whitepages.com, which is capable of finding your ol' buddy without your even having to know his first name or state. It can search the entire U.S. and will list all the Joe Smiths in its data base. The person's age and middle name or

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They Once Were Lost, But Now They're Found!

We've recently located or relocated some more of your fellow classmates, while others have written to keep us apprised of new mailing addresses or e-mail addresses. Here are the latest updates in contact information. Remember that you can locate more than 300 class members through the class directory on our Web site, at <http://www.jhs1972.org>.

FOUND

Scott Bercu	3224 White Ibis Ct., Punta Gorda, FL 33950-8606, (941) 575-2587
Robert Brown	2 Dahlia Ln., Valley Stream, NY 11581-1713, (516) 791-1901, BobbyB410@aol.com
Robyn Cashton Kamholtz	110 Crowell St., Port Orange, 32127-5406, (386) 304-2796, Ladystripe@aol.com
Mitchell Douglas	159 Dead Tree Run Rd., Belle Mead, NJ 08502, (908) 904-0293
Alan Farber	1820 Margaret Ln., DeKalb, IL 60115, (815) 756-5496
Scott Fisher	15 Linden Dr., Hamburg, PA 19526-8925, (610) 562-0330
Glenn Forrest	c/o 315 Key Pl., Jericho, NY 11753, (516) 484-1334
Stuart Geisser	7 Valentine Rd., Albertson, NY 11507
Larry Goldstein	3047 Arthur Trce., Hollywood, FL 33021, (954) 965-6518, lanceromance317@aol.com
Jan Greene	c/o Greene, 324 Coleridge Rd., Jericho, NY 11753, (516) 935-0861
Robert Harrah	2 Willow Rd., Harvard, MA 01451
Zena Horowitz Hyman	177 Bramble Ct., Williamsville, NY 14221, zhyman@daemen.edu
Kari (Karen) Kellerman	5661 N. Riverside Dr., Pompano Beach, FL 33067, (954) 755-9392, morris954@aol.com
Kenneth Kraus	453 E. Putnam Ave., #3C, Cos Cob, CT 06807, (203) 625-7566
Debbie Landis Goldman	395 Aster St., Palm Beach Gardens, FL 33410-4802, (561) 844-2339/(561) 799-5391, Debjoygold@aol.com
Emily Mourgides	212 S. Monroe Cir., St. Petersburg, FL 33703-1319, (727) 526-8062
Susan Nolan Perrone	20111 Crown Reef Ln., Huntington Beach, CA 92646, (714) 593-0415, NYUZQ@aol.com
Mark Saunders	2309 Homeland St., Las Vegas, NV 89128, (702) 255-0012
Elyse Shalat Kitterman	5925 Hillglen Dr., Ft. Worth, TX 76148, (817) 281-9179, elyse.kitterman@aa.com
Gary Shevin	218 S. Fourth St., North Wales, PA 19454
Janet Silverstein	11377 Dulcet Ave., Northridge, CA 91326, (818) 363-8584, janetsilverstein2003@yahoo.com
Sanford Sylvan	61 Waverly St., Belmont, MA 02478-1958, (617) 484-4019
Mitchell Tropin	16 Teres Pines Gate, Yaphank, NY 11980
Ellen Weinstein	4220 Park Newport, #405, Newport Beach, CA 92660, (949) 644-9082 (h)/(949) 644-0876, eweinstein18@aol.com, brownco@sbcglobal.net
Lee Weiss	10170 Liberty Chapel Rd., Mount Vernon, OH 43050

NEW ADDRESS

Gary Roney	5 Elk Grove Ln., Laguna Niguel, CA 92677 (949) 495-6758, garyroney@yahoo.com
Peter Savino	29255 S. Jones Loop Rd., Punta Gorda, FL 33950, (941) 833-0553, Savino@nut-n-but.net
Andrea Scher Plevka	21537 Woodstream Trce., Boca Raton, FL 33428-1171, (561) 487-2587, AESBOCA@aol.com

NEW E-MAIL ADDRESS

Mark Albin	Targetmark@aol.com
Manon Fielding	drmanon49@msn.com
Elise Goldstein LaPaix	elapaix@earthlink.net
Dale Krakow Rothfeld	shortydkr@earthlink.net

First Person Singular**Ilise Zimmerman Posen: A Career in Health Care Comes Full Circle**

At last year's thirtieth reunion, someone came up to me and said, "Ilise Zimmerman? I remember you! You were the president of the Blue Key Society. What are you up to these days?"

I said, "Well, it's sort of like I'm *still* the president of the Blue Key Society, except that now I'm in New Jersey." I'm still doing service in the nonprofit sector, still trying to improve the lives of other people.

Let's Start at the Beginning

After graduating from Jericho, I attended Cornell University, originally as a nutrition/pre-med major. My interest in nutrition grew out of my fascination with chemistry and how food affects the nervous system — which is not to suggest that I eat healthily! But at least I know the damage I'm doing to myself: "That Hershey bar; that's going to hurt. Gimme another one." In eleventh grade, I was editor of the chemistry magazine. Dr. Barbara Krahm was

our student advisor, Ellen Rader drew the cover, and Eileen Marder wrote an article for it. I still have it, in fact.

However, at Cornell I quickly discovered that dissecting frogs was not my forte. (My younger brother, Richard, happens to be a neurosurgeon and medical director at the Mayo Clinic in Scottsdale, Arizona, and how we came out of the same family is remarkable to me.) So I switched my major to a strange combination called Human Development and Family Studies, which is really psychology and sociology put together.

I also discovered that I came out of Jericho with no good study habits. That's not intended as a criticism of the school. It's just that the class work came so easily to me that I'd always gotten away with doing the bare minimum. Then I hit Cornell, where everybody was a *genius*, or at least it appeared that way to me! I really had to apply myself and learn how to study in my freshman year.



Ilise Zimmerman at our class's 30-year reunion, May 4, 2002.

Following my graduation from Cornell, I took a job with a fairly famous pediatrician by the name of Dr. T. Berry Brazelton. I also spent a
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Interactive Feature**"Funny You Should Ask!"**

This issue's question: *Who was your favorite teacher in elementary school, junior high, or high school, and why?*

E-mail your thoughts to philipbashe@earthlink.net.

What does the class of 1972 think about ...?

Each issue we'll pose a question on any of a number of topics, then publish your responses in the following issue. Write as much or as little as you wish.

Ilise Zimmerman

(Continued from page 5)

year working at Boston's Children's Hospital. That's when I determined that I wanted to go to Columbia University in Manhattan for a joint master's degree in public health and urban planning. I still had the idea of combining science with psychology in some way, and hospital administration seemed to be the right career. In order to provide quality care for patients, you need to understand the medical profession as well as patients' needs.

Twenty-five years later, it's interesting to see how that patient-centered philosophy has gone out the window and then come back in. The focus on the patient declined rapidly until ten years ago or so, when managed care took over in a big way. All of a sudden, hospitals and managed-care companies had to think about consumer satisfaction; they had to think about employer satisfaction too. So if a hospital gave poor care, or was perceived as providing poor care, it would lose its managed-care contract, which of course would have a significant financial impact.

1979: a Master's Degree and a Marriage Certificate

I graduated from Columbia in 1979, the same year I got married. My husband, Dennis Posen, and I met at Cornell. We survived a long-distance relationship while I was working in Boston, then studying in New York. He's an architect, with his own firm. He has one office in Montreal, Canada, and another in Elizabeth, New Jersey. We live not too far away, in Haworth.

At the time we got married, though, we were living in Manhat-

tan. First I did a one-year residency in hospital administration at Long Island Jewish Medical Center, in Lake Success, then I became an administrator at Mount Sinai Hospital in New York. I stayed there until the birth of my second daughter, Michelle, in 1989; my first, Stephanie, was born in 1986. With both pregnancies, I worked to the Friday of the weekend that I delivered, gave birth on Sunday, and held staff meetings from my hospital bed both Mondays. Not too much of a workaholic!

Having two young children, I decided to become a health-care-management consultant, which was more compatible with my lifestyle. Then in 1991, one of my clients, St. Joseph's Hospital in Patterson, New Jersey, hired me as an advisor on how to structure a newly created not-for-profit agency that would attempt to improve the region's maternal and child health. The following year it became funded and regulated by New Jersey State, and I was appointed president and CEO.

The name of our organization (it's a bit of a mouthful) is the Northern New Jersey Maternal-Child Health Consortium (NNJM/



Ilise's 1972 yearbook picture. She was inducted into the Jericho High School Hall of Fame in 1996.

CHC); we're one of seven regional consortia in the state, overseeing health-care services for women and children in Bergen, Essex, Morris and Passaic counties. The state requires all obstetrical facilities to belong to a consortium.

My most significant achievement in this position has been bringing to the attention of the state commissioner of health the startling rate at which black babies in New Jersey die as compared to their white counterparts. That's regardless of the mother's marital status, age, education, or income. But because African Americans make up only 13 percent of the state population, the commissioner didn't really act on it.

I persevered, though, turned it into a cause celebre, and was able to petition our governor at the time, Christie Whitman. We met, and the result was a \$2 million statewide public-awareness campaign, in

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“My interest in nutrition grew out of my fascination with chemistry and how food affects the nervous system — which is not to suggest that I eat healthily! But at least I know the damage I'm doing to myself.”

First Person Singular

Cindy Rosenthal's Second Act: A Successful Actress Finds Fulfillment Teaching Her Craft

I can mark the exact moment that I became interested in acting. My fifth grade teacher at Cantiaque Elementary School, Mrs. Arcuni, was legendary for her class plays, which she wrote herself and which were always hilarious. And she was a math teacher. Go figure.

For our class she wrote a musical comedy called *Monstrous Math*, which was a takeoff on two of the more popular TV shows of 1964, "The Adams Family" and "The Munsters." It was quite fabulous, with musical direction and piano by Mr. Arnold Hruska. Remember him? I played a fat girl, stuffed with pillows. In retrospect, it probably was making fun of overweight people, which of course isn't very nice. But the sight gag alone made the audience laugh, and I just loved that; the idea of being able to make a lot of people laugh.

The next big turning point for me came in the summer of ninth grade, when I attended an acting camp in Lake Sunapee, New Hampshire, called Beginners Showcase. Some of the other kids who went there are fairly well known actors and actresses today, like

Charles Busch, the drag performer and screenwriter. (His latest movie is *Die Mommy Die*.) Charles was always a character and kind of brilliant, although obviously he hadn't quite found himself yet as a transvestite!

It was at Beginners Showcase that I met a semi-legendary acting teacher named Jack Romano, who was a very big influence on me. He died in 1991. I began studying with him on Saturdays, in Manhattan. I can remember regularly riding the Long Island Railroad into the city with Sandy Sylvan — now the star operatic baritone — who was going for singing lessons. After our respective classes we'd occasionally hook up in the city, then take the train home together.

So it was at fifteen or sixteen that I turned the corner and began to think that perhaps I wanted to pursue acting in a serious way. This coincided with tenth grade and the beginning of the annual one-act play contest. All of a sudden there were all these opportunities to be on stage. If I remember correctly, in tenth grade I won best supporting actress in *Bury the Dead*. Ah, yes, a happy play! Actually, it was



Cindy Rosenthal as Anne Boleyn (pre-beheading) in *Henry VIII* at the New Jersey Shakespeare Festival.

pretty interesting for its time; kind of an antiwar political statement. Then in our junior year I won the best actress award for *The Long Christmas Dinner*, which is a Thornton Wilder one-act play. The last production we did was *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown*, which I directed, in our senior year.

One funny thing I remember: The summer before tenth grade, I did

some kind of Town of Oyster Bay teenage anti-drug repertory theater. Lee Bloomrosen was in it too. It was a very bizarre experience to be smoking that occasional joint before I went off to a rehearsal or performance of a play in which I portrayed someone who was very, very antidrug. I guess that's why they call it acting!

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Cindy Rosenthal

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Off to College and Britain Bound

I went to Tufts University, outside Boston, which had a very good theater department. What really convinced me it was the right school was that I would get to spend my junior year abroad in England, as part of a program targeted toward theater majors. It provided a real immersion in the London theater scene. Now, I've always been Anglophile, so this was a dream come true, to be able to earn a theater degree *and* spend time in London *and* get to experience British ideas about acting technique.

It really was one of the best years of my life, just so chock full of fantastic adventures, like taking acting classes with instructors from the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. I had the same singing teacher as Julie Andrews, from the Royal College of Music. I lived in South Kensington, on Gloucester Road. We used to go to the theater almost every night of the week — for just 50 pence, or about one dollar. Back in 1975, you could do that. Imagine, sitting in the front row for Sir John Gielgud or Sir Ralph Richardson. It was thoroughly inspiring.

While still in high school, I'd started spending summers as an apprentice at a summer stock theater called the Milbrook Playhouse in Mill Hall, Pennsylvania. That would be my first professional experience. Then during my sophomore year at Tufts I acted on Cape Cod in summer stock at the Priscilla Beach Theater, which is still the country's oldest barn theater. For the first time, I started to actually make some money and get recognized and win some leading roles.

I was getting enough positive reinforcement both in and out of school that by the time of my senior year I was pretty sure that I was going to do this for real. I really wanted it. That year I was a member of the Boston Shakespeare Company. In *A Comedy of Errors*, I was double cast as the abbess *and* the courtesan. So I wore fishnet stockings and a pushup bra underneath this elaborate abbess costume. I'd come off stage as the ab-

“My first Actors Equity job was in a horribly bad play about Caligula, the notoriously depraved Roman emperor. This was 1978, two years before Penthouse magazine’s Bob Guccione turned it into a horribly bad movie.”

bess and have to rip off the costume and go back out as the courtesan.

I'd gotten some good reviews in Boston, but I felt that it was too little of a pond. I wanted to swim in the ocean: New York. In 1977 I moved to a tiny Manhattan apartment on East 51st Street, between First and Second avenues. My roommate was someone you all know: Beth Flanders. We'd stayed in touch throughout college, and we decided to make a date with fate: We'd both move to New York and room together.

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Ilise Zimmerman

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1996, intended to alert both black women and their physicians that race puts a mother-to-be at risk for giving birth to a seriously underweight baby. Those babies are less likely to survive until their first birthday.

It really was cool, because until then I'd been mainly an administrator; now I was getting to be a patient advocate, which was really why I went into the business in the first place. It's been an education. I had a lot of encounters with black physicians who claimed that I had made that figure up and that it was a racist statement. Others, though, felt quite warmly toward me. I guess people didn't know exactly where I was coming from to spearhead this effort. But I was really coming from my background in public health. So in a sense, I've come full circle.

We haven't conducted a follow-up study yet to see if our efforts have contributed to lower infant-mortality rates. The reason why is that with infant mortality, statistics are usually analyzed in ten-year cycles. But I work with physicians on a daily basis, and based on their feedback, there is no question in my mind that we have raised the level of consciousness among New Jersey's African-American population.

All Work and No Play ... No Way!

The consortium began with just four employees. Eleven years later we now have forty-five people on payroll. We've grown by winning grants. Fund-raising is a big part of what I do. I've presented our case before

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Name the Psychedelic Rock Band Contest!!

Try it! It's Easy! It's Fun!

Thirty-five years ago, in the wake of the Jefferson Airplane and the Grateful Dead, hordes of long-haired musicians of dubious talent tried to jump on the "psychedelic-rock"/"acid-rock" bandwagon. Their trippy names – often far more memorable than their music – typically followed one of three basic formulas:



#1: INCREDIBLE EDIBLES

Examples: the Ultimate Spinach and the Strawberry Alarm Clock, although nothing but *nothing* tops the Electric Prunes

Formula: *The* + *Random Adjective* + *Food Item* = musical stardom! Far out!



#2: THE LONGER THE BETTER

Examples: Dr. West's Medicine Show and Junk Band, Elmer Gantry's Velvet Opera, the Great Metropolitan Steam Band

Formula: long, convoluted name à la *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, comprised of *Title/Rank* + *Random Adjective* + *Noun* (preferably the name of an organization or public utility company) = a mansion in Topanga Canyon! Can ya dig it?!



#3: OPPOSITOS ATTRACT

Examples: Iron Butterfly, Led Zeppelin, Soft Machine

Formula: *Oxymoronic Adjective* + *Noun* = enough bread to fund a lifetime of substance abuse! Super groovy!



What's that you say? You don't have what it takes to name *your own* psychedelic band? P'shaw! Just mix 'n match in any of the three categories on the following page. Then invent a name of your own *and* give your group a suitably coy drug reference for an LP title (*Smoke Gets in Your Thighs*, featuring "The Munchies Song," ad nauseam), and — *voila!* — you're on your way to fame and fortune! Be sure to send us a postcard from Fiji! Or Hazelden!



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Name the Psychedelic Rock Band!!!

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INCREDIBLE EDIBLES

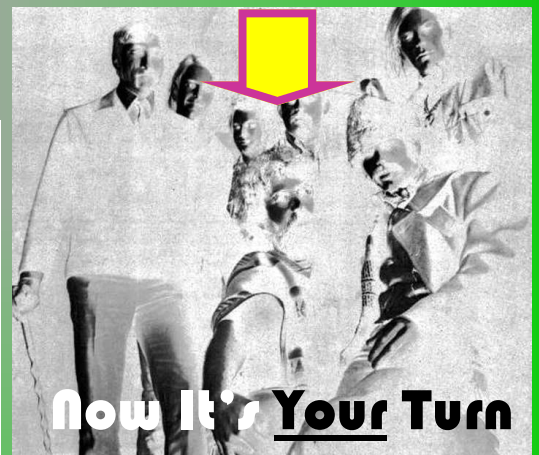
OPPOSITES ATTRACT

The <i>plus ...</i>	Adjective (choose one) <i>plus ...</i>	Food Item (choose one)
The	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Liquidated • Flaccid • Corpulent • Horrific • Republican • Conjoined • Monastic • Slothful • Procrastinating • Crusty 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Yankee Bean Soup • Pickled Peppers • Roast Tom Turkey • Blintz • Hostess Ho-Ho • Corn Dogs • Fruit Cakes • Legumes • Casaba Melon • Sloppy Joe

The (Optional)	Adjective (choose one) <i>plus</i>	Noun (choose one)
The	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Mentally Stable • Eternal • Slim • Metrosexual • Boy Crazy • Good-humored • Never-Been-Arrested-on-Possession-Charges • Ethical • Fragrant • Tasty 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Finality • Politicians • Pastry Chefs • Cabaret Enthusiasts • Florida Retirees • Radical Activists • Former NFL Football Players • Religious Cult Leaders • Gym Locker Room • Holiday Fruitcake

THE LONGER THE BETTER

Title or Rank (choose one) <i>plus ...</i>	Name (choose one) <i>plus ...</i>	Adjective (choose one) <i>plus ...</i>	Noun (choose one)
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • El Presidente • The Good Reverend • Admiral • Her Highness • Middle Manager • Czar • Cap'n • The Late • Mister • Executive Secretary 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Sheppy's • Gizzard's • Pepto Abysmal's • Jedeziah's • Scuzzball's • Flubber's • G. Dubya's • Ringworm's • Victoria's • Beowolf's 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Catatonic • Turgid • Sunshiny • Perplexing • Palpitating • Gaseous • Flaming • Menopausal • Squishy • Hog-tied 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Combo • Lubricant • Pancreas • Scab • Bankroll • Plumbing Supplies Co. • Pie-hole • Octet • Stud Muffin • Jalepeño

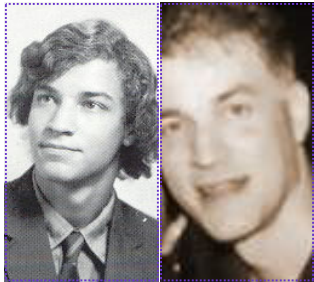


Make up your own trippy, drippy, dopey rock group name and e-mail it to philip-bashe@earthlink.net. All entries will be listed in our next issue. What do you win? Something priceless: the eternal admiration and respect of your peers.

• GALLERY •

A place for displaying your creativity and adding a little culture (or “*kul-chah*,” as they say on Long Island) to this here rag

Selected
Cartoons
by Dan
Clurman



“I have been a coach and educator for the last 20 years, delivering training and classes in non-profits, universities, and corporations. I assist professionals, business people, couples, and students to more skillfully navigate life transitions, as well as improve their communication and presentations. I also have a small practice as a Feldenkrais® practitioner, a movement-based form of education.

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



To purchase *Floating Upstream*, send \$15 (plus \$2 postage) made out to Dan Clurman, 396 61st Street, Oakland, CA 94618. For *Money Disagreements*, send \$10 to the same address. For more information, visit Dan’s cartoon Web site at www.insightoons.com.

Care to share any of your poetry, photography, drawings, short stories? Just let us know, and the page is yours.

Same person, different lifestyles

Humor-ESQUE

We just *had* to reprint this “Shouts & Murmurs” parody of an alumni newsletter, titled “Class Notes,” from a recent issue of *The New Yorker* [knock at the door]. Excuse us, it’s our legal staff. Whuzzat? *Copyright infringement? What on earth are you talking about?*

BY IAN FRAZIER

Jack "Spicer" Conant tells us that when he was in Houton recently on a business trip he put in a call to Houstonite and classmate **Chuck Gales**, but Chuck didn't call back.

Jim Carmichael writes that he happened to see **Marc Weinstein** in the Salt Lake City airport not long ago and pretended not to recognize him.

Out of the blue the other day, **Bill Tolan** says, he realized he had forgotten the names of **Marty Glimmer, Todd Alaska** and **Andy Camp**. A quick glance at our yearbook refreshed his memory.

Anne (Patterson) Simms asks, "What in the world was I thinking of, going out with **Mike Stack?**" Don't know, Annie, but are you sure his name wasn't Russ?

Arthur Stancik never liked **Jim McMickens**, and hasn't seen him in years.

From rainy Seattle, **Alex Kosty-gian** sends a note inquiring about "the name of the skinny black guy who was in our class for a few weeks at the beginning of sophomore year and then dropped out." Sorry we can't help you with that, Alex!

Fuadh Akmed Muhammad says now he can't believe he ever went to school here.

Though **Geoff Emery** sat next to **Hotch Engleman** at every assembly for four years, today he can't bring his face to mind.

Mariah Miller told **Judith (Mandelbaum) Giles** and **Lacie (Stone) McCarthy** she'd love to have lunch but doesn't get into the city that often. Judith, or maybe Lacie, had just returned from Italy.

Benjamin Kaplan, recently down-sized, wonders why he should donate money to a school he can't afford to send his own children to. Ben, you've got us there!

Wasn't **Kay Fortunaro** a number with those tight sweaters she used to wear? Well, turns out that was someone else. A misidentification of a photo in our Class Register is to blame.

The secretary of **Fisk Pettibone** passes along the welcome news that "of course he remembers [us]" and will drop us a note when he has time.

MOVIN' ON: Often, mail sent to classmates returns unopened, but with a little sleuthing we discov-

ered that **Melanie Ostroff** hasn't lived at the address we have for her since 1985! The house, a two-bedroom Colonial, belonged to her parents, who bought it in the sixties and have since died. The current residents went to public schools.

Mitchell DiMario, Sallie Stark, Chris Feinstock, Joel Bushwell, and **Will "Thirsty" Tabor** all rented cars for business travel on weekends within the past year, thus qualifying for certain perks and discounts. They may meet to talk about this next fall.

Bruce Dunlop couldn't pick **Tim Brandt, Roger Magnuson,** or **Larry Bollardi** out of a police lineup today. He hasn't a clue what became of them or whether he might have confused them with some guys he used to hang with at a summer camp in Maine.

On the way to a sales appointment recently, **Bob Halmer** drove right by the campus. Though going fairly fast, he appeared to look much the same.

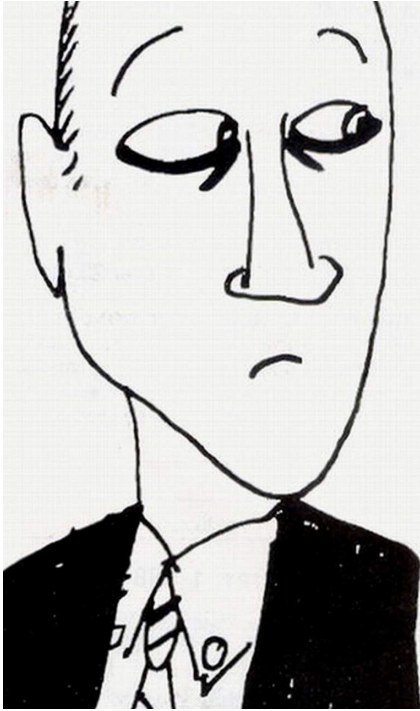
Cecily Spaeth-McCorkle makes more than any of her former teachers, according to a newsy e-mail she sent from the South of France.

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“Class Notes”

Continued from page 12

Married the week after graduation, classmates **Alison Stammel** and **Randy Tinsley** divorced acrimoniously long ago. Both report that they are better off.



Wilson Yoshida rarely thinks about anything having to do with his past, and throws away all letters bearing the school's return address. Wilson was the 2002 recipient of a "no-limits" checking account.

Lyle Kerner disappeared.

When **Marilyn Cho** saw **Tony Lemire's** name on her caller I.D. last summer she let the machine pick up. Her daughter, **Sophie ('06)**, later erased the message by mistake.

Guy Forstman says he left **Rick Kelling's** business card in the

pocket of a suit that's at the cleaners, or possibly in a drawer at the office. Guy is sure it will turn up.

Gus Trebonyek and **Ted Antrim**, who lived just one floor apart in Brainard junior and senior years, never met once during that entire time. Gus went on to a career in law, and Ted eventually became a consultant with a management firm. Ted moved to Anchorage, Alaska. Gus, meanwhile, settled into a successful practice as a litigator in Detroit. Finally, as middle-aged men with wives and families, both Ted and Gus came back for the twenty-fifth reunion, where again their paths did not cross. They still don't know each other from Adam.

A luncheon buffet and cash bar at the Westin Hotel gave class members in the San Francisco area a chance for reminiscing last month. **Spencer Beale**, who attended, reports that nobody there looked at all familiar.

McMurdo Station, a lonely research outpost in Antarctica, has to be the last place on earth where you'd expect to run into your roommate from sophomore year. If anyone ever does, please write or call with details.

We have received the following from **Katie (Cole) Shearwood**, firing off a missive in the midst of her busy schedule: "Hello, all! As we formerly youthful (don't remind me!) friends and classmates wend our way closer to codgerhood, I can't help but sit back and wonder. What I'll be when I grow up is still up for grabs, though; perhaps less so now than ever before. In '99 I left my longtime job as a group vice-president respon-

sible for more than eight hundred people in a pre-public biotech company dealing with infrastructure issues — enjoyed the work, but felt a change was due — and founded **KatieCorp**, my own firm handling on-demand biosecurity auditing and database vulnerability analysis. Who would've guessed? I absolutely love it, and only regret that I didn't make the change weeks earlier.

"Plus, as an added bonus, I met my current spouse/partner/best friend/severest critic/terrific lover, **Dennie Strube**. (**Dennie Shearwood**, my ex, is history, though we remain good friends, and I kept his name.) I quickly had three children to add to my previous two and his four, and before we knew it all had left for colleges and graduate schools, where they are doing fine. I remain very concerned about the state of our nation and the world. As a new empty-nester, I find I have more time to think about what I, as a generation, have accomplished for both right and wrong.

"The success of **KatieCorp**, whose factories are now in Suriname and run themselves, causes me to look for new challenges. When I see my face in the mirror in the morning, peering between the lines for the hopeful young person I once was, I say, 'Katie —,' and then I tell myself various things. I've had to juggle so much (I'm with a small local circus here in Montreal) and yet I still get up every morning eager for what the day will bring, and no man I'd care to drink with would do otherwise."

Does anybody have any idea who **Katie** was? ■

Ilise Zimmerman

Continued from page 8

white Republicans, white Democrats, black Republicans. About a year ago, the March of Dimes presented me with its FDR Leadership Award. I'm involved with this because I really love it — it's something of a crusade for me — but to be recognized in such a public way was like the icing on the cake. It meant a lot.

It's also a lot of work, so I really appreciate my time with my family. My husband introduced me to sailing. We have a boat that we keep docked on City Island, in the Bronx, and we go sailing on the Long Island Sound.

Another thing we like to do is take a family holiday every December up in Quebec, near Montreal. There is a lovely, charming village there called Mont Tremblant, in the Laurentian Mountains. It wasn't popular with American tourists until only recently. The people there are extremely friendly, and there's fantastic skiing — although since I fell on the slopes, I don't ski anymore. I just decided I'm not going to subject myself to being on two toothpicks while overlooking a cliff.

This summer I finally decided to get off the treadmill for a little bit and see how the other half lives. I played tennis, I threw clay pots. I'll tell you, it almost made me want to go back to work! ■

Cindy Rosenthal

Continued from page 8

Beth was and is a journalist. She had a job working for Dan Rather at CBS, while I worked as the assistant night manager at the Doubleday book store at the corner of 53rd and Fifth Avenue. That way I kept my days free for auditions. Our apartment turned out to be inundated with mice — as most hovel-like apartments were. Still, we lived almost right off Sutton Place, so we couldn't complain too much.

I hit the pavement and started auditioning. My first Actors Equity job was in a horribly bad play about Caligula, the notoriously de-praved Roman emperor. (This was

If you would like to learn more about the Northern New Jersey Maternal-Child Health Consortium, visit its Web site at <http://www.maternalchildhealth.org>.



Cindy's first head-shot, 1972.

two years before *Penthouse* magazine's Bob Guccione turned it into a horribly bad movie.) It was to star Farley Granger, once a darkly handsome leading man in Hollywood. Well, Farley couldn't remember his lines at all. It was sad, really; he was only in his early fifties. At the dress rehearsal he wound up being replaced by his understudy, a guy my age. The whole thing was just a debacle and deservedly panned by the *New York Times*.

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CLASS OF '72 ON THE WORLD WIDE WEB

Be sure to visit our official Web site at <http://www.jhs1972.org>. Features include a class directory with contact info for more than 300 of us, an updated yearbook, photos from the 30-year reunion, updates on upcoming reunion activities, this here newsletter, and more.

Cindy Rosenthal

Continued from page 14

My next experience was much better, thank God! It was a musical version of *A Little Princess*, called *Sara Crewe, the Orphan Princess*, which was presented at Town Hall. I played Sara, and we got very good reviews. I toured with that, which led to a lot of other work. The same director cast me as Chava, the third daughter (the one that runs away), in a touring production of *Fiddler on the Roof*, with Theodore Bikel. It had a six-month run, and I made some of my best friends there. At one point the show came to Westbury Music Fair. Obviously that was a very big thing for me.

By the way, in my mid-twenties I briefly changed my name to Cindy Rosmond. Huge mistake! Nobody could ever seem to spell it right; in reviews it would appear as *Rosamond*, *Rosmund*. Even I would get confused and couldn't remember how to spell it. Just before the Westbury Music Fair show, I bagged it and went back to my real name. I thought to myself, *Dammit, if I'm Cindy Rosenthal coming back to Jericho, then I've got to be Cindy Rosenthal*, so any neighbors who remember me know that I'm back doing something.

Meanwhile, interspersed between these gigs that took me out on the road, I was doing a lot of TV commercials. I made a fair amount of money that way. Maybe you saw me. Let's see ... I did a commercial for Sunbeam bread that won a Clio award, in which I sang a song that went something like, "I like bread and butter/I like toast and jam ..." It was ridiculous. But very cute. I also made a commercial advertising the new Nerf ball. And, although I'm mortified to admit it, I did a Massengill douche commercial. Yes, that was probably the nadir of my career!

I always had my eye on television and film. However, that was a harder nut to crack. And at some point I had to make a choice. An agent said to me point-blank, "If you really want to be in films, you need to go to Los Angeles." When it came right down to it, I didn't want to do that; I knew I had to stay in New York, because my heart would always be in live performance. I love the roar of the greasepaint and the smell of the crowd, going all the way back to Mrs. Arcuni's fifth-grade play. That's what I'm in it for. I like to connect firsthand with an audience and experience what happens when that connection really works.

Next I kind of segued out of musical theater and into serious drama. I'd always loved literature. In fact, at Tufts I majored both in English and in drama. I adored Shakespeare, the French playwright Molière, George Bernard Shaw. Above all else, it was text that really turned me on. So I started to tell my agents that I really wanted to do more classical work. That took me more into regional theater, including Stage West in Springfield, Massachusetts, and two seasons at the Arena Playhouse in Buffalo, New York. Believe it or not, Buffalo is a great city! I even considered putting down roots there. My first winter there wasn't too bad — by Buffalo standards. The second winter, though, was really hard, with *eight-foot* snowdrifts. So much for staying.

Time for a Change

Through the early 1980s, my career was pretty much sailing along. I was working steadily, and doing the classical plays was really feeding me intellectually. But then as I got into my late twenties, things started to dry up a bit. I remember having a chat with a director friend one night. Referring to my recent lack of work, he said, "Cindy, it's not that you're not good. But you're not as marketable as you used to be, even in the classical realm. When you were on tour, you were totally in that ingenue slot. Now you're moving

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Top: Cindy as Lucy in Three Penny Opera. Above: Remember this TV commercial for Sunbeam bread, from the late '70s? That was Cindy! The spot won a Clio Award.

Cindy Rosenthal

Continued from page 15

out of that. But you're still that petite, cute person, and it's becoming harder to cast you."

That's an all-too familiar refrain for modern-day actresses. Unfortunately, there are more physical limitations than exist for male actors, which I think is awful. I would like to believe that it's changing a bit, but I don't think it's changed much. And I don't know if it ever will, because of the image projected by the media regarding how one should look. Not only that, they just don't write as many interesting roles for middle-aged actresses, or even young middle-agers.

I still had my commercial work. It didn't fulfill me, though. I thought to myself, *This isn't the reason I got into this*. I certainly didn't want to try to pick myself up by my bootstraps and head on out to L.A., which was one option. Around my thirtieth birthday, it seemed that maybe it was time to think of something else to do. You have to remember that my life had been spent almost entirely on the road until then. I'd been doing either touring shows or I was on location with commercials — which were never shot in New York — and then doing the regional theater work. It was a discombobulating kind of life. Besides, I wanted to fulfill some of my other life goals, like having a family, and being on the road isn't exactly conducive to raising children.

Her Daily Bread (Loaf)

Getting an acting job at a place called the Bread Loaf School of English, in 1986, turned out to be the best thing that ever happened to me. Bread Loaf is Middlebury (Vermont) College's Graduate School of English. Beginning that year, they decided to establish a summer-only program that puts on plays, not unlike a summer stock. And they make it especially wonderful by attracting top professors from all over the United States and even from England to teach on the faculty. So with this, they thought, *Wouldn't it be good to have an Equity acting ensemble on premises to perform classical*

plays? It could be new plays, too, but the essential ingredient is great literature.

The first play we did was Shakespeare's *A Winter's Tale*, in which I played the heroine, Perdita. The whole experience was just a revelation. We members of the acting ensemble would go into these graduate English classrooms and work as coteachers with all of these unbelievably brilliant professors at bringing performance into their curriculum. Even if it wasn't a dramatic literature-based course, we would find ways to use performance in the pedagogy and bring the text to life in a new way.

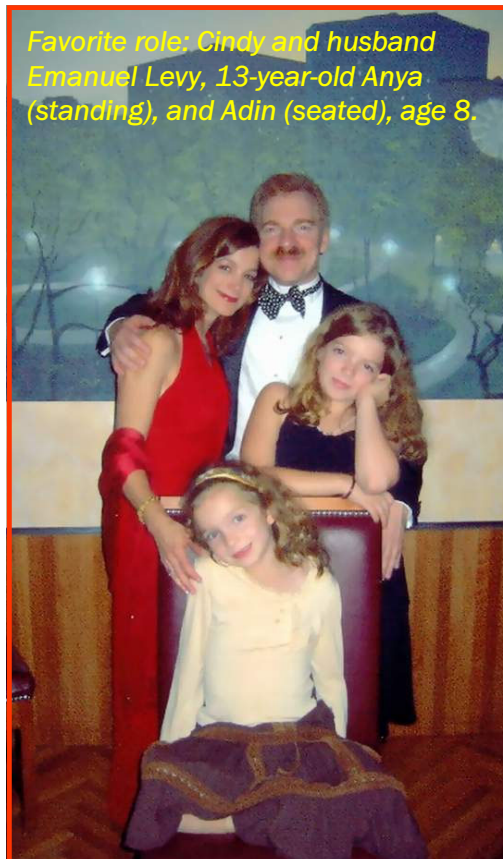
I found that I loved being in the classroom, which wasn't really that surprising, since I'd always done pretty well there as a student. It dawned on me that teaching could be a wonderful vehicle for letting me continue to perform but on a different level. That fall I audited a class at New York University. I thought, *This is great. It's in New York, and it feels like a place where I could be in school and yet be a grownup*, because everybody there had a life.

So in 1987 — the same year I got married; more about that in a moment — I became a grad student in NYU's Gallatin School of Individualized Study. It was perfect for people trying to find a bridge to a new career. For instance, they gave you credit for life experience. Part of my thesis involved helping to produce a one-woman show that I wrote

and performed off-Broadway in 1989, titled *Passion/Separation*, based on the poems and letters of Emily Dickinson and the journals of Anais Nin. I also performed it on Long Island at several schools and libraries, including the Jericho Public Library in East Birchwood. Debbie Nathel Kazan, who lives in Jericho, came to see me. So although I no longer had the time to go out on auditions, I still had these small gigs that I was fully in control of creatively, which of course was great.

I received my masters degree in 1989, then went directly on to a Ph.D. in the Department of Performance Studies at NYU's Tisch School of the Arts. At the same

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Favorite role: Cindy and husband Emanuel Levy, 13-year-old Anya (standing), and Adin (seated), age 8.

Cindy Rosenthal

Continued from page 16

time, I was also raising a family. Let me backtrack to 1984. Like many actors, I took on a part-time job ("bread and butter work," in actors' parlance) as a consultant for an advertising agency. One day at a meeting, this woman approached me and said bluntly, "I think you'd be great with my brother Emanuel!"

I said skeptically, "Oh, really!" But she was extremely persistent.

"Oh, he's fabulous," she went on. "He's an architect and a marathon runner and a wine connoisseur. I know you'll like him. You should meet him."

"Well," I replied, "I'll have a drink with anybody," and gave her my card. Emanuel Levy took the suggestion from his sister, and we went on a blind date. He was completely delightful. Certainly very different. In fact, he was the antithesis of every guy I'd ever dated up until then. For one thing, he wasn't a theater person. As an architect, he was much more serious, grounded, and academic. Actually, he's really more of an engineer than an architect; his area of interest is energy-related housing. He wrote a book, *The Passive Solar Construction Handbook*, and has done a lot of work in energy efficiency and how it relates to housing.

We married in 1987, had our first daughter, Anya, in 1990, and our second, Adin, in 1995, as I was finishing my dissertation for my Ph.D. I completed my doctorate in 1997. Everything sort of happened all at once, as things often do.

From the Great White Way to the Great White North

Every other summer, from 1986 on,

I've gotten to wear my performer's hat at Bread Loaf. I've done a ton of Shakespeare — Chekhov too — as well as new plays. Until my daughters started going to sleepaway camp two years ago, they used to come to Vermont with me for all of July and August. The program also has campuses in Oxford, England; Santa Fe, New Mexico; Juneau, Alaska; and starting next year, Mexico. I taught my own graduate class in Juneau in 1999. That was *amazing*. A great family trip too.

It's been fun for my girls, but probably strange too — like seeing Mommy play a prostitute in *The Three Penny Opera*. The character, Lucy, is one *loose* Lucy. It was a pretty wild production. Funnily enough, toward the end of rehears-

als, the director thought it would be good to have a young child play a little waiflike figure. So they cast Anya in the part. It gave her an inside scoop on what that whole world is about. That was really fun. But now she's thirteen and isn't interested in being onstage. She's thinking of possibly working backstage, or designing costumes or sets. There might be more performing potential with my young one, Adin, who's all about "Look at me! Look at me!"

Since 1997 I've been a professor of theater arts at Hofstra University. I'm affiliated with New College, which is this smaller division within the university. It's extremely interdisciplinary, with a lot of close

Continued on page 19



**"Comments? Feedback?
Fan mail from some flounder?"
asks Smilin' Joe "Goin'" Postal.**

Greetings From a JHS Favorite, Ms. Barbara Murphy

I can't tell you how wide my smile is when I read what you guys and gals are up to. Keep the ideas flowing and the info coming. I'll read every word and laugh at every joke.

— Barbara Murphy
E-mail: BLMurf@aol.com

Kind Words From Another Murphy, Class of 1971

Hello, it is Gail Murphy (JHS '71) with the highest praise and admiration for your Web site, newsletter, and reunion activities! I am very impressed and envious! Please adopt me! I live in Portland, Oregon.

— Gail Murphy
E-mail: Phntm777@aol.com

See? We Do Serve a Purpose!

I have reconnected with Ellen Weinstein and Peter Savino as a result of the updated class list. Ellen and I e-mail every day and talk on the phone (!) once a week. Thanks for you efforts on behalf of us and hopefully anyone else who may have found a long-lost friend.

— Marna Ludwig Moseson
eema18@aol.com

Teachers

Continued from page 1

Here's the preliminary list of teachers we're inviting to our party. More names will be added over the coming months.

ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

Cantiaque

Mr. Robert Atterbury (Eng)
 Mr. Harvey Bimberg (Library)
 Mrs. Annette Baschkopf
 Mrs. Gladys Benjamin (5th)
 Mrs. Judith Cutler (Art)
 Mrs. Joan DeFeo Sandstrom (4th)
 Mrs. Joan Baffi DeVoe (3rd)
 Mr. Robert Perna (Eng)
 Mrs. Eleanor Savelli (5th)
 Mrs. Leatrice Wiener (3rd)

Jackson

Mrs. Shelly Drexler
 Mrs. Patricia Dwyer
 Mrs. Sylvia Gordon (K)
 Mrs. Joan Kupferberg (Music)
 Mr. John (Jack) Lordi (PE)
 Mrs. Doris Madden (K)
 Mrs. Julia Murray (6th)
 Mr. Robert Pape
 Mrs. Bernice Poll (3rd)
 Mrs. Ellen Widlitz (1st, 5th)

Seaman

Mrs. Carolyn Cirincion (K)
 Mrs. Hannah Geyer
 Mrs. Helen Mirer (Library)
 Mrs. Dorothea Queen (Music)
 Mrs. Mary Ramsey (3rd)
 Mrs. Gladys Seisler (Spec. Ed)
 Mrs. Joan Trubowitsch (1st)
 Mrs. Edith Zuaro (2nd)

Williams

Mrs. Anne Abrams (1st)
 Mrs. Joan Fyfe (Music) (also Jackson)
 Mrs. Robin Halleran (K, 5th)
 Mrs. Ethel Keller (4th)
 Mr. Carl Renfro (Library)
 Mrs. Marcia Rosenzweig (3rd)
 Mrs. Peggy McGowan Tumminio (6th)
 Mr. Tom Zerella (6th)

JUNIOR HIGH AND HIGH SCHOOL

Mr. Alan Arnold (music)
 Mrs. Eleanor Altesman (jrH Typing)
 Mr. Richard Andres (jrH Math)
 Mr. John Bartul (HS SS)
 Mr. George Batjiaka (HS Asst. Prin.)
 Mrs. Ruth Bernstein (HS Eng)
 Mr. Louis Boroson (HS Math)
 Mrs. Judith Broadwin (HS Math)
 Mr. Joel Brodsky (jrH SS)
 Mr. Thomas Bryant (jrH Art/Shop)
 Mr. Paul Cannizzaro (HS Eng)
 Mr. Rudolph Cesarini (HS Sci)
 Mr. Andrew Chaglasian (HS Guid)
 Mr. Michael Chiaramonte (jrH Eng)
 Mrs. Irma Cohen (HS Math)

Ms. Lois Smith



You remember her as a junior-high guidance counselor and Jayettes coach. She's now JHS guidance administrator.

Mr. Ed Corallo (jrH SS)
 Mr. Gaston D'Amato (HS Art)
 Ms. Helen DeCollibus (HS PE)
 Mrs. Joanne Denaro (jrH PE)
 Mr. Tony DiNome (HS PE/Coach)
 Mrs. Linda Donovan (jrH Eng)
 Mr. Stanley Donovan (HS Psych)
 Mr. Dick Drab (HS Coach)
 Mr. Arthur Edelson (jrH Guid)
 Mr. Alvin Engel (HS A/V)
 Mr. Robert Fontane (jrH Eng)
 Mr. Michael Friedman (HS Spanish)
 Mr. Stephen Golder (HS Coach)
 Mr. Fred Grasso (HS Coach)
 Mr. Paul Hall (HS Asst. Prin.)
 Mr. Charles Heller (HS Math)

Mrs. Arlene Henretig (HS Reading)
 Mrs. Dolores Hoffman (HS SS)
 Mr. Robert Hoffman (HS SS)
 Mrs. Joan Jacobs (HS Library)
 Mr. Stanley Katz (HS Math)
 Mrs. Gloria Kaufman (HS Biz)
 Mrs. Joan Kingsley (HS Eng)
 Mrs. Carol Kramer (jrH music)
 Mr. Herbert Kramer (HS Sci)
 Mrs. Joan Kramer (JrH)
 Mr. Michael Lamm (HS Health)
 Mr. Lampkin (jrH Sci)
 Mr. Tony Larocca (jrH SS)
 Mr. Ken Larkin (HS Language)
 Ms. Marian Lavine (HS Guid)
 Mr. Kenneth Lecluse (HS Dr. Ed)
 Mrs. Beatrice Leffert, (reading)
 Mrs. Harriet Libstag (reading)
 Mr. A. Robert Lynch (HS SS)
 Ms. Phyllis Mandel (HS Sci)
 Mr. David Martin (HS Sci)
 Mr. Gerard Mastellon (HS Math)
 Mr. Ray Matienzo (HS Eng)
 Mrs. Theresa Mazzola
 Mr. Phillip Meissner (HS Sci)
 Mrs. Beatrice McHale (HS Home Ec)
 Ms. Barbara Murphy (jrH SS)
 Mr. Dominick Morelli (jrH PE)
 Mrs. Dorothy Murray (HS Eng)
 Mr. Ralph Parks (HS Sci)
 Mr. Stephen Piorkowski (HS Eng)
 Mr. Arthur Plaggemeier (HS Math)
 Mrs. Miriam Reff (HS Sci)
 Mr. Marty Rosato (jrH Sci/Coach)
 Mr. Ernest Savaglio (HS Art)
 Mr. Chuck Schmidt (jrH Earth Sci)
 Mrs. Rita Schwab (jrH Eng)
 Mrs. Karen Schwartz (HS PE)
 Mr. Paul Selice (HS)
 Mr. Efrim Sherman (HS Sci)
 Mr. Robert Simon
 Mr. Herman Small (jrH Math)
 Ms. Lois Smith (jrH Guid)
 Mrs. Estelle Stern Rankin (HS Eng)
 Mrs. Marilyn Sturz
 Ms. Judy Sutcliffe (HS Math)
 Mr. John Tobin (HS Eng)
 Ms. Maureen Tracy (jrH SS)
 Mr. Thomas Valentine (jrH PE)
 Mr. Joseph Vecchiarelli (jrH math)
 Mr. Charles Vigilante (HS Eng)
 Mrs. Eileen Visco (HS Nurse)
 Mr. Emil Voigt (jrH SS)
 Mrs. Sally Wollenstein (HS Guid) ■

Nooz About Yooz

Continued from page 2

class some 30 years ago. Upon seeing him, however, I quickly discarded any such thought. This balding, gray-haired man with the deeply lined face was way too old to have been my classmate. After he'd examined my teeth, I asked him if he had attended the local high school.

"Yes," he replied.

"When did you graduate?"

"In 1972. Why?"

"You were in my class!" I exclaimed.

He looked at me closely, then asked: "What did you teach?" ■

Cindy Rosenthal

Continued from page 17

mentoring of students, in much the same way that Mr. Stephen Piorowski was a mentor to me during high school. I still consider him a father figure and friend, and have always kept in touch with him.

Teaching at Hofstra wasn't my favorite thing at first, partly because the reverse commute was not fun. But I've since adapted to the drive. I get to listen to music and National Public Radio and be serene, so long as the traffic isn't too horrible. What's also nice is that my office is ten minutes from Jericho, where my parents still live, on Clinton Lane.

So I'm able to be with them when somebody has been sick or when various crises have come up. They've also been in the audience at each of the shows I've directed at Hofstra over the years. My biggest project now is finishing a book on radical theaters of the 1960s and 1970s, which hopefully will be in bookstores next year.

All in all, I've been very lucky. And I wouldn't give up for anything my ten solid years of actively pursuing my art. In addition to being lucky, I think I made choices at the right times for where I was at. When it was time for me to shift gears, I shifted. I've always loved what I was doing, and for that I feel blessed. ■

Finding a Long-lost Friend or Relative Via the Internet

Continued from page 3

initial are frequently included. One great feature of whitepages.com is that it enables you to do a "reverse" search by address or phone number, which is great for cross-checking information obtained elsewhere to see if it is current.

Step #2

If you come up empty on whitepages.com, try switchboard.com. Both data bases are fairly comprehensive, but sometimes you'll locate Joe Smith on one and not the other. Switchboard.com also allows you to search nationwide and has a search-by-telephone-number function. It does not give the person's age, however. Still, an excellent second choice.

Step #3

Finally, there's people-finders.ws. Not great — you need to know the state Joe Smith lives in, and it tells you only his city and state, not a full street address — but it does provide age and middle initial. It also seems to go back further than other search engines, listing addresses from years ago. For some JHS alumni, it included Jericho among its listings, so we

at least knew we were looking for the "right" Joe Smith. Take what you learn here back to whitepages.com.

Use Your Intuition!

A successful people search often requires some intuition on your part. For instance, we found a number of class members by finding their *parents*. And not to stereotype or generalize, but elderly parents from Jericho are as likely to end up on the east coast of Florida as birds in wintertime. So we went to a local library that kept old Nassau County telephone books from 1971 on microfilm, looked up the first names of certain Jerichonians' parents, then searched on-line for them in the land of chads, Early Bird Specials, and podiatrists. *Lots of podiatrists.* More often than not, we found Mom and Dad, which then led us to the alumnus in question.

Finally, you may be able to find your missing person on google.com or a similar search engine. Type in the name, then conduct a series of searches of the results, using whatever details you know about him or her, be it career, college attended, and so forth. We located several Jericho alumni this way, using such words and phrases as "tax evasion," "delusional," and "head lice." Bingo! ■

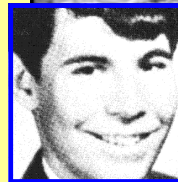


Your Back Pages

"I was so much older then, I'm younger than that now." — Bob Dylan
You wish!

The World Around You • Sophomore Year, 1969-70

- ♦ TV and radio commercials advertising cigarettes become a thing of the past, banned by the Federal Communications Commission as of January 1, 1970.
- ♦ IBM invents the floppy computer disc.
- ♦ On April 10, 1970, Paul McCartney announces publicly that he has left the Beatles — though it was actually John Lennon who quit first six months earlier. But because the Beatles were in the process of negotiating a new recording contract, Lennon agreed to keep the news quiet for the time being.
- ♦ On the heels (sorry) of the first Earth Day, April 22, 1970, sales of the "Earth Shoe" soar. The ergonomic orthopedic footwear, designed by a Scandinavian Yoga instructor, had actually been on the market since 1957, but under the none-too-memorable name Anna Kal Minus Heel Shoes.
- ♦ Vassar College admits male students for the first time.
- ♦ May 4, 1970: Hard to forget the photo at right, showing slain Kent State University junior Jeffrey Miller (inset) moments after National Guardsmen opened fire on students protesting the recently re-escalated Vietnam War. The twenty-year-old psych major graduated from Plainview High School. In the dark days after the shootings, which left four dead and nine wounded, students all over the country went on strike.



Some colleges and high schools closed for the remainder of the week. Jericho High, to its credit, remained open and organized an assembly attempting to sort out the facts known at the time and to make some sense of a senseless tragedy.

Your Back Pages

The World Around You • Sophomore Year, 1969-70

Continued from previous page

ON THE RADIO: "Come Together," Beatles • "American Woman," Guess Who • "Whole Lotta Love," Led Zeppelin • "Psychedelic Shack," Temptations • "Spirit in the Sky," Norman Greenbaum • "I Want You Back," Jackson 5 • "Venus," Shocking Blue • "Bridge Over Troubled Water," Simon and Garfunkel • "Sugar Sugar," Archies

ON THE BIG SCREEN: *Midnight Cowboy* • *Easy Rider* • *Diary of a Mad Housewife*

ON THE TUBE: "Hawaii Five-O" • "The Brady Bunch" • "Mod Squad" • "Sesame Street" • "The New People" • "The Music Scene" • "The Courtship of Eddie's Father"

In Sports:

◆ The Miracle Mets, who'd never finished higher than ninth place before, vault past the Chicago Cubs to win their division. Gil Hodges's team then steamrolls over Atlanta in the N.L. playoffs before stunning the mighty Baltimore Orioles in the World Series, four games to one.

◆ In Super Bowl IV Len Dawson and the Kansas City Chiefs give the AFL its second win in a row by topping the Minnesota Vikings, 23-7. With the NFL about to absorb the AFL's teams, this marks the last true interleague football face-off.

◆ The New York Knicks, led by Willis Reed, "Clyde" Frazier, Bill Bradley, Dave DeBusschere, et al., edge the L.A. Lakers in a thrilling seven-game NBA series. In the ABA, the Indiana Pacers dispose of the Los Angeles Stars in six.

◆ Twenty-two-year-old Bobby Orr guides the Boston Bruins to a 4-0 sweep over the St. Louis Blues.

Good year to be a New York sports fan: Above, Mets third baseman Ed Charles rejoices along with winning pitcher Jerry Koosman and catcher Jerry Grote following the last out of the fifth and final game.



In May, Willis Reed (right) and the New York Knicks also celebrated a championship.

