

JHS Classes of '71, '72, '73 Thirderly Online Newsletter

Welcome to this, the 23rd newsletter of the JHS classes of '71, '72, and '73, and friends.

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

RSVPs Are Pouring In!

RSVPs are coming in from as far away as California for the "Intergalactic Space Party" reunion to be held at Milleridge Cottage in Jericho on Saturday, October 9, 2010, from 1 p.m. to 6 p.m. (We have other activities scheduled throughout the Columbus Day weekend.) Until May 9, you can RSVP at the discounted price of \$110; after that, the price returns to the regular \$125 per adult.

We've located most members of the JHS classes of '71, '72, and '73, but there are still some who have evaded our clutches. If you happen to know their whereabouts, please let Phil (philipbashe@optimum.net) or Larry (Ilicht@qwest.net) know or have the person get in touch. ■



Look who's already RSVP'd! Tareq and Michaele Salahi of Washington, DC. Which is kinda ... weird, since we didn't invite them. Also odd is Mrs. Salahi's claim to have been a JHS cheerleader in 1972 — she would have been six.

1971

Abrams, Sally
Alessi, Arlene J.
Caninizzaro, Jean
Cannone, Teresa
Chapman, Margaret
Cohen, Barry
Fariello, Michael
Goldberg Fein, Leslie
Goldman, Ronald
Hamilton, John
Hoffman, Mara Beth
Kaminester, Ellen
Kass Savot, Phyllis.
Lewman, Mark A.
McCord, Maureen
Nelson, Joseph J.
Roth, Barbara Linda
Sachs, Peter
Samuels, Roberta
Schwartz, Audrey
Silver, Howard

Silver, Jan
Simon, Jill
Tomaszewski, Ann
Walters, Steven

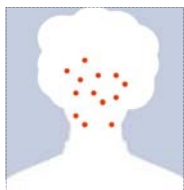
1972

Centola, Donna
Cohen, Allan
Cole, Grainger
Esposito, Joseph
Fairfield, Olivia
Gross, Steven
Harrah, Robert
Mari, Beatrice
Meadow, David
McEwen, Alan
Nuszer, Bela
Rorer, James
Saydan, Ayda
Snow, Emma
Weisenfeld, Laura
Weiss, Lee

1973

Anderson, Karen
Beal, David
Belser, Eileen
Cannone, Vincent
Dibenedetto, Ann
Erwin, Robert
Frankel, Linda
Gaeta, Ralph
Greenberg, Matt
Haviland, Stuart
Hladky, Lawrence
Johnson, Deborah
LaFavers, Brian
Lester, Phil

Martello, Steven
Meyers, Scott
O'Connor Blizzard, Lyle
Raduano, George
Reichgot, Steven
Robson, Alan
Roth, Susan
Sachs, Lisa
Schiffman, Marc
Schwartz, Roy
Shuman, Robin
Smilowitz, Eric
Sobel, Richard
Staab, Janet
Trattler, Robert
Zdan, Carolle

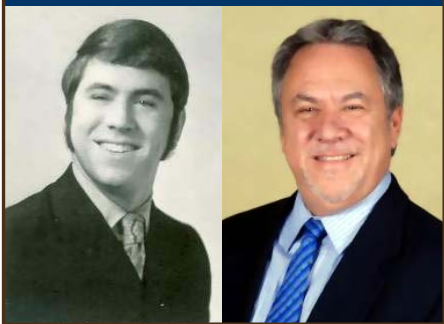


Yearbook 2 facebook



In our travels around cyberspace, we frequently come upon photos of former classmates, especially on Facebook. "Yearbook 2 Facebook" features folks who perhaps didn't make it to the last couple of reunions, so we haven't seen them in a while. If they come to next October's big party, now you'll recognize 'em. Can you *believe* how good everyone looks?! *Maybe they're all robots.* Yep, that must be it.

Mark Miller ('71)
Palm Harbor, FL



Debra Cherson ('72)
Montpelier, VT



Beth Gerchick Green ('71)
Encino, CA



Marjorie Freedman ('73)
San Jose, CA



Leslie Stevens Luria ('71)
Coconut Creek, FL



Mark Osit ('73)
Basking Ridge, NJ



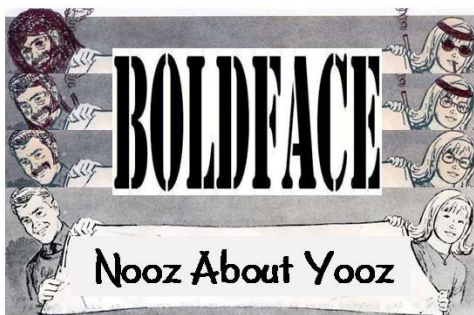
Iris Weinstock Rubin ('71)
Upper Montclair, NJ



Barbara Simpson Carswell ('72)
Tewkesbury, MA



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**Karan Bunin Huss:
California Girl, Mother of
The Bride**

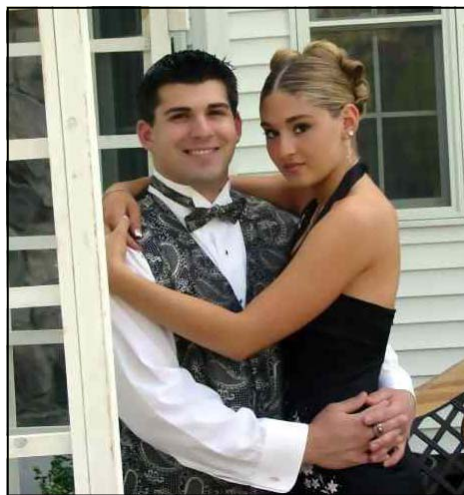
Karan Bunin Huss's daughter, **Nicolette**, married her longtime sweetheart **Adam Nikolic** last June. The couple, whose prom picture (right) graced our summer 2004 issue, met seven a half years ago when the Husses lived in Wappinger's Falls, New York.

According to Karan, Adam was a baseball player for the Hudson Valley Renegades, an A-ball affiliate of the Tampa Bay Rays. "We were his host family, and Nikki was the team mas-

cot. They pretty much fell in love the first day they met. So now my daughter's name is Nikki Nicolet. Ya can't make this stuff up!"

Karan and her husband, Marty, live right around the block from the newlyweds — in sunny Redondo Beach, California. "Marty retired last year," Karan explains, "so we sold our home and moved out here. We didn't plan on living so close to Nikki and Adam; that was a fluke, and a very long story. But it's great.

"Adam is now in mortgage and loans and is on his way to becoming a professional softball player, while Nikki graduated from Cal State Fullerton with a degree in marketing. If anyone has any leads, she's currently looking for a job — along with the rest of the classes of '09!"



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**Susan Finch Compton ('71)
New York, MI**



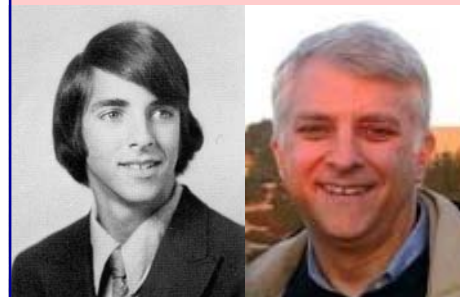
**Leslie Schwab ('72)
Boca Raton, FL**



**Barbara Silverblank Eisenstein ('71)
South Pasadena, CA**



**Paul Corwin ('72)
New York, NY**



*In Tribute***Cheryl Russell Turoff (1972)**

By Ellen Rader Smith ('72)

To all those near and dear to Cheryl, we all sustained a terrible loss when she passed away in November 2009 after a courageous two-year fight with breast cancer.

I have lost a best friend, while her three children (Eric, Amy, and Daniel) lost their beloved mother, her husband, Bob, lost his wife of twenty-nine years, her mother, Sylvia, who still lives in Jericho (where Cheryl's room can still bring back childhood memories) lost a daughter, her sisters, Sandy (class of '70) and Elisia (class of '75), lost their sister, her dogs Maggie and Zoe have lost their primary caretaker and all her cuddling and attention, her hand therapy patients have lost their therapist, and countless other friends from near and far have also lost this wonderful human being.

Cheryl and I date back to seventh grade. We were close throughout junior and senior high, but I believe our friendship truly became stronger in adulthood, as we built our families and careers. For the longest time, my daughter even thought that Cheryl's family were her cousins! Cheryl and I were two days apart in age, so we always celebrated our birthdays together, along with Susan Sugarman Gold, when we regularly celebrated with a show in NYC. (As I married later, neither Cheryl or Susan would ever forgive me for setting the walking pace in NYC when they were eight months pregnant, and I could not understand their need to slow down!)

Cheryl studied physical therapy at the University of Maryland, and I became an occupational therapist. We were both involved in the specialty of hand rehabilitation, while Cheryl pursued the route of becoming a certified hand therapist. Cheryl often provided me a second professional opinion when I was evaluating difficult hand cases.

A Caring Friend

Cheryl was my matron of honor, made my wedding and first baby shower. We were present at each other's children's Bar and Bat Mitzvahs. While I can remember these events clearly, more so will I remember her unbelievable qualities as a person and a friend, who was always there and able to provide support and encouragement whenever needed, and ask leading and insightful questions to help me come to good decisions by myself.



Cheryl (center) with Jill Harmon (l.) and Ellen Rader Smith (r.) at the class of '72's 30-year reunion.

For those of you who are still close with your Jericho friends, you know that it is really only those who you grew up with that can fully understand you and your family dynamics, because those influences (positive and negative) impact heavily on how we got to be where we are today.

Cheryl never gave a second thought about helping others and always gave of herself. She regularly traversed the island from her South Shore home in Islip to the North Shore to take her kids to art lessons and other activities. She loved the beach and doing pet therapy with her dogs at the nursing homes. Cheryl's house was centrally located between her out-of-state sisters and Russell enclaves were regularly held at her house, clearly exemplifying the epitome of a close family who was there to share all celebrations and opportunities together. Cheryl was even thinking of a career change to social work so that she could counsel and help individuals and families in need, particularly those with chronic illnesses.

Cheryl's determination and resilience was known to everyone. Throughout her illness, Cheryl never gave up. After each surgery, she got herself back in the best shape as possible — even doing more than what most healthy people could do. She could easily challenge the best of us to a good, healthy five-mile walk.

A Determined, Positive Outlook

Following Cheryl's diagnosis, it seemed that each time Cheryl got good news, it was soon followed by a setback, which meant either more chemo, radiation or surgery. However, you rarely every heard Cheryl complain be-

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In Tribute

Cheryl Russell Turoff

Continued from page 4

cause she was forever optimistic that she would not let this disease take control of her life and that she would beat the C word. To know what she endured would make anyone feel selfish to think for a moment that they were hurting. Similarly, when Cheryl attended support groups, she only enjoyed those groups where the people were in similar places as she and who didn't feel their life was over or asked "Why



Cheryl in junior high.

Photo courtesy of Robbi Goldberg.

me?" but, rather, how they could be empowered to make the most of their situation.

I know that what I will miss most is not being able to just pick up the phone and hearing Cheryl's voice — whether for just a regular catch-up call or when I really needed her support. This gap will be almost impossible to replace, but I feel that if I can somehow think of how Cheryl would have handled the situation or the advice she would have given me, I will be in a better place.

Cheryl was the epitome of a true friend. I know she will be remem-

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In Tribute

Don Schrager (1971)

Donald Schrager passed away at his home in Sunrise, Florida, in late November. Here are some photos and remembrances from friends and family. Thanks to Peter Berson, Linda Caputo Friedmann, Paul Drucker, Jake Jakobiak, Steven Kabatsky, and Kraig Libstag. A facebook page in Don's memory has been set up. Simply go to facebook and type "Donald Schrager" in the Search Box.



Peter Berson, Don's cousin:

Some of us are fortunate to be so generous and kind in life.

We meet people, and a bond of friendship and warmth develops between us.

Don is this person.

As we know, he could be so kind, so generous, and so warm — even if you couldn't fit your arms around him.

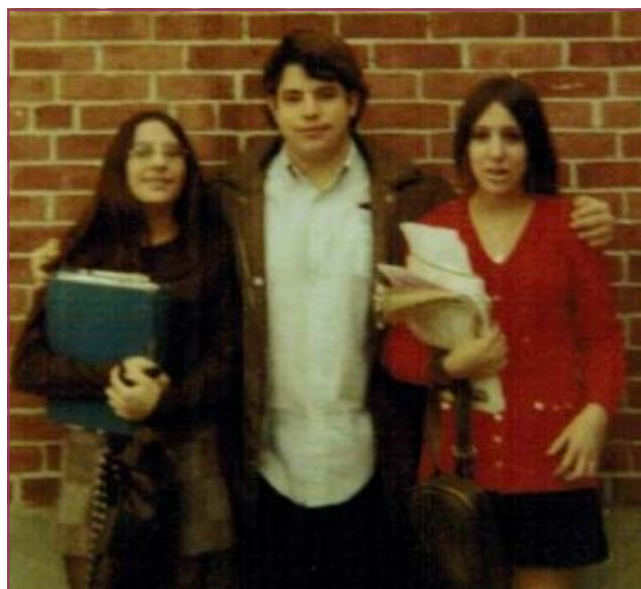
Friendship that lasts over decades are the testament of this man.

It was a beautiful day when I went with Donny to say good-bye here at Cedar Beach.

I hope to be more like Donny one day.

Don, circa 1970-71, with Linda Caputo Friedmann (l.) and Caryn Ellenbogen Dayney (r.) from the class of '72.

Linda: Don was a wonderful person with a big heart. I have many fond memories of parties at his house, and he was the original DJ. He introduced me to lots of music, and music was always his passion. There are many people who kept in touch with Don, and he posted emails and sent his comments to many of us regularly. He will be missed by many and fondly remembered.



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In Tribute

Don Schrager

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Steven Kabatsky

('73): We were in high school, and it was lunch one day. A whole bunch of us piled into cars and headed right for Greenvale to Burger King. The biggest Whopper-eating contest was about to start, and we all thought Don was a shoe-in. How Don loved to eat!



I can't remember ever seeing a bigger cheering section, and I can't even describe the laughs that we all had. I remained friends with Donald ever since, but I can't recall ever having so much fun with him as we did that day. I'm not sure if he was disappointed when he came in second — as Leslee Moskowitz won for the most whoppers consumed that day.



(Above) Paul Drucker ('71): This is one of the last photos I took of Don, when he visited me at my home in Jupiter, Florida, last August. On the left are John Cooney ('72) and his wife, Veronica; my wife, Lori; Don; and me. We sent Don home with a photo that John had taken of the statue of Jesus that overlooks the city of Rio in Brazil.



Despite living in Florida, Don stayed close to many of his friends, including, from the class of '71, Roy Fiorino, Gary Malin, and Kraig Libstag.



Don also visited friend Jake Jakobiak ('71, inset) at his ranch in Parrish, Florida. Jake: You can see how much Don liked horses!



Don with Roy Fiorino ...

... and John Ruestow ...



... and Gaile Goodgold Horowitz.



Catch Up With ... Roberta "Robbi" Goldberg ('72)



My family was one of the early "settlers" in Jericho; we moved to White Birch when I was two, in 1956.

The neighborhood kids included Mindy Wertheimer, Lori Berman, and Risa Sugarman. Later on, Sue Silverman moved in across the street, and we became really good friends. In fact, we're still good friends. My best childhood friend, though, was Susan Chattleton. Just the other day, I found a card from her that she'd sent me when I was in college.

Mitchell Meyer lived next door to me. We were very close. Many of my old family stories have the Meyers in them; we were friends with his parents and used to go to the beach together. In 2007, at the last reunion, I walked into Milleridge Cottage, and the first person I laid eyes on was Mitchell. I hadn't seen him in almost forty years. It was really nice. The whole time we were sitting and talking, people kept coming up to him and asking him if he was still funny!

During the summer of 1969, when I was fifteen, we moved to Great Neck. My transition to high school there was ... difficult! It didn't help that just before the school year started, I started having double vision. We never did find out what

caused it. So not only did I enter tenth grade ten days late, but for the first two months I had a patch over one eye!

The main reason we moved was for the closer commute to the city. My father was one of the first people in the bar-coding industry and wrote an industry newsletter that still exists today. Before that, he was in plastics. Remember the oh-so-famous line from the movie *The Graduate*, where the family friend tells Dustin Hoffman to go into plastics? Our family thought that was the funniest thing ever.

We didn't stay in the Great Neck house too long. Just three years later, I graduated from Great Neck South, followed by my younger brother, David. (My older brother, Jeff, graduated from JHS in 1968.) Plus, my parents' business ended up in an office space right there in downtown Great Neck, which was even better. So they sold the house and bought a condo. My mom still lives in Great Neck.

I went to George Washington University in Washington, DC, and earned a BA in political science and an MBA in international business. I loved

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"When I told my boss at Common Cause that I was leaving to become a painter and live on the Greek island of Ios, his reaction was something to the effect of 'Oy vey, your poor mother!'"

(Below): Now we are six. Robbi and neighbor Mitch Meyer survey the suburban dream in May 1960. (Right): Now we are ... well, never mind. Robbi and Mitch at the 2007 reunion.



Robbi Goldberg

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Washington; still love it. One of my apartments was just two blocks from the White House. I also got to spend my sophomore year at the American College in Paris, which was wonderful.

After graduation, I worked for the university, which was how I paid for my MBA. Even though I wasn't an athlete, I got involved in different athletic associations, starting the booster club and serving as the soccer team's time-keeper and statistician. I was just in Washington for a reunion of the soccer team; we're like a family and have been getting together annually for something like thirty-five years.

In the late 1970s, I began working at the non-profit public advocacy organization Common Cause, which turns forty this year. It was started by John Gardner, who'd been secretary of health, education, and welfare under President Lyndon Johnson.

That was a great experience; the people there were all so bright, and the causes were all so good. I worked for Fred Wertheimer, who's still fighting for campaign-finance reform through his own organization, and I assisted the chairman of the board, Archibald Cox, the Harvard constitutional law professor and (briefly,

until Richard Nixon sacked him) the special Watergate prosecutor. These were just fantastic human beings to be around.

Time for a Change — a Really Big Change

In January 1983, I walked into Fred Wertheimer's office and announced that I was leaving not only Common Cause but also the States, to become a painter and live on the Greek island of Ios. His reaction was something to the effect of "Oy vey, your poor mother!"

To this day, I don't know where I got that idea. I used to do some sketching in college, but I had never used a paintbrush and never used color. What little art experience I had came from having Scott Mackay as my art teacher in seventh and eighth grades while still at Jericho Junior High. Some people were scared of him, because he was so meticulous and exacting, but we got on really well. I didn't learn that he had passed away until I ran into teacher Barbara Murphy at the class of '72's 30th reunion, and she told me. He was somebody I really would have loved to have gotten in touch with again.

I'd been to Greece as a tourist seven times since 1976, and I knew that if I sublet my apartment in Washington, I'd have enough to money to live there and paint for one



Robbi's life chronicled in paintings. Ever wonder how somebody could live on a tiny island for years? Wonder no more. (Above) Ios's port, and (below) the Koubara Shore. Looks like a TV commercial for Corona Beer, doesn't it?



year. It wasn't a spur-of-the-moment decision, but I didn't anguish over it, either: decided to go in January 1983 and left that September. My brother David, who today lives in Port Washington (Jeff lives in DC, and his three closest friends from Jericho remain his good friends today), met me in Paris and then stayed with me on Ios for a

couple of months. When he left to go home in December, I started painting seriously, although I had no idea what I was doing at that point.

And one year turned into thirteen!

Ios is about the same size as Manhattan in terms of square miles, but it's shaped totally differently,

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Robbi Goldberg

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with a lot of hills and rocks, and it gets green in the winter and full of wildflowers. It's so incredibly beautiful, it's almost painful. It's a very romantic kind of existence. Every day of my thirteen years there, I felt that magic.

Only about fourteen hundred people live there. When I moved there, it was a pretty poor place. I didn't have a telephone until the last two years I was there.

(Nowadays, though, everybody's got a cell phone and computers, and all that stuff.) Island life centered mainly around the village. As people started having more money, they started building better roads, which enabled people to build houses farther away from town.

But Ios was small enough that I could walk pretty much everywhere. Sometimes I'd take a bus. Then, a few years into my stay, I got an old car. I figured I'd learn how to drive a stick shift, since that's all they have over there, but after some lessons with an English friend, I realized *that* just wasn't going to happen for me. It would have to be a car with an automatic transmission. Good luck finding one! It took several months, but a car dealership in Athens finally found me a used Honda Civic. When I brought that back to Ios, it was a huge curiosity. Everybody wanted to try to drive it.

The main square in the village is about the size of most people's living

rooms, except that there are four cafes. One closed down for the winter, another was only for old men, which left the younger people two cafes. Needless to say, with so few people, everybody got to know everybody – the cafes in the square are the center of life in every Greek village and city.

The people around my age were mainly men, because back in those days, the women did not go to cafes by themselves. Everyone spoke English, because they'd been dealing with tourists since they were young. They all had local businesses, like nightclubs and things like that. Of all the Greek islands, it's the biggest party island for younger people; it gets really crazy and crowded

in July and August. Ios is one of those world spots like Goa, India, or Bali, Indonesia, that were/are on the international "hippie" circuit.

The group of friends I made on Ios are still some of my best friends today. Gradually, as some of the guys got married, I became friends with some of the wives (and not with others), many of whom were foreign.

Not long after I moved there, I began living with a guy named Michalis, whose family was beloved on the island. That was lucky, because I didn't speak fluent Greek at first, but people figured that if he was with me, I must be nice.

Gradually, they came to know me as "the painter." I say *the* painter, because there was really no other painter on the entire island. (Well,

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A view of the village.

Takin' Care of Bidness!



Jerichonians At Work



Jerry Moran ('73): Tip-Top Chef

OWNER-CHEF, LA CENA RISTORANTE, 211 NORTH LAURA STREET, JACKSONVILLE, FL 32202, (904) 633-9255

I was kind of an insider-outsider at Jericho. I knew a lot of people, I was captain of the swimming team, but I didn't really socialize all that much.

For one thing, my family lived on Wheatley Road in Brookville, in the house next to Robin Hood Country Day School. So we were a little isolated. Plus, my parents were pretty strict. I was expected to take care of the property after school.

I had a dirt bike, a 1969 Hodaka (still have it), and would ride the power lines between Northern Boulevard and Jericho Turnpike. In retrospect, what I used to do on that motorcycle was terrifically dangerous. Note to parents: Don't let your kid

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Jerry Moran

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have a motorcycle. I sure wouldn't!

For fun, I would head over to Susan Shelton's house on Valley Road and annoy her for a while. I would do a perfect (but sincere) Eddie Haskell job on her mother, and Susan hated me for it. I did love Mrs. Shelton, though.

I never spent a summer on Long Island, even from the time I was a baby. My brother, Steven (JHS '77), and I would get shipped down to Kingsley Lake, Florida, which is where my mother grew up. It's this perfectly round, crystal-clear lake in the middle of nowhere. We had Grandma's old house, right on the lake, with a dock, and we spent all of our time in the water. I was a pretty hot barefoot water skier. There was a little redneck Riviera-style water park at one end of the lake. I was the lifeguard there in 1972. Between the job and the ski boat, and a really sweet little girlfriend (the boss's niece), that was a good summer.

Then we'd drive back north over Labor Day Weekend, just in time for school. Talk about culture shock! Here you'd been in the middle of redneck country all summer, running around barefoot. Now you're back in Jericho, with your long pants on again. You haven't seen anyone

for two and a half months. And we were all growing then, so everyone looks different.

Here's a story that illustrates how little I knew about the rest of Jericho: During my senior year, I had to take driver's ed, even though I'd had a Florida license since I was fourteen. One day I'm driving east along Jericho Turnpike, with Mr. Greenspan next to me, and just as we pass Howard Johnson's, he says, "Take South Marginal Road." That's the service road to the Long Island Expressway, in West Birchwood. I know that now. I didn't know that then.

I'm thinking, *South Marginal Road? Never heard of it.* I figured Mr. Greenspan just wanted me to head back to the school, and the quickest route was to bear left and stay on Jericho Turnpike. We came to the fork in the road. I turned my steering wheel to the left; he turned his to the right. The car went somewhere in between, and we wound up on the grassy median.

I always thought that I was born a little too early. Like I said, my big interest

back then was swimming. Starting in my junior year, with a new coach named Barry Roffer, we had a pretty good team: Dave Mollineaux, Jeff Soukup, Bob Ehrlich, and Howard Fielder, to name a few. As a senior, I held the record for absolute speed for a long time, but I think Bob Ehrlich would have if his event had been freestyle instead of butterfly. I couldn't do a stroke of butterfly. Bob was truly the top swimmer of the era.

But swimming wasn't a sexy sport like it is now, not even after Mark Spitz's record-breaking performance at the 1972 Summer Olympics. *Nobody* ever came to the meets. The cheerleaders were always at the football games and the basketball games, and we didn't get jack! It's funny, though, how things change. At the

class of '73's thirty-year reunion, they had a multimedia presentation, which included my picture from the 1972-73 swimming team, and I guess I looked pretty ripped. People were saying to me, "Jerry, is that you?" And I'm thinking, *Where were you when I needed you?!*

Becoming a chef wasn't considered sexy either back then, not like it is today. My father was an officer and director for Meinhard-Commercial Factors. The company did a lot of business in the Southeast, financing furniture, textile, and carpet manufacturers. He was one of the top guys in the field. My dad was a little paternalistic, and the plan for me was to get an accounting degree at the University of North Carolina, and then

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(Left): "Perfectly round" indeed. Kingsley Lake, Florida, where Jerry spent his summers growing up. His mom, now eighty-nine, still lives in the lake house (above). "I go out there on weekends to look after her."

Jerry Moran

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get a job with one of the many manufacturers down there.

From Rednecks to Hillbillies

Well, I went down to Chapel Hill, North Carolina, and that was more culture shock. I mean, I knew all about rednecks from spending my summers in Florida — and I mean *old* Florida; think Larry the Cable Guy — but I had never seen hillbillies before. I'd never lived away from home, either, and I just went crazy when I went to school. I had a lot of fun. I'd earned quite a bit of money working over the summer (my first on L.I.) as a lifeguard at the Piping Rock Country Club in Locust Valley, and I spent it all in two weeks! I lived in a dorm with other folks from out of state, and I don't think that anybody in that whole building actually graduated from UNC, myself included.

I did pretty well in the business classes, but, after a Jericho High School education, the rest wasn't very interesting. Frankly, I think it's a mistake for most kids to go right from high school to college, unless they're going into a particular profession or are academically inclined. I think many kids should get out in the world and work first, then go back. That certainly would have been better for me.

Oh, and what ever happened to the swimming career? Didn't like the
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“I would say that most people who work in restaurants have emotional problems, mental problems, addiction problems.”

*Been Lookin' for Love in All the Wrong Places?
 ... Then You've Come to the Right Place!*

JERICHO HIGH SCHOOL PERSONALS



Gloria Rothstein ('75) • Jericho, NY

I am back in New York after a nineteen-year vacation in Southern California. I am a social worker at New York Presbyterian Allen Hospital. I love to dance, especially West Coast swing and hustle dancing, and am an easy laugh.

— glodances@yahoo.com



Robbi Goldberg ('72) • Westhampton Beach, NY

I'm a professional painter since 1983, although my college degrees were in political science and an MBA in international business. I am kind, generous, easygoing, independent, and have a good sense of humor. I have been known to be stubborn -- but only when I'm 100 percent certain I'm right. Ha! I love to travel and believe that life should be an adventure (which doesn't mean I like bunjee jumping, just that change is good). I also believe that if you have your health, then all the rest is a piece of cake. I'm a big Mets and Jets fan, and I love to cook.

Favorite books: Steinbeck and Dickens are my favorites, but I love to read, especially about different places and times.

Favorite movies: a long list. I love movies of most genres except for horror movies and very violent movies.

Favorite music: I'm a big music fan who likes all good music (except for heavy metal and most rap/hip-hop). Currently I listen to a lot of alternative rock.

— robbgold@aol.com.



TOONS CARTOONS SCARTO OTOONS SCARTOONS SCART



By Dan Clurman

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

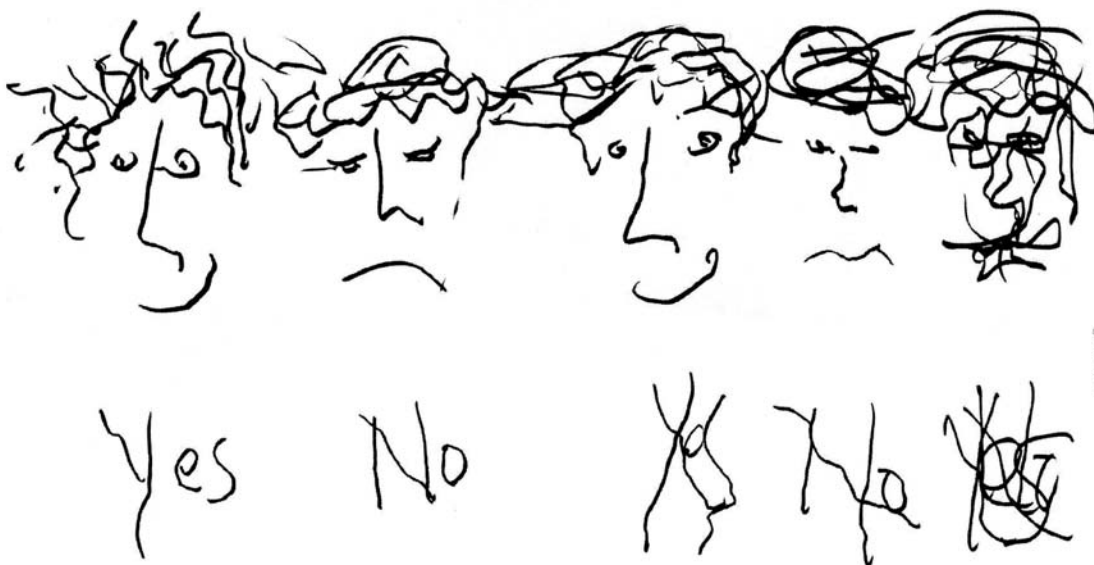


"I assist professionals, business people, couples, and students to more skillfully navigate life transitions, as well as improve their communication and presentations. I also have a small practice as a Feldenkrais® practitioner, a movement-based form of education.

"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>.

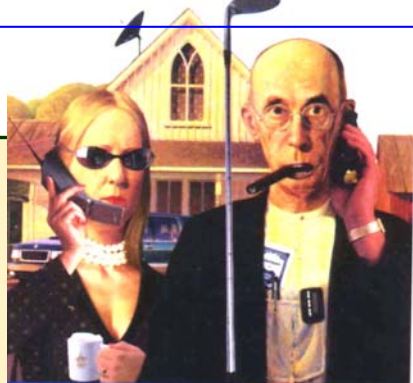
Daniel Goleman, best-selling author of *Emotional Intelligence*, has this to say about *You've Got to Draw the Line Somewhere*: "impish but pointed, edgy and astute, wise, and just plain funny."



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A Vital Public Service!

Grandparenting 101

Haven't quite gotten the hang of this Grandma-Grandpa/Nana-Gaga/Meemaw-Peepaw/Gabba Gabba Hey stuff yet?

Well, try these phrases on for size, pardner, and before you know it, you'll be shivering in 90-degree heat despite wearing two sweaters, just like a bona fide old person!

- "Did I tell you I have three grandchildren? I have some pictures of them somewhere ..."
[Rummage through purse or fanny pack the size of an ocean liner's cargo bay.]
- "You call that music?! I call it noise!"
- "Did I show you what my grandson/granddaughter sent me?" [Proudly display "World's Best Grandma/Grandpa" mug/T-shirt/hip flask/truss, etc.]
- "Hey, Mister/Missy: Stop burning all the lights! You think electricity grows on trees?!"
- "Who wants hard candy!? I have some in my ..."
[Rummage through purse or fanny pack the size of an ocean liner's cargo bay.]

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

What are some '71-'72-'73 progeny up to? Find out right here ...

GRANDKIDS EDITION



Felicity Rose Hyams, age 7 **Grandparents: Arnold (72) and Linda Tropper**

"Felicity Rose Hyams is in second grade. She and her mom recently moved back home. So my wife, Linda, and I are baby-sitters on call 24/7, but Felicity gets to go to school in Port Jefferson.

"I get to do bus stop duty every morning and most afternoons. It's great being a stay-at-home 'Papa.' I never knew what I wanted to be when I grew up until I became a grandpa."

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Too cute! Above: Princess Felicity Rose. (Top): Arnie, Linda, and Felicity with two plushies on the streets of Manhattan. Or maybe it's Disney World — can't tell.

**"... AND NOW,
FOR THE
YOUNGSHTERS!"**



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Allison Sara Mandelkern, age 1
Grandparents: Peter and Joyce
(Targove) Mandelkern (73)



At left, Allison, who turned one on December 7, 2009. According to grandmother Joyce (pictured with Peter, above), "She's a diehard Mets fan, just like her parents." Joyce and Peter, who live in Port Washington, LI, celebrated their thirty-first wedding anniversary on March 24.

Cymbaline Josephine DiPol, age 2
G'ma: Virginia Ferrante Cammareri (73)



"My granddaughter currently lives in New Jersey, so I don't see her as much as I would like, but I cherish my visits with her. She loves the water, and enjoys visiting Grandma in the summer, as I have an in-ground

pool. Her mom, Barbara, is a strong, intelligent woman with strong family bonds, and her dad, my son Thomas, loves her so. I'm hoping to have her here for a weekend very soon. In the meantime, I plan on going to Jersey around my birthday in March. No nicer birthday present than that! She was named after a character in some Shakespearean play (I don't remember which one!), and the 'Josephine' is after my mom. I love that part the best."



Jerry Moran

Continued from page 11

pool or the training. They wanted me to swim all four strokes and distances, and I was a freestyle sprinter, period. So that lasted less than a season. Also, beer and pool water are not a good mix. One bonus, though: As a sophomore, I assisted teaching a freshman girls swimming class. Got an A in that class, and lots of dividends!

Chapel Hill was still the "Hippie Hill" back then, full of artsy people and hippies. I was hot for a money-making job and got one in a restaurant, even though I'd never worked in one in my life. It was a new, upscale place called P.O.E.T.S. Corner. (Get it?) I think every freak in town worked there. I was thrown right into the kitchen, and the staff accepted me. Everyone was either drunk or stoned, the owner and chef included. I was still a student, and mostly laid off on the drinking, but that was my initiation into the underworld of hospitality work.

One of my coworkers was an older guy who carried a first edition of William Burroughs's *Naked Lunch* around with him. A hippie who looked like the Zig-Zag man came in every day and baked the bread. You get the picture. The job became my life, the workers my friends, and I spent less and less time in class

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First Person Singular Iris Weinstock Schaffer-Hall (‘73)

Do you want to hear a funny story? I was at a business lunch and was talking to a film editor that I’ve worked with. He asked me where I grew up, and I told him Jericho.

“Jericho? Yeah, me too! Where in Jericho?”

“West Birchwood.”

“Oh my God, me too! What street?”

He said, “This little street you probably never heard of called St. Lawrence Place.”

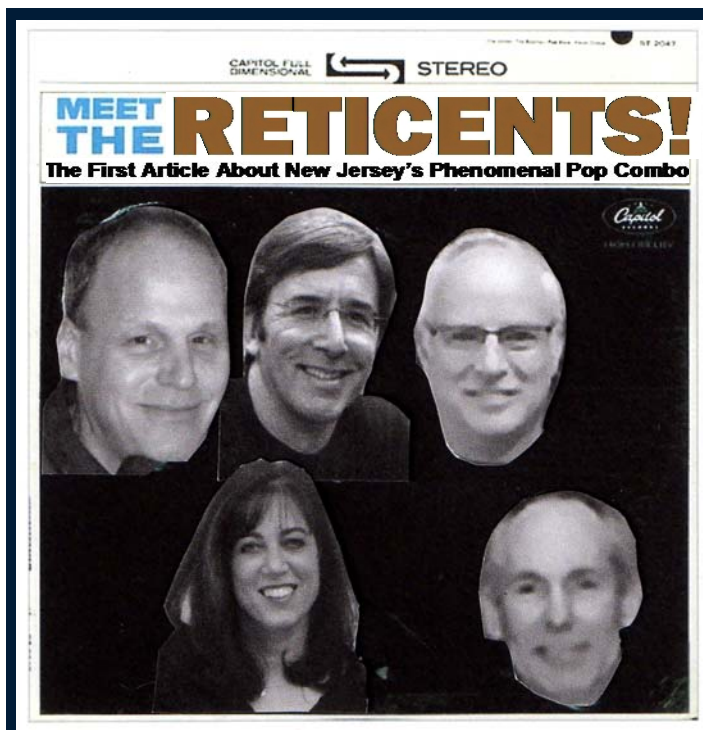
“That’s the street I grew up on! What house number?”

“Twenty.”

“That was our house!!!”

My parents sold 20 St. Lawrence Place and moved to Manhattan not long after I graduated and had begun pursuing a career in music.

I started thinking about music seriously when I was in ninth or tenth grade. By then I’d been taking piano lessons for a long time. I also played guitar and had started writing songs. I used to jam with local musicians. Everything seemed to revolve around this great guy from Syosset named Chuck Hoffman, who was a talented song writer and played guitar and bass. His girlfriend — and later his wife — was Gina Itzkowitz (‘69), older sister of Marty



Iris Weinstock and David Goldman knew each other in high school; in fact, says Iris, “**We went on a date** when I was in **seventh grade** — but David says he doesn’t remember, so I guess that doesn’t count!” (She’s **right**: We got out the old JHS dating rulebook and checked.) After **high school**, they both pursued careers in the often capricious and cruel world of **popular music**. Each went on to **enjoy considerable** professional success in other fields but still related to the arts. And the two **New Jersey** residents now play together for fun in a **rock group** called **the Reticents**.

Itzkowitz (‘71). Sadly, Chuck died of throat cancer a few years ago. He was a big inspiration to me in deciding to pursue music.

David Goldman played drums in a band with Chuck and Neil Brodbeck (whose younger sister, Mary Ellen Brodbeck, from the class of 1972, was a very talented piano player).

We’d go over to Chuck’s house or my house and have these fun jams all the time.

After high school, I went to Emerson College. I was unsatisfied with the music scene in Boston and really wanted to pursue a career in music, so I moved out to California and stayed there for four years. I went

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First Person Singular David Goldman (‘71)

I’m fortunate in that I’ve gotten to play with some pretty well-known musicians, some of them from Jericho. In high school, I was in a series of jams/bands with people like Ashley Ren (‘71), Michael Stebel (71), Frank Boesch (‘70), Marty Itzkowitz (71), Monte Sugarman (‘69), and Neil Brodbeck (‘69). Ashley is one of the most talented people who ever came through that school; he’s like a Paul McCartney or Todd Rundgren in that he can do it all: write it, produce it, direct it, sing it, a multi-instrumentalist. Neil got into doing studio guitar work on the West Coast. Another talented player from Jericho is David Starobin, also from the class of ‘69, who has become a world-class classical guitar player.

During my senior year, we had a band called Honest John Rocket, with me on drums, Neil on guitar/vocals, a great musician named Chuck Hoffman on bass/guitar/vocals, Gregg Winter on guitar/keys/vocals, and Les Dwyer on clarinet/Piano. (Les studied at Juilliard with Paul Drucker, first chair clarinetist in the New York Philharmonic.

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David Goldman

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Gregg wasn't from Jericho; he was from Brooklyn. We'd met up at sleepaway camp when I was thirteen years old, and we were both Doors freaks. Many people from Jericho might remember that about me: I used to have "The Doors" painted all over my books and stuff. John Densmore was one of my favorite drummers, along with Mitch Mitchell (Jimi Hendrix Experience), Bill Bruford (Yes), B. J. Wilson (Procol Harum), and Charlie Watts (Rolling Stones). They all came from jazz backgrounds, so whereas most rock & roll drummers were doing this very imbecilic, simplistic playing, they were sticking in all of these cool little jazz fills, which, at that time, were unheard of.

Honest John Rocket did both original songs and covers of the times, like "Let It Rain" by Eric Clapton, "Badge" by Cream, and "Riders on the Storm" by the Doors. About half the music was our own. Gregg, who later became a Warner-Elektra-Asylum/Ireland recording artist, was a major songwriter, as were Neil and Chuck. Les and I contributed too.

This Guitar Player Named Joe, from Carle Place ...

I went to C. W. Post as a psychology major. I lived at home, on Maytime Drive, in East Birchwood, because that's where my drums were. You can't

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Photo by Larry Roscher ('71)

David and wife Jamie Kole on Martinique. The couple met in 1980.

Iris Weinstock

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to San Francisco State, and I studied privately with a world-renowned vocal coach. I was also writing songs and recording.

One of the more interesting experiences I had was being a backup singer for Donald Kinsey, Bob Marley's guitar player, in his band the Chosen Ones. Not only was I the only woman in the group but also the only white person. I also was produced and recorded by Dionne Warwick's and Isaac Hayes's engineer. Isaac Hayes's band played on all the songs. They were amazing!

Around 1981, I decided that it was time to move back to New York. I got an apartment on the Upper West Side in this building where a lot of musicians happened to live, Bretton Hall. It was a cool "artists" residence that was perfect at the time. Almost all of the tenants played music. I had a studio apartment and got into the whole NYC music scene. I started doing session work, including singing jingles and doing backup sessions for various artists.

Soon I was in an all original group called Girl Talk, with two other women. One of them was Karan Bunin Huss from Jericho ('72). Our sound was kind of dance-pop, like Bananarama meets the Bangles. Jimmy Destri, the keyboardist from Blondie, produced several of our songs. Making it in the music business was (and is) so hard! It doesn't matter how talented you are or how hard you work; it takes a lot of luck and a lot of who you know. Around this time, Karen got married and be-

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Iris Weinstock

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came pregnant. Then I got married. I knew I wanted to have a family one day, and the lifestyle of a recording artist wasn't conducive to that kind of life. So our attitude was, "Okay, we gave it a shot," and we all moved on.

I continued to sing, and in 1984 I began working at MTV, which was then in its third year and really exploding. I wound up spending nine years there, first as manager of special projects, and then I headed up the planning and design department. MTV was a lot fun, and extremely demanding and time consuming; it was not unusual to put in seventy-hour work weeks. When I had my twins in 1989, I came back from a four-month maternity leave and told my boss, Tom Freston, the big honcho at MTV, that I wouldn't be able to continue at the usual pace.

Tom was great about it. At one of his strategy meetings, he announced, "We have to find something for Iris to do that isn't as demanding." Well, the network was about to move to a new building, so he appointed me project manager. It was great, because I got to take classes at the Parsons School of Design and the New York School of Interior Design. I learned a lot, and that was a lot of fun.

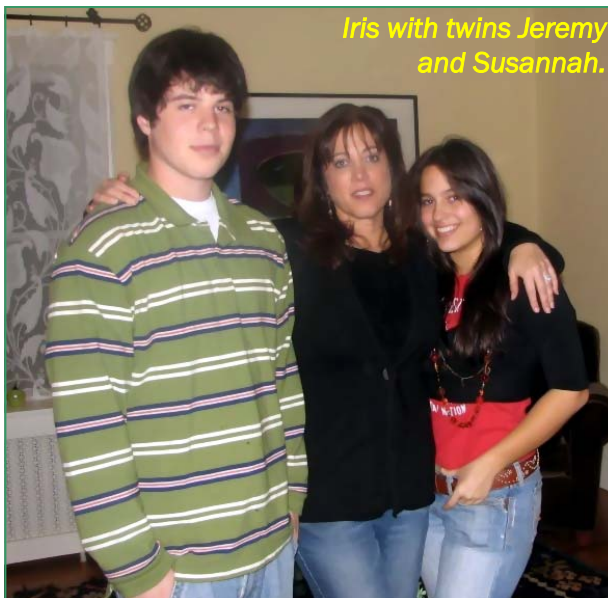
Then it was like, "Okay, time to move on." MTV is kind of like the Roach Hotel: Either you get out if you can or you're there for life! Just the other day, I ran into someone who's been there for, like, twenty-five years now. After I left MTV, I started up a creative division of a staffing agency called ASA. Everything was going great until the Internet industry tanked, and the company got sold.

Back to Music – But in a Different Capacity

In 2000 I met Doug Hall, a composer who became my second husband. A mutual friend who was also a composer had set us up. Doug is originally from Missouri and Syracuse. He's an extremely talented composer and multi-instrumentalist, although his main instrument is keyboards. He'd been in bands too and then fell into a career as senior composer at Elias Music, a very well-known music production company. He scored over one thousand commercials there.

After Elias, he started his own music production company, Mess Hall Music. After we got married in 2002, we decided to start a company together, Propeller Music & Sound Design. Between our passion for music, our talent, and project management skills, it seemed like a good fit! Doug is the crea-

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David Goldman

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have drums in a dorm! I studied percussion with Howie Mann, who'd replaced Buddy Rich in the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra, and also with the

brilliant jazz pianist Billy Taylor.

My family was expecting me to go on and become a therapist, but my dream at that time was to run around touring in a band. Right after graduating college in 1975, I auditioned for this seven-piece horn band called Justus based in Oceanside. Thirty drummers tried out, and it boiled down to me and one other. We had a "drum off" in somebody's house: I stood upstairs while the other guy played, then I went downstairs for my turn.

Now, I came from a Yes-Traffic-Doors-Argent-Genesis-Pink Floyd influenced background, and these guys were looking for a very funky drummer. So I put on my funk appeal – what little I knew of that back then, which, on a scale of one to ten, was about a one. I'm playing along to this stuff by Kool and the Gang, Graham Central Station, and Tower of Power, none of which I'd even heard before.

There's this skinny kid with hair down his back, wearing this sardonic smile, looking at me while I'm playing. I can see the rest of the band members kind of winking at one another, so I'm getting a good feeling. The skinny guy was an eighteen-year-old guitarist from Carle Place named Joe Satriani. Joe, of course, has released over a dozen solo albums, played with Mick Jagger, Tina Turner, Chicken Foot, and many others. I got

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David Goldman

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the gig, and the two of us became buddies and room-mates on the road.

Justus toured for about a year and a half straight, pretty much all over the eastern half of the country: as far north as Canada and all the way down to Louisiana, Alabama, and Mississippi. After that experience, working in a series of “straight” jobs in the world of sales just didn’t excite me.

First I was selling institutional frozen foods, working fourteen hours a day. I left that after just ten months. Then I worked in the audio department of my father’s appliance business in New York City. I also worked in sales in the garment district at a company owned by a family friend. Equally unfulfilling. I had yet to find myself. I knew that I didn’t want to go back to school to get a masters or doctorate in psychology; I just didn’t have the passion for it.

Fate Intervenes in the Form of an Old Friend

One of my best friends growing up was Paul Margolis ('71). We were two peas in a pod; liked similar things, especially when it came to art and creativity. He and I used to hang out with David Pepper and Larry Roscher, also from the class of '71.

Some of my other core friends from our grade were Jane Rosenbaum (who, sadly, is no longer with us), Stu Mass, Mike Stebel, and Steven Walters. Steven’s father, Norby Walters, was the booking agent for people like Gloria Gaynor and the Trammps, and his company represented Justus when we were touring.

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Iris Weinstock

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tive director and partner, and I’m the executive producer and partner. I own 51 percent of the company, so we are considered a woman-owned company. Pretty tricky, eh? We compose music for commercials, TV, film, new media, corporate films — everything. We just finished scoring two documentaries. It’s really ideal, because you’re able to write music and you can make a really good living doing it. Plus, it’s not sleazy like the record biz. But it can definitely be hard, and it’s become more competitive.

We live in Montclair, New Jersey, which I’d moved to on the recommendation of my older sister, Rochelle ('71). We’re just minutes away from each other; in fact, I was just at her house for dinner last night. Our sister Shari ('75) lives in Connecticut. All three of us are very close; we talk on the phone a lot and spend a lot of time together. And Mom lives in Fort Lee, so she’s nearby too.

Doug has a son from a previous marriage — Evan — who’s the same age as my son and daughter, Jeremy and Susannah. So between the two of us, we have three amazing twenty-year-olds!

Susannah, a junior at Penn State, is an incredible hip-hop dancer and is a psychology major. She would like to be a therapist. Jeremy is also at Penn State. He’s a really cool kid: very popular, social, outgoing, smart. He is a political science major and might

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(Above): Reticently posing for a group photo are, from left to right, Bob Mellman (bass, vocals), Iris’s husband, Doug Hall (keyboards, guitar, vocals), Iris, Mike Levine (guitar, dobro, pedal steel guitar), and David (drums).

(Right): The Reticents rock da house.



National Bestseller

Everything you always wanted to know about Anne Havrilla ('73) *

* But Were Too Self-Absorbed to Ask!



I grew up in East Birchwood at 68 Merry Lane, with a number of JHS students on the block: Jackie Stanger, Susan

Roth, Debbie Levine and Ellen Lowenstein. Probably some of the folks that knew me growing up would remember that our home was fairly religious. My mom, who's eighty-seven, was one of the founders of St. Paul's Roman Catholic Church — the one just past the high school on Cedar Swamp Road.

She was very active there, and my younger brother, Eddie, was an altar boy. (He attended a private Catholic school beginning in the ninth grade, so he didn't graduate from Jericho High.) My father was converted to Catholicism when he and my mother married. I recall being part of the first "folk mass." A group of teens sang folk tunes such as "Blowin' in the Wind" and "People Get Ready" instead of hymns during masses. Phyllis Vegliante, Bonnie Colgan, and Diana Belano were JHS friends at church.

After graduation, I attended St. John's University in Queens; it's a Catholic college — although I wouldn't say it was overtly Catholic — and I was involved there to a small extent in Catholic activities.

I was a communications arts major. After graduation, I moved to Forest Hills and worked in Manhattan in media sales for WOR-TV. Inwardly, I wondered if there was something else I was supposed to be doing.

With some friends, I became involved at a small church in Kew Gardens. Around this time, a small, voiceless voice in my head began to push me to do something, but I was not clear on what it was. Finally, I said "Yes" to the voice. Doors began to open, and connections began to happen. I began to sense a call to ministry, but I really did not understand what that would mean for me.

My only frame of reference was Roman Catholicism, and in the Roman Catholic Church, men are

priests and women are nuns. In fact, women couldn't even be altar boys or anything like that.

Then I began going to seminary at night, which was a very interesting, eye-opening experience. New York Theological Seminary was dedicated to minority pastors. In their world, you didn't have to have a degree of divinity from a school — you just kind of got the calling and became a pastor. The people there were very kind to me and basically took me under their wing. The seminary president suggested that I go to Princeton Seminary, which is a Presbyterian seminary.

I would have gone anywhere he told me to go, because I didn't know what I was doing. So I applied and was accepted. During my second year of a three-year, full-time program, I became a Presbyterian. If anybody had told me while I was growing up in Jericho that I would one day become pastor in a Presbyterian church, I would have laughed. Back then, I didn't even know what a Presbyterian was! As you probably remember, we didn't have a whole of Protestants in our community. It was mostly Jewish and then Catholic. But I feel extremely blessed to have grown up in an area that was predominantly Jewish, because I have learned a lot about not just about Judaism but about my own faith and about Christ and the Bible from the experiences that I had just being around a Jewish culture. I feel really blessed in that respect.

How to describe the difference between Catholics and Presbyterians?

In the church where I am currently serving as Associate Pastor, Liberty Corner Presbyterian Church, in Liberty Corner, New Jersey, there are a number of ex-Catholics, and I've had to explain the differences to them. First, it is a mainline denomi-



Reverend Anne Havrilla.

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Anne Havrilla

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nation, not unlike the Methodist church and some Baptist churches. It's not quite as liturgical as the Lutherans and the Episcopalians. I'll put it this way: If you have Catholicism on the far end of the spectrum, I'd say that Presbyterianism is sort of in the middle. It's fairly liberal, although I wouldn't describe myself as theologically liberal.

When I converted to Presbyterianism, my mother and my brother were always supportive; in fact, my mom supported me through seminary. (My dad died when I was nineteen.) It was still a challenge for her to accept that I

was no longer Roman Catholic. I remember having a conversation with her when I first went to Princeton. She asked, "Don't you think you could consider becoming Episcopalian?"

"Mom, why would I want to be an Episcopalian?"

And she said, "Well, I think Episcopalians are closer to Catholics, and we'll be nearer each other in heaven." Like, we'd be near the "seats" of the Catholics.

I said to her, "I don't think it works that way." But she was fine with it.

A Pastor for Thirty Years

My first year at Princeton, I met the man I would marry, Alden Johnson. He's originally from Rhode Island. We lived on the same floor in one of the dorms, and got married during my middle year, which was his senior year. At the time, Alden was training as a hospital chaplain. But when I graduated, in 1978, he said to me that he would follow me to a church, since, because I was a woman, it would probably be harder to find a position.

My first church was outside of Binghamton, New York. Alden worked there as a hospital chaplain and, even though he's a Presbyterian too, he ministered part-time in a Methodist church. I was that congregation's first woman pastor, and they continued calling women

pastors since I left in 1986. I'm often asked why Catholicism excludes women from the priesthood, and why some Protestant denominations choose to ordain women. Both Catholicism and Judaism are religions where tradition is important. The Protestant Reformation occurred because the Reformers went back to the scriptures, and asked, "What do the scriptures actually say?" They held that they could read the scriptures and understand them for themselves, whereas Catholicism counts what it calls "holy" or "sacred" tradition as having equal authority with scripture. Judaism is also a faith rich in tradition.

But also, it's how you interpret scripture. Catholics point to one passage in the book of Matthew where Jesus says to Peter, "You are Peter, which means rock,

and on this rock I will build my church." And because Peter was the head of the apostles, out of that came the apostolic succession.

Protestants don't interpret that verse that way. Their take on it is that Jesus was referring specifically to Peter. He wasn't projecting that we were going to have popes for years and years up the road. So there are different interpretations of scripture, as well as different versions of the Bible. It really depends on what school of thought you come from. It's not

black and white, even though some people think it is.

Here's another difference: Catholicism teaches that it is the only true church and that there's no salvation outside of the Catholic Church. The Protestant line of thinking is that there's salvation only in *Christ*. Also, Catholicism expects you to do good in order to help you "earn" your salvation. In Protestant thinking, you cannot earn it; salvation is a gift from God. That's the huge shift in thinking between the Catholic Church and what happened during the Reformation.

Another Calling: Motherhood

In 1986 we moved back to New Jersey, where Alden and I both regarded as home. He felt called out of full-time

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Anne with husband Alden Johnson at NYC's Russian Tea Room. The couple met in seminary and have been married since 1977.

Anne Havrilla

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ministry, and has been the pastor of a small church in northern New Jersey. He works full time for MetLife after having also worked as a stockbroker.

I pastored a few smaller churches part-time. In 1988 we had a son, Alec, and, in 1990, a daughter, Amity. Alec had special needs, and I felt it was important to be there for him. Now he's twenty-one, and a senior at a small Presbyterian college located northwest of Pittsburgh. His special needs classification was dropped while he was in high school, and he's done extremely well.

When he graduates, he'd like to go into the navy as an officer. I think he'd be a great officer. Alec loves history, loves our

country, respects authority, and he's very good at working with people. My brother, a former navy jet pilot, has already taken him to the Navy and Marine bases in San Diego, and has given my son a lot of advice.

Amity is a sophomore at Rutgers University, where she majors in dance. I guess you could say my daughter is living out my dream, because I've always loved to dance. Like a lot of kids from Jericho, I went to Mrs. Saunders' dancing school for many year.

Amity studied dance from the time she was three and a half. During her senior year in high school, she went to Martha Graham's School of Contemporary Dance in Manhattan and really fell in love with modern dance. Last summer she was in a program at the Alvin Ailey dance company. She works hard



Anne and Alden with son Alec, 21, and daughter Amity, 18, at her high school graduation. Alec is now a college senior, while Amity is in her sophomore year.

and is trying to learn everything she can.

A Pastor's Work Is Never Done

I'm in my seventh year as Associate Pastor at Liberty Corner Presbyterian Church, which has a congregation of about one thousand and a good-sized staff. I'm really busy, especially right now, since I'm filling in as senior pastor for a while. I preach, teach, counsel, do baptisms, weddings, and funerals, visit people who are ill — in general, I just try to make things happen in the church.

I know a lot of ministers who have left the church to become counselors, because providing counsel and comfort is what they enjoy most. In the ministry, we refer to that as having a strong mercy gift. But as a pastor, you also have to be a good communicator and admin-

istrator. I happen to enjoy handling administration, but not all ministers find it's their thing.

I hope to remain with this church for a long time, because I really love it. It's my passion. We have great people who, I think, understand what the church is supposed to be about. For instance, our congregation genuinely cares a lot about doing mission work. The church started a school in Honduras for very poor children, and we recently organized a mission to Malawi, where we're connecting with orphanages for AIDS. Our church is trying to be out in the world with its faith.

I also get to indulge my love of dance, through a group called the Grace Moves Dance choir. We actually dance during services and are well received by the congregation. Right now, in fact, we're working on a hip-hop piece.

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Anne, second from left in back, with her congregation's Grace Moves Dance Choir.

National Bestseller

Everything you always wanted to know about Rita Corwin ('71) *

* But Were Too Self-Absorbed to Ask!



I've always been a city person. I've lived just outside of Washington, DC, for more than thirty years now. And I can remember back in high

school, Joan Beer and I would hop on a train and go down to Greenwich Village just to walk around or to see live music. We had some friends two grades ahead of us, Jon Harmon and Bob Nahmias, from the class of 1970, who played in a jazz band, and that got us interested.

Joan was my best friend in high school. In fact, we arranged to come to the last reunion together. We were in the Blue Key Society together and were both very interested in studio art. Actually, a girlfriend of mine from Westbury and I introduced Joan to the man who eventually became her husband.

Joan was going off to the Rhode Island School of Design, and my friend in Westbury also had a talented artist friend who was also going there, named Donald Damask.

"We should introduce them," we said. Little did we know!

After graduation, I went to Union College, in Schenectady, New York. It's funny: Because Jericho was very small, I thought I needed and wanted a small, nurturing school. But after I'd been there for a bit, I felt like it was *too* small. Socially, Union was very limited.

For one thing, it had been an all-male school; I was in only the second class of women, which was a little awkward. The men on campus would say things like, "Well, you women are getting more A's than we ever got; it must be grade inflation." One guy actually admitted to me that he'd voted against the college going coed! Not very cool!

So why did I go there? Well, when I went to visit Union, I thought it was absolutely beautiful. But the big swing factor for me (I'm almost ashamed to admit this) was that the week before, John Sebastian gave a concert on campus! I was totally wowed by that.

I entered Union as a chemistry major, mainly because they'd asked me, "What do you want your major to be?" The course that I'd taken most recently that I'd really liked was chemistry. So chemistry was my major. I didn't stay with it very long, though. About three or four semesters in, I asked myself, "What am I going to do with this? I'm not going to do research. I'm not going to medical school. I don't want to teach. So why am I majoring in chemistry?"

I switched to psychology, but ended up majoring in economics and psychology. Union didn't have a business program per se, but I thought I'd be interested in business and finance. Throughout college, I would always take extra classes in the summer, so I was able to graduate in three years.

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Anne Havrilla

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Modern Attitudes Toward Faith

From all the polls, and I read a lot of them, most people in our country believe there is a God. However, many people, especially post-moderns, are not terribly interested in institutional churches. They're interested in a kind of general sort of spirituality and have what I would call a "cafeteria" approach to faith: a little from here, a little from there. As we like to say in the circles I go in, "They like Jesus, but they don't like the Church."

At my church, we've spent a lot of time in the last couple of years looking at postmodernism and asking ourselves how the church fits in to today's culture. We're striving to be what we call a "missional" church, where the idea is to equip each person to go and *be* the church. To live out their faith out wherever they are. Not "Well, you're going to come to *my* church and hear *my* minister, and *my* minister is going to convert you," but really following Jesus.

Church hypocrisy is huge with younger people. They really want to know that you're walking the talk, and if you don't, they're not interested. We just had a churchwide spiritual weekend, and one of things that we did was to partner with local community organizations. For example, we have a local veterans hospital and we collected personal-care items for the veterans who are coming back from Iraq and Afghanistan.

I think that's the way the church was called to be, going back to biblical days. It wasn't meant to be an institution, it was meant to be a *movement*, making a difference in the world. ■

Rita Corwin

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Career No. 1

When I came back to Jericho after graduating in 1974, I still didn't have a clear idea of what I was going to do. My parents were very worried then! I'd traveled to Israel the summer before, lived on a kibbutz, and I'd studied Hebrew at Union. I think they were afraid that I'd go back to Israel, meet some guy, and stay there.

So they really encouraged me to look for a job.

I ended up getting a fabulous job at American Express International Bank. A friend in class at Union College connected me to his dad, head of human resources at the bank. I really lucked out and was offered a position in the management training program. I was then hired into the International commercial lending department, did a lot of traveling, and got to work with interesting clients. For the first year, I lived at home and then shared an apartment in New York City with a college friend. In 1976 I got married and lived in Brooklyn Heights for two years.

My husband (now my ex-husband) and I were both from New York, so in 1978 we decided to try another city. He was offered a medical residency in DC and I got a position in the division of banking supervision and regulation at the Federal Reserve Board. Although I'd already worked in international commercial lending, I really didn't know how "the pieces" fit together. Working at the Federal Reserve for five years, I learned what the banking industry was all about.

We lived just fifteen minutes from downtown Washington and were able to enjoy all aspects of the city. It's different from the New York area in the respect that if you want to live in a suburban setting, you don't have to commute an hour. Today I live in a house, but I can still be downtown in twenty minutes. Also, thirty years ago, Washington felt more like a small southern town than a big city. It had everything that New York has, in terms of live music and an art scene, but on a smaller scale. Now it's totally evolved (along with the congestion). There's so much to do.

Originally, we thought we'd stay in Washington for just a few years. But we became hooked and stayed. I worked in corporate finance and merchant banking until 1989. The day after my younger son was born, I was "retired" when my bank merged with another. By then, my oldest son was eight, and my daughter was six. I'd never expected to leave full-time work, and being let go was a bit of a rude awakening, but being able to spend the next eight years at home with my children turned out to be very nice.

Today, Adam, my oldest child, is involved in research into the international protocol and legality of holding prisoners. A very timely subject! Because of his work, he decided that he needed to have a law degree and is now in his second year at Columbia University Law School. He speaks several languages and has lived abroad. A very interesting young man.

My daughter, Lesley, who also attended Union College, also lives in New York and works at an advertising agency. And my younger son, David, is a junior at Washington University in St. Louis, where he's studying economics



Rita with (l.-r.) Ilana Lewin Feldman, Joan Beer Damask, and Sue Ellen Cherry Schwam. Rita and a friend introduced Joan to her future husband in 1971.

and political economy and is captain of the varsity soccer team.

My longtime friend Joan Beer Damask lives in St. Louis, and, until recently, so did Debra Schwartz, another one of my close friends from Jericho. Not long after the last Jericho reunion, the three of us got together when I was in St. Louis visiting David. It was a lot of fun.

All of my children are very global in their perspectives, which is something that I've always encouraged: to appreciate other cultures. Each of them spent two months in Israel during high school as part of a special program, and we've also traveled together. For me, it's so interesting to see how other people live and to develop sensitivity for different cultures. By the same token, one also gains an appreciation of how lucky we are to live in the United States.

With two of my three children in New York, as well as my brother, Paul (JHS '72), I come up from Washington a lot, especially in the summer, when my snowbird parents are around. They sold the house on Bounty Lane a long time ago and moved to North Shore Towers in Lake Success. In the winter they live in a golfing community in Boynton Beach. Between North Shore Towers

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Rita Corwin

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and Florida, they're always seeing people from Jericho.

Career No. 2

During the years that I was working and raising a family, my life consisted of little else, and I always felt like there was a part of me that wanted to do more in the community. So, when I was home for those next eight years, I got involved in some community organizations. I really loved that, especially when I was getting divorced, because it helped me create a new community of friends.

I became very involved with the Jewish Federation (where I saw Ellen Tillman, also from the class of 1971, all the time), particularly in the area of fund-raising. I guess my previous work experience had prepared me well for helping charities raise money, because it's all about relationships and being able to explain things, and I'd done a lot of that when I was in banking and corporate finance.

In 1997, when it came time to go back to work, I wanted to combine my financial background and my interest in doing something for the community. As a volunteer fundraiser, I'd learned about an area called gift planning, or endowment development. I thought that would be a great fit for me.

I started networking around town to see what opportunities were avail-

able and what type of organization I would like to work for. When you ask people for donations, you really want to feel passionate about the cause.

My first job in this new area was at the United Jewish Endowment Fund, which operates as a community foundation. It was very sophisticated in terms of its fund-raising and its focus on developing endowments. A strong endowment base serves to sustain a nonprofit through the various ups and downs of fund-raising cycles.

After two years at the Jewish Federation, I was recruited to work at a large regional hospice in northern Virginia to build its major gift and charitable gift-planning program. The next six-plus years there turned out to be a terrific experience too, and it was very gratifying to work with the volunteers and staff there.

Since 2006 I've been director of gift planning at Children's National Medical Center, working at the Children's Hospital Foundation. In this, my second career, I'm at a point where my skills and my personal values are congruent. And I love that feeling.

And so I consider myself to be very lucky. When I talk about my work, some people will say, "Wow, I'm so jealous. I never felt that way about my job." But I meet great people every day. The donors are fabulous. And then there's the staff and faculty at the hospital, some of whom have worked there for fifteen, twenty, thirty years, and all of whom are so passionate about their work. It's very exciting to be around. When I'm at the medical center, I see the sick children and the needy families, and I remember why I'm asking the community to support the great mission of this organization.

Fortunately, fund-raising is a career where age and life experience are considered tremendous assets. I



Here's Rita with Amy Klinow Halsey, Debra Schwartz, and Elaine Zetlin Lotfi, all from the class of 1971.

think we're going to see a number of fields where older people will become more valuable, not obsolete.

And I also think that our generation is going to have a different type of retirement than our parents. I certainly don't see myself in Florida, that's for sure. If anything, I'd like to move into Washington proper and be able to walk to all the museums and cultural activities.

Who knows? I could see even having yet another career. ■

In Tribute

Cheryl Russell Turoff

Continued from page 5

bered that way by her Jericho, college, camp, professional and other friends that she accrued over the years; and as the most selfless and loving person by her family and all whose lives were touched by and shared with Cheryl. ■



Cheryl (r.) and Ellen, side by side in the 1972 yearbook.

"I think that our generation is going to have a different type of retirement than our parents. I certainly don't see myself in Florida, that's for sure!"

Robbi Goldberg

Continued from page 9

there was one kind of crazy guy, a musician and painter, who's still a dear friend; he calls himself my brother.)

The truth is, I didn't really consider myself a painter until other people started to say to me, "Can I buy that?" I mean, I had no idea what I was doing. I just sat down and started painting. People ask me to describe my style — I don't know, I just paint realistically, however I see things. People have asked me, Why don't you paint like this painter, or that painter? I've come to understand that if I painted like so-and-so, then who's going to paint like me? So I just paint like me, and I don't mess with it.

Giclee: No, It's Not That Crappy Ben Affleck–Jennifer Lopez Movie

About a year into my stay, I had my first exhibition in a little boutique in los. Then came my first show in Athens. Oy veh! It was a good show, and I had a great time. When I returned to los, I left the paintings hanging in the gallery. A few weeks later, a friend from los who was visiting Athens told me, "I went to see your exhibit, and the gallery was closed up, and there was note on the door." It turned out that the gallery owner had been stealing all of his artists' paintings, including some that were worth lots of money.

I had to go to Athens and get involved with lawyers. He was put in jail, and in the end, I got all but three of my paintings back. Luckily, one of them had been turned into a poster, so it still existed, and the other two weren't major kind of works. Plus, at least I had photos of them. It was a nice first galley exhibit, huh? A real learning experience.

That "adventure" led indirectly to my involvement in giclee. The word *giclee* is French for "squirt" or "spurt." (They really should have picked a better word, so I don't have to explain it every time.) What it is, basically, is a

digital lithograph. I give my painting to the guy who does my giclees, and he photographs it with a camera that has something like a million megapixels. Then he brings the picture up on his computer screen, and he reviews it an inch at a time, to make it agree with the original that's sitting there. When he's done, he hits "Save."

So when someone orders a giclee of one of my paintings, he prints the image out on canvas or paper. The only thing that giclee can't replicate is the depth of the paint, but I understand they're working on technology that will do that. That'll be scary, because you truly won't be able to tell the difference between the original and the giclee.

As it stands now, even, the reproductions are that good. They're produced in eight colors, sometimes twelve, as opposed to four for lithography. It's just amazing. The giclees are cheaper, of course, than the originals, and the best part is that I get to sell the reproductions and keep my originals.

Back in the U.S.A.

I would come back to the States once a year for an extended visit. By the mid-1990s, my father began ailing, so I moved back to be

able to help my parents. (My wonderful dad passed away in December 2003.) Eventually I bought a house on the east end of Long Island, right on Moriches Bay. I sold it in the summer of 2007, about ten seconds before the big real estate crash. Now I rent a house in Westhampton Beach, because I don't want the responsibility of owning a house.

In contrast to los, where there was no artists community, here it's almost too much! You go to a party and tell somebody you're an artist, they go, "Okay, next!" Everybody's a friggin' artist out here, even the plumbers and the carpenters! I guess it's the East Coast equivalent of waiter-actors in Hollywood. The Greeks know who their artists are, and they revere them, whereas here it's like ... forget about it!

The thing I miss most about living in Greece is not having a cafe to go to at the end of my workday. As my

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View of the Village.

Robbi Goldberg

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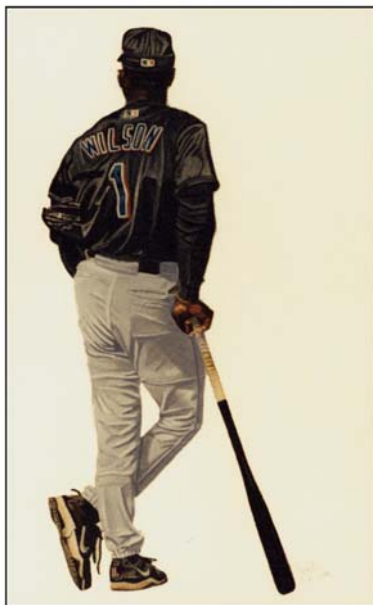
Greek got better, the political conversations became a little more intense, and the Greeks love to talk about that stuff. They have very strong opinions.

I've been back there several times since returning to the States. I spent a month with Michalis in 1999. The following year, he died of pancreatic cancer. I didn't go back again until 2005; because I was unable to be there when he was dying, I wasn't sure how people would respond to me. But from the moment I stepped off the boat, it was as if I got a hug from the entire island. It was just a very beautiful experience. The last time I was there was in 2007; I'm thinking of going again sometime this spring or summer.

Dog Days: A Cross-Country Trip

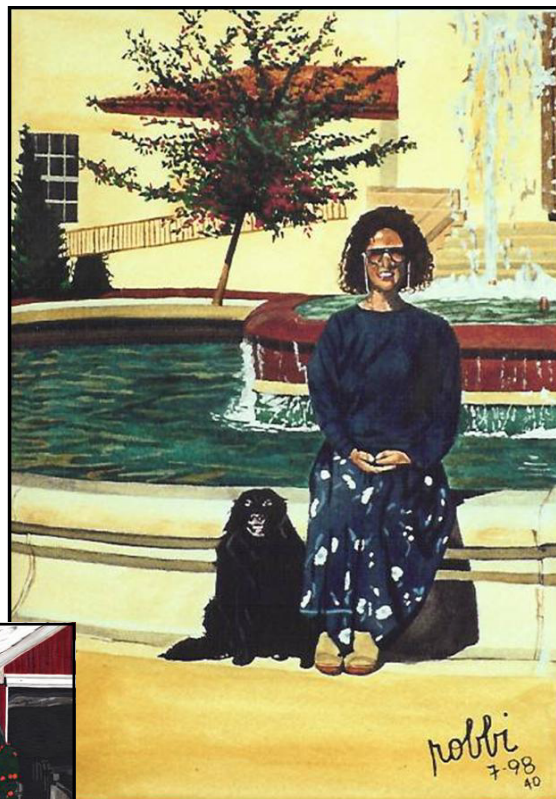
Having been away from home for more than a decade, in the fall of 1997 I decided I really wanted to see what America looked like. I put my beloved black cocker spaniel/mutt, Maya, in the car, a 1993 Nissan Maxima, and off we went. I'd gotten her five years before, while living on los. Since Maya was from there, she "spoke" and understood Greek. She was the perfect traveling companion — never complained, never said, "I don't want to go there." As long as she was with me, in the backseat, she was totally happy, and we had a great time all around America

One of the places that most impressed me, even though it's a "tourist attraction" would have to be Mount Rushmore in South Dakota. We happened to be nearby, so we went. And it was unbelievable, both from an artist's point of view and the technical aspects of it. Pretty mind blowing; very unexpected.



I had originally planned to paint as I went. I had all my supplies with me, but it just became not possible to do both in two months. If I had six months, maybe. So I started taking pictures. I took maybe one thousand shots. Then when we returned home, I spent the next fifteen months doing all the painting — every day, putting in ten hours or more — producing eighty-eight small watercolors.

For the past five years, I've been painting the farmstands of the East End of Long Island. I'm currently on number twenty-one. As with the paintings of los, this reflects a desire of mine to paint places that are vanishing from our way of life; kind of a historical record of the way things were/are. Indeed, some of the farmstands I've painted no longer exist, just in the time I've been working on this series.



(Above): Robbi and Maya, who died in 1999, in California on their cross-country trip. You can see all of her paintings at www.robbiart.com.

(Left): A painting from Robbi's L.I. farmstands series.

(Upper left): Mookie! Mookie! Mookie Wilson, that is. "The Mets have always been my team, for better and for worse. In early 2000, I took about a thousand photos at the Mets' spring training camp. Throughout the summer, I produced something like fifty paintings. The timing couldn't have been better, because, of course, the Mets were on their way to the World Series."

I've been painting full-time now for more than twenty-five years, and I've become less rigid about pacing myself. When the inspiration is there, I'll work pretty intensely, without interruption. But one thing I've learned is that inspiration doesn't desert you just because you decide to take a break. It'll still be there when I come back to the canvas. ■

Iris Weinstock

Continued from page 18

want to go to law school. And Evan is an English major at Kenyon College. Like his dad, he's also a great musician; plays guitar, piano and drums.

I'm with the Band!

Several years ago, Doug and I were invited to be in a band called the Reticents. It started out as a Bob Dylan cover band, because the bass player, who put the band together, had gotten us a gig doing Dylan. It's a five-piece group: guitar, bass, keyboards, drums, and me on lead vocals, guitar and percussion. We've since expanded our repertoire to include other music. We are now doing Little Feat, Delaney and Bonnie, Traffic, the



Iris (center) as one-third of the dance-pop trio Girl Talk, playing the Upper Manhattan rock club Trax in the early 1980s. That's Karan Bunin Huss (JHS '72) on the left.

Beatles, and Marvin Gaye, who I love. We're interpreters rather than faithful to the originals, with lots of great harmonies. We don't want to be considered a "cover" band. We're always changing the repertoire, dropping a few songs and dusting off a few others.

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The Reticents on the Internet

www.myspace.com/thereticentsnewjersey

David Goldman

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I have the utmost admiration for Paul, who became a well-known location photographer. In 1980 he approached me about becoming his agent. Basically he was offering me a desk, a phone, and a salary that was less than half of what I'd been making. Probably doesn't sound like much of an opportunity, but I knew that it was exactly what I'd been looking for, even though I knew very little about the world of photography, let alone how to sell it. David Goldman Agency was formed May 1, 1980.

It's not selling widgets, where you have a set price, a delivery process, a weight per item, and a rebate schedule. This was completely different. It's like representing professional athletes or actors. One photographer might be worth \$600 a day, another \$25,000 a day. And, sometimes, how much the photographer earns comes down to nothing more than pure luck.

I compare the experience to being dropped out of a spaceship onto a strange planet and being told, "Good luck making your way!" I went my entire first year in business not making a nickel, and during the first five years, I almost went out of business four times. It was extremely difficult.

Eventually Paul moved to San Francisco and, not too long ago, to North Carolina. I picked up other clients, including, for a number of years, Jay Brenner ('72). Jay is a great commercial photographer; he's owned his own studio for many years. [You can read about Jay and see his work in the winter 2006-07 issue, no. 15.] In 1983 I also started representing a few illustrators: Saul Mandel, Norm Bendell, and Jim Kingston.

In 1985 I landed the Perrier campaign, which literally changed my life. You may remember "Perrier: Earth's First Soft Drink." It was one of the best-known illustrated campaigns in our industry. I refer to it as my first "hit record." From there, we went on to have more hits with launches of Budget Gourmet, Prodigy, and Levitra (!).

Around 1987, I changed my focus, got out of representing photographers altogether and started to exclusively represent illustrators. That was a painstaking process too, and I built the business client by client. Today I represent a dozen highly acclaimed artists worldwide.

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David on the Internet

www.davidgoldmanagency.com

Iris Weinstock

Continued from page 18

For a long time, our drummer was the guitar player's son. He was amazing. But then he went off to college, so we asked David Goldman to sit in. David lives close by in Maplewood, New Jersey. We would see each other over the years at one of Chuck Hoffman's jams. David became our regular drummer, and we've become really good friends. I'm also very close with his wife, Jamie.

The Reticents play all different types of gigs, although we tend to do more performance type shows at many different kinds of venues. It's all for fun and we have a great time doing it. We just did an amazing fundraiser for Haiti in Montclair where we performed with Grammy winner Christian McBride and some others. We raised \$20,000! At this point, we have a really great fan base. Every time we play, a couple hundred people come out to see us. In fact, the other day I went into a local café to get some coffee, and this woman comes up to me and says, "Wow, I saw you guys the other night. That was my music!! That was my time!!" It was pretty funny.

Throughout all this time, music has never stopped being my passion. I'm still singing on commercials and performing. Between the Reticents and Propeller Music, I've found a way to keep doing it. A different way, but it works for me. ■

Iris on the Internet

www.propellermusic.com/site/

David Goldman

Continued from page 18

In 1989 a guy named David Anson Russo walked into my office, and we ended up signing the largest book deal for a first-time author in the history of Simon and Schuster publishing. It's been an amazing journey: some forty books deals, thirty-five licensing deals, one hundred products selling worldwide. David is now my partner, and together we're create/developing new television/movie/product properties, such as *Combat Mission* (USA Network/Mark Burnett), *Who's Got Game* (MTV/Magic Johnson), and *Hey Paula* (Bravo/Paula Abdul).

My background in psychology and my experiences as a musician have definitely helped me in my line of work. I've always gravitated to people who are not uptight, who are not about ego, who are compassionate. And artists — whether it's illustrators, photographers, musicians, or dancers — have a certain sensitivity and a way of looking at the world that really turns me on.

All in all, I cherish the path I've taken, and there's very little about it that I would change if I could, although had I known how difficult the first five years would be, I probably wouldn't have done it! I'm extremely fortunate that I got involved in an industry where there's no place to learn what I do. There's no school for it, there are no courses for it.

Something Else Pretty Big Happened in 1980 ...

I met my wife, Jamie, in August 1980 through a mutual friend of our parents. Dated her a week later and afterward wrote a poem at three o'clock in the morning, knowing that this was the woman I was going to spend the rest of my life with. She's originally from Dix Hills and is an amazing jewelry designer, with the greatest smile and laugh, and the most compassion and sensitivity of any woman I've ever met.

Our daughter, Alex, is a junior at New York University, majoring in culture, media, and communications. She's off studying in Paris this semester, then goes to Buenos Aires, Argentina, in the fall. My wife and I played together in a band called Madison for six years, and our daughter thought that was the coolest thing in the world. It certainly wouldn't have happened when we were kids: going to see your parents' rock band.

I got to know Iris Weinstock really well through our mutual friend Chuck Hoffman. For many years, Chuck, Neil Brodbeck, and I would play a place called the Blue Hanu, in Huntington, once a month, for fun. After Chuck died of cancer, we started having an annual summertime tribute to him at his wife Gina's Itzkowitz's house in Huntington. We'd bring out photographs of Chuck, and all these different musicians would come around and make music in his honor. Iris and her husband, Doug, were there.

Jamie and I started socializing with them, and then one day they needed a fill-in drummer for their band, the Reticents. It went great, so I filled in another time. And then when they needed a permanent drummer, they asked me to join. Playing with them is a great inspiration. Iris sings like an angel, and Doug is one of the most respected composer-producer-writer-musicians in the entire New York area.

As I like to say, playing music is the most fun you can have with your clothes on, especially when you're not trying to do it as a profession. They say you can't relive your youth. Well, you can if you're playing music! ■

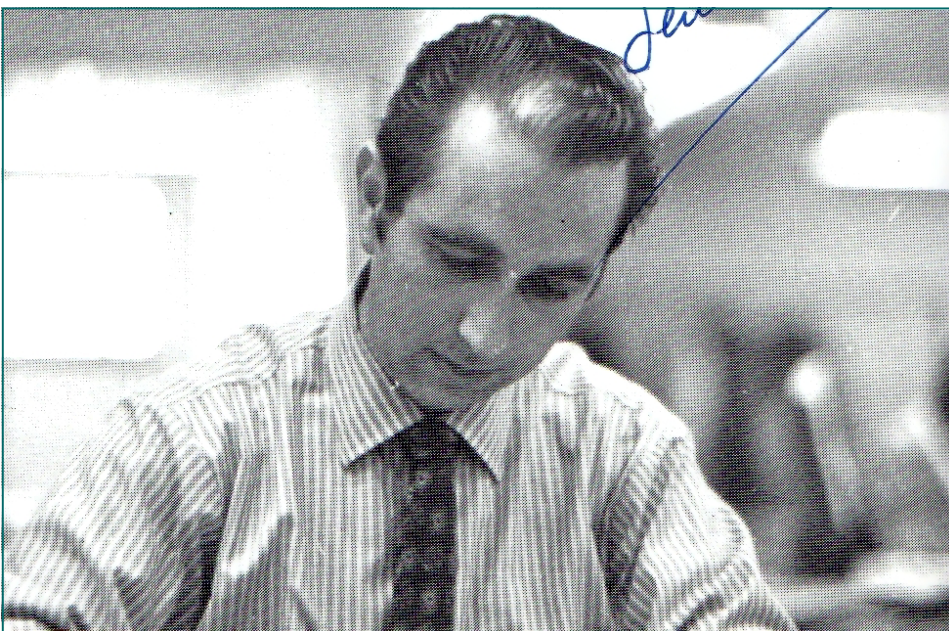
**Wanna learn what some of your former teachers are up to?
Then drop in, pull up a chair, set a spell, but most of all —
NO TALKING! — at the ...**

Faculty Lounge



Señor Mike Friedman: *Maestro de Espanol*

I grew up in Brooklyn, then moved to an apartment house in a lower-middle-class section of Kew Gardens, Queens, when I was nearly thirteen, midway through eighth grade. Fortunately, I made friends easily and was quite comfortable in my new neighborhood. Maybe that had something to do with the fact that I was an only child; my mother was a very slender woman and almost died giving birth to me. After that, she couldn't have any more children.



Since we lived on the “wrong side” of Metropolitan Avenue, I attended Richmond Hill High School and not Forest Hills High. There was no bus service back then. When my son and daughter were young, they were incredulous at the lack of buses and the fact that we had to walk both ways to school unless (as I used to tell them) there was an available stegosaurus.

Growing up, I had strong interests in languages (specifically Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, and Russian), history, English, biology and earth science — any subject, in fact, that wasn't math. I was also a fanatic for the Brooklyn Dodgers and the New York Rangers, and went to as many games as I could afford. I liked to play baseball: shortstop and first base were my positions.

My friends and I liked to dance, go to parties, have sex — but no drugs for me, ever. Some, but only some, would drink. A number of us used to go to “wicked” Forty-second Street on Friday evenings for a dinner out for under two dollars (!), plus another seventy-five cents for two movies. To pay for these trips, I started to work as a delivery boy for a pharmacy for twenty-five cents an hour, plus tips. That was a munificent sum in the 1940s!

I had wanted to become a doctor specializing in psychoanalysis. However, that was financially impossible even with scholarships. I decided to work with my foreign language skills, and thus teaching was my next alternative. I transferred to Mexico City College, now known as La Universidad de Las Americas, for two years and graduated magna cum laude with a BA in Hispanic languages and literature.

Why the interest in Spanish? For one thing, my mother's family traced back to Sephardic Spain, and, ac-

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Jerry Moran

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— though I would usually manage to read the book and take enough important tests to pass.

At the end of the school term, I took two weeks off for final exams and to head down to the lake for a few days. When I returned to Chapel Hill, I made a beeline for the restaurant and found a chain and padlock on the front door. P.O.E.T.S. was gone. Yep, that's what happens when the staff drinks up all the profits.

A few days later, I lucked into a coveted bartending job at my favorite hangout, He's Not Here Bar. I always wanted to work there in the worst way. One night, a bartender passed out behind the bar. I jumped in and took over. At that point, I was on the

staff, and the staff there was nuts too. I was the youngest but the most responsible, so I did all the paper-



Um, Jerry? Jerry? We're hardly experts, but, um, we think the grilled-cheese sandwich might be done ...

work and closing for the bar. The after-hours party started at 2:00 a.m. and lasted till midmorning. I became the de facto manager, and everything else fell by the wayside for me. I felt important.

I dropped out of UNC during my junior year to concentrate on that stupid bar. My association with the place had put me on the local map, and that meant a lot to a young kid. By then, I was sharing a farmhouse with an older girlfriend, a local. She was kind of freaky. Today? She's a state assistant attorney general!

The bar job came to an end when a new manager with a minimart background was hired. He hated my guts, and I never missed an opportunity to take a poke at him, since I was friends with the bar owner. One night, the cash register was over by \$24 and change. I sat there all night

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Chicken 27 / Veal 30

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Chicken 27 / Veal 30

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Eggplant, Tomato & Cheese
Chicken 28 / Veal 31

FRANCESE

Light Batter, Lemon Sauce
Chicken 25 / Veal 28

SORRENTINA

Eggplant, Sage, Prosciutto, Mozzarella di Bufala
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Prosciutto, Cheese, Demi-glace
Chicken 28 / Veal 31

SETTE COLLI

Pasta, Mushrooms, Tomato, Prosciutto, Sherry
Chicken 29 / Veal 32

SALTIMBOCCA ALLA ROMANA

Fresh Sage, Prosciutto, Light Sauce
Veal 31

INSALATA

Breaded, Sautéed, with Chopped Anjou & Tomato
Chicken 29 / Veal 32

PARMIGIANA

Breaded, Tomato & Cheese
Chicken 27 / Veal 30

PIEDMONTAISE

Wild Mushrooms, Demi-glace, Capers, Splash of Cream
Chicken 28 / Veal 31

CAPRESE

Breaded, Fresh Tomato, Basil, Mozzarella di Bufala
Chicken 29 / Veal 32

VEAL CHOPS

A PRIME CHOP CUT FROM THE LOIN OR RACK
Select a Preparation from Above

Jerry Moran

Continued from page 30

trying to figure it out, and left a note and a mile of adding machine tape. The next afternoon, the manager told me that he'd been sure I was stealing from the register, and so he'd slipped an extra \$25 in the till the night before to see what would happen. He begrudgingly conceded that I was not a thief. I quit on the spot.

Jerry Commits to Cooking

A new late-night restaurant had opened down the street. I already knew the owner and asked for a job. The place was open from 10:00 p.m. to 2:00 a.m. — perfect hours for me.

I worked the grill and was the best man there. The owner's sister said to me, "You're very good. You ought to go to the Culinary Institute."

"What's the Culinary Institute?"

"The Culinary Institute of America."

Between the money I was making and the good feedback I was getting, I decided to go into the food business: become a chef, own a restaurant. My mom didn't think it was a very good idea, though. She said, "You'll never have a life outside of it." But I was just hell bent to do it.

In 1977 I got into the Culinary Institute, in Hyde Park, New York. My parents had moved down to the lake full-time, so on the weekends I visited with my good friend and former neighbor Mark Howard. (Mark went

to Friends Academy, not JHS, but he knew a lot of people from Jericho. In fact, he came with me to the "Reunion in 3D" at Milleridge Cottage in 2007.) He'd lucked into the gardener's cottage on the old Lundy Estate, now known as Villa Banfi, located on Cedar Swamp Road, north of 25A. It was this really cool place on a deserted fifty-two-acre estate, with a huge vacant mansion, and we had full run of the place. I would up living there three years and, after graduating with honors from the Culinary Institute, serving as the property's caretaker while working at the best restaurants in the area.

On the weekends, I would drive down to Manhattan to work at vari-

Continued on page 32

FISH ENTREES

A FRESH BONELESS FILLET

All Fish Entrees are Accompanied by the House Salad & a Fresh Vegetable

GRENOBLOISE

Light Batter, Capers & Lemon Supreme
29

ELLIE FISH

Spinach, Wild Mushrooms, Lemon
32

MARECHIARO

Mussels, Clams, Shrimp, Light Tomato
30

PORTOFINO

Lightly Battered, Almonds & Lemon
29

FLORENTINE

Spinach, Mushrooms & Lemon
31

AL FUNGHI

Wild Mushrooms, Dark Tangy Sauce
30

OREGANATA

Seasoned Crumbs, Broiled, Marinara Sauce
29

LIVORNESE

Tomato, Capers, Olives & Garlic
30

GENOVESE

Basil, Pine Nuts, Fresh Tomato
31

ORTOLANO

Sauteed Zucchini, Lemon
30

BEEF STRIP STEAK

Accompanied by the House Salad & a Fresh Vegetable

PIZZAIOLA

Tomato, Anchovy, Red Wine, Capers, Garlic
35

BOSCAIOLA

Wild Mushrooms, Cognac, Demi-glace
35

GREEN PEPPERCORN

in a Rich Demi-glace
35

GRILLED

with Seasonal Grilled Vegetables
36

An Upcharge of \$18 will be Added to Split or Shared Entrees

APPETIZERS

ROAST PEPPERS

with Premium Anchovies
9

ESCARGOT

Sauteed with Butter & Garlic
9

BUFFALO MOZZARELLA

Genuine, with Prosciutto, Tomato & Roast Peppers
12

ARTICHOKE VINAIGRETTE

Fresh Quartered Artichokes
9

VEAL CARPACCIO

Thin Raw Veal, Extra Virgin Olive Oil & Grana
14

BAKED NORTHERN CLAMS

OREGANATA or CASINO
12

BEEF CARPACCIO

Thin Raw Beef, Extra Virgin Olive Oil & Grana
11

SHRIMP OREGANATA

Seasonal Crumbs, Broiled, Tomato
12

SAUTEED FRESH MUSSELS

LUCHIANA (CLEAR) or
POSTILPO (RED)
13

POLENTA

with GORGONZOLA CHEESE & TOMATO
or WILD MUSHROOMS
11

BRESAOLA

Piedmontese Style Air Cured Beef, Lemon & Olive Oil
11

APPETIZERS ARE PRICED TO ACCOMPANY AN ENTREE. SINGLE APPETIZERS, OR COMBINATIONS OF APPETIZERS ORDERED AS A MAIN COURSE, WILL BE PRICED \$11 HIGHER, AND INCLUDE A COMPLIMENTARY HOUSE SALAD.

SALADS

All Main Courses are Accompanied by the House Salad
The Following Salads are Available as a Main Course (First Price) or With a Main Course (Second Price)

CAESAR

Classically Prepared
23 / 8

TRI-COLORI

Arugula, Radicchio & Belgian Endive
23 / 8

GORGONZOLA

DOMESTIC CHEESE
22 / 3
GENUINE COLOMBO CHEESE
23 / 8

18 INGREDIENT

Heart of Palm, Artichoke, Peppers, Prosciutto,
Mozzarella, Olives, Tomato, Mushrooms ...
23 / 8

Jerry Moran

Continued from page 31

ous restaurants, usually in the dining room, to gain experience that the CIA could not offer. One of them was Sign of the Dove at Sixth-fifth Street and Third Avenue, which was a high-end place with an elite clientele. I remember Richard Nixon always coming in for brunch, and Jackie Onassis with John Jr. in tow.

Sometimes I'd work a double shift, spending Saturday night sleeping on a couch in one of the upstairs banquet rooms. Then it was back out to Long Island, and Monday morning I'd head up to Hyde Park for the second-shift classes. I also worked at two well-known Long Island restaurants, both in Glen Cove: La Pace and Restaurant Zanghi.



Jerry with some of the La Cena staff.

In 1980 I moved to Florida and graduated with a B.S. in restaurant management at Florida International University in Miami. While there, I'd coordinated a banquet for the president of Hyatt Hotel Corporation. He asked me to come work for Hyatt. I had never worked for a big company

before. I went through the management trainee program, in Savannah, Georgia, a wonderful town. I had a little carriage house in the historic district.

The training program entailed working in every department of the hotel. Unfortunately, I had absolutely no appreciation for the corporate structure. I had always worked for small businesses, and nothing made sense to me at Hyatt. It seemed like there was a lot of waste, window dressing, and CYA going on. Management would ask what I thought, and I'd tell 'em! Well, that didn't go over very well.

To me, right is right, and what's wrong cannot be. I guess you could say that's my motto. I just couldn't handle that corporate nonsense where you tiptoe around problems

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PASTA

PASTA DISHES ARE SERVED IN MEDIUM PORTIONS (FIRST PRICE) OR FULL PORTIONS (SECOND PRICE).

WE HAVE SELECTED THE MOST APPROPRIATE PASTA FOR EACH PREPARATION. THE ADDITION OF PARMESAN CHEESE WILL NOT ENHANCE THE FLAVOR OF MOST DISHES.

ALL PASTA DISHES ARE AVAILABLE IN SMALL PORTIONS AS APPETIZERS, AND WE ENCOURAGE YOU TO ORDER THEM.

PLEASE CHECK THE FIRST PAGE OF THIS MENU FOR PRICING.



CAPPELLETTI ROSATO
A Pink Tomato Sauce
24 / 25

TRENETTE AL GAMBERI
A Pink Shrimp Sauce
28 / 29

TAGLIATELLE ALBANESE
Peas, Prosciutto & Mushrooms
25 / 26

TRENETTE AL TROTELLA AFFUMACATO
Creamy Smoked Trout & Fresh Artichokes
28 / 29

CAPPELLETTI EMILIANA
Prosciutto, Mushrooms & Pickles
25 / 26

TRENETTE ALLA JULIANA
Light Sauce of Shrimp, Scallops & Sun Dried Tomato
29 / 30

TAGLIATELLE CAVALIERI
Bacon, Onion & Colombi Gorgonzola Cheese
26 / 27

TRENETTE ALLA CORNELIA
Shiitake Mushrooms, Prosciutto, Basil & Tomato
28 / 29

TAGLIATELLE ALLA ZINO
A Pink Gorgonzola Cheese Sauce
25 / 26

CAPPELLETTI ALLA PANNA
Parmesan Cheese, Butter & Nutmeg
25 / 26

CAPPELLETTI BOLOGNESE
The Classic Rich Veal & Beef Sauce
26 / 27

PENNE ALLA DESANTO
Stripes of Prime Beef Loins, Eggplant, Spicy Tomato
29 / 30

PASTA

IF YOU WOULD LIKE A LEGITIMATE PREPARATION THAT IS NOT LISTED, WE CAN PROBABLY PREPARE IT (PROVIDED IT'S WITHIN THE SCOPE OF GOOD TASTE AND GENERALLY ACCEPTED OUTLIER STANDARDS!)

LINGUINE WITH FRESH CLAM SAUCE
RED or CLEAR, QUALITY NORTHERN CLAMS
29 / 30

TRENETTE WITH SHRIMP & SCALLOPS
Sautéed in Whole Butter, with Garlic & Parsley
28 / 29

LINGUINE FRUTTI DI MARE
Shrimp, Clams, Mussels, Scallops, Squid, Tomato
31 / 32

SPAGHETTINI CALABRESE
Olive Oil, Garlic, Anchovy, Parsley
23 / 24

LINGUINE ARAGOSTA E MOLLUSCO
Lobster Tails, Clams, Mussels, Scallops, Butter, Garlic
31 / 34

LINGUINE WITH FRESH MUSSELS
Firm Ricinal Black Mussels, RED or CLEAR Sauce
29 / 30

TRENETTE WITH PEAS, HAM, MUSHROOMS
Crimini & Portobello Mushrooms & a Little Butter
27 / 28

SPAGHETTINI AL TONNO
Spicy Tuna, Tomato, Red Pepper, Onions
26 / 27

CAPPELLETTI POMOROLA
Smooth Sauce Enriched with Pork, No Garlic!
23 / 24

TRENETTE FILLETO DI POMODORO
Prosciutto, Chopped Tomato, Onion & Basil
25 / 26

PENNE ALLA LOUISA
Spinach, Rendered Sausage, Lite Cream, Cheese & Tomato
26 / 27

SPAGHETTINI ALL' AMATRICIANA
Pancetta, Onion, & Tomato
25 / 26

TRENETTE AL PESTO
Penne of Fresh Basil, Pignoli, Parmesan, Garlic, Potatoes, Beans
25 / 26

LINGUINE WITH CALAMARI & SHRIMP
Spicy Tomato Sauce
28 / 29

PENNE AL QUATTRO FORMAGGI
Four Cheeses, Very Light Tomato
26 / 27

SPAGHETTINI CARBONARA
Pancetta, Onion, Basil, Parmesan, Baked with Egg Yolk
25 / 26

SPAGHETTINI ALLA PUTTANESCA
Spicy Tomato, Onion, Capers & Anchovy
24 / 25

BUCATINI ALLA JERASAMO
Sautéed Portobello Mushrooms, Radicchio, Prosciutto
27 / 28

Jerry Moran

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instead of attacking them head on. In a small business, everyone screams and yells. In the dining room, the maitre d' stomps on your foot or pinches you. In the kitchen, you get burned or stuck with a fork. But problem get taken care of on the spot, and we all leave friends at the end of the day. Not so at the big hotel. The process appeared to be more important than the results. I quit and went back to work at small continental restaurants.

Striking Out On His Own

In 1982 I talked my dad into helping me open my own place in Jacksonville: La Pasta Fresca Ristorante. It was a little space in a rundown shopping center. I did the plumbing and electrical work, and my dad did most of the carpentry. We never pulled a permit for any of it! We featured fresh pasta made in-house, as well as the usual meat and seafood. It was just a hole in the wall, but the line was out the door. It was wonderful. Within two years, I had built a big building — 6,400 square feet — and went from a small place to a huge restaurant with two hundred seats and a staff of thirty-five. I am proud to say that many careers were launched from that spot. We kept a lot of kids out of trouble, too.

When you own a restaurant, though, every five or six years you get the urge to change things. At least I do. In 1990 I closed the place, and leased the building to another restaurant. I announced, "We're going down to Orlando," which we did, with the entire kitchen staff and a couple of the waiters. There was a recession going on at the time, but we did all right. The food was good, and we were highly rated in Zagat. Looking back, though, it was a reckless thing to do. The move and renovation cost every nickel I had. Today I wonder how I ever had the nerve to do such a thing.

My father had died in 1986. His only request of me was "Take care of your mother," and my mom was still living at the lake. I began to reorder my priorities. When an opportunity to sell the Orlando restaurant came up in 1993, I took it and reopened in Jacksonville, but under the current name: La Cena (pronounced *La Chay-na*). It was good to be back home, and I settled into a routine of working in Jacksonville and heading out to the lake on off-days.

La Cena, both in Orlando and Jacksonville, won all sorts of awards: DiRoNA (Distinguished Restaurants of North America) rated. *Wine Spectator* rated. *Restaurant*



We were in the neighborhood, so we thought we'd drop by. Guests at La Cena have included some Jerichonians. (Top) That's Jerry's former neighbor and fellow member of the swim team, Jeff Soukup ('72). Above: Jerry with violist Ann Roggen from the class of '71. Last summer she was in town playing with a symphony orchestra and came by for dinner after the performance.

Magazine named us "Best Italian Wine List 1997." But, once again, I got the urge to try something else. In 2000 I decided to open a panini shop with a bakery instead of a fine-dining restaurant.

Jacksonville was on the upswing then, and the downtown area was being heavily promoted, so we moved into the old Elks Building downtown. I found a little apartment a block away from the restaurant. The renova-

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tion took over a year to complete. I did a lot of the work myself. We had the most delicious sandwiches. We baked all the bread, roasted all the meat — even cured our own pickles. But we couldn't succeed with it. As it turned out, the downtown area was full of office workers, and the culture of Jacksonville was such that people wouldn't go to delis like they do in, say, New York. After just five months, I said, "Fellas, as good as this is, we've got to go back to the old format." I renovated the place again and returned to being La Cena.

Over the years, I've acquired a loyal following, and so we don't advertise at all. Because we're downtown, we get many business travelers, and whenever VIPs come to town, they're sent our way. All the politicians come in and have their special tables. Delta's in-flight magazine recommends La Cena as the place to go for Italian in Jacksonville.

I've always been able to mix with all types of people, which is helpful in the restaurant business. Besides, most famous people are pretty cool and down to earth. (Although the ones that aren't are a pain in the neck!) But I like being in the service industry and helping people have a good time. You receive a lot of positive feedback from it, and that's worth some of the bitching you have to endure. Something else I like about owning a fine-dining restaurant is the access you have to powerful and prominent people. I'm on a first-name basis with most of the politicians and top business people in North Florida, and that helps when you need to get something done.

You know who was in here last year? Ann Roggen ('71) from Jericho. My brother, Steve, lives in Manhat-

tan, and is a very highly regarded, Juilliard-trained stand-up bass player. He knows Ann, who's a professional violist. She was in Jacksonville on the *Star Wars* concert tour, which had a full orchestra playing music from the movies. Ann and all the musicians came in for dinner afterward, and we had a great time. I'll tell you, it was very rewarding to be feeding New Yorkers, who know their food! And they liked it too.

Mamas, Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up to Be ... Chefs?

I've been in the business for thirty-six years and have had my own place for twenty-eight. But to start up a new restaurant now would be nearly impossible, and not just because of the current economic conditions. It's an expensive and highly regulated proposition, and so it's hard to make money. But I've always been very careful. I'm a saver, and carry no debt. Also, I'm mechanically inclined, so I'm able to cut expenses by handling maintenance and repairs myself. Like, just recently, the compressor on our walk-in cooler blew out. I put the new one in myself. That would have been a \$4,000 job. I also do my own bookkeeping and payroll, and handle half the cooking. At La Cena, we rely on no one other than ourselves, and that's a good feeling.

Nowadays, with TV shows like *Top Chef* (which I never watch), everyone wants to be a chef. You see a lot of upper-middle-class kids that have been exposed to food and have had a little experience with dining out decide they want to be chefs. They go get a part-time job. If you can work at all, you're accepted as a member of the team, and that's a good feeling. You're young, you're working with older people, and, suddenly, you're hooked and get sucked into the culture. That's exactly what



Who wouldn't love to have one of these in their basement? A pasta "lab" for making stuffed cappelletti and tortellini and egg pasta.

happened to me at my first job at P.O.E.T.S. The problem is, I would say that most people who work in restaurants have emotional problems, mental problems, addiction problems. You can do well if the lifestyle doesn't get the best of you and if you are disciplined enough to resist the dark side of the business. I guess I've managed to do that.

So what you have today are kids whose families have spent \$60,000 or more to put them through culinary school so they can get a \$300-a-week job — if they're lucky. It's very hard work, and many soon realize that they've made a mistake. I have a small staff right now, and only one of them is under forty-five. My assistant, Wilfried Hausy, is sixty-eight, and the two of us do the whole kitchen with a dishwasher and a pantryman. I hate to say it, but I'm reluctant to hire kids at this point, because, in my experience, they generally lack a strong work ethic and just can't take the heat.

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Jerry Moran

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Not only that, but I don't know if the younger educated folks know how to actually cook anything anymore. At La Cena, we do everything from scratch. To me, it doesn't make sense to have a beautiful kitchen and then buy processed and prefabricated foods. I have a pasta lab in the basement, and we make it all: the stuffed cappelletti and tortellini, and all the egg pasta. Everything is fresh. All the bread and pastry is done in-house.

We have a large refrigerated table with eighteen drawers, just like a filing cabinet. There we keep our *mise en place*. That means "everything in its place." The meat is cut, the shellfish is peeled, the vegetables are sliced, and so on. Chef Wilfried went through a formal European apprenticeship. He always quotes one of his mentors: "Without *mise en place*, you are *nothing!*"

When we get an order for something, we take basic ingredients from the table and cook it right in the pan. It's all *ala minute*, and that's the old way of doing things, which you see in very few restaurants these days. It's all mostly *assembling* stuff now. They may be creating gorgeous plates, but there's little substance — or flavor — to it. Nobody cooks anything anymore!

As for owning a restaurant, my mother was right all those years ago when she warned me that I wouldn't have time for much else. Luckily, the restaurant is what I like to do. On a typical day, I come in around two o'clock in the afternoon. By then, Wilfried — he's an early bird — has begun setting up the kitchen so that it's all ready to go at five-thirty. My first job is to check reservations, and then head to the farmer's market or

Restaurant Depot for supplies. Jacksonville has come a long way in the supplies department, but I still have to order some items in from New York, like our signature coffee and Mozzarella di Bufala

Once I'm back at the restaurant, I'll fix anything that needs fixing and make business calls until it's time to start cooking. But, you know how it is. There are always interruptions, so I wind up taking care of a lot of business in my office after hours. It's, say, midnight, I'll fix myself something to eat, maybe check what's open in the wine cellar, and catch up on paperwork for a couple of hours. I've always been a night owl. Now, if you're in a big city like New York, there are places you can go at that

hour and be with like-minded people. Jacksonville, though, is kind of a depressed, backwater sort of town, with no night life. Most people go to bed by eight or nine o'clock! So, socially, it can be isolating. I'm looking at my video monitor right now, and the street is completely deserted at eleven o'clock.

Part of the reason why is that Jacksonville is not a safe town. I've become very involved in the community and trying to clean up downtown. In 2006 we had the Super Bowl here, and it was like being in a real city for a week! Jacksonville has tremendous potential, but the critical mass has not yet arrived. I was chairman of the Sheriff's Advisory Council

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Me and Deirdre

It's not well known, but my dear friend Deirdre Rasulo ('73) and I maintained an on-and-off relationship for almost forty years. We had some great times together, and then she (usually) would get mad at me, and we'd break off for a while. But then we always got back together.

I would meet Deirdre when I was in New York, and she would visit me in Florida. My mother liked Deirdre (a rare occurrence) and even thought we'd marry one day. Deirdre is the only other person that has driven my 1994 Rx-7, and she was smart, and she could be tougher than I'll ever be. The last time I spoke to her was November 2008, when she called me late one night after a long dry spell.

Then came a period of no contact. I emailed her the following Fourth of July to recall a great July 4 we'd shared some years ago. No response. But that's the way we were. A month later, the JHS newsletter arrived, with the headline "Tribute to Deirdre Rasulo." I said to myself, *Wonder what she's up to now?* I knew Deirdre to be a closet philanthropist and figured that she had done something big. Then I read the first paragraph and learned that she had died of cancer in March. No one had called to tell me. I would have gone to her and held her hand. I like to think that she was protecting me, but I'll never know. I do know that I still haven't quite come to terms with the whole thing.



Señor Mike Friedman

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ording to some genealogical papers in my uncle's safe in California, two of my great, great, great (etc.) uncles were highly placed at the court of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabel around 1492. All were

forced to leave Spain. This enormous act of stupidity — that is to say, the expulsion of the Jews and the Moors from Spain — led to its downfall as a world power. But I digress. My maternal grandfather spoke Ladino, the Sephardic version of Spanish, but died when I was very young. Thus I never learned the language.

I started my teaching career in Jericho on Wednesday, February 1, 1961, and never taught anywhere else until my retirement in 1992. Although I began in the senior high school, over the years I taught all post-elementary grades, from seventh through twelfth. I very much loved my subject and enjoyed working with young people, and using my skills and my empathy for people. Not only was I immersed in the Spanish-Hispanic culture, I transmitted much of it to my students over the years. I went on to acquire my master's degree, magna cum laude, and over time acquired some 135 graduate credits as department chairman, guidance counselor, and special education teacher.

Passing It On

I now live in Jupiter, Florida. My son, Mike, who lives in Atlanta, is a very successful criminal attorney. He uses Spanish exclusively except in court and is called to represent clients from throughout the United States and all over Latin America. Lisa, my daughter, a very fine reading and English teacher, lives nearby. I am very proud of my children, as was my late wife, Elsa. Fluent in five languages, as well as two dialects of Italian, she and her family suffered under the Nazis during World War II but survived, and we enjoyed forty-two wonderful years together until her death in 2003. The pain of that terrible loss and her final two and a half years of suffering cause me pain every day and night.

I still try to learn something "Spanish" every day and have dedicated part of my life to accumulating knowledge for its own sake, because every day I realize how ignorant I am. The more I "learn," the more new questions arise for me to explore. ■

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

How about sharing it in the pages of your JHS Classes and 1971-1972-1973 Thirderly Online Newsletter? Feel free to write it yourself or, as is usually the case, feel like a real big-shot and be interviewed over the telephone. Interested? Get in touch with Phil.

"I started my teaching career in Jericho on Wednesday, February 1, 1961, and never taught anywhere else until my retirement in 1992."

Jerry Moran

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"The local newspaper identified me some years ago as the 'love him or hate him chef.' Too bad for my detractors, I say."

last year. The city was on the upswing for a while, but I'm afraid it's spiraling downward again, and it's not going to change until we get a new mayor. I compare it to what New York City was like in the mid-1970s. At night, the area is overrun with vagrants and panhandlers, many of whom are quite aggressive. Most people don't go anywhere without some kind of a weapon in their pocket, myself included.

Still, it's a very interesting life. I love to cook. I love to please people. And even though it becomes most of your existence, it's very satisfying at the same time. It's as if it were a spiritual calling. Hospitality work is not defined as subservience to another but rather providing a product in the form of service to the guest. Over the years, I've seen it all, but one thing I will not tolerate is for a guest to abuse my staff. If that happens, the meal is terminated, and out the door they go. It doesn't happen much anymore, but I attribute that to twenty-eight years of weeding a small market. The local newspaper identified me some years ago as the "love him or hate him chef." Too bad for my detractors, I say.

You never know what path you're going to take in life. In my case, my course was laid out for me: Go to UNC, get the accounting degree, work a couple of years, then get the MBA. Today, when six o'clock rolls around, and I'm at the restaurant talking to guests, I'll say to them, "You know, I'm not supposed to be here. I'm supposed to be at the Greensboro Country Club right now, having a drink!" ■



Concept: A girl. A camera. And the greatest city in the world.

- 1** The last remnants of the meat packing district, with boutiques on either side.
- 2** Guy at Lincoln Tunnel hand-feeding pigeons. He was spotted on the Upper West Side, too.
- 3** Nuff said.
- 4** The definition of adventurous in NYC. A Bentley at a muni-meter?

