

Spring 2006  
Issue No. 12

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

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

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We hope that you will contribute news about you and yours to future issues. You can find all issues of the newsletter on our official Web site, at <http://www.jhs1972.net>. Best wishes to the JHS class of 1972!

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

**Save This Date!**

October 2007						
Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat
	1 <i>Go to Post Office</i>	2	3	4	5	
7		8 <i>Bingo</i>	9	10	11	12
14	15	16	17	18	19 <i>Wash hair</i>	20
21	22	23 <i>Bingo</i>	24	25	26	27
28 <i>Dry hair</i>	29	30	31	<i>Things-to-do list for November — inventory paperclip collection!!!</i>		

**You Got Anything Better to Do on 10-6-07?**

THE 35-YEAR REUNION IN 3-D, featuring the classes of 1972, 1973, and 1971, will be held at Jericho's Milleridge Cottage on Saturday, October 6, 2007, beginning at 1 P.M.

We'd originally set a date of September 29, but some young couple beat us to it and booked the joint for their wedding. But the deposit has been made, and the October 6 date — Columbus Day Weekend — is firm. For more information about the big party, you can always go to the Senior Lounge section of our Web site. There you'll find information on the menu, airfares, and a breakdown of the price. Because we do much of the work ourselves, from printing the invitations to picking up

equipment rather than having it delivered, we're able to keep admission to \$110 per adult (\$125 for late payers) and \$60 per child under twelve — the same as for our 30th reunion and our communal 50th birthday party. If something comes up last minute and you can't make it, you can get a full refund up until two weeks before the party.

We'd like to welcome four newcomers to the reunion committee: Beth Fischer Gemmill and Cathy Morway Bloomberg, from the class of '73; and Janet Rhoads Leslie and Lorraine Triggiani Grant, from '71. They join '72 stalwarts Ilene Pincus, Larry Licht, Linda Caputo, and Philip Bashe.

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Apparently not a single memorable thing happened to even one member of the class of 1972, 1973, or 1971 the last three months. Nada, zilch, zero. Here's hoping the next three months are more exciting and that you'll have some nooz for us next issue.

*Catch Up With ...*

**Donna Flynn and Rich Kordecki**



When we did the "Love, Jericho Style" cover story in issue No. 4 two years ago, we somehow overlooked another intra-Jericho marriage, this one between our class's Donna Flynn and Richard Kordecki from the class of 1973. The couple have been married for twenty-four years and have lived in Suntree, Florida, since 1996 with their three sons.

**How They Met**

Richie and I both grew up in White Birch. I knew him when we were both little kids. He was friends with my brother, Richard, who also is one year younger. We didn't date or anything like that in high school, we just used to hang out together.

In the late 1970s, a bunch of us from Jericho rented a house together in Levittown: me, my brother, Tommy Navarra ['72], Frankie Bovino ['73, and the cousin of our class's Dino Patelis], and Richie. We were just friends still at that point. Then around 1980 we started going out, and we waited a couple of years to get married.

**The Move to Florida**

We lived in Amityville, Bethpage, and Plainview, then out to Suffolk County for a while. Richie works

for Northrop Grumman as a logistics engineer on the EC2 plane, the one with the big radar. In the mid-1990s, he took a job transfer down here; the company has a big facility down here, in Melbourne. Suntree is a little area in Melbourne, right by the Kennedy Space Center.

I like Florida. Richie hates it. He hates the

weather, because it's so hot sometimes. And, well, it's *not* New York, you know what I mean? The schools are lousy, the medical is lousy. But it's nice. I had a nice new house built, and if we were back on Long Island, I'd have to work. Here I can stay home and raise our boys.

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**Donna and Rich Kordecki and, below, sons Mikey, Billy, and A.J.**



*Donna and Rich have known each other from the time they were little, growing up in White Birch.*

**Your 1¢**

(used to be 2¢, but if you factor in inflation ...)

**The Class of '71 Sounds Off About Our Joint Reunion**

*I would be interested in attending the joint reunion in September '07. Thank you for your efforts. — Leslie Glassman*

*Thanks for your work on the newsletter. It's fun and brings some blasts from the past. I would be interested in the reunion. — Laurie Bieg Miller*

*Yes! I would love to join this reunion. Thanks for organizing this. — Lorraine Triggiani Grant*

*For this I would make an exception and traverse the Belt Parkway. — Steven Hirschberg*

*Yes, I would be interested in attending and would even try to get my brother from the class of '72 to come up from Florida to attend. — Joe Friedlander, MD*

*I will be interested. — Jon Gmora*

*Cont'd on page 4*

# Roll Call: Checking In With The Classes of 1971 and 1973

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

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

**Jonathan Friedman ('73)**



Journalist Jon Friedman's career has taken him from USA Today, to Investor's Business Daily, to BusinessWeek, to Bloomberg News, and for the past seven years, the online site Marketwatch. To categorize him as a business reporter, though, doesn't do justice to the scope of his work. Although he's covered Wall Street extensively, Jon uses the business world as a springboard to explore everything from pop culture to his current beat, the media.

Jon writes three Web columns per week (Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays) on the media. No less a journalism figure than Ken Auletta, the media writer for the New Yorker, praised Jon in a profile that recently appeared in PR Week.

"Jon works harder than most reporters and bares none of the arrogance that usually emotes from a media cop," said Auletta. "He has the humility to listen, yet he also sometimes displays sharp opinions and is critical of

those he interviews, suggesting that he understands that he writes for his readers, not his subjects." Over the years, those interview subjects have included authors John Updike and Nick Hornby, musicians Graham Nash and Robbie Robertson, and former New York Knicks stars Earl Monroe and Walt Frazier.

"I jokingly asked Clyde how his Knicks would have compared to the Michael Jordan-era Chicago Bulls," he recalls. "Rather than laugh it off, Frazier thought for a second and said seriously, 'We'd have given them a game.' No wonder his competitive fire led the Knicks to two titles.

"The only time in my career that I was ever nervous was when I interviewed Robbie

*Continued on page 4*



**Jon Friedman at the Magazine Publishers of America Media-BASH 2005 with Sandy Drayton of Entertainment Weekly.**

**Your 1¢**

(used to be 2¢, but if you factor in inflation ...)

**The Class of '73 Sounds Off About Our Joint Reunion**

*It sounds like a great idea and a lot of fun. — Laurie Ross Schneider*

*Great news about the reunion. Was at the '73 reunion three years ago and had a great time. — Robert Kanowitz*

*Thanks for working on the reunion. I can't wait to see everyone! — Lynn Balaban Chapkin*

*Idea for joint reunion among the three classes is a great one. — Marc Sacks*

*Thanks for the newsletter; I enjoyed reading it! I wonder if anyone is living in the Raleigh, NC, area besides me and Michael James. It is becoming the NY/NJ of the South. — Paula Doherty Cox*

*Count me in. I missed the last reunion and won't do that again. — Steven Kabatsky*

*Cont'd on page 4*

**Class of '71 Sounds Off on the Idea of Our Joint Reunion**

*Cont'd from page 3*

*Sure I'd be interested. I attended the class of '72's get-together a few years ago and thoroughly enjoyed myself.*

— **Doug Chandler**

*I would be interested.* — **Scott Singer**

*I would love to join the rest of you guys and gals at this event. Let me know the plans.*

— **Rick Morrison**

*I think it is great that you are doing this and have remained close with so many high school friends. I live in Florida, so keep me posted so I can make arrangements to fly in. Regards to all the JHS people!* — **Sara Fletcher**

*I would love to party with you youngsters.* — **Carole Etkin Sincic**

*Would definitely attend!* — **Kraig Libstag**

*I am actively trying to find a 2007 calendar so I can enter the reunion date!* — **Janet Rhoads Leslie**

*My vote is in!* — **Ken Longo**

**Checking In with the Classes of '71 and '73**

*Continued from page 3*

Robertson of the Band. He couldn't have been nicer, but I was so starstruck that I melted into an imitation of *Saturday Night Live*'s Chris Farley interviewing Paul McCartney on 'The Chris Farley Show' ('Um, remember when you were in ... the Beatles?').

"I interviewed actor Geoffrey Rush a few weeks after *Shine* came out and told him I was sure he'd win the Oscar for Best Actor. He was pessimistic and thought that Tom Cruise or Woody Harrelson would get it. 'When you win,' I told him, 'I want you to thank your agent, your mother, and me!' It's a deal, he said — but he must've forgotten."

Jon credits his Jericho pal Michael Dinhofer with encouraging him throughout his career. After graduating from Northwestern University's Medill School of Journalism, he interned briefly for Buffalo's *Courier Express*, "but I was smart enough to get out of town before the first snow."

A confirmed Manhattanite, Jon returned to New York in the late 1970s and has lived in the city ever since. He does visit Jericho frequently, though, as his sister, Carla Friedman Karen (JHS '80), lives in the family home on Ulster Drive in West Birchwood. In 1992 Jon and colleague John Meehan published a well-received book about the American Express scandal involving financier Edmund Safra, *House of Cards*.

Want to sample some of Jon's work? Go to [www.market-watch.com](http://www.market-watch.com).



**Janet Rhoads Leslie ('71)**

Janet Rhoads Leslie doesn't need to attend next year's re-

union to stay connected to friends and teachers from Jericho — though, for the record, she plans to. In fact, she doesn't have much choice now that she has been conscripted into the reunion committee.

"The friends I have from Jericho are closer to me than other people," reflects Janet, who lives in Mount Sinai. "Friends that you grew up with are different than other friends. They knew you when, and they know your history and all the stories. My Jericho friends remind me who I truly am — way down beneath the layers of life that have accumulated since high school. They have always been there for me, as I will always be for them."

Lorraine Triggiani Grant, her best friend from high school, lives maybe three miles away in Miller Place. "Not a day goes by when Lorraine and I don't talk," she says. "We're like sisters." She's also in frequent touch with Michael Rudy, Kevin Falco, Carol Nache, Nancy Reale, and Mrs. Karen Schwartz.

"Mrs. Schwartz has always been our adopted Mom," Janet says, laughing. "She is always ready to give advice or catch me up on the latest Jericho gossip!" Recently, her sixteen-year-old daughter, Brittany, was having a problem with a chemistry assignment. "I thought, *Who can I call for help?* Janet got longtime Jericho science teacher Ms. Phyllis

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**Class of '73 Sounds Off on the Idea of Our Joint Reunion**

*Cont'd from page 3*

*Thank you for taking the lead on such a fun event.*

— **Vicki Monaco Robbin**

*We now live in Minnesota! See you in '07.* — **Meryl Gruber**

*Thank you so-o much. You guys are doing a wonderful job trying to keep everyone together. 2007 should be a lot of fun!!!* — **Laura Sheftman Strafer**

*I had to tell you that I just spent two hours on your amazing Web site. I missed my last reunion, but you can be damned sure I will not miss the next one. Beyond the creativity and wonderful sense of humor you have brought to this site, you have given me a reason to forget some sad high-school days and remember only the wonderful times and friends.* — **Cathy Morway Bloomberg**

*Thanks for doing this. What a great trip down memory lane.* — **Connie Sapio Valdez**

*First Person Singular*

## Benita Zahn Stulmaker: Albany's Ace Anchor

She Started Out as a Biology Major, but Soon Made the Move to Radio and TV News; Now She's a Fixture on the TV News in Albany, New York

I went to college at SUNY Oswego in upstate New York, where the wind from Lake Ontario blows so hard that in the winter-time they put up ropes for you to hold onto as you walk to class, to keep you from getting blown into one of the lagoons.

Media wasn't even on my radar at first. I started as a biology major, thinking that I'd go into immunological research. While growing up, one of my favorites books was *The Double Helix* by James Watson. But I was always into theater, too.

During my first two years of college, things reached a point where whenever I was in the science lab, I really wanted to be in the theater. Plus, while I was very good at dissecting, I had trouble killing stuff. Had a little go-in about that with one of my professors, who was not at all amused.

She said to me, "Well, I do it."

I replied, "That's not good enough."

So she gave me a D. That's when I thought to myself, *I need to rethink this.*

A friend of mine was a runaway chemistry major, and she was taking an Introduction to Communications class. It was one of those 9:05 lectures on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. She convinced me to sit in one day. "Come on, we'll hide in the back of the room and have coffee." It sounded good.

Remember Grampy, the eccentric inventor from the old black-

and-white Betty Boop cartoons? When he comes up with the right idea, the light bulb in his thinking cap starts flashing? Well, I had one of those epiphanies. Sitting there in the communications class, I realized that I needed to pursue a career that incorporated everything I was good at and enjoyed. I needed the writing skills I clearly had honed in Jericho as an honors English student; I needed to use my observational and analytical skills, from science; and I needed my performance skills, from theater.

I almost left Oswego at one point, because I had auditioned for and been accepted at the National Theater Institute, an enrichment program for students and young actors in Connecticut. Jennifer Garner attended there, as did Chris Elliott and *Saturday Night Live's* Rachel Dratch. But money was an issue, and I didn't go. I guess it was probably a good idea, though. Things kinda worked out! My friend, by the way, became an industrial-arts teacher, and I never looked back.

***Benita's very first interview was with sci-fi author — and letch — Isaac Asimov. "Getting the interview was easier than trying to get out of the car without getting smooched by him."***



I got my start in radio at WRVO, a noncommercial FM station that's owned and operated by the state and based on the Oswego campus. While interning there, I learned how to interview, I learned how to cut up audio tape.

My first big score was Isaac Asimov, the prolific science-fiction writer, who was in town. I interviewed him in the back seat of a car driving downtown with a couple of professors. One of his more than five hundred books was titled *The Sensuous Dirty Old Man* — and he was! Getting the interview was easier than trying to get out of the car without getting smooched by him. I was very disappointed, because I'd been a big Asimov fan. But it was good training for later on in life; I realized that no matter how big a star you think somebody is, they're just people — and they may not necessarily be *delightful* people.

The head of the communications department at Oswego was this fabulous guy named Lew O'Donnell. In the fifties, sixties, and seventies, there had been a children's TV program called *The Magic Workshop*. Lew played "Mr. Trolley" ("the greatest storyteller in the whole world and

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## Benita Zahn

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outer space”), a role that required him to wear a trolley-car headpiece. When I graduated college 1976, I was offered a job in the business department at Cablevision, which was located in Jericho. Lew urged to me take it. “Just get your foot in the door,” he advised.

The day I accepted the job, I found out that Cablevision had its own TV studio. I started volunteering my time there, and after seven months, they hired me full-time to be the consumer-affairs reporter. The first time I saw myself on TV — wearing long earrings and the like — I thought, *This isn't good*. (There's an old saying about someone who doesn't look good on television: “great face for radio!”) A few months later, I also picked up a job doing the news at WGBB, an AM station that broadcast from Merrick.

For the first year or so, I lived back in my old house in Princeton Park. Then I moved up to Sea Cliff with a guy I worked with and a friend of his. We shared a cute little place that was unbelievably cold. It had been a summer house, about two blocks from the water, and had never been insulated. I spent most of that winter wrapped in four or five layers. You'd get into your bed at night with a quilt *and* a sleeping bag, and you'd warm the spot you were on. But if you rolled over, you froze all over again.

God bless my Mom's soul: Because I was living with two guys, she made me promise that I wouldn't tell anybody. At the time, the family was planning a surprise twenty-fifth wedding anniversary for my folks. One day I was talking to an aunt of mine when she blurted out, “Benita, are you living *Three's Company*?”

I said, “Well, actually, Aunt Carol, I am — except it's only one girl and two guys.”

At the station, I was already carving out niches for myself. I bamboozled my way into the Nassau Coliseum because presidential candidate Jimmy Carter was speaking, and I wanted to see him and get a sense of who this guy was. I knew right then that he'd win, because of his ability to electrify an audience. I also covered the Republicans on election night 1976. Cablevision was having some financial issues at that time. A company called in a loan, and in order to pay it, the company had to disband the newsroom. So we all

started looking for new jobs, with everybody pretty much scattering. NBC weatherman Al Roker and I had gone to college together, and he told me about an opening at WTVH in Syracuse.

That was another pivotal point, because I wasn't really sure if I was going to stay with this; I thought about going into Manhattan and seeing about selling my voice for voice-over work. But I got the interview in Syracuse, the news director offered me the job, and I just said yes before I could say no. I went in as a producer and reporter, covered a ton of stuff and learned so much, because there were some older, very established people there, and they were great to work with, while the rest of us were young and learning.



I worked there for about two years, which was my game plan from the beginning. Then I had two interviews. One was at a real big station in Harrisburg, WNEP, and one at WNYT, the NBC affiliate in Albany, New York. I got the job and came to Albany in 1979 as the assignment editor, which means that you're in-house. You're the one who listens to all the police scanners and reads all the news releases, puts together the crews, and works with the producer to decide what you're going to cover every day.

But I don't sit still real well. After about seven months of that, I went to the news director and said, “This is the gig: Either put me on the street, or I'm looking for another job.” And he took me at my word.

One of my first big stories was covering the return of the hostages from Iran in 1981, because they flew in to Stewart Air Force Base in Newburgh. That was just overwhelming. That taught me how to cover an event and not let tears get in the way.

Not long after that, I began anchoring a “News at Noon” show. After a few years, it was doing pretty well in the ratings, but our eleven o'clock broadcast was tanking, so they canceled the noon show to put more effort into the eleven o'clock show. When I came here, the station was number three in our market and in a rebuilding phase. We've been number one for fifteen years now.

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**Everyone's Got an Interesting Story — Even You!**

How about sharing it in “First Person Singular” in a future issue? Interested? E-mail [philipshe@earthlink.net](mailto:philipshe@earthlink.net).

## Benita Zahn

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I went from anchoring at noon to doing government reporting. To have as many jobs as I've had here, I would've had to have worked in four or five different cities. It's been great. Even though we're a local station, I get to cover plenty of national stories. With the exception of 1988, I've covered a national presidential convention every four years. What's interesting is that you find out real fast who you're going to vote for — or not vote for — politics aside, by looking at the candidates. Being up close, shaking their hand, looking in their eyes.

In 1981, we followed a local woman to Israel for a world gathering of holocaust survivors. That was just overwhelming, and the program went on to win a bronze award in the New York International Film Television Awards.



*Anchors away! Off to Louisiana to cover Hurricane Katrina. (Above) Benita in New Orleans' French Quarter interviewing a search-and-rescue worker from Los Angeles.*

*(Below) Benita with her two-man crew. The man in back is a former homicide detective who was assigned to them as a security guard.*



Often, there's a local angle to national stories. For instance, I flew out to Sacramento, California, for the Unabomber trial, because Ted Kaczynski's brother, David, is from our area. During the trial, I was the only reporter to get an interview with David. He trusted us. For one thing, we'd made a conscious decision to respect his privacy and not stake out his front lawn, like all the other news organizations were doing.

David imposed one condition: the interview could air on our station, but we couldn't sell the footage to anyone else. I kidded with him afterward: "You ruined my career; if I'd given this interview to the *Today* show, who knows where I'd be today!"

Because I've been here for more than twenty-five years and have a track record, I'm fortunate that I'm the go-to person whenever there's a big story. Last year a photographer, producer, and I drove down to New Orleans in an RV to cover the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina.

I was on the short list to go to Iraq to be embedded with the troops. I really wanted to do it. But the company that owns WNYT has another station right in their backyard, and they sent the crew from there instead. My husband probably wasn't thrilled about the prospect of my going to Iraq, but, well, Bob knows that I'm going to do what I'm going to do. We kid around about that, and I'll say to him, "Hey, Babe — as advertised!"

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*(Above) Home base in Slidell, Louisiana. See the pan to Benita's left? "We had been in the 'Mud Zone,' a toxic area," she explains. "When you came back, you'd leave your boots in that pan, which was filled with a bleach solution."*

## Benita Zahn

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### A Husband Who Can Wear a Pair of Pants Is Good to Find!

Bob is my second husband; the first guy missed a couple of important corners in his life. But Bob is just great. I met him in 1996 — on a story, as a matter of fact. There’s an annual long-distance run for women up here; we do a piece about it every year, to encourage women to run. I was interviewing one of the previous winners, a teacher in Saratoga. I’m a runner too, and she’s trained me.

Anyway, she knew that my first husband and I had split, and before my photographer and I left, she asked me to meet her new athletic director at Saratoga Springs Schools. I’m thinking, *Yeah, yeah*, while she goes to get him. And out comes this guy who I think can wear a pair of pants! And we chat a little. He’s not wearing a wedding ring, but he seems very settled; I figure he’s got to have a wife and two kids tucked away somewhere. So I think nothing of it.

My friend calls me a week or so later and says, “My athletic director thought you were kinda cute. Can I give him your number?” I said sure. And the rest is history. We got married in 1999.

We live in Halfmoon, a suburb of Albany. It’s one of the fastest growing communities in New  
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***Benita being awarded an honorary degree last May from Albany Medical College, making her an honorary doctor. Wonder if she accepts honorary patients?***

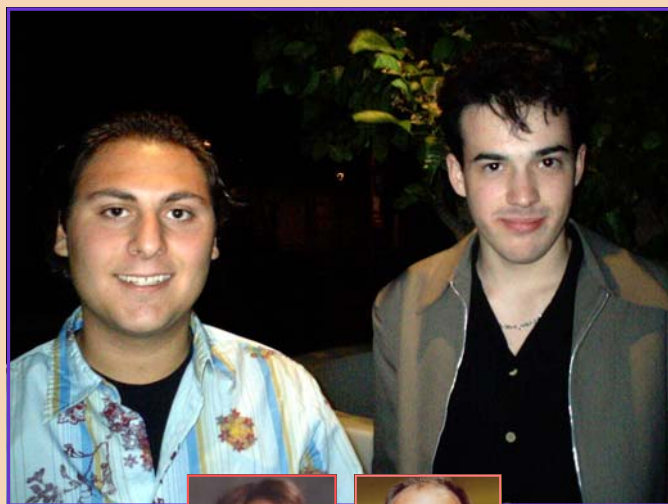


**"... AND NOW, FOR THE YOUNG-SHTERS ..."**

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



### **Evan Caputo Friedmann and Gian San Antonio**



When **Randy San Antonio**, who lives in Grapevine, Texas, took his son **Gian**, a high-school senior, to tour the University of Arizona, they were greeted by sophomore **Evan Friedmann**, son of **Linda Caputo Friedmann** and her husband, **Eugene**. According to Randy, when they met, Gian said to Evan, “Hey, we could have been brothers!” and from that moment on, the two got along as if they were. Linda reports, “Evan took Gian to a few frat parties, as it was the night

when the choices for fraternities were announced. Gian said that Evan showed him what the campus was *really* about, forget about the tour!”

Randy and Linda dated for two years in high school. In a recent conversation, the two, long happily married to other people, were fuzzy on the detail of who ended the relationship. “The way I remembered it was that he dumped me,” says Linda, “but he claims that I dumped him. We had a good laugh.” ■



## Benita Zahn

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York state. It's great up here. First of all, I like being outdoors. The summers in Saratoga are unbelievably gorgeous. Skiing is just forty-five minutes away. What I also like is our proximity to New York City — just two and a half hours away. (My youngest brother, Jeffrey, is an anesthesiologist at Mount Sinai Medical Center in Manhattan, and Alan, the middle guy, owns a real-estate company in Ithaca. So they're not too far away.) From Albany, you can be in Boston in three hours. Montreal isn't far, either. It's really the best of everything. Plus, there are so many downstate New Yorkers up here. It seems like everybody has a weekend place in Hudson these days.

At times, I had thought about leaving for a bigger city. But our station has all the toys; for example, we were one of the first stations on the East Coast to go live. We've never acted like a fiftieth-market station, we've always operated more like a twenty-fifth-market station. Besides, up here you can have a life. It's very easy to be overbooked doing speaking engagements, MC'ing, and there's always some good cause out there that somebody hits you up for. Doing that in a bigger city, on top of everything else, would probably be untenable. I have a nice backyard, and I like to play golf.

What can I tell you? You make choices that you think are right, and sometimes you get lucky and they are. This was clearly the place I was supposed to stay. What's also great is that after you've been a broadcaster in the same market for a long time, people come to trust you.

It's funny, because twenty years ago, I figured that by the time I was forty, it would all be over. TV news-

women face age discrimination in a way that their male colleagues don't. But that hasn't been the case for me. I think it's because Baby Boomers have never been comfortable being relegated to the back of the bus. We have, as a group, always demanded to be front and center.

And while there are plenty of pretty young gals on TV, by and large, boomers still are in charge of the remote control. And I think they want to see "themselves" on TV. In general, these are serious times, and because of that, people are looking for familiarity. So if you have a ma-



*Do blondes have more fun?  
Looks that way: Benita at our  
thirtieth reunion.*

ture TV anchor who's been there for a while and inspires confidence, people stay with them.

For the last twenty years, in addition to anchoring the five o'clock and five-thirty news, my beat has been consumer health, which allows me to utilize my science background. I kind of fell into it. The station wanted to feature me and another gal, Chris Jansing, who you've probably seen on MSNBC. Research showed that viewers were most interested in money matters and health.

They happened to call me in first to offer me my choice of beats. Well, I don't balance my checkbook real

well. Since health has always been an interest of mine, I jumped on it. I love it, because the impact that you can have on people's lives is unbelievable. I hardly walk around believing any of my press, good, bad, or indifferent, but when you get a letter from somebody that says, "Because you did such-and-such a story, it saved my mother's life," that's not bad at the end of the day.

I'm also in my third year with a program called *Healthlink* on Albany's PBS affiliate, WMHT. To have a half-hour forum every week, where we can bring in people with a particular medical condition and give them a voice is just great. The goal is to help people become their own best health advocates.

One of my favorite stories involved a thirty-two-year-old man who was awaiting a heart transplant. I flew with his transplant team down to Huntington Hospital on Long Island, where's they'd harvested the donor heart, then came back into the operating room here. I watched as the doctors put in the new heart. There's a moment when the new heart should start beating, and you must have fifteen, twenty people in the OR, nobody saying a word, and then: *voila!* We've had the opportunity follow the fellow for a couple of years now, and he's doing great.

### So Tell Us: When Did You Decide to Go Blonde?

When I started to go gray! Probably in my thirties. I took a perm one day when I was about thirty-one. We went to the beach a few days later. Two, three days after that, I was blow-drying my hair and I looked in the mirror and said, "What the heck happened here?!" It had oxidized and gotten kind of red. Red doesn't look great on TV, though, so I've been a blonde ever since. ■

# TOONS CARTOONS CARTOONS OTOONS SCARTOONS SCARTOONS

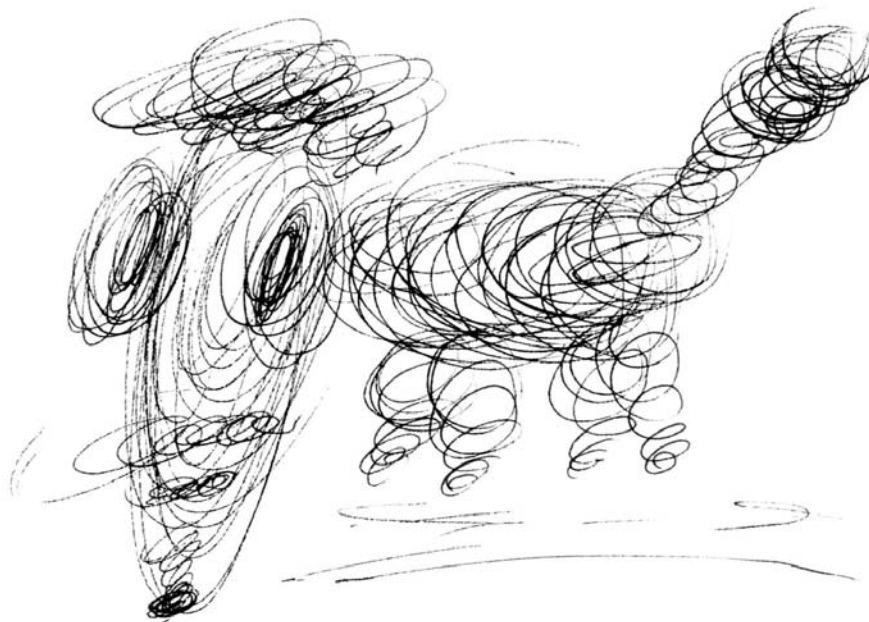


By Dan Clurman

**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."

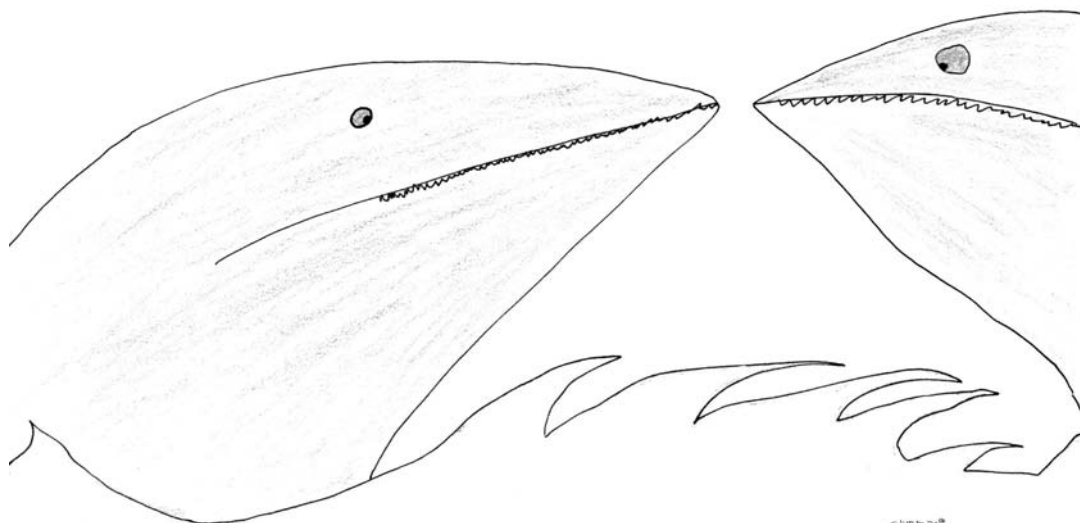


Best in Schnoz

"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, *You've Got to Draw the Line Somewhere*, will be published shortly."

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.

Let's do lunch



clurman®

## Checking In with the Classes of '71 and '73

Continued from page 4

Mandell on the phone. Problem solved.

Not too surprisingly, Janet has fond memories of growing up in the Oakwood section of Jericho. "I loved it," she says. "It was an unusual place to grow up, though we probably didn't realize it at the time. I made friends for life, and was given an excellent education and a desire to learn.

"We had the freedom to move about the town, to create, to develop independence. I could walk to Mid-Island Plaza to take the bus to the beach, ride a bike on the overpass to get to Cantiaque Park, work at the Milleridge Inn shops, participate in recreation at the gym on Friday nights and Saturday mornings, and walk home along route 106/107.

"The teachers were very supportive," she continues. "I remember going to several teachers' homes. It was like having an extended family. " She and Michael Rudy used to play with Larry and Shari Schwartz and attend Larry's football games. She and Nancy babysat for Herr Marwill, reading *Grimm's Fairytales* in German at bedtime!

Other memories: Mr. Obstfeld and his wife throwing a party for his students at their home. In fact, Janet purchased her first car from him: a powder-blue 1967 Mustang convertible. Miss Helen DeCollibus and her new fiancé came to a football celebration at the Rudys.

"There were many other teachers who had a positive impact on my life and values — not only for the curriculum they taught, but for their sincerity and commitment to their students: Mrs. Reff, Mr. Tobin, Mr. Bryant, Dr. Krahm, Mr. Pogany-Powers, Miss DeCollibus. In different ways,

each took some extra time to show they cared about me and my future.

"My daughter is going through high school now, and it just seems so different. I keep wondering, *Were kids as mean back then as they are now?* I really didn't have that experience. I feel badly that Brittany is not going to have as positive a high-school experience or feel tied to her community like I did."



**Janet Rhoads Leslie: "My Jericho friends remind me who I truly am — way down beneath the layers of life that have accumulated since high school."**

Brittany, an aspiring actress, "takes up most of my time," says Janet. "I do a lot of driving." The teenager just starred as the Cat in the Hat in her high school's production of *Seussical* and has already appeared in *Evita*, *A Chorus Line*, *The Sound of Music*, and *The Jungle Book* at local playhouses like the Airport Playhouse, Theater Three, and Gateway.

"She was recently invited into the Sound of America, an honor chorus," Janet explains. "This July the group will be performing in a variety of places throughout Europe, including

Disneyland Paris, Notre Dame Cathedral, and St. Mark's Basilica." Meanwhile, the search for colleges has begun in earnest.

Janet's own college search didn't take long at all, thanks to a January snowfall. While visiting different state colleges, she pulled into Geneseo, nestled smack between Syracuse and Buffalo. "It looked exactly like *Peyton Place*," she says, laughing. "A beautiful little town with white houses with wraparound porches. I just fell in love with it. I got out the school's catalog to look at what its majors were. Speech pathology was one. And that's how I picked out what I was going to do for the rest of my life!"

Janet returned to Long Island for an internship and earned her master's degree at Hofstra. She worked in a rehabilitation center and made home visits to develop the communication skills of head-injured children and stroke patients. Janet worked as a speech-language pathologist within the Sachem School District's specialized department for twenty years.

She now works privately with pre-schoolers in their homes, which she loves. "We laugh together all the time," she says. "I think that's what makes kids special. They still get excited every time you come: 'Miss Janet's here!' Plus, at age three or four, they make such progress so fast. It's really wonderful to see, and the parents are there to share in their growth."

Meeting her husband, Don Leslie, wasn't as uncomplicated as choosing a college. "We met because my first husband and Don's first wife were cousins. Got that? We'd both married into the same large Italian family, and there were a lot of family gatherings.

"Years went by, and I got divorced. Then more time went by, and

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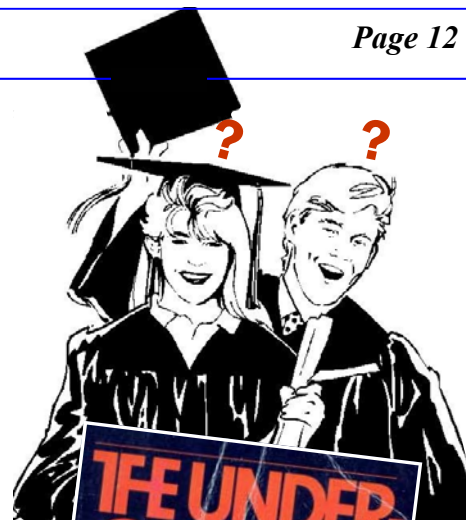
## It's 1971:

Perhaps you're thinking about which college to attend. If so, author Susan Berman has just the book for you:

# The Underground Guide to the College of Your Choice



Warning: Some Adult-ish Content



Published by Signet in May 1971, *The Underground Guide* rated colleges, but using a radically different yardstick. Sample categories included "Academic Bullshit," "Bread" (tuition), "Brothers and Sisters" — including the ratio of "cats" to "chicks," and general impressions of the latter's promiscuity — the going price for weed, and so on. If your campus reeked of marijuana, tie-dyed shirts were everywhere, student protests inevitably ended with at least one building burned to the ground, and the infirmary dispensed birth-control pills like Pez, it no doubt earned the acerbic *Guide's* highest accolades.

## HOW DID YOUR SCHOOL STACK UP?

### LONG ISLAND

#### C. W. Post College

"Plastic hip commuters. 'We have a lot of boneheads here who just take the easy courses.' Geography is one of them and therefore considered groovy by these quiz kids. Dr. Lathstein's philosophy course is one of the only ones that's popular because it's interesting rather than easy. Everyone has a car, and parking is for shit. Chicks are the plastic-hip types who say they love balling but have done it once. Some cats and chicks are into the 'rich-hip look, but many have just casual threads. The biggest hang is the Commuter Cafeteria. Eat at the Rathskellar or Burger King. Frats still exist but have been weakened by dope. Students are rich and apathetic; they go to class and go home, blithely on their merry little ways. Grass is very big here; most everyone smokes. The *Post Pioneer* is a conservative, boring paper that emphasizes sports coverage. People are reading *The Godfather* and Abbie Hoffman's books."

***The Underground Guide on SUNY Stony Brook: "A freaky campus where the dorms are like brothels." Yep, sounds about right.***

#### SUNY at Stony Brook

"This campus is the hippest and most intellectual of the SUNY campuses. Everybody is hip and freaky, for the most part. It is one of the freakiest and most casual campuses in the East. Chicks are liberated; there's always a chick spending the night. Dates are super casual; a big date consists of going into New York to the Fillmore East. The drug scene is very heavy — the campus is literally flooded with grass and mescaline. Acid goes for \$2.50 a tab. The biggest political action was after a drug bust in 1969; students set fire to trucks and stoned buildings. In the student union, there's a groovy craft shop where tie-dyeing, pottery, and jewelry-making are taught.. The biggest creative bag is music. Many students play the guitar or piano."

### NEW YORK CITY

#### Barnard College (women only)

"Chicks can take courses at Columbia, and they usually plot their schedules to do it so that they can meet guys. There's a whole barrage of types of chicks. First, there's the Fifth Avenue type: stylish, long Pucci scarf, Gucci shoes, tailored double-knit sweater from Lord & Taylor, thick gold hoop earrings and an expensive watch. The Jewish liberal: navy-blue mini with expensive knit sweaters or a matching leather vest, long hair, and thick-heeled shoes. The freaks wear jeans, T-shirts, crocheted belts and sandals. The chicks, on the whole, are sedate and passive. They complain they can't meet anyone, but there's plenty of part-time cohabitation. Dates start when a cat calls and tells a chick to 'come on over.' They smoke and screw, and the next morning, the chick is lucky if she gets breakfast. 'Around junior year, everyone starts looking for a husband.' Vacations at home or skiing at Stowe."

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## UNDERGROUND GUIDE TO COLLEGES

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### Columbia University (men only)

"Urban, alienated, Ivy League assembly-line education. 'The approach to learning is more scholarly than enthusiastic.' The campus is so sterile that they had to form a Warmth Committee. Columbia College has fun-city intellectuals, messy and slightly odorous on summer days, dressed in jeans and ugly shirts with a full head of hair. Boots, wingtips, and Weejuns exist. Columbia cats 'get it on' for Barnard chicks and other sister-school counterparts. Dates consist of rapping, smoking, and going either to the Thalia to see an old Bogart flick or for a ride on the Staten Island ferry. The *Columbia Spectator* is political and excellent. Dope is prevalent. People are reading *Do It!* by Jerry Rubin and *Eros and Civilization* by Marcuse."

### New York University

"NYU is a large impersonal factory. You are on your own in Greenwich Village to survive and learn. 'Film and drama are incredible.' Olympia Dukakis (an actress) 'teaches a fine acting course.' Chicks garb themselves in lots of vinyl and plastic — the hip synthetics — heavy eye makeup and lipstick. Cats wear bell-bottoms, carry briefcases, and trim their moustaches ... Everyone complains that it's hard to meet people here. Rallies are the spot to meet and greet. Fraternities are dying out. Most action takes place 'in his apartment.' Lids go for \$25, tabs for \$5, easy to score in the Village. The campus is brutally urban. The Commerce building looks like a mausoleum. Most people want to get learning, get married, and get a job. They find politics too confusing. Ecology hasn't made it on campus; they're too weak from the air pollution to protest."

## NEW YORK STATE

### SUNY at Buffalo

The largest and most diverse of the SUNY campuses. The campus is divided into three types: the commuters (from Buffalo) tend to be conservative, the New York City

## Was Your College Like This ...?



arty kids have that expensive plastic-hip look, and the real freaks wear overall work pants and tie-dyed shirts. The commuters are for the most part Catholic and virtuous; the freaks dig screwing and cohabiting. *The Spectrum* is considered the second best college paper within the U.S., considered fairly radical by some. Buffalo is the second windiest city in the nation. 'The nicest time of year in Buffalo is when you're away.' Nice days in Buffalo are 'two days in spring and 1 1/2 days in the fall.'"

### Cornell University

"Probably has the most beautiful campus in the United States. Charlie Ackerman of the sociology department is by far the most popular professor. He teaches a course called 'Deviants,' which is other-wise known as 'Nuns and Sluts.' Freshmen males never get a date; they can't even buy one. They don't have cars, and chicks only like upperclassmen. Most chicks are liberated; they get superiority complexes because so many guys want to date them. Not much grass around to buy — mostly hash. Dopers hang out at Dunkin' Donuts on Meadow Street. Head in any direction for an escape, especially Taughannock

State Park. The People's Park in Ithaca is two sidewalk blocks of Eddy Street. After 11 P.M. every night you see freaks there. It has its own mayor who sometimes negotiates with the mayor of Ithaca."

### University of Rochester

"Rich Long Island pseudo-hippies. The generalized undergrad student is loaded with bread, can't piss off his parents no matter what he does because they love him so much, does things that he think are fun because he was conditioned to think they were fun. The professional-type student (in physics, optics, or chemistry) is the one who asks the professor the exact question he wants to be asked, wears ironed clothes, carries a briefcase, and wants to start off earning \$14,500 a year. Then there's the intellectual — not really an intellectual, but think he is. Wears his hair long and sports a beard, spends lots of money on cheap clothes (twenty-five pairs of Levis?), goes to all the SDS rallies and fights for the microphone. When he gets it, he doesn't know what to say, so he repeats what the previous person just said. My favorite building is Rhees Library — It's

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## UNDERGROUND GUIDE TO COLLEGES

Continued from page 13

called 'The Nipple of Knowledge,' because it has a shining red light on top of it at night."

### Syracuse University

"Tremendously vast, uninspiring, fraternity-controlled place. Cheap records at the S.O.S. Record Shop. Syracuse students are made up of those who were rejected from the Ivy League schools. They are upper-middle-class, suburban, and drive Corvettes. About half are hip and half are straight. The "toads" are the intellectual, stay-at-home nonpolitical types. They have short hair, wear white socks, baggy pants, and penny loafers. The forestry people are called "stumpies" — they are usually very nice and wear tight dungarees, lumberjack jackets, and stumpy boots. Greeks died in 1970. 'People are embarrassed to admit that they are in a house' — lots of anti-Greek sentiment on campus. There is no student union, although the Jabberwocky at the bottom of Kimmel Dining Hall is a pseudo student union. About 70% of the people have tried drugs; 25% are regular users. Most students are unable to grasp the essence of political ideas: 'They'll drive to the revolution in their Corvettes.'"

### Union College

"Of Union, Skidmore says, 'The close but gross school.' Union finally went coed in 1970 after a long struggle. The campus looks straight, generally. Levi Sta-prest, jeans, and T-shirts. The jocks casual. The freshmen look hipper than the rest of the campus. The engineering students are super straight. The social life is primarily through the fraternities with other colleges (Albany, Skidmore). Horniness runs rampant here. The Beta turtling team is associated with the Beta fraternity — they have a tendency to gross out people, and their favorite trick is dry-humping on the floor in one big pile. Hangs are the Rathskellar (a campus snack bar), the Library Plaza, and Diamonte's and the Union Inn. Nixon's comments about 'bums' was made after he heard that Union College and University

## ... Or Perhaps More Like This?



of Maryland students burned him in effigy after his speech about the Cambodian invasion. The official school paper is *Concordiences* — their articles suck. There's a stuffed whale's penis in the in the president's office."

## OUT OF STATE

### New Jersey

**Princeton University** (mostly men)  
 "Times are changing for this former bastion of the conservative upper-class aristocracy. Princeton offers an excellent education and is rated in the top three Ivy League schools. The Princeton man starts out being conceited because because he got in. And the fact that most girls at schools in the East are dying to go out with a Princeton man doesn't help much. Some men belong to eating clubs, which are the same as fraternities, for all practical purposes. They select and reject, traumatizing the freshmen. Forced celibacy is the rule during the week, unless you can grab a chick from one of the local high schools. On the weekends, chicks from Vassar, Wellesley, and Smith flock onto the campus in search of a man."

### Rutgers University

(all men)  
 "Most cats are lukewarm hip. They look casual, have sloppy hair, and wear jeans. Cats date chicks from Douglass, who aren't that liberated. Hangs include the student center, which is usually filled with high-school freaks. Lots of people smoke in the dorms, and lids go for \$15. Sore at the student center, but there are narcs all over. Most students are liberal by Phil Ochs's definition: '10% to the left of center in good times, 10% to the right of center if it affects them personally.' People talk about the war and read *Soul on Ice*."

### Connecticut

#### University of Connecticut at Storrs

"Ninety percent of both sexes are straight. The first thing they do when they arrive is go immediately to the book store and buy a blue windbreaker with an official *U Conn* insignia. In the winter, people wear huge Arctic-type fur coats; in the summer, chicks sunbathe, and the cats walk by to check them out. The fraternities do the dating thing (parties and beer), but they are dying. People go to the A's (the airport restaurant) and the Rock Garden, a vicious pick-

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## UNDERGROUND GUIDE TO COLLEGES

Continued from page 14

up place. There are three types of chick here: the first group are free and liberated, the second group are virgins, and the third are in the great middle ground that can be moved. There's an excellent chance to pick up, get laid, and get the clap. The worst thing about the campus is the wind — it's freezing."

### Wesleyan University

"Students are fragmented into political trips, drug trips, and academic trips. Wesleyan just went coed, and Wesleyan males are reveling in the change. Most action happens on the weekends. Guys bring the girls in in droves, ball them, send them home for the rest of the week, and forget about them till next week. Kinda like a male chauvinist cattle drive. The usual date is a party and a joint. On rainy days, couples go belly-sliding down Foss Hill. The infirmary has very bad services as far as drugs are concerned. Don't go there for VD or bum trips.

### Massachusetts

#### Amherst College (mostly men)

"Education is excellent, classes are small, and the faculty is very distinguished. Ratio of cats to chicks: 45:1. Cats are generally lukewarm hip and have that 'Amherst Cowboy' look, complete with jeans, lumber jackets, work boots, and moustaches. Little educational discussion, more about who screwed who. Almost zero freaks except for a few Darien, Connecticut, refugees. Dating is the mode. Crappy pattern of game playing, name dropping, and screwing. It's hard for the Amherst male to overcome his country-club background and talk real talk to chicks. The average date is going out with a Smith or Holyoke girl and drinking beer at a frat — hopefully followed by Instant Karma and bed. 'No one goes anywhere on weekends; we stay here and hustle female counterparts.'"

#### Boston University

"A big social school. There's a cross-section of everything. Hair is generally

long, and there are few freaks or Brooks Brothers suits types. Lots of dating, and sexual activity is on the rise. Local hangs include the Charles River, the Union, the Dug-Out (straight bar), and Harvard Square. There are lots of women in Boston. BU males complain, however, that most chicks desire a Harvard or MIT male. But, fortunately for BU males, there aren't enough of those gems to go around. A big, drab urban campus in downtown Boston. Escapes include skiing, New York, and home."

#### Brandeis University

"Superintellectual heads, liberal politics, bagel bodies, and Jewish ethnic personalities. Brandeis is a very intellectually oriented, high-pressure place. The majority of students are lukewarm hip and wear blue jeans, work shirts, and boots. The nice Jewish boy become a nice Jewish hippie here. Chicks are tidy-looking, natural, and 'Jewish liberated.' 'The Jewish mother lurks behind the pretty coed!' No suits and

ties, and no electric hair freaks. Moderation is the word. School politics are actively liberal. Dow demonstrations in 1967. In 1969 blacks took over Ford Hall for eleven days with ten nonnegotiable demands, such as an Afro-American department, more blacks on campus, and an Afro-American lounge. Campus is described 'a medieval castle; an American Jewish historical tomb.'"

#### Emerson College

"Emerson people are preparing for professional jobs, so they can take their place in society. There are two types: the collegiate straight and the new hippie. But all are basically middle-class in their ideals and aspirations. People hang around in groups. Sexual activity is good and generally friendly rather than overintellectual or serious. Girls aren't really liberated but aren't hung up either. Hangs are the low stone wall next to the sidewalk on campus, the Smoker

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## The Strange, Sad Saga of Susan Berman

After publishing *The Underground Guide*, Susan Berman went on to write eight more books, as well as several screenplays. The book that garnered the most attention was 1981's *Easy Street*, which recounted her childhood growing up with a mobster for a father.

David Berman partnered with notorious gangster Ben "Bugsy" Siegel to open Las Vegas's Flamingo Hotel in 1946. The following year, Siegel was gunned down in a hail of bullets in his Hollywood bungalow, after which Berman continued running the Flamingo.

In *Easy Street* and a subsequent book, *Lady Las Vegas*, Susan wrote of being surrounded by the Mafia elite as a child. She jokingly referred to herself as the Jewish Mafia Princess. David Berman died

under mysterious circumstances in 1957, when Susan was twelve; her mother committed suicide a year later. *Guide* is dedicated to her parents, "who never had the opportunity to go to college."

On Christmas Eve 2000, Susan Berman was murdered in her Los

Angeles home, shot once in the head execution style. Friends believe it was because she was about to speak to investigators about her college friend



Robert Durst, the ne'er-do-well heir to the Durst family fortune, who remains the prime suspect in the mysterious disappearance of his first wife, Kathleen, in 1982. At the time, Berman had acted as an informal spokeswoman for Durst.

Like the Kathleen Durst case, Susan Berman's murder remains unsolved. ■

## UNDERGROUND GUIDE TO COLLEGES

*Continued from page 15*

(campus snack bar), and Ken's, a Boylston Street deli. The drug scene is light; about one-third smoke. Not many heavy drugs."

### Massachusetts Institute of Technology

"At MIT, they have a humanities requirements. The foremost scientific institution in the United States. Dr. Strangelove types may apply. Tech men wear gray pants and red socks and act like Giles' Goat Boy. No spiffy dressers or freaks. 'Most hardly ever screw and seldom date. Most freshman have never had a date in their lives.' Chicks are very, very ugly. Grass is getting very popular, and it's very easy to get at \$20 a lid."

### University of Massachusetts

"If you've been rejected from Ivy League schools and want that kind of education, U. of Mass. is a good choice. These students are rather dull middle-class conservatives and Boston's suburbia hips. Drag-ass types, few freaks and few dress-ups. Compared to Berkeley, most people put you to sleep. Dating is the thing — little living together, and not too many chicks are liberated or concerned about it. Beer and parties or flicks are the average dates. People read best-seller. Politically, the school is 'a hotbed of apathy.'"

### Northeastern University

"The campus is in the heart of Boston. Plenty of air and noise pollution. All campus buildings are grayish-white high rises, efficient sterile containers with no lawns to alleviate what looks like a hospital complex. Most people use public transportation. Most students are middle-class and lower middle-class, and don't have costly threads. Every type of city dweller with a full range of hair, from ex-Marines to freaks. Clothes are casual and functional. Dating is straight arrow — night people are heavily married. Chicks aren't really liberated and are husband hunting. All drugs are available, lids for \$20. Northeastern is a diploma mill. People don't care about politics."

### Tufts University

"Tufts people are friendly and open. Very few fancy clothes or freaks. Cats have moderately long hair and are neat. Suburban types — don't blow their noses on their sleeves. Courteous liberals. A relaxed dating pattern. A few live together; the freshmen are the hippest and were weaned on the pill. Everyone hangs on campus — 'like high school; it's close-knit.' The campus newspaper is *The Observer*, an appropriate description of a Tufts undergrad."

### Pennsylvania

#### Lehigh University

"The most exciting thing here is the wrestling matches; they really pack 'em in. Lehigh is known for its engineering school. The facilities and teachers are excellent. Students dress in comfortable threads; they all look respectably grubby. The girl situation is drastic (50:1 cat-to-chick ratio). Most cats go out with someone from their hometown or date chicks from Cedar Crest College. Frat rats like to go into town and pick up a 'scruff' (town chick) for a one-night stand. Bethlehem is a steel town; obnoxious weather and environment. Survival is hard with so few girls."

#### Penn State

"Still the play school of PA. This school is so large that there is an abundance of every type. Sex is a big thing here whatever faction you're in. Freaky chicks are liberated while others are not, 'but on average, it's pretty hot here.' What with fifty-six fraternities and twenty-six sororities, they are influential. It still has elements of the rah-rah school it used to be. Most fat boys smoke grass now instead of drinking booze. People hang at the Hub (Hetzl Union Building), the Wall (where people sit and smoke), the Jawbone coffeehouse, and the bar My O My. No one travels during the fall term because the school is a big social-action place."

#### University of Pennsylvania

"Penn is academically excellent, and Penn students are serious. They are more intellectual than the Temple U. plodders but less intellectual than Harvard or Berkeley people. Most are hip and wear jeans, san-

dals, T-shirts, and have medium-length hair. Lots of semi-shacking up on weekends, when parents won't find out. Most of the chicks are liberated, and screwing is common. Politically, Penn students 'don't have it in for capitalism. We like capitalism.' If you like to study and enjoy what the city of Philadelphia has to offer, you can survive. Penn doesn't much sense of community, so you have to make your own entertainment."

#### University of Pittsburgh

Good academically, bad for your lungs. These city dwellers have the lukewarm-hip look, while the straights look like Sears circa 1960. Fraternities are still alive and into their own thing (blackballing). Most of the community is apathetic politically. You have to search to find the radical leaders. The Black Action Society is powerful but is more of a cultural organization. The campus is located in an industrial urban area. Escapes? None near. Make your own ecosystem out of what you can in Pittsburgh."

### District of Columbia

#### American University

"American University supports the flag. It trains people best to be future politicians, diplomats, or hard hats. This campus is hip, but in-the-structure hip. Over half the campus are longhairs, and most students wear jeans and T-shirts. Yet many are aspiring to government jobs and won't be so anxious to join the revolution (what, and waste all of those contacts?!). The campus is into drugs and it's estimated that 80% smoke grass. In 1969, narcs busted students in the dorms at 5 A.M., and future busts are always possible. American students are really into health food. Many are honey and wheat-germ freaks, and there's a groovy health-food store ten minutes away in Bethesda, Maryland. The infirmary is 'run by witch-doctors with rattles and masks.'"

#### George Washington University

"This campus is hip. Lots of freaky chicks go braless, and cats have beards and moustaches. Chicks are liberated, and there is lots of cohabitation by twos and in communes. Dating is super casual. People

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## UNDERGROUND GUIDE TO COLLEGES

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rap and smoke and screw. The big hang is the university center, which has bowling, billiards, and a rathskellar. Straights go to the Tom Foolery bar or to Quigley's sandwich shop. The drug scene is very heavy — nearly everyone smokes, and lids run \$20 an ounce. Mescaline is also on the Upsurge. There is no campus to speak of; the school is in the middle of a semicommercial area. Thurston Hall, the girls' dorm, is referred to as 'The Zoo. Washington, DC, is polluted by drunk politicians who may breathe on you.'

### Georgetown University

"The campus is still, unfortunately, straight. Chicks wear dresses or pantsuits. Cats wear new jeans or slacks. Only about one-fourth of the campus is hip — they wear rags. But things are progressing, as three years ago some cats wore sports coats and ties to class. Local hangs include 1789, a jock bar; Walsh lobby; the Cellar Door on M Street; and the Charlie Weismuller deli. *The Hoya* is a conservative student newspaper. Students read *the Quick-Silver Times*, a good underground rag.

### Ohio

#### Antioch College

"Antioch, one of the oldest bohemian liberal schools in the U.S., is a way of life. Five intense, full, active years of learning. A real sense of community in the college. So many interesting courses: ceramics, 'Modern German Literature on the Left,' 'Independent Study in Rock Music,' 'The Chicago Conspiracy Trial,' and millions of others. There are no grades — only a system of a professor granting credit or no credit. Tons of freedom in classes; no structure, no meaningless formalities. Antioch students are the essence of hip in the '50s Bohemian way, sort of as you might imagine Ginsberg and Ferlinghetti were in their twenties. No dating, just grouping: 'Hey, I'm going down to the Little Theatre, does anyone want to come?' Flicks are popular, and so is the 6:30 news in

McGregor Hall. Professors are liberated, secretaries are liberated, everyone is liberated. College president James Payson Dixon (chairman of Dick Gregory's new political party) is a good man. Antioch has supported the peace moratoriums by closing down the school and giving the staff a paid vacation. Even the workers on campus are aligned with the students."

### Miami University

"Quiet academic life is the rule at Miami. Away from it all in Oxford, Ohio, about the only things to do are to get drunk at the frat house and study for tests. No smoking in class and in the dining halls. Cats have to wear a coat and tie on Sundays. Greeks used to be big, but are declining. Miami University is known as the 'Mother of Fraternities' and the 'Cradle of Coaches' (Miami does the football thing). People are still getting pinned; it's staid and stuffy."

### Oberlin College

"Students dress casually. The straightest people on campus go into the music conservatory. Quite a sizable freak population. Lots of intense one-to-one relationships, and mostly chicks are liberated. It's groupie-type functions in the freshman year (people rinm in packs), and pairing off becomes prevalent in the sophomore year. Entertainment is parties, dope, and sex."

### New Hampshire

#### Dartmouth College

"Dartmouth offers fine educational facilities, if that's what you dig. Dartmouth cats are fairly individualistic in their appearance, in a pseudo-hip way. Frat rats spend their time going on 'road trips': getting a car and driving to one of the girls' schools such as Colby, Smith, Radcliffe, or Skidmore. Or else they have these things called mixers. Then there's Green Key Weekend, where three thousand chicks come up and get it on with the guys. The chicks in the schools that visit Dartmouth refer to them as animals. People escape to Union Village Dam to swim in the nude."

### Florida

#### University of Florida

Fun in the sun. Students can scrounge. Some live in the hip ghetto and sponge off

friendly brothers. Common practice is for a chick to offer herself free of charge to a cat in exchange for room and board (slavery!). Dorm rats look like whoever they are emulating this month. Sin City straights have sporty shirts, sunglasses, and good tans. One-fourth of the campus is married and another one-fourth lives together. Sex is free, and plenty of chicks are liberated. Straights meet at Sin City Lounge, Thirsty Gator, Dubs, or around the pools in the apartment complexes. Hips meet at Anthony's or at the Union dances. They hold 'come-togethers' on the plaza every weekend."

### University of Miami

"Sun-tan city. The main party school in the country has for a long time between trying to raise its level of academics, and a few departments are good. The School of Marine Biology is tops in the country.

'Everyone here has money to burn. They are always dressed fashionable rich hip.' Most chicks go braless or swing often. People are very concerned with suntans and beach parties. As for sex, 'every guy is expected to get his chick every other night.' People are reading *Woodstock Nation* and *Playboy*."

### Illinois

#### Northwestern University

"There is no intellectual community as such, and the departments are dependent on the professors as to whether or not they are good. The German, theater, and journalism departments are popular with students. A Free U called 'the Experimental College' teaches classes on wine tasting and guerilla warfare. Freaks here are definitely in the minority; the upper-class slightly hip WASP from the Midwest prevails. There's a lot of loose dating. Most chicks are sexually liberated but not intellectually liberated; they're out to grab a quick husband. The climate is shitting: 'It's cold and freezing and affects your head. It's like "death point" — all you want to do is stay inside.'"

### Michigan

#### Michigan State University

"The most perfect expression for this

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## UNDERGROUND GUIDE TO COLLEGES

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school is *bullshit*. A party school, still in the 1950s. This school is the most pretentious that we've come across. They talk about their high standards and lofty programs, when in fact they have neither. This campus is completely apathetic — it's amazing, considering that University of Michigan, a radical center, is so close. 'As long as you make your girl, get your bottle of Ripple, and do something "groovy" on the weekend, it's cool.' Everyone wears MSU shirts or football jerseys with the number 69 on them. How daring! Survival here? Chances are all right if you don't think."

### Colorado

#### University of Colorado

"The Berkeley of Colorado. The ideal place for students who dig nature, the relaxed life, dope, sex, and other students. There are Greeks here, but for the most part it looks like Berkeley: heavy hip types, mostly freaks. Lots and lots of hair and beards and fringed leather jackets and old jeans; chicks without bras wearing all kinds of good stuff. Entertainment is screwing: 'Your place or mine?' Boulder is cool, and survival is easy. Plenty of drugs, cohabitation, heath-food stores, and smiles."

### California

#### University of California at Berkeley

"Berkeley is a campus community located ten miles from San Francisco. It is the heaviest politically of the UC campuses. Revolution is happening everywhere. Sex and drugs are a way of life, cats and chicks are natural looking and wrapped in old clothes. People generally prefer to look as unprosperous as possible and spend their bread on stereo equipment and books. The most relevant education can be imbibed just from living in Berkeley. It is a very freaky place. The sexual activity is heavy. Meeting people is easy: at supermarkets, in class, in political organizations, and laundromats. The Gay Liberation Front is active. BC pills and diaphragms are given out at Planned Parenthood near campus. Before you arrive, read *Zap Comics*, the

*Whole Earth Catalog*, *Quotations from Mao*, and something about Marxism."

#### University of California at Los Angeles

"UCLA is the school of clean hippies. Everyone wants to be cool, and they try, but their clothes are the newest hip, and their minds are the plastic hip. When they visit Berkeley, they are afraid of picking up germs. Dudes range from the business-executive majors, who wear wingtips (loafers without socks in the summer) to the blatant Hollywood hippie, with wide-collar shirts from expensive boutiques on Sunset Strip. Chicks come in all different kinds: theater-arts majors wearing tight bell-bottoms and expensive boots, sorority girls with pantyhose and scarves, collegiate plain-janes with training bras, and barefoot hippie types. Hips meet at the Gypsy Wagon on campus, and squares hang at Mom's beer joint. 'There are still more here that aren't with it than are, but things are looking up.'"

#### University of Southern California

"USC is a private professionally oriented school with wealthy students and a concerned, responsive faculty. Greek Week and Song Fests among fraternities and football games are still big (TGIF). But there's hope — things are changing. Pressures of conformity to date-and-mate lifestyle are great. It's that L.A. plastic look: semi-starlet. Matching threads for the chicks who are pretty straight. The hips even wear expensive tailored jeans and have had their teeth and eyes fixed. Cats have super-short hair, wear slacks with shirts tucked in, socks and shoes. USC students think of themselves as representing the average American. God help us."

#### Stanford University

"The Harvard of the West. Stanford has seen a radical change in recent years from a frat-party environment to one of increased radicalization. The school has a lot of hip intellectuals. The hip hangout is Rozottis, a far-out bar where you can lie in the back and rap. Straights hang at the Oasis Bar. Students are sort of rational revolutionaries. They react to issues, like getting ROTC off campus. Few rock throwers." ■

## Checking In with the Classes of '71 and '73

Continued from page 11

he got divorced. Then one Christmas we exchanged cards, we started seeing each other, and one thing led to another." The couple married in 1987.

"Don't make it sound too juicy, though," Janet adds with a laugh. "There was really nothing going on when we were cousins-in-law."

Although she keeps in touch with quite a few friends, Janet is thrilled to be heading toward another reunion. "I find it so uplifting to look back at my 1971 yearbook and note how many people appreciated my hard work, mentioned my smile, or complimented me on being a true friend," she reflects.

"They noticed my efforts and sent me out into the world with values and expectations of the kind of person I wanted to be. "Mid-life and all its challenges — raising teenagers, divorce, illnesses, loss of family members — has hit us all, and sometimes the view of the road ahead appears a little unclear. In order to know where you are going, you have to know where you have been." ■

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Public Service Announcement



Still Like to Rock & Roll? Then You're Gonna Luv This

Do you put on the Allman Brothers while doing the ironing? Like to secretly play air guitar to Led Zeppelin II when no one's watching? (By the way, don't bother locking the bedroom door anymore: your spouse and kids have seen you, and they laugh at you behind your back.) Then you might be interested in Vault Radio, a new free online "radio station" of all-live vintage music that was performed at the Fillmore East and West, S.F.'s Winterland Auditorium, and other venues run by the late concert promoter Bill Graham.

From 1966 through the 1980s, Graham taped thousands of shows. The Web site www.wolfgangvault.com has pur-

chased Graham's archives and airs them at random. Hear an eclectic array of artists, such as Cream, Doors, Jimi, Janis, Stevie Wonder, James Taylor, Broooce!, Led Zep, Airplane, Miles Davis, Elvis Costello, Allmans, CSN&Y, Dylan, Elton, Aretha, Sex Pistols, Van Morrison, Floyd, Neil Young, Zappa, and U2. The recordings, made through the sound board, are of exceptional quality. Unless you were there, you haven't heard these performances before.

Remember, this was back when the stage was where musicians honed their talents. Players could play and singers could sing — no lip-synching, no "guide vocal" cover-ups, just pure soul, musicality, and creativity.

Checking In with the Classes of '71 and '73

Continued from page 18

Pat Franklin Jung ('73)



Some people's path in life resembles a zigzag pattern, while others' is more of a straight line. Pat Franklin Jung, one of only three teachers of deaf-blind children in the state of Arizona, knew she wanted to work with special-needs kids from the time she was a teenager. She went charging after her goal as soon as she left Jericho for the University of Northern Colorado, earning a degree in deaf education, only to take a drastic detour in her thirties, then return to her first love.

Pat, who grew up on Saratoga Drive in West Birchwood and now lives in Scottsdale, serves children up to age twenty-two as part of the state's Deaf-Blind Project. "We work with their families, we work in the home, we work in the schools, we train teachers and case managers, we train anybody who wants to learn how to work with deaf-blind people. "Because it's not just deafness, it's not just blindness, it's not one plus one equals two. When you've lost both of your learning senses, the deficits are multiplied."

Asked what she likes best about her work, Pat says, "It's challenging and different every day, even if you're with the same child. You're constantly having to think. That's what keeps me going. Plus, I know I do something that few people do." There are only two educators in all of Arizona with a master's degree in deaf-blind education. Pat is one of them, having earned her degree (along with four others; the word overachiever springs to mind here) from Michigan State University.

After graduating from U. of M. in 1982, Pat decided to move to Phoenix, where her parents had bought a winter home

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(Below left) Fillmore East schedule in early 1969; (right) poster for a 1968 Jimi Hendrix-John Mayall-Albert King concert

**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. Herbert Kramer**

*Talk about multitasking. A year after we graduated, science teacher Mr. Herbert Kramer decided to become a lawyer. So he attended law school at St. John's University at night — while continuing to teach in Jericho during the day. Then in 1977, he joined a law firm — while continuing to teach in Jericho. In all, he taught at Jericho from 1963 through 1997, when he finally retired at the age of fifty-five and began practicing law full-time. He is a partner in the Hauppauge, Long Island, law firm Feldman, Kramer & Monaco. As you might suspect, given his thirty-five years in the district, Mr. Kramer thoroughly enjoyed teaching in Jericho ("couldn't have taught in a better high school anywhere," he says), starting with his very first day there.*

**JERICO WAS MY FIRST TEACHING** job. In fact, it was the first job of my adult working life. I began in the junior high school. The day before the school year was to start, we had an orientation meeting for new teachers in what was then the high-school library. Later it became the junior-high library, opposite the auditorium. About sixty or seventy new teachers were there, because at that time Jericho's population was just going through the roof.

I sat down at one of the tables, and sitting across from me was Joan

Ganz, the new music and chorus teacher. I thought, *I'm gonna like teaching here!*

We started going out and got married in 1965. At the time, we were living in a nice garden apartment in Glen Cove, with a big living room for Joan's piano. The first three years we were married, we lived on one of our salaries and banked the other, so that we were able to buy in house in St. James.

In 1970, Joan was fortunate enough to obtain a sabbatical, to study classical music. Midway

through it, we had our first child, Steven. Then the next year, she got pregnant with our daughter, Kim, and never went back.

By 1973, I'd been teaching in the high school for about five years. Although Jericho was a high-paying district, I felt that I wouldn't be able to give my children the same education that I'd had. I figured I needed to do something else besides teach. Other guys would coach in the afternoon; I decided to become a lawyer.

When I applied to St. John's law school, I requested an interview, which was not the normal course of events. But I was able to get an interview with the dean of education. I wanted to explain my track record and the fact that in college at C. W. Post I had been a science major, which I thought was harder than a lot of other areas.

The dean asked me, "Did you take organic chemistry?" Yes I did.

"What'd you get?"

I explained that there were two semesters. I got an A in one and a B in the other. "Well," he said, "anybody who can get an A in organic chemistry can certainly finish law school. You're in."

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## Mr. Herbert Kramer

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St. John's was commutable. So I would teach during the day, then study for a couple of hours and attend law-school classes from about six-thirty to eight-thirty. Get home by nine-thirty, say hello to my wife, look in on the kids sleeping, and start all over again.

Even after I passed the bar exam in 1977, I continued to teach. I was lucky to be transferred back to the junior high school, so I could leave an hour earlier. Usually, I'd be done with my obligations by around one-thirty and be at my office by two. At first I did mainly real-estate transactions. But then the senior partner and I obtained a contract to do legal work for members of the teacher's union. All teachers in the State of New York have access to the legal equivalent of Blue Cross/Blue Shield. Instead of an HMO, it's like an LMO -- a legal maintenance organization.

### Is There a Lawyer in the House? Three, Actually

Since practicing law full-time, I do estate planning and elder law: wills and trusts, estate tax, Medicaid, nursing-home-stuff. It's an area of the law where you do good things and help people. It's rewarding. My son, who's also an attorney, does that as well, for my firm. When he got out of law school (St. John's), I asked him what he wanted to do, and he said, "I want to replace you."

I said, "Oh, you want to come to the firm?" I didn't think it was fair to my partners to have him join us without any experience. So I set him up in the city with an outstanding elder-law firm. I told him, "Put in three or four years, and when you know your stuff, we'll see." He's been working with us for the past four years now.

And the last two years, he's the most productive lawyer in the office, out-earning everybody. He's married and just built a house on a creek in Mattituck, on the north fork.

Kim is also a lawyer, for the Environmental Protection Agency. She's doing a great job there. Of course, I'm talking as a proud father. She's got a master's in economics, a bachelor's in biochemistry, and a law degree. Just one year into the job, her boss gave her a three-year project. She finished it in three months.

The project was to find a way make corporations pay for water. But it had to be politically correct, because you can't sock it to the corporations. Her idea was to say to the corporations, You can have all the



**Mr. and Mrs. Herbert and Joan (Ganz) Kramer at our thirtieth reunion. Mrs. Kramer still teaches piano privately.**

free water you want. But you have to put back what you took out, drop for drop. And it has to be put back drinking pure, whether you found it filthy or not. That's the cost of doing business. Kind of cool, I thought.

The next thing she knows, she gets a phone call saying that President Bill Clinton would like to meet her. I jokingly warned her, "If he takes out a cigar, you go the other

way!" One day a limo takes her to the White House.

Afterward she told me, "It was dynamite. I'm standing in the Oval Office, the president is about to tape his Saturday morning radio speech, and the subject of the speech is the project that I was in charge of." She was standing around with half a dozen other people when President Clinton walked in.

"Dad," she said, "the man is gorgeous, he sucks all the energy out of the room, he could have had me right then!" *That* was more information than I really needed to know!

### Trading Up, Not Down

About six years ago, most of our friends our age were selling their houses and downsizing to condos and co-ops. We found a beautiful home on two acres on the water in East Moriches. We got really lucky. We'd invested well in the stock market, and the house was priced right before the real-estate market on Long Island went nutzoid. I pulled a chunk of money out of the market, just before it went down the tubes, and bought the house, just as the housing market went the other way. So we hit a home run by sheer luck.

This winter was the first we spent in Florida, in Boca Raton. Joan has never been a fan of cold weather, although she was a phenomenal skier; the two of us used to love organizing ski trips with the kids in Jericho. We decided to rent a small condo down there and see if we like it. Joan was in Florida all of January, February, and March, except for about three days that she came home to stay in touch with her piano students.

I went back and forth, flying down on Thursday nights and going back Monday mornings. So I guess

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*Original Fiction*

# Seasons

By Arlene Brimer Mailing



*Whatever you do, trample down abuses, and love those who love you. — Voltaire*

## PROLOGUE

3:30 P.M., Thanksgiving Eve, 1965

**N**ovember in New York City isn't fun. Manhattan, where I go to art school, or Queens, where I live, it doesn't matter. The sky is the color of soot, and clumps of dry leaves crackle on trees when the wind blows, and north, south, east, or west, it's always blowing. Sometimes, if I'm not in too much of a rush between my classes and home and my part-time job at McNally's Drug Store, I jump high, both hands jabbing my portfolio at the leaves to knock them down, put them out of their misery. New York is no life for elms and oaks. Their trunks vanish through metal grates, and I feel for their roots, thin and hairy, blindly stretching for sustenance beneath concrete and potholes and rumbling tires.

But mostly in November, I feel sorry for myself. No matter how tight I wrap my warmest scarf, the pink mohair one Mrs. Miller knit for me when I was seven, the wind finds its way under it to bite my neck. Chin to my chest, my black portfolio, one of those oversized, art-student, 24 x 36 inch numbers, tight to my side, I'm al-

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## ALL ABOUT ARLENE

*In 1972 I stepped into the teacher's lounge to have Mr. John Pogany sign my yearbook and got into a what-are-you-doing-with-your-life? conversation. When Mrs. Broadwin overheard, I stood back to listen to two favorite teachers disagree about whether I should follow a math/technical career or a writing/creative one.*

*I'm still deciding. I started out with a statistics degree from Cornell University, followed by an MBA from Baruch College. I worked in systems sales at AT&T, then entry copywriting at JCPenney, back to sales forecasting (Lever Brothers) and on to a subsidiary of Brooklyn Union Gas, where I became systems director. All the while, I pined to write fiction.*

*I met my husband, Chris Mailing, in 1984 in the New York Cycle Club. Chris was a button-down banker with wingtips. But he'd been racing bikes since he was fifteen and rode fast. We married in 1986. Two years ago, Chris left the financial world and bought an Evanston, Illinois, bike shop called Turin Bicycle. He's loving it.*

*Back to history: I left Brooklyn Union in 1990 to start TechEase, Inc., my one-person systems company, thinking I'd have the flexibility to write in between servicing clients. My in-between-clients time increased when we moved to Utah to follow Chris's career. For a while, I kept New York clients long distance, but I'm not good at sales, and without a local reputation, it was hard. So I took a deep breath, let in the beauty of the mountains, and learned to write by writing.*

*We moved to Chicago in 1995, and I started publishing a few essays, a few articles, then a children's story in Cricket Magazine. For income, I wrote/edited catalogs but was also a resident at an artist's retreat called Ragdale three times and won an Illinois Arts Council Fellowship for my fiction in 2000. A month later I found out I was pregnant. Our daughter, Hope, now five, amazes me every day. My writing slowed, but it hardly mattered. Anything worth doing is more fun doing with her.*

*When I was asked to submit something creative to the newsletter, I was terrified. Strangers reading my work is one thing, but all of you — you are my history! But then I reread the always honest, brave stories of your lives in the newsletters and decided to send this prologue from a novel I wrote. It takes place in 1965, twenty-eight years before the rest of the story. Although I wrote it last, it tied up the book for me. I'm mentioning this because in fiction, as in life, the past illuminates the present. We're all writing our lives for ourselves, making the best choices we can, counting our blessings.*

## Fiction: "Seasons"

*Continued from page 22*

ways bracing for a blast of wind at the next corner. I'm only 5'2", so my portfolio can turn into a mighty sail if the wind catches it right.

Of course, the wind blows in December, too, but at least December offers some glitter, some smiles, a jangling Salvation Army bell, and the smell of pine in places. Most Novembers don't even have snow. Not that getting around the city in the snow is a joy, but if you're outside right when it stops, before the slush happens, the wind is quiet, and the city smells good, like a snow cone before the syrup.

But here it is the day before Thanksgiving — a whole week of November left — and I'm pacing the platform of the RR train at Hoyt Avenue in Astoria, wincing at the sky in the direction of LaGuardia. I know that sky, having lived the other side of Grand Central Parkway from the airport all eighteen years of my life, and there's a storm brewing in the east. It's roiling in from the ocean. New Yorkers don't talk about how close we are to the Atlantic, maybe they forget, but these anthracite clouds obscuring the usual soot color of the sky are streaked with iridescent white and under lit by quinacridone gold. Mr. Hasdale would have my head for painting a sky like what I'm seeing. He'd rap the leg of my stool with the wood of the number 20 brush that he's always twirling. "Miss Kate, you've got to learn the rules before you break them. Those colors are fake. Fake. Fake. Fake."

Just goes to show that some teachers are clueless. But I don't need Mr. Hasdale to teach me about these clouds. Swelled with fury, they're going to spit rain, harder and colder than snow, at my face. With my portfolio at my hip, there's no way

to hold an umbrella, so my wool coat is going to smell like a wet sheep, Mrs. Miller's scarf, too. I don't make many friends on the subway as is, not with my portfolio goosing them. People see it, and head for the next door when the train comes. Except it's 3:45, and the RR isn't coming, and I've got to be at 57th and Eighth by 4:15 P.M. for the most important interview of my life. I might as well sprout wings.

That stupid woman in Student Employment called the last minute with an appointment for today. Every-



one's got a plane to catch, a train that won't wait, or a turkey that needs basting. And she gave me less than an hour and a half to get to Conner Advertising after my shift ends at McNally's Drug Store. I've already spent twenty-five minutes of it on the bus getting to the el. She had my work schedule. You'd think she lived on Mars, didn't know rush hour from Russia. Plus, she leaves the message with Mother. It's in my file, to please not leave any important news with anyone but me. I'm lucky that Mother bothered to mention as I walked in, bleary from ringing the cash register at McNally's, that a Mrs. Williams had phoned.

It's Mrs. Willis, but her name doesn't matter, because when I called back, she didn't pick up to hear my frantic plea to reschedule, must have gone home early for the holiday weekend. And I want to work for Conner Advertising so bad. Everyone at school says that Bryce Conner is the best boss. He pays students well, explains not too much, not too little either, treats you like you have something to offer, and has lots of freelance layout work all the time, scheduling around classes and finals.

Now it's 3:55. The first fat, icy drops are falling. Everyone's backing up, crowding under the overhang, so I can't pace anymore. A lady, rocking a stroller is inching away from me. She should only know about portfolios, how I'm dreading the Manhattan wind. It's especially bad when a short, say, ten story building, maybe from the turn-of-the-century with rococo cornices, sits between two fifty- or sixty-floor buildings. Then I have to hold tight to my portfolio. And I'm not even sure I tossed in my best work as I was dialing Mrs. Willis. I *am* sure I didn't have time to comb my tangled mess of curls. No one wants to hire a slob; I'd be better off going home, burrowing under my blanket, and sleeping until Charcoals, my first class Monday morning. I'd do well to miss Mother's Thanksgiving table. It'd save me from cooking, and, besides, ever since Spencer announced that he's bringing a boyfriend this year, Mother's been ranting that unless my brother goes straight, Father will pull his college finances, forcing him into the draft. Except that Spence is going to design school on scholarship, so Mother's full of hot air. But, boy, can her spouting ruin a meal.

An RR train screeches into the station. I lift my free hand to cover at  
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## Fiction: "Seasons"

*Continued from page 23*

least one ear and am swept inside with the crowd. I'm shoved to the center of the car, and the front edge of my portfolio presses into a seated man. I start to apologize but see that he's wearing two knit hats, one orange, one red, both filthy, and his eyes are shut. Smelling like a dead skunk, he's smiling as my black slab of vinyl presses between his legs. I try backing up. That lasts until the next stop. At 30th Avenue and every stop after, I get more and more pushed over him, until a platform full of people crowd on at Queensboro Plaza, so that I'm dangling from the metal loop above him, trying not to breathe his aroma.

That's when the train stops. We're under the East River, and the lights go out. No one in my car bothers to groan. The train jerks to life, only to stop in another hundred feet. This goes on about thirty times. It's one of those rides that's a test of your mettle. If you get out the other end, you're stronger for the journey. I'm not a superstitious person, but there's got to be something good for me at the end of this Wednesday before Thanksgiving. Something grand.

I do get out the other side at 57th Street — at 4:50! I fly out of the car, bound up the stairs, and the wind nails my portfolio. A gust whips me 180 degrees and slams me into the banister. My back hits the hand-rail hard. The portfolio? It's sailing into a man behind me in cashmere. He gets it in his chest.

"This yours?" he asks, shoving it at me.

I can't answer. I have no breath. Rain is pelting my face, and I'm not even on the street yet. I've got five steps left to climb, but it takes maybe twenty more precious sec-

onds to figure out that my back isn't broken, and my kidneys aren't severed. I gather myself, climb to the street, and hugging my work, huddle into the wind, wishing I'd had the cash to splurge on the waterproof artist case that guaranteed total dryness inside.

I'm soaked before I can figure out which side of Seventh Avenue



I've come up on. It's dark already, and the street might as well be under water. The rain ripping into my face hurts, so, eyes down, I follow someone, gender unknown, wearing short, black rubber boots to 57th Street. A New Yorker in sensible footwear will forge a good path. Me, I have on my interview pumps, my soaked, good, black leather, interview pumps.

This tack lasts until the corner; smart-shoes is going south, crossing to Carnegie Hall. I'm continuing west into the wind, but there's a major traffic jam, horns blasting, and I'm terrified to zigzag between stopped cars, their windshield wipers flapping faster than helicopter propellers and their fat tires shiny wet with grime. Coward I am, I get as far as a blue Dart, slap its rear fender and pirou-

ette back to the corner. I waste a long time on that corner. Many people pass me, dive into the street. Some wait, including a woman, who appears next to me carrying a little girl, who's maybe six. The child's got her face buried in her mother's neck. Over the car horns and the rain and wind, I hear the kid crying. I don't think. I step off the curb and lead. That girl needs to get out of the rain.

Mother and daughter make a right, head up Seventh Avenue. I go straight. The wind is coming off the Hudson, and 57th Street is a tunnel. In another ten yards, I turn around, try walking backward. It's like I'm standing still. The rain isn't just under my scarf; it's under my skin, icing my spine. I'm wondering if I'm going to make it another block and a half by five, the time Conner Advertising probably closes. I wonder if I'm going to make it all.

I turn forward, push to the other side of Broadway, saying my thanks that there's no thunder in this storm. I hate thunder. Nose to my chest, I know I'm making progress when I pass the display outside The Art Student's League building. The League's been around since 1875. Its school has a stellar reputation.

So I'm struggling forward, trying to figure out why Bryce Conner is bothering to interview me with the pick of Manhattan's best a block away, when the wind changes direction, gets behind me, and I fly the rest of the way, braking with everything I've got so as not to pass the building.

I'm on the elevator, panting, floor 20 is pressed. I don't remember the lobby; only that it was nondescript and deserted, no doorman, no guard, with just a bank of elevators. It takes ten floors for me to trust that I'm out of the rain and mop water from my eyes, not that my wet wool sleeve

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## Fiction: "Seasons"

Continued from page 24

does much. But that's what I'm doing when the door slides open on 20.

I step out. To the right is a wall, so I turn left. There's another wall, this one of glass. You know there's a door in it because of the black rectangles that are handles and because Conner Advertising, Inc. in Optima italic is etched, also in black, on it.

I learned about Optima in my typeface class: how in 1950 its designer, Hermann Zapf, didn't have paper with him, so he sketched letters from grave plates in Florence onto a 1,000 lire note. Didn't have paper. I loved it.

Behind Conner's Optima logo, a lady at a reception desk notices me. She stands. Her eyes widen. She's maybe late thirties, with auburn hair swept into a twist. I want to hide in Zapf's graveyard in Florence, be anywhere but here. Even through the glass, I can see this woman doesn't have a hair out of place. And she's dry. Hands on her desk, she stretches across it to better see me. She's angled at the same slant as the Italic letters etched on the glass door. With her slender neck craned and her chin and strong jaw in profile, she's an Optima P. What a strange thought, but I memorized Optima's attributes for my midterm: *clear, simple, and elegant*.

On the wall behind the *simple* and *elegant* lady, a clock two feet across with black enamel Optima numbers reads, 5:15. An hour late! The lady is charging around her desk, passing white leather chairs. She swings open the glass door.

"Kate Stromley? Don't move."

As if I could. My chin is dripping, but I can't lift my hand to wipe it. My arms can't even hold my portfolio. It slips to the gray carpet. So do I. I

lower to the floor, sit cross-legged. My wet, frozen fingers cover my face. I'm shaking.

Next thing I know, the lady has returned and draped a towel on my head and is blotting my hair. "We always have towels," she's saying. "At least once a day, Bryce spills coffee or turpentine or something." She's tugging off my wet wool coat, getting me to my feet, leading me to the white leather, insisting a cow's hide can stand a little water.

"Bryce didn't listen," she says. "I told him the forecast was bad, told him to see you next week." She wraps two towels around my shoulders, lays another across my lap. "Look at you, Kate. I'm sorry."

I'm clutching the lady's towels, my cloak of ermine. "You don't have to do this," I say.

"Nonsense."

"Why," I ask, "doesn't he hire an Art Student's League grad?" I release the tip of one finger from the towels and point toward 215 West 57th. "It's right there."

"No practical training," she says. "They're not business savvy." She

gives me a key for the lady's room, suggests I use the hand dryer. "I'll tell Bryce you're here. Don't come out until you're dry."

The bathroom is black marble and chrome. There's a window out to 57th Street. I'm shivering, watching the angry sky; the heat from the hand dryer on my sleeve is pointless. It'll be all over once Mr. Conner finds out I'm not business savvy either.

About fifteen minutes later, the lady comes in with another stack of towels and a pair of shoes. "I'm size eight. Think these might fit you?" She holds up a pair of moccasins, beaded with turquoise across the fringes, and I remember the full description of the Optima typeface that I crammed for my midterm: *clear, simple, and elegant, yet warmly human*.

"You're very nice," I say, my eyes to the mosaic floor, a rose pattern of black, white, and gray.

"You're very wet," she says. "I feel responsible."

That's when I start apologizing for being so late, keeping them there

Continued on page 26



*Author Arlene with husband Chris Mailing, daughter Hope, and cat Sylvie*

## Fiction: "Seasons"

*Continued from page 25*

the night before a long holiday. "Not allowed," she says, shaking her head. She has a dancer's neck, slow and strong. "Bryce will be here another three hours. Minimum."

"And you?"

"If he's here," she whispers, "I am too."

She's in love with him. It's in her hands, the way she just bent the wrists, showing me her palms, as if in willing submission. Her fingers are long, the nails tapered.

"So quit your worrying," she says.

"You're kind," I say, noticing that her eyes are a clear Paynes gray.

"Get used to it," she says and laughs.

I'm confused; don't like being laughed at.

"You left your portfolio out there," she says. "I peeked. I know Bryce; he'll like it."

I wear five and a halves, so I follow her back to the lobby, my interview shoes squeaking. She's at least a head taller than me. She points to another white leather chair. "That one's dry."

I sit on the edge of the plush leather and when I look up, she's standing over me, offering me what looks like pale tea in a mug that says Conner Advertising on it in black Optima.

"It's from my garden, mostly chamomile this year," she says and steps back.

I smell the steam, take a sip. I'm drinking perfumed apples. It's the perfect temperature, and she lets me drink another sip before handing me a glossy volume.

"The other artists waiting for interviews love this," she says and walks through an inner door to what must be the offices, leaving me to

*Continued on page 27*

## Checking In with the Classes of '71 and '73

*Continued from page 19*

with the intention of eventually retiring there. She started the first pre-school class for deaf-blind children in Phoenix, at the Foundation for Blind Children.

Now here comes the zig and the zag part.

"Out of the blue, in 1984 I decided to open a restaurant! I'd just had it, not with teaching but with the politics of education

in this state. I was just fried. So I just decided to beat myself up and open up a restaurant. It was a New York-style Jewish Deli called Tradition Restaurant. We made everything from scratch; we flew in our fish from New York; we had our corned beef and pastrami made here locally. We had bagels made locally by a New York-style bagel place. But everything else we made on the premises."

Eight years into what was a highly successful run, "I realized that I had no life outside the restaurant. I worked every single day, probably seventy hours a week. The only days we were closed was for two Jewish holidays. It was just exhausting. I knew I wanted to back to education." Pat sold the restaurant in 1992.

"Once I left the restaurant business, I knew I needed to find a life for myself, and I joined a couple of singles groups, like a hiking club, a tennis league, and a gourmet restaurant club." That's where she met her husband, Brian Jung, in 1996.

Brian stood out in the crowd. Really *really* stood out. He's 6'11" and a former basketball star for Northwestern University. The Boston Celtics drafted him in 1980 along with Kevin McHale. "Unfortunately," Pat says, laughing, "he was up against a guy named Larry Bird." Brian played bas-



*Pat Franklin Jung with husband Brian and daughter Michelle.*

ketball in France for several years before returning to Arizona (he's originally from Tucson) and going into business. The couple married in 1999.

"We had a lot in common," Pat says. "He'd never been married, I'd never been married. We both like to hiking, travel, and keep in shape. We decided that we wanted to have children, and three years ago we adopted a daughter, Michelle, at birth, locally.

"Obviously there are benefits and some hazards to having a child late in life," she reflects, "but I think the best part is, you've had a chance to do so much that you *know* you want to have a child; you know what you're ready for."

Not that Pat is totally done with what she calls "all the crazy stuff."

"It was always a long-standing goal of mine to climb Mount Kilimanjaro by the time I was fifty. Michelle was only two last year, so it wasn't the right time." But this summer she'll be off to Kenya for a few weeks, "as a belated fiftieth birthday present to myself." ■

## Fiction: "Seasons"

*Continued from page 26*

finish the tea and leaf through a book of nineteenth-century Salon paintings, liking how she called me an artist, but not believing she knows her boss's taste well enough for me to think he'll hire me.

I stop turning pages at an 1880 oil on canvas by Pierre Auguste Cot, *The Storm*. He called *that* a storm? I ease into the chair to study the young couple fleeing a sun shower, a billowy cloak over their heads, when the inner door opens.

A man with silver in his sideburns, wearing a shiny, Italian-cut suit, holds the door for the lady, who goes to her reception desk. He watches her sit, then grins at me. She shouldn't love this guy. He's

pleasant, I can see it in his smile, but it's surface. He's a lady's man, smooth, and when he reaches me to shake my hand, I smell his cologne. It's woody, nice, but strong.

"Hi, Kate," he says, "heard you're a trouper. Come in; we'll talk for a few minutes, then get you a taxi home." He returns to the door, opens it.

I bring the mug and the book of Salon paintings to the lady's desk. "Thanks. Chamomile, you said?"

"They're a tiny, daisylike flower." She holds her thumb and forefinger about a quarter inch apart. "I dry them."

I nod. I know nothing about gardening.

"Stuff newspaper in your shoes when you get home," she says. "So the leather won't shrink."

I walk to Mr. Conner and can see inside to where he's spread my sample ads on a round table. Turning back to the reception area, I stare at the lady's feet. Her size eight pumps aren't too different from my soaked interview shoes. How do you thank a person for being nice, for making you feel welcome? "I'm sorry," I say. "I don't know your name."

"You don't!" she says, getting up. In two steps, she's reached Bryce Conner and me and with lean, strong fingers, takes my hand. Her hand is warm, and I see that her Paynes gray eyes are outlined with a fine brush in ivory black.

"I'm sorry, Kate. How rude of me." I see the laugh lines deepen around her eyes.

"My name is Selma," she says. "I hope you get the job." ■

## Mr. Herbert Kramer

*Continued from page 21*

that makes her a snowbird and me a snowflake. I can take a 7:00 AM flight from Florida and be at my desk by 9:45.

### Attention: Don't Get a Swelled Head

In the late sixties and early seventies, I think that Jericho was the best public school in the world and was as good as any private school. I always had very small classes. I think the maximum class size I ever had was twenty-four kids. I probably averaged seventeen, eighteen kids in a section. I had classes of five and six, because there was interest in electives, and they said, Sure, if six kids

want to take marine biology, and you're willing to teach it, fine.

That was Jericho. It was innovative, they would take a shot at new things, and it was a good learning environment. But the main reason that Jericho was always a top-notch school was the kids. Great kids, with a lot on the ball and fun to be around. I always used to say it was due to good genetics. And if a kid wasn't succeeding, Mom and Pop were in there trying to find out how they could help, but not in adversarial way.

I remember those years with tremendous fondness and pride. I'll tell you: A lot of friends of mine taught in other districts. Levittown, Wantagh, Huntington. They didn't even come close to Jericho. In my years there, I know that kids would come out of Jericho and apply to the Harvards and the Yales, and I always thought that they had an advantage. Those colleges knew that Jericho was different. ■

## 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, or any other relevant information, 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

*"The main reason Jericho was always a top-notch school was the kids."*

## Reunion in 3-D

Continued from page 1

### Your Reunion Committee "We Sweat School Spirit!"

Our apologies for having only these current snapshots of the committee — couldn't find their yearbook photos *anywhere*.



Beth



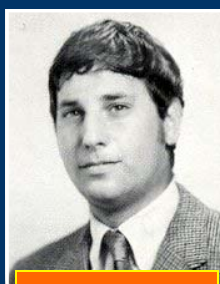
Cathy



Ilene



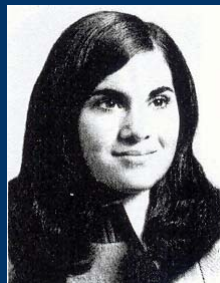
Janet



Larry



Linda



Lorraine



Phil

## Donna Flynn Kordecki

Continued from page 2

### My Three Sons

We have a fifteen-year-old, Billy; and the twins, Mikey and A.J., who are thirteen. They're fraternal twins, not identical. Billy and A.J. are really into those online video games. I'll tell you: It's a sickness. And Mikey is a typical boy; he loves to run around and play basketball, paintball, all that kind of stuff.

Before I become a mom, I had some interesting jobs. I did human resources at Creedmoor Psychiatric Center, in Queens, which I loved. Then, for a short time in 1980, I was one of the few women working on the Long Island Railroad as a trainman. You have to be a trainman for five years before you become a conductor. And that was horrible. For the first year, they put you on call, which means getting calls at two o'clock in the morning telling you the run you'll be on, like 'Jamaica to Dix Hills,' or wherever. I used to wind up working in the middle of the night. I can remember sitting outside in Wyandanch at 2:00 a.m., all by myself, waiting for the train. And I'm carrying money, because all the ticket booths are closed at that hour. I lasted three days.

I also waitressed for a while at one of Brent Gindel's [1973] restaurants. It was called the Peculiar Penguin (!), on Jericho Turnpike, and a lot of people from Jericho worked there, like Scott Friedman from the class of '73. Oh, God, that place was wild! We used to have a ball there.

### Connections

I keep in touch with Scott, Tommy, and Frankie, Scott and Pam Singer, Mitchell Sugarman, and, of course, Monica Wood; Monica and I have

## FAN MAIL AND THREATENING LETTERS



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

### Back in Town

Thanks for your work on the newsletter. It's fun reading about some of my "younger" friends. Funny how one year back then was such a big deal. Now we are all over fifty anyway!!!

— Elaine Zetlin Lotfi (1971)  
Jericho, NY  
enz413@aol.com

P.S.: Yeah, I moved back and put my kids through the same shit!

been friends since seventh grade. She also lives in Florida, but on the West Coast. My brother, Richard, lives in Maryland, right outside of Washington, and my two sisters, Ellen and Marianne, are still in New York. My parents live there in the summertime, on the Long Island Sound, then spend the winters near us, in Satellite Beach.

After we moved to Florida, we used to go back to Long Island to visit. But for all five of us to fly up there and rent a car, then spend the whole time running around like nuts, trying to visit everyone — it's not a vacation to me. It's ... horrible! We are coming up in May, though, because we have a wedding to go to. But this time we're going to combine it with a trip out to Montauk. At least now it's a vacation. ■

# Your Back Pages

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

## The World Around You • Third Grade, 1962–63



JFK addresses the nation.

◆ The big news from third grade was that we all came *this close* to ending up as piles of cinders. On Monday, October, 22, 1962, President John F. Kennedy went on TV at 7 PM to inform the country of a recently discovered Russian military buildup in Cuba — including the installation of offensive nuclear missiles. In response, the United States Navy would block and turn back any Soviet ship found to contain military equipment bound for Cuba. Kennedy had rejected the more provocative action of a surgical air strike against the bases.

Among the president’s remarks: “It shall be the policy of this nation to regard any nuclear missile launched from Cuba against any nation in the Western Hemisphere as an attack by

the Soviet Union on the United States, requiring a full retaliatory response upon the Soviet Union ... I call upon Chairman Khrushchev to halt and eliminate this clandestine, reckless and provocative threat to world peace and to stable relations between our two nations. I call upon him further to abandon this course of world domination, and to join in an historic effort to end the perilous arms race and to transform the history of man. He has an opportunity now to move the world back from the abyss of destruction.” Fortunately, the Soviet Union did back down and quickly dismantled its missile sites, which were just ninety miles southeast of Florida.

◆ The Long Island Expressway reaches the Suffolk County line ten years after construction began near the Queens-Midtown Tunnel. Developer Robert Moses originally estimated that the “Central Motor Expressway,” as it was to be called, would be completed by 1958. In fact, it took until June 1972 before the last exit, at Riverhead, was built. The entire project cost \$280 million and resulted in 10,000 homes being relocated or demolished.

◆ In November, Pat Brown defeats Richard Nixon for the governorship of California, leading Nixon to remark bitterly to the press, “You won’t have Richard Nixon to kick around anymore.” If only.

◆ A first-class postage stamp sets you back four cents.



Map showing range of Soviet missiles. Yikes!

*Continued on next page*

# Your Back Pages

## The World Around You • Third Grade, 1962–63

*Continued from previous page*

**ON THE RADIO:** Four Seasons, “Big Girls Don’t Cry” • Tornadoes, “Telstar” • Rooftop Singers, “Walk Right In” • Paul and Paula, “Hey Paula” • Chiffons, “He’s So Fine” • Leslie Gore, “It’s My Party” • Little Peggy March, “I Will Follow Him” • Crystals, “He’s a Rebel” • Bobby “Boris” Pickett, “Monster Mash” • Ruby and the Romantics, “Our Day Will Come” • Kyu Sakamoto, “Sukiyaki”



*Jersey boys: the Four Seasons*

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

**ON THE TUBE:** Johnny Carson replaces Jack Paar as host of the “The Tonight Show” • “The French Chef with Julia Child” debuts on educational television • Top shows include “Hazel,” “The Defenders,” “The Andy Griffith Show,” “Ben Casey,” and “The Andy Williams Show.”

### In Sports:

◆ Despite .120 and .174 batting marks from Mickey Mantle and Roger Maris, the New York Yankees fend off the San Francisco Giants four games to three in a hard-fought World Series. Twenty-three-game-winner Ralph Terry notches a 1–0 shutout in game seven and survives a heart-pounding bottom-of-the-ninth threat: With Matty Alou on third and Willie Mays on second, and two down, Willie McCovey launches a vicious line drive toward right, but second baseman Bobby Richardson calmly snares the ball. It’s the Yanks’ nineteenth World Championship — but their last until 1977.

◆ The Green Bay Packers beat the New York Giants 16–7 for the NFL championship. Jints’ stars include Y. A. Tittle, Frank Gifford, Del Shofner, Rosey Grier, Sam Huff, and Andy Robustelli. In the AFL, it’s an all-Texas championship game, as the Dallas Texans squeak by the Houston Oilers, 20–17. The Texans move to Kansas City the following season and become the Chiefs.

◆ Boston Celtics’ star Bob Cousy retires on a high note, pacing his team to the National Basketball Association title.

◆ In hockey, the Chicago Black Hawks skate to the Stanley Cup by beating the Detroit Red Wings in six games.



*Series MVP Ralph Terry gets hoisted aloft after shutting out the Giants in a thrilling game seven.*