

Summer 2009
Issue No. 22

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

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

Welcome to this, the 22nd newsletter of the JHS classes of '71, '72, and '73, and friends.

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

Reunion Update 1

Yearbook to Facebook 2

Lori Light, Lori Small Cohan, Arnold Holtz, Mitchell Baumel, Roslyn Appelbaum, Ellen Tillman, Alan Abbadangelo, Anne K. Havrilla

Nooz About Yooz 3

Mr. Bob Hoffman, Hall of Fame Induction, more

In Tribute 5

Deirdre Rasulo

Catch Up With ... 7

Caren Kushner Gottesman

Takin' Care of Bidness — 9

Jerichonians at Work

Jane Altvater Duda

Cartoons by Dan Clurman 12

First Person Singular 13

Mindy Wertheimer

Everything You Ever Wanted 17

to Know About: Jan Millner

Everything You Ever Wanted 20

to Know About: Lisa Stewart

Jacobs and Beth Stewart

Cover Story 24

Pets: Man's (and Woman's)

Best Friend, featuring Ellen

Jankowitz, Bonnie Colgan,

Diane Freedman, Randy San

Antonio, Amy Lubow, more

Faculty Lounge 29

Mr. Gerald Link

Your Back Pages: 39

Woodstock schlock



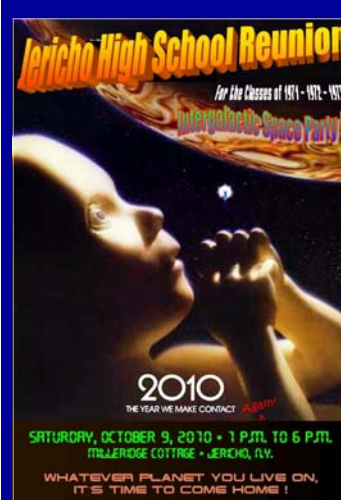
In publishing, they say that if you want to attract readers, just put a cute 'n cuddly kitten on your cover. We've gone one better ...

"Pets: Man's Best Friend"*

*** And in Your Case, That's Understandable!**

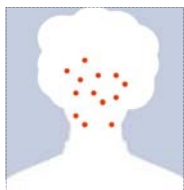
Pix of Your Pets

Beginning on page 24



Discounted Advance Reunion Tix Now On Sale

Advance tickets for the **October 9, 2010**, "Intergalactic Space Party" at **Milleridge Cottage** went on sale beginning July 4. From then until February 9, 2010, admission is \$100 per adult — a savings of \$25 per ticket. Formal invitations will be going out around the first of the year. You can get a full refund so long as you cancel no later than September 25, 2010. For many more reunion details, visit the "Senior Lounge" section of our website.



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.

Lori Small Cohan ('73)
Dix Hills, NY



Arnold Holtz ('71)
Bridgewater, NJ



Lori Light ('72)
New York, NY



Ellen Tillman ('71)
Rockville, MD



Alan Abbadangelo ('73)
Albany, NY



Anne K. Havrilla ('73)
Basking Ridge, NJ

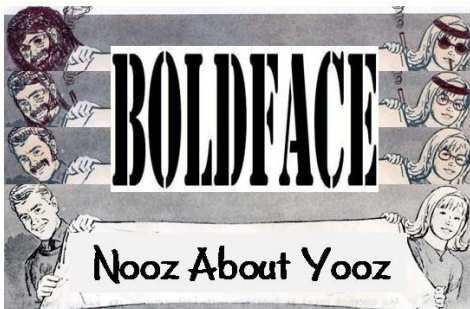


Roslyn Appelbaum ('72)
Boulder, CO



Mitchell Baumuel ('73)
Tewkesbury, MA





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

Now On Deck: Mr. Hoffman

Mr. Robert Hoffman will be premiering his documentary about the 1954 Little League World Champions from Schenectady, New York, this fall. He began working on the project, titled *Six Innings to Destiny*, in 2004. Mr. Hoffman grew up in nearby Whitehall and attended Union College in Schenectady. He remembers the



team's victory as being "a really big deal" for the city. We'll have much more about this in the fall issue — following the film's opening on the 55th anniversary of the championship — but if you'd like to view the trailer now, go to www.sixinnings destiny.com. ■

19th Annual JHS Hall of Fame Induction

The Jericho High School Alumni Hall of Fame added five more members at its nineteenth annual induction ceremony on April 30, 2009, at the Jericho Public Library.

The selection committee include two teachers well known to the classes of 1971, 1972, and 1973, Mr. Bob Hoffman, the driving force behind the HoF, and Mr. Louis Boroson. Also on the committee is Mrs. Bernice Baiman, who was a member of the



Robin Bergman

Jericho Board of Education back when you were bored in school. She also happens to be the mom of Joan Baiman Rosenberg ('71), assistant princi-

of JHS, and the class of '73's Richard Baiman.

Here's a little bit about each of this year's inductees:

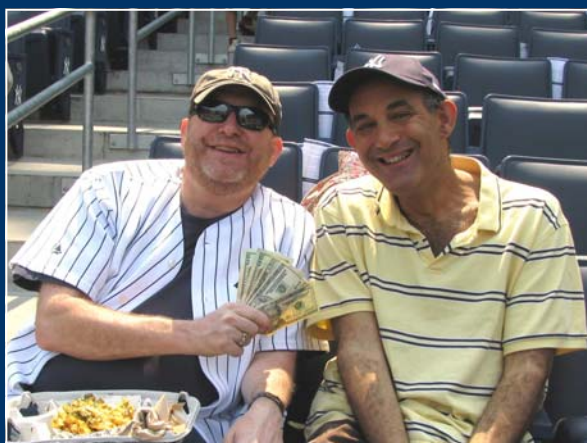
Robin Bergman (1973)

Robin, who lives in Concord, Massachusetts, is a talented fashion designer, built her own company, Robin Originals, from the bottom up. Patricia Makarcher, writing in *Surface Design Jour-*
Continued on page 4

Annual Tribute to Mike Dinhofer at Yankee Stadium

Our good friend and classmate Mike Dinhofer died of leukemia in 1995. Every year since, on or around Mike's birthday, his brother, Philip Dinhofer ('75), and friends Jon Friedman ('73) and Philip Bashe ('72), attend a Yankees game and hoist a beer (or two) in his memory.

This year they went on Mike's actual b'day, May 23, a beautiful spring day, and saw the Bombers edge the Philadelphia Phillies in a come-from-behind bottom-of-the-ninth 5-4 thriller. That's bro-



ther Philip and Jon above; the other Phil snapped the photo.

Phil Dinhofer is an attorney with his own practice on Long Island and in Manhattan. He lives in Merrick with his wife, Robin, and son, Andrew, who will be a freshman at SUNY Stony Brook come September.

Jon, a longtime Manhattanite, recently celebrated his tenth anniversary as the MediaWatch columnist for MarketWatch.com. Be sure to check his always entertaining and insightful viewpoint and interviews at <http://www.marketwatch.com/commentary>. ■

Nooz About Yooz

Continued from page 3

nal, had this to say about Robin’s unique clothing: “Bergman produces a line of knitted chenille wearables that shimmer harmoniously in adjacent fields of luscious colors; the density of pattern is reminiscent of a starry sky. Each piece seems visually inexhaustible.”

Robin is also a community organizer and civic leader. When Boston lost its progressive talk radio station in 2006, she single-handedly worked to help return the format to the airwaves.

You can read about Robin and see some of her designs in the winter

2007–08 issue (No. 18) of the newsletter.

Jessica Pincus Gerschitz (1970)

Jessica, today a resident of East Birchwood, is the president and chief operating officer of Abilities, Inc., a facility dedicated to education and training people with disabilities — approximately six hundred a year. She has been with the agency, located at the National Center for Disability Services, in Albertson, since 1978. Jessica received a masters degree in rehabilitation counseling from the University of Michigan.

Marvin Schwartz (1969)

Marvin, CEO of Jarro Building Industries Corp., has been building things for as long as he can remember. According to his good friend Dr. Neil Minikes, as a teenager, “he could take apart, fix, and put together an entire car engine.” He also turned his family home’s basement into a fully refinished rec room.

Recently, he built an elaborate treehouse for the Sunriser Camp, which serves children with cancer. Marvin, named Little Flower Children’s and Family Services’ Man of the Year in 2006, is actively involved in many other charities as well.

He and his wife, Fran, live in Plainview and have three grown sons.



Above: (left) Marvin Schwartz and Adam Levy (right) with their better halves at the preceremonial dinner held at Milleridge Inn. (Top): To truly prove that they belong in the Hall of Fame, all inductees must sit directly under a poster-sized blowup of their high school yearbook photo without bolting from the stage in tears. Here’s the stage as it looked before showtime, minus all the scantily clad dancers, dry-ice smoke, and laser light show.

Adam Levy, MD (1986)

Pediatric oncologist-hematologist Adam Levy, director of the fellowship program at the Children’s Hospital at Montefiore Medical Center, can still be found in Jericho, living in West Birchwood.

Dr. Levy, who participates in many charitable activities, was named attending physician of the year in 2004. In a bitter-sweet story, he is caring for a young Brooklyn boy suffering from a rare neck

tumor. The patient turned out to be the son of Adam’s childhood friend and JHS soccer teammate Richard Fraser, who, sadly, died in the terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center.

Adam graduated from Cornell University, as did his wife, Caroline. The couple married in 1994.

Daisy Khan (1975)

Daisy Khan, who was born in Kashmir, was the first Muslim student in the Jer-

Continued on page 31



Jessica Pincus Gerschitz

*In Tribute***Deirdre Rasulo ('73)**

We're truly saddened to have to report the passing of the class of '73's **Deirdre Mary Rasulo** of Sayville, Long Island, on March 26 following a short battle with advanced ovarian cancer. "It all happened very quickly, and we were just so shocked," says her friend **Randy Ringler**, also from the class of '73.

Randy wrote and read a tribute to Deirdre at a private memorial service held at St. John's Church in Cold Spring Arbor in April. "The day was bright and sunny, and it was very peaceful by the water," says Randy. Vinnie and Tom, her brothers, drove down to Florida to spread her ashes in the ocean near the condo she and Tom owned."

Here is the text of Randy's tribute:

As I begin this tribute to Deirdre, I am thinking about how wonderful a person we had the privilege to know and how hard it will be to limit the words. Deirdre and I have known each other since Jericho Junior and Senior High School. Although I left school a year early and missed senior year, from all the stories I heard from attending reunions with Deirdre over the years, she exercised her usual love and passion for life, her family, and friends.

Deirdre and I reconnected while planning our ten-year high school reunion. I was working for the New York Mets, and we were hosting the reunion in a party room at the ballpark along with a game. Deirdre, the Rasulos, and myself worked together on the graphics for the invitations, and we've spent the past twenty-five years since sharing so much.

Deirdre had such a pure heart and took an almost childlike joy in everything she did. What truly seemed to make her happiest was to see joy reflected in the faces and hearts of her family and friends. Whatever she could do to bring that joy to someone, she did. Our happiness was her happiness. She was so compassionate and concerned about her circle and was generous in both spirit and deed.

She was so proud of her nieces and nephews, loved them so much, and even emailed me a few weeks ago while recuperating from the operation to see if I could help get a job for the boyfriend of one of her nieces.

When Vinnie and I were talking recently, he commented that Deirdre, our friends Jeanie and Marlene, and I were like the original *Sex and the City* women. I had never thought about it before, since we predated the TV show, but he hit the nail on the head. We had wonderful times all through the eighties and nineties from coast to coast. We hit the big parties and events, went to Elaine's, Tucker's, Campagnola, the China Club, and other clubs as well as Frank Scala's Porsche races. We spent a lot

Continued on page 6

*Memories of Deirdre***Laura Sheftman Strafer ('73):**

I am honored to write about my friendship with Deirdre Rasulo. I'll never forget how I first met Deirdre Mary Bernadette Rasulo. (I always thought her full name was really cool.) It was in the science hallway of Jericho Junior High School at the beginning of seventh grade. Deirdre came up to me and handed me a small piece of white paper. She was handing them out to everyone in the hallway. On the paper was written, "Hi, My name is D. D. Rasulo."

I responded immediately to her. I said, "Hi, D.D., what a great idea!" We became friends from that moment on.

That December Deirdre invited me and a few other friends to a Christmas Eve party at her house in Muttontown. Christmas Eve at the Rasulos became an annual event throughout high school. The parties were wonderful. I can still envision their Christmas tree filled with ornaments and candy canes. The warmth and graciousness that Deirdre and her family displayed to each other and to their friends will never be forgotten.

Deirdre and I remained close friends throughout high school. We
Continued on page 6



Deirdre (r.) in her element, surrounded by friends at the 2007 Reunion in 3-D: (l.-r., Laura Sheftman Strafer, Bill Reif, and Wendy Keavey Beck.

In Tribute

Deirdre Rasulo

Continued from page 5

both attended the same college, the University of Hartford in Connecticut. Deirdre's major was special education. She became very involved with the American School for the Deaf. Deirdre was hardworking, dedicated, and caring. This is the way she remained and shall always be remembered. ■

Virginia Ferrante Cammameri ('73):

Deirdre and I always referred to ourselves as the token Italians at Jericho High School. Although we never really traveled in the same circle of friends, she always remained an independent person, never had a bad word about anyone, and *always* was kind to everyone.

We refound each other only about eight years ago, and we shared many fun times such as day trips to Fire Island and walks on the beach. When I married in 2005, she was the first person at my reception hall, even before they opened! I thank God that I have my wedding video, where I can always see her smiling face! She was the person who got me to start attending the Jericho reunions; had it not been for Deirdre, I don't think I ever would have gone.

I remember the class of '72's communal fiftieth birthday party at Steve's Pier 1 in Bayville most vividly. Deirdre and I rented a room in the motel down the block, because we thought we would be too polluted to drive home! I suffer from sleep apnea and *snore like a bear*. She ended up having to leave the room and hung out on the beach most of the night! (I felt so bad, I gave her back her share of the motel room fee.)

We always had a blast, and I will miss her incredibly. I truly loved the person she was. See you, Dee. ■



Deirdre (r.) and Virginia at the '72 reunion in July 2004. After college, she taught children sign language at the School for the Deaf, then spent twenty years helping to run a successful family graphic design business.



Randye Ringer's Tribute to Deirdre

Continued from page 5

of time enjoying all that NYC had to offer and still managed to work really, really hard at out careers.

Every year at Shea, Deirdre would join us and the Fitzgeralds at the Cornell Hotel Society's party. Deirdre came to a lot of parties at Shea, and every year since I left the Mets, when I visited the staff to say hello, the bartender, Turk, would always ask, "Where's Deirdre?"

I think Deirdre became an honorary Cornellian, even attending a reunion in Ithaca with Marlene and me. We headed out to San Francisco for a Cornell-Stanford football game when Cornell almost beat the 55-point spread. Deirdre even won the door prize at a Cornell Hotel School scholarship event at the Rainbow Room and donated the money right back to the fund. I have the picture in my purse right now.

While I was working at Shea, Deirdre would head out early sometimes to walk around with me as I got ready for the game. She took a particular liking to batting practice when she noticed the visiting team just below us from our picnic area perch doing their stretching. She was amazed and wide-eyed, turning to me and asking, "You get to see this *every day*?" Let's just say that the boys we went to high school with looked nothing like what we were seeing in uniform.

Deirdre was sitting next to me at a game with a small group from Rasulo Graphics when my boyfriend semiproposed to me in the field-level seats. In typical Deirdre fashion, she leapt up from her seat, waved her hands over her head, and started screaming, "My girlfriend's getting married! My girlfriend's getting married!" I, of course, was just hoping that the cameras did not notice this and put us on the Diamond Vision screen.

Deirdre delighted in everything she did, even the most basic of things such as walking along the beach with Tom, sharing a good meal and a bottle of wine. She had such a wonderful and strong spirit. No one who knew her could possibly forget her. Deirdre always looked for the good in people and tried so hard to make life better for everyone she touched. My mother and I shared many warm family times with the Rasulos, as I am sure many of you have as well.

Although I know how much we will all miss her, we will continue to feel her strength of spirit, her love for us, and ours for her. Always. ■





Catch Up With ... Caren Kushner Gottesman



I loved being at school and spent a lot of time there. I was involved in a lot of activities, so I'd usually go in early for some meeting and stay late for something else. I was in the Blue Key Club, and the Jayettes (I still have my uniform, but *shhhhh*, don't tell anybody), and, although I wasn't a great swimmer, I was on the synchronized swimming team.

I liked to spend time with my friends, like Marna Ludwig, Karen Margulis, Gary Shevin, Randy San Antonio, Debbie D'Amore, Wendy Weaderhorn, and Gerri Gaffen. Gerri and I are still close. We got friendly in seventh grade. Then when we were in eleventh grade, we started going out with twin brothers from Plainview. She went to our class of '72 "prom" (you know, the dance in the cafeteria) with "her" twin, but mine wouldn't go; their sister was getting married the next day, and he thought he'd be too tired. So I went with Gary Shevin; we had lots of fun.

I was very happy growing up in Jericho. Loved it. Loved my childhood there. Looking back, if I hadn't met my husband, Allan Gottesman, who's Canadian, I think I probably would have stayed in New York — maybe even stayed in Jericho, it was that comfortable. It was a very good life.

I met my husband when we were both twenty and working at a summer camp outside of Toronto. I started off in the kitchen, which wasn't working too well because it involved a lot of heavy lifting. Another girl there, who went by the name of Rocky (honest), was strong enough to pick up two cases of milk and swing 'em around, no problem. But me, I could barely pick up one; I'd have to drag it along the floor. Fortunately, after about a week, I was given a counselor position, and that's when I met Allan. He went home and told his mother that he'd met the girl he was going to marry. It took a little more convincing on my end.

After the summer ended, we didn't see each other all that much, because

he lived in Toronto, and I was going to Adelphi University, on Long Island. Since long distance phone calls were really expensive back then, we wrote a lot of letters back and forth and saw each other on holidays and whenever else we could. We got engaged on Halloween 1975 and were married Memorial Day Weekend in 1976 at Queensborough Hill Jewish Center — a week after I graduated from Adelphi. Gerri Gaffen was one of my bridesmaids, and when she got married just a few months after us, I was her matron of honor.

Dad Was Right

We've been living in Florida since 1984. Oddly enough, that's where Allan and I went on our honeymoon. We'd never been there before, and

Continued on page 8

"I was very happy growing up in Jericho. Loved it. Loved my childhood there. Looking back, if I hadn't met my husband, who's Canadian, I think I probably would have stayed in New York — maybe even stayed in Jericho, it was that comfortable."



Caren and husband Allan Gottesman with (l. to r.) son Jared and his wife, Vivian, and daughter Amy.

Caren Kushner

Continued from page 7

to tell you the truth, we didn't like it much. Oh my God, the heat! My hair frizzed the whole time we were there.

We didn't even own a car, so my new in-laws left one for us in New York. I packed the car to the brim and off we drove to Toronto, where Allan and his parents had picked out an apartment for us. And we started life together! Looking back, I don't know how we managed: My husband, who's a Certified Public Accountant, was still in school at the time.

I'd graduated Adelphi as a nurse, partly because of my father's influence. Back in high school, I thought that I'd like to do something in the medical profession. Maybe become a doctor. But I didn't have any great desire to be a nurse. Now, my dad was a very, very practical man. One day we were looking at all the college catalogs, and he said sagely, "You know, if you go to school to become a nurse, you'll be able to work anywhere in the entire world, and you'll always be able to put a roof over your head, gas in your tank, and food on your table. That's a really good thing to have."

You know what? My father was right. It took me a few years to really enjoy it, but given my personality and my desire to care for

people, nursing actually was a very good choice. I've especially appreciated the flexibility. Like, when my two kids were little, I could work at night or on the weekends. And I've since moved up into management. So it's proven to be a very good career.



Jared and Vivian with their daughter, Mischa, who was born in February. Think Caren enjoys being a grandmother? "I love taking care of her."

And like Dad said, you can work anywhere. When I first got to Toronto, though, I didn't have my license yet. First I worked for a dentist, then I got a job with an ear, nose, and throat practice. My first hospital job was at Mt. Sinai Hospital in downtown Toronto. The only problem was, I'd often get off my shift very late at night, and we had only one car. Allan, who was taking classes to get his Chartered Accountant's license, didn't want me taking the subway at that hour. So he'd pick me up every night.

Toronto was a great city. We loved it there. At

one point, Allan was offered a job in New York, which probably would have been a great choice for us and easier in a lot of ways than moving to Florida. But by this time, my parents had retired there, and it was important to us to be near family. So in 1984,

But, like us, they've now been here for twenty-five years, their kids were born here or went to school here, and they're pretty much Floridians now. They've put down roots here too; we've had most of the same friends since we moved to Cooper City. So it's not nearly as transient as it used to be.

Weathering a Crisis

In 1992, when Allan was thirty-eight, he developed cancer. Wait: It gets worse. In between treatments, he had a heart attack. At the time, he hated his job, and I think the stress from that and the stress from the chemo were just too much. Jared was twelve, and our daughter, Amy, who was born in Florida, was only six.

We went through a lost year. My husband was sick for about six months, then it took about another six months for him to grow his hair back and build up some stamina. One day Allan said to me, "You know what? I don't want to do something that I hate anymore." He decided to start his own accounting firm.

At first, he worked out of our house. Then after a couple of years, he rented space in an office. Then he moved to another office and ended up becoming partners with two other CPAs there. One thing led to another. It was a good

Continued on page 9

when Jared was to start kindergarten, we relocated to North Miami Beach, then to Cooper City.

Cooper City is a suburban planned community. The schools here are excellent, at least by Florida standards. All the shopping you need is here, the synagogue is here; it's a very, very nice neighborhood. And we can drive to Miami and to Fort Lauderdale in less than a half hour.

It's really funny: You often hear about how transient Florida is. But we've run into a lot of New Yorkers here. In many cases, their parents retired here, then they came down later.

Caren Kushner

Continued from page 8

thing. Their firm is located not too far away, in Plantation. He loves it, and he loves the people he works with.

Our daughter's life is following a pattern similar to mine. She lives in Toronto, where she teaches at a Jewish day school, and is engaged to a very nice young man named Jared Lipton. In fact, both his first name and middle name are the same as our son's. Isn't that weird? The wedding is all set for May 23, 2010, in Florida.

I'm hoping that at some point they'll move here, but that's their decision. Jared (my future son-in-law, not my son) is in the process of applying to graduate school; he'd like to be an English professor one day. Amy is planning on going to graduate school. They have a very wonderful relationship.

Jared (my son, not my future son-in-law) lives in Florida. As a kid, he was pretty reserved. He was always very, very smart but didn't really find what he wanted to do until around eleventh grade. We started looking into colleges, and it was like, "Okay, buddy, you're going to Broward Community College, because with your grades, you won't get into a four-year school."

"Oh," he said, "I really want to go away to school."

He stopped coasting and got straight A's the rest of high school. He figured that would be a good thing to do. So instead of BCC, he ended up at Florida State University. Jared graduated with a bachelor's of science degree in psychology, with a minor in chemistry. But by his senior year, he decided that he really liked physics. He eventually got a second BS degree in physics, followed by a masters. Right now he's teaching physics and science classes, and he's also taking programming classes, so he can get

into industry. That will probably take him another year before he can do that. But at least he's working. In this economy, *thank you.*

While at Florida State, he met his wife, Vivian. She's extremely studious and smart, and was a very good influence on Jared. Vivian has a masters in applied mathematics and is about four or five classes short of an MBA. She has an interesting job, working for a company that does a lot of defense work. Vivian is involved in things such as getting the coordinates for air-dropping tanks in Afghanistan. It's pretty complicated. You want the tanks to land on their wheels, not upside down, right?

She and Jared were married in 2004. They're very happy together, but that was a horrible time, because my father-in-law and my dad died just before the wedding. The great news is that in February, they had their first child, Mischa Tzipporah Gottesman. They live in Orlando, which is where Vivian is from. It's only three hours away, so I'm there as much as possible to help out with my granddaughter. Mischa is a really good baby, and I love taking care of her.

Continued on page 32



Caren posing with her 16-month-old Chihuahua, Louie V.



Amy posing with fiancé, Jared Lipton. The couple will be getting married next May.



Jane Altvater Duda ('72)



**Court Reporter,
D&D Court Reporting Services,
Tampa, Florida**

From the time I was fifteen, I always had a job after school and during the summer. My father was a Lutheran minister with three kids to support. Obviously that's not a high-paying job, so we were brought up that you did what you had to do to get what you needed. That might have been a bit of an issue for me growing up, because in Jericho, pretty much everybody had more than what they needed, which wasn't the case for us.

All through my early high school days, I babysat. I worked full-time one summer for a family in West Birchwood with a young son. I worked behind the soda fountain at the Howard Johnson's on Jericho Turnpike. I worked at the Waldbaum's main

Continued on page 10

Jane Altvater

Continued from page 9

office, which was in Garden City. My mom worked there, and she got me a job there. I also worked for an insurance company. I was willing to do whatever I could find

My family moved to West Birchwood from Illinois, which is where my dad went to seminary. Actually, we moved to Hicksville first while our house on South Marginal Road was being built. Dad was an assistant pastor at a Lutheran church in Old Westbury, then eventually he got his own church, out in Holbrook.

I barely knew anybody in West Birchwood for the first year and half or so that we lived there, because my older brother, Rick, and I went to Lutheran High in Brookville. My closest friend from school lived all the way in Port Washington. In 1969, the year that Rick graduated, I begged my father to let me go to the public school. At first he said no, but I kept pleading with him. Eventually it occurred to him that he could save a whole lot of money by sending me to Jericho High, so that's where I went beginning in tenth grade.

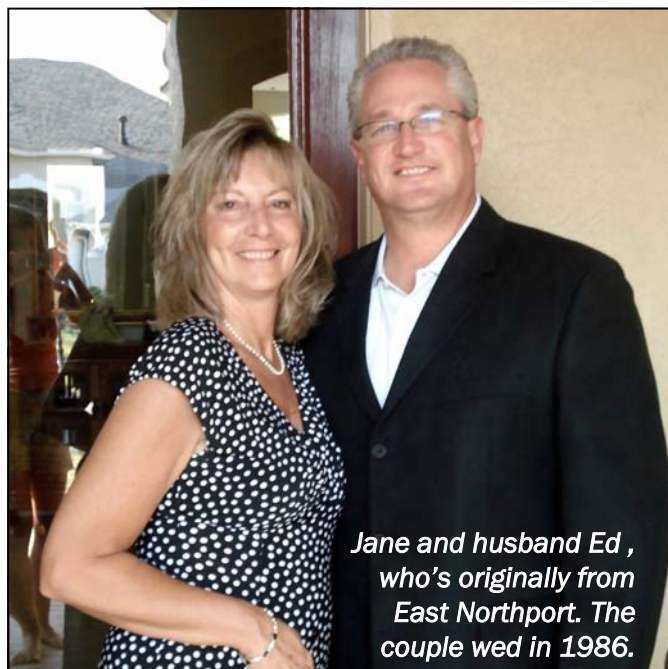
I loved it, because I finally met kids who lived in the neighborhood. The first person I met was Jayne Kaplan, who lived behind us and across from Linda Caputo. Then there were Sharon Sussman, Marci Glickman, Lynne Torre, Roslyn Appelbaum, and Lee Bloomrosen, to name just a few.

I Always Wanted to Be a Teacher, But ...

From the time I was little, I always wanted to teach elementary school.

I went to Concordia College, a Lutheran college in Bronxville, New York. I loved it there, especially living in the campus dorms. But my brother and his now wife had graduated from New Paltz in 1973, and they couldn't find teaching jobs. At that time, there were absolutely no teaching positions anywhere.

During my sophomore year, I started thinking, *All right, I'm going to go to school for two more years, then I'm not going to be able to find a job, and I don't know what else I*



Jane and husband Ed , who's originally from East Northport. The couple wed in 1986.

want to do. I decided to put things on hold and went to work for an attorney in Huntington for a number of years. I would take a few courses here and there at Nassau Community College, but over time, I guess I just lost interest in teaching.

Meanwhile, I used to see all the court reporters working for two hours and then leaving, and they made more money than I made all week. *You know what?* I thought. *I might like to try that.* I was always interested in the legal field. That's when I decided to go to court reporting school at night, in 1977.

People think that court reporting is easy, like being a secretary, right? It's not at all. In fact, my first night in court reporting school, the instructor looked around at the approximately thirty students sitting in front of him and said, "I'm usually very happy if just one person from each class graduates." Having never been a star student, I thought, *Uh-oh.*

But then I said to myself, *You know what? I'm going to be the one student.* And I was. I was the only student from the class to graduate.

You have to be so dedicated, because first you have to learn the theory of the stenograph machine. Then you have to work up your speed to as much as 225 words per minute. In school, I would walk past the speed class and would think to myself, *I'll never be able to do that; it's so fast I can barely understand it.*

However, when you're in court or in a deposition, people are always interrupting one another. Shouting. Yelling. You've got to get all of that down. Sometimes things are going so fast that you're typing from two sentences ago, and you have to

retain all of that. So it's really a lot more difficult than most people really understand.

How do you become proficient on the stenography machine? Just like learning to play the piano: practice, practice, practice. I worked at it day and night and on weekends. Constantly. Again, I was just determined to be that one person in the class to graduate, which I did, in 1980.

At first, I did New York State Retirement Hearings and depositions, not in a courtroom. My very first case was a matrimonial deposition. We all

Continued on page 11

Jane Altvater

Continued from page 10

got into the elevator in the Nassau County Supreme Court in Mineola on our way to one of the depo rooms, when the husband started physically attacking the wife! It took the court officer to break things up and get him settled down, but by the time we were ready to get to work, I was so nervous and riled up that I thought, *Okay, this is going to be my one and only job, because I'm not cut out for this.*

Of course, you get past it. Still, court reporting can be very stressful, especially when you're new, and you don't know to say, "Can you please repeat that? Can you please slow down?" It's just really overwhelming at times. You have to be able to take your hands off the machine and say, "Please, one at a time!!"

Newbies don't realize it's okay to do that; they think they're supposed to suffer through it. Plus, attorneys can be very intimidating. You have to be able to hold your own. I don't know how many times court reporters have called me to say, "I cried today. I can't believe I cried in front of an attorney."

For a long time, I specialized in medical malpractice cases. Medical terminology is especially difficult. Obviously, the material is a lot denser than

"How far were you from the traffic light when you first saw it?" It's extremely dense material, with many more words on the page — a lot of which you're not familiar with.

When I started in this field, we didn't have computers. So say that you took down a two-hundred page deposition. First you'd have to dictate it onto tape. Then you'd take the tapes to a typist. You'd receive a transcript, which you had to proofread and send back for corrections. This was all done with carbon copies, by the way. Anyone remember carbon copies? Today, with computers, it's a lot less complicated.

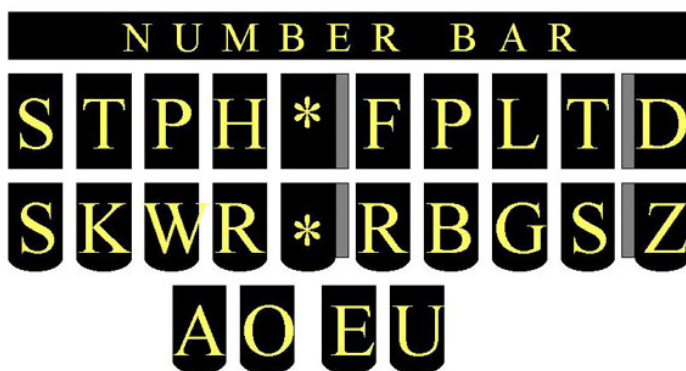
Back when I started, if you had a very technical case, as I had many, and you had engineers talking in an almost foreign language, or you had a neurosurgeon discussing brain surgery, you would go to the library and spend hours upon hours researching. Now we have Google, and life is a lot simpler!

As you're typing in shorthand, a computer program translates everything into English, which shows up right on my laptop screen. Then all I have to do is edit it, clean up the language, proofread it, and out it goes. I can work with my feet up on the couch.

Generally, you have two weeks to complete a transcript. Although much of it is corrected by the software program, you have to go through it carefully, be-

The Language of Court Reporting

It would be impossible to type out each word in full as it is spoken, so we use a steno machine. Nowadays they connect directly to your laptop, but the principles are still the same. First of all, a steno keyboard has no letters or numbers on it. And you use shorthand, with different combinations of letters representing other letters. To give you a few examples, for the word *it* or *the*, you would type a *T*. The letter *k* is a *k*, but *tk* is a *d*. Let's say that during the course of a hearing, an attorney says, "Go ahead." That would be *GD*. "I don't remember"? That would be *skwr/or* or *YOR*.



Pop Quiz: What Does This Mean?

B SHUR TPHOT TO PHEUS TPHEBGS KWRAOERS
SKWRER KOE HAOEU SKAOL KHRAS ES F 1971 RBGS
1972 APN 1973 SPWER TKPWAL HRABG TEUBG
SPAEU PAERT RAOE UPN KWRUPN OPB SAT RBGS
OBGT 9 RBGS TWO THOUS TEPB AT PHEUL REUPBLGS
KOT TAPBLG TPH SKWRER KOE RBGS TPHORBG.

Translation: "Be sure not to miss next year's Jericho High School classes of 1971, 1972, and 1973 Intergalactic Space Party reunion, on Saturday, October 9, 2010, at Milleridge Cottage in Jericho, New York."

cause, after all, people rarely talk in full sentences and frequently misspeak. And their grammar is often wrong. That's probably the hardest part of a court reporter's job: to make the transcript readable and understandable. And basically, to make the attorneys sound smart. They are

smart, don't get me wrong. (Well, most of them are!)

Fun Fact: 4 in 5 Altvaters Live or Have Lived in the Sunshine State

I met my husband, Ed Duda, at the wedding of my sister, Chris, who is seven

Continued on page 35

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*."

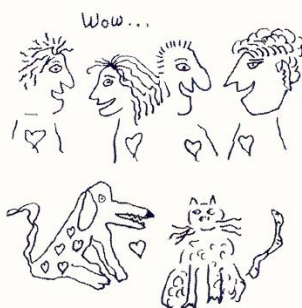
These toons are part of Dan's just-published book *You've Got to Draw the Line Somewhere*, available for \$15 at <http://www.dantoons.com>.

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."

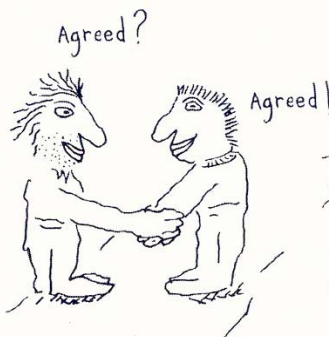
Hello ~ This is God.
Please don't hang up.
Your call is important
to me and will be
answered in the
order received.



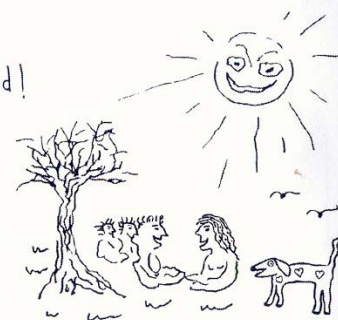
Suppose everyone
suddenly loved each other



And all
conflict ceased



And life felt
wondrous



Just one long tedious holiday



First Person Singular

Mindy Wertheimer ('72)

**At an Age When Some Folks Are
Contemplating Retirement (hahahaha),
She's Off on a New Career Adventure**



Ira Katz and I recently celebrated our thirtieth anniversary, but we've known each other since meeting in sixth grade at the George A. Jackson Elementary School, for a band practice. I lived in White Birch; he lived across North Broadway in West Birchwood.

The two of us were not high school sweethearts; in fact, he didn't ask me out until the class of 1972 prom-that-wasn't-a-prom. We were good friends and had many classes together. Both of us were good at math. I remember walking out from the ninth grade algebra regents with Ira, talking and comparing notes on the test. We had the same answers for all but one question: Is 1 a prime number? It was the only answer we disagreed on. So one of us would get a grade of 98 percent, the other one, 100 percent. Well, I'm the one who got 100, and Ira never lets me forget it. He likes telling that story to our two daughters, Jessica, who's twenty-four, and Leanna, who's twenty-one.

Since we have a long shared history, we have much to share with our daughters. The girls especially like looking at the 8-millimeter films (now on DVD) from Ira's Bar Mitzvah. (That was pretty forward thinking of his parents — probably over-the-top at the time, since no one did that back then.) You see me marching in with all the kids. There we are, all of thirteen years old, although Amy Harmon was Ira's girlfriend at the time. (There is a hilarious "magical little black book" scene with Amy and Cyd Crane.) My daughters will look at the fashions and go, "Ew, Mom, what sort of dress is *that*? It's hideous!"

As I said, though, Ira and I didn't begin "dating" until the last week of high school. For much of the next five years, we had an on-again, off-again, mostly long-distance relationship, because Ira went off to Emory University in Atlanta, while I attended Penn State University as an undergraduate in social welfare.

An Eye-Opening, Life-Changing Experience

During my senior year of high school, I took college courses at New York Institute of Technology; so many, in fact, that I went to Penn State with a year's worth of credits. During the summer of 1974, I ac-

cepted a field placement as a social-work intern at Nassau County Medical Center, in East Meadow.

That was an eye opener for me, because although I had grown up in Jericho, there was so much of Long Island that I had never been exposed to, like dealing with a pregnant eleven-year-old girl who had been raped by her stepfather. The experience convinced me to continue in social work and go on for a masters degree.

With my credits from New York Tech, I was able to graduate a year early, in 1975. I moved back to Jericho and commuted into Manhattan for a one-year masters program at Columbia University. It was the first year they offered an advanced-standing MS in Social Work program, and I was one of six students. I wanted to live in New York City, but it was just too expensive. I spent only two days at Columbia; the other three days, I did a field placement in a child guidance center on the Island, in Freeport.

I graduated with my masters at the same time that Ira graduated from Emory, in 1976. He came back to Long Island to go to pharmacy

Continued on page 14

Sorry, no more than two MSWs per family — it's the law. In May, Mindy and Ira attended older daughter Jessica's graduation from the School of Social Work at New York's Yeshiva University. That's Jessica next to Mindy, and Leanna, a senior at the University of Michigan, next to Ira.



Mindy Wertheimer

Continued from page 13

school at St. John's University. While Ira attended St. John's, I returned with my MSW degree to Nassau County Medical Center as a social worker in ob/gyn. I also continued working part-time at the child guidance center. I moved out of Jericho and had an apartment with a roommate in Mineola.

As the social worker for ob/gyn, I loved working with pregnant teens and women (of all ages) who were faced with traumatic situations, life-changing diagnoses, or both. Obviously, my choosing a career in social work reflects my personality. My father always used to say to me, "Why do you have to be so sensitive?" I have learned to transform and apply it as empathy. Now it's my kids who have taken up my father's cry that I'm too sensitive; they always know when I'm about to cry while watching a movie.

Probably the most important quality that a social worker needs is to be nonjudgmental and to separate his or her feelings in order to focus on clients' needs and strengths while empowering them to make their own decisions. It is about showing respect for others and their choices, regardless of whether you personally think it's right or wrong.

I really learned that while starting off my career working with the teen mothers. Many of them would talk about why they wanted to keep the baby and not give it up for adoption. You could see their magical thinking at work: their need for love and how they saw having a child as a way to perhaps solve some of their issues. My job was to provide a reality check of what it means to be a parent and the responsibilities that go along with it. It's hard enough to raise a

Mindy and Ira Through the Years ...



Photo courtesy of
Debbi Nathel Kazan

◀ Okay, folks, it all started here: June 17, 1972. Mindy (r., with Neil Goldman and Randi Blatt, foreground) at Debbi Nathel's party before the class of '72 reunion, her first official date with Ira Katz..

▶
Ira and Mindy in 1975. He was at Emory University; she was at Penn State.



child when you're in your twenties, let alone when you're in your teens dealing with adolescent angst (but not recognizing it as such).

Living in the Land of the Free and the Home of the Braves (In Chipper Jones We Trust)

I was at NCMC for two and a half years. Ira and I were not together during the first year, but I would keep running into him while dating another guy. It was so bizarre — someone was sending me a message ...

When we got back together, we knew it would be now or never. Ira proposed to me at the Roslyn Duck Pond, one of our favorite places, and we were married on November 25, 1978, at the Jericho Jewish Center, where we'd both been Bar and Bat mitzvahed. Rabbi Steinhardt said that we were the first congregants he'd Bar and Bat mitzvahed *and* married.

Ira and I talked about where we wanted to settle. He really wanted to go back to Atlanta, but I had never anticipated leaving Long Island. I had visited him when he was at Emory, and I liked it, but I just could never see myself moving there. Plus, I loved working at NCMC. We agreed to give Atlanta a couple of years. If things didn't work out, we would move back to the Northeast. Not necessarily to New York, but maybe to Philadelphia or Washington, DC. We relocated to Atlanta in January 1979.

Culture shock? You bet. However, my brother, Howard (class of '75),

Continued on page 15

Mindy Wertheimer

Continued from page 14

was already in Atlanta, attending Georgia Tech to study architecture. (He married a native Atlantan, and they live with their three kids in Atlanta.) And Ira's younger brother, David (also class of '75), was at Emory at the time. Some of Ira's classmates from Emory also settled in Atlanta. So that was kind of nice. It didn't take long for us to develop a group of family and friends in our new home.

Ira got a job in a pharmacy right away, but it took me a while to find something that would work for me. There weren't a wealth of MSWs down here. And although I knew that the salaries wouldn't compare to what I was used to in New York, they were mind-bogglingly low.

I found the social work profession not as well established as in the northeast. For example, at Nassau County Medical Center, the social workers who reported to the county cases of babies being born with fetal alcohol syndrome were all MSWs. Not in Atlanta. Some of the child protective services workers that I came in contact with during my early days here didn't even have college degrees, never mind masters degrees. But like the city itself, that too has evolved, and the profession has expanded significantly throughout the state.

Since 1980, I have been a college professor at Georgia State University, located in downtown Atlanta. It is a university committed to educating both young and older students. The part-time evening classes are as full as the daytime classes. Over the years, I have had the privilege to be involved in educating a diverse group of students. I become both teacher and student.

Mindy and Ira Through the Years ...



◀ All dolled up (Mindy too) in 1976. By now, the two were back in New York, with Ira at the pharmacy school at St. John's University, and Mindy working as a social worker at Nassau County Medical Center in East Meadow.

▶ 1981: married and living in Atlanta.



When Jessica was born in 1985, I was working on my PhD in higher education administration at Georgia State. The timing couldn't have been better. I was able to take an educational leave of absence, and Ira was able to take off some during the week. So he would be with Jessica while I was taking my classes, which was nice. Also, my mother would come down from Jericho to babysit. She loved it, and over the years, she and Jessica developed a very close relationship. It was great to watch. I finished my PhD just after Leanna was born in 1988. It all worked out really well.

With two children, though, I cut back to part-time for the next five years, teaching one class a semester and coordinating the continuing education program. Then, in 1994, I be-

came the School of Social Work's director of field education. That's the experiential piece — integrating classroom learning with practical experience — of both the undergraduate and graduate degree programs where I worked with students to identify placements and building relationships with colleagues in hundreds of human service agencies and organizations throughout metropolitan Atlanta. In this capacity, I have trained over one thousand agency-based field supervisors who work with our students. I've also developed curriculum for the student field seminars that go along with the actual field experience.

The beauty of social work is that you can find your niche within the profession and pursue the areas

Continued on page 16

Mindy Wertheimer

Continued from page 15

where you have the passion and commitment. The social work values, skills, and knowledge are transferable and provide a foundation for working in diverse professional arenas. I'm always encouraging my students to try new areas. Perhaps their prior experience involves working exclusively with children. Well, then, how about trying a different population or a different area of focus? Take advantage of the "student" role to get exposed to something new in a nine-month internship and see if you like it. I've applied that philosophy to my own career.

I love working with the students and helping them become critical thinkers in applying the knowledge and skills they learn in the classroom and integrating it into their actual professional practice. I also love working with the agency-based field supervisors to assist them in developing their supervisory skills and creating a sound learning environment.

Social workers face many different challenges in working with diverse client systems: individuals, families, groups, organizations, communities. Often times there are no easy solutions when faced with ethical dilemmas, limited resources, social and economic injustices, indifference, and intolerance. How do you "help" someone? Where to start? Each student comes into this field with his or her own reasons for wanting to be a social worker along with his or her personal baggage. For many, the education is both a personal and professional journey. You go along for the ride, become a mentor for many,

and cheer for them at graduation. Years later, they are training the next group of students.

An Empty-Nester but Busier Than Ever

Ira and I currently live in Marietta, Georgia, which is about twenty-five minutes outside Atlanta. Ira runs his own independent pharmacy, Little Five Points Pharmacy, in this funky Little Five Points neighborhood on the east side of the city. It has old Victorian mansions and smaller cottages. The area is home to the original Coca-Cola creators, and Jimmy Carter's presidential library is a few blocks away from the pharmacy — yes, he has been in the store. When CNN needs sound bites from a pharmacist, you'll most likely see and hear Ira.

Between my work at Georgia State and Ira working more hours than he's ever worked before at the pharmacy, our so-called empty-nest years have been busier than ever. When Leanna left for college in 2006, I had all these people saying to me, "So, now you're an empty-nester! You can travel, you can do this, you can do that." No, I was



Leanna and Jessica.

immersed in writing a book, *The Board Chair Handbook* (published by BoardSource in 2008), a sort of primer for chairpersons of nonprofit boards. You have this fantasy of what an empty nest is supposed to look like, but it's not necessarily so!

Usually in academia, you have an area of focus for your scholarship and professional development. I kind of have two: social work curriculum and field education, and the nonprofit sector. That became another interest of mine, starting as a volunteer with Jewish Family and

Continued on page 37

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

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

National Bestseller

Everything you always wanted to know about Jan Millner ('71) *

* But Were Too Self-Absorbed to Ask!



I grew up on White Birch Lane, the only child of Ida and Murray Millner. They were founding members of the Jericho Jewish Center, and my dad,

who passed away in 2007, was invited by President Bill Clinton to the unveiling of the WWII Monument. My father was the recipient of the Bronze Star and numerous other medals, and his unit liberated two concentration camps.

My parents had old-fashioned values and didn't care what other kids had or were given. The minute I turned sixteen, I had a part-time job at the Milleridge Inn as a hostess. To show you how times have changed, this was the interview:

"Put on this outfit."

It was like a French maid's uniform. I put it on, and he asked me to walk in front of him.

"Okay, you have the job."

Can you *imagine* the lawsuits that would come from an interview like that today?

I went to American University in Washington, D.C. It's too bad that I didn't realize what I so loved in later years, because I would have majored in communications instead of psychology and English. So many friends had that major, and the NBC affiliate was around the corner, yet it didn't seem to phase me. I graduated and worked in the fashion industry. I got married, had my sons, and when they were around ten and six, I got my Masters of Communications and decided I wanted to be a news reporter. I won awards at school and was very diligent about going to events and networking.

"TV Mom"

A friend of mine told me about an opening at News 12 on Long Island, and I introduced myself to the news director at an industry luncheon. He told me to call his secretary for an interview, and I got the job. My first night on the air, I delivered a story for the five o'clock show and one for the ten o'clock show. It was raining hard. As I drove home, I remember crying. I was so anxious, and I had worked so hard for three years toward this goal while raising two boys in Woodbury.

After a while, my friends and the other mothers called me the "TV mom." My sons were proud of me, and I had a job I could work around their schedule, so I felt a great sense of accomplishment. It was important that I did this at that time, because I had started to feel like I was losing my sense of self. It actually recharged me, and that helped in all areas of my life.

I was a very different person in high school. I was friendly to everyone but didn't allow peer pressure to push me to do anything that made me feel uncomfortable. I was very conservative from a social standpoint. Not that I was a goody-goody — not at all — it's just that I wasn't very rebellious. My parents "walked the talk," and I didn't experience much hypocrisy to protest about.

I think everyone was surprised when they saw me on the air. I was a late bloomer, although I did try out for the senior play, *The Lottery*, and was one of the final girls in the tryouts. But I could not scream very well — certainly not the bloodcurdling variety that Sue Cherry carried out!

Vicki Marani was my closest friend in high school. I grew up with Mary Ann Chicurel, Andrea Minsky, Bonnie

Continued on page 18



Part of a reporter's life is being surrounded by handsome, glamorous men. Huh? Oh. Those are Jan's sons, Bradley and Darren.

Jan Millner

Continued from page 17

Siber, Mark Goldfarb, Kraig Libstag, and Debbie Saltzman from White Birch. In junior high we sort of meshed with Cathy Hefter, Carol Rosenfeld, Yma Goldstein, Susan Markman, Robin Fox, Robin Gordon (may she rest in peace), and many of the other East and West Birchwood girls. But in high school, most of us splintered off into smaller groups. I am still in touch with Vicki Marani, who works as an attorney for the U.S. Department of Justice. She is still brilliant and funny. She was our valedictorian.

Mr. Bob Hoffman was my favorite teacher. He had the most interesting classes. I never thought I could enjoy economics, and I still remember virtually everything he taught us: gross domestic product (used to be GNP), Adam Smith, John Kenneth Galbraith, etc. He was the first teacher to make me realize that learning could be interesting and fun! Mr. Ray Matienzo helped me prepare my monologue for a spot at the Boston University School for Performing Arts. Mr. Ira Greene was an entertaining history teacher who taught us the importance of learning about our government and how it works. I remember that Michael Stebel was the only one in my class who knew the names of our representatives and senators.

In ninth grade, I remember I worked for the Flame Party. The name was Bonnie Siber's idea. We had two party elections, and it was a fun experience even though we lost. There was a vast difference between junior high and high school in spirit. Junior high was so innocent: boy-girl parties, football games, pep rallies, dances, basketball games, first dates, etc. — so many new kids to meet. High school seemed like a much easier transition. By the time we got to senior year, "the times they were a-changing." In tenth grade, not one student wore jeans to class. Senior year, hardly any students weren't wearing jeans. There were posters in the hallway with "Desiderata," and reading philosophy and existential authors was "cool."

College was much of the same, but in D.C., politics were in the forefront. During the 1972 presidential campaign, Tom Eagleton's depression and subsequent withdrawal from the vice presidential slot with George McGovern was big news. There was the oil crisis that led to long lines for gasoline. After years and years of Cadillacs, Buick LeSabres and Olds 88s, the nation started gobbling up foreign cars. Owners of Toyota dealerships became millionaires overnight.



Jan and her best friend from Jericho, Vicki Marani, in 2007. Vicki had flown from Washington, DC, to New York after the death of Jan's father, who Jan calls "my inspiration and moral compass — I miss him every day."

After graduation ceremonies, at DAR Constitution Hall, I returned to New York. I got engaged to a dental student but broke it off. I came home to Jericho, and around a year later, Carol Glasser and I moved to the city together into a one-bedroom apartment. Again, times were different. My parents expected me to pay my own way. I remember that our rent was \$360 a month. I had a job that paid \$180 a week, and so did Carol. I think we went to happy hour for free hor's d'oeuvres a couple of nights a week for dinner!

In 1978 I got married and moved to Merrick and then Woodbury. I separated from my husband in 1995. We were just growing in different directions. I met Mike Zimet, a News 12 sportscaster, at the station. We went out for about ten years before we were married in 2005. He left News 12 in 1996, and we started an executive protection high-profile security firm in New York. The firm does many of the movie premieres in Manhattan as well as other dignitary and celebrity events.

I stayed at News 12 a few years longer than my husband. I enjoyed reporting during the day and helping with the business a few nights a week. I often did the morning show, which meant that I was on location with six live shots from 5:00 a.m. to 9:00 a.m. Then I was assigned a breaking story that often went live at noon, after which I had to package that story for the 5:00 p.m. broadcast. So when I walked into the house at 6:00 at night to eat with my kids and do homework, I was bouncing off the walls!

My favorite story was the thirty-nine-hour shift covering the wildfires in the Long Island Pine Barrens in 1995.

Continued on page 19

Jan Millner

Continued from page 18

I stopped Governor George Pataki, the two county executives, and Senator Al D'Amato on a bridge near where the fire was expected to jump. Using all my charm, I had to keep them waiting ten minutes until Ethan, the producer, finally decided to go live. Then I went down the line, asking each one what he was doing to help in the huge effort to put out these fires. I remember coming back to the station, and Joe Moskowitz, who was the anchor at the time, said out loud, "Jan Millner should be fired — she didn't get President Clinton to wait also." He was a funny man.

A year later, I was sent out an hour after the crash of TWA Flight 800. I hitched a ride with a fisherman and got right up to the site. After being there for a while, I was sent to the hotel where victims' families were sent. I was able to speak to the mother of one of the victims who'd lost her son and daughter-in-law in the crash. She was crying and telling me that she was sure they would find them. But I'd just come from the site, where I knew no one survived. Tears were running down my face as she expressed so much hope. It was a powerful interview. I wasn't sure whether or not she would go on camera, but she was so upset with the way TWA was handling the situation that offered to put her thoughts on air; maybe that would shame them into doing a better job. She agreed. It was the first

interview nationwide with the relative of a victim, only nine hours after the crash. I was put on set live five minutes after I arrived back at the station.

In my ten-year TV career, I won an SPJ award, Cable Ace, Emmy, and FOLIO. And they said it was too late for me to figure out what I wanted to be when I grew up! I guess it's never too late. The only downside to a late start is that when I wanted to jump to NBC or ABC, for example, I had many, many interviews, and in both cases it came down to myself and a twenty-year-old. Guess who got the job?! So you have to learn when to move on. I am grateful for those years and all the amazing experiences.

Transition Time

I am now involved in acting classes and many, many auditions. I've had guest spots on television and am looking forward to a TV hosting and film career. So far, it is true that parts for my age aren't that numerous, but there aren't many people my age that look like me and have my experience, so I have that as an advantage and hope it will give

Continued on page 20

At right, top to bottom: Jan with (1) Liza Minelli, (2) Keifer Sutherland, (3) Demi Moore and Mrs. Kevin Costner (better known as ... Mrs. Kevin Costner), and (4) with her husband, Mike Zimet, "in front of the car used by President George W. Bush, at a secret location only known to the Secret Service."

All in a Day's Work (Film at Eleven)



Jan Millner

Continued from page 19

me a boost. I am also writing a child-rearing book that should be finished by the fall.

My favorite reporters are Jonathan Dienst, Bernard Goldberg, and all the *60 Minutes* reporters. Many of the news anchors that I loved have been let go, to be replaced by young women that aren't nearly as good. I miss Carolyn Gussoff on NBC. (You notice that they haven't let Greg Cergol go, and he is just as good and probably older!) Lara Spencer on *The Insider* was with me at News 12, and she is doing very well for her age.

Is there female age discrimination in the world of television news? The answer is yes. I have never thought about my age until recently and still feel it is totally irrelevant in every way. There are thirty-year-olds who are very difficult and closed minded, and fifty-year-olds who are open to new ideas and young in spirit and heart.

The most important thing that I have learned is not to wait around dreaming — just go for it! And that is exactly what I'm doing right now. I have traveled all over the world in the past ten years and loved every second of it. Australia is one of my favorite places. This summer we are seeing the Baltic countries and Russia.

My sons, Darren and Bradley, live in the city and are twenty-nine and twenty-five. They both graduated from Syosset High School, then from the University of Miami and University of Arizona business schools, respectively. They live on the East Side of Manhattan and are gainfully employed and self sufficient — yay!

I am very proud of the young men they have become and look forward to the next chapter of all our lives. ■

TWIN BILL

National Bestseller

Everything you
always wanted to
know about
Beth Stewart ('73) *

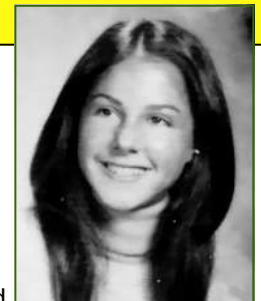
* But Were Too Self-Absorbed to Ask!



National Bestseller

Everything you
always wanted to
know about
Lisa Stewart ('73) *

* But Were Too Self-Absorbed to Ask!



I. The Unique Connection Between Twins

Lisa: There are two different kinds of twins: fraternal and identical. Fraternal twins are from two eggs that were fertilized

at the same time. But identical twins are from the same egg: exactly alike. Beth and I, our chromosomes are identical. We were born three minutes apart.

No matter what the environment bears, we're going to remain more similar than dissimilar.

Beth: We have an older sister, Michele, who graduated from Jericho High School in 1970. She probably felt a little bit left out while growing up, because Lisa and I received a lot of attention for being these cute little anomalies — twins — which, you have to remember, were not as prevalent as twins and multiples are these days.

Luckily, Michele was really, really grounded, and she did very well at Jericho High. She was a very good student and extremely popular: a cheerleader and homecoming queen. She got married right after college and raised two children. Now she lives in Mill Neck and Boca Raton.

II. More Difficult to Discover Your Self-Identity When You're a Teenage Twin?

Beth: That is so true. Lisa and I were always identified as the two of us, together. We were never our own person. You learn so much about yourself when you get older, because you have so much more to reflect on, and you're more mature, and that's what life does. But, growing up, we were always together and we were always "the Stewart twins." I see now what that did our personalities and what that didn't do for our independence.

Continued on page 21

Lisa and Beth Stewart

Continued from page 20

III. Growing Up in Brookville

Lisa: We moved to Brookville Lane in Brookville in 1960; at that time, there were maybe six or seven homes in the whole community, off of Cowpath, which is off Cedar Swamp Road. I have *vivid* memories of living there. I can still smell the air.

Beth: Of the kids our age, Janie Tomasello lived around the corner on Ivy Court. Raquel Celenza lived on Winwood Drive, also around the corner. And Brent Gindel lived down the street from Kelly. Those are the kids that graduated at the same time that we did.

Lisa: Janie was my first friend; I used to sleep over at her house all the time.

Beth: Then there was the Senk family, who lived next to Kelly; they had four kids, all of whom graduated from Jericho: Mitchell, Neil, Pam, and Glen. And Kenny Krause lived across the street from Brent.

Lisa: Kenny Kraus! The Krauses had this progressively modern-looking house. To me, it was like the Jetsons' house!

We were a group. Every day after school, we used to ride our Stingray



Beth and Lisa this past spring in L.A. "Although we live on opposite coasts, we're still very close. We see each other about four times a year."

bikes down route 107 to Jericho. We used to have picnics in Clarke's Field. We'd leave home in the morning and not come back until dinner time. I have such memories, and just the warmest feelings about growing up there, and I will never lose it.

I think there's something uncanny about how close our grade was. I keep in touch with so many Jericho people: Roberta Eagle, my best friend, Meryl Edelman, Carol Rosenblum, Loren Krause, Denise Straus, Mitchell Sugarman, Gary Roney, Michael Esposito (whom I dated). Michael Lewis lives in the same town as me, Roslyn, so I see him all the time. And Brent Gindel's father was our father's business partner, so I see the Gindel family a lot too.

I love my Jericho friends! I am so proud to be an alum.

Beth: It is very cool that we're still so close to so many people who were important in our lives. And now with Facebook, it's even easier to do. Why

have so many of us maintained that bond? I don't know. But I do know that it's really very, very rare.

Lisa: Mom and Dad left Brookville ten years ago and moved to a condominium in Manhasset. Our father passed away three years ago, but our mom, who is seventy-eight, still lives there, near me and Michele.

IV. The Twins as Tweenagers

Lisa: Beth and I were pretty similar, although I was more into athletics and cheerleading and stuff. I'm so

Continued on page 22

"It was important for me to attain my independence, and I didn't realize it until I was apart and I became 100 percent my own person. It wasn't like I was the twinzie anymore, I was Beth Stewart."

"Since Beth moved to Los Angeles, our lifestyles have changed ... but our essential personalities have remained very much intact. We'll react the same way in certain situations."

Lisa and Beth Stewart

Continued from page 21

proud to say that I was a cheerleader, because it had a very big effect on me. My daughter goes to Roslyn High School, and they don't even have a cheerleading squad. There's just not the same school spirit that Jericho had. It wasn't based on how good the teams were, but you were just proud to be part of the school. I can remember the Friday pep rallies and being so excited that I got to wear my cheerleading outfit to school. I can remember trying out in front of Ms. Lois Smith and Mrs. Karen Schwartz, two great ladies. I'd have to go to the bathroom beforehand because I'd get so nervous.

Beth: I wasn't sports oriented. Frankly, I don't remember having a passion back then, although Lisa and I always loved traveling. And fashion — we used to enjoy putting outfits together.

But then when I was about sixteen, I was very fortunate to have been given an opportunity to intern for a small New York TV and film production company where they made TV commercials. I worked as assistant to both the director and the sales rep, which gave me a good overview as to what commercial production was about. I decided that was what I wanted to do. From Jericho I went to Boston University's School of Public Communications, while Lisa went to the University of Maryland.

V. First Time Apart a Revelation

Beth: Going off to Boston wasn't an adjustment at all. I loved it. I think that it was important for me to attain my independence, and I didn't realize it until I was apart and I became 100 percent my own person. It wasn't like I was the twinzie anymore, I was Beth Stewart.

Lisa and I had been really very sheltered while growing up. Sophomore year, I got my own apartment, and I worked part-time at the Bloomingdale's in Boston. I felt that it was important for me to make my own money so I wasn't relying entirely on my family, and also to see what



*Everybody sing along: "But they're cousins / (Not) identical cousins / All the way ..."** Lisa's daughter, Emily, fifteen, is on the left, and Beth's fourteen-year-old daughter, Lexi, on the right. The two cousins "are very close," says Lisa. "They've been to sleepaway camp together, and they visit each other." Says Beth: "It's delicious. I love it!"

it was like in the real world. I enjoyed that experience. I loved the city, I loved the art there, I loved going on trips; we went Cape Cod quite often. I got into photography and made 60-millimeter-film documentaries on abused children and other subjects. I did lots of interesting work.

Lisa: I went to the University of Maryland without knowing a soul there. Beth at least had our sister Michele, who was a senior when she was a freshman, plus we knew quite a few people at BU from having gone there on a teen tour. After two years at Maryland as a foreign-language student, I was ready for a change, and I transferred to BU.

The first thing I did there was force my sister — and I don't use that word loosely — to go with me to Paris for a semester. I don't know why I selected Paris, because I was a Spanish student! Although I did speak French. We had the time of our lives there.

VI. New York City, Just Like I Pictured It ...

Beth: As much as I liked Boston, I felt like New York City would be where I would spend the next phase of life, being a real adult. In the world of advertising and TV commercial production, New York was where the big guys played. Working in Manhattan is where I really grew up.

Continued on page 23

Trading Places

Lisa: You know how they always ask about twin stories? "Did you ever go out with her boyfriend?" blah blah blah. Actually, we *did* do that once. But my favorite story is from when Beth and I were living in France during college. I took her finals for her, because she didn't know a word of French. And we got away with it!

Lisa and Beth Stewart

Continued from page 22

Lisa: We lived together in an apartment on East 66th Street. We had the best time and had parties like nobody's business, with people from Jericho coming and going all the time.

Unlike Beth, I didn't know what the heck I was going to do with my career. A foreign language major? Maybe I could become a translator at the United Nations. But at age twenty-one, what qualifications did I have for that? Well, I wound up working at Bloomingdale's. Started off in retail, ended up in advertising. Which took me back to Paris, working as the assistant to an American who'd been offered a position as creative director at an ad agency over there.

I don't know what made me take the job. I just did it. Times were so different back then, I think. People took more risks and were willing to let life play out. Whatever happens happens. Today decisions are made with so much more deliberation. It's just a tougher, more complicated world.

The job in Paris turned out to be a perfect fit. The agency specialized in the fashion and beauty fields; I was the only bilingual person there.

When I came back home in 1979, I changed direction and went to work for three different modeling agencies, where I would put together the photography shoots for fashion and beauty ads. My last one was the Ford Model Agency. Then I got married. My first of three children, Jesse, was born in 1986, and I stopped working. I did not even think about re-entering the workforce again until six years ago.

Beth: I got my first job in advertising just a month out of Boston University. That's how focused I was. I

June 1973: Beth voted Class Cutie (along with Gary D'Ambrisi)

Hey, Class of '73: What Part of Identical Twins Didn't You Understand!?!?

Beth: Wherever Lisa and I were — junior high, high school, summer camp — people would say to us, "Stand next to each other so I can see the difference between you. Lisa, you're prettier, Beth's cuter ..." And they would compare us like we didn't exist.

Lisa: People still do it to this day, when they see us together! Totally unsolicited! They just have to try to find something different about the two of us.

Beth: They never really cared about our feelings when they said these things. It's like we were objects, not people. To be honest, I think that was a mistake, to make me class cutie and not Lisa. Well, then Lisa should have been something else. I talked about this very thing with my fourteen-year-old daughter, Lexi, just a few months ago. For me, it's important to make her feel really special for everything that she is and is not.

Lisa: By the way, there was a way to tell us apart. Lisa left, Beth right. I parted my hair on the left, Beth parted her hair on the right.



pounded the pavement and went right to work as an assistant at the William Esty Advertising Agency for \$8,500 a year. For about six months after graduating, Lisa and I lived at home. Every day, I took the train into Manhattan with Seth Cohan ('73), who also worked at William Esty; in fact, we worked at another agency together. When I saw Seth at the class of '73 reunion in 2003, we reminisced about all the things we used to talk about and laugh about on the train, like it happened yesterday.

In all, I worked for four ad agencies, the last one being J. Walter Thompson. And that's why I've been living in Los Angeles for the past twenty-one years.

This is a cute story. I was married to a very wonderful man, Steve Morris. We met on a Ruffles Potato Chips commercial shoot that I was producing. Steve worked for the director I'd hired. The shoot was at this big mansion near Brookville, so my mom, Lisa, and Michele came to the set.

They all said, "This guy Steve is so cute! He's so sweet, he's so much fun, you've got to go out with him. Besides, he's in love with you!"

"Really?"

"Really."

We went out on a date. Cut to a year later, we were living together, then we got married. Stevie was a very smart guy and a very talented writer; he'd gone to Yale University. A

Continued on page 33

What do really drunk fraternity boys in veterinarian school yell ad nauseam during spring break?

“Show Us Your Pets!”

Rescued in the Nick of Time

Daisy (Los Angeles, CA)

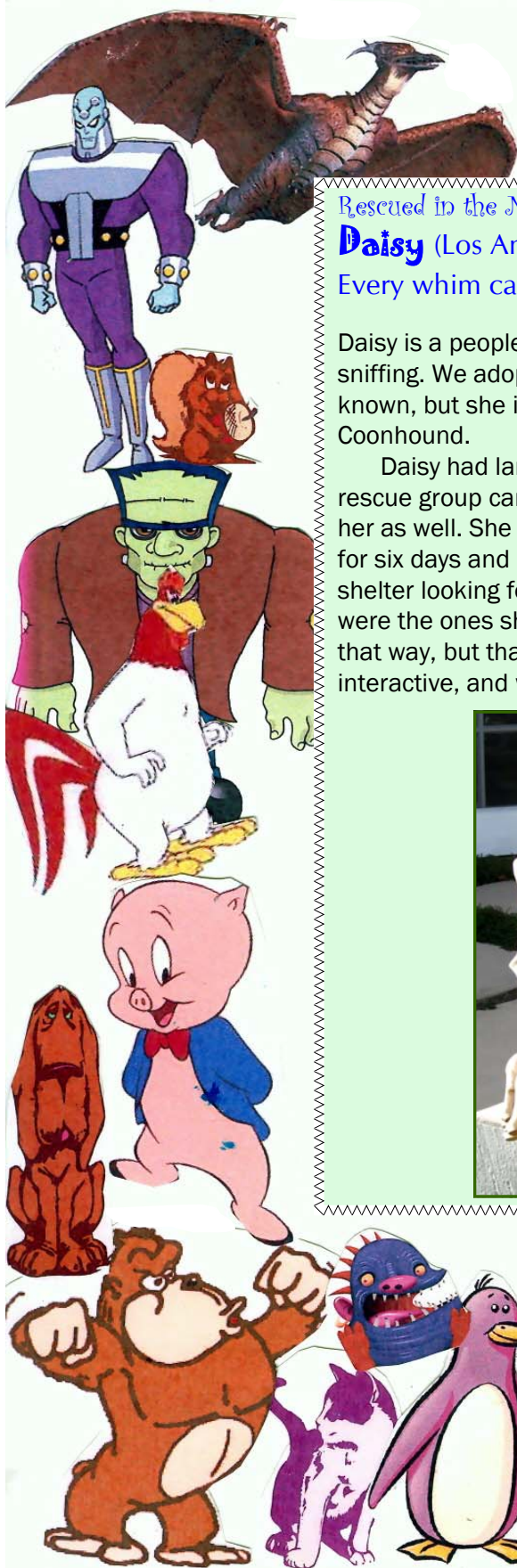
Every whim catered to by: **Ellen Jankowitz Eder** ('73)

Daisy is a people dog who enjoys snuggling, long walks at 90 mph, and most of all, sniffing. We adopted her in September 2007. Her date of birth and parentage unknown, but she is about two and a half now and looks most like a Redtick English Coonhound.

Daisy had landed in a pound after being found in the street with pneumonia. A rescue group came to the pound to rescue two Weimaraners and decided to rescue her as well. She was slated to be put to sleep that night! She was in intensive care for six days and had just become available for adoption when we show-ed up at the shelter looking for a new dog to love. She was very affectionate and acted like we were the ones she'd been waiting for. We've since learned she treats a lot of people that way, but that's okay — she still makes us feel special. She's a great dog, super interactive, and we're grateful that she was rescued in time so we could find her. ■



Continued
on page 25



“Show Us Your Pets!”

Continued from page 24

Will They Be Getting Married at Leonard's of Great Neck?

Toby (Brooklyn, NY)

Every whim catered to by: **Amy Lubow Downs** ('72)

Toby is truly my best friend. He doesn't criticize me, he's always happy to see me, and I don't have to send him away to college!

Toby's mom is a bichon frise, and his dad is a York-

shire terrier. He's from Wisconsin, and he's now three years old.

Recently he met a female half-Shih-Tzu/half-Westie named Chloe, who he has plans to mate with soon. ■



The Life of ...

Riley (St. Joseph, MI)

Every whim catered to by:

Bonnie Colgan Kosonovitch ('73)

In May 2005 we became the proud “pet parents” of Riley. She was an eight-week-old chocolate Labrador retriever. I have to backtrack here a little to explain how we ended up with Riley.

In December 2004 we had to have our beloved mastiff, Penny, put to sleep. We'd had her for thirteen years, which is old for a big dog. I wasn't sure I wanted to get another pet right away and wanted to hold off for at least another year. My husband, Dave, and son Dan felt differently. Dave thought it would

be a good idea to downsize with our next pooch and came up with the idea of getting a Lab. Now, to some people, that might not seem like a downsize. But considering that our mastiff weighed 170 pounds and most Labs reach about 80 pounds, you do the math.

After extensive research via the internet, Dave came up with a breeder just outside Kokomo, Indiana, called the Black Rock Labs. (No, they weren't puppies sold on the black market.) The breeder had a very elaborate website, with the history of all the dogs he bred, who their parents were — all the way down to the aunts, uncles, first cousins, and which ones came over on the Mayflower.

The next step in the adoption process was to fill out a very lengthy online application. After a few days we were contacted by Dale (the breeder) to let us know we'd been approved. He had a female puppy that was considered a companion pet. That meant she wasn't the runt but not exactly “show” quality. We didn't care as long as she could play fetch! We went down to visit her when she was about four weeks old. The breeder actually had a doggy nursery set up in his house! We were able to view Riley through the window.

After a while, once he figured we were fairly decent people (and were willing to shell out some big bucks), he let us hold her. I think we all bonded pretty well. In late May we brought Riley home to

Continued on page 28



“Show Us Your Pets!”

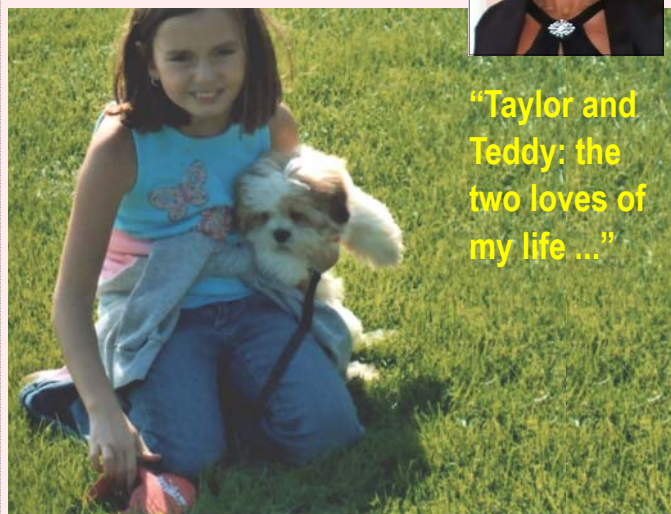
Continued from page 25

One Posh Pooch!

Teddy (Roslyn, NY)

Every whim catered to by:

Cheryl Goldenberg ('72)



“Taylor and Teddy: the two loves of my life ...”

Teddy is a Shitzu. My daughter, Taylor, wanted a puppy. We looked all around and after much deliberation decided on this one because they had already named him Teddy because he looked like a Teddy Bear. He immediately started kissing both of us when we held him. My father’s name was Teddy, so I felt like it was meant to be. Often, when Taylor is not around, he gives me comfort because I feel like my father is close by when I call his name. Of course, Taylor promised to clean up after him, walk him, bathe him — but we know who does all of that. He even sleeps with me because he gets too excited being with Taylor, and neither of them gets to sleep!

We got Teddy when he was two months old, and now he will be two years old on July 12. Funny thing is that the place where we got him went out of business a month later, so I think it was fate that we were just in the right place at the right time so that we could have this happy addition to our family.

He loves just snuggling, being held and taking long trips in the car. I travel for business a lot, and it has cost me tens of thousands of dollars to put him up at this posh Pets Hotel. It is fancier than some people’s hotels! Teddy gets to have his own room with a comfy couch and a TV.

What a life!

Maybe Man Descended from Dogs?

Darwin (Durham, NH)

Every whim catered to by:

Diane Freedman ('73)

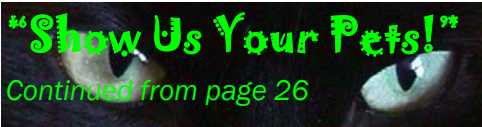
We got Darwin from a flat-coated retriever fan, Sally Bridges, of Methuen, Massachusetts. Her bitch Tootsie gave birth to Darwin and his sibs, and Sally gave each of them away with a bit of the shared baby blanket, a marrow bone, a toy, and a membership in the Northeast Flat-coated Retriever Club, not to mention an ID chip in each puppy's shoulder.

For Xmas, July 4, and their birthdays, she, like a foster grandma, sends all the pups toys, balls, treats, and/or pet gift certificates. She telephones, she emails, she asks us to send her our pics and then makes a collage and sends it around as a greeting card with family news. We got Darwin's mom and one of his sisters — Blue, who Sally kept — together at the beach in New Hampshire. Another time, we went to a Northeast Flat-coated retriever picnic with scores of flat coats flinging themselves into the host family's pond and the human companions having a great time chatting it up as we went through the buffet line and sat around on folding chair while our dogs lolled or gamboled and did some obedience tricks in a ring or just looked pretty silly.

Darwin doesn't chase balls but instead drops one and races off to hide, expecting you to throw it so he can bound out of the woods and pounce on it. He also likes to have me throw stuffed squeaky toys at him one by one and catch them, leaving them in heaps around him on the floor. He *does* retrieve balls if you

Continued on page 28





Better Angst Ridden Than Flea Ridden!

Luna (Ann Arbor, MI)

Every whim catered to by:

Debra Schwartz Brick ('71)

We've had Luna Annabelle, our Spinone Italiano, for nine years. She sheds. She drools. She barks. She runs away when she can. Sits when she feels like it. And now the vet tells me that I can't even go for long walks with her because not only does she have arthritis, but she has a repetitive motion injury (think tennis elbow) and has to rest as much as possible for three months. Did I mention that she costs a lot? She does have a sweet disposition, though, and is full of angst like the rest of the family. ■



Three Cool Cats!

Coco, Lola, and Simon

(Baldwin, NY)

Every whim catered to by:

Philip Bashe ('72)



After our cat Bosco died in 1998, my wife and I found ourselves cat-less for the first time. At one point, we'd had four. Just a week of a

house without animals sent us to North Shore Animal League, with the intention of adopting two kittens.

Except for when I was in college, I've had at least one cat my whole life. I kinda had my heart set on a pair of gray tiger-striped cats. But our son, Justin, who was six at the time, stopped in front of a cage with two calico sisters and announced, "They say they want to come home with us." Like a lot of kids on the autism



spectrum, he's usually somewhat ambivalent toward animals, so the fact that he felt so strongly about these two ended the search right then and there.

Justin couldn't have picked two better and more entertaining felines. And although Coco and Lola are (allegedly) sisters, they couldn't be more different. Lola is sweet and affectionate but a bit on the on the catatonic side. If you could listen to what's going on in her brain, you'd probably hear little more than a whistling prairie wind; she spends a lot of time staring vacantly.

Coco, with her phantom-of-the-opera coloring, is the most human cat I've ever seen. She sleeps on my

(Left): The girls, Lola and Coco. After this was snapped, they no doubt started bopping each other on the head. (Right): Poor beleaguered Simon (under the cats' antique green-velvet chair, which usually resembles a fur ball with legs) being tormented by Lola.

pillow every night with her paws wrapped around my head; in the morning, she strokes me on the cheek. And when she wants my attention, which is always, she stands up on her hind legs like a prairie dog (see pic on next page). Patty refers to Coco as "Phil's mistress."

Continued on page 28

“Show Us Your Pets!”

Continued from page 27

Randy San Antonio ('72), who lives in San Antonio, Texas (so-ooo Jericho: You move somewhere and get the city to name itself after you), asked if *Penthouse Pets* counted. Um, yeah, why not? We're not sure about their breeds, although Randy is fairly certain that the one on the far right is a “Labradorable.”

Okay, okay, we *know* it's totally sexist, all right? But you have to admit, kinda funny. Besides, at least we refrained from implying that they needed their shots, etc.



Darwin

Continued from page 26

throw them into a pond for him, but he generally prefers two at a time, loading them into his mouth longitudinally, as if he's a tennis-ball vending machine. He'll also hold two balls and a stick. He's always ready to play, day or night, and he loves any stuffed and squeaky toy or really old, dirty, and bald tennis balls.

He swims with me long distances around a lake or down a river and is happy to jump into a canoe when I say “Boat!” and go off with me. During thunderstorms, he prefers to sit out in the pouring rain, streaming wet, rather than be inside and shaking and quaking in fear and loathing (something that only developed in his middle age.) He's thrilled if I give him a treat of ... lettuce! (My old golden retriever, Dusty — Boffin, the Golden Dustman — liked ice cubes. I guess they both go for the no-cal club.) ■

Riley

Continued from page 25

Riley to Michigan. My son picked out a blue collar for her because she was going to be a University of Michigan fan and watch all the Saturday football games with us. Isn't that why you get a dog, so she can lift your spirits after your team gets trounced on?

We've had Riley four years now, and she has brought us much happiness and joy. She loves running around the backyard with her nerf football. While she has mastered the fetch part, she's not quite grasped the concept of dropping the ball at your feet like the other dogs do on TV. I guess we will just keep working on that. She is always there when we get home from work with tail wagging and lots of doggy kisses. After a rough day at school or office, Riley seems to make everything all right again.

She's our best friend!! ■

Coco, Lola, and Simon

Continued from page 27

In 2001 we took in a stray tabby who showed up on our back porch and named him Simon. We think he was probably abused as a kitten, because he was skittish at first, but he eventually warmed up and now likes to be petted. He especially likes it when I towel him off when he trudges in from the rain.

Unfortunately, the girls still have not accepted his presence. Despite the fact that Simon is twice their size, they constantly corner him, hissing and scratching. Understandably, Simon remains somewhat neurotic. He rarely stands up to them, which has earned him the derisive nickname Big Pussy. What could cats possibly feud about? Are Coco and Lola Democrats, and Simon a Republican? Did he diss them once by implying they had fat ankles? Who knows? You'd think that after eight years, a détente would have been reached, but ... no.

I basically indulge the trio's every whim, leading Patty to observe dryly that my relationship with our cats gives new meaning to the term “pussy whipped.” ■



“You haven't paid attention to me for 4.5 seconds! Pet me, feed me, play with me! All efforts to resist are futile!” Coco goes into her trademark prairie-dog routine. ■

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

Faculty Lounge



Mr. Jerry Link: First Stop, Jericho

In 2007 I retired from teaching after forty years. Jericho is where I got my start.

It reminded me a lot of where I grew up, in Fairfield, Connecticut, a very exclusive area. Fairfield was a

bit more rural, with more trees and more land than I remember there being in Jericho, but very similar: a well-to-do community with good, small schools. I think my graduating class had maybe 150 kids in it;



everybody knew everybody else. Doors were left open; you'd just walk out of the house and down the street to play. Maybe you'd see your pet dog padding back in the opposite direction from wherever he'd been.

I used to ride my bike a lot and had a paper route, too. I remember once helping a cousin of mine deliver papers in Hartford. There you'd simply stand at the bottom of a stairwell in an apartment building and throw papers up the stairwell to four, five, or seven customers. For me to deliver to that many customers — I had about a hundred, total — would take about thirty minutes, because the houses were, like, a mile and a half apart, or so it seemed, riding my bike along these winding country roads.

I was the first person in my family of five to go to college. My father came to the United States from Germany at age of nineteen, having lost his whole family in the Holocaust. College wasn't something that he or my mother really understood. I went to Southern Connecticut State Teachers College; frankly, it was the only school that would take me!

So many of my fellow students were so excited; they wanted to do this, they wanted to do that — doctors and lawyers and Indian chiefs. Well, I had *no clue*. Finally, in my junior year, I had to declare a major, and I kind of just fell into secondary education. I picked science because I hated reading, so that X'd out history. Also, I couldn't write a lick; there went English. (I used to hand in my papers written in blue ink, and they'd come back all red.) I just sort of picked up on science, possibly because in high school I'd had a sci-

Continued on page 30

Left: Mr. Link (top row, far left) coached high school track from 1967 through 1971. Martin Levine is No. 30, and Danny Dolensky wears No. 3. Recognize any of the others?

Mr. Jerry Link

Continued from page 29

ence teacher and cross country coach who'd been an inspiration to me, Mr. O'Dwyer.

"This Place Called Jericho Is Looking for a Teacher and Cross-Country Coach"

A kid I knew at Southern Connecticut came from Long Island. One day in 1967 he mentioned that Jericho was looking for a teacher and cross-country coach. I sent in an application, and back came a response card. Except that I very nearly never saw it. I found it lying on the ground outside my apartment; I guess it had fallen from the mailman's bag or something. I very easily could never have known they'd contacted me. I called Jericho up right away, went in for my interview, and got the job.

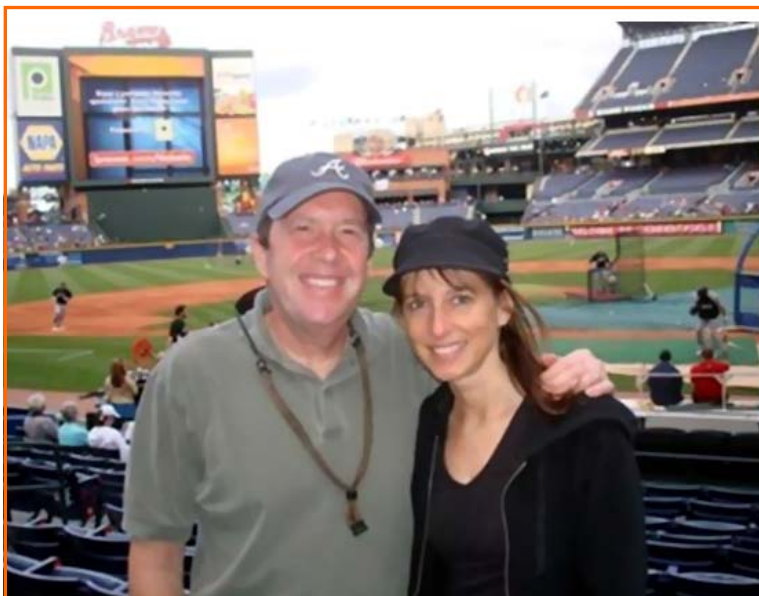
I spent four absolutely wonderful years there teaching science and coaching track in the junior high school. I mean, you had people like social studies teacher Emil Voigt. Remember how his classroom looked like a jungle and had snakes all over, and one time one escaped from its cage? An English teacher, Diane O'Keefe, also was exceptional. Mr. Arthur Rathje, the principal, stands out too. He gave me that real love for kids.

In general, the teachers were really excited about teaching kids and had a real good feel for children of that age. For me, it was the best first teaching position I could have had, because it instilled in me the idea that the kids were the most important part and the subject matter came second. And in those days, there were few restrictions on teachers compared to today. Boy, I was able to try anything and do everything, which made it all fun.

I was just twenty-one when I came to Jericho. A young-looking twenty-one. I probably wasn't much taller than many of my students. About midway through my career, I switched from teaching junior high to high school. I think that if I had taught high school first, at Jericho, it would have thrown me off. I mean, there the kids would have looked older than I did! I don't think I would have been as secure and happy, although I did enjoy coaching high school cross-country.

As a high school student, cross-country and track had been really significant for me. Back then, I was still small for my age, and very immature and kind of goofy. Track was the first thing that I was decent at. Although I wasn't a great runner, I became one of the top competitors in the county. Eventually I was named team captain, not only in high school but in college too. It gave me a real sense of self for who I was and what I could do, and a much broader sense of goals and direction.

I tried to play that forward. For the next forty years, I made it a point to get kids to try out for the team who probably had no business running. Because I remembered what competing in track did for me. I wasn't looking for superstars. But some of our kids, including those who had trouble walking and chewing gum at the same time, went on to become really talented, which I thought was absolutely the best.



Mr. Link at a Braves game with his oldest daughter, Stacey, who lives in Atlanta. Shortly before retiring, he won the Washington Post's Agnes Meyer Outstanding Teacher Awards. In 1998 Mr. Link won a Parent Student Teacher Association's Teacher of the Year Award.

Cruising for Love at the Milleridge Inn

When I first relocated to Long Island, I lived with English teacher Bob Fontaine and his family in a house in Forest Hills. Then, the two of us, along with science teacher Marty Rosato, and a math teacher — I can't remember his name — all lived in Bayville for a couple of years. I wasn't there much, though, because soon after, I met Ellen, my wife, thanks largely to Bob and Marty.

Bob, Marty, and I used to hang out at the Milleridge Inn Friday nights, mainly for the free hors d'oeuvres that

Continued on page 31

Nooz About Yooz

Continued from page 4



icho public school system. Her family moved to Muttontown, where her next-door neighbor was none other than Bernie Madoff!

For twenty-five years, Daisy was an accomplished interior architect for various Fortune 500 companies. But since 2005, she has dedicated herself to full-time community service as executive director of the nonprofit organization American Society for Muslim Advancement, which seeks to promote harmony among Muslims and the rest of the world through education and mutual understanding. She lectures frequently throughout the United States and has appeared on news programs on CNN as well as the Al Jazeera network.

Daisy, who lives in New Jersey with her husband, has received many honors, among them the Interfaith Center's Award for Promoting Peace and Interfaith Understanding.

Former JHS social studies teacher Mr. Ira Greene nominated Daisy

for the HoF, which seems fitting. In the early 1970s, her visa was about to expire. It was partly through Mr. Greene's efforts on her behalf that she was permitted to stay in the country. As you can see from the photo at left, the two of them reunited at the ceremony. ■

Jim Greco Quoted in New York Times

In March, a *New York Times* story headlined "Drug-Sniffing Dogs Patrol More Schools" quoted our own **Jim Greco**, a law-enforcement officer for two decades and founder of Long Island K-9 Service:

"The best-trained dogs have an accuracy rate of 85 to 90 percent," said James Greco, head trainer for Long Island K-9 Service, which contracts to conduct drug searches in 15 Long Island public schools, as well as three private schools in Westchester and another in Hartford. "No dog is 100 percent accurate."

Jim, pictured below with Long Island congressman Peter King, obtained a Degree in Animal Care in 1973. ■



Mr. Jerry Link

Continued from page 30

they served. It was hard for me, because here you'd have these two studly guys, both six feet tall, and then there'd be this little guy, me, walking behind them. The girls would always see them first. One time, Bob and Marty were on vacation down in the islands. They went out with a couple of girls. One of them later came to New York and called Bob about going out. He wasn't too interested, but he said okay on the condition that she bring a roommate for me. That was Ellen, who's originally from Albany.

Just three months after we met, in 1969, we got engaged, then got married the next year. We would have married sooner, but the temple didn't have an opening until June 1970. Next year will be our fortieth anniversary which is ... kinda scary!

By the following spring, we were expecting our first child, and we just decided that Long Island was too expensive. We'd been living in Queens, and we weren't really sure if that's where we wanted to bring our kids up. Because we weren't really New Yorkers — at least, I wasn't. I applied in Boston and then in Maryland, and that's where I am today.

It's different down here than on Long Island. There, each school district runs itself, whereas here the county is in charge. So a teacher can change schools without sacrificing his tenure. I think that's really healthy, because the change of scenery is always extremely invigorating.

The first school I taught and coached at in Maryland was Cabin John Junior High. It was very much like Jericho: a well-to-do area with an emphasis on education. In 1984, the school was closed, so I had to decide where I wanted to go next. I *thought* that it was time for me to "grow up" and move to a high school, where I would teach science in a more dignified manner: no more jumping around, standing on desks, and being goofy.

But when I arrived at Wootton High School, I discovered that the older students *liked* goofy. I wound up carrying my style of teaching with me, and it worked extremely well. I think that kids want to learn and are willing to work hard, but they don't necessarily want a teacher standing up in front of the room lecturing to them. My philosophy of teaching was simple: to go in each day and work as hard as I could to make it the best science class possible and to have fun doing it.

Continued on page 32

Mr. Jerry Link

Continued from page 31

Retired — And He Means Retired

We've lived in a planned community called Montgomery Village for thirty years or so. It's about a half hour north of Rockville, Maryland. It's a pretty remarkable social experiment. You have townhouses, detached houses, condominiums, and rentals, and every area has its own community swimming pool and schools. One of the big things is that kids never had to walk across a busy intersection to get to school, because there are tunnels beneath the streets.

I retired from Northwest High School in 2007. After forty years of fifteen-hour days and always thinking about everyone else's kids, now I am able to devote my full attention to my own family. As much as I loved teaching, I have to tell you: My life has been absolutely incredible these past two years. Ellen still works — after all, I need to have *somebody* keep me in the lifestyle to which I've become accustomed! She's happy working, and I'm happy for her and happy for me.

I wish I could tell you what I do. I'm basically a house husband now. I take care of the house, do the dishes, and cook the meals. But I also get to exercise, and run a little, and bike a little. Retirement also allows me to take care of my three grandkids. We have two daughters. Amy, our youngest, is thirty-five and lives in Bellmore, Long Island. So it's no big deal for me to drive up to Long Island for a couple of days. Her three children are ages six, four, and one and a half.

Amy graduated from Emory University as an occupational therapist, did that for about twenty minutes, then decided she wanted to do



What's Mr. Link doing in retirement? A lot of babysitting, for one thing. Daughter Amy's three children are, from left to right, Ryan, Shayna, and Jason.

something else. She started her own business of delivering stork signs (slogan: "We deliver when you do.") Now that she's a mother, she's operating it online. The ebusiness website (www.the.storkstore.com) specializes in personalized baby gifts and birth announcements. Mention my name and get an extra discount!

Our older daughter, Stacey, also graduated from Emory, with an MBA from Duke University. She stayed there in Atlanta and has a great job with Cox Enterprises, a Fortune 500 conglomerate. She's director of the treasury. But not married. So if anyone knows of any nice Jewish guys in Atlanta, I'll take you up on it.

Get Over Yourself: For the Most Part, Teachers Do Not Remember You

It's been wonderful to go on the Jericho Classes of '71, '72, '73 website and read about what everyone has been doing. Between that and Facebook, I get a lot of kids writing to say things like "thank you for all that you

Mr. Link would enjoy hearing from you. Contact him via Facebook or at aizkids@comcast.net.

did." Sometimes I think, *Why are you telling me this now, thirty-five years later? Why didn't you say something back then?!*

Occasionally I'll run into a former student, and they'll recognize me. "Mr. Link!" Truthfully, I hardly ever remember their faces. I mean, they were kids when I last saw them, and now they're adults. Faces change. Come on!

But, seriously, I've been really blessed. Teaching and coaching has been the best career path I could have chosen. It has given me everything I could have dreamed of. Maybe not in terms of wealth but in personal satisfaction and self-worth. ■

Caren Kushner

Continued from page 9

Once again, I am very fortunate to have the flexibility of nursing. I'm a director of clinical services for Am-surg, a company that acquires and manages ambulatory surgery centers. In all, we have about two hundred facilities all around the country. I'm in charge of the clinical side for twelve centers that are spread out over nine states.

I do a fair amount of traveling for work: Pennsylvania, Alabama, Indiana, Tennessee, to name a few. But when I'm home, I can work on my laptop, which gives me more time to babysit Mischa.

As I said, Allan and I originally came to Florida in order to be near my parents. My mom, who is eighty-two years old, lives with us. My sister (JHS '76) lives in Pembroke Pines, which is just a couple of miles south of us. And now my brother, who graduated Jericho High School in 1974 and has lived all over the country, is going to be moving here too. So by September, we'll all be together in Florida. ■

Lisa and Beth Stewart

Continued from page 23

lot of his friends were very successful screenwriters in Hollywood, and he decided that he wanted to break into that field too.

I was shooting in L.A. quite a bit, so I said, "Well, why don't we just move to L.A.?" My boss at the time was James Patterson, who is now the famous novelist. I asked him, "Is there a JWT office in L.A., because I'd like to move there."

He said, "You've got to be kidding me. You want to move to Los Angeles?! I won't even work there."

But he set up an interview with the creative director of the office there, and I got hired as head of production. It was like, wow! I couldn't believe it. In just two months, boom, I left my whole life in New York. This was 1987. For the next ten years, I just rock and rolled in Los Angeles and traveled all over the world, producing TV commercials for J. Walter Thompson.

VII. Question: Is It True That New Yorkers Who Move to Los Angeles Kick Major Ass?

Beth: Yes! But I kicked ass a little too hard. And what I kept hearing was, "You're too tough, you're too aggressive, you're too strong. You've got to turn it down a couple of notches." I think my being a small, petite woman also had something to do with it, in what was then a very difficult, male-oriented business.

It's interesting that I've ended up on the opposite coast from my family. I never felt uncomfortable with that at all. Did I make the wrong decision? Because I had quite a few opportunities to move back east in the twenty-two years that I've been here. And I've had a lot of adversity during

my time in California, but I like working it out myself.

Unfortunately, my marriage to Stevie did not stay intact due to the fact I was working 24/7, I was not home much, and it was an overwhelming, all-encompassing position. I embraced it and did very well at it, but, you know, being with a partner is giving a lot to that person, and I don't think that I was prepared to do that. Steve needed a lot of attention, because he was trying to grow his career, and he did not do well with it. We grew apart as a result of that and divorced amicably.

Beth Gets the Best Ex-Wife-Ever Award!

Soon thereafter, I introduced Steve to the woman that he ended up marrying, a good friend of mine who is an entertainment lawyer out here. I said to him, "Why don't you go out with Marci?" He did, and that was it. They're still together and have three children. Steve went on to become a soccer coach, and he owns a day camp that my daughter is counseling at this summer. We're still very close and talk all the time. We were meant to be really good friends.

Meanwhile, I remarried. Another sad part of my life happened when I decided to make a baby, and I couldn't. We went through years and years of infertility, and I went through three miscarriages, all in the thirteenth week. After the third one, I decided to adopt. It took me a year before I found Lexi, whom I adopted at birth. She's now fourteen.

I decided that I was going to stop working. I'd worked so hard to become a mother, I was going to do it 24/7. Some women can juggle all the balls nice and neatly, but that



Above, three generations: Beth's daughter, Lexi, with her aunt Michele (JHS '70), and Michele's granddaughter Sophie.

wasn't the way I wanted my daughter to be brought up. Unfortunately, my marriage suffered, because my ex-husband wanted me to work and wanted Lexi to be raised by a nanny. That distanced us immediately, but we maintained the marriage for years, and we grew apart.

We went through a painful divorce, but Lexi and I have been in the same house in Encino for fourteen years. I have created a beautiful, comfortable, quiet life, with a lot of emotional stability and love. Lexi just finished eighth grade at a private school in Chatsworth called Sierra Canyon. She plays guitar. She loves fashion. She's very social. She enjoys life and people. She's been involved in a lot of community service.

One thing I'll say about my life: It's never been boring! Today I feel much more grounded and focused than ever. Because the adversity taught me how to deal with stuff. I've matured. That's what life does.

A lot of women that I know followed a different timetable than me: marriage, motherhood, then career, like my friends Roberta Eagle Cohen and Sharon Chalkin Feldstein. And Lisa.

Continued on page 34

Lisa and Beth Stewart

Continued from page 33

Since leaving the working world, I discovered a new part of me through nonprofit and charity work. Lisa is involved in a lot of charity work too. Eight years ago, I started a foundation and website with a girlfriend of mine who has a daughter with a life-threatening disease. It's called the Madison Foundation. It's an acronym for Moms and Dads in Search of Needed Support. My father help us start it with some seed money, and it's done very, very well. The foundation maintains a database of over 365 rare diseases that are re-searched on a daily basis by doctors at UCLA Medical Center. People from all over the world connect to this database, and it's like a wonderful network, a community, of moms and dads who have no place else to go.

That has kept me very busy in addition to raising Lexi. I'm very proud to say that I'm a single mom, I've done it myself, and now I'm going back to discover what can I do next in my career. I just started a new job in film production, but it works well with my life and responsibilities as a mother. I feel like I am back in the saddle again, except that now I have a better perspective on the big picture and how to balance work and motherhood.

Lisa Turns a Character Trait into a New Career

Lisa: Both Beth and Michele will attest to the fact that I'm the most organized one in the family. Where that comes from, I don't know. My dad, I guess.

I believe in destiny, I really do. About six years ago, I started to re-search articles about professional organizers: people who come into a

home and get it (and the people in it) organized. It's a multibillion-dollar business with its own professional organization. It was interesting to me, because I was *always* doing organizing around my own homes over the years and found it very satisfying. It occurred to me that I could turn this interest into a business. One thing led to another, and I started a company called Imagine It Done.



Visit Lisa's website at www.imagineitdone.net.

I'm involved in organizing homes and wardrobes, and interior design makeover. Right now I'm in the process of fine-tuning the direction of the business and turning it more into an online service. I'm learning and growing along with the company. I have lots of flexibility, because my main focus is still being a mom. My husband and I separated in 1997 and divorced three years later, so I've been a single parent to Eric, our middle child, who's twenty, and Emily, our fifteen-year-old daughter.

Jesse, my oldest, is in the music business in Los Angeles, thanks mainly to Sharon Chalkin-Feldstein, who's been my friend since we were eight years old. Sharon's son is the manager of the popular group Maroon 5 as well as other acts. Last summer Jesse was given the opportunity to intern for Sharon's son's company, and he did so well that he now works full-time for them.

Beth: I'm able to keep an eye on Jesse, because he lives in a fabulous apartment in Beverly Hills, and I live in the San Fernando Valley. We email and text each other, like, ten times a day. My mother asks, "Don't you

speak to Jesse anymore?" I say, "No, we email, text, and BBM." And since June, Lisa's son Eric, who's a junior at Boston University, has been out here as well, interning in the sports department of the same company where Jesse works.

And knowing Emmy, she'll probably come out here and *run* the company! She is a real kick-ass kid. *Amazing*. A real New Yorker and a real go-getter.

Lisa: Emily just finished ninth grade at Roslyn High School. She's into Miley Cyrus and the Jonas Brothers, she's a very diligent student, and she's got a wonderful group of friends. I started my kids in a small private school in Oyster Bay, and it provided a nice foundation for them. I think my daughter is very much like me: a the-glass-is-three-quarters-full kind of person. She's kind, has good values, and she's focused.

Her and Lexi are very close; they've been to sleepaway camp together, and they visit with each other. It's so nice that Beth and I have kids similar in age.

My sister and I usually see other around four times a year. Even though we live on separate coasts, we're still very close. It's easier than ever to stay connected these days.

Since Beth moved to Los Angeles, our lifestyles have changed. No question about it. But, back to that chromosomal identical-twins thing, our essential personalities have remained very much intact. We'll react the same way to certain situations. Case in point: Emily recently came back from visiting my sister for Passover. Just today she said to me, "I was watching the Miley Cyrus movie with Aunt Beth, and she asked the exact same questions and made the exact same comments as you." It happens time and time again, in spite of our differences. ■

Jane Altvater

Continued from page 11

years younger than me. He was an usher, and I was the maid of honor. He was with a date, and so was I. Then we didn't see each other for five years.

One day we just ran into each other. That was it: We started dating, fell in love, and got married in 1986. Ed is truly the love of my life, my best friend. He is from East Northport, which is where we lived until we bought our first house, in East Islip.

My brother was the first member of the family to move to Florida. Next, my patents retired down here. All of them lived on the East Coast. Now, I hated the cold weather up in New York. *Hated* it. And whenever Ed and I would come down to visit, I'd think how much I liked it there. It just seemed like an easier lifestyle, and the weather, of course, was wonderful.

Ed always said that he wouldn't want to live in Florida. But after a While, he thought maybe it wouldn't be so bad. So he put in for a transfer at his company, Graybar Electric, and eventually in 2000 the call came in: How does Tampa sound? We sold our house and moved to Tarpon Springs in something like a month. Now I couldn't get Ed to live anywhere else; he absolutely loves it here.

The rest of the family, though, left! My brother, who breeds and shows Collies, decided that North Carolina was the place to be, so he bought a place up there on three acres. He's in his glory now; he's doing great. As for Mom, after my Dad passed away and my brother was planning his exodus north, she decided to go back to Long Island, because she wasn't sure if we were going stay in Florida. What if Ed got

transferred somewhere else? Now she lives in Centereach, near Chris.

As it turned out, Ed did get transferred, in 2004. But only down to Fort Myers, Florida. Fort Myers is a wonderful place, but I still longed to be back in Tampa Bay. I started working for a wonderful court reporting firm in Fort Myers/Naples and made great friends there. Soon it began to feel more like home. But after just one year, Ed's company offered him a major promotion to director — back in Tampa!

Now, I'd just pulled our daughter Lindsay out of one high school, and I didn't feel that it was fair to do it again, and have her spend her senior year in yet another school, especially with her heading into her senior year vying for class valedictorian and captaining the soccer team. We decided that Ed would live with a friend of ours in Tampa and come down on weekends until Lindsay finished high school. One week after graduation, we returned north, this time to Tampa itself.

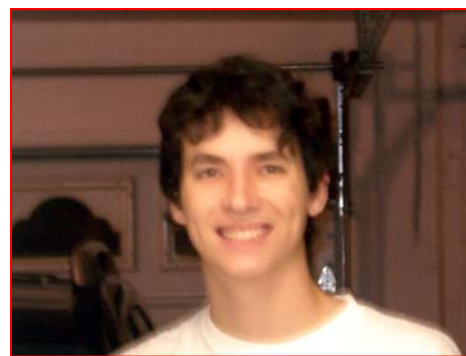
Job Number One: Motherhood

Lindsay, who is now a senior at University of Florida in Gainesville, is like me in many ways, except that I wasn't exactly the caliber of student she is. She's always gotten A's throughout school, and was valedictorian of her high school class and has been on President's List all through her college years thus far. My daughter is probably a little more serious than I am, too — you can make a joke about anything around me — but she's quirky-funny like her mother.

She's also much like her mom in that she would stop whatever she's doing to help someone, maybe just helping an elderly lady in the supermarket, or another student struggling with an assignment. She is an



Above: Jane's daughter, Lindsay, a senior at UF Gainesville, spent part of the summer in Italy. Fortunately, she uses her extraordinary height and superhuman powers for good, not evil. Son Zachary (below), who's twenty, really is tall: six foot five.



amazing young woman and has drastically changed my life. It's amazing what you learn from your children. I often thought about how much I could teach my children, and it ends up that they have taught me as well!

She's majoring in psychology and wants to continue and get her mas-

Continued on page 36

Jane Altvater

Continued from page 35

ters degree and eventually her Ph.D. (A personal shout-out here to our own Dr. Michael Osit [JHS '72] — thanks for the offer to mentor her! That means a lot to both of us!)

She's about to start her fourth year as a volunteer for the Alachua County Crisis Center in Gainesville. Now she is a trainer. She is also part of the Care Team, which actually accompanies the police when they go to someone's home to break the news that a loved one has been in an accident. I've always told her, "You can do anything you want, girl!!" And she certainly has so far!!

This summer, she spent six weeks in Italy studying Italian and psychology. In eighth grade, she was in a gifted students' program, and for graduation, they took the students on a ten-day trip to Paris and London. Is it me, or do kids today have so many more opportunities? For me, just going away to college in Westchester County was a big deal!

Our son, Zachary, is twenty years old, almost six foot five. He is the comedian of the family, although he never was a fan of school and struggled to hold his own. After high school graduation, he wanted nothing to do with college. He wanted to work with his hands. So, given the choice of work, school or military, he researched local technical schools in the Tampa Bay area and found one with a program that interested him: plumbing. He has been attending for over a year, getting the best grades of his life, and is looking forward to starting his new career sometime next year. He didn't want to a job that chained him to a desk, and now he couldn't be happier.

.That has been another big plus about being a court reporter, the fact

“That’s probably the hardest part of a court reporter’s job: to make the transcript readable and understandable. And, basically, to make the attorneys sound smart. They are smart; don’t get me wrong. (Well, some of them are!)”

that you get to choose your assignments. When Zack was younger, he needed special attention, and my job allowed me to take him to a doctor's appointment here or to a learning center there. In general, if there was a school play or soccer practice, that came first. Then I would go to work. It's not a nine-to-five job, and you don't have anyone directly supervising you. As long as you do a good job and get your work in on time, you work on your own.

I was really glad to come back to Tampa in 2006. For one thing, I have a lot of friends in this area, plus I could return to my old job working for D&D Reporting. At this point, I have more experience than anyone in the office, including my boss. In New York, as I said, I specialized in medical malpractice cases. Here I do just about anything.

The most memorable cases tend to be the sad ones. One time I had to report depositions of children who had been sexually abused by their school bus driver. The things that these children endured and testified to will probably stick with me forever. Many times, I was the only woman in the room, and I'll never forget this one little girl looking at me through tears and asking, "Can I go home

now? Can I go see my mom?" It was the most horrific thing. Plus, that very morning, I had just put Zachary, who was three, on a school bus for the first time, so I was thinking, *What have I done?*

Another case involved a high-school graduate who got pushed into a swimming pool, hit his head, injured his spine, and was left a quadriplegic. Or a little boy whose scarf got caught on a backyard slide, strangling him to death. It affected me as far as how I parented my own kids. Sometimes friends would say to me, "You're so overprotective." I used to reply, "Maybe I am. But if you heard some of the things that I've heard, you'd be overprotective. too."

Simple as it may be, I have the most awesome life. My wonderful children, my amazing, loving husband, and loads of good friends and family are probably the most enriching part of my life. I'm lucky to be surrounded by supportive, great friends, who enjoy my sense of humor. Many times, we have a house load of "girls" who spend the night at our home, now dubbed "Spa-de-Duda." Life is good! ■



FUN!

MAKE THIS Squirrel Lamp
Yes sir, out of a real squirrel! Also make ash-trays, book-ends, etc., using rabbits, frogs, etc. LEARN AT HOME TO MOUNT BIRDS, ANIMALS & FISH; Tan skins and make fur rugs, buckskin and leather.

It's FUN! BIG profits in spare time!
Free book tells how.

FREE! Write TODAY for beautiful free book telling how to learn this fine hobby. Book is free. Contains many fine pictures. STATE YOUR AGE.

N. W. SCHOOL OF TAXIDERMY, Dept. 3394 Omaha Neb.

Free Book

Money In Hamsters
The new wonder animals from Syria. Often called Toy Bears. Delightful pets. Everyone wants them. Laboratories use thousands. Clean, odorless. Raise anywhere. NOW, spotted and golden breeds. We furnish breeders, equipment and manual of free illustrated literature.

GULF HAMSTERY 1553 BASIL ST., MOBILE 17, ALA.

Mindy Wertheimer

Continued from page 16

Career Services of Atlanta in the mid-eighties. I became really interested in nonprofit boards when I was responsible for restructuring a board consisting of more one hundred people after the merger of two nonprofits.

I followed that with chairing strategic planning and wound up serving as president of the JF&CS board from 2003 to 2005. As board president, I was known for focusing on both process and task (equally important in supporting quality decisions and outcomes). Jewish Federation of Greater Atlanta then asked me to conduct workshops for other board chairs of their affiliate agencies and area synagogues. Since then, I've written my book, presented nationally on board governance issues, including the role of the board chair, and developed an independent consulting practice. I have consulted on restructuring boards, how to run a board efficiently, board communications, etc. as well as facilitated board orientations. I have just completed a major board restructuring here in Atlanta, but I have also consulted on boards in places like Tucson and San Francisco. I must add that my first consulting job outside Atlanta was in New Jersey — thank you, Ilise Zimmerman!

Leanna is heading into her senior year at the University of Michigan, where once again one of her roommates will be Haley Karlsruher, the daughter of Linda Klinow Karlsruher from the JHS class of '73. And here's yet another Jericho connection: another one of their roommates is the daughter of Cynthia Marshall Halperin (class of '75). Leanna is also friends with Ilene Resnick's son, Alexander. Small world, Ann Arbor!

Leanna is studying brain behavior and cognitive science — a combination of psychology and biology. She's uncertain about her future plans; perhaps a physician's assistant program or medical school, but she is not sure that she wants to tackle years and years of training.

As for Jessica, she has a bachelors degree in psychology from the University of Georgia, but then decided to earn a masters in social work at Yeshiva University in New York (Washington Heights, to be exact). I never pushed her in that direction; in fact, I made it a point not to. Coincidentally, the dean of the School of Social Work, Sheldon Gelman, was a professor of mine at Penn State. I am involved nationally with the Council on Social Work Education, so I've run into him over the years at our meetings.

In May we all came to New York to watch Dean Gelman hood Jessica for her masters degree, which was very exciting. At the graduation ceremony, he announced, "We have a special guest: Dr. Mindy Wertheimer from Georgia State University." That made it doubly special. I mean, here



Ira is often interviewed by the media as an expert in pharmaceutical issues, like this 2007 Associated Press story about the flu vaccine.

was a former student, who now has a daughter getting a masters degree in his program. It was a first for him.

Jessica is job hunting right now, and as everybody knows, the job market is not great. So she is open to opportunities wherever they may be. It looks like she may be getting a job offer in Sarasota, Florida, any day now. We're hopeful!

What else is happening in my life?! On July 1, I assumed a new position as associate dean for academics in the College of Health and Human Sciences at Georgia State. I hadn't planned on it, but the dean asked me to consider applying after having chaired a successful strategic planning process. It was very flattering. The job is a 50 percent appointment and a twelve-month position.

So the question was, what should we do with the other 50 percent of my time. I couldn't continue as director of field education, because it's just too big of a job and takes me out of the office too much. What we came up with was that I would supervise the new director, someone who was working with me before, and have other administrative responsibilities in the school — officially, as the assistant director of the MSW program.

It all happened pretty quickly, and I had to think hard about whether or not I wanted to transition like this at this point in my life. With the associate dean position, I would lose my flexibility, but I would be dealing directly with larger issues impacting the college, the university, and academia in general.

Ultimately, I decided that my PhD is in higher education administration, so this is where I belong. I'm excited about the challenge, and I have hit the ground running.

Continued on page 38

Mindy Wertheimer

Continued from page 37

From the Pepsi Generation to the Sandwich Generation

Like a lot of us, recently I've been feeling the pressure of being a member of the sandwich generation. In May, and June, and July, I flew up to New York to help Jessica recuperate from surgery. Plus, we've been working on relocating my father, who still lives in the home I grew up in. My mother died in 1994. She fought brave battles with ovarian cancer (diagnosed one month before my wedding), breast cancer, and, finally, liver cancer. (Ira's parents left Jericho for North Shore Towers in Lake Success.)

We'd been after my father to move down to Atlanta, but he wouldn't hear of it. Then, just before Thanksgiving last year, he took a fall and had to have a pin placed in his right hip. I was up in Jericho twice last winter, after the accident and again while Dad was in rehab. We were able to find a temporary opening in a senior independent-living facility near us. My brother and I finally convinced him to avoid the New York winter and recuperate here.

As it turned out, he loved it! My father is an outgoing guy, and he enjoyed talking to the other folks in the facility. "Guess what?!" he said to me. "No one down here is from Atlanta. They're all from someplace else. And when I ask them what they're doing down here, they all say the same thing: because their chil-

dren and grandchildren are here." He has since put the Jericho house on the market, found a buyer, and just moved here at the beginning of August. I never thought he'd do it.

Then again, I never thought that I'd be starting a major new position at my age, and here I am! You never know what life will hold, and I think it's important to be open to change and opportunities and not be afraid to take the leap and go with the flow sometimes (not an easy lesson!).

Even with all my personal and professional responsibilities and challenges, I do believe that the fifties are liberating; a time in our lives when we embrace who we are (not in a pie-in-the-sky twentysomething way), show appreciation for others, and contribute to the future.

Oh, and take more vacations. ■

Lost and Found

We'd like to be able to invite *everyone* from the classes of 1971, 1972, and 1973 to the Intergalactic Space Party reunion on October 9, 2010, at Milleridge Cottage. Your help in locating missing class members would be greatly appreciated. If you know the mailing address or email address for anyone listed below, please get in touch or have the person get in touch directly.

1971

Abrams, Sally
Alessi, Arlene J.
Caninizzaro, Jean
Caronia, Clara
Chapman, Margaret Ann
Cohen, Barry
Fariello, Michael
Finch Compton, Susan
Fiore, Fred
Goldberg Fein, Leslie M.
Goldman, Ronald
Gruskin, Marc Allen
Hamilton, John
Hoffman, Mara Beth
Kaminester, Ellen Debra
Kessler, Faith Iris
Lewman, Mark A.
McCord, Maureen

Rodriguez, Charles
Roth, Barbara Linda
Sachs, Peter
Samuels, Roberta Michele
Scharfman Gabel, Suzanne
Schwartz, Audrey Anne
Silver, Howard Jerome
Silver, Jan Susette
Silverblank, Barbara Diane
Simon, Jill Susan
Smith, Julia Antoinette
Tomaszewski, Ann
Walters, Steven

1972

Centola, Donna
Cole, Grainger
Cucco, Juliet

Esposito, Joseph
Fairfield, Olivia
Gordon, Melissa
Gross, Steven
Harrah, Robert
Hoffman, Steven*
Mari, Bea
Meadow, David
Rorer, James
Saydan, Ayda
Simpson, Barbara
Snow, Emma
Weiss, Lee

1973

Anderson, Karen
Beal, David
Belser, Eileen

Denauski, Carl
Dibenedetto, Ann
Erwin, Robert
Frankel, Linda
Gaeta, Ralph
Gentile, Tommy
Greenberg, Matt
Haviland, Stuart
Johnson, Deborah
Larkin, Kevin
Lester, Phil
Locastro, Kathleen
Martello, Steven
Meyers, Scott
Quinn, Odiele
Raduano, George
Reichgot, Steven
Robson, Alan
Roth, Susan

Ruvel, Karen
Sachs, Lisa
Savini Morrison, Linda
Schiffman, Marc
Schwartz, Roy
Shuman, Robin
Smilowitz, Eric
Sobel, Richard
Staab, Janet
Tai, Eileen
Thyben, Mark
Trattler, Robert
Urrico Leo, Marie
Villante, Edward
Walters, Richard
West, Tom
Zdan, Carolle

Your Back Pages

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

Advertisement

Like a Port-a-San technician vacuuming out the contents of one of its portable toilets on Max Yasgur’s farm, Stale Leftovers Records has plumbed the bottom of the audio archives to bring you, just in time for the 40th anniversary of the rock concert event that shook the world:

(((IN GLORIOUS QUADRAPHONIC)))

Woodstock XXVI

**Still MORE
Sounds
From the
Tribal-
Hippie-
Peace-Dope-
Love-In
of a Scant
40 Years
Ago!**

Featuring These Far-Out Classics:

“Man Being Run Over by Tractor”

“Sounds from the Bad-Trip Tent
(Parts I & II)”

“Four Stoned Hippies in a VW Bus
Singing ‘100 Bottles of Beer on the
Wall’”

... and much, much more!

