

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

JHS Class of 1972 Thirderly On-Line Newsletter

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

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

JHS Alumni Hall of Fame Ceremony

FIVE MORE JHS GRADS were inducted into the Alumni Hall of Fame at the seventeenth annual induction ceremony, held at the Jericho Public Library on April 26.

None of the inductees was from the class of 1972, but we imagine they're deserving nonetheless:

- **Fred A. Bernstein** (class of '74): journalist, educator, attorney
- **Paula Flatow** (class of '80): musician, teacher
- **Leslie Prichep, PhD** (class of '64): associate director, Brain Research Labs, NYU Medical Center
- **Peter Saunders** (class of '67): civil engineer, retired U.S. Naval captain.
- **Jeffrey Weinstock** (class of '78): international marketing director of Carnival Cruise Lines



Art Kaminsky (JHS '64), a longtime friend of the late George Batjiaka, presents a plaque to Mr. Batjiaka's three sons.

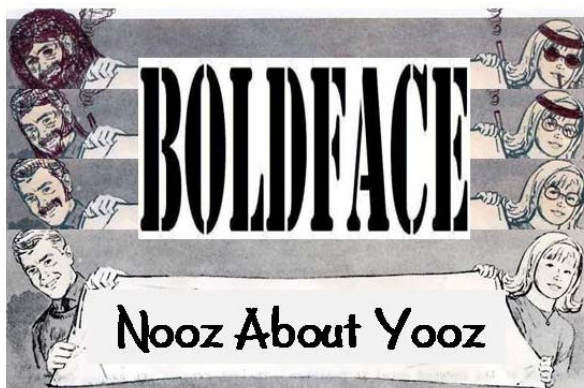
principal when the class of '72 graduated, spent a total of thirty-four years at JHS, from 1959 to 1993. He was a member of the Hall of Fame nominating committee from its inception.

Plenty of your teachers came out for the standing-room-only ceremony, including Robert and Dolores Hoffman, Gladys Clemmensen, Robert and Nancy Lynch, Karen Schwartz, Estelle Stern Rankin, Maureen Tracy, Barbara Murphy, David Martin, Emil Voigt, Raymond Matienzo, Ernest Savaglio, and Andrew Chagalasian.

Like to see photos from the event? Go to the JHS Class of 1972 website home page and click on "Your Teachers, 2007."



In addition to welcoming these five alumni to the Hall of Fame, upping membership to ninety-three, tribute was paid to the late **George Batjiaka**, who died unexpectedly in January. Mr. Batjiaka, assistant



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

JHS Ranked No. 33 in USA

Jericho High School ranked thirty-third out of 1,258 schools nationwide in Newsweek magazine's 2007 list of America's best high schools. That's down from number twenty-seven in 2006, number fourteen the year before, and number five in 2003 (somebody is going to be grounded, big-time, we think), but still, only one other school in New York State scored higher: City Honors high school in Buffalo. The top-rated school in the country? For the second year in a row, Talented and Gifted, in Dallas. But, clearly, that's no fair: They're talented and gifted!

New Biz for Cathy Kibel Shriger

Cathy Kibel, who lives in West Hills, California, has been in the natural-stone-and-tile business for nearly twenty years. She and two partners have started their own company, Sun Pacific Dist.

"We do our own importing and sell to all the customers that I've built up over the years in this industry," she explains. "I work with architects and interior specifiers, as well as dealers who sell to homeowners. I'm working harder than ever because it is mine, but I wanted to start this new business now so that my kids and grandkids won't have to worry about their futures." Cathy is the mom of a son and daughter and — hard to believe — a grandmother. We wish her much success!

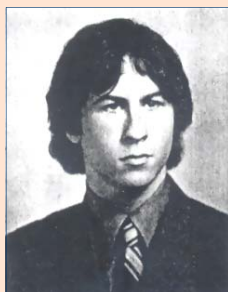
face 2 face

In our travels around cyberspace, we frequently come upon photos of former classmates. "Face to Face" features folks who perhaps didn't make it to the last reunion, so we haven't seen them in a while. If they come to this October's big party, now you'll recognize 'em. Since the photos and brief biographical info are in the public domain anyway, we don't think they'd mind being featured here for old friends to see. Can you believe how good everyone looks?! Maybe they're all robots. Yep, that must be it.



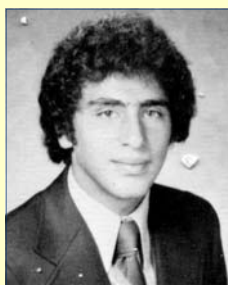
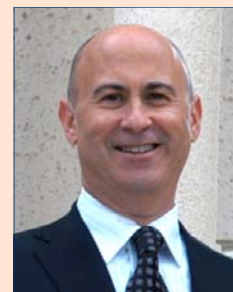
Jason Starr

Lives in New York • Prolific producer and director of over 100 programs for PBS, Bravo, A&E, et al. • Produced *Backstage/Lincoln Center* for PBS • Artistic director of Cultural Media Collaborative.



Michael Stebel ('71)

Lives in Florida • Father of two • Marketing and technology whiz • Consultant at Nexentra Technology Marketing • Previous positions of leadership include CEO of TVR Communications.



Dr. Andy Greenberg ('73)

Lives in Massachusetts • Director of research at the Obesity Consultation Center at New England Medical Center • Trained in endocrinology at the National Institutes of Health.





Catch Up With ...

Roberta Solomon Wolens



I always wanted to travel. But, oddly enough, I never considered going to college (we say *university* here in England) beyond the east coast. I focused only on schools in New York, Pennsylvania, and Boston, and wound up going to Syracuse University. I'm still not sure why I chose a place where it snowed from November to April! But I did have a great time there.

I loved to read, so it seemed natural to major in English literature. I went directly from Syracuse to live in Manhattan and work in the publishing industry, first at Simon & Schuster, and then at Grossett and Dunlap and Ace Books. Not quite content, in 1983 I moved into advertising on the account side with a firm called Waring and LaRosa. It seemed to be a good fit for me, and I stayed there until one month before I married, in 1986.

I met my husband, an investment banker originally from Dallas and living in New York, on a blind date. By then I'd been living in New York for almost ten years, and, frankly, I was ready for a change. Gary's company, Salomon Brothers, wanted him to join its office in San Francisco. It seemed like the right time for a move. We were in the middle of arranging our wedding and preparing to relocate to the west coast, when a two year post

ing became available in London. We dropped the San Francisco idea fairly quickly. So this is how June and July of 1986 stacked up: (1) get married, (2) go on a two-week honeymoon to Tahiti and Australia, (3) pack up two apartments, and (4) fly to Britain.

At First, Not-So-Jolly England

They say that Britain and the U.S. are separated by a common language, and so they are. It was quite an adjustment for me. I found myself newly married, living in a different country where I knew no one, *and* I had stopped working so I could be free to create a home for us in this foreign place.

Meanwhile, Gary was working sixteen-hour days. I remember after only two weeks, there he called from the office to say that he had to go to Germany on urgent business; he wouldn't even be able to come home first.

The next day, I received a call from his boss. He said, "I don't know how to tell you this, but Gary won't be coming home anytime soon."

It seemed that Salomon Brothers hadn't exactly sorted out its people's visas, and Britain was cracking down. Two of its U.S. employees had returned from a business trip to the continent without the proper documentation, and the British authorities sent them back to

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"Even after twenty years in England, I sometimes feel like a minister without a portfolio. You will never really be British, but you do not feel totally American either."



Blimey! She's now a Limey! Roberta (right) with Beverly Weissman Cogan.

Roberta Solomon

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the States; they would not even let them pack up their things.

It was a few weeks before my husband could return home. When he did, I walked him to a park near our flat and said, "You see that bench? That's where I go to cry."

Actually, it wasn't all bad being left to my own devices. There were a lot of other expatriate women whose banker husbands had been sent to London to take part in the big push to make London the investment banking capital of Europe. I joined an organization called the Kensington-Chelsea Women's Club, and we did great things together, like traveling to picturesque market towns in the counties, visiting art galleries and museums, and taking art and wine appreciation courses at Sotheby's and Christies. I had the opportunity to explore many things that I never had time for when I was working in Manhattan and made some wonderful life long friends in the process.

We then bought our first home in Kensington, right in the heart of Notting Hill Gate. This was in 1986, before the movie, and it wasn't quite as well known as it is now. But it was a vibrant neighborhood with lots going on.

The Two-year Plan

Our first child, Frederic, was born in 1988, followed by our only daughter, Ariella, who is seventeen. Zachary is fifteen, and Jared is thirteen. As you can see, I was on the "two-year plan"! All three of my boys were born in the same week in May, strangely enough.

When I was pregnant with Zach, we left Notting Hill and moved to Chelsea and later to St. John's Wood.

In 1996 we moved once more to a lovely part of Hampstead that reminded me very much of Brookville, Long Island, where I grew up. The house sat opposite the Heath and a National Trust stately home where they put on concerts with picnics on the grass on summer nights. From my garden I would hear the orchestra practicing in the evenings.

We love to travel, and one of the huge benefits of living abroad has been the proximity to Europe. We have been fortunate to have visited many countries in Western and Eastern Europe. It was extremely interesting and exciting to be in Berlin both before and soon after the fall of the Berlin Wall. My sons have celebrated their bar mitzvahs in such diverse places as Moscow and Reykjavik, Iceland, and my children have particularly enjoyed visiting the Galapagos and the Great Wall of China.

They have accompanied us to six of the seven continents, but I drew

the line at a proposed trip to Antarctica. I am not a great sailor, and crossing the Southern Ocean in a modified Russian tanker just did not appeal. I prefer the boat I'm on to be docked, preferably someplace French — and warm!

Even after twenty years in England, I sometimes feel like a minister without portfolio — I think its called the mid-Atlantic syndrome. You will never really be British, but you do not feel totally American either after so much time away from home. Of course, once you understand the humor and political cartoons, you do feel part of a country.

An added link for me is that I'm Jewish, and London's Jewish community is very tightly knit. I have made a lot of friends but was a bit surprised, actually, by how much they stuck together. In some ways, it's quite good, but it seemed to me that they should get out more!

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Food in the U_pchucK: Fairly or Unfairly Maligned?



It's no longer accurate to malign English food, but I must tell you, when I arrived here, the complaints were well founded. (It seems as though New Yorkers would always lament the food, while those from the West Coast would always lament the weather.) But in the last ten years or so,

there has been an explosion of Michelin-starred chefs and produce available from everywhere. I mean, we've even got Whole Foods here now. Just the other weekend, I was in Paris with Jared, and the food there is no better than eating out in London right now.



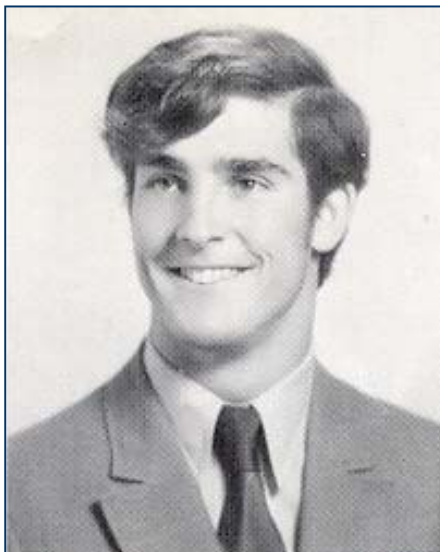
(Top) Fish 'n chips, gov'nor? (Bottom) Who could pass up this traditional English breakfast? Mmmm, more, please, Mum!

*First Person Singular***Jim Rudy: Father in Law****He's an Attorney, Proud Dad, and Coach**

Toward the end of high school, if you'd asked me what I wanted to do with my life, I probably would have jokingly said that I would love to be a film actor or a professional football player, if only I had looks and talent or size and skill. Of course, I should have said that I don't have a clue since, honestly, at that point in my life, I really didn't. Eventually, however, I got to college and sort of figured it from there, but not without some serious stumbling along the way.

My freshman year was spent at Kalamazoo College, a small, liberal-arts college in Southwestern Michigan, with a connection to the Baptist Church. It was the wrong place at the wrong time for me. I was the proverbial square peg trying to fit into a round hole at K-College, and, in a freshman class of about two hundred, my awkwardness was pretty conspicuous. Although I later learned how well Jericho High School had prepared me for college academically (particularly once I put a little effort into the equation), socially and emotionally I could not have been less prepared to be a college student than I was my freshman year. It was my first long-term experience away from home. Now that I could make my own hours and go to sleep when I felt like it, and wake up when I felt it, and go to class when I felt like it — well, that's exactly what I did. The choices weren't the problem, but my poor selections sure were.

I guess I can say that I was a typical eighteen-year-old kid doing what felt good. I did have a lot of good friends, and I had the choice on-



campus job running the short-order counter in the student lounge and getting to chat up everybody who came in to eat, study, play bridge, listen to music, find a soulmate, whatever. And the person with whom I worked there was an incredibly bright, articulate, and beautiful girl from Detroit who, I discovered after I'd transferred, actually was as attracted to me as I was to her. So, of course, it was fitting that I had to screw that up too.

But I did have a great wrestling season and the lead role in a play that a couple of the seniors wrote and directed and which was a parody of the *Odyssey*. All in all, I had a good time, but I really wasn't thinking about the consequences of doing poorly academically. I'd spend the next three years paying for that lack of foresight.

Sometime during the summer between my freshman and sophomore years, I had an epiphany. It occurred to me that I had to straighten

out my academic act and develop a career from my education, since my father did not own a business that I could just stumble into and cruise through the rest of my life. Fortunately during the prior spring, the Dean of the Chapel at Kalamazoo (he was my faculty advisor) convinced me that I should find a different college to attend as a sophomore. I think he was throwing me out, only I suspect they'd never had to do that with anyone before, so they were somewhat timid in the process. He was a kind and generous man. His actual words to me were: "Jimmy, I never thought that, in a time of war, I would suggest to a student that enlisting in the military might be a good idea, but in your case, I am firmly convinced that it is the best one." Clearly, I needed to figure out how to turn things around academically in a hurry.

Kalamazoo, Where the Sun Don't Shine

Ignoring the Dean's advice to matriculate in Mekong, I transferred to the University of Arizona, in Tucson. What made me pick it? They accepted me! That and the fact that I never wanted to experience "Lake Weather" or anything that resembled it again. If you've ever lived anywhere within the weather pattern of one of the Great Lakes, you'll know what I mean. In Kalamazoo, the skies were constantly overcast, and it was so terribly humid that you just wished that it would rain or snow so that the sky would clear and the sun would come out. But, once it did rain/snow, all that followed were more overcast skies. Ugh!!

So I decided that I had to be at a place where the sun shines 24/7/365. My dad, who knew how miserably disconnected I had been my

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Jim Rudy

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freshman year, had worked on the Apollo space missions while he was at Grumman Aerospace and had spent some time down in the desert Southwest. He tells me Arizona is a great choice for me. It is "magnificent, the climate is dry, and it never rains there."

I arrive at Tucson International Airport in the middle of August, which is Arizona's "monsoon season." There was no real terminal back then, just kind of a ticket counter inside a building and an outdoor baggage claim area, and you deplaned down portable stairs right onto the tarmac. My plane touches down, and I walk down the steps from the door onto the tarmac and right into this Hollywood rainstorm. It must have rained half a foot in a half hour. I kept looking around for Gene Kelly, but no one was singing in that rain, although I couldn't see more than a few feet in front of me. I looked up at the sky and had a few choice words for my father and, when I was done with him, I had a few more left for God! A half hour later, the skies cleared, and there was spectacular sunshine and an unbelievable rainbow. It did not rain again for 267 days (yup, I counted); I then made my peace with both God and my father – at least insofar as responsibility for the foul weather in my life was concerned.

As I mentioned above, I didn't know at that time what I wanted to be when I grew up, but I finally decided that I at least wanted to make the most out of the opportunities that I had been given. I was miles away from that my freshman year. If I had any hope for academic redemption, my next three years could not have any glitches. Thus, I was on a

mission to do as well as I could and really invest myself in my courses. I did just that, and it all paid off. I was admitted to Arizona's Honors College after my sophomore year and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa during in my junior year. After my sophomore year, I stopped wrestling and did not get back to the sport for more than fifteen years.

I did play club lacrosse at Arizona during my junior and senior years, but I was a third-line midfielder and showed up when I did not have any papers to write or tests to study for. Club sports were great: You participated only for the fun of it and only when it did not interfere with other more important things. One of the things that I learned through sports and from my father, and that I teach now as a coach, is that sports are just fun. They are a wonderful distraction. They should never define your life, but they are a very good supplement — a terrific vehicle through which to stay healthy and feel young for a lot longer than you actually are.

Another attraction of Arizona was the different culture. Everybody there, it seemed, had a four-wheel-drive pickup truck with a three-gun rack and a small arsenal of hunting weapons. When I think today of the amount of firearms that resided in the dormitories at the U of A, especially in light of the recent tragedy at Virginia Tech, it's frightening. But it did not seem out of place, since hunting was so much a part of the lives of so many of kids there. You got used to it and understood and accepted it.

My junior-year roommate was a college rifle champion who, a la William Tell, could have shot an apple on your head from a football field away and removed only the core. He used to wake up every morning at five

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Jim and Mary: Together 33 Years



Wedding day, 1978

I met Mary Elizabeth ("Mary Beth") Haas the beginning of my junior year. She grew up in a small farming community in southern Illinois that could have passed as a stunt double for Seymour, Indiana, the hometown of John Cougar Mellencamp that inspired the song "Small Town." Her mother passed away when she was in her early teens. At eighteen, after her immediately younger sister graduated high school, she and her sister moved out of her father's house and into a trailer. Mary was working as a secretary for an engineering firm in the adjacent town while attending the local junior college.

She'd always wanted to go to Tucson since she first read about it as a little girl — and probably because she'd had one too many Midwestern winters by then. After a year of living on their own, her sister got married, so Mary figured it was time to move on. With absolutely no money, no job, nothing, she took out her first student loan, hopped on a plane, and flew to Tucson to enroll in college.

The University of Arizona had so many kids from Chicago and

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Jim Rudy

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and hunt until classes started at eight and then go back out at five in the afternoon and hunt until dark. Wild pigs, dove, quail, rattlesnake, jack rabbit, all sorts of stuff. And the people actually ate the stuff! The popular analogy (or at least what they told the City folk) was that it “tastes like chicken.” I might have bought into that except for the fact that I had never eaten chicken marinated with 12-gauge buckshot.

My roommate and I spent many hours together that year hunting in the desert, and when a monsoon would come and flood the washes, we’d be running for his 1960 International Scout to outrun the raging waters. As a serious hunter, my roommate, who otherwise had impeccable personal hygiene, never washed his hunting clothes. Otherwise, he explained, the animals would be able to smell the soap on them and be gone before he got close enough to see them. By late September, his hunting jeans stood in the corner of the room, owing to their dried saline stiffness.

Another good friend was an amateur herpetologist who grew up in Des Moines, Iowa. He had a collection of dozens of rare snakes — venomous and otherwise — that he kept in glass-enclosed cases in his apartment. He also had a pair of gila monsters that he had personally taken captive. Risky business. They have the jaw strength of a shark and neurotoxic venom. Mess with them and lose, and you are done in a matter of seconds. Nice pets! Incidentally, my friend’s grandfather was FDR’s third vice president.

The guy who lived next door to us was a little bit over the top. In addition to having in his dorm the stan-

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Jim & Mary

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New York that each August they chartered three flights out of O’Hare International Airport and five flights out of LaGuardia. When the planes arrived at the terminal, the students were put on buses designated by dormitory, and a sophomore men’s honor society loaded their luggage into trucks that followed the buses to the dorms. Once at the dorms, the students and their luggage were unloaded, and a junior men’s honor society (“Chain Gang” — I have no clue as to the derivation), to which I then belonged, was in charge of carrying the luggage up from the street to the rooms in the girls’ dormitories.

We’d started at about eight in the morning on registration day. Parents and kids from Arizona, California, New Mexico, Utah, and Colorado would drive out in their family cars with U-Hauls attached to a borrowed hitch. I traveled to school with no luggage, but shipped a footlocker via Greyhound a few days earlier; in contrast, these ladies schlepped, like, a half dozen armoires’ worth of clothing.

We worked very hard carrying the stuff up to the rooms and then right back down to the street to reload into the U-Hauls, once the girls realized that sharing a room with three others did not allow for possession of a houseful of clothing. Besides, at the U of A, the only wardrobe you needed was a T-

shirt, flip-flops, sunglasses, and a backpack.

At about three-thirty that afternoon, in comes the last bus. My friend Steve and I were relaxing on this wall about ten feet off the ground from the drop area. We were tired and had had about enough for the day. Remember, this was mid-August in Tucson, so it was like 110 degrees that day.

Off the last bus comes this tiny girl lugging this humongous box that quite literally contained her entire life’s possessions. It was about six feet by six feet by three feet and had to have weighed over 100 pounds and was impossibly awkward to lift.

So I look over at Steve and say, “I got the last one, so this one is yours. And besides, I’ve got plenty of names and room numbers already, so I am going to be kind to you and let you haul this load.”

“No, no, no. *I* had the last one. Besides, Jim, she looks like your type.” And I am thinking to myself *My type? Farm fresh?* Fortunately, God rewards even the obnoxious!

So I jump down onto the pavement in front of her, and I read the identifying label on her box, which tells me she’s from Mascoutah, Illinois. I ask, “So where is *Moscow-Utah*, Illinois?” She looks at me with a straight face and says, “That’s *Miss-Cootah*. It is just outside St. Louis, and it happens to be the population center of the United States according to the 1970 Census.” I offered timidly “Well, hot damned if it ain’t!”

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

So how about sharing it in a future issue? You can either write it yourself or be “interviewed” over the phone. It’s your story entirely in your words. Pretty painless, really — even therapeutic. If you’re interested, get in touch.

Jim Rudy

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dard-issue shotgun and .22 caliber rifle, he also had a .30/.30 rifle (for larger game like elk and moose), a Colt .45 revolver ('cause they looked great in the holster strapped to the hip), a .357 magnum ('cause *Dirty Harry* had one), and *his own bullet press*. Yup, screwed to the wall of the dorm room, to the right of the door; the thing looked like a pencil sharpener on steroids. Packing bullets in your door room required stocking a supply of gunpowder in the clothes closet. Oh, and we were allowed to smoke in the dorms rooms. What a combination!

My hunting days came to a grinding halt after a few months. One day I was taking target practice in the desert with a Winchester semi-automatic .22 rifle and shooting at a can off in the distance. I did not realize that there was a rock directly behind one of the cans. So I pull trigger, the bullet goes through the can, ricochets off the rock, and comes straight back at me, and burns my right ear. Two inches to the left, and I become another compelling argument against private gun ownership. I sold the rifle the next day, and the only shooting I have done since has been in video games.

But the outdoor life at the University of Arizona was great. It was a place where you could go skiing and swimming in the same day, because the city was surrounded by mountains, the highest of which, Mt. Lemon, had an elevation of about eleven-thousand feet and was about a half hour drive from our dorm. I did a lot of rock climbing and rappelling there.

During my second semester of law school, I started working part-time at a Park Avenue firm

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Jim & Mary

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Okay ...

I somehow manage to get this monstrous box on my shoulder (I was a professional at this stuff, having spent my summers after senior year in high school and freshman year in college working for a moving company, delivering furniture and hauling moving jobs) and up to her suite, where I discover that I had already asked out two of her three roommates earlier in the day. But they were both busy that night (sure).

She told me that she wanted to major in radio-pharmacology (her mom had been a cancer victim). Sounded earnest enough to me, so I ask, "Have you seen the pharmacy building?" Well, *of course* she hadn't, since she'd just arrived on campus. "I can take you there tonight," I said. Picking up the pace, I continued, "Why don't I come back for you at six-thirty? We can get something to eat too."

I picked her up and bought her the first pas-trami-on-rye sandwich she'd ever had in Louie's Lower Level, and we went to see the College of Pharmacy building. Then we went to a movie: Clint Eastwood in *High Plains Drifter*. She didn't utter a word the whole evening.

After the movie, I took her to the color-lighted water fountain in the middle of

campus, which was one of those lovers' lane kind of places behind the ROTC building. I lit up a cigarette, figuring if I looked as cool as Bogart, I could just charm the farm right out of her. She gets this real grossed out look on her face and tells me, "That's a dirty, filthy, stinking, disgusting, and stupid habit!" I responded, "Praise Jesus, she speaks!"

That's how I met and charmed my wife on August 18, 1974. Yup, I was a whopping twenty years old; she was nineteen. Funny thing happened with the quiet little girl from the Midwest: While I was hell bent on just trying to be a player with her, I fell instantly in love with her relaxed, quiet way. She did not have to talk to be comfortable — which of course allowed me to talk all the time and thus be comfortable in filling the awkward silence.

From almost the moment I met her, this crazy idea in my head told me that I was never going to meet another woman who would think about marriage and family the same way I did, so game over, lights out: My single days were over.

Mary tells me she did not feel that way at all, but I think she is not being candid with me; we were inseparable for the next two years in college and were married almost four years to the day after we'd met,

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Jim Rudy

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called Briger & Associates, which was a tax boutique with about ten lawyers. We basically did international corporate tax work. Neat stuff, and pretty intense, with a lot of late nights continuing into the early morning. “Jim, do a draft opinion letter and drop it off with my doorman on your way home” was the usual order of the day given at around 4:00 p.m. by the senior partner.

I’d commute into Manhattan with Mary, who worked at Nippon Steel at 345 Park Avenue, first from Jericho and then from Forest Hills. My office was at 299 Park and Fordham was over on West 62nd.

Shortly after I graduated law school in May 1979, we determined to try to raise a family. We had a couple of miscarriages at first. We couldn’t afford to live in Manhattan and didn’t think we wanted to raise kids there anyway. My work schedule was crazy: Get in around nine in the morning, work until two to four the next morning, take a cab home to Queens, get up at seven-thirty, and do it all over again. To add a family and a long commutation on top of that would have been impossible for both of us.

We discussed what to do. I told Mary, “Look, I’m really not that wedded to practicing law in Manhattan anymore. I am sure I can find some meaning in life even if I’m not an international corporate tax lawyer in New York. I’m okay with that, and, quite frankly, I’m kind of tired of this drill. So where do you want to live?” That would dictate where I’d look for work.

Mary looks at a map of the eastern U.S. and suggests we look at Connecticut, north or east of Stam-

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Jim & Mary

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so I am certain she was totally smitten with me, although she *did* have some issues with the fact that I was wearing straight leg black jeans and flip-flops.

By the end of my sophomore year, owing much to a couple of Government professors, I decided I was going to try to become a lawyer. Tucson was a terrific place to go to college, but, at the end of the day, it was not where I wanted to live and practice law and have my kids growing up playing putt-putt and cruising Speedway Boulevard on Friday nights for entertainment. I knew that I wanted to go to law school back east.

I decided to go to Fordham Law School. It was in Manhattan, where I thought I wanted to work forever, and I could live at home and get to eat my mom’s food, which was very attractive after subsisting on a dinner of two enchiladas and one taco for three years.

Meanwhile, Mary still had one more semester to go at Arizona. When I graduated Arizona in May 1976, Mary and I sort of parted company like it was for real, although I drove out to Southern Illinois in August to see her before her last semester at Arizona and my first one at Fordham. We decided to commit to no commitment at that point. During the late fall, however, she told me that she was going to move to Connecticut with one of her roommates whose family lived there to find a job. Now, I’m not the smartest guy in the world, but I scratched my head and thought, *I wonder if she picked Connecticut because it’s close to New York.*

“Why don’t you come and move into my parent’s house, and let’s see what happens,” I suggested. “You know my parents love you.” So we lived in my parent’s home for the next year and a half, got married in Mascoutah on August 19, 1978, and moved into an apartment in Forest Hills. ■



Didn't want you to miss out on seeing Jim's wedding tux in all its Tony Orlando-like (his description) glory. That's big bro Michael ('71), who lives in Massachusetts, next to Jim.

Jim Rudy

Continued from page 9

ford; Westchester, north of White Plains; and New Jersey, west of Somerville or south of New Brunswick. Long Island and the entire NY Metropolitan area were redlined. Around late December 1980, we moved into a neat little brand-new, two-bedroom apartment on a golf course in Plainsboro. And no roaches; how neat! Our daughter, Lauren, who's now twenty-five, was born two years later.

A Rocky Start to a Law Career

Once I had decided to leave New York, I answered an ad in the *New York Law Journal* by a mid-sized firm in Somerville, New Jersey, that was looking for a corporate-tax associate. I lasted there a little over five months. The day I arrived, they forgot that I was coming, so they evicted a paralegal from this ten-square-foot cubicle that had walls but no HVAC ducts. I spent January through March working with a space heater under my desk and long johns under my suit. When April rolled around, I had to work in the library, because once the sun came over to the west side of the building after noon, it got up to about 100 degrees in my office. It was actually a good firm, but I was the wrong person at the wrong time in their growth, and so I left at the end of May.

In the midst of my sweat and misery in Somerville, I happened to see an ad in the *New Jersey Law Journal* for a firm called Katzenbach, Gildea, and Rudner, which was in Trenton. That was much closer to where I lived than Somerville, and it was a pretty prestigious firm. It was founded in 1905 by the father of Nicholas deB. Katzenbach, who had been the U.S. Attorney General after Robert Kennedy and was the man who served the U.S. Supreme Court's desegregation order on Governor George Wal-

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Scary Premise: Wherever You Go, You Might Bump Into Someone From Jericho — They're Everywhere!

The class of 1973's Linda Klinow Karlsruhe writes from Villanova, Pennsylvania:

"I would just like to report that the world is very small. Prior to the start of my daughter Haley's freshman year at the University of Michigan, she was introduced via Facebook through mutual friends to a potential roommate for the year.

"After conversing on line for months, the two girls decided to live together and became best friends. Only after their decision to room together did the parents realize they were all from Jericho!

"My daughter's roommate is Leanna Katz, daughter of Mindy Wertheimer and Ira Katz, who live in Marietta, Georgia. How funny! We had a wonderful reunion all year! We'll see you all at the reunion in October." ■



(Above) Roommates Haley (Klinow) Karlsruhe and Leanna Katz; (below) dads Robert Karlsruhe and Ira Katz.



TOONS CARTOONS CARTO OTOONS SCARTOONS SCART



By Dan Clurman

About Dan:

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

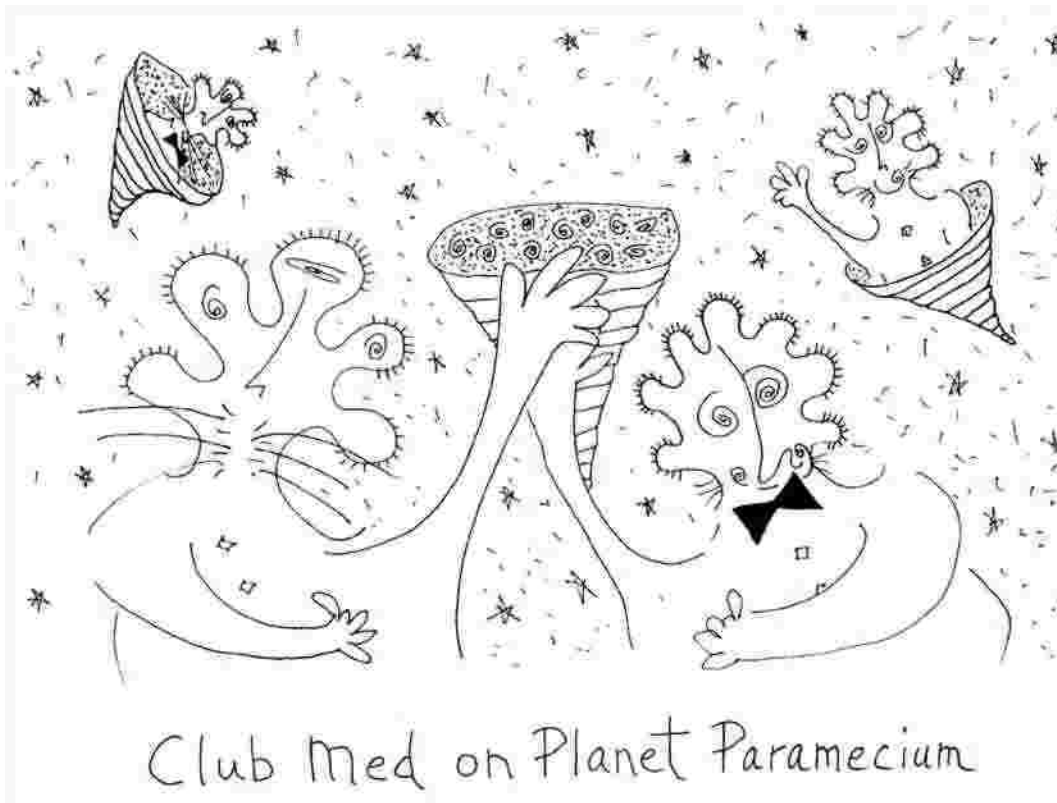


"I assist professionals, business people, couples, and students to more skillfully navigate life transitions, as well as improve their communication and presentations. I also have a small practice as a Feldenkrais® practitioner, a movement-based form of education.

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

These toons are part of Dan's just-published book *You've Got to Draw the Line Somewhere*, available for \$15 at <http://www.dantoons.com>.

Daniel Goleman, best-selling author of *Emotional Intelligence*, has this to say about *You've Got to Draw the Line Somewhere*: "impish but pointed, edgy and astute, wise, and just plain funny."



① Suppose you went to heaven



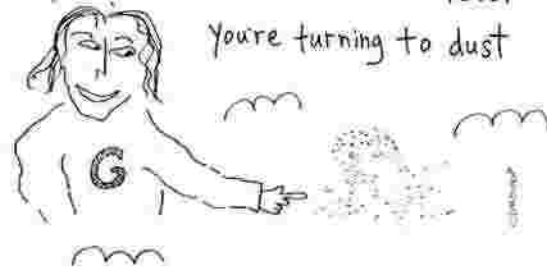
② And asked God your BIG question



③ On the ultimate level you're fine



④ On the relative level you're turning to dust





Студенты Jericho в советском (Jericho Students in Soviet Union!)

Воспитательное и вздорное приключение (An Educational and Absurdist Adventure)

By Mark B. Whitehill






(In appreciation, comrade Mark and famlink will received three red potatoes and leek — if is winter crop this year.)



Warning: Some Adult-ish Content

Dateline: April 1972. A group of intrepid Jerichonites pierces the Iron Curtain at the peak of the Cold War, four years after Soviet tanks crushed the Prague Spring of Alexander Dubcek, re-establishing Soviet hegemony over the Eastern Bloc in what came to be known as the Brezhnev Doctrine. Yes, under the watchful eyes of teacher-chaperones Bob and Dolores Hoffman and Gladys Clemenson and her husband, the fifteen or so of us experienced firsthand the world's only other superpower.

En route to Moscow we landed in Warsaw, Poland, where evidence of the Cold War was seen in the machine-gun-toting guards lining the roofs of the airport. We were herded into a locked waiting area prior to our flight to Moscow.

Notable in Soviet airports was a host of propaganda to refute the many disparaging “untruths” propagated in the West, such as that Soviet Jews actually sought to leave Russia. One of the favorites of the many tracts that I brought back, “Deceived by Zionism,” I was unable to locate after thirty-five years, although I recall that it was essentially a diatribe against Israel and American Jews. Propaganda was a staple of Soviet society, with park-side banners touting the joys of Marxism-Leninism as well as entire pavilions hailing the achievements of the proletariat. From each according to his ability, to each according to his need!

In Russia we were nearly always accompanied by “minders,” ostensibly tour guides from State-sponsored Intourist, though we suspected that their presence was to make sure that we did not exceed the bounds of the tightly controlled society. I recall a petite bespectacled blond, Irina, who accompanied our group and whose response to queries such as “Don't you ever pray?” had a distinctive party-line cast: “never to a God!”

On to Leningrad, Comrades!



Hammered (and sickled) in Leningrad

As it was late when we arrived in Leningrad, visibility was limited. We were housed in the Gaztinetza Leningrad, reportedly the finest hotel in the city. We awakened the next morning to a fascinating and beautiful site: the Neva river running through the center of a basilica-dotted landscape resplendent with eighteenth-century buildings commissioned by Peter the Great – designed by the famed Italian architect

Rastrelli – in the Czar's ultimately futile quest to “European-ize” Russia. Though the pollution from Soviet-made cars was thick, the extent to which these architectural marvels glistened was breathtaking.

On that fateful first morning, many of us gathered in an upper-story room of the hotel to admire the spectacular view. One of our party produced joints that he had smuggled into Russia in a talcum-powder container! A number of people availed themselves of this opportunity

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Back in the USSR

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to get high. Suddenly a loud knock on the door, followed by a Russian-accented directive:

"Secret police! Open up!"

Intense fear and paranoia grips us. It is merely Brian Vanderslice, class of '73, smelling marijuana in the hallway and deciding to play a trick on us!

Leningrad, which since the breakup of the Soviet Union has been rechristened Saint Petersburg, ranked among the world's most beautiful cities circa 1972, despite the fumes of Soviet-era cars absent any semblance of emission controls. Created by Peter the Great in 1703 to be his "window on Europe," much of the early eighteenth-century architectural style remains, rendering it truly magical.

Among the sites seen there were the Peter and Paul Fortress, the Kirov Ballet, the Pushkin Palace, and what may be the world's greatest museum, the Hermitage, long the residence of Tsars.

We spent a full day at the museum and barely scratched the surface. Among other marvels, I remember a huge collection of French Impressionists. To get a sense of the Hermitage's grandeur, rent

the DVD of the hypnotic film *Russian Ark* (Russkiy kovcheg, 2002), which was filmed entirely in the museum and captures well the many absurdist elements of Russian society.

While in Leningrad, we dined at a foreign-currency restaurant where the vodka flowed freely and the undersigned became completely tanked. I remember one of our teacher escorts (Mr. Clemenson, perhaps) reading me the riot act for my inebriated state as we waited for a bus to return us to our hotel.

We also met "Yuri," who wanted blue jeans in the worst way and who was willing to trade us genuine Red Army belts (featuring the Russian Star) in exchange.

During a long and animated conversation late at night on the banks of the Neva, Yuri identified himself as a dissident and shared with us a commonly held belief about the two Soviet newspapers, *Izvestia* (News) and *Pravda* (Truth):

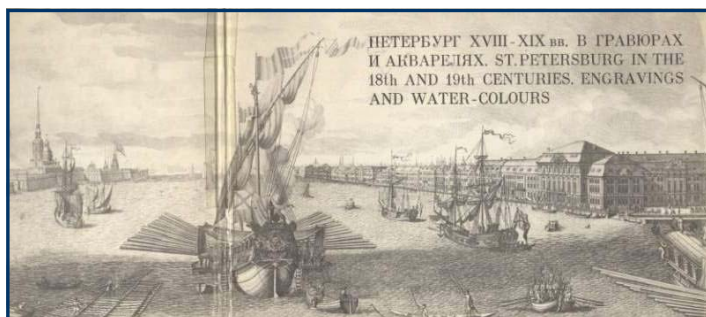
"There is no news in *Truth*, and no truth in *News*." (Said in Russian, there is a catchy flow to it).

An unnamed member of our party eventually gave him a pair of Levi's for what I recall to be a large amount of hashish ("from Southern provinces!"). Much of the remainder of our time in Leningrad is a blur to me.

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Ubiquitous propaganda in Moscow.



Engraving showing the Neva River in St. Petersburg.



A church in Leningrad.



Back in the USSR

Continued from page 13

Moscow

Our itinerary took us from Moscow to Leningrad, back to Moscow, to Kiev, and to Moscow once more.

On the second round in Moscow, I organized a trip to Yasnaya Polyanna, the family estate of Russia's greatest novelist, Lev Tolstoy. This was no easy task. In Soviet Russia, one could not travel freely from city to city - special travel permits were needed.

As I had cultivated a passion for Russian literature while convalescing from knee surgery following a soccer injury in the tenth grade, the opportunity to visit Tolstoy's estate was irresistible. However, arranging the trip was a considerable bureaucratic challenge; I remember arguing with an Intourist representative about our limited window of travel opportunity. With documents in place, a handful of us

took a rented bus from Moscow to Tula Province (210 km) — minders in tow — where we spend an enjoyable day exploring the home where Tolstoy was born and lived for sixty years, and where he composed his greatest works, including *War and Peace*. As I recall, we missed an evening performance at the Bolshoi as a result of our late return to Moscow.

An absurdist Moscovite memory: I and two friends take a taxi to see Dostoevsky's apartment. It is broad daylight, and we are in the middle of the city, with moderately heavy traffic. By then I was already sick (see below) and sat up front to minimize the many jolts occasioned by our kamikaze driver's efforts at avoiding other kamikaze drivers.

I detect a familiar smell and turn around to see my friends passing unabashedly a hashish-filled pipe back and forth. As the cab fills with smoke, the aged driver begins coughing and opens a window. As I recall, when we finally arrived at the apartment, it was closed.

Dada dada-da: Foul air!
Dada dada-da: Red Square! *



"Those Ukraine Girls of the Night Really Knock Me Out ..."

My memories of Kiev — increasingly transliterated as Kyiv and now the capitol of an independent Ukraine — are sparse. I remember learning that the Nazis had razed much of the city, and that memorials to the Great Patriotic War (in which an estimated twenty million Soviets died) were ubiquitous.

Accompanied (I believe) by Mitch Douglas and Brian Vanderslice, I recall taking a long walk one evening in the woods surrounding the city in an ultimately futile effort to reach an orange neon sign at a great distance, and periodically stepping over scores of drunk Russian men sprawled out on the forest trails. Alcoholism was of pandemic proportions in Soviet Russia.

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It Was History in the Making



Only now, long after the fall of Communism, can the transcript of the following conversation from 4-1-72 be recounted:

"Comrade Kosygin, I say secretly to you as I pretend to sip vodka from glass that we must get capitalist agitators from Jericho out of Mother Russia as soon as possible. And by any means necessary."

"Surely, Comrade Breshnev, you don't mean ..."

"Da. Lock them in gulag with miserable Russian comic Yakov Smirnov for one hour, and I guarantee you young American hooligans will be begging to return to their precious Long Island, with its Macy's, Fortunoff, and other vulgar bourgeoisie manifestations of capitalism."



Continued from page 14

It was also in Kiev that we came across a number of prostitutes eager to ply their trade in exchange for Western dollars. One unnamed member of our group availed himself of such a transaction, which we would later discover occurred in-between bouts of diarrhea.

When we returned from an outing that he had opted out of owing to sickness, he disclosed his tryst and represented it with what became a classic metaphor of our Soviet experience: "Dynamite blow job!" I recall the concierge chasing a prostitute out of our hotel room, hurling what I imagined to be a stream of epithets at the cowering woman.

Our Kievan moment: John Cooney, Mitch Douglas, and I enter a small elevator at an upper floor in our hotel. We are descending to dinner. The elevator stops before our destination and in comes a Russian man with the now-familiar "pissed-off" look we have seen throughout Soviet society.

Unexpectedly, the three of us burst into paroxysms of laughter. The Russian's look becomes ever more dour, which in turn, sets us off even more.

More Personal Memories

- An economy of striking consumer impoverishment. Russians were eager to get their hands on anything Western, and exchanged medallions, genuine military service medals, illicit drugs (see above) for: ball-point pens, printed stationery with Roman characters, and, as noted, blue jeans.

Western currency was of highest value, as the non-convertible ruble had virtually no worth anywhere other than the Eastern Block, and only Western currencies were accepted at the "Beriozka" shops that featured high-quality consumer goods unavailable to ordinary Russians. Another example: the toilet paper, doled out in tiny squares, had a texture in-between wax paper and a paper bag.

- Workers unite! Everyone was expected to work, and retirement was generally not an option for a second-world country whose citizenry lacked personal saving accounts, and for whom queues and black-market exchanges were commonplace. It was not unusual to see old women pressed into service as street-sweepers, using the most rudimentary of tools.

- Aeroflot, offering a true "white-knuckle" experience. The state-subsidized

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Peasant dwelling on road to Tula Province.



Babushka street sweeper in Moscow.



Assorted pins received in exchange for chewing gum. You'll recognize Lenin's face on several; pin at top left depicts Alexander Pushkin, widely considered Russia's greatest writer.

 **Back in the USSR**

Continued from page 15

airline was the only show in town, and we traveled on its creaky fleet throughout our time in the Soviet Union. More than once I thought my number was up. I have never been as convinced of the imminent likelihood of a crash as I was upon our approach to Kiev.

- Food that was horrible, and water that was worse. No culinary delights save ice cream — sold cheaply on the street — were memorable. The water smelled like formaldehyde. (To quote Dave Barry, I am not making this up.)

I recall that many of us became seriously ill either while there or upon our return. I had symptoms that lasted months and were thought variously to represent mononucleosis, gastrointestinal distress, and ultimately, amoebic dysentery. In the aftermath of the Soviet Union trip I lost twenty pounds.

Still, the trip was deeply satisfying and represents to this day one of the highlights of my life. To view a culture so different, with such diverse values and priorities, increased my regard for the freedoms I had heretofore taken for granted, and my appreciation for the richness of our society.

It stands as a testament to Jericho High School that faculty saw fit to organize such an edifying experience. ■


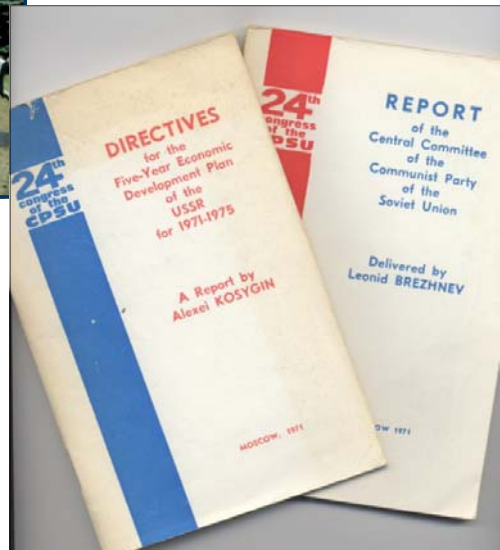


Above: Vast propaganda establishment in Moscow; buildings on left and right were used to display the avails of the proletariat.

Left: Moscow State University, home to some 50,000 students. Go, State!

Below: Government reports from 1971, one by Alexei Kosygin, the other delivered by Leonid Brezhnev.

Visit our website's "library" to read Mitchell Douglas's report about the trip to Russia in the June 9, 1972, issue of the student newspaper, Jer-Echo.

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Back in the USSR

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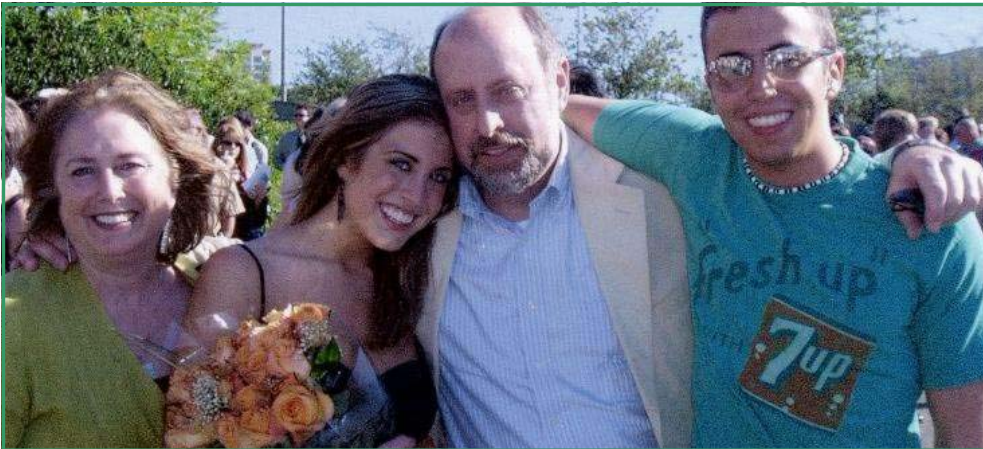


Photo taken secretly by Secret Police shows Mark with wife Cynthia at left and flanked by daughter Amira Rose and son Nathaniel.

PEOPLE’S FILE ON COMRADE MARK WHITEHILL

Following graduation from JHS, Mark attended Hamilton College, where he majored in psychology (BA, 1976), then attended the University of Pittsburgh for graduate study in clinical psychology (MS, 1978; PhD 1986). It was in Pittsburgh that Mark met the love of his life, Cynthia Beebe (Jill Harmon, I will forever be in your debt!), and following their May 1981 marriage, they moved to Madison, Wisconsin (1981-1985), where Mark completed his internship though the State of Wisconsin Division of Corrections, and where their first child, Nathaniel, was born in 1984.

Mark then accepted a postdoctoral position in Juneau, Alaska, under contract through the State of Alaska Department of Corrections (1986-1987). It was in Juneau that their daughter, Amira Rose, was conceived. In May 1987 Mark joined an established practice in forensic psychology in Tacoma, Washington, and he has been at it ever since, specializing in the seamy underbelly of human experience, such as

matricide (http://www.tvw.org/modules/opinions/657611_o.htm), babysitters accused of murder (http://www.courtvtv.com/trials/garden/100605_ctv.html) and the assessment and treatment of sexually violent predators (<http://archives.seattletimes.nwsource.com/cgi-bin/txis.cgi/web/vortex/display?slug=mathers27m&date=20030727&query=John+Mathers>).

His family, thankfully, has chosen less sordid pursuits: Cynthia is a school counselor at a private school in north Tacoma. Amira, 19, is a sophomore at Western Washington University (Bellingham, WA), and Nathaniel, 23, is living in Scottsdale, AZ, seeking to become an Internet millionaire (<http://www.natewhitehill.com>).

Mark and Cynthia are currently enjoying their empty nest in Gig Harbor, Washington, along with Karma, the world's most loving dog (http://bp1.blogger.com/_NvkiwVRcmjo/RXOEqTLTjvI/AAAAAAAAABs/Waka3PLi83A/s1600-h/SV100213.jpg).



Rachel Glickman
Chief Revenue Officer, Fotolog

If it was up to my mother, I would have been a receptionist in a doctor's office, so I could meet my husband.



I'm serious. She told me to get a job at Beth-Israel Hospital.

When I was a junior or senior in high school, I didn't have a clue what I wanted to do. I went to Syracuse University as a liberal-arts major and assumed that I would figure it out eventually. It was so different than it is for kids today. Unless you knew early on that you wanted to be a doctor or a lawyer, there often wasn't a clear path, and that was considered okay.

I'd always been interested in media, and the Newhouse School at Syracuse was really

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Rachel Glickman

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well regarded. So I checked out of liberal arts and changed my major to advertising and public relations. My whole college experience changed. It was fun and challenging and interesting.

After college I moved back to Jericho for a year. (My parents are actually still on Craig Street!) Moving to Manhattan was like finding home, and I've been here ever since. I do a ton of theater, spend a lot of time in Central Park, and have developed a large circle of friends. And in the summer, I rent a beach house with Leslie Axman, one of several people from Jericho that I'm still very friendly with.

But you have to work to pay for all that fun, right? I worked in P.R. for a couple of years at a few places, including Monsanto and Studio 54, which was less like public relations and more like celebrity babysitting. Not fun. Time to explore other career paths.

I shifted to advertising, first at a large agency as an assistant account executive, then at a small agency where you got to do a little bit of everything. The problem with being at a small agency was that it was hard to develop any kind of real career path versus becoming a specialist at a larger agency. I left the agency side to move to the client side of the desk and went to work for Jordache jeans, running media planning and buying. Then I was promoted to ad director. It was a family-run business, though, and nobody survived for long. I could see the writing on the wall.

I leveraged that experience to join Del Laboratories in Farmingdale in 1984. I remember that on the second day of my first week there, I had to leave early to attend Bob Winston's funeral. I stayed for eleven years, commuting from Manhattan to Long Island. It was stressful, but on Fridays in the summer, there was a definite upside.

Time for a Radical Change

Del Labs was a safe, decent place to work, but the work itself was pretty routine. Every year it was the same cycle, and that got old. In 1995 I got up the nerve to leave. This time I switched from the media-buying side of the desk to the business development and sales side. I went to work for Gannett Outdoor, which was considered non-traditional media at the time. I was there for two and a half years. Then the parent corporation sold the division.

This was when digital media was just starting to happen. I was already online, and it had started to impact my routine. The possibilities were clearly evident. One day I was speaking to this very visionary guy at Hachette Filipaci Publishing. They had four websites, which was

pretty radical for a magazine company. And they had twenty-one sites on America Online.

I went there as publisher, new media. It was really fun. We owned a large roster of magazines, including *Car and Driver* and *Road and Track*, and the automotive business was clearly a first mover in terms of understanding the potential of digital media. I was just getting my rhythm, and that visionary guy resigned. He left to run a division of AOL. He asked me to join him, and three months later I followed.

AOL was headquartered in Virginia at the time, but I was based in New York. Everyone who worked for AOL got used to the annual (sometimes bi-annual) reorganizations. I was no exception, and I had a variety of different jobs. I started off in sales and ultimately became vice president, revenue strategy.

It was a great experience. It was still a very entrepreneurial atmosphere, and there really wasn't much bureaucracy. You got to be very hands-on and have a real impact. My team built several leading-edge revenue streams, including health care, automotive, wireless, broadband, and audience strategy. (Wow, I feel like I'm writing my resume!)



Rachel and friend Leslie Axman, also from the class of 1972. The two Manhattanites share a summer house together.

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Checking In With the Classes of 1971 and 1973

Since we'll all be getting together again at the joint 35-year reunion, we thought we'd reacquaint 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.

Gary Strudler ('73): Man with a Mission

I don't know if anyone remembers, but Jericho used to have Saturday-morning classes that you could take. When I was little, I took some classes in puppetry. And around age eight, my parents bought me a Danny O'Day dummy. So I used to do a lot of hand-puppetry and ventriloquism. Until junior high. Then it wasn't cool anymore.

I'd always liked working with younger kids. In elementary school, I would help kids learn how to read. In high school, I was helping junior-high kids. And before I left for college, I helped coach football with Mr. Fred Grasso and some of the other coaches. Then in college, I was involved in the Big Brother program.

I knew I wanted to work with kids through the criminal-justice system. I spent my freshman year of college at a school called Sam Houston State in Huntsville, Texas, just north of Houston. At the time, it had one of the best criminal justice programs in the country. But it was one of those schools where everybody went home on weekends, and the town — which basically consisted of the school and a prison — would become a ghost town.

I decided to transfer to Kent State University, in Ohio, which also had good criminal-justice program. Upon graduation, I was looking for an internship. My school adviser asked me, "Where do you want to go?" I

figured that I'd never been out west before, so why not try out there. I packed up my Dodge Dart Swinger and drove out to Portland, Oregon, only expecting to stay for the summer as an intern with the sheriff's office. My plan was to then go to graduate school up in Seattle.

That was thirty years ago. I just liked it here and wound up staying with the sheriff's office as a deputy.

Out on Patrol – With a Puppet?

During that time, I got my masters degree in teaching, at Portland State University. They had some classes in puppetry. I thought that would be fun to bring that back again, because I had so enjoyed when I was a kid. I made this big, red, fuzzy puppet; he looked kind of like Cookie Monster. And I started driving around in my police car with this puppet sitting next to me. I'd wave to all the kids as I was going down the street.

The first day I did this, I got a call from my sergeant. "Gary," he said, "I stopped for breakfast this morning, and the waitress wanted to know who was the deputy that was driving around with a puppet in his car? The only person I could think of that



would do something like that is ... you."

He didn't mind, actually. I began giving presentations on basic safety at local school, using my puppets. Eventually the crime-prevention unit found out about it, and they asked if I would start a few school programs in the schools. I was supposed to do it for just a few months, which then turned into years.

At first the topics were pretty basic: stranger danger, bicycle safety, those kinds of things. But I had a tremendous interest in child abuse and wanted to help kids know what to do in that kind of situation. This was before programs like D.A.R.E. existed. I asked some of the principals and teachers if I could run a pilot program addressing child abuse. They were definitely interested. They knew the subject needed to be taught, but it would be viewed as sex education, which was taboo at the time. But if the information came from a police officer, it would be seen as a child-safety issue. I taught in many school districts throughout Oregon and the U.S., receiving several awards — including induction into the Jericho High School Hall of Fame.

In Addition to a Career Change, a Spiritual Epiphany

Around 1979 I bought a house in Portland. One of my next-door neighbors was a youth pastor. He and his wife found out that I loved

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Gary Strudler

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working with youths and had a big desire to see if their lives couldn't be changed for the better. The two of them used to invite me to a lot of youth activities they'd organized at their church.

Now, I was raised Jewish. Went to East Nassau Hebrew Congregation for Hebrew school and was bar mitzvahed there. I just saw something different in the lives of the pastor and his wife, and also in the lives of the kids at their church. I noticed that they treated one another differently than other kids usually kid. They had a kind of joy, and I was curious about that. I mean, I had everything that a guy would want. I had a brand new home, a sports car, a good job, a girlfriend. But yet there was still something missing.

The youth pastor would share different verses from the Bible with me, to help me understand who Jesus was. They weren't trying to force anything on me. We'd become really good friends. I would tell them honestly that while I believed in God and believed that Jesus Christ existed, I didn't believe that he was the messiah.

I picked up the Bible on my own and tried to read it. I don't think I made it through the first chapter in Genesis. There were too many "thee"s and "thou"s; I didn't understand it. So I put that away and went to temple, figuring that I hadn't been there since I was thirteen. I quickly realized that it just wasn't there for me. I kept searching for what it was that my friends had that I didn't.

One night, somebody posed the question, "Gary, when you die, what's going to happen to you?" I said, "Don't all good Jews go to heaven? Doesn't the good outweigh the bad?" We talked for hours, until

two or three in the morning. Later I was lying in bed thinking, *Okay, Jesus, who are you? Why would I believe in you as the Messiah? And why don't I believe?* The only reason that I could come up with was that's what I'd always been taught: that Jesus was a good man, but he wasn't the Messiah.

At that point I just said, "Jesus, I'll believe in you. Reveal yourself to me." That started the journey.

By the mid-1980s, I was married with three children. (More on that in a bit.) The church we were attending, Rolling Hills Community Church, in Portland, asked if I would be interested in working with kids through their children's programs, initially just for the summer. I did, and when the man who was the leading the youth ministry left just a few months later, I took over his job full-time. That was my transition from cop to children's pastor.

My mom and dad, who've since passed away, were still living in Jericho, on Leahy Street. I'm the baby of

the family — my older brother, Sy (class of 1969), lives in Houston — and they would call me every weekend. Now, they had no idea that I'd been going to church. About four months after I'd decided to follow Christ, I prayed,

Lord, I don't like living this kind of "double life." Would you please plant a seed in my parents' hearts to let them know of the change?

A few days later, during our weekly phone conversation, my mother blurted out, "You know, Gary, we wouldn't mind if you converted."

It came totally out of the blue, because we'd never talked about that at all. I was so shocked that I didn't say anything. But the next time they called, I asked, "Mom, why did you say that to me last week? It was just so bizarre."

And she said, "Well, just in case you couldn't find a Jewish girl to marry ... It would be okay."

Then she asked, "Why? Have you converted?"

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That's Gary and wife Heather in the middle, with twin daughters Faye and Naudia at right, and son Garrett with fiancé at left.



Gary Strudler

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I decided to be honest with her. You have to appreciate that the Jonestown massacre was in the news at the time, and my parents were worried that perhaps I'd gotten involved in some kind of cult. Or maybe I'd gone off the deep end.

My mother was pretty accepting. My dad was pretty upset, though, which was ironic. He never talked about God or religion or anything of that nature. I later found out that he'd pretty much been angry at God, for several reasons. When I told them that I had converted, he said something like, "I'm gonna go watch a football game" and got off the phone. He was mad.

Mom stayed on the phone, and we walked a while longer. I said to her, "You know, Mom, I actually feel more Jewish now than I ever have. I actually have a relationship with God that I've never had and understand Him more and want to know Him more than I did when I growing up."

Still, for the next few months, they no longer called every weekend, and when they did, things were strained. Eventually my folks did say, "You've made your decision, but we don't want you telling all the relatives, especially Grandma and Grandpa." I told them that I would honor what they'd asked, but I would not lie; if anyone asked me directly, I would tell the truth. They weren't totally thrilled by that.

The Wife and Kids

I met my wife, who's from Canada, in 1979. A neighbor introduced us. Our first date, a blind date, was one of those nights that, at the time, seemed like a total bomb. We had dinner at my neighbors' house, and



Gary in Kenya, 2006.

they were really tired, I had an awful cold, and Heather wasn't feeling too good either.

But I continued asking her out, and we got married in 1980.

Our twin daughters, Naudia and Faye, were born in 1982, and our son, Garrett, in 1984. Both girls have hearts like ours and want to care for others.

Naudia is graduating from a small college in Virginia with a degree in social work. She wants to work with inner-city kids. We live on a farm with horses, and she wants to incorporate horses in her therapy with kids. Faye lives on a mini-ranch not too far from us, where she helps take care of seven teenage girls who are in foster care. Garrett will be getting married in August. He attends the Portland Art Institute part-time, working toward a degree in digital imaging. He wants to produce films. My son also works full-time in our church's media department.

The Joyful Noise Brigade

After I'd been at Rolling Hills for about a year, we started a puppet

team, called the Joyful Noise Brigade. The area we live in is upper-middle class, and the kids have everything they want. The idea of the Joyful Noise Brigade was to take kids outside the comforts of what they know and encourage them to serve people who are less fortunate. So we put on puppet shows in nursing homes, soup kitchens, immigrant camps, even prisons. It's a way for them to reach out into the community and bring some joy and hope where there is none.

In our nineteen years of doing this, we've also traveled to other countries, including Mexico, Uganda, Kenya, and Rwanda. Talk about a life-changing experience. In Uganda, for instance, almost two-thirds of population is now under fifteen; AIDS has practically wiped out an entire generation. A lot of our work there has been in schools and orphanages. Sadly, there are a ton of orphanages.

The schools are so different from ours; you'll have as many as three thousand kids in a single grade school. They allow religious education. My heart's desire is to have an impact in children's lives. Our goal is simply to let them know that there's a God that loves them. For many kids around the world, they need to know that kind of hope.

Last summer, we were in Nairobi, Kenya. We went into the slums, where you have a million people living on top of one another in an area of maybe ten square miles. They live in little tin huts, with sewage running down the middle of the street. It's unimaginable.

Last fall I attended a twelve-day conference in the Sudan, teaching Sunday-school teachers. I never really felt in any danger, although all of us were told not to go out by ourselves at night.

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Gary Strudler

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My kids have been on some of these trips. Garrett came along last time, to take film and photos. My girls have been to Ecuador, the Dominican Republic, Australia, and some other places. We've done trips as a family too with some of the puppet teams.

"The lives of the kids that we take on the trips to Africa are changed as much as those we serve."

The lives of the kids that we take on the trips are changed as much as those that we serve. On our trip to Africa, one fourteen-year-old said: "You know, I have so much 'stuff.' I have all the things that I want. But still I'm unhappy. And the kids here have *nothing*, yet they have so much joy. I want to have what they have." The children's hearts change, and they want to serve others more.

The biggest lesson they all come away with is that true joy isn't going to be found in the things we own or the activities we do. It comes from gaining an understanding of who God is and how much He loves us. ■

Kevin Falco ('71): Flying High

One of my nicknames in high school was "Rah-Rah." It came about because of the colorful poster board signs I made to use at the basketball games to support the team.

I've always had a bright outlook on life. At my present age, I know now that I was born that way! I was voted, along with Lorraine Triggiani, most spirited for the class of 1971. Sometimes it's hard for me to deal with people who view life very negatively. You can only listen to that for so long, and then it's time to move on.

I have been a flight attendant at American Airlines since 1976. I decided after college that I wanted a job in the airlines and to hopefully become a pilot. Initially, I wanted to become a pilot in one of the armed services. But it didn't happen for me initially because in those days you had to have 20-20 uncorrectable vision, and my eyes were already starting to deteriorate.

A classmate of mine, Mark Miller, was also interested in flying. He knew that I was interested in becoming a pilot and told me about a college with an aviation program at Southeastern Oklahoma State University in Durant, Oklahoma.

"You want to go *where*?" my mother asked in amazement. That's where I ended up going. It was a small school, and I started working toward my goal. Then came the 1973 oil embargo. The prices for learning how to fly became astronomical; I could no longer continue flying lessons.

I'd spent two years taking aviation-related courses, which would not transfer anywhere. I changed majors and worked toward graduating on time.

During my second year, an FM radio station started at Southeastern. I auditioned and started the morning

drive shift at KHIB-FM. I switched the A and L in my last name and became "Flaco in the AM on the FM." I'd work four hours, from 5:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m., then head off to class. Doing radio was a real kick! I did consider pursuing it professionally. When I came back to Long Island in 1975, I got a job with a small station in New Jersey. Later, when American Airlines based me at Chicago, I tried radio again, working at WWMM, in Arlington Heights, Illinois, on Sunday nights.



Done with Dunn and Bradstreet

When I returned home after college, I found work in Manhattan at Dunn and Bradstreet. I used to commute on the Long Island Expressway each morning and afternoon to and from the city with my father. After several months of this, one day I looked around us at all the traffic on the L.I.E. and asked my dad, "How long have you been doing this?"

"Since we left Queens, a little over ten years."

I said, "I've been doing it for six months. I'm done."

I figured that I would enter the Navy or work for one of the commercial airlines. Within a ten-day period, I received letters of acceptance from American Airlines, TWA, and the U.S. Navy. My parents and I sat around the kitchen table at 428 South Marginal Road in West Birchwood, discussing the three offers. American was then a small airline, TWA was global, and the navy required a six-year commitment. I wasn't sure which one to pick. So —

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Kevin Falco

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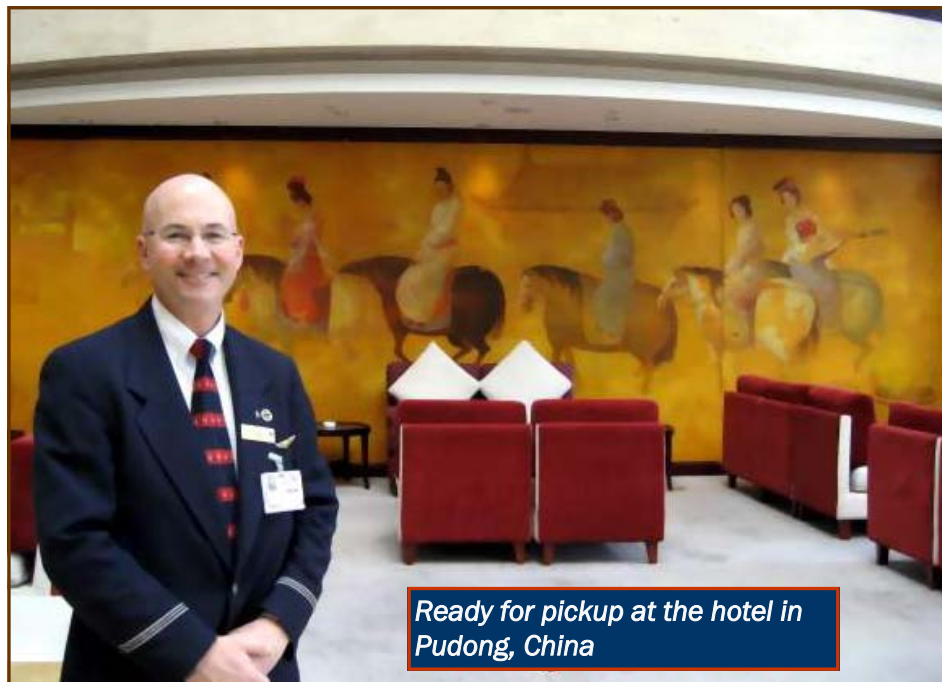
I kid you not — I flipped a coin. I went with American Airlines. Am I a lucky guy!

After training, I was assigned to Chicago, and I've been here ever since. I flew to many of our major U.S. cities in the early years. Then in 1985 I began international flying when American expanded. During the early nineties, London became my second home. I would fly there eight or nine times a month. One of the fun things to do there is to go on a walking pub tour: You meet at a designated area, and a guide gives you a tour of the neighborhood, telling you all about its history. Plus you stop at two or three of the more unique pubs.

American has become the new dominant global airline. I've been all over the world to cities we service — China, Europe, India, Japan, and South America — but I think my favorite place of all is truly Hawaii.

When I would layover there, I would head to a beach. Eventually, I would look at my watch and think, *Kevin, you need to leave in fifteen minutes, or you're going to miss pickup up to the airport ... Kevin, you need to leave now, or you're going to miss pickup ...*

The longest flights I work now are to India (about sixteen hours) and China (about fourteen and a half hours). The layover isn't at all like what you might have seen in an old movie like *Boeing, Boeing*, where you get two or three days off in some exotic city. It's capitalism at its finest: The usual layover is twenty to twenty-four hours. But you have to appreciate that includes the time spent getting passengers off the plane, ground transportation, hotel check-in, and so on. It doesn't leave you a



whole lot of free time. For many trips, it's basically sleep, eat, and back to work. Other times you'll force yourself to get up after, say, four hours, drink an espresso, and go out sight-seeing.

London, Paris, and Rome are excellent cities for walking around in. New Delhi, though, the most you might want to do is some shopping at a local bazaar. India is still an emerging nation in need of fixing its infrastructure; it's not the kind of place you go walking around in on your own. Shanghai, China, on the other hand is, with a downtown area that reminds you of Manhattan. It's very new, clean, and upbeat, and you feel safe.

At Last, a Chance to Fly

During the late 1980s, American Airlines began to expand and hire a lot of pilots. The entrance medical requirements had changed. My correctable eyesight was no longer an obstacle. My base manager knew how much I'd always wanted to fly and granted me a leave of absence

to work toward obtaining the necessary flight experience. I sold my first home, put everything in storage, and obtained the remaining ratings to get a pilot job. From 1990 to 1993 I realized the dream that I'd had ever since high school. I flew professionally for several regional airlines.

The working conditions at the regional level were very difficult, and the pay was minimal. By 1992 the industry stalled, and hiring stopped everywhere. I continued on for another year with great hope. After four years, I came to the conclusion that I had a better life waiting back at American Airlines. I was at peace with myself for having taken this detour. What I learned from this experience is that you may not always get the result that you'd imagined from following your dream, but it's the people that you meet along the way that are the real reward.

9/11 Changes Everything

When I went to my thirtieth high school reunion, I told people, "Yeah, I
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Kevin Falco

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wound up getting one of the fun jobs in life.” What happened on September 11, 2001, changed everything.

I was in London at the time. I was reassigned to the afternoon departure to Chicago. I was watching Sky News as I dressed for work. When I heard them say that a plane had hit one of the World Trade Center towers, my first thought was that it must have been a student pilot in a small plane.

But then they showed the first video footage, and I knew immediately what had happened: You just wouldn't get that kind of damage unless a jetliner had hit the building. Then came plane number two.

All crews were called for an afternoon briefing by American security. Each morning there were updated security briefings. I attended, in uniform, the memorial services the British government held at St. Paul's Cathedral. Many British dignitaries were there, and I was seated a few rows from Queen Elizabeth, Prince Philip, Prince Charles, and Prime Minister Tony Blair. Saturday morning I was part of the first crew to leave.

Everything had now changed. Passwords and codes became the order of the day to enter or exit the cockpit. We no longer could trust the passengers.

It's taken the fun out of the job. Everything is so controlled now that even the slightest offbeat joke or mannerism gives us cause for concern. An entire section of my manual is devoted to dealing with threatening situations. Basic self-defense training is now part of my annual recurrent training. There's a whole new level of procedures in place on how to handle disruptive individuals.



The house that Kevin built (and brother Keith designed). “Drawings learned in Mr. Bryant’s class really paid off!”

Even if it's the slightest thing, the captain wants to know about it.

The best way to illustrate how things have changed is to repeat a remark made by my union president not too long ago. She said, “When I got hired at American forty years ago, I was issued a pair of white gloves. Last year I was issued a pair of handcuffs.” It's true: I have these flex cuffs attached discreetly to my uniform.

Dream Job, Dream House, Dream Romance

My brother Keith (class of '74) is a talented architect in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. He started his own company, Studio Five Architects. One Saturday morning, I sat down with him over a cup of coffee and chose one of his house sketches. He wound up designing the house that I live in. And I had a big hand in its construction.

Over the years, I came to find that I have a pretty good aptitude for building and for seeing projects

through to finish. By 1998 the project began, and the old, small home gave way to my dream home in McHenry, Illinois, on the west shore of the Fox River. I did hire a builder to dig the hole, do the foundation work, and set the shell of the house. But I did much of the other work. I passed inspection and received occupancy twelve months later.

The house is very open and modern, with lots of windows. Sometimes boaters on the river stop and look at it. I get so much pleasure out of it. You know how it is: When you own a house, the work is never over. I can truly say that I finished in 2005. That's when my wife, Tammy, who had come into my life, asked me to add a fireplace. I hadn't *planned* on one, but, okay, we'll do a fireplace. From foundation work to mantel, the project left me confident that I could now build a small house. Fireside evenings with the wife are grand!

I love telling the story of how Tammy and I met. It was 1999, the last month before I would get occu-

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Kevin Falco

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pancy. I decided to take a break and walked down the street. Who should come along but Tammy, pushing her daughter, Dana, in a stroller. "Oh!" she said. "You're the guy building that big house!"

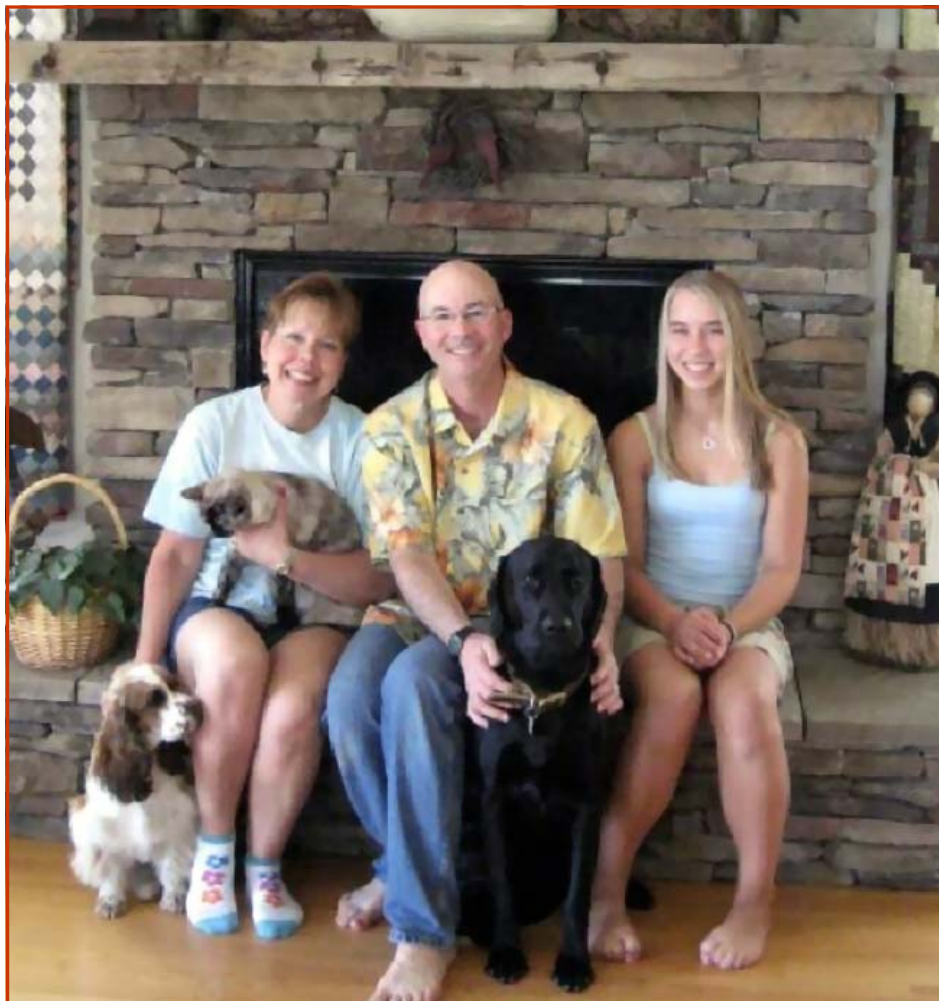
I was going to visit some friends two houses down. I walked with her, making a bit of idle chit-chat. It turned out that we were going to the same place for some afternoon beers.

About a month later I got Tammy's phone number. We went out for dinner and had a wonderful time. And we started dating. One evening I walked home from her

house and was sitting on my balcony overlooking the river. I said to myself, "Falco, you are forty-seven years old. You love this woman. Go get married!"

So I took her on a trip to San Francisco. We were on a tour of the Sterling Vineyards Winery in Napa Valley. When I got the table I wanted at the top of the little mountain overlooking the valley, I proposed to her. We were married the following June and had the reception in our house.

Tammy and Dana have been such a grand enhancement to my life. And I find it so comical that here I traveled the world over, and I found the girl that I chose to marry living right under my nose, just twelve houses down the street. ■



Tammy, Kevin, and Dana, joined by critters Maggie, Jasmin, and Elliot.

Diane Freedman ('73): Write On

My parents still live in the same house where I grew up, on Birchwood Park Drive. I was just there, in fact, to help



my mother celebrate her eightieth birthday. I can remember walking up to the Milleridge Inn's pseudo-Colonial village to buy cinnamon bread with my allowance. That is, when I wasn't going to Sandy's for a vanilla shake, which I used to keep secret from my mother. That was how I "acted out." Wild times!

I'm a professor of English at the University of New Hampshire. When I was at Jericho, the creative and expressive arts were my big things. I was in the Harlequin Players; I was part of Pegasus, the literary magazine; and I was on the staff of the *Jer-Echo* too. I remember spending a lot of time in the art room with Mr. Amato, who taught me how to use a camera. Also, there was a class with Mr. Pogany Powers that involved sensitivity sessions, which basically consisted of making out in the back of the room. (Not with Mr. P.) And, of course, that was the era where we established the so-called Free School in a geodesic dome.

I attended Cornell University with a lot of people from Jericho: Jon Hirsch, Randy Ringler, Carol Rosenbloom, Lauren Krause, and Ilise Zimmerman. Jon and I were both residents of Risley Hall, a performing-arts dormitory. The building looked like a castle, and the resident visual artists painted murals

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Diane Freedman

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on the walls. One guy, "the Whistler," whistled classical music; another guy spent more time building a small theater than going to class; we worked on plays, literary magazines, middle-of-the-night costume and cider fests. It was another great place for the imagination.

At first I studied anthropology, but I really wanted to be an English major. I loved to write, mostly essays and poems. I just didn't have the confidence yet to say so, but after I took a poetry reading course and a poetry writing course that first year, I was on my way. My big thrill was giving poetry readings at open mike on Thursday afternoons at the "Temple of Zeus," a coffee shop on campus. Professors, well-regarded poets such as Archie Ammons, Robert Morgan, and Jon Stalworthy read too.

The Ithaca-Boston Shuffle

The fact that such well-admired poets worked day jobs teaching told me that while I wanted to be a poet, I didn't necessarily believe I could make any kind of living that way. After graduation, I moved to Boston and worked at a publishing company there. But then I came back to Cornell to get a masters degree in teaching, offering some freshman writing seminars as I did so and teaching creative writing for a term at the State University of New York, Cortland, also.

I met and married a graduate student at Cornell. We moved east to a private performance-arts boarding school outside of Boston, where I was also a house mother. The situation was problematic, as there were not enough resident teachers, and we could almost never get away. I left at the end of the year to try my hand at marketing and technical writing in the exploding high-tech industry. I worked with Micom computers — remember those? While in the Boston area, I earned a degree in creative writing (poetry) from Boston University, working with Derek Walcott, George Starbuck, and Thomas Lux, among others.

Then, in 1980, I returned to Cornell for a third time, to work in its freshman writing program. I learned how to

use my first IBM "Displaywriter." My husband and I separated. I met Brian McWilliams, a student there in the MFA program in fiction writing. I wavered about going to law school or a doctoral program in English. I decided in favor of teaching literature, and Brian, who'd lived in Seattle one summer and whose sister lived there, encouraged me to accept an offer from the University of Washington for my PhD. We spent five years there while I completed my PhD, Brian working in business, technical, and feature writing-. He edited a jazz newsletter, *Earshot Jazz*, and wrote for two high-tech companies and one engineering firm.

It turned out to be a good thing that I hadn't gone directly from undergraduate school into graduate school.

For one thing, a lot of people who did that in the mid-1970s were unable to find jobs. But also, the new fields of feminist theory and criticism, reader-response criticism, and eco-criticism had developed in the ensuing years, and I pursued all three.

We loved living in Seattle. The weather was good, despite its grayness. It's a city where you can actually go running all year round in shorts; the temperature hovers around 40 or 50 degrees. We bought a small house on a hill with a great garden and a view of the Olympic Mountains, and we lived there with our dog Moon and cat Wimp. (I've always had a dog, everywhere I've ever lived; our current dog is Darwin, a flat-coated retriever.) We married in 1988, and I got my degree in 1989.

My first full-time college job was at Skidmore College, in Saratoga Springs. For three years I taught African-American literature, women's literature, and expository writing. I'd taught expository writing and advanced writing while at UW. It changed my own writing. I wrote fewer poems and more essays and books. Brian was still writing feature articles for DEC from home. In my third year at Skidmore, Brian and I had our first and only child, Abraham Brody McWilliams.

We moved to Durham, New Hampshire, where I had been offered a tenure-track position as assistant professor of American literature in the English department in the College of Liberal Arts at the University of

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Diane Freedman

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New Hampshire. I was promoted to associate professor and then full professor, publishing books and articles on women's writing, on autobiographically-inflected scholarship, on the teacher's body. I teach undergraduate and graduate courses in American literature, poetry, memoir, women's writing, and environmental writing.

It's quite beautiful here in Durham, on the New Hampshire sea-coast, where we've lived now fifteen years. We have three and a half acres on a pond that meets the Oyster River. I can bicycle to campus in good weather, and we're only about a mile from the store and a mile and a half from campus. From the balcony of my office at home, I can see herons and hawks, swans, mallards, kingfishers, mink, otter, muskrat, beaver, coyote, and fox. The forest is maple, oak, hemlock, pine, and cedar.

We have multileveled perennial gardens, stone walls, a canoe tipped over by the pond, and cross-country skis propped up by the garage. In summer I swim daily at Mendum's Pond, a small lake a few miles away on which the university owns some recreational property. Or we visit with Brian's relatives at a "camp" in Wayne, Maine, on Lake Androscoggin.

In recent years, we've traveled with Abe, our son, now fourteen, to Sweden, Scotland, and France. This May, Brian and I plan on spending a couple of weeks in Spain (he's been teaching himself Spanish while riding the train to Boston each day for his new job at the Massachusetts State Ethics Commission).

UNH prides itself on being a really good "little university." It has

about four thousand graduate students and some ten thousand undergrads. A lot of the students come from New Hampshire, Maine, and Massachusetts, although we also get students from Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, and California. Many of them do not have the kind of "worldliness" that we in Jericho, with its easy proximity to New York City, were lucky enough to have. So even the students who opt for an artsy kind of major, like English, may never have gone to Boston, much less to New York. They might never have flown on an airplane, or gone to a museum, or heard a live symphony or opera. That seems to be changing a bit, because over the years the university has acquired this sort of "granola" reputation — sort of a retro-hippie feel.

A New Job, A New Home, A New Family Member

It was hard at first, living here. A tough transition. Our son, Abe, was just three months old when we moved from New York to Durham. I didn't know anybody. Plus, our house, it turned out, had been custom-built for a woman who was more than six feet tall. I'm just a bit over five feet tall myself. I could not reach into any of the cabinets, the appliances had rusted, and the sheetrock was bashed in from the teenagers who used to live here.

There's some rule of thumb that says one should not buy a house that's between fifteen and twenty-five years old — the time when the need for a remodel builds. Ours was about twenty-two years old when we purchased it. Besides a new kitchen, we soon needed a new roof, new appliances, new furnace, new flooring, replacement windows. We wanted landscaping, tree clearing, a front walk, a deck. Trees scratched

at the windows, and vines wouldn't let us walk the edges of the property, which was so sloped that we had to build wooden and stone steps at last to get around it.

It was during my first term here that we completely gutted the kitchen, living with a newborn and no sink, stove, or microwave. Our refrigerator stood in the front hallway, which I grew to like so much (for its proximity to the bedroom) that I was sort of sorry we eventually moved it into the new kitchen.

There were only a few daycare options in the area, and all of them were full. We weren't able to get Abe into full-time daycare until he was nearly a year old. That was hard, because much is demanded of new professors, such as ready availability, a heavy teaching load, heavy advising, committee work, and research and presentations. It could be hell on anyone, and here I was suffering from what I now realize was postpartum syndrome, what, for instance, Brooke Shields writes about in her book *Down Came the Rain*.

Our son loves the violin and loves learning. He's not a violin prodigy, but he always loved music and can be very focused. It's become quite a commitment for the whole family. Every Sunday, we all drive down to Boston and make a day of it. We drop Abe off for a Boston Youth Symphony rehearsal at Boston University, which lasts six hours, and we walk up and down the Charles River with Darwin and have coffee. It's less a charming change for us than it used to be, as Brian now commutes to Boston daily for train for his job at the Massachusetts State Ethics Commission.

As Abe's gotten older, music has taken up more time and imagination, and Abe suggested we home school him. Of course, being a teacher, the

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task mostly fell to me. It's not hard to make arrangements with the local school district in New Hampshire, and we're lucky that UNH is just down the road.

As the years have gone on, Abe has been able to take courses at the university and work on others at home, sometimes with UNH undergraduates or graduate students as tutors. It's worth it, as Abe now has sixteen college course credits and eight or twelve CLEP credits and knows his way around a college library and how to manage his own time.

The Writing Life

The type of writing that most excites me is writing that combine academic writing and autobiography, where the expert is touches on his or her own experiences.

The Teacher's Body is such a book. I co-edited it with a good friend of mine from California named Martha Stoddard, whom I met at Cornell. As freshmen, we used to give poetry readings together. We both became professors and had kids around the same time.

Being pregnant made us realize that issues having to do with the body can have lots of ramifications for teachers. It's a funny relationship that you have with these young people, who usually have perfect bodies and are at the peak of good health. And they're usually scrutinizing the person doing the teaching.

And so it sort of becomes the elephant in the room and is something that all teachers have to contend with: how you feel physically, what your stamina level is, what you

look like. What the students look like. *The Teacher's Body* contains essays from a broad cross-section of people.

For example, the first essay is called "On the Desk: Dwarfism, Teaching, and the Body" and is written by a professor whose legs didn't fully develop.

Another essay is by a female nurse-practitioner who teaches medical interns how to examine a woman's body.

Someone else writes about the pedagogical and emotional effects of telling her students that she had cancer; it had become impossible to conceal the diagnosis once she'd missed classes and began losing her hair.

The Teacher's Body examines what happens when your own past experience — perhaps previously unrevealed to your students — is implicated in the material and perhaps changes the way that you teach.

The attraction of teaching, for me has always been the variety of students I meet and the variety in what they say, not to mention the way each day and each term differ in feel, weather, length, and course content. It's always changing, and that's what keeps it fresh. Now that I'm also sort of CEO of my son's (alternative) education, I don't regret, as I sometimes used to, that I was spending so much time with other people's children and not my own.

That was part of the early tension or problem for me of having a baby just as I was starting on the intense trajectory of the high-powered, demanding academic career. Now that I also work closely with my own son and have added nature writing and ecocriticism to my research and teaching even as I spend more and more time in the woods and garden (and lake and snow), I feel more balanced. ■

Books by Diane Freedman

Authored:

- *An Alchemy of Genres: Cross-Genre Writing by American Feminist Poet-Critics*

Coauthored:

- *Teaching Prose*

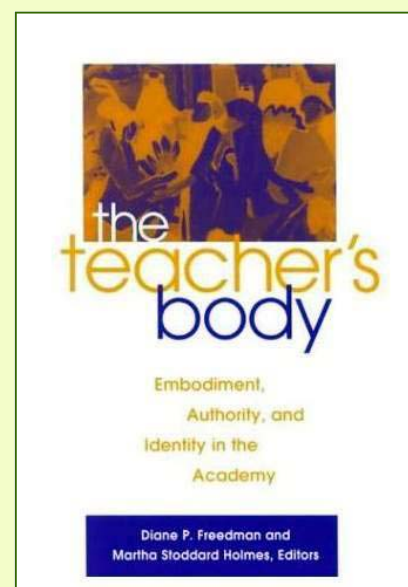
Edited:

- *Millay at 100: A Critical Reappraisal*

Coedited:

- *The Intimate Critique: Autobiographical Literary Criticism*
- *The Teacher's Body: Embodiment, Authority, and Identity, in the Academy*
- *Autobiographical Writing across the Disciplines: A Reader*

Diane's critical articles, personal essays, reviews, and poetry have appeared in many journals and collections, including *The Bucknell Review*, *the University of Dayton Review*, *the Women's Review of Books*, *Tulsa Studies in Women's Literature*, *Women and Language*, *Constructing and Reconstructing Gender*, *Anxious Power*, *Personal Effects*, and *Confessions of the Critics*.



**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 ...**

*Faculty
Lounge*



Mrs. Joan Kingsley: Loving Literature and the Law

Growing up in Huntington, I believed that teaching was a special profession. I went to SUNY Oswego to be a teacher.

The reason I went there was because they accepted me and because, back in 1961, the SUNY system was free. No tuition – can you imagine? I was eternally grateful to Governor Nelson Rockefeller for that; he may have been the only Republican I ever voted for.

That policy changed just before my junior year. I didn't have any money, so I became a residence assistant (R.A.) in exchange for free tuition. Now, *that* was interesting. We had an all-girls dorm, and nobody was allowed in after nine o'clock. It was a different world, with innocent things like panty raids and an amazing cafeteria food fight.

Upon graduation in 1965, I married my high-school sweetheart, Harold Kingsley. He started law school at Brooklyn Law, and I obtained a job

teaching at Deer Park High School. Then, in 1969, I joined the English Department at Jericho High.

Jericho was quite different from Deer Park. For one thing, to its credit, it was a lot more demanding. At Jericho we had a lot of upper-level elective courses.

For instance, I actually taught the Bible as literature one semester. There was an Existentialism class too. That was a little too crazy for me. I felt that the kids needed more basic courses. Jericho offered an amazing array of interesting electives. My experiences at Jericho were pretty wonderful because the kids had such good minds and endless questions.

It was always my intention to teach English. Teaching literature was a dream. I loved teaching *Julius Caesar*, and other great works of literature. The most fun part for me was seeing my students' faces when they "got it," even if it was the smallest of

things. I would say things to them like, "It's okay if you don't like this. But I want you to *appreciate* it." There's a lot of literature that I appreciate even though I don't particularly care for it. But I knew that once they learned to appreciate it, they would ultimately love it. Because you can't help it.

Hopefully, a teacher leaves something for kids to hang on to when they go out into the world, to help them make decisions and learn to think for themselves. That's the great thing about reading literature: You have to learn how to analyze and think in order to understand the heart of the piece, which is a great skill to impart to kids. (I always referred to my students as *kids*, which would drive them crazy, because they were *teenagers*, which was almost like being an adult, right? But you have to remember that they are children, and a teacher has to be able to see in their eyes what they need.)

Some people scoff at education. "What do you need an education for?" Education *makes you a better person*, because you're able to see and understand things more clearly, and it gives you a heart. Reading and
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Ms. Joan Kingsley

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literature are so important that it's frightening to me to see how schools have been moving away from that. Not too long ago, I spoke with a woman who was going to become an English teacher, and she'd never taken a course in Shakespeare! I couldn't believe it. I thought to myself, *I guess I'm really getting old.* But the humanity that you learn from a Shakespearean play and his poetry cannot be replaced.

Time Out for a Family

The first eleven years that Harold and I were married, we moved eleven times. When I came to Jericho, we were living with one of his relatives in Floral Park.

I left Jericho in 1972. Our son Harry was born in October of that year. When Harry was five years old, I felt that I could go back to work, but this time as a lawyer. I went to Pace University, up in Westchester County. We were living in Manhattan and Oyster Bay then, and it was a hundred-mile round-trip to school. In my first year of law school, I became pregnant with our second son, Nathaniel.

When I graduated in 1980, my husband and I opened our own practice. Maritime law is his specialty; I do estates, trusts, and wills, which is really nice. I'm not a particularly adversarial person, so it fits me perfectly. Sometimes I regret that I stopped teaching. But the kind of law that I do is very close to teaching, except that it's on a one-to-one basis.

The people who come to see me need guidance and are often distressed. A loved one has died; what are they going to do? They have no clue. You have to know how to deal



Mrs. Joan Kingsley with husband Harold Kingsley at our communal fiftieth birthday party in 2004. They're high-school sweethearts!

with people and to understand what their needs are; not just be sympathetic but be able to guide them through this very dark time in their lives. Half the time, you're more of a psychologist than an attorney.

To keep my hand in teaching, I give talks about estates and trusts to various groups, which I really enjoy. And on weekends I teach high school Sunday School at First Presbyterian Church in Oyster Bay. I'm real pleased about that. It depends on the day, but I'll have anywhere from five to more than a dozen kids. And, remember, they come voluntarily. I tell them, "This is the only place you can talk about God, and people won't think you have six heads. So ask your questions. I don't necessarily have the answers, but let's see if we can work it through somehow."

"Education makes you a better person ... and it gives you a heart."

Another Kingsley Teaching English at Jericho High? Almost

Both our sons are married. Nathaniel runs his own company, an Internet business. And Harry, who has two children, is the best teacher you will ever see. He teaches English and coaches tennis out in Suffolk County at Comsewogue High School. But he almost landed at Jericho High.

When he was first looking for a teaching position about ten years ago, I told him to apply there. There was only one opening starting in January, as someone was taking a sabbatical. Unfortunately, at the time, he wanted a full-time position. Still, I thought that would have been so cool: I'd left Jericho High School to have Harry, and here he was, twenty-five years later, with the possibility of teaching English there just like I did.

I often think of my kids at Jericho. There were so many great kids who could really make a difference. It was a very special and challenging time for me. I am so honored to have been able to be part of their lives. It was the experience of a lifetime! ■

Rachel Glickman

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Can You Spell Trouble? M-E-R-G-E-R!

Everyone thought the merger between AOL and Time Warner in 2000 would be a great thing. I think a lot of us there saw the possibilities of the cross-media synergies and thought that it would have been tremendously interesting for both sides. But everybody underestimated the degree to which Time Warner was a business of silos. Its CEO, Gerald Levin, tried to get everybody to work together, but he couldn't conquer the culture wars.

Here's an example of what I mean: One of the things I did at AOL was work on new technologies, like mobile phones. I remember in April 2001, the president of AOL Mobile and I stood in front of Time Warner's ad counsel. All the heads of sales and revenue from all of the divisions: movies, television, cable, everything. We did a presentation on the impact of mobile on business and presented strategy for building a \$2 billion business by leveraging all of the assets in the room. Everybody sort of nodded their heads, like they vaguely understood what we were talking about.

After the meeting, on my way out of the building, I was walking behind a couple of people and overheard the conversation. Essentially: *"There's no fucking way I'm doing this!"* That sort of sums it up the attitude toward AOL. The mobile business never got done, and today they're scrambling to catch up. I digress — no sour grapes!

At that point, I thought that maybe I should get out of AOL and go over to the Time Warner side. I thought that corporate was the one group that could impart wisdom and help guide the company to accom-

plish great things. Naive, no? In 2004 I became a vice president in Time Warner's Global Marketing group. I found out really fast that the division had no clout. It was more of a diplomacy job, which is shorthand for "We didn't know what to do with you, so why don't you sit here and look busy, but don't get in anybody's way." The group was funded by all the divisions, and despite re-orgs

and management changes and shifts in philosophy, it has only achieved minimal success. It was the least productive twelve months in my career, and to this day I have trouble explaining it on my resume.

In the end, I realized that Time Warner, to me, defined "old media," in that it kept doing the same thing and refused to recognize that the

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Roberta Solomon

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Across the Pond

Last September Freddy became a freshman at Stanford University in Palo Alto, California. He is studying political science and economics. He will be returning home in June to work in Parliament. Before joining Stanford, he worked as a summer intern for Senator Ron Wyden from Oregon in Washington DC. Politics seem to run in our family, as his Aunt Laura is the mayor of Dallas, and all of my children have been Mayor for the Day!

In all our lives, there are times that are easier and times that are tougher. A year ago, my husband and I divorced. We both decided to stay not only in London but in Hampstead, and the children have adjusted well to life in two homes. I still love living over here, and I am very interested to see where my three other children will decide to go to university. My daughter is now looking at Cambridge and Edinburgh University as an option.

Although they have lived only in England, my children have strong ties to America, as do I. One day I will resettle there, perhaps in California. In the meantime, this is still a great place to live. ■



Roberta's children: Jared, Ariella, Zach, and Freddie.

Rachel Glickman

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market had changed. (I think someone once defined insanity as doing the same thing over and over and expecting different results. Get the analogy?) We agreed to disagree. A year later I negotiated a severance package and left. I wanted to pursue an entrepreneurial route again.

Time to Network!

As everybody knows, looking for work can be a second career. But having the luxury of a severance package enabled me to take some time to really figure out what I wanted to do next. Oh ... and I traveled to South America and spent time on the beach and read a lot of books. But my real career, it seemed, was talking to a lot of people over a lot of meals. Breakfasts, lunches and dinners. Every day I woke up and said, "I'm going to talk to three people that I never met before." I managed to widen my network very effectively, and I had a pretty good network to start with!

I knew that I wanted to go with a startup company, something I'd never done before. Through my connections, I'd met Adam Seifer, one of the founders of Fotolog. It was a three-year-old company with tremendous potential. And I had met a couple of his investors during my aforementioned restaurant tour of media haunts.

I joined in August 2006 as chief revenue officer, with responsibility for advertising, search, commerce, and premium services. The CEO, John Borthwick, joined a few months later and happens to be someone that I'd worked with at AOL. If you had asked me, "Who are the top three people that you want to

work with?" he would be one of them.

It's just been phenomenal. He's amazing. I have fun at work every single day. Fotolog is a global network that allows its members to communicate and connect through photographs. Right now, most of our audience of about eight million is in Latin America; the audience in the States is not as well developed. So far I've made trips to Argentina, Brazil, and Mexico. And in June I go back down there again.

We have a total of twenty employees. I have two people working for me. Meghan deals with all the internal revenue operations: ad serving, working with the product team, etc. Melissa is responsible for external-facing activities; she works with all the ad networks and rep firms that we do business with.

It's pretty structured, but just because you're small doesn't mean you shouldn't have discipline. At a startup, decisions have to be made, and things have to move really quickly. I like that. At AOL, there'd been an executive we called the "No" executive. He was terrified to say yes to anything because he might make a mistake, so he always said no. I'd rather work for somebody who's willing to take a risk and understands that not everything works out. That's where I'm at now. It's very energizing. In a typical week, we meet Monday

morning to lay out the priorities for the week, then we work toward delivering on those. The following Monday, we regroup and discuss what continues, what gets shelved, and what gets added to the priorities list.

When you've been mainly at big companies your whole career, going to a small company is a little scary at first. I'm at least twenty years older than most of the people at Fotolog. They probably took a look at me and wondered, *Does she really get it?* But soon you come to understand that everyone complements one another. I bring a certain amount of experience, yet at the same time they have a lot to teach me too. We really are two sides of the same coin, and it works. I don't think I could go back to a corporate environment anymore. I live twenty blocks from the Time Warner building, and my last year there, every morning was like a death march. Life's too short to be that unhappy.

A Rebirth

Part of that I trace to having been diagnosed with endometrial cancer in 2003. I've described that time as a sort of rebirth. Being a cancer survivor affected my attitude in general. Until then, I think that I was probably more politically correct. By that, I mean that I was more apt to toe the party line instead of saying what I really felt.

To describe the difference, just today I was having a conversation with my boss about advertising revenue. I said frankly, "Advertising revenue is nice, but at the end of the day, you'd better come up with other revenue streams, or else you're going to be out of business." At AOL, that probably would have gotten me fired even though that's the reality. Without going into detail, a company rely-

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"If it was up to my mother, I would have been a receptionist in a doctor's office, so I could meet my husband. I'm serious. She told me to get a job at Beth-Israel Hospital."

Rachel Glickman

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ing solely on ad revenue these days is back to that definition of insanity. You have to keep looking at what's next, because the market changes faster than you can catch up to it.

My boss's reply? "Well, then tell me what you think." I laid out the whole plan for him, he got it, and now we're building it. I get to work at 8:00 a.m., and many nights I leave at 9:00 p.m., only to come home and finish a project. But I'm happy to do it. I'm having a great time. ■

To learn more about Fotolog, visit its website at www.fotolog.com, or check out Rachel's Fotolog at www.fotolog.com/glickchick.

Blagh Blagh Blagh

Rachel has a really wonderful blog that you should definitely visit, at: www.rachelglickman.com.

Starting a blog was just something I've always wanted to do. What's interesting about this whole phenomenon is that the big corporations have years invested in creating content and try to push the content at the audience. They're essentially counting on you to go to a Yahoo! page and say, "Oh, they want to read this article about Virginia ..."

But increasingly, people are generating their own content. It's like creating your own personalized cable network that allows you to decide what you want to see and when you want to see it. That was one of the things that attracted me to Fotolog. ■

Jim Rudy

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lace on the steps of the University of Alabama with the National Guard behind him. The then senior partner of the firm, Sam Rudner, had been a prodigy of U.S. Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter while he was a professor at Harvard Law School. Sam had served on the *Harvard Law Review* when Alger Hiss was the editor-in-chief.

Anyway, they made me an offer, I accepted, and Sam and another Harvard lawyer were my mentors. That was twenty-six years ago. I used to half joke that in my first year at the firm, I learned more law from Sam Rudner and Dick Kohn than I did in three years of law school, and they paid me at the same time. I owe my legal career almost entirely to their tutelage.

My firm has undergone a lot of changes over the years, beginning with a move from Trenton to the Princeton area in 1983. It was a general-practice full-service business firm. What had bothered me about being a tax lawyer in New York was that it was very research oriented, with little human contact. My firm gave me the opportunity to represent real people in real deals and use my skills to make sure that their transactions were structured in the most tax-efficient way possible. I have always taken a lot of pride in bringing that extra value to my work. I also love counseling my clients on their business and family issues. Along the way, I also developed an expertise in estate planning.

Howdy, Partner!

I became a partner in on July 1, 1985, at the ripe old age of thirty-one. The nice part about the smaller firms is that when it's your time, it's your time — no one is counting your years in practice. Later that year, I had the

opportunity to handle a multimillion-dollar lease-back transaction for one of New Jersey's largest banks. The other side of the deal was represented by Cravath, Swaine, and Moore in New York. Bruce Stern was working there at the time. I just about lived at the place from Thanksgiving Day to New Year's Day trying to get the deal done. The partner with whom I was working had his office right next door to Bruce's. I got to run into Bruce in the middle of the night a couple of times. They worked very long and hard at his firm, and their work product was outstanding. I learned a lot in that transaction.

Our firm is now known as Fox Rothschild LLP. In August 1993 Katzenbach, Gildea & Rudner merged with a Philadelphia firm called Fox, Rothschild, O'Brien & Frankel. By that time, my firm had grown to about twenty lawyers. The computer era had begun to affect law-office technology significantly in the mid-to-late 1980s. All of a sudden, small- and mid-size firms were ready to die except to do commodity work, like personal-injury law and residential real estate. I mean, you can't even do a simple will efficiently anymore without a good computer infrastructure. It became very clear to us that no matter how much more work we were able to generate, the expenses of running the practice and keeping it technologically current were getting to the point where we could not compete with the larger firms. We needed to either grow at a dramatic pace or consolidate with a larger firm.

So we began exploring opportunities with some of the larger New York and Philadelphia firms that were looking to expand into Central New Jersey and wound up merging. At the time, in addition to my private practice, I was the municipal attorney in my prior hometown of Ewing, New Jersey. While that was neat work and politically ex

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Jim Rudy

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citing, the fee structure was miserable, so I had to give it up when we merged, although I then spent about a dozen years sitting on the Planning Board and chairing the Municipal Utilities Authority in my current hometown of Robbinsville as a volunteer.

Fox Rothschild was a ninety-five-lawyer firm, with ninety in Philadelphia and five in Princeton. We still have about ninety attorneys in Philadelphia, but now we've got about seventy-five attorneys in Princeton and roughly four hundred in fourteen cities across the country, including West Palm Beach, Florida; New York; Las Vegas; San Francisco; and Los Angeles.

A little over three years ago, I was elected to be the managing partner of the Princeton office and a member of the firm's executive committee. I am basically responsible for managing the operation of the Princeton office. My job is to make sure that the lawyers in Princeton are all working hard, getting along, and abiding the firm's standards of practice. It is a challenge trying to manage lawyers because they tend to take themselves very seriously. Everything that they're working on is *the most important thing that's ever been done in the history of the world*. Someone told me some time ago that managing lawyers is like herding cats. That is probably unfair to cats.

Since I happen to be a wrestling referee occasionally in my spare time, I keep the zebra shirt in a gym bag in my office. Every once in a while I have to put it on and call two of my partners into my office to help them resolve some issue between them. I tell them to shake hands,

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Rudy: The Next Generation

My son, James, who's twenty-two, graduated Georgetown University last year with majors in finance and accounting. He has been working as an investment banking analyst at Bear Stearns. A few weeks ago he called us from Central Park on a Sunday at five o'clock to let us know that he got his first day off since New Year's Eve. That is only slightly hyperbolic.

We meet him and his sister for dinner every other Sunday night to make sure he is okay. Mary and I were sure that when the kids left for college, or, at the latest, when they graduated college, our worries would be over. Nope! Just new ones!

James has this tiny one bedroom apartment in Hell's Kitchen (he tells me the area is called "Clinton" now), in which he had to have a temporary wall in the living room erected to create a second bedroom so that he and his roommate could have separate sleeping quarters. They pay a ridiculous amount of rent for the place, and he's practically never there, except to sleep about four hours at night. They have a TV and futon in what is left of the living room. It feels like the TV sits in your lap!

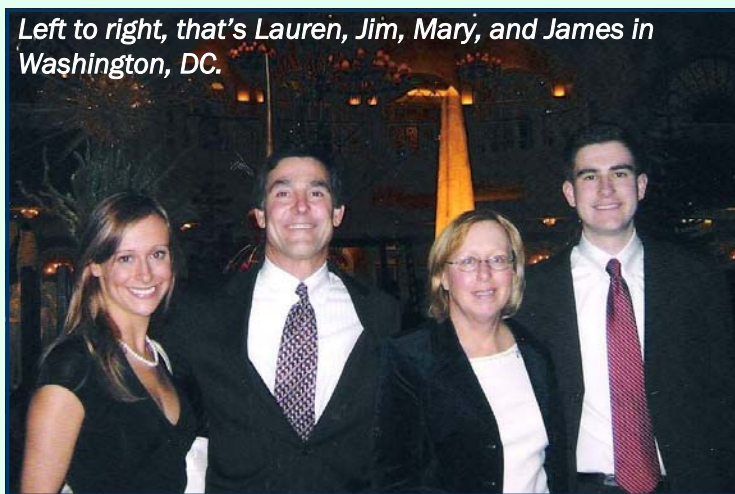
Our daughter, Lauren, graduated from the University of Connecticut in 2004 with majors in Psychology and Communication Arts. She also lives in the city and is working as a brand rep for several lines of women's and girl's clothing with a showroom called L'Atelier Group.

Lauren was always our fashionista. She would only wear dresses to elementary school, and they were almost always pink or purple. In high school she worked at Limited Too and then at Abercrombie, where she continued to work all through college.

After she graduated college, she worked as an assistant to the tax collector in Robbinsville and then became the store manager of an upscale women's clothing boutique in Princeton. That lasted about a year and a half, and then she decided she'd had enough of retail.

She's planning on moving to Orange County, California, when her lease expires in October, because, she's informed us, you just *have* to try California before you get too old. But for the moment, she's living on Madison Avenue at 30th Street with a high-school friend of hers, and doing well.

Left to right, that's Lauren, Jim, Mary, and James in Washington, DC.



Jim Rudy

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take one step back, and wait for the whistle. That helps to cool the passions a little.

Not Only a Referee, but a Coach Too

When my kids were growing up, I did a little bit of coaching. I coached my son's T-ball baseball team when he was in first grade, back in our old hometown. He didn't really like baseball, though. Here was his perspective on the sport: "I don't know why you would want to play a game where people throw a hard ball at your head." Makes sense, right?

The next year, 1992, we moved to Robbinsville, New Jersey. I had heard they had a recreation wrestling program for kids in grades three through eight. Fortunately, James skipped second grade, so I signed him up and helped coach. James had a very good season, but at the end of it, he said to me, "Daddy, I don't think I'm going to wrestle next year."

"Why, James?" I asked.

"Because you feel just as bad when you win as you do when you lose."

I looked at him and said, "You know what? Unless you get a kick out of popping people (or learn how to pin people quickly),

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To All the Coaches I Have Loved Before (Figuratively Speaking)

I have to be careful here about mentioning certain coaches that I had in high school and junior high school, because all of my coaches were really outstanding coaches and good people. I learned a lot from all of them, and I don't mean to minimize any of them by not mentioning them specifically. But I enjoyed my first two junior high school coaches the most.

Emil Voigt

Mr. Voigt was probably my favorite coach in any sport at any level. He coached wrestling when I was in junior high. The man knew how to condition you, he knew the sport thoroughly, including its history, and he could actually tell you what to do while you were wrestling, like, which way to turn, because he saw things before they developed that you didn't even feel. And he never stopped hollering encouragement to you which was critical in a sport that physically demanding.

He also wanted to make sure you were a good student and working in class. I just loved the three years I got to wrestle for him. He gave me my first of several nicknames. I try to relate to my wrestling kids the way he related to me, although I have yet to ask them to give me the drumstick from the African bird.

Gerald Link

Mr. Link was one of those coaches who took a very personal interest in the kids who were willing to work a little harder. What I really appreciated about him was the fact that there was no question that he was your coach and teacher, but he was also your friend. He cared about you; he wanted to make you better. He wanted you to work hard and do as much as you could, and he was prepared to teach you whatever he knew and to motivate you in

whatever way he thought might work. One time, to get me to run harder in a meet and drop some time in the mile, he enlisted Beth Flanders to tell me she was going to break up with me if I didn't win the race. I think he thought that would be an effective motivator. As I recall, it was.

I stopped smoking two and a half years ago after a thirty-three-year habit, and I run about fifteen miles a week, in addition to weight training with my wrestlers. To this day, whether I'm running on the road, on the track at Robbinsville High School, or on a treadmill, and even with some really good tunes playing on my iPod, I'm singing to myself, "Everybody goes, goes, goes!"

I'll explain.

Mr. Link had this high pitched voice. To get us runners in pace with one another, he would chant this to us. It wasn't Gregorian, it was ... Linkian. And here I am, almost forty years and ten thousand miles later, and I'm still pacing myself to this mantra, his voice still inside my head, chanting, "Everybody goes, goes, goes!"

U p d a t e



Mr. Gerald A. Link, who taught science and coached track at Jericho Junior High School from 1967 to 1971, was a winner of the *Washington Post's* Agnes Meyer Outstanding Teacher Awards. Since leaving Jericho, he's taught in Maryland, where he lives. Currently he is on the faculty of Northwest High School in Montgomery County. In 1998 Mr. Link won a Parent Student Teacher Association's Teacher of the Year Award. Jericho was his first teaching position. ■



Jim Rudy

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there won't be much for you in wrestling, and that's okay by me." He went on to play basketball and soccer for the rest of elementary and middle school, and was a varsity golfer for a few years in high school.

Unfortunately, not only did James quit wrestling that year, but the guy who ran the program moved out of town. Wrestling is not the kind of sport where you can easily find someone to take the coach's place. So I have now spent the past fifteen years coaching other people's kids. I had ten when the program started.

As fate would have it, my next-door neighbor, a Merrill Lynch broker who wrestled at SUNY at Oneonta, came onboard the next year. We began to enroll kids in kindergarten. He took over all the administrative responsibilities so I could just run practices and coach matches and tournaments. We had 128 kids in the program last season.

We run it through a nonprofit corporation that I incorporated about eleven years ago called Robbinsville Wrestling Association, Inc. It remains a recreation program primarily for the kids in town, but because we've been so successful, we get all the really good kids from within about a ten-mile radius.

From November through April, I spend about twenty hours a week coaching practice and traveling all over the mid-Atlantic region with the team. I've had them in Tulsa, Reno, and Fargo, too. We practice two hours three times a week. It's kind of neat. Not only does it keep you in shape, but it keeps you fresh, and I have accumulated a lot of great friends — both kids and parents. I keep in touch with the kids into high school and college, and travel to see

them compete in college. That's how I deal with not having kids in my house anymore!

A Promise Still to Keep

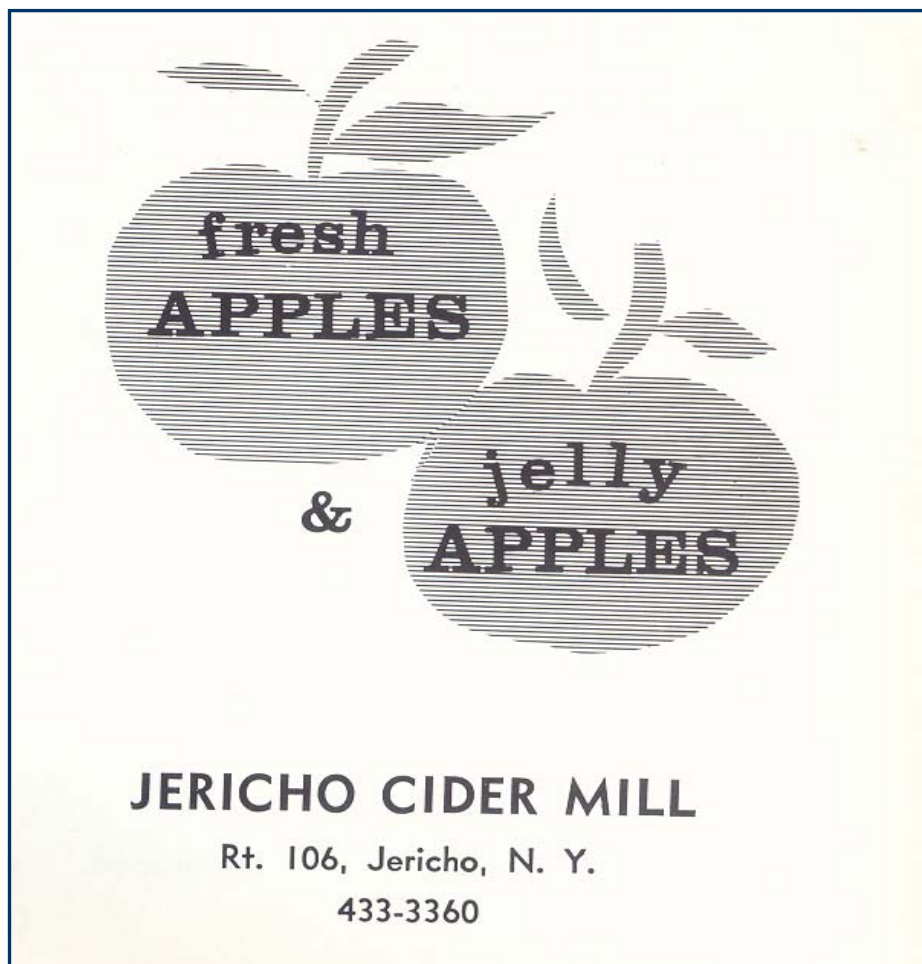
My parents retired about twelve years ago and moved from Jericho to Palm Springs, California. They lived in a community with its own golf course running through the middle of it and stayed there for about five years. It was beautiful. The whole family loved to visit them; it was like a vacation. Then they moved to Florida for a year; that didn't work for them. Then they moved to Jersey City. Now they're about five minutes away from us in an age-restricted housing community.

As for my own eventual retirement, if you'll recall, Mary's life's

dream was to go to Arizona. When I dragged her kicking and screaming out of Tucson to join me for law school in New York, I had to promise that we would retire there someday.

About ten years ago, my then almost ninety-year-old partner, Sam Rudner, cut back from working six days a week to five. When I told Mary Sam was giving up Saturdays, she thought about that for a while and then asked me, "Jimmy, when *do* people retire from the firm?" I told her, "When their face hits the desk!"

Jokes aside, I promised to take her back to Tucson someday, and it looks like I am going to have to deliver on that promise one of these years. I'm not sure that we'll live there twelve months of the year, though — certainly not June through September. ■





Your Back Pages

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

The Evolution of the Smiley Face

(Official mascot of the class of '72 reunions)

Around 1971, the now ubiquitous Smiley Face began showing up on buttons and bumperstickers with disturbing regularity. But its origins go back to 1963, when Harvey Ball, a graphic artist at a Massachusetts ad agency, designed it for an insurance company looking to boost employee morale. As you can see from these original prototypes, rescued from a dumpster shortly after Ball’s death in 2001, the Smiley Face went through several incarnations.

Smiley No. 1 (1963)
Smiley No. 2 (1964)



The original prototype (top of page) looks not unlike the beloved cultural icon that has stood the test of time. But Harvey Ball’s boss disliked its beady little eyes and thin smile. So Ball came back a few months later with the demented-looking version at left. It was roundly rejected.

Smiley No. 3 (1965)



Hoping to cash in on Beatlemania and the exploding youth culture, Ball came up with this one, which his boss crumpled up and sent bouncing off the dejected artist’s forehead. Ball was reassigned to a low-priority account: local fast-food joint Sal Monilla’s Crispy Chicken Necks (“Slow Cookin’ Makes the Difference!”).

Smiley No. 4 (1967)



Ball, hopeful that his sabbatical spent mostly doodling and humming to himself (Sal’s having been shut down by county health inspectors), set to work on a radically new look for Mr. Smiley, giving him a more human expression. In-house response was unanimous: *Eeeewwww!*

Smiley No. 5 (1970)



Smiley Face No. 5 reflects Ball’s increasingly unhinged state of mind. In frustration, he impaled this sketch on his boss’s office door with an X-Acto knife. Shortly thereafter, Ball voluntarily committed himself to a hospital for a long, um, rest.

With their client’s patience at an end — and with Harvey Ball on suicide watch — in 1971 the ad agency retrieved the eight-year-old original prototype, and history was made. Fact: Harvey Ball did not copyright the image and therefore never made a penny from it apart from his \$45 fee.

HAVE A NICE DAY!