

Winter-Spring 2012

Issue No. 26

Our 10th Year of
Reunion-y Excellence!

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

Jericho High School '69-'70-'71-'72-'73 Online Newsletter

Official Propaganda Tool of '69-'73 JHS Alumni

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Joe Piscitello ('69), Cindy Rosa
Pelzar ('71), Roberta Matican
Feldman ('73), Michael
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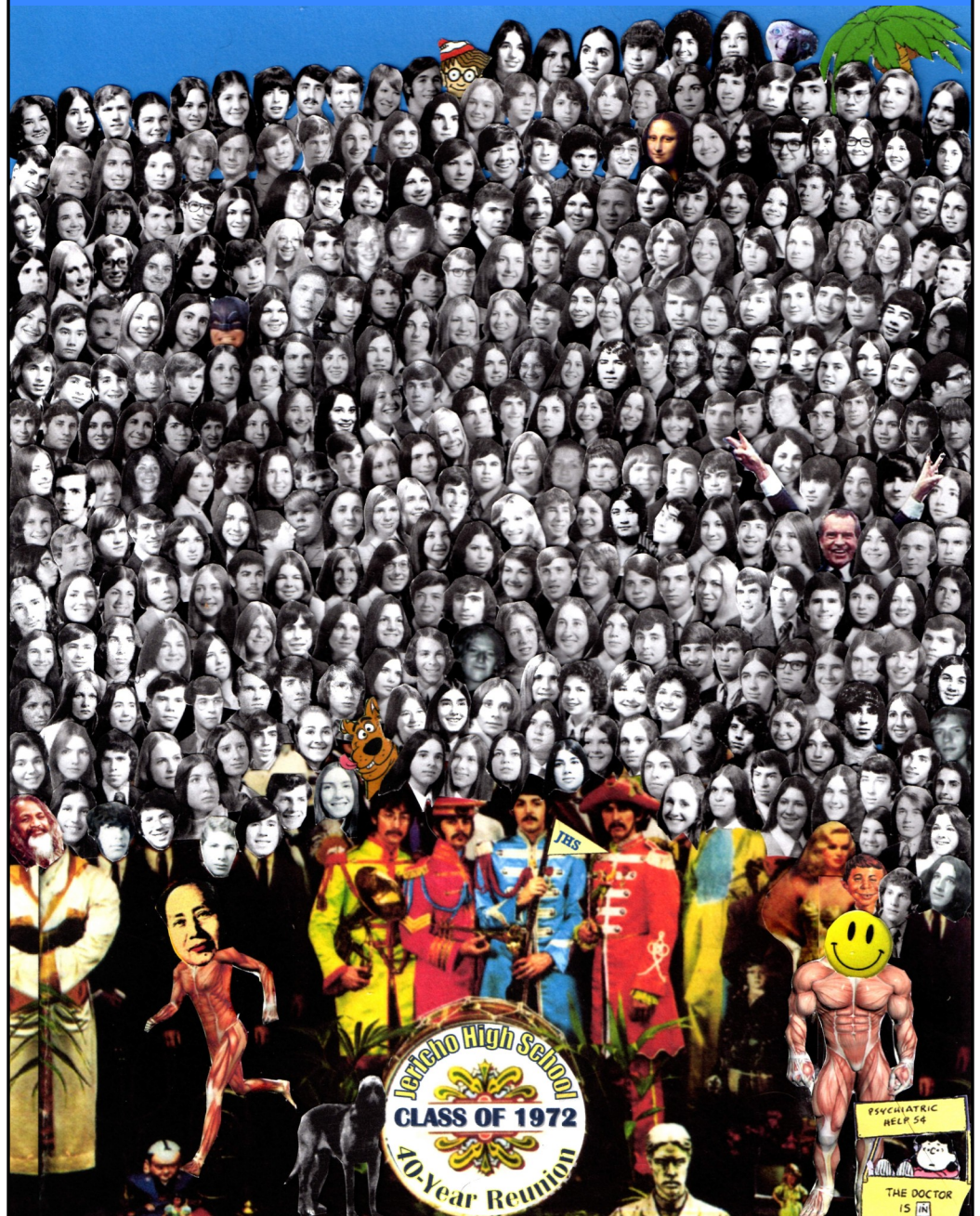
Rachel Glickman's New York New York

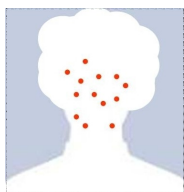
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Class of '72's 40-Year Reunion Coming Up

June 23, 2012

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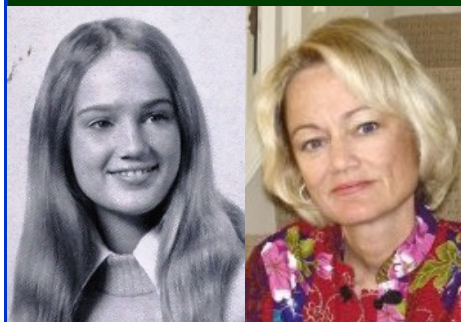
In our travels around cyberspace, we frequently come upon photos of former classmates, especially on Facebook. Can you *believe* how good everyone looks?!

Maybe they're all robots. Yep, that must be it.

Cindy Rosa Pelzar Matuza ('71)
Jericho, NY



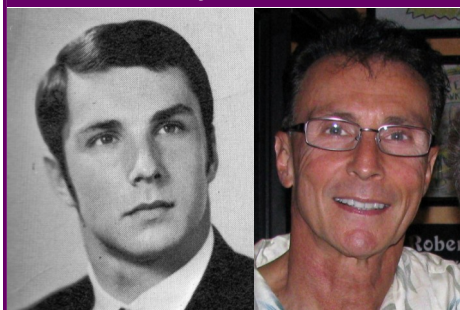
Sharon Lee Sussman Kusek ('72)
Carlsbad, CA



Roberta Matican-Feldman ('73)
New York, NY



Joe Piscitello ('69)
Bayville, NY



Meryl Cantor Lewis ('72)
New York, NY



Michael Milgrom ('71)
New York, NY

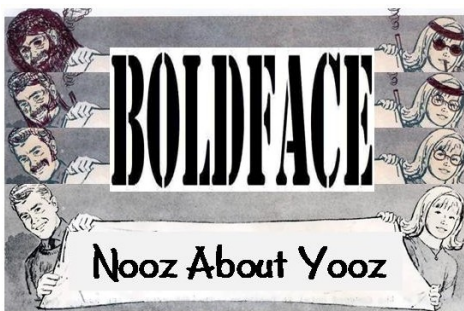


Melissa Gordon Yuruckso ('72)
Medford, NY



Gwen Dowsey ('73)
Roseboom, NY





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.



Reunion Update

Date: Saturday, June 23, 2012, 7:30 p.m. to 4:30 a.m.

The Homestead, 107 South Street, Oyster Bay, LI.

For the JHS class of '72 and friends, including all other classes!

Cocktail hour, open bar, dinner buffet, dancing, music, giveaways, fabulous conversation, and lotsa laughs.

Cost: \$90 per person through May 1; \$100 after that.

[Click here for your invitation:](#) →●←

[Click here for information on where to stay, including discounted group rates at three area hotels.](#) →●←

[Click here for the LIRR train schedule to Oyster Bay \(station just a few blocks from the Homestead\).](#) →●←

In Tribute

Mr. Louis Boroson

Mr. Louis Boroson, undoubtedly one of the most popular faculty members ever to teach at Jericho High School, passed away in November at the age of eighty-four. The most fitting tribute we could think of is to include just some of the comments that JHS alumni wrote in emails and posted on our JHS Facebook page.

"I still remember where I sat in his class: second row from the door, first seat. (Pretty sure that Janet Rhoads sat right behind me.) Mr. Boroson almost had me convinced that trigonometry was in my future. He was a truly great teacher." — **Debra Schwartz** ('71), Ann Arbor, MI



"Mr. Boroson was one of the best teachers (if not the best teacher) I ever had in public school, college, or law school. He actually made math interesting, which is no small feat for someone who much prefers words to numbers." — **Lawrence Friedman** ('69), Bridgewater, NJ

"So sad. One of the great teachers and an inspiration to all of his students." — **Donna Rabena Queenan** ('71), Amityville, NY



"One of my favorite teachers. He got me through algebra. May he rest in peace." — **Bonnie Colgan Kosonovitch** ('73), Saint Joseph, MI

"Jericho was fortunate to have him as a teacher. I was fortunate to have seen him a few months ago." **Bruce Steiner** ('68), New York, NY



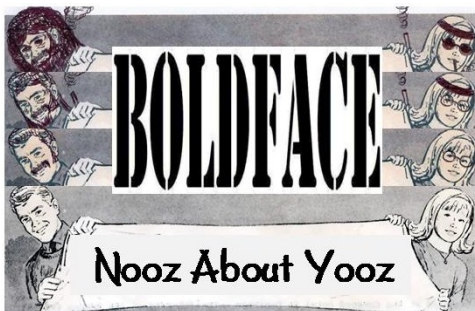
"I am ♥ broken." — **Wendy Foxmyn** ('72), Leeds, MA



Mr. Boroson with his wife, Florence, last spring at the JHS Alumni Hall of Fame Awards dinner at Milleridge Inn.

If you'd like to read about Mr. Boroson's life, [click here](#) for the article about him in the Fall 2005 issue.

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Wedding Bells for Larry Friedman ('69)

Some exciting news from **Lawrence Friedman** ('69) of Bridgewater, New Jersey: "**Leslie Smith** and I got married in November at the Basking Ridge Country Club in New Jersey. It's the second marriage for both of us. Leslie and I are the all-American modern baby boomer love story. We met on Match.com, and after a mere five and a half years, we are newlyweds. It's kind of ironic, though, that we grew up about five miles apart on Long Island (Leslie is a 1972 graduate of East Meadow High School), but met in Somerset County, New Jersey after we both divorced."

Congratulations to Larry and Leslie!



Clockwise from top left are Ian, Keith, Dan, and Amy (Lubow) Downs.

Catch Up with Amy Lubow Downs ('72)

Amy Lubow Downs of Brooklyn writes with an update on her and her family:

"Our son **Ian** is graduating from Cornell this year and is applying to medical school. And our son **Keith** is enjoying his freshman year at SUNY New Paltz, where he is majoring in vocal performance." Amy works at the world-famous Macy's in Herald Square, and her husband, **Dan Downs**, is a middle school art teacher in Brooklyn and a wedding photographer.

Bob Simon ('72): Jungle Fever

For the foreseeable future, cancel any plans you might have for Tuesday nights, because you're going to want to watch the new TV series *The River*, produced by our own **Bob Simon**. The show premiered on ABC-TV

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Mr. Boroson

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"He was such a nice man, as well as a good teacher."
— **Amy Klinow Halsey** ('71), Miami, FL



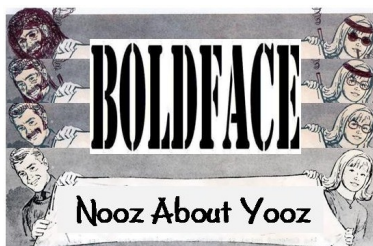
"Mr. Boroson was truly a wonderful man. Math not being my strong suit, had it not been for that sweet soul, I'd still be in high school."
— **Jane Altvater Duda** ('72), Tarpon Springs, FL



"I used to tell Mr. Boroson that he was really a social studies teacher in math teacher drag. Because back in eleventh grade, when bomb scares were practically a scheduled activity at JHS, he used to regularly interrupt math class to discuss with us the political and social issues of the day. Sometimes school seemed divorced from the real world, but not in Mr. Boroson's classroom. A fantastic teacher and person."
— **Philip Bashe** ('72), Baldwin, NY

"I loved Mr. Boroson. I'm so glad that I got to tell him what a great teacher he was at the last reunion, in 2010. I actually remembered the things he taught me when my boys took math in high school. And I can't even remember what I had for lunch yesterday!"
— **Deb McLaughlin**





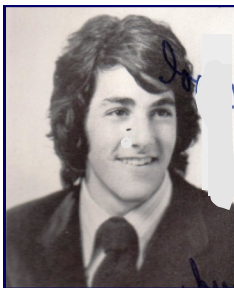
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on February 7, in a special two-hour episode.

During Bob's successful four-decade career in Hollywood, he's produced such hit shows as *CSI: New York*, *City of Angels*, and *The Agency*, as well as several TV movies. Some of his early credits include *Miami Vice*, as first assistant director, and coproducing some two dozen episodes of David Lynch's classic *Twin Peaks*. He also produced a dramatic series called *Jericho*. (Funny, I don't know about any of you, but don't recall ever having received residuals.)

Now comes *The River*.

Where is Dr. Emmett Cole? The popular wildlife expert and TV star (played by Bruce



Greenwood of *Star Trek*), who's been filming his trek around the world with

his wife, Tess, and son, Lincoln, has mysteriously gone missing in the Amazon, and his family, friends, and the crew embark on a hazardous journey to find him. Joe Anderson (*The Twilight Saga: Breaking Dawn Parts 1 and 2*) portrays Lincoln Cole, and Leslie Hope (24) plays Tess Cole.

Bob lives in Los Angeles, but he hasn't been there

much, spending eighteen of the last twenty-four months on location in Austin, Texas, and Hawaii.

"The best quote about living in Hawaii," says Bob, "was uttered by George Clooney's Matt King in *The Descendants*, when he ranted, 'My friends on the mainland think just because I live in Hawaii, I live in paradise. Like a permanent vacation: we're all just drinking mai-tais, shaking our hips, and catching waves. Are they nuts?' That voiceover, accompanied by visuals of the homeless on Waikiki and bumper-to-bumper traffic in Honolulu, tell a good part of the story.

"It's not at all a bad place to be, especially on vacation," he continues, "but living there, your entire world shrinks and is connected by two roads—and that's not a metaphor!

"Making TV is a sixteen-hour-a-day job. Some days are even longer, but the great thing is that every day, and every show, is different.

"In Hawaii, it's trickier than in other locations, because goods and services are separated by three thousand miles of ocean and a three- to six-hour time difference with vendors and associates. It's necessary to work with nice people, and a real plus is to have good scenery and weather. We shot the pilot for *The River* in Puerto Rico, and when ABC picked the show up, I was glad to get them to support moving the show to Hawaii, which has better jungles.

"This show is an incredible challenge," says Bob, "but sometimes that's what makes the job so much fun." ■



"My morning commute to the Diamond Head Film Studios."



"This is the Magus midway through construction. While a real boat was used in the pilot, it was impractical for many reasons. So I devised a plan to make a floating set that draws a mere eight inches."



"This is me with Hawaii governor Neil Abercrombie in front of a Styrofoam billet, which will become the side of the boat. You can see the circles showing porthole placement."

Takin' Care of Bidness!

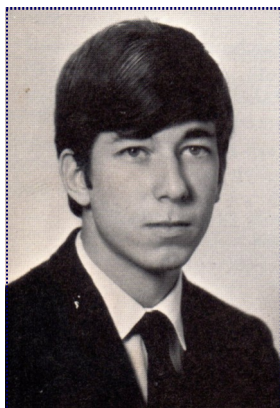


Ken McLaughlin ('69)

Regional Editor, San Jose *Mercury News*

San Jose, California

kmclaughlin@mercurynews.com



I didn't really do much writing at Jericho High, oddly enough. I wrote a couple of opinion pieces for the *Jer-Echo* my senior year, but that was about it. In fact, even as an undergrad at SUNY Albany, it wasn't until my senior year that I began viewing writing as a potential career. At Jericho, I pretty much stuck with the standard academic curriculum, very heavy in science and

math, and I initially stayed on that track in college.

Later I switched my major to psychology but eventually decided to become an English literature major,

I figured that I'd get a traditional liberal arts education and then decide later what I wanted to do after I graduated. Albany was a good school for that. The liberal arts classes were small—maybe twenty-five to thirty students—whereas organic chemistry and biology classes were held in lecture halls designed for two hundred or three hundred people.

As a college senior, I wrote a few political satire pieces for the *Albany Student Press*. But throughout college, I was training for a career in journalism without even realizing it. I used to be famous among my friends at SUNY Albany for waiting until the last minute to write all my term papers. If I had one due at nine o'clock in the morning, you can bet that I wouldn't start it until midnight. Then I'd work through the night, surrounded by about fifty different books. I'd read a little bit from this one and a little bit from that one, wind up with a fantastic bibliography, and finish just in time—much like a newspaper reporter hustling to make a deadline. My sister can vouch for this, incidentally. Debi also went to SUNY Albany and was a freshman in 1972, my senior year there. Since she was a state-champion typist, I sometimes used to dictate my longer papers to her.

As graduation approached, I knew that I wanted to go to grad school. It came down to either law school or getting a master's degree in journalism. I remember picking up an LSAT study guide with sample questions and thinking, *Hmmmm, I probably could do okay on this test. But I don't like the questions they're asking!* So I decided to go with journalism, and I'm happy I did. It's been a wild ride.

A Top Priority: Someplace Warm!

I didn't go to my SUNY Albany graduation; my college girlfriend and I were already in Europe, where we traveled



for three months. Then I moved back to Albany, where I froze my butt off, so I started checking out grad schools and

came across information about the master's program in journalism at Stanford University. *Hmm*, I thought, *Palo*

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Ken McLaughlin

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Alto, California! That sounds warm! I think I'll apply there. I drove across the country in September 1974 and have lived in Northern California ever since. It's funny: When you tell people that you live in California, they naturally envision you strolling along the beach in a bathing suit, with perpetual sun and eighty-degree temperatures. But Northern California is different. First of all, the Pacific Ocean is freezing year-round. We may not have snow, but we do have seasons. It just takes about three or four years of living here before you finally sense them.

Stanford had a terrific journalism program. When I graduated, however, we were in the mid-1970s recession, and jobs were hard to come by. This was true in most fields, but especially in journalism. Nearly everybody our age idolized Woodward and Bernstein and had read *All the President's Men*. Young people were flocking to journalism schools. I wound up at a small daily newspaper in Watsonville, a small agricultural city in Santa Cruz County. In retro-

Growing Up on Dewey Street

My sister and I are very lucky in that our parents still live in the same house in Jericho's Oakwood neighborhood. They're both eighty-five years old and doing really well. It's sort of weird, though, when I come home to Jericho; I feel like a sixty-year-old high

school student! Debi ('72) and I still have the same bedrooms! I don't know a lot of people who have that experience of approaching retirement age with their parents still living in their childhood home.

It's amazing, thinking back, how many kids there were in our neighborhood, all roughly the same age. Across the street from us were Annie, Howie, Sharon, Martin, and Teri Koff; and Sandy, Lisa, and Cheryl Russell. Annie ('72), Cheryl ('72) and my sister were the three tomboys of the neighborhood. In fact, they gave themselves boys' names. Debi was "Richard," Annie ('72) was "Mike," and Cheryl ('72) was also "Richard." Two Richards and a Mike. They were best friends.

Other kids on our block included Joey and Nancy Reale; Gene and Tracy Boragine; Bruce and Keith Steiner; Bobby and Chrisy Grosse; Peri, Abby, and Dina Arlen; Fran Cordasco; Robert, Michelle, and Neil Martin; Danny, Patricia, Tommy, and Marybeth King; and Greg and Bobby De-Pasquale. John and Marie Grace Astore lived next door.



spect, I was lucky to start at a small paper because I got a taste of so many parts of the newspaper business.

The *Watsonville Register-Pajaronian* was considered a really good small newspaper. It had won the Pulitzer Gold Medal for public service in 1956 for exposing a corrupt district attorney. On my first day there, I received a tour of the town, got to view the Pulitzer scrapbook

and was tutored on the history of the paper. Even though it was twenty years later, all of the people who'd been instrumental in winning the Pulitzer were still there. At the time, reporters still banged out stories on manual Royal typewriters. In a lot of ways, it was exhausting; I don't know if I could do it at this age! If you wanted to research an issue, you had to go back into the morgue to read yellowing newspaper clips, or, worse, go through rolls of microfilm. It could take a few hours, sometimes days. Now if you have a question about something you're working on, you just go to the other side of your screen, and you get the answer in a few seconds.

Watsonville was a very self-contained community, so it was a fun

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

How about sharing it in the pages of your JHS Classes of 1969-1970-1971-1972-1973 Online Newsletter? Feel free to write it yourself or, as is usually the case, feel like a real big-shot and be interviewed over the phone. Interested? Contact Phil at philipbashe@optimum.net.



Ken McLaughlin

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place to start off, just because I really got to know so many of the people there. I covered city hall, police, and the courts, giving me a good grounding in basic journalism. I learned a lot, and quickly, because you really don't have much of a safety net at a small paper. If you start off at a big newspaper, your article gets heavily edited by an assigning editor, then two or three other people on the copy desk—as well as three or four senior editors if it's going on the front page. At a small paper like the *Register-Pajaronian*, there are veteran editors to show you the ropes, but you have to learn how to self-edit and write fast—sometimes two or three stories in a day.

In addition, I volunteered for tasks that didn't involve reporting. Sometimes I'd fill in for the wire editor or the city editor, or learn how to design the entertainment pages. I even got to write editorials once in a while. I'm really glad I did it that way. It's always amazing to me how many people in journalism have spent their entire careers on just one side of the desk. A lot of reporters have no interest in being editors—and vice versa. Being versatile definitely makes you more valuable to a newspaper, especially in these times when so many journalists are being laid off.

From Watsonville, I went to a midsize paper, the *San Mateo Times*. My title there was assistant business

editor, which meant putting out the business pages one or two days a week and writing business stories the rest of the time. Although the *Times* was a suburban paper, it looked at itself as a bigger paper. I would regularly go to San Francisco to cover various business and financial stories. At the time, I thought that I would stay in business writing, because my goal was to make it to a major metropolitan paper, and I always thought that writing about business would be my ticket. But after just eleven months at the *San Mateo Times*, a friend of mine who was familiar with my reporting called and asked me if I'd be interested in becoming an assistant city editor for the afternoon edition of the *San Jose Mercury News*. This was in late 1982. Strangely enough, about a

year or two before that, I'd tried everything to get a foot in the door at the *Mercury News*; I was even willing to work on the copy desk if necessary. And then I get a phone call out of the blue asking me if I'd be interested in being an assigning editor there. It was like, *Wow! How did this happen?*

My Best Year in San Jose? I Spent It in Hawaii

I spent my first seven years at the *Mercury News* editing. This was long before the Internet put such a dent in the newspaper business. We had ten morning editions and five evening editions. I was an assistant city editor, then the state editor. My job was to edit the California pages and to send reporters all over the state.

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**Go to Woodstock?
Or Park Cars at Tam
O'Shanter Golf Club?
You Decide!**



Nineteen sixty-nine was really an incredible year, as was 1970. The changes going on in society were amazing. For instance, if you look at the pictures in our high school yearbook, hardly any of the boys had long hair. But within just six months of graduation, nearly every guy had grown his hair long.

I was pretty involved politically. I can remember vividly when President Nixon invaded Cambodia toward the end of my freshman year. At SUNY Albany and other colleges across the country, the students went on strike. Then the Kent State shootings happened on May 4, 1970. Many universities, including mine, just shut down for the rest of the semester.

The summer between high school and college, I was supposed to go to Woodstock with my good friend Bob Romanoff ('69). But foolishly I decided to make some extra money that weekend and park cars at the Tam O'Shanter Country Club in Brookville. Bob went to the festival, and I was so upset with myself for missing one of the defining events of our generation! After that, I promised myself that I would go to every major event, no matter what. In the fall of 1969, I went to Washington, DC, for the first big anti-war moratorium. I went to a Black Panther rally at Yale University in the spring of 1970. My thinking was, *I missed Woodstock. I have to make up for it!*



Ken McLaughlin

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After a while, I thought to myself, *Boy, I'd like to be a reporter again. What am I doing sitting behind this damn desk?*

My ticket off the desk was to apply for a journalism fellowship at the University of Hawaii. The Gannett Foundation fellowship was designed for American journalists who wanted to learn more about Asian-American communities and Asian countries. You got to pick the part of Asia that you wanted to focus on. I chose Indochina because San Jose has more people of Vietnamese descent than any other city outside of Vietnam.

Talk about paradise: I was paid a generous stipend to study in Hawaii for ten months! I took Vietnamese language courses and studied the Vietnamese culture. It was sort of strange being so interested in Vietnam, since I'd spent so much of my time as a college student hoping to *avoid* the country. One thing I learned was that my education at SUNY Albany was so European-centric. Studying at the University of Hawaii gave me a different perspective

about Asia and opened up a whole new world to me.

For instance, I had this Japanese history professor who spoke fluent Japanese and Russian. He was an expert on the Russian Far East and Japan. One day he took the Gannett fellows into a small room and showed us these old films of the Rape of Nanking in 1937-38, when Japan's Imperial Army murdered hundreds of thousands of Chinese civilians and used mass rape as a weapon of war. I can still remember thinking, *How come I didn't learn any of this in college?* I really became an Asiaphile.

Best of all, as part of the program, you received a grant to visit the countries that you had studied. I spent two months in Southeast Asia in 1990. At the time, Vietnam was instituting its policy called *Doi Moi*, which means "Renovation." Basically, the country was just beginning to emerge from the Dark Ages. I remember flying into Hanoi and noticing these lake-sized craters in the ground.

"What are those?" I asked a professor who had joined the same Indochina tour.

"They're bomb craters," he replied, "from the American bombing during the war!"

Seventeen years after the bombing had stopped, the effect on the landscape was still very, very noticeable. It was almost spooky, and I suddenly



Definitely pays to have a family member living in Hawaii: sister Deb ('72) visits Ken during his 1990 fellowship.

wondered how Americans would be treated in Hanoi. I remember walking the streets of the city shortly after we landed, and it seemed like every inch of the sidewalk was covered with vendors selling everything from old bicycle tires to cigarettes. Within one block, there were perhaps ten people all selling the same cans of Coca-Cola.

This is a Communist country? I thought.

What I learned was that even in North Vietnam, the people's entrepreneurial spirit had not been crushed by the government. And Saigon was still pretty Westernized. It was almost like being in Bangkok, even back in 1990.

You might think that the Vietnamese would still have harbored a lot of resentment toward Americans. Quite the opposite; the people I met were extremely gracious. Remember that the Vietnamese had been fighting outsiders for decades. *Our war in*

Vietnam was, comparatively speaking, a blip of history. The Vietnamese had fought the Chinese for centuries; then the French were there for a long, long time. The people's attitude seemed to be, "Forget what happened. It's not important. Let's move on."

Once I got back from Southeast Asia and returned to the *Mercury News*, I began covering the Vietnamese-American, Chinese-American, and Cambodian-American communities. I was one of the founding members of the newspaper's Race and Demographics Team, which was formed because California was undergoing such rapid demographic changes. When I first moved to Santa Clara County in 1974 to go to Stanford, the county was about 80 percent white; by the late 1990s, it had become a majority-minority country. The *Mercury News* was expanding rapidly, and we became known for cov-

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Ken McLaughlin

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ering Asia and Asian-American communities really well. We had a bureau in Vietnam—the first American newspaper bureau since the war—as well as in Japan. So I got to do some reporting from Vietnam.

Santa Cruz, where I live, is an interesting place. It's nicknamed Surf City, but in a lot of ways, it's reminiscent of Big Sur in the 1960s. We still have a strong hippie element, and the city has been dubbed the People's Republic of Santa Cruz. We had a socialist mayor a few years ago who was considered the *conservative* on the city council.

It's a stunningly beautiful area. One of the main roads, Highway 17, is this serpentine highway that cuts through a mountain range. For me to get from Santa Cruz to San Jose takes about forty-five minutes of pretty treacherous driving. You've got to be a hardy commuter. But I can't imagine living anywhere else. Northern California has become my home.

I met my wife, Nicki, in late 1978. She's originally from the small town of Freedom, which is just outside of Watsonville. At the time, she was leading a political group called Freedom On Guard that was seeking to prevent Watsonville from annexing Freedom. I covered the story. Ethically, a reporter shouldn't date a news source, but luckily, her group quickly amassed enough signatures to stop the annexation from going forward. So the story was no longer a story, and Nicki and I started dating a few months afterward. We finally got married in 1991.

She was the chief-of-staff to a county supervisor and was involved in local politics for years. Now she's home taking care of our fifteen-year-old son, Christopher. That's a full-time job and then some because he's on the autism spectrum. He is a really sweet kid but has severe



Ken's son, Christopher, now fifteen, above, and, at right, with his mom, Nicki Pecchenino.



language deficits and learning disabilities. He goes to a school called the Morgan Autism Center in San Jose. Christopher has accomplished lots of things that we never thought he'd be able to do. And we can only hope he'll continue to progress as he gets older.

The Newspaper Crisis—and an Emmy

The San Jose *Mercury News*, the newspaper of Silicon Valley, is now part of something called the Bay Area News Group, which is owned by the MediaNews Group. Basically, MediaNews owns almost every major newspaper in Northern California with the exception of the *San Francisco Chronicle*. The *Oakland Tribune* and the *Contra-Costa Times*, which are big East Bay papers, and the *Mercury News* are essentially one huge paper now, with zoned editions.

My job has changed, as has the way we report the news. I covered the 2010 California governor's race for about a year and a half, and I spent the next year as government and politics editor. In January I was named regional editor, supervising a team of reporters in the state capital and around the Bay Area. Their stories are designed to run in all editions, mostly on page one, so they have to write stories that will be interesting to everyone in the Bay Area—not just in Silicon Valley.

People say that newspapers are dying. Yes, the traditional newspaper model is in trouble. But at the same time, in a lot of ways, it's an exciting time to be in journalism because we're trying to come up with a new digital model that will push journalism forward. Nobody really knows what's going to work. When you talk to MediaNews honchos, they'll admit that they're throwing twenty things against the wall and hoping that one or two of them will stick.

A lot of people have talked about "pay walls" as the future of newspapers. I'm not so sure. A lot of papers have tried, but only a few, like the *Wall Street Journal* and the *New York Times*, have had success charging for digital stories. Most of the papers that set up pay walls quickly abandoned them. The problem is that unless all newspaper websites start charging for stories at the same time, the public will go to the free ones. My feeling is that the digital genie is out of the bottle, and you're never going to put it back.

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By Dan Clurman

About Dan: "I have been a coach and educator for the last thirty-plus years, delivering training and classes in nonprofits organizations, 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 taken from Dan's most recent 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."

God separates the beginners
from the advanced seekers



And eats them all



BEATLES '75

What If the Fab Four Had Stayed Together Five More Years?

A Re-imagine-ing ...

Even the most fervent Beatles fans would probably agree that the four members' solo albums from 1970 on, as good as they often were, paled in comparison to the Fabs' twelve albums recorded between 1963 and 1970.

But of course John's, Paul's, George's, and Ringo's efforts alone couldn't match the music they made together. First and foremost, there was the difference in the caliber of the songwriting. On a typical Beatles LP, you had five or six stellar compositions by McCartney, an equal number by Lennon, and a pair from Harrison. (I'm referring to the albums released in England, not the chopped-up versions issued here in the States by Capitol Records in an effort to generate more sales by releasing more "product.")

Now, with the breakup launching all four into de facto solo careers, Lennon, McCartney, and Harrison were each responsible for penning a dozen songs per LP. Naturally, not all could be up to the level of their best material.

In addition, although Lennon and McCartney had pretty much stopped writing together as early as 1964, they did sometimes lend each other spare parts of songs—perhaps most famously on Lennon's "A Day in the Life," to which McCartney contributed a scrap of a song that he was working on ("Woke up / fell out of bed / dragged a comb / across my head ...").

And, lastly, on their own, they missed that intangible element: the musical and personal chemistry forged through years of recording, touring, and being cooped up together. The four Beatles could honestly critique one another's ideas or performances. But how likely was it that, say, the session bassist hired to play on a Lennon solo album would pipe up, "Um, John, that second verse is a little too vague ..."? Probably not very. And Lennon's and McCartney's growing competitiveness, while generating friction, also pushed the two of them to not settle for anything but their best work.

Okay. So what if the Beatles *hadn't* broken up publicly on April 10, 1970, six months after Lennon had privately informed the others that he was through with the group?



The fractious sessions for both the White Album and especially *Let It Be* had been fraught with tension, but *Abbey Road*, recorded after *Let It Be*, in the spring and summer of 1969, had been a reasonably pleasant experience for everyone. What if they'd decided to see if they could maintain that same level of creativity and camaraderie, while allowing members to pursue side projects—as Lennon had already been doing with new wife Yoko Ono (*Two Virgins*, *Life with the Lions*, *Wedding Album*) and his Plastic Ono Band ("Instant Karma," "Cold Turkey," "Give Peace a Chance," and the LP *Live Peace in Toronto*)? George, too, had released two albums of largely instrumental music, *Wonderwall Music* and *Electronic Sound*.

If you combine the best moments from the individual Beatles' solo albums from 1970 to 1975, it's clear that the group could have had another five years of producing consistently strong music, with frequent flashes of brilliance. On the following pages, here is what the Beatles albums might very well have sounded like from 1970 to 1975. If you want to actually *hear* the imaginary albums, just click on each song.

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BEATLES '75

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1970

All Things Must Pass (released November 1970)

Side 1

1. [“Wah Wah” \(Harrison\)](#)
2. [“Maybe I’m Amazed” \(McCartney\)](#)
3. [“Working Class Hero” \(Lennon\)](#)
4. [“It Don’t Come Easy” \(Harrison; sung by Ringo\)](#)
5. [“That Would Be Something” \(McCartney\)](#)
6. [“Isn’t It a Pity” \(Harrison\)](#)
7. [“Mother” \(Lennon\)](#)

Side 2

1. [“What Is Life” \(Harrison\)](#)
2. [“Man We Was Lonely” \(McCartney\)](#)
3. [“Awaiting on You All” \(Harrison\)](#)
4. [“Love” \(Lennon\)](#)
5. [“Every Night” \(McCartney\)](#)
6. [“All Things Must Pass” \(Harrison\)](#)
7. [“God” \(Lennon\)](#)

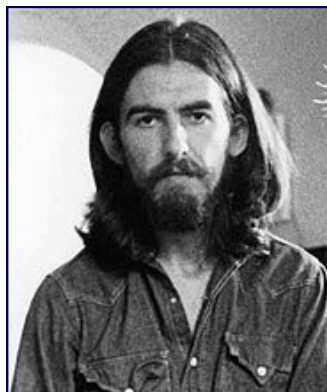
Just six months after the erratic Let It Be, which, rumor had it, would certainly be the Beatles’ final album, they quickly record All Things Must Pass, which serves almost as George Harrison’s coming-out party. The success of his songs “Something” and “Here Comes the Sun” on Abbey Road gives George both the confidence and the clout to insist that he get more than the usual two spots on the next LP. With a considerable backlog of strong material, he lands six songs on the somber but elegant All Things Must Pass, more than either Lennon or McCartney.

However, one new song of his “My Sweet Lord,” doesn’t make it onto the record. When George debuts it for the other Beatles, they fall over laughing before he’s finished the opening chorus.

“I liked that song better the first time I heard it!” shouts Paul.

“Yeah,” adds John, “when it was called ‘He’s So Fine!’”

In rejecting “My Sweet Lord,” the Beatles inadvertently rob George of his first tune to hit number one. But they also spare him \$2 million in multiple lawsuits for having plagiarized the 1963 Chiffons hit.



Harrison (left), the quiet Beatle no more; at right, Lennon, king of pain.

A song of John’s also gets cut, so he re-records “Power to the People” with the Plastic Ono Band and re-releases it as a solo single. In contrast to the lush George Martin production that characterizes George’s songs, Lennon’s are stripped down and spare, while Paul’s, aside from the gorgeous “Maybe I’m Amazed,” are home-spun, a reflection of his current life on the farm with wife Linda.

Ringo is Ringo, singing the George-penned “It Don’t Come Easy,” which earns him his first Beatles hit on lead vocals since “Yellow Submarine.” The drummer becomes the first Beatle to record not one but two solo albums in 1970–71, *Sentimental Journey*, made up of standards, followed by *Beacoups of Blues*, reflecting his longstanding love of American country music.

Critical praise for *All Things Must Pass* is muted—“Sometimes groovy, sometimes self-indulgent, but, overall, pretty much a gas,” sniffs *Rolling Stone* magazine—but the LP jettisons three hit singles (“Maybe I’m Amazed,” “What Is Life,” “It Don’t Come Easy”) and out-sells *Let It Be* and *Abbey Road* combined.

1971

Imagine (released October 1971)

Side 1

1. [“Gimme Some Truth” \(Lennon\)](#)
2. [“Smile Away” \(McCartney\)](#)
3. [“Crippled Inside” \(Lennon\)](#)
4. [“Apple Scruffs” \(Harrison\)](#)
5. [“Back Off Boogaloo” \(Starr\)](#)

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BEATLES '75

Continued from page 13

Side 2

1. [“Art of Dying” \(Harrison\)](#)
2. [“Jealous Guy” \(Lennon\)](#)
3. [“Heart of the Country” \(McCartney\)](#)
4. [“Ooh My Love” \(Lennon\)](#)
5. [“Mumbo” \(McCartney\)](#)

Side 3

1. [“Monkberry Moon Delight” \(McCartney\)](#)
2. [“Oh! Yoko” \(Lennon\)](#)
3. [“Beware of Darkness” \(Harrison\)](#)
4. [“The Back Seat of My Car” \(McCartney\)](#)
5. [“How Do You Sleep?” \(Lennon\)](#)

Side 4

1. [“Imagine” \(Lennon\)](#)
2. [“Too Many People” \(McCartney\)](#)
3. [“I Don't Want to Be a Soldier” \(Lennon\)](#)
4. [“I'd Have You Anytime” \(Harrison\)](#)
5. [“La La Lovely Linda” / “Uncle Albert/Admiral Halsey” \(McCartney\)](#)

The sprawling twenty-song, four-sided Imagine invokes the White Album in its variety of styles. Lennon and McCartney dominate this time around, although Harrison places four songs, one per side. In addition, the Beatles lead guitarist organizes the Concert for Bangladesh and releases a single, “Bangladesh.” John and Paul intentionally keep their distance, so as not to upstage George. “You don't want it to become a bloody Beatles show,” Lennon tells him. “They won't remember why they're there in the first place.” So only Ringo joins Harrison, Eric Clapton, Bob Dylan, Leon Russell, et al., onstage.

John and Yoko issue a Christmas single “Happy Xmas (War Is Over),” and Paul, angered by the troubles in Ireland, puts out his first solo effort, a spirited rocker titled “Give Ireland Back to the Irish,” in early 1972.

McCartney, Harrison, and Starr cringe privately when Lennon plays them “Oh! Yoko” on acoustic guitar during the sessions. Although Mrs. Lennon is no longer quite the barnacle that she once was, she still turns up at sessions too often to suit the others. But not wanting to offend John, the others go along. “It's a nice little *toon*,” Paul whispers to George. “Just pretend he's singing 'Oh! Yo-ho.' A pirate song.”

Still, given the longstanding competitive between the two, McCartney can't help himself from knocking off a

short ditty about *his* better half, “La La Lovely Linda,” which introduces the LP closer, “Uncle Albert/Admiral Halsey,” *Imagine's* lone number one hit. The anthemic title track, by John, reaches number three.

Another Lennon standout, the acidic “How Do You Sleep,” laces into Allan Klein, who almost became the Beatles' second manager. Paul, opposed to Klein from the start, urged Mick Jagger to impress upon the others how the shady New Yorker had rolled the Stones, and apparently the warnings finally sank in. They choose to stay self-managed for the time being. “How Do You Sleep?” reminds many listeners of another Lennon song about someone who disappointed him: “Sexie Sadie” (originally “Maharishi”) from the White Album.



On Imagine, Ringo contributes his third composition to the Beatles canon: “Back Off Bangaloo,” a hit in spring '72.

1972

Living in the Material World (released November 1972)

Side 1

1. [“Hi Hi Hi” \(McCartney\)](#)
2. [“Don't Let Me Wait Too Long” \(Harrison\)](#)
3. [“My Love” \(McCartney\)](#)
4. [“Give Me Love \(Give Me Peace on Earth\)” \(Harrison\)](#)
5. [“Big Barn Bed” \(McCartney\)](#)
6. [“New York City” \(Lennon\)](#)

Side 2

1. [“Living in the Material World” \(Harrison\)](#)
2. [“Mary Had a Little Lamb” \(McCartney\)](#)
3. [“Deep Blue” \(Harrison\)](#)
4. [“Get on the Right Thing” \(McCartney\)](#)
5. [“Try Some Buy Some” \(Harrison\)](#)
6. [“Live and Let Die” \(McCartney\)](#)

Uniformly regarded as the Beatles' least substantial LP, *Living in the Material World* finds the suddenly Less

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BEATLES '75

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Than Fab Four scrounging for material. John Lennon had moved to Manhattan with Yoko Ono in 1971; his only composition is an energetic love letter to his newly adopted home.

But “New York City” wasn’t the only song that John wrote for *Living in the Material World*. Far from it. No sooner did he and Yoko relocate to America than he became enamored of the radical left and fell under the sway of such non-Mensa figures as former Yippie Jerry Rubin and David “The Pope Smokes Dope” Peel.

When he showed up in the studio bearing songs about the recent deadly shootings at Attica State Prison and, fascinatingly, for an erstwhile chauvinistic Liverpudlian, the women’s liberation cry “Woman Is the Nigger of the World,” the other Beatles were appalled.

“It’s just too ... strong, John,” said Ringo, typically playing the diplomat. “It’s rubbish,” grumbled George, nearly inciting a fistfight. George, Ringo, and Paul stood firm in opposing the overtly political songs. In the end, John decided to release them in collaboration with Yoko’s own caterwauling protest songs. The album, *Sometime in New York City*, was a dismal failure critically and commercially, and for the first time since *Let It Be*, the group appeared to be fraying.

Lennon barely turned up to sessions, and what he heard—especially McCartney’s treachery “My Love,” and, inexplicably, “Mary Had a Little Lamb”—left him disenchanted, to put it mildly. Ironically, *Material World* places four songs in the US Top 10: Paul’s “Hi Hi Hi,” “Live and Let Die,” and the aforementioned “My Love,” and George’s “Give Me Love (Give Me Peace on Earth,” with the latter two songs reaching number one.

Despite the commercial success, clearly the group is once again at a crossroads creatively and personally.

1973-74

Band on the Run (released December 1973)

Side 1

1. [“Jet” \(McCartney\)](#)
2. [“Out of the Blue” \(Lennon\)](#)
3. [“Photograph” \(Harrison; sung by Ringo\)](#)
4. [“Helen Wheels” \(McCartney\)](#)
5. [“Dark Horse” \(Harrison\)](#)

6. [“Let Me Roll It” \(McCartney\)](#)
7. [“Mind Games” \(Lennon\)](#)

Side 2

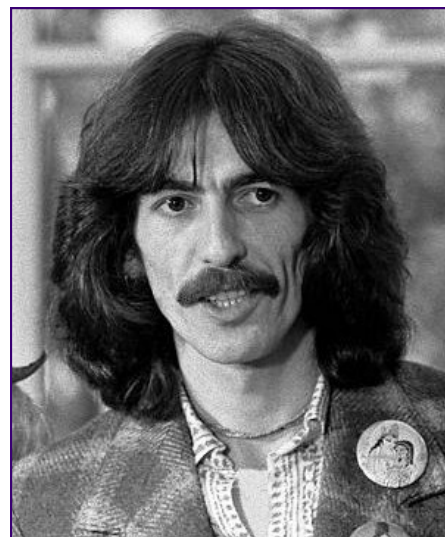
1. [“I’m the Greatest” \(Lennon\)](#)
2. [“Picasso’s Last Words \(Drink to Me\)” \(McCartney\)](#)
3. [“So Sad” \(Harrison\)](#)
4. [“Bluebird” \(McCartney\)](#)
5. [“Aisumasen \(I’m Sorry\)” \(Lennon\)](#)
6. [“Nineteen Hundred and Eighty-five” \(McCartney\)](#)
7. [“Band on the Run” \(McCartney\)](#)

The title *Band on the Run* could have summed up the Beatles’ circumstances in 1973. They were trying to out-run their past as well as maintain their status as the world’s most important, influential band, in the face of challenges from artists such as the Rolling Stones, the Who, Elton John, and Led Zeppelin.

Of the four, Paul McCartney is by far the most determined to make up for the lackluster *Living in the Material World*. He winds up writing half of the LP’s fourteen songs. Ordinarily, John Lennon would have felt resentful—and undoubtedly would have been motivated to come up with a few extra tunes of his own—but he is distracted by two personal crises.

Weighing heavily on his mind is the Nixon administration’s hounding him in its attempt to deport John, in large part for his political activism of the previous year. Perhaps that is why none of his four songs is even

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(Above): A “Photograph” of George, who penned the song of the same title for Ringo to sing.
(Below): John with escort-consort May Pang, his marriage to Yoko (and lots of alcohol) on the rocks.



BEATLES '75

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remotely topical. Maybe he'd gotten the political sloganeering out of his system, or maybe he'd been wounded by the poor reception afforded *Sometime in New York City*. Instead his songs on *Band on the Run* address the other crisis in his life. In April, Yoko had thrown him out of their new apartment in the Dakota, on Manhattan's West Side, for general bad behavior.

Except for the sardonic "I'm the Greatest," which the Beatles had considered letting Ringo sing until George Harrison gave him "Photograph" instead, Lennon sounds both distraught and apologetic. On the bluesy "Aisumasen (I'm Sorry)," he confesses, "And when I hurt you and cause you pain / Darlin', I promise I won't do it again."

Yoko may have been listening, but she wasn't buying Lennon's contrition—at least not yet. The couple remains separated for eighteen months, most of which John spends in Los Angeles with his new companion, May Pang (hand picked for him by his wife, oddly enough), and all too often with a drink in his hand. "My lost weekend," he would later call it regretfully.

Only his song "Mind Games" makes the Top Ten. But "Photograph" became the first Beatles number one to feature a lead vocal from Ringo. Paul, meanwhile, supplies the rockers—"Helen Wheels," "Jet," and the title track—all of which crack the Top Ten. *Band on the Run* dominates AM and FM radio throughout 1974 and puts to rest the whispers that the Beatles have finally reached the end of the line.

1975

Beatles '75 (released January 1975)

Side 1

1. ["Junior's Farm" \(McCartney\)](#)
2. ["Steel and Glass" \(Lennon\)](#)
3. ["Listen to What the Man Said" \(McCartney\)](#)
4. ["Can't Stop Thinking About You" \(Harrison\)](#)
5. ["Sally G" \(McCartney\)](#)
6. ["Whatever Gets You Through the Night" \(Lennon\)](#)
7. ["Letting Go" \(McCartney\)](#)

Side 2

1. ["#9 Dream" \(Lennon\)](#)
2. ["Magneto and Titanium Man" \(McCartney\)](#)
3. ["This Guitar Can't Keep from Crying" \(Harrison\)](#)

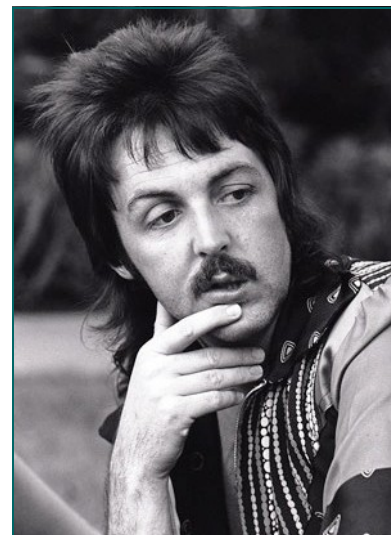
4. ["Nobody Loves You \(When You're Down and Out\)" \(Lennon\)](#)
5. ["You Gave Me the Answer" \(McCartney\)](#)
6. ["What You Got" \(Lennon\)](#)
7. ["Venus and Mars"/"Rock Show" \(McCartney\)](#)

The Beatles were always bewildered by the way that Capitol Records sliced up its UK recordings for America. So *Beatles '75* is as much a celebration of their longevity as it is a poke at their US label, which in 1964 had chopped five songs from *Beatles for Sale* and added the single "I Feel Fine" b/w "She's a Woman" to create something called *Beatles '65*. The group re-creates the cover shot of them sitting under umbrellas.

The song distribution on *Beatles '75* is reminiscent of the mid-1960s: seven for McCartney, five for Lennon, and two for Harrison. As usual, Paul comes up with several infectious rockers ("Junior's Farm," "Rock Show"). But he also contributes the uncharacteristically biting "Letting Go," which, with its gnarly paint-peeling guitars, sounds like a cousin of Lennon's harrowing song about addiction, "Cold Turkey." And the ragtime "You Gave Me the Answer," written for his father, James, is clearly related to the White Album's "Honey Pie."

As for John's songs, they continue in the deeply personal and confessional vein, reflecting the ongoing torment of his year-plus separation from Yoko, spent marooned in Los Angeles. In the raw, autobiographical "Steel and Glass," its string arrangement borrowed from the equally acidic "How Do You Sleep?," he unsparingly eviscerates himself:

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(Above): Paul ponders what to do next. I know! A tour!

(Below): It wasn't Yoko who broke up the Beatles, it was Sean!



BEATLES '75

Continued from page 16

“There you stand with your L.A. tan ...”

“You were separated from your mom when you were small...”

“How does it feel to be off the wall?”

On the funky “What You Got,” John shrieks, “You don’t know what you’ve got until you lose it ... So baby, baby, baby, give me one more chance! ... It’s such a drag to face another day.”

Lennon had become increasingly self-conscious about the fact that none of his songs had reached number one in the five years since 1969’s “Come Together.” For the barreling “Whatever Gets You Thru the Night,” he asks his friend Elton John—probably the biggest solo artist in rock & roll the past few years—to play piano and sing on it, putting him in the select company of Eric Clapton and Billy Preston as the few outsiders to appear on a Beatles recording session.

Released in advance of the album, in late 1974, the song tops the charts, obligating Lennon to make good on his promise to join Elton on stage for a few numbers at his Madison Square Garden concert. Yoko attends the show, and that’s where the couple’s rapprochement begins.

By the time *Beatles '75* is released in January, John is back living at the Dakota with Yoko, and within weeks, she is pregnant, at the age of forty-two.

Which, unexpectedly, would spell the end of the Beatles.

And in the End ...

After their tumultuous 1966 world tour, the Beatles had sworn off live

Take that,
Tricky Dick!



performances, weary of the incessant madness that surrounded them wherever they went and held them hostage in hotel rooms. But it didn’t take long for Paul to try convincing the others to tour again, which he believed would give them all a shot of adrenaline after having spent 1967 and 1968 in the recording studio. His suggestion was dismissed without discussion, although he did manage to coax the group into the famous January 30, 1969, rooftop performance for the album and accompanying film *Let It Be*.

By mid-1975, though, the idea of a full-scale tour is actually under consideration. By then, the Beatles realize that rock concerts have changed since their last appearance on August 29, 1966, in San Francisco. Rather than drown out the music with deafening prepubescent screams, audiences now actually *listened*. George and Ringo experienced this at the 1971 Bangladesh concerts and were thrilled to finally be *heard*, while John felt energized by his onstage appearance with Elton John.

As usual, McCartney is the most enthusiastic of the four, especially

after he stands backstage at concerts by Led Zeppelin in the spring, and the year’s biggest tour, the Rolling Stones’ tri-yearly trek around the world.

“C’mon!” he urges John, George, and Ringo. “Let’s get out there and show ‘em who’s *really* the World’s Greatest Rock & Roll Band!”—a mild dig at Mick, Keith, and company. For once, this is not met with cries of “You’re daft!” (John) and “Never! Never! Hare Krishna!” (George).

In fact, by the fall, the Beatles begin seriously investigating the possibility of a summer ’76 tour, timed both to mark ten years since they last stood onstage together, as well as to coincide with the US bicentennial.

But then Yoko broke up the band.

Beautiful Boy

Not really. On October 9, 1975, John’s thirty-fifth birthday, she gives birth to the couple’s only child, Sean. Just two days earlier, the Lennons had received the joyous news that with the disgraced Richard Nixon out of the White House, the US government had decided to drop its case against John, meaning that he would soon receive his green card and could become an American citizen by 1981.

The two events leave John emotionally spent. In December, he calls for a meeting at the Dakota.

“I’m done being a Beatle,” he tells the others while cradling Sean. “At least for now.”

“You know, me own father left me when I was little, and I basically did the same thing to poor Julian. And I’m not gonna do that to Sean here,” he explains, nodding at the infant sleeping in his lap.

The others, while disappointed,
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It's Our Annual Romance Issue

Read About Five Couples Whose Love Is the Stuff of Romance Novels!

Lori Small ('73) + Seth Cohan ('73)

Gail Murphy ('71) + Gail Croskey

Manon Fielding ('72) + Ken Cohn

David Kass ('69) + Esta MillmanKass

Eileen Feirman ('70) + Bruce Fraser

I can't remember what I did last week, but I can tell you the exact date that Seth and I went on our first date: June 12, 1971. We were in tenth grade, and he came over to my house on Schoharie Court in Princeton Park to study for the English final in Ms. Estelle Stern's class.

I met Seth through one of my friends, Carol Jupiter. He had just moved into the Jericho School District; he lived on Wheatley Road in Old Westbury, right across from Robin Hood Day Camp. In fact, his mother still lives there. If they'd moved just a short distance down Wheatley Road, he would have been in the Wheatley School District, and we might never have met.

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"This is us in June 1973, on our way to our senior prom. Our class had the distinction of holding its prom in the cafeteria. This picture was taken in my parents' living room. Afterward, we and a few couples went to a comedy club and then to Jones Beach to watch the sunrise."



Lori + Seth

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Anyway, Carol knew Seth through a mutual friend at sleepaway camp. My first memory of Seth was seeing this handsome boy hobbling on crutches, due to a broken ankle, down the main hallway at Jericho High School; the one near the front door where the buses dropped off everyone. He was wearing a T-shirt and jeans and had a knapsack on his back.

Seth first noticed me at an away basketball game between Jericho and Plainedge. He was sitting next to Lester Scheinfeld and asked him who that girl was.

“Oh, that’s Lori Small,” Lester told him. “She’s ... okay.”

Seth felt differently, thank goodness. We began going out together and had been a couple for two years by the time of graduation in June 1973.

We went to separate schools. Seth was studying business at George Washington University in Washington, DC, while I went to Syracuse University. I started off in the liberal arts program there but graduated from the University of Maryland with a degree in psychology. That was a pretty long distance in the days before Facebook and Skype and so on. But it soon got a lot shorter, because I hated Syracuse! I just couldn’t take the weather, with all the snow. Even when it wasn’t snowing out, it was always gray and overcast.

Seth visited me there a couple of times. Once, in April, he flew up from Washington, and all he had to wear were shorts and a sweatshirt. Well, Syracuse had a major snowstorm that weekend. “What kind of a place is this?” he asked while shivering. It really does get to you after a while. At least it did to me.



“Seth first noticed me at an away basketball game between Jericho and Plainedge. He was sitting next to Lester Scheinfeld and asked him who that girl was. ‘Oh, that’s Lori Small,’ Lester told him. ‘She’s ... okay.’ Seth felt differently, thank goodness.” And here they are, forty-one years later.

I checked out the University of Maryland. Lisa Stewart from my grade was going there, and she kindly showed me around and let me stay overnight at this really nice apartment where she lived. I just bumped into Lisa recently, and I reminded her about that, and how nice she was to do that for me. After my sophomore year, I transferred to Maryland with a friend of mine, who became my roommate. I suppose that another attraction of the school for me was that it put me just a half hour away from Seth.

Relationship Status Report, 1974

Seth and I were on and off during our college years. We’d see each other whenever we were home for holidays, and also sometimes on weekends, either in DC or in College Park, Maryland.

Looking back, it was very smart of us not to put parameters on being together all the time. We let each other breathe. That’s probably why we’re still together to this day. At that young age, you have to experience being with other people to make sure that you’re with the right person.

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Lori + Seth

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Both of us graduated in May 1977. My graduation present from my parents was two months in Europe. I went with another one of my closest friends from Jericho, Hope Weinrod. We spent eight weeks there and had a wonderful time. Then Hope went off to graduate school, and I went home to Jericho. Seth began his career at William Esty, an advertising agency, in Manhattan and commuted daily with Beth Stewart ('73) for almost two years.

One day he and I were in the kitchen at my parents' house, and my mother said bluntly, "You know, the two of you have been dating on and off for seven years now. What are you waiting for?"

Maybe it had an effect. We finally got engaged, around Mother's Day 1978 and married just four months later, on September 9, at the Pine Hollow Country Club in East Norwich. Obviously, there wasn't any need for a long engagement, since we knew each other so well.

After a ten-day honeymoon in Spain, we came home to our new lives together. We started off in a one-bedroom apartment in Jamaica Estates, Queens, right off of Hillside Avenue. The first and last stop on the F train. The two of us commuted together to Manhattan, where I worked in the garment district.

Cliff Rosen from the class of '72 and his first wife lived in the same building as us. Cliff and his brothers



"I think that in a happy marriage, the two partners find a rhythm that they can dance to together."

and sister also grew up in Princeton Park, and they all went to the same sleepaway camp as me: Camp Natchez in West Copake, New York. I became very close to Cliff's wife, and the four of us spent a lot of time together; for a while we were like *The Honeyymooners*.

In 1982 we moved to the Bay Bridge Condominiums, in Bayside. You know the one right at the foot of the Throgg's Neck Bridge? We loved it there; had a three-bedroom apartment. Seth and I had a great time during those years and did a lot of things together. We certainly took advantage of being so close to the city, with its restaurants and museums and all. You know who else lived in our condo development? Jocelyn Sussman ('73)!

In all, Seth and I were married for six years before we had our first child. It was just us and our golden retriever. We have three daughters — twenty-seven, twenty-three, and twenty — and when I'm with my youngest, some of

her friends' mothers are ten years younger than I am. That's when I start to feel a little old! But then, as you age, you certainly have more patience, more time, and more perspective.

With Hannah's birth in 1992, we decided that we needed more space, so we moved to a four-bedroom home in Dix Hills, Long Island. One of the first people to welcome me to the neighborhood was my former high school gym teacher and tennis coach, Mrs. Karen Schwartz. I'd always been a decent athlete as a teenager, especially in tennis; I was the number two singles player my senior



Vacationing in St. Thomas: (left to right), Hannah, Lori, Danielle, Ali, and Seth.

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Lori + Seth

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year. Mrs. Schwartz was a realtor; I have to say, she looked terrific!

Neither of us commutes to Manhattan anymore. After taking years off to raise our daughters, I went back to work in the human resource department at a cancer testing lab in Plainview. As for Seth, who's an investment advisor, he's run his own company since the late 1980s: LAD Associates. That's *L* for Lori, *A* for Ali, and *D* for Dani. Hannah, of course, hadn't been born yet. He just moved his office to Garden City and created a new company called RCA Capital Group after many years at 375 North Broadway in Jericho. Every so often, I'll drop in on him at the office, and maybe drive through my old neighborhood. A number of the houses have been knocked down and rebuilt. It's very different from when we grew up there.

My parents sold our house (I still remember our old phone number: 433-2857) almost twenty years ago. They lived in North Shore Towers for five years and then moved to Boynton Beach, Florida, along with the rest of Jericho, it seems. They're doing well.

Ali, Dani, and Hannah

Ali, our oldest, just got married in October. She works in sales for WhitePages.com, and her husband, Matthew Altman, is in sports public relations. They live in Manhattan in the same building as our middle daughter, Dani. Ali and Matt are on the eleventh floor, while Dani lives on the eighth floor with her roommate from Indiana University. Dani is an account manager in a digital advertising agency called MediaMind. The two sisters really are the best

of friends. They're like Laverne and Shirley, together all the time. One of the most wonderful things about our new son-in-law is that he loves Dani and Hannah almost as much as he loves his wife.

Hannah is a sophomore at SUNY Binghamton. Like me, she first went to another college, Miami University in Ohio. It's funny: she went there partly to get away from Long Island, to experience something new, but hated it. They call Miami University J. Crew U. There are very few Northeasterners there, and after a few months, she found that all the things she wanted to get away from, she missed terribly. Right now, she's undeclared. Hannah is a fantastic swimmer; for the past three summers, she's been a lifeguard at West Hills Day Camp in Huntington. She'll be there again this summer.

Some of my proudest moments have been when each of our girls got Bat Mitzvahed. I never had been. But about four years ago, I decided to study for my own Bat Mitzvah at our synagogue, Temple Beth Torah in Dix Hills, along with five other adult women. We became very good friends, and we still get together once a month for dinner, which has been very nice. Getting back to Hannah, she and her high school boyfriend have been dating for two and a half years. He goes to college in Michigan. Sound familiar? The two of them recently decided to take a break, so that if they wanted to see other people, they could. In many respects, it's just like Seth and me thirty-five years ago.

Seth and I are very lucky in that not only that we did grow up together but also that it worked, and worked really well. We're truly best friends. We have an empty nest now, with the exception of our black Labrador, and we really enjoy being together. Even if it's just doing the small things together. Like beginning our day with coffee and discussing *life*. I always say that in a happy marriage, the two partners find a rhythm to dance to together.

Ali and Matthew's wedding day, October 22, was incredible. *Incredible*. It was so magical that for me it was like getting married all over again. That's how beautiful it was. In a funny coincidence, I had arranged Ali's bridal shower for last June 12: exactly forty years to do the day since my first date with Seth. I said to her, "Maybe this is meant to be, because June 12 holds such importance in our lives." Our wedding anniversary is September 9, but Seth and I always celebrate each other on June 12.

When we walked into the ballroom at Ali's wedding, the band struck up Frank Sinatra's "The Way You Look Tonight," one of our favorite songs. We were dancing together, and for me, it was very much an out-of-body experience. It was just a perfect moment that will stay etched in my memory forever. Seth and I have been through so many of life's milestones together, but marrying off a daughter is just indescribable. Sometimes we'll pinch each other and just marvel, "Can you believe how much we've been through together?"



On October 22, Ali became Mrs. Ali Cohan Altman.



One of my interests while growing up in Jericho was playing tennis, and it was through tennis that I later met my wife. I'll get to that in a moment.

My family lived on Hedgerow Lane, in East Birchwood. My sister, Phyllis, is from the class of 1971, and my brother, Lawrence, graduated in 1975. Phyllis now lives in

Columbia, Maryland, and Larry is down in St. Petersburg, Florida.

Besides tennis, I ran track and also played the cello in the school orchestra. Mr. Arnold, of course, conducted the orchestra. He was very talented and a pretty incredible guy; we were very lucky to have him. I still like classical music to this day, as does my wife; we have a subscription to a miniseries at the New York Philharmonic and attend concerts every so often.

I went from Jericho to SUNY Albany. My original plan was to go into premed, but I had a rude awakening in my freshman year, when I took chemistry and calculus and realized that this just wasn't for me. In addition, this was 1969, the height of the Vietnam War, and a lot of students were applying to medical schools then; you didn't really stand much chance of getting in if your undergrad grades were below an A-minus. So I saw the handwriting on the wall and realized pretty early on, fortunately, that I'd better go into a different career.

I could have done what some of my good friends were doing, which was to major in history or English, both of which I loved, and then apply to law schools. But my father, who passed away in 2004, was an accountant, as was my uncle. It seemed like something I could do. I took one accounting course while still a freshman, and I thought, *This isn't bad; it's pretty logical. I can do this.* And I wound up getting a degree in accounting. I landed a job before I even left Albany, with Touche Ross, the Big Four accountancy firm. At the time—this was 1973—Touche Ross used to send recruiters to campus, and if they liked you, they had you come in for a more extensive interview in New York City, which is what happened. So I went down to their New York office during a school break and had an interview there.

I spent one year at Touche Ross and another at Reich Weiner and Company, while living in Jackson Heights, Queens, with two roommates. One was my buddy from Jericho, Danny Weaderhorn, also from the class of '69, and the other was a fraternity brother of mine from Albany who also worked in Manhattan. That setup lasted a year. We were sort of like the Odd Couple, only with two Oscars and one Felix. I was Felix. We'd



originally planned to share all food, but their idea of “food” was popcorn, potato chips, and beer—not just on Sundays, but all the time. We wound up fending for ourselves.

By the summer of 1976, I was staying with my parents (they kept the house until 2002 or so; my mother now lives in an independent-living community near my sister, in Silver Springs, Maryland) and working in my father's and uncle's accounting firm. So that was my situation when I decided to attend a tennis party at the Woodbury Racquet Club.

“Oh, This Will Never Work!”

Every Friday night, they held a singles tennis party, where for about \$25 you had a deli dinner and two hours of court time. So even if you didn't meet anybody, you'd get

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David + Esta

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a nice, athletic evening out of it. My opponent in one doubles match was Esta, who is one year and one day younger than me. She'd just come back from attending a tennis camp, so she played extremely well that night. Plus, she had a wonderful partner, so I remember that my partner and I didn't get too many games off them.

The two of us started talking, and I found out that she was an accounting major, and, like me, was studying for the CPA exam. *Oh*, I thought, *this will never work!* Esta thought the exact same thing, it turns out. But I decided to ask her out anyway.

For our first date, we went peach picking in Wildwood State Park, out on the Island. We brought a picnic lunch, and—it's funny the things that you remember—Esta brought leftover lobster.

She'd gone to Goucher College in Baltimore, originally as a language major. But she later earned a masters in accounting at C. W. Post. As I said, we were both preparing for the CPA exam. Esta had the foresight to sit for all three parts (problems, theory, and law) at once, whereas I took theory and law together, figuring that I'd be able to spend more time studying for them. The problem was, you had to pass both of them at the same time. One time I passed law and failed theory, and another time I passed theory and failed law. The third time, I finally put it all together. Esta, though, passed all three at once. However, she was using some of *my* notes!

According to my wife, within just three weeks of dating, she knew that I was someone she'd wanted to marry. Now, she didn't tell me this then, of course. Women always seem to know so fast; it takes the guys a



Sean, David, Joshua, and Esta Kass. The whole family enjoys hiking.

lot longer, including me. At one point, I felt that things were moving along a bit too quickly. *Maybe I ought to see if this is really right*, I thought. So I actually asked Esta if she would mind if I saw some other girls, just to be sure. We laugh about this today, but back then, she wasn't laughing. She said yes, but it was a very unenthusiastic yes, which I picked up on right away. I realized that if I did go out with other people, I would lose her. And I also realized that wasn't such a good idea.

I like to say that Esta kind of pushed into proposing. I did, and we got married in November 1977 at the Temple Judea in Manhasset.

All in the Family

Esta's father is an accountant, too, and a cousin of hers also worked for the firm. So between her family and mine, we had six accountants. It made for some interesting family get-

togethers. My father and uncle always believed that you should have an office—theirs was in Manhattan, on East 42 Street, around Third Avenue—whereas my father-in-law always felt that you should have your office in your home, so that you could work whenever you wanted. So there was a difference of opinion on that score.

I came to practice more like my father-in-law, whose firm I joined. Now, both he and my uncle were attorneys in addition to being CPAs, and they encouraged me to go to law school. "It's a terrific combination," they said. In 1978 I began a four-year night school program at St. John's University. It was a hectic time, although I was lucky in that my firm did its best to accommodate me by letting me take off for exams. I passed the bar in 1983.

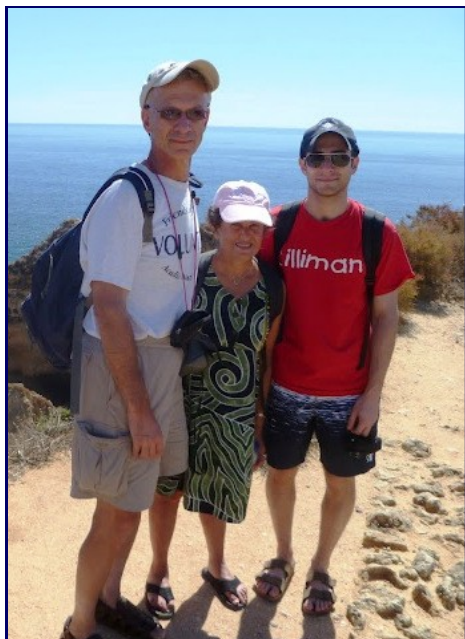
Esta, too, was working full-time with her father. Then, around 1992,

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David + Esta

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we decided to form our own company, Kass and Kass. Sometimes people will hear that we work together and say, “I could never work alongside my spouse!” But all in all,



David, Esta, and Sean in Portugal last fall. (“Joshua missed that trip.”)

I’d say that working together has actually brought us closer. First of all, we have our own areas of expertise.

For instance, Esta is very experienced in handling market research firms and medical firms, while I do the accounting for restaurants and bakeries and other small businesses.

Nowadays, I find myself also doing more law than I used to do. I’m managing attorney in New York State for the law office of Victor W. Luke, which specializes in personal bankruptcy and debt negotiation. I make appearances in court for them on some of the bankruptcy clients. I just sort of troubleshoot within the state, so that if something goes wrong, I’m the backstop. I’ve also been doing

some writing for professional journals such as the *Nassau Bar Association Journal* and *Nassau Lawyer*.

Like any two people working together, sometimes my wife and I have differences of opinion about how certain things should be handled. If it’s Esta’s client, she does things her way, and if it’s my client, I



And David and Esta in Mexico in January.

decide what to do. One thing we’ve always agreed upon, however, is to operate the business out of our home in Roslyn, which is where Esta went to high school. At one point, we kept a small office, but after a while I found that people would call at off-hours, and you’d have to say, “Oops, left your file in the office; I’ll have to get back to you tomorrow.” It made no sense to maintain an office.

One thing about working at home, though, is that you could conceivably work all the time. You have to make up your mind, basically, that come dinner time—around six thirty or seven o’clock—the workday is over, unless there’s some deadline that you absolutely have to meet. We especially appreciated being able to

work from home when our sons were growing up. There was always somebody here when they came home from school. Sean, our oldest, is twenty-nine; Joshua is twenty-six. They’re both attorneys, and they work for the same law firm, Debevoise & Plimpton, in the city. Sean went to Yale University and Harvard Law School, while Joshua attended Haverford College and NYU Law School.

Right now the older one is doing intellectual property law, and the younger one is doing more corporate law. The two brothers live together on East Ninety-fifth Street.

Take a Hike

Our first date was outdoors, and Esta and I have always loved nature. We go hiking whenever we can. We have a timeshare in Maine, by Acadia National Park, our favorite place.

On Long Island, it’s a little harder to find places for hiking. The greenbelt trail that goes through Bethpage State Park, from the Northern State Parkway all the down to Sunrise Highway is ... nice. But it’s not exactly Acadia, with glacier-cut lakes. I think it’s twelve miles round trip. There is also a beautiful stretch of beach at Orient Point, on the North Fork, with a bike path. In addition to hiking, we like to travel abroad: we went to Portugal in September, Cancun in January, and in May we’re going to Malta.

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I met my husband, Bruce, forty years ago, during the second half of my sophomore year at SUNY Geneseo. There I received a degree in early childhood and elementary education. I really loved my college years, but, being in the midst of New York's snow belt, the weather could get pretty nasty in wintertime. The campus overlooks the Genesee Valley, so strong winds and snow would blow across the valley and throughout the campus. Sometimes you had to walk to class facing backward. If you didn't, you could hardly catch your breath. Geneseo winters were also much too long, and it always seemed like spring would take forever to get there.

I made some really good friends in college, and I'm still friends with a few of them today. Geneseo was a typically small upstate New York town, so there wasn't a

whole lot to do there. Uptown had a few bars, several restaurants, a movie theater, and that was about it. One night in January 1972, a few of my girlfriends and I went up to the Palace Theater to see *The Summer of '42*, starring Jennifer O'Neill. Remember her? Afterward we went to one of the local bars for a few drinks. There we met some Triangle fraternity guys from Rochester Institute of Technology, located about thirty miles north of Geneseo.

No, Bruce wasn't one of them. We all struck up a conversation, and I actually started going out with one of them. He invited me to a party at their frat house, and *that's* when I met Bruce Edmond Fraser, a mechanical engineering student and a reservist in the Air Force National Guard. He grew up on a dairy farm in a small town called Sandy Creek, about an hour north of Syracuse, not far from Lake Ontario. Bruce, who is five years older than me, was a senior at RIT when we met.

For our first date, he picked me up in his black 1969 Pontiac LeMans, which he called "the Hummer." No sooner did we leave my dorm, get to the top of the hill, and were about to turn left onto Main Street, than I noticed flashing lights behind us.

"You're not going to believe this," I said, "but I think a policeman wants us to stop."

Sure enough, we got pulled over. Bruce, apparently, didn't come to a full stop at the stop sign and hadn't yielded the right of way. We had traveled, maybe, all of five hundred feet. I thought to myself, *Hmm, this date is off to a good start.* Fortunately, my date was just given a warning instead of a ticket, and we made it to a steakhouse restaurant without further incident. And although it was a Saturday night, strangely, no one else was there. Bruce joked that he had reserved the whole place just for us.

We continued to date through May, when Bruce graduated from RIT. He began working as an engineer at the Newport News Ship Building and Dry Dock Company

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The bride and groom in October 1979, at the recently opened Milleridge Cottage.

Eileen + Bruce

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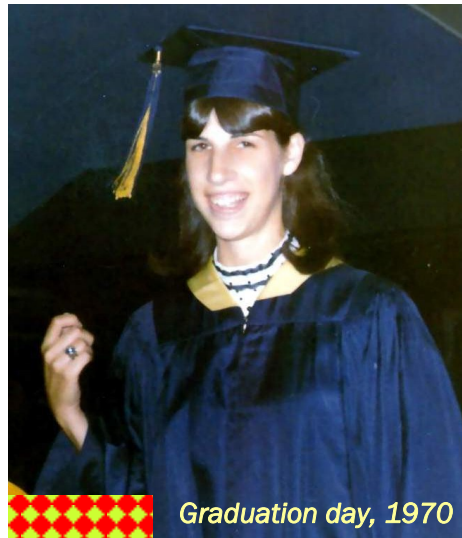
in Newport News, Virginia, so we spent the next two years in a long-distance relationship. It was difficult. *Really* difficult. I remember the two of us having these long, long phone conversations once or twice a week. Bruce visited me at college as much as he could, and when I graduated in 1974, he attended the ceremony, along with my parents. I have my grandmother to thank for that. She graciously offered her ticket to him.

Graduating College Just in Time for the Recession

The midseventies were a really tough time for people seeking teaching positions, and not just in New York State. After sending out well over one hundred resumes while still at school, I was getting nothing but rejection letters from those schools that bothered to reply to my application. Hardly anyone was hiring. After graduating, I came home to our house on Yates Lane, in West Birchwood. I was also looking for a teaching position in Virginia, in order to be closer to Bruce, but it was the same story there.

I became very frustrated and wanted to do something—*anything*. I even applied for factory jobs, but I always heard the same story: “You’re overqualified. Why would you want to work *here*?” I remember being interviewed by this man at a small factory in Hicksville. “My daughter is in the same position as you,” he said sympathetically, “but I wouldn’t let her work here, either.” The reason, of course: she was overqualified.

One day, while perusing the Help Wanted section of the *New York Times*, I came across a tiny, tiny ad that read, “People wanted for clerks at the CIA in Langley, Vir-



Graduation day, 1970

“That weekend, in 1979, everything clicked, and I realized that I was finally ready to ‘settle down,’ and Bruce was the one I wanted to spend the rest of my life with.”

ginia.” I thought to myself, *Well, I want to get to Virginia; maybe this is a way!*

I applied and got a job, although the process took many months. I finally entered on duty in March 1975. It turned out that, at least in my case, the position wasn’t for a clerk-typist but for someone to work in the Office of Security, scheduling appointments for people who needed special clearances. The position entailed dealing with people from all the different government agencies, including the White House, as well as the military. I met so many new and interesting people every day, and I considered myself very lucky to be working in such a “cool” office.

I have to say that working at the Central Intelligence Agency changed my perspective somewhat. I’ve always considered myself to be a politically aware liberal (with progressive tendencies). At Jericho, I belonged to SAM—the Student Action Move-ment—and I’ve volunteered in a vari-

ous political campaigns and social projects over the years. My family, (my parents and my older brother, Jack, the class of 1964 valedictorian) while at the dinner table every night, would usually talk politics and discuss current events happening around the world. I believe, generally speaking, in government transparency and making the truth known, but as a result of my employment at the CIA, I can tell you that there were some instances where it was probably better for the country *not* to know certain sensitive information.

Working for “the Agency” brought Bruce and I closer distance-wise but not all that much closer emotionally. Langley, located just outside Washington, DC, is a good two hundred miles north of Newport News, and Bruce did visit me a few times. By then, he was twenty-eight and ready to get married and start a family. I was just twenty-three and not ready for those things yet. We were at different stages in our lives. I was always determined to establish a career and live on my own after college, and now I was finally getting that opportunity. Our relationship cooled, and we seemed to be going in different directions. Eventually, in late 1976, we broke up.

Soon after that, I decided to apply for the special agent’s training program within the Office of Security. After all, I was a college graduate, and I wanted to enter the professional field. Unfortunately, I didn’t make it into the program, but my bosses encouraged me not to give up and to reapply for the next class. Up until then, the CIA had never accepted women into this program. I decided to reapply the next time the class was offered. This time, I made it, along with two other women. That class was made up of three women and about ten men. Not bad odds! One of the women, still a friend of

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Eileen + Bruce

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mine, went on to become the SAC, or special agent in charge, at one of the country's major field offices. .

After going through months of training, I was given my first assignment, and the rest is history. I was enjoying my new career, and it was keeping me quite busy. I'd dated around some and then started going out steadily with a guy I met through my previous job. The relationship lasted quite a while, but it too came to an end.

"I Had a Very Strange Feeling Come Over Me"

One Sunday afternoon, my parents were leaving for home after having spent the weekend visiting me in Arlington, Virginia. I walked them out to the parking lot of my apartment complex and waved good-bye as they drove away. Then I headed back up to my apartment. I don't know how to explain it, but I had a very strange feeling come over me—as if something were going to happen, but I didn't know what. I had never experienced anything like that before. I guess you could call it a kind of foreboding. Just a few hours later, the phone rang, and it was Bruce on the other end of the line.

He wanted to come see me. At first I said no. After all, it had been three years since we had broken up, and I was dating someone else, although casually. Anyway, we started writing each other, and a few months later, I invited him for the weekend. We did the usual DC sight-seeing thing, and we both had a pleasant time. When I was driving him back to the airport, we were talking, and he asked, "Well, where do you want this to go? Do you want to start seeing me again?"

I didn't know what to say. Finally, I replied, "Let's just see what happens." But as I was driving home, I started to cry. I thought, *I don't know what to do!* I just couldn't stop crying the whole way home. Then I decided that I must have been crying for a reason. One thing I *did* know was that I missed Bruce while we were apart. A month or

two later, I went to visit him at his home, in Knoxville, where he'd taken an engineering position with the Tennessee Valley Authority. That weekend, everything clicked, and I realized that I was finally ready to "settle down," and Bruce was the one I wanted to spend the rest of my life with. To cut to the chase, Bruce proposed in May 1979, and we decided to get married that October. My only request was that our wedding day be on an even-numbered day. I know, call me a little crazy!

My mother was a little stunned by the news. That

didn't give her much time to plan the wedding. Since I still lived and worked in Virginia, most of the legwork was going to fall to her. I explained that Bruce really wanted to get married that fall. "So, Mom, you're going to have to try to make it happen." And she did. The wedding was one of the first to be held at the newly opened Milleridge Cottage, in Jericho, and turned out to be a very lovely affair, if I do say so myself! It was great to get married in the town where I grew up.

Bruce had offered to quit his job at TVA and move up to the DC area, but I decided that I would leave the CIA and join him in Knoxville. Soon after that, it was discovered that I had a tumor on my pituitary gland. It was secreting a hormone, preventing me from getting pregnant. It was successfully removed at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota. As a result of that opera-

tion, our son, Keith, was conceived exactly one month after I underwent the surgery. Our "miracle baby" was born in July 1983. Two years later we moved to Orlando, Florida, because Bruce had gotten a job offer from Martin Marietta (now Lockheed Martin Corporation, a major defense and aerospace contractor) that he just couldn't refuse.

Our daughter, Kate, was born in January 1986. When the kids were little, I worked as a stay-at-home mom, doing some volunteer work on the side. Once Kate entered first grade, I at long last made use of the teaching degree I'd earned almost twenty years before. I became a substitute teacher and taught for seventeen years in the Orange County Public School System here in

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Keith, twenty-eight, and Kate, twenty-six, at Reading Terminal Market.

Eileen + Bruce

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Orlando. Subbing was really the ideal job for me while our kids were growing up. I enjoyed it very much.

Now Kate is all grown up and currently in South Korea, teaching English at a private academy. When she first told Bruce and me about this position, frankly, we were dumbfounded. Almost instantly, we realized the real reason for all those Korean language classes she was taking at the Korean embassy in DC. Whenever I'd ask her why she was learning Korean, she would insist it was just for fun . . . *Not!*

Kate left for Korea last September and will be there for an entire year, with no time to fly home in the interim. Prior to this, she'd taught children in various villages in Thailand for three months. While there, she earned a certification in teaching English in foreign countries. She's also taught English to Japanese students at Harvard and Stanford Universities for two summers while she worked at People to People International. Kate loves to travel, and this kind of work really appeals to her.

Keith is a graphic designer who lives and works in Philadelphia. He's employed at a design firm called the Bressler Group. A few months ago, he proposed to his long-time girlfriend, Tracy, when they were vacationing in the Highlands of Scotland. They'd originally planned to get married this coming September, but now setting a date has been put on hold because

Tracy, an oncologist, is finishing her residency this June and is busy interviewing for jobs in several different states. Working long hours at a hospital, searching for a new job, and just not knowing where you'll end up living all make it difficult to plan anything, let alone, a wedding. Bruce and I are so very happy to welcome this wonderful young woman into our family. We love, and are very proud of, all three.

"Life is What Happens to You While You're Busy Making Other Plans"
—**"Beautiful Boy (Darling Boy),"**
John Lennon

Bruce and I had talked about possibly moving up to Delaware sometime after his retirement, but our circumstances have recently changed, making us think twice about a move.

My husband took early retirement from Lockheed Martin in August 2010. Over the next few months, I noticed certain changes in his mental state, particularly his memory and his ability to perform certain tasks. Last summer, he was tested thoroughly during three visits to the Mayo Clinic in Jacksonville,

Florida, and was diagnosed with mild to moderate early dementia, probably Alzheimer's type. So, as I said, things have changed, and we will probably stay here in Orlando, taking it one day at a time.

Also, my father lives down here now. He and my mother had moved to Orlando in January 2006, but my mother passed away just five months later. Dad then went back to an assisted-living facility on Long Island, not too far from where my brother and his wife live. But, of course, it's so much more expensive to live up there. So my brother and I moved Dad down here once again. He resides in a very nice assisted-living facility just a few minutes away from us. He just turned ninety-five in January, and aside from having some dementia and the typical aches and pains for a man of his age, he's doing quite well.

So that's our story so far. Maybe the beginning doesn't sound all that romantic to you, but we kind of think it was and continues to be. Bruce and I complement each other well. I can be kind of nutsy and act like a silly thirteen-year-old at times, and Bruce is okay with that. He is the more mature one in this marriage and rarely acts nutsy! We both have good senses of humor and make each other laugh a lot. Bruce is a good joke teller and an amazing storyteller. He's also quite intelligent, generous, and considerate. He would do anything for me, and I would do anything for him. He truly is the love of my life.

And with that, here's wishing everyone a happy Valentine's Day!



From left to right: Tess, a Westie, Kate, Eileen, Keith, and Bruce.

The Jericho High School Class Couples Hall of Fame*

All This Reunionizing Over the Past
Ten Years Has Led to Two
Intra-JHS Marriages!



Stephen Spiers ('72) and Patty Ryon Spiers ('72)



As good karma would have it, Stephen and I both lived in Florida when we got in touch with each other over ten years ago. This was quite amazing, since the last time we had seen each other was on Long Island, in the mid-1970s.

We both love Florida living. For example, today was January 22, and Stephen and I were outside in T-shirts and shorts. Steve was working on his newly crafted eight-foot workbench in the garage, while I was out back transplanting onions, parsley, dill, and chamomile.

In 2005 we went house hunting and ended up having a small house built to our design, in New Port Richey. We moved into it more than five years ago. We gradually transformed the backyard into seven garden beds. Luckily for us, in Florida, we have two growing seasons. We grow most of our veggies and herbs. Suffice it to say, this has become more than a hobby. We are serious gardeners; however, it is lots of fun, lots of exercise, and very rewarding. We have a freezer full of vegetables, and we have dried herbs in the pantry.

Our collective families (my three sons and Steve's two daughters) have expanded. We now have four grandsons, two granddaughters, and another baby boy due in March. Included in that bunch are four-year-old identical twin boys who look just like their grandpa!

Stephen and I love our life together. It is a wonderful feeling to share your life with your best friend, and an old comfortable friend, at that. We sort of picked up where we left off so long ago. We have had some challenges, but we make a good team, so the challenges are easier to handle. February 22 will be our ninth wedding anniversary!

▲ Patty with granddaughter Ashlyn, whose parents are son Rob and his wife, Stacy.

◀ My Three Sons. "I am not short, they are just tall: six-nine, six-seven, and six-five."

◀ Cuteness alert! Pierce, Beck, and Kennedy, Steve's daughters' children.

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* Sorry, Pete Rose, you can't get into *this* Hall of Fame either.

*Class Couples
Hall of Fame*

Beverly and Steven both grew up in East Birchwood but really didn't know each other in high school.

That all changed on July 16, 2004, when Steven came to Frank's Steaks in Jericho for the Friday night preparty to the class of '72's Communal Fiftieth Birthday Party at Steve's Pier 1 in Bayville. He and Beverly were deep in conversation, which they expected to continue the next day at the main event. But Steven was coming down with a bad cold and was unable to make it.

The two of them might have been the proverbial ships that pass in the night had Steven not emailed Beverly a few weeks later. They began dating, fell in love, and got married in 2006. The next year, Steven, who has two grown sons from his first marriage, and Beverly adopted two newborns, Kai and Zennie.

The couple live in Manhattan, and, says Bev, are already in the process of picking out schools for their four-year-olds.



Beverly Weissman ('72) and Steven Marksohn ('71)



That's son Zen in the blue shirt and tie, and daughter Kai in the pink top, with Steven and Beverly. "I think I am the happiest person alive," she says. Sure looks like it!

David + Esta

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"The two of us started talking, and I found out that she was an accounting major, and, like me, was studying for the CPA exam. 'Oh,' I thought, 'this will never work!'"

Last year, I turned sixty, and Esta turns sixty this year. I have to admit, it was sort of a big deal. But the way I see it, so long as you have your health, it's your state of mind more than anything else that determines how old you feel. In November my wife and I will be celebrating our thirty-fifth anniversary. That's a long time.

We did go through one difficult period some years ago. Esta started to develop these very severe migraine headaches and would become very short tempered. I didn't understand how bad the pain was and took it personally.

For a time, I thought our marriage might be on the rocks. I even began corresponding with some other ladies, which Esta found out about. That actually turned out to be a good thing, because it forced us to discuss the situation and give each other another chance.

We went on from there, and here we are! ▣



I grew up in White Birch. From about tenth grade on, I wanted to be a police officer, because I thought that would be interesting work. Every day is different, you get to be outside. And I had a good head for analyzing evidence. At first I considered becoming a forensic scientist, but then I took eleventh-grade chemistry with Dr. Barbara Krahm, which killed any ambition I had in that area. I did okay, but I knew I wouldn't be able to master college-level chemistry.

From Jericho, I attended Nassau Community College, which was a great place for someone wanting to become a cop, because that was where all the policemen went to school. By the way, did you know that back in 1971, men were not required to have an associate's degree in order to join the force, but women were? It's true. A woman I met at NCC sued the Nassau County Police Department to make the requirements equal. Which they finally did—except that then they added another provision that discriminated against women: suddenly, all officers had to be five foot nine. The few women that did become police were usually what we called "Officer Friendlys": they didn't have any real duties except for becoming jail

matrons through the Sheriff's Office, or they lectured in schools and stuff. I wanted to do real police work.

Although I was not five nine, I was athletic. In Jericho, I played on every girls team there was: field hockey, basketball, volleyball, and softball. I was one of Mrs. Schwartz's "Leaders" in gym class. It was like the Blue Key Club of phys ed. We wore these little wind-breaker jackets, and we'd assist Mrs. Schwartz by getting out the balls and other equipment and so on. Janet Rhoads from my class was one; so were Karen Fisher and Hally Laddy from the class of '70.

I decided that the best way for me to become a policewoman would be to earn a bachelor's degree. If the police department frowned on adding women, I was going to make myself the best candidate possible. And it seemed to me that four years of college was better than the required two years.

My parents were not very—what's the best way to say this?—supportive about me going to college, period. They thought that I was just going get married anyway and waste all that education. That attitude wasn't exactly uncommon then. So I won a PTA scholarship to pay for Nassau Community College and put myself through the rest. There were only about five or six schools in the country offering degrees in criminal justice. I got accepted to Washington State University and Central Missouri State University. Out-of-state tuitions were very high then. I went with CMS, located in Warrensburg, Missouri, because it was cheaper; I also got free books, and you know expensive college textbooks can be.

Going from Jericho to the Midwest was a tremendous adjustment. As soon as I opened my mouth, people would say, "You must be from New York!" They called me the rabble rouser from the East because I questioned everything. In the women's dorm, where I lived, they actually locked the doors at eleven at night. Not the men's dorms, only the women's. And they had all these rules about when you could wear your bathrobe and pajamas—and even when you were allowed to wear your here up in curlers, not that I ever did. Even for 1973, this was pretty bizarre. I remember reading these rules in the college rulebook they'd sent me, and thinking, *There's no way they're serious about all this.* They were *quite* serious! I asked the administration why they had

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Gail (l.) with her partner of fifteen years, Gail Croskey, at Long Island's Tobay Beach the day after the 2007 "Reunion in 3-D."

Gail + Gail

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these sorts of rules. They didn't particularly like being asked that question, and their answer wasn't much of an answer: "because it's always been that way!"



"This is the longest relationship I've ever had, and I have to tell you that it took me a really long time to completely trust somebody about everything that I feared, and that scared me. But now that I've done it, Gail was the one to do that with, and I'm happy that she's still with me."

Missouri State Highway Patrol Officer Murphy

My ultimate goal was to return to Long Island after I graduated and become a Nassau County cop. But no one in the tristate area was hiring. Fortunately, the Missouri State Highway Patrol had nine openings, and I got hired—out of a field of one thousand—as only the third woman in the history of the force. They weren't used to women officers, or black officers, for that matter. (One black trooper, frustrated by never getting promoted, filed a lawsuit and won, and that's the only reason that there is a black person above the rank of sergeant even today.)

Of the two women before me, one had quit, and the other had married a fellow trooper and quit. No one thought I was going to last, either, and they didn't especially want me to. The troopers' wives in particular. They were upset about the idea of me being on patrol with their husbands. They thought it would create too much of a temptation for the men. As if their husbands never encountered women any other place!

If they'd known I was a lesbian, they probably wouldn't have raised a fuss. But, then, I didn't know that I was gay. I still thought I was straight. When, during the background investigation, they asked my friends if I had the "normal" feelings and drives that women were supposed to have, they all said yes. I was dating a man at the time, probably to convince myself that I was straight. The poor guy ... the background investigator really put him through the mill.

Warrensburg was about fifty miles from Kansas City. The "big city." Since I was from New York, they based me out of Lee's Summit, which is a suburb of KC. A lot of the men on the force couldn't adjust to working in the city—they especially didn't like all the traffic lights—so I was assigned to supervise the downtown gas stations that provided state vehicle inspections. I was on the force from 1974 to 1980, during which time I finally realized that I was gay. But I didn't tell anyone. Just being the only woman on the force was difficult enough. I was completely dedicated and gung-ho about being a police offi-

cer, but I was always under scrutiny. If I came in second in production—which is based on paperwork, the number of tickets issued, and so on—they'd want to know how come I wasn't number one. I felt like I always had to fight to keep my job.

So I could see that my career path there was never going to be great. I got close to a couple of the guys, and they would tell me privately that they felt it was unfair how I was being treated, but they weren't prepared to say or do anything, because they all had their own futures to think about.

One major change between the time I started and 1980 was that now officers had to be polygraphed. One of the questions was, "Have you ever felt sexual feelings for a person of the same sex?" Well, there was no way I could pass that. Because if I said no, I'd fail the polygraph and get fired for lying. And if I told the truth, I'd get fired for that, too. Talk about a lose-lose proposition.

At the time, I was pursuing a relationship, and I wanted to take time off to sorts things out. I thought about a maternity leave, although I wasn't pregnant. I asked my superiors if an unmarried female officer became pregnant, was she entitled to take time off to have the baby and then come back to work? No, they said, because that was conduct unbecoming an officer. It seems so bizarre now, thirty-plus years later, but it was a different time.

A Drive to Drive

One of my jobs as a trooper was working at the weigh station, scrutinizing truck and motor coach traffic. It was our duty to make sure that the vehicles' licenses were up to date; all that kind of stuff. I noticed that the bus drivers always seemed so happy. They'd tell me, "Oh, this is best job. I'm making so much money, and I get to go all over the country." That got me interested in driving. One day the vice president of Greyhound came out to the weigh station. He said to me and a fellow trooper to come see him if we never needed a job, "because I can teach anybody how to drive a bus; but the one thing I

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Gail + Gail

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can't teach is customer service." And one thing about the Missouri State Highway Patrol: we were exceptionally polite, even when we were handing out speeding tickets.

So, four years later, I went back to see this man and ask him for a job. Greyhound wasn't hiring, he told me, but its competitor Trailways was. He called Trailways, put in a good word for me, and they hired me.

The things that the bus drivers had told me over the years turned out to be absolutely true. Driving a bus is fun. At last count, I've been to forty-six states. You do something different every day. And mostly you make your own rules; it's like it your ship, you're in charge, no direct supervision, which I like. Also, I got to meet a lot of people. I had most of the American League baseball teams on my bus, and almost all the pro football teams, which was kind of exciting.

The only drawback was that, as a relative newcomer with no seniority, my home terminal in Kansas City could "trade" me to other bases that needed drivers. So I worked out of a home base in St. Louis for a time, I also worked out of a home base in Chicago, I also worked out a home terminal out in Quincy, Illinois, I also worked out of a home terminal in Muskogee, Oklahoma, and I *also* worked out of a home terminal in Denver, Colorado.

I stuck with it for two reasons: one, the pay was so good—more than twice what I'd earned in the Highway Patrol—and I kept being told that this was an unusual situation; the economy was down, bus travel was way down, and Trailways wasn't hiring new employees, but eventually this would end. I would never find out. In 1987 Greyhound bought Trailways.

We were all fired and told that we could have our old jobs back—but at five dollars an hour. No thanks!

I soon found a new job as director of safety for the Kansas Department of Transportation, located in Topeka. It was a very prestigious position, but it paid less than two-thirds of what I had been earning with Trailways. And I was still logging almost as many miles behind the wheel as a bus driver, because I continued to live in Kansas City—seventy-five miles away. Why not just move to Topeka and be done with the long commute? No offense intended, but I just couldn't see myself *living in Topeka!* Kansas City was small-town enough.

"Civil Service! You Should Go Into Civil Service!"

Did your parents ever nag you, "Go into civil service! You'll have a steady job for life!" Well, my parents did. I got hired by the post office in Missouri as a rural carrier. I enjoyed it, but what I really wanted to do was to drive a tractor-trailer. I had a commercial license, and, obviously, I knew how to drive a bus, but I'd never driven a tractor-trailer before. So I contacted a truck drivers' school, took a ten-hour course, passed, and applied for a driving job with the post office.

They would not hire a woman for that job. Why not? They just didn't. I took the necessary test, and I was told that I'd failed.

"Failed? What was my score?"

"We can't tell you that."

"Well, who graded it?"

"We can't tell you that either."

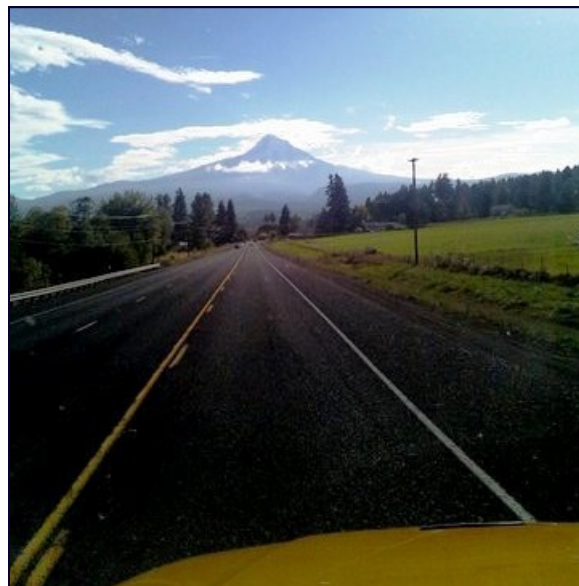
"How can I find out?"

"You can't."

"Who can I write to?"

"Nobody."

I finally had to go to my US senator, whose office actually had a special department for postal workers, because there are so many postal issues. The post office is a *good job*, but it's a *terrible employer*. Eventually the post office relented and let me take the written test again. I got a ninety-one. All I'd need to become a driver was to pass the road test. Except that nobody from the post office would give me the test! Finally, one of the testers heard about my situation and thought that it wasn't fair. To his credit, he secretly gave me the road test when the big bosses weren't around. And I passed.



Here's the view from the window of Gail's mobile "office." That's Mount Hood in the distance.

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Gail + Gail

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Problem solved, right? Not exactly. I was given the job, but I wasn't allowed to actually drive! So I had to file a union grievance, because in the postal workers contract, it clearly states that the post office will do nothing to discourage promotions, and to go from a letter carrier to a driver is considered a promotion.

It took a year, but I won, getting the job as well as the back pay. However, no one wanted to train me. After all the official barriers were gone, they said it was "bad luck" to have a woman in the cab of the truck. It took several more months to find someone on the night shift who wanted to sleep in the passenger seat while I drove the truck and made all his deliveries.

Another problem was that I'd come in with a reputation for being a "troublemaker." I decided to look at possibly leaving the Midwest, because, to tell you the truth, I never felt like I truly fit in. Even though I'd adjusted my accent, I was always viewed as a New Yorker. I still couldn't tell anybody that I was gay, and it was difficult to find other lesbian women. All this undercover stuff just began to get tiring. You know, Midwesterners like to say that they're very friendly, and they are: to people who are exactly like them. But they're not very tolerant of anybody who's a little different, and I'm not just referring to sexual orientation. Since postal work is a federal government job, I could transfer anyway, so long as they had an opening.

In 1992 or so, I took a January vacation to San Francisco. I'd never been there before. The weather was nice, especially compared to the Midwest, where it's often hot and humid, especially in the summer. However, San Francisco is extremely expen-

sive. Also, I took one look at all its hilly roads and imagined myself loading and unloading these eighteen-hundred-pound mail containers. I could just see me rolling down one of those steep hills, like you see in the movies.

A friend of mine lived in Portland, Oregon, so I picked her brain about possibly transferring there. One thing that intrigued me about the city was that it is very gay friendly. So is San Francisco, of course, but more for gay men. That's true also of Seattle. I'd say that Portland is controlled more by gay men than it is by gay women, but that's largely because, as a rule, gay men earn more money. Still, it has a large lesbian population, along with Provincetown, at the tip of Cape Cod, and Northampton, Massachusetts, which is near where my older brother (JHS '67) lives. My sister (JHS '63) lives in a gated community on the Georgia-Florida border.



Since moving to Oregon, Gail (lower r.) has sung with two choirs: first, the Portland Lesbian Choir, and now the Aurora Chorus, made up of both gay and straight women.

In 1995, after more than twenty years in the Midwest, I moved out to Portland and began working at a post office there.

Gail, Meet Gail

Not long after I arrived in Oregon, I met Gail Croskey, my partner for more than fifteen years now. She lived in a little rural town called Dun dee, about twenty miles from Portland. Gail, who'd been married and long since divorced, has three grown children, thirteen grandkids, and two great-grandchildren, and she'd just come out as a lesbian. We were introduced by a mutual friend named Beverly. She thought we'd be perfect for each other, because Gail is very funny, and people seem to find me funny. Plus, we both had the same first name.

But I'd just broken up with someone, and the last thing I was looking for was to jump right into a new relationship—especially since my ex- was still living with me. Gail and I liked each other right away and talked on the phone quite a bit after that. Meanwhile, our friend kept bugging us, "Did you call her? Did you call Gail?" Finally, one night we went out to dinner at a local restaurant called Stanford's. That would have been our first "official" date.

Things turned serious after about six months. We disagree about this, but Gail says it became serious in 1996; I say it was 1997. You know the stereotypical joke about lesbians? On the second date, the U-Haul shows up, and they start living together. Well, it's based somewhat on truth. The first

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Gail + Gail

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night that Gail stayed at my house, she stayed for two weeks. Eventually we got our own place, in the southeastern section of Portland. We lived on the side of Mount Scott, which is an actual dormant volcano. It's not very big, through; about an eight-hundred-foot elevation.

This is the longest relationship I've ever had, and I have to tell you that it took me a really long time to completely trust somebody about everything that I feared, and that scared me. But now that I've done it, Gail was the one to do that with, and I'm happy that she's still with me.

The one constant in our relationship is our sense of humor. We find the same things funny, and no matter what, no matter how bad the situation is, we end up laughing together. We've both been through some terrible and stressful times, both independently and together, and we know that we can always count on each other.

In fact, I was going through a stressful time during the first few years we were together. Despite Portland's reputation as a gay-friendly city, and it is, generally, the environment in the post office was poisonous from day one. The people there were actually more prejudiced against women than the people I'd left behind in Missouri!

At least there, I'd finally gained acceptance. They'd shunned me at first, because I'd won my grievance against the post office for not letting me become a driver; I'd hear comments like "Oh, you're just here to make a point," or "You're just here to break down a barrier." No, I didn't want the job because women weren't being allowed to do it, my goal was the same as with any job I've ever had: to do interesting work at as

The Truth About Oregon Weather

Everyone always talks about how much it rains in Portland, but the truth is that the total amount of rain is the same as in New York. It's just that it rains more often. But I love the climate here, especially since I work outdoors. We have greenery and flowers all year round, and the summers here are absolutely beautiful. We'll have practically no rain over the summer, with temperatures from seventy to eighty-five every day.

high a rate of pay as possible! That's all I've ever wanted. It just so happened that in most cases, the jobs I've wanted had traditionally been held by men.

But after a while, my coworkers started to come around. I'm friendly by nature and love to tell jokes. I've even done some standup comedy here in Portland. Believe me, postal workers, who are comrades in suffering, need a laugh and love a good joke. Especially postal jokes. If you're funny, then everybody's like, "Oh, she's funny!" I had to tell jokes be-

cause I was surrounded by men, and what do men talk about? Mostly sports and sex. Well, I love the Yankees, but you can't talk about that, because outside of New York, everybody *hates* the Yankees! As for sex, I *could* have talked to them about that (maybe even given them a few pointers), but I don't think they would have appreciated my perspective. So I relied a lot on joking around.

At Long Last

I never came out as a lesbian during the three years that I worked at the post office in Portland, because although the state of Oregon provides protection from discrimination due to sexual orientation, the post office, as a federal agency, does not. And most of the people there were very prejudiced. I met a two gay fellow employees early on, and they urged me to stay hidden.

"We know you're gay," they said, "but don't say anything, because it's terrible here." I even changed my name—in my other life as a chorus singer—because I didn't want anyone from work to find out.

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Three Great Postal Workers Jokes! [Rimshot! Cymbal Crash!]

Courtesy of Murphy O'Brien

1. Remember the Marilyn Monroe stamp? They had to make it a self-adhesive. Too many guys were licking the wrong side!
2. You know how the post office is big on commemorative stamps? They've just come out with one for the oldest profession: prostitution. Yes! It's a 47-cent stamp, but if you lick it, it's a dollar!
3. Outside every employee entrance to the post office, there is a sign with a silhouette of a pistol in black, circled in red with a red line across it. It's a symbol for "No Guns Allowed." There are no words. The sign is there for the postal workers who can't read!



Gail and colleague.

My parents and younger brother, Jay, moved from Flushing, Queens, to Princeton Park in time for me to start second grade at the Robert Seaman elementary school. We lived on Wayne Street.

The summer before my senior year, we moved to North Carolina. One of my best friends, Marian LoMurro, moved away at the same time. I used to hang out with her, Patty Ryon, Mindy Wertheimer, and Wendy Weaderhorn, who was my closest friend while growing up. The two of us used to double date together. Anyway, my dad, an accountant, had worked in the Empire State Building, but he took a job in private industry as financial vice president for a company located just outside of Charlotte.

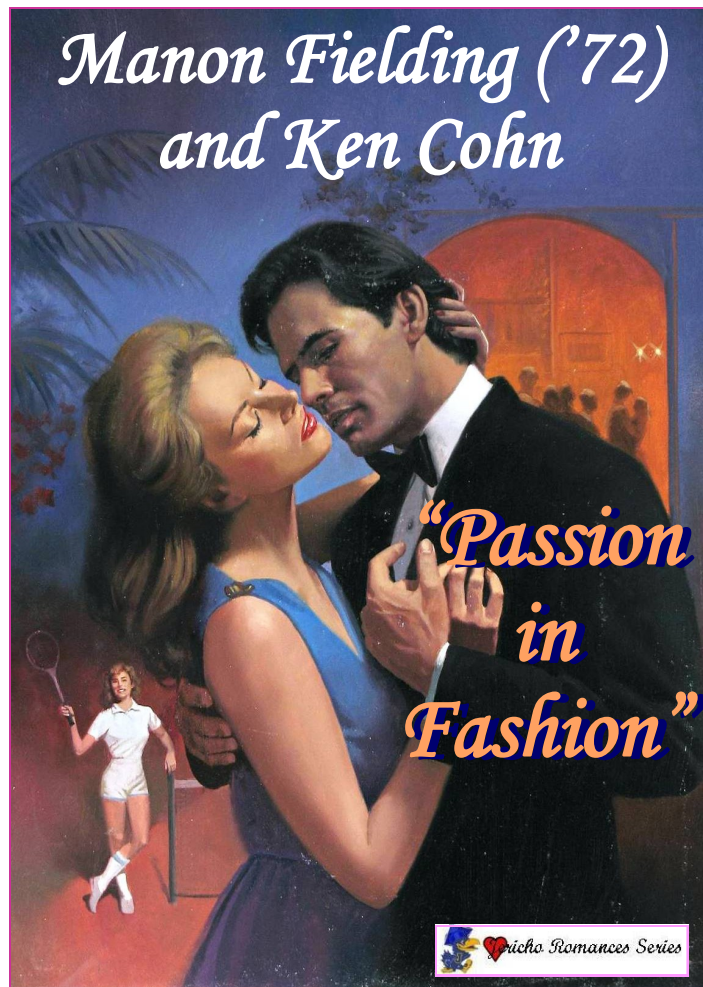
For me, it was a major culture shock. Also, the move meant leaving behind my first love, Barry Cohen, from the class of 1971. I'd gone out with Michael Osit before that, but we were young. My relationship with Barry was pretty serious. Looking back, I'd say I went a little wild and crazy down there compared to how I was while living in Jericho.

No sooner did I start at my new school than I discovered that I was pregnant. It was a very emotionally upsetting time. I didn't tell my parents; I ran away up to New York to have an abortion, then came back to North Carolina. Barry and I soon broke up because the distance just made it impossible to keep our relationship going.

In September 1972 I entered East Carolina University, in Greenville, North Carolina. I also started seeing a twenty-five-year-old guy I met there. I brought him home, and my parent hated him on sight. They sure didn't like him any better after we got busted together for drugs. It's actually a funny story; sort of like an old Cheech and Chong routine. What happened was, my boyfriend had bought me a little bag of pot for either my birthday or for Thanksgiving. One night we pulled up to his house in his car, and there were cops in the driveway.

"Don't get out of the car—" he started to say, but I was already halfway out the door, and I proceeded to trip and fall into a mud puddle. And the tiny bag of marijuana fell out of my pocket.

My boyfriend went to jail for a year. I merely got booked and placed in a cell with this woman who had



just taken some kind of drug—I think it was PCP—and she was urinating on the floor. I remember thinking, *This is the worst possible thing that could ever happen to me.* Definitely not my finest moment. Of course, my parents flipped out.

I'm such a loyal person, though, that I maintained the relationship while my boyfriend was "away." My mom and dad insisted that I leave the state, to get me away from him, and enrolled me at Hofstra University, so I was back on Long Island.

Not for long, though. When my boyfriend was released, we got back together in North Carolina, at which point my mother actually disowned me! She wouldn't talk to me for five years.

The two of us decided to drive out to California; made

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Manon + Ken

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the whole cross-country trip in just three days. We ended up living in a house with the roadies for the rock group Flo and Eddie, better known as Howard Kaylan and Mark Volman, the two leaders of the Turtles (“Happy Together,” “Elenore,” “It Ain’t Me Babe”—you remember). We got to go to all these concerts for free, which was pretty cool. I attended California State University, graduating with a degree in psychology in 1978.

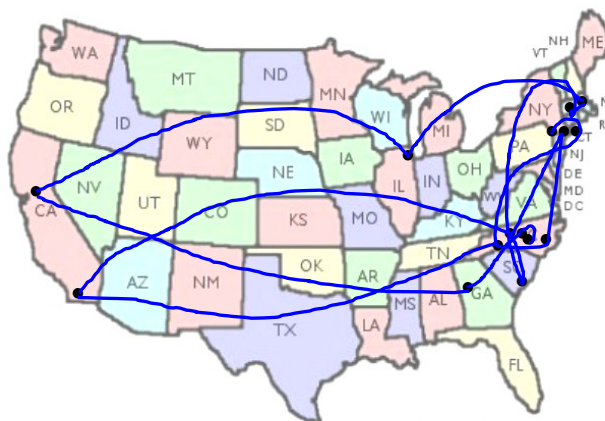
I never went any further with it, though. My romance with my boyfriend finally came to end after six years, and I returned to Charlotte. Over the years, I’d become interested in nutrition. I decided to get my master’s degree in nutrition at the University of Massachusetts Amherst. It was supposed to be a really good program, but I found it to be too conservative; I was interested in a more holistic approach. While there, I started doing data entry for a company in Cambridge, and I found that I had an affinity for anything computer related. The company had been started by some eighteen-year-old programming prodigy who’d developed a program for dentists. My job was to teach them how to use it.

The company got bought by the National Dental Association, located in Chicago, so in 1984 I moved there, which is where I met my first husband.

“Be Careful What You Wish For ...”

In Chicago, I became a Buddhist. Now, Buddhists have a special chant that you use when you wish to make something happen. I was told that I could chant for anything. The first thing that came to mind was a hus-

Manon’s Travels

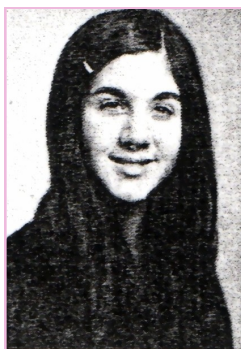


→ Start Here: Flushing, Queens

- 1961: Jericho, NY
- 1971: Charlotte, NC
- 1972: Greenville, NC (East Carolina U.)
- 1972: Hempstead, NY (Hofstra U.)
- 1974: High Point, NC
- 1975: Los Angeles, CA (Cal. State U.)
- 1978: Charlotte, NC
- 1980: Myrtle Beach, SC
- 1980: Framingham, MA
- 1981: Cambridge, MA
- 1984: Chicago, IL
- 1987: San Francisco, CA
- 1989: Atlanta, GA
- 1995: Hillsborough, NC
- 2001 to present: Durham, NC

band! I had a roommate, and I said to her, “If this works, I’m going to meet someone very special within a year, and we’ll see what happens.” Eleven months to the day, this guy I’d met, also a Buddhist, asked me out on a date. I turned around to my roommate and said, “This is guy I’m going to marry.” And, sure enough, we got married exactly one year later, in 1987.

The very next day, we moved to San Francisco, and, in 1989, to Atlanta. You know the old saying, “Be careful what you wish for?” Well, I



Manon at sixteen.

realized in hindsight that in wishing for a husband, I hadn’t been specific enough. I’d forgotten to ask for a husband I’d get along with. By the time we moved to Atlanta, the marriage was already in trouble.

The good thing is, in 1990 we had our daughter, Amanda, who is the blessing of my life.

Right around the same time, I decided to become a chiropractor. I believe that life brings you where you’re supposed to be, and it turned

out that the best chiropractic college in the country was practically down the street from me. I did a lot of research, including interviewing several local chiropractors, and I was impressed by how much they seemed to love what they did. I thought, *I’m going to pursue this.*

Now, it usually takes three and a half years of schooling to become a doctor of chiropractic. But with a newborn, I completed the program in five years. I don’t know how I managed both, but I did.

My husband and I split up the year that I graduated. Amanda was five. We could have moved anywhere, but I decided on North Carolina. By that point in my life, it was where I felt most at home. In addition to my brother, I have a sister, Brooke, who is nine years younger than me. So she was only eight when we left Jericho. She’s spent most of her life down South, as has Jay. They both live in Georgia now and definitely see themselves as more or less Southerners.

I’ve lived in so many different places that my affiliations are a little bit different. But I like North Carolina; it’s a beautiful state, and I’m very comfortable there. (My parents now live, along with the rest of Jericho, it seems, in Boynton Beach, Florida.

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Manon + Ken

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Not only do they constantly run into old friends from Jericho there but also from Flushing, where we'd lived before.)

Amanda and I lived first in Hillsborough. Then in 2001 I moved my practice, and the two of us, to Durham. The reason I chose that city was because it is so multicultural, with a real mixture of people from all over, which I really like. That was reflected in the school that Amanda attended. It was the polar opposite of Jericho, where we were so homogenous! Another thing that I like about Durham is its lively, rich cultural scene.

My office is clear on the other side of the city, but it's not as if we have dense traffic like in New York; I can usually drive to work in twenty minutes or so. Being a chiropractor for the past two decades has been extremely rewarding. In a way, it's like being a country doctor, in that you get to spend time with your patients and really get to know them. I've had patients for fifteen years who started when they were young, and now I'm treating not only them but also their kids. To have those kinds of relationships is priceless.

Naturally, my life has revolved around my daughter. Amanda, now twenty-one, is really a wonderful

young woman. She certainly takes after her father height-wise, because I'm just five foot three, and she's close to six feet tall. She began towering over me by the time she reached high school, which was ... kinda scary!

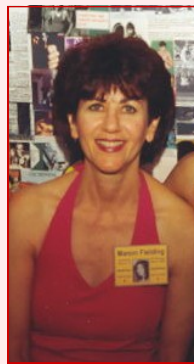
She's very vivacious and people oriented. I'd say that she's similar to me in some ways, but she's a lot tougher than I was at her age. She plays the cello, and for a time had considered studying music in college or acting, but she realized that as much as she loves the arts, that's not what she wants to do for a career. Amanda started college in New Orleans but is now studying international business at Appalachian State University, in the North Carolina mountains.

A Northern Belle Meets a Southern Gentleman

I spent my first ten years back in North Carolina as a working single mom. Starting when Amanda was around fifteen, I decided that it was time for me to finally start dating again.

I never expected to fall for a Southern man, to tell you the truth; I always thought that I would connect better with people from up North, in a number of ways—culturally and otherwise. The classic Southern gentleman just did not appeal to me.

So who did I end up marrying? Why, a Southern gentleman, of course! His



Manon 'n Roz

Roslyn Appelbaum and I were really good friends throughout junior high and high school, but then we went our separate ways. We reconnected at the class of



'72's thirtieth reunion (the one in the gym) and discovered that we had a lot in common: both single moms at the time, with daughters around the same age. When Roz's daughter, Jess, was considering going to college at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, she stayed with me several times.

We're really close friends again. Roz has been amazing. When Ken and I were going through a rough patch, she and I used to talk on the phone every night. What's great is that she lives in Colorado, which is two hours' behind me time-wise, so we could talk late at night. Roz really helped me through that period, and for us to be good friends again has been just wonderful.

Above: Manon (l.) and Roslyn Appelbaum (r.) at the class of '72's 30-year reunion on May 4, 2002.

name is Ken Cohn, and he's from North Carolina.

He'd developed neck trouble, and a friend of his had referred him to me. Yes, that right: he was a patient of mine. Now, I never think of male patients in that way. Never! My assistants might, though. Sometimes they would look at a guy and whisper to each other, "Hey, he's got a cute butt!" I'd shush them. "Oh, you are kidding!"

After about four months, Ken and I had developed a friendship, but a doctor-patient type of friendship. As I mentioned, I love the mountains of North Carolina, and Ken

and his family have a cabin up there.

One day I was in my office, and I overheard him talking about it and how beautiful it was. So I blurted out from inside my office (and I can't believe that I did this), "So, when are you taking me, already?" And he blurted back, "Well, how about this weekend?"

Now, again, we didn't have that kind of relationship; we were friendly, not flirtatious. I was like, *Ohmi-God, I can't believe that I just opened this up.* But I said okay. So there I was, going to a mountain cabin with a guy that I didn't

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Manon + Ken

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really know that well. That was four years ago, and we've been together ever since.

About a year into the relationship, we had some major disagreements, and it looked like we might break up. But then we both took stock and realized that we definitely did not want to be apart. Whatever our problems were, they were workable, and we were both willing to work at it. We've gone to counseling, and Ken was a more-than-willing participant, which to me showed great self-awareness. I really admire that about him.

One thing that concerned me some at first is that Ken is eight years younger than me. He's always dated women that were a little bit older than him, so this was no big deal for him. Once I really thought about it, I realized that age is meaningless. We like the same things, including music: the Eagles, Stevie Ray Vaughan, Cajun music. We love going down to New Orleans to listen to music. This year, for Ken's fiftieth birthday, we're going to the *Austin City Limits* music festival in Texas.

We love to work out and go hiking together. We've been on the Appalachian Trail. The longest that we went camping to-

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Gail + Gail

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One of the first things I did when I arrived in Portland was to join a group called the Portland Lesbian Choir. With over one hundred members, I figured it'd be a good way to meet other women. The gay chorale movement is a good way for gay people to get into the community, do outreach by appearing "normal," you know, and create happiness through song.

Those of you who know me from Jericho would think that singing as part of a chorus would be the last thing I'd do. I'd tried out for the high school chorus, but you had to sing solo for the audition, and I was too self-conscious; I preferred singing as part of a group. It fell to poor Mr. Norton to inform me that I couldn't sing.

Fortunately, there was no similar audition for the Portland Lesbian Choir. Anyway, at some of our performances, they'd hand out programs listing all the group members' names. What if someone from work attended a concert (not that it was *likely*), and saw my name? I'd be fired for sure.

So I changed it to Murphy O'Brien. My stage name, I call it. If someone from work happened to see me standing on-stage singing, that didn't worry me. Because then, if they tried to get me in trouble, *they'd* have to explain what *they* were doing at a performance by the Portland Lesbian Choir. But with my real name in a printed program, they could claim that someone else had given it to them.

Being in the closet, you would hear people's true opinions on homosexuality. About those gays that live across the street. Or whatever. Even some of my friends in Missouri had problems with it, which was why I didn't tell them until after I had moved to the West Coast. I never even came out to my own mother and father, who

died in 1993 and 1998, respectively, because I just didn't want to hear it.

The post office in Portland had managed to get rid of one woman after another. My turn came in 1998. I won my job back after eighteen months, then filed a civil suit, which dragged on until 2001. From then on, I was out as a lesbian.

You know that I love to drive, so I got a job test driving trucks for a freight line company. At one point, Gail got laid off from her job as a computer operator, and she too learned how to drive a truck. The two of us went trucking together as "team drivers," which are very much in demand, because as a team, you're able to keep the truck on the road constantly. One of you sleeps while the other drives, whereas single drivers are required by law to pull off the road and get eight hours of rest after fourteen hours on duty, or ten hours of driving.

Gail and I both love driving. We even drove cross-country (in a car, not a tractor-trailer) to attend the 2007 reunion of the classes of '71-'72-'73. I'd gone to my class's tenth and twentieth reunions. I wasn't crazy about either one, honestly, because there the conversations were all about comparing careers and the schools you attended. But at the "Reunion in 3-D," it was more about rediscovering each other rather than giving PowerPoint presentations of personal accomplishments.

I had lots of great friends while growing up—Lorraine Triggiani Grant ('71) was probably my closest friend—and it's always great to see everyone and catch up. We all experienced a very special time in our lives together, and the reunion was a wonderful experience. ■



Gail² on the road again.

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

Faculty Lounge



Table for One

— Teachers' Roundtable —

Teachers have been in the news a lot lately, often scapegoated, it seems, by certain politicians and in certain quarters of the media. I thought it would be interesting to do something a little bit different in this issue's "Faculty Lounge" and solicit our former teachers' opinions about the state of education in the United States. I emailed them about a dozen questions and looked forward to presenting a sort of roundtable discussion.

Ahem. Only **Mr. Robert Hoffman**, who taught social studies and economics, among other courses, at Jericho from **1966 to 2002**, completed the assignment. So here are his views, in a fascinating, insightful essay, along with input from another JHS social studies instructor, **Mr. Ira Greene**, who left teaching long ago to become an attorney. As for the rest of your teachers, rest assured that their parents have been contacted and will be coming in for conferences.

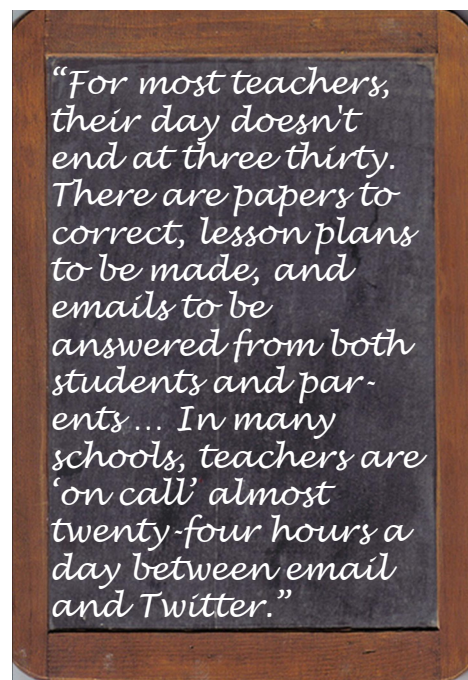
The teaching profession is a hot topic today regarding a very complex ecosystem called schools. Most of the comments are quite negative towards teachers and teachers' unions. The criticisms center around the comparisons of test results of US students with students from other countries, the cost of education in a

recessionary time, the attempt to privatize public education, the attack on all unions, both public and private, from conservatives, and issues such as the tenure and the amount of time teachers work per day and year.

Globalization has resulted in the United States being compared with

other countries in the world, and the quality of education is certainly one criterion. The countries that have the best outcomes on world evaluations are Finland, Singapore, and South Korea, all of which have strong teacher unions, highly paid teachers chosen from the best and brightest young people in their colleges and universities, and very little diversity in their student population.

The best US students compare very favorably with the top students from these countries. It is interesting to note that in the United States, the states with the weakest unions and right-to-work laws—for instance, Mississippi, Alabama, and South Carolina—have the lowest scores in the country. It should be pointed out that most of the conservative critics of



public education come from the ranks of private elementary and secondary schools. A whiff of snobbery seems to emanate from our right-wing colleagues.

The public must also realize that teachers' unions, like all unions, owe their allegiance to their

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Mr. Robert Hoffman

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paying members. Although 95 percent of the time teachers' unions and the interest of all concerned groups are compatible, there are situations when conflicts collide. New York governor Andrew Cuomo said last week that he is the state's student advocate. Emile Voigt was my advocate as president of the Jericho teachers' union from 1970 to 2002. Both are looking out for the best interests of their constituents.

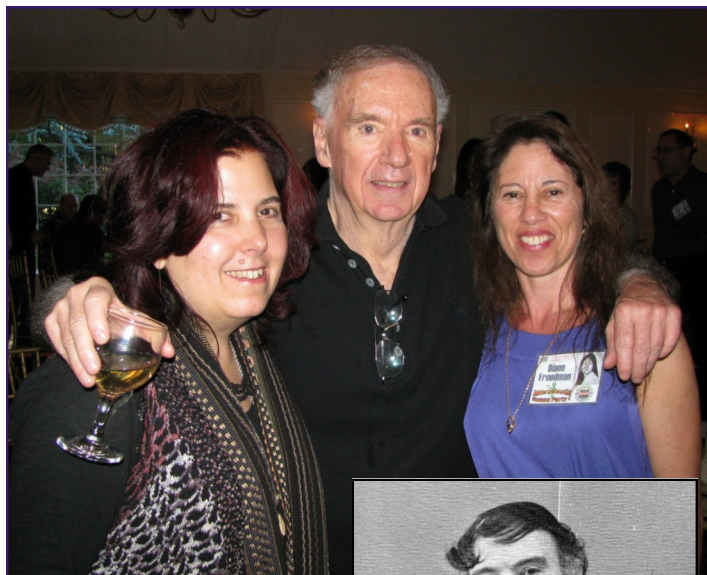
Taxes are also a major bone of contention, particularly on Long Island. As the gap between the 99 percent and the 1 percent has increased, the middle- and lower-class home owners, who have seen their houses devalued, feel great animosity toward the school tax. Many complain about teachers who "work half a year, make big salaries, and can't be fired due to tenure." Someone has to be made the scapegoat. Teachers "fit" the narrative quite nicely.

There are numerous misconceptions regarding teaching and the teaching profession. For most teachers, their day doesn't end at three thirty. There are papers to correct, lesson plans to be made, and emails to be answered from both students and parents. During the summer, many teachers take professional and college courses.

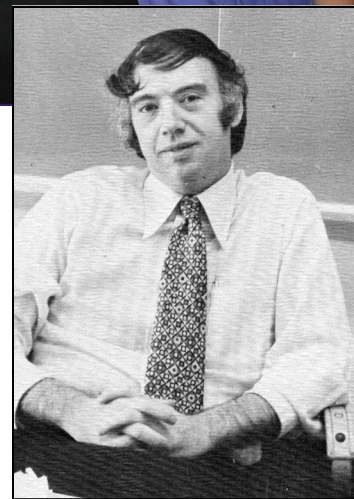
The duties of the classroom teacher have also increased, and they are many and varied. Technology, diverse student populations, and societal expectations are major reasons for these new obligations. The introduction of new technology and the rapid change within the field has placed additional burdens on teachers. Learning the skills and keeping up with the changes take tremendous time and effort. In many schools, teachers are "on call" almost twenty-four hours a day between email and Twitter.

The Changing Classroom

The number of students with special needs has also risen in the last twenty years. In any given classroom of twenty to twenty-five, there may be five with learning disabilities, three with attention deficit/hyperactive disorder, two who are gifted, two who speak limited English, and three who have behavior problems. Each of these students is to be taught differently, according to their individual situation. The energy that goes into this is enormous, particularly with the great stress on individual and school wide test scores. And, of course, there are numerous faculty and curriculum meetings to attend.



Mr. Hoffman, above, with the class of 1973's Robin Bergman and Diane Freedman at the 2010 Intergalactic Space Party reunion, and, at right, in the '73 Imperator yearbook.



Is it any wonder that 50 percent of all new teachers leave within five years?

Outside forces have also contributed to the changing dynamic of schools. Schools must compete with outside sports programs, computer games, and numerous other activities that detract from the school experience. Schools and education may not be the number one focus of some students.

And, of course, all institutions—family, church, government, and education—have suffered a decline in respect and authority. The country seems to be having a nervous breakdown in spirit, and a general malaise has settled over America.

Students who arrive at schools well nourished, healthy, ready to learn, and from families with a stable home and a steady income are probably doing as well, if not better, than students did during the so called "golden age of American education" (whenever that was). As mentioned previously, our students at the top of the educational ladder compare favorably with students from other countries. It is the increased diversity of our student population, the rise in the poverty level of

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our students, and the changing cultural mores that have resulted in the poorer evaluations of our students as compared to those in other countries.

During the 1940s and 1950s, many very bright women, whose career paths were blocked in most areas, went into teaching. As women's career possibilities began to expand, those women chose more lucrative occupations. Today our supply of teachers is not necessarily the "best and the brightest" that our society has to offer. The major reason, I believe, is that we do not value the profession as we did in the past, as demonstrated by the relatively low compensation for teachers in most states.

Also, some experts explain our falling scores to the diversity of our student body and the changing behavior of our young people. In 1950, 40 percent of seventeen-year-olds dropped out of high school. Their "scores" weren't recorded. Today a larger proportion stays for graduation and many attend community colleges. But estimates indicate that 60 percent of incoming community college students and 30 percent of freshmen at four-year colleges need remedial reading and math courses.

According to Robert Samuelson, a columnist for *Newsweek*, motivation has weakened for many students because they don't like schools, don't work hard, and don't do well. While technology has changed the entertainment world of fun and games and communications have taken the form of iPods, Twitter, email, and iPhones, the yellow buses still roll up to the school building, students go into boxlike classrooms, and teachers are still the major voices in the classroom. I'm not saying this is wrong or bad education. It's just that schools have not kept pace with the changing world our kids were born into. Outside the classroom is much more interesting than inside.

"A Different Era"

The early years that I taught in Jericho were exciting

times. During the late 1960s and early 1970s, our culture was in a state of flux. Civil rights, women's rights, war protests, dress codes—you name it, and it was up for discussion. We started student-faculty committees to address the topics of the day and their implications for education in Jericho. There seemed to be a much greater personal relationship between teachers and students. One year a student had a Thanksgiving party at her house for students and teachers, and 80 percent of the

faculty attended. Things that were happening in society had a direct impact on their lives. Teachers were highly respected. Seldom did parents complain about grades. It was a different era.

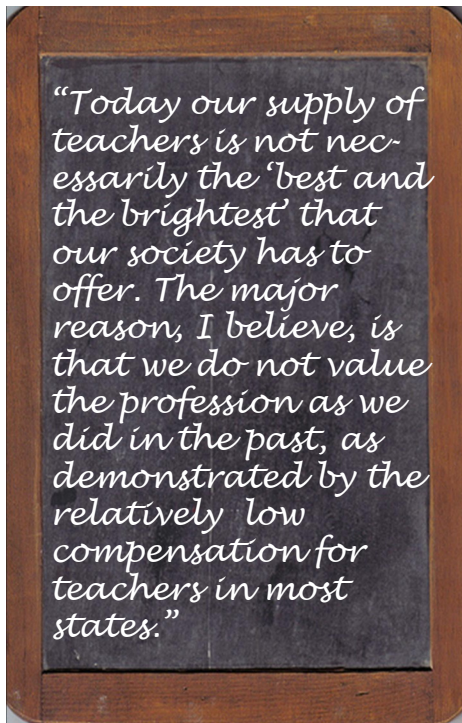
In the 1980s and 1990s, education and schools began to change. Parents became much more involved in the educational process, for better or worse. Teachers' authority began to erode. Because of the emphasis on testing, there was greater standardization of instruction. Teachers who taught the same subject had to be on the same page at the same time. Individual teachers could not deviate into areas of their expertise but had to follow the curriculum in a lockstep fashion. Creativity had been drained from the classroom.

Personally, I don't believe that the Regents exams had a great deal to do

with the quality of education in Jericho. (For one thing, today the Advance Placements tests are much more important to the students than the Regents exams.) Most Jericho students were motivated to learn either because of their interest in the subject or to obtain good grades to get into college. Their parents expected their children to do well, and many provided tutors if the kids were having difficulties. Most of the children in Jericho came from fairly affluent homes with available resources that enhanced their children's education.

Many Jericho teachers taught the regent's curriculum but would expand their teaching to include supplementary information that brought deeper meaning to the material. Issues and other interesting aspects of the subjects—not necessarily part of the regent's curriculum—would be discussed. Our dear friend Mr. Lou Boroson would devote ten to fifteen minutes of each class to issues relating to the lives of his students. Most did very

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well on the math Regents. I am proud to say that I believe the majority of teachers in Jericho did not teach solely for the test, as many teachers in the country do today, but rather to give their students a meaningful educational experience.

The Purposes of Unions and Tenure

As stated before, teachers' unions' expressed purpose is to protect teachers' rights and provide for their general welfare. Because union members' compensation and benefits are usually higher than those of nonunion workers, there is natural animosity toward all unions today, particularly in the present economic climate. In Indiana and Wisconsin, labor union activities have been greatly weakened. Other states are considering similar laws. In addition, state pension costs are a large part of state expenditures, adding to the eagerness to curb union's power. It should be recognized that the labor union movement in this country has been the back bone of a thriving middle class.

Tenure allows for teachers to be provided a fair trial if he or she is brought up on charges. Its major purpose is to protect teachers' freedom of speech in the classroom and to protect against the arbitrary dismissal of teachers because of administrative disagreements or personality conflicts. Tenure does *not* guarantee a teacher's employment but does guarantee due process of law.

The tenure law becomes controversial when it is used to defend the dismissal of a "poor" teacher. Teaching is both an art and a craft. Some are "naturally born" to the profession

Mr. Ira Greene on Standardized Testing

Ira Greene, who taught history and social studies at Jericho from 1966 through 1973, is a practicing attorney in Brooklyn. You can read all about him in our summer 2010 issue (no. 24) just by clicking here: [→ ● ←](#)

I am so pressed for time lately that, unfortunately, I cannot write as much as I'd like. However, I must say that I always looked at the Regents examinations as lifesavers. For a lot of bright but troubled kids, those exams allowed them be graduated on time.

Under New York law today, a person getting a 65 percent on a Regents exam cannot fail that subject area. In my day, in the 1950s, it was 75 percent, and my results on the English Regents allowed me to be graduated with my class.

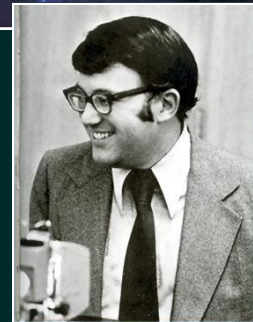
When I became a teacher, the exam saved some of my weakest students, too. The Regents tests, I believe, are the only standardized exam we should keep. It is strange that New York State seeks to eliminate the Regents, while the entire country seems hell bent on creating standardized exams throughout the year. New York City mayor Michael Bloomberg is determined that performance tests are the key. I do not agree, and I've talked with NYC high school students who complain to me that their instructors' "teaching for the test" has made high school dull, painful, and even intolerable. The key to learning will always be spontaneity and student involvement in problem solving.

Stan Katz was my ninth-grade math teacher in New York City. When I first came to Jericho and saw him, I introduced myself and told him that I still remembered how creatively interesting his algebra classes had been to me more than twenty years earlier! I still remember what he did in that long-ago algebra class. That was 1954! Would you believe?

I think that the Internet has made learning much harder for the students of today. To learn, one has to concentrate on new concepts and facts. The constant interruption of the BlackBerry and iPhone weakens the ability to concentrate on a specific problem.

and others have learned it quite well. As in all professions, there are the good, average, and poor workers.

However, in teaching, the lines are blurred and blended. Teachers who are liked by some students are disliked by others. I have heard in-



ductees at the Jericho Hall of Fame rave about teachers who, when they were teaching, were universally criticized. My advice to students is, if you want to evaluate teachers, wait until five years out of school. Most won't

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remember or comment on the average teacher, but they will have vivid memories of the “good ones” and “bad ones.”

There are many teaching and learning styles. One size does not fit all, whether it be a teacher or a student. This is not to imply that there are no bad teachers. I know one when I see one, but I can't really define it accurately. This is the major reason it is very difficult to dismiss a teacher on grounds of being inadequate.

Test scores have become popular in evaluating teachers because it is a pseudoscientific method conceived by bureaucrats to make judging teachers easier and thereby raising the quality of education in the United States in a relatively inexpensive manner. Anyone who has ever been in the classroom for any significant time knows that teaching and learning are much more complex activities than test scores indicate. Using test scores as the major evaluative technique is the equivalent of rearranging the deck chairs on the *Titanic*. Both are doomed to failure.

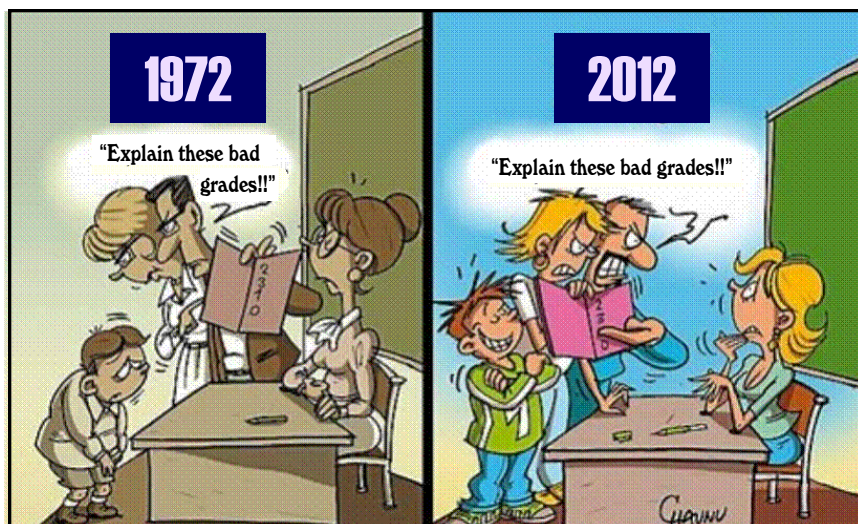
The major remedy currently in vogue to improve education is to weaken teachers' unions, evaluate teachers and schools on standardize test scores,

and introduce merit pay. As suggested earlier, the states with the strongest unions tend to produce the best results, not only in the United States but also in other countries.

Merit Pay: Not a Good Idea

Standardized test results have little to do with good teaching but rather as a measure of students' ability to take tests. There is scant evidence that these tests encourage teachers to become better at helping individual students; in fact, some studies show that these tests protect “bad” teachers by hiding their lack of skill behind narrow goals and rigid scripts.

And there is little data to indicate that punishing schools with low test scores and rewarding schools with high scores improves anything. The only notable feature of standardized test is that it is easy to administer and score, and relatively cheap to develop, as opposed to what is really needed to improve schools. In addition, teachers who are judged by the tests to be highly effective one year may be ranked lower the next, depending on which students end up in her or his classroom. Teaching is



one of the few professions in which we have little control over who our “clients” are, but we are rated on their outcomes. Students' learning is affected by many factors, including prior learning, family background, classroom and school culture, access to private tutors, and learning disabilities.

What's more, by using test scores to evaluate and ultimately determine compensation for schools, we are adding to the corrupting influence of high stakes testing. When money for school districts, salaries and even firings stem from these tests, it pushes everyone involved to do well on them at all costs, including cheating. Scandals in Washington, DC, the Atlanta school system, and New York City demonstrates the corruptive effects of these tests.

And merit pay is no magic solution for improving education. It has been tried many times in schools in the past, and

has been dropped in literally every case. Merit pay does not improve education but merely rewards a few teachers on some arbitrary scale. A Vanderbilt University study on merit pay found that students whose teachers were offered up to \$15,000 a year for improved test results register the same gains as those whose teachers were given no incentive. In addition, merit pay can erode cooperation among teachers and lead to a negative school climate, including tampering with students' grades. Merit pay is not the panacea some believe it to be.

So what would improve US education? To find out, it is necessary to discover why our schools are in trouble. Most economists have estimate that teachers are responsible for about 10 percent to 20 percent of the variation in students' scores, and that external factors influence about 60 percent.

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Assuming that this is true, then the main impetus for improving schools must lie outside the system. And the factor that is most responsible for the decline of education is the increased levels of poverty in this country. Can anyone credibly believe that the mediocre overall performance of US students on international tests is unrelated to the fact that one-fifth of American children live in poverty?

According to the US Department of Agriculture, one in four children come to school undernourished, and 49 percent of all children born in this country are born into families that receive food stamps. Undernutrition in young children has been linked to delayed growth and motor development, lower IQs, behavioral problems and decreased attention, deficient learning, and lower educational achievement.

Combine these factors with a culture of poverty that promotes gangs, violence, drugs, and single-parent families, and you have a concoction that does not bode well for academic excellence. Is it any wonder that our schools are in deep trouble compared with other wealthy nations?

But the solutions to these conditions are costly and politically explosive. And as the inequality in income and opportunity continues to rise, our education issues will be with us long into the future. ■

Ken McLaughlin

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Newspapers have to come up with another economic model designed to make money off of Internet advertising. At the *Mercury News*, we have an iPad edition and have hopes for that. The sense is that we will eventually charge a premium price to get the “dead-tree version” of the newspaper, and maybe half that price to subscribe to the paper on the iPad or another tablet computer, which is really a friendly medium.

Although newspapers are struggling, most of them are still making decent profits, and they’ve done it through consolidating, sharing content and closing foreign bureaus. In our case, we got rid of all our foreign and domestic bureaus (the *Mercury News* had actually set up a New York bureau a year before the 9/11 attacks) several years ago. But the irony is that there has never been a time in the history of journalism when reporters’ stories have been so well read. When I covered the California governor’s race, it was just amazing how many people read the articles online. I’d get emails from all over the world.

One story that I was involved with, a multimedia project titled *Torn Apart*, was nominated for a national Emmy Award last year. Dai Sugano, an award-winning photojournalist and videographer, had come to me early in 2010 because he wanted to work on a project related to immigration. It soon occurred to us that nobody had ever taken a long, hard look at how a single family could be torn apart by US immigration law. We spent four months looking for a family to report on before finding the Jimenez-Mota family of San Mateo.



Ken (r.) with collaborator Dai Sugano at the Emmy Awards ceremony in Manhattan last September. If you'd like to see the *Torn Apart* project, including Ken's article, the half-hour video, photos, and more, [click here](#).

It was a terrible situation: the father had been arrested for drunken driving and deported. He was the family's breadwinner, working sixteen hours a day at a Mexican restaurant to support his wife and six children, ranging in age from four to seventeen. After the dad was deported, the family went from a solid middle-class lifestyle to living in a shelter and receiving welfare and food stamps. And US immigration authorities were also trying to deport the mom. But the kids were all born in this country and are US citizens.

I had covered the immigration issue pretty extensively from 1994 to 2000, but I had never been to a deportation hearing. So it was fascinating to attend the mom's hearings. The judge in the case seemed really smart, knowledgeable, and compassionate. She eventually ruled against deporting the mom. When you work on a project like that, sometimes you need a little bit of moral outrage to keep your reporting energy high. But we played the story right down the middle. And we decided not to write it or release the video until there was a decision in the mom's deportation case.

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It was a documentary, so if we had to follow the family for a year, that's how long Dai and I would wait to tell the story. We didn't want to influence the judge's decision in any way.

Torn Apart first appeared in the *Mercury News* in September 2010. Last summer, the National Academy of Television Arts and Sciences named it one of six nominees in the category of "New Approaches to News and Documentary Program ming: Documentaries." The ceremony was held at Lincoln Center in Manhattan at the end of September. We didn't win, but it was still a heady experience.

So all in all, it's an exciting-slash-scary time to be in journalism. The

Mercury News had a brutal series of layoffs, and every time it happened, I'd ask myself, "Well, what else could I do?" Perhaps I could become a public-relations person at some Silicon Valley tech firm and make twice the salary. But then I'd look at the job description and think, *Who wants to do that? I got the best job in the world.* Most journalists, I think, got into the field not for the money but for the love of writing and the love of reporting current events—getting a backstage pass to life.

I also teach in a science-communication program at the University of California at Santa Cruz. The class consists of ten people, all scientists, half of whom have PhDs or even MD degrees. These are people who've decided that they want to become science journalists rather than scientists or physicians. We

teach them everything from how to cover a fire to writing science features for newspapers and magazines.

It's a pretty intensive program. I tell them, "Even if you don't become science journalists, the skills that you are going to learn here in terms of critical thinking and writing are just so important that you're always going to be able to get a job." Because so many people don't like to write or aren't very good at it, being in love with words gives you so many opportunities. You're able to dig into so many issues and meet so many different kinds of people.

I've now been at the San Jose *Mercury News* for three decades. Even with the collapse of the newspaper industry in recent years, I've never regretted the decision to go into journalism. ■

Manon + Ken

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gether was three nights. I had a good time, but I'll tell you, I don't think I want to carry a backpack anymore. Fortunately, we have five dogs between the two of us. One of them is pretty big, so I'll get *him* to carry it for me.

I have to say that I get along with Ken better than any man I've ever been with in my life. Physically, we're definitely compatible, and I had never, honestly, been in a relation-

ship where I had that kind of compatibility. That was really welcome at this stage of my life. We really connect on every level.

One thing I forget to mention is that we hardly see each other during the week, because I'm at my office all day, and Ken, a mechanic at Liggett Group for twenty-six years now, works the night shift. I'm sure that a lot of you are thinking, *How can you not sleep together during the week?* But it actually works for us, and on the weekends, we're inseparable.

We'd planned on getting married two years ago. Ken was married before, too, and has a twenty-six-year-old son and a twenty-one-year-old daughter. His daughter objected at first to her dad's remarrying—so we held off.

Kind of. We eloped on New Year's Eve 2010. We told his family when we came back, and everybody's cool now. In fact, his daughter and my Amanda, who are the same

age, have become just like sisters; we're all one big happy family. So my story has a happy ending. ■



Manon's twenty-one-year-old daughter, Amanda, is studying international business at Appalachian State University. She's also done some modeling. You can see why.



BEATLES '75

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“I just need to get off the merry-go-round for a while,” John tells the other Beatles. “I’m thinking maybe five years. That would be the end of 1980.”

aren’t totally surprised. Still, a heavy silence fills the room as everyone contemplates the significance of breaking up the biggest musical act of the twentieth century after almost thirteen years spent recording—and eighteen years since Paul, then fifteen, saw a sixteen-year-old John Lennon performing with his skiffle group the Quarrymen, which he soon joined.

“We understand, John,” Paul says at last. “Your family comes first.”

There are tears all around, but smiles too. John, never comfortable with sentiment, attempts a joke.

“Ah, I’m just kidding! Fook the kid!” he says, pretending to toss the baby out with the bathwater. “Let’s rock, boys!” Then he turns serious.

“Look,” he says, “I’m not saying this is permanent. I just need to get off the merry-go-round for a while. I’m thinking maybe five years. By then, Sean’ll be in school all day, and I’ll have done me paternal duty, or whatever you call it.

“Five years from now,” he muses. “That would be the end of 1980. Christ, I’ll be an old man by then! Forty! You too, Ringo.

“But it could be interesting to pick things up again at that age.”

He stands up, pointing at Sean to indicate it’s time for a diaper change.

“So give me a call then. See you ‘round, you luffly Beatle people.” ■

Fan Mail and Threatening Letters



“Comments?
Feedback?
Fan mail
from some
flounder?”

Yet Another Mr. Voigt Story!

The article in the last issue about Mr. Emil Voigt brought back a memory concerning this somewhat unforgettable teacher. (I am deathly afraid of snakes to this day).

As you may remember, Mr. Voigt was kind of convinced that he was the smartest man to walk the earth, and he and I got into an argument over the federal income tax rate. This was in ninth grade—maybe 1967?

He’d said that the highest marginal rate ever in the United States was 70 percent. I knew that it had been 91 percent (and also a 77 percent bracket) during World War II.

Incidentally, federal taxes are now my life, as a small-town Southern lawyer. (Okay, everybody here in Florida thinks I’m a New York lawyer because I still have that thick accent. I can’t seem to lose it, not even after having married a girl from Memphis.)

Mr. Voigt asked me if I wanted to make a little wager. I asked him what he had in mind. He indicated that he had three afternoons of filing that needed doing, and I was a smart kid and certainly capable of it.

“What if I win?” I asked. He smirked and said no chance.

“Just humor me,” I said. “If you want to make a bet, you have to put something up.” So he thought about it, and said that if I were right, he would carry my books from class to

class for an entire day! I agreed. He laughed as I left. (I think I was late for Mathletes.)

When I got home from school, I asked my father—then the president of the New York State Chapter of the American Association of Attorney-Certified Public Accountants—the question. Of course, I was right. I asked him to write Mr. Voigt a letter, which he did, and I gave it to Mr. Voigt the next day. He fumed and said that he would have to confirm it. He then proceeded to ignore me.

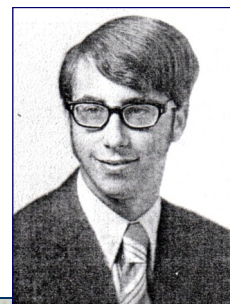
Being kind of shy back then, I waited awhile, then walked up to him after class one day and again quietly asked if he had confirmed my information. Mr. Voigt said that he had, and I asked him what day he would be carrying my books. He said, “I’ll get back to you.”

I had to ask seven or eight times, and he waited until the next-to-last day of regular classes. I believe I had to accuse him of welching before he gave in. Finally, he said he would carry my books from class to class the next day, and he did, all day. It was the last day he could possibly have paid off the bet. He was visibly unhappy, which I found very funny!

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

- 1** "Mr. Beefy" is a skateboarding dog that lives on the Upper West Side. Seriously. A skateboarding dog!
- 2** View of the Flatiron Building on a really pretty Union Square kind of day!
- 3** Penguins on the beach in Patagonia. It was a crazy sight!
- 4** Fashionable footwear to hike Perito Moreno Glacier in El Calafate, Argentina. Check out my Facebook page for more pictures. It was amazing!
- 5** Here's a sentence I never thought I'd say: I went to Ho Chi Minh City, Vietnam. Business travel. Most of the locals prefer to get as many people on their motorbikes as possible. This is a pretty typical example, but sometimes it's whole families and the dog.



INTERNATIONAL EDITION!

