

Summer 2006
Issue No. (Lucky) 13

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

JHS Class of 1972 Thirderly On-Line Newsletter

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

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We hope that you will contribute
news about you and yours to
future issues. Best wishes to the
JHS class of 1972!

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

What It's All About: Friendship

This is the first part of a recurring feature on long-time Jericho friendships. If you would like to celebrate yours in print, tell us about it. How and when did you meet? What were your first impressions of each other? Any funny stories? Or tell us a story that illustrates the depth of your friendship. You get the idea. The longest class-of-'72 friendship that we're aware of is between **Gaile Goodgold Horowitz** and **MaryEllen Brodbeck Rosenberg**, now going on fifty years. However, **Howard Silber** claims that he and **Mindy Wertheimer** might beat that, predating birth, since their mothers were friends as kids.

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Ilise Zimmerman and Randi Blatt Rossignol ~ Friends for 39 years ~

RANDI BLATT AND I HAVE BEEN FRIENDS EVER SINCE we met in eighth grade. During our senior year, Paul Simon's "Me and Julio Down by the School Yard" became popular. Since then, Randi has referred to me only as Julio. Randall Pinkston was, and still is, a TV newscaster. So I've addressed her as "Pinkston" ever since. She loves to laugh, loves her family, and loves me. Julio + Pinkston 4-ever!



Randi and Ilise bookend Mindy Wertheimer

*We've been friends now
for so many years.*

*We've been together
through the good times
and the tears.*

*Turned each other on to
the good things that life
has to give.*

*We drift apart for a little
bit of a spell.*

*One night I get a call,
and I know that you're
well.*

*And days I was down
you would help me get
out of my hole.*

Let's be friends.

*You told me when my
girl was untrue.*

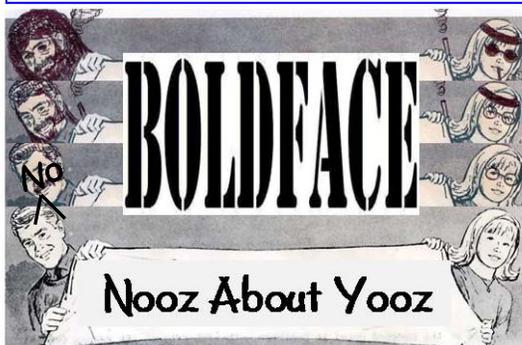
*I loaned you money
when the funds weren't
too cool.*

*I talked your folks out
of making you cut off
your hair.*

*We've been friends now
for so many years.*

*We've been together
through the good times
and the tears.*

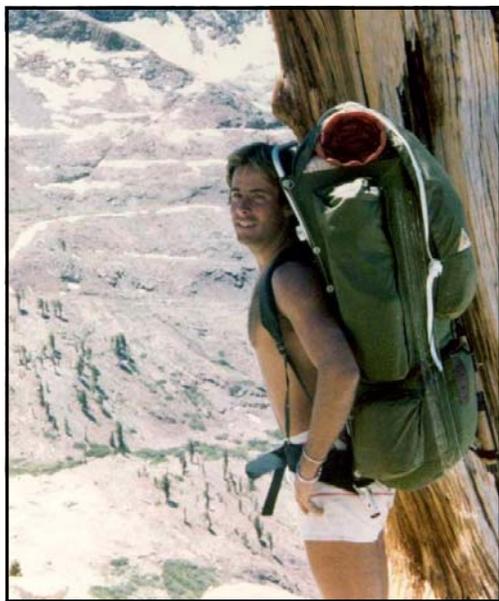
— "Friends," by Brian
Wilson, Carl Wilson,
Dennis Wilson, and Al
Jardine of the Beach
Boys © 1967



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.

John Cooney: Hawaii 5-0 (+ 2)

John Cooney, pictured below, writes from Kalaheo, Hawaii: "I moved to La Jolla, California, in the mid-'70s, then to Kauai in 1980 to continue my scuba diving and bodysurfing. I work for Shell Vacations Club [http://www.shellvacationsclub.com] in marketing over here. Had my own location and get paid for sending clients to property tours of our resort. I live in a little grass shack with a wonderful ocean view. That's a two- bedroom grass shack, with my wife, Veronica, a wonderful girl of thirty from Rio." Sounds heavenly! ■



More nooz on page 5

Q&A: Author Ellen Meister ('75)



Stephen Meister's sister's funny, sexy first novel, *Secret Confessions of the Applewood PTA*, follows the exploits of some PTA moms from an upperclass suburban L.I. oasis. Remind you of someplace familiar?

Everybody, it seems, threatens to write a novel one day. But you actually went and did it. How did the process start? Did you decide, "I'm going to write a book!" and then an idea came to you, or did you have the idea first and decide to move forward with it?

I'd wanted to be a writer my whole life. But I was one of those people who kept putting off her dreams, and so I started my career as a copywriter in advertising and marketing, so that I could fulfill at least a part of creative drive and still call myself a writer.

After graduating from SUNY Buffalo, I started out in the marketing end at a small health-care publishing company called Springer Publishing. It was a good experience; I got my feet wet and got to learn a bit about marketing. From there I had jobs that involved mainly copywriting on the sales promotion end.

Then I started my own small sales promotion company, doing mostly print work, including brochures, newsletters, and flyers. I worked with Pan Am and a number of magazines. I loved just about every aspect of it, from the nitty-gritty of writing copy and working with designers and printers, to schmoozing clients.

When I had my first child, in 1992, I was naive enough to think that I could be a mom and work and not have any help. I really didn't get it: I thought that you could bounce a baby on your knee while working at the computer! I quickly found out it didn't work that way, so I just walked away from business and became a full-time mom.

The dream of writing a novel didn't go away—it just remained something I was going to do in the future, when I had more time. But you know what happens: Life goes by, and you never seem to have the time to do it. First my work kept me too busy. Then I became a mom of three. And the years ticked. But one day I woke up and said, "When am I going to

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All in the Family: A Girl for Stephen Meister

Stephen Meister and wife Melissa had a baby girl, **Micaela Rose**, on April 12, "her precise due date," according to Ellen. Stephen, who lives in Mill Neck, Manhattan, and Nantucket, also has two grown children, **Jason**, 24, and **Jessica**, 19. Congratulations! ■

JHS Hall of Fame Turns Fifteen

The Jericho High School Alumni Hall of Fame, spearheaded by Mr. Robert Hoffman, held its first induction ceremony in 1991. Now fifteen years old, the hall honors former students who have gone on to make their lives matter in some way. Of course, that describes many, many members of the class of 1972. So why are these particular folks in? It could be simply that a friend took the time to nominate them. Still, the list of inductees gives you a good idea of the remarkable breadth of experiences Jericho grads have accumulated. No doubt most of these names will be familiar to you; many of them are brothers or sisters of class members from '72. As we've said time and again, you're an interesting bunch!

1991

Larry Grobel ('64), author
Arthur Kaminsky ('64), attorney
Maureen Byrnes O'Reilly ('69), psychiatric nurse
Rose-Ann Schifano ('65), corporate secretary/treasurer
David Starobin ('69), internationally acclaimed guitarist
Pamela Joan Tropper ('68), doctor of perinatology and OB/GYN

1992

Paul Altesman ('70), United Nations delegate
Martin A. Lee ('71), political activist, journalist, and author →
George Gilson ('67), business/concrete slipforming company and author
Dr. Ellen Cooper ('65), assistant professor at Boston University and AIDS virologist
Marc Miller ('65), attorney, author, and activist



1993

Mitchell Goldman ('68), attorney and founder of drug-education program
Barbara Block Goldstein ('66), social worker and public-education coordinator
Ronald Irving ('69), professor and

director of graduate studies, University of Washington
James Mansberger ('64), fire commissioner of Jericho Fire Department
Susan Sternberg Raff ('64), V.P. regional director of stores for Macy's East

1994

Lorraine Huzar ('68), teacher and community activist
John Innelli ('73), attorney specializing in securities fraud and antitrust violations, political leader →
Sharon Becker Maricovics ('68), physician and leader in the field of pediatrics and adult allergies
Stuart Shalat ('68), leader and researcher in occupational and environmental science
Michael Soupios ('67), college professor and administrator, author, lecturer
Jay D. Tarnow ('65), child psychiatrist, medical-school professor



1995

Diane Freedman ('73), college professor/author →



Steven Shimberg ('71), lawyer and environmentalist →
Steven Gittelman ('67), president, Vanderbilt Museum, and entrepreneur



Roberta Grobel Intrater ('62), photojournalist
Randi Kramer Fox ('71) (posthumous induction), geneticist and founder of the National Marfan Syndrome Foundation
Peter Miller ('68), Emmy Award-winning sound engineer and editor
Sanford Sylvan ('72), world-renowned opera singer →



1996

Philip Bashe ('72), author
Robert A. Kaplan ('63), pediatrician
Ilise Zimmerman Posen ('72), executive director, Northern New Jersey Maternal/Child Health Consortium
Robert Raiber ('64), dentist
Carol Fein Ross ('68), chief attorney, Warner Books
Jonathan Santlofer ('63), artist and author
Gary Strudler ('73), early-childhood educator and youth pastor

1997

Elizabeth Bernstein ('70), attorney, educator
Robert F. Fischer ('65), psychiatrist
William Herskowitz ('64), educator
Stephen Molina ('71), acting principal bassist for the Detroit Symphony Orchestra →
Joan Baiman Rosenberg ('71), educator



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JHS Hall of Fame

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1998

James F. Davis ('63), financial Analyst

Brad Spencer ('75), attorney

Robin Samuel Twerdahl ('67), Educator

Bonnie Siber Weinstock ('71), labor-relations attorney

Heather West Werthessen ('67), educator

1999

Bruce Browne ('64), professor of orthopedic surgery

Edward Green

('69), musician, Educator

Ira Goldman ('69), Gastroenterologist

Steven Hahn ('69), history professor

Leslea Newman ('73), author →



2000

Michele Innelli Cox ('76), director of human resources

Mark Jay Friedman ('73) (posthumous induction), cardiologist

Neil Minikes ('69), pediatrician/allergist and immunologist
Geoffrey Touretz ('69), educator

2001

Debra Esernio Jenssen ('74), pediatrician/child advocate

Leslie Shalat Katz ('67), award-winning educator

Elizabeth Nicolosi ('80), international entrepreneur

Sharon Press ('79), conflict-resolution attorney

2002

Sharon Chalkin Feldstein ('73), TV fashion designer/fundraiser for children's causes

Alicia Romano Neri ('77), pediatric endocrinologist

Martha Flanagan Sammartano ('75), educator/volunteer

Paul Singer ('64), artist/graphic designer

Glenn J. Winuk ('79) (posthumous induction), litigation attorney/volunteer firefighter

2003

Jennifer Armstrong ('68), director, consumer-bank programs for Citicorp

Joel Flatow ('82), senior vice-

president, Recording Industry Association of America

Edward Mardovich ('77) (posthumous induction), stockbroker

Paul Pellicoro ('74), dance instructor to the stars

Wendy Schack ('76), attorney/volunteer, Meals on Wheels

2004

Walter Bachman ('68), teacher/mentor/coach

Susan Winston Berland ('79), councilwoman/community activist

Bruce Smoller ('75), chairman of pathology department

Lori Traikos ('74), international photojournalist

Arlene Lori Wasserman Weiss ('76), toxicologist/environmentalist

2005

Ellen Friedland ('76), documentary filmmaker

Diane Krencik ('75), dentist/environmentalist

Howard Lutnick ('79), CEO, Cantor Fitzgerald

Michael Milner ('69), retired elite firefighter

Richard Zimmerman ('76), medical director, Mayo Clinic, Scottsdale, AZ

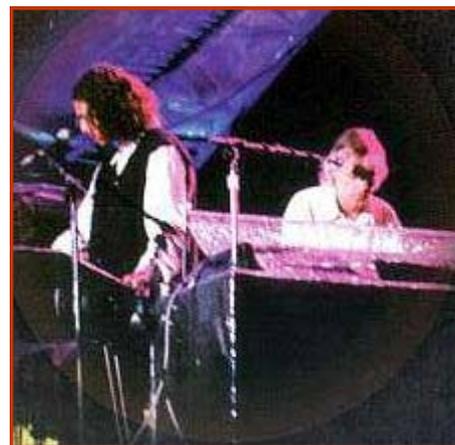
And This Year's Inductees Are:

- **Jon Carin** ('82), recording artist/touring member of Pink Floyd
- **Celia A. Felsher** ('72), attorney/school-board president
- **Bruce Friedman** ('76), chiropractor
- **Geraldine Kalfus-Gurman** ('64), dance and drama instructor
- **Jill Seelig** ('79), publisher of O, the Oprah magazine

No, Oprah wasn't at the ceremony. Steadman either.

On April 6, 2006, our own **Celia Felsher** was inducted into the Jericho High School Alumni Hall of Fame, along with four others. **Lieutenant Matthew D. Lynch** (1997), a U.S. Marine who lost his life in Iraq, had been inducted posthumously at a special ceremony held last December. Many of your teachers were in attendance, including Mr. and Mrs. **Bob and Dolores Hoffman**, Ms. **Estelle Stern Rankin**, Ms. **Phyllis Mandell**, Mrs. **Karen Schwartz**, and Mr. **Austin Lynch**. If you'd like to see their photos, go to the Web site's "Photo Gallery."

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Dark side of the stage: keyboardist Jon Carin (l.) from the JHS class of 1982 performing alongside Rick Wright of Pink Floyd.

JHS Hall of Fame

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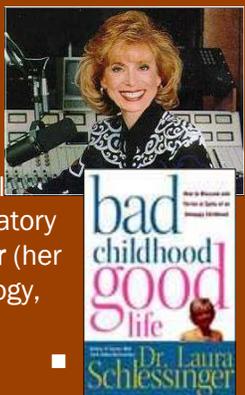
Think you wanna be in the JHS Hall of Fame? Okay, but you've got to sit under a large blow-up of your high-school yearbook picture, with its inevitable wince-inducing bad '70s hairstyle. The inductees are introduced by current Jericho students, all of them so obnoxiously accomplished, you wanna smack 'em.



Killer MC: Ms. Barbara Murphy is honored for having emceed the event since its inception.

Know Who's Not in The JHS Hall of Fame? Dr. Laura ('64)

That's right. Radio's controversial siren of intolerance and inflammatory rhetoric, "Dr." Laura Schlessinger (her PhD is in physiology, not psychology, incidentally), graduated from Jericho High School in 1964. ■

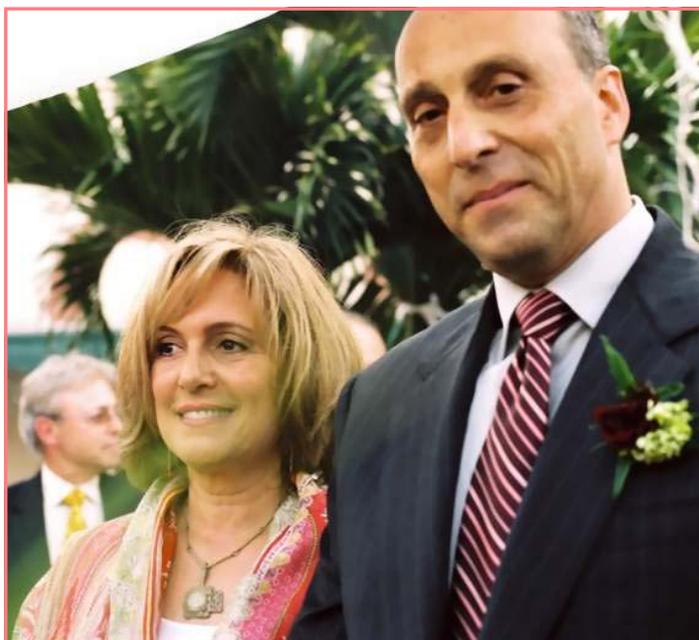


Nooz About Yooz

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Here Comes the Bride (and Groom)!

Beverly Weissman Cogan and Steven Marksohn ('71) were married May 20 in Palm Beach, Florida. Beverly writes: "We had a wonderful wedding! It was forty-two people – all family. It was the first time our families were meeting, and our fathers cried like babies.



"We are truly having the time of our lives, and it should be encouraging to those who think it can't happen again, especially at this age!" Congratulations! ■

Michael Lewis to Be Honored

Michael Lewis, of Roslyn, New York, is being honored at the National Multiple Sclerosis Society's 20th annual golf classic at the Muttontown Club, on Monday, July 24. He's been on the Long Island chapter's board of trustees and golf committee since 1994. "My father-in-law had MS," he says.



"Because of that, it compelled me to take action do something about it." Michael and wife **Stephanie** have been married for twenty-two years and have three children, **Jennifer, Josh, and Cody**. To register and/or sponsor Michael, go online at www.nmssli.org. For more info, contact Stacy Bona at 631-864-8337. ■

*First Person Singular***Celia Felsher: A Family Tradition Of Community Service**

My mother and father taught me a lot about community involvement. My parents were older than most; they were both born in 1915. My mother lived in Brooklyn. She had once been engaged, and she broke that off. So in 1941 she was a twenty-six-year-old dietitian living at home with her father, mother, and two aunts who'd never had children.

Then Pearl Harbor happened, and the government realized immediately that it was going to have to ramp up enormously in terms of building up the armed services. For the first time, they decided to admit women as enlisted personnel. My mother enlisted in the navy — partly out of patriotism but, I think, partly to get out of the house!

She'd been in the navy for a year when she was identified by some senior officers as being highly capable; they sent her to Smith College, which had been commandeered by the armed services and turned into an officers' training school. She was one of those ninety-day wonders and became a lieutenant in the navy. It was really rare, because at that time there were very, very few Jewish officers. She loved it, too; it was a great experience.

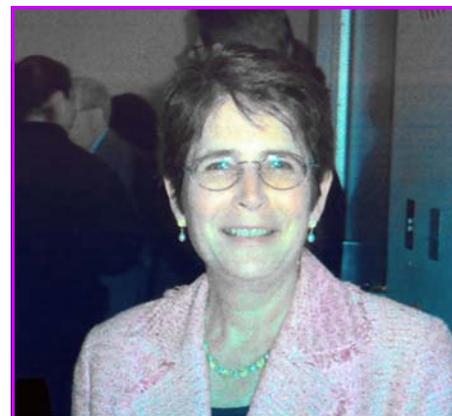
My father was born in Cleveland but was raised in Brooklyn as well. His parents were immigrants from different parts of Russia. His father died in the 1918 flu epidemic, when he was three. So his mother came back east to her family with the three little kids. He grew up in quite a poor family in a very lower economic area of Brooklyn that consisted of immigrant Jewish families.

He and my mother met after the war and married in 1951. My brother was born in 1953, and I was born in 1955. So my mother was thirty-seven when she had Jonathan, now a physician in Pennsylvania, and thirty-nine when she had me.

My parents were both very well read, very, very liberal Democrats, and passionately involved in politics. My father marched in one of the Civil Rights marches in Birmingham, Alabama, in the sixties. And my mother used to get a liberal political paper called *I. F. Stone's Weekly*; she was against the Vietnam War very early on, in 1964, 1965.

In fact, for a short time in the mid-1930s, my mother had been a member of the Communist Party, right after she got out of dietitian school — until the Stalin-Hitler pact in 1939. When she worked at the city hospitals, she and a small group of doctors, nurses, and dietitians tried to organize the employees there. The attempt to unionize failed, and they were all dispersed to different hospitals. Eventually, though, they were unionized. She was always fighting for people's rights.

“When I was inducted into the Hall of Fame, I felt that it was very important to honor the people who served on the Jericho Board of Education in its early years, because it's that group that really created the community.”



Celia at the Hall of Fame induction

I went to Princeton University as an undergrad. It was kind of a big deal at the time. First of all, Princeton had just gone co-ed, so there weren't that many women there, and I think only two or three people from Jericho had ever gone there. I really enjoyed Princeton; it was a good experience.

Plus, I met my husband, John Cecil, there, during our senior year. By then we'd already made our individual decisions on where we were going to graduate school. I went attended Columbia University Law School, in Manhattan, while John was in a four-year JD MBA (Juris Doctor Masters of Business Administration) program at Harvard, in Boston. So for our first four years together, we had a commuting relation; we were together every other weekend and during the summer. We got married in June 1982.

I had no idea what I wanted to do. I had thought, partly because of my parents' views, that I was going to go out and do something to help humanity and “save the world.” At Princeton, I'd majored in something called the Woodrow Wilson School, which is public and international affairs, and that's when it all clicked: I thought that going into law would give me the broadest opportunity to do things in different areas in terms

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Celia Felsher

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of either public policy or humanitarian work.

But I had loans throughout Princeton and then took out more loans at law school. So when I got out of Columbia, I had a lot of debt. I had spent a summer working at the law firm of Milbank, Tweed, Hadley and McCloy, in New York City, and I really liked it. I thought, *Okay, I'll just do this for a couple of years to earn money to pay back some debt, then I'll go do this other stuff.*

What happened was, I loved it at Milbank. I liked the positive reinforcement, the excitement, the stimulation of it. So I ended up staying. When I started there, law firms weren't yet divided into groups based on narrow practice areas. You had a pretty broad-based corporate department, and then more specialized banking, litigation, trusts and estates, and bankruptcy departments. Within corporate, it was broken down by partner group. And you, in that group, did whatever work the partners in that group had. The partners tended to have long-term client relationships, so whatever those clients had as corporate work would come to that partner. In other words, clients didn't look for "the best" in mergers and acquisitions, the best in this, and the best in that, and go shopping around to different law firms. They had personal relationships with particular lawyers they relied on generally.

So I did a combination of merger and acquisition and capital-markets work, including initial public offerings and private offerings. We were involved with some high-tech companies up in Canada, outside of Ottawa, where there's a Canadian equivalent of Silicon Valley and for a

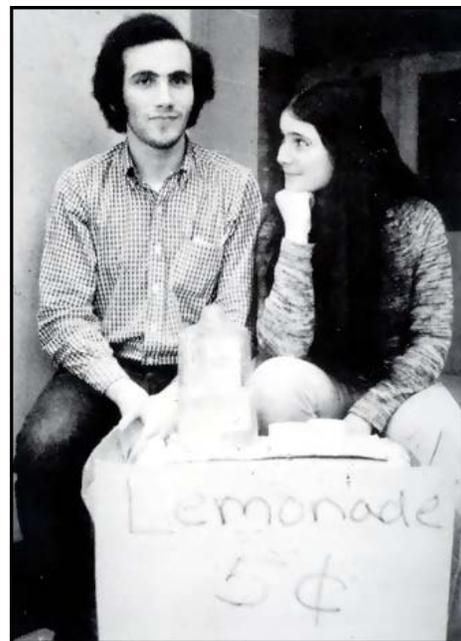
period of time spent a lot of time working with those Canadian companies.

I also, through some fluke, ended up working a lot on investment partnerships, such as hedge funds and private equity funds. It all started because one partner was involved in horse racing, and a friend of his wanted to create a partnership to invest in broodmares and stallions shares.

It was really bizarre! It was similar to the old-style real-estate partnerships, only it was for investment in horses. Since Milbank had never been involved in that area, I had to kind of figure it out from scratch. That was before people generally thought about investment partnerships in the context of hedge funds or alternative-asset funds, like you have now.

As that started to develop, I was the only one who at Milbank who had done partnership work, so I started to do hedge fund and private equity fund work as well, and also did real-estate investment trust work.

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Celia, voted Most Likely to Succeed, along with Ross Kaufman, and succeed she has. The lemonade-stand venture with Ross, however, proved a bust due to poor distribution, a longterm contract with an unscrupulous lemon vendor, and an unsexy ad campaign. ("Lemonade 5¢"?! Sorry, no pizzazz.) Ah, well, live and learn.

A Teacher's Kindness

In high school, probably the teacher I was closest to was Steve Piorkowski. I had him in eleventh and twelfth grade for honors English and AP English. He also directed the plays, which I was very involved in. I've seen him probably once every couple of years since graduating. He was wonderful.

But I think the person who might have had the most significant impact on me was my fourth-grade teacher, Mrs. Seaman. She died a while ago. I had a traumatic fifth grade. There were a couple of girls who were pretty mean, and for whatever reason, I became the ostracized kid in the class, the one everyone made fun of, and it was considered taboo to talk to me.

No one would invite me to anything. One time a girl in our class who was a close neighbor of mine was having a big birthday party, and I wasn't invited. I guess my mother must have told Mrs. Seaman how upset I was. I don't know for sure. All I know is that the day of the party, Mrs. Seaman had me out to her house in Cold Spring Harbor to spend the day. She and her husband lived in this old house right on Cold Spring Harbor. It was the day after a big storm, and we walked along the beach looking for mussels that had been washed up on shore during the storm but were still alive so we could save their lives by throwing them back in the water. ■

Celia Felsher

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Glass Ceiling? Pishaw!

In 1987 I became the fifth women partner in the history of Milbank, Tweed. I know that some women encountered prejudice, not only there but in the legal industry in general, but I never did. I felt I was very well respected, and people listened to me. There were a couple of men at the firm that we used to call “the dinosaurs”; they probably still belonged to all-male clubs and couldn’t fathom why there were women at the firm at all. I was lucky; I never worked with them. And the partner I worked with coming up — a guy named Al Lilly, whom I idolized — he couldn’t care less if you were a frog, as long as you did your work well.

I left Milbank, Tweed at the end of 1997, after more than eighteen years. I loved the firm and loved my career, but the work was starting to swamp me. I was working harder at that point than I had probably since I was a second- or third-year associate. Meanwhile, John was a senior executive at Lehman Brothers, the investment firm, and was working very long hours too. It just became an untenable situation.

We had two children by then: Rachel and Teddy. One time my daughter developed appendicitis, and we almost didn’t get her to the hospital on time. That’s when we decided that we couldn’t do this anymore. It was ridiculous.

At Milbank, Tweed, I’d been working with someone named Dan

Stern for about ten years. When I met him, he was running the investment side of the Burden family office. The Burdens were a wealthy New York-based family who were descendants of one of the Vanderbilt lines.

I did some investment-fund startups there, including one called HBK Investments, which is a very large and well-known hedge fund, and Starwood Capital, which was the precursor to what is now the big Star-



Husband John, son Teddy, and daughter Rachel

wood Hotels chain. It started out as a private equity investment fund that we started back in early 1990s. Dan then moved on to run the Ziff family investment office, and I continued to work on the formation of investment funds while Dan was at the Ziff family office.

At the end of 1997, Dan and a colleague decided to start their own investment firm, Reservoir Capital, about the same time that I’d decided to leave Milbank, Tweed. He said to me, “Why don’t you come work with us part-time, just help us start up? You can work at home most of the time.” It’s worked out great. I be-

came general counsel of Reservoir, and, for the first few years, I worked almost all the time from our home in Larchmont, New York. As Reservoir has grown, I’m back to working full-time and now go into the office in the city most days. But now that my kids are in college, it’s easier to do that (and when there are documents that need to be drafted, I can ask outside counsel to do a lot of the ground-work). The firm has grown now to fifty-something employees and has about \$2.8 billion under management. I really respect and like the guys I work with, so it’s been very good.

Rachel is a junior at Princeton, and Teddy is majoring in cinema studies at New York University’s Tisch School. My daughter wants to spend her career dealing with humanitarian issues, particularly in either Latin America or Africa. Unlike me at her age, she doesn’t have the economic pressure of having to go into something that’s going to pay well, be-

cause she’s going to come out of school without any loans. Deep down she knows, without it being explicit, that there’s this safety net that we can provide her. So she may actually go out and save a little piece of the world!

Heading the School Board — Never Boring

My father died in 2001; my mother, in 2004. My father was a long-time member of the Jericho Board of Education. At one point, he was president. Today, I do the same thing! I’m

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Celia Felsher

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ending my second year as president of the Mamaroneck School District. Back when my father was on the school board, it was all male. Now, in most communities, school boards are primarily women, because you have a lot of professional women who either reduced their workload or left the workforce when they had kids, and they're very competent and well educated.

It's a very time-consuming job. It's usually one or two meetings a week, on average, at night. Then there are things, on and off, during the day. And there are phone calls. And at times there are crises that might come up. You might have a teacher that's done something inappropriate. Or we had a big issue for years over moving a war memorial.

I find it fascinating because, having come up through the legal world, I ran transactions. I could look at information, make decisions, and get things done. Moving over to the school, board, it's totally different. First you have to have a consensus of the school board and work it through. *Then* you have to go out and develop a consensus of the community. You can't just do "what's right." My term ends June 30, and I'm not running again.

When I was inducted into the Alumni Hall of Fame, I felt that it was very important to honor the people who served on the Jericho Board of Education in its early years, because it's that group that really created the community. I mean, in the 1950s the school system was horrendous, and there were no public or community institutions, like the library.

The public schools in the area were really for the children of the

servants from the big estates or the people who lived on the potato farms. To be honest, the schools weren't particularly geared to academics. Then, as the population started to grow, they started to spin off individual school districts. It's really very interesting; a lot of work went into it.

I can remember a group of adults, which included my parents, Selma Constant (Joseph Constant's mother), and others, gathering together to mail out flyers to help get the library approved. The women used to divide up the mailing list for all of Jericho and sit at a table. I used to help. You'd type the labels and the addresses. Then you'd fold the flyers, put them in the envelopes, put on the label, and the stamps, and then you'd sit on them in piles of ten. I don't know that people really appreciate what it took to put Jericho on the path to where it is today. ■

JHS Tumbles to No. 27 in Nation: Heads Will Roll!

HORRORS! IN *NEWSWEEK* MAGAZINE'S ANNUAL ranking of best U.S. high schools, Jericho High School plunged from No. 14 to No. 27, and from first in New York State to third, behind John Miller-Great Neck North in Great Neck and Wilson Magnet in Rochester. The district's response was typically measured: mandatory townwide lockdown after 3:00 p.m.; all sports teams cancelled indefinitely, with the exception of mathletes; and a doubling of daily homework from a leisurely four hours to eight hours. Rest? Let the kids rest while sleeping off hangovers at their fancy top-rated colleges *next* year.

Here are the five top schools in the country, according to *Newsweek*:

- Talented and Gifted, Dallas, TX
- Jefferson County, Irondale, AL
- BASIS Charter, Tucson, AZ
- City Honors, Buffalo, NY
- Stanton College Prep, Jacksonville, FL ■

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Lindsay Altvater Duda

Jane Altvater Duda's daughter, Lindsay, was named Valedictorian of Estero (Florida) High School's graduating class of 380 seniors. Besides earning a 4.88 GPA (is that even possible?), Lindsay captained her school's soccer team all the way to the state championship game.

In a recent article on Lindsay in the *Bonita Daily News*, a family friend recalled seeing the girl always pulling out phonebook-sized tomes about biology



Mom Jane helps Lindsay get ready.

and psychology to read *for fun*. She plans to study integrated biology at the University of Florida in Gainesville en route to medical school and, eventually, to a career as a radiation oncologist. One of

her motivations for wanting to enter cancer medicine, as well as for attending UF, was a close friend who was treated at the University of Florida Shands Cancer Center for osteosarcoma but, sadly, died of the disease. While in high school, Lindsay volunteered at the hospital, one of the top cancer-treatment facilities in the country. She's also donated her time to Habitat for Humanity and tutored elementary school children. Jeez, even if Lindsay blew off steam on weekends by stealing cars, she'd still be one pretty amazing kid.



A good luck peck from the family pooch.

Her speech to the graduating class revealed uncommon wisdom: "Show everybody that you're even more amazing than they thought," Lindsay said. "Be someone who can be counted on. Be assertive. Be strong. But most of all, be you. It got you this far."

Lindsay isn't the only family member about to leave the Fort Myers area. Jane, husband **Ed**, and son **Zack**, seventeen, just returned to Tampa, which they left only two years ago. "We love Tampa," writes Jane, "so we're glad to be back." ■

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

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



Jordan (Ludwig) Moseon

Is there a doctor in the house? Two, actually. **Marna Ludwig Moseon's** son, **Jordan**, graduated from the New York College of Osteopathic Medicine and is now interning at Nassau County Medical Center in East Meadow. Dad **Michael** is chief of colorectal surgery at St. Francis Hospital in Roslyn.

"Jordan lived at home for two years," explains Marna, herself a registered nurse (and the daughter of a doctor — do you see a pattern emerging?), who lives in Dix Hills, Long Island, "then moved out to a room at Nassau University Hospital and came home every week. That really was the perfect arrangement. Of course he was close enough to come to do his laundry when necessary!

"That D.O. school may just teach these young men and women more about the human body and mind than a 'regular' med school! I'm so-ooo proud of the oath that he took to be a healer *and* a friend. Being a nurse/friend/advocate, I *really* loved that! So important!"

Daughter **Alissa**, meanwhile, is graduating from Hofstra in August, then going on to pursue a Masters degree of mental-health counseling. "She wants to work with autistic children and their families," says Marna, "doing intake and early intervention." ■

Q&A With Author Ellen Meister ('75)

Continued from page 2

have time to do this? When I'm eighty?" I think it was my version of a midlife crisis.

At that point, I still had pretty small kids; the little one wasn't even in school yet. So the toughest part was figuring out when I could make time to write. I finally decided, "Well, if I'm going to do this, I'm going to do what those maniacs who go to the gym before work do and start getting up at four-thirty, five o'clock in the morning." And that's what I did.

How long ago did you start writing *Secret Confessions of the Applewood PTA*?

At the end of 2000. People are often shocked to learn that because the book is about these three sexy PTA moms, and it's assumed that I got the idea from the TV show *Desperate Housewives*. But I swear to God, I had the idea first!

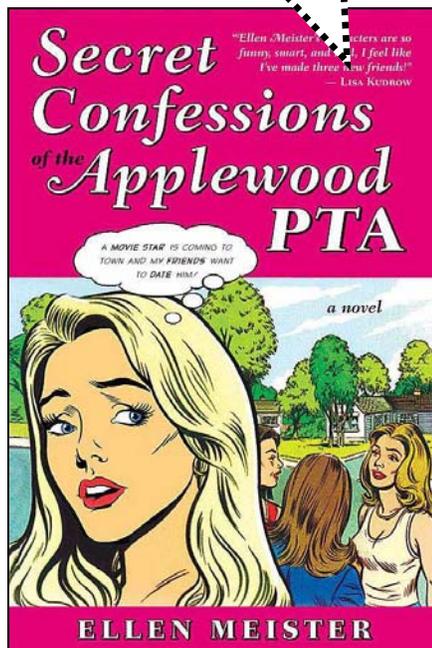
I'm not one of those people who gets ideas very organically. Some people just sit down and a whole story unfolds in front of them like a movie. But I have to struggle though it. I'll get a germ of an idea, then I have to make copious notes and just write and think and write and think before I can really wrap a story around it.

What inspired you to write a story that takes place in a suburban community that sounds a lot like, oh, I don't know, Jericho?

When I had the epiphany that it was time for me to write a book, I had no story idea — just motiva-

"Ellen Meister's characters are so funny, smart, and real, I feel like I've made three new friends."

— Lisa Kudrow



tion. Then one morning I went to a PTA meeting at Cantiague School. All the Jericho women — including me — were smiling and saying hello and being very social and very polite. And I thought to myself, *These women have no idea that I just made this huge decision about my life's direction. In fact, they have no idea at all that I have an inner life, that there's anything beyond that smiling PTA face that they see!*

And I wondered if perhaps everybody there felt something similar to that, like there was so much more to them than this smiling PTA face. And no sooner did I have that

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So, Um, What's It About?

From the flap copy of *Secret Confessions of the Applewood PTA*:

"At once tender and hilarious, this captivating story turns suburbia upside down, revealing the inner lives of three characters who have more humor, heartache, and heat than one PTA can hold.

"When a Hollywood location scout comes to Applewood, Long Island, and announces that the local elementary school might make the perfect backdrop for an upcoming George Clooney movie, the PTA's decorum crumbles like a cookie from last week's bake sale.

"Enter Maddie, Ruth, and Lisa, three women who become the glue that holds the project together ... and wind up forming a bond of friendship stronger than anyone had imagined.

"A good thing, too, because each of them is about to come apart. Maddie Schein, an ex-lawyer trying as hard to fit in as she is to save her marriage, gets knocked off balance by Jack Rose, an old college friend hell bent on seducing her. Ruth Moss—rich, sexy and outspoken—has more to give and less to enjoy than most people think. Indeed, since her husband's stroke left him embarrassingly uninhibited yet completely impotent, she's more of a caretaker than a wife. And modest Lisa Slotnick, a loving parent who wants nothing more than to fade into the scenery as she tends to her children, must deal with the humiliation of being thrust before the spotlight by her scandalous, alcoholic mother.

"When these three get together, a powerful alliance is forged. But is it strong enough to overcome the obstacles to getting the movie made in their town? And will their friendship be enough to mend their hearts and homes? Join them as they reach for the stars, and try to pull off a Hollywood ending of their own. ■

TOONS CARTOONS SCARTO OTOONS SCARTOONS SCART

By Dan Clurman



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



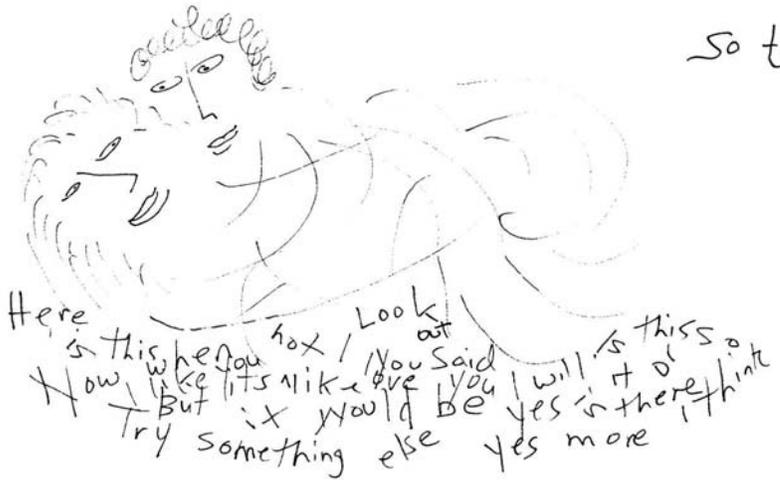
"I assist professionals, business people, couples, and students to more skillfully navigate life transitions, as well as improve their communication and presentations. I also have a small practice as a Feldenkrais® practitioner, a movement-based form of education."

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

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



Getting it on,
so to speak



Checking In with the Classes of 1971 and 1973

Since we'll all be getting together again at next year's joint 35-year reunion, we thought we'd acquaint everyone by profiling several members of the classes of 1971 and 1973 in each issue.

We all have our own definitions of success. It could be our families, our careers, or winning the award for Most Back Hair at the county fair. Just still being here after fifty-plus years is an accomplishment in itself. Everyone's life is uniquely interesting. If you'd like to share your story in a future issue, please get in touch; we'd love to hear from you and about you.

Elizabeth Stark Perez ('73)



Back in 1980, Elizabeth Stark Perez launched what would become a world-renowned chain of English language schools for foreign students. Her interest in Latin American and South American culture began with a political awakening that she says took place while at a summer camp in upstate New York.

"I was fourteen," she recalls, "and I just discovered this whole other world when I was there. My roommate, this brilliant girl who went to Hunter University Girls High School, was organizing a march against hunger, in Corona, Queens. I walked in it with her and just got pulled in. It was the time of the national grape boycott for the United Farm Workers, and I thought, *Wow, I can do this!* Out of nowhere, I started to organize a march on Long Island. That was not unusual for my family, though. My parents had been active in a lot of social movements, and growing up, we used to sing peace songs in the car."

Liz received high-school credit for her organizing activities through Jericho's recently established alternative school. Her sponsor? One of her fa-

vorite teachers: Señor Michael Friedman. (In an April 19, 1971, *Newsday* article about alternative-school programs, in Jericho and other districts, he is quoted as saying, "I'm in favor of a different kind of education. I'd rather the subject be learned in the street. Ideally, I'd like to see students in direct, intimate contact with the Hispanic people." To see the full article, courtesy of Liz, go to the "Arty-Facts" wing of the "YOU-zeeum" on our class Web site.)

At the start of eleventh grade, in September 1971, Liz didn't have any plans to graduate early. "I hadn't been seriously thinking about college at all yet," she says. "But one day, a friend of mine named Jonathan Clay, a senior, told me about this college that he was going to visit: Friends World College and it sounded intriguing. It was funded by the Quakers. Most of your work was done through field work, and you had to live in two foreign cultures.

"I just fell in love with the Latin culture. The people are just so wonderfully sweet, and it's a simpler and easier way of life."

"I went with Jonathan on a tour of FWC's gorgeous old campus in Lloyd Harbor, and I just fell in love with it. *Hmmmm*, I thought, *maybe I can graduate a year early*. Part of it was that I really didn't want to have to study any more science or math! Mr. Boroson, whom I adored, just barely got me through geometry. But also, I was really ready to leave Jericho. The funny thing is that Jonathan ended up not going there, and I did."

The school, which she describes as "very political," was always in deep financial trouble, "because the Quakers' pockets weren't very deep. They sold the land and the program to Long Island University a number of years ago, but it still ran pretty much the way it had when I went there." Her first semester was spent on campus. But for the second half of her freshman year, Liz went to San Francisco, home to much experimental theater.

"I was never very good at theater, but I became interested in it from watching *The Crucible* performed at Jericho High," she says. "I thought that was the greatest play ever! Then I worked on *Good News* and the one-act play *Dope*. In San Francisco I worked with a theater group called Mother Goose, which went into juvenile halls and homes for unwed mothers, using theater and roleplay as a way to reach troubled kids. It was a great experience."

Liz's sophomore year took her to the Friends World College center in Mexico. There, says Liz, "I just fell in love with the Latin culture. The people are just so wonderfully sweet and nice, and it's a simpler and easier way of life. I love the music, too."

"From there I went to teach in Honduras and then in Guatemala at the United States Guatemalan Bi-National Center. I was eighteen. My students were wonderful; many of

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Elizabeth Stark

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them were my age or older." In retrospect, she says, the political climate made Guatemala and especially Honduras less than safe, though "I think I was quite naive, being down there. I would *never* let my son, Andrew, do the things I did," she says, laughing.

"In Honduras, there were lots of political problems going on, and I was asked to leave. They wanted the Peace Corps volunteers out too at that point. In Guatemala I also taught English at a Catholic boys junior high school, where some of the teachers were involved with organizing the Indians against the Guatemalan government. I knew there was a lot of very dangerous stuff going on. I stayed clear of it — I wasn't involved — but I could have been in a lot of trouble because of the perception of Americans who went down there to work."

Liz says she probably would continue to teach indefinitely in Guatemala had she not flown home to Jericho in 1976 for her brother's Bar Mitzvah. Michael, who graduated in the class of 1980, is the youngest and Liz the oldest, with Bonnie, who also graduated one year early, in '76, in between. Michael, a successful screenwriter and bookseller, lives in Atlanta, while Bonnie still resides on Long Island and works for United Synagogue of Conservative Judaism. One of her two daughters just graduated from Syracuse University; the other works for Geico Insurance on the island.

"My mother had read an article in *Newsday* about Adelphi University's receiving a huge grant for a masters program in bilingual education," Liz recalls. "She said, 'You're bilingual. Why don't you apply?' I walked in

and walked out with an assistant-ship." She earned her masters degree in 1977.

The late 1970s found Liz living in Manhattan, teaching nights at a language school and working days as personnel manager of an envelope company in Soho. The day job was purely temporary, but it did introduce her to her future husband, John Perez, who owned the bar next door. His family was in the restaurant and bar business.

Liz left the envelope company when the language school, the Latin American School offered her a full-time position as assistant director. According to her, "It was not a great school or a great place to work. The owner was very exploitive toward his staff and his students. It was strictly a business for him, whereas I loved working with the immigrant population." Once again, career advice — and encouragement — came from one of her parents.

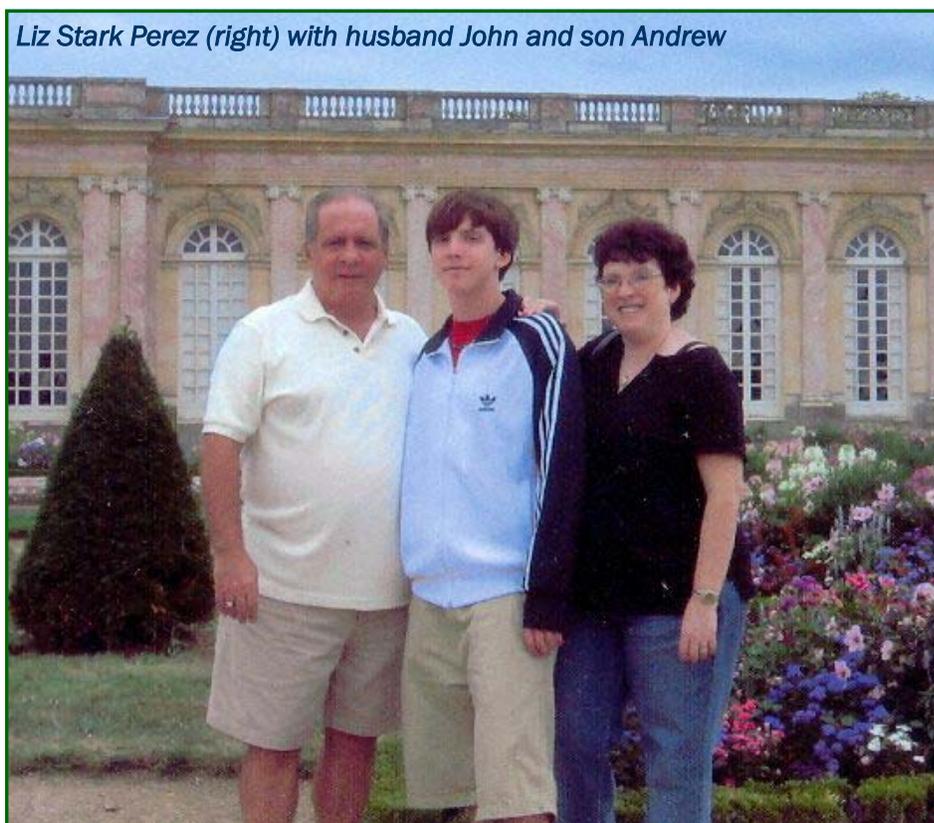
"My father said to me, 'Why don't you open up your own school?'" It was something she hadn't considered seriously before, but in September 1980, "I started a small school on Fourteenth Street, renting space from the New York Institute of Dietetics, a vocational school. We had free lunches made by the students," she says.

A year or two later, the school moved to its own location on Twenty-eighth Street. Then Liz opened a second branch downtown. Not bad for someone "with no business experience whatsoever."

Remember The Host Deli?

Liz and John moved to Long Island after marrying in 1981, eventually buying a house in the Salisbury section of East Meadow. John had been looking to get back into the restaurant business when Liz's mother

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Elizabeth Stark

Continued from page 14

mentioned that the Host Deli was up for sale. (Remember the Host? It was located on the east side of Broadway — the same side as Sears and Mid-Island Bowl, in the small strip mall at Bethpage Road.)

"It was a mistake," says Liz. "For one thing, Ben's Deli had just opened on Long Island. But the other problem was that some people didn't like the fact that John wasn't Jewish. The food was wonderful, and I can tell you that he kept up the kosher end even better than the previous owner. He was far more conscious about it, feeling that he had to get it right. My mom worked there, and after I got home from running the school in the city, I would help host-ess or wait tables."

Meanwhile, the school really began taking off. All this time, Liz still didn't even have a bookkeeper, "just an accountant who came in on a monthly basis." Since John was an ace at business, and with a son, Andrew, born in 1989, it made sense for him to officially join the school as business manager, just in time for expansion into San Francisco and Ft. Lauderdale.

"The Ft. Lauderdale school became almost as big as the New York school," she says. The year it opened coincided with a winter in which New York was socked by something like seventeen snowstorms. "We fell in love with Fort Lauderdale and decided to relocate down there." The family moved to nearby Plantation in 1995.

Early Graduation, Early Retirement

The school continued to grow, opening a branch in Boston. "I loved it," says Liz, particularly the travel in-

involved. "We belonged to a British-based association of language schools, so I'd fly to conferences all over the world. The school provided our entire social life."

By 1997, Liz and John were over-seeing a total of two hundred or so employees, when a large chain approached them about selling. Out of loyalty to their staff, they walked away from the offer because they feared that the new owners would enact wholesale cuts.

"Our attorneys and accountants said that we were crazy," she reflects. "But we'd always paid our teachers very well, ran a quality program, and we had a dedicated group of people working for us."

The following year they did sell, to another group, after extracting promises that the staff would be retained. "And from day one," she says ruefully, "they didn't.

"I really didn't want to sell; I was having too much fun. But to be offered such a huge chunk of money that would enable us to not have to work anymore, well, we figured we'd better grab it. Besides, I signed a five-year contract to continue to work for the school, so at the time it looked like the best of both worlds. John took a short contract, because



One of Liz's favorite teachers, Mr. Michael Friedman, now a Florida resident, sponsored her political organizing through JHS's alternative-school program.

he knew he couldn't work for someone else. I thought I could.

"And," she says with a laugh, "I didn't last a year. I was 'fired,' for speaking out about their firing staff." Liz prevailed in court, however, winning three years' severance.

"Our timing in selling the schools was perfect," she says, "because 9/11 basically closed down the foreign-student market. Foreign students could not get visas to enter the United States. We probably would have had to close our schools; many language schools did close."

Since then, she's enjoyed being home with Andrew, who's about to start his senior year at University School of Nova Southeastern University, and putting her talents to work organizing fund-raising events for his school and the local Unitarian Congregation.

Andrew, a talented writer, and editor-in-chief of his school's newspaper, is thinking about a career in journalism and/or mass media. He was recently accepted into the *South Florida Sun-Sentinel's* Next Generation program as a staff writer.

With college just a year away, says Liz, "I'm starting to think about 'what after?' Part of me would like to start up a company that would work with small nonprofit organizations, like churches and synagogues, and help them raise money." Any decision, however, is contingent upon where Andrew decides to go to school. Right now, he seems to be leaning to colleges on the East Coast.

"I miss working," says Liz, "but I love to travel. Turning fifty last year made me think about doing all the things I haven't done yet that I still want to do. My mom died of brain cancer at sixty-nine, right around the same time that we moved to Florida, and I think about that a lot. So we'll see; I don't know yet." ■

Checking In with the Classes of '71 and '73

Continued from page 13

Mitchel Forman ('73)



This is one of those great stories, where you remember someone displaying talent at a young age, and the person goes on to succeed in that very field. Making this all the more remarkable is the fact that we're talking about the music biz, one of the hardest, most illogical, and heartbreaking of all callings. How else do you explain the immense popularity of a Britney Spears, when thousands of far more talented singers will toil in perpetual obscurity before giving up the dream. (The answer, of course: implants!)

Nearly thirty-five years since leaving Jericho, keyboardist Mitchel Forman continues to sustain a thriving jazz career that's encompassed recording, touring, session work, and running his own record label. Good thing, too, as he never did have a backup plan. "No, not really," he says. "Everything just kind of evolved naturally."

Mitchel began studying classical piano when he was seven years old and living in West Birchwood. He played in amateur rock bands while growing up, but, he admits, "I was never *that* into it. At the time, I kind of enjoyed playing anything, really. But later in high school I started getting more into jazz." One band was Tubas in the Moonlight, with class of '72 members Andy Romanoff, George Ploska, and Philip Bashe. The other was a group with classmate Lloyd Silverstein.

"Lloyd's father had a clothing store in New York City," he remem-

bers. "One time we all took the train in, and we came home with band outfits: these white pants with green and brown stripes! Actually, I think the band was more about the outfits than the music."

Shortly after graduating from the Manhattan School of Music, Mitchel was already playing with legendary jazz saxophonist Gerry Mulligan, who was more than twice his age. Mulligan's Grammy Award-winning 1980 album *Walk on the Water* includes a Forman composition, "Angelica." Around the same time, Mitchel also spent a year backing Frankie Valli of the Four Seasons, then in the midst of a huge commercial revival with the number-one hit "Grease."

"It wasn't exactly my kind of music," says Mitchel, "but it was a lot of fun and a chance to get the feel of it. Then I started playing with more standard-jazz musicians." His résumé over the past twenty-five years reads like a virtual Who's Who of the jazz universe, including Stan Getz, Carla Bley, Mel Torme, Astrud Gilberto, Freddie Hubbard, Wayne

Shorter, Rickie Lee Jones, John Scofield, Gary Burton, Enrique Inglecias, Andy Summers, and Pat Metheny. In the mid-1980s Mitchel joined guitarist John McLaughlin's reincarnation of the jazz-fusion juggernaut Mahavishnu Orchestra for the critically acclaimed albums *Mahavishnu* and *Adventures in Radioland*. Rounding out the quintet were original eight-armed drummer Billy Cobham, bassist Jonas Hellborg, and saxist Bill Evans.

In rock & roll, being in a band is sort of like being in the army; that's your battalion, and a musician who dabbles with another group is likely to wind up shot or court-martialed. The jazz world is far freer, with less rigid boundaries. Mitchel's currently belonging to no fewer than four different outfits is accepted practice in jazz. He and guitarist Chuck Loeb colead the band Metro, which has recorded four CDs to date. The keyboardist also sits in regularly with the Rick Braun Band, BWB, and guitarist Jeff Golub.

Besides his work with other musicians, Mitchel has forged a solo career since *Live at Newport*, recorded at the 1980 Newport Jazz Festival. "I've always had side outlets," he explains, "in the U.S., Japan, Italy, Germany. Recently I started my own label, Marsis Jazz, and put out a new album every couple of years.

Almost have one finished right now, in fact." To hear Mitchel's solo work, as well as his group efforts with Metro, visit his wonderful self-designed official website: www.mitchelforman.com.

From East Coast to West Coast

"In the late 1980s, I got very involved in playing on commercials," he says. "Perhaps a little too much. But it was very lucrative and very

Continued on page 19

Mitchography

As Leader:

- Mr. Clean* (2002)
- Patience* (2000)
- Harvest Song* (1998)
- Now and Then* (1994)
- What Else* (1992)
- Handmade* (1990)
- Train of Thought* (1985)
- Only a Memory* (1983)
- Childhood Dreams* (1982)
- Mitchel Forman Live at Newport (Japan)* (1980)

As Coleader:

- Grapevine* (2002)
- Metro Cafe* (2000)
- Tree People* (1995)
- Metro* (1994)
- Petite Blonde* (1990)

Friends 4-Ever

Continued from page 1

Philip Bashe and George Ploska ~ Friends for 39 years ~

MUSIC HAS BEEN AT THE ROOT OF MY FRIENDSHIP

with George Ploska ever since we met in April 1967. First, though, you have to backtrack to the beginning of seventh grade, when, while tossing a football back and forth, my best friend from childhood, Andy Romanoff, and I discovered that the other played a musical instrument. Andy was a prodigy guitarist; I was a refugee French horn player who'd taken up the drums after my orthodontist informed me at age ten that I needed braces and therefore wouldn't be able to play the Freedom horn anymore. At the time, I was crushed, believing that my social life was over before it had even begun. Because when you think *party*, you think what? *French horn!* As in: "Hey, Phil, we're havin' a party; why doncha come on over with your *French horn!*"

It turned out to be a blessing in disguise, of course. Andy and I formed a rock & roll band, the Spellbinders, in December 1966 with Ken Kalb, the Mick Jagger of Orange Drive. No, really. At age twelve, he could do this undulating hip-shake-shimmy that predated Axl Rose by twenty years. Ken soon left the band, now rechristened the Only (probably one of, oh, *fifty thousand* amateur

combos to have *thought real hard* and come up with such a unique name), due to the usual creative differences: He wanted to play basketball; we wanted to play music. Ken was replaced by guitarist Steven Mellman, highly coveted for his knock-'em-dead solo rendition of Herman's Hermits' "Mrs. Brown You've Got a Lovely Daughter" at a sixth-grade talent show.

In April 1967 Andy announced to me that we were about to acquire the services of a bass player he'd met in Woodstock. Wait a minute, no, it was woodshop. "What's a bass player?" I asked. I'd never seen one before. "Do they have horns?"

Before the day of the big audition, Andy introduced me to this Greg Plodskow person, or something like that, in the dimly lit hallway outside woodshop. We looked each other up and down and knew instantly that we were destined to play together as a rhythm section, for we were both wearing the *identical* paisley puke-print shirt. It was cosmic, like John meeting Paul.

George sailed through the audition — though I couldn't understand why his guitar had only four strings instead of the usual six; maybe he was saving up to buy the last two — and was welcomed into the Doom. We'd jettisoned the name the Only after just a month or two; "the Doom" (with an umlaut over the second o) was a bunch of twelve-year-olds' idea of profundity.

Steve Mellman soon split, around the same time that Andy and I discovered power trios like Cream and

Continued on page 18

Same s - - t, new millennium: At left, a summer 1968 sound check for the Doom (l. to r., Phil, George, Andy) before big outdoor gig at the AHRC in Old Westbury. Dig matching groovy white turtlenecks. What you can't see are the cumbersome matching silver medallions, so as to identify with peace-love generation. Phil the drummer was allowed to dispense with his because the stupid thing would hang down over his snare drum, making it all but impossible to play. Probably spared him a future bulging cervical disc. At right, playing at our 30th reunion in 2002 as the Photo Shy Seniors: l. to r., Mark Paris, Doug Bauomel ('74), Phil, Melanie Siegal Dolan, and George on keyboards. Out of camera range: guitar slinger Tom Jendrzjewski.



Photo by Mark Russo

Friends 4-Ever

Continued from page 15

Denise Straus Loverro and Laura Sheftman Strafer ~ Friends for 48 years ~

I CAN STILL REMEMBER BEING IN the car (no car seat!) at three years old, and my dad saying to me as we turned onto Richmond Avenue, “See that little girl sitting in the bay window? I’ll bet she is around your age, and you two might become good friends someday ...”

Laura and I had a lot of friends in the neighborhood over the years, but to this day I only keep in touch and spend time with her and Janice Turteltaub. Every year we would go clothes (school) shopping at the end of the summer and then try on our outfits for the first day of school and stand on her parent’s bed and view ourselves in the mirror. I can still remember the matching tights and purple stripes and stretchy outfits!

That started in the first grade and continued through grade school at Cantiague. I have vague memories of walking over the overpass to get to the Robert Seaman School through the woods behind Mitchell Hasday’s (1971) and Jeff Aaron’s houses! Cantiague wasn’t built yet! Infamous hangouts, Joyce Targove’s

famous luau party! Walking to basketball games on Friday nights past the stores. I could go on forever ...

Laura and I remained friends throughout all of those years, and I don’t think we were ever in the same class for the entire thirteen years of going to school together! Junior high was probably the only time we didn’t hang out much, as I was friendly with Gwen Lipstag, Susan Pollack, Cathy Cardinale, and Marilyn Greif. I hope they come to the next reunion, since I haven’t seen them since graduation!

Laura and I have always been there for each other: through college, dating our current husbands, and raising our families. I guess that’s why we consider ourselves sisters instead of just friends. Fast forward many years later, and we still talk weekly, though I live in California and Laura lives in Long Island. I go to New York every summer, where my daughter is now a counselor at Kenwal Day Camp. Laura’s youngest daughter, Amanda, and my daughter, Alyssa, are the same age, seventeen. Since they have been four years old, we get together every summer and go shopping.

Jericho was Camelot, and I couldn’t be happier that our families chose to live there. Look forward to seeing everyone in ‘07. ■



A summer 2005 reunion on Long Island: (left to right) Laura’s daughter, Amanda; Laura; Denise’s daughter, Alyssa, who turned sixteen that day; and Denise.

Philip Bashe and George Ploska

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the Jimi Hendrix Experience. So we carried on as a threesome, with Phil now handling lead vocals, mainly because of the three of us, my voice lowered first. We played sock hops in the gym, with its marvelous *aa-cc-oo-uu-ss-tt-ii-cc-ss*, and one morning in ninth grade the Doom serenaded arriving students in support of student-council-prez candidate Jimmy Rudy. He and running mate Steven Lehrer won handily, partly, we’d like to believe, because of the hypnotic spell woven by our super-destructo versions of “Sunshine of Your Love,” “Purple Haze,” and “Time Has Come Today.”

Our band seemed to change names like a teenage boy changes underwear — i.e., every couple of years. In tenth grade, we became Tubas in the Moonlight. A vast improvement! And Andy’s neighbor from across the street, the brilliant Mitchel Forman, joined on organ.

Mitchel’s arrival moved us in more of a progressive-rock direction. We played obscure songs by Santana, Ten Years After, and the Nice (Keith Emerson’s classical-rock group prior to the far more popular ELP). I have reel-to-reel tape recordings from back then, and the musicality remains pretty impressive. But we must have had the most *undanceable* repertoire in the history of popular music. 4/4 time? Sorry, never heard of it! We played dances in the gym and the cafeteria, and probably ruined birthday parties for Laura Herrick and Wendy Keavey (‘73). Looking back, I can imagine frustrated

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Mitchel Forman

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easy. Playing with great musicians every day, all day long — that was really fun. Then synthesizers and home recording studios started taking over a little bit, and that part of my scene began to dry up. They just didn't need players as much.

"Somewhere along the line I met a really big TV composer from California named Patrick Williams. He's the guy who wrote the *Mary Tyler Moore Show* theme. He gave me a record deal and some work out on the West Coast. Meanwhile, I was paying way too much for a little apartment in New York City. So I gave it a try out here and just ... stayed."

Mitchel lives with his wife and children in Simi Valley, north of Los Angeles. "It's super suburbia out here," he says, laughing. "It's the kind of neighborhood where you can throw your kids outside, say, 'Come home when it's dark,' and you really don't have to worry about them." Son Ellis is ten; daughter Nina, six. Mitchel's wife, Suzanne, whom he met "through a friend at a party," is

principal of a middle school of eighteen hundred kids in what he calls "a tough neighborhood. She's doing an unbelievable job."

He still goes out on the road for what he calls "middle-aged touring." Explanation, please? "That's where you go out for a weekend and complain about how 'hard' it is, when it's really easy and fun. But lately I'm been trying to stay home more and do some other stuff." Advances in modern recording technology make that easier than ever; Mitchel, "like everyone else in L.A.," has a home studio. "The price of having your own studio where you can turn out finished product has come down so much in the last ten years, you might as well just work at home."

Reflecting on his thirty-five years in music without a Plan B, Mitchel says, "In pop music, it's more about what you look like. But in jazz, especially when you're starting out, success is based on word of mouth and people's recommendations. Because musicians move around. Five years later, someone remembers you and gives you a call. I don't know; you get lucky and things fall into place. I've had a good time." ■

Philip Bashe and George Ploska

Continued from page 18

kids on the dance floor popping hamstrings while desperately trying to latch onto the beat to "Soul Sacrifice" or CSNY's "Ohio." In all, George and I played together for five years — with Mark Paris replacing Andy, who'd discovered jazz in eleventh grade — until we went off to college.

The two of us reconnected at age thirty with a new original-music group, Run to Nine (couldn't tell you what the name means — ask George), playing CBGB and other NYC clubs. Got some record-company interest, but, frankly, we were too old and, in the era of big-hair bands, way too normal-looking. I mean, the keyboardist was a *dental surgeon*, for Chrissake!. My lone concession to hipness was a modest earring. I refused to don a spiky-haired wig like our guitarist; I'd rather have observed the time-honored rock tradition of choking to death on my own vomit. Run to Nine was fronted by either of two talented but moody sisters whose premenopausal behavior drove the rest of us so nuts that we gladly disbanded in 1988.

And that was the end of our musical collaborating — though not our friendship — until our nine-song stint as the "Photo Shy Seniors" (that's what they called the folks who didn't bother having their pictures taken for the '72 *Imperator*) at our class's 30th reunion, which we stitched together with one hour-long rehearsal in between setting up the gymnasium for the big party. I never did get to take a shower that day. But it might have been the most fun gig of all. ■



The artist at work — or maybe he's just playing online poker. Above, children Nina and Ellis.

Checking In with the Classes of '71 and '73

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Joseph Friedlander, M.D. ('71)



Joe Friedlander always knew that he wanted to go into medicine. "My uncle was the head of thoracic surgery at Bronx Lebanon Hospital," he recalls, "so I used to scrub in on operations when I was fourteen years old. Luckily, I was big enough that people wouldn't know how young I really was."

After attending Oklahoma City University, Joe went off to the Philippines for med school. Why the Philippines? "In the days when I was applying, the competition was extremely hard," he explains. "I was kept on a waiting list for three years, and finally I just decided that enough was enough and went to the Philippines. All the professors at Far Eastern University School of Medicine were taught in the United States and taught in English, so it was pretty easy compared to going to Italy, or Mexico, or one of those places."

Living in Manila turned out to be a great experience, especially for a devoted scuba diver. "The Philippines is a beautiful country," he says. "It was a funny time to be there, because they'd just ended marshal law, and everyone had guns. But the people were always very nice to us Americans. The U.S. had two big military bases there: Subic Naval Base and Clark Air Force Base, so there were always lots of Americans around. I could fly to Hong Kong in an hour and a half, a few hours to Japan — it was a great place to start your touring of the Orient."

Back in the U.S.A.

Joe returned to the states to finish med school, then did his residency at New Jersey's Hackensack University Medical Center, where he still has privileges. His first night on call there he met his future wife, Andrea, an ICU nurse.

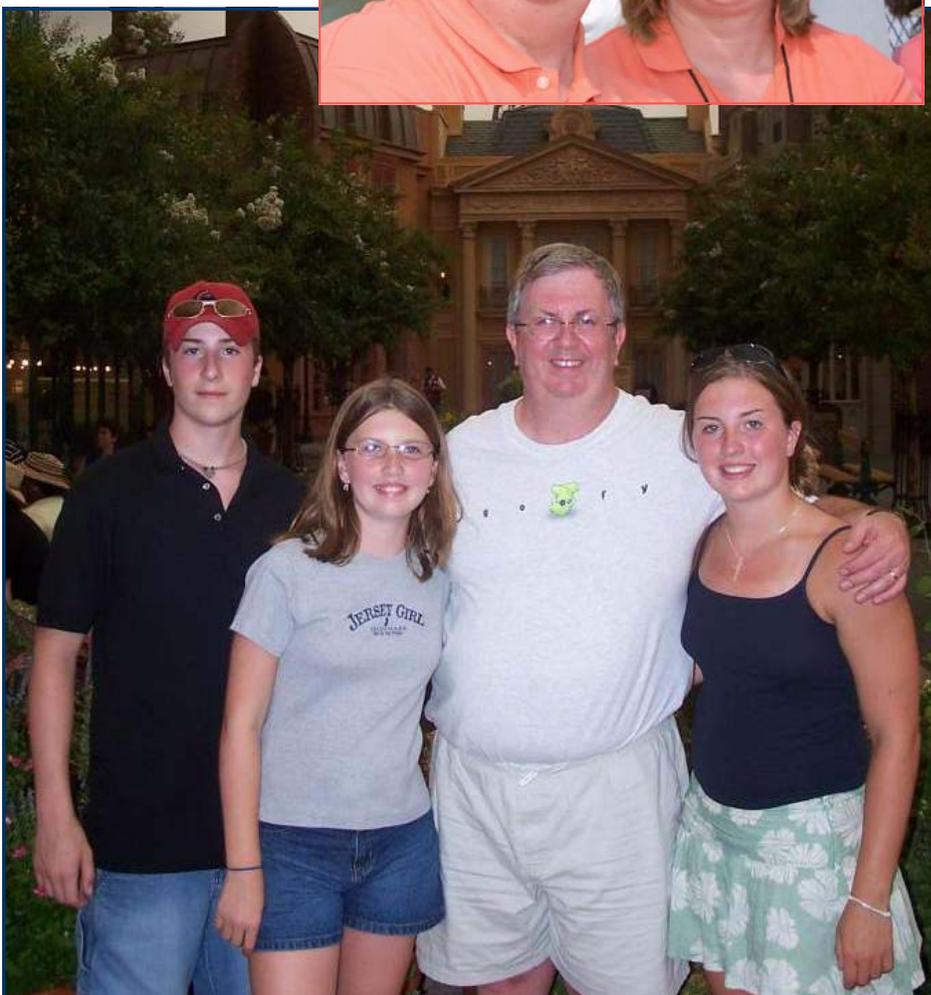
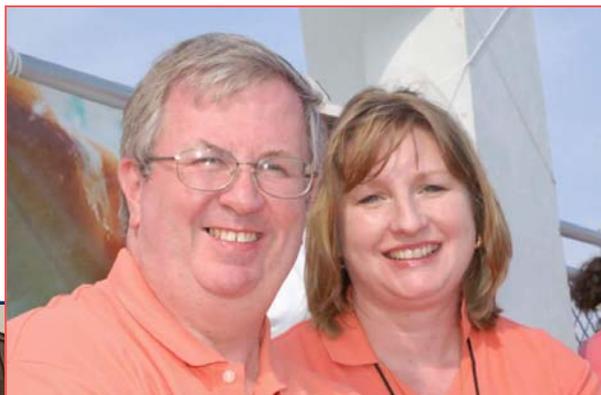
The couple, who live in River Edge, New Jersey, have three children, ages nineteen, sixteen, and

twelve. Their two oldest, Christine (who just completed her freshman year at Bucknell University) and Brian, are both competitive swimmers; recently, while attending a championship swim meet at Eisenhower Park on Long Island, Joe took his kids and some of their friends to visit Jericho High.

"I wanted to see the new gym," he says. "My kids are from an afflu

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(Right) Joe and wife Andrea. (Below) Dr. Joe with Brian, Allison, and Christine at Disney World. "We have made at least one trip a year there since the kids were young."



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



This Issue:
Ms. Judy Sutcliffe

Ms. Judy Sutcliffe came to Jericho in 1969 and had such a rocky start that she didn't think she'd last the year. Instead she became one of the school's most popular teachers — the class of 1972 named her favorite teacher along with another math instructor, Mr. Louis Boroson. About to enter her fortieth year in front of a classroom, Ms. Sutcliffe holds the Founders Master Teaching Chair at St. Mark's School of Texas in Dallas. She's a recipient of the Presidential Award for mathematics teaching, as well as Siemens and Tandy Technology Scholars awards.

ALTHOUGH I WAS BORN IN VIRGINIA, then lived in Philadelphia for a few years, I basically consider myself a Long Island girl, having grown up in Massapequa from fourth grade on. Something in my gut told me that I wanted to teach, and I was pretty sure that it was math. I almost switched over to biology at one point, because of a favorite class that I'd taken, but I didn't.

I really had to want to teach math, because it turned out that when I was a math major at Wittenberg University, in Springfield, Ohio, math and I didn't agree that well. I found it very difficult. I learned to

cuss, and I cried my way through my college-level math classes. So if I hadn't *really* wanted to teach math, at that point I think I would have decided to do something else.

After I earned my Master of Arts in Teaching degree at Northwestern University in Chicago, I spent my first year teaching in an inner-city Chicago school, which was lots of fun. Then I went back to Springfield, Ohio, to teach for a year in a black junior high school. That was the year that Martin Luther King was assassinated; my students and I learned a lot from each other. And from there I came to Jericho.

Can You Say Batjiaka?

That was sort of an extremely happy fluke for me. My marriage had ended in divorce in 1969, and I knew I had to clear out of Dodge. I came back to Long Island, so that I wouldn't sulk away in Ohio. I knew I wanted to teach. But it was already at the end of the summer. I looked in the *New York Times* and saw a couple of places, so I called the week before school was starting.

The morning the school year started, I got a call from Jericho High School saying, "We have a sudden opening. Can you come?" And I went, "Sure!" I drove past the school several times, because I couldn't believe that any school that looked like this. To me, that was a country club setting, not a school. I expected the usual bland three-story brick building.

I finally found my way there, and a secretary handed me some books and sent me to class. It was on the second floor, right next to Judy Broadwin's classroom, looking out over the back parking lot and the athletic fields. I walk into the classroom to discover students milling all around, with several of them hanging

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Ms. Judy Sutcliffe

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out of the open windows. I'm thinking, *I'm going to be fired before I ever get my sea legs going here!*

Now, I was young. Twenty-three, twenty-four. I thought, *I've got to take control here.* I asked them nicely to sit down, and nobody paid any attention to me. So I raised my voice, and a few people paid attention to me. Finally I went over to the window and practically yanked people back inside. "Now, *sit down!*" I said, mustering up all the height and ferocity I could. You can imagine the response I was getting to this.

When I was receiving my books from the school secretary, she'd pointed out the disciplinarian's office. I hadn't met him, but I'd seen his name on the door: *B-a-t-j-i-a-k-a.* After I finally got all the students in their seats, I said, "If this doesn't stop ... I'm going to get Mr. *Bat-gee-acka.*" Well, there it was: They knew immediately that I knew *nothing!* They'd had me figured out in less than ten minutes.

Throughout the first weeks, I had trouble getting them settled, because I had started very badly. Things just seemed to get worse and worse. I'd had an easier time in inner-city Chicago, for crying out loud! I thought *those kids were tough!* I would go home and cry every night, thinking, *This is just not working, I'm not cut out for this,* and all the rest. I thought I was going to quit teaching.

But: One day, I was trying to lecture at the board, and Mitch Meyer and Bob Winston were sitting in the back of the room. I heard this sound, and I turned around ... Bob had this unique ability to mimic sounds. He was making noises as if he were pumping up a balloon. And Mitch, with his stocky, marvelous football frame, was pretending to be the bal-



"I would go home and cry every night, thinking, 'This is just not working, I'm not cut out for this,' and all the rest. I thought I was going to quit teaching."

loon being blown up. Then there was this *Pop!* from Bob, and Mitch catapulted himself around the room, falling over desks.

It was hysterical! I started laughing. And a voice from the back of the room went: "My God, she can smile!" That cut to the quick. Because I'm a happy person, and it was very clear to me that we had gotten off on a very bad footing, and that I had been basically the cause. I had a conversation in several of my classes, apologizing for my bad start, although, I added, "I think that you have responsibility too." I was a relatively new teacher, and these folks were bound and determined to prove who was who at the beginning.

"Please," I said, "can we start all over?" After that, things were cool, and I fell in love with the Jericho students, and I remained in love with them for five years.

By the time I came back to Long Island, my parents had moved to Dallas, Texas. I was young and single at

that point, as were many teachers at Jericho. The students had the luxury of having teachers who really cared about them and had the time to make them a high priority. So you all became my family (after those first few months!).

I think it was a time when students, at least in Jericho, expected to be able to get to know their teachers. There was sort of a maturity among the students relative to the expectations that they had, and I think you all were very lucky to have a whole cadre of teachers who felt that way about you and responded to that.

One sign that things were improving: I remember one day early in my first year, I was going down the hallway, and some kid that I didn't know was doing something that caught my eye. By that point, I felt like I had some status, so I said to him, "I wish you wouldn't do that." And he looked at me and went, "Fuck you!"

Jeff Hasday — I think it was Jeff Hasday, from the class of 1971 — saved me. He was walking past, heard what was going on, and grabbed the kid and dragged him into the nearest boys' restroom, A minute later he came out and said, "He won't say that to you again."

I spent a lot of time at Jericho High School, coaching the girls' softball team, which was great fun; helping the class of 1974 with its one-act play, *Archie and Mehitabel*, during your senior year. And it was just because you were family. When you have a family that you happen to enjoy being around, it's a good feeling.

From Long Island to the Longhorn State

The only reason I left Jericho, in 1974, was because enrollment was declining. I'd been warned that my

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Ms. Judy Sutcliffe

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position was the newest in both the junior and senior high schools. With the way the rules were, mine would be the first job to go. So I knew it was time to move on. My folks had moved to Dallas, I had friends there, so I left. I cried again. But this time I cried for a different reason; I wasn't crying because I thought I shouldn't be there, it was that I thought I should be there, and I was very upset to leave. Sure enough, the person who replaced me kept the position for only a year before it was gone.

I've been in Texas ever since. First I taught in a public school for eight years, then in a Catholic Boys School for two years. For the last

twenty-two years, I've been at St. Mark's School of Texas, a top-rated independent all-boys school. It's just like Jericho. St. Mark's has about 850 students in grades one through twelve. Its largest class size is twenty. It gives you the opportunity to really get to know students well on levels beyond just what goes on in the classroom. Because you're an adviser, and there are lots of sports and things like that. It is a highly academic school with a great facility.

At first, moving here was a culture shock. I remember coming down to visit, and when I returned to Jericho, a student asked me, "So, did you ride horses and smoke cigars and drive Cadillacs?" I said, "You know better than that!" He was teasing, but he wasn't teasing, you know?

Then when I moved down to Texas, the first question some kids asked was whether I'd ever been mugged in Central Park! So I discovered that stereotypes cut both ways. This was the mid-1970s. Texas was very conservative politically, as opposed to Jericho, which was very liberal. I learned pretty quickly to keep my mouth shut when it came to political issues. There were just certain topics not to talk about. Also, you didn't make a big deal about coming from the east coast back then. You can now.

As a matter of fact, I had applied to a couple of neighboring districts here in Texas. One district wrote back, "We don't have any openings for the next two years, and we don't expect any openings for years," when

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Ellen Meister

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thought than I said, "You know what? That's what I want to write about. I want to explore the inner lives and the depths of these women."

That was all I had in the beginning. I had to figure out how to wrap a story around that.

You moved back to West Birchwood, the same neighborhood where you grew up. Is it weird at all? Weirdly comforting?

I was one of those people who was never going to move back. But things didn't work out that way! Nine years ago, my husband and I were looking for a home on Long Island, and we were actually looking in all these towns around Jericho. I was stubbornly refusing to look at homes here because I believed it wouldn't feel like a fresh start, which was what I wanted.

Then my sister, Andrea (class of '83), stepped in and told me I was being an idiot. She said, "There are such great schools." Etcetera, etcetera. So I opened myself up, we found this house, which was just what we were looking for. It's a happy ending, because we love it here.

Have your children had any of the same teachers that you had?

No, too much time had passed. I have an eighth-grader, a fifth-grader, and a second grader. But the summer before my big one started kindergarten, I took a tour of Cantiague Elementary and stopped to peek into the art room.

When I saw who was teaching, I said to the woman giving me the tour, "Oh, my God, is that Ms. Cutler?" And it was. She came out, and I said, "Ms. Cutler, I'm Ellen Meister." And she remembered me! In fact, she told me that I'd written a letter to her when I was in junior high school, which even I don't remember. Unfor-

tunately, that was her last year before retiring, so my son never had her as his art teacher.

When you write fiction, you invent characters and essentially breathe life into them. But a lot of people naturally assume that you're writing about your own life. Is that a bit daunting? The main character, Maddie Schein, is married to a guy who's a bit of a ... creep. Do people secretly assume that you must be Maddie, and therefore your husband must be the creep?

Believe it not, even though the book isn't even out yet, it's becoming an issue already. The women in Jericho have gotten wind that I wrote a book about the PTA. And it seems that everybody assumes that the book is about them. Nobody's calling me directly and asking, "Did you write about me?" but I keep getting reports of conversations overheard in the nail salon or the yogurt store.

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Ms. Judy Sutcliffe

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all I'd asked for was an application! The only thing they knew about me was the Long Island return address, but I guess that was enough. Texas was extremely conservative, redneck (I will use the phrase, because back then it was), and they didn't want anything to do with Yankees. Talking to people who have moved here since, that isn't the case at all anymore.

My parents both still live on the east side of Dallas; I live on the west side. They've outlived everyone else in their family by at least twenty years, and I'm so excited. Every day

is a joy. I spend at least a good chunk of one day with them on as many weekends as I can.

Here's Something You Didn't Know

My dad, who just celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday, was the original producer of the *Davey and Goliath* religious cartoon program. He wrote and produced the first few years' worth of shows. It still airs here on a TV station every Saturday morning. So if I'm home, I get to tune in and relive it. Dad then became communications director for Southern Methodist University; that's why he and my mother moved to Dallas.

I can't believe that next year is going to be my fortieth year teaching.

Every year has been wonderful, so let this not sound maudlin. But you all really were family, and the greatest regret I have, I think, is that I've lost touch with some of you folks that really meant so much to me. I think of you all constantly, and you're the source of many great stories.

Yesterday I spoke in chapel, and I talked about some of my experiences with the Jericho girls' softball team. So, whether you all know it or not, your ears ought to be burning, because I talk about you all the time — not only to my students but to the other teachers. I draw on all sorts of wonderful memories from Jericho. I will definitely try to be at your reunion next year, so we can all catch up. ■

Locating the JHS Class of 1972

We've found all class members except for these sixteen folks. If you have any idea where they or their family might be, or any other relevant information, please let us know. Or tell them to get in touch with us directly.

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

Dr. Joseph Friedlander

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ent school district, but when they saw how big the gym was, and the tennis courts, and the indoor pool, they were very impressed!"

The Frontier Days of Jericho

Joe's younger brother, Danny, from our class, moved from Hicksville to Melbourne, Florida, last year. But his brother William (class of 1978) and sister, Laura (1980), still live on Long Island. William, in fact, resides in the family home, which is in the section known as Old Jericho, across Broadway from White Birch.

How old is Old Jericho? "When we moved there in 1953," Joe recalls, "neither the Birchwoods nor White Birch had been built yet. We used to have to walk up to the country store, which was where Jericho Turnpike is now, next to the Millridge Inn.

"There was no mail delivery in those days, so you'd walk to the

back, where they had a mail window. The mail lady would hand you your mail."

Joe's concept of practicing medicine would seem to fit in more with that bygone era than with modern times, which is perhaps why he still enjoys being an internist after twenty-plus years.

"I always envisioned myself as one of the doctors that you would have seen in a Norman Rockwell print, sitting and talking with families and their kids," says Joe, a longtime trustee and past president of the Bergen County Medical Society.

"Many of my patients have been with me from the beginning; I've watched their kids grow up, and they've watched my kids grow up. In fact, I'm still taking care of my very first patient, who's now ninety-four years old."

You're not going to believe this, but the man still makes house calls. House calls!

"She can't come to the office anymore," he says simply, "so I go to her." ■

Ellen Meister

Continued from page 23

Of course, the book is purely fictional. None of the characters is based on anybody I know. But I'll be curious to see what kind of fallout I have here in town when the book comes out.

Now, while I didn't base any of my characters on people that I know, Applewood does pretty closely resemble Jericho, even to the point where there's a more affluent community that feeds into the school district, like Old Westbury/Muttontown/Brookville. And do you remember Cantiague Rock, this silly little boulder we have sitting at the corner of Cantiague Rock Road and John Street? Well, I gave Applewood its own rock, Applewood Rock, though I put it in the schoolyard. Then, of course, there are also a lot of sexy bits.

Yes there are. I assume both your parents read the book. Were you a little self-conscious about them reading the sex scenes?

I think it really would have been uncomfortable for me ten years ago. But I finally just got to that age where I decided the hell with it. I'm not a child. People know that I have at least a passing familiarity with sex, and they're just going to have to deal with it. I do have family members who are religious and elderly, and sometimes get a little bit uptight about them reading it. If it offends them, though, I guess they'll stop reading!

How long did it take you to finish Secret Confessions?

About two years, including a few false starts. I really didn't know what I was doing when I first started writ-

ing. I was shooting for a 200,000-word book, which I was naive enough to think was a very saleable length. I later found out that even half that length is kind of long for a first novel. Most agents and editors don't want to look at a first novel that's more than 80,000 to 100,000 words.

Fortunately, I was only a couple of chapters into it when I learned that, so it was easy to make the adjustment. Then, after I was done, it took me another nine months to find a literary agent. Then I rewrote it a couple of times with my agents. (I actually have two people at one agency representing me.) It took them a few months after that to find the right editor for it.

Would you have been satisfied just with finishing the book, even if it didn't get published commercially? Or would you have self-published it?

No, I never considered going the self-publishing route. My dream has always been to walk into a bookstore and see a copy of a book with my name on it on that New Fiction shelf. That was my goal. In fact, when I had my initial meeting with my agents, before they signed with me, they asked, "What is your dream? Where do you see yourself five years from now?" I told them my dream was that I'd walk into a bookstore and see my name on a what they wanted to hear! I think they

wanted to hear, "In five years, I hope to have three international best-sellers." Of course, my ambitions have grown since then, because as you achieve goals, you just keep setting the bar higher and higher.

Your next book is scheduled to come out in the summer of 2007. How far along are you?

I'm done! At least, with the first draft. It remains to be seen how much more work there will be after my editor at William Morrow/HarperCollins is finished reading it. The working title is *The Smart One*. There's a Jericho connection in this one, too.

I don't know if you remember, but several years back, a dead body was found in an industrial drum stashed in the crawl space of someone's house. It turned out to be a very pregnant young woman. The police went to question the home's original owner, an elderly man who by then was living in Florida. Before they could obtain a DNA sample from him, he killed himself.

That story really sparked my imagination. I didn't write a murder mystery around it, though. I wrote what's really a sister story, with a romance that wraps around the central plot. And of course it's funny — although I realize it probably doesn't sound like it would be particularly funny!

Now I have to start thinking about book number three. ■

Blah Blah Blog

Visit Ellen's wonderfully entertaining blog, "Diary of a New York Lady." "I write, I swear, I sing, I dance," she writes. "All from the front seat of my minivan." You can access it through her brand-new Web site, at <http://www.ellenmeister.com>. Her book *Secret Confessions of the Applewood PTA*, to be published in August, is available for advance orders through online bookstores such as amazon.com, barnesandnoble.com, Powells.com and BooksAMillion.com.

FAN E-MAIL AND THREATENING LETTERS



"Comments?
Feedback?
Fan mail
from some
flounder?"

Pat Franklin's Place

Just a little note of interest. In 1989, when I was getting married, my wife-to-be's parents and my parents met for the first time at Pat Franklin's restaurant, Traditions, in Phoenix. Talk about stress! We still talk about that dinner.

Larry Licht
licht@qwest.net

Once Lost, Now Found

Thanks so much for the newsletter. Although it was mostly about the class of '72, I thoroughly enjoyed it.

Fred Schlusel, M.D. ('71)
Fredric.P.Schlusel@kp.org

Dr. Fred Schlusel and family



Another Jericho Couple!

You are doing a fantastic job with the newsletter. It is really fun to read. FYI, Michael Sadick and I are another Jericho couple. Did you know that while we did not date in high school, we met years later (at the Dollar Dry Dock) and married in 1990.

Judy Friedman Sadick ('73)
judy_sadick@hotmail.com

Fun, Fun, Fun

I think that what you are doing is really great. Keep up the good work. I enjoy reading the articles and comments. If we can't have fun, it's not worth it.

Jimmy Poster ('73)
Posterstudio@aol.com

Tell a Friend

Wendy Chin (Parise) ['71] just linked me to your website, which made my day.

Vicki Marani ('71)
Vicki.Marani@usdoj.gov

Want to Contact a Teacher?

I was sent to your website by my younger brother, Charles Kopelman ['73]. I graduated in 1967 and was delighted to see the photos of some of my favorite teachers, especially George Batjiaka, Barbara Murphy (she was my yearbook advisor her first year at JHS), and Karen Schwartz. Any chance you have contact info or e-mail addresses for them? I would love to get in touch with them. Thanks a lot. Keep up your good work!

Rima Kopelman ('67)
RGK1122@aol.com

We don't feel comfortable posting teachers' contact info online without their permission. But if there's a teacher that you'd like to say hello to, e-mail us, and if we have the info, we'll pass it along to you via private e-mail.

Who's Who

Greetings. I am so enjoying the strolls down memory lane that you have provided with your wonderful website! By the way, the good-looking unidentified guy in the Cathy Morway collection is none other than myself, with Matt Albanese, Michael Sausmer, and Ricky Baiman.

Fred Steinberg ('73)
MajorCroller@aol.com

Milli Innelli

I'm an avid reader of the website. It's wonderful, and you're doing a great job. I really enjoy the "First Person Singular" articles; tremendous idea.

John Innelli ('73)
jinnelli@innellilaw.com

Look for an article about John in our fall 2006 ish. We're suckers for compliments.

See You in 2007

Pretty ambitious website! Fun to look at the pictures. I hope to make it to the 2007 reunion. I did go to the 30th but missed the 50th birthday party — although not the birthday.

Ellen Jankowitz Eder ('73)
EllenEder@TerraNovaTelevision.com

George W. Slept Where?

Not to rain on your parade or anything, but a few years ago I went to an event at Milleridge Inn, and I asked the waitress, "Didn't George Washington sleep here?" She whispered that the owner spreads that rumor, but it is not true! Washington actually slept at the *Maine Maid Inn*. The reunion committee is doing a terrific job. Thank you.

Amy Lubow Downs
Telephones@aol.com

Perhaps, Amy. But we know for a fact that he stopped off at the Milleridge Inn for a hot meal and to call Ben Franklin on the pay phone.

Your Back Pages

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

The World Around You • Year Three A.G.*, 1974-75

**After Graduation*

◆ The median household income in current dollars is \$11,197; the cost of a first-class postage stamp, ten cents. The Dow Jones Industrial Average bottoms out at 570.01 on December 9, 1974.

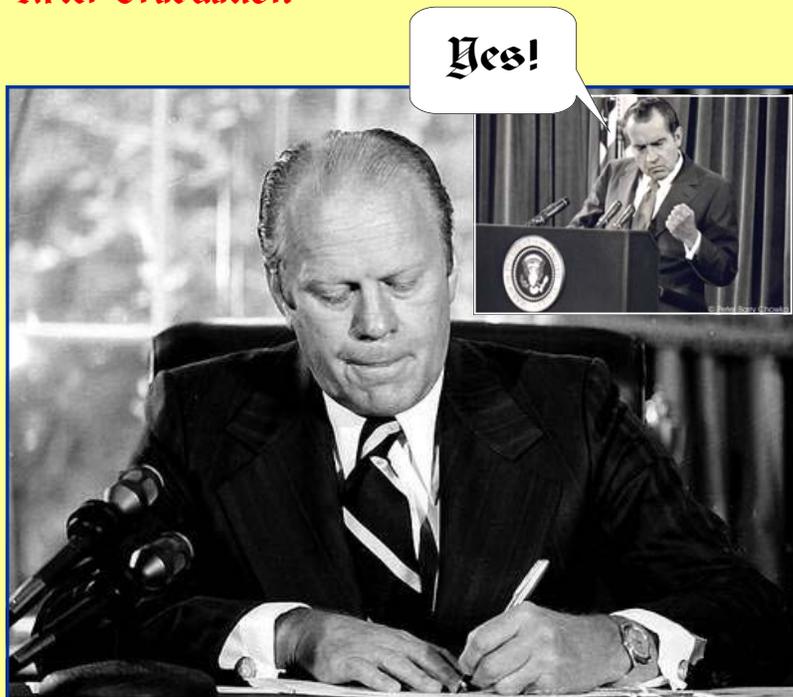
◆ One month into the Gerald Ford presidency (doesn’t even seem real now, does it?), the 38th president of the United States pardons Richard M. Nixon, who’d resigned in disgrace on August 9, 1974.

◆ In February 1975, John N. Mitchell, H. R. Haldeman, and John D. Ehrlichman are all found guilty of participating in the Watergate cover-up and are sentenced to thirty months to eight years in prison.

◆ Bad times in Southeast Asia: In April, Pol Pot and the Khmer Rouge take control of Cambodia, slaughtering millions of dissidents, intellectuals, and peasants. • On April 30, North Vietnamese troops seize Saigon, forcing the chaotic evacuation of remaining Americans and formally putting an end to the Vietnam war. • Two weeks later, Cambodian forces seize the American merchant ship *Mayaguez*; the U.S. Navy and Marines launch a rescue operation, resulting in thirty-eight American casualties.

◆ Lyme disease, transitted by the deer tick, is identified in Lyme, Connecticut.

◆ Seven years after being stripped of his heavyweight title, Muhammad Ali regains the belt on October 20, 1974, by knocking out George Foreman in the eighth round in Zaire, Africa. This time around the Greatest will hold the title until 1978.



Pardon me? President Gerald Ford lets his predecessor off the hook on September 8, 1974. “Lemme see, now. That’s G ... e ... r ... a l ...”

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Your Back Pages

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ON THE RADIO: Eric Clapton, "I Shot the Sheriff" • Barry White, "Can't Get Enough of Your Love" • Bachman-Turner Overweight, "You Ain't Seen Nothin' Yet" • Harry Chapin, "Cat's in the Cradle" • Barry Manilow, "Mandy" • John Lennon (with Elton John), "Whatever Gets You Through the Night" • Elton John (with John Lennon), "Lucy in the Sky With Diamonds" • Linda Ronstadt, "You're No Good" • Average White Band, "Pick Up the Pieces" • Led Zeppelin, *Physical Graffiti*



ON THE BIG SCREEN: Lenny • Jaws • The Godfather: Part II • Death Wish • Airport 1975 • Earthquake • The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz • Tommy • Shampoo

ON THE TUBE: "All in the Family" • "Chico and the Man" • "Good Times" • "Hawaii Five-O" • "The Jeffersons" • "M*A*S*H" • "Maude" • "Rhoda" • "The Waltons" • "Sanford and Son"

In Sports:

◆ The fightin' Oakland Athletics stop feuding among themselves long enough to win a third straight World Championship, beating the L.A. Dodgers in five. Series stars include Reggie Jackson, Rollie Fingers, Joe Rudi, Catfish Hunter, and Ken Holtzman.

◆ Dee-fense! Super Bowl virgins the Pittsburgh Steelers drop the Minnesota Vikings to 0-and-3 in the big game with a 16-6 victory. Vikings QB Fran Tarkenton is sacked for a safety, the only scoring by either team during the first half.

◆ In the NBA, Rick Barry and the Golden State Warriors upset the Washington Bullets four games to none, while the ABA championship goes to the Indiana Pacers, led by George McGinnis.

◆ Bobby Clarke and the Philadelphia Flyers win the Stanley Cup by beating Buffalo in six.

