

Winter 2005
Issue No. 11

"Lies! Lies! All of It, Lies!"
**JHS Class of 1972 Thirderly
On-Line Newsletter**

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We hope that you will contribute news about you and yours to future issues. Best wishes for a happy and healthy new year to the JHS class of 1972!

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

Our First Reunion in 3-D!
The Classes of '72, '71, and '73 Will All Celebrate Together in 2007

THE JHS CLASS OF 1972 VOTED OVERWHELMINGLY TO INCLUDE THE CLASSES on either side of us for our 35-year reunion, to be held on Saturday, September 29, 2007, at the Milleridge Cottage in Jericho. We're happy to report that both the class of 1971 and the class of 1973 will be joining us for the biggest reunion party ever. We plan on contacting all members of all three classes, and inviting all of your teachers.

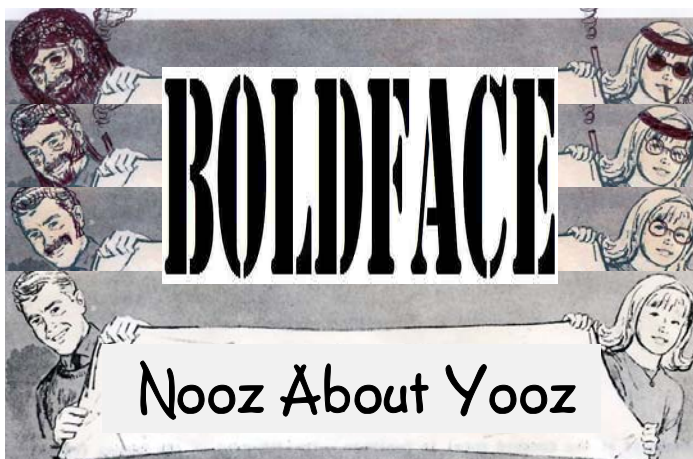
If you go to the Attendance Office, you'll find directories of contact information for both those classes; we'll be updating them constantly, as new folks are found.

Invitations will be mailed out next fall, although in a few months you'll be given the opportunity to buy your tickets at a greatly reduced Early Bird discount, so that we can make the necessary deposits at Milleridge. All tickets are fully refundable up until two weeks before the party.

Click on the Senior Lounge for more reunion information. ■



* If you want to get technical about it, a 34 3/4-year reunion for the class of '73; a 36th reunion for '71



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 between 8 AM and 3 PM.

Jericho HS Gets an Art Museum — Well, La-Di Da-Da!

Jericho High School and Jericho Middle School (you'll recall that they are glued together) will unveil a new art museum in April, 2006, thanks to a state grant. According to Superintendent Henry Grishman, "It will be used to display both student work and outside collections."

The opening exhibit, which will highlight the history of Jericho, is being prepared by none other than Mr. Ernest Savaglio.



You remember him as chairman of the art department.

He is now the fine-arts curriculum associate.

If you would like to submit any Jericho-related photos, artifacts (sorry, your mint-condition 1971-model roach clip is *not* what they are looking for), or information, contact Mr. Savaglio at (516) 203-3600, ext. 3445, or esavaglio@Jerichoschools.org.

Speaking of Museums ...

"Just thought you might like to know what's happening at the Newark Museum," writes Mark Albin, its deputy director of marketing and public relations. The museum, the largest in New Jersey, has an eclectic lineup of fascinating programs, in addition to its usual array of exhibits. These are just a few examples:

- "Power Dressing: Men's Fashion and Prestige in Africa"
- "America's Pastime: Portrait of the Dominican Dream"; works by Freddy Rodríguez
- "Style, Status, and Sterling: The Triumph of Silver in America"

Also, here are some recent lectures that you missed: "My Odyssey: Ancient African Civilizations," by fashion designer Mary McFadden; and "From Cuban Stars to Dominican Giants: Alejandro Pompéz and the History of Latino Baseball." Among the speakers were New York Mets general manager Omar Minaya, who returned the team to respectability in his first season at the helm.

Visit the museum's web site at <http://www.newarkmuseum.org>, "or better yet," writes Mark, "stop by and be sure to say hello when you do." ■

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Laurie Farber Coauthors Educational Program

Laurie Farber has coauthored *Rangers of the Earth*, a year-long environmental educational program for ten- and eleven-year-olds. Its goal, according to the Institute for Earth Education, is "to forge positive connections between young people and local natural areas while helping them examine their own lifestyles."

The Institute for Earth Education, founded by Laurie's coauthor, Steve Van Matre, is the world's largest independent organization for educators in the environmental movement. Laurie, who lives in Jericho, currently offers *Rangers of the Earth* as an after-school program at the Martin Luther King Jr. School in Wyandanch, Long Island. She is the chair of the Sunflower Experiences program for kids, which she cofounded, and has a degree in environmental education from

Montclair State University. For a copy of *Rangers of the Earth*, send \$21.45 postpaid to IEE, at its international headquarters in Cedar Cove, Greenville, WV 24945. ■

Directories for the Classes of 1971 and 1973 Now on Our Web Site

Drop into the "Attendance Office" on our class Web site (<http://www.jhs1972.net>) for up-to-date contact information for hundreds of members of the classes of 1971 and 1973, in addition to our own class. ■

Florida Up 2, Down 1

Ilene Pincus is the latest class of '72 member to relocate from Long Island to the Florida, following Dan Friedlander, who moved there earlier this year. However, John Cooney and his wife recently departed the Hurricane State for Hawaii, where he'd lived previously for twenty-five years. ■

Nooz About Yooz

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Advertisement

I've Got the Wedding Bell News

A satisfied client, **Beverly Weissman Cogan** of New York, NY, writes:

"I thought I should tell you that **Steven Marksohn** (JHS '71) and I got engaged! We reconnected at the 30th reunion in 2002 and then again at the get-together the night before our communal 50th birthday party in 2004. I talked to him a little that night.

"He contacted me soon after, and we started to hang out. Initially it was all about having another friend who went to George A. Jackson. Then we fell in love! No wedding plans yet, although it will be in 2006. It's all too new to say. I'm trying to push to elope, as it's a second marriage for both of us, and I don't want to plan another wedding, LOL."

Congratulations, Beverly and Steven! This makes our second happy couple who reconnected through all this reunion biz – the first, of course, being class-of-'72 class couple **Patty Ryon** and **Stephen Spiers**, who married in 2003. As you can see from the accompanying advertisement, we've decided to officially go into the dating-service business. Wish us luck!

When It Comes to Finding Mr. or Ms. Right, We're Never Wrong!

Jericho High Reunions Dating Service, Inc.



Tired of looking for love in all the wrong places, particularly at 4 A.M.?

Hello, I'm **Dr. Craig Street**, PhD, MSW, MP3, R2D2, AWOL, founder of JHRDS, Inc., where our patented two-question **Tru-Luff Survey™** will have you on the back road to romance and matrimony before you can say, "Have you been tested?" and "Sure I believe you, but I'd like to see your green card anyway, if you don't mind." No needlessly complicated 29-point questionnaire. Ours is simple, straightforward, superficial:



- #1: So, what kinda dude/broad (choose one) you lookin' for, anyway?
- #2: Will you be paying with cash, check, or credit card? (checks and credit cards not accepted)

Make an appointment today by calling 800-TRU-LUFF.

FIND YOUR TRUE CELL MATE AT JHRDS. These lovebirds did!



Rene Z. + Kenny C.



Tom G. + Drew B.



Henry VIII + Anne B.



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

Harvey Fialkov and Steven Bernstein

Harvey Fialkov, who lives in Plantation, Florida, and is a sportswriter for the *South Florida Sun-Sentinel* newspaper, writes about an encounter last June:

"I took my son **Jason** to the University of Florida over the weekend. As I was getting onto an elevator at the hotel I was staying at, I saw a familiar face walk off with wife and daughter.

"I blurted out, 'Did you graduate from Jericho High School?' Stunned reply was, 'Yes. How? —'

"I said, '**Steven Bernstein**,' and was right. He lives in Coral Springs; not far from me. He brought his daughter, **Jackie**, to UF, and lo and behold, she's in the same dorm as my son!"

James Greco and Gym Teacher Mr. Effinger

James Greco writes: "Do you remember **Mr. Effinger**, our gym teacher from Cantiague Elementary School? Believe it or not, he is alive and well, working in Dick's Sporting

Goods in Roosevelt Field. I almost lost it when I saw him, and he couldn't believe I recognized him after all these years. He looks great! I can't remember names, but I am great at faces. I guess it's part of my job ..." Jim, of course, is a Nassau County sheriff.

Elise Goldstein LaPaix and Philip Bashe (by Way of a Third Party)

This is one of the weirdest coincidences yet.

You'll remember that in the summer 2004 issue (No. 6), **Elise Goldstein LaPaix**, of San Francisco, wrote movingly about surviving breast cancer, as part of a cover story also featuring **Luise Halberstadt Linder** and **Rachel Glickman**, both of whom had recently completed cancer treatment.

At the time, I was in the process of revising and updating my book *The Complete Cancer Survival Guide*, the first edition of which was published in 2000 by Broadway/Doubleday Books. News-

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In Memory of Guy Fils

WE'RE SORRY TO HAVE TO REPORT THE PASSING OF Guy W. Fils, a good friend to many members of the class of 1972, on October 23, 2005.

Guy, who was one year younger than us, died of pancreatic cancer at just fifty years of age. Among those from the class of 1972 who attended his wake and funeral (held at St. Paul the Apostle, in Brookville), were Jimmy Rudy, who delivered a moving eulogy, Stuart Fishman, Sandi Chertok, Debbie D'Amore, Tom Monaco, and Ilene Pincus. Many other JHS grads also came to say goodbye.

Ilene, a good friend, says fondly, "Guy was a doll, loved by all. He had an incredible sense of humor and was such fun to be with." Adds Don Schrage, from the class of 1971, "Guy marched to his own beat and was truly one of a kind."

He lived in Brooklyn with his longtime companion, Doris V. Amen, and worked as a home contractor. In high school, Guy was a gifted athlete. During our senior year, the junior belonged to the football team, the wrestling squad, and the track team. He is survived by his three sisters, Linda (class of '69), Adrienne ('78), and Diane ('82), and was a devoted uncle to Diane's two children.

According to Ilene, "Guy died on his own terms, at home, surrounded by Doris and his sisters." Consistent with his personality, "He kept a good outlook right to the end." The class of 1972 extends its heartfelt sympathies to Guy's family. ■

Guy Fils (r. and inset) at our 30-year reunion in 2002, with friends Bob Kornreich and Rachel Glickman.



*First Person Singular***Andrea Celenza, What's Up, Doc?**

Ever since I was eight or nine years old, I wanted to be a therapist — probably because my family needed one! I always knew that I wanted to think about people's minds, feelings, and defenses, and help them with their relationships as well as my own.

I went to Cornell University knowing nothing about the psychology department there. I thought that every college was the same, so you went to the best college you got into. Cornell was it, so I went there.

I loved my time at Cornell. Ithaca, New York, is absolutely beautiful.

The natural landscape has all these gorges and waterfalls. (It has a very high suicide rate, though; legend has it that people jump off the bridges to die in a beautiful way.) But Cornell had a very behaviorally oriented psychology department, and what interested me was psychoanalysis.

Because it's only in psychoanalysis that you get a knowledge that really speaks to you about your experiences. It very much talks about people's defenses, the things that they're trying to see and *not* see about themselves and others. It really helps you to understand the crazy things that people do. In this way, psychoanalysis has the capacity to go beyond the obvious and explain unconscious processes, the ways in which we tend to repeat destructive patterns, or the things that we do and sometimes don't know why we did them.

To me, it's a very deep theory. Now, I know that psychoanalysis gets made fun of all the time — anybody who reads the *New Yorker* would see that — but there have been enormous changes in contemporary psychoanalytical theory. It's nothing like

the original Freudian model, and it very much talks about the kinds of things that people wonder about, the questions that we all have about our experience, relationships, about our sense of self, our aspirations, what gets in our way, and so on.

So as much as I loved Ithaca, I was actually quite miserable in my studies of psychology. I minored in philosophy, which I found more interesting than any of my psychology courses. It was in my philosophy classes that questions about living were being asked. It's funny, but now in contemporary psychoanalysis, a lot of what I learned in philosophy has become relevant, like the impossibility of drawing lines, "being" as process, etc.

When I graduated, in 1976, I knew I wanted to get into clinical psychology, working with patients suffering from psychological distress. But back then it was very difficult to get into a graduate program in clinical psychology because it was our generation's "environmental studies" — it was a very popular study, highly competitive, and the programs were very small. You needed either superb grades, like a 4.0, and/or a couple of years' experience in research and in the clinic. I knew it would take time.

Andrea met husband Bruce Embry in 1983 at a gay women's brunch. Only one other man was there. "Now I tell all of my single girlfriends, 'Go to everything. You never know!'"



I visited a lot of cities and wanted something that would help me get into graduate school. What I really was looking for was a big Ithaca. My father was a visiting professor at Boston University's dental school. He used to travel from Long Island to Boston once a week, to lecture. One Friday, I went with him to check out the city. I loved Harvard Square; it reminded me of Ithaca, and I thought, *I could live here*. I moved to Boston in January 1977, right in the middle of a snowstorm. I didn't know a soul there except for Ilise Zimmerman, who'd also gone to Cornell. We hung out some, but she soon moved to Manhattan.

It took me a few years to get my act together for graduate school. I volunteered at McLean Hospital, one of the best psychiatric centers in the country, working with troubled adolescents. Kids who were depressed, eating disordered, conduct disordered, suicidal. Kids who ran away, were truant, were involved with drugs — a very tough population. These kids were actually harder than sicker psychotic patients because

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Andrea Celenza

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they were organized enough to actually carry out their destructive ideas, like commit suicide, run away, or assault their therapists.

To support myself, I waitressed, which I loved. (During summers, I worked in a restaurant in Roslyn called Heads and Tails. I made lots of friends there and just had a blast.) Then I went to graduate school at B.U. for my PhD in clinical psychology and also got a masters degree from Harvard University's counseling department. In all, it took me three years just to get into graduate school, then five years more to get my doctorate.

I actually would have gone to graduate school in New York, where my brothers and sister all had apartments. (My parents still live in our old house in Brookville.) I was so jealous of their all being together in Manhattan, having exciting parties every weekend without me (or at least, that was my fantasy)! I wanted to live the Manhattan single-woman life. Of course, in reality, it totally eats people up. But I had idealized it.

I always say that I would have moved back to New York, except I kept getting married in Boston! While at Harvard, I met my first husband. He was a professor, although not one of *my* professors. We were together for a total of four years. All I'll say is that the relationship was very difficult, and I have the good fortune of not having had kids with him. Also, soon after our separation, he moved out of state. It's a time in my life that I pretend happened to someone else. I know this isn't very psychoanalytic, but, hey, it works!

My current husband, Bruce Embry, and I met in 1983 at a gay women's brunch, believe it or not. My girlfriend, who was gay, was giving the brunch, and she was encouraging me to go. It was one of those Sunday mornings where you're just not in the mood to do anything. And I almost didn't go. But I went with a male friend. Bruce was the only other man there. During this time, I was very much hoping to meet the man of my dreams but never

thought in a million years that I would meet him there. Now I tell all of my single girlfriends, "Go to everything. You never know!"

Bruce is an attorney here in Boston, where he has established his own firm. He'd been married once before, too. As the two of us like to say, second marriages are the best, because you really appreciate what you've got! We waited about seven years to have kids. Derek, our oldest, is thirteen; Ethan is nine. They're just the sweetest boys. Both of them are very athletic, smart, funny, but I think the thing that I'm most proud of is that they are very kind and considerate. Bruce, who's only five years older than I am, has a thirty-six-year-old daughter who just had a baby. So we're grandparents too.



Andrea at our communal 50th b'day party in 2004 with longtime friend Penny Schaefer Stabenfeldt

Physician, Heal Thyself

Probably one of the things that made me feel committed to psychoanalysis was not so much how it has taught me to help others, but the way it has helped me in my life. I'll give you an example. My mother is someone who isn't comfortable

reflecting on life, doesn't like to understand why a person might do or feel a certain way, or understand her own feelings. (She had a very intrusive mother.) And therefore she wasn't really interested in her children's feelings. Maybe because I was the first girl, I had a harder time with that. And she had a harder time with me.

What psychoanalysis does is give you an arena for talking about your experience in ways that you've wanted to talk about your whole life. When people have children, one of the tendencies, if you haven't examined things enough, is either to repeat how you were parented or to do the direct opposite of what your parents did.

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Everyone's Got an Interesting Story – Even You!

How 'bout sharing it in "First Person Singular" in a future issue? Interested? E-mail philipbashe@earthlink.net.

Andrea Celenza

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So I was worried that I might get overinvolved with my kids and be too interested in their feelings and suffocate them, in my desire to get inside their experience. I was sort of on the alert for that. One night, when Derek was eight, I was saying goodnight to him, and he said, "Mom? I want to tell you something, but I don't know if I should."

I said, "Well, Derek-sweetie [this was the moment of truth for me], you know I'm always interested in what you might want to tell me, but you also need your privacy. So you decide."

And he never told me. To this day!

For fifteen years, I was the director of psychology training at Cambridge Hospital. That's a facility where you work with very severely disturbed people. Now, in my private practice, I've decided to be kinder to myself and see high-functioning patients — people who want to tweak their personality, maybe go through psychoanalysis, understand themselves better and improve the quality of their life. They may be anxious, depressed, having relationship difficulties, things like that. Basically, people like us.

I also have a specialty in writing about and treating therapists who have had sex with their patients. It happened kind of by chance. When I was going for my PhD, I did my dissertation on boundaries, regression, and empathy. A friend who was on the licensing board in New Hampshire referred to me a psychologist whose license was suspended for having sex with a patient. As part of his rehabilitation, it was mandated that he undergo therapy himself. At the time, I was mixed about taking



Andrea with husband Bruce and sons Ethan, aged nine, and at far right, thirteen-year-old Derek

him as a patient because I thought, *Oh, this is one of those guys, who has sex and tells lies.* Basically, I didn't know if I'd like him enough to treat him. But I was just starting in my private practice, so I also thought, *Great! He can't terminate for two years!*

It turned out to be totally different than what I'd expected. I became very attached to him, and I started to get intrigued by what it is that causes some people to do this. I noticed some things that I could relate to and some things I couldn't; it was much more complicated than anybody understood.

People were just writing these men off (it is mostly men) as psychopaths who don't care about their patients; they were just out to get laid. I found that most of the situations involving sexual-boundary violations are very intimate relationships with one patient — usually a difficult-to-treat patient — and the sex is part of trying to manage the treatment. Not to blame the patient in any way; it's a totally egregious thing for a therapist to do. But it's so interesting that it

comes out of a feeling of *desperation*, not a feeling of exploitation. In fact, these therapists usually have no idea that they'd exploited the patients.

I became very interested in the complexity of it. I wrote a paper about it and presented it at a conference. This is not an area where a lot of women — or men, for that matter — make themselves available as a therapist. So I started to get lots of referrals. At this point, I have seen over fifty, mostly from the Northeast. I've written about twenty papers on it, and it's become a very important interest of mine. This year, I'm writing a book on it.

I've also written a few papers on clergy exploitation of parishioners. I'm not talking about pedophilia, but the kind of situation where a priest or rabbi gets involved with an adult parishioner. The dynamics between the two — therapist-patient, clergy-parishioner — are very similar. I consult to the Episcopal diocese, the Catholic Jesuits, and the Central Conference on American Rabbis.

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Andrea Celenza

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At the moment, we're building a house in Lexington, which is located about twenty miles west of Boston. (Remember the American Revolution?) The house is a totally modern, environmentally consistent, energy-efficient Asian-looking structure. We're very excited about it. Sometimes I think about moving away, only because I hate the weather up here. It's just too cold. But we're here to stay, most likely. That's one of the reasons that we started skiing as a family, to finally come to terms with the winter! The house that we're building is in a neighborhood with a community pool and a big field. It's the type of place where kids who grow up there tend to come back a lot, even to live and raise their own families. So we're hoping our boys will want to come back and visit us all the time, just like my siblings and I are always going back to Brookville to see our parents.

Reflections on Growing Up in Jericho

I think about having grown up Jericho. I thought we had a great education. I wish I'd taken advantage of it more and paid more attention. We probably all feel that way, and I definitely feel that way about college, too. But I thought that Jericho High School provided a really great social and intellectual experience. Just think about some of the courses we had: Existentialism? Economics? I don't think most high schools offered those courses back then. Maybe it's changed now.

I have especially fond memories of the teachers. You know, when a number of them came to our thirtieth high-school reunion in 2002, it dawned on me that many of them are just a few years older than we are. I think that's why there was such an intense connection between us; we were all kind of growing up together.

Barbara Murphy had an incredible effect on me. She and I were good friends, actually, with Sue Silverman and Debbie Traikos. We used to hang out. I think she was trying to help us grapple with our feelings, and it was enormously helpful. She was genuinely interested in us,

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

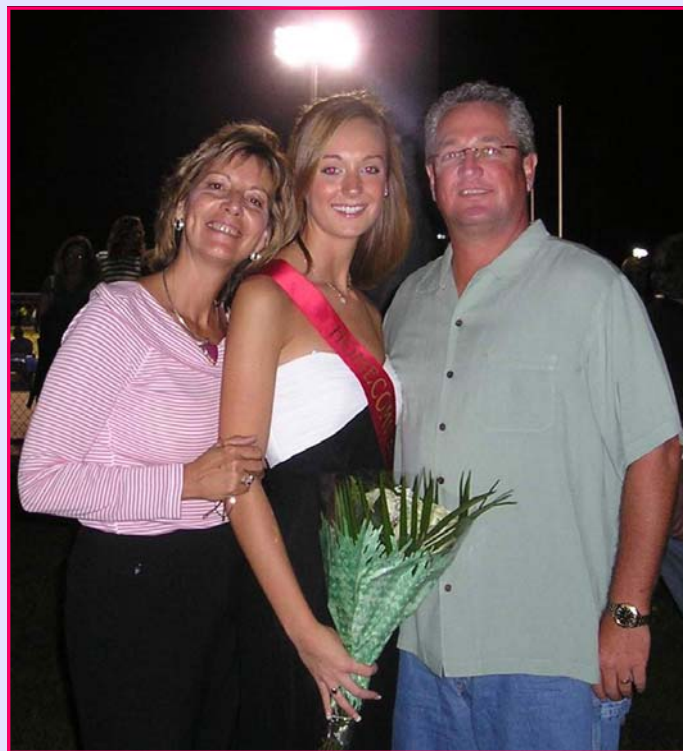
What are some class
of 1972 progeny up to?
Find out right here ...
on our page ...



Lindsay (Altvater) Duda

Jane Altvater Duda of Fort Myers, Florida, sent us this photo of her and husband Ed with daughter Lindsay at the recent Estero High School homecoming. Lindsay, a senior, is number one in her class with a 4.62 grade point average, is captain of the varsity soccer team, and — not too surprisingly — was voted Most Likely to Succeed.

Lindsay has applied to the premed program at the University of Florida, in Gainesville, where she hopes to major in microbiology and cell science. Jane writes: "She's so like her Mom, huh? *Not!!* She's a great, well-grounded, all-around good kid. Sound like I'm bragging? Hell, yeah!" Jane's family moved to Fort Myers last year from Tarpon Springs, Florida. ■



*First Person Singular***Larry Licht: Hitting His Stride**

On the day of our graduation, I remember marching down the aisle at C. W. Post with my mind in the ozone, wondering, *Is this really happening?* I wasn't sure whether or not I had enough credits to graduate, and I was worried that I was going to go up on the stage and be told, "We're sorry, come back next year." It was just the scariest thing.

When I finally did graduate and get out of there, it was like the load of the world was off my shoulders. I felt like I'd been sprung from jail. The Jericho school system was fine for students who fit into a certain academic mold. But if you deviated from that mold, forget about it.

I was always into electronics, from the time I was about seven years old. I had a little lab downstairs in the basement. One day I built an electric-shock machine. Naturally I enlisted my sister, Alyssia, who was about four, to try it out. "Here," I told her, "hold on to these wires."

I pressed the button, there was a godawful scream, followed by crying, and my mother came running downstairs. "What did you do?!" Then she issued the patented Mother's Threat: "Just wait till your father gets home."

I went to my room, which is where I always went whenever I was in trouble. When my father came home from work and heard about what had happened, he came into my room and asked me to show him what I did. So I took him downstairs.

My dad worked for Grumman; in fact, he was involved in the manufacturing of the Lunar Landing Module – the LM – that landed our astronauts on the moon. He looked at the contraption I'd built and how it was wired. "Do you understand what you did here?" "Yeah," I answered, "sort

of." And he started explaining to me what I'd done. Meanwhile my mother was yelling from the top of the stairs, "You're not supposed to explain to him what he *did*, you're supposed to yell at him for doing it!"

Finally, he asked, "Larry, do you know what you did wrong?"

"Yes," I answered, "I should have used more power."

He tried to keep from laughing, but couldn't help himself. To this day, my sister still hasn't forgiven me.

For Seven Years, a Fireman

Problem was, my interest in electronics wasn't encouraged in school. It was always something I did on my own. There were, however, two teachers who had a big influence on my life, and they were both English teachers: Mr. Robert Perna, at Cantiaque, and Mr. Paul Hall. They showed the most confidence in me, even when I didn't have confidence in myself. Absolutely wonderful teachers and people.

After high school, I did something I probably shouldn't have done: I went right to college, at Nassau Community. I took computer-programming classes because I figured that computers were the future, and I was into electronics and stuff, so everything would fit together. But I wasn't really enthusiastic about it, and didn't feel like it was something I could put my heart and soul into. It started to feel just like an extension of high school, and we know how that went.

What I was into was being part of the Jericho Fire Department, which I'd joined as soon as I turned eighteen. My parents were beside themselves. My father, when he heard



about it, reassured my mother, "Don't worry, give him six months, and he'll get over it and move on." I stayed there for six years. It was addicting.

Other guys from our grade were there, like Gerry LaRusso, Wayne Friedrich, Brian Peralta, and Mitch Meyer. The downside of being a volunteer fireman was that it monopolized a lot of your time, and as a result, some other opportunities were probably missed. But it gave me a level of maturity and important skills, like relating to others, and really built my self-confidence.

That first year, I was on call the day the Jericho High School gymnasium burned down. It was around the time of finals, interestingly enough. When the call came into the fire house, at first I assumed it was a false alarm, because every time we got a call to the high school, it was either a false alarm or a bomb scare.

But as we're rolling down route 107, I can see smoke just pouring out of the building, so I called the dispatcher and notified her that we had a working fire. Billy Mansberger, who's from the class of 1961, was like, "What is Larry doing? Doesn't

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Larry Licht

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he know this is a false alarm?" The teachers were all standing outside, and when I climbed down from the truck, they all applauded. It was just the wildest experience.

We put out the fire, but it did several million dollars' worth of damage. They never caught the person who set it, although they know that some kid lit his gym shorts on fire and threw them behind the bleachers. They smoldered there for a while, but with all the varnish on the floor, the flames just took off. It bent steel in the ceiling, and they had to rebuild the whole gym.

On a sad note, I was on call the day that Susan Chatleton was involved in a fatal car accident at the intersection of routes 106 and 107. At first I didn't know who the victim was, but then someone read her name off the license. It was pretty emotional for those of us who knew her.

In 1974, while I was still going to NCC, my father suggested that we buy and run a Radio Shack store in the Times Square Mall in Melville, on route 110. I'd never considered doing sales before, but it turned out to be fun, though a lot of hours. Then we sold that store and bought the Roosevelt Field store. I still didn't have any major direction, though, and I became a little concerned. What would I be doing when I was forty?

In 1978, Long Island was hit with a really bad ice storm, and my family started thinking about relocating someplace warmer. We were friends with a man named Danny Kushner, who lived in East Birchwood, right behind Dario's Restaurant. He had moved to Arizona and raved about it. So my parents, sister, and I took a trip out there and basically decided not to come back. My father got a job teaching at DeVry University, and the rest of us returned east to put the house up for sale. In October, we moved to Scottsdale.

I finished up my degree in electronics engineering at California Coast University. Construction was booming out here, so I became an electrician. Then I went to work at a small company called Data West, which did seismol-

ogical data gathering with a digital-ray processor. It was fun, but I didn't see a future there. I decided that I wanted to work for Motorola, so I contacted a job shop, and two weeks later I was hired.

This was in 1981. At the time, Motorola had multiple plants and close to 55,000 employees in Phoenix. We manufactured radio parts, transistors, sensors — pretty much anything that goes into any electronic piece of equipment. Things were good for about fifteen years.

Then Motorola slowly started to deteriorate, along with its number of employees. Everything was moving offshore, so I was doing a lot of traveling, to places like Malaysia, Korea, and the Philippines. By the late 1990s, I started decided it was time for a change.

I transferred to the company's government-electronics division. I figured that if any division was going to stay around, that was the one. Well, Motorola decided to get rid of the government-electronics group! I thought, *Great, I move over here, and now they want to get rid of this.* General Dynamics bought us in August 2001. Just a few weeks later, September 11 happened.

The country immediately turned up its defense spending with unlimited budgets. As you can imagine, business went nuts. We had F-16s flying into Luke Airforce Base picking up newly built radios for delivery. Had Motorola hung in there just two more months, it probably could have sold the division for three times as much money!

I'm still with General Dynamics. Right now I'm working on a number of projects. The biggest one, for which I'm the senior engineer, is making the encryption units that go into the F-22 — the Raptor jet fighter. This is a new aircraft that the air force will be using in the future. What these encryption units do is basically identify whether another plane is a friend or a foe (IFF), to prevent accidents caused by friendly fire. They also encrypt all of the voice and data leaving the aircraft and un-encrypt the voice and data coming to the aircraft. The program has a top-secret clearance level.

Continued on page 14



Larry at our communal 50th birthday party in July 2004

TOONS CARTOONS CARTO OTOONS SCARTOONS SCART



By Dan Clurman

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

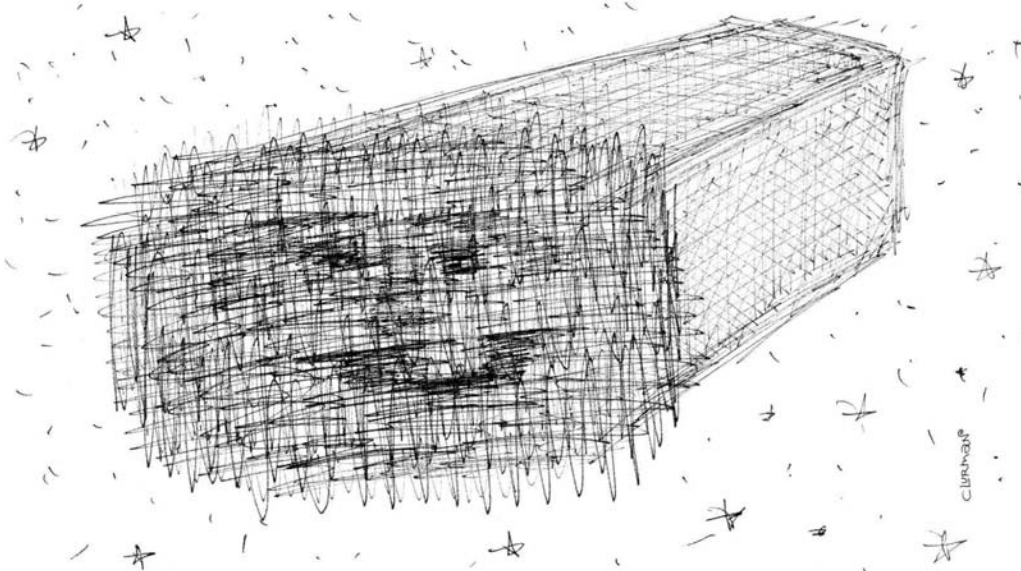
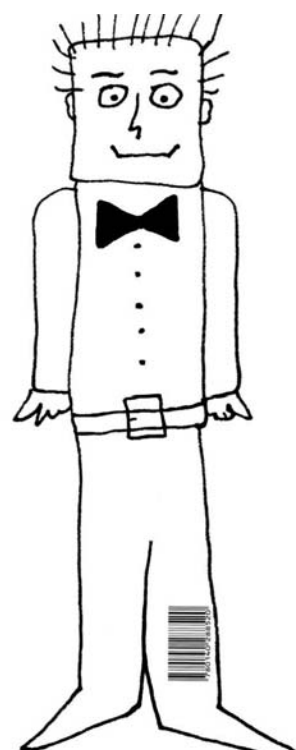


"I assist professionals, business people, couples, and students to more skillfully navigate life transitions, as well as improve their communication and presentations. I also have a small practice as a Feldenkrais® practitioner, a movement-based form of education."

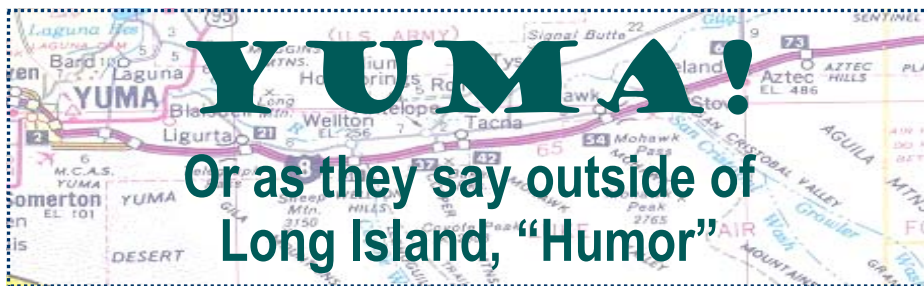
"I've cowritten a few books, *Money Disagreements: How to Talk About Them* and *Conversations With Critical Thinkers*, as well as a book of poems and drawings, *Floating Upstream*. The book these toons are part of, *You've Got to Draw the Line Somewhere*, will be published shortly."

To purchase *Floating Upstream*, send \$15 (plus \$2 postage) to Dan Clurman, 396 61st Street, Oakland, CA 94618. For *Money Disagreements*, send \$10 to the same address.

He's a perfectly normal person — in the generic sense of the word



Almost out of the box



The Song Remains the Same

Contributed by Arnold Tropper

Arnold Tropper, who lives in Port Jefferson, Long Island, sent us the following piece with a note reading. "While I can't take credit for writing this, I thought it might be appropriate for the next newsletter." He's right!

When I was a kid, adults used to bore me to tears with their tedious diatribes about how hard things were when they were growing up, what with walking twenty-five miles to school every morning ... uphill ... both ways ... through year-round blizzards ... carrying their younger siblings on their backs ... to their one-room schoolhouse, where they maintained a straight-A average ... despite their full-time after-school job at the local textile mill, where they worked for thirty-five cents an hour just to help keep their family from starving to death!

And I remember promising myself that when I grew up, there was no way in hell I was going to lay a bunch of crap like that on kids about how hard I had it and how easy they've got it!

But now that I'm over the ripe old age of fifty, I can't help but look around and notice the youth of today. And I want to say this to them:

You've got it so easy! I mean, compared to my childhood, you live in a damn Utopia! And I hate to say it, but you kids today don't know how good you've got it!

When I was a kid we didn't have the Internet. If we wanted to know

something, we had to go to the damn library and look it up ourselves, in the card catalog! There was no email! We had to actually write somebody a letter — with a pen! Then you had to walk all the way across the street and put it in the mailbox, and it would take like a week to get there!

There were no MP3's or Napsters! You wanted to steal music, *you had to hitchhike to the damn record store and shoplift it yourself!* Or you had to wait around all day



to tape it off the radio, and the DJ would usually talk over the beginning and @#*% it all up!

And talk of about hardship? You couldn't just download porn! You had to steal it from your brother or bribe some homeless dude to buy you a copy of *Hustler* at the 7-11! Those were your options!

We didn't have fancy crap like call waiting! If you were on the phone and somebody else called, they got a busy signal, that's it! And we didn't have fancy caller-ID boxes either! When the phone rang, you had no idea who it was! It could be your school, your mom, your boss, your bookie, your drug dealer, a collections agent, you just didn't know! You had to pick it up and take your chances, mister!

We didn't have any fancy Sony Play Station video games with high-resolution 3-D graphics! We had the Atari 2600! With games like "Space Invaders" and "Asteroids," and the graphics sucked! Your guy was a little square! You actually had to use your imagination! And there were no multiple levels or screens, it was just one screen forever! And you could never win! The game just kept getting harder and harder and faster and faster until you died! *Just like life!*

When you went to the movie theater, there no such thing as stadium seating! All the seats were the same height! If a tall guy or some old broad with a hat sat in front of you and you couldn't see, you were screwed! Sure, we had cable television, but back then that was only like fifteen channels, and there was no onscreen menu and no remote control! You had to use a little book called *TV Guide* to find out what was on! You were screwed when it came to channel surfing! You had to get off your ass and walk over to the TV to

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Andrea Celenza

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our growth, our curiosity. I still have two photographs that she gave me hanging in my home. Frankly, I would have welcomed it if my parents had sent me to a therapist, but they didn't. Barbara Murphy was something like that for me.

And who gets a chance to go to Russia as a high-school trip? This was an experience I still talk about to this day. We were convinced we were being spied upon the whole time, and there actually was a guy in a trench coat who always seemed to be wherever our group went. A couple of us tried to ditch him by going off the tour in Moscow — but there he was, two blocks behind us at every turn. It was creepy but exciting!

Mark Whitehill and Loren Kraus ('73) were my buddies on that trip. Not to mention Mr. Hoffman. I had to sign up for the trip to Russia just after Michael Gilbert embarrassed me in front of the whole class. (Michael: this is my last revenge!)

While I think that the opportunities, the sports, the social and educational aspects of Jericho were fantastic, there were two things that were hard for me growing up. One is that it was just so incredibly materialistic, although that's probably true of Long Island as a whole. Maybe we girls felt it more than the boys, the pressure to have the right outfits and that sort of thing.

That's one of the reasons I so intensely embraced the sixties thing, which was all about antimaterialism. Many of us really identified with the kind of hippie mentality — perhaps in the superficial way that rich kids from Long Island would do it — but still, it was a great thing to go through in adolescence. That's one of the things I loved so much about Cornell too. It was a huge haven for

counterculture kinds of lifestyles. I had friends up there who lived in teepees!

The other thing was probably quite particular to me, was that we Celenzas were one of the few non-Jewish families in Jericho. Although we are Italian (and there are lots of similarities!), I was made an "honorary Jew" by Michael Lewis's

“One of the good things that going over the crest has done for me is that it's really helped me to not care what other people think.”

father. All my Jewish friends' families, like Beverly Weissman's, would invite me to Seders and teach me Hebrew prayers. I still remember them. More than one mother said to me, "You're the only non-Jew I would let my son marry!" It was meant as a compliment, but I still felt excluded. That was hard. Because for all my rejecting of everything, I really wanted to belong.

Penny Schaefer Stabenfeldt and I are still good friends, even though she lives in California. Her parents have a house in Sag Harbor, so we see each other there during the summers. I bring the kids, and we water ski and have a great time.

By virtue of our recent class get-togethers, many of us have reconnected. I'm now in touch with old friends like Beverly, Michael Lewis, Bobbi Solomon, and I love seeing people at the parties: Debbie Traikos, Debbi Nathel, Risa Sugarman, Ilise Zimmerman, Elise Goldstein, Randi Blatt. These are maiden names, but that's how I know them.

At the thirtieth reunion, several teachers told me that the class of 1972 was a very special class. I think we all were engaged with the

whole developmental process together. We were growing up intellectually and emotionally at a very difficult time. But difficult in some good ways. It led to our questioning things. It sounds adolescent — it was adolescent — but it was intense!

Maybe that made for more intense relationships. That's why I think it's so great to have the opportunity to reconnect now, to make links from the present to our past. We all need a continuous narrative of how we see ourselves, and it's mostly organized by relationships.

The early-childhood and adolescent relationships are particularly important, because these are times in our lives when we are critically reorganizing our identities. These relationships form the groundwork of how and what things mean to us. And there's always a lot of unfinished business.

The thirtieth reunion was really important. I remember hearing that Bobbi Solomon and Beverly Weissman, two of my closest friends back in high school, were going to be "rooming" together. Thirty years later, I was jealous! As if it were high school. They were probably jealous that Penny and I were going to be staying together, too. There's a way in which these adolescent relationships are fundamental to our identities.

I'm incredibly happy, but I'm having a problem with turning fifty-plus. I don't like being in the second half of life at all. Still, one of the good things that going over the crest has done for me is that it's really helped me to not care about what people think.

For example, I've written and presented academic papers, and I used to get very anxious that people were going to disagree with me and say so publicly. I don't care anymore! I want to say what I think. Because it's now or never. ■

Larry Licht

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Everything Comes Together

I've always been into auto racing and wanted to get into it, but not full-time. Vince Granatelli Racing was out here, in Phoenix. In the mid-1980s, I wrote him a letter explaining that I'm not really looking for a job, but I'm into racing and have a strong electronics background, and I'm looking for some way to tie together my two interests. "If you feel you have a need for somebody like me," I wrote, "please give me a call."

One afternoon the phone rang. A woman introduced herself as Cindy from Vince Granatelli Racing. I'm thinking, *Yeah, right*. Then it occurred to me that I hadn't told *anybody* about this, so the call had to be legitimate.

She said, "Mr. Granatelli received your letter, and he's very interested in you, and he'd like to talk to you." The following week I drove down to the shop, which was gor-

geous and ultra-modern. Nearly 40,000 square feet in size. Meeting Vince Granatelli, son of racing legend Andy Granatelli, was like meeting Donald Trump. I'd seen him on TV all the time. The double doors to his office opened up automatically, and there he was, sitting behind his desk.

We just started to talk about what I do, my experience and my interests. At one point he said, "I've never had a radio that's worked in a car since I started racing." I said, "Well, that's not a difficult thing to do." He made me an offer on the spot.

I began working there on weekends; sometimes I'd go to the shop after work. My task was to design a new radio system and also design a new telemetry system, so that the pit crew could receive data from the car as it raced around the track. One day Vince came down to the shop floor while I was doing some testing and asked how things were going. I told him they were going very well.

"You think you got it?"

"Yeah."

"Okay, then, let's go to Portland this weekend." Portland was the next race on that year's CART (Championship Auto Racing Teams) schedule. That was the first race I ever went to.

From then on, I started going to races every other weekend, leaving work at Motorola on Thursday and returning late Sunday night. I would run the car's telemetry system, which enabled the team to receive real-time data. Now there was no more guessing how many laps the could go before it needed to be refueled. We were even able to tell if the driver was using the accelerator or the brakes. When I'd return to work on Monday, all the guys at Motorola would say, "Hey, I saw you on TV!"

I did that for a couple of years, and it was great. The racing just brought everything together. Confidence-wise, I was at an all-time high. There was nothing I felt I couldn't do.

Except when I went over to the government-electronics group in 1999, I got totally overwhelmed. I was now working for the military, and it was a different world over there.

First of all, at the time, everything had an acronym, and if you didn't know them, you were absolutely lost. Plus, I'm the sort of person that has to know all aspects of what's going on on a project. There was just too much to know and not enough time. The pile of papers on my desk was actually taller than me, and growing! To be honest, I started to wonder if maybe I'd made a mistake by transferring divisions.

Plus, I'd recently been diagnosed with diabetes. Well, with all the stress, my diabetes went out of control, and I just fell apart. I had to go out on a medical leave for a couple of weeks, to regroup and come back.

While I was out, Vince Granatelli called me, wanting to know what was

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Larry, son Adam, and wife Tovah in Switzerland. Larry has lived in Arizona since 1978.



Larry Licht

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going on. I gave him a brief explanation.

“Come on down to the shop,” he said. “We need to talk over lunch.”

Vince is ten years older than me. He sat down with me and said, “Look, I understand what you’re going through. Let me just explain something: I have known you for a couple of years now, and I think I know you pretty well. You are the type of person who radiates a perception of a can-do type of guy. You are extremely confident. I don’t see that in you right now. But that *will* come back.” He talked to me as a true friend, and really helped things put things in a perspective. He’s a great person; the whole Granatelli family, in fact, are just wonderful people.

Surrounded by Family

Probably the first thing that people notice about Arizona is that it’s so clean. Everything is new. And if it isn’t new, it looks new, because we don’t have harsh winters. One of the negatives about life out here is that everybody’s a transient, with no family around. People keep to themselves, more so now than they did when I first moved here. You see cars drive down the street, pull up in their driveway, the garage door opens automatically, the car pulls inside, and the door closes.

Plus, remember how in Jericho the backyards were mostly open? Here the communities have what are called block fences, so you don’t know your neighbors. One builder built some houses with front porches, to counteract that, but it never took off.

My son Adam, who’s fifteen, is extremely lucky to have both sets of

grandparents living within five miles of our house in Scottsdale. Plus, my sister lives just ten miles away. She has two children. One, Douglas, is a student at Arizona State University; Ashley, aged twelve, is a sixth-grader.

My wife, Tovah, was born in North Carolina. Her family moved to White Sands, New Mexico, because her father worked for Douglas Aircraft, before it became McDonnell-Douglas. Then they moved to Long Beach, California. My wife moved to Arizona, and her parents followed her a couple of years later.

We met in February 1988, at a local temple’s Las Vegas Night for singles. I was at the craps table when I saw her on the other side of the room and thought, *I have to go meet her. Let me just lose this money quickly.* Guess what? I couldn’t lose! Finally, I just walked away from the table, even though I was winning.

We started talking and found that we had a lot in common. On the way home, I got a speeding ticket because I was thinking about her and wasn’t paying attention to the speedometer. Meanwhile, when she got home that night, she called her mother, who asked, “Well, how did it go?”

“I met somebody. But there’s a problem.”

“What’s the problem?”

“Mom,” she said, “he’s a geek.”

“Well, Tovah,” replied her mother, “just remember that your father was a geek when I met him, and I was able to change him! So there is hope!” I had to go to Mexico for business, and when I came back, Tovah invited me to dinner over at her parents’ house. Her aunt, who’s a very lively, funny person, was there, and in the middle of dinner, she gave her the thumbs-up sign. We got married later that year, in October.

Adam is a really amazing kid. Like me, he’s heavily into computers, and he’s had a ham radio license since he was just ten years old. (I belonged to the Ham Radio Club at Jericho.) As he got older, he started to develop his own personality and interests. Like, he got certified to go scuba diving; we’ve dived together a number of times.

Then he announced that he wanted to learn how to play guitar. He got a guitar for Chanukah from Price Club, we got him lessons, and he just started taking off on this thing, and getting better and better and better. He also started getting into golf; he plays with my father-in-law all the time. Now, these are two things that I am not into at all. I would love to help support him, but I’ve never played golf and I’ve never played a musical instrument, other than piano for a little bit. He just has a real dynamic range of interests.

Adam is also into dressing up — which makes him the total opposite of me. He’s into the tuxedo thing, golf clothes. It’s bizarre. Sometimes I wonder if he’s even my kid! ■

Locating the Class of ‘72

We’ve found all class members except for these seventeen folks. If you have any idea where they or their family might be, or any other relevant information, please let us know.

Georgene Borgess • Grainger Cole
• Juliet Cucco • Joseph Esposito •
Olivia Fairfield • Steven Gross •
Randy Haas • Billy Hartley • Judy
Lubitz • Bea Mari • David Meadow •
James Rorer • Ayda Saydan •
Laurie Siegel • Barbara Simpson •
Emma Snow • Sam Turetsky

DEAD MAN WALKING

Throughout the fall, some sixty-three-year-old bloke has been touring the United States purporting to be Paul McCartney. Ha! As everybody knows, the Cute Beatle perished in a horrific 1966 car accident.

Around this time thirty-six years ago, the "Paul McCartney Is Dead" hoax reached feverish proportions, prompting two questions: (1) Did the Beatles plant aural and visual "clues" about Sir Paul's grisly passing in songs and on album covers, to fuel the rumors? (2) Did people really have so much free time back then that they could waste countless hours trying to decipher the alleged evidence?

It all started in September 1969, when the student newspaper at Iowa's Drake University published an article claiming *facetiously* that McCartney had been decapitated in a car crash on November 9, 1966 -- the same day, incidentally, that John Lennon met Yoko Ono for the first time. According to the story, the accident could be heard in its entirety by playing the White Album's sound collage "Revolution 9" backward.

The macabre story spread around the globe, acquiring bizarre details along the way. Supposedly, the Fabs replaced Paul with a left-handed singing bass player named William Campbell, whose face was surgically reconstructed to resemble McCartney's. Eventually, Paul himself felt compelled to release a statement (see box at right) reassuring the public that he was not pushing up daisies.

But that didn't stop conspiracy theorists from scouring Beatles albums for alleged "clues." DJ Roby Younge of New York's premiere Top Forty radio station, WABC-AM, was canned on the spot for discussing the controversy on the air. The hoax broke the sound barrier of absurdity over the Thanksgiving weekend, when television stations across the

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"Mr. McCartney? May I have your autograph? I'm a big fan. A *really big fan*. And could you make it out to "Grim"? That's G-R-I-M ..."



From *Newsday*, October 23, 1969

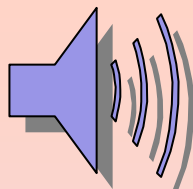
Paul Makes It Clear: "I Feel Fine"

London (AP)--"I am alive and well and concerned about the rumors of my death," says Beatle Paul McCartney. "But if I were dead, I would be the last to know."

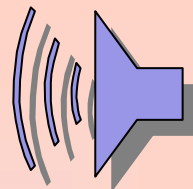
At least, that's what the Beatles' business organization, Apple, *said* he said. The millionaire pop musician was on a motoring tour somewhere in England with his wife, two children and a dog, and refused to let it be known where he could be found. Apple said yesterday that McCartney telephoned the denial of his demise to London Tuesday night.

"Paul refuses to say anything more than that," said Derek Taylor, Apple's chief spokesman. "Even if he appeared in public just to deny rumors it wouldn't do any good. If people want to believe he's dead, then they'll believe it — the truth is not at all persuasive."

Apple and U.S. news media have been flooded with telephone calls and letters about rumors in the U.S. that McCartney has been dead for years. "They are all ridiculous," Apple said. "It's a lot of nonsense," said fellow Beatle John Lennon. The rumors are too stupid to bother denying, said George Harrison, another member of the famed quartet. Beatle drummer Ringo Starr could not be reached for comment.



(((Audio Clues)))



Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band
Released: June 2, 1967

From Magical Mystery Tour

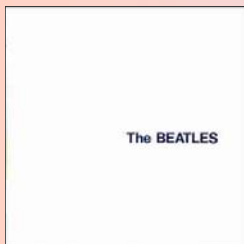
- ◆ At the end of the single “Strawberry Fields Forever,” John Lennon murmurs what sounds like, “I buried Paul.” According to John, he said, “cranberry sauce.”



Magical Mystery Tour
Released: November 27, 1967

From The Beatles

- ◆ If you play the end of Lennon’s song “I’m So Tired” backward, he seems to mutter, “Paul is dead, man, miss him, miss him.”
- ◆ On the lengthy sound collage “Revolution No. 9,” an engineer’s dispassionate voice drones over and over, “Number nine ... number nine ... number nine ...” When played backward, it sounds like, “Turn me on, dead man; turn me on, dead man; turn me on, dead man ...”



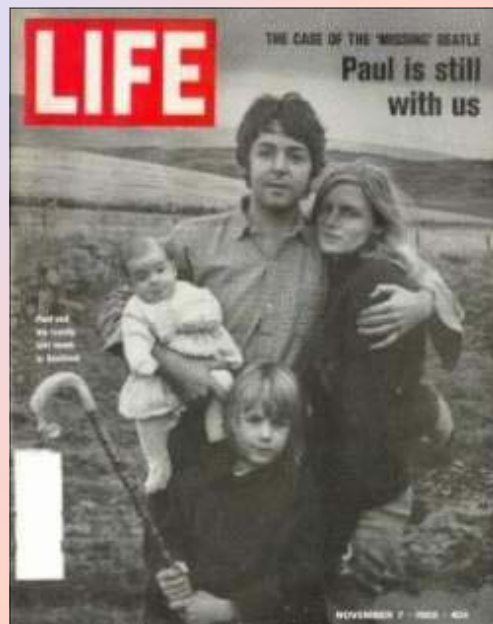
The Beatles (a.k.a. “The White Album”)
Released: November 25, 1968

- ◆ “Revolution No. 9” also includes what conspiracy theorists claim is a virtual re-creation of the terrible car accident. At various points in the (backward) track, you can hear what sounds like crackling flames and a voice moaning eerily, “Get me out of here!” You also can hear a crowd chanting, “Get him out! Get him out!” (In reality, it’s the sound of fans at a soccer match.)



Abbey Road
Released: September 26, 1969

- ◆ In “Glass Onion,” Lennon references his earlier “I Am the Walrus,” singing, “And here’s another clue for you all: The walrus was Paul.” Believers insist that the *walrus* is Greek for *corpse* — which, like so many of the countless and increasingly far-fetched “clues,” has no basis in fact and doesn’t even make sense. But since when has that ever stopped conspiracy theorists?



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DEAD MAN WALKING

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The License Plate



A car parked down the street from Abbey Road Studios sports a license plate that reads, "28IF." The significance? Paul would have been 28 on his next birthday, in 1970, had he not been turned into road pizza.

The Barefootin' Beatle



Paul is the only Beatle to walk across the street sans shoes or socks. It was hot out that summer day, "Paul" later explained dubiously. *Right.* What else would you expect a dead person to say?!?

The Grassy Knoll

Oops, sorry, wrong conspiracy theory!

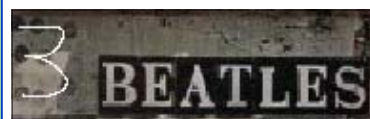
Visual Clues Abbey Road



The Funeral Procession

The album cover to 1969's *Abbey Road* shows the Beatles crossing the street as if part of a funeral procession, with George as the gravedigger; John, the priest; Ringo, the undertaker; and Paul, whose eyes appear to be closed, as the dearly departed.

Now We Are Three



On the back cover, several dots can be seen next to *Beatles*. Connect them (as has been done above), and it forms the number 3. However, you can also connect them to form the number 5.

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DEAD MAN WALKING

Continued from page 18

Visual Clues Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band



Paul: Get Back!

Why is Paul the only Beatle not facing the camera on Sgt. Pepper's back cover?

The Left Handed Bass

The yellow flowers at the grave site are said to form a left-handed bass guitar. McCartney, of course, is — er, was — a southpaw bass player.

The Bass Drum Head

Hold the front cover up to a mirror, and the words *Lonely Hearts* on the big bass drum appear to read "I One IX He Die" (11/9, or November 9).



The Patch

In the gate-fold photo, Paul's arm bears a patch reading *OPD*. According to True Believers, this denotes Officially Pro-nounced Dead. Not so. The letters are actually *OPP* and stand for Ontario Provincial Police.

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DEAD MAN WALKING

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country aired a one-hour special, *Paul McCartney: The Complete Story Told for The First and Last Time*," hosted by famed trial lawyer F. Lee Bailey. In it, the future O.J. defender prowled a mock courtroom and elicited testimony from friend Peter Asher (of Peter and Gordon fame) and Beatles manager Allen Klein, both of whom asserted that Paul was most certainly alive.

The Paul Is Dead rumor soon died down, but not before millions of Beatles albums had been scratched beyond recognition by fans' playing them forward and backward in search of the supposed clues, in what has become something of a twisted parlor game. ■

Visual Clues Magical Mystery Tour



From the *Magical Mystery Tour* movie:

In one scene Paul sits behind a sign that reads, "I Was."

In another, the Beatles wear white tuxedos with red carnations — all except for Paul, whose carnation is (gasp!) black.



**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 ...**



This Issue:
Mrs. Karen Schwartz



Mrs. Karen Schwartz began her teaching career when she was just twenty-one years old, in Westbury. She came to Jericho ten years later, in 1964, and taught there for nearly twenty-five years. Now seventy-two, though you'd never know it, she's a real-estate saleswoman for Coldwell Bank and a grandmother of two.

I was always athletic; I loved sports from the time I can remember. My father was athletic too, and he taught me everything when I was little. In that era, it was kind of unusual for a girl to be so interested in sports, but in Flatbush, Brooklyn, where I grew up, kids played on the streets a lot — games like handball, punchball, boxball. Then I went to sleepaway camp and was exposed to tennis, volleyball, and basketball. In fact, my camp had one of the foremost basketball coaches in the country.

I first started teaching in 1954. When it came to sports, Jericho was different from a lot of other communities, like, Carle Place, for instance.

Scholastics took precedence over athletics. In other communities, sports was something that really held the community together; that wasn't true in Jericho. A lot of people loved it and enjoyed it, but not the majority.

I ran the Saturday recreation program. Even in the elementary schools, we were hard-pressed to keep the programs going, because not that many kids came. There weren't many organized opportunities in sports for kids in Jericho. There was no Little League; it was next door in Syosset.

And needless to say, there were no organized things for girls at all. One of the only competitive sports

for girls was field hockey, which I coached. But when you don't have the preceding programs for kids when they're younger, it's hard to develop talent. Every year I would have to teach field hockey to ninth- and tenth-graders. They were just learning the sport, whereas in a town like Carle Place, the kids would have already been playing since they were in elementary school. It made it difficult to field a competitive team. When we competed, we took a beating, but our girls did very well considering that they didn't have the background.

Right after your class graduated, Congress passed title IX, which made it illegal to prohibit girls from participating in any educational programs or activities on the basis of sex. It changed my whole outlook on teaching. It also brought about co-ed phys-ed classes, which was extremely motivating to me. After that, there were more competitive teams for girls: softball, volleyball, tennis, swimming. Your generation had more opportunities than my generation, and today's generation has a lot more than yours.

Jericho's interest in sports fell around the time that your class left. In 1970, '71, '72, we had some good, competitive teams and kids with some heart; kids who really wanted to be out there. The interest level and the skill level went down and down and down. But even today I look in the paper every week to see if Jericho's won a football or basketball game.

I retired in 1988, sooner than I wanted to. But I was a hands-on teacher. Every skill I taught, I demonstrated it. I was not the throw-out-the-ball-go-play type of teacher. I always said that when I couldn't physically do what I asked my kids to do, I'd hang up my whistle and sneakers.

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Mrs. Karen Schwartz

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(The kids knew my lines better than I did. One time I was addressing a class, and I started to say, "When I can't do the things I ask you to do —" They cut me off and chorused, "We know, we know, you'll hang up your whistle and sneakers!") My right shoulder took a really bad beating from all the years of teaching sports where you use an overhand motion, like gymnastics, volleyball, tennis. It reached the point where if I didn't stop doing what I was doing the way I was doing it, I would need shoulder-replacement surgery.

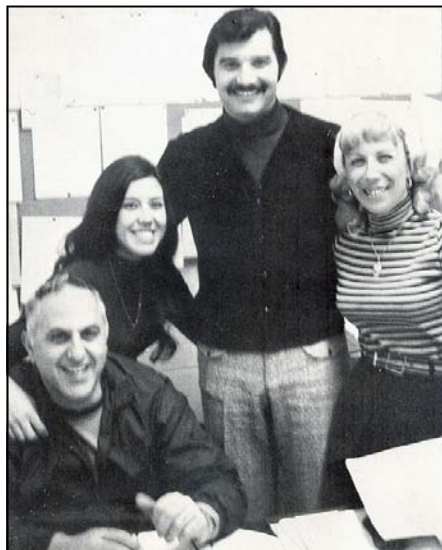
So that was my incentive to retire at fifty-five, instead of staying. Because other than that, I was physically capable. I was still doing everything I asked the kids to do — except maybe running two miles. *That* I would rather drive.

About a year before I retired, we had an assistant principal whose wife was an office manager at Coldwell Bank. One day I asked him, "Do you think I could do real estate?" He said, "Go see Ruth." And before I knew it, she had me in real-estate school. I'd come home from teaching at Jericho and go to my real-estate classes. I just wanted to see if I could do it, because I'd never pictured myself in sales. But, sure enough, I seemed to take to it, and I've been doing fairly well for seventeen years

now. In fact, I sold Sandi Chertok her house.

I'm still in touch with Sandi, who's a very talented lady, and many other students from over the years, like Jimmy and Michael Rudy, Lorraine Triggiani, Janet Rhoads, and Sharon D'Amore, Debbie's sister. I was very close to whole families, like the Silversteins, the Friedlanders, and the Springers; they'd invite me over for dinner.

I remember one parent taking me aside and saying to me about his son, "If he acts up, knock him on his *tuckhus*." He didn't mean for me to beat him up, obviously, but to make sure he didn't get out of line. That's the kind of support teachers had from parents back then. Today parents will sue you if you so much as look at their child cross-eyed!



(Above): Mrs. Schwartz (r.) with Mr. Dominick Morelli, Ms. Helen De-Collibus, and Mr. Sy Faitell. "Sy lives right near me," she says. "He looks fantastic." (Left): Mrs. Schwartz with Mr. Stephen Piorkowski and Mrs. Estelle Stern Parsons at our 30-year reunion in 2002.



Dorothy Scarpanato [Vinnie's sister] is my orthopedist, and Ira Goldman, from the class of 1969, is my gastroenterologist. A few years ago I went to him for a routine checkup, and he discovered that I had lymphoma. I didn't have an inkling that anything was wrong, and he cured me. I love my Ira!

I'm still very active, although I can't play tennis because of my shoulder. So I do a lot of walking. I'm a real walker. Both my children live on Long Island. My daughter works as an office administrator, and my son is an appraiser. Larry went to Seton Hall on a baseball scholarship; he was all-county in football and baseball in high school. In the mid-1980s, he played in the Cincinnati Reds' farm system until he tore up his shoulder, which ended his baseball career. I have two beautiful grandchildren.

I had a lot of very, very wonderful years in Jericho and came into contact with a lot of fabulous kids. It's led to lasting friendships. I miss it. To this day, I still miss it. ■

THE CLASS OF 1972 ON THE WORLD WIDE WEB

Be Sure to Visit
and Bookmark
Our Official
Class Web Site
at:

<http://www.jhs1972.net>

Six Degrees

Continued from page 4

day called it “must reading for newly diagnosed patients and their loved ones,” and the book won the American Medical Writers Association’s award for Best Health Book of 2001 .

My coauthor, Peter Teeley, is the former U.S. ambassador to Canada and press secretary to then vice president George H. W. Bush, who contributed the book’s foreword. The Bushes lost a young daughter to cancer in 1953, when the disease was incurable.

Pete was diagnosed with stage III colon cancer in 1991, at age fifty-one. Often, when writing a book like this, I’ll use one person’s experience as a way to examine the universal issues and challenges that affect a wide audience. In addition to spending time

with his doctors, nurses, and other medical staff at Georgetown University Medical Center in Washington, DC, I interviewed cancer specialists from all of the major U.S. cancer centers.

For the revised edition’s new introduction, we wanted to note how since the book first came out, Pete has been contacted by countless people with cancer seeking advice. We decided to include three patients’ stories that illustrated our book’s main theme: that newly diagnosed patients should opt for the very best cancer care from the outset, not after therapy has failed, the disease has spread, and your original oncologist now says there is nothing more he can do for you. Sadly, that happens far too often.

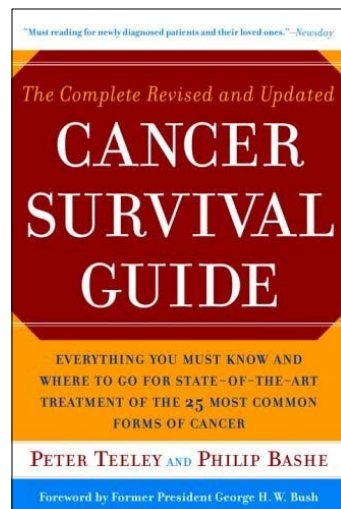
One of the three is the notorious conservative columnist/commentator

Robert Novak, a *three-time* cancer survivor. Another is Ken Reitz, who’d worked with Pete on four presidential campaigns. Ken, diagnosed with rectal cancer in 2001, was facing a colostomy. At Pete’s insistence, he went to Georgetown’s Dr. John Marshall for a second opinion. Instead of surgery, his cancer was treated successfully with a combination of radiation and chemotherapy. Now he jokes that Pete “saved my ass — literally!”

I really wanted a story from a woman (*and* a non-Republican), though, and Elise’s was perfect. After being diagnosed with breast cancer in 2003, she sought a second opinion at the University of California at San Francisco Comprehensive Cancer Center.

The oncology team there recommended a more intensive regimen of chemotherapy than the doctors at her local community hospital had proposed. UCSF also advised that she undergo what’s called a sentinel-node surgical biopsy. Elise, the mother of two daughters, chose the more aggressive approach. The grueling therapy, which also included radiation, was completed in 2004. Elise, now cancer free, is happy with her decision.

Problem was, Elise had no connection to Pete. I really wanted her story in the book, but how to go about it without it seeming contrived?



While I was pondering this, Elise e-mailed me to ask if my coauthor had once served as press secretary to New York’s long-time senator Jacob Javits. Why, yes, he had.

It turns out that back in the mid-1970s, when Elise was at Cornell University, Pete had offered her a summer internship in Javits’s Washington office. She had to turn it down on account of the distance factor, but there was the connection! I’m happy to say that Elise tells her story in *The Complete Revised and Updated Cancer Survival Guide*, which hit bookstores in November, and I get a big kick out of the Jericho connection. ■

Yuma!

Continued from page 12

change the channel, and there was no Cartoon Network, either! You could get cartoons only on Saturday morning. We had to wait *all week* for cartoons, you spoiled little bastards!

And we didn't have microwaves. If we wanted to heat something up we had to use the stove or go build a frigging fire. If we wanted popcorn, we had to use that stupid Jiffy Pop thing and shake it over the stove

“You wanted to steal music, you had to hitchhike to the damn record store and shoplift it yourself!”

forever like an idiot. That's exactly what I'm talking about! You kids today have got it too easy. You're spoiled.

You guys wouldn't have lasted *five minutes* back in 1972! ■

Your Back Pages

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

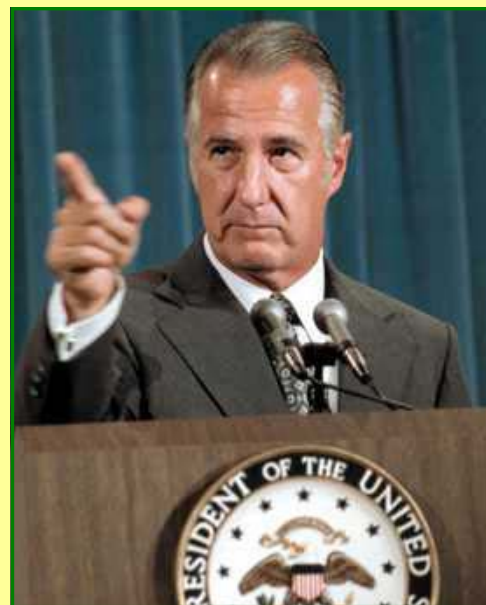
You wish!

The World Around You • Year Two A.G.*, 1973-74

**After Graduation*

- ◆ You go, girl! Tennis star Billie Jean King whups aging chauvinist Bobby Riggs before a crowd of 30,000 at the Houston Astrodome.
- ◆ In October, Vice President Spiro T. Agnew resigns from office after pleading no contest to tax evasion back when he was the governor of Maryland. Michigan congressman Gerald R. Ford replaces him, only to receive a quick promotion the following August when Richard Nixon takes early retirement.
- ◆ Atlanta Braves outfielder Henry Aaron becomes the new Sultan of Swat by blasting his 715th career home run and relegating Babe Ruth to second place. As he closes in on the Babe, Hammerin’ Hank receives countless racist death threats.
- ◆ In February 1974, heiress Patricia Hearst is kidnapped by a radical group calling itself the Symbionese Liberation Army. On April 15 she joins SLA members in an armed bank heist and appears to be a willing accomplice.
- ◆ Dictaphone markets the first telephone answering machine.

One down, one to go: Veep Spiro T. Agnew resigns. Nattering nabobs of negativity everywhere rejoice.



(Left): Patty Hearst goes to the bank to make a withdrawal.

(Right): Um, this was a good idea? A stalker streaks.

- ◆ The latest craze? Streaking, in which people run around naked in public. In March a stalker disrupts the Academy Awards telecast. Novelty songwriter Ray Stevens immortalizes the fad in a number-one comedy record, “The Streak.”
- ◆ In late 1973, beleaguered president Richard M. Nixon insists to the *Washington Post*, “I am not a crook.” Uh-huh.

Continued on next page

Your Back Pages

The World Around You • Year Two A.G.*, 1973-74

**After Graduation*

Continued from previous page

ON THE RADIO: Marvin Gaye, "Let's Get It On," • Elton John, "Bennie and the Jets" • Barbra Streisand, "The Way We Were" • Stevie Wonder, "Living for the City" • Grand Funk Railroad, "The Loco-motion" • Rolling Stones, "Angie" • Paul McCartney, "Band on the Run" • James Taylor and Carly Simon, "Mockingbird" • Bachman-Turner Overdrive, "Let It Ride" • Steve Miller Band, "The Joker" • Ringo Starr, "You're Sixteen" • John Denver, "Sunshine on My Shoulders"

ON THE BIG SCREEN: *Serpico* • *The Sting* • *The Exorcist* • *The Great Gatsby* • *Papillon* • *Magnum Force* • *Blazing Saddles* • *Don't Look Now*

ON THE TUBE: "The Mary Tyler Moore Show" • "The Waltons" • "Sanford and Son" • "Hawaii Five-O" • "M*A*S*H" • "Maude" • "The Sonny and Cher Comedy Hour"

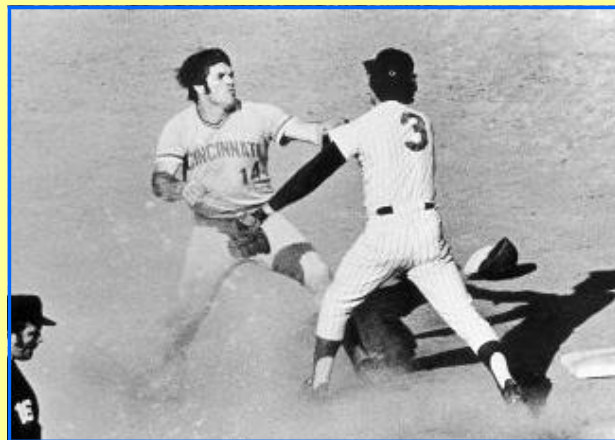
In Sports:

◆ Yogi Berra's New York Mets are barely a .500 team during the season — not one regular hits over .290 — but thanks to a weak division and superb pitching from Tom Seaver, Jerry Koosman, George Stone, and Tug "You Gotta Believe!" McGraw, they manage to slip into the postseason and make it all the way to the seventh game of the World Series, won by Reggie Jackson, Catfish Hunter, and the rest of the Oakland A's.

◆ The Miami Dolphins win their second straight Super Bowl, easily defeating the Minnesota Vikings, 24-7. Just two months later, Dolphins stars Larry Csonka, Jim Kiick, and Paul Warfield defect to the new World Football League, which will collapse under a mountain of debt midway through its second season.

◆ In the NBA, the Boston Celtics return to the finals for the first time since 1969. John Havlicek, Dave Cowens, and Co. beat league MVP Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and the Milwaukee Bucks in an exciting seven-game playoff. As for the ABA, the New York Nets, led by Dr. J. (Julius Erving), win it all in Kevin Loughery's first season as coach.

◆ Hockey's Philadelphia Flyers win the Stanley Cup by beating the Boston Bruins.



Pete Rose and Bud Harrelson square off after Charlie Hustle barreled into the Mets shortstop to break up a double play during game three of the National League playoffs. Harrelson: "Hey, that was a dirty play!" Rose: "Yeah? Wanna bet?"