

Spring 2005  
Issue No. 8

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

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

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

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

You can find all issues of the Jericho High School Class of 1972 Thirderly On-line Newsletter on our official class Web site, at <http://www.jhs1972.net>, in the library.

## Hey, Where the Heck Is Everybody?

(Oh, There You Are!)

~ The 2005 Class Census ~

**OKAY: STRANGER IN A LOUD SUIT** walks up to you on the street, waving a thick wad of thousand-dollar bills and thrusting a microphone in your puss. It's the sort of thing that could happen only in Fun City, a.k.a, Wurtsboro, Kentucky.

"Sir/Madam?" he blurts, a wild-eyed grin creasing his face. "All you have to do is answer one simple question, and this money is all yours ...

"How many — I repeat, how many — members of the Jericho High School class of 1972 currently reside in the proud state of Texas?" He leans back, breathing and perspiring heavily.

Your first thought, *Onion breath!*, is replaced by stark terror. *Texas? It's still part of the union?! I thought we excommunicated it years ago, along with Roger Clemens!* No such luck. *Think, stupid, think!*

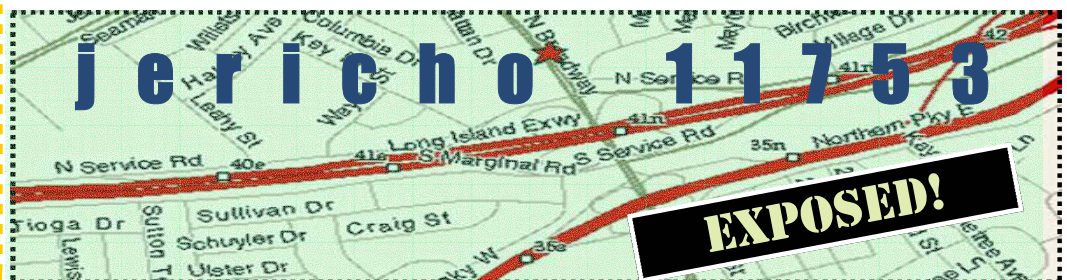
Just then a buzzer goes off, puncturing an ear drum, and through the pain you can barely make out the master of ceremonies: "I'm sorry, time's up! The correct answer is: *Three* class of '72 alumni live in Texas. That's *three*. Better luck next time." And with that he pivots

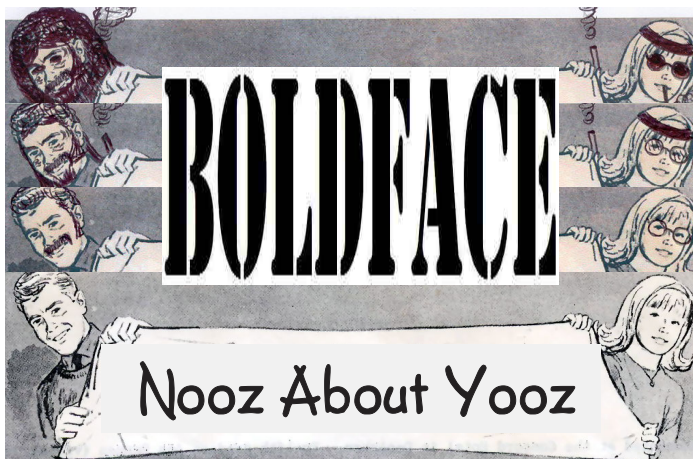
on his heel and vanishes, along with the stack of bills, not to mention your dreams of buying a new miniature RV for your pet ferret, Zsa Zsa.

If you're ever accosted on the street in the future, you'll know the answer, thanks to the publication of the class of 1972 census, which chronicles the whereabouts of about 325 of us. (The census does not include members who use their parents' homes as their mailing address for reunion-related stuff.) Alumni are spread out across thirty-four states and two foreign countries (does Canada *really* count as a bonafide country? Oh, okay ...), as far west as Hawaii (John Cooney and Jonathan Clay) and as far east as England (Robbi Rodkin Hunter and Roberta Solomon Wolens).

The vast majority — 212 — still live in the Northeastern states: New York (155), New Jersey (20), Massachusetts (16), and Connecticut (10). But we also have Jerichonians enjoying the warmth of Florida (34) and California (27). Not too many of us in the heartland, though. Hey, their loss.

Continued on page 3





Do the clean-cut young folks on the left look familiar? They should. Their images graced the Jericho School News newsletter that was mailed to your parents to let them know just what it was you were supposedly doing on weekdays between 8 AM and 3 PM.

### Love Is in the Air — Which Would Explain Why You're So Congested ...

George Ploskas and Florence Rose Ross are both afflicted with multiple sclerosis. A year ago this March, they met at a medical symposium sponsored by the National Multiple Sclerosis Society and

clicked right away, says George. A week before Christmas, he popped the big question: "Will you marry me?" The answer? An unequivocal yes. Florence received a diamond ring on Christmas morning. The couple are now living together in George's Carmel, New York, home. Congratulations! ■

### Wonderful News From Janet McNally

Last year around this time, Janet McNally wrote a moving letter to the class about her nephew Kevin, who as an Army reservist, *Continued on page 8*

### Career Moves: Mark Albin

Mark Albin has been appointed deputy director of marketing and public relations at the Newark Museum, the largest museum in New Jersey. Founded in 1909, it boasts eighty galleries of art and science, a mini zoo with over two hundred species, planetarium, gift shops, cafe, auditorium, magnificent outdoor garden, turn-of-the-century firehouse, schoolhouse, and the Ballantine House, a restored 1885 Victorian mansion that has been designated a National Historic Landmark.

Mark notes, "The museum features one of the most renown Tibetan art collections in North America; American folk art from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; and some of the nation's most prestigious twentieth-century modernists. I am fortunate to be among those passionate scholars who toil to make this institution great."

Smithsonian Magazine had these kind words to say about the museum: "The place where Shangri-La and New Jersey meet. Staunch commitment to diverse community and treasures from Tibet to Timbuktu make the Newark Museum a little corner of paradise."

You can visit the museum on line at: <http://www.newarkmuseum.org>.

Congratulations to Mark, who previously headed up marketing and promotions for the U.S.S. Intrepid. He's also done work for New York Governor George Pataki and started his own company, TargetMark. ■



George and Florence

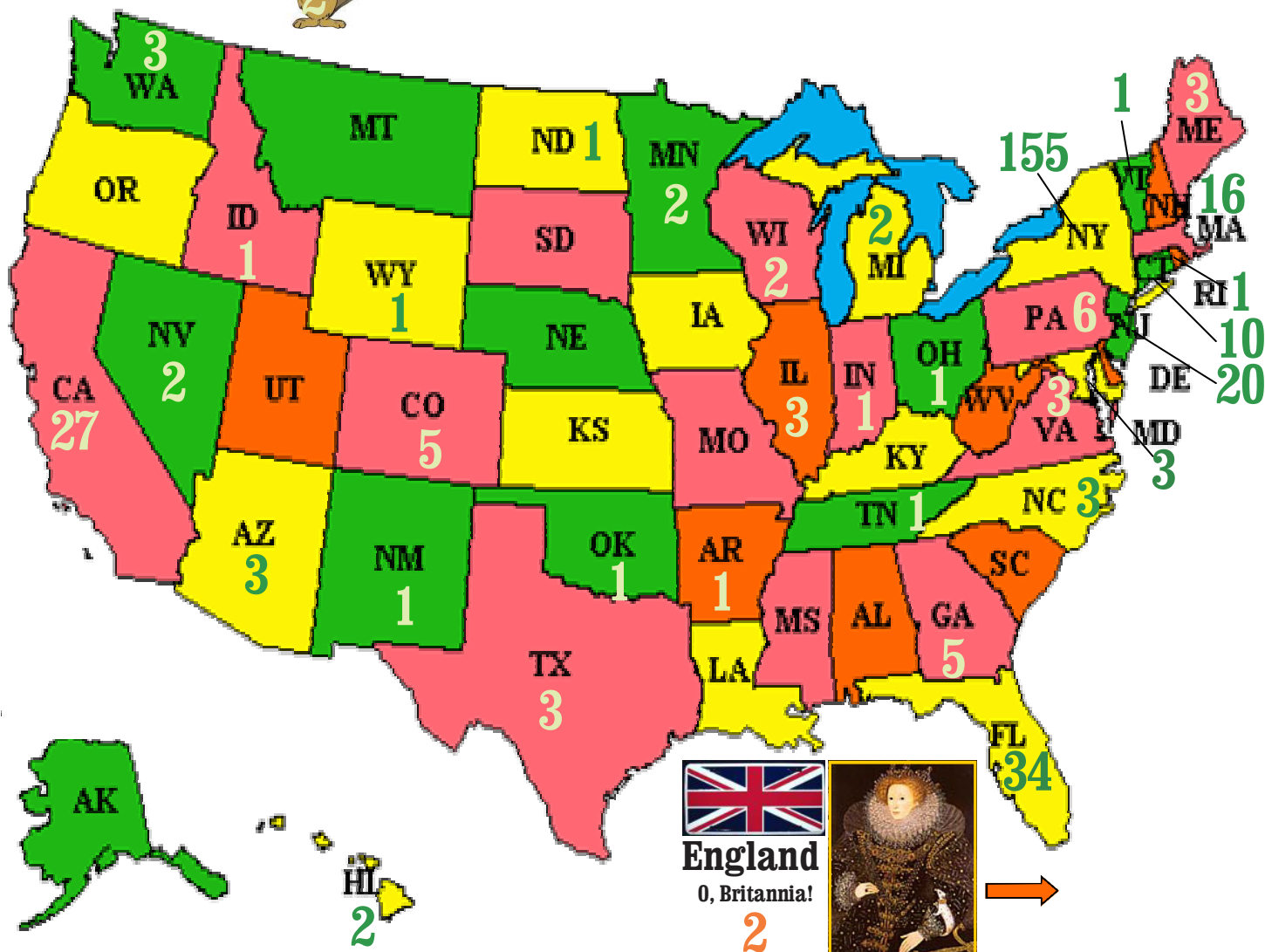
## Class of 1972 Census: Where the Heck Are You?

Continued from page 1

• For the complete directory of people's addresses and other contact information, visit the "Attendance Office" on our class Web site.

• Page 4 contains a list of birthdays for roughly 100 class members. Our Web site's home page displays birthday greetings every week. (Note to self: Must get hobby, and fast.)

New York	155	Indiana	2
Florida	34	Michigan	2
California	27	Minnesota	2
New Jersey	20	Nevada	2
Massachusetts	16	Canada	2
Connecticut	10	England	2
Pennsylvania	6	Arkansas	1
Georgia	5	Idaho	1
Colorado	5	Indiana	1
Arizona	3	New Mexico	1
Illinois	3	North Dakota	1
Maine	3	Ohio	1
Maryland	3	Oklahoma	1
North Carolina	3	Rhode Island	1
Texas	3	Tennessee	1
Virginia	3	Vermont	1
Washington	3	Wisconsin	1
Hawaii	2	Wyoming	1

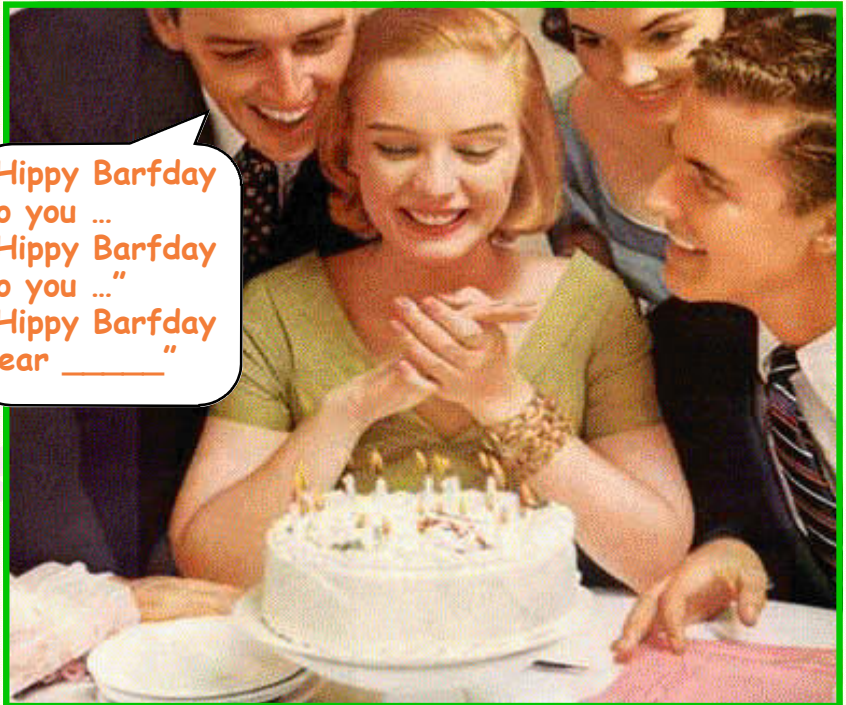


## Class of 1972 Census: When Were You Born?

*Continued from page 3*

Jay Brenner, Jan. 3  
 Wanda Baskin Aria, Jan. 17  
 Carol Sadowski Hawkins, Jan. 18  
 Janet McNally, Jan. 18  
 Jimmy Rudy, Feb. 1  
 Ilise Zimmerman, Feb. 1  
 Elise Goldstein LaPaix, Feb. 3  
 Amy Lubow Downs, Feb. 6  
 Marc Wander, Feb. 7  
 Freda Salatino, Feb. 8  
 Pam Wrona Sumber, Feb. 9  
 Tom Navarra, Feb. 10  
 Kathy Ann Milner Hartwig, Feb. 11  
 George Ploskas, Feb. 20  
 Penny Schaefer Stabenfeldt, Feb. 23  
 Dale Krakow Rothfeld, Feb. 23  
 Andrea Celenza Embry, Mar. 1  
 Susan Nolan Perrone, Mar. 7  
 Cheryl Goldenberg Kristal, Mar. 10  
 Larry Goldstein, Mar. 17  
 Ellen Rader Smith, Mar. 22  
 Ilene Pincus, Mar. 22  
 Barry Kornblum, Mar. 27  
 Richard Siegel, Apr. 1  
 Mindy Wertheimer, Apr. 1  
 Linda Caputo Friedmann, Apr. 10  
 Philip Bashe, Apr. 13  
 Melanie Siegel Dolan, Apr. 18  
 Amy Starobin, Apr. 20  
 Barry Asrelsky, May 5  
 Rael Reif, May 9  
 Lori Nelson Shuster, May 14  
 Luise Halberstadt Linder, May 16  
 Beverly Weissman Cogan, May 19  
 Cathy Kibel Shriger, May 20  
 Linda Appelbaum, May 21  
 Susan Lubow VanderDoes, May 25  
 Cindy Rosenthal, May 30  
 Caren Kushner Gottesman, June 4  
 David Gustman, June 5  
 Jill Thierman Parrott, June 17  
 Maurine Yetman, June 18  
 Jeff Feder, July 4

"Hippy Barfday  
to you ...  
"Hippy Barfday  
to you ..."  
"Hippy Barfday  
dear \_\_\_\_\_"



Jeffrey Parker, July 4  
 Tom Jendrzewski, July 6  
 Elaine Katz Burack, July 6  
 Debi McLaughlin Cionek, July 10  
 Michael Esposito, July 11  
 Wendy Foxmyn, July 11  
 Richard Libes, July 11  
 Larry Licht, July 11  
 Jill Gruber, July 12  
 Mark Whitehill, July 15  
 Ira Katz, July 15  
 Alan Lovler, July 18  
 Andy Iskoe, July 29  
 Stephen Spiers, Aug. 10  
 Susan Friedland Cristina, Aug. 11  
 Debbi Nathel Kazan, Aug. 22  
 Harvey Fialkov, Aug. 26  
 Mark Paris, Aug. 30  
 Caryn Ellenbogen Dayney, Aug. 31  
 Paul Gress, Sept. 3  
 Lori Berman Mann, Sept. 8  
 Pam Shufer Eskind, Sept. 8  
 Patty Ryon Spiers, Sept. 13  
 Gerry Gaffen Alterbaum, Sept. 14  
 Lee (Bloomrosen) Rose, Sept. 14  
 Ellen Weinstein, Sept. 15

Doug Hoffman, Sept. 16  
 Mark Albin, Sept. 28  
 Susan Sugarman Gold, Oct. 1  
 Gary Roney, Oct. 10  
 Dino Patelis, Oct. 11  
 Jane Altvater Duda, Oct. 25  
 Jeffrey Soukup, Oct. 27  
 Manon Fielding, Oct. 28  
 Andy Romanoff, Nov. 4  
 David Miller, Nov. 4  
 Susan Pfriendr Bery, Nov. 5  
 Michael Lewis, Nov. 10  
 Mark Ratner, Nov. 10  
 Debbie Segal Cleva, Nov. 16  
 Gail Spiegel Cohen, Nov. 19  
 Karan Bunin Huss, Nov. 19  
 Mark Russo, Nov. 24  
 Rachel Glickman, Nov. 26  
 Eileen Marder-Mirman, Dec. 1  
 Kari (Karen) Kellerman, Dec. 7  
 Debra Cherson, Dec. 7  
 Marna Ludwig Moseson, Dec. 9  
 Leslee Moskowitz Catalano,  
 Dec. 11  
 Gaile Goodgold, Dec. 24  
 Alexis Weisman, Dec. 29

*First Person Singular***From Beth Flanders, a Semi-sweet Morsel**

**H**ello friends. This is going to be short and semi-sweet. The latter because I always thought that chocolate on the edge of sweet turning to bitter turning to sweet again was the better taste. Such is life. Such has been my life.

I can think of no one I'd rather share these pages with than Steve Piorkowski. We've shared so much in the years since graduation, and there's no better way to fill you in than to start with him.

As a teacher, Mr. Piorkowski fired my imagination. As a friend, he's kept the smile on my face since for thirty-five years now. His e-mails during my treatment for cancer five years ago, sometimes about J. D. Salinger's short stories, most times about friendship, and always topped with love from his wife, Carol, made me remember the "Good News" and see past the bad.

A book from Bruce Stern entitled *No Such Thing as a Bad Day*, by Jimmy Carter's former aide, Hamilton Jordan, stricken several times with cancer, stood proudly on my mantle as a keen reminder that I had been lucky enough to awake to another day, no matter how tough. Cindy Rosenthal, Jimmy Rudy, and Jill Harmon rooted for me with their usual high spirits. There are no better friends than these.

I'll get through the cancer part quickly now. Thanks go to Rachel Glickman, Luise Halberstadt, and Elise Goldstein for sharing their stories two issues ago. Mine is similar, shaped, of course, by the workings of my peculiar mind, personal insights, and the people I love and who love me. The diagnosis at age forty-five of late stage III colon cancer knocked the wind out of me.

My daughter, Jessica, was twelve. She still needed raising, and I believe that's why I kept living. The "A" team at Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, my friends and my family, and my magnificent child proceeded to save my life. I suppose my own perverse fascination with the disease, combined with a total submission to the process of beating it, and my stubborn persistence to get well did its part.

I'll never forget some weeks after pre-op treatment began (months of chemotherapy and radiation) when my daughter came home from middle school with a stomach flu. By nightfall, worn down as I was, I had caught the "bug." Added to my already severely compromised diges-

tive capabilities, I spent the night retching and roaring with laughter over the absurdity of it all. By morning, there was nothing left of me, and my then-live-in doctor-boyfriend whisked me to Sloan's emergency room.

Though it hurt to laugh, I laughed all the way to the ER. I wasn't going to let this thing crush me or my kid. My daughter and my man thought I was crazy most days, but, at least we didn't sulk around the house or rant at some unnamed god for the horrid turn of events.

I'm cured. So they say. Been five years, come April 17, since diagnosis. My daughter, the love and absolute center of my life, is seventeen now

*Continued on page 6*



## Beth Flanders

*Continued from page 5*

and beginning to consider colleges. She's bright, she's beautiful, she's happy, and remarkably sane — despite her mother's nature and her parents' rancorous divorce (just before her fourth birthday), and a lot of other things that would have cut most people to their knees. But not Jessica. She's strong, athletic ... and glowing. This vibrant young woman sucks the oxygen out of the apartment! Her teachers say if all students were like her, they wouldn't have to teach; that she elevates class discussions to a scholarly level. Well, she certainly doesn't do that around the house, but I believe them.

I believe, too, from the bottom of my heart that she is the reason I beat the cancer. I stared at her throughout my illness, probably spooked her crazy, and saw in her face so much innocence and loveliness — and so much need still, for just a few more years *please* of her

mommy. I drew my strength from the sight and sound of her, replenishing the day's deleted spirit.

***“I believe from the bottom of my heart that my daughter is the reason I beat the cancer.”***

Now Jessica volunteers each week on the pediatric floor of Sloan-Kettering. This is our gift to the children there, and her way of saying “thanks.” Her unending good nature, inner strength, and heart the size of Montana serve her and them well. I've never been in pediatrics, fearful each time I was at Sloan that the elevator might open there. The head of volunteers was reluctant to turn a seventeen-year-old loose on the ward — until she met Jessica. The main part of Jessica's job is to enter the many isolation rooms hiding sick children ages zero to eighteen. She

steals a prize for them (the last was a new Barbie) from the bingo game in the rec center, reads and watches movies together.

Her favorite visit these days (although she was warned at one of the many orientation sessions that she mustn't form a personal bond with the children; they lose about 100 a year), is two years old and quite ill. The first time (name) handed a little book to Jessica, Jess handed it back, protesting “but this is in French!”

The child giggled and pushed the book back into Jessica's hands. To hear Jess tell it, she stumbled past the first few phrases before her high-school French kicked in with a flourish. The little girl was delighted and laughed out loud at her new funny-sounding friend. If Jess's smile can curl just one little mouth during one brief visit, then she will have done more in a day than I have done in a lifetime.

The other big chunks of my life have been my work and my loves. I'll dispense with the loves quickly, though they're as preoccupying as the rest. They've been varied and many, and I've loved them all. For ease of reference, let's just say my current love is “Wantagh Class of '82.” Don't ask how or why a forty-one-year old man with a head of hair, an intact heart and soul, and a full life ahead of him is stuck like glue to this fifty-one-year-old cancer survivor. He just is. I try to set him free daily, but he keeps. So it goes.

### From Washington, DC, to the UN

I've had three jobs since college. All with big names, big cafeterias, and reasonably sized paychecks, which have kept me happy and able to enjoy the fruits of my labor, both in Manhattan and the Hamptons.

*Continued on page 7*



***Daughter Jessica is seventeen.***

## Beth Flanders

Continued from page 6

My first job was at CBS News in Washington, where I began as a news desk assistant during Watergate and during my otherwise lost years at American University. Hanging around a Washington newsroom in that period hooked me forever as a journalist. After working at CBS for my last two years of college, I moved to New York to work for Dan Rather, who had been shifted abruptly to *60 Minutes* following his nasty little exchange with then-President Nixon.

I remained at CBS in New York for the next fifteen years, moving up, as a Capricorn does, slowly but steadily – to researcher, associate producer and finally to staff producer/writer. This last, for five years, was a blast. I have several on-air credits and have worked alongside the best and the brightest, crisscrossing America in search of a good story.

Then came marriage and the baby carriage. It was my turn to leave work for a while – Lord knows how you women do the job and baby thing in those early years. I knew I couldn't possibly do either job well if I attempted them both at the same time. So, I chose my screaming baby over a glamorous, lucrative job. Unequivocally, I bear no scars and have no regrets. We two sat drooling on the park bench at the UN for the next five years, meeting wonderful moms and babes, while, thankfully, my marriage did what it was supposed to do: unraveled.

After putting my little girl on the school bus at age five, I did what one of John Grisham's characters did. Desperate for work – I air-dropped my résumé all over town – I got one phone call from a sweet man who said I was overqualified to work at his independent film company, but perhaps *National Geographic's* film division might be interested. He gave me a name and a number. I was hired. Not to do one film, but shockingly, to come in as *Explorer's* (then on NBC) supervising writer.

Jeeez. I got to write the films I wanted, shipped in from "outback" couples who'd lived years on the Serengeti to get the perfect shot of a wildebeest! Glorious footage, lovingly recorded over time. I hired the editors, someone else hired the musicians, and we got to work. What a job. The films I had no time or no interest in writ-

ing, I farmed out to freelance writers better than I'll ever be. They made me look good. I made them happy, as I supplied them with work many times over for two years.

It was too good to be true. Sure enough, the bosses announced that the film division would be moving to the magazine's headquarters in Washington, D.C. I wasn't going back there again. Besides, there's some radius clause in my divorce papers that says I can't leave town until Jess is eighteen. So it goes. So it went.



My next break was even luckier than the last, however. I was sitting at a coffee shop near the UN, ordering the truck driver's special and pondering my fate, when a United Nations security officer (they hate to be called guards, so in honor of Errol ... ) struck up a conversation, amazed at the amount of food on my plate. *He should only know how much of everything else is on my plate*, I thought. So, we began a dialogue that would last ten years. He told me his wife hires the writers at the UN (omigod!). He

wrote Olga's number on a paper napkin. What followed were a series of interviews and one awful day-long writing test. I became a press officer/writer for the UN's Disarmament and International Security Committee in 1995, and I've been there ever since.

I began covering the Security Council full-time at the end of 2001, during the lead-up to the Iraq war. I sit with three other writers (another English and two French) at the table in the center of the famed horseshoe, laptop booted, head and hands fully engaged, six languages in our ears. We summarize the governments' positions as they speak them, in real time, with messengers flying in and out of the chamber to pick up our disks, still warm from the hard drive, to print them for journalists and put them on the web (<http://www.un.org>).

Time flies. The deadlines are bone- and brain-crunching, but I love the gig. The job has sent me to China to cover a hush-hush conference on the Middle East, to South Africa to cover the World Summit on Social Development, to Mexico to cover the World Summit on Financing for Development, and to Anguilla to cover a meeting on decolonization. Not half bad. I'm headed to Copenhagen this summer, again on the Middle East, but with Arafat gone now – maybe, just maybe – peace.

Continued on page 15

## Nooz About Yooz

Continued from page 2

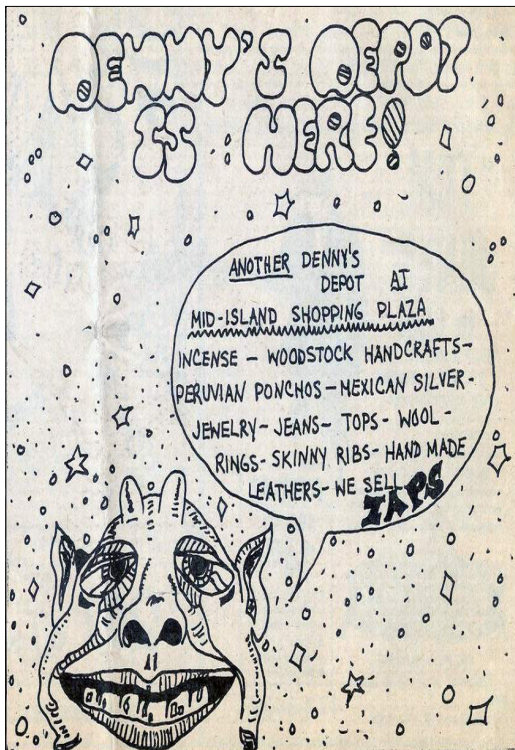
had been sent to keep the peace in Iraq. She's happy to report that Kevin, the son of her older sister Ellen McNally (class of 1969), returned home on February 18 safe and healthy.

"He was stationed in Mosul," she writes, "and missed that mess-tent bombing last year by only three minutes. Our family had been on edge ever since. Now he can go back to finish up school at William and Mary College next semester.

"Thanks to all who have prayed for our family; we appreciate the support. God bless our soldiers!" ■

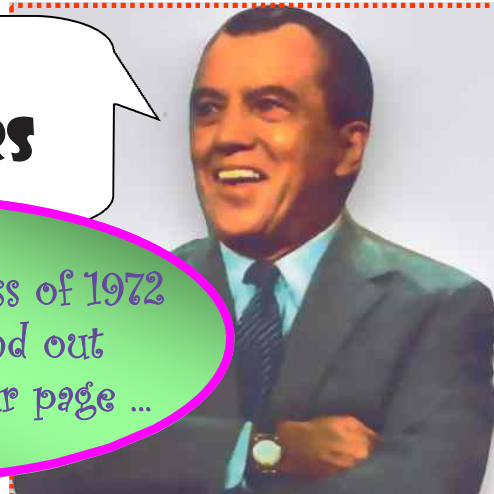
## In Memoriam: Mr. Norman Siskind

Mr. Norman Siskind, whom West Birchwoodites will remember fondly as the first principal of Cantiaque Elementary School, beginning in the 1962–63 school year, passed away recently. He had retired to West Palm Beach, Florida. ■



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

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



## Gaile Goodgold Horowitz: One Down, One to Go, in a Manor of Speaking ...

Last year was a big one for Gaile Goodgold Horowitz, and 2005 is shaping up to be even bigger. In 2004 oldest daughter Melissa, twenty-nine, got engaged in February, followed by twenty-two-year-old Allison in September. Melissa's wedding to Paul Depaoli took place on February 26, 2005, in Skytop, Pennsylvania, not far from Canadensis, where Gaile and husband Marty run the Brookview Manor.

"Melissa and her husband loved the area so much that they bought a house right up the road from us," writes Gaile. "We are thrilled — could always use another hand at the Brookview Manor!" Meanwhile, Allison will be getting married in May on Long Island.

"Since our girls are seven years apart, we thought we had it easy, with only one in college at a time; we never thought they would be getting married the same year! Allison and her husband are staying on Long Island (until we can convince them otherwise). Between the weddings and running Brookview Manor, we are quite busy," she understates. ■





# TOONS CARTOONS CARTO OTOONS CARTOONS CART



By Dan Clurman

**About**

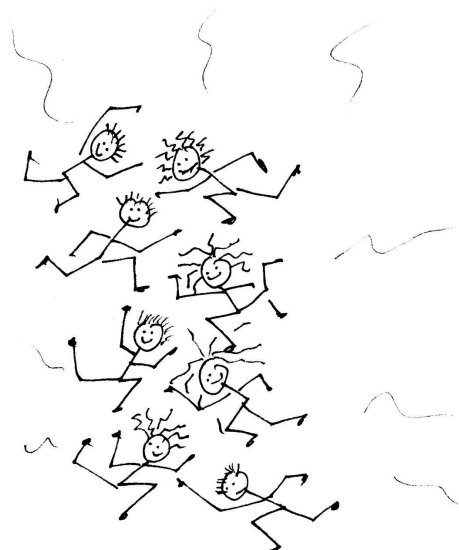
**Dan:** "I have been a coach and educator for the last twenty years, delivering training and classes in non-profits, universities, and corporations.



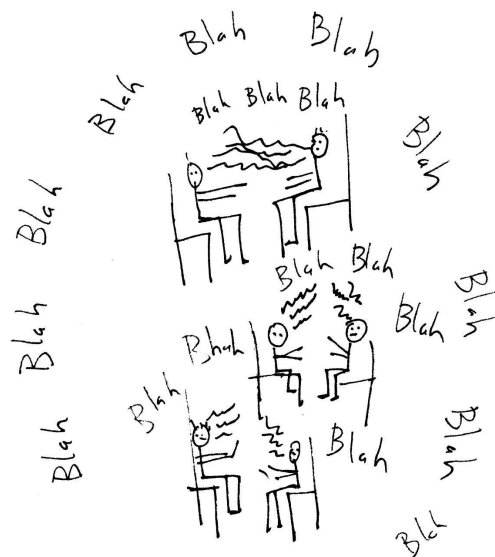
"I assist professionals, business people, couples, and students to more skillfully navigate life transitions, as well as improve their communication and presentations. I also have a small practice as a Feldenkrais® practitioner, a movement-based form of education.

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

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



We have switched from dancing



To Processing



On the wheel of duality

Off the wheel



March 4, 1972

## The One Act Play Contest

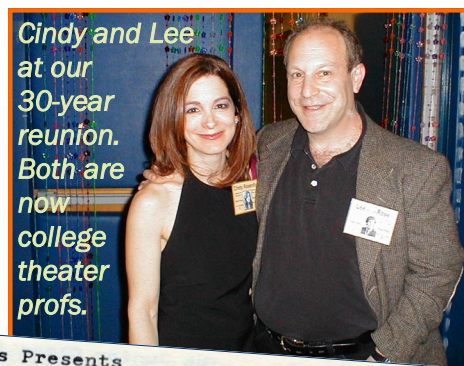
SINCE WE NOW HAVE ALL ISSUES OF the *Jer-Echo* archived on the class Web site, we're going to use this space to revisit different events — theater, sports, music — for which we have the programs.

This issue we take you to Saturday night, March 4, 1972, for the annual One Act Play Contest. The previous year, the class of 1973

scored a major upset by winning with *The Future Is in Eggs*. In 1972 the senior class looked to break its oh-fer-two streak with a proven hit, *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown*, directed by Cindy Rosenthal. The original, one of the most popular musicals in off-Broadway history, ran at the Theatre 80 St. Marks from 1967 to 1971.

Lee Rose: "They say that 90 percent of great directing is casting. Cindy was certainly the best. As much as I had my heart set on playing Snoopy, she knew that there was only one role for me. Susan Finkelstein was perfect anyway, and after injuring my leg skiing a week before the show, I couldn't have done anything but Charlie Brown. Snoopy on crutches? I don't think so. CB? Just one more thing he wasn't very good at."

*Continued on page 11*



# PLAYBILL



Good men (and women) are hard to find: Susan Finkelstein, Sandy Sylvan, Beth Flanders, Luise Halberstadt, and Lee Bloomrosen.

The Senior Class Presents  
 "You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown"  
 Music and Lyrics by Clark Gesner  
 Based on the comic strip "PEANUTS"  
 by Charles M. Schulz

Cast

Linus.....	Sandy Sylvan
Charlie Brown.....	Lee Bloomrosen
Patty.....	Beth Flanders
Schroeder.....	Mark Ratner
Snoopy.....	Sue Finkelstein
Lucy.....	Luise Halberstadt

Time: An average day in the life of Charlie Brown.

Director.....	Cindy Rosenthal
Musical Director.....	Joyce Barry
Stage Managers.....	Elise Goldstein
	Michael Leshin
Set Design and Construction.....	Michael Sugerman
Set Crew.....	Alan Hamer
	Steve Spiers, Kenny Towne, Lori Berman, Patty Ryon, Celia Felsher, Ilise Zimmerman
Lighting Director.....	Steve Saxon
Lighting Crew.....	Wayne Freidrich, Barry Kornblum
Costumes and Properties.....	Bonnie Tabakin
Choreography Consultant.....	Randy Ringler
Rehearsal Pianists.....	Debbie Schindler
Ensemble.....	Marilyn Blanc
	Piano: Joyce Barry
	String Bass: Barry Ruzek
	Drums: Jerry Dikowitz
	Marimba: Debbie Schindler
	Bells: Toni Molina
Make-Up.....	Eileen Marder
	Debby Traikos
Publicity Chairmen.....	Karen Bunin, Benita Zahn, Michail DiPasquale
Publicity Crew.....	Randy San Antonio, Michael Sugerman, Cheryl Rassel, Steve Licata, Michael Leshin, Barbara Simpson.
Ticket Sales.....	Dale Krakow
Faculty Advisor.....	Toni Molina
	Mr. Ernest Savaglio

Many thanks to everyone who helped make this production possible!!

## 1972 One Act Play Contest

# The Competition

Junior Class Play: *Dope!*  
 Directed by Susan Pollack and David Lutzker

**THE JUNIOR CLASS'S UNUSUAL CHOICE,** *Dope!*, might well be the first example of modern street theater. A gritty portrayal of addiction and street life, *Dope!* was written by Maryat Lee, a white woman from Kentucky who based the play on interviews with street people in East Harlem. The show, which debuted there in 1951, cast only members of the community.

**Peter Green:** "We scoured the Drama Bookstore in Manhattan for something really dark and discovered the play. Being a major pot-head at the time, I loved the idea of a show called *Dope!*

"I was covered with paper mache to make a George Segal-style sculpture of a junkie shooting up on a garbage can. The incomparable Mitchell Forman improvised a piano score. Acting on that stage with Mitchell below in the pit was an unbelievably powerful experience.



*Peter then and now*

"*Dope!* was the first time I ever got to die on stage. Let me tell you, death scenes are fun!"

**Stuff you didn't know dep't.:** "Acting was all I thought about back then. During the summers I went to a camp called Beginner's Showcase. Later, during college, I worked at its successor, Stagedoor Manor, and met my wife there." Peter, a father of two, lives in Port Chester, New York.

The Junior Class Presents  
 "Dope!"  
 by Maryat Lee

Cast  
 (in order of appearance)

Louie.....Peter Green  
 Marc.....Marc Sacks  
 Hum.....Jon Hirsch  
 Dancers (in order of appearance).....Liz Stark, Rindi Goldstein,  
 Marc Powers, Susan O'Hara,  
 David Lutzker, Karen  
 McBride  
 Porse.....Ed Villante  
 Celee.....Marie Urrico  
 Drunk.....John T. Pellicone  
 Dream Man.....Peter Feinman  
 Kathleen.....Corinne Langgut  
 Woman.....Linda Frankel

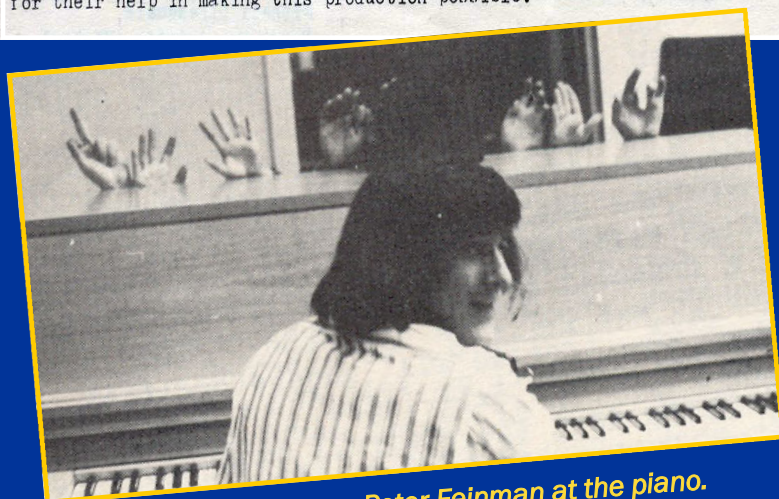
Piano and Harmonica.....Mitch Forman

Co-Directors.....Susan Pollack  
 David Lutzker  
 Scenery.....David Franklin  
 Lenny Kelnep  
 Lights.....Craig Alexander  
 Costumes.....Marjorie Freedman  
 Choreography.....Beth Fischer  
 Make-up.....Paula Penn  
 Publicity Chairman.....Jeff Rathaus  
 Publicity Crew: Corey Strongin, Ricky Spivack, Kevin Larkin,  
 Gary Wolf, Laurie Hulsman, Debbie Forkel  
 Ticket Sales.....Charles Kopelman

All music composed by Mitch Forman.

Produced by special arrangement with Samuel French, Inc.

Special thanks to our advisor Mrs. Miriam Reff and the Class of '73  
 for their help in making this production possible.



*A show of hands, please. Peter Feinman at the piano. And of course we have the inevitable baring of the middle finger (far left).*

Continued on page 12

## 1972 One Act Play Contest

# The Competition

Sophomore class play: *Archie and Mehitabel*  
Directed by Corey Pepper



The "cronies": Janice Grubin, Mona Mellman, Amy Cherry, Rhonda Green, and Lynne Rosenbaum.

THE SOPHOMORE CLASS'S PLAY HAD AN INTERESTING pedigree. *Archie and Mehitabel*, a "back alley opera" about a poetic cockroach and a female cat, bowed on Broadway in 1957 as *Shinbone Alley*. Eartha Kitt starred in the feline role, and one of the songwriters was future comedy legend Mel Brooks. Alas, *Shinbone Alley* closed after seven weeks.

**Doug Baumoel:** "I hesitate to share this, because I'm not sure whether or not it crosses the line of propriety. But what the heck! I was in tenth grade. Those who remember me know that I was quite a late bloomer physically. So I was just discovering the necessity of, and the technique for, discreetly placing a notebook over my lap as I walked through the halls in order to hide the uncontrollable chemo-physical reaction that occurred whenever I saw a girl in bell-bottoms. Or caught a whiff of Patchouli.

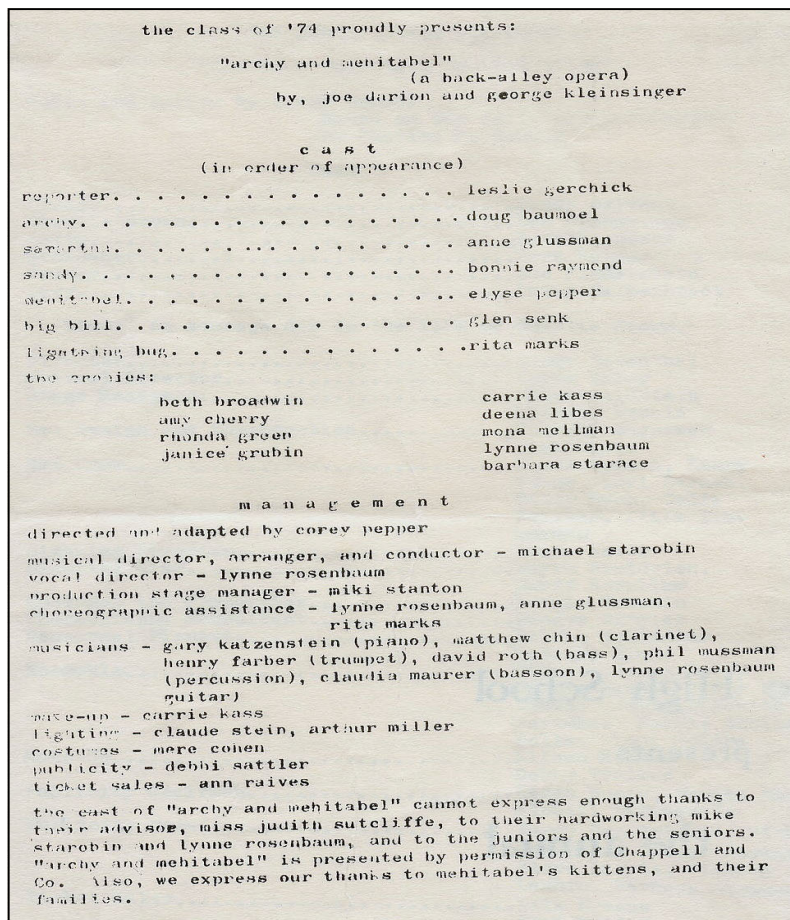
"Now I had to deal with being on stage, face to face (more or less) with the beautiful Elyse Pepper as Mehitabel. *Without a notebook*. In front of everybody, including *my mom!* To this day, I don't know how I got through the play.



Doug then and now

But I do remember what I did to substitute for the absent notebook: I recited the alphabet backward in my head.

"After a while, I became so expert at this that it no longer worked. But unless someone out there has any incriminating photos of the show, I think it worked that night. All in all, though, it was a fairly traumatic experience."



## And the winners were ...

It was a glorious sweep for the seniors on their third and final try:



- ♦ Best Director, Cindy Rosenthal
- ♦ Best Actors, Lee Bloomrosen and Sandy Sylvan
- ♦ Best Actresses, Luise Halberstadt and Sue Finkelstein
- ♦ Best Supporting Actor, Mark Ratner
- ♦ Best Supporting Actress, Beth Flanders
- ♦ Best One Act Play, *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown*

Remember this classic ad, which appeared in *Rolling Stone*, *Boys Life*, and *Tool-and-Die Weekly* in the early '70s?

## Great Moments in Advertising

Real Estate • Special Advertising Section

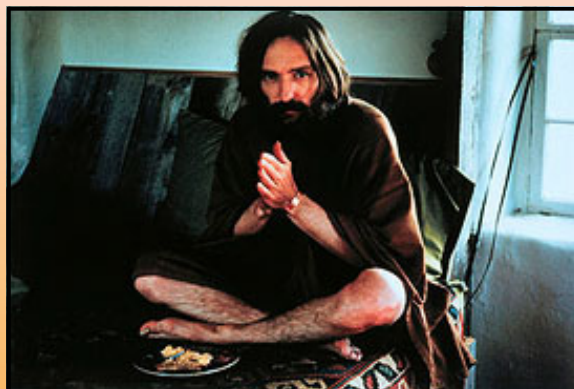
### Om, Om on the Range!



*For the Utmost in Gracious Contemporary Communal Living:*

# MUD PATCH GULCH COMMUNE

Contact High, NM,  
in the heart  
of the barren El  
Fajita Desert



Undeified by Amerika's  
industrial machine —  
or any sources of  
food or water!

Celebrity spokesbeing Dennis Hopper talks about life at Mud Patch Gulch:

**Hey, man ...**

After getting kicked out of one too many apartments in Topanga Canyon for various offenses ranging from disturbing the peace to attempted murder, I decided that a hippie commune might be more my scene. Not just any hippie commune, but one where the dope is free, the chicks are loose, and the head lice isn't too unmanageable. Late one night, tripping on peyote while playing Yahtzee with David Crosby

*Continued on page 14*

and Peter Fonda, I had my mind blown by this beautiful dude on TV. His hair radiated such a hazy orange glow, I knew this Red Buttons had to be a deeply spiritual cat. He began rapping about a people's community somewhere in Florida. Century Village, he called it. *Century Village*, I meditated. Yes, yes ... I envisioned an ashram encircled by verdant fruit trees and inhabited by the wisdom of the centuries.

Just then, Fonda went off on his tired "I know what it's like to be dead" trip, which we'd been hearing ever since he'd cornered poor John Lennon at a Hollywood party and bored him senseless for hours back in '66. In a single synapse burst, I had my elbow wrapped around his neck and a ten-inch carving knife scraping at his carotid artery. Peter nervously licked his lips. But then I caught Red Buttons's impish countenance over his shoulder, and in an instant, the seething rage within me receded like a wave returning to the swelling bosom of the sea.

"I love you, man!" I blurted to Fonda and Crosby before dropping the heavy knife to the floor and dashing out to my Harley. (Peter, if you're reading this, sorry 'bout your foot, dude!) "Century Village, here I come!"

With a roar — and without my old lady and kids Moon Man, twins Stems 'n' Seeds, and Baby Ratzo — I sped off into the night, destined for what I knew would be my first true home since the womb.

I've never been real good with directions, especially when I'm loco on wacky weed, so I never did make it to Century Village. My bike died east of San Bernardino. *Total bummer*, man! But so determined was I to have an audience with Red Buttons that I continued on foot. Delirious with exhaustion and thirst, I collapsed somewhere in the New Mexico desert and slipped into unconsciousness. I awoke to find myself surrounded by the gentlest group of people I'd ever met. They'd dragged me back to their commune, called Mud Patch Gulch, bathed me, force-fed me, relieved me of my valuables, and shaved off all of my body hair. Exactly why I'm not sure.

I've been there ever since. The threat of being hunted down like an animal if I should escape could be one reason. What really keeps me at Mud Patch, though, are the languid pace of life and the menacing glare of its autocratic leader, who bears an unnerving resemblance to Charles Manson.

## What Will You Find at Mud Patch Gulch? Nothing! But Since Everything Is Nothing and Nothing Everything: Everything!



On days when it's operational, let the Mud Patch Astral Travel Service chauffeur you to town in style! Communal singalongs make pushing ol' Bertha the Bus uphill a breeze!



Noncommittal sex between perfect strangers without the bourgeois hassle of paying for it!



We're bustin' our buttons with pride over our nearly completed mud-and-armadillo-chip community rec center and sweat lodge.

### Other Features and Amenities at Mud Patch Gulch:

- ♦ Mail pickup and delivery every few months, still waiting for a Zip Code.
- ♦ Free delousing every Monday, courtesy of the El Diablo, New Mexico, Free Clinic's "Dr." Robert.
- ♦ Needle-drug Sundays.
- ♦ Foraging Friday Feasts — a new menu every week, depending on inventory at area dumpsters.
- ♦ Electricity and running water on alternate weekends.

**"So come join me, won't you?" says Dennis Hopper. "fit Mud Patch Gulch!"**

# Instamatic Moments



## Pictures From Back When You Were Adorable\* ...

Thanks to Laurie Farber for e-mailing us this photo taken in December 1966 of the Girl Scout troop headed by her mother and Kathy Milner's mother, Terese Milner. That's Kathy wrapping a present. Not sure who the girl behind her is. Any-one know?



*Have any old photos you'd care to share with the class, without it damaging your self-esteem too badly? We're looking for pictures from sweet sixteens, communions, Bar Mitzvahs (might have been one or two of those in Jericho — not sure), etc.*



### Beth Flanders

*Continued from page 7*

Jess and I live a stone's throw from the UN. In fact, I see the General Assembly's proud dome from our oversized windows that sparkle off the East River. How lucky we are. I never had the three children I wanted or the kind of "keeper" husband about which we girls used to dream, but we have two males to keep us company — a dog and cat named Roscoe and Ralph — and the apartment is thrumming with life and love.

I am blessed. I am happy. I am also cursed. The cancer memory

never really fades. I look over my shoulder daily (used to be hourly, so there's been some progress) to see if the beast is coming for me again. I live with this unthinkable threat, this uncertainty. Makes my head hurt

and my heart ache to recall that time in my life and consider the possibility of its return. But I live, too, with love and thanks and joy to the world we've created for ourselves. Every blessed day. ■



## THE CLASS OF '72 ON THE WORLD WIDE WEB

Be sure to visit and bookmark our new official class Web site at <http://www.jhs1972.net>.




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



## You Know Yaw From Long Island If ...

Thanks to Marna Ludwig Moseson for passing along this piece, much of which will probably ring true for anybody who spent their formative years on Da Islandt.

1. You don't go to Manhattan, you go to "the city."
2. You never, ever want to "change at Jamaica..."
3. You never realize you have an accent until you leave.
4. You curse. A lot.
5. The damn geese are everywhere!
6. If your parents didn't live in the city, your grandparents did.
7. At some point in your life you or someone you know has owned an animal that came from North Shore Animal League.
8. You drove around your town with your friends, and that was the most exciting part of your evening.
9. On the weekend, your evening consisted of seeing a movie, going bowling, or playing pool.
10. No word ends in an ER, just an A.
11. When you're away from Long Island, you love it, and when you're there, you don't.
12. You know the exact point at which Nassau turns into Suffolk purely by intuition.
13. No matter what you do, you end up at the diner.
14. You've never been to Times Square on New Year's Eve.
15. You love that salty smell of the ocean.
16. You want the Yankees to stay in the Bronx but would go to more games if they moved to Manhattan.
17. When you hear Billy Joel's "Scenes From an Italian Restaurant," you try to figure out what places on Long Island he's talking about.
18. You know that parts of *The Godfather* were filmed on L.I.
19. At some point in your life, you've gone clamming.
20. You have or someone you know has fallen asleep on the LIRR and ended up in one of these three places; Babylon, Port Washington or Hicksville.
21. You think Islip MacArthur airport is cute and you enjoy watching it grow up.
22. Your parents took you to Jolly Rogers.
23. You can correctly pronounce places like Hauppauge, Islandia, Connetquot, and Cutchogue.
24. You grew up thinking Chinese food was a basic food group.
25. Oh, your parents are from Brooklyn? So are mine!
26. You get enough of these jokes to pass them along to your fellow Long Islanders.

## HEY, LONG ISLAND'S GOT TUNZA COOL STUFF! Y'KNOW? LIKE ...

**A Big Rock Staw!**  
(Billy Joel with the pride of Hicksville, the Hassles)

**Big-ass Taxes!**

**A Big Duck!**

**A Big Lighthouse! In Montawk!**

**Big Baubles! At Fawtunauf!**

**Deah Pawk**

**Patchhog**

**Awriundt Point**

**Sheltuh Aye-lundt**

**Oshunsoydt**

**Big Wheels**

**A Big Ocean Full of Big Fish!**

**A Big Mawl! Wit Lotsa Staws!**

**A Big Jerk!**

**Big Nails!**



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



*This Issue:*

## Mr. Stephen Piorkowski

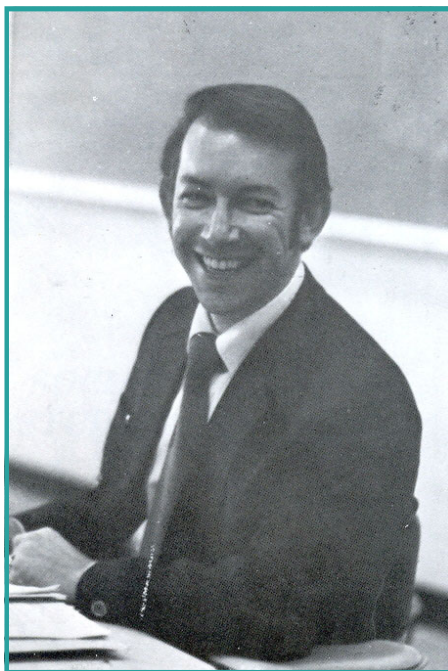
**BEFORE I STARTED TEACHING,** I was a correspondent for the *New York Times Magazine* from 1960 to 1962. The job title probably should have been *correspondence*, because that's what I did: answer letters to the editor. In those days, the *Times* was the kind of organization that answered literally every piece of mail that came into its office. My office was next to Craig Claiborne's, the famous food writer.

It wasn't a very exciting job. The questions were on the order of, "Who was that woman pictured next to Krushchev in last Sunday's paper?" I found myself disenchanted by the corporate world. And at the *Times*, at least then, you couldn't get anywhere unless you were connected to somebody.

At the same time, I was doing my graduate work at Hunter College, and I became more and more interested in the world of literature. That propelled me to think about teaching. My wife and I were living in

Queens, the first of our three children had just been born, and right around the corner from us they were building a brand new school.

One day I walked into the school and asked to talk to the principal. I asked if I could teach high school.



Now, I had never taken a single education course! I'd had no idea that I would ever want to do this. He was very interested in me, though. He said that if I took six credits during the summer, he would hire me in September. The day I walked into the classroom that fall I just fell in love with it, and it remained that way right until the day I retired.

After seven years of teaching junior high school, I went out to Jericho as a high-school English teacher. I was very happy where I was until the teachers' strike of 1968. A ninety-day strike. That kind of soured a lot of teachers on working in New York City. Plus, we'd moved to Sea-ford in 1964. Still there, too. I'm one of those people who's like a barnacle; I'm not moving anywhere.

Jericho was a wonderful place to work: great community, the students were terrific, the working conditions were terrific. Much of the faculty was more or less the same age, and everybody was very collegial and helpful to one another. The district was in a state of transition when I arrived, and within three years I'd become department chairman. So I went from no education courses to department chairman in ten years!

### The Class of '72 Graduates, JHS Goes On to Become Academic Powerhouse — Mere Coincidence?

Beginning in the late 1970s or so, the school evolved into an academic powerhouse. I think it happened when the advanced placement courses started becoming so popular around the country. As a matter of fact, your class was the first to take an AP English course at Jericho, which I taught. In 1980 or so we applied for a special accreditation and got it, which was a real feather in Jericho's cap. From that point on,

*Continued on page 18*

## Mr. Piorkowski

Continued from page 17

Jericho became known as the Harvard of Long Island schools, along with Great Neck and Manhasset. And we maintained that by hiring the best people we could, and always going to conferences and seeing what the new courses of study were, and shaping our curriculum around the colleges. The school's reputation just grew and grew.

I retired in 1991. As much as I loved teaching, I've been ecstatic about how wonderful life is when you don't have to work! My wife, Carol, and I traveled quite a bit the first four or five years of my retirement. Then our grandchildren started coming along faster and faster, and we started spending more time with them. We have five from our two sons, and our daughter is due to



**Mr. Stephen Piorkowski at our 30-year reunion in 2002, with Mrs. Karen Schwartz and Mrs. Estelle Stern Rankin.**

have her first baby in a matter of days. One son lives in the Albany region, and our other two children live practically next door, in Massapequa.

A few years ago I decided to try to write a novel, just to see if I could. You know, I had taught literature for so long, I studied it for so long, I figured, *Let me sit down and see what the process of writing a novel is all*

*about. Can I sustain it?* And I did. I spent a good seven months at the keyboard, putting this all together. It was a lot of fun, especially if you don't have to worry about making a living doing it. Then I went on to write a second novel, and now I'm into a third. I'm also an oil painter, so the old canvas is getting a lot of work.

### A Continuing Bond With the Class of 1972

I've remained close to a number of students from the class of 1972: Cindy Rosenthal, Beth Flanders, and Bruce Stern. We see each other at least once a year. Either they come to my house or we go to theirs. They were all in the first English class I taught at Jericho. Then in their senior year they took the first advanced placement English course at Jericho. I also directed two shows with your class: *The Crucible*, during your junior year, and the following year, *Good News*.

We established quite a strong bond from those experiences. Then they all went off to college but kept in touch with one another, and by default, they've all kept in touch with me. I've been at their weddings. Their children are now as old as they were when I first met them as students.

I've had similar friendships evolve out of other grades, but with individual students. For instance, I'm in contact with Corey Pepper from the class of 1974. Last summer I went out to lunch in the city with him and his cousin Elyse Pepper when he came in from California for their class's thirtieth reunion. We had a terrific time. But this friendship is with a group of people. That's something that doesn't happen all that often, and we're all aware of it, too, which is another reason why we keep it going. ■

## FAN MAIL AND THREATENING LETTERS



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

### Professional? We'll Have to Put a Stop to That at Once!

The class newsletters are extremely professional. Did you ever consider offering this as a for pay service to other schools?

Neil Martin  
Randolph, NJ  
kingsridge@yahoo.com

### Likes Instamatic Moments

Excellent. You made me smile today. Thank you.

Debbie Armstrong Kopman  
Knoxville, TN  
Travel537@aol.com

### Locating the Class of '72

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

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

# Your Back Pages

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

## The World Around You • Sixth Grade, 1965-66

◆ Where were you when the lights went out on November 9, 1965, in the Great Northeastern Blackout? At 5:28 P.M. EST, with the sun already having set, the power grid connecting New York and New England overloaded, plunging 30 million people into darkness for the next eight to thirteen hours. New Yorkers, some of whom were trapped in elevators and subways, mainly handled the inconvenience with good cheer. It probably helped that a full moon brightened up the sky. As *Life Magazine* put it, "A sort of gay, school's-out spirit prevailed." By three o'clock in the morning, Con Edison was able to begin restoring power to the city. It was later claimed that the blackout produced a bumper crop of babies nine months later. Not true. A study showed no uptick in births during the summer of 1966.



(Left): Shine on harvest moon. This is what Manhattan looked like on the evening of November 9, 1965. The three photos below, also from *Life*, show the lights gradually coming back on.



*Continued on next page*

# Your Back Pages

**The World Around You • Sixth Grade, 1965-66**

*Continued from previous page*

## **ON THE RADIO:**

Beatles, "We Can Work It Out" b/w "Day Tripper" • Percy Sledge, "When a Man Loves a Woman" • Supremes, "I Hear a Symphony" • Dave Clark 5, "Over and Over" • Rascals, "Good Lovin'" • McCoys, "Hang on Sloopy" • Animals, "It's My Life" • Byrds, "Eight Miles High" • Righteous Bros., "(You're My) Soul and Inspiration"

**ON THE BIG SCREEN:** *Who's Afraid of Virginia Wolff?* • *Dr. Zhivago* • *Thunderball* • *The Endless Summer* • *Our Man Flint* • *The Russians Are Coming*

**ON THE TUBE:** "Batman" • "Lost in Space" • "I Spy" • "The Dick Van Dyke Show" • "Bewitched" • "Hogan's Heroes" • "A Charlie Brown Christmas" (special) • "The Andy Griffith Show" • "Peyton Place" • "The Fugitive"

## **In Sports:**

- ◆ In the World Series, L.A. Dodgers ace Sandy Koufax sits out the first game of the World Series, which falls on the Jewish high holy day, Yom Kipper. Don Drysdale starts in his place against the Minnesota Twins and gets bombed. But Koufax shuts out Harmon Killebrew and Co. in games five and seven, allowing L.A. to edge out the A.L. champs, 4–3. In twenty-four innings, Koufax allows just one run, for a 0.38 ERA.
- ◆ The Green Bay Packers win the first of three straight NFL titles by beating the Jim Brown and the Cleveland Browns 23–12, while the AFL title is claimed by future U.S. senator Jack Kemp and the Buffalo Bills, who trounce the San Diego Chargers, 23–0.
- ◆ Following a game-one loss in overtime to the LoS Angeles Laker, retiring Boston coach Red Auerbach announces that star Bill Russell will succeed him. The Celtics take the next four games for their eighth NBA title in a row.
- ◆ The Montreal Canadiens capture the Stanley Cup for the second consecutive season, beating the Detroit Red Wings in six games.



Lone Star State nitwits burn their Beatles albums following John Lennon's misconstrued remark that the Fab Four was "more popular than Jesus." Although the archbishop of Boston conceded that Lennon was probably right, Texas radio station KLUE organized a Beatles bonfire. Later that night, lightning struck the station, damaging equipment and knocking its manager unconscious.