

Spring 2003  
Vol. I, No. 2

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

# JHS Class of 1972 Quarterly On-Line Newsletter

*Welcome to the second quarterly newsletter of the Jericho High School class of 1972.*

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

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*Thanks to this issue's correspondents and to Webmacher Freda Salatino. We hope you will contribute news, first-person essays — even suggestive personal ads, if that's the best you can do — to future issues. Best wishes to all members of the class of '72.*

## The Vote Is in for Our Mass 50th-Birthday Blow-Out on July 17-18, 2004

The month-long vote for where to hold our mass 50th birthday blow-out in July 2004 is over. Here are the results:

- 71 of you voted.
  - 11 of you said you had no preference and that anyplace was fine.
- Accordingly, we've reserved a booth for you at a Chuck E. Cheese's in Elkart, Indiana. Your flexibility is appreciated!

It wasn't much of a contest, really. The breakdown of votes looks like this:

1. Pier One (41)
2. Milleridge Inn (9)
3. Roslyn Claremont Hotel (4)
4. Woodbury Country Club (4)
5. Crest Hollow Country Club (2)

The vast majority of you seemed to really like the idea of a Saturday-into-Saturday-night event, as well as a dual back-to-the-beach/birthday theme.



To refresh your memory, the day would shape up like this:

12 - 2 PM: Cocktail hour (open bar) and oyster bar outdoors on the Pier One deck overlooking Long Island Sound — indoors, naturally, should it rain. But we're such nice people, the weather is bound to cooperate.

2 PM - 5 PM: Dinner, dancin', karaoke, and general mayhem.

5 PM - whenever: Hit the beach.

We suggest bringing a change of clothing, if you wish. You can change at the restaurant, then after the party walk literally twenty feet to Ransom Beach and hang out into the night, watching the sunset, etc. Cooking out is permitted, and right across the street are outdoor joints serving food and drink, plus batting cages, arcades, miniature golf, etc. We'll check into getting a permit to make a bonfire. We think the

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# B O L D F A C E

## Nooz About Yooz

### Wedding Bells, Pt. 1

When **Patty Ryon** and **Stephen Spiers** (right) first started dating, Richard Nixon occupied the White House, the Yankees were the laughingstock of the American League, and Cher still had her original face. Also most of her rib cage, spleen, and other visceral organs later removed for “reasons of aesthetics,” according to her publicist.

On February 22, 2003, Jericho High School’s 1972 Class Couple went ‘n got hitched.

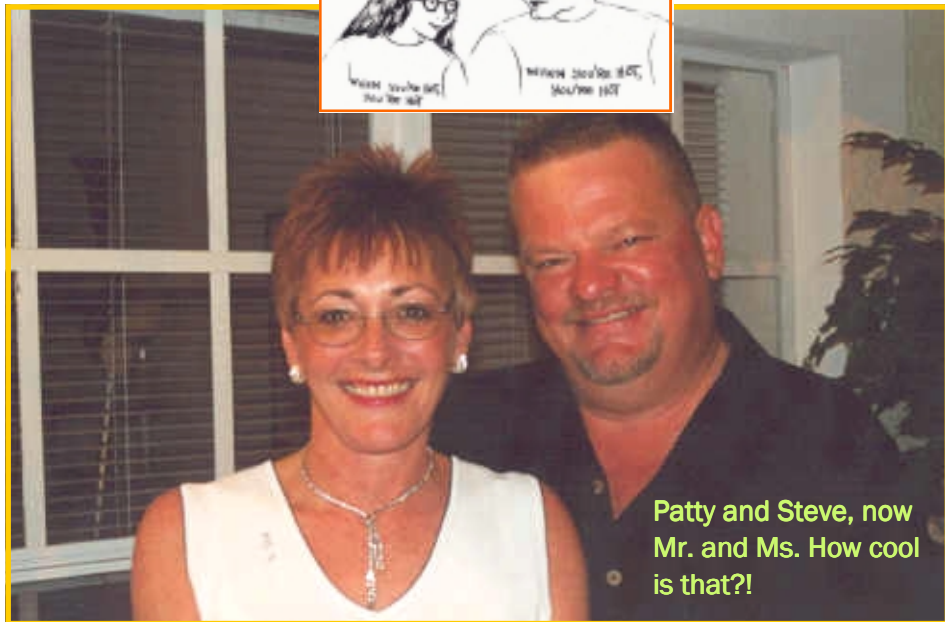
Well, it’s about freakin’ time!!!!!!

Patty fills us in on the details: “The ceremony took place by the fountains at our villa in Palm Harbor, Florida. We had moved into the place only three days before, so it was quite a whirlwind! Steve’s daughters were here and two of my three boys were able to make it — the oldest got stranded at the Tallahassee airport due to inclement weather. My mother and her significant other were also here. During the party, my mother was flitting around showing pictures of Steve and me from high school! A good time was had by all!”

Here’s wishing the newlyweds all the best.

### Wedding Bells, Pt. 2

**Ilene Pincus**, who now lives in Holtsville, New York, and longtime beau Pat Smith have announced their engagement, with the wedding planned for either April or October of 2005. Congratulations, salutations, and palpitations to both of you!



Patty and Steve, now Mr. and Ms. How cool is that?!

### New Book

**Philip Bashe’s** seventeenth book, *Caring for Your Teenager: The Complete and Authoritative Guide* (606 pgs.), part of a series from the American Academy of Pediatrics, was completely and authoritatively published by Bantam Books on May 6. Also, you can see him on part three of the YES Network’s six-part history of the New York Yankees, yakking



about the cruddy Bronx Bombers teams of the sixties and seventies — the subject of his 1994 book *Dog Days: The New York Yankees’ Fall From Grace and Return to Glory, 1964-1976*.

### Post Your Memories

Thanks to **Laurie Farber** for the following item: As part of the 350th anniversary celebration of the Town of Oyster Bay, residents and former residents are invited to submit their memories to the town website: [www.oysterbaytown.com](http://www.oysterbaytown.com).

### Sanford Sylvan Stars in Film *Death of Klinghoffer*



**Sanford Sylvan** (left), our own world-renowned operatic baritone, stars in British director Penny Woolcock’s screen adaptation of the 1991 opera. Sandy plays Leon Klinghoffer, the elderly wheelchair-bound American passenger who was cruelly shot and thrown off the deck of the cruise ship *Achille Lauro* by Palestinian ter-

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## Five Elected to JHS Hall of Fame

Five alumni were inducted into the Jericho High School Hall of Fame at the thirteenth annual induction ceremony, held at the Jericho library auditorium on March 20, 2003.

Perhaps you know some of the five: **Wendy Shack** (1976), an attorney and volunteer for Meals; the late **Edward Mardovich** (1977), a stock broker and volunteer for the Make-A-Wish Foundation; **Jennifer Armstrong** (1968), director of consumer bank programs at Citicorp, and older sister of our own **Debbie**

**Armstrong; Joel Flatow** (1982), senior vice-president of the Recording Industry Association of America (RIAA); and **Paul Pellicoro** (1974), now a well-known dance instructor to the stars. Paul is the younger brother of the class of 1972's **Claudia Pellicoro**. This latest induction brings the Hall of Fame's membership up to sixty-nine. The first ceremony was held in 1991. **Mr. Bob Hoffman** heads the Hall of Fame Committee.

Congratulations to the five inductees!

## Can't Get Enough High School Reunions? Then Go to the Class of 1973's Upcoming 30th

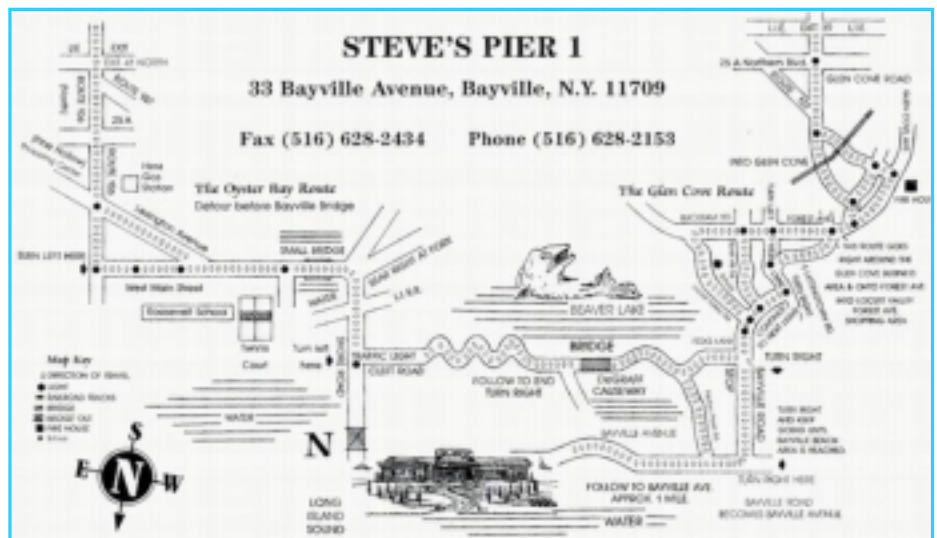
The JHS class of 1973 is holding its thirty-year reunion on Saturday, September 20, 2003, at the Roslyn Claremont Hotel, and, in spite of everything, *you're* invited. Admission is \$125. For more information, e-mail **Beth Gemmill Fischer** at [BGemmill2@aol.com](mailto:BGemmill2@aol.com) or **Joyce Targove Mandelkern** at [Jmandelkern@aol.com](mailto:Jmandelkern@aol.com).

## 50th Birthday Party

*Continued from page 1*

class has made a terrific choice. The date is tentatively set for Saturday, July 17, 2004, depending upon availability. As soon as we nail down the date, we'll let you know. But it will definitely be on a Saturday in July 2004, as neither Friday nor Sunday worked for many of you, particularly out-of-towners.

Formal invitations will be going out sometime in the fall. We'll be inviting all your teachers, including those from junior high and elementary school.



*Just to refresh your memory, here's a map of Bayville – you might remember it as a primo late-night parking spot – and how to get there.*



## CLASS OF '72 ON THE WORLD WIDE WEB

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



## Who Was *Your* Favorite Member of the Original Prefab Four?



Your fave member of the Monkees says a lot about you, most of it extremely disturbing. A psychological profile of you, based on your choice of Monkee, will be sent to your relatives and employer.

### Mike

**CHARACTERISTICS:**  
 • Quiet, sarcastic, superiority complex (inevitable in any group containing Peter Tork). Has insecurity “issues,” as exemplified by refusal to remove stupid wool hat.

### Davy

**CHARACTERISTICS:**  
 • Though short, has no apparent Napoleon’s complex. However, bizarre ability to make eyes sparkle whenever he spies an attractive girl hints at possible devil worship.

### Peter

**CHARACTERISTICS:**  
 • None to speak of. Probable drug user.

### Micky

**CHARACTERISTICS:**  
 • Amiable, sharp comic timing. But *what the hell happened to his hair during the second season?!?!?*

Reprinted From Newsday

## The Long Island I Miss

### A Baby Boomer Recalls a Vanished World of Open Spaces, Brand-new Neighborhoods and Good Humor Ice-cream Trucks

By Andy Edelstein

*This piece from a recent issue of Newsday was kindly sent to us by Anne Gruber, older sister of our classmate Jill Gruber. Though writer Andy Edelstein – Newsday's television-multimedia editor – grew up in West Hempstead and is a 1970 graduate of H. Frank Carey High School in Franklin Square, you're sure to recognize most if not all of the L.I. landmarks to which he refers. Whether you still live on Lawn Guyland or not, we thought you'd enjoy this affectionate article, to which we've added some photos.*

The 1950s and '60s were a great time to be a kid. And Long Island was a great place to be one. I am one of the hundreds of thousands of baby boomers who were raised in Nassau and Suffolk during those more innocent times. As those memories of Long Island's peak growth years recede further, my growing-up years have become crystallized – or is it romanticized? – as a state of mind. Call it The Long Island I Miss.

OK, so nostalgia can be a particularly insidious affliction of the middle-aged, so stop me if I'm putting too rosy a glow on this, but I miss this Long Island, which has irrevocably been transformed and vaporized by 40 years of development.

I miss not just the empty lots and open spaces, but the other victims of progress: the bowling alleys, drive-in movies and amusement parks, which have all been bulldozed for one more strip mall and housing tract. It makes me sad that my 8-month-old daughter will only think I'm a sentimental fool when I wax rhapsodic about them.

And I do think about them ... with memories that are constant and vivid.

On the Long Island I Miss, families are eating Sunday dinners at Patricia Murphy's Candlelight Restaurant, a cavernous Manhasset eatery where waitresses dispense hot, fluffy popovers, or they're waiting on the long wooden benches for their names to be called at Linck's Log Cabin out on Route 25A in Centertown.

They're shopping at malls – which haven't yet been enclosed – roaming down the cluttered aisles of Alexander's, S. Klein's, Times Square Stores and Korvette's searching for bargains. They're feeding the ducks at Syosset's Lol-

lipop Farm and riding the carousel at Nunley's in Baldwin.

The sound track to the Long Island I Miss is provided (more likely than not on a transistor radio) by the WMCA Good Guys, WABC All-Americans, or Murray the K and his "Swinging Soiree" on WINS. Or maybe the music wafting over this Vanished Long Island is The Vanilla Fudge playing its torturous blues-pop-psychedelia at the Action House in Island Park or the Good Rats rocking at the converted bowling alley in Roslyn known as My Father's Place.

*Continued on page 6*

*Remember  
Syosset's  
Lollipop  
Farm?*



## The Long Island I Miss

*Continued from page 5*

The Long Island I Miss is filled with the sense of really being “in the country.” Backyard fences had not yet been erected to separate neighbors, and sycamore trees were still pint-sized. The stores were new. The schools were new. The air seemed fresher, or maybe there was just more to breathe.

The most-awaited mobile visitor was the Good Humor man (or if he didn't show up, we'd settle for Bungalow Bar). Those boxy trucks may still rumble up suburban streets, but do their tinkling bells still elicit the same reaction nowadays, when you can just as easily buy a pint of Ben & Jerry's at the corner convenience store? Talk about your Pavlovian response.

Each night at about 7, from May through September, Nick -- we never did get to know his last name -- a Pied Piper in crisp white pants (with that very stylish coin changer hanging from belt), shirt and cap -- would drive up the block ringing his bells. Suddenly, dozens of screen doors slammed as kids ran out as fast as their PF Flyers would carry them, clutching quarters for their toasted almond, strawberry shortcake or coconut ice-cream bars.

Nick, who had our neighborhood route through the Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson Administrations, had the good sense to arrive after most of us had finished eating dinner and we had no chance of

ruining our appetites. For someone without an air conditioner, like my family, to be strategically placed outside his freezer door when he opened up and you got that gust of dry-ice cold air, why it was better than 100 Philcos raging at full power.

Those kinds of scenes, like most of the Long Island I Miss, can

hated rivals, the New Haven Blades. Your memory is the only place where you swear they used to have restaurants that delivered your hamburger to you atop a Lionel train.



And it's where you can hear sounds you don't hear anymore: The click-clack of ice-cream sticks or baseball cards stuck in the spokes of your bike; a movie matron's sssshing rowdy kids during a 25-cent Saturday matinee of "The Three Stooges Meet Hercules," or the cat's-wail of electric guitars



*Milleridge Inn as it looked in the 1960s.*

only be conjured in the mind's eye. That's where you'll see rows of blue-suited Cub Scouts devouring sno-cones -- despite the freezing temperatures at the Long Island Arena -- rooting furiously for the Long Island Ducks as they body-check their

in basements and garages as hundreds of teen bands struggled mightily to learn the chord changes to "Sunshine of Your Love."

Most of all, The Long Island I Miss was filled with kids, which is not to say that today's L.I. -- with its new baby boom -- is going to be confused with a Century Village. But will so many kids roughly the same ages ever arrive in one place again at the same time? When my family (lawyer dad, housewife mother, myself, 3, and sister, 5 months) moved from Far Rockaway to West Hempstead in August, 1955, it seemed as if every one of the families that moved that same month onto Western Park Drive had at least two kids, the offspring of the foot soldiers in the great suburban migra-

***“The Long Island I Miss is filled with the sense of really being in ‘the country.’ Backyard fences had not yet been erected to separate neighbors, and sycamore trees were still pint-sized.”***

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*First Person Singular***Marna Ludwig Moseson on Parents, Kids, and Separation Anxiety: *Your* Anxiety, Not Theirs**

**A**fter graduation, I went to the University of Miami with Stephen Licata and Mark Albin. It really wasn't the school for me; it was too much of a party school, and I enjoyed it too much! So after just one year, I came back to Long Island.

My father was a doctor, with a practice in Plainview. Maybe it's not surprising, then, that I ended up earning a nursing degree from Farmingdale State University in 1976 and going to work at North Shore University Hospital. At first I worked on a medical floor, then in a drug-rehabilitation program there.

Not long after I started, I met my husband, Michael, a resident doctor at North Shore. He's now chief of colorectal surgery at St. Francis Hospital, in Roslyn, and has a practice in Great Neck. One day he came up to my floor for a consult, and we started talking. To be honest, I'd seen him before and had my sights on him. We went on our first date on Mother's Day 1977 and were engaged six weeks later. And for two of those weeks, I was away in Israel! That November, we got married. It all happened very,

very quickly, which is funny, because before I met Michael, I'd had a boyfriend for five years. But I guess it was meant to be.

I left the hospital in 1979, a few months before our son, Jordan, was born. Our daughter, Alissa, was born four years later. I decided that I would stay home to raise our children. When my daughter was in seventh grade, I went back to nursing, in my husband's office.

**Half-Empty Nest Syndrome**

Jordan graduated high school in 1997. He wants to be a physician, like his dad and grandfather. He's thinking of specializing in orthopedics. He majored in history of science, medicine, and technology at Johns Hopkins University, in Baltimore, and his leaving home was my first experience with a child's going away on his own for more than two summer months at a time.

We are a very close family, and it was *so hard*. We're Orthodox Jews, which means we can't drive on the Sabbath: from sundown on Friday to sundown on Saturday. Well, moving-in day at Johns



*Marna Ludwig Moseson in color and in black & white*

Hopkins was on a Saturday, so we had to drive Jordan down on Friday and leave him there. The only other kids on campus were *other* Orthodox kids, none of whom was in his dorm. He was all by himself. I couldn't sleep the whole night. I said to my husband, "What if he forgets his key?" Now, he was a big boy and very capable of taking care of himself.

Luckily, he was close enough that it wasn't too much of a drive; maybe four hours. In fact, we're Sunday, because I just had to see him again.

When you're a parent, and your children leave home, your self-identity

changes. Maybe that's especially true for stay-at-home mothers and fathers. You've devoted yourself to raising them, and then they're gone. I really went nuts for a while after Jordan went off to college. At night, especially, the demons would come out. I slept in his room for a long time because I just needed that connection. It was a way to be close to him. Another thing was that it took me a long time to remember to set only three place settings at the table instead of four. Sometimes I still set four accidentally.

*Continued on page 12*



### *First Person Singular*

## **Freda Salatino: Why I Ride**

The sound of Magnolia's 500cc engine pierces the stillness of the tiny canyon where I live. My headlight burns brightly, adequate to show any obstacles on the pavement directly in front of me but not enough to warm the blue-grey light. I straddle the bike, feet planted on the pavement, knees a bit flexed. With a flick of the throttle, my machine starts forward and I raise my feet to the pegs.

Magnolia quiets to a throaty contralto as I thread my way through the Gulch in the early dawn. I can feel the pocket of air between my right hip and the side of the steep hill, the greater breeze at my left, which opens up to the center of the Gulch. Colors are sharper than they would be through the cleanest car windshield. The air outside my visor is crisp; my warm breath within makes everything foggy. I use my gloved left hand to open my visor just slightly until the mist clears.

The road through the Gulch is sweetly curvy. I push right and left with my hips, eyes flicking everywhere, chin parallel to the road; a gentle waltz with the trees and the pavement.

At the crest of the Gulch I turn left, entering Scotts Valley and the road to Hwy 17 and Silicon Valley. On this short final leg I smell the Golden Arches warming its griddles for breakfast; bakery and coffee aromas at the local latté joint. I blow through one light (okay, I cut it a bit close), stop at another, then bank hard right up the driveway of Scotts Valley Fitness Center.

***“When Steve died of cancer at age forty-five, I realized that sometimes, when you defer a dream too long, you run out of time.”***

I cut the engine, put down my kickstand, and dismount. An observer might expect the helmet to reveal some short, stocky guy, but instead it's me: a chunky middle-aged woman with short ash blonde hair. I'm awake, happy, and at peace – no mean feat at five o'clock in the morning.

Nobody in my family ever had a bike, and I never dated anyone who rode, but I've dreamed of a motor assist ever since I struggled up Merry Lane on my bicycle at age twelve. And I've been attracted to motorcycles since my early twenties. I used to tell my husband that we should buy a pair of bikes when we retired, and spend our time riding up and down the Pacific Coast Highway.

When Steve died of cancer at age forty-five, I realized that sometimes, when you defer a dream too long, you run out of time. And the next opportunity I had (August 1999, when a good friend enrolled in the Motorcycle Safety Foundation Course), I decided to see whether riding was even for me.

When I straddled the little Honda Rebel in my very first riding session, I had never even SAT on a motorcycle in my entire life. From the second my feet left the pavement and found the foot pegs I knew I was hooked.

I could tell by the giggling.

### **How I Chose My Bike**

Truth be told, it took two times before I was able to pass the Motorcycle Safety Foundation class. No regrets, really – it was unrealistic for me to think I could pass a riding test with only two afternoons of riding un-

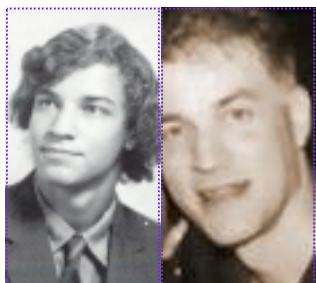
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# • GALLERY •

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

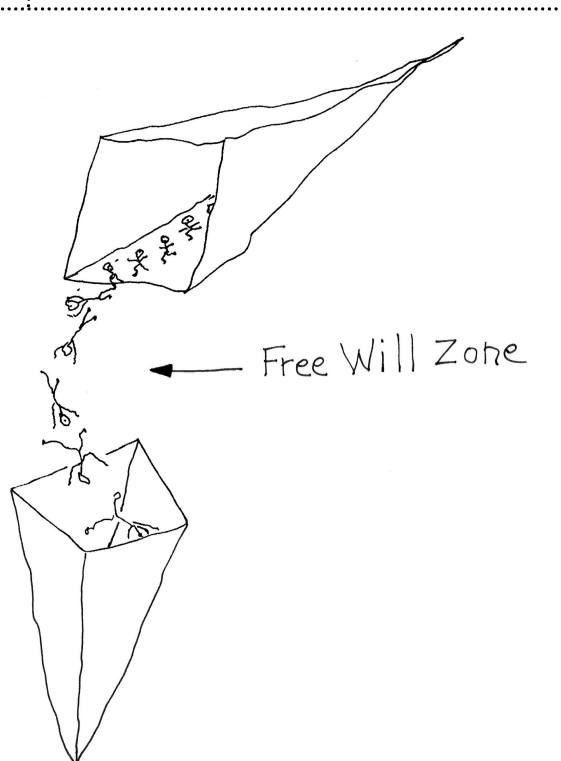
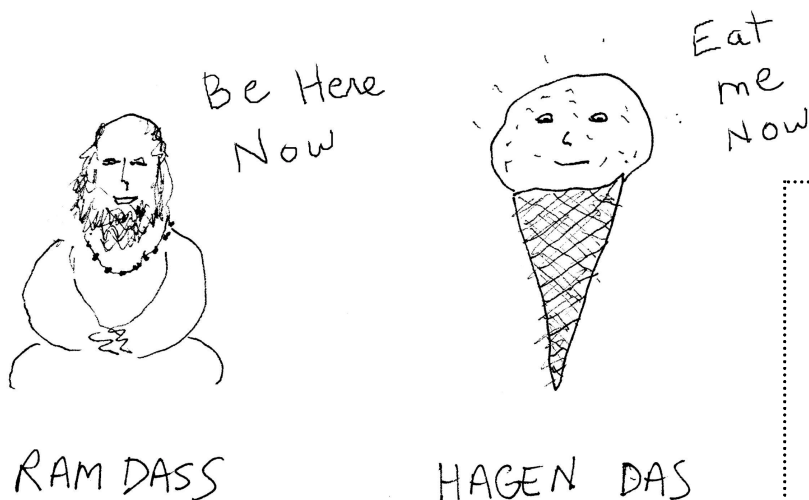
**Selected  
Cartoons**  
by Dan  
Clurman



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

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

## The Evolution of Gurus



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

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

## HELP US FIND THE STILL-MISSING 40

Of the approximately 350 of us, thus far 40 or so have eluded the teams of mercenaries we currently have combing the globe. If you're in contact with any of the folks listed below — or know the whereabouts of brothers, sisters, and/or other family members -- please notify us or have them get in touch directly. Even tidbits of information might prove helpful, such as: "The last time I saw good ol' So-and-So, he was on the TV show 'Cops.' And he *wasn't* a cop. Still could run fast and leap fences, though ..." Etc.



**We have mailing addresses for the following folks, or we can contact them via [classmates.com](http://classmates.com). But we'd love to be able to send them occasional e-mail announcements. If you know the e-mail address for any of these alumni, please e-mail [philipbashe@earthlink.net](mailto:philipbashe@earthlink.net).**

Carr, Robert  
 Clark, Dennis  
 Clay, Jonathan  
 Cole, Grainger  
 ~ Lives in Sherman Oaks, CA;  
 can't find address or phone #  
 Cucco, Juliet  
 Esposito, Joseph  
 Faber, Alan  
 Haas, Randy  
 ~ Believe he lives in California  
 Fiedler, Howard  
 Fisher, Scott  
 Forest, Glenn  
 Forst, Robert  
 Friedlander, Danny  
 Genna, Michael  
 Gross, Steven  
 Hanan, Ira  
 Hartley, Billy  
 ~ Might be in Oregon  
 Horowitz, Zena  
 Kraus, Ken  
 Landis, Debra  
 Lubitz, Judy  
 Mari, Bea  
 McEwen, Alan  
 Meadow, David  
 Meslin, Harvey  
 Nerken, Sara  
 Nuszer, Bela  
 Rorer, James  
 Rosenberg, Monica  
 Savini, Mary  
 Siegel, Laurie  
 ~ Pretty sure she lives on L.I.  
 and is married to a caterer  
 Silverstein, Janet  
 Simpson, Barbara  
 Snow, Emma  
 Weinstein, Ellen  
 Weiss, Lee  
 Wright, Philip

Asrelsky, Barry  
 Barry Jay, Joyce  
 Bercu, Scott  
 Berg, Lorrie  
 Bernstein, Steven  
 Brodbeck Rosenberg, Mary-  
 ellen  
 Carmel Sichel, Caren  
 Cashton, Kamholtz, Robin  
 Chazotte, John  
 Cohen, Allen  
 Cohen, Debbie  
 Crane Rothstein, Cyd  
 Danenbaum Martens, Sue  
 Davis Bromberg, Maryellen  
 Dominy, Kevin  
 Douglas, Mitchell  
 Edelheit, Andrea  
 Eisenberg, Paul  
 Fialkov, Harvey  
 Fialkov, Carolyn  
 Friedlander, Danny  
 Friedman, Jeff  
 Galgano, Pat  
 Geisser, Stuart  
 Gilbert, Michael  
 Goldenbach Cherry, Mindy  
 Goldstein, Larry  
 Gordon Yuruckso, Melissa  
 Gould, Peggy  
 Greene, Jan  
 Greer, Norman  
 Gurien Dubin, Sherry  
 Halperin, Howard  
 Hamer, Alan  
 Hamlin, Gary

Heilig, John  
 Held, Marsha  
 Kashan, Robert  
 Katz, Elaine  
 Kaufman, Ross  
 Kaufman Nadam, Debbie  
 Kinberg, Mass, Dorene  
 Koffler, Jeff  
 Koss Astor, Pam  
 Krasner, Howard  
 Kula, Meryl  
 Lagona London, Carole  
 Lehrer, Steven  
 Libes, Richard  
 MacDougall, Bruce  
 Maguire, Flip  
 Mansberger, Anne  
 Maurer, Michael  
 McCoy Munson, Linda  
 McGrath, James  
 Mellman, Steven  
 Mourguides, Emily  
 Nelson Schuster, Lori  
 Nerken, Sara  
 Neubert, Suzanne  
 Parker, Jeffrey  
 Patelis, Dino  
 Paull, Jeffrey  
 Pellicoro Rienzo, Claudia  
 Peralta, Brian  
 Perlman, Steven  
 Pfriender, Susan  
 Regan, Joan  
 Resnikoff, Brad  
 Romanoff, Andrew  
 Rosen, Cliff

Rubin, Amy  
 Ruestow, John  
 Ruzek, Barry  
 Sardo, Ron  
 Sarris, Stacy  
 Saunders, Mark  
 Scarpinato, Vinnie  
 Schatzberg, Meschkow, Carol  
 Schwab, Leslie  
 Shalat, Elyse  
 Silverberg, Mark  
 Silverstone, Lee  
 Sixt McNulty, Jane  
 Stein, Richard  
 Steinmeyer, Dean  
 Sugarman, Michael  
 Sugarman Gold, Susan  
 Sussman Kusek, Sharon  
 Sylvan, Sanford  
 Tabakin Cain, Bonnie  
 Torre, Lynn  
 Towne, Kenneth  
 Tropin, Mitchell  
 Visentin, Steven  
 Wander, Marc  
 Weisenfeld, Laura  
 Weissman, Alexis  
 Wilson, Kenneth  
 Wiskosky, Walt  
 Witteck, Frank  
 Yetman Kesner, Maureen  
 Zlattner, Richard



In which we feign interest while you brag about your children. Actually, we'd love to hear all about 'em! E-mail us stories and photos. But absolutely no home movies!!!! Sorry, but we've got to draw the line somewhere.

### Evan Caputo Friedmann: Obviously It's Genetic

If you ever meet **Linda Caputo Friedmann's** son, **Evan**, in person, be really, *really* nice to him. A few years from now, he'll probably be your boss. Evan took his SATs a year early and got a perfect score: 1,600. He also has the highest grade in calculus at Syosset High School, where he is currently a junior.

"I still don't know how the hell that happened," says Linda. "He must have gotten his math knowledge from his dad." Here are some of Evan's other impressive achievements: "He also took the SAT when he was thirteen as part of the Johns Hopkins 'Search for Talented Youth' and got one of the highest scores in both New York State and the U.S. for his age group. He was awarded certificates for both.

"On the recommendation of one of his teachers, last year he partici-

pated in the Congressional program for National Leadership and was invited back to take part in the International Leadership program this summer. Only forty kids in the country were invited. He was also invited by Rutgers University to attend a six-week symposium in Applied Theoretical Mathematics this summer. He is looking to go to Georgetown, Johns Hopkins, the University of Chicago, or Columbia University.

"And guess what: He is good looking, with hair down to his shoulders, wears Bierkenstocks, is a vegetarian Phish\* fan, an avid rock-

*\* For those of you who stopped listening to rock music because you were devastated by the breakup of Gary Puckett and the Union Gap, and you swore you'd never allow your heart to be shattered like that again, "Phish" is not a typo, although, granted, "a vegetarian fish fan" would make sense. It's the name of a band, stupid.*

concert goer, and collects all sorts of movies. I have made certain that he's had a proper education both musically (all my old albums) and movie-wise. My children were required to watch old Japanese monster movies (*Mothra* is a favorite), old gangster films, the entire Marx Brothers collection, important science-fiction movies (like *The Day the Earth Stood Still* and the original *Attack of the 50-foot Woman*), and *West Side Story*. My husband wouldn't permit more musicals for fear of threatening Evan's masculinity.

"And, will wonders never cease, he does *not* do drugs." Well, Linda, you can't have *everything*. Seriously, the kid makes us feel like a bunch of slackers by comparison ...

### Jamie Segal Cleva Shows Talent in Radio Talent Show

**Debbie Siegel Cleva's** eight-year-old daughter, **Jamie**, placed fourth in Long Island radio station WBLI-FM's talent contest,



"Island Idol," its version of TV's *American Idol*, with votes cast by listeners. The Plainview High School senior sang Freda Payne's "Band of Gold" and Betty Everett's "The Shoop Shoop Song (It's in His Kiss)" — hey, kid's got taste. Also a big voice with lots of character. In addition to singing, Jamie enjoys acting, dancing, and choreography. A Brittney ("I'm Not a Girl, Not Yet a Woman, I'm Really a Space Alien in Teen Nymphet Drag") Spears fan, she hopes to become an entertainer. Judging by her WBLI performances, she's off to an excellent start. ■

## Marna Ludwig

*Continued from page 7*

At least I had work to keep me busy during the day. And we have a lot of animals in my house, so they also kept me busy. Eventually, you adjust. It probably took me four or five months. Every year, obviously, got easier. But I'll tell you, it's always tough when they come home for a visit and then leave. Every time Jordan had to go back to school, I cried, because I got used to having him here and knew I would miss him terribly.

### Intellectually, You Know Kids Need Their Freedom. Emotionally? That's Another Story!

Still, I think it's important to give kids the freedom to go and not make them feel guilty about leaving. You want to be available to them, but you also have to know how much space to give them. After a while, I could see that we were annoying our son when we used to

call so much. He wouldn't get back to me as quickly as he used to. Obviously he didn't need to. Then there were times when he chose to spend vacations at school. That's something you have to deal with also.

As much as you miss them, intellectually you know that they need to go, they need the independence, and they need to be with other people their age. You know that it's the right thing, and you have to focus on that and enjoy the fact that they're moving on to the next phase of their lives. Also, one child's leaving home is also an opportunity time to enjoy the extra time you have with your spouse. Or if you have other children, maybe it's an opportunity to give them more attention.

Jordan graduated from Hopkins in 2001 and got accepted to the New York College of Osteopathic Medicine, in Old Westbury. It's the only New York State. He moved back into our home in Dix Hills, where we've lived since 1985. I

know it was mainly because he couldn't afford to live on his own while going to medical school. So many kids can't, especially on Long Island, where the housing is so expensive.

It's probably not the ideal situation for him in terms of studying. And you run into a lot of logistical problems too, like, "Are you gonna be home for dinner?" You worry all the time about them getting home at night, and you can't really fall asleep until you hear their car pull up in the driveway. And yet when they're away, it's almost like out of sight, out of mind, maybe because you don't have to see it. I know a lot of other parents feel the same way.

It's not a *problem* problem, though. What can I say? I love having Jordan home, especially since our daughter graduated high school the same spring that he graduated from college.

### Then Came 9/11

From the time that both of my children were in nursery school, they went to religious school: a yeshiva called the Hebrew Academy of Nassau County. It's sort of a tradition that after graduation, a young man or young woman will spend the next year studying in Israel. After returning to the states they either go to Yeshiva University for men or Stern College for women, or to a secular college.

Jordan didn't go to Israel, because around the time he graduated, there was a slew of terrorist bombings going on. It was just too dangerous, so we decided not to send him. He didn't push us about it. But when it came time for Alissa to go, she pushed and pushed.

*Continued on page 16*

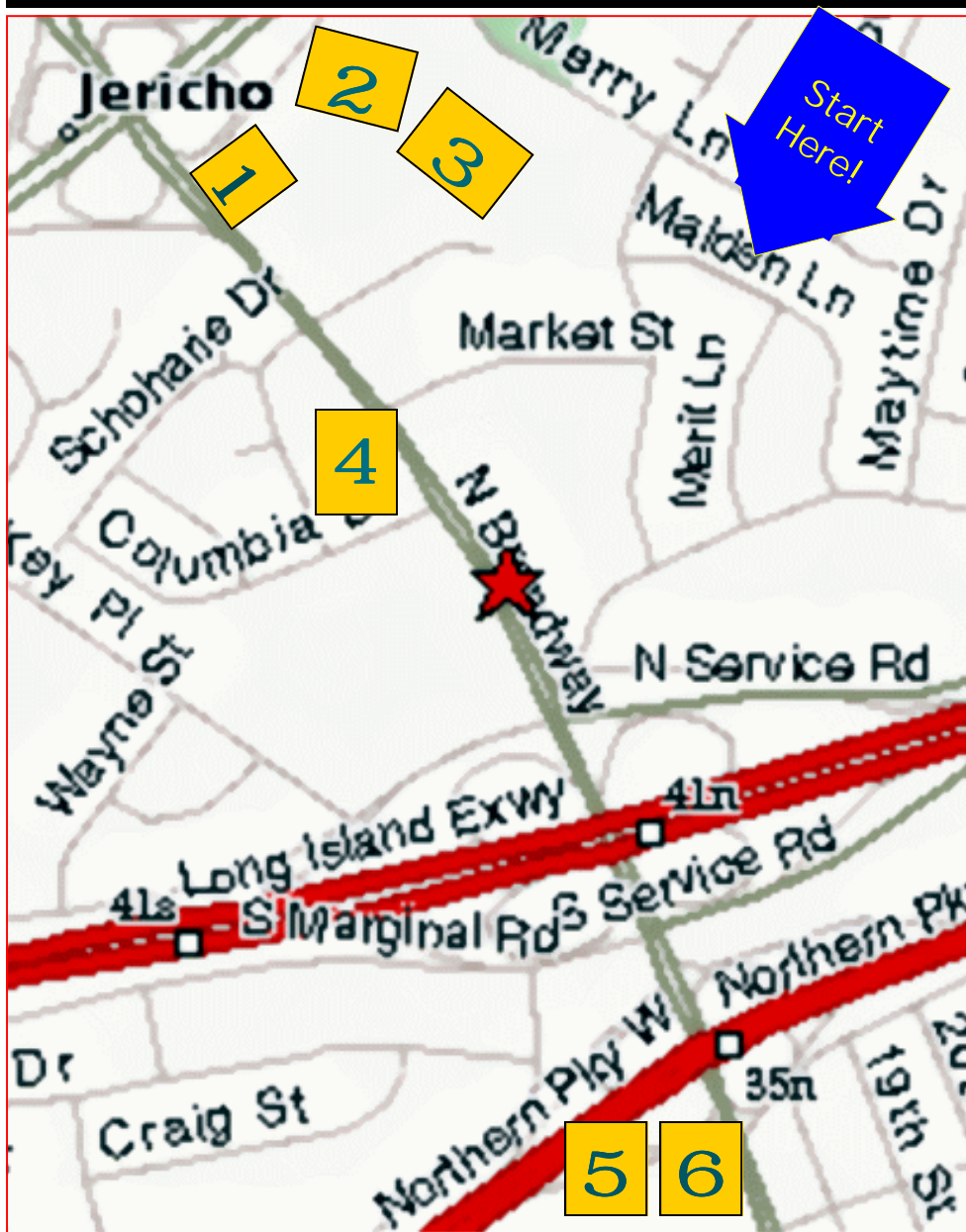


*Alissa and Jordan Moseson*

*Ready to test your memory and skill?*

Then get set to play "Hey, Mom? I'm goin' up to Mid-Island Plaza."

**Object of the Game:** *So-and-So told So-and-So who told you that Denny's Depot is having a one-day-only sale on Landlubber hiphugger jeans. So you've got to hightail it up to Mid-Island Plaza in your Buster Browns immediately after school. To get to MIP without falling off the edge of the Earth (somewhere around Woodbury) and being devoured alive by the Giant Demon Bird, you must correctly match all the landmarks along North Broadway with their respective numbers (continued on page 15).*



## Landmarks

- 1 Milleridge Inn
- 2 Floyd Bennet
- 3 Birchwood Shopping Center:  
Jericho Post Office  
Waldbaums  
Flakowitz Bake Shop  
Colony Card Shop, with  
grumpy old man behind  
counter  
Sandy's Restaurant  
J'Art Beauty Salon  
Birch Drug and Supply Co.  
Mee's Chinese Kitchen  
Dario's Italian Restaurant
- 4 Jericho Fire Department
- 5 Pepe's Men's Hair Styling
- 6 Le Baron Restaurant

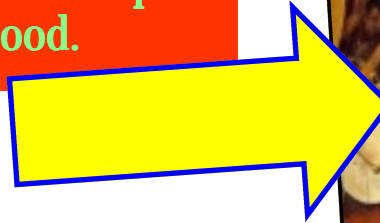
Nice going! You're halfway there!



# Landmarks (cont'd)

- 7 Goodyear Tires
- 8 Burger 'n' Shake
- 9 Executive Diner
- 10 Robert Hall Clothes
- 11 Hobart Electronics
- 12 Villa Parma
- 13 Oddvark (Jericho-Hicksville's one-and-only head shop)
- 14 Nathan's
- 15 Mid-Island Bowl
- 16 Udell Pharmacy  
Perry's Liquors
- 17 Host Deli  
The Roman Den
- 18 Mid-Island Plaza  
ABC Records  
Andrew's Men's and Boy's Clothes  
B&B Lorry's  
Bond Clothes  
Chess King  
Denny's Depot  
Gertz  
Hicksville Florist  
J.J. Newberry's  
Long's Chinese Restaurant  
Mr. Larry  
National Shirt Shops  
Pizza D'Amore  
Sid's Pants  
Twin Theatre  
Cinerama
- 19 Broadway Diner
- 20 Sears, Roebuck

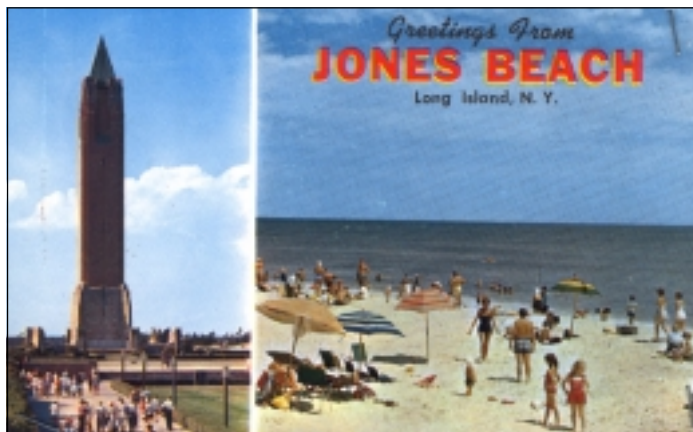
Don't go this way — or you're likely to ride your bike off the edge of the earth. Then *this* will happen. Not good.



## The Long Island I Miss

*Continued from page 6*

tion. Within a two-tenths of a mile-long street, there were 48 potential playmates, all of whom had just a few weeks earlier been living in apartments in Brooklyn or Queens. You could scour up enough boys to get up two complete baseball teams plus several scrubs. The word "play date" hadn't been invented. You "called" for someone (that meant ringing the doorbell, not phoning – phoning was for grownups) or simply gravitated to the street as if called by some internal kid radar. You and a group of friends could wander away for an entire afternoon on bicycle or foot without worrying that your face would end up on a milk carton (a moot point, since milk mostly came in bottles then). Even when the sun went down and on Halloween. And when you returned home, you didn't need a key be-



land's best asset. But even so, a sense of wistfulness informs my trips to the beach nowadays. You can still enjoy Jones Beach, but don't expect to arrive to see a musical at the Zak's Bay theater via boat after eating a leisurely dinner at Guy Lombardo's restaurant across the water in Freeport. And you can still have frozen custard and play Skee-Ball at Long Beach, but you can't ride the roller coaster or Ferris wheel at the Edwards Boulevard amusement park.

The boardwalk is still thick with strollers and cyclists, but it's no longer filled with the "summer people," the lower-middle class, retired couples from Brooklyn and Queens who took small rooms for the season and on Saturday nights would promenade in their summer finest: the men in their white shoes and captain's caps; the women in flowered dresses and stoles. Like most of the Long Island I Miss, they're gone now, and they're not coming back.

The Long Island I Miss is so vivid, I suppose, because my parents still live in the same house my father purchased for less than \$20,000 43 years ago. My parents have steadfastly resisted the migration to the Sun Belt that has enticed so many suburban pioneers. The house that I grew up in, likewise, has not changed that drastically: It hasn't been aluminum-sided, decked or whatever else people have done to their 1950s-era homes to drag them in to the late 20th Century. Its finished basement is my personal Baby Boom Smithsonian. Without much effort I can locate my official Franklin Square Little League team photo, a campaign poster urging re-election of our long-gone congressman, Jack Wydler, and a guide book to the 1964-65 World's Fair. And that's just at the top of one pile.

For brief moments, The Long Island I Miss lives. But I know the clock is ticking. ■



*Remember the open-air Mid-Island Plaza?*

cause the door was always unlocked. The sense of security made you feel confident and self-reliant.

And the same kids would grow up with you, be part of your lives for the next decade and a half. They'd be part of the bicycle brigade, exploring the strange uncharted land outside your immediate development (Malverne! how exotic, as we crossed the border into the next town). They'd be there through Cub Scouts and Little League, birthday parties, bar mitzvahs and communions, elementary school, junior high and senior high. A few stayed, but most left.

Of course, some things that made growing up on Long Island so special have not really changed: easy access to the culture and vitality of the greatest city in the world, superb schools and public libraries, and lots of recreational opportunities, especially the beach. Which, despite decades of erosion, is still Long Is-

## Marna Ludwig

*Continued from page 12*

and pushed. Right up until the day she left, in August 2001, my husband and I were wracked with doubt. "Should we? Shouldn't we? What kind of parents are we, sending her into a war zone? What's wrong with us?" But because of our strong religious convictions and the fact that she really wanted to go, we said yes.

One comforting thought was the fact that my husband's sister lives in a town in Jerusalem called Har-Nof with her eleven children. (That's right, eleven.) She now has three grandchildren, too. At least she could look out for Alissa. Also, my niece, who just had her second baby, happens to be the house mother at the all-girls Orthodox Yeshiva where my daughter was

***"E-mail is really ideal, because it's a way to keep tabs on your kids without being too intrusive."***

studying. They call it a seminary, but it's like a college. It's a beautiful, beautiful community, located in the hills, where they further their religious studies.

Then September 11 happened. That day was a nightmare, for everyone, obviously. We couldn't get a hold of her, she couldn't get a hold of us; she didn't know where we were and what was going on. We also didn't know what kind of reprisals might happen in Israel. Finally we got a hold of her, and within a week she was home. We had sent her to Israel on the stipulation that if, God forbid, we felt it was too dangerous for her to be there, she would come home if we asked her to. We said, "Take everything with you, because we don't know if you're going to be going back." She reluctantly packed her bags. The poor kid had been there for only a month.

She stayed home for about a month and a half. And, believe it or not, we sent her back. Again, what were we thinking? But she really wanted to go back, and we felt that it was important for her to feel like she'd completed something and to finish the year. So she went back.

That was very traumatic; much harder than sending her to Israel the first time. My son was against the

whole thing. He said, "I don't think you should send her." Then he added, "She shouldn't have gone in the first place."

All in all, though, we felt that she was safe. The school handled the situation very well. For instance, every morning the head rabbi would call the police and find out where the girls could and couldn't go. They were never allowed to take buses. My family had taken trips to Israel many times, and normally that was how you got around. You took a bus; it was fun, and easy, and cheap. Now the girls had to take cabs everywhere they went. They had a very strict curfew at night and had to check in.

Kids don't really have a sense of danger. But one of her two roommates was involved in a bombing. During one of the bombings on a street in Jerusalem that everybody hung out on, the suicide bombers came disguised, and her roommate was missing for several hours. Nobody knew where she was. Finally they found her. Another time one of her teachers, who was pregnant, was used as a human shield. She gave birth within twenty-four hours of the attack, because of the trauma. Alissa witnessed a lot of stuff firsthand that most people never see in their lifetime.

### **Good Thing There's E-mail**

We got used to turning on CNN first thing in the morning. We also spoke several times a day, so needless to say, our phone bills were astronomical. Sometimes Alissa would just leave a message on our answering machine: "There was a bombing today, but I'm fine. I just don't want you to hear it on TV and get nervous. Everything is okay." That's how you live.

The worst time for me, though, didn't have anything to do with terrorism. It was when she came down with a 104-degree fever and pneumonia. She called me on my cell phone. I was in Waldbaums at the time, and I could hear how sick she was just from her voice. She was crying, I was crying — other shoppers were looking at me — but it's such a helpless feeling when your child is sick and needs you, and there's nothing you can do to help her. Luckily my sister-in-law was there for take care of her.

It's amazing, though, when you think about how easy it is to stay in touch nowadays. I remember being in college and having a phone in my room. But if you were out when your parents called, there was no way for them to find you. There was no phone machine.

*Continued on page 17*



## Marna Ludwig

*Continued from page 16*

Remember making a specific time to speak with your parents? It's all a lot easier now, especially with e-mail and instant messaging. E-mail is really ideal, because it's a way to keep tabs on your kids without being too intrusive.

Alissa came home for good right before last year's 30<sup>th</sup> high-school reunion, in April. I can't begin to describe what a relief it was. When she flew into Kennedy Airport, I hugged her and said, "You are *never* going back to Israel." Because a lot of the girls and boys do go back for second year of study, believe it or not.

I'll tell you, it was difficult enough seeing Jordan go off to Johns Hopkins. But after our experience with Alissa in Israel, I'll gladly go through the college thing a million times! Since the September 11 attacks on New York, though, it's probably anxiety provoking for parents whose kids live in Manhattan or any other large American city. There are always subways and other places to avoid.

Our daughter is now a psychology major at Florida Atlantic University in Boca Raton. We have a house down there, so that's where she stays. My parents live nearby, in Boynton Beach. They sold our house in Jericho and moved there about fifteen years ago, along with most of the rest of Jericho, it seems!

Alissa has three jobs, she's made the Dean's list — she's really doing beautifully. And I think that a lot of it is due to having been on her own in Israel. I'm very proud of her because she was able to rise above what was going on there in Israel and go on with doing what she had to do. ■

## Freda Salatino

*Continued from page 8*

der my belt. But once I finished that first class I was determined to learn to ride. The only way I was going to do that was to have something to practice with. I put the word out to my friends that I was interested in buying a bike. Instantly, my two closest male friends had me buying *Motorcycle Trader* magazine and were advising me on what I should get.

After looking semi-seriously for two weeks at the end of the California riding season (Novemberish), I found a 1985 Honda Shadow with 12,000 miles on it. It had a 500 cc engine, which is considered moderate size; it was black and a bit scratched on one side; it had been garaged and not ridden for two years. The bike *needed* me.

I didn't have the nerve to ride it home; Rob did that for me, with my nine-year-old daughter Simone riding behind him. But the bike was everything I needed. I named her Sugar Magnolia.

It was coming into the rainy season when we brought Magnolia

home. I got a learner's permit, which enabled me to ride anywhere I liked *except* a freeway, and I endeavored to practice throughout the winter.

Whenever the roads dried out between rains, I rode up and down the three miles of Lockhart Gulch Road. However, for months I was too scared to take her out of my neighborhood and into traffic. The kind of riding I was doing was harder than just learning on flat suburban roads; my road is quite curvy, and there's lots of uphill. But I was more afraid of other cars than I was of curves.

I learned that a motorcycle is a lot like a gyroscope; it's pretty unstable at speeds under ten miles per hour, but the faster you go the more stable it gets. So you really can't fall leaning into curve, as long as you go into the curve at a speed

*Continued on page 18*



## Nooz/Sanford Sylvan

*Continued from page 2*

rorists in October 1985. The film was enthusiastically received at the Sundance Festival and elsewhere. "Brilliant, morally courageous, and overwhelmingly moving," the *Los Angeles Times* enthused.

Eerily, around the time that the film opened in the U.S., Abu Abbas, mastermind of the ship's hijacking, was finally apprehended, in Iraq. *Death of Klinghoffer* will be out on DVD later this year.

Sandy, who lives in Belmont, Massachusetts, has performed

with many of the world's leading orchestras, including the New York Philharmonic, London Symphony, Melbourne Symphony, and Los Angeles Philharmonic. He won Grammy and Emmy awards for his role in John Adams's *Nixon in China*, and is a four-time Grammy nominee.

We could fill this entire newsletter with reviews acclaiming his voice. Here's just one example, from the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*: "Sanford Sylvan is an artist whose vocal magnificence and interpretive depth make everything sound special." ■

## Freda Salatino

*Continued from page 17*

you can handle. Once I had negotiated The Big Scary Cross-Street effectively (a road much like Jericho Turnpike), I started taking short hops to the gym. My friend Rob and his wife Asti soon appeared at my side, inviting me on slightly longer rides. As my confidence grew, the rides became longer still.

Six months later, when I was finally ready to leave the Gulch, I had a friend ride down to “take me out.” Soon I stopped stalling when I stopped the bike at a light. I stopped being nervous when I had to stop the bike on a slight upslant. I stopped being nervous when I had to lean the bike hard to turn sharp right or sharp left. I started to love

the sights and the sounds and the speed and the *rush* of it.

By the time I signed up for the second MSF class I *still* hated making u-turns. But by time I finished that class I was doing those, too. As the Motorcycle Safety Foundation says, *the more you know the better it gets.*

**“My husband’s death taught me that life was too short. What’s going to teach you?”**

It took me just about a year from the time of the first MSF class to the time of the second, when I passed the test. By October 2000 I had a real motorcycle license.

## What Riding Has Done for Me

*Riding has given me enormous confidence.* I’ve dropped the bike at very slow speed five times. I’ve dropped the bike after skidding on a patch of grease near a traffic light. I’ve run out of gas on the bike in the middle of a busy suburban intersection and had to walk the damned thing to a gas station ¼ mile away. I’ve even gotten caught in the rain on my bike. I haven’t emerged from all encounters unscathed, but I’ve handled it each time.

*Riding has forced me to learn how to handle attention from strangers.* The whole stereotype of “toughness” and “rugged individuality” that people have about riders, touches me too. When people see

*Continued on page 19*

## Choosing Your First Bike: Common-sense Guidelines

**The bike should be used, and not too cherry.** It’s better to have an older bike; maybe even one that’s a little bit banged up already. This will make it slightly less embarrassing the first time you drop the bike.

**It should be relatively easy to repair.**

**Don’t buy more bike than you can handle.** Since I had only ridden a motorcycle twice, I was strongly cautioned to stay with a smallish engine. (The bikes in the MSF classes generally have smallish engines – 125cc or 250 cc at best – and yet they have all the gears, and are capable of highway-legal speeds.) Better to “outgrow” a smaller bike than to get one that’s too frisky, before you’re ready to handle it.

**Make sure the bike fits you comfortably.** When you sit in the saddle, your arms should reach the handle grips comfortably, your back should be straight, and your legs should touch the floor easily. This will

make you feel much more secure while riding, and reduce the likelihood of fatigue from shoulder strain.

**Try to get a bike that you can pick up yourself, if need be.** Nobody likes to think about dumping a bike, but if you’re alone and you drop the bike you can wait a long time for help from someone else. (My first bike weighed 435 lbs. with a full gas tank. I can only dead-lift 170 lbs, but that’s enough for me to be able to lean the bike erect.)

**Don’t forget protective gear!** Most states require motorcyclists to wear a helmet that extends down to the base of their skull; those “beanie” helmets you see on some folks who have large American-made motorcycles (ahem) are illegal because they don’t protect your intellectual property (read: brain case) worth a damn. You should also have a sturdy riding jacket and pants, gloves, and sturdy shoes with soles that can easily grip the road. ■

## Freda Salatino

*Continued from page 18*

me in my riding gear they don't know I'm a newbie with less than five years under my belt. They usually assume I've been doing it for a long time. Sometimes women motorcycle *passengers* see me and make embarrassed excuses about why they don't ride. That's when I tell them how new I am at it. It's very gratifying to help people see possibilities. And yeah, it's also gratifying to seem macho and heroic.

*Riding has helped me improve my driving.* You guessed it: the main reason I was once so terrified to take my bike out of Lockhart Gulch is that I had a very dim view of most drivers, and their ability to share the road. That's because I was one of those very same Bozos myself. The hypervigilance you practice on a motorcycle has taught me to take less for granted when I'm driving my big metal box. And after thirty-two years with a driver's license that's pretty cool.

But mainly riding has given me a huge appreciation for the beauty of this planet, in all its guises: morning smells, subtle textures, air currents and colors you just don't see from behind a car windshield. In the summertime, when Simone rides her bicycle to school, I ride my bike to work. It's a 104-mile round trip, and it's the most beautiful damned thing you ever want to see. Even dodging between cars at high speeds.

### Should You Learn to Ride?

Okay. So some of you are reading this because you can't believe Freda Salatino actually rides a motorcycle. But some of you, in your secret souls, are curious about how it feels. All I can say is, get someone who has a bike to take you for a ride. Don't take the first ten seconds of the ride as an indication of what it'll be like. Close your eyes for a bit and feel the motion of the bike, the temperature of the air around you. Smell the smells. Unclench your stomach and your jaw and relax to it.

You may just like it. And if you *do*? Well, my husband's death taught me that life was too short. What's going to teach you? ■

### References

Motorcycle Safety Foundation site:  
<http://www.msf-usa.org/pages/MAIN1.html>  
 Freda's own Tales Of The Highway:  
<http://www.beginnersmind.net/tales/>

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

*Since our 30-year reunion a year ago, we've located or relocated some more of your fellow classmates. Here are their e-mail addresses; if we don't have their e-mail, we give you their mailing addresses.*

**Linda Andresini**  
Weefivers@aol.com

**Debbie D'Amore Ascari**  
das336@hotmail.com

**Deborah Armstrong  
Kopman**  
Travel537@aol.com

**Peter Savino**  
ps1562001@aol.com

**Paulette Bernfeld  
Woodward**  
11 Lake Ave., #704,  
Worcester, MA  
01604

**Elaine Marciszyn  
Schilling**  
ElaineSc@optonline.net

**Abby Zwiebel Heyligers**  
AbaDabaDoo2654  
@aol.com

**Linda Burke Szabo**  
LSzabo5456@aol.com

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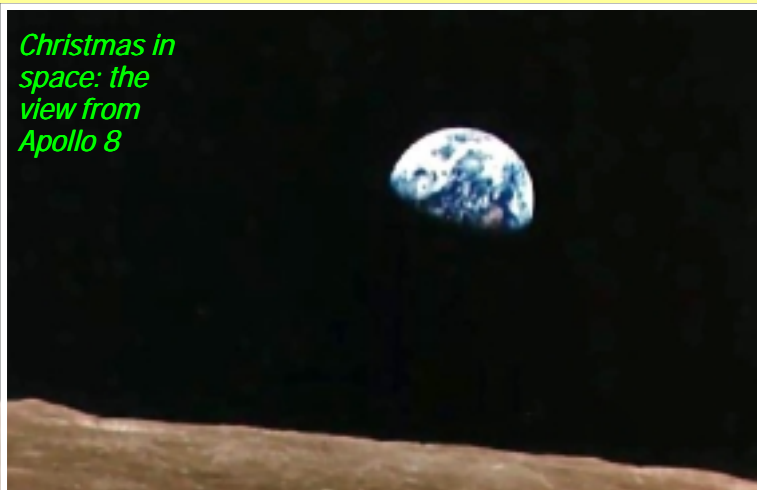
334-9404

# Your Back Pages

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

## The World Around You • Freshman Year, 1968-69

*Christmas in space: the view from Apollo 8*



- ♦ The median household income is \$7,743.00.
- ♦ In October Jackie Kennedy marries shipping tycoon Aristotle Onassis.
- ♦ Droll comedian Pat Paulsen of "The Smothers Brothers' Comedy Hour," running for president on the Straight Talkin' American Government (STAG) party ticket, receives 200,000 write-in votes in the 1968 election. His

motivation for wanting the chief-executive job? "It has a good pension plan."

- ♦ To the delight of cardiologists everywhere, McDonald's introduces the Big Mac *and* its apple pie. Can you place the ingredients of the Big Mac in their proper order, according to the product jingle?  
(a) lettuce (b) sesame-seed bun (c) pickles (g) ketchup (h) cheese (l) unidentifiable vegetable matter

Correct answers: f, g, e, a, h, c, d, b

- ♦ Long Island gets its own basket ball team, as the New Jersey Americans of the ABA move to the dismal, hangarlike Commack Arena and rechristen themselves the New York Nets. They finish the 1968-69 season a distant last.
- ♦ The Concorde Supersonic jet makes its maiden flight on Sunday, February 9, 1969, the same day the Northeast is socked by a storm that drops *twenty* inches of snow. You miss — maybe *miss* isn't the right word — three days of school!
- ♦ The Dow Jones Industrial Average surpasses 1,000 for the first time in history.

*Continued on next page*

# Your Back Pages

## The World Around You • Freshman Year, 1968-69

*Continued from previous page*

- ◆ In May 1969, the Turtles ("Happy Together," "Eleanor," "It Ain't Me Babe") play a White House party at the invitation of First Daughter Tricia Nixon. When the group arrives, an overzealous Secret Service agent mistakes the ticking of the drummer's metronome for a time bomb and smashes it to bits.

### *On the Radio:*

- ◆ Tommy James and the Shondells, "Crimson and Clover" • Sly and the Family Stone, "Everyday People" • Beatles, "Hey Jude" • Marvin Gaye, "I Heard It Through the Grapevine" • Cream, "White Room" • Supremes, "Love Child"

### *On the BIG SCREEN:*

- ◆ *Barbarella* • *I Am Curious (Yellow)* • *Romeo and Juliet* • *Yellow Submarine*

### *On the tube:*

- ◆ "Julia" • "Laugh-In" • "60 Minutes," with Mike Wallace, Harry Reasoner, Dan Rather, and Morley Safer • "Hawaii Five-O"

### *In Sports:*

- ◆ Mickey Lolich wins three times as the Detroit Tigers overcome a 3-1 deficit to beat St. Louis in seven in the 1968 World Series.
- ◆ Joe Namath's New York Jets upset the NFL's Baltimore Colts 16-7 in Super Bowl III.
- ◆ Basketball's Boston Celtics, coached by Bill Russell, triumph over the Los Angeles Lakers, 4-3, in the NBA, while the new ABA's first title goes to the Pittsburgh Pipers.
- ◆ In hockey, Montreal steamrolls St. Louis in four to claim the Stanley Cup.

*Broadway Joe made good on his prediction.*

