

Our Sixth Year of
Newsletter Goodness!

Winter 2007-08
Issue No. 18

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

JHS Classes of '71, '72, '73 Thirderly On-Line Newsletter

Welcome to this, the 18th news-
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Official Propaganda Tool of '71, '72, '73 Jericho High Alumni

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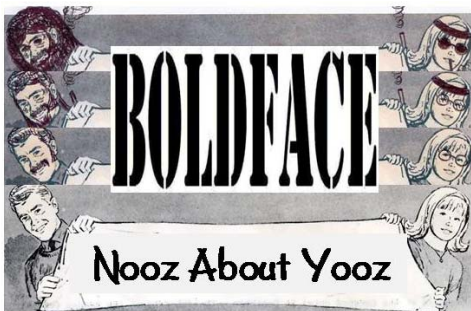


Torrid Tales of
Hearts on Fire!

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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.

Ilene Resnick Kruger: A Stand-up Gal



Been waiting five years to use that headline. There. Felt good!

Ilene Resnick Kruger —

Idonna to you, bub — has been doing stand-up comedy around the San Diego area for years and also hits the stage as an actress. She recently finished a four-week run starring in the comedy *The Cemetery Club* at the Poway Community Theatre.

Ivan Menchell's play, which the *Boston Globe* called "funny, sweet tempered, moving," revolves around three Jewish widows who meet once a month for tea before going to visit their husbands' graves.

Idonna, who teaches English as a second language ("New York Jewish is my first language"),

has two children:

Alexander, now seventeen, and fifteen-year-old daughter **Emily**. ■



Mini-Reunion: Marna Ludwig, Celia Felsher, Felice Mehlman, Susan Sugarman, and Wanda Baskin

A few weeks after the Reunion in 3-D at Milleridge Cottage, five childhood friends held their own mini-reunion in Manhattan.

Wanda Baskin Aria, Celia Felsher, Marna Ludwig Moseson, Felice Mehlman Hodges, and Susan Sugarman Gold got together for the first time in forty years at the Peninsula Hotel. Don't look in the 1972 yearbook for Wanda, Felice, or Susan — all three moved from Jericho while in junior high school.

"Felice and I were next-door neighbors," explains Celia, "and Marna lived two doors down from Felice," on Bounty Lane. "We were all first-generation East Birchwood kids, moving into the development as houses were being built." Susan and Wanda lived just a few streets over, on Hazlewood Drive. "In elementary school," Susan remembers, "a bunch of us formed the Gold Key Club. It included me, Wanda, Marna, Celia, and Felice, and **Carolyn**

Fialkow and Ellen Rader. We were all close friends."

Felice was the first to move, in 1967. She also moved the farthest away: London. "My father got a job as a consultant for ITT," she explains, "which meant traveling all over Europe. My sisters and I went to an English girls' grammar school (terribly proper) and never missed America for a second! My parents, however, wanted me to go to an American university, so I went to Cornell for three years. I saw Marna once or twice during this time but, otherwise, really lost touch with all my Jericho friends."

Around the same time, Wanda's family moved to Great Neck. "I didn't want to leave, since I had made some really great friends in East Birchwood," she says. "I have a lot of fond memories of my time there. I actually lost touch with everyone when I moved away. Then by mere

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Three that got away: Wanda (far l.), Felice (c.), and Susan (far r.) with Marna (second from l.) and Celia (second from r.)



Nooz About Yooz

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coincidence, I bumped into Sue Sugarman when we were both about seventeen at a store in Great Neck." Unbeknown to Wanda, Susan's family also left Jericho for Great Neck, in 1968. But Sue went to Great Neck South, while Wanda attended Great Neck North. They've been best friends ever since.

Sue and Marna both live in the Dix Hills-Melville area, and occasionally bumped into each other. And Wanda once spotted Marna at the Fort Lauderdale Airport a couple of years ago. "We had a great time reminiscing about old times." Except for Felice, all came to some JHS reunions, but never all at the same time. About four years ago, Felice and Marna reconnected, "and we've been in very close touch," says Felice. "In fact, we seemed to have picked up exactly where we left off forty years ago! Seeing Celia, Wanda, and Susie last December was also terrific fun, especially as I was so sorry to miss the reunion."

"The Girls" Today

Wanda: "I moved back to Jericho after I got married [but to Princeton Park] and have two children. My son is an NYU graduate and works in the publishing and movie industry in California. My daughter, a Hofstra graduate, is a fifth-grade teacher in Plainview and just recently got married. They live in Great Neck." Wanda works as a statistical analyst for local utility National Grid, until recently known as Keyspan Energy.

Sue: "I am married for thirty years to my husband, Kenneth, who went to Great Neck North with Wanda. We have four sons ages sixteen to twenty-five. I am a special-

education teacher at Hauppauge Middle School." In another coincidence, she attended the University of Maryland, where **Wendy Chin** from the class of '71 was her roommate.

Felice: "I worked as a writer/journalist for a leading arts and antiques magazine. I also wrote several books," including *The Phaidon Guide to Glass*, *The Design Source Book*, and *Period Pastimes*. A new book on fashion is scheduled for publication later this year. Married in 1980 to an English banker, Felice has two children: Charlie, twenty-three, who just graduated from the London School of Economics, and Alix, twenty, a drama student. "Apart from writing books, I was a buyer of art and antiques for leading department stores in the UK and USA." She's also an artist herself, having presented a one-woman show in London in 2000.

Celia and Marna have both been featured in the newsletter's "First Person Singular" profiles,

Marna in issue No. 2 (2003) and Celia in issue No. 13 (2006).

Celia, who lives in Larchmont, New York, with her husband, John Cecil, is an attorney with Reservoir Capital Group. She has two children: Teddy and Rachel. Her daughter recently graduated Princeton, Celia's alma mater, "and is now working at the Touch Foundation, a nonprofit organization that is focused on building human resources for health and strengthening health systems in Tanzania." Celia was so impressed with the organization, she joined its board of directors.

Marna has been married to Dr. Michael Moseson since 1977. She also has a grown son and daughter. Jordan, twenty-eight, is a surgical resident at Nassau University Hospital and lives in Great Neck. Alissa, twenty-four, lives at home, but not for long. "She'll be moving to Great Neck too," says Marna. Alissa, an early-education teacher, "has a background in special ed with a major in child psychology. Her true passion is working with kids on the autistic spectrum."

Two spinal-fusion surgeries forced Marna to retire from nursing. "But with the help of a wonderful pain specialist, I'm finally feeling well," she says. "I'm not looking forward to Alissa moving out and having an empty nest," she admits, "but as we all know, we need to move on. Thank goodness, though, for my golden retriever Mandalay Bay, parakeet Desmond, and turtle Shelby!"

As for the mini-reunion, "We had a fabulous time and plan to get together again," says Susan. "I keep up with my class from Great Neck South and have attended some reunions. But it is definitely more fun when I get together with my friends from when I was little." ■

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JHS Makes the Top 100 Yet Again

Once again **Jericho High School** was named a gold-medal school by *US News & World Report* in its annual listing of the top one hundred schools in the country. This year JHS placed fifty-eighth. Only one other Long Island school, Great Neck South (*boo!*), ranked higher, at number forty-three. In recent years, Jericho has placed as high as number four. We're not really sure what all this "best-school" jazz means, to tell you the truth, but we're sure that in Jericho's case it's well warranted. We offer our begrudging congratulations, ya over-achieving little punks!



Catch Up With ...

Robin Bergman ('73)



Both my parents are artists. And so, while my younger sister and I were growing up in East Birchwood, we always had easels and art supplies at home. From Jericho, I went to Brandeis University. It had a great fine-arts department — and a really strong political-science department, because I was very interested in politics.

That, too, comes from my parents. At our house, which my parents sold in 2001 for the inevitable move down to Florida along with the rest of Jericho, we were always painting and making music (my sister, Heidi, from the class of '76, is a professional violinist in Kansas City, Missouri), but also talking about books and politics. I really thank them for that.

My parents were very politically active themselves. They published an antiwar newsletter from our basement, and my dad went on one of the first protests against the Vietnam War, the march on the Pentagon, in 1967. He marched wearing all of his World War II medals. So my mother wasn't fazed in the least when one day, while she was getting her hair done at the beauty parlor, someone rushed in and said to her, "Do you know that your daughter is picketing in front of Waldbaums?" I was a picket captain for the United Farm

Workers. Somewhere I have a photo of me, Jeff Rathaus, Monica Medina, and others holding our picket signs.

In tenth grade I organized two all-day moratorium events in the high-school library. We had guest speakers, and students were allowed to cut class to attend these programs. Can you imagine that happening today? I can't. I think we were very lucky to grow up at a very open time, where experimentation and creativity were encouraged.

I also worked on several political campaigns while still in high school, both locally and nationally. I pretty much ran the office for Bob Gutheil, who was running for town supervisor, and I did so much work on George McGovern's 1972 presidential run that at eighteen I was appointed a Democratic committee-woman in my district.

So when I left for college, I wasn't sure whether I wanted to pursue art or politics. At Brandeis, where all your sixties radicals went, like Abbie Hoffman and Angela Davis, I could study both. When I graduated, though, I was still torn between my interests in art and politics. I took a year off from school to work as a community organizer in Somerville, Massachusetts, for an organization called Somerville United Neighborhood (SUN). It was funded by Catholic

Charities. I'd go around knocking on people's doors and talking to them about issues that concerned them, then help the residents find appropriate ways to respond. I also worked with the Massachusetts Public Interest Research Group (MASSPIRG) in getting a bottle-recycling bill passed.

I was thinking of going into public-interest law. But I saw friends of mine going to law school and hating it. In the end, I decided that my talent lay more in art, and I should pursue that first. I could always go back to law school or get involved in politics. At Brandeis, I'd studied with visiting artist Elaine DeKooning, and I really wanted to work with a woman artist again. I got into a great two-year masters-degree program at the Maryland Institute in Baltimore, studying painting under Grace Hartigan. Although I didn't know a soul there, I made friends right away; through a Boston connection, I wound up living in a house with six guys, which was pretty funny. Eventually their girlfriends started moving in, so the male-female ratio wasn't quite so extreme.

While still in college, I'd really gotten into knitting and sewing. After a while, Grace couldn't help but notice that every time I put down my brush, I'd pick up my knitting

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"My mother wasn't fazed in the least when one day, while she was getting her hair done at the beauty parlor, someone rushed in and said to her, 'Do you know that your daughter is picketing in front of Waldbaums?'"

Robin Bergman

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and go to work. One day she told me to get my fabric into the studio; that I was living a schizophrenic existence. It was really great to have someone like her recognize that as much as I loved painting, there was something else I really wanted to do.

Back to Beantown

I loved Baltimore. If I hadn't met my now ex-husband, Paul Krugman, on a semi-blind date, I probably would have stayed there. But I still had loads of friends back in Boston and loved New England, and so after graduating from the Maryland Institute in 1980, I went back north. You probably know Paul's byline from the *New York Times* op-ed page, but at the time we started going out, he was about to begin teaching at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He'd soon write a column for the *Los Angeles Times*, and from there went on to write for *Fortune* and *Slate* magazines, among others, and ultimately the *Times*.

My first full-time job was doing graphic design on circulars for a department store in Boston. Not really what I wanted to do, but it was work. Then I landed a position that I did want: doing conservation work in the textiles department at the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum. That meant stabilizing the textiles in their original condition and doing as little invasive work as possible.

One of my favorite projects entailed conserving a collection of tapestries from the fifteenth century and putting new backings on them. I loved doing that because it required a painter's skills. You would mix different colors and try to approximate the colors that were there. Needless

slow process. I also spent a long time sun-bleaching an antique petticoat that purportedly belonged to Marie Antoinette.

During my three and a half years at the museum, I was falling more and more in love with knitting. During my lunch hour, I'd knit religiously. One day I went into a knitting store and saw knitting machines. For years people had been asking me why didn't I sell the sweaters I made by hand. But you couldn't possibly earn a living making those with knitting needles; it would just be too labor intensive.

I bought myself one of those machines and put it in my living room, not really knowing what I intended to do with it. I just wanted to learn how to use it and go from there. I call it a knitting machine, but it's really a loom. It resembles a piano keyboard on legs, with little latch hooks coming in and out, and you can program patterning into it. That's the only part that's automated; otherwise it's still operated manually.

Around the same time, a weaver friend of mine called to say that she'd rented a studio with another artist, and they needed a third per-

son. Would I be interested? I decided to take her up on the offer. At first, I figured I'd stay at the Gardner Museum and just do knitting on the side. But in the fall of 1984, I started my business, Robin Originals. It's a good thing that I didn't know how hard it was going to be, because then I probably wouldn't have done it.

An annual seasonal crafts cooperative was opening up in Cambridge. It generally ran from November through Christmas. I had to produce a lot of stock really fast. I remember that the first business decision I ever made was whether to make sweaters or sweater vests. I decided on the latter, figuring that I could make more sweater vests, since I wouldn't have to knit sleeves. I didn't sell as many pieces as I'd hoped, but it was a great experience, giving me a crash course in running a business.

How Robin Works

Things have changed so much since I started. Before there were electronic knitting machines, everything

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Robin with one cool cat, named Penuche.

First Person Singular

Beverly Weissman Cogan and Steven Marksohn

Talk About a Couple of Life-transforming Years:
Married in 2006, Adopted Two Babies in 2007.
What's in Store for 2008? A Presidential Run?

The 2006 marriage of Jericho's Beverly Weissman Cogan ('72) and Steven Marksohn ('71) was the second to arise from all this reunion biz of the last few years, the first being 1972's Patty Ryon and Stephen Spiers, who recently celebrated their fifth anniversary. When we spoke to Beverly and Steven, he had just walked in the door, and infant daughter Kai insisted on Daddy's attention, so Beverly handles most of the early questions in this Q. & A.

Beverly: Steven and I grew up five blocks away from each other in East Birchwood. He lived on Birchwood Park Drive, and I lived on Hightop Lane. If it weren't for the class of '72 reunions, we never would have crossed each other's path, certainly not anytime soon. Although I believe that the universe apparently wanted us to connect and would probably give us future opportunities. If we hadn't met up again at fifty, maybe we would have hooked up at ninety. The pull was that strong.

In high school, we traveled in concentric circles, with a few friends in common. We knew *about* each other, but didn't *know* each other. Then we went our separate ways; he graduated in '71, and me a year later.

I went to SUNY New Paltz and graduated in three and a half years, because I'd earned eighteen college credits at New York Tech during my senior year in high school. Looking back, I have to wonder, What was I rushing for? But I'd met my first husband, Richie Cogan, and I wanted to marry him.

Which I did, at twenty-one. Yikes! There should be a law against that! Although I have to say, I married a very nice man. We broke up about ten years later because at a certain point I woke up and realized that he wanted a different life than I did. The divorce was easy as far as divorces go, at least financially, but it was hard emotionally: I loved him, and he was a good man and very successful. But we wanted different things out of life.

We were living in Dix Hills at the time, after a stint in Syosset. The first thing I did when we separated — almost immediately — was move into Manhattan. Although I graduated New Paltz with degrees in psychology and education, early on I decided that advertising really grabbed me. I'd been working for *Newsday* because if you're in advertising and live on the island, it's the place to be. My first year living in Manhattan I reverse commuted. Then I quit, to find something in the city. This was 1986.

I liked the magazine business; it seemed more glamorous than newspapers, trading at a whole new level. GQ was looking for a retail advertising manager who knew the New York retailers. A few industry recommendations later, they offered me the job. I was there for the next fifteen years, rising up through the ranks to become the executive director of fashion and retail. Then the publisher, Conde Nast, bought Fairchild Publications and took over a 115-year-old men's fashion trade publication called *Daily News Record* — the men's equivalent of *Women's Wear Daily*. I went there as associate publisher to "Conde Nast-icize" it, as the cultures were quite different. Then, while doing that, I launched a consumer publication, *Men-*



That's son Zennie with Mom, and daughter Kai with Dad. Steven: "People always ask us if they are brother and sister, they look so much alike."

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Beverly + Steven

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swear. So I wore two hats: associate publisher of *DNR* and publisher of *Menswear*.

Beverly and Steven Meet – Again

Beverly: Steven came to the class of 1972's thirtieth reunion in 2002. I saw him in the gym and went up to him. "Steven Marksohn, do you remember me?" And he said, "Beverly Weissman." I told him I was using the name Cogan now.

Steven: "That was the whole conversation. Three minutes, and she flitted away!"

Beverly: The next time we saw each other was at the get-together at Frank's Steaks the night before the communal fiftieth birthday party, in 2004. We started talking and figured we'd see each other the next day at the main event at Steve's Pier. But Steven got sick and never made it. If he hadn't emailed me a few weeks later, we probably wouldn't have come in contact until the next reunion, which for all we knew could have been ten years away.

The email said that when he'd seen me in the gym two years earlier, he'd promised himself that he would ask me to dinner — figuring he'd have twenty-five years to think about it. Which he did. He came over with Michael Lewis, and we all went out to dinner and hung out. There weren't any big sparks that night — would you agree?

Steven: No. I mean, yes (no sparks).

Beverly: But Steven is affable, and I thought it would be fun to have a friend that I knew from elementary school; there was something sweet about that to me. Emotions rooted in your youth are very powerful. One thing that grabbed me was Steven's remembering verbatim the

announcement Mr. Bowles, the principal of George A. Jackson Elementary School, made over the loudspeaker the day that John F. Kennedy was shot. I'd never talked about that with anybody.

Steven remembered all the kids in class asking, "What does 'assassinated' mean?" And Jonathan Felscher, the smartest kid in the class, said, "It means he was shot, it doesn't mean he's dead." But he was wrong.

Steven: It was the first time that Jonathan was wrong, ever!



Beverly: It was very unlikely, but we soon fell in love. One of the things I loved about him was that he's not your banker type of guy.

Steven: My life has always been a little ... different.

Beverly: Off the beaten path. By the time I met him, he was extremely well traveled, worldly, and interesting, and had a wealth of experience that I did not. Including raising a family.

First Comes Love, Then Comes Marriage, Then ...

Beverly: The only thing in my life that I felt I hadn't done, and the only thing I regretted, was not having my own family. I could have done it on my own, but I viewed parenthood as a partner project.

Steven: And you tried it with other partners.

Beverly: Well, I tried to conceive a lot —

Steven: — Which is always the fun part!

Beverly: Yes. Doing it for recreation is much more fun than procreation. But I miscarried.

Anyway, early on in our relationship, we discussed the possibility of having kids, even though Steven has two grown sons from his first marriage. Both of them are JHS graduates, by the way: Beau, who is twenty-seven,

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

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

Beverly + Steven

Continued from page 7

and Cody, who is twenty-five. One lives in Manhattan, the other in Glen Cove.

Steven: Beau works in the family business full-time, and Cody part-time. They both used to be professional paintball players. Before you start laughing, I should tell you that it took them all around the world.

Beverly: And I should tell you, as someone who worked at GQ, that they are both movie-star handsome. *Movie-star handsome!*

Now, having children was not Steven's big idea. It was mine. But the truth was, I was willing to give up the possibility of having a child. Although I always believed deep down that I was going to have a family someday.

Steven: But the truth is, if Beverly didn't have a kid, I thought that she wouldn't have felt like a whole person, and I couldn't do that to her.

Beverly: Although Steven was fifty-three when we got married, it would not have been unrealistic for him to have married someone, say, thirty-eight years old, and for her to get pregnant. Before you met me, you always hung out with those younger girls.

Steven: Thirty-eight? Try twenty-eight! But after we got married — and half-way through the adoption process — I started to get cold feet, and for a while I was kicking and screaming

like a mule dug in with four legs.

Beverly: He said, "I'm not young anymore. I don't know if I can do this." I said to him, "Steven, once you get past the first 'Oh, *Grandpa* brought you to school today,' you'll get over it." And he did. He decided, "I don't care what people think." He's made a lifetime of doing the unconventional.



Steven: In the long run, I'm glad that my hesitation delayed the process, because it gave us a little more time to be by ourselves. And not only that, it resulted in us adopting these two delicious babies that we were *meant* to have.

"Too Old" to Have a Child? Pisshaw!

Beverly: If there was anybody around us who thought that, they kept it to themselves. Except my Polish cleaning lady; she came right out and said, "You're too old to do this." To which I replied, "Thank you for your opinion, but that'll be my decision."

You know, there will always be naysayers. I'm a person who has five cats. I had two, and then I adopted three more after September 11, in a life-affirming moment. People

thought I was *out of my mind*. My best friend took me aside and said, "Beverly, this is an intervention; I think you're going off the deep end." But these cats are the nicest, friendliest, cleanest, outgoing animals. Even confirmed cat-haters love them!

As for our decision to adopt, most people thought that it was a really sweet thing. The energy around babies is so upbeat and euphoric that everybody gets a little excited.

We could have had our own biological children, but we felt that we had a lot of love to give to children who otherwise might have grown up in shitty homes. Someone once said that adopted kids come with this good karma, because maybe they're about to have a crummy life, and all of a sudden they get scooped up and taken out of the neglectful or worse environment and moved to a place where they are given all kinds of love and opportunity. There are lots of kids who need the love and the smarts and the maturity of adoptive parents like us.

Kai, who we adopted last April, and Zennie, in August, are both biracial. Early in the process, we realized that white children get snapped up more easily. And we thought that it would be great to give a chance to a child who might not have opportunities in life — not just in terms of education but love.

We always wanted a second child, because we didn't want Kai to be alone if we should die. Although people don't die in order, anyway. And both of us have longevity on our sides. Our parents are all living.

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By Dan Clurman

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



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

"I've cowritten a few books, *Money Disagreements: How to Talk About Them* and *Conversations With Critical Thinkers*, as well as a book of poems and drawings, *Floating Upstream*."

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

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



JHS True Confessions

Seven couples share their romantic stories (and glories) of love: how they met, whether it was love at first sight, and what keeps their love growing.



Amy Lubow ('72) and Dan Downs: Finding Love in the Big Easy



In 1987 I had a two-week vacation from my job in the development office at the American

Museum of Natural History in Manhattan. One of my college roommates was a real southern belle from New Orleans, and because of her, I chose to go there on vacation.

I went alone, exploring the culture there and enjoying every minute of it. One day I was at a coffee shop that was giving out coffee, and I got some. I walked over to a bench in the French Quarter, sat down, and sipped my coffee.

A man came up to me from behind, tapped me on the shoulder, and said, "I'm a portrait artist here, and I have no customers now. Could I do your portrait?"

Thinking *What a hunk!*, I said, "Sure!" (My heart was going.) While I was sitting for my portrait, some customers

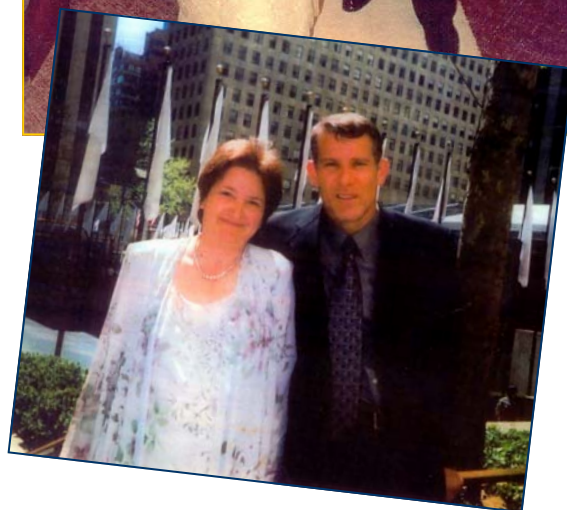
began to arrive, watching my portrait in progress. One man, I remember, had a heavy Southern accent, and I enjoyed listening to him. I was critiquing the portrait at times because I, too, had an art background. The Southern man said to the artist, "Let her learn ya," which I thought was so funny.

When the portrait was done, I sighed to myself, *Oh, well, I guess I have to get up and go.* Just then, the artist shyly said to me, "How about if we meet for coffee later?"

"Okay!" I said, and that man has been my husband since 1988. We have two sons, ages fourteen and seventeen.

People ask me, "Did you pay for the portrait?" Answer: No, but I've been paying for it ever since! (Ha ha ha.) ♥

Walking down the aisle in 1988; Amy and Dan, who live in Brooklyn, shown in the Big Apple recently.





*Diane Russo ('73) and Bob DeRosa:
Love in the Frozen Food Aisle*



It was March 1973. I worked for Pathmark, at Mid-Island Plaza, and

Bob worked for Waldbaums. On Sundays Bob and friends from Waldbaums would go to the Robert Williams Elementary School field and play ball. That field was a few blocks from where I lived, and since some of his friends were my friends from Jeri-

cho, one Sunday I decided to go.

That night we all went to Cantiague Park to hang out. A few of us decided to go to Westbury Drive-In that Tuesday to see some horror film — I can't remember which one. Bob asked for my phone number, but he didn't write it down, so I thought he wouldn't call me, but he did — and I have been with him ever since. For our first date, the following Saturday, we saw *Soylent Green*, starring Charlton Heston, at the Twin Theaters. At the time, that was the only place where you could go to a movie theater and more than one movie was playing. (If you didn't see that silly movie, soylent green is people!)

Bob, a 1973 graduate of Hicksville High, was my date at my senior prom. We both had decided to go to SUNY Farmingdale even before we met. We dated a few years and became engaged on July 4, 1976, and got married on September 24, 1977. Our wedding was at the Fox Hollow Inn, and it was a beautiful affair.

We've owned a home in Bethpage our whole marriage. For many years, Bob was a supervisor for an architectural woodworking



firm in Manhattan, which catered to millionaires, movie stars, and all major companies. For the last twenty-plus years, he has had his own construction company, DeMar Construction of N.Y. Corp., which actually had his work published in *Kitchens and Baths* magazine. I run a medical ENT office in Hicksville and am also a school crossing guard.

We have three beautiful children. Our son Robert (twenty-eight) works with my husband at DeMar; Vincent (twenty-six) is a product developer for a software company in Manhattan; and Lynn (twenty-three) works for an advertising firm in Hauppauge. Through the years, my husband and I volunteered much time to many community programs, including Little League, school committees, Knights of Columbus, Marty Lyons Foundation, and others.

It's amazing how fast time flies: Bob and I celebrated our thirtieth anniversary this past September! ♥

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At left, Diane and Bob's kids: Vincent, Lynn, and Robert.



Lorraine Triggiani ('71) and Henry Grant: A High-Tech Romance



After I graduated from SUNY Oneonta with a degree in biology, I came back to Jericho and lived with my family. Like most young adults, I thought that the world would be waiting for me and all knowledge! That's not exactly what happened. It was hard to find a job at that time. My first job was working in a doctor's office as a receptionist, which was terrible!

I quit and moved on to a company called General Instrument, on West John Street in Hicksville, not far from Cantiaque Park. It isn't there anymore. GI made the very first hybrid semiconductors out of silicone. Do you remember Pong, one of the first handheld electronic games? That's the chip we made. Real high-tech stuff back then! I was a technician in the photolithographic lab, and Henry Grant, the man who became my husband, worked as an engineer in the research lab.

Henry, who is three and a half years older than me, is from all over. His father was a naval officer, so he was born on a naval base in Panama, then spent most of his childhood living in England, Ireland, all over the U.S. From age sixteen until the end of high school, he lived in Michigan. After his parents split up, he moved with his mother to Long Island.

One day in the company cafeteria, we sat down together; I

Wedding day, November 1977



Thirty years later:
Lorraine and Henry with sons Roger (l.) and Daniel (r.) and family pooch Grant's Buckshot Ripley, an English setter.



was with a couple of friends. I'll never forget this: Henry started talking about how an ant could carry X times more weight than its body. And I thought to myself, *This guy is really nerdy, but he's cool!* I liked that, that he knew that stuff.

We started dating in August 1976, with dinner at Heads and Tails restaurant in Roslyn (Heinekens and spinach salads) and a movie. We walked around the duck pond afterward. We often talk about how Heads and Tails and Roslyn became one of our favorite places to go for a long time.

Things became serious pretty quickly. We became engaged in February 1977 and got married nine months later at St. Paul's Church in Old Westbury, with the reception at the Fox Hollow Inn in Syosset.

At first we rented the upstairs of a house in Huntington Station, right behind the Walt Whitman Mall. Henry didn't have his degree yet, so I put him through school. Once he earned his bachelor of science in computer science, we bought a house in Miller Place and had our two sons.

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Lori Nelson ('72) and David Shuster: It All Started with a Blind Date

David and I actually met on a blind date. My brother Michael (who did not attend Jericho schools) deserves some of the credit. Michael, who is just two years older than me, always viewed me as his little sister and never included me in his social circles. But, of course, as I



matured, he didn't always have that control, and friendships developed in spite of him.

After graduating from college, Michael attended podiatry school. His class was invited to a barbeque event. I tagged along and met and dated a classmate of his. This classmate, Jeff, was friends with another fellow classmate: David.

The next thing I knew, David approached my brother, who was only an acquaintance, and asked

him for my phone number. Our first date was just after New Year's 1978. We met at the corner of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. There was David, holding a red rose. The daytime date lasted late into the night. David went on a ski trip with his friends the following week and sent me a romantic postcard while away. This Westchester boy, who couldn't stand the commute to Long Island, pretty much moved into my mother's house every weekend thereafter.

We were engaged in March and married in April 1979. It was all so fast, but I knew it was right. I am a middle child with two loving brothers. As the only girl, Mom called me the filling in the sandwich. I am the product of a very nurturing family. The guy I was to marry had a lot to live up to. And he did! I adored my dad, and David shares so many of the values I was brought up with. He also shares common bonds with my brothers and their love for sports.

Today David is the same chivalrous, doting, devoted husband and father of my two children. Our son, Jeffrey, graduated from the Wharton School at the University of Pennsylvania. He is now twenty-four and works on Wall Street in the world of finance. Our daughter, Sari, is twenty-two and graduated from the University of Delaware. She is a mathematics teacher in Westchester County and is also currently pursuing her master's degree.

David still practices podiatry, and I am an elementary school teacher. We will be married twenty-nine years this April. Miracles do happen! How blessed can I be? ♥

(Above left) Lori and David Shuster on their wedding day in 1979, and, at left, with their children: daughter Sari, twenty-two, and son Jeffrey, twenty-four.





MaryLisa Brennan ('73) and Chuck Noyes: Love Is in the Air



I always like to tell people that I met my husband in a nursing home, because of course they immediately wonder, "What? How old is he?"

But that is where we met, in 1980.

After Jericho, I got a degree in nursing at SUNY Farmingdale. Then in 1975 I moved to Washington state with my first husband, a ship's captain. We got divorced, but I stayed there.

I've done a lot of different things in nursing. At the time I met Chuck Noyes, my husband of twenty-six years, I was working in a private-care facility for people with endstage diseases, teaching the nursing staff. It wasn't an old-age home, exactly; it was for patients of all ages, with a variety of advanced health problems.

Chuck is a Washington native, and his mother was in the facility, in the end stages of cancer. It's funny, because I got

I got to know him. But he would visit practically every day, and we started chatting. This went on for two or three months, until finally he asked me if I'd like to go out. We did, and we just hit it off immediately.

The two of us got married on March 20, 1982, by which time we'd bought a home together. It was a very small ceremony, since both of us had been married before. Sadly, Chuck's mother didn't live to see the wedding.

In 1990 we adopted the first of our two children, Roger. He's named after one of my two older brothers. My brother Roger (class of 1962) lives in Muttontown and is a retired police officer with the second precinct. I remember him coming to Jericho High School in his uniform back when we used to have bomb scares. He'd been pretty rambunctious as a teenager, but one time when he was called to the school, Mr. Rathje said to him, "Oh, Rog, I wish we still had your group back here. You guys were nothing compared to what I'm dealing with now!" Both my brothers, by the way, married girls from Hicksville.

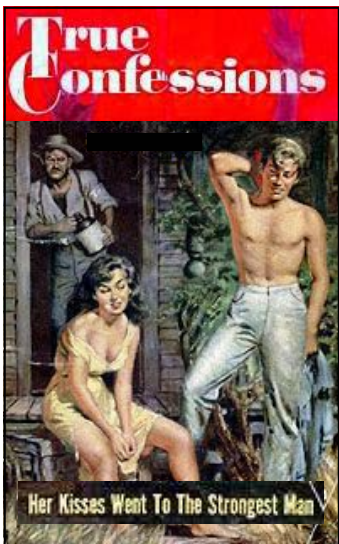
Anyway, my son Roger just turned eighteen. He doesn't want to go to college right away, so he's looking for a job. And skateboarding. After all, we do live in California now. More about that in a moment.

Our daughter, Caitlin, was born on Christmas Eve 1992. She's a freshman in high school. She's a good student and is very much into art and dance. Less than a year after we adopted her, Chuck was found to have myelodysplasia, a form of anemia. It's a big word to say that your red blood cells stop maturing.

This came as quite a shock because my husband is a captain for American Airlines. Like most pilots, Chuck was always very fit. They have to be in order to keep flying. He was in his mid-forties at the time and in perfect shape. Now all of

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Ellen Vanderslice ('71) and Scott Parker: A First Date (Kinda) at Age Two

It started in 1955, when Scott and I were almost two. My dad got his first college teaching position in the speech department at the University of Vermont in Burlington. And Scott's father started there right at the same time. Both our families were transplants from the Midwest, each with a kid the same age.



My mom was nine months pregnant with my younger brother Brian ('73). When she went into the hospital to give birth, Scott's mom, Elaine, took care of me. It happened to be Scott's second birthday, so he and Brian share the same birthday, as do both our mothers. I don't have a photo from that second birthday party, but the one here is from the following year, with me and the two birthday boys: Scott and Brian.

We moved around a lot. From Burlington we went to Trenton, New Jersey, and then to Hawaii, when I was five. Before we left for the tropics, we took a road trip in our little Renault and visited the Parkers. That would be the last time Scott and I saw each other for nine years.

However, our fathers used to bump into each other at various conferences. I can remember my dad coming home and announcing, "I saw Jack Parker, and he said that Scott is a very good chess player. I told him you're better!" They got us started playing chess by mail. Scott was terrible about returning the board. Months would go by, he'd lose track of it, and we'd have to start all over again.

By the summer of 1968, Scott's family was living in Aurora, Illinois, and the Vanderslices were moving again:

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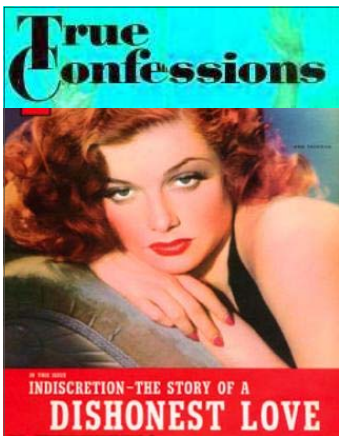
Ellen and Scott through the years: Below, at Scott's third birthday party, in Vermont. That's Ellen and Scott in back, second and third from left, and brother Brian front and center. (Right) Now sixteen, Scott visits Ellen in Jericho in December 1969. Not dating yet, but things are starting to simmer ...

Brian + Ellen at Scott Parker's



birthday party 9-21-56





Janet Catallo and David Moorman: Facing Life's Storms Together



I met my husband through the yellow pages under "Landscape Design and Architecture." I was recently divorced and not really interested in getting involved with anyone. I was working on some renovation plans for my house and called several companies to redesign the entrance to my home.

David Moorman showed up at my door. It was dark while we walked around, and he told me that the renovation was certainly needed. Eventually we ended up in the light, and I saw an amazing smile — one that lit up his whole face. I think I knew then that something about him was special.

After a while, David came back to my house with plans. Having presented them, he told me

that he would rather go out on a date with me than do the project. Eventually, both things happened. We had the beginning of a great relationship and had a lot of fun together. Then, after nearly two years we decided to get married. Thus far it sounds like a great romantic beginning.

At this juncture, fate stepped in and decided not to be so nice. I was diagnosed with Hodgkin's lymphoma at thirty-nine years old. We had not even picked up my ring. The next ten months were difficult, filled with chemo, radiation, anxiety, and heart-break. We even pursued fertility options in the hope of a future family.

Through it all, we planned our wedding, bought a home, and



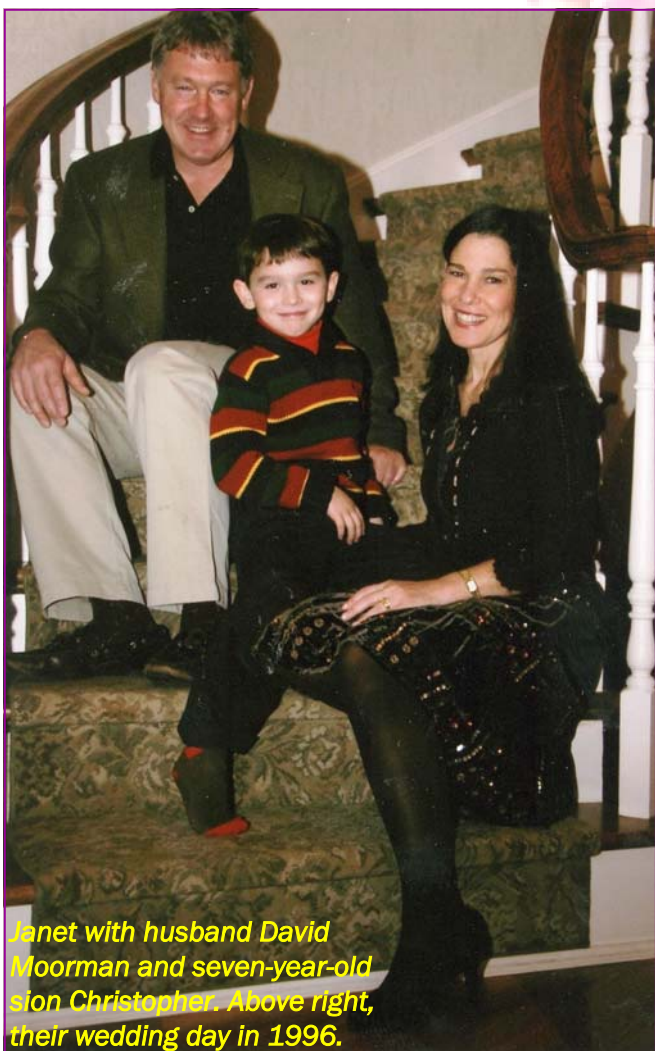
planned for a future with the promise of a happy, healthy life at the end of ten months (not to mention hair). Together we focused on all of the positive things. David stayed with me through a very terrible time. I saw the heart-break on his face every day.

Our wedding happened in late June 1996. It was a fantastic celebration of not only our love but of being free of the past year and moving on to a life. Standing at the altar, I don't think either of us could believe we had actually made it to this point.

Our life continued with a lot of happiness. We are both very active; we enjoy skiing boating, traveling, fishing the outdoors. We have beautiful gardens in our home. (No thanks to me. My contribution is more in the harvesting area — kind of like shopping.) David is a great cook, so we did a lot of entertaining.

After four years of marriage, we had a child after having been told that this was unlikely due to my age and the chemo I'd had. Christopher was born when I was forty-five years old: a beautiful, perfect child. Things were great. I

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Janet with husband David Moorman and seven-year-old son Christopher. Above right, their wedding day in 1996.

Janet Catallo

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had a miracle baby without the aid of fertility treatments.

When Christopher turned three, I started feeling winded when I exercised. I would soon find out that this was a long-term effect of the radiation. I ended up needing open-heart bypass surgery. (This is starting to sound like a bad movie.) The surgeon told me I was the healthiest person he'd ever operated on -- not an achievement we were looking for.

This was a devastating time for us both. I knew I would be fine, though, because I had a lot to live for. We made it through this very difficult period. I am healthy and back to normal.

Our life now is filled with promise. Christopher is a very active at seven years old. I have continued my career and am the national corporate sales director for *Motor Trend* and *Automobile* magazines, which is a lot of fun.

We have a lot of terrific friends and family. We spend a lot of time doing the typical things that parents do with a young child (I think I am one of the oldest moms), and we still enjoy skiing, boating, and lots of outdoor fun.

David and I have been through a lot together. Our son has the same amazing smile that David has. We are truly blessed; for us, life and love are synonymous. ♥

Other Cute Couples You Might Enjoy!



The two preppies from *Love Story*



John and Yoko



Sonny and Cher



Britney and K-Fed, y'all!



Abbott and Costello, yo!

Takin' Care of Bidness!



Jerichonians At Work

Neil Goldman

Founder, Neil Goldman & Associates • Executive recruiting agency • Briarcliff Manor, NY • www.neilgoldman.com



I started my first business when I was still in college, which was a good thing, because when I went to college, I had no clue that you were supposed to actually learn something there that you could then apply toward a career.

At first I went to American International College in Springfield, Massachusetts. Got mugged and left after one semester. Spent my second semester at C. W. Post, "recuperating." Then in 1973 I transferred to SUNY New Paltz. A ton of people from Jericho from there, like Beverly Weissman Cogan, Mitchell Saltzman, Mark Silverberg, Brad Resnikoff, Debra Traikos Penkava, and Deborah Nathel Kazan.

While at New Paltz, I got a job working for my cousin, selling
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NEIL GOLDMAN & ASSOCIATES



Neil Goldman

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long-life light bulbs. When I graduated, I stayed with the company as a sales manager, training people all over the country. But I soon discovered that my cousin was lying to me and stealing all of my accounts! So I left and decided to start my company. This was in 1977.

I got myself a warehouse and started warehousing light bulbs, despite the fact that I had no business experience whatsoever; I was a sales guy running a business, as opposed to a business guy running a business. Big difference. But I learned how to grow the company into a good local business, with twelve employees. Nothing huge, but Majestic Lighting Supplies Inc. was well known in the commercial lighting industry.

By the 1990s, though, I looked at the landscape and realized we were too small to continue to exist in the marketplace the way that it was changing. I looked for somebody to buy the company. Not just anybody; I wanted someone who had a better idea than I did, *and* who wasn't going to get rid of my people or my warehouse.

After three years, I found them: a Canadian firm with a larger company. We were high-margin, low-volume, while they were low-margin, high-volume. But they needed someone who understood the New York market. So selling Majestic Lighting to them and becoming their New York branch, in 1998, worked out perfectly.

My company had been doing about \$1.25 million in sales a year. Now we had national clients like Nine West and Linens 'n' Things. Every time they built a new store, we did the lighting. We also did the Ben-

etton stores in the U.S. and Canada, the Joyce Leslie stores, and Lord & Taylor, and our sales more than quadrupled. In fact, even though I'm now in a different business, I still do Lord & Taylor's lighting.

I stayed with the company for six years before leaving in 2004. For one thing, I decided I wanted to do something different. But also, I could see that the two owners of the company were sixty years old, with no real succession plan. Somewhere along the line, something would have to give. I figured either they'd go public or sell out. Sure enough, ten months after I left, the company got snapped up by HD Supply, which is the business side of Home Depot. And two years after that, my old branch was closed.

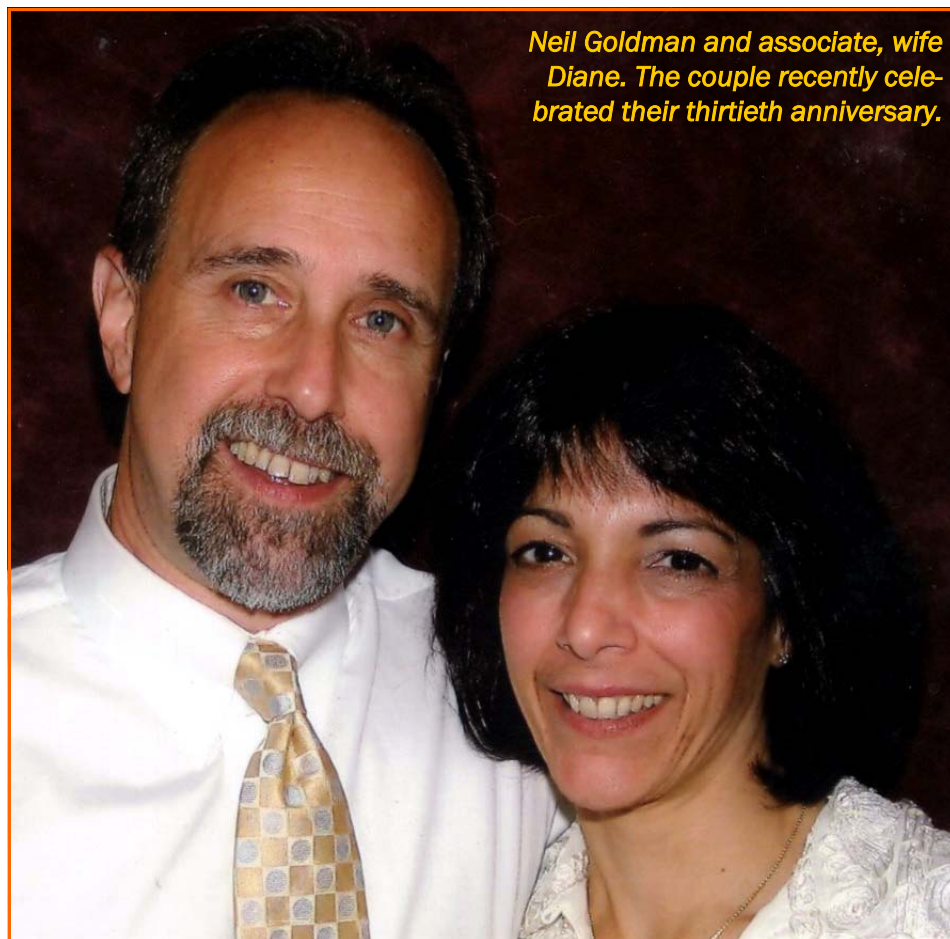
By then I was well into my new company, Neil Goldman & Associ-

ates. We're an employee-recruitment firm that specializes in the lighting industry, although I recruit in many other industries as well — everything from advertising to the art world. I'd say that about three-quarters of my business comes from the lighting industry. If you're a lighting manufacturer, you need lighting designers, sure. But you also need people who don't have to come from a lighting background, like sales and marketing people, product managers, mechanical engineers, and so on. So I cross all lines. It's very diverse and very interesting.

The Home Office

I work totally out of my home. I have just one person who works for me, also out of his home. But I was able

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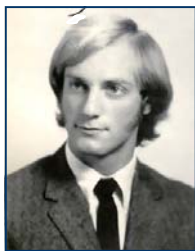
Neil Goldman and associate, wife Diane. The couple recently celebrated their thirtieth anniversary.

National Bestseller

Everything you always wanted to know about Dennis DiVito ('71) *

* But Were Too Self-Absorbed to Ask!

Growing up, I liked feeling a part of everything and had my hands in every pie imaginable. My interests were varied, and I participated in a range of activities, from theater, to student government, to athletics. I was the sort of person who had one or two friend in most of the social circles (which came in handy when trying to fill the stage for some of the shows I directed). Jericho High was small enough that you could get to know pretty much everybody.



My original goal was to become a dentist and make a lot of money. But life got in the way, of course, and I moved on to other things. After one year at the University of Rochester I realized that dentistry was not for me; I spent most of my freshman year on stage. I then transferred to Carnegie Mellon University in Pittsburgh to study theatrical directing. I'd been in the "thee-ay-tah" since junior high school, when I belonged to a group organized by drama teacher Burton Wolfe; we would put

on fairytale using "body puppets" at places like Nathan's in Coney Island. Acting was one way of expressing myself.

During my four years at Carnegie Mellon, I was involved of all aspects of theater: not just directing and acting, but playwriting, working in the costuming department, and, significantly for a future woodworker, set design.

I planned to work in regional theater, which was very up-and-coming in the mid-1970s. There were a lot of alternative theater groups around, and that sort of long-term situation interested me. I liked the idea of working with a group of people rather than being in one show here and another show there. In the summer of 1976, I was going to travel around the country checking out these various theatrical companies.

One day I was sitting around with a Manhattan friend of mine, looking at *Backstage* for casting calls. He pointed out an ad for a directors' showcase. "Why don't you go down and talk to them, and see what it's all about?" he suggested. "Then you can go on the road."

So I went over there, not thinking that anything was going to come of it, and, by God, I wound up producing and directing a show in the festival. And that was it. I never left Manhattan. Like most struggling actor-directors, I picked up odd jobs here and there, such as stage manager. For a time, I worked as a chef in a restaurant in the theater district, conducted surveys for the Harris Poll, and drove a taxi.

In the early 1980s, the budget for the National Endowment for the Art was cut drastically, Many theater companies went belly up due to the sudden lack of funding. Most of my friends in the business began heading out to Hollywood or set their

sights on the soap opera scene in New York. Neither of those appealed to me.

I was talking with a classmate of mine from Carnegie Mellon about my next step. She said, "If you need money, talk to my boyfriend, Geof. He's hiring theater people and artists to work with him." Geoffrey Hardin wasn't in the arts, though; he was a building contractor. He formed a construction company that he called, on a whim, Good Brothers: a group of anywhere from eight to fifteen directors, actors, designers, fine artists, and musicians. In the whole crew, there was only one guy who wasn't in the arts.

From all my work building theatrical sets, I knew how to wield all the tools. The only difference was that instead of making things that were meant to be broken down, thrown on a truck, and hauled to the next city, we renovating lofts on the Lower East Side. It really was a very short learning curve for me in terms of adapting to the different environment.

By this point, I'd discovered in life that what I was doing — and how I saw myself and how that got expressed through a job or a career — meant very little. What was most important to be was living among a community of people who cared about and respected one another. If the job proved to be interesting, as this did, that was a bonus. My personal goals weren't tied to a career anymore.

That had been the appeal of theater, too, where you really get to know the people you work with, and rely on them, as opposed to social contact being limited to chit-chat at the coffee machine or distrusting coworkers because you're in competition with one another. Good Brothers was like a family, really. We'd all

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Dennis DiVito

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show up at work at nine o'clock in the morning and sit around shooting the breeze for about an hour over cappuccino and rum babbas. Then we'd get down to work. The graphic designers did all the bathroom tile layouts and that kind of stuff, so all the necessary building skills played to our individual strengths. At lunchtime we'd all go out to eat at a restaurant, then come back to work.

And when the day was done, around six o'clock, the musicians among us would pull out their instruments, we'd bring in food, the girlfriends would come by, and we'd have a little party at the site. That was how we lived, as a very tight community. We had a wonderful time, and it was quite exciting to turn a 2,500-foot factory space into a luxury one-bedroom apartment. The best perk was when a client brought in a case of champagne to celebrate the end of a job, and we took turns in the jacuzzi under the skylight sipping champagne.

Another Type of Community

Back when I was in college, I read *The Magic of Findhorn*, a book by Paul Hawken about the famous intentional community in the north of Scotland. It had been started in 1962 as a small spiritual community by a family that had to move into a caravan (read: trailer) because the father had lost his job, and so they started growing their own vegetables, herbs, flowers, and, most famously, forty-pound cabbages. They already had been active in the spiritualist movement in the U.K., and some like-minded people moved their caravans into the caravan park next to them, thus forming a community. I'd always been deeply interested in spiritual/religious life, and I thought to myself, *Wow, I have to check this out some day.*

With Good Brothers, we'd work for ten months out of the year, then be off for two until the next job came along. These were big projects. Living in Manhattan, I'd really

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Degrees of Separation

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

This Issue: 1972's Jane Altvater Duda and Rob Ehrlich

Jane Altvater Duda and Robert Ehrlich, who both live in Tampa, Florida, had a recent close encounter.



Jane: I was in an office building in Tampa for a deposition of a neurosurgeon. I looked at the directory to find out where I was going and noticed "Robert Ehrlich, PhD, Psychologist." So I decided that since I had some time, I would go and say hello. Rob sure was surprised to see me in his waiting room. We chatted for a while, as he was between patients, and we discovered that our children go to the University of Florida,

in Gainesville, together.

Rob: She walked into my office after thirty-five years; we're talking *Twilight Zone!* She got me good.

Jane: Today Rob called, and it turns out that our kids have been in touch through Facebook. Rob's son, **Jason**, is in a fraternity at UF, and my daughter, **Lindsay**, is in a sorority there. Lindsay is a psychology major, and Rob offered to talk with her on his next visit to the school.



Go ahead, Jane, say it. Somebody has to:

Jane: Talk about a small world!

*Incidentally, this is Jane's third appearance in "6 Degrees of Separation — Jericho Division." She'd previously run into **Patty Ryon Spiers** in a Florida drugstore and recognized her after thirty-plus years, and her daughter discovered that the **Jaci Bernstein** she'd befriended at school was the daughter of the class of 1972's **Steven Bernstein**. What do you suppose it all means? ■*

Dennis DiVito

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gotten into biking. I'd ride everywhere; the only time I took the subway was if there was a foot of snow on the ground. I got involved with the New York City chapter of the American Youth Hostel and started going on these two- and three-month-long bicycle trips throughout the United States and Canada.

In 1984 I flew to Milan, Italy, with my bike, a box of camping gear, and a return ticket via London three months later. I figured that since I was going to be in the U.K., I might as well bike up to the north of Scotland and see what this Findhorn Community is all about. Two months and fifteen hundred miles later (!), I ended up at its gate, and the moment I pulled up in the driveway, I felt like I'd come home.

I stayed at Findhorn for six weeks. Ten days before I was to leave, I met Virginia Lloyd-Davies, who worked there as the publicity director. We'd seen each other around the community (there were about two hundred fifty people living at Findhorn at the time), and one evening day I went over for a cup of tea, and that was it for me! I proposed to her five hours before I was to fly back to the States.

She said, "Well, I'm not going to say yes ... but I'm definitely not saying no. If you come back, we'll see what will happen."

I said, "That's it?"

"Yeah, that's it."

"Okay." I flew out the next morning, but I came back just eight weeks later. Virginia and I got married on May Day and stayed there for three years. Our first residence was Virginia's caravan, which was eight feet wide by forty feet long, with one foot of floor space alongside the single bed. During my time there, I worked

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Dennis's Designs

Here are some of Dennis's extraordinary creations. To see more of his work, visit his website at: www.joyfulbrush.com/indexd.html.



Clockwise from left: 7-foot-tall cherry armoire; zebra-wood box; and mirrored dining buffet measuring 11-foot-6 wide by 8-foot tall.



Dennis DiVito

Continued from page 21

as the technical director at Findhorn's Universal Hall for the Performing Arts and also oversaw the community's energy-usage programs for its twenty-six-acre residential association.

In 1986 we decided to relocate to the U.S. Although Virginia was born in Washington, DC, she was not an American citizen, as her father had been a British diplomat. I like to refer to the two of us as "internationals." While at Findhorn, we'd met a group of women musicians from Virginia. They had a house-painting company called Jills of all Trades in Lexington, which is in dairy country, about one hour south of Charlottesville and an hour north of Roanoke along I-81. "When y'all back in America, y'all come visit, now!" was the invitation they extended to us.

It so happened that when we were ready to move, they were expanding their business into small remodeling and needed a carpenter. We visited with them for a couple of weeks, picking up some work. However, our plan was to find what out what the West Coast offered.

The Best-Laid Plans

The atmosphere at Jills of All Trades was similar to Good Brothers in that it was a very community-minded group of people. It eventually broke up, however; the women had too much of paint fumes.

Meanwhile, Virginia discovered that the foremost teacher of Chinese painting was teaching at nearby Washington & Lee University. He agreed to take her on as a special students. She came home that night and declared, "I know where I'm staying; how about you?"

Dennis and wife Virginia in Taroko Gorge, Taiwan, last October. Virginia, an artist, specializes in Chinese brush painting. At right is her work "Cranes under the Pines."



I took a deep breath and replied, "Oh, well, have hammer will travel." I continued on my own doing remodeling work. As the years went on, I got tired of going out in the cold and humping big sheets of plywood and drywall. Increasingly, my clients would ask me to build furniture for their homes, so I just naturally evolved into woodworking.

I converted our double garage into my workshop. I don't spec pieces or commissioned work. What I would do is go to your home, sit down with you, talk about what your physical needs are for the furniture, and then look around the house to get a sense of the style, then build the piece to conform to that. That's different than creating my own signature style, although naturally my personality is stamped on whatever I do. Sometimes people will say to me, "I saw one of your pieces at So-and-So's house."

"How did you know it was mine?"

"Oh, you could tell."

A built-in piece for someone's home could take three, four, or six weeks of building, although I did a whole bunch of work for the local Catholic Church, and the large screen I built behind the altar took six months. Deadlines are hard to predict, because when I start a project, it's too organic to say exactly when it will be finished.

Virginia has her own home studio. We don't mind being in each other's pockets, as it were. In fact, we rather like spending the day together, even if she's in her studio in one end the house and I'm in the garage in the other end.

Because of Virginia's work, she travels to China a lot. I went with her in 2001, and while we were there, in the middle of the country, I almost died from a bleeding ulcer. Had to be hospitalized for twelve days. Around the same time, both of my parents

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Dennis DiVito

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Rivalry Keen Between Speech Contestants



VIE FOR LAURELS: The finalists who contended for the Student Council's public speaking awards. Left to right — Susan Gable, Dennis DiVito, Jill Feldman and Hillary Fried.

From the March 1968 Jericho School News. That's Dennis second from left, with Susan Gable, Jill Feldman, and Hillary Fried.

died, and I found my interest in furniture building start to wane. For the past four years, I've been working as a home inspector, which I really enjoy, although I still have my woodshop. Right now I'm concentrating on building pieces that I'd promised Virginia years ago but never got around to.

I don't go biking anymore, mainly because the terrain around here has too many short hills. There's no place to warm up before you have to start climbing a hill. Increasingly, the hills are filling up with houses, as local farmers sell their land to developers. It's really starting to destroy the area.

Community and service are important streams in my life. I've been volunteering for the local chapter of Hospice the last few years, doing everything from patient care to IT work. Whatever the needs are, all the volunteers pitch in.

I still keep in touch with the Jericho community, where that appreciation for community first developed. I speak regularly to Donna Mendelow and Steven Spencer, and am also in touch with Stephen Molina, Ilana Lewin, and Sue Ellen Cherry. And because of the recent reunion, I reunited with my dear friend Melanie Price. On the drive back home from Long Island, I visited her in Maryland, and we had a wonderful day together.

The reunion was really wonderful too, and it was great seeing so many folks. One thing that was very surprising to me was to listen to stories related by old friends about how much I had affected people as a kid. It was a very surprising and humbling experience. ■

Robin Bergman

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was manual. To design a pattern, you had to hand select each pattern's needles yourself. But I'm glad I learned that way, because it enabled me to know how to correct things when they go wrong and really understand what I'm doing.

Even in 1984, few people owned personal computers. I used to do all my design work on graph paper with a pencil. But the gauge of knitting is not square, like a graph; it tends to be more compact, wide and short. So doing it that way would often throw off the scale of things. I'd start knitting, and it wouldn't look right, and I'd have to start all over with a pencil and paper. Now I can do my designs on the computer. It's so much easier.

It's hard to say how long a piece will take. Getting the design right for just one sweater can take more than a month. I do a lot of color swatching. First I do the design on a computer grid in black and white. Next I take the designs into my studio, which is located in an nineteenth-century mill building in nearby Concord, and work with yarn until I get the colors right. Most of my pieces have more than twenty different colors in them.

The knitting itself can take eight hours or much more, depending on how complicated the pieces, and whether it's, say, a sweater or a coat. Then all the finishing work is done totally by hand, with all the ends woven into the garment one thread at a time, knotted and clipped. If there are other details, like tassels hanging off a shawl, they're handmade too. We're talking about a lot of hours.

I sell my pieces through my website, through several wholesale shows (selling to boutiques, museum shows, and galleries) and at about fourteen to eighteen crafts shows a year. That means a lot of traveling; I'd say that I'm on the road one to two weeks per month. I like it. I just wish I could cut down a little bit.

Mainly, I go to the same shows every year, although I might try a new one here and there. For instance, I just got back from one of my favorite shows, the American Craft Council Show, in Baltimore. It's both a wholesale and retail show — in other words, open to the trade and then open to the public — so it's a week long. I still have plenty of friends in Baltimore, and over the years I've gotten to know people in all the other cities I travel to, like Chicago, New York, San Francisco, and Los Angeles. Still, I always appreciate shows closer to home, such as the Fall Paradise City Marlborough Show, which allow me to sleep in my own bed at night.

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Robin Bergman

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The Activist Reactivated

In December 2006 I found out that our local progressive talk-radio station was being canceled. I spend a lot of long hours working in the studio, so I was an avid listener. I went on the internet, where a lot of locals were whining and complaining about the plans to shut the station down, but no one was doing anything about it.

One guy posted something like, "We should do something about it." So I wrote back, "Okay, what do you propose?" And he didn't respond. I got really burned up and thought, *I'll show him!* Famous last words. I knew I wasn't going to be going to sleep that night.

I'd read about a group in Madison, Wisconsin, that was also fighting to prevent having their Air America station shut down. I looked into what they were doing. By midnight, I'd created a Yahoo group, a separate email address for the campaign to save progressive radio in Boston, and a mission statement. For the rest of the night, I was madly posting the information on appropriate blogs, websites, online forums, and message boards wherever I could.

The next morning, I went to a business appointment, bleary-eyed. While driving back home, I heard the station go off the air to static and then come back on with a Spanish-language format. When I switched on my computer, lo and behold, more than sixty people had joined the Yahoo group. Within a week, the number had swollen to several hundred. I called a public meeting, and we went on from there.

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Robin's Originals

Here are several of Robin Bergman's extraordinary handmade creations. To see more of her work, visit her website at www.robinoriginals.com.



Star Brocade Jacket and Paisley Square Hat



Crepe Branch Trapeze Jacket



Cilantro Peluche Butterfly Coat



Chenille Mari Jacket

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*Faculty
Lounge*



Ms. Maureen Tracy: Teaching From America to Asia

You know how when September rolls around, some teachers might groan, "Oh, school's starting"? Every year, I always looked forward to go back to teaching, because it was always new kids, a chance to see your teacher friends, and all that.

I grew up in the same general environment as Jericho: Glen Cove. As a matter of fact, when I was growing up, the Jericho schools were just starting. My mother was friends with the Jericho school nurse, and she always used to refer to it as a public school that functioned more like a private school, because back then the school nurse would actually make *home visits*.

I'm one of six children. I attended St. Dominic High School in Oyster Bay, then went to college at Marywood University in Scranton, Pennsylvania. By the time I was in high school, I was interested in being a

teacher. Obviously, people tend to go into things they're good at, and I was always good in history and enjoyed it. My first teaching job was in Spring Valley, New York, where I taught Asian-African Studies and American history for three years.



I came to Jericho Junior High School in 1967. My first-period class was eighth-grade American History and I still remember the kids in it, like Celia Felsher and Mark Ratner. Later, I became especially fond of a group of kids from the classes of 1976 and 1977. They were absolutely the best kids in the world. In fact, they're basically the reason I moved to the high school at the start of the 1975–76 school year. The high school happened to be expanding — it was in one of those enrollment cycles — so I started teaching tenth- and eleventh-grade social studies.

As a result, one student, Nancy Roth, wound up having me as her social studies teacher in seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, *and* eleventh grades. She was a terrific kid. But when I saw her at the start of eleventh grade, I said to her, "Nancy, if you want to get another teacher, you can." She stayed in my class, though.

I used to joke with a bunch of kids from those years that we all went to high school together. I became very involved in helping out with their shows and used to attend the after-theater parties. I worked on *The Music Man*, *Li'l Abner*, and *Oklahoma*. I worked with Louise Van Brink, who's now about to retire from the Oyster Bay school district as a teacher of English, Steve Porter, and Scott McKay. Plus, I'm a skier, so I chaperoned a several school ski trips with Herb Kramer, Joan Kramer, and Efrem Sherman. I also took some of them out on the boat that I had back then. It was just a fifteen-footer; basically for water skiing.

Some of the kids who came out on the boat included Joe Klinow, Ed Mardovich, Alicia Romano Neri, and Russell Mayhew, from the class of 1973. Russell was always interested in nautical things; he went on to the Coast Guard and became the cap-

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Ms. Maureen Tracy

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tain of Walter Cronkite's yacht. I'm still in contact with some of them.

A Close-knit Faculty

All of the social studies teachers got along very well, and we had a terrific department. Some of our members were Bob Lynch, Bob Hoffman and Dolores Hoffman, and Jack Bartul, the department supervisor. Except for Gladys Clemmensen [see last issue's "Faculty Lounge" for Mrs. C's story), we were a somewhat politically liberal group. This was back when *liberal* wasn't regarded as such a dirty word. I think about how lucky I was to be working then. Teachers could speak their minds pretty freely about the war, and politics, and religious issues.

I'm still very friendly with Barbara Murphy and Michael Chairamonte, the speech teacher. I see him once in while when I go skiing. Anyway, during the height of the Vietnam war, we had a teach-in, and Barbara and Mike debated. Most of the Jericho students at the time were against the war. Even though things in Vietnam went the way they did, to this day Mike still think he won the debate. We like to chuckle about that.



Ms. Tracy with Larry Licht ('72) at the recent Reunion in 3-D at Milleridge Cottage.

I can remember having a teach-in in the junior high during one of the first anti-Vietnam War rallies. But then there was the time, in 1970, when Richard Nixon ordered the invasion of Cambodia, which of course culminated in the tragedy at Kent State. The principal, Arthur Rathje, was worried that students from C.W. Post would try to get in the building and disrupt things, and since we had younger children, we weren't about to let this happen. So each of the teachers was assigned a door to guard. The Post kids never did invade the junior high, although I understand that they did disrupt some classes in the high school.

Many of us teachers are still close today – and still political. We have our retirees association, for which I edit the newsletter. I taught myself to do it on the computer; it's mainly an online publication, although we still have about a dozen members who have to get theirs mailed to them because they still don't have email. The association is partly a social group, but we also are active when it comes to certain issues, like trying to protect Social Security. Rudy Cesarini, high school chemistry teacher, is the president, and he and I attend NYSUT (New York State United Teachers) political-action meetings once a month and report back information to our members about issues of importance to us.

Back to the Junior High

In 1977 I returned to the middle school. I have always preferred ninth grade, because that's when we taught what used to be called Asian-African Studies. My main interest has always been Asia. I traveled to Japan in 1968, China in 1983, and since retiring, I've been to Asia several times.

I retired at the end of the 1998–99 school year. I probably would have stayed longer except by then the state curriculum had changed radically. Now, instead of focusing on Asia, we had to cover *the entire history of the world* up through the French Revolution, as part of Global Studies! I thought, *Wow, how can you do anything like that in just one year?*

In general, in education, there's been a drive to teach to the Regents exam. As a result, I think students miss out on the more interesting and creative things that teachers can do. That point was brought home to me in 1992, the year that Paul Altesman from the class of 1970 was inducted into the Jericho Alumni Hall of Fame. This was just the second induction ceremony.

Paul was a high-level employee at the United Nations, and he had just flown back from helping Russian president Boris Yeltsin deal with the issues of famine in

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Ms. Maureen Tracy

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certain parts of his country. He had traveled back to the U.S. in time for the Hall of Fame ceremony, and then the next morning was scheduled to come to the high school to talk to the students. In a conversation with a teacher who shall remain nameless, I remarked, "Oh, I can't wait to hear this. It should be so exciting!" This person said, "I can't bring my classes."

"Can't bring them? Why not?"

"I don't have enough time to cover all the curriculum."

And I just thought, *You idiot!* Your kids are going to miss the opportunity to listen to someone who was working with Boris Yeltsin the day before yesterday, all because of this foolish curriculum? I asked him, "Well, what would happen if you happened to be absent today? What would your kids do then?" It illustrates how when teachers become so driven by a rigid curriculum, like a Regents exam, or, at the lower grades, No Child Left Behind driven testing, they can't really do the interesting things as much.

After I made the decision to retire, I happened to be in a library babysitting my niece and nephew when I picked up a copy of *Elder Hostel* magazine. At first I thought, *Oh, elder hostels; those are for old people.* But then I looked at it, and there was this trip to Nepal for the following October. I hadn't made any travel plans at that point. I came home, called to inquire about it, and got the last spot left. So I took that as a sign that retiring was the right thing to do.

Since then, I've been to Asia twice as part of an organization called Global Volunteers, which I discovered on the internet. The first pro-

English to Vietnamese teachers of what would be the equivalent here of junior college. It was a three-week program.

I enjoyed it so much that last summer I did another program in the Chinese city of Kunming, which is about a four-hour flight west of Hong Kong. There we taught Chinese teachers of English, basically to improve their English-speaking skills. It was a phenomenal experience. The Chinese government now requires that all children from pre-K on learn English, so they have English-

"In general, in education, there's been a drive to teach to the Regents exam. As a result, I think students miss out on the more interesting and creative things that teachers can do."

language instruction all the way up the line.

One night I was in a fruit store, and this lady started to follow me around. All of a sudden she brings out her seven-year-old daughter and her young friend, who proceeded to have this very long conversation with me in English. They were thrilled to be able to practice their English with an American. Similarly, I was in the swimming pool at my hotel when these two little girls started this long, elaborate conversation with me in English. I'm probably going to do another program in China this summer or fall. It's nice to visit the museums and monuments and all, but it's much more interesting to me to interact with the people.

As I said, I've been to China once before, but that was twenty-five years ago. How things have changed. I was working with eight young

teachers who were interested in improving their spoken English. As soon as it was break time, they all whipped out their cell phones! Cell phones? The last time I was in China, they barely had land lines!

Recently I volunteered at a blood marrow drive at Jericho High School for Lisa Gershowitz Flynn of the Jericho High School class of 1984, who was diagnosed with leukemia. It was such a bitter sweet experience for me. I saw many students from Lisa's class and other Jericho High School classes who came by on a snowy night to see if they might possibly be a match for Lisa. It was wonderful to see the students and teachers, but when we realized why we were together, it was sad but hopeful. Maybe some Jericho high school graduate past or present can be found as a match for Lisa.

I will continue to work with the Jericho Retirees Association and hope to continue meeting with the Jericho High School graduates at wonderful events like your most recent reunion. ■

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MaryLisa Brennan

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a sudden we were being told that he needed a bone marrow transplant.

Fortunately, we lived near the Fred Hutchinson Cancer Center in Seattle, which practically developed BMT. People come there from all over the world to undergo the procedure. When the doctors said that Chuck needed a transplant, they were as nonchalant about it as if they'd be taking out his tonsils. A marrow donor was found in France; they actually flew over the marrow and infused it at his bedside at ten o'clock at night.

The recovery was long and hard. From the day of the transplant until the day of discharge is one hundred days. And even after that, it took a good two years for my husband's immune system to return to full working order. But he's fine now. Being a nurse, I was able to help care for him at home, like injecting medi-

cations into his chest tube. Thanks to his pilot training, he was an ideal patient. It's funny, I tend to get all hysterical sometimes, but Chuck deals with stress by going into calm mode. He's very disciplined.

In 2002 we visited some friends from Washington who spent their winters in the Palm Springs area of California. Chuck had been there before, but I hadn't. We loved it and decided to sell our home and move down here to Rancho Mirage, although we still keep a summer house in Washington. Our main residence there overlooked the water, and our new house has a full view of the mountains. It's fabulous. The only downside is that from June through about mid-October, the temperature is in the triple digits every single day. But we have a pool, and the rest of the time is so gorgeous, it's worth it.

Today Chuck flies three days a week, with four days off. I'm pretty independent and quite fine managing on my own, which you have to be

when you're married to a pilot. I think that probably helps our relationship a lot. We have a lot of mutual interests but also our own separate interests. It just seems to work!

Speaking of work, I left nursing when our children came along. I now work part-time as a decorator in the design studio at Pottery Barn. Oddly enough, when we moved down here, I went into their store to buy furniture for our new house. And they asked me, "Would you like to have a job here?" At first I wasn't interested. But they kept calling me, so finally I thought, *Oh, all right, I'll give it a whirl.* I've been there nearly four years, and I love it; it's so much fun.

Last year Chuck and I celebrated our twenty-fifth anniversary at one of our favorite French restaurants in Palm Springs. I've been fortunate to have done a fair amount of traveling, because of his business. But as my husband often says, "Why do we have to go on vacation? People travel to experience what we have right here." I can't argue with him! ♥

Ellen Vanderslice

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Los Angeles to Ann Arbor, Michigan. On our way east, we visited the Parkers. I still remembered Scott as a squeaky-voiced five-year-old with a brush cut. And here he was, tall and dark, with a deep, manly voice.

And Scott was interesting! I was just impressed as heck to see that he was not afraid to play with electricity. He had built a sculpture that plugged into the wall and hissed and spit out steam. "Whoa! You made this?!" I was quite smitten.

There were five of us kid by then: me, Brian, and our youngest brother, Nate; and Scott and his younger brother. The brothers were, well, pests. So Scott and I took the bikes

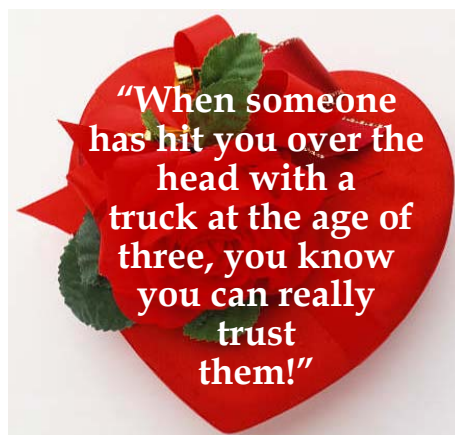
and rode off on an "errand" — I think it might have been to get his father some cigars — but mainly it was to get away from those pestilent younger brothers. This was the summer after Martin Luther King Jr. and Bobby Kennedy had been assassinated, and it felt like the world was changing. I remember feeling very

grown up and sophisticated talking politics with Scott.

The next time I saw him was my first year living in Jericho, our junior year in high school. The Parkers visited New York and came out to Long Island to spend New Year's Eve 1969–1970 with us. Scott and I had a great time, and I was more smitten than ever, but the Parkers lived a long distance away — and, besides, I wasn't sure that he'd "gotten the memo." So it wasn't as if I was pining away for him.

After I graduated from Jericho High School in 1971, I decided to take a year off. My parents agreed reluctantly, and only if I took deferred enrollment, which I did, at Coe College in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. That summer, my family took another one

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Ellen Vanderslice

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of our long, winding road trips to visit friends in far-flung places, including the Parkers. Scott and I went out with a few of his friends. I told him that I was moving back to Ann Arbor and that he should visit me in my new apartment — once I got one.

Just before Scott went off to Michigan Tech, in September 1971, he visited me. Now, I'd lived in Ann Arbor before and knew all the romantic places in town to take somebody. And that was the beginning! We were afraid of what our families might think, so at first we didn't tell them. I think I broke the news to my family at Thanksgiving. It turned out

that everybody was happy for us. I don't know why we were worried that they wouldn't be.

For the next few years, though, it was hard for the two of us to be together. We were going in completely different directions, literally. Scott was at Michigan Tech, then transferred to Cornell University in upstate New York to study electrical engineering. (Not afraid to play with electricity, remember?) Meanwhile I had gone off to Coe College as a math major.

In 1974 I got tired of the distance separating us, so I dropped out and moved to Ithaca to be with him. I got a job waitressing at Johnny's Big Red Grill. I was pulling in lunchtime tips, which wasn't much, but we had a little apart-

ment, and it was a lovely time.

We got married in 1976, in an informal ceremony at the very top of McGraw Tower on the Cornell campus, right under the carillon bells. We had the bells playing for our wedding, which was very fun. Scott had been offered several jobs, and we decided that he should take the one in Oregon. It just seemed like a great place to be, so we moved west to Portland.

Pretty soon I decided to go back to school, this time to study architecture. I spent two years at Portland State University, then transferred to the University of Michigan. So we spent the next five years back in Ann Arbor, with Scott working while I got a master's degree in archi-

ecture and then had our son Colin. In the fall of 1984, we moved back to Portland. We bought a house. I was I was thirty-one years old, and this was my thirty-first address — and I'm never moving again in my life if I can help it!

Our daughter, Emily, came along the following year. Scott and I are quite proud of both of our kids. Right now Colin is in the second year of a five-year doctoral program at Princeton University. He's doing some very interesting research in condensed matter. He and his fiancée, who's also at Princeton — and in the same department, in fact — will be getting married this coming Labor Day Weekend, so we're really excited about that. Emily graduated from Colorado College with a bachelor's degree in geology, and she's now going for her master's at Central Washington University, which is just four hours away. She just bought a car, so it's great that she can come home to visit now and then.

Scott's parents live in Chicago, and my folks moved out to Portland in 1999. Scott and I love Portland. He still works for the same firm that brought him out here in 1976, and I'm an architect for the Portland Office of Transportation. To get to work on things like the pedestrian master plan and to

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Left: Shortly after getting hitched, 1976. Right: This is your brain on drugs. The Parker-Vanderslices with children Colin and Emily in 1985 (below) and 2005 (top). Trick photography? Or do they know how to circumvent the space-time continuum?



Ellen Vanderslice

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see projects get built, that's all part of what I love about this town.

Portland is the perfect size for a city. Although it's not really huge population-wise, it is the biggest thing for a long way, and so it has a funny little self-importance about it. It's easy to be involved here. When we moved back, there was already a strong ethic of citizen involvement, and the two of us plunged right in.

Scott and I like getting out and being in the wilderness together, and of course the Pacific Northwest is full of beautiful scenery. I have had a lot of great opportunities to speak at different places in the world, and sometimes I get to bring Scott with



me. For our fiftieth birthdays, in 2003, we took a trip to Spain for almost a month. No business. We went hiking in the Pyrenees, and we'd love to go backpacking there someday.

One thing about moving a lot, like I did, is that you're always making new friends but then leaving them behind. Scott and his family brought some measure of continuity to my life. It was exciting to me that we had friends who were like family, and who we would keep up with over the years.

Just recently I mentioned to Scott that even during the times when I didn't see him, the name "Scott Parker" was very magical to me. He replied, "It was the same for me." It's special to have had our lives intertwined since we were practically babies, and it creates a certain closeness.

Let me put it this way: When someone has hit you over the head with a truck at the age of three, you know you can really trust them! ♥

Beverly + Steven

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Three of them are in their nineties; Steven's father is the baby of the group, and he's eighty-eight. We probably had some of the oldest parents of anyone in Jericho. My mom was forty when I was born, with gray hair.

Steven: And my mother was forty-three when my younger brother was born. (I'm number of three of four children.)

Beverly: We feel that we can give these kids forty good years. There's nothing selfish about that. Besides, there are a lot of children in America who are being raised by grandparents. Young people who are still kids themselves are having children, and it falls to their parents, who are in their fifties, to raise fill the responsibility for these precious little lives. And the stories would astonish you. There is no shortage of guests for *The Jerry Springer Show*.

For Steven, the Second Time Around

Steven: Fatherhood now is different compared to the first time around. I'm more mature, wiser, and financially stable. I know these children will go to college, where

when I had my two sons, I was in my twenties. You don't know then if your career is going to boom. You just don't know.

Having stepsiblings has been interesting for my two grown sons, too. At first, they didn't swallow the news that Beverly and I were going to adopt too well. But after they saw how happy we are and how sweet and loving these children are, they've really taken to them.

Beverly: They're enriched by it. They've got these two extra little sweeties in their lives.

Steven: One day Beverly and I came home to find my younger son in our apartment, playing guitar to Kai. Cody had taken the train into the city to meet his new brother for the first time. I have to tell you, that was one of the most joyful moments of this last year for me.

Beverly: As for our parents, they are both over the moon about having two new grandchildren.

Steven: Both of whom are younger than most of their great-grandchildren.

Beverly: It's made them feel young. I think that our parents are the most thrilled, because they understand the

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Beverly + Steven

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beauty and preciousness of life. And they never expected grandchildren after so many great-grandchildren.

Still More Transitions

Beverly: In November I retired after an exciting twenty years at Conde Nast. While there, I got to do a lot of traveling, and Conde Nast is a wonderful company to work for. But I had done it. Maybe I'll go back to work later on, but right now I want to be with these babies that we worked so hard to get.

Steven: In December I retired from my family's businesses — for the second time — so that the younger generation, like my older son and my nephew can spread their wings. I feel like such an old fart saying that!

Beverly: I think that the moral of this story is it's never too late. You know, at our age, there's not a lot in life that really *jazzes* you. There's very little that I haven't done at a fun, great level, but *this*? I think I am the happiest person alive!

And I'm just in the beginning stages. Steven, having already been a father, has a certain appreciation for how quickly it's all going to go. He's soaking it in and loving it.

It's been just great. We highly recommend it. ♥

Neil Goldman

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to become part of a network of independent recruiters — almost two thousand nationwide — which allows me to do split placements as well. If I ever hire enough people locally, then maybe I will set up an office. But there's really no reason to do it. In my industry, I don't have to meet anybody. The work is done over the phone and through email. I visit my clients if I need to, but most of my clients I've never actually met.

Working at home after thirty years was a bit of an adjustment. At first, I couldn't get used to the idea that I didn't have to *be* anywhere. In fact, my first day after leaving my old company, I got dressed, left the house at seven o'clock in the morning like I always did, and went to the same deli. Except that once I finished my coffee, I had no place to go!

Even now, I still get dressed in the morning before going downstairs to my office. I find it helps me get into work mode. Working from home, you've got to be disciplined. But if anything, the challenge isn't to discipline yourself to get to work, it's to stop yourself from working all the time. I mean, I work with companies in Asia, Europe, and the Middle

Neil and Diane's children Matthew, nineteen, and Rachel, sixteen.



East. So I could very easily get up and work at four in the morning, because it's already business hours over there. And I could also work very late at night, because I don't always have to depend on someone being around to answer their phone. Much of the internet searching for clients and candidates can be done anytime of the day or night.

I function both as a career consultant and an executive recruiter. I understand the marketplace as well as what the company is looking for. Typically, I'll make sixty, seventy calls a day, just phoning people who should have the skill sets and experience that the client requires. It's planning and calling until you find three or four viable candidates for each position.

My wife, Diane, and I have lived in Westchester ever since I graduated New Paltz in 1976. We met in college (she's originally from Commack and Hauppauge) and started dating. She had a job as a waitress, and a car, and I had neither. Sounded pretty good to me!

Actually, before settling in Westchester, we moved out to Cincinnati, Ohio, briefly, where I'd accepted a transfer with the company I was working for. We hated it out there and moved back in just nine weeks, partly so that Diane could finish her bachelors degree in accounting. She later went on to get both her CPA and MBA. We got married in 1977.

I like it up here. For one thing, there's no traffic, plus the circles of people I hang out with tend to be thinkers, networkers, people who are willing to help. I love that.

We have two kids. Our son, Matthew, is nineteen and is studying film production at Drexel University in Philadelphia. Rachel, our sixteen-year-old daughter, is a junior at Briarcliff High School. She's not sure what she wants to do yet. She's kind of outspoken, like I am. Personally, I think she would make a very good attorney, but we'll see.

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Lorraine Triggiani

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That's the best part of our union; we're really proud of our children. Roger, twenty-four, lives in Philadelphia and is earning his PhD in music theory at the University of Pennsylvania. Daniel, our youngest, is nineteen and attends college at the University of Delaware.

We enjoy doing lots of things with them. We're all outdoor enthusiasts. Henry and I bought a house in the Catskills, near Woodstock, and we go up there on weekends. He and my sons love to ski. I'm not a wonderful skier. I like the idea of being in the mountains, but I prefer sitting by the fire with the dogs. We also enjoy hiking and boating.

During the time that our sons were growing up, I worked part-time while also earning a masters degree and getting my teaching certification. Then in 2001 I started teaching in the Sachem School District. I teach biology and environmental science.

Henry and I are both close to our families. Shortly after the Reunion in 3-D last October, my parents sold their home in Princeton Park/Oakwood and moved to a senior community in Brunswick, Maine, where my oldest brother lives. Henry has an older sister. I think that's part of what makes our marriage work, the fact that we're both the youngest members of our families. We're both children at heart.

We know each other very well. We've been through some difficult times with our kids, and I think we gain strength from each other. We're strong in different ways, and that works out well, because what I can't do, he can do, and what he can't do, I can do. We complement each other in that way. (Henry's nodding in agreement!) ♥

Neil Goldman

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Seeing the Political Process Up Close And Personal: Yikes!

In January I took Rachel to the Iowa Democratic Caucus to work on Joe Biden's campaign. My brother, Mitchell (class of '68), is an attorney in the area of health care, and his son works (or I should say, worked) for the Biden campaign. I thought it would be a really interesting experience, so we went out there, mainly to learn about the process. I really never knew how the caucuses operated.

We got to meet Senator Biden, and at one point I was made a precinct captain. Had to make a speech in front of several hundred people about why they should support Biden and stand in his corner. It was fascinating — also a little frightening to see how corrupt the whole process is. When you go to the polls to vote, and the polls are supposed to close at nine o'clock, they close at nine, right? Well, in the Iowa Caucus, if Mary knows Sally, she'll let her in the door regardless of what time it is. "C'mon in, no problem!" Plus, the "vote" is a mere hand count. If somebody puts up two hands, that seems to be okay. I tell you, it's unbelievable!

Then there's the negotiating. After the first round, you negotiate with other precinct captains for their people to stand in your corner in an effort to make your candidate viable. Apparently this goes back to the Algonquin Indians; this was how they used to choose tribal chiefs. Really wild stuff. I loved it and disliked it at the same time: I loved the passion that the lowans brought to the process, but I disliked the idea that through its casualness, it is less than exact. ■

Robin Bergman

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Now, a year later, we're involved in trying to buy our own station. It's a long process. We have investors lined up, but it's not enough yet, because the Boston radio market is so expensive. There are fights like ours going on in other cities. For example, in Columbus, Ohio, a listener-supported group bought its own station for about \$100,000. Ours is going to cost anywhere from \$8 million to \$10 million.

It's taken up an enormous amount of my time — like having a second full-time job. But I think it's really important. And so I'm pursuing that and my own work, which is fine, really, because I enjoy doing both. Some things never change. ■

Nooz About Yooz

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Mitch Forman Jazzes Spain

Keyboardist **Mitchel Forman's** acclaimed contemporary jazz quartet, **Metro**, just played the Terrassa Jazz Festival in Barcelona, Spain. Mitch ('73) is joined by guitarist **Chuck Loeb**, drummer **Wolfgang Haffner**, and bassist **Will Lee** (of Letterman-band fame). Lee plays on *Express* (2007), Metro's sixth CD. Below, that's Mitchel with Grammy winner **Herbie Hancock** in February. ■



