

Winter 2006-07
 Issue No. 15
 Our 4th Anniversary!

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

JHS Class of 1972 Thirderly On-Line Newsletter

Welcome to this, the fifteenth newsletter of the Jericho High School class of 1972 and friends.

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

IN THIS ISSUE:

Reunion Update: Invites have gone out	1:
Nooz About Yooz: Jim Greco	2:
Face to Face: Ken Kalb, Stephen Meister, Ira Hanan, Howard Krasner, more	2:
Catch Up With Penny Schaefer	3:
Talking Out of Turn: Gossip!	4:
First Person Singular: Janet McNally's	7:
And Now for the Youngshters: Alyssa Straus Loverro	12:
Cartoons by Dan Clurman	13:
Takin' Care of Bidness: Jay Brenner, photographer	14:
Checking In With the Classes of '71 and '73: Lynn Goldman, Wendy Chin, Ellen Jankowitz	18:
Homeroom Romance: Judy Friedman + Mike Sadick, Lori Small + Seth Cohan, Joyce Targove + Peter Mandelkern, Laurie Ross + Fred Schneider, Audrey Meyers + Scott Agins, Mary-Anne Scro + Paul Martino, Donna Flynn + Rich Kordecki, Jaclyn Stanger + Michael Dinhofer	26:
Faculty Lounge: Mr. D'Amato	29:
Six Degrees of Separation: Jane Altvater/Steven Bernstein	32:
Fan Email	34:
Your Back Pages	35:

Reunion Update: You've Got Mail!

Invitations Have Gone Out — Get Yours Yet?

IT SHOULD HAVE ARRIVED IN THE VERY first mail delivery of 2007, alongside the usual bills, paternity suits, and belated Xmas letters in excruciating detail from people you barely know: your invitation to the October 6, 2007, Reunion in 3-D, starring the Jericho High School classes of 1971, 1972, and 1973. Teachers' invitations will be going out sometime in the spring.

If we didn't have your mailing address, you were sent an electronic version via email. If you have not yet received your invitation, let us know at philipbashe@earthlink.net, and we'll get it out to you.

The Early Bird \$100 rate is now history, but you can still save yourself some moolah by RSVP'ing by April 1, when the ticket price increases from \$110 per adult to \$125 per. You can receive full refunds up until two weeks before the big party. It's going to be a blast. Sure hope to see you there! ■



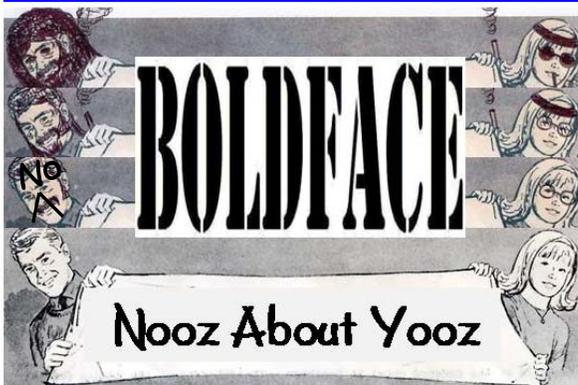
Pictured above are reunion committee members Lorraine Triggiani Grant and Janet Rhoads Leslie, both from the class of '71, and Janet's dog Marshmallow, at a December get-together at Janet's house in Mt. Sinai, L.I. (chosen specifically for its Biblical name, like Jericho), to fold, stuff, and lick hundreds of invitations. The best licker? Marshmallow, naturally.

Newsletter Celebrates Fourth Anniversary With Star-Studded NYC Shindig

So sorry you weren't invited! Turn to page 4 to stare longingly at exclusive party photos in our new society column, "Talking Out of Turn"!



(Right): An unwelcome K-Fed is escorted out of party and back to obscurity.



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.

Face to face of of of

In our travels around cyberspace, we frequently come upon photos of former classmates. “Face to Face” features folks who perhaps didn’t make it to the last reunion, so we haven’t seen them in awhile. If they come to this October’s big party, now you’ll recognize ‘em. Since the photos and brief biographical info are in the public domain anyway, we don’t think they’d mind being featured here for old friends to see. Can you *believe* how good everyone looks?! *Maybe they’re all robots.* Yep, that must be it.

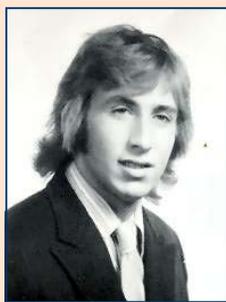
Finally, Some Real Talent On TV’s Law and Order

Look for our own **Jim Greco** on the longtime hit show *Law and Order* as head of the K-9 unit, a role he plays in real life. Jim is president/founder of Long Island K-9 Service. He’s already appeared on *Law and Order* several times, most recently on January 12. Jim and fellow officer John Riley handle the K-9s in a scene in a wooded area where a baby’s skeletal remains are found buried. “Last time we were just a blur on the TV,” writes Jim. “I hope this time we’re at least visible to the human eye!” That’s Jim standing between Detective Ed Green, played by actor Jesse L. Martin, and rookie partner Nina Cassidy (Milena Govich). ■



Kenneth Kalb

Lives in California • CEO of SearchRev, a software company • Named entrepreneur of the year 2005 by Ernst & Young • Attended American University and NYU Film School



Stephen Meister

Lives in New York/Nantucket • Developer and partner in NYC law firm of Meister, Seelig & Fein • Father of three, including daughter born just last April • Also a pilot



Ira Hanan, MD

Lives in Illinois • Internist and gastroenterologist, associate professor of medicine and director of physician-directed practice, section of Gastroenterology at the University of Chicago Department of Medicine



Continued on page 17



Catch Up With ...

Penny Schaefer Stabenfeldt



I moved from Ocean-side to Brookville as a ninth-grader. Two of my three older brothers were already in college. You might think that being surrounded by three boys would explain my interest in sports. Actually, my brothers weren't athletic. I was the only person in our family that participated in athletics.

And I'm still doing it: I swim, do yoga, ski, play golf. We have four golden retrievers, so walk a tremendous amount. The dogs' names are Sandtrap, Bunker, Bogey, and Chip-shot. My husband and I hope to play more golf after we retire; hence the dogs' names. Our son, Jack, joined us in his first shot gun tournament.

In high school, I held the pool record for the fifty-yard backstroke. Not just the girls' record, but the pool record, including the boys. I don't know how long that record stood. I was also the captain of the Jayettes kick line and the girls' synchronized swim team. If title IX had passed sooner, I would have loved to play baseball! I would have wanted to play shortstop.

I graduated from high school early, in January, and went into the workforce. Then in September I

went to the University of South Florida, in Tampa. Two other students from Jericho were there: Bob Winston, a wonderful, wonderful guy, and Sherri Gu-rien. We were in the same dorm, and we had a blast. After a year and a half, I came back to Long Island and went to Hofstra while I worked. I graduated with honors -- 3.98 GPA -- which was pretty surprising, because at Jericho, I never applied myself.

From there I went to work for Saks Fifth Avenue in Manhattan before being transferred to California when I was twenty-three. I'd never been there, but I jumped at the chance. It's funny: My parents and brothers still live on Long Island, and out of my mom's whole family of thirteen brothers and sisters, only two of their kids left the area: myself and my cousin Steven, who lives in San Diego.

I loved California right away. Saks had a tiny store in Monterey. At the time I transferred out there, I'd been the manager of its store in Southampton, which was also tiny. So it wasn't all that different. I lived in a bed-and-breakfast and ate out in restaurants for my first three months there. I worked with terrific designers, doing fashion

shows, which was really very elitist for somebody as young as I was. That doesn't happen anymore. Then I moved down to Newport Beach, between Los Angeles and San Diego, to open up a store in South Coast Plaza. Stayed there for a year, then came back north to San Francisco and went to work as a buyer, first for I. Magnum, then for Federated Department Stores. I bought for a private-label neckware line, so I got to travel to Italy several times a year to design silk. It was an exciting and rewarding time for me.

Then somehow marriage got in there, and I didn't want to travel anymore.

Romance at the Fifty-yard Line

I met my husband Dave Stabenfeldt in 1980 while playing football on the marina green, a park right on the San Francisco Bay, overlooking the Golden Gate Bridge. He works for Sun Microsystems, in product development and systems for partnerships. He was there with some people from his company, and I was there with some girls from I. Magnum, and somehow we wound up playing football. Dave and I got paired up on the same

Continued on page 14

"If title IX had passed sooner, I would have loved to play baseball. I would have wanted to play shortstop."



Talking out of Turn!

SIZZLING HOT JERICHO GOSSIP!

By Ima Bigg Blabbergap,
Vacuous Society Gaddabout

Class of '72 Newsletter 4th Anniversary Soiree: A-Listers All the Way!

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE CAME OUT in herds to help celebrate the fourth anniversary of the **JHS Thirderly Online Newsletter** — but mostly to dive into the free food and drinks — at swank NYC eatery **Tad's Steaks**, and your faithful society columnist was there to scoop up all the poop, in accordance with New York City health regulations.

Lindsay, Elton, Beyonce and Jay-Z, Britney, The Donald, Prince William, Kaiser Wilhelm II (can't believe the doorman let *him* in!) — all could be seen air kissing and ass kissing. Sometimes both at once. Ah, celebrities! They're America's greatest resource. Don't you agree?

The newsletter's **Philip Bashe** and **Larry Licht** granted your intrepid reporter an X-clusive interview,

during which they let drop the bombshell that sometime in the next month or so, they're going to start removing old issues from the website in order to create more room.

"With each new issue, we'll take an older one off the site," explained Phil. "But if you ever want to read any issue in the future, all you have to do is ask, and we'll email it right to you. Now will you *please* get me that drink?" he grumbled, thinking that I was a cocktail waitress. A lot of people seemed to make the same mistake all night.

On this and the next page, you'll find an index of all the stories about Jericho alumni that have appeared in the newsletter since its debut in February 2003, in case you want to catch up.



A tipsy Lindsay Lohan hangs on to Philip Bashe for balance. ("Lindsay had the flu," her publicist smirked knowingly.) The Pride of Long Island promptly hurled into a nearby potted plant, then cursed the assembled paparazzi — "I hate you, stupid pepperoni!" (well, close) — before stalking off into the path of a Mercedes being piloted by gal pal Paris Hilton.

The Newsletter Index

(Issues #1 – #15)

First Person Singular

Jerichonians' stories in their own words

- Linda Appelbaum (issue #3)
- Philip Bashe (#9)
- Andrea Celenza Embry (#11)
- Celia Felsher (#13)
- Harvey Fialkov (#14)
- Beth Flanders (#8)
- Wendy Foxman (#10)
- Rachel Glickman (#6)
- Elise Goldstein LaPaix (#6)
- Luise Halberstadt Linder (#6)
- Jill Harmon (#10)
- Larry Licht (#11)
- Janet McNally (#15)
- Marna Ludwig Moseson (#2)
- Eileen Marder-Mirman (#1)
- Debbi Nathel Kazan (#1)
- George Ploskas (#1)
- Cindy Rosenthal (#4)
- Freda Salatino (#2)
- Benita Zahn Stulmaker (#12)
- Ilise Zimmerman (#4)

Other Class of '72 Feature Stories

- Jay Brenner (#15)
- Harvey Fialkov (#7)
- Donna Flynn Kordecki and Richard Kordecki ('73) (#13)
- Andrew Iskoe (#7)
- Karen Kushner Gottesman (#1)
- Ellen Rader Smith (#14)
- Randy Ringler (#7)
- Howard Silber (#7)
- Patty Ryon Spiers (#1)
- Penny Schaefer Stabenfeldt (#15)
- "Love, Jericho Style": Jericho married couples (#5)
- Patty Ryon and Stephen Spiers
- Mindy Wertheimer and Ira Katz
- Mike Esposito and Louise Rumpelt
- Luise Halberstadt and Jeff Linder
- Paul Martino and Mary-Anne Scro
- Deb Landis and Marshall Goldman
- Dorene Kinberg and Stuart Mass

Continued on page 5

Newsletter Index

Continued from page 4

- **“A Tale of Two Seasons”**: *The saga of the 1971 JHS football Jayhawks* (#7)
- Mark Albin
- Larry Goldstein
- George Ploskas
- Jimmy Rudy
- Jeff Soukup

Friends 4-Ever

A celebration of longtime Jericho friendships

- Ilene Pincus and Monica Wood Izzo (#14)
- George Ploskas and Philip Bashe (#13)
- Denise Straus Loverro and Laura Sheftman Strafer ('73) (#13)
- Ilise Zimmerman and Randi Blatt Rossignol (#13)

Checking In with the Classes of '71 and '73

Profiles of folks from those years

1971

- Joan Baiman Rosenberg (#14)
- Wendy Chin Parise (#15)
- Dr. Joe Friedlander (#13)
- Janet Rhoads Leslie (#12)
- Scott Agins (#15)

1973

- Arlene Brimer Mailing (original fiction) (#12)
- Jon Friedman (#12)
- Mitchel Forman (#13)
- Pat Franklin Jung (#12)
- Judy Friedman Sadek (#15)
- Lynn Goldman Mathias (#15)
- John Innelli (#14)
- Ellen Jankowitz Eder (#15)
- Audrey Meyers (#15)
- Cathy Morway Bloomberg (#13)
- Lesléa Newman (#14)

- Michael Sadek (#15)
- Elizabeth Stark Perez (#13)

Faculty Lounge

Catch up with your favorite teachers

- Mr. George Batjiaka (#14)
- Mr. Louis Boroson (#10)
- Mr. Gaston D'Amato (#15)
- Mr. Paul Hall (#9)
- Mr. Robert and Mrs. Dolores Hoffman (#6)
- Mr. Herbert Kramer (#12)
- Ms. Barbara Murphy (#5)
- Mr. Stephen Piorkowski (#8)
- Mrs. Karen Schwartz (#11)
- Ms. Estelle Stern Rankin (#5)
- Ms. Judy Sutcliffe (#13)

And Now, for the Youngsters

Tales and photos of Jerichonians' Progeny. The proud parents:

- Jane Altvater Duda (#11, #13)
- Linda Appelbaum (#14)
- Philip Bashe (#14)

- Karen Bunin Huss (#6)
- Linda Caputo Friedmann (#2, #12)
- Cherrie Fleischer Strauss (#7)
- Marci Glickman Ross (#9)
- Gaile Goodgold Horowitz (#8)
- Ira Katz and Mindy Wertheimer (#6)
- Cathy Kibel Shriger (#14)
- Marna Ludwig Moseson (#13)
- Eileen Marder-Mirman (#6)
- Jimmy Rudy (#6)
- Patty Ryon Spiers (#7, #9)
- Randy San Antonio (#12)
- Penny Schaefer Stabenfeldt (#10)
- Debbie Segal Cleva (#2)
- Melanie Siegel Dolan (#6)
- Denise Straus Loverro ('73) (#15)

Nooz About Yooz

- Mark Albin (#8, #11, #14)
- Jane Altvater Duda (#6)
- Philip Bashe (#2)
- Linda Caputo Friedmann (#5)
- Andrea Celenza Embry (#5)
- Dan Clurman (#14)

Continued on page 6

More Party Scenes (and Being Seen!)



“The JHS Class of 1972 Newsletter is number one!” declares P.Diddy, shown here with Larry Licht, while fellow rap mogul Jay-Z appears less certain. The Diddster, never one to pass up

an opportunity for self-promotion, stunned everyone by announcing that he and Jay-Z were swapping initials, thereby making P. Diddy, “Z. Diddy,” and Jay-Z, “Jay-P” (“as in J. P. Morgan, yo,” Jay-Z noted. “If that mother-effer was still alive, I could buy his sorry ass out ten times over!”). P. Diddy and Jay-Z — do their creativity and genius know any bounds!?!

Newsletter Index

Continued from page 5

- John Cooney (#11, #13)
- Jim Greco (#4, #10, #15)
- Laurie Farber (#2, #3, #6, #11)
- Manon Fielding (#10)
- Cherrie Fleischer Strauss (#10)
- Mitchel Forman ('73) (#14)
- Dan Friedlander (#11)
- Gerry Gaffen Alterbaum (#7)
- Karen Goodlerner Siegel ('71) (#14)
- David Gustman (#5)
- Douglas Hoffman (#3)
- Caren Kushner Gottesman (#3, #7)
- Michael Lewis (#5, #13)
- Marna Ludwig Moseson (#7)
- Stephen Meister (#13)
- Kathy Milner Hartwig (#9)
- Janet Penn (#5)
- Ilene Pincus (#2, #11)
- George Ploskas (#8)
- Carol Schatzberg (#7)
- Patty Ryon Spiers (#6)
- Penny Schaefer Stabenfeldt (#5)
- Bob Simon (#1, #4, #5, #7)
- Debbie Smiley Holtzman ('73) (#14)
- Stephen Spiers (#6)
- Sanford Sylvan (#2)
- Arnold Tropper (#1)
- Beverly Weissman Cogan (#11)
- Monica Wood Izzo (#6)

Guess Who Got Hitched!

- Patty Ryon and Stephen Spiers (#2)
- Beverly Weissman Cogan and Stephen Marksohn ('71) (#13)

Events From the Past

- **The Crucible** (1971) (#10)
Reflections from **Cindy Rosenthal, Ilene Pincus, Michael Leshin, Beth Flanders, Mr. Stephen Piorkowski**
- **One-Act Play Contest** (1972) (#9)
Reflections from **Lee Rose, Peter Green ('73), and Doug Baoumel ('74)**
- **March-April 1972 Senior Trip to Italy**
Reflections from **Jason Starr, Linda Caputo Friedmann, and Susan Friedland Cristina (#9)**

**NUMBER OF JERICHOIANS TO APPEAR IN NEWSLETTER SO FAR:
000274
HOW ABOUT YOU NEXT?**

"Instamatic Moments: Pictures From Back When You Were Still Adorable"

- Philip Bashe, Bar Mitzvah (#7)
- Susan Friedland Cristina, Sweet Sixteen (#10)
- Amy Lubow Downs, twelfth birthday party (#7)
- Kathy Milner Hartwig, Girl Scouts (#8)
- Debbi Nathal, pre-prom party (#9)

Six Degrees of Separation

Unexpected encounters between Jerichonians

- Jane Altvater and Steven Bernstein (#15)
- Jane Altvater and Patty Ryon Spiers (#3)
- Alane Avallone Murphy and Vanna White (#7)
- Harvey Fialkov and Steven Bernstein (#11)
- Eileen Marder-Mirman and Leslie Axman (#5)
- Andy Romanoff and (Mrs.) Philip Bashe (#1)
- Howard Silber and Ken Kalb (#1)
- Jackie Stanger Dinhofer ('73) and Sanford Sylvan (#2)
- Ilise Zimmerman, Bonnie Siber Weinstein ('71), and Jeff Putterman (#14)

Also:

- Elise Goldstein LaPaix (#11)
- James Greco (#11)
- Susan Pfriendr Bebry (#3)

History of Jericho

- "Goin' to Mid-Island Plaza" game #2)
- History of the Milleridge Inn (#14)
 - Janet Rhoads Leslie ('71)
 - Paula Doherty Cox ('73)

Family Photos

Self-explanatory, no?



*More party scenes: Resident cartoonist Dan Clurman couldn't make it in from Oakland, California, so he sent this lifesize self-portrait in his stead. Guest Britney Spears spent half the night talking animatedly to "Dan" before someone quietly informed her that he was only a cartoon. "Ah don't give a *&^% what religion he'all is!" replied the newly single Ms. Spears. "He's damn cute, an' Miz Britney wants ta take him home!"*

• "We're a Happy Family" (#3):

- Robert Banner
- Philip Bashe
- Carole Briedenbach
- Debra Gelman Krefsky
- David Giber
- Cathy Kibel Shriger
- Michael Leshin
- Amy Lubow Downs
- Kathy Milner Hartwig
- Rael Reif
- Freda Salatino
- Penny Schaefer Stabenfeldt
- "You Oughta Be in Pictures" (#5)
 - Robert Banner
 - Carol Sadowski Hawkins

Remembered Fondly

- Guy Fils ('73) (#11)
- Ellen Lowenstein ('73) (#14)
- Stuart Roney, by Gary Roney (#9) ■

First Person Singular

Janet McNally's Excellent Everest Adventure

I was always adventurous as a kid. Do you remember right across the street from the high school, where the Meadowbrook Golf Club is? I don't know if you ever went behind that, but there used to be all these horse trails that led back to Westbury Gardens ...



Janet at the summit of Washington's Mt. St. Helens, with the peak of Mt. Rainer poking through the clouds.

I grew up with four sisters and one brother, plus our eight cousins lived down the street. When I was kid, my cousin Michael and I would walk there from our house in Westbury. We found all these old horse trails. Then we found all these old ruins from Westbury Gardens from once upon a time.

That's when I started doing that kind of stuff, hiking and exploring and being out in nature.

In my old age, I've figured out that's part of why I wasn't such a great student, because I used to sit there in the classroom looking out the window, wanting to go off on some great adventure. My teachers would say to my mother, "Janet is a very intelligent child, Mrs. McNally; if you could just get her to come to class!"

I used to do a lot of hiking, rafting, skydiving, things like that. Nothing major until I was invited to go on a trek to Mount Everest base camp. It happened at my grandfather's funeral, in 1998. On my mother's side, I have an aunt who's only two years older than me. She lives in Portland, Oregon. Her name is Kate Wood, and

she's been dating a doctor (now retired) named Cameron Bangs for about twenty years. Cam was not only a physician, he was a member of the Oregon Mountain Rescue Team. He was one of those guys who would jump out of a helicopter and rescue stranded climbers and hikers.

Cam was very good friends with a guy by the name of Lute Jerstad, who was a member the first American team to summit Everest, in 1963. He had an adventure business where he would take groups of people over to places like India and Nepal to go hiking, trekking, and mountain climbing. He also used to run mountain-climbing classes up on Mount Rainer, in Washington.

Lute was sixty-one, and he decided that he wanted to take one last trek to Everest base camp before he got too old. And he wanted to take his twelve-year-old grandson Marshall with him. So he calls Cam, who's a cold-weather injury specialist. He says, "I'm taking my grandson to Everest base camp. I'd like to have some medical people there. Would you be interested in going?" Cam

said yes, it had been a dream of his for years. He asked if he could bring along a couple of other people. Lute said a few more people would make it less costly on everyone, so they decided to put a group together.

I moved to Tampa, Florida, in 1986. Then in 1994 I bought a Pepperidge Farm business in Port Charlotte, which is about two hours south of Tampa. In June 1998, my grandfather passed away, and my whole family was down here for his funeral, including Kate and Cam. Cam had already invited Kate and his twenty-three-year-old daughter, Polly. At the funeral, he pulled me aside and asked, "Would you be interested in coming with us to Everest base camp?"

I looked at him, like, *Get out! You've got to be kidding!* Of course I was interested! It was going to be expensive and I had to figure out how to keep my business going because the trip would take approximately six weeks. I decided that I had to make it work, no matter what I had to do. This sounded like it could be the adventure of a lifetime. Little did I know what was in store for me!

The trip would be leaving in October, which gave me four months to train. But I'm thinking, *Where can I train in Florida, which is at sea level, to prepare myself for this?*

I asked Lute what I needed to do. He told me, "There's nothing you can do to prepare your lungs for the altitude. You just have to get up there and get acclimated. Work at getting into the best physical shape that you can, especially your legs."

So I did. I did a lot of bike riding. I went to the local high school and ran up and down the bleachers over and

Continued on page 8

Janet McNally

Continued from page 7



over and over and over again with a backpack full of cans of tuna fish for weight. (Someone had suggested that to me, and it worked!) I had a friend who lived in North Carolina, so I went up there for a few days and hiked up Mount Mitchell, which is the highest peak east of the Mississippi. Did that a few times, in fact. I've always been into athletics, but at age forty-four I was in the best shape of my life.

Up, Up, and Away

There were eleven of us, all Americans, on the trip. I was the only one from the East Coast, so we met for the first time in Los Angeles. Besides me, there was my aunt Kate; Cam and his daughter Polly; Lute, his grandson, Marshall, and his stepdaughter, Lisa; plus four others.

The title of the trek was "Marshall's Everest Base Camp Trek." Base camp is at 16,400 feet. Our goal was to climb to a very small village called Kalapatar, which is at 17,800 feet. At base camp, you're so close to the mountain that you can't see the summit, although you can see the Kumbu ice fall, which is amazing in itself. So Kalapatar would give us views of the worlds highest peak. All together the trip took twenty-eight hours.

We all flew to Osaka, Japan, and had a layover there. Then we flew to Bangkok, Thailand, for three days. From there it was on to Katmandu, Nepal, to spend a few days getting to know the villagers and seeing some of the Buddhist temples, doing a little shopping, and getting our instructions and trek planning. We also used that time to get acclimated to the altitude. The night before our trek was to begin, we had dinner at the home of the

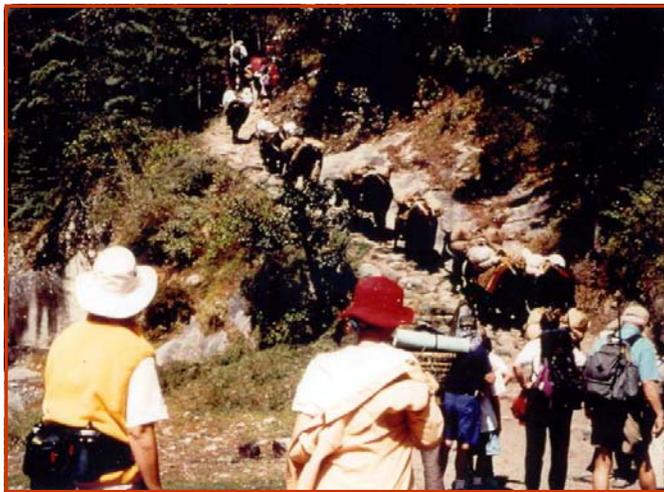
Deputy Ambassador to Nepal, which just happened to be in the Queen's palace. Sweet!!!! That's how well known Lute was in Katmandu.

After a couple of days, we were flown to a small town called Lukla, which is at approximately 9,000 feet. That's where we met our Sherpas. We sat down and drank milk tea together. The Sherpas did practically everything for us. They carried most of our gear or strapped it to the yaks, set up our tents, and cooked for us. It was amazing how much they could carry on their backs: anywhere from eighty to one hundred pounds. One Sherpa's job was to carry the *twelve-foot* dining table. In addition, we hired five Hindu porters to carry our personal gear. The porters, who work for \$1 a day (U.S.), are considered a lower class over there; they can't do what the Sherpas can.

Between all the Sherpas and porters, the total party numbered about thirty. The head Sherpa, Pasong, spoke broken English, and a couple of the other Sherpas could speak a few words. But basically we did everything

through Pasong. Lute spoke some Nepalese, because he spent a lot of time over there and knew all these people very well. So the communication was pretty good.

We started our trek, each of us carrying only our backpack of daily essentials: water, munchies, rain gear, layered clothing, etc. There was no technical climbing involved, But we had to use every bit of our energy just to walk. It's difficult to explain how tough it was. For me, the breathing was the hardest.



Starting the ascent. Notice the yaks?

Pasong, in fact, nicknamed me "Girl Who Lives Under the Sea," because he'd heard that I lived at sea level. It was a big joke with everybody. There were about four of us who kind of lagged behind the rest of the group, though never enough to hold the others up.

This was the most luxurious base-camp trek you could ever take. Our Sherpas would wake us up at five-thirty, six in the morning. They'd unzip our tent and make us coffee or tea. Then they'd bring a bowl of water for us, and we had thirty minutes to take our little birdbath, get all our gear packed, throw our duffle bags outside the tent, and get into the dining tent. By the time we were in there eating breakfast — oatmeal and things like that —

Continued on page 9

Janet McNally

Continued from page 8



One of the Sherpas carrying our tent. We all had \$200 boots on our feet. He wore flip-flops!

they would be taking down the camp and packing our bags onto the yaks.

The Sherpas would take off first, so that once we got to a spot where we were going to rest and have lunch, they would have a whole area filled up for us. Lunch usually consisted of things like spam and eggs. In all, we'd hike about six hours a day. By the time we got to where we were going to camp for the night, they'd have set up the whole camp already: tents, dining tent, and toilet tent. (They'd dig these really deep holes and set up a tent around it. That was our cute little toilet tent. On the way there, you'd have to sidestep lots of yak poop.) If I had to do all that work in addition to the everyday trekking, I don't know if I could have done it. All in all, it was a pretty nice way to travel.

The first few days, we hiked along this river they call the Milk River because it was whitish with runoff from the glaciers. We had to go across these long, very scary expansion bridges made of rope and wood that rocked back and forth three hundred feet up in the air over

nothing. We often joked about how often these bridges were inspected ... *never!* When one would fall down, they would just build another. You could only hope that it was not you on the bridge when it fell.

As for the scenery, every turn you came around was just magnificent! You look at my photos of people, with these enormous mountains in the background, and you know that they're still so far away. It's almost like looking down from an airplane at cars on the road. You just can't describe it. No picture can do it justice, really.

They say that when you're at high altitudes, you do have problems sleeping, but I seemed to be the only one who had so much trouble. Cam had Valium for everyone, to help. I was never much of a pill taker, but I tried after two sleepless nights. Believe it or not, it made me more wired than I was. So much for the Valium helping me sleep.

There were many nights when I would get out of my tent and walk around in the dark. I could hear the yaks moving around. They always had cowbells on, because some of the trails were so narrow that if you were coming up or going down a trail and there was another group coming, sometimes there were some curves that you couldn't see around. We'd hear the cowbells, yell "Yak attack!" and climb up onto the rocks and wait for the yak herd to pass by. Anyway, at night everybody else would be snoring away in their tents, and all I could hear was the clanging of these cowbells.

Looking up, I really felt that I was closer to the stars than I was at home. I know it might sound funny,

because at 16,000 feet, okay, yeah, you *are* closer. But it actually seemed that way.

We would hike a day or two, then stay somewhere a day or two at certain altitudes, to get acclimated. We stopped at 10,000 feet and spent two nights there. Then we went up to about 12,500 feet and spent two nights there.

Every day was a new adventure. One day it might be a fairly easy trek, going around the base of a couple of mountains, so the terrain was relatively flat. But the second day was what we called the day from hell: It was the biggest altitude gain, and it was just constant, with no breaks; it was all uphill, and pretty steep too. That took us to a place called Namche, where they have the highest bazaar in the world called Namche Bazaar. All the local people come once a week to sell their goods there. It was pretty awesome.

Our goal was to go beyond Everest base camp, to a village called Kalapatar, at 17,800 feet. On October 31, 1998, we made it to 16,600 feet. We all had on our Halloween shirts and other assorted celebratory attire, which the Sherpas found rather puzzling!

That was the day that Lute died.

Continued on page 10



This was the best bridge we went across, made of metal embedded in concrete on the cliffs.

Janet McNally

Continued from page 9

Death of a Legend

It was our last day of ascent. We were heading up to make our last camp. Then the next day we were going to get up at 4:00 a.m., go up to base camp then Kalapatar, spend a few hours there, and come back. Lute said he didn't want us to spend too much time there, because this is the first place where you really notice the altitude taking a toll on your mind and your body.

We had stopped in the tiny little village of Penboche for lunch. Then we started picking up our gear to head up for the afternoon. We had about another three hours to hike. I'd been walking alongside Lute talking, when one of the Sherpas called him for something. I heard him say, "I'll catch up with you," when all of a sudden the head Sherpa, Pasong, started screaming, "Lute! Lute!" I turned around, and Lute was hanging over this big rock, on his back.

Cam, the doctor in the party, went running over, along with my aunt Kate, a registered nurse. I grabbed Marshall, his grandson, and said, "Stay here." I kept him with me. We were about twenty yards away, sitting on a huge rock. The rest of our group came and sat with us, and we all held hands, praying that this wasn't something serious.

We could see them trying to do CPR on Lute, and we saw them get out the medical bag and inject some medication. But after about fifteen minutes or so, Cam, came up, went right to Marshall, and said, "Your grandfather died in a place that he loved." And we just sat there in total shock. Absolute, total shock.

After about thirty minutes, which seemed like hours, people started thinking, *Okay, what do we have to do?* Now, there was a woman with us who was a childhood friend of Lute's. Her name was Janet Bogue. She was now the deputy commissioner for the U.S. embassy in Nepal; in fact, she was my tent mate. When we arrived in

Katmandu, Lute had contacted her and asked if she could join us on our trek, and she happily agreed. She had a lot of pull, obviously. Janet and Pasong started heading down the mountain for help.

While all this commotion was going on, a Canadian Mountie from the Canadian Mounted Police happened to come hiking by. He and a couple of the Sherpas confiscated some walking sticks from a few other trekkers in the area and made a stretcher out of them. They placed Lute's body on the stretcher and gave his stepdaughter Lisa, who was about twenty-three, and grandson Mar-

shall some time to be with him alone. Then they brought him up on a ridge above the town and erected a tent, wrapped up his body, and gently put him in the tent. The Sherpas hung up all of these prayer flags and sat around saying prayers for him.

We were all kind of walking around, not knowing what to do. Finally Janet and Pasong came back after four, five hours. They had gotten down to a little village

where there was a two-way radio station. They radioed the embassy and made arrangements for a helicopter to be sent the next day, but only if the weather was clear. So we all had to spend the night there. It was the coldest night on the trek, and no one could sleep.

We just tried to do the best that we could. Cam spent the night in the tent with Lute's body, very upset that he couldn't save his friend. It was probably around noon the next day that the skies cleared enough for the helicopter to come. It took Lute's body, his stepdaughter, his grandson, and Janet, and they all flew away.

We were given the choice to either continue the trek or go back. We tossed that around a lot. We really didn't know what to do. But by that point, we were broken. We had bonded. A lot of us had met for the first time in L.A. But we had this incredible bond, instantly.

That's the main reason I go on all these adventures, for the camaraderie. I don't particularly do them for any self-satisfaction. People always ask, "Why do you climb a mountain?" And other people will say, "To get to the top." For me, it's the journey. That's the way it is with me and my whole life. It's the journey that I cherish,



(Left) Lute Jerstad. (Above) The new chortun with the climber's ashes. Prayer flags and flowers were placed during the ceremony.

Continued on page 11

Janet McNally

Continued from page 10



This is a small village we came upon in the jungle. The kids were so excited to see us. I gave them all coloring books and crayons that I had carried with me.

it's the people that I'm with, and it's the things that we experience together.

On this trek, it was really amazing how quickly we all bonded and got along so well. And we were broken. Our hearts were broken, and our spirits were broken. We didn't feel whole without everyone being together.

It was bad enough without our leader. But without Lisa, Marshall, and Janet too, we just weren't the same. So we decided that we were going to turn around.

The Descent

When we were on our way up the mountain, we'd spent quite a bit of time in a place called Tangboche, where there is a big Buddhist monastery. On a ridge behind the monastery was a spot where you could look up and see a magnificent view of Mt. Everest. On that ridge were three *chortans*, which are stone monuments. Two of the guys that Lute had summited Everest with in 1963 had died, and their ashes were in these chortans. One of the guys, Jake, was

killed in an ice fall during the 1963 climb. Another climber, Barry Bishop, a *National Geographic* photographer who was also Lute's friend and climbing partner was killed in a car accident in California in 1994, and his family had his ashes brought up there. During their descent from Everest (which is always the most dangerous part of a climb) Lute and

Bishop were caught in a storm and had to spend the night in the "death zone," totally exposed at 28,000 feet. Miraculously, they were rescued, although Bishop lost all of his toes and the tips of his little fingers to frostbite. Lute suffered some frostbite and had to be carried down the mountain, but he managed to heal in a few months.

Lute had taken us to this spot and showed us these chortans. We put up some new prayer flags, and he told us these magnificent stories about their trip and the fact that they were caught overnight. They had frostbite. He was telling us things that nobody else had ever heard. Talk about surreal. Talk about a time to really change you. He just sat there for hours and told us all these stories in front of the chortans

where his friends' ashes were. And he told us that when he died, that's where he wanted to be.

Three days later, we were taking him back there.

What happened was, the embassy contacted Lute's wife, Susan, back in Portland and told her the sad news. She said she was going to catch the next plane to Katmandu. Which, of course, would take two days. She told the embassy, "I want to have him cremated and brought back up to Tangboche. Those were his wishes."

We hiked down for three days, which was very, very difficult emotionally for all of us. We got to Tangboche, and the next morning two helicopters came over the ridge and came out with the U.S. ambassador to Nepal and quite a few other people from the embassy, with Lute's wife, grandson, and stepdaughter. They came off the helicopter with a huge jug of Bloody Marys and chocolate-chip cookies, which were Lute's favorites. And then they had a huge *puja* — a kind of funeral service in the monastery, with all of these monks dressed in red gowns with

Continued on page 12



Elephants need baths too!

Janet McNally

Continued from page 11

gold trim. They allowed us in, which is very rare. That lasted for quite a while.

Then the monks led this procession up the side of the hill to this ridge where overnight some of the Sherpas had built a new chortan to put Lute's ashes in. That, of course, was just amazing. Just so emotional. You're just sitting there thinking, *Where am I?*

We were all so strong for each other. Nobody lost it or anything. Everybody just kind of clung together; we did what we had to do. Then we were given the choice to trek down to where we started or to be taken off the mountain by helicopter. We were all just so emotionally drained, we were like, *We're done. Take us away. We don't care how much it costs.* So about four helicopters showed up.

Thank God we had connections with the embassy, which made all these arrangements for us. They came up and they shuttled us off the mountain. Because the air was so thin, the helicopters couldn't take too much weight. They could only take a couple of people at a time, so they would drop a few people off and then go back up for a few more, until we were all together again.

Eventually we landed in Katmandu. We were all just so drained. We had taken showers for the first time in, like, twenty-one days. Then we all got drunk. Very fun evening. Drove around the streets of Katmandu with some wacko cab driver, yelling out the windows. It was our release, I guess.

After a trek, Lute always rewarded himself and the rest of his party with an elephant safari. That was our plan. After our trek, we were going to spend five days out in the jungle on an elephant safari, looking for tigers.

So the discussion comes up, Okay, do we still do this, or do we just cut the whole trip and go home? His wife spoke up. She said, "Lute would really, really want you to do this." She was going to stay and do it with Marshall and Lisa. "We really, really want you to stay." We decided to go ahead with it, but for three days instead of five. We flew to the jungle of Eastern Nepal to a place called Tiger Top Mountain just outside Royal Chit-

Continued on page 31

"... AND NOW,
FOR THE YOUNG-
SHTERS ..."

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



Alyssa (Straus) Loverro



Alyssa Loverro, daughter of Denise Straus Loverro ('73) is a senior and cheerleader at Canyon High School in Canyon Country, California. According to Denise, she's sixth in her class of 598 students, with a 4.53 GPA. ("I do get bragging rights," writes Denise. With a score like that, indeed you do.) Alyssa, who comes to Long Island each summer to work as a counselor at Camp Kenwal (remember Camp Kenwal?), wants to go to an East Coast college.

Penny Schaefer

Continued from page 3

team. It was pretty funny, because he's six-foot-five, and I'm five-foot-three. We got married in 1987, and Jack was born in 1992.

We live in Marin County, which is very beautiful. It's the home of mountain biking. I'd always wanted to live on the water, and we do. Dave is able to work at home a lot. It's great: He gets to take care of the kid, the animals, and be an at-home dad. Jack is very athletic, and prior to his going to high school, Dave was very active in all of Jack's sports, coaching, record keeping, and daily practices. Except for swimming — that was my expertise.

Jack's a real California kid: has beach-blond hair, always wears flip-flops. He attends a Jesuit high school in San Francisco, and he is extremely studious; a straight-A student. Dave and I don't know where *that* came from, because we both sleepwalked through school.

He plays baseball, water polo, golf. And even though he's only five-foot-five, this year he went out for the basketball team. In the summer, we go back to Long Island to visit my family. My mom and dad have a place out in Sag Harbor, and Jack loves to water ski, play golf, body surf, and sail.

The best part about my son is that he is possibly the nicest, kindest person I know. He is polite to senior citizens, always stopping to say hello, fetching their newspaper, which isn't something you see many fourteen-year-olds do anymore.

I think a lot of that comes from his Catholic School background, because today the spirit of Catholic School is about community, loving your neighbor and sharing. He's got a genuine spirit of his own.

Ms. Clair Gould and Ms. Lois Smith Rescue Penny from Catholic School

Claire Gould was a physical education teacher who also coached the
Continued on page 15



Penny and Jack



Jay Brenner

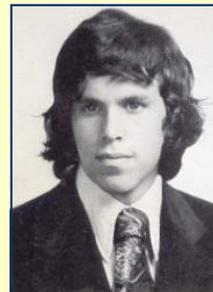
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When I was a little kid, my father had a desk in the office. He always used to say, "Don't go in that desk." Of course that



meant that you went in the desk. I would rummage through his drawers. There were his medals from serving in the armed forces. And there was a little spiral pad that had all kinds of intriguing numbers on it: f22, fifth of a second, things like that. I never understood what they were.

When he finally explained to me what they were, he asked me if I was interested in playing with those numbers. So we went over to Floyd Bennett, which had a photography department, and he bought a

Continued on page 16

Penny Schaefer

Continued from page 14

girls swim team. She and Lois Smith — guidance counselor, Jayettes coach, and synchronized swim-team coach — were the teachers who were the most influential for me. I don't know if you remember, but during our freshman or sophomore year, my next-door neighbor Scott Blanchard committed suicide. He was a few years older than us. Scott was doing drugs and killed himself at home. My bedroom overlooked the Blanchards'.

Andrea Celenza's family lived nearby. Her older brother Vinny was in Scott's class, and he was trying to help Scott, but, sadly, he couldn't prevent the tragedy.

I guess my folks jumped to the conclusion that Jericho High School wasn't a good place and that they should put me in a private school. Totally unbeknownst to me, they went to the high school to pull me out. Ms. Gould and Ms. Smith argued strongly against it. "This isn't right for Penny," they said. "Penny is independent; she doesn't do drugs."



(We had no intention of running this swimsuit photo, but sleaze-ball publisher Rupert Murdoch bought this corner of the page in a hostile takeover. "Rag needs a little cheesecake!" he declared.) Penny (left), co-captain of the girls' swimming team with Patty Ryon (now Patty Ryon Spiers), held the JHS pool record for the fifty-yard backstroke.

They went on to say, "If you take Penny out of here, you'll be taking her away from the kids who look up to her." I guess that did the trick. My parents backed down.

By the way, I didn't find out about any of this until many years later. I was back on Long Island visiting my family, and I said something flippant to my mother, like, "Yeah, what about the time you threatened to send me to some all-girls' school?" They hadn't told me that they went so far as to actually take me out of Jericho.

My mother finally revealed what had happened. "What were the names of those coaches you had? You didn't know, but Dad and I went to the school, and they convinced us that you didn't do drugs and weren't the type to start, either." I'm so thankful to both Ms. Gould and Ms. Smith for intervening.

I'd like to think that I left my mark at Jericho. I really was independent. I didn't stick with any one clique but spread myself around. I had a lot of friends who wouldn't have been considered the "top dogs," or whatever you would call it. They weren't the ones hanging out at the Executive Diner, you know? I wasn't that way. I was involved in many different social groups.

I'm still very close with Andrea Celenza Embry, and also Beverly Weissman and Michael Lewis. Andrea and I usually get together every summer, although we missed each other last year, which was a bummer. But definitely this summer.

When I came to Long Island for the communal fiftieth birthday party three years ago, Beverly and I stayed at Andrea's parents' house in Brookville. We took pictures, we hung out, we got dressed together; it was just like a girls' slumber party. After the reunion we sat up all night long talking about the party. And the next day,

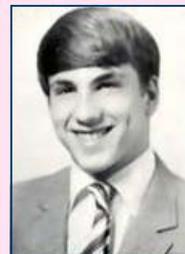
Proof That Smoking Is Bad For You — Make That Awful, Terrible, Horrible!!!

My biggest high-school crush was Michael Esposito. Does he know?

Well, he will now!

But the only thing that held me back:

He smoked cigarettes. Isn't that funny? Louise [Michael's wife, Louise Rumpelt, '74] will love that. He was such a macho guy and so much fun. And to think that now he has four daughters!



none of us wanted to say goodbye. It was just remarkable how time stood still.

Penny's Work with Older Folks

For the past seven years, I've worked in the real-estate office of an upscale independent-living community called Smith Ranch Homes. It sits on thirty acres in Marin County. It has putting greens, gardens that the residents take care of, swimming pools, walk paths, dog paths. It's very unique.

I'm known around here as the redhead who walks really fast, because nobody can keep up with me. I do all the support work, helping the people transition into their new lifestyle. You know, they're leaving their home of probably forty or fifty years, and they're packing everything up and moving into a two-bedroom condominium.

It's a big change for people, and I try to make it as easy as possible. I'm here to help them. They can ask me any question, and if I don't have the answer, I'll find out who does. I might help them figure out where to

Continued on page 16

Penny Schaefer

Continued from page 15

put a piece of furniture or how to turn on a TV. It's all new to them. I don't have any background in social work or psychology, but I just think of my own parents in that situation.

My folks raised us to always help the person next door. In our home in Sag Harbor, we were the youngest kids on the block and the

I'd like to think that I left my mark at Jericho. I really was independent.

youngest family. So my brothers and I always helped the senior citizens however we could.

And so I guess I've found my niche. Some days it's terrific, and some days it's a little difficult, because it can be difficult to see people — and our parents — age.

Speaking of Penny's Parents ...

I'm really fortunate in that my own folks are in remarkable shape. Mom is eighty-six, and Dad is eighty-seven and still plays golf four times a week. Good luck trying to beat him!

Of my three brothers, the one who was the most influential was Bob, the second oldest. That's because when I was growing up, my parents spent part of the year in Florida. During the months that they were gone, Bob was really my "parent." He used to come to all of my swim meets.

But out of my entire family, my mom is the most influential. She's the strongest person in the family, and I'm most like her — even down to the red hair. ■

Jay Brenner

Continued from page 14

kit that contained a 5" x 7" developing tray, premixed chemicals, and a little light box. In those days, the film negatives were huge. If you put them face down onto a piece of paper and turned the light on and off real quick, you got to watch that white piece of paper under a yellow light turn into a black-and-white print. It was just magic.

That's what got me hooked on photography. What got me into it as a profession was this:

I had a lot of learning disabilities that they didn't recognize at Jericho High School. It was probably dyslexia. I still can't memorize, my directions are terrible, and it takes me twice as long to read as other people. So photography just turned out to be great. Because when you look through a camera, it's upside-down and backward anyway! Especially in the old days, with the view cameras.

I was having a lot of trouble with English, which made it almost impossible to pass Spanish. And in those days, if you wanted to get into a college, you had to take a language. When I was seventeen, my father took me to a photography trade show in Manhattan. I walked past a booth that said "RIT," which was Rochester Institute of Technology. I looked at their requirements, and you didn't need Spanish! So I was like, "I'm going *there*." And that was it.

The other part of it is that I was doing photography as a hobby, taking pictures of the other people on the track team and things like that. Everybody would want prints, which started to get expensive. My allowance couldn't cover it, so I had to start charging, to buy more paper and supplies. After a while, I started



to make a profit. *Hey, I thought, I can do this.*

It really was the magic of the paper turning into an image, and then realizing that I could make money doing something that I loved. I went from having something like a 60 average in high school to straight dean's list at RIT.

Support from Mom and Dad — And Mr. Hall

The support from my mother and father was amazing. When I was struggling in high school, my parents spoke to Mr. Hall. Although it may have looked like I was a troublemaker, both he and Mr. Rathje saw that I had a lot of potential.

Mr. Hall said, "Well, yes, Jay can't spell. But by the time he grows up, he'll get a secretary." They immediately pulled back and just let me run with the photography. They still talk about that conversation with Mr. Hall; it really changed my life.

When I graduated from RIT, my folks helped support me while I went through a year and a half internship as an assistant. At the time, Manhattan was the center of the world for professional photography. There really isn't a center anymore, because with the Internet a photographer can shoot and send it to satellite right out of his camera. It's pretty wild. But then, if you were serious,

Continued on page 17

Jay Brenner

Continued from page 16

you could go one of two ways: You could study fine-art photography or commercial photography, and I started commercial photography. One great thing about RIT is that it put you into the mind set of, You're an artist, but you're also a business person. You have to be.

After just a year and a half of assisting, I went into business for myself. That's how much I wanted to do this. My father had his own business too, as a silk-screener manufacturing calendar towels. You know "Bless this house, O Lord we pray/Make it safe by night and day?" That's him. The linen calendars with the stick and the string. Archie Bunker even had one on *All in the Family*. As a kid, I used to go with my father to his factory. I got to see what it meant to succeed and what hard work is all about. I definitely inherited my work ethic from him.

And my mother brought me up a little out of the norm for Long Island. She encouraged me to be an individual instead of running with the pack. She wouldn't drive me anywhere. If I had a fight, she'd tell me to fight my own battles. Which was kind of strange, because already at that point mothers were being overbearing with their children. From her I learned how to be independent.

When I first opened up my studio in Manhattan, I walked into a hardware store and asked if I could open up an account. The guy behind the counter looked at me. "Are you going to be another one of those starving photographers?" he asked.

"What do you mean?"

He goes, "Look, only one out of ten of you guys makes it. So why even bother?"

I said, "Yeah, but I'm that one out of ten."

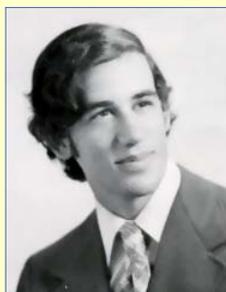
In New York City, you have to specialize. Either you become a fashion photographer, and you do food, or something like that. I started as what's called a tabletop photographer. I had picked up JC Penny as an account. Within about two years, I had gotten a salesperson, and we realized that you have to spe-

Continued on page 25

face to face

face to face

Continued from page 2



Howard Krasner, MD

Lives in New Hampshire • Anesthesiologist • Attended NYU Medical School, did his residency at Case Western University in Cleveland, and his fellowship at the Cleveland Clinic



Nancy Fuchs Messinger ('73)

Lives in Florida • Vice-president of Community Association Services, a property-management company that she cofounded • Mother of two



Ann Roggen ('71)

Lives in New York • Violist with New York Philharmonic, St. Louis Symphony, Orchestra of St. Luke's, among many others • Trained at Juilliard, Peabody Institute of Johns Hopkins University



Catherine Chia ('73)

Lives in Nebraska • Associate professor at the University of Nebraska—Lincoln School of Biological Sciences • Received PhD from Michigan State University



Checking In With the Classes of 1971 and 1973

Since we'll all be getting together again at the joint 35-year reunion, we thought we'd reacquaint everyone by profiling several members of the classes of 1971 and 1973 in each issue. We all have our own definitions of success. It could be our families, our careers, or winning

the award for Most Back Hair at the county fair. Just still being here after fifty-plus years is an accomplishment in itself. Everyone's life is uniquely interesting. If you'd like to share your story in a future issue, please get in touch; we'd love to hear from you and about you.

Lynn Goldman Mathias ('73): Letter From a Broad (Get It?)



When I attended Jericho High

School, I had no idea what I wanted to do or be when I got older. I assumed I would continue to *do* the same things I was doing except maybe get paid, and that I would *be* who I was. There was only one change I looked forward to: As an adult, I would get the hell off Long Island.

For whatever reason, I had *not* linked all my teenage frustration to my parents, Vietnam and Richard Nixon, capitalism, or the color of my bedroom. For me, the world was bad because Long Island was bad. Everything about it was bad except maybe the beach at Bayville when I was the only one there, and — ironically — the estates of the rich people in Old Westbury, where I lived. As for the rest of Long Island, and its shopping malls and highways and tract housing and nouveau riche and strip malls and spoiled teenagers smoking dope in Roslyn and more shopping malls, it could all sink into the ocean, a ball of awfulness gummed together by my rage at being fifteen. At that age I was incapable of making distinctions, incapable of sympathy, incapable of facing the desperation that makes up a lot of life. I was icky, but I'm older now, and more harmless.

I accomplished my childhood ambition of getting the hell off Long Island by marrying a man with a similar ambition. (The particular prison

from which he was escaping was a small town in Maryland.) He, at least, was doing something about it, for while I was learning how to litigate I don't even remember what, he was at least focusing on the international arena. We were, however, already drifting toward our own private Long Island when he went to work for the



U.S. Department of State, and I had our first child.

The State Department connection to a rambling lifestyle is pretty obvious, but my approach to child-rearing was important too. It began as just another way to be a difficult person, for rather than enrolling in Motherhood for Lady Lawyers 101, I thought, as usual, that I could do it better myself and decided to ditch the interdisciplinary approach to parenting. Out went the Salvadoran housekeeper and babysitter, the granite countertops on which were

perched nothing but take-out pizza boxes, the little Jones New York suits with floppy ties, the Mercedes.

I found myself a part-time legal editing job I could do mostly from home, where I chased toddlers, cleaned my own bathrooms, became a pretty good cook, and wrote my *Star Trek* novel. I was working in my pajamas in 1985, folks! And, in the process, I created a portable family unit.

In 1991 my husband was offered a job as legal advisor in our embassy to the Netherlands. (No, lawyers are not, like Coca Cola and fighter helicopters, a major American export, in spite of our domestic surplus; we send a lawyer to our embassy in The Hague because it is the seat of the International Court of Justice and various other international legal tribunals, including the Yugoslavia War Crimes Tribunal, which my husband helped establish.) He was young and inexperienced for the job, but he was well-spoken, quick to learn, and the only attorney in the State Department with a spouse willing to move. We packed up the dog, my desk and computer, the five-year-old and the two-year-old, and moved to Holland.

I still dream of the Netherlands. For the five years I was there, I was reliving a past I had never really lived but of which I had vague memories. In the van from the airport to our house, I kept telling the driver (who spoke perfect English, as do all the Dutch) that it was not *foreign* enough. The language is as close to English as any language on the

Continued on page 19

Lynn Goldman ('73)

Continued from page 18

planet, the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes having made their way to the green hills of Albion through much of what is now the Netherlands. (This does not, by the way, mean that I ever mastered Dutch.) The architecture, probably because the country is largely seabed, is mainly low; the brick townhouses set in nice square rows resemble very much the early 1900s housing that covers a lot of the outer boroughs of New York City; every place reminded me of some other place in Flushing (from the Flemish town Vleesingen, by the way).

And the Dutch! God bless 'em. The other Anglophones in my social circle complained bitterly about their "rudeness." But me? If you want polite, go to France, where they'll kill you with a skinny smile. The Dutch are straightforward, argumentative, without airs (the Queen of the Netherlands used to bike from her little palace in the woods to her little palace in the center of town), thrifty, and good businessmen. Sound familiar, New Yorkers? They may have traded the world's greatest city to the British (in return for Surinam, I believe), but they left their personality behind.

I should add that there are things I love about Holland that did *not* make it to the New World, such as the superior, mild coffee served in white ceramic cups on saucers, even when purchased from a tiny kiosk on the side of a bike path, frequently with a small piece of apple pie with a crumbly cinnamon topping — *lekker!* And there were flower stalls on every corner, where one could buy not just daffodils and tulips in literally every color of the rainbow and black, but a flower like the sweet pea — do you

have any idea how impossible it is to transport a sweet pea? And there was the watery light the sun would cast from behind low, heavy clouds onto fields dotted with windmills; and canals that sometimes froze and you really could skate on, so that one cold winter I routinely looped a pair of ice skates over my bike handlebars whenever I went out, lest I pass a likely-looking canal.

Whatever issues the U.S. has, it also has a functioning economy, a representative government, and more personal freedoms than you will find anywhere that you might actually want to live.

But most of all there were the Dutch: hard-working, earnest, hearty, unpretentious, a little schizophrenic — so liberal to others, so conservative to themselves!

Before the Dutch authorities could throw us out for overstaying our welcome, we moved back home to Washington, DC, where our sons finished elementary school and entered high school. My husband continued at State, and I worked in a legal clinic in Prince George's County, Maryland (another long essay, but I'll spare you). We were established where we were. The elder son was accepted to a competitive college in the northeast, thereby proving my success as a mother.

Areverdeci, DC; Hullo, Roma

I was looking forward to succeeding a second time, with the younger son. But wanderlust set in again. A job opened at a small international organization monitoring the Camp

David accord between Israel and Egypt. The headquarters, like so many headquarters of entities that use public funds to try to ratchet up the standard of living of the Third World, was located deep in the heart of the First World — in this case, Rome. Well, you don't turn down a free trip to Rome. So we packed up the dog (different dog), the fifteen-year-old, my desk and computer; we left the eighteen-year-old in Massachusetts.

Before I do a quick number on Italy, from whence I'm writing, I must set forth a few truths about expatriate life. My enemies can skip the next two paragraphs and read on to the glories of Italy, hopefully gnashing their teeth. Everyone else should know that living overseas too long as an American casts your sanity in doubt. There are excuses for this behavior, which include marrying someone from another country or having work that takes you away. But whatever issues the U.S. has, it also has a functioning economy, a representative government, and more personal freedoms than you will find anywhere that you might actually want to live.

If you opt to leave such a place permanently and take up life in a nation that has less of the above, no matter how good the food, wine, or women, ask yourself "Why?" You might be my adolescent self, transferring unhappiness from the inside to the outside. You may be like those sad women in Tuscany books, thinking that somewhere — anywhere but home — are people who will be warmer, more inviting, more interesting than those left behind. Americans who do this, ironically, display a profound and unrecognized nationalism, for you cannot move out of America yet expect to be treated in an American way. America welcomes foreigners; Europe, at least, does

Continued on page 20

Lynn Goldman ('73)

Continued from page 19

not. There are wonderful things about Europe, and it excels at things the U.S. can't touch. But it is not friendly. A woman I know here — the 100 percent American daughter of Cuban immigrants, married to an Italian — says: "You're not Italian unless your *nonna* is Italian. Anyone who thinks otherwise is living in a fool's paradise."

The American who plants himself in a foreign nation often winds up like the characters in Forster or — God forbid! — Conrad novels: living in insular expatriate communities, applauding themselves for having escaped a country that no longer exists except in their memories. The nomadic life of the diplomat, military officer, or international executive, where it might be Ghana for three years followed by Tashkent for two, New York for four, and then as a reward, Paris, is fraught with its own perils. These chiefly involve the family. You can live a James Bond life for a while, but eventually you're going to get snared, and find yourself at your next post accompanied by Pussy Galore and, maybe, a bunch of kittens. Some families move well, others don't, and usually it's a mixture, depending on the family member.

Packing and Unpacking

I know parents who continue to insist that the Foreign Service experience benefited their kids (so much culture! so many friends! can order a Big Mac in six different languages!) while standing amidst the wreck of a family that is not just broken, but the pieces of which are spread across several continents. I believe, from knowing some of the kids involved,

Christmas 2006: Lynn and her family posing on the roof of the Hotel Minerva, behind the Pantheon.



ones disappear into their bedrooms. Even the most game and adaptable spouse (who bears the brunt of creating homes in foreign lands) eventually wears down. The childless wife of a section head once told me, when I marveled at the excitement of her life, that she could not face another move. "This last relocation, I unpacked a knickknack and wanted to smash it against the wall rather than have to pack it and unpack it one more time."

If one is committed to a gypsy existence, these problems can be eliminated by maintaining no permanent human relationships in one's life. That's a high price to pay for an exciting Christmas letter.

Italy is where I'm writing this from. It is beautiful; cliffs drop down to coasts on three sides, and on the fourth loom the Alps. Much of what is man-made was created using materials at hand, so art and architecture seem to spring from the ground—the buildings and fountains of villages reiterate the distant view of cliffs and streams, for the peasants who built them knew they were not gods, but merely the servants of God. My husband and I had visited Sicily, my grandmother's homeland, on our

honeymoon, and I remember standing on the deck of the ferry as it pulled out of the port of Palermo, the sun setting behind a sweet statue of a girl with raised arms who appeared to be running after the departing emigrants. I thought, *How sad they must have felt to leave.*

But leave they did, in millions. Now, one hundred years later, at least one of their descendants is back, appreciative of the irony of living next door to and sending her kid to school with the descendants of the counts and princesses who made life unlivable for her ancestors a century ago. Not that the counts and princesses care; the rest of the world doesn't count. Italy has been occupied and civilized for as many consecutive years as almost anywhere on the planet, and has its own ways. Laws and customs are piled on top of each other, in a dense, rickety, unfathomable structure, and what exists now looks to the outsider like utter chaos. I am convinced that it is not really chaotic, it's just too damned complicated for anyone to understand anymore, like the Windows program — too many instructions.

Continued on page 21

Lynn Goldman ('73)

Continued from page 20

If the American tragedy is that we will never learn from history because we tear down anything before it attains historical status, the tragedy in Italy is that it is slowly sinking under the weight of its own. Rome barely has a subway system because it has only recently become possible to dig deep enough to leave intact the priceless ruins on which the visible part of the city is built. Similarly, people maintain traditions and attitudes that made sense – five hundred years ago.

So life lurches on in a maddening state of make-do: drivers park on sidewalks and drive through red lights; people leave their trash on the street until picked up, passive voice, which it miraculously eventually is; gypsies, eastern European alcoholics and home-grown ne'er-do-wells are suffered to mingle in self-built cardboard villages on any piece of property that is not regularly patrolled; the government aids all interest groups in order to maintain fragile coalitions, and when it's time to pay with money that doesn't exist, disbands and creates a new coalition; and no one – no one! – pays taxes. None of these behaviors is aberrant; each is a rational response to all the many pasts through which Italy has existed. But if you've just wandered in from a modern, Protestant, post-Enlightenment system, be prepared to be confused.

Whereas the Dutch left a deep imprint on Old New York, the Italians are relative newcomers. (Lorenzo Da Ponte, whose memoirs I recently read, and who was, among other things, Mozart's lyricist, ended up in New York City, where, as late as the 1820s, he was still bemoaning the lack of any Italian culture there.) Yet when I arrived in Rome, I had a frightening mirror-experience to my reaction to arriving in The Hague. It all seemed ominously familiar: women poured into their clothing, hobbling down uneven streets in high-heeled boots; teenagers grooming themselves and hanging out most of the day, doing nothing but consuming goods; weddings that go on for days (in a country with a divorce rate no lower than ours, and a below-replacement birth rate) that necessarily entail rolls of film of the couple staring into the future in ennui (albeit before some of the world's most beautiful monuments).

Good taste gives way in the wink of an eye to ostentation, and friendly conversations degenerate into nothing but noise. Here I am, and it's not foreign enough. I've gone five thousand miles and thirty years, and I'm back on Long Island. ■

Wendy Chin Parise ('71): How Times Have Changed



Here's how much times have changed. In 1960, when I was seven, my family moved from Westbury to Jericho. My mother didn't tell me this until years later, but some of our neighbors on Putnam Avenue in West Birchwood didn't like having an Asian-American family move in. There were two families, actually. My first cousin Matthew Chin, from the class of 1974, lived next door to us. We were the only two Chinese families in Jericho at the time.

My father worked for the Sperry Rand Corporation, which is now UNISIS, and I remember my mother telling me that he could only get promoted up to a certain level because he was Asian. At that time, there were Asian-American engineers in the company, but none of them at the vice-president level. Her observations and comments were definitely a reflection of the times. The demographics of Jericho have changed over the years to include a much larger Asian community. The acceptance of Asians in mainstream society, as well as tolerance of cultural differences, has certainly evolved over the past forty-plus years.

Trying to establish my ethnic identity in a largely Jewish neighborhood was challenging. To help preserve our Chinese heritage, my parents were actively involved in the Asian-American community on Long Island. I participated in many of these activities (Chinese school, cultural events), in addition to blending into the culture of the Jericho community. My good friend Bonnie Siber-Weinstock invited me to play piano in a little rock group at the Jericho Jewish Center, and I was delighted to participate.

Although Jericho was so homogenous, my childhood experiences were rich with wonderful friendships and acceptance. It was not until my mid-twenties that I began to find out how to balance the traditions of my ethnicity with my identity as an American woman.

I am thankful for the incredible education I received at Jericho. I realize now that it was such a privilege to be able to go to a small high school where each

Continued on page 22

Wendy Chin ('71)

Continued from page 21

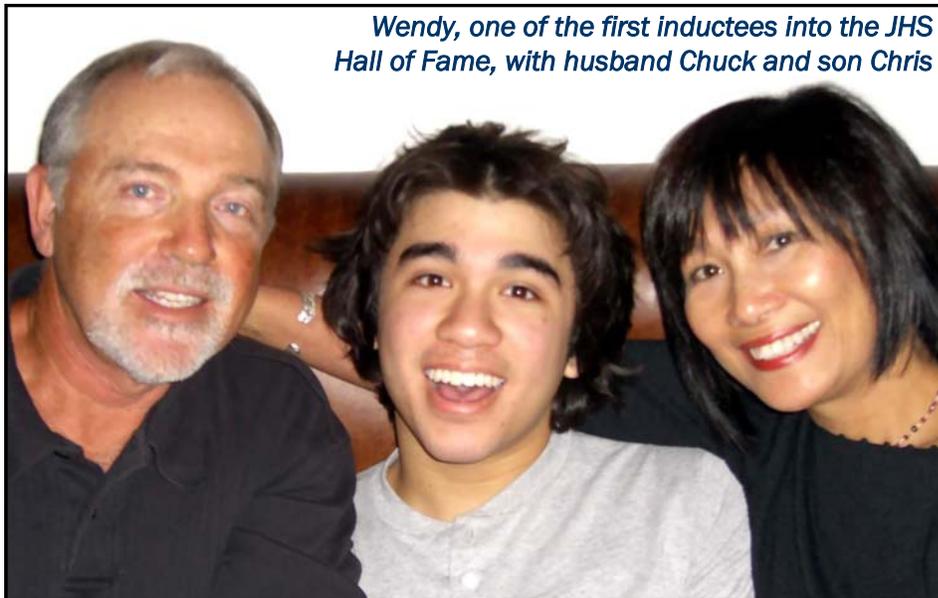
student was known by name, class sizes were kept at a reasonable number, and each student was made to feel they counted. My son, Chris, just graduated from Santa Monica High School with a student population of 3,200. Large numbers mean students are represented as a student ID number and given less attention from staff. In large urban schools such as this, students are required to negotiate their own way and somehow find a way to "fit in." Being an educator for the past thirty years, I have always had tremendous respect for my colleagues working in large urban schools. They must somehow minimize the anonymity of a huge student population.

As irony would have it, my son was fortunate enough to have a principal who understood the importance of attention and student achievement. That principal? Wendy Wax-Gellis, my Jericho HS class of '71 colleague! (Now, you get to say it: what a small world!) Wendy came from Jericho and understood that adolescents need to know that they matter. She was a blessing to my son and continues to be an outstanding contributor to Santa Monica High School's success.

Remember "The Lottery"?

One of my fondest memories of Jericho HS is the one-act play contest. It was my sophomore year, 1969, and I codirected with Dennis DiVito our entry, *The Lottery*. Miss Stern was our advisor and gave us the confidence to compete against the senior class, who historically always won the one-act play competitions.

We adapted Shirley Jackson's short story into a play and staged it



Wendy, one of the first inductees into the JHS Hall of Fame, with husband Chuck and son Chris

symbolically. The actors were dressed in black or white (good guys in white, bad guys in black – wow, how original) with mime makeup (hey, what do you expect – we were tenth graders). The actors' bodies were turned from the audience, except when they had something to say. Then they would pivot around (to the right!) and say their lines. Meanwhile, we'd use spotlights to pick out who among the crowd was speaking.

The scenery was made from sheets stretched across huge wooden frames to create three giant screens. From behind the screens, we projected images, depending on what we felt was going on in the dialogue. This was the late sixties, and when the play approached the stoning at the end, we showed scenes of war and senseless killing. The best part of this memory is that we stopped the senior winning streak and won the contest!

Looking back, I'm struck by how our teachers supported us to help us do something pretty remarkable for kids. I don't know that many high schools would have even let the students put on that kind of production, especially given all the unrest over the war in Vietnam.

From Music to Special Education

I was a music major at the University of Maryland. My dad said to me, "You play the piano, and you are going to do ... *what?*" I said, "I don't know! I just love playing the piano." Being pragmatic, he said, "Well, you know, it wouldn't be bad to graduate with an education degree. That way you could play the piano and teach somebody."

What a great, practical idea. Thanks to my father's suggestions, I earned a music-education degree. From there, I taught music for three years in Michigan, and then moved to California. Unfortunately, this was right around the time that California passed Proposition 13, which resulted in a severe cut in the all performing-arts programs across the state. There were very few jobs for music teachers. Needing work, I took a job in a private school working with children with disabilities.

I quickly discovered that I had no clue what I was doing, so I enrolled in graduate school to obtain the proper teaching credentials. Two special-education credentials and a masters degree later I embarked on

Continued on page 23

Wendy Chin ('71)

Continued from page 22

a career in special education which spanned the rest of my twenty-five years in both public and private education. My specialist credentials are in mild-to-moderate and moderate-to-severe disabilities. I have worked with adults with developmental disabilities, young adolescents with emotional disturbances, elementary-aged students with moderate-to-severe disabilities, and young children with special needs. In the later part of my career in special education, I discovered my passion for working with young children with special needs and their families as well as working with individuals with autism.

For the past nine years, I've been a full-time professor at Santa Monica College; I developed a program to train people to become interventionists. I am an educator to the core and love working with and encouraging others in the field. We should love what we do, don't you think? We spend enough hours doing it.

Now a Full-fledged Californian

My immediate family now lives here in California. My parents live in a senior community in Murietta; my brother Kenton, who's seven years younger than me, lives just half a mile from me in Los Angeles; and my brother Bryan, who graduated from Jericho in 1981, lives with his family in San Diego. My cousin Matthew Chin lives with his family in Maine; Tracye Chin Mueller (1982), with her family in Connecticut; and Alyssa Chin Chang (1981), with her family in New Jersey.

I love it out here and could never move back to Long Island – but I do love New Yorkers! Whenever I run

into New Yorkers, I seem to gravitate toward them. They have a certain type of energy not always common out west. We have lots of New Yorkers here in Los Angeles, since a vast majority of Angelenos come from somewhere else. People are always saying to me, "You walk so fast! I can't keep up with you!" And I'm thinking, *What's wrong with you people? Let's go!*

My husband, Chuck Parise, owns a company that manufactures and promotes golf clubs. I don't play the game, though. It takes too long! Besides, I'm too busy walking fast everywhere. I met him through a friend

of mine that I knew in Michigan. She happens to be his aunt.

We recently became empty-nesters when our son, Chris, went off to college. He lives in a dorm only a few miles away at UCLA. Guess what: He's a music major, just like I was. He's a classical percussionist as well as a big-drumset guy with his own band, called Parchment Farm. UCLA has a fabulous music program, and he is excited to study there.

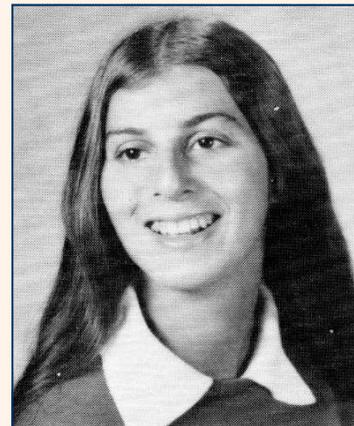
I'm happy for him but I did have the speech with him about considering music education, and he was cool with it. Maybe I should have gotten my father to do it! ■

Turning the Tables: Documenting Ellen Jankowitz Eder ('73)

My career has been a real testimony to the value of a liberal-arts education. I think of this now, as a parent with two college students. While at Jericho, I was interested mostly in writing. But I ended up being an arts major at Kirkland and Hamilton Colleges in Clinton, New York. Writing was so personal, that it seemed hard to study academically. With art I could be creative but also step away from it to learn the techniques.

After graduating college, I spent a year in Provincetown, at the tip of Cape Cod. That's where I met my husband, Stephen Eder, also from Long Island. (Not the most likely place to meet one's husband!) At the time, he was an artist-in-residence at an elementary school, making videos with the students as part of a year-long project.

The next year, 1978, we moved to New York. Steve was writing for television, while I developed a career in graphic design. I did a lot of



exhibition graphics, which was fun. I worked at the Met – even got to design one of those huge banners they hang outside. We got married on Long Island in 1981. Bought a townhouse in Hamilton Park, New Jersey, and commuted for a while. When we moved to Washington, DC, in about 1985, I did the same kind of work at museums there before our daughter, Emily, was born in 1986.

I liked Washington. It was a lot more user-friendly than Manhattan. But my husband, who had been working for *National Geographic*, helping to launch its Explorer channel, received a job offer out in Los

Continued on page 24

Ellen Jankowitz ('73)

Continued from page 23

Angeles. This was in 1987. I was pregnant with our son, Brendan. Steve traveled a lot at the time, so I stopped working for a number of years to stay home with the kids.

I Love L.A.?

When we first moved here, to North Hollywood, I didn't know anybody. It took me about ten years to get used to Los Angeles, especially the climate. Like, the seasons — we do have them, but it took me ten years to observe them because they're very ... *subtle*. You get sick of wearing your summer clothes all year.

Now we live in Northridge, epicenter of the big earthquake in 1994. (We moved here in '99). That was really scary. This neighborhood was pretty badly hit, but apparently this house did okay. Our LI childhoods certainly didn't prepare us for earthquakes and it is a very unsettling experience. We lost a chimney on our house in North Hollywood, which, all things considered, wasn't too bad. But it *felt* like the house had come off its foundation. Now I rather like it here, and although we talk about moving back to the Northeast, I'm not so sure.

Steve, who had been working as a freelance TV producer, started his own documentary production company, Terra Nova Television, in about 1990. I joined him in 1997 after having not worked much over the years. I was ready for something different. The idea of working together was a little nerve-wracking at first, because if you knew us, you'd never think that it could work. We decided to give it a whirl, and if it didn't work, we'd stop, because we didn't want to compromise our marriage. But it has



Ellen, second from left, with husband Stephen, daughter Emily and son Brendan.

worked! We're together, but we're each busy doing our own work. It certainly gives us plenty to talk about. I like it because you're always learning new things about whatever topic you're doing, from mental illness to DNA analysis of mummies. Also, because it's our own company, we're involved in the entire production: coming up with the ideas, developing them, budgeting, scheduling, and hiring, and all the way through the shooting, editing, and postproduction. A lot of people in this field specialize in one phase. I like the variety of being involved in the various stages.

We develop and write proposals together. Steve does the directing and script writing. He already had an established skill set by the time I joined, so I filled in the gaps: I work on budgeting and scheduling — just sort of running it — and do research, which I especially enjoy. Since the work is freelance, we also sometimes work (together or separately) for other production companies.

Probably our biggest production to date was *Moments in Time*, a ten-hour series that aired on the Discov-

ery Channel a few years ago. (We do a lot of work for Discovery.) Ten hours may not sound like much, but that's an incredible amount of work to pack into one year.

Because of the scale of this production, we hired a lot of other producers and directors so we didn't get to go to all those locations. But I did get to go to St. Thomas and St. John for one of the hours, and that was fun. Now that our children live away from home, I'm hoping to be able to travel more.

Moments in Time was very complex because it featured a lot of historical re-creation scenes and computer graphics. A lot of the re-creations were done at a studio in Lithuania. Then there were archeology shoots and host shoots. Actor James Woods (who was very funny) hosted and narrated this series. He didn't travel to the locations, but we used a "green screen" to put him into location shots — which was technically challenging and (we hope) added another dimension.

Our kids, when they were little, got to be in one of the re-creations.

Continued on page 25

Ellen Jankowitz ('73)

Continued from page 24

My husband was working on a series called *What If?*, and this particular episode was about what might happen if Los Angeles were struck by two earthquakes at once. (A little sensational, but not his concept.)

One scene took place at a fire station in North Hollywood. The kids and I played victims being evacuated. Afterward we got to sit down and eat with the firemen, which was a big thrill for my son, Brendan, who was at that age of being into firemen and trucks. (Well, we all enjoyed it.)

Back to the Family

Our work goes from periods of downtime to being insanely consuming. There's nothing in between. Today it's more hectic than ever because the schedules are faster and the budgets are smaller, so you have to really work at a quick pace. But it's nice to work for ourselves; you feel more in control of things. Plus, it enabled me to prioritize family events or issues when necessary.

My parents still live on Orange Drive in West Birchwood and both my sisters (Karen, '76, and Susan, '79) and their families live in the New York region, so we come to New York at least once a year.

From all our trips to New York, Emily was interested in going to college there and is now a junior at Sarah Lawrence College in Bronxville; actually doing a semester in Barcelona, Spain, right now. She's mostly interested in psychology, journalism, and environmental studies — kind of a classic liberal-arts type person. She's creative too; makes cool T-shirts and is into photography.

Brendan is a sophomore at the College of Santa Fe, in New Mexico. He's really into music — plays the drums and is into musical composition and recording engineering. He is in a band at school. They are both very nice kids and seem to tolerate us!

Some Recent Terra Nova Productions

Moments In Time: Shot at locations around the world, each episode explores an archaeological dig site. Through elaborate reenactments, history is brought to life. Subjects include Napoleon's re-



treat from Russia and the volcanic disaster of Krakatau. Narrated and hosted by James Woods.

Fires of the Mind: This hard hitting series features the deeply personal stories of patients and their families as they confront mental illnesses that include schizophrenia, depression, anxiety disorders, and autism. Narrated by Ed Asner and Mariette Hartley.

Riddle of the Desert Mummies: Astonishing account of 4,000-year-old mummies with blond hair and Caucasoid features recently discovered in China. Narrated by John Malkovich, the program was the winner of Best Popular Science and Natural History award at the Banff Television Festival.

Jay Brenner

Continued from page 17

cialize within your specialty. I went after being a food photographer and became very successful at it.

The only downside was that I was getting fat doing it. Once I had to do a shoot in a Sweet 'n' Low factory, where they made cookies and candies. I didn't know it had sorbitol in it, which makes you have to go. I ate all of that stuff for an hour. And I can say this about sorbitol: It really does work.

A Move Out to L.I.

I had my studio in Manhattan for eleven years. At a certain point, like many of us, I moved to Queens, and then from Queens I moved out to Plainview, where I had my two children, Scott, who's twenty-three, and Jody, who's twenty. I didn't want to bring them up in Manhattan or Queens, so I was doing the commute, which was getting ridiculous.

I'd be working till one, two o'clock in the morning, night after night, and then start all over again by eighty-thirty the next day. You couldn't go home until the picture was done and looked good. Because the next day there was another job to start. So you might have to do it over and over again before you got it right. I really did have to pay my dues for many, many years. I never looked at it that it was different; it was just what I had to do.

But around 1987, I hit a wall in Manhattan. As successful as I was, I realized that the quality of life sucked, having to commute like that. I decided to close up the studio and start all over again on Long Island. That was the first time that my parents didn't support me. My father said, "What are you, crazy? That's

Continued on page 31

Homeroom Romance

The Many Marriages Between Members of the Class of 1973



A number of folks from the class of 1973 married each other or a member of another class from Jericho High. Not a bad deal: You get to visit both sets of in-laws with a single to the same town, at least until one of 'em inevitably moves from Jericho to the east coast of Florida. Some of our homeroom honeys fell in love during their-teenage years, while others didn't get to know each other until long after they'd left Jericho. Just in time for Valentine's Day, here are some of their stories.

If you'd like to read about **Mary-Anne Scro** and **Paul Martino** ('72), see "Love, Jericho Style" in issue No. 5.

To read about **Richard Kordecki** and **Donna Flynn** ('72), see issue No. 12.

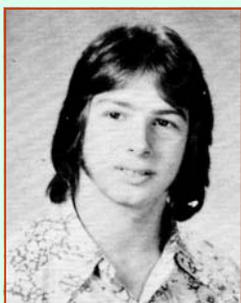
JUDY FRIEDMAN + MICHAEL RADICK



How They Met

Judy: In April 1989, I was going to Cancun with a friend and needed Travelers Checks. Instead of going to the bank near my apartment in Queens, I went to the Dollar Dry Dock on Broadway so that I could have dinner with my Dad. I ran into Mike, and after re-introducing ourselves, we completed our banking and continued our conversation outside. We exchanged telephone numbers, and Mike said he would be in touch.

Returning from my trip, I found a message from Mike asking how the trip was. We got together the next evening to catch up with each other and to reminisce about Jericho High School. Hanging out over wine and cheese, talking for hours, we just hit it off. In a mere seven weeks, we were engaged, and in May 1990 we tied the knot.



First Impressions

Sixteen years had past and we were both opened to getting re-acquainted. We both had busy social lives, but neither of us was in a committed relationship at the time.

Continued on page 27

Homeroom Romance

Continued from page 18



Other Class of '73 Couples

Girls on this side, boys on the other. And no touching, please.



LORI (ZMOLL) +
ZETH COHEN

Live in Dix Hills, LI



JOYCE (TARGOVE) +
PETER MANDELKERN

Live in Port Washington, LI •
Mets fans



JUDY + MICHAEL

Continued from page 26

Post-Jericho

When we met, I was living in Bay-side, and Mike had a place in Oyster Bay. We commuted between our two apartments until a month before getting married. when we found a great apartment in Plainview. We stayed in that apartment until our daughter turned two, and then bought a house in Old Bethpage where we have lived for the past twelve.

Work Life

I worked in marketing research for twenty years until our son was born. Then the balance of corporate life and family became too difficult to balance, and I left to be an "at-home" mom. During that time, I started and still maintain a business selling imprintable products for promotional use.

Mike started his first business around 1976: a store specializing in English car parts. Through the years, he has owned several businesses. For the past twelve years, the two of us have been warehouse distributors for automotive exhaust parts. We've grown the business and recently relocated to larger quarters in Plainview. I do sales and marketing, while Mike and his staff do everything else.

Kids! (And Dogs!)

We have two great kids. Danielle is fourteen and in ninth grade. She is an honor student and a competitive gymnast; an all-around great kid. Richard is ten years old and in fifth grade. He really loves the newfound freedom in middle school. Rich is a junior brown belt in Kenpo Karate and, like his dad, loves cars. They have quite a relationship.

We cannot forget our "third": our five-year-old Beagle. He is an integral part of this family and makes us all smile!

The Best Part

Because we came from such similar backgrounds, we were able to connect so quickly and got engaged in the blink of an eye.

Raising our children has been easier too, as we can reflect and relate to the same high-school experiences and share our common perspective where our children are concerned.



Judy, Rich,
Danielle,
and Michael
Sadick

Homeroom Romance

Continued from page 18



Other Class of '73 Couples

Girls on this side, boys on the other. And *no touching*, please.



Laurie (Rozz) +
Fred Zchrider



Live in Dix Hills, LI

Laurie and Fred at their 30th reunion.



JACLYN ZANGER +
MICHAEL DIMHOFFER ('72)

Jackie and Michael didn't even know each other in high school; they met a dozen years after graduation, fell in love, and were married in 1986.

They have two great kids, Rebecca, eighteen, and fourteen-year-old Henry. Rebecca will be attending college in the fall. If you saw the 1999 movie *Music of the Heart*, that was Henry playing Meryl Streep's younger son. He was terrific. Sadly, Michael died of leukemia in 1995. Jackie, a professional violinist and instructor, lives with Rebecca and Henry in Manhattan.



MIXED MARRIAGES



Audrey
Meyers



Scott Agins
('71)



Mary-Anne
Scro



Paul Martino
('72)



Richard
Kordecki



Donna Flynn
('72)

**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 ...**



Mr. Gaston D'Amato: A Life in Art

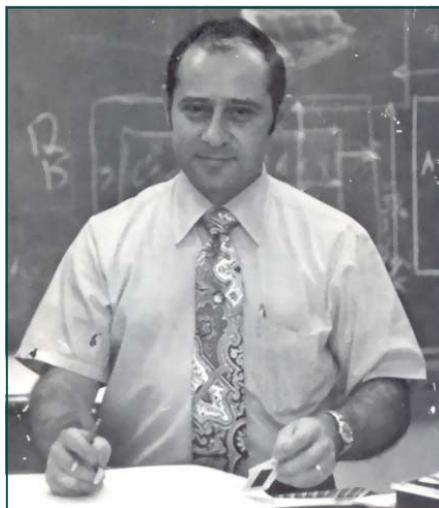
I was always interested in art. My mother used to save all the artwork that I did, even when I was three and four years old. I still have a batch of it.

We lived in the East Bronx, but I went to a high school in Manhattan, at Lexington Avenue and 77th Street. I used to spend all of my lunch hours at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. For my senior year, though, I attended James Monroe High School in the Bronx. It just got knocked down a year or two ago. At the time, it was the largest high school in the world, with something like 4,500 students.

World War II was on by then. As soon as I graduated, I joined the Navy as a frogman. When you're on a ship at sea, there's not a whole lot to do beside sleeping, so I used to draw portraits of the skipper, the officers, and the enlisted men. Once I started with one, everybody wanted a portrait done. They'd send them home to their families.

I was at Normandy Beach on D-Day, June 6, 1944, the great invasion of Europe. We worked under the water, clearing the obstacles that the Nazis had erected to try to hinder the landing crafts. Once we finished, I got onto another ship, and they moved me to the Philippines for our invasions there.

After the war, I started New York University Medical School. But I quit after one year. After everything I'd



seen during the war, it was just a little too gory for me. I didn't want to go through that again.

I became an art major instead. I graduated in just two and a half years, taking classes straight through the summers. That's when I met my wife, in 1949. We married the following year and had our daughter in 1952. We were living in the Bronx then but moved to East Meadow in 1955.

After doing a little teaching, I took a twelve-year detour into advertising; worked as an art director at several firms. Eventually, the workload just became too much. As you move up in an area, you're still carrying the responsibilities you had before. I was working anywhere from ten to fifteen hours a day, plus flying back and forth to different accounts.

I finally gave it up in 1960 and went back to teaching, in Wyandanch. Next I spent a few years in West Islip, then came to Jericho High School in 1969.

It was very different from the other two schools where I'd taught. A family type of atmosphere, especially among the staff. Even now, in retirement, we're very close. I moved from Long Island to Gouldsboro, Pennsylvania in 2004, but I still drive back for the Jericho Retirees Association meetings — unless they're scheduled too early in the morning. It's three and a half hours each way; to get there in time, I'd have to get moving on the highway by 4:00 a.m.!

I stayed at Jericho until 1988. I would have stayed longer, but my wife, who died six years ago, was already not feeling so well, and I wanted to spend more time with her. I did continue to sub there, though. In fact, sometimes I used to take my granddaughter, who was born in 1978, to school with me. The other teachers and the kids were all crazy

Continued on page 30

Mr. Gaston D'Amato

Continued from page 29

about her; for a while, she became like the school mascot. She's now married herself and a nurse. In fact, she took over my house in East Meadow. I'm hoping that once she finishes her masters degree in nursing administration, maybe I'll become a great-grandfather.

The Retired Life

I met a new young lady, Lorraine, and we got married in 2003. She's very interested in the arts, and everything I've shown her, she's since mastered. I'd always wanted to build a house, and with this new one, I finally had the opportunity to be involved in the design.

Since we've been here, my main hobby has been working on the house. Right now I'm redoing the basement, which is a pretty large space -- more than 1,600 square feet -- and turning it into a library, darkroom, computer room, family room. Building some storage closets too.

I hope to have it all completed by summertime, so I can have some time to play a little golf but mostly get back to my artwork. It's very beautiful up here, very quiet. We're graced with deer and turkey, and there are bear around here too. I've been taking photos, mostly digital, but I'd like to do more painting. I'll also be doing some stained glass for the house.

My friend Mr. Savaglio is anticipating looking for a piece of property up here to build. He hasn't quit Jericho yet! I saw him just a few days ago; I was down on Long Island for a medical checkup and stayed over at his house.

One of my goals is to see if I can't put in a couple of hours a day



Cute couple! Mr. D'Amato, now eighty, and wife Lorraine on their wedding day, June 29, 2003. They live in Gouldsboro, Pennsylvania.

teaching at East Stroudsburg University, which has a very good fine-arts department. We'll see what happens. Fortunately, I'm still able to run around. I think I was blessed a little bit with my health, so I don't have any problems. I turned eighty in December, but I don't feel it. It's just a number.

A Wonderful B'day Present From A Former Student

For my birthday, I received a wonderful note from one of my former students, Susan Pfriendr Bebry of the class of 1972. She lives in Jericho, in fact. Susan was in the art field herself for a number of years, and her father was a painter.

Anyway, she sent me a silk-screened print of his, along with a note from her father and a note from her wishing me a happy birthday. She wrote that she had been inspired by my teaching.

Can you believe it? Inspired by me! Things like that you just don't forget. ■

Remember the Famous 1972 Imperator Yearbook Cover Photo Shoot?

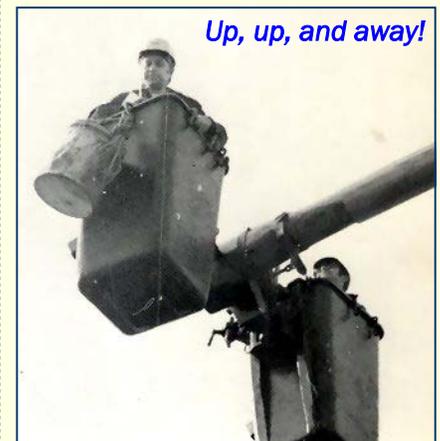
That was my idea. A friend of mine was a supervisor at Lilco. I said to him, "Do you think you could get me a cherry picker? I'd like to take a photo of the whole class for the yearbook cover." He said, "What size do you want?"

"The biggest one you've got."

I figured maybe it was thirty feet tall. He brought it over, and it was a fifty footer!

Two of my photographers for the yearbook, David Gustman and Jay Brenner, were very much involved. We had the numbers 7 and 2 outlined in white paint on the field in back. The kids stood inside the lines. Everybody was hysterical when I started going up in the cherry picker, wearing a hard hat and everything. It had to be a double bucket, with a guy from Lilco to operate it while I took the photos. Meanwhile, David was taking pictures of me taking pictures of the class. It was freezing cold, and the wind was really blowing.

Unfortunately, the photo didn't reproduce well on the cover. Instead of a good-quality shot, it was turned into a sort of black-and-white lined effect. It ended up looking more or less impressionistic! ■



Janet McNally

Continued from page 12

wan National Park. There we were treated like royalty because everyone knew and loved Lute.

At five o'clock in the morning, they would wake us up, and we would climb on the back of these rather large elephants to go in search of Bengal Tigers. They are a very elusive animal, and we never did see any, but we did see fresh tiger tracks along the river's edge.

We would be out there for hours, go back to the camp for lunch, and then go back out in the afternoon. It is amazing how soft and graceful these large animals can be. We were told that because there were wild elephants, and rhinos out there as well, we were safest doing our traveling up high on top of the elephants. Rhinos are pretty much blind, so if they feel threatened, they will charge at anything — including a jeep — so elephants sounded good to me.

Mommy, Daddy, Baby?

WHEN WE WERE IN FIFTH AND sixth grade at Robert Seaman Elementary School, Patty Ryon called me "Baby," and I called her "Mommy." Billy Hartley was "Daddy." I don't have any idea at all why.

A few years ago, I saw her address in the class directory on the website, and I thought to myself, *Oh, I should email Patty and write something like, "Hey, Mommy!"* Then I changed my mind. *No, I'd better not do that; she probably won't remember anyway.*

One day I get an email from Patty Ryon Spiers, and in big, bold letters it says, "BABY!?" So we emailed each other a couple of times and had a nice, long chat on the phone. ■

We enjoyed it. It was a good way to momentarily get our minds off what had happened. As Susan had said, it was something that Lute would have wanted us to do; it was something that he loved.

A Sense of Perspective

Every trip I take requires an adjustment when I get home. But that trip, which lasted more than a month, oh, my goodness, that was a major adjustment — physically, but more so emotionally. We all flew back to Los Angeles together. All the people from Oregon were able to get a plane to Portland the same day. But I couldn't get a flight home right away. So they all left, and I was standing there in the L.A. airport all by myself. I got a room at an airport hotel and had an 8:00 flight the next morning. I didn't sleep very well. Got on the plane. Spent a lot of time crying, looking out the window. Remembering when I was in school looking out the window pretending to be on some great adventure. Now I was on a plane looking out the window reliving the adventure of my lifetime. Amazing, yet so very sad.

Now, I'm not the most emotional person when it comes to showing it. But when I got to Tampa, my mom and dad were standing there waiting for me. I remember coming out of the gate, and when I saw them, I dropped my backpack and just fell into my mother's arms and cried like a baby. I just totally lost it, because the whole time we'd been there, we were trying to be strong for Marshall and Lisa.

I didn't sleep for probably four days. I didn't go back to work. I stayed at my parents' house. They live maybe about twenty minutes from me, over in Cape Haze. My brother Keith ('71) lives in Braden-

Continued on page 34

Jay Brenner

Continued from page 25

ridiculous. You're going to give up all that you have? Why would you do that?"

"Because of the quality of life."

Of course, our parents didn't understand that. You work. Shut up! My dad's business was in East New York, and he used to commute on the Interboro Parkway every day. When he said, "You're crazy, you shouldn't do it," I went to counseling, to hear myself talk it out. I closed up shop.

In that process, I decided that being a sole proprietor was hell. That with only one profit center, if you go on vacation, there's no money coming in. So when I had to reinvent myself anyway, I figured I'd take on a partner. Jim Lennon had worked for me, and he impressed me more than any photographer I knew. He had the same work ethic as me: always meet deadlines, always make sure that the client is happy, and so on. We set up Brenner-Lennon Photo Productions in Plainview. Besides tabletop photography, Jim and I both do executive portraiture and corporate annual reports. One of my other specialties is ski photography, while Jim does underwater and aerial photography.

We've gone from 4,000 square feet to 10,000 square feet. We have, including ourselves, thirteen employees. Two other full-time photographers, three digital artists, and the rest are support and sales. By the way, it's interesting, because I always failed personal financing courses. But what I realized was, I'm really good at photography, so I just surround myself with people who are talented in the areas I'm not.

Just like Mr. Hall said.

Continued on page 32

Jay Brenner

Continued from page 31

A Day in the Life

Today we were at work at five-thirty doing a shoot for Symbol Technologies. They wanted to showcase their scanners at a cash register check-out. We got into Bed, Bath & Beyond, which is also one of my accounts, but had to be out of there by nine-thirty, when the doors opened. We were taking over a whole bunch of their cashiers and putting models in there and customers.

Thanks partly to technology, my average day is eighty-three to six. One day I'm shooting on location, the next day I'm in the studio building a room set for Canon copiers. That'll take a couple of days to do. The next day I'm shooting for Nathan's. The day after that I'm in a Cheesecake Factory, eating all the food. And the next day I'm running the business. I wear about nine hundred hats.

It keeps it fresh. When I was in the city specializing in food photography, it was certainly profitable, but it was boring after a while. The lighting and everything else becomes the same. But now I'm challenged every day. I mean, I still really do like to go to work. And at fifty-two, of course I have assistants, but I'm still lugging equipment and moving things around. Part of the success of my company is that we feel young and enjoy what we do. If you don't, it comes across in the work.

Yesterday I was at the Bristols, which is a senior-citizens home. Another account of ours. We're on the second floor, and bingo is starting in a few hours, and we're running down to photograph bingo, then the exercise. As for my own folks, they live a *Seinfeld* life down in Boca Raton, Florida. My dad was president of his

home owners' association, creating enemies wherever he went. We used to say he was in charge of the speed bumps.

One of the most interesting things about being a location photographer is that you get to see how different people make a living. You get a little bit of a view into people's worlds that you would never see otherwise. I mean, there was a guy that I photographed, a multimillionaire. What does he do? He prints those little pieces of paper that go into medicine vials, and he's got three crews running, two hundred people. Who knew?

Best Commute in the World

Let's see, I can get to work in fifteen minutes by bicycle, twenty minutes if I run, and twenty minutes by car. (There are a lot of red lights.) Moving the business out here changed my quality of life. I mean, I was able to go from not seeing my children to

coaching, to Cub Scouts, to whatever the kids needed. Made all the difference in the world.

Jody is a junior at SUNY New Paltz, studying to be a teacher. And Scott is in the food industry. He lives in Plainview and works in Manhattan at Amy's Bread. He says he definitely wants to be self-employed, having seen the examples of his father and both of his grandparents. He's learning the business, figuring out where his handle on it will be.

The interesting thing is that one time I was driving with my daughter through the Old Westbury-Brookville area. We were looking at the houses. I said to her, "I'm sorry. I had always dreamed that I would be able to live in this type of style, but I kind of gave it up when I moved out of the city and changed our quality of life."

And she said, "Dad, I think that's the greatest thing you ever did.

"Thank you." ■

[Go to page 33 to see Jay's work. →](#)



Degrees of Separation

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

Jane Altvater Duda's daughter, **Lindsay**, a freshman at the University of Florida, struck up a conversation with a girl named Jaci while they were on their way to a sorority retreat. Both girls' families had moved from New York to Florida.

"Jaci told Lindsay that her dad went to Jericho High School and was born in 1954," reports Jane, who lives in Tampa. "She didn't know

what year he graduated, but she figured we might know each other." Indeed they did. Jaci is **Jaci Bernstein**, daughter of **Steven Bernstein**, who lives in Coral Springs, Florida.

This is the second Six Degrees encounter involving Jaci Bernstein. Two years ago, **Harvey Fialkov** ran into Steven on the U of F campus. It turned out that Harvey's son, **Jason**, and Jaci were in the same dorm. ■

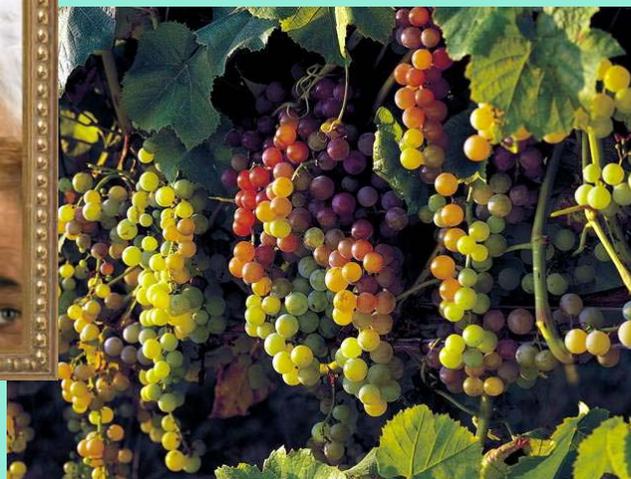
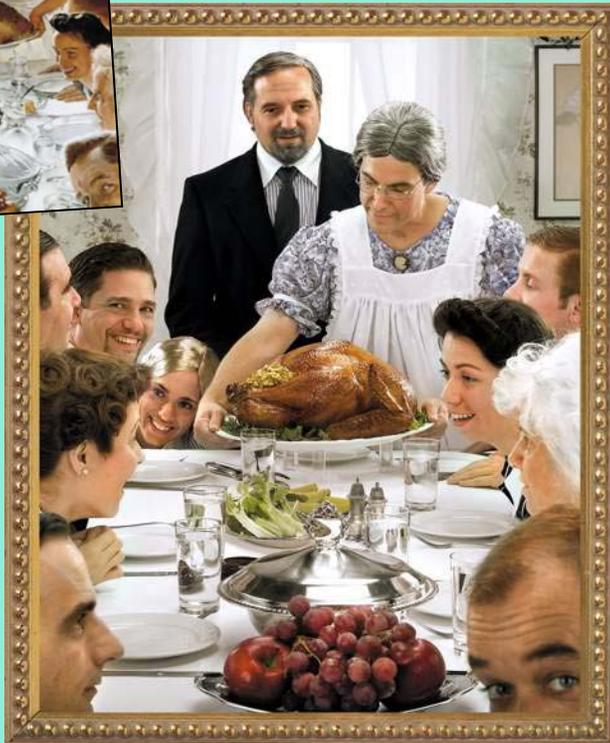
Photo Finish

Photography by Jay Brenner

For much, much more, go to www.brennerlennon.com



The photo at right is a take-off of the Norman Rockwell painting above. That's Jay himself playing grand-maw. "I look just like my father's mom," he says. "It's scary!"



Janet McNally

Continued from page 31

ton. And I have three sisters who still live on Long Island: one in Westbury, one in Lindenhurst, and one in Syosset.

My other sister, Lianne, who was in the class of '75, was killed in car accident in 1978 out in Montauk, our family vacation place. When my sister died, that made me look at life differently. I mean, we were all very close. But it brought our family closer, if that's possible. The death of someone you love just changes the way that you look at things. Nothing is that important or serious. Family is it. You appreciate the small things that many people wouldn't. Sometimes it takes stuff like this to get you there; sometimes you're already there, but it takes things like that to remind you. I'm a very lucky person. I've got an incredible family who supports everything that I do, no matter what.

A few years ago, I was flying out to the West Coast for Lute's stepdaughter's wedding. I sat next to a guy, and we were talking about adventures and stuff like that, and he looked at me and said, "Life's too short for a full-time job." And I thought, *You know what? The man's right.*

When I bought my Pepperidge Farm business in 1994, I worked seven days a week, twelve, fifteen hours a day, because my goal was to buy the business, build it up, and split it. The area down here is growing so quickly. Three years ago, that's exactly what I did. Now I work only three days a week, maybe five hours a day, though I do landscape design on the side.

The business affords me the flexibility to be able to go on other adventures. One of my favorites was in September 2005. My girlfriend and her two children spent a few days in Oregon with our friends there. We went up to Washington — Mount St. Helens, Mount Hood — then we went up to the San Juan Islands.

We went out on a whale-watching expedition to see Orcas. We expected we'd see one or two. We were surrounded by them. It was the most amazing sight. If you're interested in doing it, that's the place to go. It's just west of Peugeot Sound, almost to British Columbia. It's beautiful, and the weather is awesome. A couple of years before that, I climbed Mount St. Helens. In fact, I climbed it two weeks before it blew up the last time, in 2002. We were sitting on the rim of the crater, having lunch, when somebody accidentally leaned against a boulder, and it fell in the crater. Two weeks later, *boom!* We decided that we were the ones who caused the eruption. Of course that isn't true, but it's a good story! ■

FAN E-MAIL & THREATENING LETTERS

Remembering Mr. Joseph Donadio

I got a very touching handwritten note from Joe Donadio's wife, Helen, recently. Joe was the pharmacist and owner of Birch Drugs in the Waldbaum's shopping center. He passed away last year after a five-month bout with lung cancer. Birch Drugs was not only the *only* drugstore in Jericho for the longest time, and with delivery for all of us, but Joe was also the former chancellor commander of the Jericho Knights of Pythias (as was my father; a lot of Jericho men were involved). Thought you'd find this interesting—this man remedied every person in Jericho at one time.

Melanie Siegel Dolan
Ormond Beach, FL
MelJay@aol.com

An Assist for Mark Ratner

I just had a chance to peruse the photo gallery on the class website, and I was somewhat dismayed to discover a fallacious allegation from thirty-six years ago. In recounting her Sweet Sixteen weekend at the Concord, Cheryl Goldenberg Kristal claims that "Mark Ratner threw up on

everything and everyone." This statement is entirely false.

First, I did not throw up "on everything." I actually only threw up on one well-dressed man in the hotel lobby. And, as I recall, for a complete stranger he was remarkably understanding about his leisure suit.

Second, the official explanation was "viral gastroenteritis." That's what I told my folks. You know, a "24-hour virus." Eleven whiskey sours in forty-five minutes *had nothing to do with it*

Also, I actually opened the window for Mitch Meyer when he tossed the TV from the sixth floor. Much of the weekend is a blur, but I believe I do remember that.

I'm hoping that the website can be corrected, just in case my teenage children ever stumble upon it. As a physician and a father of two, I have a reputation to protect.

Mark Ratner, M.D.
Potomac, MD
Mhratner@aol.com

You're So Kind

I understand that you need a fake letter to the editor to fill this short space. I am happy to oblige.

Perry Menopause
Hyperthermia, WI

Your Back Pages

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

THEY ALL SAID HE WAS NUTS ...

Back in 1972, just before graduation, we had an audience with Swami Nishtu Sushibar, the psychic medium whose booth stood next to J.J. Newberry’s at Mid-Island Plaza. His “Psychic Shack” franchise never really took off (you’d think he’d have seen that one coming), and the space was soon taken over by the Sid’s Pants next door, which needed to be let out a little in the inseam with the arrival of the new Huckapoo shirt inventory.

But as you’ll see, ol’ Swami’s predictions about the future were uncannily accurate — except for when one of us asked, “Will I be happy? Will I be rich?” Here’s what he said to us: “Quesadilla, sadilla, whatever will be will be.” “Don’t you mean *que sera, sera?*” we asked. “No,” he replied sagely, “*quesadilla*. I’m hungry. Could you loan me two bucks?”



Prediction No. 1:
“... Sonny Bono will go on to become a U.S. Congressman!”

What we thought at the time: “Right. And one day a former professional wrestler will become governor of Minnesota!”



Prediction No. 2:
“... One day all rock music that held meaning for you will be used to sell crap on TV commercials!”

What we thought at the time: “Yeah, sure. Like, Led Zeppelin will be shilling for Cadillac!”

Prediction No. 3
“... Adorable little Michael Jackson will change shades more often than a mood ring.”



What we thought at the time: “What’s a mood ring?”



“... You’ll find out in 1973.”