



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

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

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A girl, a camera, and the greatest city in the world!

## Official Propaganda Tool of 1968-1975 JHS Alumni



# SPECIAL TESTOSTERONE-FUELED ISSUE!

Usually, most feature articles in the magazine are by our female alumnae, because women tend to be less inhibited about sharing their stories, their f-e-e-l-i-n-g-s, blah blah woof woof, than men are. Issue no. 28 has more participation by male Jerichonians (alumnuts?) than any other in our 11-year history! See how they measure up!

Jericho High School has graduated many accomplished alumni. A number of them are said to belong to the mysterious, sinister cabal known as the Illuminati, who secretly run the world...

You can probably guess their identities. (Hint: They were the ones in the Future Illuminati of the World Club. One night a year, they take a well-deserved breather from controlling all the badly-selling weapons of mass destruction, the creepy third-world despots, manipulating global currencies, and generally enslaving humanity to let loose, kick back, have fun, and become...

**The Aluminati**

Gatherings of the Tribes II

A Casual Get-Together for the JHS Class of 1968-1975 and Beyond

Saturday, June 7, 2014, 7:30 pm

THE HOMESTEAD

107 South Street Oyster Bay, L.I.

It's the second annual Gathering of the Tribes, a casual evening of fun, laughs, and drinks. A high school reunion but minus the hassles, mess, the posing in advance. Just show up and be prepared to smile.

• Don't show up for the dedication ceremony. It's a trade-off of peace for war.

• Check back for the Illuminati's monthly, including the news, to see who else wants to grab dinner or just a drink to eat.

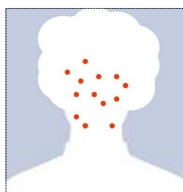
Better start ironing now:

# Gatherings of the Tribes II

Saturday, June 7, 2014, 7:30 pm

# THE HOMESTEAD

107 South Street  
Oyster Bay, L.I.



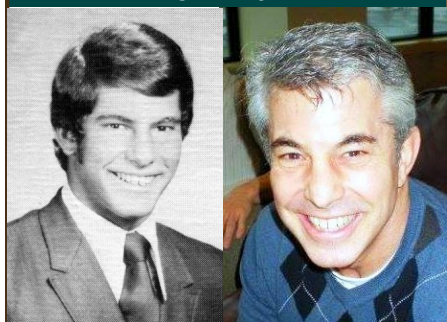
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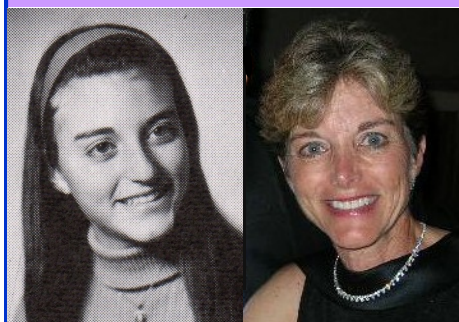
In our travels around cyberspace, we frequently come upon photos of former classmates, especially on Facebook. Can you *believe* how good everyone looks?!

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

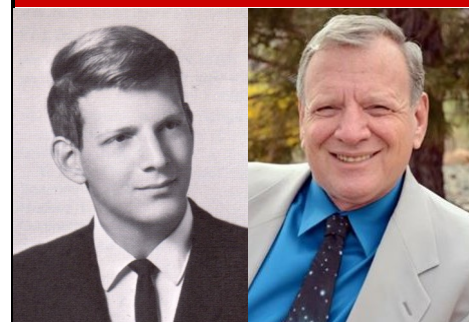
**Gary Strudler ('73)**  
Oregon City, OR



**Cherie West Berk ('70)**  
Piermont, NY



**Mark Thierman ('69)**  
Reno, NV



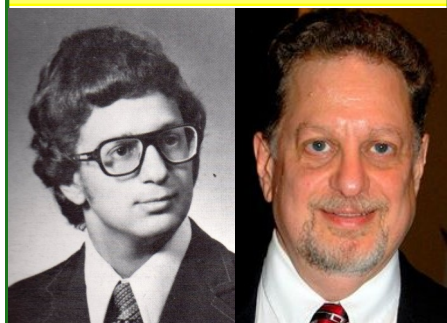
**Neil Immerman ('71)**  
Amherst, MA



**Elizabeth Krevat Hijazi ('74)**  
Atlanta, GA



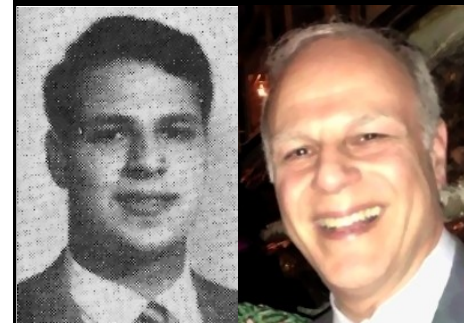
**Richard Krasner ('75)**  
Boynton Beach, FL

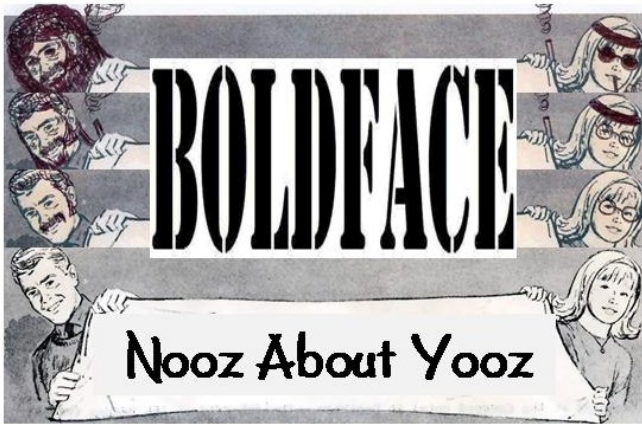


**Caryn Ellenbogen Dayney ('72)**  
Sarasota, FL



**Bruce Steiner ('68)**  
Springfield, NJ





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.

### Congratulations Are in Order!

Anne Havrilla, pictured here with husband Alden Johnson, recently celebrated her thirtieth year as an ordained pastor in the Presbyterian Church as well as her tenth year serving at “a wonderful church,” Liberty Corner Church in Liberty Corner, New Jersey.



Denise Federico Russo ('75), who lives on Long Island, became a grandma (“A glamma!” she corrects) on July 22, 2013, with the arrival of Gianni Blaise Russo. “My son, Blaise Federico Russo, lives in California, so I don’t get to see them a whole lot, but thank goodness for Skype! I am one proud, grateful nana.” Denise’s other son, Andrew, a gifted artist (JHS 2000!) lives in Florida.

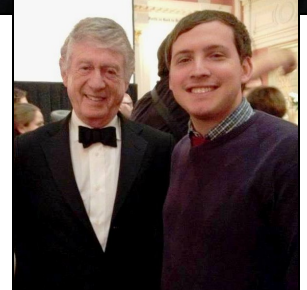


Could this possibly be any sweeter? Denise son’s Blaise, twenty-five, with Gianni Blaise Russo.

### Kids Do the Darndest Things Dept.

Elizabeth Stark Perez ('72) of Plantation, Florida, reports that her son, Andrew, is combining his journalistic skills and his interest in politics as a regular political contributor to the Huffington Post.

Andrew, who lives in Washington, DC, majored in journalism at George Washington University, where he earned a master’s degree in political management. He’s always been fascinated by politics: as high school newspaper, one his first interviews was with future Minnesota senator Al Franken. Look for Andrew Perez’s articles on *Huffington Post* and follow him on Facebook and on Twitter (@andrewperezdc).



(Top) Elizabeth Stark Perez in New Orleans with (left to right) her brother Michael (JHS '81), husband John, and son Andrew. (Above) Andrew with fellow journalist Ted something-or-other. Koppel? Compel? Compote?

FriedmanLaw, the law firm of Lawrence Friedman ('69), located in Bridgewater, New Jersey, has welcomed aboard Larry’s son Mark, who graduated from New York University Law School in 2011, thirty-five years after his dad. Father and son practice elder law, special needs, wills, trusts, tax, and real estate law. Larry, a member of the Board of Consultants of the New Jersey State Bar Association’s Real Property, Trusts, and Estates Law Section, has been named a Super Lawyer the last eight years in a row.



Lawrence A. Friedman

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

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



## Catch Up With ... Caryn Buchner Coville ('74)

**M**y interest in art came from my mother, who went to the Parsons School of Design. One of my uncles was a designer for Christian Dior, my grandmothers knit and did crewel embroidery, and my brother, Alan Buchner (JHS class of '76), does beautiful wood turning, so creativity runs in my family. I also have to credit two of my art teachers from Jericho: Mr. Scott Mackay and especially, Mr. Gaston D'Amato. Not long ago, my friend Jill Carin Adams was able to get Mr. D'Amato's phone number, and Sheila Eisenberg Fein and I called him at his home in Pennsylvania. It was so good to talk to him and get a chance just to thank him.

After graduating from high school, I went to the Rochester Institute of Technology in upstate New York. (This winter on Long Island has been reminding me of what it was like living there!) I started out in commercial art, but didn't like it, so I changed my major to print-making and graduated in 1978 with a bachelor of fine arts degree. From there I moved to Buffalo (for the usual reason: a guy). But there weren't any jobs, and I'd pretty much had it with life in the snow belt, so within the year I moved home to my parents' house on Maytime Drive in East Birchwood.

Around this time, I discovered using colored pencils as a fine-art medium, which I really enjoy. As you can see from the examples of my work on the following pages, I'm a realist, and working with colored pencils lends itself to fine details and smooth textures. I especially like the different effects that you can achieve with colored pencils.

My paintings start with a line drawing. Next, I begin to create shadows by applying complimentary colors with a very light touch. I build up the color slowly, sometimes adding as many as twenty layers. With so many layers, it takes time for the painting to emerge, almost like watching a photograph develop. I love the process, and I feel that the gradual layering of color and attention to detail give each painting a wonderful richness. Ultimately, I strive to make the "life" of the subject—be it a scene, a still life, or a portrait—shine through, capturing a moment in time.

As an artist, you never stop learning and growing. Through the years, I've worked in other mediums, including oils, acrylics, and botanicals created with watercolors. My latest interest is Oriental brush painting, which I'm studying with two different teachers. It's the complete opposite of pencil

drawing: very spontaneous. And whereas pencil drawing is a slow layering process, brush painting employs minimal strokes of ink and watercolor to convey the essence of a subject. I try to work on my art every day, although, naturally, I don't always succeed.

### You Can't Get Much More Geographically Desirable Than This!

I met my husband, Tim Coville, in 1983, when I was working for Avis Car Rental. (I was so glad I stopped in at last April's "Gathering of the Tribes" reunion get-together at the Homestead in Oyster Bay. There, sitting at the bar, was Rick Baiman from the class of 1973, who'd helped me get that job. After all those years, I was finally able to thank him!)

I was living in the Kennedy House apartment building in Forest Hills, which has a rooftop pool. Tim and I met on the roof. I like to say that we were geographically desirable: it turned out that he lived upstairs from me. We married in 1986. Tim, a CPA with an MBA from New York University, was in banking for most of his career. Then a few years ago, he earned his PhD in business management and entered aca-

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***"I like to say that my husband and I were geographically desirable. When Tim and I met in 1983, he was living upstairs from me in the same apartment building in Forest Hills, Queens."***

## Caryn Buchner

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demia as an assistant professor in the Accounting and Taxation Department at St. John's University.

We live in Greenvale, not far from C. W. Post College, and have two sons. Brian, who just turned twenty-five, is following in his dad's footsteps. Right now he's finishing a one-year master's in accounting program at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. And Robbie, twenty-one, is majoring in natural resource management at the SUNY College of Environmental Science and Forestry in Syracuse, New York. I call Robbie my "mountain man." In 2013 he completed an associate's degree program at ESF's Ranger School, up in Wanakena, New York, not too far from the Canadian border. Last summer he worked as a forestry technician, spending most of his time outdoors. I don't know where he gets it from, because I am *definitely* not outdoorsy!

Robbie was born in London, during our first time living there. Tim was working as a controller and risk manager for an international derivatives trading firm then and was transferred to England twice, each time for two years. The first time, we lived in Fulham, in

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**Caryn with, from left to right, Brian, husband Tim, and Robbie.**

## Caryn's Art and Inspiration



"Lillian": "a painting of my grandmother on her wedding day."



"Marbles": "This was fun to paint because of the reflections and colors. People tell me it evokes fond childhood memories."

## Caryn Buchner

Continued from page 5

the southwestern part of the city; and for our second assignment we lived in Hampstead, in northwest London.

I mostly enjoyed living in England. Like any place, it has its plusses and minuses. The best part was the proximity to the European continent and the ease of travel. The countries are so small, relative to the United States, that you can visit several in just a few days. One year at Christmas, we traveled to Finnish Lapland in search of Father Christmas, which, of course, was pretty neat. We love to travel and have spent time in the Canary Islands, Israel, New Zealand, and Australia. Our trip to New Zealand and Australia was particularly great because we got to spend time with the woman who'd been the boys' nanny while we were living in London.

Also while living in England, I reconnected with one of my oldest Jericho friends, Jill Carin

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Caryn with her brother Alan, a '76 Jericho grad.

## Caryn's Art and Inspiration



"Memories of My Father": "This was done as a tribute to my father, who passed away in 2001. These are some of the things that remind me of him."



"Farm Fresh": "inspired by a tin I stumbled upon while on the South Fork. It has won several awards and was recently published in the book *CP Treasures, Volume II.*"

## Caryn Buchner

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Adams, who's lived there for many years. Jill and I first met in kindergarten. Although she lived in West Birchwood, she attended the George A. Jackson Elementary School that year because the Cantiaque Elementary School hadn't been built yet. Jill came with me to volunteer in my younger son's kindergarten class at the American School in London, and we were explaining to the kids that the two of us had known each other since we were their age. It was so cute. (Although I don't think they were impressed!)



*A home get-together with a few friends from '74: (left to right) Amy Margolis Nahoum, Sinda Israel Snitger, Caryn, and Rhonda Green Johnson; in front, Linda Warheit Roberts and Jill Carin Adams.*

I still get together with a lot of people from Jericho. A number of them have come to my art shows, which means so much to me. Like a lot of us, I've also reconnected with people on Facebook. Several friends from the class of 1974 joined us at a show in Jericho.

In the last year, my work has appeared in  
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*"Assos, Greece": "I visited Assos during a family cruise to the Mediterranean. I loved the image of the blue door surrounded by flowers."*

*"Home": "a painting of our house in wintertime."*

## Caryn's Art and Inspiration



## Robert Hahn ('70): It's All Greek (Or Egyptian) to Him



Looking back, the two most influential courses I took at Jericho High School were Ray Matienzo's Existentialism in Literature and John Bartul's honors American history class. One of the topics that Bartul touched on was to ask, "What's the purpose of education?" I remember feeling, "Oh, these are the kinds of questions I'm interested in!" I didn't know at the time that it was called philosophy. Those two classes stimulated me enough that I after graduating, I went to Union College in upstate New York as a philosophy major.

I knew early on that I wanted to teach philosophy. I guess I liked being a student enough that I didn't want to stop. I also liked studying and sharing whatever it was I thought I'd discovered. So I thought,

*Yeah, this will be good. You can have a life where you do pretty much what you want and when you want, if you can get high enough on the food chain and be a research professor. That's how it seemed to me. And amazingly, my dream came true.*

I finished Union College in just two and a half years, graduating summa cum laude in December 1972. I had already begun studying Greek and Latin, and that summer I'd also studied Sanskrit at the University of Chicago. After beginning my graduate work at the University of California at Berkeley in philosophy and classics, I decided to apply to Yale University. My older brother, Steven ('69), was in his second year there, pursuing a PhD in American history, and I thought it would be nice if we could spend some time

***Robert in front of Egypt's famous "Bent pyramid," Dhashur Plataeu, in 2011.***

together. Also, Yale is in New Haven, Connecticut, which wasn't far from my parents, who still lived in our house on Bounty Lane in East Birchwood.

As I recall, Yale was offering only five full scholarships for graduate students in philosophy that year, and I got in. Why in the world should I have been lucky enough to receive a full scholarship? As with many things in life, who knows, but I have been grateful for many opportunities. I sped through Yale quickly, too, earning my master's in philosophy in 1975 and my doctorate the year after.

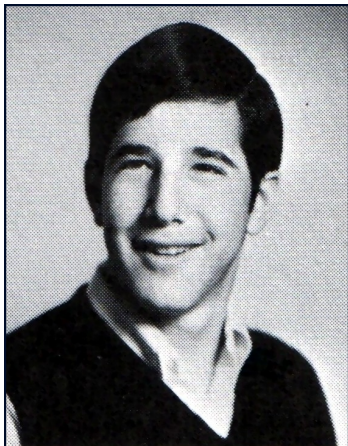
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## Robert Hahn

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I point to two reasons why I was able to finish my PhD by the time I was twenty-three. For one thing, I was highly motivated. I was trying to figure out how was it that philosophy began? Why did it begin then and there? But perhaps more importantly: What are we doing here on this planet, and for what? To this day, I'm still fascinated by that question about our human mortality. I came to see that addressing this question was fundamental to what it means to be a human being, and it loomed so large for me that I thought I should make it my business to try to figure this out.



All these years later, I've reached some conclusions that are answers for *me*. I recognize that in myself, I've come to a sense of the domain of the field of quantum gravity and consciousness and where they intersect. And to that extent, I understand that people's views about what is *real* are to a great extent reflections upon their state of awareness. And what's missing is a general account of consciousness, which would explain why it is, it seems to me, that some people just don't get at all what is going on, or that there is even something *going on* in this thing we call "life."

I also attribute my graduating so quickly to the focus that came from learning Transcendental Meditation during my freshman year at Union College. More than forty years later, TM remains an essential part of my life. In fact, it has been life changing. My wife meditates, and even my two daughters, who are twelve and nine, meditate too.

### Back to Where It All Started

After a couple years of teaching and lecturing, in 1978 I landed an assistant professorship at Brandeis University, near Boston, in the Department of Philosophy and the History of Ideas. At the same time, I was an assistant professor in Harvard University's evening extension program. "Harvard Night School," if you will. They both proved to be life-transforming experiences.

While I was at Brandeis, they had their first and only exchange program with the American College of Greece. I was selected to teach there and spent most of 1980 in

Athens. It was the first of many trips to that part of the world for me. Now, here is something you might find hard to believe: most specialists in ancient Greek philosophy rarely if ever travel to Greece. They associate the "business" of philosophy with trans-temporal, or eternal, ideas. In that case, not only don't you have to go to Greece, you don't have to go anywhere! Just sit in your basement, close your eyes and reflect, and you'll find life's great truths, if there are any.

I realized that what was so important to me was that by actually visiting these historical locations, I began to develop a sense of how philosophical ideas developed in geographical, historical, and cultural contexts. My research attempts to show how not just monumental architecture but, specifically, *temple* architecture was a model that inspired the early Greek philosophers to do their cosmology. This was because cosmos came to be imagined as built architecture, and the applied geometry and building techniques aided them in seeing structures and mechanisms by which the world works.

**"By actually visiting these historical locations, I began to develop a sense of how philosophical ideas developed in geographical, historical, and cultural contexts. I've led fifty-one trips to Greece, Turkey, and Egypt."**

When I first traveled to Greek archeological sites, I found myself woefully unprepared. In those days, we didn't have computer programs that enable you to walk around an ancient building and see a reconstruction. Such programs show you archaeological sites in their present state of ruins, and built upon them are layers of conjectured reconstructions of how the original buildings looked. So when students nowadays prepare to visit archaeological sites, they can grasp the layout of the sites much more vividly. And in the reconstruction images, the computer programs allow you to virtually "walk" all around the buildings, in a 360-degree display of views. But in the 1970s, I was working from flat pages in archaeological books. When I went to the Temple of Apollo in Delphi, for instance, I couldn't figure my way around; at first I was completely disoriented.

That was in January 1980. During the break for the Greek Easter holiday in April, I organized a trip to the island of Crete with a half dozen or so students and four other faculty members. This time I took along an archaeologist, a classicist, and a psychologist friend of mine. The archaeologist oriented us to the site, then the classi-

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## Robert Hahn

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cist gave us the historical background, and the psychologist tried to help us understand the mentality of people who chose to build such cities and sanctuaries that were related by the classicist and the archaeologist. And that's how I began my approach to interdisciplinary, team-taught teaching. Moreover, teaching adults in the Harvard program helped me see how bringing our students together with members of the community made for much richer conversations about life and life's meaning. Even our brightest students lack life's great lived lessons: the joys and sorrows, and years of reflection, that only experience can provide. And since I organized these programs around broad philosophical questions and themes, adults had many important insights to share with our students.

Starting the next year, I brought my own students from Brandeis and a different group of faculty. We were at the Temple of Apollo in Didyma, which happens to be located on the west coast of what today is Turkey, when one of the students said to me, "I don't mean to be rude, Professor Hahn, but on every visit, the archaeologist gives us the layout of the site, and then the classicist gives us the historical story, and the psychologist explains how we understand character and personality by bridging archaeological and classical accounts.

"Can you teach us something about *philosophy* at these archaeological sites?"

I'll tell you, I was dumbfounded. How do you *show* somebody one of Plato's theories? How do you *show* somebody the idea of justice?

I thought for a while. I remembered Anaximander, who was the

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## Discovering Ancient Legacies with Professor Hahn



At Athens's National Archaeological Museum, Robert with a classic-period bronze statue of the first Greek god to learn how to throw a curveball.

On a 2013 Ancient Legacies excursion, Robert and some students pose in front of the Parthenon.



Reenacting the trial of Socrates, with Robert in the starring role. Fortunately for him, somebody left the hemlock back at the hotel.

In a photo from last year, Robert in the ancient Ionian city of Ephesus, near the Aegean Sea.



## Robert Hahn

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first philosopher to leave a written text in prose, in the sixth century BCE. He wrote that the shape and size of the earth was like a stone column. And then he clarified it by saying that it's 3 x 1: in other words, it was like a flat cookie, three times broader than it was deep. As I looked around at the temple, there in front of us were column drums fallen long ago from a column. I replied, "Well, look at the column drums over there. They're 3 x 1." I was taken very much by that. But I noticed that there were two concentric circles around the drum face, and in the middle of the drum was a hole, and I didn't know what they were. What I have learned from years of research and writing is how you can get abstract ideas from studying artifacts and archeological reports.

In 1982 I moved to the Midwest to become an assistant professor of philosophy at Southern Illinois University at Carbondale. I've been there ever since, for the past dozen years as a full professor. I brought with me a travel-study program I'd actually started while at Brandeis, called the Ancient Legacies Program. It is open not only to students but also to members of the community, so you might have parents and/or grandparents there with their college-age children and grandchildren. It's been fabulous.

I've now led fifty-one trips to Greece, Turkey, and Egypt, and a couple to southern Italy, during the last thirty-one years. More than twelve hundred students and members of the community have come through Ancient Legacies, as well as 150 different faculty members. Each faculty member conducts a different hands-on activity. (If you're interested, take a look at our website, at [www.ancientlegacies.org](http://www.ancientlegacies.org).)

For instance, we made sundials and star maps, and performed ancient plays in ancient theaters with costumes and masks we made ourselves. We've re-created the trial of Socrates in 399 BCE, at which a jury condemned him to death by poisoning. Many of his ideas were controversial, and he'd been accused of refusing to accept the "government-approved gods" and of corrupting Greek youth. What's the truth of it all? Why not come along sometime and find out for yourselves?



(Above) Robert and students in June 2013 at the Temple of Apollo in Didyma, Turkey. In the photo at left, you can see the fallen column drums and how huge they are. That's Robert standing on top of one.

Most people don't realize this about the trial: Socrates was found guilty by some thirty votes. But then, during the penalty stage, he told the jury defiantly, "Well, look, if my punishment should fit the crime, I should have room and board at the Ritz!" (Those weren't his exact words, it goes without saying.) That didn't help his case much, did it? And when the penalty vote was taken, people who'd voted for his acquittal were so ticked off by his impudence that they too voted for his execution. That helps to supply a more balanced picture of Socrates. We

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## Robert Hahn

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tend to place him on a pedestal as the philosopher who said, “The unexamined life is not worth living.” But he was also a son of a gun! And this personal rudeness helps us understand how the Athenians could have put to death a seventy-year-old man.

Through these and other hands-on activities, we explore all sorts of humanistic themes. Every year I pick a different one, such as “What is the highest moral virtue?” “What happens when you die?” “What’s the relationship between religion and science?” For this year’s two-week expedition in June, it’s going to be “What is that makes for an excellent life?”

Part 1,274 of a Continuing Series

## Crappy Summer Jobs!

Robert Hahn Edition

In the summer of 1969, a friend of mine from the class of '70, Andy Smith, lured me into getting a job at the Westbury Drive-In because we figured that it would be a way for us to get to see various semi-X-rated movies with titles like *Thigh Spy*—I remember that playing there once. Well, the day we both started, they started an extended run of *The Love Bug*, the kids flick starring a Volkswagen Beetle named Herbie. Which continued every night until sometime after I quit.

One night I was standing inside the concession area with the manger, Grace, when a woman came inside all upset. “There are two couples in next car to my station wagon, and . . . they’re naked!” she complained. Whatever it was that they were doing was causing her children both great distress and amusement. And you could see everything, she said, because they had the interior dome light on.

Grace assigned me the task of solving the problem. And here I was, just sixteen years old. I walked outside, was pointed toward the offending car, and, sure enough, these two couples were naked. I believe they were playing some kind of game of Twister—maybe that’s the best way to describe it. I couldn’t figure out what to do, but finally I politely asked them to please turn off the dome light. And they did. Problem solved! A truly extraordinary moment in my employment life.

## Ancient Legacies Leads to a Modern Marriage

A graduate student of mine got a job teaching in Detroit, and for a number of years in the 1980s and 1990s, he joined me on our intellectual adventures to Greece and Egypt. In 1993 he brought along eight students, one of whom was Amy Knoblock. She’s from Sterling Heights, just north of Detroit.

Like many things that happen in life, sometimes you’re so busy with responsibilities that you let opportunities slip away. But when you meet a marvelous woman, of course, this is much harder to forget—unless you’ve lost all your senses. Two years later, I happened to be visiting my ex-student, by then a professor, and I

was able to make Amy’s acquaintance in a different light, and that started our courtship. We got married in 2000, and I’m lucky to have found such a wonderful partner. I like to say that in finding her, I won the lottery!

My wife has a PhD in public health and is the public health officer of the VA hospital in St. Louis, where we live. In 2001, when our first child, Zoe, was born, and Amy was on maternity leave, the two of them joined me on that year’s program in Greece and Turkey. Zoe, who was all of two months old and wearing Baby Bjorns, insists that she remembers the trip. (Yeah, right!) Then in 2010, in honor of our tenth anniversary, Amy, Zoe, and Chava (our youngest, born three

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Above: A teenage boy can dream, can't he?

## Robert Hahn

Continued from page 12

years after Zoe) came on the Ancient Legacies expedition to Athens, Olympia, Mycenae, and then to the islands of Crete, Santorini, and Mykonos. That was a different itinerary for me: sort of a Bronze Age background course to the classical periods. My specialty is archaic to classical Greece, which is the when, why, and where philosophy began. Usually we visit Athens, Delphi, the west coast of Turkey, and the Greek islands of Samos and Kos.

The Southern Illinois University at Carbondale is in the southern part of Illinois, about a two-hour drive from our home in St. Louis. We live in a fabulous part of town with excellent public schools. With two kids, that means a lot, because I feel blessed to have attended such a distinguished public school as Jericho High. Both my daughters love tennis, which seems appropriate: in high school, I played on the tennis team, and I still play competitively five days a week.

### **Warning: This Gets Pretty Heavy, but Stick with It—It's Really Interesting**

I've published seven books to date, and hope to finish my newest one this spring. It's called *The Metaphysics of the Pythagorean Theorem*. I was inspired to write it because the state of scholarship has basically disengaged Pythagoras, the Greek philosopher and mathematician (circa 570–500 BCE), from the famous theorem. We call it the Pythagorean theorem, but there's much debate about whether there is early evidence that mentions him with regard to that. In fact, the reports connecting him with geometry don't appear until so much later that

*For their tenth anniversary in 2010, Robert and his wife, Amy, took daughters Chava (then five) and Zoe (eight) on an Ancient Legacies expedition.*



some leading scholars in the field suspect that Pythagoras had nothing to do with it! He was more involved in number mysticism.

In approaching the subject, first I tried to figure out, well, what *do* you know when you know the Pythagorean theorem? I had always learned it as  $a^2 + b^2 = c^2$ . It was a formula that you crammed into your head, so that on a standardized test you could reckon the length of the side of a right triangle given the two other sides.

I soon realized that the theorem has nothing to do with that formulation, because that would be an *algebraic* expression, and the Greeks didn't have algebra! I discovered that it had to do with area equivalence: that the squares on the side of the right triangle have an aerial relation, so that the square of the hypotenuse has an area equal to the sum of the areas on the two sides.

I began to wonder, *How in blazes did anyone figure that out?* And what could it have meant if you *did* figure that out? I don't want to make this a long and arduous story for anyone who hasn't thought about this in the longest time (*if you've ever thought about it at all!*), but I came to the conclusion that an older Greek philosopher named Thales of Miletus had actually discovered the aerial interpretation of the theorem but Pythagoras finished it.

Here's where things get very confusing, so bear with me: it's connected to measuring the pyramids on the Giza Plateau in Egypt and understanding that there are *two* proofs of Pythagorean theorem, not one.

The one that we're taught, if we were taught it at all, concerns bicongruent triangles. That's not how my early friends discovered it. They discovered it by ratios and proportions. This meant that the right triangle was the basic building block of the cosmos, and this is what Thales and Pythagoras were looking for: the geometrical figure out of which all other figures were con-

Continued on page 14

## Robert Hahn

Continued from page 13



Robert celebrating his father's ninetieth birthday last fall. "He has the lovely karma of living in West Palm Beach in the winter, and in La Jolla, California, in the summer."

structed. The whole cosmos was grasped as a single substance: one moment looking like fire; at another, the air we breathe; at another moment, it flowed like water; and then was hard as stone. How does this one "stuff" do that? There must be a geometrical that is to the basic stuff as the basic

stuff is to all other appearances. That figure is the right triangle, and this, I came to discover, was the metaphysical narrative behind what later became Euclid's *Elements of Geometry* (circa 300 BCE).

My little discovery came about because scholars treated mathematics as if it didn't have metaphysical meaning, and so they missed it. They treat Thales, Pythagoras, and the early philosophers as *practical* geniuses who looked at mathematics as a handy tool. And it was a handy tool, but it pointed to something else: namely, the nature of things.

As you might be able to tell, I get very excited by this stuff! I'm so happy to have found work that I love. I re-

Continued on page 35

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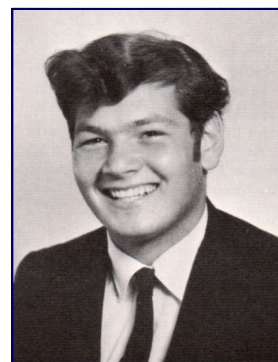


## Steven Levine ('69)

### Transplanted Long Islander Turned Jersey Boy

Co-Owner, The WindMill, Jersey Shore Landmark  
Eight locations throughout New Jersey  
[www.windmillhotdogs.com](http://www.windmillhotdogs.com)

I lived in one of the very first sections of Jericho, south of the parkway, in White Birch. Jay and Marvin Chertok, David Fishbein, Peter Goodgold, and Dennis Tambasco also lived in that area, and we were friends from Robert Williams Elementary School right through high school. I attended a party in honor of David not that long ago, and I recently have been in touch with three other classmates:



Continued on page 15



## Steven Levine

Continued from page 14

Robin Vladem Berman, Anne Gruber, and Donald LoMurro. Boy, was I surprised to find out that Donald and I have lived only five miles away from each other for almost thirty years; we reconnected over breakfast just a few weeks ago.

Although I grew up in Jericho, at this point in my life, I'm more of a Jersey guy. My family left Long Island in 1970, the year after I graduated, and I've lived here ever since. I went to college for a while, but I've been a business owner from the time I was in my midtwenties. My first business was a sub shop in Newark, which I

eventually transformed into a go-go bar, and my next venture, also in Newark, was a car wash and an adjacent gas station.

I met my wife, Sandy, in 1974 at the Howard Johnson's at Newark Airport; she and I both worked there for my father.

We started dating shortly after we met and just last November celebrated our thirty-fifth wedding anniversary. (Yes, it did take me a while to propose.) Eighteen months later, we welcomed our first son, Aaron; eighteen months after that, our second son, Avi; and years later, in 1990, our daughter, Amy.

Aaron now owns his own insurance company and is planning to marry in July. Avi, the corporate brand manager for the men's clothier Bonobos, married in April 2012 and gave us a beautiful granddaughter, Tahlia Sage, in 2013. And Amy recently graduated from Johnson & Wales University. She also became an EMT. I guess you can say that being an EMT is my other passion in addition to business. I have been a member of the squad in Monmouth Beach, New Jersey, for over twenty years. I enjoy being on the front lines helping people in need and enjoy the satisfaction of making a real difference in individual lives. So you can just imagine how proud I am that my daughter has followed in my footsteps in that capacity.

By 1992, I'd had my fill of Newark and decided to join my father and mother in the family business, the WindMill, a hot dog and hamburger restaurant now considered a landmark at the Jersey Shore and a big part of the Jersey Shore culture. The WindMill opened in 1963 and last year celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. My parents and uncle purchased the single windmill-shaped building in 1976. By the time I entered the business, the company had expanded to four locations. Now there are eight, all in Jersey. The ninth location is slated to open in late spring and will be the farthest south, in Toms River. In 1994 my sister, Rena, who also graduated from Jericho High School, joined the company; today she and I are co-owners of four WindMill restaurants, the WindMill Franchise Corporation, and a distribution company that services all eight locations.

Even in 1976, the WindMill was already a local landmark. It's the equivalent of what Sandy's was for us back in high school: *the place to hang out*. But whereas Sandy's basically served only one town, people from all over the area come to the WindMill. Many times, someone my age will say to me, "I used to come here when I was in high school. Now my grandkids love to come here."

Wendy Williams, the talk-show host, grew up in Ocean Township, a neighboring community to Long Branch, the home of the

*"The WindMill is the equivalent of what Sandy's was for us back in high school: the place to hang out. Many times, someone my age will say to me, 'I used to come here when I was in high school. Now my grandkids love to come here.'"*



*The original WindMill (one of eight) in Long Branch, Noo Joisey.*

Continued on page 16



## Steven Levine

Continued from page 15

original WindMill. Just last spring, she told her audience how after her high school prom, she stopped in at the WindMill—still wearing her gown—for some fried mushrooms. We contacted her production company and said that we wanted to thank her for the shout-out. As a result, we were invited down to the studio. We cooked up hot dogs for the entire staff and even got a tour of the studio and the set.

Wendy was not the first celebrity to interact with our brand. Over the years, we have served and or been featured on the *Joan Hamburg Show*, the *Jim Kerr Rock & Roll Morning Show* on Q104.3 FM, Cubby Bryant and Cindy Vero on WKTU-FM, which also ran a hot dog eating contest, and *Elvis Duran and the Morning Show*. Of course, I can't leave out the shore's favorite sons, Bruce Springsteen and Bon Jovi. The WindMill was even invited to serve hot dogs at Senator Bill Bradley's gala in honor of his retirement from the US Senate—at his request, we were told. And we won top honors from Martha Stewart when she ran a competition for the best hot dog in the tristate area.

### The Boss Eats Here— The Jovi, Too

There are some very famous Bruce stories relating to the WindMill, and, trust me, they are all true. One night, Springsteen came over after a show at the iconic Asbury Park rock club the Stone Pony and went right behind the counter to flip some dogs. I watched it on the



*Ex-Yankees star Bernie Williams (posing next to Steven) is a WindMill fan, along with Jon Bon Jovi, Br-oooo-ce, Senator Bill Bradley, Wendy Williams, and Martha Stewart.*

but we discourage them from interfering with any customer's privacy. I guess sometimes you just can't figure out what people want!

You'll find all types of people in the WindMills. One day I looked out into our parking lot and noticed a brand new Lamborghini parked next to a garbage truck. That pretty much says it all. Wealthy people, blue-collar folks—they all like our food. The biggest sellers have always been our Bigger Better WindMill hot dogs and our to-die-for cheese fries. Our father and uncle developed the recipe for the hot dogs (made from beef and pork) thirty years ago, and we've followed it faithfully ever since. It's the way we cook them, too, that makes them taste so good. We have an online store, and people regularly order packages of hot dogs to be shipped to

them wherever they live. We have sent hot dogs as far away as Hawaii. One of our slogans is "Taste 'em once, love 'em for life"—and believe me, many people do.

For the most part, my sister and I don't believe in tinkering with things just for the sake of change. The hot dog recipe is still the same, and the menu hasn't changed much over the years, either: hot dogs, hamburgers, lots of sides, sandwiches, and salads. It may be old-fashioned, but time has taught us that is just



*"I always wear a WindMill shirt to work so that I am ready to jump in and do whatever needs to be done, including working behind the counter if necessary."*

Continued on page 17





## Steven Levine

Continued from page 16

what the people want: a place they can rely upon to serve the comfort foods they are looking for. Although we do serve charbroiled chicken breast sandwiches, tuna steak sandwiches, and veggie burgers too, the hot dogs still make up over 50 percent of all entrees sold.

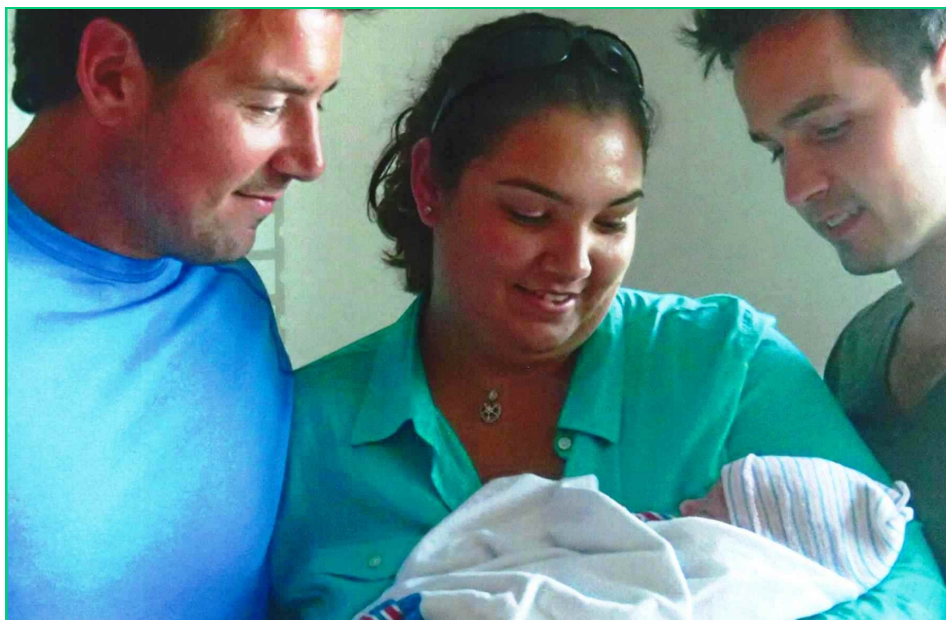
### A “Typical” Day at the WindMill

I love the business and everything that goes along with it—actually, being at work is what I like to do the most! In that respect, I’m like my father, who never formally retired. I don’t see myself ever retiring. My job, besides the usual owner’s responsibilities, focuses on the operations end of the businesses. I put out a lot of fires. It is not unusual to see me behind a counter serving customers or under a piece of equipment trying to make a repair. I always wear a WindMill shirt to work so that I am ready to jump in and do whatever needs to be done.

The end of the business that I enjoy the most, though, is the outside catering. The WindMill has been involved with many huge shore events, like the Riverfest in Red Bank, the Bamboozle Festival in Asbury Park, and, of course, the Fourth of July celebrations on the boardwalks in Long Branch. Both that event and Bamboozle each draws more than a hundred thousand people. On those days, we might put in

*At right, Steven and his wife of thirty-five years, Sandy, a born-and-bred Jersey girl from Carney.*

*Below, children Aaron, Amy, and Avi welcome Avi’s daughter (and Steven and Sandy’s first grandchild), Tahlia Sage, in 2013.*



fifteen to eighteen hours, and I love every minute.

Also, for the past five years, we were the exclusive vendor for the Stone Pony’s Summer Stage outdoor concerts. I have heard some awesome bands, like Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes, Snoop Dog, Gaslight Anthem, country star Dierks Bentley, and New Riders of the Purple Sage, and I’ve also gotten an opportunity to meet some real die-hard WindMill customers.

As a company, we are also involved in lots of charity work. We participate and support Toys for Tots (you should see me delivering toys, one of my favorite days of the year), American Recreational Military Services, Holiday Express, and countless

other local organizations. It is our corporate policy to contribute in some way to any local organization that puts in a request. Rena’s and my parents always impressed upon us the importance of supporting the people who support our restaurants.

When we participate in large charitable events, sometimes giving away as many as five hundred hot dogs at a time, my wife and my daughter take over as the generals. In years past, my son Aaron was at the helm, but since he began his own business, his time at the WindMill has become more limited.

All told, the four corporate stores employ a staff of forty—sixty in the summer. Dealing with employees is

*Continued on page 18*



## Steven Levine

Continued from page 17

probably the biggest operational challenge I face. The work ethic among young people is not the



Co-owner Rena Levine Levy, a 1968 grad of JHS, dressed for success. She lives in West Orange, New Jersey.

same as it used to be. (Or, maybe, now that I am older, I just find them more annoying than when I was younger!)

Nevertheless, I love being at work, and I wouldn't trade my job for any other. I enjoy seeing the familiar faces of regular customers, and, just like my father, I get really excited when they thank me on their way out the doors. ■



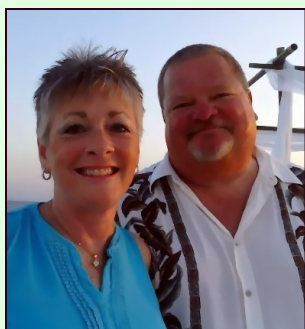
## History of Jericho, Pt. LVGGG

by Phineas T. Silbottom, ye official historian

### Dick Van Dyke Slept Here — Seriously

Ron and Laura Petrie may have lived in New Rochelle, New York, on the long-running comedy classic *The Dick Van Dyke Show* (1961–66), but the program's star and his family lived in Muttontown for a time.

"His son Chris was in my year in elementary school," recalls **Bruce Steiner** ('68). "My mother remem-



Patty and Steve, JHS 1972's class couple.

bered seeing Dick at PTA meetings." According to **Patty Ryon Spiers** ('72), who lives with husband

Stephen Spiers ('72) in New Port Richey, Florida, "Dick Van Dyke living in Jericho rang a bell, so I called my mom to ask for info. He has two sons and two daughters, and she says that the Van Dyke kids did go to Jericho schools. I was friends with his daughter Stacy.

"He also went to our church many moons ago: Brookville reformed church in Old Brookville. Dick was my sister's Sunday school teacher way back when.

"A cute story: my mother had a friend named Polly, who looked very much like her. One of the Van Dyke kids had my mom's friend as a Sunday school teacher. Christmas came, and the Van Dyke kid gave my mom a gift, thinking that she was Polly.

"No, Mom did not keep it!" ■

"Laura, we've got to move from this godforsaken place! The pressure to excel scholastically is going to permanently stunt little Richie's growth!"

"Mommy! [Sob!] Mommy! Teacher says I need a tutor immediately. The SATs are only *thirteen* years away!"



"I know, Rob! I play mahjong with the other Jericho housewives, and they are freakin' ruthless! Richie, Mommy will give you one of her Valiums."

# TOONS CARTOONS CARTOONS TOONS CARTOONS CARTOONS CARTOONS



By Dan Clurman

**About Dan:**

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

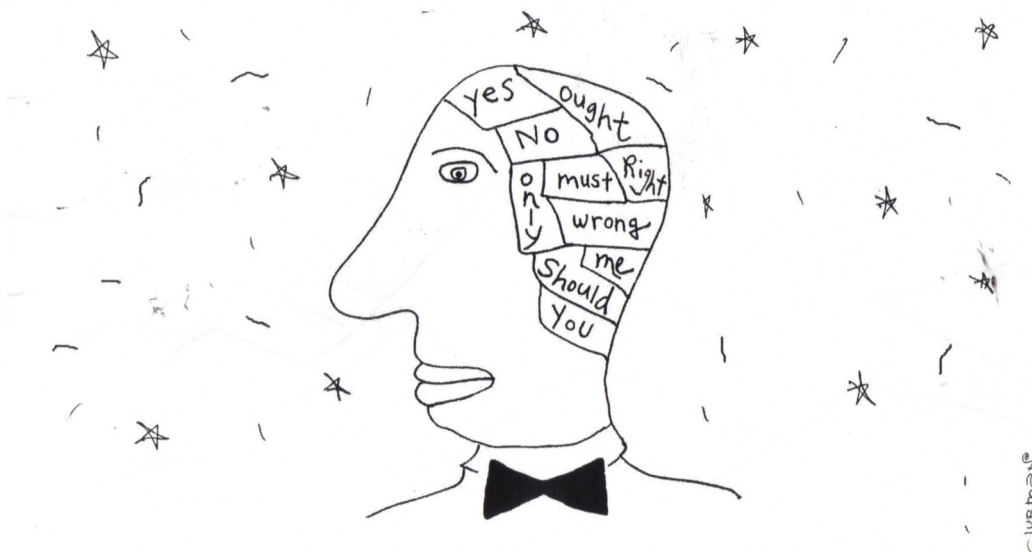


"I assist professionals, business people, couples, and students to more skillfully navigate life transitions, as well as improve their communication and presentations. I also have a small practice as a Feldenkrais® practitioner, a movement-based form of education.

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

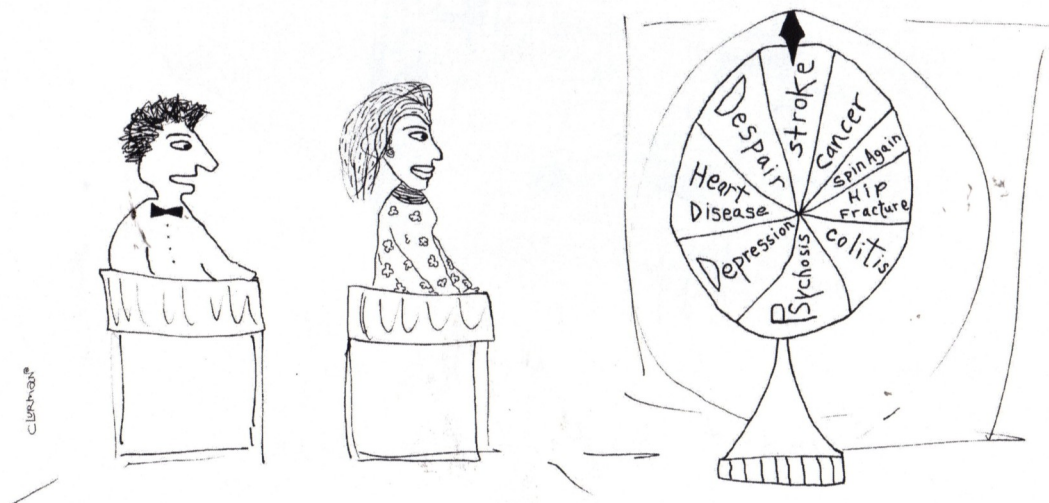
These toons are taken from Dan's most recent book, *You've Got to Draw the Line Somewhere*, available for \$15 at <http://www.dantoons.com>.

Daniel Goleman, 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."



Psychosclerosis: Hardening of the Categories

## Wheel of Fortune - The Dark Side



BACK TO THE GARDEN

# Woodstock

(( In Stereo ))

With Fred Schlüssel ('71) and Robert Ehrlich ('72)

Feeling Old? This Won't Help: The Woodstock Music and Arts Festival Took Place 45 Years Ago

**They say that if you remember Woodstock, you weren't really there. Well, sixteen-year-old Fred Schlüssel and his fifteen-year-old neighbor Robert Ehrlich were there, and they do remember. Quite a lot, actually.**

*Of course, after so many years, memories sometimes differ, with the two of them having very different recollections of how they hitchhiked up to the unsuspecting town of Bethel, New York, in August 1969. Rob, now a psychologist in Tampa, Florida, sees this a lot in his work. "I'll have a husband and wife in my office and ask them what they had for dinner last night, and one will say steak and the other will say chicken." One thing that Bob and Fred, a physician in Los Angeles, agree upon is that thanks to the generosity of some fellow concertgoers, they never lacked for cold cuts. Lots and lots of cold cuts.*

## 1. GETTING THERE IS HALF THE FUN: "GOING DOWN TO YAGUR'S FARM ..."

**Rob:** Fred and I were neighbors in Oakwood, which was the original section of what became known as Princeton Park. I was friends with a lot of people in his class, like Gary Malin, Moss Kaufman, and Mitchell Oppenheimer.

**Fred:** We had no idea of what we were getting into and the scope of Woodstock. Nobody did. There hadn't been many rock festivals

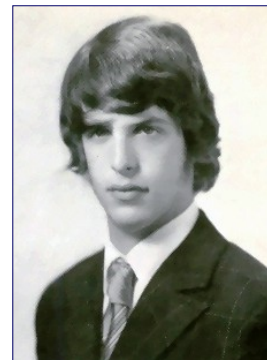


Rob Ehrlich

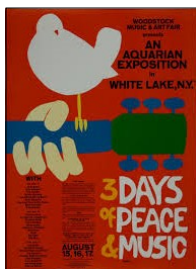
before. I thought we were going to hitchhike upstate, do some camping, and see a little rock & roll music there. That's what I told my mother.

My friends and I loved music. We always used to sneak into concerts at Westbury Music Fair. What we'd do is, at intermission, when security wasn't really paying attention, we'd walk in with some cou-

Continued on page 21



Fred Schlüssel



Continued from page 20

ple, pretending that we belonged with them. It worked. I saw Blood, Sweat & Tears there, and a bunch of others.

BS&T were going to be appearing at Woodstock, along with some of my other favorite groups, like the Who, the Band, Canned Heat, and Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young.

**Rob:** If anything, though, we were probably more excited about camping than the concert.

**Fred:** We were always big on camping. Each spring, during the Easter-Passover break, Rob and I, and friends of ours, including Gary Malin, used to go camping. Bear Mountain State Park was a favorite. And later, once I got my driver's license, we'd go camping in Lake George, Lake Placid, the mountains north of Montreal. So it really wasn't anything new for us

**Rob:** That's why I told my parents that three of us—me, Fred, and Gary Malin—were going to hitchhike to Hither Hills State Park, near Montauk, and camp out there. It seemed like a

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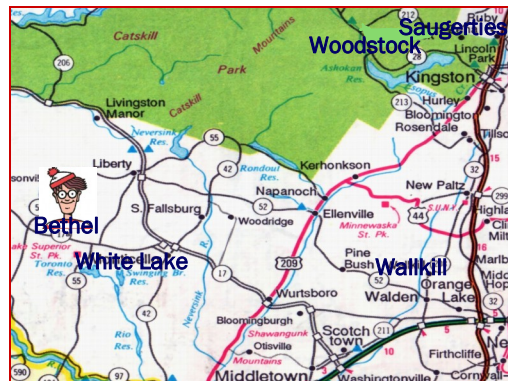


## Dig It: Play the "Where's Woodstock?" Game!



Object: Drive your VW van cross-country from Berkeley to the Wood-

stock Festival, only to find that the location keeps getting changed. Will you make it to Bethel in time for the first interminable drum solo? *Ruh-roh!*



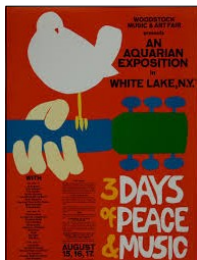
Despite its name, the Woodstock Festival was never intended to be held in Woodstock, New York. Its original location was an industrial park in Wallkill. But the good folks of Wallkill didn't want no dirty, stinkin' hippies invading their bucolic town and passed a law prohibiting the three-day event. With only six weeks to go, the promoters pulled up stakes and moved the concert to the hamlet of White Lake, in the Catskills. The ad at right was run in counterculture magazines to alert the public of the new location.

But the site was too small to accommodate the roughly fifty thousand (!) attendees expected. With time running out, the promoters struck a deal with a local dairy farmer named Max Yasgur to stage the festival on a field on his six-hundred-acre farm in the town of Bethel, about three miles northwest of White Lake. He reportedly received a \$10,000 fee.

The town of Saugerties had turned down a similar offer, which is probably just as well. Can you imagine Joni Mitchell singing "By the time we got to Saugerties, we were half a million strong"? Neither can we. ▣

WOODSTOCK  
MUSIC & ART FAIR  
presents  
AN  
AQUARIAN  
EXPOSITION  
in  
WALLKILL, N.Y.





Continued from page 21

believable story. And this being 1969, they thought nothing of us going off to hitchhike. My parents dropped us off on the eastbound

side of the Long Island Expressway, next to the on-ramp. And as soon as they drove away and were out of sight, we ran across the overpass to the westbound side and hitchhiked upstate.

**Fred:** Nah, we took a train to New York. Then we took the bus from the Port Authority to Monticello, and *then* we hitched the twenty miles or so from Monticello to Bethel.

**Rob:** I remember that we didn't have to wait very long for a lift. These two guys in a convertible gave the three of us a ride. I'll always remember their names—Jack and Bruce—because our favorite band at the time was Cream, with Jack Bruce on bass. They must have been in their twenties. When they heard that we were going to the festival, and they saw how young we were, they said, "You're too young to go to this! You shouldn't be out here by yourselves. Where are your parents? Well, you'd better come with us. We'll keep an eye on you."

The festival was to begin on Friday, August 15. But since our original intention was to go camping, we arrived a few days early, fortunately. There was only one road leading to Yasgur's Farm, and we drove right in.

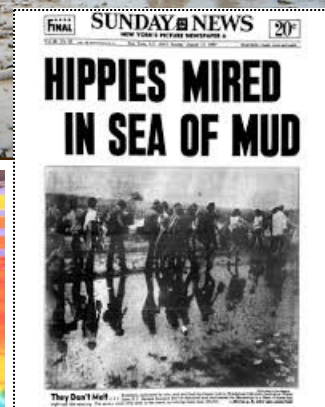
**Fred:** The concert area was in this huge pasture shaped like a sloping bowl, and behind the stage were woods and the lake. We got ourselves a prime camping spot in the woods and built ourselves a lean-to out of ponchos and branches.

**Rob:** We could see them building the stage throughout the week.

**Fred:** That was really quite exciting. We were maybe a hundred yards above and behind the stage, which was immense: longer than a football field. The night before the concert was to begin, they were still working away on it. With all the hammering and other noise, it was hard to get some sleep.



**"We got wet, but we'd grin and bear it. The days were hot, so we'd dry ourselves out and start over again. After day one, we were never really dry. But we were kids. We managed."—Fred**



By this time, the place was packed. We came across these kids who were trying to put up a tent, but it was obvious that they didn't have a clue what they were doing. Since we were campers from way back, we put it up for them, and they were really grateful. One of them said, "Listen, my father owns a grocery store, and we have tons of food in our car. Whatever you can help us carry back here, you can have."

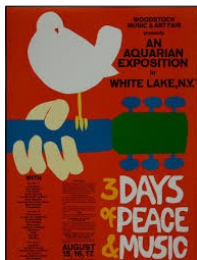
This was at something like two o'clock in the morning. Rob, Gary, and I went with them to find their car, which had to be two miles away. It had rained, so the ground was very muddy, and cars were stuck everywhere.

**Rob:** It seemed like miles and miles of cars abandoned alongside the road, three deep. And in some spots, they just left them in the road, because eventually there was no place near the festival site to park. I don't know how they ever got out of there when it was all over, because you'd have to wait for everybody else to return back to their cars. Like the biggest valet-parking mess you've ever seen. We were lucky to have hitched; having a car was actually a liability there.

**Fred:** I remember helping to push and pull people's cars out of the mud. It was just a communal effort.

Finally, we reached this guy's car: a big old Buick LeSabre. Just huge. He opens up the trunk, and the thing is packed with Styrofoam coolers full of food.

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Continued from page 22

**Rob:** Tons of cold cuts: turkeys, hams, corned beefs, loaves of breads, salads, loads of beer—all the stuff you couldn't get at Woodstock.

**Fred:** Rob, Gary, and I each grabbed a couple of coolers, and we walked back to the campsite. They were really heavy, so we'd walk until we couldn't go any farther. Set 'em down. Rest. Pick 'em back up and keep on walking until we got tired again. We'd already come pretty well prepared as far as food goes, although we'd wouldn't have had enough to last the entire weekend. But thanks to these guys, we had everything we needed.

**Rob:** Those two guys whose dad owned the deli wound up trading their food for drugs, because everybody had drugs, but nobody had food! That's kind of the way it went. So many people had come already that before the music even began on Friday, all the concessions had run out of food. The Hog Farm commune was there, and they were cooking all day in order to feed people.

**Fred:** My kids don't believe me, but I was drug free. I may have had a few beers and a few butts at Woodstock, but I didn't take any drugs, although we were offered *everything*: acid for a hamburger. A bag of pot in exchange for a dozen eggs. Since we had a surplus of food, we just gave away a lot of it. It was that kind of communal atmosphere, with everybody sharing everything with their neighbors.

## 2. DAY 1: FRIDAY, AUGUST 15

*Richie Havens, originally scheduled to perform fifth, volunteers to open the show because none of the first four acts is able to get to the concert site. He finally takes the stage just about five o'clock, to be followed mostly by other folk artists: Sweetwater, the Incredible String Band, Tim Hardin, Ravi Shankar, Melanie, Arlo Guthrie, and Joan Baez, with the music lasting late into the night.*

**Rob:** Once the music started, we went back and forth between our camping spot and the concert area. We'd listen for a while, then go back to the woods for four, five, six hours to eat, sleep, go swimming, and then go back out there again to watch the show. The sound was good. Because the stage was at the bottom of the hill, it created this perfect natural amphitheater.



And then there was the music ...

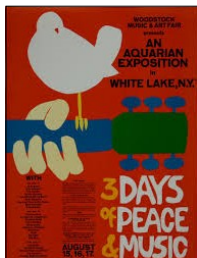
*In case you didn't notice, fringe was in that summer, as modeled here by the Who's Roger Daltrey and Sly Stone. Below, morning maniac music from Jefferson Airplane.*



*Santana, whose first album was released the same month as Woodstock, were one of the surprises of the festival. "Nobody had ever heard of them before," says Rob, "and they were just incredible."*

**Fred:** We could hear the music all the way from our camping site, too. Gary Malin's older brother, who was living in Oregon at the time, was there, and we put out a couple of blankets next to him. When we'd come back from the woods, they were still there, exactly where we'd left them. In retrospect, that seems amazing: six hundred thousand people were there, and everyone respected one another's space.

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### 3. DAY 2: SATURDAY, AUGUST 16

The second day's bill featured mostly hard rock from well-known groups like the Grateful Dead and Janis Joplin, but also relative newcomers such as Santana and Mountain. In order of performance: Quill, Keef Hartley Band, Country Joe McDonald, John Sebastian, Santana, Canned Heat, Mountain, Grateful Dead, Creedence Clearwater Revival, Janis Joplin, Sly and the Family Stone, the Who, and Jefferson Airplane.

**Rob:** I stayed awake for all of the music, except that I fell asleep during the Grateful Dead's set. But they played so long that when I finally woke up, they were still onstage!

**Fred:** Everything was behind schedule, not that anyone cared. The Who finished just around sunrise, and they were followed by Jefferson Airplane. I fell asleep in the middle of their set but woke up in time to hear Grace Slick say, "It's so fucking hot!" and take off her top. The crowd went wild.

**Rob:** For me, the most memorable performance was Santana. Nobody had ever heard of them before, and they were just incredible.

There was a big lake and several ponds. That was



pretty freaky, to be fifteen years old and to see all of these adults in their twenties swimming naked. We were definitely corrupted, but what a blast!

**Fred:** We didn't quite hit Woodstock at our ... peak. Let's just say that if we'd been a little bit older, things would have been different.

### 4. DAY 3: SUNDAY, AUGUST 16—WHEN THE RAIN COMES, THEY RUN AND HIDE THEIR HEADS

The lineup: Joe Cocker, Country Joe and the Fish, Ten Years After, the Band, Johnny Winter, Crosby Stills Nash & Young, Paul Butterfield Blues Band, Sha-Na-Na, and Jimi Hendrix.

It had rained on and off the first two days of the festival, turning the grounds into a sea of mud. On Sunday afternoon, as opening act Joe Cocker finished performing, Mother Nature took center stage, whipping up a torrential downpour and furious winds for the next two days.



**Fred:** The other times it rained, Rob, Gary, and I rode out the storm under our lean-to. We got wet, but we'd grin and bear it. The days were hot, so we'd dry ourselves out and then start over again. After day one, we were never really dry. But we were kids. We managed.

When it rained on Sunday, all the people started taking off their clothes. We were just sixteen and fifteen and weren't as bold as maybe today's kids are. But I do remember this one girl.

Somehow we all wound up taking cover from the rain in this guy's car. And this girl from Queens, who had to be stoned, climbed into the car and laid across the laps of the three of us sitting in the front seat. I had her upper third, and, for whatever reason, was compelled to caress her. She had her clothes on, but she was drenched.

And we just started kissing. Let's just say that over a short period of time, we became good friends. It was so strange, because she wanted me to go back to Queens with her. She was an "older woman": all of eighteen. Me being a loyal friend, I said, "No, sorry, I've got to go back home to Long Island with my friends." Which, in retrospect, was probably a big mistake!

### 5. YOUR MOTHER SHOULD KNOW ...

**Fred:** Somehow, on day three, I got my hands on a newspaper, and the headline said something like "Woodstock Declared Disaster Area." I kind of freaked out, thinking, *Uh-oh, my mother is really going to be worried.* Because, like I said, we didn't know what we were getting ourselves into, and she certainly had no idea of what we were getting into.

I made my way down behind the stage, where they'd put up banks of phones. Now, it wasn't a bunch of phone booths; it was a bunch of phones nailed to two-by-sixes stuck in the ground. Right behind us was the medical compound and also a huge, fenced-off area for helicop-

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National Bestseller

## Everything you always wanted to know about Dolores D'Acierno ('68)\*

\* But Were Too Self-Absorbed to Ask!

The mid-1960s were a great time to be at Jericho High. The school was still very new when I was a student. All the equipment was brand new. The gym was incredible. We had an indoor swimming pool. All the latest technology in the science labs. This may sound weird, but I remember walking into home economics for the first time and being so impressed by all the brand-new Singer sewing machines. Unfortunately, sewing was never my strong suit. And educationally, it was such a progressive school, with small classes of eight or nine kids. One class of mine had just two others; it felt like being tutored or going to a private school.

The Jericho High School class of 1968 was a really great class. We had a strong bond among us, and I think some of that had to do with the fact that by the time we were in our teens, the world was changing dramatically around us. Here we were, growing up in this idyllic setting, going to one of the best schools, and mostly having a great old time. We really were living in a cocoon; it was like *The Donna Reed Show*. And then, during my senior year of high school, in 1967-68, everything seemed to explode. The

sexual revolution. Vietnam. For boys, thoughts about being drafted after they graduated were very real. All the civil rights issues. It was as if all the ugliness of the world had suddenly been exposed to the light. With everything that was going on, we really lost our innocence. It changes you.

Think about it: just months before our graduation, Martin Luther King was assassinated. Then Bobby Kennedy. In fact, RFK was killed just a few days before our senior prom. Although the voting age was still twenty-one back then, most of the kids in my class were Kennedy supporters. The junior class too. We were heavily invested in him. Those two events had such a profound impact on everyone. It cast a bit of pall over our prom at the Sands Beach Club in Long Beach.

**"I really need to explain about this photo ..."**

*"Just as my senior year was starting, in September 1967, I got very sick with mononucleosis and missed the whole first two months. My first day back, I'm told, 'Oh, you have to take your senior photo right away!' I'd been in bed the whole time and was pale as a ghost, and my bangs were practically covering my eyes. That's why I seem to blend in with the white background. I looked like death warmed over!"*

We respectfully disagree.



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**Dolores "Dee" D'Acierno Mason with classmate Nick Pellicoro at last year's Gathering of the Tribes reunion. "The class of 1968 was a really great class," she says. "We had a strong bond among us."**

## Dolores D'Acierno

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I have to say, though, that it really was a magical weekend. The prom felt like a wedding. And the after parties! I can remember going to one in Brookville at 4:00 a.m., with white-gloved waiters serving breakfast and orange juice. We were all still in our gowns and tuxes. Then there was another party after that. Then it was home to grab some sleep and then head to the beach together. And we *still* weren't done: about sixteen of us got all dressed up and went into the city for dinner at Mama Leone's and then to see the musical *Hello Dolly!* Top that!

Some of the people I was closest to include Grace Andresini, Nick Pellucoro, Vinnie Rappa, Sue Hecht, and Marty Arkin. In fact, Marty lives near me in Connecticut and is a very well-respected optometrist. We both look forward to my yearly checkups, because all we do is reminisce about our great memories of Jericho High. Marty was always so happy, kind, and fun to be with teenager, and he's still the happiest guy I know—as upbeat and good-natured now as he was back then.

Nicky was and is the most handsome man to walk the halls of Jericho High. We made a connection at an early age, and it's never gone away. He's an architect, and we talk and text each other frequently. We are so much alike in so many ways. According to Nick, I'm the first girl that he ever French kissed, during a church CYO (Catholic Youth Organization) outing to Palisades Park. (Yikes! TMI!) That was a long time ago. Now we are bonded by Apple; we are both obsessed with anything Apple.

I'll be honest: back when I was sixteen or so, around 1966, most of the Jewish boys in Jericho were not allowed to seriously date Catholic

*“I was an only child; a Catholic girl from a strict Italian family. My father was extremely—irrationally—overprotective of me. Until my senior year, I really wasn't allowed to do much of anything. I couldn't date until I was seventeen.”*

girls. I don't mean that there was any kind of prejudice; it was just a fact of the times. There were a lot of Jewish boys that I liked, but we knew the boundaries, and they were friends only. It was kind of isolating, in a way.

Grace was my best friend of all, and we're still close. Her family basically took me in, because they knew about my stressful situation at home. I spent a lot of time at her house in West Birchwood. Ironically, she didn't move to Jericho until her sophomore or junior year, but we bonded instantly, and although we don't see each other as often as we want, when we do get together, it's

*Dee and son Dustin.*



as if no time has passed. That's the sign of a true lifelong friend.

### From Little Italy to Jericho

My mother died when I was two years old. I was born on Mulberry Street in New York City's Little Italy.

My father, my paternal grandparents, and my aunts and uncles all lived in a big brownstone in Bensonhurst, where every family member had their own apartment, and everybody basically lived under one roof. It was, back then, the Italian way.

In 1957 my dad met my stepmother, and we moved to Jericho. This kind of made us the black sheep of his family, because we'd broken with tradition. Jericho? As far as they were concerned, it might as well have been a foreign country. Although we went to Brooklyn every Sunday for family dinner with my grandparents, aunts, uncles, and cousins, things were never quite the same.

Even in East Birchwood, we were surrounded by family, but on my new mother's side. I lived on the corner of Briar Lane and Mellow Lane, not far from the George A. Jackson Elementary School. My mother's twin sister, my aunt, lived next door with her family, the LaRussos. Richard, ('65), Steven ('71), and Jerry ('72) are my first cousins. My mother's other sister lived across the street: the Fiore. My cousin Carl Fiore was one of the first graduates of Jericho High, and his younger brother, Bob Fiore ('67), later spent more than thirty years teaching social studies and history at JHS. So we had our own Little Italy on Long Island, too.

Now, before I continue, I should make it clear that I later reconciled with my father and my stepmother. As an adult, you learn to let go of things. Although you never forget.

Kids shouldn't have a lot of stress in their lives. And I don't mean typical teen anxieties, like getting a blemish on your face before a big date. I mean serious stress. Home should be a haven from the stresses of the outside world, but for me, it was the main source of stress in my life.

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## Dolores D'Acierno

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I was an only child; a Catholic girl from a very strict Italian family. I'm sure my dad loved me, but he held me at arm's length my whole life. A lot of people in the family say that he was so in love with my mother that when she died, part of him died, too, and he became a different person. Also, she had cancer when she was carrying me, and doctors said that the pregnancy accelerated her disease. Maybe every time he looked at me, it reminded him of the person that he'd loved so much and lost.

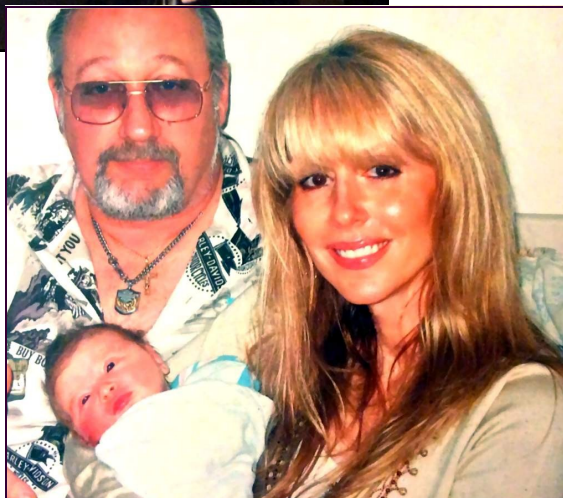
At the same time, he was extremely—make that irrationally—over-protective of me. Until my senior year, I really wasn't allowed to do much of anything. Certainly not the things that my friends did. If he let me go to a dance, he would insist on driving me there and picking me up. I couldn't go to the diner with the others afterward. Nothing crazy, mind you. Just typical things that fifteen- and sixteen-year-olds did. I couldn't date until I was seventeen.

On top of that, he'd married a woman in her late thirties who'd never been married before and, to be honest, didn't really want a child as part of the deal. So there was a lot of tension at home. I usually spent most of my time alone in my room, feeling like a prisoner. I was restricted from watching many things on TV, like the news. It made me incredibly sheltered and naive. How naive? This should give you an idea.

Bob Burford ('68) was in many of my classes. He was always so well spoken and seemed much more mature and sophisticated than the rest of us—like an adult disguised as an eighteen-year-old boy. And he loved to tease me. Not in a mean way, but he definitely picked up on my naïveté. One day in class, while we were waiting for the teacher to arrive, he started talking about what I understood to be a “mass debate.”



***“And the bride wore black leather.” In 2000 Dee married Lou Mason. At right, the couple with their first grandchild. As you'll see, they now have six.***



“You're going to a mass debate this weekend?” I asked.

Well, Bob knew right away that I didn't have a clue what he was talking about.

“Yes, do you wanna come? I'd really love for you to be on my team.”

“What do you mean? Are you going to do this with a group of people?”

“Well,” he replied totally straight faced, “usually it's done in private. But I have no problem doing it with a group!”

By this time, the ears of everyone sitting near us have perked up, and people are starting to laugh. It dawns on me that maybe Bob and I aren't talking about the same thing. I was seventeen years old and had never even heard the word *masturbate* before. Hard to believe, right?

As soon as class ended, I sought out one of my best girlfriends and told what had just happened. “Are you going to this mass debate on Saturday?” I asked. Her eyes widened. “Uh, Dolores, can I talk to you for a minute?” (Nobody in high school called me Dee. That came later, in my midtwenties. Even today, all the people I know from

Jericho, as well as my family, call me Dolores. We had a class reunion in 2010, and everybody wanted to know, “What's with the Dee stuff? I can't call you Dee!”) My friend told me what Bob had really been talking about, and I was totally mortified. It was the most embarrassing experience of my young life, but also the most awakening.

And here's the best part: I saw Bob for the first time in forty-two years at the 2013 Gathering of the Tribes reunion at the Homestead in Oyster Bay. I reminded him of the prank he'd played on me, and he looked at me blank faced. He didn't remember it at all! But seeing him again was really great.

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## Dolores D'Acierno

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### Living a Double Life

On weekends and holidays and during the summers, I lived another life. I'd stay with my maternal grandparents, aunt, uncle, and my cousin Pat in North Babylon. I especially liked summers there, because in Jericho, there was always a mass exodus to sleepaway camp the day after school ended, so hardly any of my friends was around until late August.

My grandmother was the most wonderful woman in the world. At home, I always had to act like an adult, but she let me be a kid. In North Babylon, I had a whole other set of friends. I'm still in touch with several of them. One of them you probably have heard of: Billy Hayes, who as a young man was caught trying to smuggle hashish out of Turkey in 1970.

After spending five years in a Turkish prison, he escaped and later wrote about the ordeal in the book *Midnight Express*, which was made into an Oscar-nominated film.

Billy was three years older than me. As a teenager, he was lifeguard at the Phelps Lane Pool: he was this platinum blond little hottie in an orange life-guard bathing suit. (Probably one of the reasons why I spent all my summers in North Babylon.) He was the biggest flirt and a total girl magnet: there were *always* these adoring girls hanging around his station.

Whenever he got a break, he'd jump in the water and horse around with me. He

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## WOODSTOCK FROM A YOUNG WOMAN'S PERSPECTIVE

It was a miracle my father let me go to Woodstock. (Yes, I was nineteen and still had to ask permission.) It had been billed as an arts and music festival being held somewhere in the middle of nowhere. And I talked my dad into letting me and a girlfriend go by ourselves. This was like an adventure. We bought our tickets at Bleecker Street Records in the city. I still have my tickets, although I can't find them. They were \$15 each.

We went a day early and actually had a motel room. On Saturday I saw a copy of the *Daily News*, and it had a picture of a topless girl with flowers in her hair riding on a guy's shoulders. The headline read something to the effect of "Sex, Drugs, and Rock & Roll." All I could think of was, *Oh my God, when I get home, my father's going to murder me!* Because this was not what I'd presented to him. I wasn't being sneaky—I didn't know what Woodstock was going to be. Nobody did!

It started to get out of hand on Saturday, when the rain began pouring, and the field became a giant mud hole. Everything was pure chaos. Our motel got overrun with people, to the point where we had strangers in our room. Although it was fun, and I loved the music, and as much I wanted to be a cool hippie, I was starting to get scared. And the drugs—I never was into drugs. I mean, I smoked a little pot: a bunch of us would go to the Fillmore East, get stoned, and it was the greatest night of your life. But I wasn't into the harder stuff that the people around me were doing: LSD, all kind of mushrooms. I wasn't judgmental; it just wasn't me.

Anyway, we decided to leave on Sunday morning because everything had gotten so out of control. Still, the experience is something I've never forgotten. ■



Dee at twenty-one.



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tering in rock & roll stars and flying out people who were sick or injured.

So I get on the phone with my mother, and she's hearing the pulsing of the rock & roll over the phone and the whirr of these big helicopters. I said, "Ma, listen, whatever you've heard, I'm fine."

She goes, "Are you dry?" I said yes.

"Are you safe?" "Yes."

"Are you eating enough?" "Yes."

I told her, "Ma, don't worry, I'll be home tomorrow night in time for dinner." I think about that scene often, because it was so ironic: she was hearing this absolute cacophony of sound: the music, the helicopters, the people, and I was wedged into this space, maybe three feet wide, between the stage and the fenced-off perimeter. And yet she totally believed me.

By the way, I *did* make it home in time for dinner, as promised.

**Rob:** I also called my parents, who, remember, thought that we'd been at Hither Hills State Park this whole time. When I told them that we'd heard about this great festival and decided to camp up here instead of on Long Island, they actually took it rather well. Never grounded me or anything. But then, I'd never really gotten into any trouble as a teenager, so my parents didn't have any reason to worry about me or not to trust me. I wasn't wild and crazy, or skipping school, or into drugs, or anything like that.

I was amazed that they were so cool about it and took it right in

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## Michael Sammis ('75)

A Talent for Music  
+  
A Head for Business  
=  
A Life in the Music Business



**M**y childhood was probably a lot of different from that of most people who lived in Jericho, but I wouldn't have traded it for anything.

When I was six years old, my dad took off, and from the time I was about seven, I never saw him again. He didn't pay child support—nowadays you'd call him a deadbeat dad—so it fell to my mother and my grandparents to raise me and my older brother, Steven (class of '73). My mom was probably one of the only single moms in Jericho.

My mother turns eighty-one this year. She lives in Las Vegas with her husband, Fred, a retired Garden City cop. He's eighty-four. They met around 1972, when I was fifteen, and got married four years later. Although he never formally adopted me, I consider him my stepfather.

When my mom was single, we lived in the Fairhaven Apartments on North Broadway, so I went to the Robert Williams Elementary School starting with the third grade. Then, when I was twelve and Steven was fourteen, we moved to the Westwood Apartments on Brush Hollow Road in Westbury, across the street from the Westbury Music Fair.

Moving to Westbury was great because it connected me with an amazing, eclectic group of friends: John Saville, Donald Anderson, and Kenny and Dennis Hateau, plus many others. I knew all the Alles kids. All the McNallys—and there were a lot of McNallys! The Nearys, the Ripas, the Ploskas. For years, well into my twenties, Paul Ploska ('75) was my closest friend.



*The Sammis family: Sean, Mike, Bryan, and Susan.*

I was also friends with kids who lived in the same neighborhood but went to Westbury High School. The dividing line between school districts went right down the middle of Aintree Road, which goes from Brush Hollow up to Jericho Turnpike. (The Shady Rest Tavern used to stand on that corner; now it's an Italian restaurant called Angelino's.) If you lived on the west side of Aintree, you went to Westbury High, and if you lived on the east side, you attended Jericho. My stop was the first on the bus route, and when it made a right-hand turn onto Aintree, it would pick up only the kids who lived on the right side of the street.

From the age of fourteen or so, I always had a job. Because one of my mom's jobs was waitressing in a bowling alley, I usually found work there. Actually, I must have worked at about twenty of them: Mid-Island Bowl, Westbury Bowl, Farmingdale Bowl, Long Beach Bowl, Freeport Bowl, Syosset Bowl. I could go on and on. I think I worked in every bowling alley on Long Island, four nights a week. That was my "gig."

At first I did everything: cooked at the snack bar, worked the front desk, handed out the bowling shoes, cleaned up and wiped down the lanes. Then I noticed that all the other males who worked there were mechanics. So I learned how to fix the machines, too, because if you were a bowling alley mechanic, you could pretty much get a job in any bowling alley on Long Island. I was always moving around to whichever alley could

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## Michael Sammis

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give me more hours and better pay. Not surprisingly, I became a pretty good bowler!

Besides bowling and partying with my friends, the other thing that I was into was music. Music, music, music. Back then, I didn't play an instrument; I was always a singer. I sang in chorus and choir, and I was always in one band or another. I had a band with Mercury Caronia, who's still a friend of mine today. When we graduated twelfth grade, we played in Scott Yanofsky's backyard for a sort of graduation party.

Then there was a band I was in that we called Dragonfly, which included Rik Kellerman on guitar and Mark Goldhirsch on keyboards and guitar. We performed all original songs—not cover tunes, like most high school groups did. One night we got to play in the high school's Little Theater, opening up for a band called Red, which consisted of Mercury, Andrew Geyer, and Joey Bernfeld. Our "big moment"! Finally we'd get to play in front of people instead of just rehearse and rehearse.

Well, the stage in the Little Theater was so small that every time I backed up in the middle of singing a song, I'd accidentally knock over the drummer's cymbal stand, sending it crashing into the middle of his drumset. I'd turn around, prop it back up for him, and go on singing. The third time it happened, the drummer looked at me and said, "Fuck you, Sammis!" Right in the middle of a song!

Then Rik, in his big rock-star moment, decides to do a Pete Townshend of the Who and leap off the stage while striking a big, dramatic power chord. He takes flight and lands hard on the floor—yanking the guitar cord right out of his amp,

which is still back on the stage! So now he's stranded on the floor with an unplugged guitar. It was so funny! Of course, it wasn't that funny then. I believe Dragonfly broke up soon afterward. I kid Rik about it every time I see him,

As an aside, today I can play just about every instrument. In 2009 I put out a CD called *Hide*, on which I play and sing everything and wrote all the songs. I basically gave it away for free to friends and family on Facebook, but I did ask them to write me a check for no less than \$5 payable to the City of Hope, which is a renowned cancer hospital here in Southern California. I matched every donation, and all told, the CD raised more than \$5,000 for the City of Hope.

## "This Absolutely Sucks!"

In high school, I didn't know what I wanted to do for a living, but I did know that I didn't think I wanted to go to college. I really wasn't a very good student in high school, and I probably skipped classes as much as I went to them. As for homework, I don't think I did too many assignments. Looking back, maybe if I'd had a dad, or just a father figure, I might have been motivated to work harder. Fortunately, I managed to graduate despite doing as little I could to get by.

Following high school, I took a year off and worked multiple jobs at the same time, putting in probably seventy hours a week. I worked at a

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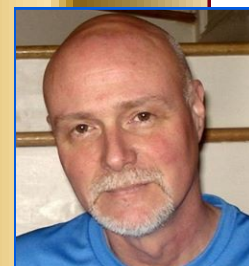
### Every Picture Tells a Story

*Mike singing with a JHS band. That's Mark Trotta ('76) as caped crusader on guitar. "Mike and I were pretty friendly and played in a few bands together—sometimes in the same key," he jokes.*

*We were curious whether, fashion-wise, Mark was emulating (a) David Crosby of the Byrds, (b) Chris Squire of Yes, or (c) Count Chocula, all of whom were becaped. Turns out, none of the above:*

*"The cape, which I still have, had a large yellow V on the back, because my stage name was Mark V. I didn't know I was copying anyone. And are you digging Danny Visentin's psychedelic drum set? He and I and Jeff Strell called our band the Spanish Inquisition, after the Monty Python skit. Nobody expected us.*

*"Where on earth did that picture come from? My daughter has never seen me with hair!" Mark, who is married and lives in Clayton, North Carolina, also has a son.*



Mark Trotta

## Michael Sammis

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bowling alley, of course, and I pumped gas at Brush Hollow Chevron during the day. After nine months of that, I decided, “This absolutely sucks! I don’t want to go through life like this.” So I applied to Adelphi University, which accepted me pending receipt of my SAT scores. Well, since I hadn’t planned on going to college, I hadn’t bothered taking the SAT.

I put on a suit and tie, walked into the Adelphi admissions office, and begged them to admit me. “I didn’t take the SAT test,” I explained, “and if I took it now, the score would be meaningless anyway.” Adelphi accepted me as a student but put me on academic probation from day one. If my grade point average ever fell below 3.0, I could be tossed out of school. That never was an issue, happily, and after changing majors about five or six times, I wound up graduating with, shockingly enough, a BBA degree in accounting. I later got my MBA (master of business administration) at UCLA in 2002 and am currently executive vice president and chief financial officer of the Music Publishing Division at Universal Music Group.

The story of how I got here is pretty funny. After I graduated Adelphi, I started out working in a small public accounting firm in New York in 1981 and then switched to a “Big

Eight” firm (Arthur Young & Company) in 1983. The way things work in accounting firms is that, based on your availability, they assign you different clients. For instance, I might do work for a Japanese trading company; next, a real estate partnership; then Warner Communications. And so on.

By 1984, I was married, with two young boys. My wife, Susan Hanson, is from Uniondale. I met her in 1981 at a nightclub called Spit, on Hempstead Turnpike in Levittown. It was in the back of this huge club called Uncle Sam’s, which was there for years. On Thursday nights, they called it Spit—I guess to attract the punk-rock crowd or something.

I’d never been there before, but Paul Ploska and I decided to try it. I saw Susan, walked up to her, and actually said, “Can I buy you a drink?” Great, original opening line, right? She was just eighteen, and I was twenty-four. I thought to myself, *If I tell her I’m twenty-four, I’m going to scare her off.* So I lied and said I was twenty-one.

I didn’t tell her the truth about my age until we’d been going out for six months! Basically, I waited until she was in too deep to bail. We got married in 1984, when she was twenty-one, and I was twenty-seven. This year will be our thirtieth anniversary. Our son Sean was born in 1987, and Bryan was born in 1990.

Getting back to my career in public accounting: I was working my ass off—like, sixty-five hours a week. I’d leave so early in the morning that Susan and the boys would be asleep, and I’d get home so late at night that I’d be lucky to kiss my kids good night. This went on six days a week for about seven years.

One day the scheduler walked into my office and said, “Mike, I have this new job that I think you’d be perfect for.” I looked at her like she was crazy. “Are you kidding? I’m already working sixty-five hours a week. I have no time for anything else.” She said, “Yeah, I know you’re really busy, but I just thought this would be right up your alley.”

“Well, what’s the name of the client?”

“MPL Communications.”

I’d never heard of it. “What is that? What does the MPL stand for?”

She replied, “McCartney-Paul-and-Linda.”

I did an abrupt about-face. “*That*,” I said, “I think I can fit into my schedule.”

And that really changed the course of my career.

MPL Communications, set up in 1970, is the holding company for all of Paul McCartney’s business interests, like his music publishing company. I met with John Eastman, his then-wife Linda’s attorney brother, and worked while sitting at the desk of Lee Eastman, Paul’s father-in-law. John liked my work, so he hired me to do another project: litigation support for Billy Joel. So I went out to Billy Joel’s office in Hicksville, met Billy—this was in the late 1980s—and later I got hired to do a litigation support project for Paul Simon. And so I became this kind of go-to niche public-accountant guy in the music/entertainment field. I got to know all these music people and go to all these shows, and it dawned on me,

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**Michael and Susan met in 1981 at a Long Island nightclub. “I walked up to her and actually said, ‘Can I buy you a drink?’ Great, original opening line, right?” Original, no. Effective, yes. They celebrate their thirtieth anniversary this year.**

## Michael Sammis

Continued from page 31

“Wow, I can be an accountant and combine that with my love of music.”

I'd been hoping that one of my clients would offer me a job, and in 1992 one of them did. But it was a big position at the company's Los Angeles office. We owned this lovely Tudor house in Uniondale, just six houses up the block from my in-laws. (Very convenient when you have a five-year-old and a two-year-old.) And not only that, but our house had once belonged to one of Susan's best friends, so she'd spent much of her childhood in this home.

I convinced her that the move was a great opportunity for us. “Look,” I said, “we'll just rent for the first two years. We're young, and if you hate LA, we'll come back to New York.” So we moved to Los Angeles. We've always lived in Oak Park, which is about thirty-two miles from where I work, so it's a bit of a commute. But it's a beautiful area with National Blue-Ribbon public schools.

By the time our two years as renters were up, I couldn't have forced Susan to leave California. She loves it here. We bought a house and then sold it and bought another one six years ago. All in Oak Park. It's a great little town.

We do come back to visit New York a lot, though. I fly there for business probably five or six times a year, and then we vacation there for a week in the summer and always go back the week between Christmas and New Year's. We officially became bicoastal in 2009, when I bought an apartment in Manhattan. It was right after the market crashed, so I like to think we got it at a great price.

Whenever I am in New York, I like to find some time to “play.” In fact, Sue and I were in New York last No-

vember, and we went to three LA Kings hockey games. I loves me my hockey: I'm a season ticket holder. We saw them play the New York Rangers, the New Jersey Devils, and the Islanders in the same week! (The Kings won every game, by the way.)

In fact, later tonight I'm going to a Kings home game with Cleave Law, a JHS crony from my grade. He was one of my best friends at Robert Wil-

*“When I was six years old, my dad took off, and from the time I was about seven, I never saw him again. Today you would call him a deadbeat dad.”*

liams. Then we drifted apart a bit in high school, because I didn't care much about school, and Cleave was *all about* school. He's a brainiac; literally a rocket scientist. He's an engineer for Boeing. But we're two of the few people from Jericho living in California, so we get together from time to time for a hockey game. It's always fun to see him.

### Another Sammis Falls for Music

Our two boys are now twenty-six and twenty-three. Sean, our oldest, majored in human communications at Arizona State University. Did a great job: excellent GPA, dean's list, everything. But he had the misfortune of graduating in 2009—right in the middle of the economic crash—and couldn't find a job for over a year.

Now he has a very interesting job working in marketing research for Disney Pictures. He does things like set up screenings of forthcoming films for focus groups and gets feedback from the audiences. These are directors' cuts; before the movie is finished. Based on some of that feedback, sometimes a film's ending may be changed. Or the music. He has to prepare reports for some big-

time film and TV producers, like Jerry Bruckheimer. It's an exciting job, and although he works a lot of hours, Sean really like what he does.

Bryan, our youngest, was until recently the drummer-background vocalist for a band called the Neighbourhood. Their debut album, *I Love You*, cracked the *Billboard* Top Forty last year, which is almost unheard of for a new group these days.

I'd bought Bryan his first drum set when he was eleven. At first he rarely played it. Then we got him drum lessons, and he played it once a week: on the day of his drum lesson. One day when my son was fifteen, I went into his bedroom and said, “You know, you could save me a lot of money and you a lot of time if you gave up the drums, because, I mean, you don't even seem to like it! So why bother?”

It's funny: maybe two years later, he was rehearsing in the garage with some guys. As I watched him play, I said to myself, *Holy cow, the kid can play!* I have no idea how he got to that point, but he sure had gotten there. Like everybody who plays music, he wanted to turn it into a career. Bryan attended community college. Meanwhile, he joined the Neighbourhood, which was made up of four guys he'd known from the local music scene.

Just as they got together and started to write some really great songs, Bryan got accepted to Loyola University in New Orleans. I remember the band's manager calling me up and asking me to talk Bryan out of going to Louisiana. But, really, at that point, the group was still in the rehearsal stage.

I said to him, “I appreciate the fact that you think this band is going places, but right now, there's nothing going on other than them playing in a garage. Attending Loyola is a great opportunity for Bryan, and I don't

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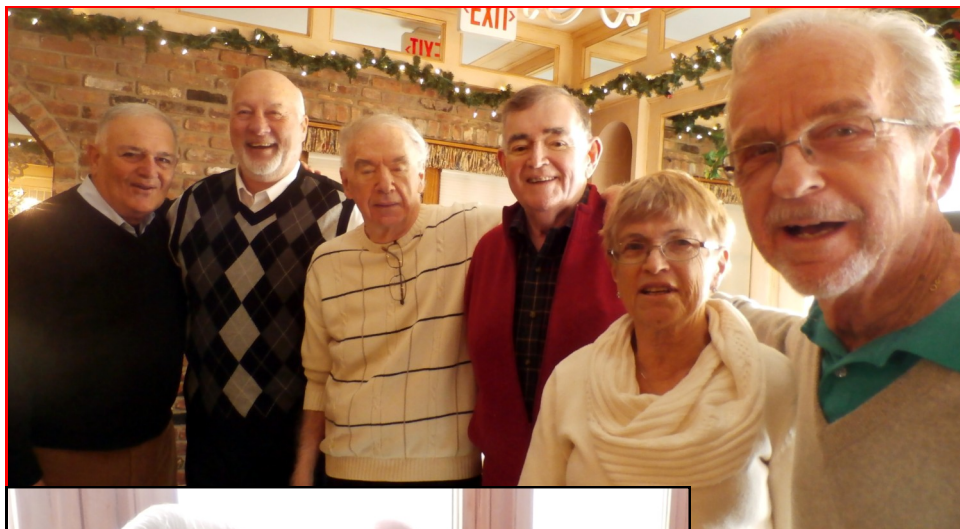


## This issue, something a little different ...

A bunch of your teachers got together in December for the Jericho Retirees Association luncheon.

It was the usual bacchanal, with borderline criminal behavior typically seen at European soccer matches, including slam dancing, unlimited Jell-O shots, plus a short set by a Metallica tribute band put together for the occasion by a few music department retirees. Thanks to **Maureen Tracy** for the photos!

*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 ...*



*At left: Andrew Chagalasian (guidance), Richard Drab (health, phys. ed, coach), Robert Hoffman (social studies, economics), Robert Lynch (social studies), guest Joan Krawczak, and Efrim Sherman (science).*

*Below, left: Art Kramer (physics, earth science, diving coach), Gerry Mastellon (math), and Dick Andres (math).*

*Below: Irma Cohen (math) and Dolores Poltorak Hoffman (social studies).*



*Continued on page 00*

# FACULTY LOUNGE

Continued from page 27



*Nancy Lynch (home economics, and wife of Mr. Robert Lynch), Barbara Murphy, and Andrew Chagalasian.*



*Efrim Sherman, Andrew Chagalasian, Ed Corallo (junior high social studies and assistant principal), and Dick Drab.*



*Pat Ryan (middle school nurse) and Carol Spielberger (ninth-grade math and JRA president).*



*Recently retired Ernest Savaglio (art department chairman) and Zita Rosen (art department secretary).*



*Ada Shapiro (nurse at Jackson School and middle school) and Bonnie Fishman (English.).*

*Tony LaRocca (middle school social studies) and Mary Ann Risi (Jackson Elementary).*



*Barbara Murphy (social studies and English), Diane Antonucci (English), and Peggy Tumminnio (assistant principal).*



## Robert Hahn

Continued from page 14

cently figured out that I've taught more than thirty thousand students. What a wonderful career, and what an honor to be part of so many young people's educations! What I've always wanted to do is to be *useful* in some ways; to be the kind of person who, when others speak of you, they say, "You know, I really benefited by my interaction with this person." Kind of like the way that I've

always regarded John Bartul and Ray Matienzo, who stand out for me, along with many other teachers.

In fact, I recently spoke to Mr. Matienzo, who lives in Sarasota, Florida. Being a teacher myself, I'd wondered what the likelihood was that he would remember some student he hadn't seen or heard from in more than forty years. But, surprisingly, he did remember me, and we had a very nice conversation.

How lucky I was to grow up in Jericho and get to attend Jericho High School.

## Dolores D'Acierno

Continued from page 28

taught me how to dive off the high board. My best friend, Nancy Belmont, who lived two doors down, had a beautiful older sister named Bobbe who was Billy's girlfriend and was the woman portrayed in the movie. She remained close to him during his imprisonment, writing him letters of encouragement and even visiting him. They were in love.

Unfortunately, after he'd escaped and returned to the United States, he became a celebrity, and Bobbe got lost in the shuffle. I lost touch with him during the seventies and then, of course, read all about him in the newspapers. We're in contact again through Facebook. Billy has written some sequels to the original *Midnight Express*, did a documentary of his experience, and remains something of a celebrity.

My grandmother was really my salvation, because thanks to her and my grandfather, aunt, uncle, and cousin, I got to spend enough time with a normal family. (They too all lived under one roof, so the Italian tradition did continue on one side of the family.) They knew what was going on at home but couldn't really intervene. My grandmother had tried

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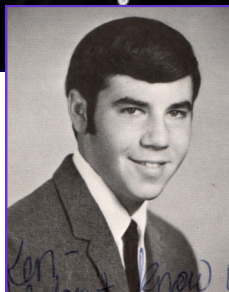
## Books by Robert Hahn

- *The Metaphysics of the Pythagorean Theorem* (forthcoming)
- *Archaeology and the Origins of Philosophy* (2010)
- *Anaximander in Context: New Studies on the Origins of Greek Philosophy* (2003)
- *Anaximander and the Architects: The Contribution of Egyptian and Greek Architectural Technologies to the Origins of Greek Philosophy* (2001)
- *Conduct and Constraints: Testing the Limits of the Harm Principle* (1994)
- *Formal Deductive Logic: A Logic Workbook* (1993)
- *Self-Identity and Moral Decisions* (1989)
- *Kant's "Newtonian Revolution" in Philosophy* (1988)

## All in the Family: Books by Steven Hahn ('69)

I call my brother Steven my "famous" brother. He is a professor of American history at the University of Pennsylvania, specializing in the history of nineteenth-century America, African-American history, the history of the American South, and the international history of slavery and emancipation. His wonderful book *A Nation Under Our Feet: Black Political Struggles in the Rural South from Slavery to the Great Migration* won the Pulitzer Prize in history in 2004. I so admire and applaud his achievements.

His other books include *The Roots of Southern Populism: Yeoman Farmers and the Transformation of the Georgia Upcountry, 1850-1890*; *The Countryside in the Age of Capitalist Transformation: Essays in the Social History of Rural America*; and *Freedom: A Documentary History of Emancipation, 1861-1867, The Political Worlds of Slavery and Freedom (The Nathan I. Huggins Lectures)*.



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## Dolores D'Acerno

Continued from page 35

to get custody of me after my mother died but lost to my dad, so there was a lot of contention between them. But they did whatever they could to create a loving, normal atmosphere for me.

Without this life raft, I think I would have run away from home or ended up in a very dark place. I probably should have rebelled as a young adult, but I was afraid. And thankfully, when I became an adult, I turned out to be the opposite of that scared little girl.

I was lucky to have my grandmother until she was ninety-nine years old, which is ironic, because her daughter—my mother—died so young. I've lived in Connecticut for thirty years, and I always drove down to visit her on Long Island every other Sunday until she died, and continued to do so until two years ago when my aunt, her other daughter, died at the age of ninety-six. Her death left no one from that side of the family, and I miss them very much.

I also lived a double life in Jericho. I loved going school, partly because it got me out of the house. I was very rah-rah: a member of the booster club, and I attended as many football, basketball, and baseball games as I could. But I was always kind of on the sidelines, because I was so limited in the activities I was allowed to do.

Another issue with my dad concerned academics. Despite our living in a town as progressive as Jericho, he didn't think college was important for a girl. But he demanded good grades in high school. So, *on the one hand*, it mattered. His view on higher education was, "Why should I waste money sending a girl to college? You're just going to get married,



**More kids, stepkids, grandkids:**

**(Above) Son Ryan, wife Alyson, and their girls Rowan, Faith, and Sadie.**

**(Above, right) Stepson Chris, wife Amy, and "my other little granddaughter," Chloe.**

**(Right) Stepdaughter Jennifer, husband Casey, and children Kendall, Tristan, and Brittin.**



have children, and never work." I told him, "It's a different world, Dad. Things are changing." My stepmom, on the other hand, did value education and the idea of a girl going to college, probably because she'd had a career in business as head accountant for the Macy's department store in Manhattan. I am happy to say that in spite of him, I did get my higher education, and worked steadily from the age of eighteen to the present. Thank God I proved his theory wrong.

To make this convoluted thinking even more confusing, every February, my parents used to take me out of school for a whole month to go to Miami. Even though my teachers would give me my assignments in advance, as best as they could, it was hard to catch up. I mean, how do you do algebra exercises if you weren't there to learn this part of the curriculum in the first

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## Dolores D'Acerno

Continued from page 36

place? What parents *make* their kid miss a month of school? Finally, when I was sixteen, I got up the courage to tell them I couldn't go. Besides, we had my stepmother's parents living with us, so it wasn't as if I'd be home alone. Not to mention two aunts and their families as neighbors.

My favorite teacher was Mr. Bob Hoffman. I *loved* him. Still do, in fact. He was very good to me. One year I was having a really difficult time in his class. I wasn't dumb, but I don't where my head was at. Maybe in boy-land. I used to go to him for extra help. I was petrified of what my

father would do if I failed. Mr. Hoffman's class involved a lot of essay writing, so there was no skating by on multiple-choice tests. I truly believe that on the final exam (all essays), he gave me the benefit of the doubt and passed me, saving me from having to go to summer school—and from being tortured at home. For that, I will always be grateful.

And although I didn't get it at the time, a little later in life, I became obsessed with world events, politics, and history, so his teaching didn't go to waste. It just took a little more time for it to kick in, and now Mr. Hoffman and I communicate through Facebook to express our outrage at all of the injustices going on in the world today.

## Graduation: Out of the Frying Pan and into the . . .

As it turned out, I *did* marry young. I met my first husband at the end of my senior year. He was a freshman at CW Post College and was my first serious relationship. We married two years later, when I was barely twenty. Looking back, I see that I'd married him mainly to get out of my parents' house. That was my ticket. But does anyone really know what life and marriage are about at that age? Answer: you don't. Our wedding ceremony was at the Church of St. Paul, right there on Cedar Swamp Road, by the high school. Then we had a big Italian wedding at the Huntington Townhouse.

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## Best Job Perk *E-V-E-R*

I've always been a baseball nut and a Yankees fan. When I was little, my dad used to take me to Yankee Stadium to see Mickey Mantle play.

Being vice president of a golf-equipment company brought more than its share of perks, but the best trip I ever went on was spending a whole week down in Florida for spring training courtesy of the *Sporting News*, one of the many publications in which my company advertised.

First stop was five days in Fort Lauderdale with the 1998 Yankees. This was the team that would go on to win 114 games and sweep the San Diego Padres in the World Series: Tino Martinez, Bernie Williams, Scott Brosius, Andy Pettitte, David Wells, Mariano. We'd attend their games during the day and have dinner with the team and front office every night. I had dinner with coaches Willie Randolph, Don Zimmer, and a young Derek Jeter. Zimmer was the coolest guy in the world; full of hilarious baseball stories. General manager Brian Cashman looked like a little boy back then; he's aged probably thirty years since.

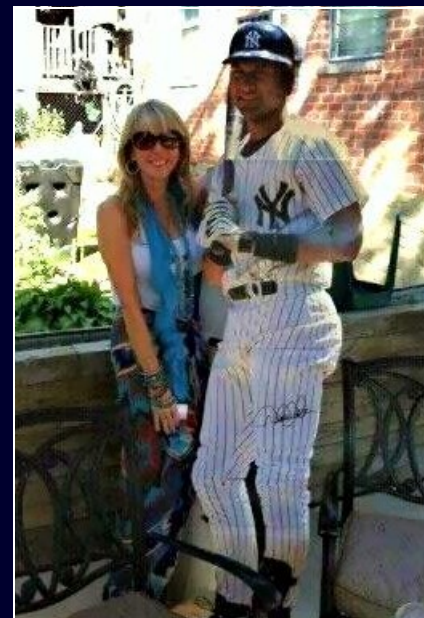
Next, we spent time with the Philadelphia Phillies and then with the St. Louis Cardinals. A group of us ate dinner with Hall of Famers Lou Brock and Bob Gibson. I even loaned Brock a quarter to call his wife so she could pick him up! Gibson, of course, was known for being ferocious on the mound and never shying away from beaming opposing batters who crowded home plate.

"How come you used to throw at so many batters?" I asked him.

"Because I couldn't see!" he explained. "It turned out I needed glasses."

He told me that at the height of his career, he made \$100,000 a year, and that his daughter made twice that salary as a computer geek.

That was without a doubt the most fun trip I ever went on. It was like the *Seinfeld* episode where Kramer goes to baseball fantasy camp!



*That's Yankees fanatic Dee with a cardboard Derek Jeter, but she had dinner with the real deal back when he was a mere twenty-three-old. (Word has it that the real Jeter isn't that much more talkative than the cardboard one, especially on the subject of a certain Alex Rodriguez.)*

## Dolores D'Acerno

Continued from page 37

Since my husband was still in college, I had to go to work. While still in high school, I'd skipped study halls to take some extra business courses. I think I took every one that was offered. There was this one class that was set up like a professional business office, where you learned stenography, typing, book-keeping—all kinds of things that would help you if you wanted to pursue that kind of career. At the time, I wasn't sure if I would go to college. Maybe I'd want to get a job right away. And you could always get a job in the business world. I decided this would be a valuable skill to have. I knew I would go to college at some point but wanted a backup plan.

It proved to be a smart decision, because even though I was young and inexperienced, I got some really good office jobs. I started as a secretary, as was the case for many women back then, and then got promoted to department manager, and so on. In my late thirties, I would become vice president of a company in Connecticut, and I think that it was my business skills rather than my academic pedigree that really advanced me.

The military draft was still on, of course, so after my husband graduated college in 1970, he opted to join the Army Reserves. We'd barely been married, and he had to leave for six months of training. It wasn't a bad thing, though. I discovered that after all those years of feeling cooped up like a prisoner, I loved being on my own. We had a little apartment in Bayville, and I adored living there (except when the drawbridge would get stuck, making me late for work).

While he was away, I realized that I had made a mistake in marry-

ing so young. When he came back, we tried to make a go of things, but it was not to be. Now, you have to understand that in 1971 you didn't just get divorced. You had to wait. New York was a tough state to get divorced in. Plus, I was a Catholic girl from an Italian family that had never seen a divorce ever. My husband's family too. They were the loveliest people, and his mom didn't want us to split up. In the end, I had to fly to Haiti, of all places, for a Haitian divorce.

It was a pretty painless experience. A man who'd been hired to protect me met me at the airport in Port-au-Prince and took me straight

*"Haiti was both the scariest and most exotic place I'd ever been in my life. Yet I wasn't afraid. I went up into the mountains and even went to a voodoo camp."*

to the courthouse. The judge in attendance looked at me and remarked that I was way too young to be there doing that. Then he glanced at the papers my lawyer had prepared and said, "Okay, your papers seem to be in order. Your marriage is dissolved." Done, just like that! Afterward, my guide took me to my hotel and then on some divorce boat ride. It was surreal.

At the time, Haiti was governed by the Duvaliers. "Papa Doc" had just died, and his son Jean-Claude ("Baby Doc") had just taken over. It was both the scariest and most exotic place I'd ever been in my life. Yet I wasn't afraid. I went up into the mountains and even went to a voodoo camp. Two days later, I returned home a free woman.

My whole life changed after I got divorced. I evolved. I really started to

live. It was like being reborn. The first thing I swore to myself was that I would never, ever let myself be financially dependent on a man. I always saw that as a woman's Achilles heel. Later on in life, I saw that happen to friends of mine who had followed the traditional route and stayed home with the children while their husbands worked and provided for them. Then their husbands turned fifty, went crazy, and left them for younger women, and they felt lost. Imagine having to enter the job market for the first time in decades in your forties or fifties. And these were smart, college-educated women.

I began working for a company in Roslyn called Tektronix, which made oscilloscopes. It opened up so many doors. Not only was it a great place to work but it was also where I met my second husband. Once we got married, in 1975, I had to leave the company, because Tektronix had a policy that prohibited spouses from working together. But that was okay: I went to work for another company that was a lot more exciting, in New York. My new husband and I had a great place in Glen Cove with many friends, and I was very happy.

But just two months later, he was transferred to Wilton, Connecticut. In terms of landscape, it reminded me very much of the Jericho that I'd grown up in, with a fantastic school. The problem was, Wilton is in the middle of nowhere. And believe it or not, it was a dry town. No alcohol sales permitted. You couldn't even order a glass of wine or a beer in a restaurant! I'd never heard of such a thing! Unlike Jericho, it wasn't a very friendly area, either. The people tended to be very conservative and kept to themselves. (For the record, Wilton finally passed a town ordinance permitting liquor stores in 2010.)

My husband soon left Tektronix  
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## Dolores D'Acerno

Continued from page 38

to become vice president of a computer company. The job took him all over the world. I traveled with him extensively at first, even going to Beijing when it was still in the dark ages, but after my oldest son, Ryan, was born in 1977, I stayed home in Wilton. The isolation, having no friends nearby, no family members to help with my son, and my husband's absence because of work-related travel didn't make for much of a marriage, and we split up in 1983, which is when my career really started.

### Chapter Fore!

I got a job with a company called NGC Worldwide, a direct-mail company that manufactured golf clubs and other equipment designed for the serious amateur golfer. Over the next twenty-plus years, we went from grossing \$500,000 a year to \$21 million annually, and I worked my way up from administrative assistant to the vice president of marketing and sales, and then to executive vice president. Among many other responsibilities, I handled all of our advertising. NGC pioneered the advertising format known as the advertorial: ads that look and read like articles.

For some reason, my becoming company vice president really impressed my dad. He thought it was the greatest thing in the world, and it sort of validated me in his eyes. By this time, we'd reached a peace, because I'd finally stood up to him and told him that if he didn't stop trying to control my life, we weren't going to see each other. And it worked! At long last, he stopped trying to control me and let me live my own life. Of course, I was *forty* by then, but better late than never, right?



*“One of my favorite photos of my sons, taken when Ryan was almost twelve and Dustin was two. Dustin is looking so lovingly at his brother.”*

My job was perfect for a single mother. I didn't have to travel much, but when I did—mostly to attend trade shows—my folks would come babysit. I met a lot of famous golfers, which was lost on me. Oddly enough, although I knew everything about the mechanics of golf and the equipment, I never had an interest in learning how to play. (Nor did the company's two owners.) But I do remember attending a dinner in the early 1990s and being introduced to a polite eighteen-year-old named Tiger Woods. He came over to our table with his father and chatted with a group of us. As the two of them walked away, our host pointed in their direction and said, “You see that kid? He's going to be one of greatest golfers ever.”

The job came with a lot of perks. For example, I got invited to play the famous Pebble Beach golf course in California, attend the British Open, and go to many other golf resorts around the world. Any free VIP tickets to all the major championship golf tournaments, I would give to my friends' golfer husbands. They'd get

wined and dined, and were in heaven. In exchange, they would send over their sons or themselves to mow my lawn or fix anything in the house that broke, which was the best perk I could ask for.

It was interesting being a woman in a business that was roughly 95 percent male. And because we bought our golf heads from China, I dealt a lot with Asian businessmen, who—at the time, at least—did not want to deal with women at all. Especially tall blondes in heels. They viewed having to conduct business with a woman as an insult. To gain their respect, I read up all about Chinese culture. I learned to dress very plainly, pull back my hair, wear flat shoes, always make eye contact, and bring gifts. It was difficult, but eventually I did win them over.

It really was the perfect job, until around the time I turned fifty.

Now, back in the early seventies, when I got my first corporate job in Manhattan, the atmosphere was very much like what you see on the TV show *Mad Men*. As a woman, you'd get harassed all the time, whether in the form of men making lewd comments or actually grabbing you. This went on even after I was in management. The corporate world was very sexist, and there wasn't a whole lot women could do about it other than quit.

Well, after twenty years with NGC Worldwide, the company head began making derogatory comments about my age. One time he actually said to me at a dinner with several clients present, “You know, you're getting older. If you want to get a facelift, I'll pay for it.” Um, no thanks! And up until then, we'd always had a close relationship. I considered him a friend. His family, too. I'll never know what caused him to act so strangely, and not just toward me but toward other women in the company.

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## Dolores D'Acierno

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What I did know was that I could not continue to work for a person like that. When his behavior persisted despite my warnings, I had no choice but to hire an attorney. Long story short, the sexual harassment case never made it to court: he settled, and I left the company (which no longer is in business) with a generous settlement. It was very upsetting, though; easily the worst thing that ever happened in my professional life. (Though I didn't have to get a face lift. Yikes!)

### Enter Lou: Third Time's the Charm

I wasn't looking to get married again. Really. Friends would say, "Oh, you don't want to be alone when you're older," but they didn't know about my crazy childhood. I liked being alone, which is not the same thing as being lonely! In fact, I still like to have alone time.

I met Lou Mason in 1999 through Pop Warner football, of all things. My second son, Dustin, who was thirteen at the time, announced that he wanted to play football. Like many moms, I wasn't too thrilled about it, but I said okay. Parents are expected to participate, and they asked me to work the indoor food concession. I can't stand cold weather, so that worked for me!

Lou was the head of the concession stand. I was attracted to him right away, but the thing that impressed me the most about him was that he had full custody of his son and daughter. A full-time father? I'd never met one of those before! Every man I'd dated (and it wasn't that many) was either a weekend daddy or didn't have any children, so they didn't understand why I couldn't just drop what I was doing and, say, go

away for the weekend on the spur of the moment. I couldn't leave my two boys. And that wears thin with many guys very quickly. But if I have to choose between a man that I like and my children, it's no contest.

We'd both been divorced for a long time. One day Lou asked me out, it was a whirlwind romance, and within a few months, we got engaged. So now I have four children and six grandchildren. Ryan, thirty-six, is the national sales manager for Yahoo! He and his wife live in Massachusetts with their three children. And Dustin, who's twenty-seven, lives with us and works as office manager and computer geek for my husband's business.

*"In the early seventies, when I got my first corporate job in Manhattan, the atmosphere was very much like what you see on the TV show Mad Men. As a woman, you'd get harassed all the time, whether in the form of men making lewd comments or actually grabbing you."*

My stepdaughter, Jennifer, has three children too. They live Florida. And Chris, Lou's son, is a very successful recruiting executive in the medical field. He and his wife, Amy, a CPA, recently bought a beautiful home just up the block from us. We're waiting for them to have kids, so that we can have at least one grandchild who lives close to us.

When I became a stepmom, I told Chris and Jen, "I'm going to be the nicest stepmother you could possibly have." Because I knew firsthand what it's like to have a stepmom who is not very loving. That said, after my father died, I actually grew close to my stepmother. In the

1980s, the two of them had moved to a wonderful gated community in Laguna Beach, California, with an eighteen-hole golf course and even its own theater company.

After my dad died, I used to fly out there to visit her and take care of her if she got sick or just needed me. One day she sat down with me and became very emotional. "I don't understand why I was so horrible to you," she said. "I'm so ashamed of the things I put you through when you were a child, and I don't know why, because you were a good kid. You just were always trying to please."

And it's true. I tried to please all the time, because I wanted them to love me. That's a hard pattern to break, and it can continue into your adult life, which is not a good thing. You don't want to always be trying to please people at the expense of your own happiness and your own self-worth.

But I was like that for a while, in my twenties, and as a result, I made some poor choices when it came to relationships. You know, if you don't receive attention from your parents, and you never get hugged, and you don't feel loved, you're vulnerable to falling for anyone who lavishes you with attention, because it's a feeling you've never experienced before.

Luckily, I recognized this at a young enough age that I was able to put things in proper perspective and move forward with my life. ■

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COMING UP—TWO EXCITING ROLLER SKATING PARTIES

"Valentine's Day Party"—Wednesday, February 15, 1961

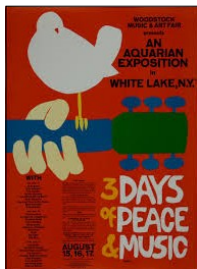
Prizes: Beautiful Plush Dolls & Animals

"Barnskate Party"—Thursday, March 2, 1961

Prizes: Transistor Radio

SKATE TILL MIDNIGHT—BOTH PARTIES





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stride. But this story might explain why: my father worked for NBC-TV, and the year before, he'd been at the 1968 Democratic National Convention in Chicago doing video and audio production. Up until then, he'd always been conservative.

Not an Archie Bunker-type of conservative, but kind of like that about hippies.

Well, being in Chicago and seeing kids getting brutally beaten by the city police totally turned him around. He became more anti-establishment after that, and more accepting of hippies, and peace and love, and all that kind of stuff. So I think we may have caught a break!

**6. DAY 4, MONDAY, AUGUST 18—I'M GOING HOME (IN DEFERENCE TO ALVIN LEE, NOT BY HELICOPTER)**

Because of the rain delays, Sunday's performance lasted all the way into Monday morning. By the time Jimi Hendrix walked out onstage, most of the crowd had

**Caryn Buchner**

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about two dozen solo and group exhibitions, and I was recently published in the books *CP Treasures Vol. II*, and, along with Sheila Eisenberg-Fein's

artwork, in the book *Peace, Love and Understanding 2013*. I also had work featured in the publications *CP Hidden Treasures* and the Colored Pencil Society of America's *To the Point* magazine (January 2014). I am a contributing artist in the



Now it's Mom's turn: Caryn and her mother at Port Washington's Dolphin Book Store. Those are Phyllis Buchner's paintings on the wall behind them.

gone home, leaving only about thirty-five thousand stragglers in the audience.

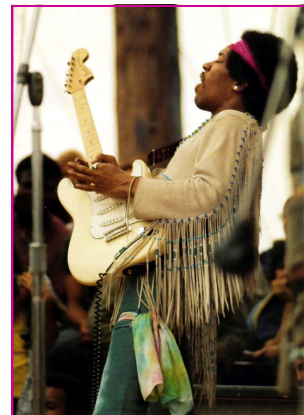
**Rob:** This whole part of Woodstock is a blur for me. I honestly don't remember how we got home!

**Fred:** We left while Hendrix was playing "The Star-Spangled Banner." By this point, it was cold, and everything was muddy. We took the same hitch back to Monticello with Jack and Bruce.

Because we left on Monday, we missed the really bad traffic jam out of there. The scene in Monticello was surreal. All of us kids who'd come to Woodstock had basically overrun the town. It was a bunch of elderly Jewish men and women in their retirement, and they'd sent in truckloads of food. Without that, a lot of people would have gone hungry.

When we got to the Greyhound bus station—this small little place—the buses were all parked in back, and they had tables lined up. These sweet little old ladies were calling to us, "Have a sandwich! Have a cup of coffee! Eat what you want, drink what you want."

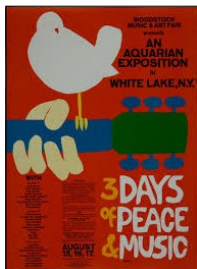
The bus driver said, "We're not going to leave for a couple of hours, but I'll let you on so you can sleep." I climbed up into the bus, and I was so exhausted that promptly conked out. The next thing I knew, it was five hours later, and we were pulling into the Port Authority in New York City. I must have slept for two hours plus the three-hour bus ride down. Just like that, it seemed, we were home.



Headliner Jimi Hendrix went from closer to mop-up man, playing to only about 35,000 festival-goers.

See Caryn's artwork on her website at [www.caryncoville.com](http://www.caryncoville.com).

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## 7. WE ARE STARDUST, WE ARE GOLDEN

**Rob:** A year later, Fred, Gary, and I went to see the movie *Woodstock* in Times Square. I thought it was very realistic.

**Fred:** Very accurate.

**Rob:** That too was a memorable experience, because after the movie, we got attacked by a gang of Puerto Rican guys who chased us for, like, ten blocks. Eventually we got away from them, made it to Penn Station, and scooted on out of there.

I'm sure, though, that some of my memories from the actual festival are mixed in with scenes from the movie, which I've seen a few times. In psychology, we call these "learned memories."

I didn't realize until twenty years later or so that a lot of people were so distraught about not having gone to Woodstock that they fantasized about it and told people they went there and actually talked themselves into believing that they'd gone. In fact, I've been accused any number of times of making it up, probably because people can't believe that I was just fifteen at the time.

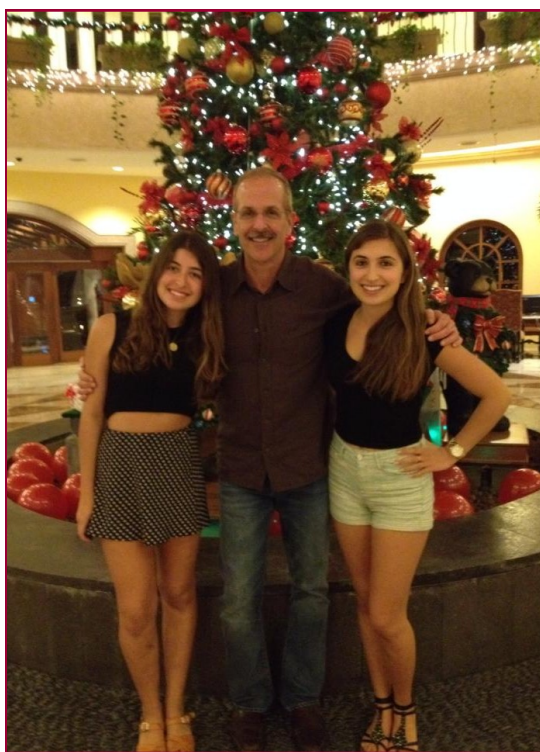
## 8. TEACH YOUR CHILDREN

**Rob:** My two sons, who are in their twenties, have heard me tell other people about what Woodstock was like so many times that when the subject comes up, they leave the room. I don't know if they truly realize the significance of it.

**Fred:** I have two daughters: Lauren, who's eighteen, and Tara, who's twenty. They don't recognize the names of any of the groups that were there, except probably Santana. They're interested in the legend of it. And, like I said, they don't believe that I was straight there; they think it was just some big wild, crazy hippie party.

I never went to another festival again, but I took my daughters to something we have out here every year called the Coachella Valley Music and Arts Festival, in Indio, California.

*Fred in Cabo, Mexico, with daughters Lauren and Tara.*



When I compare it to Woodstock, I have to laugh. They had great gourmet food concessions at Coachella; my kids couldn't stop talking about how good the food was. And although it's hotter than hell in the desert, you can go cool off in these big air-conditioned tents. At the end of the day, they and their friends came back to this five-star hotel suite I'd reserved for them.

It's just a totally different experience. We went from this completely chaotic, spontaneous event to something that is totally orchestrated and controlled.

## 9. GOT TO GET OURSELVES BACK TO THE GARDEN ...

**Fred:** It took a couple of years for the full impact of Woodstock to sink in—how important, how *epic* it was. The world has changed, but in certain respects, I'm the same. That period is just frozen in time, and I appreciate it more as time goes on.

You know, it's a shame it's never really been repeated. Because there were six hundred thousand people at Woodstock, and there was no violence. Everybody got along. If you needed something, you got it, whether it was food, water, or a drug.

At the time, I thought it was a new beginning. I had no idea that it was really the beginning of the end. ■

## Fred Schlüssel Today

The fall after Woodstock, I was entering my junior year in high school. I didn't know yet that I wanted to go into medicine. That came years later. But I was always interested in biology and science.

My original plan was to become a veterinarian. While still at Jericho High, I visited Cornell University to learn about the requirements. And you know what the person from

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admissions there said to me? This is pretty unbelievable. He said, “We don’t need another Jewish poodle doctor from Long Island.” You wouldn’t hear that today, of course, because it would lead to either an instant admission or a lawsuit. But he had no qualms about saying that in 1971.

Being a physician, you’re in school a long time, so I didn’t settle in California until 1987. I spent my freshman year of college at SUNY Cortland and the next three years back on Long Island at SUNY Stony Brook.

Then I went to UCLA for my master’s degree in public health (sort of the sister science to medicine); came all the way back east to the University of Vermont for medical school; then did my medical residency at George Washington University in DC; and *then* returned to New York for my fellowship in gastroenterology at New York University.

I’m a physician of gastroenterology and hepatology, partner physician at Southern California Permanente Medical Group, in Los Angeles.

It was in LA that in 1988 I met my wife, Gita, who had emigrated from Iran during the 1979 Iranian Revolution. (Jews had to get out ASAP.) We immediately fell in love. She is a beautiful, bright woman with a PhD in psychology and is soon to receive a second PhD in psychoanalysis.

We have two beautiful daughters, Tara and Lauren, in college: one at the University of California at Berkeley and the other at UC Santa Barbara. Gita and I ended our marriage after twenty-one years, but we remain good friends

### Wood\$tock Nation Inflation

FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY	THREE DAY
August 15, 1969 10 A. M.	August 16, 1969 10 A. M.	August 17, 1969 10 A. M.	Aug. 15, 16, 17 1969
\$8.00	\$8.00	\$8.00	\$24.00
Good For One Admission Only	Good For One Admission Only	Good For One Admission Only	37577
37577 NO REFUNDS	37577 NO REFUNDS	37577 NO REFUNDS	37577

Woodstock tickets cost \$8 a day. “In 1969,” says Fred, “we thought that was way too much money, so we bought tickets for only two of the three days; we had originally planned to leave Saturday night. But by then, of course, it had been declared a free concert.

“I took out an inflation calculator and discovered that in today’s dollars, we actually paid \$64 a day. So it was kind of expensive, although Coachella, for example, costs \$125 per day this year.”

### Robert Ehrlich Today

From Jericho, I went to the State University of New York at Cortland and majored in psychology. The research and clinical work I did there lead me to Penn State, where I completed my



*That’s Robert posing with a couple of models outside Tampa’s hockey arena. They were there for some local TV promotion. Didn’t want you to think he travels everywhere escorted by a female posse.*

master’s and doctorate degrees under a fellowship from the National Institute of Mental Health.

Afterward I headed down to Florida for the sun and water, and also my residency training. I loved the Tampa Bay area and have been here since, with a clinical psychology practice together with a family medicine group, and a corporate consulting practice that has focused on critical-incident management and threat assessment on a national level, and providing employee assistance to major employers locally.

On the personal side, I have been married for twenty-nine years and have two sons, both who majored in business and are doing some cutting-edge stuff out in the corporate world.

### Michael Sammis

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want him to lose it.” So he went. Every time he had a break, he’d fly home and rehearse with the band. In January 2012 Bryan went back for his second semester. Well, he had to withdraw from Loyola because the band was really heating up. Six weeks after our son came home from Louisiana, the Neighbourhood signed a recording contract.

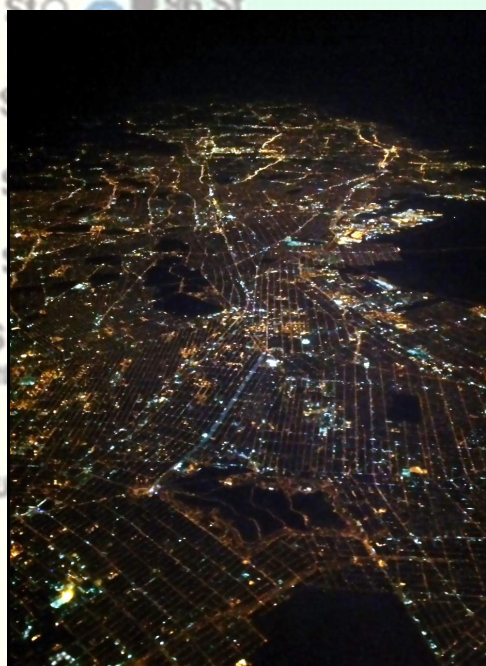
Although he lived with Susan and me, we didn’t see much of Bryan because the band was off on tour for the last two years. Bryan and the Neighbourhood parted ways in January 2014. He is now writing his own music and preparing to release an EP in a few months. He is not sure what will happen with that, but he is very talented and very driven. We are extremely proud of what he’s accomplished in the music business thus far and are sure that you haven’t heard the last from him musically.



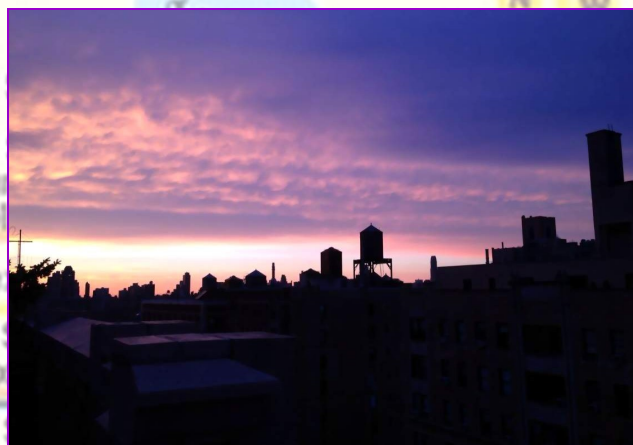
Concept: A girl. A camera.  
And the greatest city in the world!



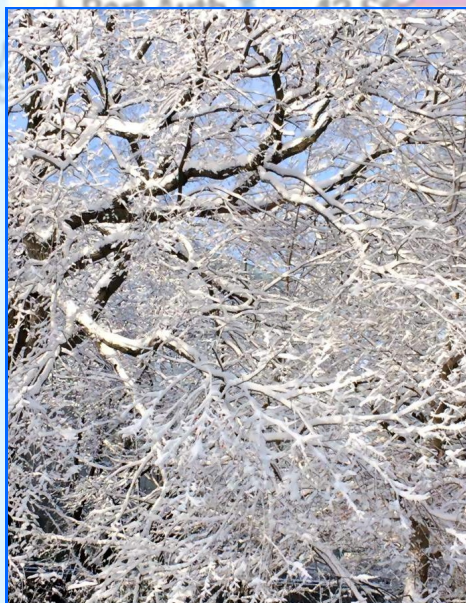
“LINCOLN CENTER”



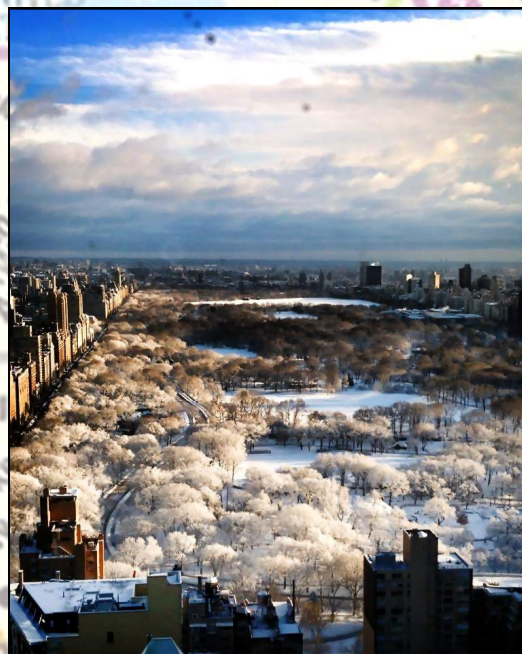
“AERIAL”



“WINTER”



“WINTER FULL FRONTAL”



“CENTRAL PARK”