

Summer
2010
Issue No. 24

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

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

Welcome to this, the 24th
newsletter of the JHS classes of
'71, '72, and '73, and friends.

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

Annual Everlasting Love Issue!

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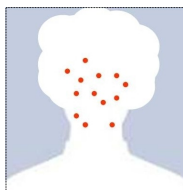
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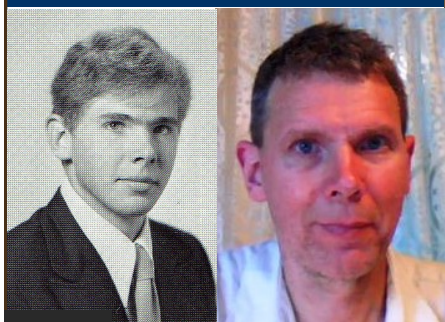


Yearbook 2 facebook



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 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.

Barry Ruzek ('72)
Westminster, MD



Ginny Foa Voit ('73)
Stanley, NY



David Rhodes ('71)
Leonia, NJ



Debra Gelman Krefsky ('72)
New York, NY



Marilyn Greif ('73)
New York, NY



Jill Schiesser Griffin ('73)
Columbia, SC

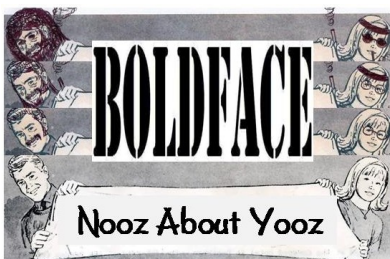


Michael DiPasquale ('72)
Los Angeles, CA



Valerie Basile Getz ('71)
Rainbow City, AL





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.

Greetings from Leslie Brick Horowitz

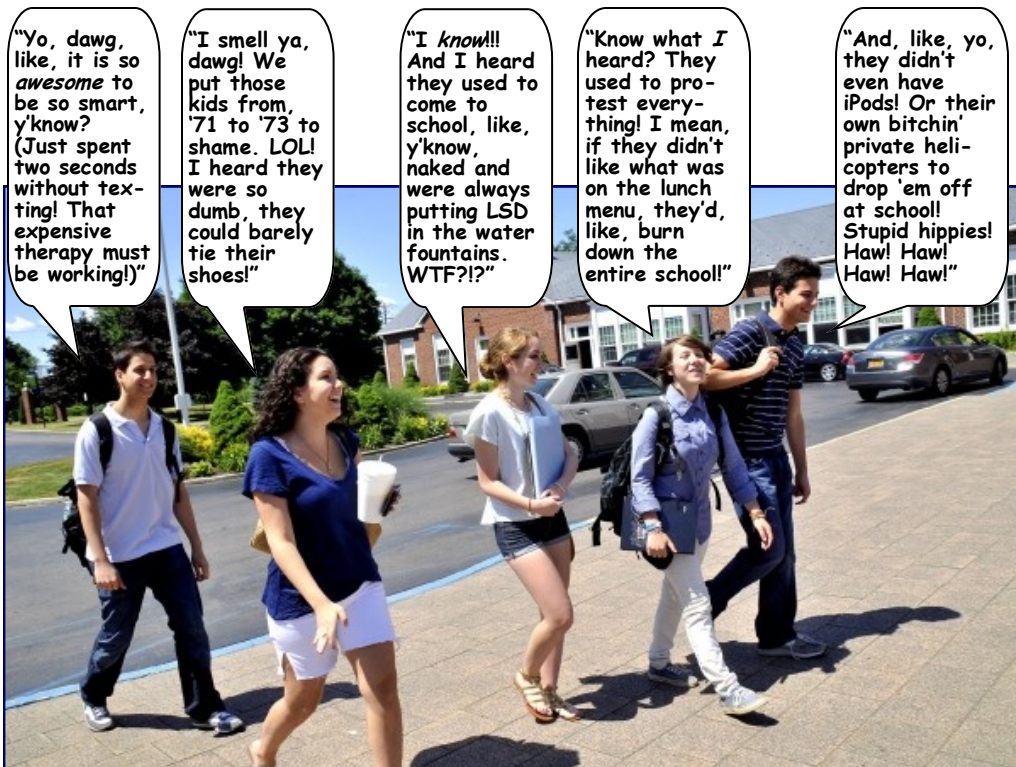


Leslie Brick Horowitz ('73), of Palm Beach Gardens, Florida, emails: "I now

work as a nurse practitioner in rheumatology. I ran into **Barry Waters** recently at a rheumatology conference in Florida. He and **Mark Kenigsberg** both live in Florida, too, and I run into Marc and his wife, Laurel, occasionally.

"I have three children. My oldest, Matthew, just finished his first year at University Miami Law School. My daughter Stacey is starting Stetson University in the fall. And my youngest, Melissa, just completed seventh grade. We took a family vacation to Israel in June.

"I would love to hear from old friends! My email is leslieh103@aol.com."



JHS has gone and done it again., placing second in New York State in Newsweek magazine's annual ranking of U.S. high schools. And out of 1,622 high schools in the entire country, your alma mater ranks no. 32. Here a bunch of students react to the happy news.*

* No insult intended to any of the fine anonymous students pictured here. We're sure they could kick our asses in a spelling bee, or pretty much anything else.

Twentieth Annual JHS Alumni Hall of Fame Induction

Five more JHS alumni were inducted into the **Jericho High School Alumni Hall of Fame** on Thursday, April 8, in a ceremony held in the auditorium at the Jericho Public Library. It was the twentieth annual induction.

Teachers in attendance included Hall of Fame committee members **Mr. Robert Hoffman** and **Mr. Louis Boroson**, as well as **Ms. Phyllis Mandell**, **Ms. Barbara Murphy**, **Mrs. Karen Schwartz**, **Mrs. Estelle Stern Rankin**, **Mr. Tony DiNome**, **Mr. Michael Lamm**, **Mr. Richard Andres**, **Mr. Stephen Piorkowski**, **Mr. Ernest Savaglio**, **Ms. Maureen Tracy**, **Mr. Ken Larkin**, **Mr. Thomas Bryant**, **Mrs. Judy Broadwin**, and **Mrs. Dolores Hoffman**.

As always, the inductees were honored beforehand at a dinner held at the Milleridge Inn. This year's new members are **Mark S. Zaid, Esq.** ('85), **Lori Greene** ('78), **Sandra M. Gumerove, Esq.** ('68), **Lainie Friedman Ross, MD** ('78), and **Jay S. Winuk** ('76). You'll find their photos and brief bios on the following page.

For more pictures from the evening — including the honorees dinner, the induction ceremony, and the usual postceremony bacchanal involving pastries and whipped cream—go to the website and click on "New! Pix of Your Teachers," under "The Hall of Fame."

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JHS Hall of Fame

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(Below): **Lori Greene** ('78) with the always lovely **Mrs. Karen Schwartz**. Lori has been in every form of media, including radio, the internet, and television, where she produced and written award-winning shows for the Food Network, the Travel Channel, Lifetime Television, and Court TV. One of her most exciting (and dangerous) moments came when she snuck into a Peruvian prison to interview American political prisoner Lori Berenson for a story. She lives in Manhattan.



(Below): **Saundra Gumerove** ('68) with Hall of Fame voting committee members **Janet Hopf Kesner** ('78) and **Mrs. Selma Constant**, still lives in Jericho. An attorney and mother of a developmentally disabled daughter, Saundra is a powerful and determined advocate for families facing similar challenges.



In a Hall of Fame first, pediatrician and University of Chicago professor **Dr. Lainie Freidman Ross** ('78, here with one of her favorite teachers, **Mrs. Judith Broadwin**), became the third inductee from her family. Older brothers **Mark** ('73) and **Bruce** ('76) were elected in 1993 and 2006.



(Above): **Jay Winuk** ('76) and **Mark Zaid** ('85). Mark, an attorney in Washington, DC, specializes in representing federal employees with grievances against U.S. or foreign government agencies. In one of his most famous cases, he sued Libya for its role in the 1988 terrorist bombing of Pan Am flight 103. The \$2.7 billion dollar settlement for the victims' families, was the largest of its kind.

Jay, who lives in Carmel, New York, is the presi-

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Catch Up With ...
Annie Koff Abramson ('72)



“I think that for my parents, the final straw was the night they had to pick me up at the police station at four o'clock in the morning.”

Growing up in the Princeton Park section of Jericho was the best. Debi McLaughlin and Cheryl Russell were my best friends. We were called the “three musketeers” and were inseparable. We were all tomboys — even adopted boys names.

I broke three bones in one year! In fact, my parents forbid me from playing with them for a while. First I broke my arm ice skating. Then one day while Debi and I were play wrestling, she flipped me, breaking my collarbone. We used to climb trees a lot, and I fractured my leg jumping out of one.

We could be mean, too, sometimes. I remember we used to take this one boy's hat and throw it in the sewer. Crazy things. I have a lot of special memories. Other girls that we hung out with were Meryl Kula, Benita Zahn, Janet Penn, and Patty Ryon.

Toward the end of seventh grade, my father announced that we were moving to Arizona. He'd decided to retire at age forty-one. When he was young, he'd started a company called KoEd Caterers, located on Jericho Turnpike, which maintained vending machines and did catering on college campuses and factories. In 1967 he sold

the company and moved my mother, my two brothers, my two sisters, and me to Phoenix.

I was beyond devastated. At my going-away party, we played Spin the Bottle in my basement; Robert Kashan and Michael Esposito were some of the guys there. With five trunks piled on top of our station wagon, half the neighborhood came to wish us the best as we drove cross-country.

We moved into a sprawling ranch near Camelback Mountain, with twenty-two orange trees and a fenced-in pool. It could have been a castle, and it wouldn't have made a difference to me. I was miserable. Phoenix was like a ghost town back then.

We used to have boondocker parties in the caves, where you chug bottles of wine, get smashed, and act silly. It would get so hot in the summer, you could literally fry an egg on the sidewalk.

Plus, the move occurred six months before my Bat Mitzvah. I missed my network of friends from the Jericho Jewish Center, where I went to Hebrew School three times a week. No one could make it all the way out west for my Bat Mitzvah. I also experienced anti-Semitism for the first time in Arizona. It was bad. It was rough.

My life changed drastically. Had we stayed in Jericho, I would have been a straight, clean-cut kid. In Arizona, I totally rebelled and found trou-

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Two of the Three Musketeers: Annie (r.) with Debi McLaughlin Cionek in July.



Annie Koff

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ble quite often. I learned about toilet papering houses, as that's what the kids did when they didn't like someone. We'd all sneak out in the middle of the night and meet up. We not only toilet papered the trees but sometimes used eggs or peanut butter to decorate the windows.

I actually got paddled by the high school principal. Can you imagine? I'd written a nasty note about a teacher and passed it to a kid, and the teacher caught us and sent me to the principal, who gave me a choice: Either I could be swatted with a paddle or have him tell my parents. Of course I chose the paddle. A frickin' wooden paddle! I had a red mark on my ass for two weeks! And then the principal went ahead and told my parents anyway, so it was a double whammy. At one point, my parents were going to send me to boarding school, but the principal talked them out of it.

Not everything was awful in Arizona. I did get involved in the BBYO – there was BBG for girls and AZA for guys. I became president of the entire Phoenix Council and helped organize major events and conventions, and developed some great friendships. But other than that, I had such a horrible high school experience that I ran away from home three times. During my senior year, I ran away for three weeks; I had a job at a dry cleaner's, and the girl who worked there with me was twenty-one and had her own apartment, and she let me stay with her. I'd call my parents just to let them know I was safe. They never came to my high school graduation.

Drinking, drugs, hitchhiking all over the state – you name it, and I did it in high school. Debi McLaughlin came to visit me junior year, I tried to corrupt her, but she was too innocent! I think that for my parents, the final straw was the night they had to pick me up at the police station at four o'clock in the morning. I'd snuck out of the house to meet some guy and was going to cut school the next day. Cops drove by, spotted me standing on the corner, and called my parents to tell them I'd



Annie's twenty-four-year daughter, Jennifer, is an actress and a graduate of Rutgers University. "She's done some Snickers commercials for MTV, restaurant website hosting, and several videos," says Annie.

been picked up. My mother asked, "Are you sure it's Annie? She's sleeping!" They came and got me. My dad put me in the back seat of the car, and I thought he was going to hit me. Instead he looked at me and said, very calmly, "Well, now you've done it all. And as far as I'm concerned, you can do whatever else you want, because it's your life, and we can't stop you."

Whoa. Those words lasted with me forever. In other words, who was I hurting by being so wild? Myself.

A New Start

I could not wait to get as far away from Phoenix as possible, so I was thrilled to get into the University of Illinois, Champaign-Urbana. I had done so much partying in high school that I actually straightened up in college. All these other kids, so excited to be away from home for the first time, were smoking pot and acting wild. Me? I'd already been there and done that.

Graduating as a teacher was the best thing I could have done, even though the mid-1970s was a time when teaching jobs were scarce. I think we were told that only 30 percent of our graduating class would be able to find work. But I landed a job right away, teaching first, second, and third grades in Evanston, Illinois. I really loved teaching. However, my boyfriend (and future first husband) convinced me to move to California with him. By then, my family had relocated there too. So I quit my fabulous teaching job. We got a station wagon, piled everything we had on it, and drove to Huntington Beach, California, with no jobs waiting for us. It felt very much like a déjà vu of ten years earlier.

We had a few thousand dollars between us, which didn't last very long. At one point, we were living on, like, \$9 a week for food. I was much too proud to ask my parents for financial help, and in retrospect, I'm glad I didn't. Poverty wasn't fun, that's for sure, but it was actually a very good, humbling experience.

While working part-time selling pinball machines and antique slot machines at a place called Games, I an-

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Annie Koff

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swered an ad in the paper for a real estate salesperson. The company sent me to real estate school, and as soon as I passed the real estate exam, I went into selling houses full time, and we went from rags to riches overnight.

I was twenty-four years old and really had no idea what I was getting into. However, after just two weeks in the business, I sold two houses and got a listing, which was unheard of. Everybody in my office hated me! "Who's this new hotshot?" Success fueled my confidence. I was like a kid in a candy store: I wanted more!

I really believe in vision: "What the mind can conceive and believe, you can achieve" — that's Napoleon Hill. Out of my first paychecks, I used probably half the money to buy motivational cassette tapes, which I'd listen to in my car. In my second year, I was working for Century 21, and I used to see these girls go onstage to receive their awards at sales rallies. I looked at them and thought, *Well, they're no better than me. I can do that. That's going to be me next year.* Sure enough, I sold forty-two houses that year. I was working from eight in the morning until midnight, but you can do that sort of thing at that age. I was rolling.

The year after that, when the prime soared from 12 percent to 20 percent, the market was just brutal. Real estate agents were getting out of



Debi McLaughlin and Cheryl Russell. "I recently emailed Debi this old photo of her and Cheryl. She wrote back, "Wow, I didn't realize she was so tall compared to me!"

the business left and right. Yet I sold forty-eight houses and was ranked seventeenth in the nation. That's out of seventy-seven thousand Century 21 agents. I realized then that I was meant to do this.

In the early 1980s, I moved up to Westwood. My father had gotten his own broker's license, so I hung out my shingle under his, although I was actually working independently. A friend of his said to me, "Annie, you should do apartment buildings." Although I had no experience in commercial real estate, he gave me my first commercial listing: a building in Beverly Hills, with fourteen units. I didn't end up selling it, but I got to pick a lot of brokers' brains and learned a lot. I fell right into it and did extremely well. And no more

working weekends and evenings was great.

Around this time, I met my second husband, a contractor, who asked me to marry him five days after we met. Like an idiot, I said yes! What can I say? He was Israeli, and he swept me off my feet. I wanted to wait six months, but he said, "No, I want to take you to Israel as my wife, not as my fiancée." We eloped and went to Las Vegas, and while we were on the *honeymoon*, I realized that I'd made a major mistake. Except that I got pregnant on the honeymoon.

Go East, Young Woman, Go East!

I really wanted to have a child. My daughter, Jennifer, was born in

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Takin' Care of Bidness!



Jerichonians At Work

Roberta Blond Tropper: A Gifted Educator at a School for the Gifted

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Ever since having Mrs. Ramsey in the third grade at the Robert Seaman School, I knew that I



wanted to be a teacher. I think of teaching as a calling, I really do. When I graduated Jericho and went to Hofstra University in 1972, I knew there weren't going to be many teaching jobs when I graduated, so I changed my major something like four or five times. I was going to be a psychologist, then a sociologist. But I ended up getting my teach

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Roberta Blond

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ing degree anyway, despite fact that during my last two years in college, we were told over and over, “You know there’re no jobs!” Very uplifting.

Sure enough, there were no teaching jobs to be had in 1976. I went to work in the garment center. I liked Manhattan, hated the commute, and didn’t make enough money to live there. Then Arnie Tropper (’72) and I got married. His aunt, who lived in Jericho, told me that the district needed someone to help out in its elementary school gifted and talented program. This was in the spring of 1979.

Remember Alvin Engel? When we were in JHS, he headed the audio-visual department; now he was in charge of this project they had to finish — a history of Jericho — and things were falling apart. My job was to help them get it done, which I did. It got rave reviews, and I got hired as Dr. Engel’s assistant.

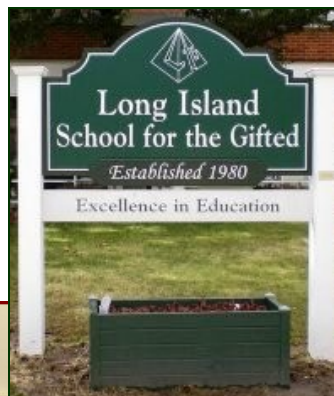
I would travel to the three elementary schools (the Williams school had been closed by then, due to a dwindling number of students) and pull kids out of classes. In other words, they were “gifted” for exactly forty-five minutes a week. That’s how the pull-out system worked. Back then, there were what they

Roberta in her office with some young students. By the way, the kids built everything in the room, using a tongue-and-groove technique, just like the pioneers — and in one afternoon! Gifted indeed!



called accelerated “tracking programs,” which was how some kids got to take advanced placement courses in high school. But there weren’t gifted programs per se at the elementary level. Everybody was basically treated the same. And since then, over the past, say, thirty years, the public schools have become even more homogenized. Very much one size fits all. The problem is that it *doesn’t* fit everyone.

Teaching in the school system I’d attended was a very weird experience at first. Our former teachers were still teaching at these schools. No one ever left Jericho. Why would you? At times it was awkward, because I was still young and



kids had left the school system, and, consequently, fewer young families moving in.

A Blessing in Disguise

The mother of this one boy I’d worked with individually told me about a year-old private school in Freeport that was specifically for gifted children. “You know,” she said, “I think they’re looking for teachers.”

The school had been started by ten mothers and had all of fourteen students. They’d somehow established a connection with Adelphi, and for its second year, the school was moving into a wing of a vacated elementary school in Huntington, where the university was opening a satellite campus. The building became vacant for the same reason that the Williams and Seaman schools had shut down: not enough kids.

My job interview was very ... *interesting*. It took place in an empty classroom with nothing in it but two folding chairs. My first thought was, *What the heck are you getting yourself into?* But I got the job: teaching math and computer science. Now, who knew anything about computers that long ago? I certainly didn’t. But I learned, by taking night classes at the computer store where the school had bought its Apple computer. You would

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felt like a bit of a kid. Over the next two years, though, I gradually got more comfortable.

Then, in 1981 they closed the Seaman school too, and I got “excessed.” Love that word. Like *excess baggage*. “We’re not firing you, you’re just *not needed* anymore.” Not only were parents of the late 1970s and early 1980s having fewer children, but retirees didn’t leave the area as quickly as they seem to do now. Today, the minute the kids are out the door, the house is on market, and the owners are off to Arizona. Or, like my mother, to Florida, in Boynton Beach. So you had older people staying in Jericho even after their

Roberta Blond

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see me wheeling the machine on its cart into the different classrooms for various activities. The way Arnie and I looked at it at the time was, at least I had a job, and when things got better, I'd eventually go back to Jericho.

I quickly discovered, though, that I really liked teaching at the Long Island School for the Gifted. We had eight teachers at the time for forty students, in grades kindergarten through eight. There were a lot of combination

classes, based on the children's abilities. It had almost a one-room-schoolhouse feel to it. And it was just an unbelievable experience for me. I had a lot of ideas. I would make a suggestion to my boss, and it would be put into effect the very next day.

I don't want to imply that the students were guinea pigs, but it was a very exciting, creative time. To me, it was the way that all schools should be run. The whole reason the school had been started was to create an alternative for children who weren't being properly served by the public school system. They were miserable there, or bored, or weren't learning. And those who'd tried conventional private school found that things weren't any better there, just a lot more expensive.

Word spread about us, especially after the *New York Times* ran a story about the school. The next day, hundreds of phone calls came in. Soon we had seventy students. I taught first grade and ran the whole lower school. Everything was built around the individual child's needs. For example, I might have twelve kids in my first grade class. They all had reading at the same time, but we worked it out so that they belonged to one of four different reading groups, based on their level. The same thing for math. We did what was best for them, not what was most convenient for the staff.



Former LISG students frequently come back to the school to visit.



In fourth grade, we start to departmentalize. So the teacher who specializes in regents-level biology for the older kids also teaches the fourth-graders and gives them real science. Which is what these kids need. One thing I can tell you is that when students come to us for the first time, they're like dried-out sponges. And as soon as you start giving them this challenging work, they just come to life.

In 1985 I became principal of the school, as well as chief financial officer, which meant that in addition to teaching, I was now in

charge of the business side of things: payroll, social security, hiring teachers, and so on. All the stuff I didn't go to school for! We also moved into a new building, a former junior high school, also in Huntington. We've been there ever since. I live just two miles away in the West Hills part of Huntington (Arnie and I are no longer married), which is

great, because we have lots of nighttime events.

The Unique Needs of Gifted Children

Our minimum cutoff for acceptance to the Long Island School for the Gifted is an IQ of 130, because our kids work two years above grade level. Sometimes parents who are hoping to send their kids here don't want to accept that; I've actually had some show up at the building and demand to be seen. But it doesn't work that way. You should never put your child in that position unless he or she is truly capable of handling the work. These are *children*.

It bothers me that some people think that a school for the gifted is a form of elitism. First of all, we have kids from sixty different communities. And although it is a private school, these are not all rich kids. About half

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Roberta Blond

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“My younger brother, Larry Blond (’75), lives in Syosset, and all three of his sons attended LISG. You think it’s tough being smart? How about in a school where your aunt’s the principal? Forget about it!”

our kids start their educational experience here, and the other half come to us after finding the public schools wanting. These kids have the same problems that all kids have. But they often have the added problem of not fitting in. Sometimes, to blend in, they’ve toned down their talents so as not to appear “too smart.” That’s especially true of girls. Our kids are different. And while it’s okay to be different when you’re an adult, it is hard for kids. When you give an IQ test to a four-year-old, and you say, “Name the four seasons,” and she answers, “Vivaldi,” you’re talking about a different kind of brain!

The public schools don’t always address these kids’ needs. In fact, often the gifted student is the last one on the totem pole, because the perception is, “They’re already gifted. What more do you want?” Unfortunately, it’s not enough. They’re kids. They deserve to be educated and happy.

In our school, being smart and doing well are positives. If you don’t have good self-esteem and a good self-image, it’s hard to be a successful human being. But the most im-

portant thing is hard work. As I tell the kids at the start of every school year: “Okay, you’re all gifted. You all have high IQs. Now, you can check your IQ at the door, because it’s what you do with it that counts. And the most successful students are the ones who work the hardest, not the ones with the highest IQs.”

We also promote character. There’s an honor code here — for instance, we don’t have locks on our lockers — and I’m really tough on those types of issues. (That’s one thing that still cracks me up: how just a look from me, the “principal,” the “authority figure,” can have so much power. I laugh to myself, because it’s just ... me!)

We have students who come from as far away as Queens, and some who carpool here all the way from Westhampton Beach. You can imagine how unhappy the children were in their public school for the parents to do that. We also have children from Jericho, by the way. The diversity is wonderful. It may surprise you to know that we also have kids with learning disabilities and developmental disabilities such as Asperger’s syndrome, a form of autism.

With more than three hundred students, we’ve expanded to include a pre-K program and now go up through ninth grade. We also offer all the regents exams. We had considered adding a full high school program. But to a certain degree, this is an artificial environment socially, and we really believe that the children need the opportunity to mingle with more people before they go off to college. Plus, we can’t offer them everything the high schools can. Take Jericho High School, for instance. We’ve had kids transfer there, and they leave there with fourteen advanced-placement credits.

Most of our kids do well when they return to the public schools in tenth grade. Some of them say that the transition was a breeze; for others, it wasn’t so easy. The hardest part, they often say, is that they no longer receive the same level of personal attention as here.

We actually have a class for our ninth-graders called High School 101, where we cover everything from how to avoid involvement with drugs and alcohol, to how do you approach a tableful of kids during lunchtime and sit down with them? That can be really hard. But as I tell them, it’s also a part of life. Whenever you change jobs as an adult, the first day at lunch can be awkward. The idea is to prepare them and teach them. We do role-playing, because the more experience you have, the better you get at it. The main thing is, they’re not as self-conscious as they used to be, and they don’t think of themselves as being the different ones or the “weirdo.”



Roberta at the LISG’s thirtieth-anniversary gala in May.

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Roberta Blond

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One positive development I've observed over the years is that, nowadays, once kids reach high school, it's considered cool to be smart. By the time our former students head off to college, most of them are in a really good place, and they tend to be very successful adults.

Happy Thirtieth Anniversary, LISG

If the parents who originally started the school really knew what they were getting themselves into, they probably wouldn't have done it. I mean, the odds of this succeeding were slim. Last Memorial Day weekend, we celebrated our thirtieth anniversary with a catered affair. The faculty was there, a lot of parents of our current students, as well as parents from other generations. The part that I found most gratifying was seeing students past and present, reminiscing and reconnecting. A lot of them now contact me via our alumni site on Facebook, which isn't really my "thing," but it's the way their generation keeps in touch. Some now have children of their own.

They like to share their memories of the school and update me on how their lives are going. I'm always interested mainly in hearing how our former students *feel*. During the anniversary weekend, a lot of them came to visit the school. They told me that even though it was bigger, and we have a lot more *things*, and it's more modern, "It still feels the same." That made me happy, because above all else, what we do is

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

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



Adam Licht, age 19

Larry Licht ('72) writes from Scottsdale, Arizona, about his son, Adam, pictured below with Larry in Las Vegas:

"Adam is a technologist working for the U.S. Geological Survey on contract to NASA. His job is to create digital elevation models of the moon and Mars. He uses pictures that were taken by Rovers and satellites to create 3-D pictures of the surface.

These terrain maps are very detailed in order to determine the different elevations. He uses 3-D glasses similar to the ones that are now being sold for home use. This type of data was not available

during the Apollo space program of the late sixties and early seventies, thus making landing on the moon very difficult. The models that Adam creates will be used for identifying landing sites for future manned and unmanned missions to both the moon and Mars.

"Adam is entering his second year in college at Northern Arizona University, working toward a degree in computer information systems. He is a fantastic son, and my wife, **Tovah**, and I enjoy spending as much time with him as we can. Adam enjoys outdoor activities like fishing, hiking, and camping — unlike his father who thinks camping is staying in a Motel 6."



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



Continued from page 11

Justin Bashe, age 18

Justin Bashe, son of Philip and Patty Bashe, graduated from the CCA program at BOCES senior high school in Wantagh. Justin, who has autism spectrum disorder, as well as associated learning differences, including profound dyslexia, did not begin to read until he was twelve years old. Yet by the time he graduated, he was a voracious reader who made the dean's list and won the President's Award for having one of the top five GPAs in his graduating class.

He's now in a vocational program called TRI, located in Westbury. Justin has an encyclopedic knowledge of all things having to do with aircraft, and so one of his internships this fall will be as a docent (tour guide) at the Cradle of Aviation Museum in Garden City. If you're ever there, be sure to say hello.

Also, in April Justin was the featured guest star at a fund-raiser concert for the **Fay J. Lindner Center for Autism and Developmental Disabilities**, held at a Farmingdale club called the Nutty Irishman (certainly no ethnic stereotyping there!). A half dozen bands played and over nine hundred people attended, raising a total of \$22,500. Justin joined the house band for one song, singing and playing guitar on Chuck Berry's "Johnny B, Goode."

"My name is Justin Bashe, and I have autism," he announced. "And I rock!" And so he did.

We couldn't be prouder of our son, for his tenacity, his refusal to give up, but mostly for his kindness, his sense of humor, his indefatigably good spirits, and his loving heart. He inspires us daily and is my personal hero, something I remind him of all the time.



Justin and his proud dad ...



... and (at left) rockin' out onstage.

In related news, Justin's mom has just been named BCBA Practicum Supervisor and Senior Education Specialist at the Cody Center for Autism at Stony Brook University. Patty, the author of twenty-four books, including three best-sellers, went back to school beginning in 2001 for a master's degree in autism education (one of her professors, incidentally, was none other than **Andy Romanoff** from the JHS class of '72), and then earned her state certification in applied behavior analysis, the cornerstone of treatment for many children on the spectrum. She still writes, however, and will be publishing her second book on Asperger syndrome next fall, titled *"You're So Smart!" The Parents' Guide to the Real-Life Skills Kids with Asperger Syndrome Need* (Crown/Random House).

TOONS CARTOONS CARTO 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.



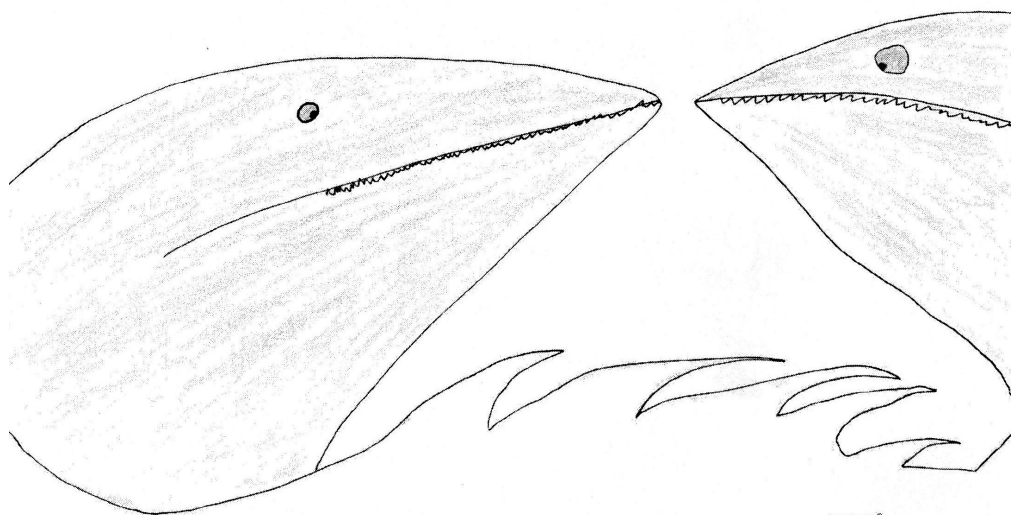
"I assist professionals, business people, couples, and students to more skillfully navigate life transitions, as well as improve their communication and presentations. I also have a small practice as a Feldenkrais® practitioner, a movement-based form of education.

"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*."

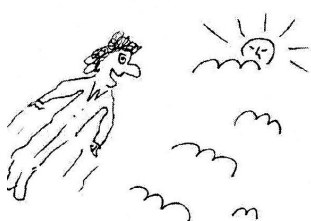
These toons are part of Dan's just-published book *You've Got to Draw the Line Somewhere*, available for \$15 at <http://www.dantoons.com>.

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."

Let's do lunch



Suppose you went to heaven



And found God and the angels watching TV all the time...



And eating tacos too-



And after the initial shock, you joined right in



Everlasting Love!



... In the grand romantic tradition of “Brangelina” and “Bennifer,” six stories of happily conjoined Jericho married couples:

*“P-Joy”
“Cynthibob”
“MicBeth”
“Stenise”
“Evalick”
“Sujansan”*

Cynthia + Bob

Denise + Steve

Susan + Jan

Joyce + Peter

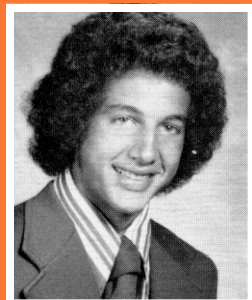
Evalyn + Rick

Mike + Beth





When Peter Met Joyce!



“P-Joy:” Peter Mandelkern (’73) and Joyce Targove (’73)

Yes, Pete and I are still together. We will be married for thirty-two years next March 24, but we’ve been a couple since the spring of 1972, our junior year.

Until then, we were very close friends. In fact, he was my best friend. And he still is. At that point in his life, Pete was not a very talkative person; he was very shy. But we could talk for hours, and we did, every day. I think that’s a good way to have a strong foundation for a relationship. I don’t remember what our first date would have been. You’re sixteen. In *Jericho*. Where are you going to go? I do remember that we used to go to the beach all the time and, of course, the Executive Diner on Broadway. Things like that.

After high school, Pete went off to Ohio University for a year, and I went to Ithaca College. I was miserable being away from him, and while I know he missed me, he was probably a bit less miserable than I was — but



sufficiently miserable to transfer home so we could be together. He went to C. W. Post to play baseball, and I went to Hofstra to study away the days until we could be married. After graduation, he got a job with Vanity Fair (the lingerie company, not the magazine) and was transferred to Atlanta. That’s where we lived for the first six months of our marriage. And surprise, surprise, once again I was miserable. I missed our families and friends and New York. So we came home to New York in 1979, and I haven’t been miserable since, I’m

Continued on page 16

Peter + Joyce



Hubby #1: Conrad "Nicky" Hilton (1950-51)

Continued from page 15

happy to say. We moved initially to Manhattan, then Great Neck, then Port Washington. We moved to Sands Point fifteen years ago, and we also go back and forth to North Scottsdale, which is our second home. Or as I like to call it, "my happy place."

When we came back to New York, my dad owned a commercial printing company. He said to Pete, "You're welcome to try it, and if it doesn't work out, no hard feelings." Well, Pete tried it, and he's been there ever since. My dad's long since retired. Pete bought the business, many years ago, and that was it.

Meanwhile, I worked in publishing as an assistant editor, first at Viking Press, and then, after we returned to New York, at Doubleday. That's when Jacqueline Onassis was an editor there, and I worked with her on a lot of her books. One time I ran into her in the ladies' room. You know how she had that breathy voice, like Marilyn Monroe? She turned to me and said, "I love your hair!" And I'm thinking, *OhmiGod!* She was really a very nice lady. I stayed in publishing until I got pregnant with my oldest son in 1982.

A Real-Life *Blindside*

We have raised three boys, two of our own and one that we adopted.

twenty-eight and twenty-six, respectively. Jason is twenty-nine, and we have raised him since he was twelve.

Kenny has been married to our wonderful daughter-in-law, Annie, for five years, and they have the world's most perfect, beautiful, and extraordinary daughter, our granddaughter Allison (Allie) Sara, who is twenty-one months old. Their second child (our second grandbaby) is due January 15. And before you ask if we know what we are having, the answer is yes: a Mets fan. Genetics, remember? What else could we be having? Anyway, Kenny and Annie have a home in Port Washington, so we are very blessed that we get to see Allie every day. Annie owns her own interior design firm, and Kenny works for one of the major sport public relations firms in Manhattan. They both graduated from Syracuse University.

Eric also graduated from Syracuse University and works for Red Bull as one of its marketing managers in Los Angeles. Both my boys are their dad's sons in every great way possible. They are tall, dark, handsome, and very athletic. More importantly, they are both mensches: kind, generous to a fault, and they put family and friends above all else, just like their dad. And thank goodness they have his temperament and not mine, although Eric takes his teams' losses much like I do — which is to say, it ain't pretty! While they are both very accomplished, productive adults, I am most proud of how close they are and always have been, not only as brothers but as best friends. Not even a distance of three thousand miles has put a dent in their relationship.

Jason earned a full ride to the University of Rhode Island for football and became the university's eighth all-time leading rusher. As a high school senior, he won the Thorpe Award for best football player on Long Island (I taught him everything he knows). He now lives in Manhattan and works in the corporate offices of Victoria's Secret for the advertising department of the catalog division. I know you're probably thinking, *Sounds like the movie* Blindside. Everybody does, although the book and movie came way after the fact for us. Jason was being raised in the projects by his grandmother. He met my boys when he was twelve, and he loved being with the family, and we loved having him be part of the family.

Continued on page 17

Peter, second from left, with sons Jason, Eric, and Kenny.



Peter + Joyce

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Hubby #2: Michael Wilding (1952-57)

Continued from page 16

So we did adopt each other. When his grandma died, there was never any question as to what was going to be done, because we'd always considered Jason "ours." We are very proud of him.

Pete and I have not changed much in terms of what we love to do. We still love to drive in a convertible, eat in diners, and ice cream is a must-have. We are still sports fanatics in every sense of the word: still Mets season-ticket holders, and we are both still crazy football fanatics, although we gave up our respective football season tickets awhile back. Pete is still a Jets fan, while I am a Giants fan, and although it is a mixed marriage, we've made it work. If he'd been a Yankees fan, though, it would have been a deal breaker.

Pete is an avid golfer, and we both work out every day. We still love the beach (and the desert); for us, anyplace sunny and hot is fine. The truth is, we are happy being anywhere with our family. We are no longer Joyce and Pete, or even Mom and Dad, we are Nana and Poppa and loving every minute of it.

For our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, our kids made us a surprise party, and we were truly shocked. Family and friends came from all over and as we looked

*Continued on page 41**

Major Mets Moments + the Mandelkern-Targoves

**October 16, 1969 ♦ World Series Game 5
Mets, 5; Baltimore Orioles 3**



I was in ninth grade the day the Mets won the 1969 World Series. And I was absolutely crazed, because, if you remember, they actually played series games in the daytime then. I would have snuck a tran-sistor radio into class, but I was a good girl at school and never wanted to get into trouble. They had a TV on in the guidance office, and I kept trying to sneak in there to catch what was going on. It was killing me!

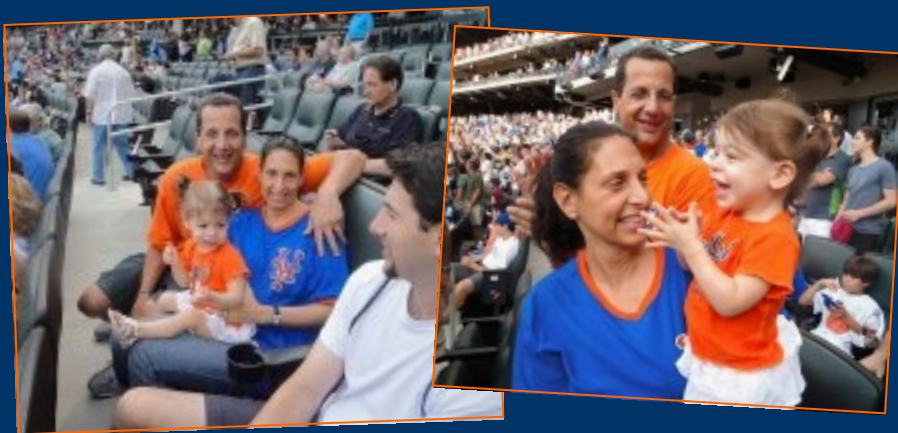
**October 25, 1986 ♦ World Series Game 6
Mets, 6; Boston Red Sox, 5 (10 innings)
Bill Buckner's Big Boner**



It was a Saturday night. Our kids were little at the time, so it was very hard to get a babysitter. Pete said to me — and this is a quote — "Babe, I don't think we should go, because I don't want to sit there and watch them lose. It would just break my heart." I've never let him forget this.

We finally managed to get a sitter, but instead of going to Shea Stadium, we went to a friend's house, ordered in dinner, and watched the game on TV. We could have been there when the ball went between Bill Buckner's legs in the bottom of the tenth. The whole time, I'm saying to my husband, "I can't believe you did this to me!" And when the Mets won, we were so excited, jumping up and down, that Pete broke his glasses."

Indoctrinating the Next Generation



Earlier this year, Pete and Joyce took granddaughter Allie to her first Mets game at Citifield, "which she calls 'Nana's other house,'" says Joyce. "Ever since, Allie keeps asking, 'More Met game, Nana?' Mission accomplished!" Would someone please call Child Protective Services?

*Tom Seaver's number!



“Cythibob” (Cynthia Greenberg and Bob Guisti)

My marriage to Bob Guisti is my second marriage. Also my first. I'll explain later.

I've always felt strongly that a woman should not get married before thirty-five unless she wanted kids. That was just my own observation: that women don't make particularly good decisions until then. Or would certainly make different decisions after thirty-five.

I met my husband in 1987, when I was thirty-three. From the time I was a teenager up until I met Bob, I'd always been in relationships where I could see the end from the very beginning. You might say I was just a *little* commitment phobic. I know, it's usually supposed to be the other way around, but ... it wasn't. And I kind of had a leaning toward bad boys.

Now, if you have enough insight and enough awareness to pick people who are bad for you, you can do the opposite as well. And I met this man at a get-together at a mutual acquaintance's house in San Francisco. I was in upper management at Southern Pacific Transportation Company at the time; Bob, until recently, was an associate director for adult students at the University of San Francisco College of Professional Studies.

The get-together was rather boring, so we decided to take a ride over to Sausalito for a drink and walk around for a while. Even though it was totally unplanned, I would say that was our first date. Bob later said the sweetest thing to me about that night: "I knew there was something special there when you had to use the ladies' room, and I missed you while you were gone." I think it was relatively clear to both of us from the beginning that we had something special between us. This time I knew: "You can't mess around with this one. You can't play games; you go for a relationship." And



Cynthia's first wedding, to Bob Guisti, 1992.

And as the saying goes, I faced my fears and went for it.

But, like I said, I didn't believe in getting married before thirty-five. More to the point, I was going through a transition from the corporate executive life to waiting for a buyout and going to massage school and getting trained in Reiki therapy, and before we married, I needed to prove to myself that I could make that transition on my own and support myself.

The funny thing is, I established myself and was a massage therapist and Reiki therapist for a while, but after several years, I went

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Cynthia + Bob



Continued from page 18

back to doing — you're going to laugh — part-time accounting. I still do Reiki, but even in a bad economy, people always need someone to do their accounting and do it well.

Bob and I married in 1992. We were going to have our wedding the year before — in fact, we'd already set the date started making plans — but in the interim, Bob's twin brother had met someone, and they announced their engagement. We figured it wasn't fair to put his parents through two weddings within just a few months, so we put it off and let them have their time. It really didn't matter to us. We got married in Jamaica, with about fourteen people there, and it was beautiful.

From Jericho to California

Most people probably don't know this about me, but my mother died when I was thirteen. Nineteen sixty-eight was a tumultuous year for our country, but it was all a blur to me. What I'm realizing from reading everyone's stories in the newsletter is that we all had our secrets. Supposedly, we lived in this "perfect," ideal hamlet. And to an extent, it was, in hindsight. But I think that we all had things that we thought couldn't be shared. Well, I thought I had this sign on my forehead saying, "My Mother's Dead," for God knows how long.

For the rest of high school, I tried to be as invisible as possible. And in doing do, I think I became invisible to myself, too. I have very few memories of Jericho High School; I remember so much more about being in elementary school.

Looking back, you realize that so few people even paid much attention to your secrets. I guess the sight of a teenage girl running out of a classroom to go cry in the bathroom wasn't such a big deal! Well, I thought it was.

The one thing that kept me going after my mom died was her friends, particularly the people that she was in sisterhood with at Jericho Jewish Center. They were wonderful. They made sure that I still had a temple to go to — because my father (who died in 1995) and my younger brother (class of 1976) had no interest — and they kept some continuity in my life.

A kid's perception is so skewed. I assumed that people were being nice to me because they'd liked my mom and they felt sorry for me. It never occurred to me that other people felt the loss too. One of my mother's best friends was Ellen and Bonnie Siber's mom. I reconnected with Ellen, who is three years older than us, a few years ago, and she said, "I just want you to know the community grieved with you."

After graduation, I really wanted to get away from Jericho, but I wasn't old enough to take out college loans on my own, so I went to Nassau Community College for a couple of years. Some friends of mine had moved to California; I visited them out there and fell in love the state. In 1974 I moved to the San Francisco area. In retrospect, it wasn't so much about leaving Jericho as it was about being away from my family. I remember something that my friend Peggy Gould's mother said to me later:

"Cynthia, you went as far as you could without putting an ocean between you and your family." Which was true.

Living in San Carlos, I'm right back where I started! It's an suburban area, not unlike Jericho. California has become more congested, and more and more like New York in some ways, but it's still beautiful out here. I'll always be a New Yorker, though; spent my first seven years living in the Bronx! We go back there from time to time to see my nieces, and Bob has suggested to me that we relocate to the East Coast, to be closer to them.

I said, "It would be great if we could live closer to them, but I don't do winters anymore. You may think snow is very romantic. You go to Lake Tahoe, you play in the snow, you come back. You've never had to shovel a driveway three times before you can get your car going." As it turns out, my youngest niece wants

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Cynthia (r.), a lover of rock, jazz, and blues, shown here with a good friend and Jim Messina, formerly of Buffalo Springfield, Poco, and, of course, Loggins and Messina.

Cynthia + Bob



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to go to school out here, so we may end up with them here anyway.

Marriage No. 2? No. 1? Numbers 1 and 2?

Bob and I are basically homebodies. We don't have children, but we have four cats who take a lot of time and love. We've got a great network of friends.

We both enjoy music. When I was a teenager, there were times when music was the only thing that would make me feel good. I've had this life-long love of jazz and blues, and I think I know where it comes from: Back when we were still living in the Bronx, my family would go up to the Catskills every summer. Big surprise, right?

I was still young enough to be in a stroller. One of the musicians in the house band thought it was terrible that my grandmother would have me out in the sun all day next to the canasta table while she play. And he would babysit my by taking me to band rehearsal. I'd get to hear Sammy Davis Jr. and all of the other great acts that came through. I remember palling around with the Hines Brothers. The musicians had to play dance music for the hotel guests, but on their own, in rehearsals, they'd play jazz. That's what they really love. And I came to love it too.



Cynthia's second wedding, to Bob Guisti, 2002. Hey, wait a minute — it's the same guy!

For me, music has been a bridge to my spirituality and soul. The way I described it at the time was, drugs or no drugs, it felt like the top of my head just opened up. And getting older and studying more Eastern philosophies and being a Reiki practitioner, I realized that music was literally one of my chakras opening up and a connection to God. Besides jazz, I love the Buffalo Springfield. And my all-time favorite: Traffic. I love Steve Winwood. I have seen that man every year for as long as I can remember. The connection there, which I did not have an awareness of at the time, was that a lot of their songs were deeply spiritual and soul searching. I think that's why I enjoyed them so much then and *still* relate to them.

I don't really play an instrument — a little piano, and I beat on a drum now and then — I still love going to concerts and Bob enjoy singing in the chorale at our congregation.

Which leads me to a real interesting part of our story:

When we got married, I was Jewish, and Bob was not. For our wedding in Jamaica, we didn't want to do the priest-and-a-rabbi show. So we had a justice of the peace perform the ceremony. Bob promised God that he would not try to convert me. As for me I believe that religion is not something you intrude upon with anyone.

About fifteen years ago, we were going through a spell, like all of us do, where parents and aunts and uncles were getting ill and passing on, and I felt it was important for us to join a temple.

This was a whole new concept to Bob, and he found that he really enjoyed it. In 2001, without any pushing from me, he decided that he wanted to convert. Interestingly, the day that he actually converted was September 11, 2001. The next year,

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“Stenise” (Denise Straus and Steven Loverro)

My parents owned Kenwal Day Camp in Melville since 1957; maybe some of you spent some summers there. They don't run the camp anymore, but they still own the property. I worked there as a counselor when I was a teenager, and so did my daughter, Alyssa, who's now twenty-one.

I graduated early from high school. The plan for me was to get an education degree and run the camp. My brother, Sherwin (class of '69) went to medical school, my sister, Debra ('75), went to law school, and I was supposed to take over the family business. When I went off to SUNY Buffalo, that was my intention. But being far away from home, I came to the realization that I hated Long Island! I thought all the kids were spoiled brats, and I decided that I wasn't going back there. My mother told me, very wisely, as I now see, "Wherever you settle, even if it's

in a different state, you're going to end up in the same type of environment." Which is interesting, because I really did! But I had to find that out for myself.

My friend from West Birchwood, Janice Turteltaub Fagen (I lived on Richmond Avenue; she lived in Saratoga Drive), not only was responsible for introducing me to my husband, Steve Loverro, but she was the person who got me to move to California. The two of us had both gone to the University of Buffalo. But after two winters there, she couldn't take it anymore, and Janice and a mutual friend named Michele both moved to Southern California. They wanted me to come with them, but I endured — even made it through the infamous blizzard of January-February 1977, when Buffalo was supposed to get three inches of snow, and instead we got buried under three feet. And with winds of sixty miles an hour, the snow drifts were as high as the rooftops in some places. The city banned driving for a week, and the National Guard was called in to help dig us out.

When I graduated that May, I visited Janice and Michele and decided that I liked California. I was pretty athletic — swam and played tennis in high school — so the idea of being able to be outside all year round was pretty appealing. I moved to Los Angeles the following year. Ironically, of the three of us, I'm the only one who ended up staying: Janice now lives in Texas, while our friend Michelle moved back to the East Coast.

One day, in 1977, Janice announced that she was going to introduce me to this good friend of hers named Steve. "He's a really nice guy," she said. "And he's from Syosset. I think you'd really get along."

My attitude was, "Janice, don't set me up with anybody."

Our first date was a double date with Janice down by Venice Beach. It was a champagne brunch. Now, I am a real lightweight when it comes to drinking, and the omelets were late in arriving, so I had a couple of glasses

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Denise (r.) with husband Steve Loverro and daughter Alyssa, a senior at UC Berkeley.

Denise + Steve



Hubby #5: Richard Burton I (1964-74)

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of champagne. I wound up getting so sick that I had to lie down in the back of the car and beg off going to the beach.

For our second date, we went to a TGIF-type place with a bunch of people. We hit it off right away, and I think we both just knew at that moment that this was serious. Steve was really interesting, a very warm and generous person, and someone who can laugh at himself. I liked that. I also saw potential in him. I came from a stable family, and I saw how my parents worked hard together to build a life together. I wanted that for myself. Steve took full advantage of the fact that I'd just arrived in California, and he showed me all the sites. We got married on Long Island on July 6, 1980, then had a small wedding party for our friends out here.

From Teaching to Nursing

Steve thought I was a professional student when we married. The teaching profession was in really bad shape in California around that time. Back in Buffalo, I'd really enjoyed volunteering at a VA hospital, so I decided to go to school for physical therapy. But there's only so much hot packs, ultrasound, and therapeutic massage you can do before it grows old. That's when I decided to go into nursing. I got my degree in 1982, and I've never been bored since.

I worked in hospitals, where I got really good at starting IVs. Then, in 1986, I started working for a home-infusion company and I've been there ever since. I call that my "serious" job; most of my patients are fairly ill with autoimmune diseases, and I infuse them with IV immunoglobulins. And five years ago, I also started getting into aesthetic nursing with a company called Beyond Harmony. At this point, I actually spend most of my time injecting Botox into people and doing fillers under the supervision of a cosmetic surgeon. That's my "fun job," I tell people.

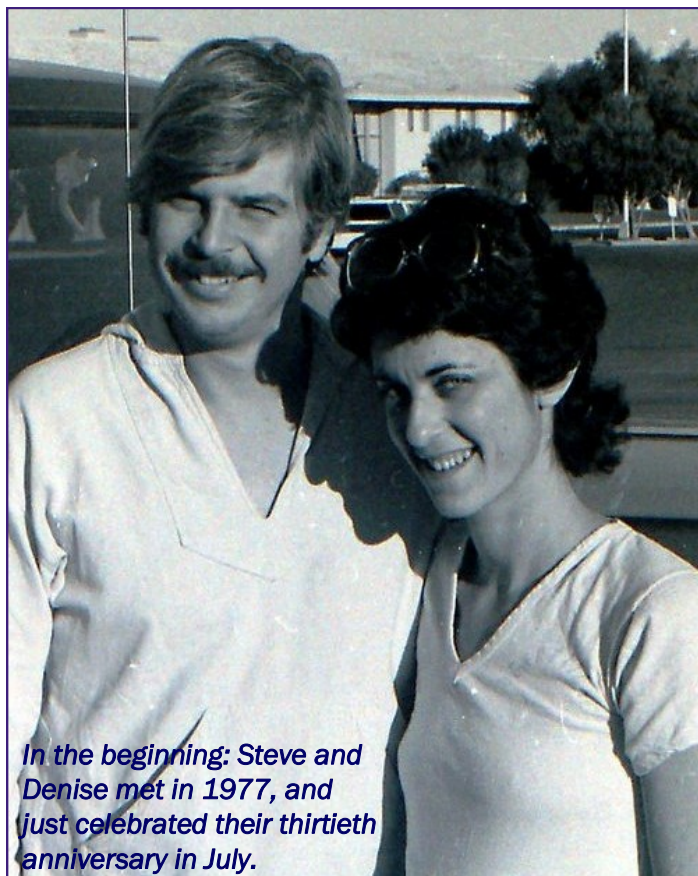
I make my own hours, which is nice, especially since Steve owns his own company and pretty much has to be there. He originally came out west as a ski bum, living in Colorado. Then he moved to California in 1977 and got

into the film industry. His company, West Coast Photo, does digital imaging for film and TV. Like, he worked on all of Jerry Bruckheimer's films, and Michael Bey's, to name just two. WCP is one of only two union labs that are left. What's nice is that the majority of his employees have been with film almost since he started the business twenty years, which is pretty interesting given that LA is viewed as such a transient place.

Steve is a very serious golfer, so we play on the weekends at this beautiful golf course just one block from our home in Santa Clarita. We came out here soon after we married. Lived in a condo for two years, then bought a house on a couple of acres in horse country. It's our dream home, but with our daughter away at college, we're thinking about buying a similar-sized house on a small piece of property. Sure, you have gardeners, but the upkeep is still time consuming; like, which sprinkler system isn't working this week? And, trust me, you need it out here to keep things green, because it's still part of the desert and gets pretty warm.

We also have a place up in Canada, for skiing. And then every summer I spend a week back on Long Island, where my parents still own a small home in Melville, near the camp. Most of the year, though, they live in

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In the beginning: Steve and Denise met in 1977, and just celebrated their thirtieth anniversary in July.



“MicBeth” (Michael Stebel and Beth Roberts)

I had three main interests while growing up in Jericho. Photography was one, and it remains a passion for me. I don't have a lot of free time these days, but when I do, I still love to shoot. I have a gallery on the web (MichaelStebellImages.com) and have sold some of my pictures. For example, the University of North Carolina purchased a series of my prints for its Research Library. But it's really strictly a hobby.

I was also a guitar player and played in several bands with guys like Frank Boesch, Ashley Ren, Dave Katz, Peter Berg, Buzzy Singer, Marty Itzkowitz, David Goldman, Richard Gordon, and many others. One of these was Southern Comfort, in 1969. It was a big band with a horn section. Played rock and blues. Real good. In other bands, I played at all the Sam's Jams in the Little Theater.

I'm not involved in music at all anyone; got rid of all my guitars except one. Still, being in a band at a young age was in some ways good training for the career I ultimately chose: high-tech. To be honest, I don't think I was too great at working within a team back when I was a teenager — and, a band is, after, all a team. I was too involved in thinking about “me” and less so about the team. So, in order to become successful in the tech business, I ultimately had to learn how to work effectively as both a team member and as a leader. Today I'm chief operating officer of a successful software company based in Deerfield Beach, Florida. As with being in a band, you're working with teams of creative, committed people, each of whom has his or her own opinions and egos. Only instead of dealing with bassists and drummers, I'm running a group made up of software developers, marketers, salespeople, customer service reps, IT folks, etc.

My third area of interest? (Extreme) chemistry. Not anything terribly dangerous, although our neighbors in West Birchwood still talk about the incendiary device that I set off in front of the Good Humor

“Our neighbors in West Birchwood still talk about the incendiary device that I set off in front of the Good Humor man.”

man — it actually melted the ice cream the poor guy was holding at the time. It was my chemistry set and my interest in things explosive that introduced me to my best friend from Jericho, David Pepper.

I think it was the first day of eighth grade. In Mr. Lehrman's science class, I noticed this kid sitting near me, and his face was all pock-marked. I asked him, “What happened?” He replied, “Well, I was grinding gun powder in a mortar and pestle, and...” Instant pals. My friendship with David is the longest continuing friendship I've ever had. Come to think of it, I owe him a call.

Initially, I attended Hofstra University as a music major. But I soon steered toward science. My first job after college was as a research physicist in a small high-tech company, working with radioisotopes and

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Michael + Beth



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x-ray fluorescence spectrometers and stuff like that. Then while I was working in the high-tech world, I studied for my MBA and then a masters in computer science. I have since worked in senior management positions for several public and privately held companies in high-tech and IT, including AT&T, Veeco Instruments, Boundless, Ener1, and others.

I got married in 1978, had a son and a daughter, and was living in Smithtown. From time to time, I'd thought about maybe moving to warmer climes someday, but I can't say I ever felt strongly about Florida.

Then in 1999, my first wife and I separated. Shortly afterward, a job opportunity came totally out of the blue from a publically held tech company called Boca Research, based in (duh) Boca Raton. It was one of the world's largest producers of modems and add-in cards and accessories for PCs and Macs. They made me an offer to come down here and head up one of their divisions. Since I was making changes in other areas of my life, I figured I might as well make a really big one.

I moved down to South Florida—first living in Boca, then Delray Beach. After Boca Research, I became CEO of a company based in NYC and commuted back and forth for a few years. I still go back to New

York to see my kids and my mother (who, incidentally, still lives in the same house at 16 Otsego Place, on the corner of Saratoga Drive), and the rest of my family. But, I love it here. And, this is where I met my wife, Beth, seven years ago.

Love Among the Palms

In 2003 I was single but seeing someone. Every Passover since I'd moved down to Boca Raton, my neighbor Libby would invite me to join her and some of her friends for Seder. And, either I'd have other plans, or, frankly, make an excuse not to go. But this time, for whatever reason, I said okay. What the heck, you know?

The Seder was at the home of some friends, Annie and Phillip, in Coral Springs. I walked inside and immediately saw this very attractive girl, Beth Roberts. She'd been invited by someone else. We hit it off immediately. Beth was born in Massachusetts but had lived in Florida since she graduated high school. She's a regional accounts manager for Gannett's *ClipperMagazine*. Great personality and gorgeous, too.

Late that night, after most everyone else had left, I was sitting around with Phillip smoking cigars and sipping a nice single malt. Okay, clearly not very Passover-ish, I know.



Mike, Frank Boesch, and Buzzy Singer onstage in the JHS auditorium in 1970.

Anyway, he confided, "Beth told me she'd really like for you to call her." I was breaking up with this other girl anyway, so two weeks later I called and asked her out.

For our first date, I took her to Bice — this very exclusive Italian restaurant on Worth Avenue in Palm Beach — hoping to impress the hell out of her. Apparently it worked.

The funny thing was, shortly thereafter, I was offered a position in New York as CEO of an IT company called TVR Communications, which had offices in Manhattan, Fort Lauderdale, and Toronto. So just a month after Beth and I started going out, I started splitting my time between New York and Florida. I had a place up there and a place down here; a car up there and a car down here. Our whole first year together was basically a long-distance relationship, with me flying home every other weekend, on average.

That changed though, when TVR Communications eventually acquired my former company in Florida, and we consolidated all of our research & development resources in Ft. Lauderdale. I was able to spend most of my time down here until I left to start my consulting business.

Beth and I got married in March 2006. Since Beth had never been married, I wanted to make sure we had a big wedding. Then it was off to Costa Rica for a ten-day honeymoon. The two of us like photography, movies, socializing, working out, and traveling. Just enjoying life together.

Those Crazy Kids — I'm Talking About Us

I look back at my time in Jericho, and almost all of my memories are good memories. I mean, I didn't get too many bloody noses! Just a couple. Sometimes, though, I can't believe

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"Sujansan" (Susan Markman and Jan Starr)

My husband and I will celebrate our thirty-fifth wedding anniversary this October 11 (the same day and year as Bill and Hillary!). Sometimes I wonder how I could have been so smart to picked such a wonderful husband at just twenty-one years of age. Jan is the love of my life, and just a wonderful guy. No — beyond wonderful.

I had a lot of boyfriends in high school; probably could fill up two hands. I met Jan during my junior year at C. W. Post, studying to be a teacher. (My parents basically bribed me to go there: "Stay home and you get a car. Go away to school, no car." So what do you think I went for?) A number of Jericho teachers made a mark on my life, like Mrs. Karen Schwartz and Mr. Herb Kramer. But it was because of Mr. Bob Hoffman that I went into teaching. I'd always

hated social studies, but he made it so enjoyable. Now, of course, I absolutely love social studies.

Somebody set up Jan and I. He was from Syosset and attending Queens College. To be honest, things didn't really click between us in the beginning. We played tennis together. (He wasn't as good as me, although later I taught him really well, to the point where he ended up being able to beat me.) Afterward, he called me, I was busy, and then he didn't call again.

Funny story: I had dated Jan's cousin. And a few months later, the cousin came home from college and had a party, and it was there that I met this guy that I'd played tennis with. We talked the whole night and haven't left each other's side since. He was a photographer, and we basically fell in love in the darkroom he had in his home.

Jan and I got engaged in 1975, I graduated a few months later, and we were married in October. I couldn't find a teaching job, because back then *everyone* was becoming a teacher. But I became an optician, which I really loved, until I got pregnant with our daughter, Jayme, who was born in 1977. A year and a half after that: twin boys, Matthew and Russell. All this, at the age of twenty-three.

We had three kids in diapers and in cribs. It was hard but fun. We lived in this little house in Massapequa, but soon after our sons were born, we moved to Syosset, because the Massapequa house had two floors, which was a little difficult. I know that there are advantages and disadvantages to having kids so early, but I vote for having them early as opposed to, say, in your thirties. I basically grew up with my kids. We did everything together. Plus, I benefitted from having not only my parents and Jan's parents around but also grandparents. Great-grandparents? I don't think I'll ever see great-grandparents again, because people are waiting longer before starting a family. My mom, who now lives in Bayside, Queens, where she has a lot of friends and is still very active, became a grandmother at forty-eight, which wasn't at all unusual then. Both my father and Jan's father have passed on,

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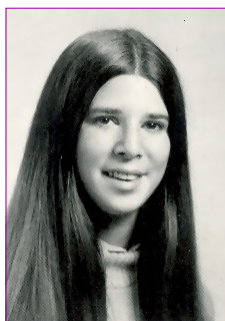


Thirty-five years and counting: Susan Markman Starr and husband Jan.

Susan + Jan



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but they were both very instrumental in our lives; they were at every game, every function, and every show — whatever the kids were involved in. With our sons,

that included soccer. I knew nothing about the sport at first. (In fact, I only discovered many years later by looking in my *Imperator* yearbook that Jericho High School had a soccer team. And I was a cheerleader!) Russell and Matthew started when they were four years old; little did I know that it would end up gaining them for two full scholarships to college. Which was certainly helpful!

We traveled the world with the boys. Both of them probably could have gone pro, but there wasn't money in it here in the States, so they would have had to have gone out of the country. Now they're thirty-one, and they still play. And the World Cup is a big deal, for all of us. This summer, we went to World Cup party at Russell and Gena's (his wife) home. Matthew and his wife of six years, Marissa, gave me my first grandchild, Isabella, four months the next Mia Hamm. She's a big, strong little girl; a real cutie-pie. Coinciden-

tally, Marissa is from Jericho and Matthew, of course, is from Syosset, just like Jan and me.

Both my sons went to my alma mater; Jayme went to Ohio State University, then came back and attended Fashion Institute of Technology. She's a buyer at a big-time clothing store company in Manhattan. Isn't that every mother's dream? To have someone pay their daughter to go shopping every day? I'm beyond proud of her. She's married, lives in Bethpage, and is expecting her first child in the fall.

Career, Kids, Career

Around 1983, I went back to school to finish my masters degree in education. I went back to my career. A nursery school asked me to teach there, which I did. We started with five kids, and by the time I left there in 1999, as director of the school, enrollment was up to eighty. I really didn't want to go, but it was extremely time consuming, and I took home so much work that it began to interfere with our family life.

Jan, meanwhile, began his career doing a special type of film process called emulsion stripping. You don't even hear about that anymore, but back then, only about seven people in the entire country did it, and he was one of the best. After working for a company for a couple of years, he decided to start his own business — just one month after I gave birth to Jayme—and he's still in business thirty-three years later. I work in the business too.

He was smart enough to adapt to the time and go back to school and take a lot of computer classes and learn how to shoot digitally. His photography studio does advertising and graphic artwork. For a long time, the office was in Manhattan, but the rents just became crazy, so eight



Daughter Jayme, bookended by twins Matthew and Russell, is expecting in the fall. Below: Susan's first grandchild, Isabella, belongs to Matthew and wife Marissa.



years ago we moved the business to Long Island City.

My husband still loves what he does, which is so important. When he started the business, he thought, "Wow, I'll be able to take off whenever I want!" Yeah, right! Still, he never missed a soccer game, a recital, or one of Jayme's lacrosse games. (Being very fashion conscious, she played mainly because she liked the outfit.)

All three kids live in the area. Honestly, I am one very lucky cookie, and don't you think that I ever forget that for one minute!



“Evalick” (Evalyn Block and Rick Merrick)

I think I was born with the soul of a New Englander, because I never really connected with Long Island. I always wanted to get away. I even resisted the accent!

I was kind of a loner, in a sense; never belonging to any one group or clique. Part of the reason for that, no doubt, was that my family lived in Old Westbury, off of Wheatley Road. It was easy for the kids who lived in one of the four developments of Jericho to hang out together, go up to Mid-Island Plaza, whatever. I was isolated by distance.

By the time I was a senior, I was already starting to pull away from Jericho. I had enough credits to leave midyear and spent my spring semester working at a ski area in Vermont, where my parents had a winter ski home. Once I established residency in Vermont, there was no looking back. When I returned in June for graduation, I felt like a stranger.

My stepfather was this fabulous, caring physician. His example in

spired me to want to become a doctor myself. But my parents' generation still thought that girls should focus on marrying — rich, too, if possible. My father was a real traditionalist. So I was never really encouraged to go on to reach such a high goal. The next best thing, I thought, was to become a teacher. I went to Castleton State College in Vermont, for three reasons: a good education program, a decent dance program (I'd had a love of dance since I was little), and great skiing.

I ended up graduating in 1975 with a double major in psychology and dance, but not until finishing my undergraduate degree from another university. Midway through my junior year, I transferred to the University of Colorado. Good psych program, better dance program, and more great skiing! At that point, my goal was to combine the two areas and become a dance therapist. But it never happened. Life has a way of getting in the way of life.

I returned to Vermont, where I did a number of things, including working at Magic Mountain. I'd learned to ski there as a kid, and the people who owned establishments on the mountain were like family to me.



During my first ski season at Magic, I reconnected with a man I'd been dating before my time spent in Colorado. We got engaged; the wedding was set for December 1976. In the meantime, he got a job in Louisiana. While he was getting settled, I stayed up north. Over the summer, I went down to live with my fiancé, but by the fall, I realized that our relationship wasn't going to work. So I called off the wedding.

Now what? Well, you fall back into your safety zone. I went back to the ski area and continued working and skiing. I knew all the ski instructors and ski patrollers. One of the patrollers, Rick Merrick, was a ski bum just like me. We became friends. Then one thing led to another, and we started dating. My mom absolutely loved him; thought Rick was just the cat's meow. Me, I wasn't so sure. But the long and the short of it was that we were married in October 1977.

Rick is originally from Michigan. He spent several years growing up in Mogadishu, Somalia, then his family came back to the States, living in Plattsburgh, New York. He became an avid skier. After graduating high school at sixteen, he hitchhiked all over the country and had every job you could imagine by the time he wound up working at Magic Mountain. He had a wealth of experiences, no money, and no idea what he wanted to do with his life. Neither one of us had a pot to piss in.

When the ski season ended, he got a job working as a foreman for a railroad equipment company based out of France. A month after we got married, they shipped us to Elgin, Illinois, pretty much in the middle of nowhere. We'd been there for five months when one day Rick said to me, “You know, I think I can do more with my life.”

“Well, yeah,” I said, “I think you

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Evalyn + Rick



Hubby #8: Larry Fortensky (1991- 96)

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can too. You're extraordinarily bright. But what *do* you want to do?"

He thought for a moment.

"I think I want to be a doctor."

I laughed. I honestly did. I

thought he was joking. He'd walked away from college with only one year of undergraduate work under his belt.

"Come on," I said. "We have no money. Really, what do you want to do?"

"No, I'm being serious. I really want to be a doctor."

I said, "Do you realize that means three years of undergraduate school, four years of medical school,

and then three to five years of residency? Do you understand what you're saying?"

In the end, I said okay. Little did I know what lay ahead!

Medical School, Residency, Raising Kids – All at the Same Time

Rick quit his job, and we moved to an apartment in Burlington, Vermont, where the University of Vermont is located. He begged and pleaded with the school to accept him in as an undergrad. Which they did, but under a probationary program. They weren't going to let him be a matriculating student until he proved he could do it after having been out of school for seven years. And of course Rick pulled straight A's and made summa cum laude during his three years there and got into UVM Medical School.

His first year in med school, 1981, our daughter, Rachel, was born. And our son, Scott, was born in 1985, three months before Rick graduated. It was a wild and crazy life for seven years. Very few couples make it through something like that. People laughed at us, honest to God. Everybody we knew. Every friend. Every family member said, "You kids, we love you both, but you're not going to make it." Plus, we had to beg, borrow, and steal for money, because Ronald Reagan had just taken away all the public service programs and all of the grants and educational programs that would have helped us. Rick graduated medical school in May '85, and we walked away in mega debt. (Proudly, we paid it all off, just in time to pay for our kids education, but such is life!) I was working full-time as an area coordinator of sorts for UVM's off-campus student/married student housing *and* going to school to get my master's degree, *and* raising children. I don't know how we made it, to tell you the truth. We even separated for a while during that time. It was just crazy.

Rick did his residency at Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons, in New York, during which time we lived in Summit, New Jersey. Then we moved to Keene, New Hampshire, where he worked as a family practitioner as part of the Cheshire Medical Center. Rick worked in a separate clinic practicing family medicine, but he had been trained to provide very aggressive medicine. His aim was to be a traditional full-service, full-spectrum doctor, from prenatal care to geriatrics, from delivering babies to making house calls. That opportunity was not available to him at CMC. So we decided to find an opportunity where he could practice what he had been trained for.

After two years in Keene, we moved out to Colorado. There my husband joined a practice with two other family practitioners. He was able to practice medicine the way he had hoped to and had the opportunity to learn additional skills from more experienced surgeons. But after three years, we decided to move back to New England to raise our kids in that culture.

Up to this point, every choice we'd made had been based on Rick's career. Now, in 1993, he said

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Evalyn and Rick on Copper Top Mountain in 1993, the year they moved back to New Hampshire.

Evalyn + Rick



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to me, “Look, why don't you go first, check out the schools, check out the community. Whatever place you like, I'll look for a job there.” About a week before I was supposed to fly out to Boston to look around in northern New England, a CEO at Weeks Hospital in Lancaster, New Hampshire, called Rick and said, “We really want you to come look at our hospital.” Rick and I took out a map. We're looking and looking for Lancaster, and when we finally found it, we said, “Who in God's name would want to live that far north? You've got to be crazy!” Lancaster is about an hour from the Canadian border!

But we decided what the heck. I went anyway. This was in March. I drove an all-wheel-drive vehicle from Boston to Lancaster in the midst of one of the biggest snowstorms they'd had in years. Didn't bother me, though, because I was used to driving in snow. When I finally got there, I was speechless. It was so beautiful! It's absolutely magnificent here. The Presidential Range, part of the White Mountains, have these jagged peaks that we can see from our windows, and we have every kind of wild animal that you can think of, except brown bears and polar bears!

I was so impressed with the territory that I almost instantly fell in love with this remote area of New Hamp-



Great scott! That's Evalyn and Rick on the right, with son Scott (far left), new son-in-law Scott, and daughter Rachel at the couple's wedding.

shire. Then the hospital CEO took me around the tiny town of Lancaster, and lo and behold, they had a deli that sold *bagels!* And they had a very active community theater group, and a little boutique, and all the little things that I like. But without the craziness of a big city. No malls. A single blinking traffic light. And a traffic jam is a pickup truck making a left-hand turn with two cars behind it. I also talked to the superintendent of the schools and checked into the school system. It wasn't a great school system, but after coming out of Jericho, let's be honest, everything else paled. Still, I was sold.

We moved here in June '93. Rick practiced at Weeks for nine years. Because he was so well trained and did everything from delivering babies to running codes, he was on call 24/7. As a result, my husband missed a lot of our kids' growing up. When Rachel graduated high school in 1999, he said, “I can't do this anymore; I haven't spent any time with my kids, my wife.” It's true. It was a very rough time because he was never around.

He had already done a lot of moonlighting in various ERs, and at that point, he had already been board certified as a family practitioner and in sports medicine. So he decided, “You know what? I think I need a life.” A CEO from Littleton Regional Hospital, in Littleton, New Hampshire, about a half hour south, had been trying to recruit him to work in the emergency room, and Rick finally took him up on his offer in 2000. He became board certified as an emergency room physician, ultimately being triple board certified. He now practices ER medicine at Northern Vermont Regional Hospital, which is in St. Johnsbury, Vermont, about forty minutes away.

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**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. Ira Greene: From Classroom to Courtroom

History is all around us, and I was always interested in it.

I'm a son of Brooklyn. I was born in Brooklyn. At that time, just before World War II, my parents took an apartment on the Grand Concourse in the Bronx, and I started school there. During the war, though, I lived with my grandparents most of the time, in New Jersey, right near a military post in Monmouth. It seemed like all you saw were soldiers. I don't know how much I understood about what was going on, but I did know that all daddies were going away, and you were with your mother. There was always movement going on, and somehow I knew that this was important.

I can remember learning how to count by counting military vehicles. Tanks and armored cars would be riding past on the railroad, and I would count them. One of my strangest memories of that period is riding on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and all the conductors were older women, and older men, some in their eighties, who had come back to work because there was such a labor shortage.

After the war, we moved back to the Bronx, and then to Queens. I attended Jamaica High School. This was at a time when the New York City school system was still at a very high level. My classes there were very much like the classes I later taught at Jericho High School. Both programmed you for success. In fact, I went to my fiftieth high school reunion two years ago. Most of my former classmates are still alive, and most of them have had fabulous careers. Stephen Jay Gould, the biologist and science historian, was probably the most famous person in my class.

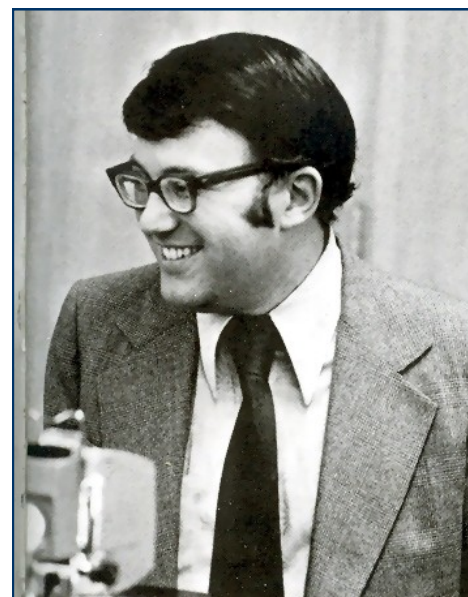
I've always been intellectually curious, and I credit my father, a classics scholar, for that. Our house was filled with books in Latin and Greek, cover

ing a wide range of history. And we talked about these things constantly. When my younger brother and I were a little older, Dad used to teach us Latin phrases, and he was always explaining how the Latin-Roman tradition informed everything from American law to American architecture. It just infected me with a love of history from an early age. I wanted to read about other countries and other societies. I wanted to travel everywhere and see everything. I wanted to learn every language in the world.

That intellectual curiosity has never gone away. I could probably be taking courses forever and never stop. But the fact is that our lives are finite, and you can't learn everything. I used to say to my students at Jericho, "This is the only time in your life when you're able to fill your mind with lots of things. You can learn so much now. You won't get the chance later on; life won't give it to you. There will be too many things competing for your attention." And that's the truth, isn't it?

Born to Teach History

My history teacher at Jamaica High
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Mr. Ira Greene

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School always told me that I should teach history. She said, "You have a gift for making someone understand things. You know how to tell a story, and just as importantly, you know how to ask questions." She would give me books on American history to read, in addition to the regular assignments.

I will tell you that I got the highest grade on the social studies regents, and in English as well. But I also had one of the lowest GPAs in the school; no better than an 80. I was a discipline problem; always challenging people and arguing. Society wasn't ready for that in 1958! Now, when I was teaching social studies at Jericho High School in 1970, I had students who yelled out their points and carried on in class. It was like listening to myself! Except that when I was in high school, you couldn't talk that way in a classroom and raise your voice like that. You'd get sent to detention.

So I didn't get along with many of my teachers. Looking back, I see now that I shouldn't have been so rebellious. They didn't deserve it. But my teenage years were pretty tough. See, both my parents were very sick. My father had to retire at forty-six, due to a variety of health problems, and it just destroyed him. And my mother suffered a heart attack. She actually lived to quite an old age, but it disabled her. And this had a terrible effect on me.

Fortunately, we were able to survive financially; we didn't lose our house. But there was a sense of insecurity in my house all the time, that my brother and I wouldn't be able to go to college, and we'd have to go into the military at seventeen, and all that. All this nonsense filled our heads because of our parents' health problems.

I knocked around for a while. At one point, I was studying for my doctorate at the University of Colorado. I was engaged to somebody, but the relationship broke down, and it had a traumatic effect on me at the time. I did some pretty dopey things with my life at that point. Fortunately, things didn't turn out as badly as they might



"Jericho is where I really grew up. It made me appreciate high school. I didn't like going to high school as a student, but I did enjoy going to high school as a teacher."

have. In the end, after some years, I came back to New York and walked right into the Jericho school system in 1966. In fact, I was hired the same day as Bob Hoffman; we took our interviews together.

Actually, I was offered a teaching job by both the Jericho and the Hicksville school districts on the same day. But I chose Jericho for three reasons: one, it was a little closer to the highway. Two, it had more professional families than there were in Hicksville. And, three, the pay was \$300 more a year to start, which was a lot of money at that time.

Anyway, I took that wonderful job, and I'm very grateful, because Jericho is where I really grew up. It made me appreciate high school. I didn't like going to high school as a student, but I did enjoy going to high school as a teacher. The great thing about Jericho was that we

had so many teachers who really liked kids and their jobs. Oh, there were exceptions. But most of the people were very happy to be there, which is very important.

It was also a very exciting era to be teaching in. Of course, the Vietnam War was going on at the time. It was like a wound in America's heart. I always supported the troops, but that conflict did so much damage, dividing our country and causing so much pain for many people. My knowledge of history made me see as far back as 1965 that the United States would not be able to win. It wouldn't matter how many young people we sent over there. We were like the British army fighting in the Carolina swamps during the Revolutionary War: out of our element and facing forces that would fight us to the death.

I visit disabled soldiers in V.A. hospitals; sit with guys who have lost arms and legs. I don't know if you've ever been to a veterans hospitals. Most people haven't. More should.

It was my conclusion that it wasn't the peace groups in the United States who owed the American people an explanation for their views, it was the politicians and generals who sent other people's sons into combat. They never really gave us a cogent reason why. They just gave us myths. Certainly you can draw parallels to today. I'm

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Mr. Ira Greene

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very concerned about the breakdown of civil discussion and civil solutions in our country right now.

The worst experience I had at Jericho was on May 4, 1970. My twenty-ninth birthday. And that, of course, was the day of the shootings at Kent State University. If you remember, many students from our high school cut school that week to attend rallies at C. W. Post College. I implored my kids not to go. I said, "You have to understand. The police up there are going to see in you what Spiro Agnew says about young people. They're going to think you're the devils who want to destroy the United States and wreck our culture. And there could be a real explosion."

Civilization is just a drop of oil in a bucket. And you touch it, and it breaks up, and people can resort to violence in the name of some abstraction. "I don't want any of you being hurt or killed," I said. "Don't go there." As far as I know, none of my students went.

I spotted a certain faculty member walking around, and I knew he had a class. And I asked him, "Where's your class?"

"Oh, I sent them to the moratorium."

"You did *what*?" I was never one to keep quiet. I totally lost it.

"You cowardly son of a bitch! You let them go, and you stayed here to protect your goddamn job?!" I chased him down the hall. I would have beaten him up if English teachers John Tobin and John Calcagni hadn't restrained me. That's how angry I was. I couldn't believe that any member of the faculty could be that irresponsible.

I have never lost my affection for the Jericho school system. I owe those people who entrusted me with teaching their students a great, great debt of gratitude. To this day, I'm very proud of my association with Jericho.

The Teacher Becomes A Student

If you had been one of my students, you would have known why I decided to go to law school in the early 1970s. Most of my American history teaching swung around legal cases that shaped our society. Interestingly, a number of us from that time became lawyers: John Calcagni, Herb Kramer, Peter Holmes, and Joan Kingsley all come to mind. I consider myself very lucky to have had two really great professions in my life.

While I was in Brooklyn Law School, I was teaching at Hunter College's graduate school at night. I had this wonderful class in American studies. All the students were foreign, and

that's where I met my wife, Mieko. She was twenty-five years old, ten years younger than me, and from Japan. A year later, on October 14, 1976, we got married. So in the end, I married one of my students, which was something that I always thought might happen to me. We have one daughter, Mina, who has worked as a court clerk as well as in a funeral home. Now's she's back in school, studying to become a physician's assistant.

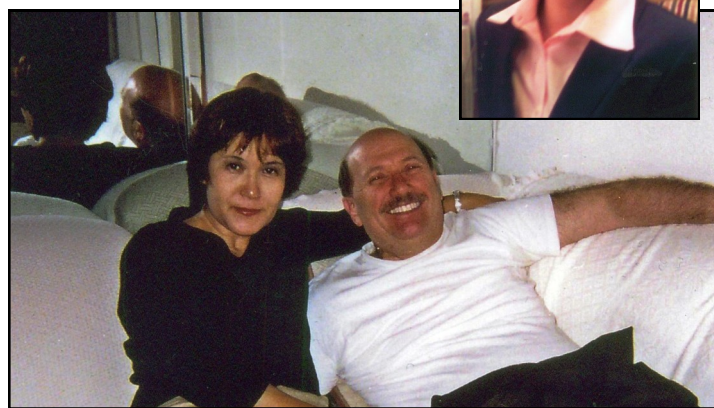
I'm an attorney in Brooklyn, a single practitioner, and handle a lot of estates and guardianships. Previously, I was a reserve officer in JAG, where I focused on landlord-tenant law and the rights of U.S. servicemen. I do a lot of speaking on that issue today. One of the things that I did as a JAG officer was to contact banks about getting off soldiers' cases.

For example, during the 1991 Gulf War, I represented a bunch of Marine families who were in danger of being evicted. Their husbands and fathers were fighting in Iraq. I can remember stepping into the courtroom, and the landlord was carrying on, and I said to the judge, "Your Honor, I think that you've got to settle this case as quickly as possible because nobody wants to wind up on the front page of the *Daily News*." She said, "You can't talk to me that way, Mr. Greene." I replied, "I already have." And we ended up settling that case. We settled all of them. Nobody got evicted.

I'm going to be seventy years old next year, but I have no plans to retire. Would you like to stay home every day? If you have a good marriage, would you like to keep it that way? Then keep hav-

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Mr. Green and his wife, Mieko, at home in Brooklyn, just reflecting. [Rimshot! Cymbal crash!] They celebrate their thirty-fourth anniversary in October. (Inset) the couple's daughter, Mina.



Mr. Ira Greene

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ing things to talk about and keep doing wonderful things. When you start stepping on each other's toes, it gets tough. Most active men don't know what to do when they stay home all the time. They just cause trouble!

Still Pursuing His Love of History as a Civil War Reenactor

I've always been fascinated with the Civil War. It's a seminal event in American history. It *made* the United States. In fact, there was no United States before the Civil War. People used to say, "The United States *are* a great country," always speaking of it in the plural. The concept of American nationality was still growing. The problem for the South was that they never realized how strong nationality in the North really was. They misjudged it, to their great pain.

Twentysomething years ago, I was at a Union Living History Civil War reenactment in Queens. There wasn't supposed to be any firing, and all of a sudden, a shot rang out. It was a Confederate sniper. We chased him through the woods and finally caught him and dragged him out. He was a young fellow, maybe twenty years old. And I want to tell you, he looked like he'd walked there all the way from Richmond. Like he'd just stepped out of a time machine. I was so impressed with this kid, and his demeanor as a soldier and his military talent, that we became friends.

He was starting a reenactment unit, Co. B, 57th Virginia Infantry, a unit that had come from Franklin County, Virginia. I joined and have been with it ever since. So, yes, I "fight" for the Confederacy. I abhor slavery, of course, the South's cause, but on the battlefield, they were absolutely magnificent. Let's face it: They held off the greatest army in the world for four years, even though

they were outnumbered three to one. And in terms of performance, there's none better than us. We drill and practice quite a bit and participate in about six or seven events a year. (We recently were at the Old Bethpage Restoration Village. That's one of my favorite places because, first of all, it's close to home.) But doing this has taken me all over the East Coast. We have an invitation from Franklin County itself to camp on the courthouse lawn so that descendants of the survivors can come have dinner with us. Hopefully we'll do that within a year or two.

Ultimately, it's all about people. I once had this Texan come up to me in a restaurant outside of Gettysburg, and he said to me, "You know, my grandma taught me to hate Yankees. Goddamn it, I've met so many good ones through this hobby, I don't hate them anymore." Likewise, I have so many friends now down in the deep South, you wouldn't believe it, all as a result of doing reenactments. I feel

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Still a rebel: That's Mr. Greene, third from left, with Co. B, 57th Infantry, of Franklin County, Virginia.



Mr. Ira Greene

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that Civil War reenactments are part of national reunification, getting all kinds of people together.

I've always felt a tremendous connection with the Battle of Sharpburg (Maryland), which took place on September 17, 1862. I've visited the battlefield there several times, and every time, something strange seems to happen. Once, when I was young, I was there by myself, all alone in the field, and I could hear men's voices talking. Really spooked me.

Then, some years ago, I went with a friend of mine from the University of Colorado. It was the anniversary of the battle, September 17, a beautiful, bucolic day. We're standing on a bridge, and this little kid comes up to me and says, "Excuse me, sir? You were a soldier in that war, and you have come back." And I said, "Listen, son, every single person in that war is dead now; there's nobody left." He said, "I know, but you came back. You're here."

I found his father and told the man about it. He said, "Well, maybe you really were here in another life." My friend, who was really into New Age and crystals and all that, she was going completely bananas. That was really something. To have such a strong feeling about that battlefield had to be, I felt, from all of the books I'd read over the years.

Age Becomes Meaningless

As I said, my wife is ten years younger than I am. One time she said to me jokingly, "I could have been one of your students at Jericho." And she's right. It's funny how the differences between, say, a seventeen-year-old and a twenty-seven-

In Praise of Jericho Math Teachers

Here's an amazing coincidence: Not only was Stanley Katz my colleague at Jericho High School, he was *my* math teacher when I was in junior high school. And he was a *great* math teacher. I was always very impressed by the whole math department at JHS. Lou Boroson is one of the greatest people I've ever met. These were very smart, talented people.

year-old seem so great. Now, when I meet former students from Jericho, there really are no differences.

At your last reunion, in 2007, I had such a wonderful afternoon sitting at a table talking (and imbibing, maybe a bit too much) with Michael Stebel and his wife, David Pepper, and Ellen Vanderslice and her husband. David is also an attorney in Brooklyn, and we run into each other all the time. As for Michael, we had dinner together in Florida not too long ago. I look forward to seeing everyone again at this October's reunion.

We're all grownups now. It just happens, right? ■

Hall of Fame

Continued from page 4

dent of his own public relations firm, Winuk Communications. After his younger brother, Glenn Winuk ('79), was killed on the terrorist attacks on 9/11, Jay cofounded in Glenn's honor the organization MyGoodDeed, which promotes volunteerism. Largely through Jay's efforts, September 11 is now officially a National Day of Service and Remembrance, on which all Americans are encouraged to perform good deeds. ■

Roberta Blond

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about making happy kids and making them feel cared about.

I think back to how I almost went into another field because there were no teaching positions open in the 1970s. I sometimes share with my kids my own life experiences. And one thing I tell them is that in life you come to many, many forks in the road. And you don't know where they're going to take you. But somehow, I think you end up exactly where you're supposed to be. ■

Linda Caputo Friedmann on LISG

"I have had the honor of being the school's attorney for the past fourteen years and on the board of trustees for twelve years. Most people don't realize that a gifted child's needs are as different as the special needs of kids with cognitive disabilities. Both my son and daughter went to LISG, I am proud to say. The difference between the education that Evan received in his 'awarded' Syosset elementary school and the serious damage that resulted were solved by LISG.

"We'd been told by the district that Evan had a learning disorder, was below average intelligence, and had a behavior problem requiring the intervention of a psychiatrist. Thank God for Roberta and LISG. When he first attended, it was like giving water to a person stranded in a desert. Evan went on to take eight AP classes with full college credit, got a perfect score on the SATs, and received a full scholarship in physics from the University of Arizona.

"Many, many children at the Long Island School for the Gifted have had similar experiences."

Annie Koff

Continued from page 7

1986. I divorced my husband after just sixteen months, winning sole custody, and paid him a lot of money to go away, because he was really bad news! The very next year, we moved to New Jersey.

I'd spent nine years in California but was never really happy there. Relationships aren't very deep, for one thing. I have to admit, I did get caught up in the fast lane for a while; you know, you are what you drive, and all that. I got my pilot's license just for fun and had a motorcycle. None of it was fulfilling, though. Deep down, I knew those weren't really my values. I wanted to raise my daughter with the values I remembered from living on the East Coast. I moved back with Jennifer and my live-in Spanish housekeeper. I also brought two of her nieces along, so that she'd have some family here as well. It was like this little entourage! I started all over again. It was the best thing I could have done. I still had loving cousins living back here, so we already had a fabulous supportive network. It really felt like coming home, even though I'd been gone for almost twenty years.

Jennifer is now twenty-four. She's wonderful, with great values and a heart of gold. She's living with me at the moment, because she'd contracted Lyme disease; thankfully, she's fine now. My daughter is an actress. She's done some Snickers commercials for MTV, restaurant website hosting, and several videos. She pushed hard to graduate from Rutgers University in three years. I've encouraged her to pursue her dream and am amazed at what she's accomplished so far. Life is never dull between the auditions and variety of projects.



Annie and Jennifer.

My Biggest Challenge

About thirteen years ago, at age forty-two, I developed a slight hearing loss and had to be fitted for a hearing aid. As time went on, my hearing deteriorated. Then one day three years ago, I was showing a construction site on a mountain. There was intense, loud drilling going on, and it took down my hearing 30 percent more, so that the next day, I could barely hear a voice on the telephone.

The docs put me on steroids, which helped slightly. I have about a 90 percent hearing loss at this point. Without my hearing aids, I cannot even hear my own bodily functions (can get embarrassing!!), much less a phone or doorbell. I was scheduled for cochlear implant surgery three and a half years ago but canceled because with hearing aids I do okay.

I have a captioned phone now, both at home and at my office, which gives me the ability to continue to do business over the phone, although when people have accents or do not speak clearly, it can be stressful, to say the least.

I have not allowed my hearing to impact my career or social life at all, and it hasn't. When I meet people for

the first time, I tell them about my impairment up front. I train my clients when I show a building and tell them they must face me to speak. People are great about it.

I couldn't hear my loud alarm clock anymore, so I recently found a vibrating alarm clock, which you place under your pillow. For me, Charlie, my dog, is like a seeing-eye dog to a blind person. He barks when the doorbell or phone rings so I know something is up! Everybody loves Charlie: He's a dachshund and a real mama's boy; my little honey.

Over the past twelve years, I have had four knee surgeries, from skiing black diamond moguls and tons of tennis. The last one was a knee replacement: ouch! After rehabbing hard, I was back on the tennis court four months later, I really love my tennis, and play three times a week.

About three years ago, I created a motivational/sales training program and have conducted seminars and given a few speeches. I've found that I need to practice what I preach: "Attitude is everything." I think that after the pain that one goes through, you somehow find the perspective that you have the ability to rediscover that spirit again and to keep going. I feel very lucky that I have wonderful family and friends in my life, including some dear old friends.

About fifteen years ago, I'd reconnected with Cheryl Russell Turoff. Then last fall, Debi McLaughlin Cionek and I got back in touch. I don't do Facebook, but my daughter found her, contacted her, and asked if she was one of the "Three Musketeers." We had plans to get together with Cheryl in January, so when she passed away last November, it was devastating and heartbreaking. I had just lost my best friend of twenty-eight years, Jackie from California, two months earlier.

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Annie Koff

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In July Debi and I celebrated her fifty-sixth birthday together. We started out the day with a manicure and pedicure, then ended up in Manhattan at the weirdest cabaret show that either of us had ever seen. I visited her in August in Saratoga, New York, for a weekend of kayaking, hitting the horse races, and just hanging

“Had we stayed in Jericho, I would have been a straight, clean-cut kid. In Arizona, I totally rebelled and found trouble quite often.”

out. Then in October, we'll be at the Jericho High School classes of '71, '72, and '73 reunion.

I've never kept up with anyone from Arizona, and I certainly never went to any reunions from my high school there, but I am so looking forward to this one! When I first discovered the website and the newsletter and started receiving the emails, I couldn't believe how many names I still recognized.

It's going to be very exciting for me to get to see all these people again. ◻

Denise + Steven

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(where else?) Delray Beach, Florida. I get to see my best friend and neighbor from high school, Laura Sheftman Strafer. The two of us always talk about what a special time it was growing up in Jericho. It seems like our high school was just a lot closer than most, and a lot of us have kept in touch. My daughter didn't have that, maybe because the high schools out here are so huge; I think her college experience has been more like that for her.

Today's Globe-Trotting Kids

Alyssa is entering her senior year at the University of California at Berkeley's Haas School of Business. She spent her last semester in Italy. Today's kids are so well traveled, it's amazing. When she was over there, she and her friends would visit friends in other countries practically every weekend. "Oh! There's this great White Door [They're a band; trust me, you never heard of them] concert in Belgium!" And off they'd go. Madrid. Turkey. Greece for spring break. Earlier this year, she was supposed to go to Amsterdam, but the trip was canceled because of the dust cloud from the volcano in Iceland. One of our neighbors happens to be a pilot, and he's from the Netherlands and flies there all the time. "It won't be a problem," said Alyssa. "I'll just go there with Haley and her dad."

Oh. What was I thinking? Of course. You can get to Amsterdam any old time. ◻



Shhhh! Don't Tell!

I totally lie about my age to our friends out here. Being in the business I'm in, it's kind of fun. It gets to the point where people are obsessed about it. "So ... when are you going to turn fifty?" I tell them, "Eventually ..."



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Michael + Beth

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in Manhattan, Fort Lauderdale, and Toronto. So just a month after Beth and I started going out, I started splitting my time between New York and Florida. I had a place up there and a place down here; a car up there and a car down here. Our whole first year together was basically a long-distance relationship, with me flying home every other weekend, on average.

That changed though, when TVR Communications eventually acquired my former company in Florida, and we consolidated all of our research & development resources in Ft. Lauderdale. I was able to spend most of my time down here until I left to start my consulting business.

Beth and I got married in March 2006. Since Beth had never been married, I wanted to make sure we had a big wedding. Then it was off to Costa Rica for a ten-day honeymoon. The two of us like photography, movies, socializing, working out, and traveling. Just enjoying life together.

Those Crazy Kids!— I'm Talking About Us

I look back at my time in Jericho, and almost all of my memories are good memories. I mean, I didn't get too many bloody noses! Just a couple. Sometimes, though, I can't believe the things we did and got away with. In high school, every weekend, and I mean every weekend, I would hang out with my friends David Pepper, Paul Margolies and Richard Gordon (from the class of '70). The four of us were always together, doing crazy, crazy things. We caused mischief of the kind that, had my son done such when he was in high school, I'd have been mortified.

Things were so much looser. I mean, in some ways we basically ran the school. Smoking in the senior lounge? Could you imagine that happening today? Or this: One of my favorite teachers was history teacher Mr. Ira Greene. There would be days when Ashley Ren, Dave Katz, and Frank Boesch would knock on the door to the classroom and say, "Mr. Greene, we're going to have band practice now. Can Michael come out and jam with us?"

"Sure, Mike, go ahead. Get out of here."

I try telling my kids about it, and they *just don't get it*. "How could you do that? They let you out of class to *play guitar?*" Or, socializing with the teachers. Ira Greene was really into music, and we used to go over to his place in



"Both my kids are creative people. Jacob, twenty-eight, is finishing up his degree at Stony Brook after taking a few years off to start a movie production company and cowrite and make a feature film, The Freaks, Nerds & Romantics, which he just premiered. Newsday ran a full-page article about him recently. And my daughter, Meryl, twenty-five, is an art director with the New York-based advertising agency Deutsch. She works on major brands like Sirius | XM, Beck's Beer, Aruba Tourism, and the 'Got Milk?' campaign. (She's the one who puts the white mustaches on people.) They're great kids."

Kew Gardens, Queens, and jam. And yet, at Jericho, you actually learned, because the teachers were really good. They had personality, like David Martin and Phyllis Mandell and Bob Hoffman. Great people who were talented and passionate and really cared about the students.

Like Stanley Katz: I'd never liked math before, but he made me like it — which was good, because I really use math in my life! Between the teachers and the friends, it made for a caring, nurturing environment. Jericho had a tremendous impact on me, and I can say that I'm a lot richer because of it. ■

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. Interested? Get in touch with Phil.

Cynthia + Bob

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for our tenth anniversary, we had a Jewish wedding at our temple, and it was absolutely wonderful.

Our story is a sweet one. Twenty-three years since that day we met in 1987, it's still fun, it's still sweet, and I'm still

amazed. I attribute some of that to the fact that we met when we were both older. In your thirties, you have a much better of chances of the two of you both knowing what you want. More importantly, you have a much better sense of who you are than when you're twentysomething. And if you don't know who you are, how do you honestly become part of a couple, and what are you bringing into a relationship?

I've seen so many relationships where people don't know who they are. They try to be who they think the other person wants, and they end up resenting each other. It's "I've sacrificed for you!" No. You need to know and own your foibles and limitations and bring them honestly into a relationship, or it probably isn't going to work.

It comes down to how you fit together in day to day life, and your core values. Everything else in a relationship is negotiable. But if the core values are vastly different, you're doomed. ■

Evalyn + Rick

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Cancer Enters the Picture

In 1989, during a checkup for overuse injuries (I'd become a fitness instructor for fun) I was diagnosed with a precursor to multiple myeloma, called monoclonal gammopathy of undetermined significance – MGUS for short. Then in 1997 it converted to full-blown multiple myeloma, a cancer of blood cells called plasma cells. Typically, the cancerous cells collect in the bone marrow and form tumors

in the large bones, but they can also effect the kidneys, liver, and all organs of the body.

I'd been going for annual bone marrow biopsies and blood tests for eight years. That year, I went for my biopsy just before we were heading down to Hilton Head, South Carolina, for a vacation. While we were there, my oncologist called. "I need to see you when you get back here," he said. "The numbers have spiked. You've got plasma cells now showing that the disease is active." When we returned home, I went through a battery of tests. Rick, being a physician, looked at my X-rays. According to him, my bones had so many tumors, they looked like Swiss cheese.

There is no cure for multiple myeloma. The primary treatment is now a stem cell transplant and/or chemotherapy. But in 1997, stem cell transplants were very new; most patients underwent bone marrow transplants. In both procedures, your own marrow is destroyed with chemotherapy, but in a bone marrow transplant, you receive stem cells from a donor. It's a very high-risk procedure. A specialist I met with at the Dana-Farber Cancer Institute in Boston told me, "If you don't have a BMT in the next four months, you will be dead in less than two years."

I looked at him and said, "I am not a statistic, I am me, and I don't believe that. Tell you what: I am going to do some research, and I'll get back to you." One thing I learned right from the get-go is that you have to be your own best advocate. You can't put all of your care and all of your trust in the hands of one doctor, or even two or three. You have to be a part of the process, the decision making, and the choices.

We found out about a drug treatment called pamidronate (Aredia). It may treat the myeloma itself, and it binds to the damaged bones, giving them a chance to heal and regain their density and strength. I figured that this bisphosphonate, or bone-resorption inhibitor, would buy me time for stem cell transplants to become more state of the art, with much higher success rates.

I consulted my hematologist-oncologist at Dartmouth Hitchcock

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Evalyn + Rick

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Medical Center. "Is there any reason why I should not be on Aredia?" He replied, "No, I guess not."

"Fine. Then that's the route I choose." I started the Aredia, supplementing it with complementary and alternative medicine, including yoga, meditation, acupuncture and visualization. My husband, who at that point was strictly into the traditional medical model, had a real hard time dealing with this. "If you don't do a transplant now," he worried, "you're going to be dead soon, and I don't want to lose you."

I was adamant. "I'm sorry, but this is how I'm choosing to approach my disease, because I believe in my heart and soul that this is the best thing for me." It became such an issue that Rick and I separated for five months. But lo

and behold, it bought me four years of slowing down the disease, patching up the bones, and stem cell transplantation improved to the point where it was highly successful. In a SCT, they remove your own stem cells, treat them, then return them to your bloodstream. First, though, they have to destroy as much of the cancer as possible, and the immune system becomes collateral damage through high doses of chemotherapy. I went through a grueling five months of intense chemo, starting in May 2003. Then in October, I was admitted to the Norris Cotton Cancer Center at Dartmouth Hitchcock for the transplant and received my cells back on Halloween. I spent eighteen days in "the bubble," very much like being quarantined.

It worked. The transplant stopped the progression, and I was, for the most part, disease free, but not

cured. By Christmas, I was back on the ski slopes, although it was very difficult. The disease started creeping back a few years later. And so they just keep giving me the latest treatments and medications currently available, and I keep going. I have to look at it as a chronic disease, like living with diabetes. And I stay extremely positive.

Entry into Politics

Before I tell you about my entry into state politics, I have to tell you about our son, Scott. From the time he was about, oh, six years old, he has been a politician in his soul. Always helpful, always doing something for other kids. Among his friends, he was the peacemaker, and by the time he got into fifth grade, he was a facilitator in a peer-counseling group. Later, in high school, Scott organized a peaceful sit-in protest to support a teacher who

had been fired unfairly. The school administration listened to the kids' concerns and ended up reinstating the teacher.

Scott is also a champion runner. Very, very fast. I'm telling you this because it relates to his political career. He holds every school record in a variety of track events. So he was very well known around Lancaster, because it's a small town. When he turned eighteen in

2003, some local politicians approached him and asked him if he would run for state representative. He'd just been accepted into Tufts University, but he was really intrigued and didn't feel there would be a conflict. It would be hard, but probably no harder than his father's going to medical school while raising a family.

I told him, "If it's something you think you can do, run. Go ahead." My daughter, Rachel, now an attorney who works for Thomson-Reuters, and her boyfriend, now

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Evalyn + Rick

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husband, Scott(!), threw their support behind her little brother. That's all Scott needed to accept the challenge.

He mounted his own campaign. His slogan? "Scott Merrick. Running for Change." Could that be any more perfect? Because people used to see him running downtown all the time. Well, he got elected, becoming the second youngest state rep in New Hampshire history. Also the second Democrat from our district in forty years. Over the course of three terms, he really made his mark. All while attending Tufts. Now he's working for one of our U.S. senators, former governor Jeanne Shaheen, a Democrat. I see Scott headed for Washington, DC, eventually, and running for higher office someday.

Here's how this relates to me:

After my transplant, I felt like I'd been given a second chance at life. I tried different careers, but none fit. One day my son and I were talking, and I remarked how unfair it was that so many ill people can't receive life-saving treatments like I did because they don't have health insurance. I mean, if we didn't have health care insurance, I wouldn't be here. "That's not right," I said. Scott said to me, "Mom, you've always taught us that instead of complaining, we should do something about it." Which is true. That's been one of my mantras.

"It's your turn now."

I said, "What are you talking about?"

"You need to run for the state legislature and become a state representative because you can make a difference there." Scott was already in the middle of his first term.

I've always been politically aware but never considered becoming involved. I said to Scott, "I'm not a politician." Somehow he convinced me anyway. I ran for office, after knocking on many doors and crying with strangers, and was (surprisingly) elected. Now I'm campaigning for my third term.

Most people don't know that New Hampshire has the third largest legislature in the world: four hundred of us! And we really get paid the big bucks: \$100 per year before taxes! Which, in some ways, really doesn't make us a true representation of all people. We're an interesting state. Our motto, of course, is "Live Free or Die." Some New Hampshirites take that very seriously.

When we first moved here, New Hampshire was a very red state. Republicans had been in the majority since the Civil War. The year I was elected, 2006, was

The Marijuana Policy Project honored me with an award in Washington, DC. I remember thinking, "How funny. Of all things to be given an award for, I'm being honored for my efforts to legalize medical marijuana?!"

the first time in history that there was a Democratic majority in the state legislature, with many women in leadership roles. The senate president (D) is a woman, as is the speaker of the house (D). We also have more women senators than we do men. And the House of Representatives is comprised of a historical one-third women. Our governor is a Democrat, but alas, he's a "he"!

One thing about serving in the New Hampshire legislature, it's essentially a volunteer job. Yet we put in six months a year, from January through June, full-time, although our presence at the state capitol can be anywhere from three to five days a week, depending on the committee you're serving on, the number of bills, and so forth.

Almost every Wednesday, Session is held, which means that the entire legislature meets to debate and vote on bills that have passed through all their respective committees. Then at the county level, we meet as a delegation twice a month. In addition, you have meetings with stakeholders and lobbyists and organizations that play some part in a particular piece of legislation, or in an idea you may be promoting, which may have something to do with the committee you serve on. So there are always — *always* — things going on. Also, because I live two hours from the state house, I usually stay overnight in Concord when we have sessions, which can mean up to four days away from home.

I serve on the Health, Human Services, and Elderly affairs Committee and have sponsored or cosponsored quite a few bills, several of which have become laws. The most important piece of legislation I have championed as prime sponsor and author is New Hampshire's medical marijuana bill, House Bill 648, which would legalize marijuana for medicinal purposes for our most sick and dying patients. I know that when I was severely ill from high doses of chemotherapy prior to my stem-cell transplant, I felt so sick that I couldn't eat. I looked like a concentration camp victim. A friend sug-

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Evalyn + Rick

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gested that I try smoking some marijuana. The one-time experience helped stimulate my appetite, which I hadn't had in a very long time. It essentially saved my life.

So far, the bill has passed twice in both the House of Representatives and the State Senate, but the governor vetoed it. The House overrode the veto, but in the Senate, the override lost by just two votes. That's a big reason why I'm running again; I have unfinished business to attend to. The Marijuana Policy Project honored me with an award in Washington, DC. I remember thinking, *How funny. Of all things to be given an award for, I'm being honored for my efforts to legalize medical marijuana?!*

My "Other Life"

I have my hobbies on the side, like community theater, which I've been involved with for over twenty years. I love to act. Since my cancer, I'm basically going through my bucket list. I just auditioned for a soap opera. I've directed and choreographed shows, and had lead roles in local and professional summer stock theaters. I even have a principle role in a movie that's coming out: a short called *At the Door*. It may be shown at the Sundance Festival and, hopefully, at Cannes too. Being in it just thrilled me, which keeps me going.

And, of course, Rick and I still ski. The ski area closest to us can be seen from our kitchen window, although it's really more of a hill. But Bretton Woods, Wildcat, and Cannon are thirty to forty minutes away, and Sunday River is one hour away. When we're not skiing, we're snowshoeing, teleboarding, or any other

Did You Know?

Philip Dinhofer (JHS '75) and Michael Dinhofer ('72) are my step-cousins. In fact, my daughter spent a summer working in Philip's law practice as a law clerk. I was especially close with Michael, because we were around the same age.

That also makes me related by marriage to his wife, Jacalyn Stanger Dinhofer, from the class of '73.

When Michael died of leukemia at the age of forty-one fifteen years ago, it was a terrible shock, and I miss him.

winter sport available, and, weather permitting, roller blading, kayaking, mountain biking, golfing, hiking, horseback riding, swimming—we live in a wonderland filled with nature's abundant playground.

This fall, Rick and I celebrate thirty-three years (mostly) together. We've weathered a lot, but we just keep going, like the Eveready bunny. One thing I can say is, thank God for marriage counseling. I'm sharing a lot here, but we have a fabulous marriage counselor who once asked us point-blank, "Why are you two still together?" And we kind of looked at each other and said, "Out of habit?"

Was that really it?

But no, that's not it. Many of the couples we knew back when Rick was in medical school are long since divorced. We've been through stuff that would have split apart most marriages. I think that what keeps us together is a willingness to learn from and then look beyond some of the hardest of challenges. We have a deep-seated commitment to each other. Also, when you go through so much together, it binds you like glue. A life-threatening illness can either push you apart or pull you together. You start to understand certain

things about each other, and you start to appreciate the value in the relationship — which you might not have seen had you not gone through all of the craziness and all of the struggles and the challenges.

I think that when you don't go through hard times together, it becomes all too easy to say, "This isn't working right now. Let's get a divorce." God knows, we've come close. But when we look at all we've accomplished and at the accomplishments of our children, well, that's a hell of a lot of history. Why would you just let go of that?

If anything has gotten Rick and I through all of this stuff, it's been staying positive, embracing our successes, letting go of our failures, and listening to what our hearts tell us. And taking lots of deep breaths! Because the air up here certainly fills us with hope! ■

Peter + Joyce

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around at everyone, I remember thinking that when I first fell in love with Pete at sixteen, I never imagined having a life so blessed and full. In all honesty, I never thought past the immediacy of wanting to get married and have children.

I remember saying to everyone at the party that the party should really be for Pete and not for me, because I'm so not easy! If you don't remember, Pete was and still is the world's most easygoing guy. The man is never in a bad mood! It's an amazing thing.

In any case, we are very blessed to have made a life filled with love, laughter, happiness, kids, and dogs. Now if only the Mets could win another World Series. And a Jets Super Bowl for Pete and my boys would be nice, too ... ■



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

- 1** Best burger in NY? No. London on my Volca-tion. Thank you, Iceland!
- 2** This is an amazing work on the roof of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The building started in the spring and will continue until the end of October. At which point they'll take it down. A must-see if you're in town. And try to get tickets for the guided tour, so you can walk the structure.
- 3** The Standard Grill at the Highline. The floor of the restaurant is made entirely of pennies. Apparently they needed approval from the Federal Reserve or the Mint, or something.
- 4** Times Square watering hole. A fire hydrant powering a water fountain? I think I'll go with Poland Spring ...

