

Our Sixth Year of
Newslettery Goodness!

Spring-Summer 2008
Issue No. 19

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

JHS Classes of '71, '72, '73 Thirderly On-Line Newsletter

Welcome to this, the 19th news-
letter of the JHS classes of '71,
'72, and '73, and friends.

**JHS Hall of Fame Induction
Ceremony:** Adrienne Shelly
(‘84), Ronnie Steinberg (‘65),
Neil Schechter, MD (‘65),
Joann Ferrara (‘74), Bonni
Retzkin (‘78)

Nooz About Yooz: Ellen
Vanderslice

In Tribute: Jeffrey Aaron

In Tribute: Keith McNally

Greetings from ...
Carol Sadowski Hawkins

First Person Singular:
Michael Osit — His story in
his words

On the Side: New books by
Jericho authors Ellen
Meister, Philip Bashe, and
Felice Mehlman Hodges

Cartoons by Dan Clurman

**Takin' Care of Bidness —
Jerichonians at Work:**
Janice Turtletaub Fagen

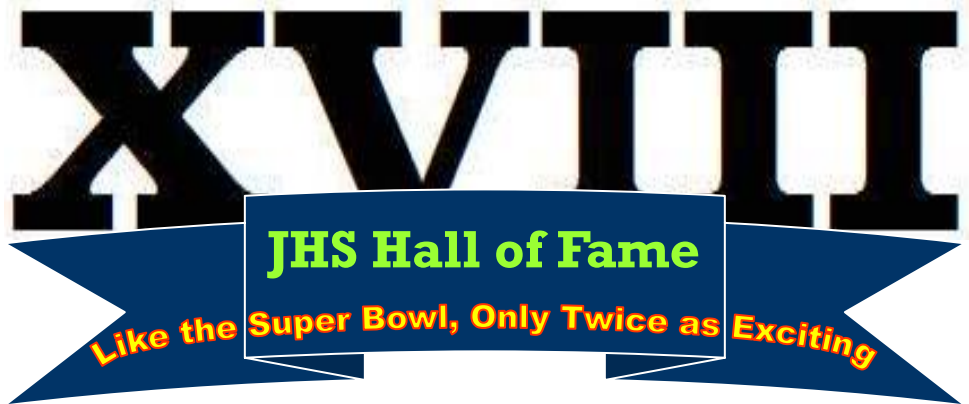
**Everything You Ever Wanted
to Know about:**
Debra Schwartz

**Everything You Ever Wanted
to Know about:**
Peter Green

Faculty Lounge:
Mr. Robert Perma

Your Back Pages:
Test your Yankees-Mets
baseball IQ

Official Propaganda Tool of '71, '72, '73 Jericho High Alumni



Actress-Director Adrienne Levine Shelly Inducted into JHS Hall of Fame

Actress and director
Adrienne Levine
Shelly (class of '84)
was one of five alumni in-
ducted into the Jericho High
School Hall of Fame, at the
eighteenth induction cere-
mony, held at the Jericho
Public Library on April 10.

Adrienne, who, tragically,
was murdered in her Man-
hattan apartment in 2006,
appeared in more than twenty
films, two
dozen off-
Broadway
plays, and nu-
merous TV
shows. She
first came to
national atten-
tion with her
starring role
in Long Island
filmmaker Hal



Hartley's independent
movies *The Unbelievable
Truth* (1989) and *Trust*
(1990). Her first role,
though, was in a summer
stock production of *Annie*
while she attended JHS.

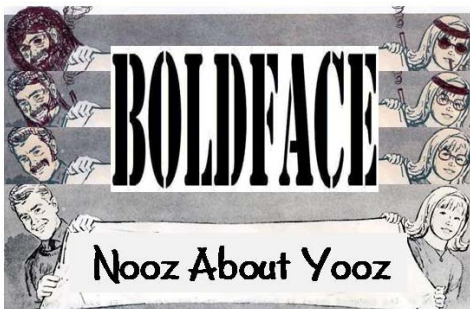
A mother of one
daughter, Adrienne was
gradually moving into di-
recting, most notably with
Waitress, which she also
wrote. The movie, starring

Keri Russell,
Jeremy Sisto,
Andy Griffith,
Nathan Fillion,
Cheryl Hines,
and Adrienne
herself, re-
ceived glowing
reviews upon
its



*Adrienne, Cheryl Hines, and Keri Russell in a
scene from 2007's Waitress.*

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page 3*



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.

Ellen Vanderslice and All That Jazz

When people take up hobbies at our age, it's usually something pretty sedate. Maybe bocce. Cake decorating. Or button collecting. Now, *that's* a fun time! **Ellen Vanderslice** ('71) of Portland, Oregon, started writing, recording, and performing her own jazz compositions, as well as jazz standards. Since 1997 she's released five CDs: *This Time the Dream's On Me*, *Nothin' but Time*, *Once in a Blue Moon*, *The Standard Vanderslice*, and *Don't Look before You Sing*.

Funny, Ellen, don't remember you being a musician back in the day. "I don't think it was very evident at that point in my life, other than sitting in my basement with a guitar and a harmonica around my neck," she says. "I wanted to be Bob Dylan, but I was too late."

For the next twenty-five years, Ellen pretty much forgot about playing music, going to work for the City of Portland and raising a son and daughter, now both grown. (For more about Ellen and husband Scott Parker, see last issue's "JHS True Confessions" cover story.) Around 1996, though, she started writing songs in the style of Billie Holliday and Woody Herman, but with a mod-



ern touch. While at a work-related conference in Seattle, she and a bunch of colleagues dropped in at a place called Sorry Charlie's. "I'd never been to a piano bar before," recalls Ellen.

"The piano player would invite people to sing a few songs with him. He could play anything and accompany anyone. He invited me up four times. It was such a kick. By the end of the night, I was pretty inebriated, so who knows how I was doing. Of course, I thought I was fabulous. I adored the feeling of connecting with an audience.

"When Scott picked me up at the train station back in Portland, I could hardly wait to tell him, 'I've had a life-

changing experience!' And he said, 'Oh, no! I like your life the way it was.' But, in fact, he has enjoyed the whole musical adventure very much." Ellen performs and records with a veritable who's who from Portland's vibrant jazz community. One of her songs, "Moonshadow Dance," won first prize in the 2002 USA Jazz Songwriting Competition; she's also placed first four times in the Blues/Jazz/R&B category of the Portland Songwriters Association National Song Contest.

Five years ago she picked up the trombone to play with an eighteen-piece community swing orchestra. "I love the big-band sound, and I purely love the trombone," she says, "but I love it best when I get to stand up and tell a love story with a song."

Right now Ellen is contemplating making another CD. "Being in the studio is a whole other world," she notes. "You close the door, and it feels like time just stops! Only it doesn't, really — the meter keeps ticking for the studio, the engineer, and the musicians." Like to hear Ellen's music? Stop in at www.cherrypiemusic.com. ■

Belated News Flash from March 1968!

Radio Amateurs Expanding Club Program

HOLD F.C.C. LICENSES: Each of these Radio Clubbers has qualified for a novice or more advanced license. They are — left to right — Stephen Morris, Station Manager David Starobin, Bernard Silverman, Club Treasurer Leon Soroca, David Feldshon, Bruce Shecter, Club President Mark Thierman, Dennis Cashton, and Larry Licht.

JHS Hall of Fame

Continued from page 1

release in January 2007, shortly after her death. It is one of the sweetest films that you will ever see.

Adrienne's husband, Andrew Ostroy, was in attendance at the Hall of Fame ceremony, as were her mother, Elaine Langbaum (who still lives in West Birchwood), one of her older brothers, and other family members and friends. In his wife's honor, Andrew established a nonprofit organization called the Adrienne Shelly Foundation, which awards grants and scholarships to women film students.

Mrs. Karen Schwartz remembers Adrienne well. "If I close my eyes, I can still see her standing at my office door in her gym suit, chatting with me. She was about as big as a minute, and the sweetest little thing." ■

Neil Schechter ('65)

Dr. Neil Schechter, medical director of the Pain Relief Program at Connecticut Children's Medical Center, in Hartford, is regarded as a national and international expert in the field of pediatric pain relief.

In fact, when Neil began his work in this area in the early 1980s, there really wasn't any such field. What he discovered, by studying children with sickle-cell ane-

mia, was that these kids weren't addicted to pain medication, as had been believed, but were badly undermedicated. They kept requesting additional pain relief because they were hurting.

Dr. Schechter was also central to the establishment of numerous systems that enable young children to communicate their pain level, as well as the development of the fentanyl lollipop — a berry-flavored analgesic that can be absorbed under the tongue.

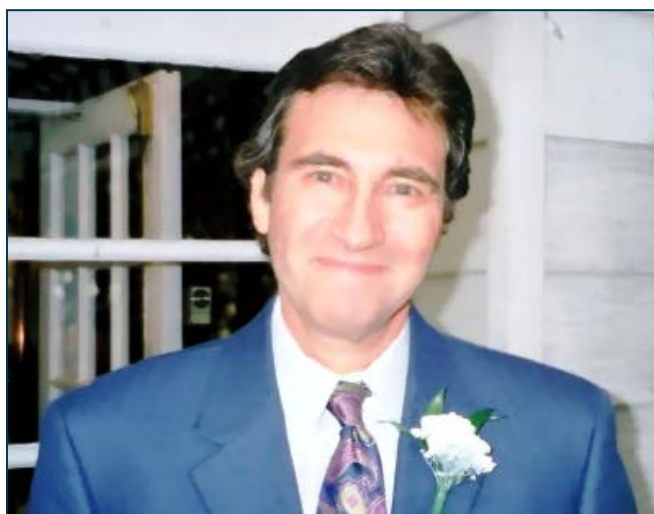
In addition to possessing more hair than any sixty-one-year has the right to have, Neil has received many awards over the years. The professor of pediatrics at the University of Connecticut School of Medicine and head of the division of developmental and behavioral pediatrics at the University of Connecticut was awarded the Jeffrey Lawson Award for Advocacy in Children's Pain Relief by the American Pain Society and a Health Care Heroes Award. He served on the World Health Organization Committee on pediatric and palliative care and is the senior editor of the major medical textbook in the field of pediatric pain medicine.

Mrs. Dolores Hoffman, one of the teachers that Neil thanked during his acceptance speech, remembers him as "a bright, responsible, modest young man who always completed his assignments on time and was

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Adrienne Levine Shelly's brother Jeff (class of '83) and mother, Elaine Langbaum, at the preceremony dinner at Jericho's Maine Maid Inn.



Pediatric pain specialist Dr. Neil Schechter ('65).



Olympic ice-skating coach Bonni Retzkin ('78) with one of her favorite teachers, Mrs. Karen Schwartz.

JHS Hall of Fame

Continued from page 3

a pleasure to have in class. He was always respectful and well liked by the other students.”

We know: doesn't sound all that exceptional. But as her husband, Mr. Robert Hoffman points out, “You must remember that it's easier to recall the ‘characters’ we had in class than the good kids.” Neil was clearly one of the latter.

Bonni Retzkin ('78)

Although **Bonni Retzkin** describes herself as just an “average to good skater,” she became the longtime coach of Great Neck's Emily Hughes, the 2007 U.S. National silver medalist and younger sister of Sarah Hughes, who won a gold medal at the 2002 Winter Olympics. Bonni began coaching Emily when she was just four years old.

Mrs. Schwartz remembers Bonni as “a delightful girl. I had seen her coaching Emily Hughes many times but didn't realize it was her.” In a funny coincidence, “I grew up with the Hughes girls' aunt.”

The Hughes family attended the Hall of Fame ceremony, although not the two famous young skaters. Both are off at college — Emily, now nineteen, at Harvard University.

Joann Ferrara ('74)

Joann Ferrara ('74), a physical therapist, has been the owner and director of Associated Therapies of Bayside since 1979. But that's not the only reason why she's in the Jericho High School Alumni Hall of Fame.

In 2003 she began a program called “Dancing Dreams” for young physically challenged children, many of them her patients. Once a week, girls ages four to eight assemble in a dance studio to learn ballet. Most of them cannot walk or stand without the aid of crutches and walkers.

Joann, who has a background in ballet, told the *New York Times*: “I just want them to feel the sheer joy of moving and to be proud of themselves.” At the end of the year, the girls star in a full-scale recital.

Mrs. Schwartz, who attended the Hall of Fame



Joann Ferrara hands a rose to one of her students, Shekinah Tiabo, at the Dancing Dreams annual ballet recital. (Photo by James Estrin)

induction ceremony as Joann's guest, isn't surprised that she would undertake such a wonderful effort. “Joann was one of the sweetest, most hard-working people you ever met. I can't praise her enough. Just a fabulous person. When I saw what she has done with these children, giving them a chance to be like other little girls, in their tutus, I was so proud.”

January saw the publication of a children's book, *Ballerina Dreams*, by Lauren Thompson. It follows five of Joann's students as they prepare for their recital. The photos were taken by James Estrin, a staff photographer for the *Times*, which ran a major feature on Joann in 2006.

For more information about Joann and her program, visit www.dancingdreams.org.

Ronnie Steinberg ('65)

Ronnie Steinberg ('65), a professor of sociology at Vanderbilt University's College of Arts and Science, is a prolific author of books and studies that delve into the areas of race, class, and gender; public policy and politics, and work and occupations. Her publications include *Job Training for Women: The Promise*

and *Limits of Public Policies and A Want of Harmony: Perspectives on Wage Discrimination and Comparable Worth*.

Professor Steinberg currently teaches four courses at Vanderbilt: Women and the Law; Gender, Work, and Culture; Gender, Sexuality, and Body; and Sociology of Gender. “She was so bright,” says Mrs. Schwartz, who began teaching at Jericho during Ronnie's senior year.



“She and the girls that she hung out with were all such fun to be around and full of life. You never knew what to expect from them.”

In Tribute: Jeffrey Aaron (1973)

The best tribute we can pay Jeff Aaron, from the class of 1973, is to reprint the obituary that appeared in the Chicago Tribune. Jeff, who lived in Northbrook, Illinois, was clearly a gifted and much-beloved teacher who touched many lives. Jeff profiled himself for our website's Online Yearbook, and his love of teaching and kids, and his sense of humor, are evident.

Jeffrey Aaron 1955 ~ 2008

Teacher, Coach Devoted Career to Glenbrook South

Mathematician Had Knack for Relating to Students, Family Says

Emily S. Achenbaum, *Chicago Tribune* reporter
March 23, 2008

The walls of Jeffrey Aaron's Northbrook home were packed with photos of Glenbrook South High School baseball and football teams, students he'd coached and believed in.

Mr. Aaron, who spent his entire career — thirty-one years — at Glenbrook South, teaching math and coaching, died in his home Monday, March 17, apparently of a heart attack. He was fifty-three. More than one thousand people filled the school auditorium Wednesday for a memorial.

Mr. Aaron showed great aptitude for math and a love of sports growing up in Jericho, New York, said his older brother, Bob. He was always good for a pickup game of football or baseball games with kids around the neighborhood, before he headed off to the State University of New York at Buffalo.

Bob Aaron said it was clear his brother was meant to be a teacher from his first year at Glenbrook South, a school he discovered in Chicago's north suburbs while working on a master's degree in education at Northwestern

University. He was hired full time in 1979. "He was able to connect with kids in a powerful way," Bob Aaron said. "I'm not sure what it was, but it was something natural, almost inbred."

Colleagues at the school said Mr. Aaron was a successful teacher in large part because he treated each student as an individual and had a quick wit that teenagers loved.

"You'd be hard-pressed if you got into a war of words with him," said Jack Adams, a retired Glenbrook South math teacher. "The kids knew that he cared for them."

Mr. Aaron had the type of logical brain that thrived on challenge, his colleagues said, and they often found him tearing through a crossword or Sudoku puzzle. On summer breaks, he'd head to the bookstore and the library, a list of mystery novels in hand, and would read twisting tales in marathonlike, uninterrupted sittings.

He brought that same puzzle-cracking mind to sports, his second love only to teaching, his brother said. "He had a more intellectual approach. He was the kid who brought out the box score at a game, and kept meticulous count," Bob Aaron said.



Jeff (right), with Matt Albanese and Cathy Morway at their high school graduation, June 1973. "There was not a sweeter boy," she says.

Mr. Aaron served as assistant baseball coach, assistant football coach, and head baseball coach. He also spent years as the announcer at boys basketball games, where he was known for his wordplay as he recounted scores.

The school has established the Jeffrey L. Aaron Memorial Scholarship Fund. Donations may be sent to Glenbrook South, High School, 4000 West Lake Avenue, Glenview, IL 60062.

Mr. Aaron's survivors include his parents, Frank and Shirley, and another brother, Mark. ■

In Tribute: Keith McNally

A Message from Janet McNally ('72):

The family of Keith Thomas McNally would like to thank all of the people who have sent cards and emails. Many kind words were said about Keith, and we appreciate them all.

Keith had just retired from working thirty years as a revenue officer for the IRS in Sarasota, Florida. He was looking forward to his retirement and thought about maybe using his degree in education to do some teaching after a little R and R.

Just last October, Keith finally decided to go to the Reunion in 3-D at the Milleridge Cottage. It was the best thing he ever did. He reunited with Kevin Falco, Steve LaRusso, and Mike Rudy after twenty years. They have kept in touch since then and have actually been down here in Florida for a weekend not too long ago. The guys were at the funeral and were a great comfort to Keith's wife, Becky, daughter, Jenni, and son, Tommy.

My family had decided to have a little reunion of our own for the Easter weekend. The half of our family that lives in New York drove south, and the half that lives in Florida drove north. We met in Oak Island, North Carolina, which was pretty much in the middle. We had rented two beach houses and were looking forward to five days of fun and laughter, food and drink, and just having the whole family together.

We all arrived by late afternoon and had a wonderful evening together of singing and dancing and just plain being silly. When the evening was over and everyone was heading off to bed, Keith collapsed from a brain aneurysm. He was taken to a trauma center, never re-



gained consciousness, and we were all at his bedside when he passed.

Our family is broken-hearted and still trying to cope. One thing we do hold dear to our hearts is that we were all together, and we were at the ocean, which has always been a place of comfort to us all. He was the guy who had to grow up with five sisters, and we will miss him terribly.

Keith is now with our sister Lianne (class of '75) who passed away September 16, 1978. My Mom and Dad and sisters Ellen, Jill, and Christine appreciate the outpouring of love and kindness from all. ■



Above: Keith surrounded by sisters Janet, Christine, Jill, and Ellen. This photo was taken during Christmas 2006 at the family home in Westbury. "When my parents moved to Florida in 1992," says Janet, "Christine and her husband, Christopher, bought the house. They live there with their five children."

Below: Kevin Falco spoke at Keith's funeral. This is the eulogy he wrote, with contributions from friends Mike Rudy and Steven LaRusso:

Friendship Interrupted

Our childhood friend left us just as our dormant friendship was awakening. The friendship started over forty years ago and *is continuing* because it was forged by admiration, trust, and honor. Four young boys discovered the happiness of camaraderie through sports and school activities, which led to bonding even more solidly — with permission from Mr. and Mrs. McNally — in the McNally basement and all the trains that were there.

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In Tribute: Keith McNally

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Keith's brilliance as a student is well noted. It was his compassion that was one of his hallmarks, which we came to understand. He would help you when you needed help to move forward toward your goal. His patience level, though, did not suffer fools for long.

Once he confided about wanting to do something beyond the everyday life experience. He came to terms with his own personal limits and let others step forward to shine — never stealing their moment in the spotlight.

We were our own version of a Band of Brothers. Protecting each other against moments of youthful bad judgment and celebrating wildly at each other's accomplishments. This wonderful friendship is now interrupted. The new times we anxiously looked forward to sharing as older men will not happen. The emptiness that is in our hearts now will be filled by the memories of the happy encounters with Mac. When we gather, an



Mike, Keith, Kevin, and Steven at October's reunion.

empty chair will be witnessed, but a plate and full glass will always be present.

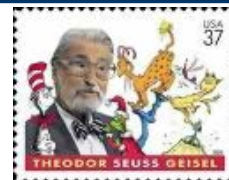
This is the man we knew and came to love. Our revitalized friendship will not diminish because Keith has left; it will go on because he will never be forgotten. ■

Greetings From



New Mexico

That's the class of 1972's **Carol Sadowski Hawkins**, who lives in Santa Fe, New Mexico. She writes:



It's been a hectic year. I have a senior in high school, my daughter Olivia. Yikes! Need to rob a Starbucks — I'm sure they have more \$\$\$ than the banks do at this point. Rumor had it that Thornburg (here in Santa Fe) had armed guards at its door a week ago!

I was in New York with Olivia in April doing the college trip: Moore College in Philly, Parsons in NYC (we stayed with Jackie Stanger Dinhofer [73] for two nights), Savannah School of Art and Design, and Stephens in Missouri. All this in eight days!!!!

I'm still with Coldwell Banker selling real estate here in gorgeous Santa Fe. Licensed broker for eighteen years plus CRS, ABR, and Previews. Santa Fe is on sale as with the rest of the country, but I think we have a lot of high rollers coming too (eighteen movies being filmed in NM this year). A few recent sales: unimproved land: 3 acres, \$1.4 mil; .5 acre, \$900k, and so on. Not bad, huh? However I'll sell that townhouse for \$250k too.

I still play the violin, although I quit the Santa Fe Opera a few years back. I play with Santa Fe Pro Musica (was nominated for a Grammy this year!), NM Symphony, Santa Fe Symphony, and my little wedding music business called Primavera. Still married too! My husband is a builder and contractor who is very environmentally aware (green). However we are still the shoemakers' kids, so don't plan on staying with us if you come to visit. I have plastic on the shower walls instead of tile!

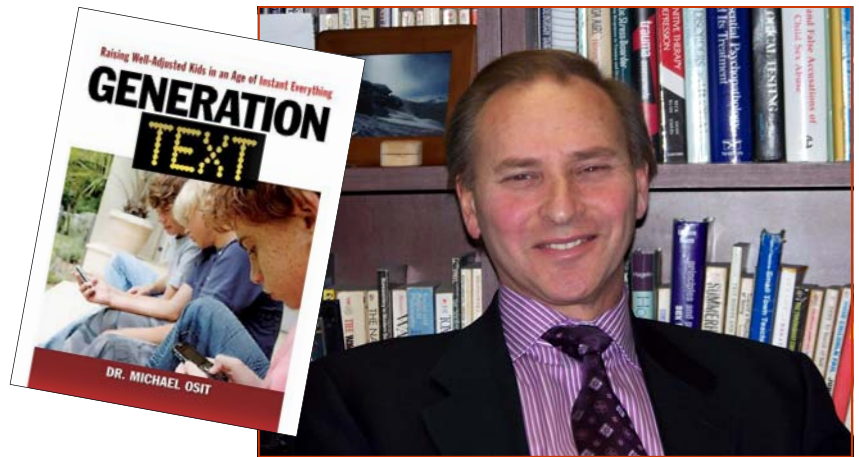
Oh yes: I wished I had listened better when Mrs. Schwartz taught us tennis. I would play it all day if I could. I play on a few womens and mixed teams — we have a few great facilities here.

Best to everyone, Carol

First Person Singular

Michael Osit ('72)

The Clinical Psychologist and Dad of Three Talks about What's The Matter with (and What's Great About) Kids Today in His Debut Book, *Generation Text*



I started college as a business major, but, during my first year, I decided that I wanted to be a psychologist. I went to SUNY Oswego. Very cold up there. There was one bridge that had a full view of Lake Ontario. The wind came off the lake so fiercely, we had one bridge with ropes to grab onto. Rumor had it that if the wind was seventy-five miles an hour or over, and you weighed under one hundred pounds, you were excused from class. I don't know anyone who ever took advantage of that, but ...

I got a masters degree in psychology at Northeastern University in Boston. And then, two years after that, I received what's called a certificate of advanced graduate study in school psychology — another advanced graduate degree. And then I got my doctorate at Rutgers University, in clinical psych. I started practicing privately in 1985, in Warren, New Jersey, which is where my main practice is now. I also have an office in Morristown.

I started out working exclusively with children, adolescents, and families, and it evolved into working with couples and individuals. I would say that about 40 percent of my practice is kids now. Because of the areas where I practice, my patients are mainly from middle-class and upper-middle-class homes. But I see a di-

verse population in terms of their backgrounds and the kinds of problems that I treat.

I find kids to be really fascinating and interesting. Always have. And I find them very easy to work with. They haven't been walking around with their problems so heavily defended for so long. I just find them much more workable. I relate to them very easily and have a very comfortable relationship with them. The other piece of it is, when I work with adults, having a great appreciation and understanding of what it's like to be a kid, because I work with all ages, it's very easy for me to work with adults, because I know their history already. It's interesting.

The problems that kids face today have changed dramatically from when we were growing up. There are lots of reasons for it. One is that the culture has changed. What has become "normal" has become distorted, in terms of values, morals, and attitudes. The respect for authority has eroded tremendously, I would say over the last ten to fifteen years. I get calls from superintendents of schools, teachers, and principals about unbelievable things. Just last week: a seven-year-old girl, a first-grader, defying a principal. My kids that drive — I call them "my kids" — when they get pulled over by police, they're talking back to the officers.

Two years ago, the mother of a ten-year-old boy that I was seeing comes into my office on a Friday morning, and she's annoyed. She says to me, "Do you know what John did last night?" My husband and I were out to dinner with very important clients, and at ten-fifteen, he calls me on my cell phone and says, "Mom, give me your Amex card; I wanna order a new lacrosse stick online."

"Well," I asked her, "what did you do?"

"Well, I was so annoyed with him, because I just bought him a new lacrosse stick three weeks ago."

It was then that I started listening and looking at that, and I thought, *Wait a second*. It's a school night, it's ten-fifteen, and he's left with his twelve-year-old brother to watch him, because his parents are pursuing their careers. He's shopping online on a school night, at ten-fifteen, he's not asleep, and he's *demanding* the credit card from his mother.

That's what spurred me to want to write a book that could help parents. I was hearing so many stories like that one. So I started jotting down stories and put together a book proposal and found an agent. The book is called *Generation Text: Raising Well-Adjusted Kids in an Age of Instant Everything*.

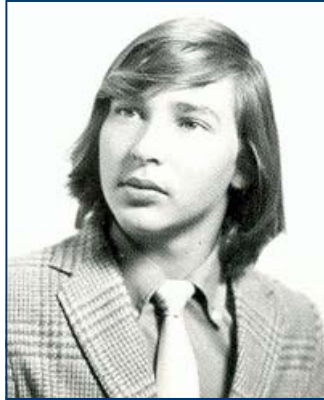
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Michael Osit

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A Book Offering Solutions

There are lots of books out there that deal with the problems and the symptoms. In *Generation Text*, I get into the root psychological causes and how these effect our kids' development. It's a how-to book, filled with strategies for parents, but it's also about our culture and its impact on children. In general, I think there's a lot of what I call "passive parenting" going on. Mom and Dad are in tune with their kids' physical and psychological health, but they're sort of just reacting — waiting to do damage control instead of being proactive. For instance, they're passive in that they allow their kids to watch certain television shows and fail to discuss the moral messages with them. They just assume that the kids are getting it, or don't even pay attention to it. Parents are much more indulgent and permissive than they had been in the past.



Then you have the whole media bombardment. The cover of the book shows three boys standing next to one another, texting away, with blank expressions on their faces and no interaction between them. Media is having a tremendous impact on our kids' development; for example, in terms of their social skills. The abbreviations used in texting have bastardized the language and their ability to communicate.

Even TV commercials, which market to kids, send a message that it's cool to be bad. It's cool to be sexy, it's cool to be sexual. What can parents do to counteract the influence of the media? The first thing is, they have to actively monitor what's going on on the internet, what's going on in their kids' computers, what kind of TV shows they're watching, and what kinds of games and software they're using.

They have to educate themselves about the technology that changes every six months, because the kids adapt readily, and the parents don't. Consequently, the kids end up having this whole private world, with layers of privacy from their parents. So moms and dads have to stay abreast of the cutting-edge technology, because it's such a big part of the kid culture.

Part of what I advocate in the book lends toward going back toward more traditional parenting: holding kids responsible, not accepting the norm, balancing wants and needs. You know, kids "need" everything, according to them. You have to really know how to say no and be firm, so that we stop the excessiveness.

My wife, Terri, and I have three children, ranging in age from eighteen to twenty-six. Our kids always say that we're the strictest parents in the world. For instance, we won't allow their

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Dr. Osit's Strategies For Parents of Teens & Preteens *

*Besides chloroforming 'em

- Parents have to equip children with good decision-making skills, because once they are out of your sight, it's up to them to make healthy decisions and sound judgments in life. One way to do this is to model good decision making yourself. Another way is to have lots of discussions with your kids. For example, when your son or daughter comes to you and talks about a friend who's having a problem or getting into trouble, that's a teachable moment for your child to learn certain skills. When you watch something on television, and the message is a negative one, or the kid actor makes a poor decision, discuss it with your child afterward.
- Teach your children a criteria for good decision making. First, they've got to pause and take time to really evaluate the decision before them, as well as the consequences. "Is this going to be helpful to me or harmful to me?" Also, "If my mom or dad were watching me, would it be okay with them if I did this?"
- Avoid the temptation to "microparent." One of the keys to good parenting is balance. You have to be there enough to guide and support and direct your child, to help him learn and be safe. But you also have to make judgments about when to step back and allow him to become independent, which sometimes means making his own mistakes, then learning from them.
- Startring early, parents need to establish a solid, open, communicative relationship with their children. Well-established limits and boundaries will help with the teenage years.
- Stay in the loop. Continue to educate yourself about new technology and what is "in" with your children. By staying abreast of what is happening in the youth subculture, parents can help kids navigate through the media and peer influences.

Michael Osit

Continued from page 9

eighteen-year-old friends to come over and drink alcohol. Now, that's a norm these days, it seems; other parents do that. When something becomes normalized, then parents assume, "Well, then it must be okay.

So I'm going let them go to that R-rated movie," and so on. As a parent, you have to not succumb to peer pressure yourself and stand up for the values that you believe in and want to instill in your family.

Too Much, Too Fast, Too Soon

We live in an age of social acceleration and intense competition. Eighth-graders are getting SAT tutoring now. You can google the words *Spa* and *Kids*, and you'll find across the country spas that are geared toward seven-year-olds, offering not just manicures but yoga classes and stress-release classes. It's ridiculous!

I have a slew of kids who are very athletic — some of them are even superstars in high school sports. They expect to get full scholarships to top schools, and then they're crushed when nobody is even interested in them. Their expectations are skewed. And the pressure! They're in two, three sports a season, or they

play the same sport but are on two, three different teams. The parents will call my office and say, "I can't schedule an appointment this week for his therapy because he's got three games this week." But then, in the population that I treat, the parents are doing the same thing, running through life. Not stopping to smell the roses, just dashing from



The Osits of Springfield, New Jersey: Left to right, that's Matthew, Michael, Daniel, Terri, and Nicole. Michael and Terri, who's from Plainview and teaches preschool, met in high school while both were working at Great Eastern (formerly Floyd Bennett, remember?) on Broadway in Jericho. "We didn't date then," says Michael, "but that's when we met." The couple married at twenty-three.

appointment to appointment. It's got to slow down a little bit.

I worry about how this is all going to play out in the future, when these kids are in their twenties and thirties. For one thing, the work ethic has been compromised. Kids expect to get everything without working for it. There's a sense of entitlement, and that's going to become magnified unless we do something as a culture.

But also, as young adults, they're going to be looking for more thrills. If they're having coed sleepovers at fourteen and fifteen, what are they going to want at twenty-five, sexually? As well as adventure. If they're getting so much now, they're always looking for more, and the world may not be able to provide it for them. We may wind up with a depressed generation, not having their dreams fulfilled or expectations met.

Meet Michael and Terri's Kids

Daniel, our oldest, lives in Manhattan and has what looks to be a very successful startup company called Ignighter. It's a cross between a social networking site and match.com. He graduated from Chicago's Northwestern University in 2004 and took a job as a proprietary equity trader. And within one year, they made him a full principal partner, because he's really good at it. He worked

there for another year and a half, made some money, then quit to do this Ignighter venture with college friend. It's turning out very well, but, to be honest, I was a little nervous about him leaving this amazing career at just age twenty-three. But *he* wasn't nervous at all, he found this more exciting, and he's making it work.

Continued on page 11

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.

Michael Osit

Continued from page 10

Nicole, who is twenty-three, graduated from Lehigh University in 2006. She just completed her masters degree in clinical psychology and is now working on an advanced graduate degree and PhD in clinical psych at Seton Hall. She's a supervisor in a psychiatric facility. Eventually she is going to join my practice. She's a natural!

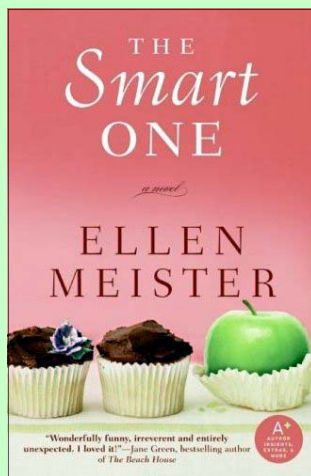
Our youngest, Matthew, is a senior in high school and off to the University of Rhode Island in the fall. It's funny: Daniel and Nicole knew exactly where they wanted to go and got in right away, first choice. Matthew is all over the place. He's interested in marketing and business, but also psychology.

My three kids are extremely close. I can honestly say that they never fight, which is really lucky. As time goes on, I think parents naturally tend to be more permissive with their kids, ourselves included. There's an eight-year difference between Daniel and Matthew. The story I like to tell is that our oldest didn't taste soda probably until he was six or seven years old. Nicole probably had it at four or five years old. And my youngest had it in his bottle.

I think most parents agree that we've created a
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On the Side

Other JHS Authors with New Books Out



Ellen Meister ('75)

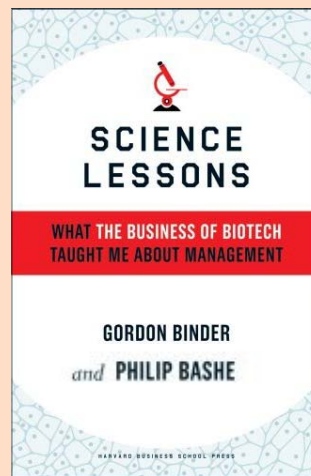


The last time we checked in with Ellen Meister, Stephen

Meister's younger sister (class of '75), in the summer 2006 issue (No. 13) of the JHS Thirderly Newsletter, she was about to publish her first novel, the hilarious *Secret Confessions of the Applewood PTA* (Morrow/Avon). Ellen, a mom of three, lives in West Birchwood, the same neighborhood where she, Stephen, and their sister Andrea (class of '83) grew up.

Even before the book came out, Jericho was abuzz about whether the upper-class Long Island town of Applewood was

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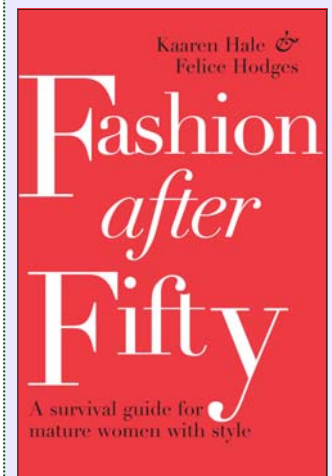
Philip Bashe ('72)



Philip Bashe has authored or coauthored seventeen books to date, cover-

ing an array of topics and issues: parenting (*Caring for Your Teenager*, Bantam; *How to Keep the Children You Love Off Drugs*, Atlantic Monthly Press), health (*The Complete Cancer Survival Guide*, Doubleday; *The Complete Bedside Companion: No-Nonsense Advice on Caring for the Seriously Ill*, Simon & Schuster), sports (*Dog Days: The New York Yankees' Fall from Grace and Return to Glory, 1964-1976*, Random House); and popular culture (*Teenage Idol*, *Travelin' Man: The Complete*

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Felice Mehlman Hodges ('72)



"I was very lucky to get a job as a writer-journalist for a lead-

ing art and antiques magazine in London soon after graduating from Cornell University in 1976," says Felice Mehlman Hodges, whose family moved from Jericho to England after seventh grade. "My parents were still living in England at the time, and I was very keen to get back home.

"The magazine, called *The Antique Collector*, was published monthly by the American Hearst Corporation, along with *Cosmopolitan*, *Harpers and Queen*, *Good Housekeeping* and

Continued on page 12

Michael Osit

Continued from page 11

society that is too fast and too competitive. A lot of them complain to me about it, but they don't know how to stop it. I don't really see this trend ending. History tends to go in cycles, and everything sort of goes back at times, but I don't know if there's any going back from this. Something dramatic would have to happen because it's embedded in our culture, and that's not so easily changed.

The last chapter of my book is titled "Regaining Control," and that's something that parents can do. I think we have to take a step back a little bit. I'm not saying that the so-called "good old days" were so great. But we have to take things down a notch, learn to appreciate how people are treated, people's feelings, emphasizing people's efforts rather than outcomes. Be more ... *humane* in terms of how people feel about one another and how they treat one another.

I know it sounds very hokey, but it sort of is that way; we have to stop emphasizing material things so much, as well as achievement, and learn to appreciate people in terms of *who* they are instead of what they are and what they have. ■

About Generation Text

Michael's book, published by Amacom, was named one of the best books of 2008 by *Instructor Magazine*.

Ellen Meister

Continued from page 11

based on a certain community in the 11753 zip code, and whether the main characters — a group of PTA moms — were thinly disguised Jerichonians. And when the book was published, to much acclaim, well, forget it. Ellen couldn't go anywhere without being stopped by curious readers from the neighborhood.

"They simply would not believe that the book was fictional," she says, laughing. "People would say to me,

"Okay, I know who Ruth is based on, but I can't figure out who Maddy and Lisa are based on.' I'd explain that Ruth wasn't based on anybody! 'It's fiction!' And they'd say, 'Yeah, yeah, yeah. *But who is Maddy supposed to be?*' After a while," says Ellen, "I realized that nothing I could say was going to change people's minds. I decided that it was probably making them buy the book, so why keep denying it? They're going to think what they're going to think anyway.

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Philip Bashe

Continued from page 11

Biography of Rick Nelson, Hyperion; *That's Not All Folks! My Life in the Golden Age of Cartoons and Radio*, with Mel Blanc, Warner Books). His books have also been published in many other countries, including England, Australia, Germany, Japan, China, and Russia.

Phil's newest, *Science Lessons: What the Business of Biotech Taught Me about Management* (Harvard Business School Press), is his first business-related book. Cowritten with Gordon Binder, longtime CEO and chair-

man of Amgen, the world's largest biotech company, and maker of such important drugs as Epogen and Neupogen, *Science Lessons* reveals Amgen's management secrets. Much of its advice is uniquely counterintuitive and rooted in the scientific methodology. Don't know the answer to a problem? Conduct an experiment! What else would you expect from a company whose first fifty employees were all microbiologists?

Binder reveals what made Amgen so successful (and why it was consistently named one of the best companies to work for, year after year) against the backdrop of the pioneering days (all

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Felice Mehlman

Continued from page 11

The Connoisseur. Our offices were just off Carnaby Street in the heart of Soho, between Chinatown and the red-light district — which turned out to be a good location for getting around quickly to the next interview or photo shoot. In a busy month, each of us could be writing as much as eight thousand words spread among three or four different feature articles, under different pseudonyms so it didn't look

as if we were monopolizing the entire magazine! I wrote under my own name, as well as 'Virginia Pepys' and 'Justine Samuels,' both of whom became better known than myself! It was great fun, and I felt privileged to be a published writer.

"During my eight-year stint with the magazine, I was approached by other publishers to write books as well as give lectures to art historical societies. I wrote the *Phaidon Guide to Glass* (published under my maiden name), since I had written many articles on

Continued on page 14

TOONS CARTOONS CARTO OTOONS CARTOONS CART



By Dan Clurman

About Dan: "I have been a coach and educator for the last twenty years, delivering training and classes in nonprofits, 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."

Suppose you went to heaven

But you never really arrived

You just kept going, going, going...

After a while you forgot about going to heaven

You went to get a cup of tea

It tasted heavenly

Suppose everyone suddenly loved each other

And all conflict ceased

And life felt wondrous

Just one long tedious holiday

Felice Mehlman

Continued from page 12

Glassmaking, and, later, coauthored *The Design SourceBook*, an illustrated history of nineteenth- and twentieth-century styles in the applied arts. I edited and ghostwrote other books on the history of costume, pottery, and porcelain, and wrote *Period Pastimes*, which was published by Weidenfeld and Nicolson." (All these titles are now out of print but are still available from Amazon.com and other booksellers on the web.)

"My latest book," says Felice, "is *Fashion after Fifty: The Mature Woman's Guide to Style*. It's my first book on fashion, with my friend Kaaren Hale (another American, ex-Cornellian, longtime resident in London, and style guru). We had enormous fun writing it, and although it addresses the serious issues of "Why can't I find anything attractive to wear at my age?" it tries at the same time to be a bit witty and tongue-in-cheek.

Chapters range from buying bras and swimwear, to accessories, to clothes for working women, and what to wear with jeans. There are additional sections devoted to our skin, hair and bodies, and advice on how to preserve ourselves — and maintain

our looks, without resorting to plastic surgery — in a youth-obsessed society. We know so many attractive women who loathe clothes shopping because it is an utterly depressing experience. What we try to do in the book is to inspire fifty-plus women to find their true selves, in their own style, without looking like either an elderly matron or a victim of a Versace makeover!

"The book is my first venture into self-publishing, which Kaaren and I embarked on in collaboration with a well-known book editor. Although we received several offers from publishers, sadly, all of them fell through at the last minute, either due to lack of finance or the fact that we were not celebrities. Initially, we have limited the run to five hundred copies, and we are hoping to get the books distributed to other publishers and fashion journalists, with the aim of getting it serialized in a newspaper or magazine."

Fashion after Fifty just came out in hardcover. According to Felice, all money from sales will be donated to The Great Ormond Street Childrens' Hospital and The Samaritans, "a charity that offers emotional support to people who are in distress or suicidal." Interested in purchasing a copy? Just email Felice at felicehodes@hotmail.co.uk.

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Jerichonians At Work

Janice Turteltaub Fagen

Division President, Great-West Healthcare (now part of Cigna), Dallas, TX



I lived in the very last house on Saratoga Drive in West Birchwood, next to the water-pump station. My bedroom

overlooked the Westbury Drive-in.

I used to spend my summers working at a camp in the Catskills, called Camp Limelight, which was a camp for mentally retarded children. I did it while I was in college too. That was a real strong passion for me, working with that population. I went to SUNY Buffalo for a degree in psychology.

After two years in Buffalo, though, I decided that there had to be a better — namely, warmer — way to live, so I transferred to UCLA. It broke my parents' hearts; they weren't happy about

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Janice Turtletaub

Continued from page 14

me being all the way in California. But to me it was this big adventure; it was very exciting.

I got my degree in psychology at UCLA, then entered a masters-PhD program at the California School of Professional Psychology. No sooner did I complete my masters than I met and became engaged to Larry Fagen, the man who would become my husband. Larry, who worked for the Internal Revenue Service, was from L.A., had never lived anywhere else, and was at a point where he was ready to try something different. Kind of like me moving to California. The IRS gave him the option of going anywhere in Texas, and ultimately he chose Houston.

Larry went to Texas first; I made trips there to make sure this was what I really wanted to do. It was a pretty scary thing to me. I mean, L.A. I could relate to; it was similar to New York. But Texas? That was the Wild West! To make sure I really knew what I was getting into, Larry would mail me these letters (this was back in the day – no email) with drawings he'd made of Texas-related things. Like Texas cockroaches. He wanted me to know that the roaches in Texas were *enormous*. Gigantic toads. Drenching humidity. I still have all his letters. They didn't scare me off, though, because in 1982 I moved to Houston. We got married the year after that, and celebrated our twenty-fifth anniversary this year with a two-week trip to Argentina.

Another Major Adjustment: Instant Motherhood

Larry had been married before and had three children. So I instantly became a mom to three stepsons, ages thirteen, ten, and seven. It was quite an adjustment. I used to call my friends and say, "I'm living in a world that is completely brown, and I want to bring some pinks, reds, and purples into it." It was a very masculine environment. Somehow I made sure that when Larry I had children together, we had a girl. Two, actually: Melanie, our oldest, is twenty-four; and Jenny is twenty. We also have a son, Stephen, who's twenty-three. All together, we have six wonderful kids.

I worked full-time the entire time. I've been working since I was thirteen, and I happen to love to work. I've been called a workaholic. I think I have it better under control now, but there were periods of time where I probably worked too much. As I said, I'd worked with mentally retarded children and their families during my summers, and originally I wanted to do something thera-



In January, Janice and husband Larry celebrated their twenty-fifth anniversary with a trip to Argentina. Here they are in Glacier National Park.

peutic. But when I got to graduate school, I realized that I was more interested in organizations; I found myself drawn to the corporate environment as opposed to the institutional environment, like an office or a hospital.

My first job, while I was still in Los Angeles, was running programs for people who had come out of mental institutions. You see, California had started closing down state psychiatric hospitals. And so there were a lot of community-based programs. I had a masters in psychology, but instead of doing therapy, I was overseeing programs to assist these people who'd been institutionalized for years to be able to make it outside in the world. I really enjoyed that, but then came my little detour to Texas to be with my future husband.

When I got to Houston, I worked for twelve years as an administrator at two psychiatric hospitals. They were both private, and very nice, with patients of all ages, from children up to adults. I specialized mostly in teenagers with drug and alcohol problems, eating disorders, depression, schizophrenia, and so on.

I call that my first career, and it was wonderful. A lot of it was due to luck and timing. In the early 1980s, the psychiatric industry was booming. But the reason for the boom was that employers were fairly generous with the benefits they were paying, and by the mid-1990s, that was starting to erode.

My job started changing. All of a sudden I started having to interact with managed-care mental-health

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Janice Turtletaub

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companies. Through that experience, of having to enter into contracts so that my hospital could get paid, I learned a whole other industry: health insurance. That became my second career, which I've been in for the last fifteen years, with positions of increasing responsibility for health plans (HMOs, PPOs).

The whole time, we lived in a charming little suburb of Houston called Sugarland. Why Sugarland? The town was literally built around a sugar mill belonging to the Imperial Sugar Company in the 1880s. It had a train and a river. Now it's your typical bedroom community, and a wonderful place for raising children.

Two years ago I was offered a really great job opportunity in Dallas: to become the president a health-care division in a company called Great-West. Jenny, our youngest, had just gone off to the University of Texas in Austin, so it was a good time to move. Or, maybe I should say that it *seemed* like a good time to move. Looking back, I'm not sure.

Larry was up for a change; by then, he'd retired from a thirty-three-year career with the IRS as the chief of appeals and was now working for the "other side," as a CPA in private practice, working at home. He's very successful fighting the IRS because he knows all the tricks of the trade. It's really the perfect situation for him, because he's got a pension and doesn't have to work every day; he controls his own schedule.

We went from living in the Houston suburbs to a more urban lifestyle in Dallas. We're still learning the city. It's very different from Houston. Different climate, different vibe, different everything. Like, we have snow here. You would never see snow in

Houston. Also, Dallas is a little more cosmopolitan, a bit more like Chicago or New York. Houston is more relaxed and laid back. One thing that I'm really enjoying, besides just the change, is that I have almost no commute here, because Dallas isn't nearly as sprawling a city as Houston.

At Great-West, I'm in charge of a group of nurses and doctors who help to coordinate the care on behalf of the patients. I'm responsible for a team of professionals that negotiates the reimbursement rates that we pay to hospitals and physicians, and all ancillary health-care providers; I'm also in charge of the service that we provide to them, in terms of their claims payment and the accuracy of the claims payment, and the speed of the claims payments. The job was a stretch for me, and it's been a great experience.

But on April 1 Great-West was bought by the company I'd left two years ago: Cigna. No April Fool's. I'm

a Cigna employee again! For how long, I don't know. That's because on June 3, I was notified that my job was being eliminated, and starting July 15 I will be out of work unless I find something somewhere else in the company or with another company. Here I go again!

A Common Story for Many of Us: A Parent's Illness

In June 2006, just two weeks after we moved, my mother became very, very ill with cancer back in Jericho. And so for the first six months that we were in Dallas, I was flying to New York twice a month. It was a horrible, horrible illness, and my being in health care didn't help to make things better. Far from it.

I guess I had this naive idea that when someone is dying of cancer, they get the pain medication they need and the end will come peacefully. It wasn't like that at all. My

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Presumably the Fagen family isn't always quite this color coordinated. Then again, maybe they are. Left to right: Eric, Janice, Brian, Stephen, Andy, Melanie, Larry, and Jenny.

Janice Turtletaub

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mom was in pain all the time and was frantic, even though she was being treated at what's supposed to be a great hospital.

Not in my opinion, especially living in Texas, where, in general, there's a lot of very good and compassionate nursing care. In New York, I just felt like nobody really cared about her. The staff always seemed rushed and made you feel like you were bothering them.

I pleaded with my mother to come to Texas. But she didn't want to leave Long Island. The five months between the time she was diagnosed and the time she died were a very sad time.

I felt like no matter what I tried to do for my mother, it just wasn't good enough. I had a terrible sense of failure, which goes back to having had a completely unrealistic idea of how these situations go. I'm used to being able to control things — not that everything goes perfectly; of course it doesn't — but when you're trying to manage a loved one's medical care from a thousand miles away, you feel totally powerless. My husband kept saying to me, "Look, this isn't like running a business. You're not going to be able to control this."

He was right. I couldn't get the treatment team coordinated. So I felt a tremendous amount of frustration, maybe more than the average person might feel in the same situation. I can't tell you how many letters of complaint I wrote about the hospital! At the time, I was emotional, and I wanted somebody to understand how painful this was, and I just didn't feel that the health care system cared.

Meanwhile, my father, who's eighty-seven, was suffering too, be-

cause my mother had always taken care of him, for the most part. They had a very traditional marriage: father worked, mother stayed home.

Also, when an elderly parent is sick, the normal parent-child roles get reversed, and you have to negotiate what they're willing to let you do for them. Like, I had to sneak around

a bit to figure things out, because my parents would not share what was going on. For instance, they wouldn't talk about a will; they wouldn't talk about burial plots. And when I would try to broach these matters in a calm and upfront way, they would get very upset.

Continued on page 18

That Little Ol' Matchmaker, Janice

Denise Straus Loverro is one of my closest friends from Jericho. We both went to SUNY Buffalo together, then she moved out to L.A. two years after I did. As a matter of fact, I introduced Denise to her husband, Stephen, in 1978.

I was seeing a guy named Greg Podolski. He was a photographer and worked at a photo lab, and he introduced me to one of his coworkers, Steve Loverro, who, coincidentally, was from Syosset. I had a strong feeling that Steve and Denise would hit it off. We made arrangements to meet Steve and Greg for brunch at the beach in Santa Monica. I recall that the brunch included champagne and/or other drinks — and that we just drank a whole lot.

The next thing I know, Denise is passed out, and I am thinking, *So much for Steve liking her; she's a zombie.* But I guess he saw the woman of his dreams through her drunken slumber, because they have been married twenty-seven years and are one of the happiest, sweetest couples you'll ever meet.



Janice (center) with Denise (right) and a mutual college friend, Michele, at the class of '73's thirtieth reunion, in 2003.

Denise's version:

"When I graduated from the University of Buffalo, I stayed with Janice, and she introduced me to her boyfriend's good friend Steve. I told her not to set me up with anyone, but she said I would really like him. We went on a double date to a champagne brunch near Venice Beach. (Did I mention that I can't drink?) Steve was cute, funny, warm, and generous. We dated and were told by both our parents that Italians and Jews shouldn't marry — we grew up on Long Island, for G-d's sake. Now, thirty years since we met, whenever people intermarry, we like to laugh and say, 'It'll never work!!'"

Janice Turtletaub

Continued from page 17

Mom died in November 2006, the day after Thanksgiving. Luckily, my son and oldest daughter were both in graduate school in New York; they would check in on their grandfather frequently at the house in West Birchwood. My brother, Ron, who's two years younger than me, was living there too. My father was suffering himself from a dislocated hip, so he had to be in a wheelchair.

It was really hard for him. As anybody who knows my dad will tell you, he's bigger than life. He was a body builder and weightlifter back when nobody did that kind of thing; very physically active.

Two months after Mom died, I convinced him to come live in Dallas. The point wasn't only to have him near us, but he needed surgery, and after the awful experience I'd had with my mother, I knew I couldn't supervise his medical care long distance. At first he lived with us (between him and my husband, I felt like I had two alpha dogs in my house), but once he recovered from the operation, he went to live in an independent-living retirement community.

Overall his health is pretty good for an eighty-seven-year-old. We have some amazingly deep philosophical conversations. One day he said to me, "I don't know what my purpose is anymore. I don't what I'm supposed to be living for." I don't have the answers either, but it's given me a lot of insight into what the elderly face, particularly after they lose a spouse. The thing that keeps him going — and it's very inspiring to me — is to keep his body strong, so he can be with his grandchildren. Just this morning I was over at his place, and he was doing push-ups! He feels

that so long as he can get up and take a walk around the block or exercise, *that's* his purpose.

A Spiritual Path

I was raised in a nonobservant Jewish home. Larry, when I met him, was on a journey of becoming more observant. About seven years ago, we started keeping kosher and attending an Orthodox shul. I haven't adopted all the rituals — for instance, I don't cover my head at work, but I do when I go to synagogue.

“When an elderly parent is sick, the normal parent-child roles get reversed, and you have to negotiate what they’re willing to let you do for them. I had to sneak around a bit to figure things out, because my parents would not share what was going on.”

Maybe some other people from Jericho can relate to this, but it's created a kind of schism in our family. Because by the time we made some of these changes, my kids were pretty well formed. My youngest is extremely observant, but our other children looked at us like we'd either been abducted by a religious cult or had dropped down from another planet. It was disconcerting to them. Slowly, they're adapting, but to a certain extent, it's still an issue.

Yet I find it to be a very rich experience, and I'm really enjoying it. One thing I know is that I'll never go back. I see us continuing down this path.

As for the future, everything is up in the air. Ideally, I want to live near my children and grandchildren, because my kids didn't have that: Their Grandma and Grandpa were far away in Jericho. But our six kids are all spread out.

Of our three children together, Jenny is a nursing student in Austin; Stephen is a graduate student majoring in urban planning at New York University and works as a paralegal; and Melanie, who got her master's degree in public health administration (and is also a registered dietitian), is currently a lobbyist in Washington, DC, for the American Medical Group Association. Two of my stepsons are in are in San Antonio, Texas, and one is in Temecula, California. I've talked to a lot of my friends about this: When you have so many kids all over the place, where do you move?

My husband is not sold on staying in Dallas. He would prefer to be in the southern part of the state. If one of our daughters were to get married in the next couple of years, and I think there's a strong possibility that will happen, and they were residing in Texas with their families, then we would stay close by. But we're just going to have to wait and see. We don't have any biological grandkids yet (our son Eric has a stepson from his wife's previous marriage), though it's not for a lack of nagging. We nag a *lot*. We never let an opportunity pass to let our kids know that we're anxious to be grandparents!

Staying in Touch

I really wanted to attend the classes of '71-'72-'73 reunion last year, but I'd been to New York so many times in the previous year because of my mom's cancer, that the

Continued on page 30

National Bestseller

Everything you always wanted to know about Debra Schwartz ('71)*

* But Were Too Self-Absorbed to Ask!

I grew up in East Birchwood, on Mellow Lane, a street that could hardly be distinguished from any other in Jericho. It was noisy, with boys playing ball, girls methodically popping tar bubbles, bikes galore, dads gone by day, moms clustered in driveways when they weren't cleaning house or cooking supper. We walked or biked around the corner to George A. Jackson, rain or shine, and came home for lunch when the cafeteria was serving something we couldn't abide. (I remember being quite fond of Friday tuna and pizza and barbequed beef on a bun.)

Our lives could be summed up on TV shows that are derided these days — *Leave It to Beaver*, *Donna Read*, *Father Knows Best* — except that we were largely Jewish. Jericho shut down on Rosh Hashanah. Nonetheless, I like to tell people that I grew up knowing something about diversity because our neighbors, the LaRussos, Fiores, and DiLorenzos,



were an extended Italian family. In my first lesson in multiculturalism, when I was about eight years old, I watched gorgeous Dolores DiLorenzo, all dolled up one day in a white “wedding” dress, having her picture taken on the front lawn.

“That’s what Catholic girls wear to their first communion,” my mother told me, when I told her young Dolores was getting married. I was ready to convert. At Christmas we used to head next door to see Steven ('71) and Jerry LaRusso's ('72) tree. I remember once asking my mother, “How come Steven and Jerry never come over to see our menorah?” Without missing a beat, she said, “You can invite them if you want.” I knew that a visit with our electric menorah would not cut it with Steven and Jerry, but I’ve always considered my mother’s response to be the logical answer to the annual Christmas non-dilemma. Ours equals theirs — except when it comes to cooking. We’re still using Carmela LaRusso’s spaghetti recipe, but my kids know it as “Grandma’s Spaghetti and Meatballs.”

Like most teenagers, I spent my high school years trying to find my voice. This may come as a big surprise to those who heard my bitter, acerbic complaints loud and clear. But, really, most of the time I felt like I was choking at Jericho. I didn't know what I was looking for — Do I know even today? — but I was absolutely sure that I was not going to find it in Jericho. Even at the height of the Vietnam War, life seemed to

revolve around the right outfit and cheering for the football team. I volunteered in New York City for the first Earth Day; I marched to stop hunger in Biafra; I started to protest the war. But I was miserable. “You were such a happy little girl,” my mother once reflected. “I never understood what happened.”

Lucky for me, two solid friendships with Elaine Zetlin and Amy Klinow kept me going. Elaine and I sang and danced and found plenty to laugh about. I still tell the story of how we confidently headed off to the Felt Forum one Saturday night to see Sam and Dave. As it turned out, they were merely the opening act for a group that was barely on our radar: Ike and Tina Turner. We were the only ones in the overwhelmingly black crowd who had come to see Sam and Dave! Instead, we found ourselves in the midst of a superheated scene, unlike anything we

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Debra with son Michael.

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had ever experienced and which we barely understood. (It was called sex!)

Amy, on the other hand, prided herself on being beyond rock & roll, though I have a clear memory of fussing over the *Sgt. Pepper's* album cover together when it was released. Together we shared our existential crises and found our meeting ground in art and poetry and our general misery. I can still remember an excited call to her from Michigan after I discovered Sylvia Plath and her famous line from "Lady Lazarus": "And I eat men like air." I was ferociously angry.

Needless to say, when it came time for college, I was looking for something as different from Jericho as I could find. The University of Michigan was the only place I wanted to be. It was far away, and it was a big school where I thought I might escape the narrow confines of Long Island and figure out what I was going to do with my life. It helped that Ann Arbor was the birthplace of SDS (Students for a Democratic Society).

I wanted to study anthropology, which I had been introduced to at a summer program at Cornell University. (Who can forget those Cornell T-shirts I lived in senior year!) Looking back on it now, I think that Margaret Mead fascinated me, more than the discipline. It's hard to remember how few professional role models there really were for teenage girls, and she definitely had an adventurous spirit that intrigued me.

As it turned out, I studied art history; primarily Asian art history. Suddenly my life was all about Buddhas, Bodhisattvas, and stupas. I was reading Alan Watts and hooked on Zen koans and meditative chants. It was just a different way of seeing the world — finding oneness instead of duality — which was exactly what I'd wanted.

While I looked forward to escaping the East Coast, at Michigan all of the kids from New York found one an-

other anyway! (I still recall Mark Elowsky, Marty Lee, and Mark Goldfarb showing up together at my door that first semester. What an unlikely combo!) That's not to say that I didn't make friends from other places, but I do remember, very distinctly, walking around the dorm and looking for people who were carrying the *New York Times* under their arm. And I found them.

Including my future husband.



The whole family on vacation in Oregon. From left to right: Jessye, Michael, Debra, and Howard.

Hootenanny or Sing-along? You Decide

My very first week at UM, I was sitting in the dorm lounge with my roommate. She was writing a lonely letter home to her boyfriend. I'm pretty sure I was writing a letter to Amy. There was a meeting going on at the other side of the room, and afterward, these guys came up to us and invited us to a *hootenanny*. I looked up at one of them, Howard Brick, smiled politely, and thought, *Yeah, right, I came to the University of Michigan to go to a hootenanny*. Ever since, it's been a big joke

between us. He insists he said a *sing-along*, as if that makes a difference. I was not the kind of girl who sang

anything except the Top 40 in the privacy of my bedroom.

Ironically, Howie was a freshman from Stony Brook. I'd come all the way to Ann Arbor, Michigan, to meet a guy from Long Island. He'd been the editor-in-chief of his high school newspaper, and he went to UM specifically to work as a reporter for the *Michigan Daily*, the school newspaper. He was involved in left-wing politics, and to my mind he had a confident voice. I think he fell in love with me because I wore beat-up work boots with pink laces, a visual cue to my own confusion. He apparently found me delightful. At the beginning of our junior year, we got together for keeps. When we graduated, he gave up journalism, thinking he could not drink enough or smoke enough to keep up with the real reporters he had known, and he stayed on in Ann Arbor to begin a PhD in

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American Culture Studies. I had not a clue what I would do or where I would do it, but unlike kids today, I was absolutely confident that a liberal-arts degree could get me something.

On a short visit back to New York, I did what all the books tell you to do and blindly called a few prospective employers, starting with Praeger Publishers, which published a fine line of art books. I was just hoping that I could get somebody to speak to me about a career in publishing. Instead, the receptionist who answered the phone said, "I believe there's an opening in Special Studies." She put me through to a wing of the company that had nothing to do with art history; they invited me in for an interview, and I got the job for \$125 a week. I don't think you can get a job this way nowadays.

Special Studies was Praeger's policy division, which published academic studies with recommendations for pressing but often arcane matters that government agencies were considering. It started me on a path as a writer and editor that I have pursued one way or the other ever since, working with scholars and enabling them to communicate to a broader audience.

Two teachers were especially important to me in developing the communication skills I needed for this field. One was Mr. Charles Vigilante, whom I was lucky enough to have three times: in ninth, eleventh, and twelfth grades. He taught me how to read with a critical eye. Or at least he *tried* to teach me, because at the time I was pretty hopeless.

We had a running joke between us: We'd be discussing some literary work in class, and he would say to me, "And Miss Schwartz ... did you

The Sharks: A Volleyball Team, Not a Teenage Street Gang

Who says I don't have happy memories of Jericho?

I came up with plenty of hysterical ways to survive my adolescence. Mrs. Karen Schwartz always showed me great forbearance. In a tumbling unit, I refused to attempt a headstand. When it came my turn to perform, I stood up and said, "Mrs. Schwartz, I cannot do this!" and headed for the locker room. I knew I was no Carol Forziat.

"Debbie Schwartz!" she cried. "If you don't come back, I'm failing you!" I didn't look back, and she didn't fail me.

Thus empowered, I thought nothing of becoming a founding member of the Sharks, a short-lived team that came together long enough to survive Mrs. Schwartz's volleyball unit. The team included Amy Klinow and Wendy Foxman. (Who else? Remind me, please.) Whenever we scored a point, we held our hands over our heads and wiggled them like shark fins breaking through the water. When we weren't working the shark theme, we enthusiastically imitated the cheerleaders' repertoire to push us on to victory. We were over-the-top thrilled with ourselves. Our exuberant mockeries predated anything seen on *Saturday Night Live*, but we could have grown up to be founding cast members!

Mrs. Schwartz, happy to see her most untalented students having fun, must have encouraged us by ignoring us. For someone who took athletics seriously, who really tried to teach kids like me how to spike, she had a healthy sense of proportion.

like it?" Because that was about as much as I could muster. I either liked it or I didn't. In my yearbook, he wrote, "Debbie: What else can I say but 'I like her.'" Through his humanities class, he was also the first to introduce me to the study of art. I'm sure this played into my becoming an art history major, although I'm quite certain we never looked at anything from Asia.

Ms. Estelle Stern (now Estelle Stern Rankin), who taught creative writing, also validated my existence. (And believe me, I thought my existence was at stake in those days!) She had this to say in my yearbook: "Dear Debbie: If you ever sell out your perception, I'll find you in the darkest corner of the world and break your writing hand." (Isn't it amazing how I always happen to have that damn yearbook close at hand?) I regret that while I've got a

sample of her writing, I don't have anything that I did for her, though I'm sure it must be down in my mother's basement. I certainly never wrote poetry, but short stories and personal lamentations would have been right up my alley. I must have felt safe enough in that class to write dreamy tales of future romance and reams on futile obsessions. I recall that when Janis Joplin died in 1970, I committed my thoughts to paper, and Miss Stern was quite okay with it.

Looking back, what was most important about Miss Stern was that I took hope knowing that nice, fun girls could grow up to be nice, fun women and not lose something along the way. She was as lively as I wanted to be always. My closest women friends today have something in common with her. As for me,

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my personality keeps getting bigger and bigger. I think I must be entering that purple-wearing phase.

During the time that I worked at Praeger as an assistant editor, I lived at home and with the money I saved I flew back to Ann Arbor regularly to see Howie. He finished his master's degree in 1977, I left my job at the same time, and the two of us flew off to Europe for three months. Then we lived together. Then we got married. We got the marriage-honeymoon thing kind of reversed. But so did everyone who insisted on a backyard wedding as we did.

My mother led me to Bonwit Teller to buy the dress. I probably hadn't bothered to shave my legs. The saleswoman took one look at me, sized me up, and said, "I have just the dress for you." She went off to the backroom and returned with a beautiful Mexican lace dress, and that was it.

An Interest in Asia — Courtesy of Mr. Voigt

Howie and I went back to Ann Arbor, he to work on his PhD, and me to study Chinese and pursue a master's in Asian Studies. I have to give credit to Mr. Voigt for spurring my interest in Asia, though the project I remember best from his global studies class was a fifty-page paper on "Transportation in Mozambique." I happened to be at one of the world's great universities, where I could study whatever I chose, but his ninth-grade class really opened up my eyes to a part of the world that I had no idea existed.

Of course I was scared to death of Mr. Voigt. He really worked hard at that maniacal air that was intended to unnerve good girls like me. I remember him handing back our first test. He was prowling the circle of desks, ducking under the vegetation and all the other clutter in his performance space, and said ominously, "And *who* is Debra Schwartz?" My heart started to pound, and I briefly tried to come up with some evasive action, but I knew the guy was bound to figure out who I was eventually. I meekly raised my hand. Mr. Voigt sort

of flung the paper at me and announced, "You got the highest grade in the class." Just like that I conquered Mr. Voigt.

I also got to see his gentle side. Ninth grade was the year that my father had his first heart attack. When Mr. Voigt heard the news, he came up to me and quietly asked how my father was. To have a teacher show an interest in my life out of school really took me by surprise. There was some major project coming up, and he excused me from it, an act of kindness that I wasn't expecting at all.

In 1980 Howie and I moved to Brooklyn, he to write his dissertation, me to get started on my career. The first week back in New York, I got a job in the education department of the Asia Society, working with teachers at the K-12 level. We led various curriculum projects and published a magazine called *Focus on Asian Studies*. During my five years there, I made a lot of wonderful friends and got to travel to conferences throughout the United States as well as in Japan and India — where I finally got to see the Sanchi stupa, the Taj Mahal, the temples at Kujaraho, and more. It was a great time in my life.

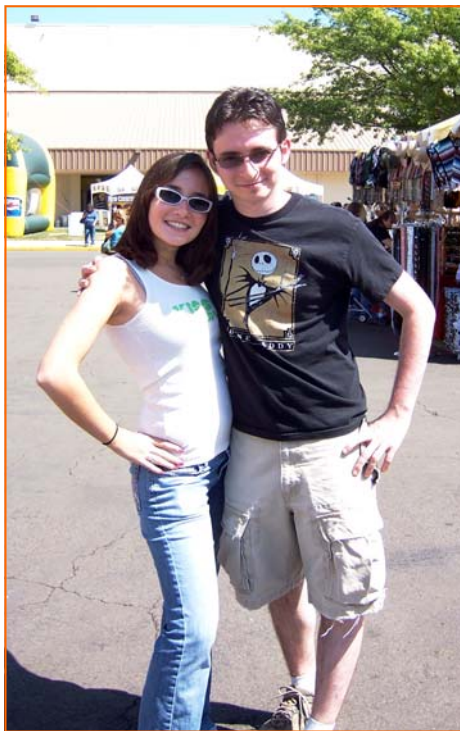
In 1985, Howie, degree in hand, finally landed his first academic job:

a postdoctoral fellowship at the University of Chicago. So we returned to the Midwest, now with our one-year-old son, Michael, in tow. I loved the city, except for the hard winters and summers, and I had a nice job at the university's art museum. But academia is tough, and to get ahead professionally you're always looking for the next best thing.

Chicago, in any case, was a two-year deal, and it was time to find the "real" job. Two offers came simultaneously: a tenure-track position at the University of Oregon and another postdoctorate at Harvard University. It's hard to turn down Harvard, even if it's just a one-year deal. Fortunately, we didn't have to: UO kindly delayed the start of Howard's appointment for one year, so he could do research at Harvard and teach. Off to Boston we went, in June 1987, now with a second baby, our daughter Jessye. Then a year later, it was on to Oregon.

Eugene was the perfect city for me, although I will

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Daughter Jessye and son Michael.

National Bestseller

Everything you always wanted to know about Peter Green ('73) *

* But Were Too Self-Absorbed to Ask!



I think I decided to be an actor at the age of three. By fourth or fifth grade, I was taking classes after school with drama

teachers Arnold Hrushka and Burt Wolfe. Cindy Rosenthal ('72) was in that class too.

Then, through Carrie Kass ('74), I met an acting teacher named Jack Romano. I studied with him throughout high school, as did Cindy. Jack ran a performing-arts camp in New Hampshire called Beginner's Showcase. I went there for years; even wound up working for him later at Stagedoor Manor in the Catskills. That's where I met my wife, but more about that in a moment. Stage Door Manor has become something of an institution, with many famous alums, like Jennifer Jason Leigh, Mandy Moore, Natalie Portman, and Jon Cryer, to name just a few. I directed Robert Downey Jr. when he was nine years old.

During high school, theater was my whole connection to life. That,

and, I guess, smoking marijuana. I was the kind of person who was always on stage. To be honest, I was probably really hard to take! I was very high energy.

My experiences with Mr. Stephen Piorkowski were really important to me. We did two plays together: *Good News* and *How to Succeed in Business*. In my sophomore year, a few of us decided to start a sort of alternative theater. We put on *The Importance of Being Ernest* in the Little Theater. Ellen Vanderslice directed; I acted in it, along with Jeff Friedman, Tim Manek, Randy Ringle, and Marc Sachs.

For me, the most memorable shows were the one-act-play contests. The one that I remember best is sophomore year: I directed a Eugene Ionesco play called *The Future Is in Eggs*. It was just as weird as could be. For me, the point was to confound the audience. We had bizarre makeup, and I had made the cast do marching drills outside during rehearsals. I think at first the cast was like, "Who the hell is this guy?" because until then I had been something of a loner. Suddenly I was this long-haired tenth-grader telling them what to do.

We got censored a day before the show, which was a big deal. But we became the first sophomore class ever to win the one-act-play contest. We didn't get any acting awards, but we won best direction, lighting, second-place ticket sales, and best publicity (I think), because of Corey Strongin's amazing bed-sheet-size posters. Somehow we racked up enough points to win it.

On to SUNY Purchase

I was in the second entering class at SUNY Purchase, Nelson Rockefeller's brand-new state university conservatory. It was his dream that New York should have a school similar to Juil-

liard. Only thirty-two students were accepted into the program, which consisted of forty hours a week of theater-oriented classes. It wasn't a regular college education; it truly was a conservatory.

In the course of a week, we would take everything from movement, to voice training, to tai chi, to mime. I took three years of makeup classes. The program was intensive. In Rockefeller's original plan, the school would spawn a touring repertory company of graduates. But in my freshman year, Malcolm Wilson succeeded him as governor, the state economy fell apart, and Rocky's dream fell by the wayside. Still, it was wonderful and difficult training. Of the thirty-one students who entered with me, only fifteen or so graduated, and only seven stayed for the full four years. Although new and unknown at the time, the acting department at SUNY Purchase now has a national reputation.

Through college, my interest in avant-garde and experimental theater grew, even though I'd performed

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in many musicals during high school and at camp. I wanted to do experimental work. One of the reasons I went to Purchase in the first place was that some of the instructors had come out of La Mama and the Open Theater, two important avant-garde companies from the sixties.

During my senior year, Purchase brought in a guest director named James Barbosa to do a production of Dylan Thomas's *Under Milkwood*. Jim had been a member of the Open Theater. He and his partner, Barbara Vann, now had their own small company called the Medicine Show Theater Ensemble. (Jim passed away a few years ago, but the company is still together to this day.)

After the production of *Milkwood*, Jim said to me, "If you're planning on moving to New York in the fall" — this was 1977 — "come look us up."

Following graduation, I would have liked nothing better than to go home to Jericho, sit on the couch, and have a breakdown, but there was no home to go home to! My folks had recently divorced and sold it. So I moved to Hell's Kitchen. I was hauling boxes into my new apartment, and Jim and Barbara came walking down the street. "There you are! We knew what block you were moving to; we figured we'd find you. We need somebody to understudy a performance that we're doing in a week. Are you available?" I spent the next two years with Medicine Show Theater, stage-managing and acting, either in their performance space or on tour. Since I was making little or no money from acting, I worked for my dad's business-forms printing company.

Time to Make a Choice

My wife and I met in 1975 at the new version of the same theater camp, Stage Door Manor. I was working as

a stage manager, and she was directing. Carin Zakes was a theater double major at SUNY Oswego. We had a summer romance, and she was going to move to New York in the fall. But instead, she received an assistance-ship with free tuition to go for her masters degree in education at SUNY Buffalo. She's originally from Tonawanda, a Buffalo suburb, so she took it. Long-distance relationships are hard, and ours just didn't work out.

Yet we would still see each other at Stage Door Manor every summer, and we got to be friends again. In 1978 she finally did move to New York. A bunch of us from Stage Door got together to put on a musical written by a sixteen-year-old prodigy. It was very much like "Hey, kids, let's put on a show!" Carin directed, and I acted. *The City Suite* opened at the Park Royal Theater, on Seventy-third Street and ran for three months until we ran out of money. Even got a nice review in the *New York Times*. Doing the play reignited our relationship, and

we started going out again. In September 1980, Carin and I got married.

A famous screenwriter said to me once when I was twenty-two, "Whatever you do, just don't get married. Because if you get married, you're going to want to have a life, and that will be the end of you as an actor." And he was right.

I chose to have a life. But acting was all I'd wanted to do. It was all I thought I was and all I ever thought I would be. It became my identity, which I suppose can be true with other professions as well. Now, if your identity is based on the idea that you're an actor, and you stop being an actor, then who are you?

It was very hard to quit. Heartbreaking. Took me about two or three years to get to the point where I could say I wasn't an actor anymore. And when I gave it up, I walked away from it completely. I said to myself, *That's*

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(Above) Peter's Bobby Randall shares mascara tips with Beth Flanders's Patricia Bingham in *Good News* (1971).

(Right) Peter (with Charles Kopelman) stars as J. Pierrepont Finch in *How to Succeed in Business without Really Trying* (1973).



Peter Green

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it, I'm not an actor. I'm not doing theater, I don't even want to see theater anymore. It's over.

I'd stopped working for my dad. My first post-acting job was in the data-communications department of Columbia University. Next I went to work as manager of telecommunications network operations for North America for British Airways. I was twenty-eight years old, with only a bachelor of fine arts.

Meanwhile, Carin had realized early on that trying to find steady work as a director wasn't realistic. She took a job in an advertising agency, Wyse Advertising, as the secretary to the owner, Lois Wyse. She's the advertising legend who coined the slogan "With a name like Smucker's, it has to be good"; she also wrote something like fifty books. After about six weeks, Lois said to Carin, "Honey, you're really sweet, and I think you're great, but you can't type. So what do you want to do with your life?"

Carin said, "I like the idea of producing commercials." She progressed from being an assistant to the producer to producer, and it's what she's done ever since. Currently she's head of production at an agency called Cliff Freeman & Associates, in Manhattan.

In late 1986, with our first child on the way, we decided to leave Manhattan. Neither of us knew the first thing about raising a kid in the city — except that it probably took more money than we were making and a lot more ingenuity than we had. We were both suburban kids. So we started looking for a place with a reasonable commute.

One thing I knew: I wasn't going to live on Long Island or in a commu-

nity like Jericho. I wanted my children to live in the world, and Jericho was like a bubble to me. I mean, I didn't know any black people until I got to college. Our town was all white, and by my estimation, 85 percent Jewish. Even the Italian girls walked down the halls exclaiming "Oy veh!"

We settled in Port Chester, New York. Our daughter Emma was born in April 1987. By this time, I had left British Airways when they relocated to Queens, and was working as a senior network analyst in telecommunications network design at Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center.

"A very successful screen-writer said to me when I was twenty-two, 'Whatever you do, don't get married. Because if you do, you're going to want to have a life, and that will be the end of you as an actor.' And he was right. I chose to have a life."

When I left acting, I think I decided that I didn't need to care about what I did for a living ever again. It seemed inconceivable to me that I could ever feel passionate about work, and I held to that point of view for a while. But I just *hated* the job at MSKCC. One day in 1988, Carin, Emma, and I were driving back from visiting my brother, Roger ('70), in Pennsylvania, where he lives with his family and owns Roger Green & Associates, which is a large independent pharmaceutical marketing research company.

The thought of going back to work the next day was just gnawing

at me, and I blurted to my wife, "I hate this life; I've got to do something else."

"Well, what do you want to do?" Teaching looked good to me, but I didn't think we could afford for me to go back to school and make a teacher's salary. Advertising looked really fun to me. By that time, most of our social circle was made up of art directors, creative directors, copywriters — folks like that. It took me a year, but I found a job as a director's rep, which is to say an agent for people who direct commercials. First I worked at a production company, then I went out on my own. I spent fifteen years in advertising, making it the longest career I've had.

Career No. 4 Coming Up!

A couple of things led to my pursuing a fourth career, as a social worker. First, advertising stopped being lucrative around 2001, following the dot-com implosion, the Screen Actors Guild strike, and 9/11.

But also, Carin and I had joined the Unitarian Church of All Souls in Manhattan. We'd gotten married there. She was a lapsed Catholic, and I was an apostate Jew who'd been raised by atheists. Our second daughter, Olivia, was born in 1991. By then, I'd come to believe that people need some measure of faith in their lives, whatever it may be, and that parents have to at least present with children with spiritual options. If you don't, then you leave a vacuum that the Moonies can fill.

Having been married by a Unitarian Universalist minister, we started looking at UU congregations we could bring Emily and Olivia to. None of the churches near where we live felt like home. One Sunday morning we packed the girls, who were eight and four, in the car, drove to the city,

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Peter Green

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and enrolled them in the religious education program there while Mom and Dad attended services. It just felt right.

Going forward to 1998, I was asked if I wanted to be an adult advisor to the high-school youth group – probably because I had a ponytail. I agreed to do it. I'd taught acting to teenagers, and it seemed like something I would like. I started doing youth counseling, and organizing events; over time it became the thing that I cared about most in my life, while my day job became increasingly less interesting to me.

During the summer of 2002, at a UU conference center, I was listening to a talk being given by a minister and Dartmouth professor named Nancy Crumbine. She said, "If you knew that you were completely acceptable in the eyes of whatever you think the cosmos is, and without sin or shame, what would you do? Who would you be?" By September I was enrolled at the Graduate School of Social Services at Fordham University.

It was a two-year program, including two years of field work, but I did it in three, because I was still running my repping business the first year. At one point, I was working in Port Chester High School, where both of my daughters have attended.

I wanted to work with teenagers, probably because my own adolescence was still very much alive for me; I would have really appreciated it if someone had been present for me. When I think about my teenage years, I know that I'm lucky to be alive. I think that's true for many members of our generation, who took certain risks that perhaps our parents had not.

I received my MSW (master's of social work) in 2005, the same year that Emma graduated from high school and Olivia graduated from middle school. We all celebrated together with a big party. I'm now a social worker at Rye Middle School, and I'm loving it.

The Acting Bug Bites Again

I've also gotten back into acting. I'd always thought that community theater had great power. About ten years ago, I saw an ad from a local theater company auditioning actors for David Mamet's *Glengarry Ross*. I showed it to Carin and said, "Mom, can I go out and play?" She said, "Yeah, go play." I wound up getting the role of Ricky Roma, the Al Pacino part, and it re-

awakened my love of theater. Ever since, I've done a play or two per year as an actor. I also direct teenagers. For the past two summers, I've directed youth productions of Shakespeare in the park in Port Chester, something nobody has ever done here before. I'm also codirecting Rye Middle School's spring musicals.

Carin followed me back to the theater a few years later. Somehow I hooked her into directing a production of *You Can't Take It with You* for the local arts council. Now she directs one to three shows a year in Port Chester and neighboring communities in New York and Connecticut. We just finished *Six Degrees of Separation* in Darien; she directed, I acted. Out of a cast of seventeen, three of us are social workers. That's not surprising to me; after all, acting is mostly about analyzing why people behave the way they do.

Usually, though, my wife and try not to work together; somebody has to be home to do the parenting. Unless I'm directing a play, I'm the one who's home in the afternoon; Carin still commutes to the city. Emma, who's going to be twenty-one, is a junior at Occidental College in Los Angeles. She's a diplomacy and world-affairs major, with a minor in art. My older daughter is one of these people who light up a room when they enter. I don't know what she'll do with her life, but it really

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What wife wouldn't love this job? Just shout "Action!" and your husband does whatever you tell him to do! At right, Carin Zakes Green (on the left) directs Peter (above), the star of the Fort Hill Players production of Bram Stoker's Dracula.



**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



Mr. Robert Perna: A Special Educator

Growing up in Cambria Heights, Queens, I had a sixth-grade teacher who was fresh out of the army: Mr. Murphy. I'll never forget him. He was just the greatest guy. We used to go to his house after school and throw balls around in the street with him. And many a Saturday, we would stop by and visit him and his family. From then on, I always wanted to emulate Mr. Murphy. So while other kids might have wanted to be a fireman or a policeman, or whatever, I wanted to be a teacher.

I went to Geneseo College originally as a speech-therapy major with a minor in English. One of the reasons for that was, I had an uncle who was a deaf mute. So was his wife. I loved my uncle, and they tell me that he taught me sign language when I was a little kid; basically, I learned sign language at the same time as I learned spoken language. So be-

cause of my uncle, I always had some desire to work with people who had some form of disability. After college in Geneseo, I did my student teaching in Hicksville High School.

I had very serious plans to become a high school teacher. But in



those days, the 1950s, you could also get your certification on a K-through-12 basis. After I finished my student teaching, I had to put in six weeks in an elementary grade in order to get the elementary certification.

So I took a student-teaching job in Pavillion, New York, a little town south of Rochester. It was the most rural area you could imagine; far removed from Queens or Long Island. School was held in this little one-room brick building — for all grades, K through 12. Some of the kids actually rode their horses to and from school. They'd pat the horse, and the horse would trot back home, then show up again at three o'clock.

Well, within one week of student teaching sixth grade, I really fell in love with six-graders. I had two job offers come to me on the very same day. One was from Hicksville High School, which naturally knew me, because I'd finished student teaching there. And the second was a sixth-grade position in Jericho.

Believe it or not, I didn't know where Jericho was! And many people didn't know where Jericho was. This was 1958. Jericho was very much a rural farm community. The biggest building in the whole town was the Milleridge Inn, and there was very little else but the Milleridge Inn, a firehouse, the old school building (which is now the old wing of the senior high), and the George Jackson and Robert Seaman schools. That was it.

In front of the Milleridge Inn, where North Broadway now runs, was this great big pond with swans in it. There were no stores, no Waldbaums. But houses were being built everywhere. At the time, you had East Birchwood, the little development around the Robert Seaman School, and the rest was very much

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Mr. Robert Perna

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farmland. When I took the job, I knew that Jericho would be building more schools.

I started teaching sixth grade at Robert Seaman. Then the following year, they moved the sixth-graders to the high school. That's where I met secondary-school teachers like George Batjiaka and Andy Chagalasian. The Robert Williams School was next to open, but I got transferred to George Jackson instead. I was there for two years until Cantiaque Elementary opened in West Birchwood during the 1962-63 school year.

The Jump to Administration

For the 1967-68 school year, I was asked to handle the Title I program. If you remember, President Lyndon Johnson had passed the Elementary-Secondary

Education Act for the purpose of funding programs to help the economically and educationally disadvantaged. Though I continued to teach sixth grade, I was charged with identifying the youngsters that were most deserving of these funds, obtaining the necessary materials, running workshops for teachers, and so on.

I guess I must have done a pretty decent job at it, because in 1968 Superintendent David Nydick appointed me his assistant in the district office. It came as a big surprise because, frankly, I'd never had any great desire to enter administration, although I'd gone to Hofstra and earned the necessary degrees. I really enjoyed being in the classroom.

The school year was just about to start. I was all set to send out letters welcoming my new students. And that year, I was going to have lots of younger brothers and sisters of many of my former students. So I was really

looking forward to it. Instead I found myself, in two weeks' time, out of the classroom and into the district office.

I did miss teaching. But, fortunately, Mr. Nydick's orders were for me to be as creative as possible in my new position. I'd always gotten that sense from the district, though, going back to the very first day I walked in as a teacher in 1958. Jericho always put a high premium on education. Then and now. Parents always expected the very best for their kids, and the teachers were urged

to go a step beyond the norm and do the best that we could for kids.

What Mr. Nydick really charged me to do was to emphasize pupil-personnel services. Do what I thought was really necessary for the kids. I quickly fell in love with the job of administration and did it for the next twenty-five years. We had a philosophy then, and I'm sure it continues, that education should be special for all kids rather than special education for some. We always felt that



Mr. Perna at our Reunion in 3-D with the class of 1971's Leslie Glassman and Mrs. Marlena (Perna) Perna. That's no typo: Her maiden name is also Perna.

you make the most impact when you draw upon a kid's interests and strengths.

In the late sixties, BOCES was an up-and-coming industry in and of itself. But we wanted to have as many of our kids within the district as we possibly could. This meant in some cases asking parents to take a leap of faith, because there were always some parents that felt that their child should be in a special school. Our philosophy was, Let's work as hard as we can to help these children overcome whatever limitations they may have, so they can be part of the regular social structure.

Long before the law decreed that you have to place children in the least-restrictive educational environment, we believed in mainstreaming, while recognizing that there will always be some children that may not be able to be educated in Jericho. There are children that for

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one reason or another may have to be in residential placements, for instance. But we made every effort to keep them in district. When children were hospitalized for long periods of time, we used to send tutors to them. Or sometimes their teacher would go visit them after school. Even in the fifties and sixties, we arranged for telephone hookups to the classroom for children who were homebound.

My first year, I devoted most of my attention to working closely with parents and the PTAs and communicating to them just what the public schools had to offer their children, so they could remain in their home community. We worked out a program where we were able to analyze the youngsters' needs and prepare individualized programs for them. What made the difference was that not only were our teachers willing to do this, but they demonstrated such ingenuity.

Let's say that a youngster has some difficulties with visual learning. Well, but he might be very good at auditory learning. We'd bring on all the different modes of learning and tailor a curriculum for him. Also very important: We avoided labeling. That was essential, to see the child and not the condition.

We had children with all kinds of disabilities: blindness, deafness, the whole spectrum. One of the first youngsters that I taught at Seaman back in '58 was a dwarf. A magnificent child who was probably one of the smartest kids we ever had. In fact, I know that as an adult, he became a member of Mensa. But he needed accommodations, the easiest of which was to put a stool by the bus so he could get on and off the

bus. There was nothing that he couldn't do except for physical things.

To show you how much he wanted to be like all other sixth-graders, the one thing that he most wanted to achieve was to get to first base during recess. Now, in those days, teachers had lunch and recess with the students. And I have to tell you that some of the best times I had were spent during lunch and recess. This boy had very good upper-body strength. He could hit a ball. But he couldn't hit it very far. And of course,

“Jericho’s special education program became a model around the country. Districts from all over used to come visit our schools.”

if he couldn't hit the ball very far, he couldn't make it safely to first base. So during recess, I would take him aside and pitch to him.

And I would show him how to hit a high fly ball that at least might give him a chance to first base. And I will never forget the day that he got to first base. You would think that he had won an Oscar, and the whole class cheered him on. To me, it was such an indication of how other kids respond to people with differences.

Ahead of the Curve

As far back as 1968, Jericho instituted a screening committee for students with special needs. Many years later, this became mandatory. First it was called the Committee on the Handicapped and then the Committee on Special Education. Nowadays the law prescribes how these

committees have to operate. We put them in place on our own, improvising. I'll never forget the first meeting: We had Dr. Bernard Schmierer, our wonderful school physician; the school psychologist; the school nurse; the classroom teacher of the youngster was that was being discussed; either the principal or assistant principal; and, of course, the parents. Together we would study the child's needs. Again, this was something like fifteen years before the law required it.

Some of you might remember that from 1970 to 1972, we had the motel population. Welfare agencies placed these people in a horrible situation, where you might have a single parent, usually the mother, with three or four children in a single room. The youngsters attended the Robert Seaman school. In some cases, these families had been relocated from other towns — even from other states. Fortunately, we had wonderful cooperation from not only the teachers and parents but from our student councils. Over the years, Jericho student councils have been absolutely phenomenal in the work that they would do with younger children. We ran a breakfast program; we had an after-school recreation program for those kids; we had the kids in our summer camp. I can't tell you how many high-school kids would volunteer to be Big Brothers and Big Sisters.

Because of the terrific work that was done for these youngsters in the motel, Jericho won the National Conference of Christians and Jews Brotherhood Award two years in row; I believe it was in 1971 and 1972, or 1972 and 1973. It was a wonderful honor that really brought terrific recognition to the district. I was very glad that Jericho was able to get this for two consecutive years.

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Our special education program became a model around the country. Districts from all over the place used to come visit our schools, and we used to fly to other cities, like Seattle and Denver, to conduct workshops on how to run these programs effectively. One time we even had a group from England spend three days observing Jericho's tutoring program.

You know what the real beauty of my job was? Even though I left the classroom in 1968, the superintendent's office was and still is right in the front of what used to be the junior high school. So I still saw all of my former students. In fact, several of them would come to my office, and we'd have lunch together. Plus, I knew all the guidance counselors for so long and so well, it was a simple thing for me to pick up the phone and call Mr. Latham or Ms. Smith, and say, "Hey, by the way, how's So-

and-So doing?" That was a great treat.

When I retired in 1993, sixteen of my former students were at my retirement party. I was so moved. Rachel Glickman ('72) — she's such a sweetheart — was one of them. When you personalize education the way we have in Jericho, it stays with you, and it stays with each and every one of those students that you had. I still receive holiday cards and birthday cards from people I taught fifty years ago, and it's tremendously gratifying.

In Retirement, No So Retiring

My wife, Marlene, and I celebrated our fiftieth anniversary last October. We met in college at Geneseo when I was a sophomore, and she was a freshman. Tradition dictated that the sophomores always threw a dance in honor of the incoming freshmen. At the dance, someone came up to me and said, "Bob, you have to meet this girl from Rochester. Her name is

Perna too." "Really?" I said. "It must be my long-lost sister." So I went over and met Miss Perna, and we got to chit-chatting. We sort of liked each other, then we started hanging around in a group, and before you know it, we started to date. (Fortunately, we discovered that there was no family tree connecting us.) This was in 1955, and we're still together.

For the first few years of our marriage, we lived in Seaford, where I'd moved with my family when I was fifteen. Then in 1960 we moved to Syosset, and we've been there ever since. We have a grown son and daughter. No grandkids, but dogs. Marlene, who'd been the program coordinator at the Nassau Center for the Developmentally Disabled for twelve years, is also retired. We've traveled a good deal, including several trips to Europe. But we've fallen in love with the United States taking cross-country train trips. I love Amtrak! It's the best way to see the U.S.

We took one trip a couple of years back, 7,500 miles cross-country by train. The beauty of it is, you set your own itinerary, and off you go. If you want to spend three days in Chicago, you do that. Three or four days in Portland, Oregon. Then we went down to L.A., where we had some friends, and spent some time there. Went to San Diego, and then went over to the Grand Canyon. I think we took five different Amtrak trains in all over the course of the five weeks.

I really enjoyed attending your Reunion in 3-D last year. It was wonderful to see everybody. Four years ago I went to my own fiftieth high-school reunion, and in June Marlene and I are going to a fiftieth reunion at Geneseo State College, which I'm really looking forward to. You do it all with a lot of fun and a lot of laughter, and life goes on pretty well. ■

Janice Turteltaub

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thought of traveling there again was just too unappealing. Eventually I'll get over it, but right now I associate Long Island with pain and hospitals. My friends Roberta Eagle, Denise Straus, Laura Sheftman, Meryl Edelman, and Charlie Kopelman all called me twice that day so that I would feel like I was there.

Since that time, one of the dearest women in my life other than my own mother, Edna Eagle, passed away, and my heart goes out to Roberta, her father, Sy, and Suzy, her sister. Edna was my first mentor.

I've always stayed in touch with my Jericho friends like Charles, Meryl, Denise, Laura, Loren Krause,

and others. I personally loved growing up there and have very positive feelings toward everyone. I've really gotten into reading the JHS newsletter and visiting the website. I print out the newsletters and save them for when I have to fly somewhere, so that I can really read them.

So besides remaining connected with my small core of close friends, I feel like I've reconnected with people who don't even *know* I've connected with them, just by reading about them. It's interesting when you read an article about someone, and you think back to what they were like as a kid. And either you can totally see how they turned out this way, or it's the opposite of what you might have thought.

Wonder what people reading my story will think? ■

Debra Schwartz

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admit it took some getting used to. When we landed at the airport, I thought we'd consigned ourselves to life in some Third World country. It was one of those deals where you deplaned on the tarmac, and your baggage was brought to you by hand. When you drove out of the airport, the first thing you passed was a sheep farm. It's still there, in fact.

Then, and now, everyone in Eugene still thinks it's 1968. The city is a haven for alternative lifestyles. Aside from the university, it's not a place that you go to build a career. (Eugene is called the minimum-wage capital of the U.S.) But if you stay there long enough, it's impossible not to succumb to what we call the "Pine Cone Effect." Oregon is just a magnificently beautiful state, and from Eugene you have access to the ocean and the mountains. Life there is all about living healthy and enjoying the beauty of nature. Once we got the hang of Eugene, I never wanted to leave.

As I said, it's hard to find work in Eugene, but ultimately I wound up for a short time as the speech writer to the president of UO: Myles Brand. He's now the president of the National Collegiate Athletic Association. And how's this for a coincidence: He grew up on Hedgerow Lane in East Birchwood. He graduated in either the first or second class from Jericho High School. After my stint with Brand, I became editor of the university's research magazine and then a GPS trade publication — in the days when no one knew what GPS was. Once again, I was taking the ideas of academics and translating them for a wider audience.

One academic I will not mess with, however, is my husband, the

author of many articles and several scholarly books, including *Daniel Bell and the Decline of Intellectual Radicalism: Social Theory and Political Reconciliation in the 1940s*, *Age of Contradiction: American Thought and Culture in the 1960s*, and *Transcending Capitalism: Visions of a New Society in Modern American Thought*.

As any spouse of an academic will tell you, editing your husband is absolutely the quickest way to end a marriage! They get very defensive. I learned early on to read Howie's work, offer a few comments, and leave it at that!

Peter Green

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doesn't matter. I have a feeling that she's going to get a bunch of de-grees.

Olivia, now sixteen, is determined to be a photographer, and she's got the same singlemindedness that I had about acting. She's smart and funny, and a lot quieter than the rest of the family. Whereas Emma was never a teenager, Olivia is *absolutely* a teenager. We had some challenging years, but we're at a point where I can step back and see her as the great person she is: wonderfully kind, yet with a healthy dose of skepticism.

Another Move: This Time to St. Louis

We moved to St. Louis in 1996. Howie is happy to be affiliated with a great school like Washington University. I keep waiting for my old friends' children to start showing up in my husband's classes. It hasn't happened yet, although Rita Corwin's son is now here.

Leaving Oregon was the hardest decision we ever made, and we've spent many years second-guessing the move. We go back periodically, and now Michael will be starting graduate school at the University of
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Frankly, I don't know if this is my last career, but I like everything I do now. And it's all my choice. I work five days a week in the middle school, direct young people in theater, act, teach Sunday School, and I'm on the board of trustees of All Souls Church. I also run a UU twenty-four-hour retreat for middle-schoolers from around the metropolitan area twice a year. Carin, in addition to her job and her directorial projects, also teaches Sunday school and is the Community leader for Girl Scouts in Port Chester/Rye Brook, with a troop of her own.

Sometimes we move so fast, and our to-do lists are so full, that we ask, "Are we out of our minds?" And we are. But that's a good thing. ■

Six Degrees of Separation, Jericho Division

Carin (Zakes) Green → Peter Green ('73) → Benita Zahn ('72)

When I met my wife, I learned that she and Benita Zahn (JHS class of '72) had been college roommates at SUNY Oswego. A few years ago, we attended an Oswego State reunion. Benita couldn't be there, but on the drive home, we stopped off in Albany, where she lives and works as a TV anchorwoman, and we had a great time hanging out with her.

Debra Schwartz

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Oregon in the fall. He was a philosophy major at Columbia University and also delved into acting, producing, and directing, but now he's thinking of following in his father's academic footsteps by studying the history of early modern Europe. He used to know everything about dinosaurs, and now he seems to know everything about obscure wars and events like the "investiture controversy," which I happen to know took place in the eleventh century because I just Googled it.

Michael lives in his head. In high school he feigned interest in radical politics. Jessye, on the other hand, used to roll her eyes whenever her father and brother got into lengthy discussions about Marx and Lenin at the dinner table. But once she went off to Smith College, she became the political one. She's majoring in women and gender studies and psychology. This summer she has an internship at the National Coalition Against Domestic Violence, in Washington, DC, and while it's not clear yet what she'll wind up doing, she's intent on working on behalf of women's rights.

Jessye reminds me a lot of myself in high school in that she's always been an excellent student, but when school is out, she wants to have fun. I see that her Facebook page now says that she is interested in "dancing in fountains." She must have done this in Sicily, where she went in May on a Smith College Orchestra tour. I insisted that both my kids play music, as one of my favorite experiences at Jericho was being in Mr. Arnold's orchestra, but I never expected that one of them would actually turn out to be a seriously good violinist.

Michael plays the bass, thanks partly to Stephen Molina. When he was five, Michael decided that the drums would be the right instrument for him. I didn't think it was such a good idea, so I asked him if perhaps there was another instrument he might like to start on. When he said the bass, I immediately thought of Stephen and had only positive associations with the instrument. So I spent many years emulating Stephen Molina's mother as I lugged Michael's bass all around Eugene and St. Louis — and finally to his dorm room at Columbia. I didn't even have a minivan. I'm here to attest that you *can* squeeze a bass into a Honda Accord.

Once the kids left for college, Howie and I moved from the suburbs to a smaller home on a city block with a lawn that can be mowed in about ten minutes. It's right near Washington University, and we walk and jog in Forest Park, St. Louis's answer to Central Park. We live very

"I spent many years emulating Stephen Molina's mother as I lugged Michael's bass all around Eugene and St. Louis, and finally to his dorm room at Columbia. I didn't even have a minivan. I'm here to attest that you can squeeze a bass into a Honda Accord."

close to the Delmar Loop, a happening strip with lots of good music. As a kinda-sorta St. Louisan, I'm happy to claim Ike and Tina Turner, Chuck Berry, and Miles Davis as my own. You can go out to a bar any Friday and Saturday night and hear some fabulous music.

When I came to St. Louis, I got a job in communications at Webster University, a regional school that also has an international presence with several campuses around the world. In many respects, my seven years there represented the high point of my professional life. It was at Webster that I saw my words in print on a regular basis. I was writing for the president; I was writing for the development office; I wrote the weekly faculty/staff newsletter; I wrote for the alumni magazine. I worked hard to promote the accomplishments of the institution and its faculty.

The story that ultimately had the greatest impact on me was one about an English professor who taught dramatic literature to inmates in the state prisons. I followed her to prison and participated in the best class I have ever attended. The men enrolled in Prison Performing Arts at the state prison in Pacific, Missouri, defied all my expectations. They were reading Oedipus with passion and intelligence. I didn't know what most of these men had done to end up in prison — at least one had murdered a man — but I instantly became aware that highly articulate people could commit crimes that I'd prefer not to know about. If the people I met in prison had enjoyed the advantages that I had known, many might not be incarcerated.

I ended up joining the PPA board, developing its logo, helping with publicity, and writing its newsletter. Getting to know men, women, and young people behind bars has enhanced my quality of life, and I've finally had the chance to help improve my community and serve the disenfranchised as I always hoped I would.

In an odd way, my life came full circle when I wrote a story about a PPA mom whose imprisoned son had

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Debra Schwartz

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found something productive to do through PPA. In an earlier life, this mom had been an Ikette, one of Ike and Tina's backup singers. And, yes, I asked her, and indeed she was on stage performing at New York's Felt Forum the night that Elaine and I went to see Sam and Dave but got caught up with Ike and Tina instead.

For the past two years, in addition to my work for PPA, I've been writing a biography of a St. Louis businessman whose family fled Nazi Germany in 1939. This project, which is finally nearing completion, has been all absorbing. It's been an accomplishment to enter the historian's world on my own.

Another Move in the Future? Could Happen

For a long time, the idea of moving from place to place was second nature to me. It comes with the academic life. When we moved to St. Louis, I had new stationery made and decorated it with tiny graphics of New York, Michigan, Illinois, Massachusetts, Oregon, and Missouri, to show every place I'd lived. But each move gets harder and harder, and at this point, I am much more reluctant to leave my friends and start all over again somewhere else. Still, I suspect that we're not done yet.

As much as I wanted to escape Jericho, I still return every year or so to see my mother, who's still in our house on Mellow Lane. My sister, Cindy (class of '75), lives nearby in Woodbury.

On my very first visit back to Jericho in the winter of 1971, I stopped in at the high school and spent a few minutes with Mr. Robert Hoffman. I'd enjoyed his economics class very much, partly because he was another one of those teachers who was interested enough to try to figure out what made me tick. On one exam, I used all the economic principles we had learned to deconstruct the workings of the senior class. Names were named! He didn't punish me for it. In fact, I got an A. Anyway, on that visit, which turned out to be my last to the school, he said, "In all the time you were in Jericho, I never saw you smile as much as you're smiling today." ■

Postscript

June 6, 2008
Nottingham, England
Day One

My husband's been here since January, on a special university fellowship, but I arrived only yesterday afternoon. This morning he's biked off to a meeting on campus. I'm alone in his flat—our flat now, at least for the next month or so until we head back to St. Louis. Actually, this complex would fit right in back home. It's all red brick, destined to last forever if they let it. It's not unlike the landmark Anheuser Busch brewery, the new (but anachronistic) Cardinals stadium, or even my own little row house, built around 1900.

Like much of St. Louis, our English apartment complex, once a lace-making factory, still looks industrial, but it's newly renovated: two bedrooms, two baths, a high-tech kitchen, and everything Ikea. Only problem is we have no toaster, no microwave, and no TV. I'm looking forward to us huddling around the computer and watching season two of *The Wire*. I've tried to watch the show a few times, but I swear I can never understand a word they say. Now Howie can speak British as well as Baltimore. He assures me that I'm going to love the show and that it will meet my nightly need for murder and mayhem.

What I'm really doing here, is avoiding finishing my story for the JHS newsletter.

I've been interviewing people for stories just like this since the early eighties. The first that I can remember was Mira Nair, the film director. Back then she was a recent Harvard grad with her first film about to be shown in the New York Film Festival. We met at a coffee shop next door to Brentano's on Fifth Avenue. I had the crazy idea that Asian studies teachers might be interested in her Indian childhood. Philip Bashe had the crazy idea that my itinerant, academic life would be interesting to Jericho alumni. I'm going to accept his gloss on my life. I am going to refrain from rewriting the whole thing. I am. I am. This newsletter's his baby.

And besides, I've got to move on to other business. I flew in from Ann Arbor, where my husband will soon become the Louis Evans Professor of American History. The spousal hiring woman assures me that there will be a job for me.

We're moving again!

Ellen Meister

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“Besides, it’s actually flattering for a fiction writer, because that means that you’ve created a world that people believe, and therefore they assume these things *had* to have happened to you. In fact, with *Applewood*, many people were positive that the character Lisa had to be autobiographical. Ironically, she was the character *least* like me: very shy, and the daughter of an alcoholic mother. But when adult children of alcoholics said she felt so real for them that they knew I couldn’t have made her up, I felt I must have done something right.”

Ellen might find herself fending off similar questions with the August 2008 publication of her second book, *The Smart One*. The plot revolves around three sisters: Claire, Joey, and Bev. But the backdrop of the story is based on the macabre real-life murder on Forest Drive, uncovered in 1999. (If you don’t recall the facts, see the sidebar.)

“I wanted to write a sister story about three women grappling with childhood labels,” explains Ellen. “I’ve always been very interested in books that probe family relationships. At the same time, I couldn’t get that infamous crime out of my head. And at one point, the two ideas just sort of crashed together like storm clouds. That’s when I decided to wrap the sisters’ story around the murder. I incorporated a lot of facts from the actual case, but only those that served my plot.”

This time around, the town is not called Jericho or Applewood. Or anything, for that matter. “I deliberately didn’t give the town a name,” she says. “With the first book, the town was practically a character in the story, so it had to have a name. In

Jericho’s True-Life Macabre Murder Mystery

On September 2, 1999, the new owner of a home at 67 Forest Drive in East Birchwood asked the seller to remove a rusty — and heavy — fifty-five gallon steel barrel that had been stashed behind a three-foot crawlspace.

When the seller and another man pried off the black drum’s sealed lid, they discovered the mummified remains of a pregnant woman “remarkably well preserved,” according to the *New York Times*, “apparently because the drum had been airtight.”

An autopsy revealed that the victim, between twenty-five and

thirty years old, had been killed by a blow to the skull sometime between 1963 and 1972.

One week after the corpse was discovered, Nassau County homicide detectives interviewed 71-year-old Howard B. Elkins, the original owner of the house from 1957 to 1972, when he moved to Florida. Since then, the house had changed hands three more times.

Elkins was one of several people “of interest” to detectives. The day after investigators visited his Boca Raton condominium, he killed himself with a gun in the garage of a friend’s house.

this one, I just left it open and am letting people believe it could be any town: their town, your town, my town.” (But Ellen, *your* town is *Jericho* ...)

Since *Applewood*’s publication in 2006, and the publication of the paperback edition in 2007, its author has made numerous appearances for readings and book signings at local bookstores and book groups, including Risa Sugarman’s (class of ‘72) group in Woodbury.

“They were a terrific group,” says Ellen, adding, “I just love speaking at book groups. I find that they’re always intelligent, engaged women, and they ask great questions, about the book itself as well as about the writing and publishing process. People are very curious about how I got started, how long was I writing, how hard it was to get a literary agent, and so on.

“I also get a lot of questions about how much of it was based on real life, what was my inspiration, and how the story came about.” So what happens if folks assume that

the three siblings in *The Smart One* are actually the Meisters?

She mulls over the question.

“Well,” says Ellen, “the youngest sister is the wild one, a one-hit-wonder rock star. I don’t think anybody will draw a parallel between her and Andrea [who, incidentally, also lives in Jericho, but in White Birch], because her many talents do *not* include singing. Clare, the oldest of the three, is the pretty one.

“Hmm, maybe people will believe that’s Stephen!” ■

**All Jericho Alumni Are
Invited to the
Book-Launch Party for
Ellen Meister’s
*The Smart One***

Friday, August 8, 7:00 p.m.

**Borders Bookstore
425 Jericho Turnpike
Syosset, LI**

Philip Bashe

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of twenty-five years ago) of the biotech industry. It's a fascinating world, one in which you enter business knowing that you'll probably go ten years or more before introducing your first product, for such is the painstaking FDA drug-approval process. In the meantime, you have to generate hundreds of millions of dollars for research and development, all the while praying that your scientists strike gold. For every five thousand compounds that seem promising in the laboratory, only five will go on to be tested in people, and only *one* of those will eventually be licensed for commercial use.

BusinessWeek magazine calls *Science Lessons* "a fascinating insider's account of the birth of giant Amgen," while Henri Termeer, CEO of Genzyme Corporation, another major biotech firm, calls it "a joy to read, rich in insights."

Phil's going solo again for his next book, *Get On Board! How Fathers Can — and Why They Must — Be Involved with Their Child on the Autistic Spectrum*, a guide for dads of kids with autistic spectrum disorder. As the father of a sixteen-year-old son with Asperger syndrome, Justin, he's always wondered why so few fathers are truly involved with their son or

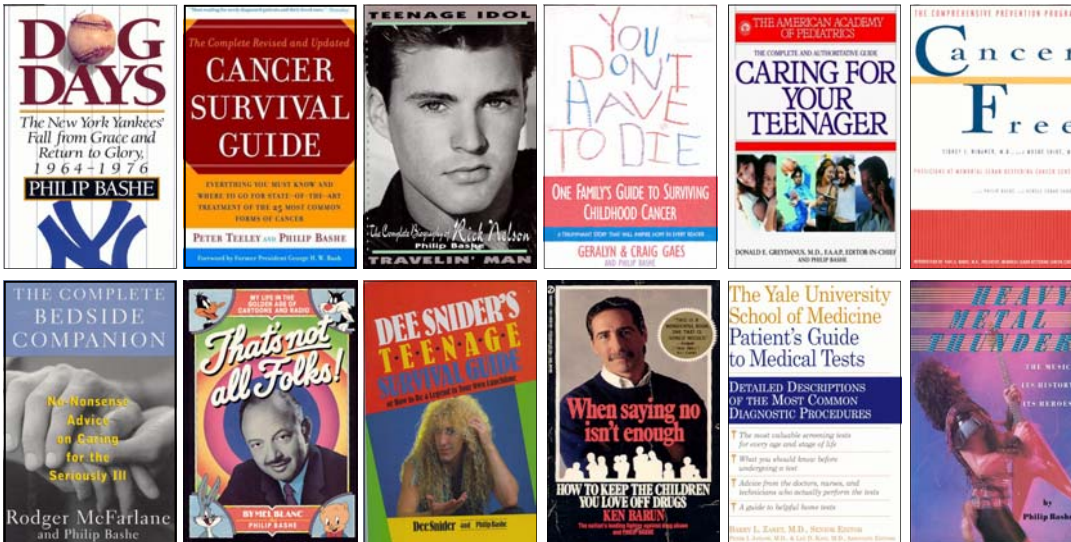
daughter on the spectrum, with most of the care (and major decisions that must be made, about everything from education to medication) falling to the mom.

"A father's full involvement is essential," he says, "not only for the progress and happiness of his child, but for the good of the marriage and the entire family. I would further make the case that being the dad of a kid on the spectrum is the ultimate test of what it means to be a man. And if you do it right, nothing in life is more fulfilling.

"I believe that most fathers want to be integrally involved but don't know how. This book will help them come to terms with their child's disability and reevaluate their perceptions of fatherhood — and manhood. It will also give them specific ways for working in partnership with their spouse to improve the situation for everybody."

Meanwhile, Phil's wife, Patty Romanowski Bashe, herself the author of two dozen books, including four best-sellers, is about to start work on the follow-up to her *The OASIS Guide to Asperger Syndrome*, first published in 2001, the year that she left publishing full-time to earn a master's degree in autism education. Since 2004, she has been an Applied Behavioral Analysis (ABA) therapist, working one-on-one with autistic children ages two to four. ■

Some of Phil's other books



Answers to N.Y. Baseball Challenge

Continued from page 24



To read, print out and turn upside down

1. Fritz Peterson
2. Gene "Stick" Michael
3. (a) Horace Clarke, (b) Charley Spikes, (c) Jake Gibbs, (d) Steve Whitaker, (e) Ruben Amaro and a cast of thousands
4. Rich McKinney
5. Celerino Sanchez
6. Mike McCormick
7. Stan Bahnsen ('68), Thurman Munson ('70)
8. (a) shortstop, (b) third base, right field
9. Charley Spikes: '23 and '22 for Cleveland in 1973 and 1974 — one more than Gray Nettles, the man he was traded for
10. Bobby Cox and Dick Howser
11. Horace Clarke
12. Steve Hamilton

New York Yankees

1. Wes Westrum
2. Rob Gardner, Ron Swoboda
3. Tom Seaver ('67), Jon Matlack ('72)
4. Jim Fregosi
5. Don Clendenon
6. Ron Swoboda
7. Karl Erhardt
8. Tommy Davis
9. John Milner
10. Gary Gentry
11. Cleon Jones, Al Weis
12. Rusty Staub

New York Mets

Your Back Pages

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



With the Yankees and Mets about to move into new stadiums, it seems appropriate to reflect on the teams’ pasts — specifically, 1965 through 1973, the years the classes of ’71, ’72, and ’73 were in junior high and high school. The baseball world went topsy-turvy, with the Mets owning New York, and the once mighty Yankees tumbling into disgrace. Test your knowledge!



1. Little remembered, this manager served as the bridge between Casey Stengel and Gil Hodges during the 1966 and 1967 seasons.

2. These players wore both Yankees and Mets uniforms. Which two played for the Mets first? (a) P Rob Gardner, (b) OF Ron Swoboda, (c) P Bob Friend, (d) P Hal Reniff

3. Which two Mets of this era won the N.L. Rookie of the Year Award, and in which year? Hint: both were pitchers.

4. Name the man the Mets received in the infamous 1971 Nolan Ryan trade.

5. This midseason acquisition, a first baseman, hit only .252 in 1969 but was named Most Valuable Player in the World Series against Baltimore.

6. This rookie outfielder led the Mets in home runs in 1965, with nineteen roundtrippers.

7. A fixture at Mets games, this former ad man, recently deceased, held up memorable signs for years.

8. A former two-time N.L. batting titlist, he joined the Mets in 1967 and hit .302.

9. This first baseman, a rookie in 1972, led the light-hitting Mets in homers in 1972 and 1973, with 17 and 23, respectively. Nickname: The Hammer.

10. The Mets shut out Baltimore 5-0 in game 3 of the World Series to take a 2-1 edge. Nolan Ryan picked up the save; who was the starter and winner?

11. Game 5 had its share of oddities: Which Met was awarded first base after manager Gil Hodges pointed out the shoe polish on the ball, indicating that he’d been hit by the pitch? And which light-hitting infielder snapped a 3-3 tie in the 7th with a leadoff home run — only the seventh of his eight-year major-league career?

12. Which Met accounted for all three of the team’s home runs in its victorious 1973 NL Championship series?

1. Ace Mel Stottlemyre won 20 games three times, 1965, 1968, and 1969. Only one other pitcher won 20 games for the Yanks, in 1970. Who was he?

2. This light-hitting shortstop, a future Yankees GM, pitched three shutout innings during a 1968 series against Detroit.

3. Between 1965 and 1967, the Yankees underwent wholesale changes, their stars replaced by nobodies. Who took over for these players? (a) 2B Bobby Richardson, (b) 3B Clete Boyer, (c) C Elston Howard, (d) RF Roger Maris, (e) SS Tony Kubek.

4. In one of the worst trades ever, the Yankees dealt Stan Bahnsen to the White Sox for this no-glove, poor-hitting third baseman, a washout in 1972.

5. This Mexican third baseman became a fan fave in 1972.

6. In 1970, ex-Yankee Jim Bouton published his controversial memoir *Ball Four*, which outraged many of his fellow players. Midseason, the Yanks acquired a veteran pitcher from San Francisco who refused to wear the uniform assigned him, No. 56, because it had been Bouton’s number.

7. Two young Bombers won Rookie of the Year Awards. Who were they? (Hint: in 1968 and 1970).

8. CF Bobby Murcer blossomed into a star in 1971, hitting .331. Name the positions he played (a) as a 19-year-old rookie in 1965-66, and (b) after his return from the army, in 1969.

9. Many ballyhooed Yankees phenoms fizzled during this time. Of these hopefuls, who is the only one to hit 20 homers in his career at least once? (a) Roger Repoz, (b) Charley Spikes, (c) Arturio Lopez, (d) Ross Mosschitto, (e) Tony Solaita

10. Two future managers of the year both played 3B in 1968, one as a starter, the other as his backup.

11. This second baseman famously couldn’t turn the doubleplay, but in 1970 he broke up three no-hitters.

12. Which Yankees reliever threw a high-arching pitch called the “Folly Floater”?

Answers on previous page