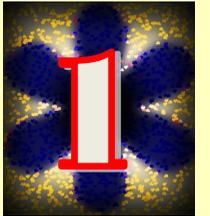


So ... what did YOU do on Saturday, September 12, 2020?



“Well, I sorted all of my paper clips, grouping them according to color and in size order—for the fortieth or fiftieth time since March. I’ve lost count ...”

“Me? I watched paint dry. Then I repainted the wall so that I could watch paint dry again.”

“I spent several hours directing rehearsals for my flea circus’s upcoming production of *Othello—The Musical!*, written and produced by *moi*. Good times!”

**We guarantee you that we had way more fun than you did, at the:**

**Gathering of the Tribes** ∞

**2020**  
**Hindsight Reunion**

# A Strange (but Fun!) Reunion



## For a Really Strange Year

Because of the Unusual Circumstances Imposed by the Covid-19 Pandemic, Many Records Were Set This Year.

And Just Like Plenty of Sports Records from 2020, They Will Be Accompanied by an Asterisk (\*) Denoting “Year of the Coronavirus”:

- \* Fewest Attendees Ever!
- \* Fewest Drunk People Ever!
- \* Highest Concentration of Reunion Spirit!
- \* Fewest Alumni with No Teeth!\* (\*Can't be confirmed due to wearing of protective masks)
- \* Most Lobster Rolls Consumed!

Of course, throughout history, there have been other years when high school reunions were negatively impacted by world events:

- \* Ice Age
- \* 1348 Black Death ravages Europe
- \* Advent of television (no one would leave home)
- \* 1980s (fashions and hairstyles so hideous that everyone was too embarrassed to be seen in public)
- \* Advent of video games (no one would leave home)



*Reunion committee members Dolores “Dee” D’Acierno Mason (’68) and Philip Bashe (’72). The rest of the committee was in absentia, which, we think, is somewhere between Croatia and Bulgaria.*



(Far left) Talk about coming prepared: Alan Foxman ('74), who lives in nearby Cold Spring Harbor, brought his own photo-ID name tag and authentic JHS cap. Kudos, sir!



(Left) You can see from the blue sky what a gorgeous day it was to be outside in the Homestead's courtyard. From left to right, sisters Diane Fils Drake ('82) and Linda Fils ('69) with the class of 1972's Leslee Moskowitz Nache Catalano. Smile, everyone! (Not that it matters. For all we know, you're sticking your tongues out at us.)

(Below left): As usual, the class of 1968's turnout dwarfed that of all other classes. Counterclockwise from lower left, John Molina, Nick Pellicoro, Dee D'Acierno Mason, and Neil Smilowitz, with Alan Foxman. Standing and checking out the daily specials? That's Mr. Ira Greene, Esq., history and social studies teacher extraordinaire before he left JHS for a career in law.



## **A Small but Spirited Gathering!**

*"I liked that it was smaller. Really got to talk to people without screaming over the noise. First reunion I came home not hoarse! It was a fun way to pass a beautiful almost fall-like afternoon. Seeing people was the best medicine for this Covid nightmare!"*

*—Dee D'Acierno Mason ('68)*



*(Above) Bruce Steiner ('68) drove out from his home in New Jersey, while Dee D'Acerno Mason also crossed state lines (from Connecticut) to attend. C'mon, Bruce, just pull off your mask for a second, for a photo opportunity! Thank you.*

*(Below left) Clockwise from left, Alan Foxman, John Molina, Andy Romanoff ('72), Nick Pellicoro, and (from back) Neil Smilowitz. That's also Neil below right with Dee.*



*“It was a lovely afternoon sitting and chatting with people in depth!”*

*—Linda Fils ('69)*



*(Above) Dr. Jerry Kaplan ('68) bookended by Alan Foxman and John Molina. Given the demographic that attends our reunions, we always feel comforted having a physician on the premises.*



*And at the next table, Leslee Moskowitz Nache Catalano, Dee D'Acerno Mason, and, for the fourth year in a row, the youngest reunion attendee, Michael Cohen (JHS '84). As always, Michael, thanks for lowering the average age of the group. We appreciate it!*



*(Above) Longtime friends Linda Fils and Leslee Moskowitz Nache Catalano, and (right) longtime sisters Linda and Diane Fils.*





We were privileged to have been able to purchase from a Pentagon yard sale this 1962 ACME 20/20 Hindsight Supercomputer. Instead of predicting your future, it tells you what your past was supposed to be like: what woulda been, coulda been, and shoulda been. Commissioned by the CIA at the height of Cold War tensions, the ACME 20/20 was intended to identify elderly American retirees whose personalities and career skills made them ideal candidates to be deployed to spy on Russian embassies around the world. The vocations found to be most compatible with foreign espionage were carpenters, kindergarten teachers, certified public accountants, and, strangely, male Judy Garland impersonators.

As Dee and Leslee demonstrate below, you simply place your right hand on the template, close your eyes, and concentrate as the Space Age machine analyzes your brain waves, chakras, and, while it's at it, checks for hernias. A laser then inscribes your idealized past for you on a special card.



It can be profoundly moving and emotional. After the party, several members drove to Bayville Beach to sit at the edge of Long Island Sound and reflect for days on what they'd discovered. We wouldn't want to divulge what individual alumni learned about themselves—this being a deeply personal experience—but below are two anonymous examples. (Thanks to both of you for sharing):

You came *this* close to becoming the second Mrs. Mick Jagger! Honest! If only you had decided to go see the Rolling Stones when they came to your town on their 1975 world tour, here's what would have happened:

A drunken member of the group's sound crew accidentally steps on your foot while stumbling down the aisle. Feeling badly (and finding you immensely attractive), he slips you a backstage pass. After the show, you find yourself in the band's dressing room. The sumptuous post-performance spread includes head cheese and Wheat Thins, which you *adore*! You're stuffing your face when you look up to see Mick Jagger watching you, his famous lips curled in an affectionate smile.

"I can't believe me eyes! A gorgeous bird who also loves head cheese!" he exclaims, before going on to explain how his snotty wife, Bianca, puts him down for eating such "low-class, proletariat food, y'know wot I mean?" He gets down on one knee and proposes on the spot. Wisely, you turn him down, knowing he is incapable of being faithful. Mick kisses you on the cheek and disappears. Was that a tear in his eye?



You probably don't remember this, but one restless night in 1974, you dreamt of a novelty item you planned to call the "Pet Rock."

It was a smooth stone from a Mexican beach that you would market in a small cardboard box resembling a cat carrier, filled with straw. It even had air holes. People would carry around the Pet Rock as if it were a live pet. Totally goofy, of course, but, you never know, right?

The next morning, you woke up and didn't remember a thing about your dream the night before, only the part that you dream about over and over, where you're in a classroom, naked, and totally unprepared for a test.

An advertising exec named Gary Dahl had the same wacky dream, and in 1975–76 sold more than a million of the toy collectibles, making him a multimillionaire. That could have been you. Ah well, easy come, easy go, right?

More regarding the ACME 20/20 Hindsight Supercomputer: We stayed at the Homestead until almost six o'clock. It was hilarious watching other patrons walk up to the thing and try to figure out what the hell it was. One guy must have spent five minutes reading the instructions, then stepping back to look at it again, then walking around to check it out from the back, etc.

And when Phil was setting it up, before anyone else arrived, an older woman walked over and asked, "So, what is this? A special ... camera?! It looks like a camera! Are you the entertainment?" Yes, ma'am. I do bird calls, make balloon animals for the kids, and perform a Tony Orlando and Dawn tribute show. Hope you can stick around.



(Left) The class of 1968's Dave Brand also joined the party. That's him with Dee D'Acerno Mason at left and with Bruce Steiner at right.

(Below) From the class of '68, John Molina, Dee, and Nick Pellicoro, who said afterward: "I thought the small group was great! I got to spend more time with less people and had some excellent conversations and exchanged fun stories. We had lots and lots of laughs."



Postscript: After first expressing surprise that people our age were still breathing, the Jericho High School Student Government was so impressed by our school spirit that it has awarded all attendees of the Gathering of the Tribes 8 "20/20 Hindsight Reunion" its coveted Congressional Medal of Honor (at right), for "Inspiring School Spirit and Obliviousness in the Face of a Worldwide Pandemic."

Aw, shucks, kids. We're all deeply touched.

Wait: that didn't come out right ...



And yet another all-time record was set: shortest reunion photo album ever!\*